

MEETING ARIANNE

by
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"Freak."

I gritted my teeth, trying not to bare my fangs at the bear who'd whispered the insult as he walked away laughing. The past month I'd seen the principals more than I had in the past five years combined as word had gotten out about my... differences, and jerkasses like that bear had decided to make my life a living hell.

Slamming my locker shut, I leaned against it and sighed, sheathing and unsheathing my claws to release the anger I was feeling without clawing anything open. As usual, the other students passing through the hall gave me a wide berth as if I could somehow "infect" them. With what I was, no, but I had to admit that if anyone talked to me now and wasn't unpopular, they soon would be.

To any stranger who might look at me, I appeared a simple vixen, and a good-looking one at that, I still like to think. I made sure to take good care of the dark red hair that my brown-furred ears poked out of, as well as the soft copper fur covering most of my face and surrounding my emerald-green eyes resting over a cream-furred vulpine muzzle, capped with a black nose pad that most would call cute. That cream color continued down the front of my neck and under my white blouse, the clothing doing little to mask the size of my bust, which used to be the envy of many a girl here.

The reason I say used to be is the secret which one would find if they continued down past my firm stomach, kept that way with sit-ups every morning before the walk to school. There, under my powder-blue skirt and specially designed panties, was a male sheath, with a set of female netherlips just underneath it. You see, I happened to be a herm vixen, which was a rarity in this part of the country. Up until a couple months ago I'd successfully kept it under wraps, but then I'd asked a guy I'd had the hots for out on a date.

Needless to say, the date ended quickly when he found my... "gift," and thanks to the school gossip network, shortly afterwards everyone in school knew. With predictable results. Thank the gods that I was graduating in a couple months.

A quiet cough near me drew me out of my thoughts and back to the real world, ears swiveling and head turning with a sense of resignation to see what new insult was going to come my way. What met my eyes however was not what I expected.

The lanky ermine girl standing nearby was one I had only met a time or two before. I knew she was a recent transfer student, much like I had been a year or two ago, but our schedules were completely different, so I'd never had a chance to talk with her before the "incident." Unlike my own mix of copper, cream, and brown fur, what I'd seen of her was all covered in a soft whiteness that

she took obvious pains to keep clean. Gods know I have a hard enough time with my own cream fur, though that also has a bit to do with my own brand of... stress relief I guess, is the best way to put it.

Like me, she was dressed in our school uniform, though it fit very differently on her. Though about my height, she was extremely slender, though not to the point of looking starved. Where I filled out my blouse to the point where if I breathed too deep it could bare my midriff, she barely had anything in the chest department; the soft swell of her breasts was barely noticeable through her clothing. Her hips were just wide enough to obviously show her femininity, but only just. Her tail on the other hand was much longer and fluffier than mine, and her legs were dancer's legs, taut with muscle.

Noticing she had my attention, she reached up to brush aside a lock of her long black hair, quickly looking down, her soft white, rounded ears twitching nervously among those tresses that nearly reached her waist. "Um, hi," she said in the softest voice I'd ever heard.

Crossing my arms under my breasts, I nodded my head warily, forcefully reminding myself she hadn't done anything to me. Yet. "Nice to meet you... uh..." I trailed off, silently cursing as I racked my brain for her name. I knew I'd heard it somewhere...

"I'm called Arianne, Miss Sharilar," the shy ermine gal finished for me her voice almost musical in tone, and I felt a slight blush reach my cheeks in embarrassment at my slip-up. Thankfully, my fur usually does a good job of hiding blushes.

"No need to be so formal," I said, uncrossing my arms to lace my fingers behind my head. It didn't seem like she was here to poke fun at me, and I could feel myself starting to relax. "Shar will do."

"Oh, but I couldn't..." She started to protest, then stopped, a hand coming up to cover her short muzzle as her head came up and gave me a good look at those pretty crystal-blue eyes of hers. She quickly glanced away a moment later, whispering so quietly I could barely hear it over the dissipating crowd of students, "If that's what you wish, Mi-, er I mean Shar."

