

Study Break
by Havoc

“Nothing that is worth knowing can be taught.”

-Oscar Wilde

The buzzing of his alarm clock jolted Mark out of a really good sleep. He opened his eyes, but immediately squeezed them shut against the pain of the sunlight that assaulted them. Rubbing his eyes, he squinted at the time. It was nine fifteen in the morning.

“Damn...,” he groaned. “Morning again...” He thought about hitting the snooze and taking another fifteen minutes, but the smell coming from his coffee maker, preprogrammed to start brewing just before his alarm went off, coaxed him out from underneath the sheets. “At least it’s Friday.” He swung his legs off the edge of the bed and got up, flinching a little as his feet contacted the cold floor. Mark’s dorm room always ran a little cold, but that was the way he liked it. And since he’d saved up his money over the summer to spring for a single room, nobody could make him change his ways.

A bad roommate experience his sophomore year had prompted him to make the change in his living arrangements for junior year. His roommate last year, a freshman hyena fur with an overblown sense of his own importance, had made life a living hell for him day in and day out, with girls in every hour of the night and that god-awful speed metal blaring at top volume. So this year, he was alone and happy. His room was exactly the way he wanted it. His bed was against the wall right next to the door, for convenience’s sake when he overslept, and a little bookshelf with all of his favorite literature sat against the wall opposite. A computer desk and drawer unit was right next to that, and a black futon completed the furniture ensemble all the way to the back of the room. Across from the futon was the sink and mirror that came standard in all the rooms in his building. Rounding out the furnishings in the room was a half-dresser and a mini-fridge, which were placed next to each other on the other side of a little dividing wall that stuck out from the main wall and separated the sink from the dresser. Mark had his TV on top of the dresser. Although the walls of the room were supposedly white, nobody would

have been able to tell because of the copious amount of posters that he had stuck up around the room.

Mark crossed the room to the sink, flipping the TV to the Weather Channel as he went. He glanced at the report before passing the divider. Eighty-three and sunny. Pretty typical August morning. He looked himself over in the mirror, stepping back a bit to get a view of his whole body. Twenty years old, lightly tanned skin, medium-length brown hair, and green eyes. Clean shaven face, or at least pretty clean shaven; he sure as hell wasn't going to pull out the razor on a Friday morning. Five feet nine inches tall, one hundred and forty-six pounds, minimal chest hair, and a body in modestly good shape.

A fine specimen of a human being, Mark thought to himself. He raised his arms and affected a bodybuilder pose. Upon flexing, his biceps gave a weak jump before falling flat again. *Okay, maybe I could be better. But still pretty good.* After he brushed his teeth and got dressed (shorts and a T-shirt for the nice weather) he poured a bowl of cereal and drenched it with milk from his mini-fridge. He downed his breakfast and followed up with a cup of coffee while he checked his email. Nothing much of interest except a note from his friend Joe in California and a message from his mom reminding him that his dad's birthday was in a few weeks, so make sure to get him something nice. When he was done with his email and his daily Facebook routine, he looked at the clock again, saw that he had fifteen minutes to get to his one class of the day, and bolted the rest of his coffee. He grabbed his backpack and his water bottle and left the room, locking the door behind him.

Outside, humans and furs were walking all over the place in every direction. Ten o'clock was a pretty common time for classes to start, so the walkways were packed with bodies jostling against one another. Greenstone University, a school near the North Carolina coast, was not so big as to compare to a school like UNC or NC State, but there were enough people to make sidewalk congestion noticeable. Even so, Mark managed to make it to his class in Franklin Hall across campus with five minutes to spare. When he walked into the lecture hall, he took his usual seat halfway up the rows. Although it was only the second week of the class, Introduction to Forensic Entomology, he had already been able to judge that the class would require just half of his attention. So he figured that a seat right in the middle of the room was only fitting.

When he sat down, Mark bent over to dig around in his backpack for his notebook and a pencil. While down there, he felt a sharp tap on his shoulder. Looking up, his face widened into a grin. "Morning, girl."

Kitsune, his best friend at Greenstone, smiled down at him. "Hey there," she said. She took a seat beside him. "You look about ready for the weekend."

