

PROPER USE OF JOYSTICKS

by
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"Stack up!" came the call, and suppressing a sigh, I moved my ranger in with the rest of the raid. I always hated this part of this boss because of that blasted dead-zone, and Firestorm's seeming disregard for giving rangers anything to do in melee.

One... two... three... I counted quietly to myself as we waited for the slime covering the floor around us to go away. Nineteen... twenty! "Spread it!"

As I ran my character back out on the computer screen, hitting my Quickshot and Poison Arrow keys, I almost didn't notice the ooze blob heading my way. At least until I heard "Jas, watch out!" in stereo between my headset and right to my left.

As I quickly strafed right, I flashed Aidan a smile of thanks, though I was pretty sure he didn't see it, with how intently he was watching his own screen. However annoying dealing with dead-zones was, I was just glad I didn't have to deal with a mantis druid's rotation. Risking a glance at the DPS meter add-on I always ran, I let out a low whistle. Even though I'd watched him play, and this wasn't our first raid together, the numbers he could pull on his mantis-specced wolf druid were still amazing to me.

"Pop Cheetah and burn him!" Baring my teeth in a feral grin as our bard used his raidwide speed buff, my fingers danced across my shot keybinds as fast as I could make them as I used my own damage-increasing cooldowns and unloaded everything I could. That was one thing I'd loved about the last patch's changes to rangers; we could burst damage like hell now.

"Shit!" I heard in that familiar voice, followed immediately by the loud roar of the aggro add-on we both used coming from Aidan's speakers. A split second later I knew why as the dreaded words "Tank down!" came over my headset.

"Popping Beetle! Use your Pack!" He shouted into his own headset, his voice echoing into mine a half-second later. Thankfully our healers and Necro knight DPS were on the ball, and a few moments later both our speakers played the death roar of the giant undead crab as it collapsed onto the stadium ground in front of Aidan's druid, still in beetle form. I couldn't help but giggle a little as one of the healers did a /highfive emote to the undead hyenas our Necro had summoned, just in time for them to disappear back into the ground as their duration ran out.

"Figures," Aidan shook his head as the loot master linked what had dropped. "More stuff I already have, and no one else that can use it."

"Well, you didn't have to buy all those epics from the Merchant Market," I said as I glanced over the items. "At least we finally got it down."

"True that."

Taking the headset off, I reaching back in a nice long stretch, which also happened to push my chest out a bit, and I do happen to be a bit well-endowed in that department. You see, just because a girl has a figure doesn't mean she can't play computer games too, and this snow leopardess liked to have her fun wherever she could find it.

In fact, that was how I met my current boyfriend, who wasn't even trying to hide the fact he was enjoying the view right now... especially since I happened to be in only a tank top and panties. I'd been frustrated with some goings-on in WoA at the time and gone to a night club, completely forgetting it was raid night until I was already chatting up a red dragon who also happened to play it, but as luck would have it, he had a computer with him. We all know the saying about cats and curiosity, and when I indulged mine, I stumbled upon some interesting pictures and video on his computer. One thing led to another, and after that romp there was no way I was gonna let any other gal ride that stud of a dragon.

After a couple months of dating and... playtime shall we say, we moved in together, and I haven't had any reason to regret it. The only downside is having to keep a steady supply of the Pill, but it's a small price to pay for what comes with it.

Hitting the logoff button, I stood up and gave another stretch, this time not because I needed it but just to tease my red-scaled dragon. "I'll be right back," I said as I turned to head towards the bathroom. "Need to grab a bio."

With a grin, he shooed me away with one hand. "Go ahead.. the guys want me to run a Nightmare dungeon with them since raid's over."

Looking over my shoulder with a smirk, I made sure to get a good eyeful in return for the little show I'd given him. His headset, designed for dragons, clipped onto the two golden horns curling back from his head to place the earpieces squarely over the fins of his ears, and by where his golden eyes seemed to look, he knew I was doing it on purpose. Scarlet-covered scales covered most of his visible skin, apart from a patch of silver that started just underneath his muzzle, running down the front of his neck and chest, and down farther. Much farther, I remembered with a mental licking of the chops. Clad only in a pair of grey shorts, it was obvious he was no bodybuilder, but he still shared the natural fitness of all dragons, and he had it where it counted, in my opinion. Oh boy, he had it where it counted, I couldn't help thinking as I let my eyes glance down for just a second at the bit of a bulge I'd caused in the crotch of his shorts. With a wink, I sashayed my way towards the bathroom, swinging my hips and swishing my long, fluffy tail behind me until I'd rounded the corner into the hallway.