A soft sigh escaped my lips, but I still couldn't help but smile at the cute ermine. There was something endearing about her, and I found myself wanting to get to know her better. "So, what brings you to the newest outcast of the school?"

Toeing the carpet slightly, Arianne kept her gaze averted as she answered in that soft, musical voice of hers. "I always thought you were real pretty, but you were always so popular that I couldn't bear to talk to you. I think it's horrible what they're doing, and a pretty girl like you should have to deal with it."

I snorted softly, lowering an arm to brush an imaginary speck of dirt off my skirt. "You have heard I'm not just a girl, right?"

"Oh, yes!" I blinked in surprise at the excited tone in her voice, brown-furred ears perking forward. "I'd heard your kind existed but-"

My eyes narrowed as I cut her off, my bushy tail lashing a couple times. "My 'kind,' eh?"

As she realized how it'd sounded, both her hands shot to her mouth, clasping over her cute little muzzle as she stared at me, wide-eyed in shock. "ohmygodsohmygodsohmygods, I didn't mean that like that," she blurted out in that disarmingly soft voice, and I found the anger I'd been starting to feel draining away at her antics.

Feeling an amused smile threatening to cover my canine muzzle, I shook my head. "Don't worry, everyone slips up now and then. I'm sure-"

At that moment the bell for class rang, and I realized we were the only two still standing in the hallway. "Frack," I muttered, while Arianne stared up at the PA speaker like she'd seen a ghost. Thinking quickly as I turned to run to my biology class, I called out, "Meet me after school at the girl's locker room. Now get going, before you get in trouble."

I glanced back one last time before I rounded the corner, noting with amusement that she was nowhere in sight. Looked like I wasn't wrong about the strength of those legs of hers.

Typing in the lock code on the keypad, I let myself into the locker room. When my nature became public, there'd been some discussion of which I should have access to, but in the end they decided to leave me with the ladies due to my figure. It still didn't stop them kicking me off the cheerleading team, but whatever. There was a football game tonight at a neighboring city, so the only ones here should be me and that ermine gal, if she'd bothered to show up.

It wasn't that long before I heard the click of the door opening and closing, followed by a tentative "Hello?"

"Over here, third bank of lockers to the left," I called as I lounged on the bench, footpaw up on the wood as I leaned against the cool metal. A moment later I saw white-furred ears and blue eyes peek around the corner, and I tried to keep from giggling as I motioned to the shy girl. "It's alright, I don't bite. Well, unless you want me to," I found myself adding with a wink. As she slowly made her way around it to join me, hands clasped demurely in front of her, I found myself wondering why I'd added that last bit.

"Oh, I was so glad! I thought you might change your mind," she softly said as she lowered herself to the bench next to me, sitting up prim and proper rather than lounging as I was. "I know I didn't

make that good an impression earlier, s-so I was so afraid you wouldn't be here," she added as she lowered her eyes to the tiled floor.

"If I say I'm gonna do something, I do it. And stop that," I said with a sigh as she started to look my way, then caught herself and returned to staring at the floor. "I had enough guys staring at me before that little revelation earlier this year, so it won't hurt to have a pretty girl like you stare at me a while."

"You really think I'm pretty?" she whispered, and I blinked as I realized what I'd said. I hadn't intended to let it slip, but...

"Yeah, you're pretty cute, I think." I confirmed, a smile dancing around my muzzle as her cheeks turned a bit pink at the compliment. "Anyways, look as much as you want, I've got nothing to hide."

"A-are you sure? I wouldn't want to make you uncomfortable," she softly said, slowly raising those unclouded blue eyes to gaze at me with that gentle look of hers. I almost felt sorry for her, wondering what had made this girl so wary of others.

"By all means," I said, showing her a friendly smile as I adjusted my position slightly. "I take it I'm the first herm you've met? At least, that you know of," I added as I recalled how well I'd hid it myself after the move.