"You can say that again."

Kitsune was a few months older than Mark, and they had been at Greenstone for the same amount of time, although she was a senior by credit hours whereas he was still a junior. They were in the same major, Criminal Law, which was how they had met. Since their freshman year, they had been in many of the same classes. She was a bit unusual in appearance, even for the fur minority at Greenstone. Kitsune was the product of an odd mating. Her father was a fox and her mother was a tigress, and Kitsune considered herself a tigress as well. Her body retained most of the same feline characteristics that her mother possessed, but she had the brownish fur of her father, crisscrossed with black tiger stripes. She had lovely jade green eyes and a long, fluffy-looking tail, but her most striking feature was her hair. Mark had never seen her natural hair color. She'd once told him that it was golden-brown, but she had dyed it so that it was a shocking shade of magenta. Kitsune also ran on the school's track team, which kept her body in a nicely trim athletic figure. She was constantly being told by her friends that she was lucky to be in such great shape.

Mark glanced at what Kitsune was wearing. "Hey, Kat, is that a new skirt?"

"Oh, yeah," Kitsune said, looking down. She had on a lime green tank top with a black skirt. "My mom gave it to me while I was home this summer. Do you think it looks good?"

"Yeah, it does," Mark said. "So, did you-" The question he was going to ask was cut off as the professor walked in, clearing his throat. Very fitting for an entomology class, the professor was an anteater.

"Good morning, boys and girls," he said, his voice carrying through the large lecture hall via the microphone on his lapel. "I know it's Friday, but don't expect to get out of here early. We have a lot of information to cover in an hour so get comfortable." There was a general groan of despair from the roughly two hundred students packed into

the room.

Kitsune leaned over to whisper in Mark's ear. "Ten bucks says we'll have a test on Monday."

"Don't say that," Mark hissed back. "You'll jinx it for sure."

The professor shot a look their way, and the two friends fell silent. The class went on without anything remarkable happening. Today's subject covered the various insects that one could expect to find at a murder scene. Despite not being fond of having a class in the morning on Friday, Mark and Kitsune actually paid pretty good attention. In addition to their shared major, they both were also working on an Entomology minor and so found the material interesting. Still, they, along with the whole class, were relieved when the clock struck eleven and the class was over. But just as everyone began putting their books away, the professor pounded on his lectern for them to quiet down.

"I know I'm not going to gain any popularity points for this," he said, with the tone of a judge pronouncing a sentence of death, "but you all are going to have a test..."

Mark put a hand over his eyes. "I hate you, Kat."

"...on Monday. So study up on Diptera and Coleoptera over the weekend and be ready. The test will be simple recognition, so make sure you can identify all of the major species by sight." The professor scanned the room, for what he possibly thought was dramatic effect. "This test is going to count as ten percent of your grade, so I expect you all to take this seriously. That's all. Have a nice weekend."

Outside of the classroom, Kitsune and Mark made their way together through the stream of students cursing their sadistic professor. They walked a ways to a grassy area and then took a seat on a bench underneath a shade tree. Mark let his backpack slide off his shoulder to the grass.

"Looks like our beach trip with Craig and Dasha is off," he said. He blew out a long sigh. "This totally sinks the weekend."

"I know," Kitsune said. She leaned against the back of the bench, wrapping her tail around her legs and stretching her arms. Her shirt rode up a little, exposing her tan belly fur. Mark couldn't help glancing over. She looked over at him, and he quickly pretended to be looking past her to a group of humans and furs playing touch football.

“So what are your plans for the weekend now?”

“I dunno,” Mark said. “Sticking around campus and studying, I guess.”

Kitsune nodded. “Wanna do it together?”

“Yeah, might as well. Be a drag to do it on my own. When?”

“How about we meet in front of the library tomorrow right after lunch? We can get a good four or five hours in and then maybe take a little break and go get some dinner.”

Mark thought that was a pretty good idea. “Sounds like a plan.”

“Awesome.” Kitsune hefted her bag and stood up. “If we’re going to spend the whole day studying tomorrow, I’ve got some things I need to do this afternoon. So, I’ll see you tomorrow, then.”