Once I was out of sight, I peeked around the corner, noting with a slight bit of disappointment that he'd returned his full attention to WoA. Well, that would change, I thought to myself, as I turned and headed into the bathroom.

Slipping off my tank and panties, I tossed them into the laundry bin and turned to look at myself in the full-length mirror on the shower stall. Black-spotted ears peeked out of my purple hair, framing a face most call lovely. My own brilliant ice-blue eyes stared back at me, surrounded by soft, white fur, while a black nosepad capped my own short, feline muzzle. The pattern of the leopard spots on my facefur always reminded me of Mom's, though that wasn't all I'd inherited from her, I thought with a pleased grin as my gaze traveled lower on my self-inventory. Thought the spots expanded and continued down my sides and arms, starting from the front my my neck, pure white fur covered my front, expanding across those large tits of mine that my boyfriend loved so much. Hefting them up in my hands, I thought back to how he'd tease those circles of pink where the fur parted to reveal the skin underneath, leaving my nipples bare, to be teased and played with by his talented tongue and fingers.

I couldn't help shifting my hips at the wonderful memories, my eyes tracing lower across my softly-furred tummy to my tight little lovebox. I'll admit, that was one thing I'd been a bit worried about when we'd started dating regularly; that with his size he'd eventually stretch me out permanently, but so far it seemed to have been a pointless worry. With the direction my thoughts had been taking the past few minutes though, it was no wonder that my netherlips had started to pout a bit, and I was sorely tempted to reach down and slip a finger or two in. Not yet, I chided myself. So engrossed in my thoughts was I, that I only gave the rest a cursory glance. The white fur that surrounded my entrance ended in patches along my inner thighs, letting the leopard spots take over and continue down the rest of my legs, as well as along my long fluffy tail.

Releasing those firm mounds to let them fall naturally again, I padded as quietly as I could back towards the den, glad for once that we had put our computers in a room without windows. Treading carefully, I eased over behind him, peeking over his shoulder and noting with mixed relief and disappointment that he was so focused on fighting the boss on his screen that he hadn't noticed my approach. Time to change that, I thought mischievously as I lowered myself down, using his wings to hide myself from his peripheral vision as I crawled around his chair.

I narrowed my eyes as I dodged my character through the minefield the boss had laid down. That was one thing I always hated about this dungeon; the boss mechanics were always hell on melee. Still, it's health was below one mil and dropping fast. Just a little more-

Suddenly, I felt hands grab my waistband and yank, making me yelp in surprise and my character leap halfway across the room as I bumped the key I had bound to charge. Thankfully, I landed in a safe spot, and I looked down to see my lovely snow leopard girlfriend grinning like the proverbial cheshire raven as she sat on her haunches under my computer desk, naked as the day she was born. With a much sexier body, however, a distracted part of my mind added.

"Um, love?" I asked distractedly as she reached up to rub at my gently-bulging sheath while I tried to keep my character alive and keep DPSing. "I'm more than willing... mm.. to play, but can it wait a... mmm.. minute so I can.. ooh.. finish this fight?"

Giving me that cute little giggle she does when she's being naughty and knows it, she shook her head. "Keep playing your game," she said with a wink, "and I'll play mine. I just need to get my joystick out." The gentle, but firm, squeeze she gave to my sheath left no doubt as to the one she wanted to use, drawing a warm mrr from me as the pink head of my shaft started to slide out in response to her attentions.

Not sure whether I should be annoyed or happy, I settled for happy, and mentally wrote off my performance for the rest of this run. Thankfully this was one of the easier-

A sudden lick across the tip of my growing dragoncock derailed my train of thought faster than a old black and white movie villain with a barrel of dynamite, drawing a shiver of pleasure from me as I tried vainly to keep moving with the rest of the party. Feeling her soft hands enfold that thickening shaft only made it worse as she began to stroke along it, lapping at the pointed tip like a little girl with a lollipop. After a quick glance to make sure I wouldn't run into the trash mobs, I glanced down at my leopardess, who was definitely no little girl. Her gaze was lowered completely to my large draconic cock, fully stiff from her actions as she stroked both her hands along the hot pink flesh, giving me a nice view of her hanging breasts, her nipples poking out in clear arousal.