The ermine girl nodded softly. "There were none in my home country. I'd first heard of them right after we moved here, on my 18th birthday. I'd wondered if I would ever meet one, and what they'd be like, s-so I went online to do some research..."

Her voice trailed off as a sudden intense blush covered her cheeks. From her reaction, it wasn't hard to guess what she'd found, and as she readjusted her legs, I found a grin reaching my muzzle. I'd always been mostly into guys, but that doesn't mean I'd found the occasional female attractive too. Looking at her with new eyes, I began to wonder. I hadn't planned anything other than finding a quiet place to converse, but now it was looking like the best choice I'd made since my mistake with that douche of a dragon.

Sitting back up, I reached upward in a long stretch, pushing my large chest out in the process. "Well," I said, "mind if I change while we're here? That way I don't get my clothes dirty."

"I don't mind at all," she murmured, and I could almost swear her blush got even darker at that. It seemed like the idea I was getting about her was right on the money, and if so, I was more than willing to go along with it.

Watching her from the corner of my eye, I unfastened my blouse, baring those round orbs of titflesh

being cupped so nicely by one of the few bras I'd found that actually fit comfortably. About halfway down, I made sure I "accidentally" unclasped the front of my bra, and as my large breasts spilled free from its confines I had to repress a grin at the look on her face. "Oops," I said as I pretended to try to refasten it, making sure my failure to do so was obvious, "looks like I broke the fastener."

"That's a shame," my new ermine friend said as she tried to keep her gaze from obviously going to that pillowy flesh, my dark nipples hardening and poking out gently in the cool air of the locker room.

Letting those softly-furred tits sway as I shrugged out of the blouse and "broken" bra, I shrugged. "Happens to me more than you'd think. Having large breasts isn't always all it's cracked up to be."

Gazing down at her own small chest, Arianne let out a gentle sigh. "Maybe, but I wish mine were as nice as yours."

"Yours seem plenty nice," I said as I leaned over to unfasten my skirt, letting my full breasts hang bare before her eyes while I swished my tail slowly in anticipation of what was to come if I was right. "Plenty of guys like small breasts as well. Oh, and if you want to change too, feel free."

I could almost swear that blush was permanently baked into her fur as her hands rose to her blouse fastenings and began to undo them. "I-if that's al-alright with you," she said in a voice barely louder than a whisper as she unfastened it in a fashion that could only be called dainty.

Letting the skirt drop to my ankles, I straightened back up and nodded, hoping she wouldn't notice the small bulge forming in the top of the special panties that was the only piece of clothing left on me. "If I can strip, no reason why you shouldn't."

Thankfully, her eyes weren't on me, but on her fastenings, and a moment later I found my eyes widening slightly as she let the white cloth fall from her shoulders. Apparently today she hadn't bothered to wear a bra, and while her small, perky breasts were covered with more of that same soft fur, almost begging to be stroked, her pink nipples were already stiff, and larger than I expected, given her bust size.

Her eyes flicked to me, then back down as her fingers slid down further to her own skirt, unfastening it gently and letting the blue cloth slide off her hips as she started to blush profusely.

My eyes and nose told me at almost the exact same time what had her blushing so furiously, the scent of aroused female unmistakable as the wet spot on her peach-colored panties met my eyes. "It's alright," I murred, showing her a warm smile as I slid my thumbs under the waistband of my own panties. "You've been having a bit of an effect on me as well." With that, I let them drop, my own musk rising to mix with hers as I bared my swelling sheath and cunny to her.

For a moment, she seemed like a statue, while her gaze drifted from my full, ripe tits, to that cream-furred male sheath with the hint of black beginning to poke out, to my own folds, a much darker color than hers but also beginning to pout slightly, then back up. "B-b-but.. I- I-"

Leaning down, I pressed my muzzle against hers, silencing her protests with a heated kiss. A gentle probe was all it took for my tongue to slip between our lips and into her muzzle, teasing gently against her own as a hand of mine slid under her breast, cupping it warmly and gently thumbing the stiff nipple.