“Cool,” Mark agreed. “See you.” He watched Kitsune walk off, her tail swishing lazily as a light breeze blew up. He kicked his backpack sullenly. *Fuck. Whole weekend shot to hell because our professor can’t bear to have a test on Wednesday. This is going to be the worst Saturday ever.*

Mark went back to his dormitory after grabbing some lunch at the dining hall and threw his laundry in the basement washers. While he was waiting for his clothes to finish, he went back up to his room to kill time. He spent about ten minutes playing on his Xbox before growing bored with that. Looking for something to capture his attention, he went to his computer and started clicking through his folder of pictures he’d taken in various places. Soon enough, he came across a surprise.

Hey, pics from our beach trip last year, he thought. *I forgot I had these.* He began scanning through the pictures. Kitsune was in a lot of them, as well as himself. Dasha and Craig, two of their friends, were also in some of them. Dasha and Craig were human brother and sister, and they liked to go on trips with Mark and Kitsune every time there was a break at Greenstone. *That trip was a lot of fun. Do I have a pic of...I do!* He laughed when he saw a picture of Kitsune lying on the ground outside a fast food joint on the waterfront with pizza all over her. She had been carrying the pizza over to their table when she’d stepped in a hole in the sand and tripped. The tigress’s face was covered in pepperoni and pizza sauce, and she looked none too happy that Mark was taking a picture

of the mishap.

Still snickering a little, he advanced through the folder. Now that he thought about it, a *lot* of these pictures were of Kitsune. There were especially a lot of pictures of her splashing around in the surf with Dasha. She was wearing a black one piece swimsuit that had cutouts on her stomach and back, so it might as well have been a bikini. The suit didn't leave a lot of her body to Mark's imagination, which was beginning to run away from him.

I never really thought about it that much, he said to himself, *but...Kat looks really good in that swimsuit*. Mark was kind of stuck on one picture, of Kitsune standing up to her knees in the ocean. She was brushing wet hair out of her eyes and looking straight at the camera, her brown fur matted from being in the water. It looked like the type of photograph that would be in a fashion magazine. *She's pretty hot. Why haven't I ever noticed?* In a sort of trance, Mark's eyes finally drifted to the clock on his computer. He blinked as he realized that his laundry had been finished for nearly twenty minutes. *Oh, shit. I better get 'em before someone dumps my wet clothes on the laundry room floor.*

Mark got up from his chair, but spared one last glance at the picture on his computer screen. He shook his head and closed it. What would Kitsune think if she knew he was ogling pictures of her in a shred of a swimsuit?

The next day, around one o'clock in the afternoon, Mark walked across campus to the library. Jefferson Library was an eight-story building, making it the tallest structure on campus apart from the university's radio tower. The first floor was made up of a big reading and study area, with a coffee shop off in one corner. The second floor was divided in two, with one half set up as a huge computer lab and the other set up with big-screen televisions that had game consoles hooked up to them. Finally, the top six floors were the stacks, with books on every single subject that could possibly be covered at Greenstone.

When he strode up to the building, he saw that Kitsune was already there waiting for him. She waved him over. "What took you so long?" she asked. "Pigging out for lunch, I expect."

"You know you can out-eat me any day of the week," Mark shot back, a little

halfheartedly. He still felt a little bit guilty for fantasizing about her the previous afternoon. “So, bring all your stuff?”

Kitsune held up a pouch. “I made picture flashcards,” she said.

Mark whistled. “Overachiever. Okay, let’s go in and get to work.”

They walked up the steps and into the library. Once they got inside, they began looking for a place to sit down and start studying. The task proved a little more difficult than either of them had expected. Everywhere they went they found the study rooms already occupied. The amount of people in the library was unusual for a weekend, and not all of the students there were from their class. Mark saw a lot of people with books from other subjects.

“It looks like a lot of professors had the same idea as ours,” Kitsune said.

“Yeah...” Mark peered into the very back of the study area. “I think this place is full up.”

