

You are Andre Non, though you go by Anon, and you moved into this apartment block a month ago. It's one of the six five-story buildings in the complex, all of which surround a park on three of its sides, two buildings per. They're painted a pale yellow on the outside, with a white and navy blue striped wallpaper on the inside. Old fashioned, but cozy enough you suppose.

What's special about the building you inhabit is your neighbor in the next apartment over. She's an anthro, a cheetah specifically, and a little over twice your age. You could remember *very* vividly, the first time you'd met.

It was about five o' clock on a Tuesday when you'd finished getting the boxes into your new home. It felt like an accomplishment, to be moving from the crack-condo that you lived in previously. You were positively ecstatic about everything regarding this new place. Your apartment itself was bigger, there was a communal laundromat, the whole complex was in a better part of town, and the landlord even had a pest control company on contract if the reviews were to be believed. You were jostled from your reverie by a knock on the door.

You look over the back of the couch you were laying on, at the door. You rack your brain, trying to remember if you're expecting any packages. No, that's dumb, you just moved into here. You're pretty sure you didn't order pizza or anything. Coming up with nothing, you get up off the couch and go to the door. As you get your hand around the knob, you wonder if the neighborhood being good enough to not necessitate peepholes is a double edged sword. You turn and pull in, cracking the door open.

There, standing about eye to eye with you, is a cheetah woman. She's dressed in a simple t-shirt and yoga pants, carrying a small stack of tupperware tubs.

"Hiii, my names Cheryl and I'm your neighbor!" She says, practically bouncing with enthusiasm. You can't help but notice that she's not the only thing bouncing. And by god, they're massive. "I was hoping to have a welcome dinner with you! Just a neighborly gesture."

You had never had time for girls in school, and you had never had time for women with work. You practically blue-screen as you step aside, opening the door for her passage. She walks past you, a spring in her step. Out of the corner of you eye, you can plainly see the bounce of her assets as she goes past, deepening the your reddening complexion.

She makes her way down the hall and to the right, into the kitchen. You close the door and follow, rounding the corner to see her setting the tubs on the counter. She's bent slightly, baring the rest of her assets. You can't help but stare for just a second at the massive bubble butt in front of you. No Anon, play it cool. You don't want to look like the Sex Offender Scott of the block or something fucked up like that.

You tear your gaze away from her, instead setting upon a task. Can't have dinner without a table, right? You make your way towards the pantry at the back of the kitchen, opening the door and grabbing a square card table and two metal folding chairs.

You first set up the table in the middle of the kitchen, having a little bit of trouble with the rusty leg joints. Soon enough, it's standing. You next unfold the chairs, and set them in place. You then move to the cabinets, before stopping. You back, to see her in one of the chairs, tubs moved to the table. You ask her what's for dinner.

"Oh, some soup, some mashed potatoes, and some biscuits." She says, smiling at you and making direct eye contact. It's now that you really notice her features. She looks aged, sure, but not a crone by any means. Her age, which is no doubt twice yours, has merely rounded her. The surest signs of that age are only the creases around her eyes.

You open the cabinet, and retrieve two bowls and two plates. None of them match, of course. The stoneware clinks as you get in a stack, and hold it in one hand. With the other, you root through a drawer in the counter until you scrounge up two spoons. Your prize in hand, you make your way to the table and sit down.

You intently watch the table as Cheryl dishes out food, only taking your eyes off the worn particle board when yours is slid over the table to you. The soup in question was like chicken and noodles but with thicker, flatter noodles, and a much thicker broth. It's even heartier if that's even possible. The mashed potatoes look to be homemade, and the biscuits. Jesus Christ, the biscuits. You'd always had a little bit of a weakness for the things.

"So, what is it you do for a living?" She asks, looking over the table into your eyes. You finish the bite of food you're chewing, and tell her about your recently earned electrician's certification, about how that pay increase is actually what spurred you to move here. She looks around for a moment, appraising the apartment.

"No woman in the picture Anon? There's gotta be a reason for that for a cute boy like yourself." She says, mischief in her tone. You sputter, inhaling half a bite of mashed potatoes. In a few seconds, you manage to clear your airway. You go to speak, mouth open, before you let it close. You can't think of an explanation that doesn't sound pathetic.

"Hey, no judgment anon, it's not unusual." She says, hands raised in a pacifying gesture. "Hell, I'm single." There's a long pause before Cheryl smirks. "Why not try with an older woman Anon?" She says, leaning back into her chair. "They tend to be *very* receptive."

Before you can formulate a response, you feel something brush your inner thigh. The sexual tension of evening snaps like a cable, and your dick goes from zero to diamonds in record time. You chance a glance down, to see her foot-paw slowly going up and down the crotch of your rapidly tightening pants.

She keeps going for a few seconds, waiting for you to say to stop. When nothing of the sort comes, she stops. As fast as well, a cheetah, she ducks under, wedging herself between your knees.

"Just say the word and I'll stop, hon" She says, looking up at you.

She begins by undoing your belt, hands no doubt guided by wisdom and experience. She undoes your button with just one hand, and then she grips the zipper of your fly with her teeth, lips upturned in a grin. As she pulls your zipper, she pulls on the band of your pants and underwear.

Your erection smacks her in the snout as it is freed, settling against nose. The very moment your cock and balls are exposed to the open air, her nose is pressed against the crook where they meet. She takes a long drag of air, her exhale shuddering with ecstasy and arousal.

"God, I'm going to squeeze you fucking *dry*, boy." She says, her voice sultry and breathy. She assaults the center line of your sack with a series of licks, each more sloppy and warm than the last, before she takes your balls into her mouth. She sucks them, squeezes them with her tongue, wraps around them and slathers them, smothers them with her attention. At the same time, she grasps your cock and begins to pump it, stroking you up and down, and running her thumb over the top of your tip at the apex of every stroke.

Just as fast as her blitz began, she changed her angle of attack. She let your balls go, a wet pop issuing as they came past her lips. She began to purr.

"You taste *good* Anon. Real good." She says, the purr adding just that little bit of waver. She licked up your shaft, starting at the base, and heading up until she reached the top. In a smooth motion, she pushes the tip past her lips, and takes you down to the base with blinding speed. Just as quick as she's down, she's up again. The suction is mind bending, her tongue runs over every square inch it can reach on every upstroke, and the purring is making her whole throat vibrate on the downstroke. And just when you think it's reached its peak of pleasure, she begins to play with your nuts with her free hand. You begin to tip over the edge.

You erupt on her upstroke. The first wave comes crashing out down her throat, the second in her mouth. She pops you out of her sucking maw in time for the third to burst forth across her muzzle. The fourth, shoots across her closed left eye, and the fifth and final shot ends up on her tits. She pumps your cock a few more times with her hand, coaxing the last dribbles of cum from you. It slides down the

bottom of your shaft, and onto her hand. She looks at you with a half-lidded gaze, directly into your eyes, as she licks the last dribble from her hand.

She pushes the chair back, with you in it, until she has the headroom to stand. Still in a state of stupor, you watch as she gathers the empty tubs. She comes back your way, still covered with your emissions. It's almost enough to make you hard again. She leans in close to the crook of your neck, taking in a whiff of you, then kisses your cheek.

"Consider this a housewarming gift." She says, her breathy voice right in your ear making your arm hairs stand on end. "Next time, I expect you to make me cum. Hard."

With that, she leaves, leaving you to suss out what exactly just happened.