As the kiss ended, leaving us both panting, she gazed up at me, uncertainty and wanting mingling in her expression. "I-is it alright.. if I may... i-if you don't mind..."

Taking her hand in both of mine, I lifted it to one of my cream-furred tits, letting her feel the soft pillowy flesh under her fingers. "Is that answer enough?" I murred warmly to her, and a moment later I was staggering to keep my balance as she threw herself at me, her small, perky breasts squishing up against my own large ones as she planted a hungry kiss on my mouth, the tip of my growing cock slipping out of my sheath and poking into her bellyfur at the feeling of this lovely ermine pressing against me so needfully.

After what felt like an eternity, she gently pulled away, looking up at me through lidded eyes as her hands stroked along my back. "My ashanti," she murmured, but as I opened my mouth to ask what an ashanti was, she lowered her mouth to take one of my stiff nipples into it, driving any such thoughts well out of my head as she tongued it gently.

"Ooohh... that's nice," I murred as she brought a hand around to cup the heavy breast, her short, cute muzzle suckling gently on it as her fingers squeezed and massaged the soft flesh. As I lowered myself to a sitting position on the bench, she followed, continuing her gentle ministrations to my ripe tit while her free hand gently stroked down my flat tummy to gently rub at my sheath, drawing a soft gasp from me at the sudden touch.

Letting the firm tit fall from her mouth, she gazed up at me with adoration as she gently rubbed my swollen sheath, gently urging the thick black flesh of my foxcock from its hidden confines. "Whatever pleases my ashanti," she murred heatedly, before dropping down on her knees, bringing her head level with my nethers.

"What's a-" I started to ask again, but my voice trailed off as her tongue found my growing shaft and licked along the heated flesh, a soft moan escaping my vulpine muzzle at the touch. My length surged with sudden growth as she tenderly teased it with her wet tongue and warm mouth, taking the wide head into her small muzzle for a gentle suck, followed by a few more laps down along it's length.

Murring warmly, I raised a hand to stroke the hair of this lovely ermine girl who was teasing my swelling cock so wonderfully, the feelings better than anything I could have imagined. Gently, she slipped a hand around my length, the thickness barely fitting into her small handpaw as she began to stroke and milk the throbbing shaft. As her hand glided along the throbbing meat filling her small white handpaw, her tongue found my lower entrance, and I felt like I was in heaven.

Warm moans slipped from my throat as she every-so gently teased my sensitive netherlips with her tonguetip, slipping it into my virgin cunny as she worked my firm shaft, held so wonderfully in her grasp. Closing my eyes, I squeezed and massaged my large, softly-furred tits, the pleasure washing over my heated body. Who would have thought such a shy girl would be so great at this?

It wasn't long before I felt my slick foxy pre drooling from the tip of my large foxcock, dribbling down to be caught by her hand and rubbed along my throbbing length, while her tongue dug deep inside my heated honeypot, tasting that growing wetness within my femsex. I couldn't help but shiver in pleasure and moan loudly as her tongue found those special spots along my inner walls, making them quiver against her touch as I rubbed my large, firm breasts, thankful that the locker room was soundproofed to keep guys from trying to listen in.

"G-gods," I murreoaned out warmly as my knot grew under that wonderful touch of her slender, softly-furred hand, her fingers leaving the heated shaft to tease gently at that swelling knob of foxmeat. I could feel my slick cuntjuices dribbling out as well from my quivering vixencunny as she started to swirl her tongue inside my heated depths, a gasp slipping out of my open muzzle as she brushed those special spots. "I- ooohhh...I think I'm- haaaaaaa.... gonna.... mmmm...."

After pausing a second in her tonguing of my slick folds to replace her tongue with a couple fingers, Arianne gazed demurely up at my well-pleasured body, rounded ears swiveling to catch my sounds of pleasure. "Please ashanti, please cum for me," she murmured in that musical voice as she curled her fingers within my dripping snatch, leaning in to gently lick the swollen head of my thick foxcock as she tried to wrap her hand around my large knot, giving it a gentle squeeze that sent me over the edge.