Biting her lip, Kitsune looked up at the ceiling. “We can’t study in the computer room or the stacks, and the TV lounge will be way too loud. We’d never be able to concentrate.”

Mark thought for a few minutes. “What about my place?” he suggested.

Kitsune ears fell back. “Do you still have that asshole roommate from last year? I couldn’t stand that guy.”

“No,” Mark assured her. “I paid for a single room this year. I’ve got it all to myself.” With that information, Kitsune thought going to his place was a lot better than wasting time trying to find a spot in the library, so they walked all the way back across campus to his dormitory. The place was pretty deserted. A lot of the other residents in his dorm were freshmen and sophomores, so they didn’t have the same heavy testing that upperclassmen like Kitsune and Mark did and had gone home for the weekend.

Mark was grateful that he’d had the urge to clean his room the previous night as they entered. The food wrappers and empty drink cans that had been scattered around the floor were gone and his bed was made, instead of being the usual messy tangle of sheets and pillows. Kitsune sat down on his futon and pulled out her flashcards.

Mark noticed something that he hadn’t at the library. “Kat, are you wearing the same skirt from yesterday?”

“Uh-huh,” Kitsune answered.

“I don’t think I’ve ever seen you wear the same thing two days in a row.”

“Well...,” Kitsune said, looking down at the cards. “You said you thought it looked good on me.”

Mark blinked. “Oh.”

There was a little awkward pause before Kitsune spoke again. “So...shall we begin?”

“Okay,” Mark said, sitting next to her. “The Lost Saturday begins...now.”

About four hours later, they had been through the flashcards several times as well as doing some studying from their books. Mark thought that his brain was going to explode from all of the entomology that they were going over, but Kitsune had wanted to go through the flashcards just one more time before taking a break.

“All right,” Kitsune said, holding up a flashcard. “Now, what about this one?” The picture on the card showed a hairy fly with a metallic brown exoskeleton and a pointed abdomen.

“*Phaenicia cuprina*,” Mark droned, his voice projecting his weariness of all things insectoid. “Bronzebottle fly.”

“Right. And this one?” The next card showed a large fly with bright red eyes and prominent black-and-white striations on its thorax.

“Come on, Kat. I’m sick of this.”

Kitsune gave him a reproving look. “Don’t whine. This is the last one.”

“*Sarcophaga haemorrhoidalis*. The red-tailed flesh fly.”

“Great! I think we’ve got them.” Kitsune set aside the cards.

Mark leaned back against the back of the futon. “Sweet. Now can we please take a little study break?” He closed his eyes, trying to ease away the ache from having stared at flashcards and words in a book for so long. The futon shifted a little bit and he felt a nudge in his side. He opened his eyes again and he saw that Kitsune had moved so she was lying down on her side of the futon. She had been prodding his side with her padded toes.

“Would you mind if I put my legs across your lap?” she asked. “I want to stretch

out.”

“Go ahead.”

Kitsune laid her legs on his lap and put her arms behind her head. Her jade eyes shut, and she looked like she was going to fall asleep soon. Laying the way she was, her tail flopped right over her stomach and drooped to the floor.

Mark tried to ignore her, but he couldn't stop glancing over at her every now and then. Her T-shirt was loose, and he could see a hint of her belly in the gap between it and the top of her skirt. Her tail also looked really fluffy, and the stray thought flashed through his mind that it looked just like that of a long-haired house cat.

“Mark?” Kitsune asked. She had one eye open, looking at him. “What is it?”

“Nothing,” Mark lied. “Forget it.”

“Are you sure it's nothing? You can tell me.”

“It's silly, and I don't want to offend you.”

“Come on,” she wheedled, digging a toe into his ribs playfully. “Penny for your thoughts.”

Mark hesitated for a moment. “I was just...wondering what your tail feels like,” he said quickly. “I've never felt it and...” He stopped talking for a second. “That's rude of me, I shouldn't have...”

“It's not rude,” Kitsune said, smiling. She flipped her tail up onto the futon. “Go ahead. It won't bite.”