Swallowing heavily, I looked back up at the screen, and inwardly eeped as I saw they were already half done with the next trash pull. Dashing forward, I tried to join in as best I could, but my button presses were erratic to start with, and they only got more so as I felt her surround the tip of my pointed shaft with her warm muzzle and give it a gentle suck.

Letting out a soft mrroan of pleasure, my hand squeezed down tight on the mouse, clawtips digging into the plastic as I tried to keep enough composure to stay alive, even if there was no way in hell I would be able to keep up any sort of rotation now. Slowly, I felt her take more in, one hand slipping away to rest on my inner thigh as the other started to milk that huge thick piece of draconic meat in my lap, her tongue teasing the underside, seeking for that one special spot that she knows always drives me up a wall.

Half-consciously I began to buck my hips slightly against her wonderfully wet and warm muzzle, giving up and just hitting the claw button over and over as my concentration shifted further away from the game and towards my hot leopardess as she continued to give me such a wonderful blow job.

Somehow, I managed to make it through the next boss alive, though when I checked the meters MUCH later, I'd barely done more damage than the tank. At this point however, I barely cared, as she had found my "sweet spot" and was giving it a thorough working over with her tongue, while her

hands continued to milk my throbbing hot dragoncock of the clear pre that was beginning to spill out of the tip and across her tongue as she swallowed every drop. It was a damn good thing my headset wasn't voice-activated with how I was panting and murrroaning from her ministrations to my tender flesh.

So lost was I between the hands and mouth working my thick dragoncock for every sweet drop of precum, and trying to be even mildly effective in WoA, that I didn't catch the pleased purr of pleasure from my lovely snowmew as my knot began to swell under her fingers. As she began to tease firmly at that with her free hand as well, I felt my attention draining away to join the rich cream gathering up within that growing knob of flesh at the base of my heated shaft. And of course, the tank decided to pull the last boss of the instance at the exact same time.

I felt like I was in a million places at once; trying to stay out of the boss's cone attacks and attack him while drawing closer and closer to cumming into my wonderful, sexy snowmeow's muzzle; my draconic knot swelling as the boss's HP dropped, somehow almost in sync with each other. I was breathing heavily between murrroans of pleasure, unable to form any words as she began to rhythmically squeeze down on my swollen knot with one hand while milking me with the other. So intense were the feelings that I hadn't even noticed she'd pulled her mouth completely off that throbbing rigid dragoncock, rising up on her knees and pulling it downward a bit to aim it at those large softly-furred tits of hers, rising and falling with every quick breath.

It all happened at once. The boss's body hit the ground as I let out a roar of ecstasy, thrusting up against her hands as I came, and came hard. Long spurts of thick, rich dragoncream sprayed out of the pointed tip, splashing hot lines of creamy seed across her large tits, matting her soft white fur and dripping off her stiff nipples as she squeezed and worked that stiff piece of hot pulsing dragonflesh for every drop of my pearly cream.

As the flow came to an end, leaving me with ragged breath, she leaned in and gave that cum-slickened cockhead a kiss and drawing a shiver from me at the touch to the sensitive flesh. "Mmmm.... Well I got the loot I wanted, how about you?"

Mrrring softly as I came down from my climax, it took me a second to realize what she'd said. Trying not to laugh at her comment, I managed to contain it to smiling and shaking my head a little. "Mmm... I know which encounter I preferred more," I murred as I reached down to scratch behind her ear in that spot that always gets her purring, though she was purring plenty already at being coated in my load.

After backing my chair away, she climbed to her feet, then put her hands against her back and stretched again. Though she might have actually needed it after crouching under my desk for the past while, we both knew she was just doing it to push those luscious breasts out towards me again, giving me a good show of the coating I gave her. Glancing at the computer screen, she then leaned in to kiss my nose. "You might want to look at your whispers, hon."