I howled in pleasure, my pulsing foxcock exploding in rich, pearly cream while my hungry cunny squeezed down on those two fingers filling it, trying to milk them. Thick spurts of my hot foxcum rocketed out, splashing onto her cute face and small ermine muzzle and dripping down onto my crotchfur, while my cunny squirted my heated femcum onto her small breasts and the tiled floor below, matting her soft, white fur with my slick cuntjuices as the waves of my climax washed over me.

As the flow of my thick seed abated, my well-teased cunny dribbling my leftover honey onto the bench, I lay back panting heavily, murring at this wonderful ermine as she licked dribbles of my rich cum from her muzzle, tasting my essence as she ever-so-gently stroked along my length, keeping me hard.

Slowly, she rose, letting me get a good look at her femcum-splashed breasts, her nipples glistening with the slick juice I'd coated them with. Her touch finally left my rigid shaft, but only long enough for her to slide her soaked panties down, baring her own slickened femsex, and I couldn't help but lick my lips a little as I saw a string of her honey trail from those pouting ermine cuntlips to her panties as she pushed them down. Letting them fall to her ankles, she stepped out of them, both her hands going to my sensitive cock and making me shiver as she wrung it softly, my ears catching the soft plop of drops of her slick ermine juices splattering against the tiles, my own cunny still quivering gently.

"Please ashanti, take me... make me a woman," she whispered softly to me as she pulled back slightly on my softly throbbing foxcock, bringing the head to brush every so lightly against her slick folds and making me murr heatedly. Even though I'd just came not more than a minute ago, that thick knot at the base of my black shaft still mostly swollen, I wanted- no, I needed to fill that tight cunt of this lovely ermine.

Pushing up off the bench, I rose up, trapping that thick firmness between our bellies as I pulled her close to give her a heated kiss. Her stiff, dampened nipples poked into my fur as our breasts squished together, the needy ermine moaning softly into the kiss as I tasted myself on her lips. Reluctantly, she pulled away as the kiss ended, reaching down to trail her fingers along my softly-glistening length before taking my hand and leading me towards the showers. I followed eagerly, the only thought filling my mind being the urge to plow that slender body with my massive foxy shaft.

While the shower stalls were set up with walls, a bench ran along the middle for people to sit on, and as we reached it she laid herself down along it, her hair cascading off the sides as her needy cunny hung just off the end. "Please," she whispered out, her crystal-blue eyes gazing at me, filled with wanting.

Slowly, I lowered myself to my knees, black shaft in hand and knot still half-swollen. As I guided the tip towards her pouting cuntlips, my floofy copper tail swishing in anticipation, she lifted those muscular legs of hers and rested them over my shoulders, blocking out my view of everything but this wanting, horny ermine begging for my cock.

I gently pressed the swollen head of my black foxcock against those slickened, glistening cuntlips, drawing a soft gasp from both of us as I pushed my hips forward and slowly spread her tight cunny around my girth. I'd never imagined it could feel so good to be surrounded by such wetness and heat, her needy femsex grasping at my throbbing shaft as I slowly entered her.

I'd only pushed in about halfway before I felt the tip of that massive shaft bump into a barrier within, and my gaze rose to meet Arianne's. She was a virgin as well, to my surprise, but she gave me a small nod, her cute muzzle hanging open as she panted, getting used to being filled by such a large foxcock. I pulled back a tiny bit, then gave a sudden thrust forward, a yelp escaping her throat as I broke her barrier, my rigid shaft nestling deep within her as I gave her every inch.

We paused there a moment, both of us getting used to the new sensations of filling and being filled with so much fat cocklength, my half-swollen knot pressed up tight against her dripping folds. Leaning up at the waist a moment, she stroked my cheek, then laid herself back down, hands gripping the sides of the bench as I began to move my hips with slow, long strokes.