Since she said it was okay, Mark reached out and took her tail in one hand. He rubbed his fingers over the brown, striped fur. It was just as soft as it had looked. He had the urge to rub his face on it, and it was an urge he couldn't resist. While Kitsune watched, he brushed the tip of her tail over his cheeks. The fine hairs tickled his nose. He looked at Kitsune. Her eyes were half closed, and he could've sworn he heard a faint rumbling that sounded oddly like purring.

Mark wasn't sure what was coming over him. His mind was being motivated by something that he couldn't comprehend at the moment. He leaned over, and placed both of his hands on the futon on either side of Kitsune's torso. Her eyes widened as he bent down. Before he knew what he was doing, he had put his lips to hers. The purr that he had heard seconds ago stopped as she made a little noise of surprise. For a few seconds,

he was kissing her, and although she was putting up no fight, she wasn't kissing back either.

Mark broke the kiss, and the realization of what he'd just done washed over him. "I'm...I'm sorry, Kat," he said. She was still staring wide-eyed at him. "I don't know why I did that. I didn't mean to..."

"Shut up," she said. She put her arms around his neck and pulled him back down. This time it was she who kissed him, locking her muzzle with his lips. Mark felt her tongue invade his mouth. It felt rough, exactly like a cat's tongue. He put his tongue out, too, tangling it with hers. They wrestled against each other's mouths in this manner for an untold number of minutes. Mark thought that her lips were the best thing he'd tasted in a very long time. The feeling was nothing like kissing a human girl. It was fuzzy, and her breath was incredibly warm against his face, and all the while she was purring heavily.

Mark finally tore himself away from her. "Wait, wait," he said, standing up.

"What?" Kitsune asked, looking startled.

Mark crossed the room and shut the door. He locked it and went back to the futon. "Just in case someone is still here. No interruptions."

Kitsune sat up when he was in range and pulled him to her once more. They kissed again. Mark moved her legs so that she was sitting side-saddle on his lap. She wrapped her tail around his back as if lashing herself to him, and leaned into his body. They stayed that way for a while, in no rush, their only concern right now getting a feel for each other. They were adjusting to this new feeling running through both of them, these impulsive emotions that were forcing their friendship to a higher level. Anything else was miles away while they were in each other's arms.

When just kissing and holding her suddenly wasn't enough, Mark grew bolder. He put one hand down and rested it on her calf, moving his hand in a small circle over the thin fur there. Kitsune moved her lips from his and began to nuzzle his neck. He took that as a sign that his touch was welcome. His hand moved up her leg, heading for her thigh. She shivered slightly and started flicking her tongue against his skin. When his fingers contacted the hem of her skirt, he hesitated for only a second before slipping his hand underneath the fabric. Mark moved in, growing ever closer to that spot that instinct desperately wanted him to find.

“Stop,” Kitsune said, her breath blowing hot against his neck.

Mark halted his advance. “What is it?” he asked. His voice was so altered by arousal that he almost didn’t recognize himself speak. “Am I going too fast?”

“No,” Kitsune said. She looked up and away from him. “Take me over there.”

Mark followed her eyes to the bed. Without a word more, he put one arm underneath her knees and the other around her shoulders. He stood up a little shakily, silently cursing his lack of upper body strength, and carried her over. He laid her down carefully with her head on the pillows. Kitsune’s hair clashed intensely with the black sheets. She gazed up at him, her eyes alluring and seductive, inviting him to join her. He wasted no time in accepting that invitation. Mark lowered himself on top of her. His chest pressed down on her, flattening her breasts through her shirt. He kissed her again, bringing a hand to her head and dragging his fingers through her magenta hair.

Kitsune put her hands underneath his shirt, rubbing them up and down his sides and around to his back. Her furry palms felt wonderful on his bare skin. Her hands went back down and out, and her claws hooked the fabric at the bottom. She grasped the garment and pulled, tugging it up so that more and more of his skin was exposed. Mark extended his arms straight up, allowing her to pull the shirt over his head. His vision was obscured for a handful of seconds until it was completely off. Kitsune let it drop over the side of the bed. They rolled so that they were both lying on their sides, facing each other. Kitsune pressed her mouth to his collarbone and moved her head down, licking his body all the way. She focused on his chest, kissing his skin and making tiny mewling noises.