Sweet moans escaped her lips as I slowly worked her tight ermine cunt with my massive foxy cock, my hands resting on her hips as I thrust into that welcoming tightness and heat, my large breasts swaying softly with the movement of my body. Each press of my knot against those widespread cuntlips made me murr in pleasure, those grasping walls of hers quickly drawing me back towards climax once more.

It wasn't much longer before I was drooling pre into her needy body, my thrusts shortening and gaining force with my own growing need, my vulpine muzzle hanging open as I panted and moaned my pleasure at filling the slender ermine girl so full of my thick shaft. I had only one thought in my mind, and that was to pound this tight cunt until I came, and to hell with the consequences. With the way her tight passage pulled and milked at my shaft, I knew it wasn't going to be very long, and it seemed she realized this as well, as she rocked back against my thrusts, her small, perky breasts jiggling with each firm hitting.

Still, she somehow managed to beat me out, a heated backwash of her slick honey washing over my thrusting shaft as her inner walls grasped and squeezed at the firm length spreading her small erminecunt so wide, surprisingly loud sounds of pleasure escaping her mouth as she lost herself in her climax, eyes shut tight and muzzle parted to let those heated murrans loose. Yet, it was enough.

With a loud howl, I came for the second time that afternoon, firmly mashing my swollen knot against cuntlips unable to take it in as I erupted inside her heated body. I could still feel my own empty passage quiver in pleasure, but it was strictly secondary to the feelings of being surrounded by that wonderfully milking ermine cunny. My throbbing shaft pulsed as it shot spurt after spurt of heated foxcream deep into her hungry cunt, the powerful spurts splashing against her inner walls, every muscle tense, feeling I was pouring my entire self into her.

After what felt like an eternity of pleasure, I half-collapsed onto her, full breasts rising and falling as I panted heavily, her legs over my shoulders being the only thing still keeping me upright as my twice-emptied cock twitched within her well-pleasured passage, her inner walls still quivering slightly around me, like aftershocks of her climax. As I raised my head to smile tiredly at her, I found her gazing at me with a dreamy expression, her hands softly cupping her small, perky tits, still splattered with my femjuice from earlier, as she rumbled with satisfied purrs. "It was... beyond anything... I imagined," she panted out, licking her lips.

I nodded just a little, sitting back and letting my well-used shaft slide free from her with a wet schlup, the knot slowly deflating as I panted, an amused portion of my mind noting that I'd squirted cuntjuice all over the tiled floor again, when I came that time as well. As she felt me leave her, Arianne let out a shuddering gasp, before resuming her purring, just laying there with her hands resting over her

pert mounds of titflesh as I gingerly climbed to my feet.

Sitting next to her head as I recovered my breath, my black shaft still at attention in my lap, I reached down to gently stroke her long, dark hair. "Not exactly what I expected... when I asked you here... but it was worth it," I murmured, murring softly to the white-furred ermine girl who'd given me her virginity and taken my own male virginity.

"Anything.. for my ashanti..." she panted out, and I found myself wondering again what it was, now that my body was sated and my mind was starting to work again.

"What exactly IS 'ashanti?'" I asked, gently brushing my fingers against her cum-stained cheek. "I don't recognize the word."

"In this language, the best translation may be..." she paused a second, eyes closed, and I could almost hear the gears turning in her head. "'Destined one'? Not exactly that, but close."

I tilted my head, perking a brown-furred ear at that, my thoughts still running a bit slow. "What do you mean by destined one?"

She lay there a moment, purring softly without answering as I stood up and padded toward the closet where they kept the towels. As I opened it up and started pulling a few out to clean up our mess, she finally answered. "When I was but a cub, my family was visited by a torvanti. We fed her and gave her shelter for the night, and in return she cast the runes, reading our fates with the old magick. All she told me was that my heart would belong to one who was not male, nor female."