Feeling down her back, Mark found the bottom of Kitsune’s T-shirt. He removed the shirt and felt a thrill shoot up his spine when he discovered that she was wearing no bra. Her breasts, covered in the same tan fur as her stomach, were exposed to his eager eyes. He skimmed a hand along the curve of her waist until he was able to cup one of them. Her breasts seemed to have been made to fit his palms. She moaned softly as he took both of them in his hands and began to knead them.

“I can’t believe this is happening,” Kitsune said, her voice quivering.

“Me either,” Mark said. He shifted down a little and found her nipples poking out from the fur on her breasts. He closed his lips over the right one, suckling like a babe at its mother’s chest. Kitsune put a hand on top of his head, clutching at his hair. He tried to

divide his attention equally between the pair of them, not wanting anyone to feel left out. Kitsune encouraged him with little noises of pleasure.

Ready for the next step, Mark brought his head up and kissed her once more. Then he rolled her again, ending up with Kitsune on top of him with her back to his chest. He stroked her belly, eliciting a thunderous purr from her. She reached back to tangle both of her hands in his hair. His fingers were submerged completely in her sinfully soft fur. The feeling was like digging one's hands into a pile of goose down. And the lower down her belly he went, the finer and softer the fur became.

Kitsune squirmed a little bit. "What are you waiting for?" she asked, her voice coming out in a sultry growl. Mark moved his hand lower until it was on her skirt, so rough in comparison to the heaven he'd just had at his fingertips. Growing impatient with him, she took his hand in hers and guided it underneath the waistband. Beneath the skirt she was wearing a simple pair of black cotton panties. Her breath quickened as he moved his hand over them. When his fingers finally went between her legs, she let her head slide off of his shoulder to the bed.

Mark could feel that Kitsune was just as aroused as he was. Moisture had begun to soak through her panties, and it made his fingers slide around over the fabric. He could feel her warmth on his skin. Her body temperature felt intense, and he wondered absently if it was normally this high or if it was a product of her sexual excitement. The noises she was making as he rubbed her quickly convinced him, however, that this question was neither here nor there. What was important was to get these bothersome clothes off of her. He withdrew his hand from her skirt and tugged on one side of the garment. Kitsune quickly helped him, hooking her thumbs into the skirt and dragging it down her legs, shuffling her feet so that it went faster. When it was far enough down, she kicked the skirt off. Her panties followed seconds later.

With her body completely bare, Mark was free to explore Kitsune thoroughly. While one hand stayed on her upper body, caressing her curves, his other hand went for her sex. He eased between her thighs, and entered a new world. After a brief search through the downy fur, he found smooth, slick flesh. Kitsune's head went back and her face scrunched up into a passionate grimace as he ran a finger up and down her slit. She turned to the side and put her mouth to his neck, sucking gently and mumbling incoherent

words. Her hands went underneath her body, and she began to squeeze Mark's groin through his pants. Her sex blazed with warmth, and he had no trouble pushing a finger inside of her body. Kitsune's hips rose, thrusting at the ceiling.

"Oh, God, Mark!" she gasped. "Right there!" His finger went all the way in, and she moaned when he wiggled it around in her depths. Mark teased it out of her, and started to move it in and out of her vagina. Adding another level to the ecstasy, he put his thumb on her clitoris and worked it around in a tight circle. Kitsune felt a fuzzy feeling that washed over her whole body but stayed concentrated mostly where Mark's hand was. She pivoted the top half of her body so that her torso was facing him and hugged him around the chest for all she was worth. The tigress kissed Mark hard, thrusting her tongue into her human lover's mouth. Just when she felt like she would climax, he stopped. She groaned her frustration as she felt the orgasmic potential begin to dwindle away. Kitsune might have begun to complain if she had not stopped to listen to the words which came out of Mark's mouth next.

"I wonder what a tiger tastes like." He shuffled out from underneath her, leaving her lying on her back, and moved down to the foot of the bed. Mark put a hand underneath each knee, lifting her legs and spreading them apart. With his face mere inches away from her sex, he could feel heat radiating from her insides. She was open for him to see, her aroused body taunting him, daring him to come even closer. He had no intention of backing down from the challenge. Looking up at Kitsune's face between the twin hills of her breasts, he put his mouth to her nether regions.

Kitsune felt the pleasure rise again, climbing to a level even higher than before, as his tongue licked at her sex. She put her hands to her breasts, kneading them as Mark gave her an oral treatment like none she'd ever had before. His tongue lacked the friction of her past lovers, all of whom had been tigers like her, but he more than made up for it with his enthusiasm. He would go from tenderly nibbling at her flesh to sucking on her clitoris, and then he would put his whole mouth over her and probe her vagina with his tongue.

Mark found a pleasant surprise in the taste of her body. She didn't have the odd flavor that human females had. Her essence tasted spicy and exotic, and he found that he couldn't get enough of it. He went deeper, looking to find more of this wondrous

ambrosia. The walls of her vagina clenched and relaxed rhythmically in time with his thrusting tongue. All of a sudden, she put both hands on the back of his head and pressed down hard, burying his face between her legs. She quivered and shook for the longest thirty seconds of his life, moaning his name and squeezing her thighs together. Finally she relaxed, allowing him to bring his head up and gasp for air.

“You’ve...studied well...,” Kitsune said, breathing heavily. She drew her legs up and rose to her knees. Mark followed suit. “Now it’s my turn.” She dropped her eyes to his waist. Reaching out, she found the zipper to his pants and slowly lowered it. Returning her eyes to look into his, she reached inside and maneuvered her fingers around the button on his undershorts. Freed of its constraints, his penis emerged from its hiding place, engorged and prominent. Kitsune wrapped a hand around it. Mark breathed in deeply as her furry hand touched the sensitive skin. She looked down. “That’s a bit larger than what I’m used to.” Tiger males tended to average smaller than human males.

Mark smiled. “Not too intimidating, I hope.”

“Oh, no,” Kitsune said. “I’m always ready to try new things.” She tilted her head up and they kissed. While their lips were locked together, she began to stroke him, pumping her hand up and down his shaft.

Already painfully aroused from the lengthy treatment he’d given her, Mark didn’t think he would be able to last long if she kept it up. But it felt too good for him to tell her so. Her hand was like a velvet sheath massaging his member. From the way his breathing would change, she was quickly able to figure out what would give him the most pleasure. Kitsune would move her hand to the head, rub lightly for a few seconds, and then grip him tighter as she went back down to the base of the shaft. Before long, he was fighting to hold himself back.

“Kat...if you keep that up...” Mark’s voice was strained.

Kitsune laid her head on his shoulder, not stopping. “I know, baby,” she said. “Just let it out. I want you to.”

That pushed Mark over the edge. He grunted and came, spurting his seed all over Kitsune’s stomach. Streams of his sticky cum cascaded from his penis. Kitsune caught his mouth with hers while he convulsed. His breath filled her lungs, and she rubbed his back with her free hand. When he was done, he collapsed against her, and she had to struggle

to keep from falling over. After a minute or so, his strength returned to him and he was able to support himself. Kitsune leaned back, looking down and taking in the mess he'd made on her belly. She scooped some of his semen up in her palm. It was thicker than a tiger's. Curious, she brought her hand to her mouth and tasted it. The gooey liquid was warm and salty. She loved it. With the flexibility that only a feline can manage, she bent herself over to drag her tongue through her fur, lapping up every bit. Mark watched, fascinated, as she cleaned herself of his ejaculate.

Finished, Kitsune brought her head up again, licking her lips. "Delicious," she purred.

It was just too much for Mark. He went for Kitsune, pushing her back down onto the bed. He came down on top of her, kissing her fiercely. Growling, she bound her arms and legs around him, clawing at his back and giving in to her animal instincts. Mark ignored the scratches. Her erotic display of indecent grooming had galvanized him so that he was ready for more. His erection was back with a vengeance, and he wasn't going to let anything keep him from his goal. Fortunately, Kitsune harbored no intentions of trying to stop him.