"Torvanti? Magick?" I shook my head a little as I dropped a towel onto the glistening pool of femjuice where I'd been kneeling, using my footpaw to push it around and wipe it up. "Never heard of a torvanti, whatever that is, and the only magic I've ever heard of involved making doves appear from hats."

Slowly, she moved back to a sitting position, a bit of our mixed cum leaking from her folds as she watched me with those bright blue eyes. "The torvanti existed long before your country or mine, and their ways are even more ancient." The sincerity behind her eyes almost frightened me, and I quickly turned around, leaning over to finish mopping up the mess as an excuse not to look into them.

After a short pause, she continued in that gentle musical voice of hers. "We didn't understand at the time. As I grew older I was courted by several males of my homeland, but none of them were attractive to me. I tried dallying with a couple women..."

When she trailed off yet again, I glanced up, and had to hide a smile at how bright her cheeks

were... especially after what we'd just done. "And?" I said, picking up the fem-cum soaked towel and walking over to toss it in the laundry bin, turning away to keep her from seeing the grin that was covering my muzzle.

Arianne took a deep breath, and continued. "It was good, but it wasn't enough. They were attractive, and they showed me how to p-properly pleasure myself, and others, but I needed... more. I wanted to touch and be touched by a female body, but I also wanted to be filled by my chosen, which they couldn't do."

She paused again, licking her lips nervously as I returned to her side, leaning against the shower stall door next to where she was sitting. "Go on," I said gently, crossing my arms under my large, bare breasts, my knot finally deflating as my shaft began to soften.

"I was despairing that the torvanti's words were true, and that I'd never find the one she spoke of. Then, my family moved to this country, and I discovered these... internets of yours, and with them discovered the existence of those like you. I..." She paused, swallowing heavily. "I t-touched myself at night to their p-pictures. It seemed exactly what I craved: the body of a female but the parts of a male."

Bringing her knees to her small chest, she hugged them to her, gazing up at me with those gentle eyes of hers. "I- I'd always thought you were beautiful, my ashanti, but I was... too scared to approach you. Then, w-when word came out about your gift, I knew it was you I wanted to give myself to... it was you... b-but I was still scared... that you'd reject me..."

Her head drooped as she spoke, rounded ears folding back as she stared at the floor, shivering a little. And you're still afraid that I will, even now, I mentally completed for her. With one smooth motion, I straddled the bench behind her, gently brushing her tail out of the way as I wrapped my arms around her and hugged her against me, my dark nipples poking gently into her soft white fur while my large breasts squished against her back.

"I think that's the most creative way I've ever heard of to ask someone out," I whispered into her ear, "but I'd be honored to have you with me."

"Oh, ashanti," she murred softly, melting into my arms like butter on a hot skillet as I gave the top of her head a soft kiss.

"Now, perhaps we should get a shower before we start getting dressed-" I started to say, but she turned around, silencing me with a gentle kiss on my muzzle. "L-let's just stay like this for a while..." she whispered, "i-if you don't mind..."

I shook my head a little, marveling at how smoothly she'd turned around while still staying in my embrace on the bench. Looks like the stories weren't exaggerated of how flexible mustelids could

be, I couldn't help thinking as I hugged her against my soft chest. "Not at all," I murred, letting my eyes slip shut as the two of us cuddled in the empty locker room.

Later that night, out of curiosity I booted up my web browser and searched on the word ashanti, discovering to my surprise that it carried further meaning beyond what Arianne had told me. When someone declared a person their ashanti, they submitted themselves to that person, fully and unconditionally, expecting nothing in return. Their purpose in life after that was to please their ashanti in every way possible; mentally, emotionally, and physically, including sexually. As long as their ashanti was happy, so were they.

As I read further, it became obvious though that it wasn't strictly a one-way street. In fact, it reminded me of certain stories I'd come across late at night, of masters or mistresses and their "pets" who willingly submitted themselves to their care.

Putting my hands behind my head, I leaned back and sighed. Just what had I gotten myself into?