"Pants," she hissed. "Off. Now." Mark got up for only as long as it took to shuck his remaining clothing. In those few seconds, Kitsune rolled onto her stomach. There was only one way for this tigress to be taken, and Mark quickly figured out what it was. He pulled her hips up, bringing her to her knees. She wrapped her arms around a pillow and put her head down on it. She sucked in a breath as Mark rubbed her several times. The next moment, her tail was pushed out of the way and she felt the tip of his penis probing at her entrance. There was a split second of pain as something large penetrated her body, left behind instantly as she felt the immense satisfaction of being filled.

"Damn, that's hot," Mark gasped, shock filling his voice at how intense the heat was inside of Kitsune. He pushed himself all the way inside of her vagina, stopping when his hips connected with her rear end. For a little bit, he didn't move and they both reveled in the closeness of their connection. Kitsune could sense his heartbeat through her sex, and Mark watched her shoulders expand with each breath she took. The heat of her body seared his flesh, and when he couldn't stand it anymore he pulled out of her. Her tail came back, curling around the small of his back and imploring him to return. He pushed

back in.

“Yes, Mark,” she said, her voice almost a wail. “All the way. Keep going.”

Mark gradually picked up his tempo, thrusting in and out of her. The pleasure was unbelievable. She was tighter than a human female and it felt like her insides were massaging him along every millimeter of his cock. Kitsune rocked her hips back with every inward thrust. This was the most ancient and carefully choreographed dance of all. They each had their own part, and they both knew it well.

Kitsune’s head cocked back and she got up so she was on all fours. Mark reached forward and grabbed her hands, pulling them back so that she was forced to come up on her knees. He held her arms like reins, using his leverage to pump up into her body. She cried out with renewed passion as she found the new position to her liking. She arched her back, bending so that her head was nearly on his shoulder. Mark leaned down and kissed at her neck. He moved his hands, bringing them around to grasp her around her belly. To keep from falling, she leaned back and they ended up with Mark sitting on the bed with Kitsune in his lap.

“Kat...,” Mark groaned. “I’m close...”

“Yes...,” Kitsune said. “Me too...Give it to me again...” Mark pitched forward, catching her by surprise. She tumbled off of him, landing on her side. He rolled her onto her back, coming down on top of her and holding her arms down. He quickly reinserted himself and began thrusting in and out of her with great vigor. Kitsune clamped down on his back with her legs, writhing underneath him. She could feel herself hurtling inexorably towards the finish. Out of control, her body hurled itself over the precipice. She lost her head, and felt a sound come out of her mouth that she had never heard herself make: the roar of a tigress in the heat of passion.

Mark could feel her body spasm, and heard the animal scream erupting from her gaping jaws. He continued his thrusts into her body even as she went limp from exhaustion. Finally, he felt his own body seize up, and he fell forward, yelling into the pillows. His penis spurted inside of his tigress, emptying his essence into her womb.

The sky outside the window of Mark’s dorm room had a light purple tint once either of them had enough of their minds back to wonder what time it was. They were

lying in each other's arms, one of them having dragged the sheets over their spent bodies. Neither of them could remember which of them had done that. Kitsune was purring softly, and Mark took a moment to stroke her face affectionately. Then he glanced across the room at his clock. The time was seven o'clock.

"Did that really happen?" Kitsune murmured, not bothering to open her eyes.

"Yeah," Mark said. He looked back down at her. "What came over us?"

Kitsune rubbed her cheek on his shoulder. "I don't know. Does it matter?"

"I guess not." He gazed up at the ceiling. "You know, we still have a test on Monday." Kitsune turned her eyes to him, and he looked down again. "And we still have a lot of studying to do."

Kitsune stretched her neck up and kissed him. "We can leave it for later. There's always tomorrow."

"Yeah, but there's a problem with that," Mark said. "That means I'd have to get out of this bed. And I'm not sure I'm going to be able to do that as long as you're in it."

Kitsune grinned. "Don't worry," she purred. "You won't have to be out of it long." She nuzzled at his neck. "I'll make sure we take a study break."