Distracted by her dangling cum-streaked breasts, and the gentle kiss, it took me a moment to realize what she was referring to. Raising an eyeridge, I forced myself to look past the lovely leopardess at the chat box, and snerked at the message I saw there. Leaning up to return the kiss to her nosepad, I simply typed "g/f aggro" and hit enter. I could imagine the laughing on the other end as the guildie who'd ribbed me about my performance that last run simply responded ';3 Have fun!'

Lowering myself into my well-used dragon's lap, I gave him a nuzzle, purring as I felt the length of his shaft pressing against my back while his arms slipped around me. Cum baths were something I had always thought sounded interesting, but until this wonderful male entered my life none had been willing to try it, preferring to just pump me full instead. Not that I minded that, but it was a good feeling to feel that hot cream soak into my fur and know that every bit of it belongs to me. There was just something about actually seeing the pulsing, watching the thick spurts of pearly cream come shooting out that just turns me on.

My purring rose a few notches as I suddenly felt his teeth upon the edge of my ear, giving it a gentle nibble as he hugged me back against his scaled chest. "I've got a idea for another game," he murmured into my ear as one of his hands slid down my tummy teasingly. "You see..." he whispered, drawing a soft gasp from me as his fingers found my netherlips and gently spread them, letting the cool air run over my glistening kittycunt. "just because one joystick needs a recharge doesn't mean we can't keep playing."

I could feel my thoughts going a bit fuzzy as my sexy dragon teased just inside me with a fingertip, claw carefully sheathed. I wanted to ask what he meant, but all that managed to escape my lips was a pleased "Mrrrp?" as he curled his finger within me slightly, doing that 'come hither' motion that he knows makes me melt like butter on a hot summer day. I barely noticed the other hand leave my body, or the sound of rummaging in the desk drawer next to us as my juices coated his finger, the teasing drawing warm purrs of pleasure from an already turned-on kitty.

I let out a mrf of disappointment as I felt the finger leave my slickened cunny, walls trying vainly to pull it back in as I nosed at his cheek, pressing back against that still-hard shaft in his lap while I curled my tail around his waist. "mmm.. gonna fill your kitty now?"

"Well, since my kitty already used up the charge on her joystick," he said, and there was something in his voice that caught my attention. "I thought I'd plug in another one to play with." I didn't realize what he was talking about at first, my mind still in a bit of a haze, until I felt the cool plastic brush against my slickened netherlips, drawing a soft gasp from me at the sudden change in sensation.

As I looked down my eyes opened wide in surprise. I don't know where he'd found it, but he had an old arcade joystick in his hand. He was holding it by the bottom of the stick, and it was plain that it was sized to fit an adult dragon's hand... which also made it similar to the size of that nice thick cock

pressing against me. Not near as big(especially as it lacked that delicious knot) but close enough.

Spreading my already pouting cuntlips wide with one hand, he slowly slid the tip of the joystick between them with the other, drawing a sweet gasp from me as I felt the cool plastic slide into me. I purred warmly as I felt it stretching my tight walls, my slick honey easing the passage of the black plastic as I took the entire stick within my heated body.

"Mmmm... " was all I could manage to get out as he began to move that plastic controller within me, the improvised toy gliding smoothly between my widespread cuntlips, the black plastic glistening with my juices. Panting and purring heavily, I closed my eyes, slipping one hand under a breast to give it a warm squeeze as he slowly fucked me with that joystick that was filling me so nicely.

I couldn't help but let out a surprised moan of pleasure as a few moments later the fingers on his free hand sought out my little nub of a clit, my body tensing in pleasure as he began to toy with it.

"ooh... oh gods... aahhhh..." I felt like I could barely form coherent words as he worked my body as well as I'd worked his delicious cock only minutes before. I found myself rubbing and squeezing my hefty, cum-streaked tits as he continued to give those slow, long strokes with the joystick and toy with my sensitive clit. It felt like I was going to explode from pleasure.

Then, he gave me earedge a gentle nip and all was lost. Leaning my head back against his shoulder as I roared in pleasure, I squeezed down tight on that plastic intruder, my gushing kittycunt milking at it uselessly as my femcream coated his hands and the base of the controller.

I felt like I was floating as the wash of pleasure began to fade, my body beginning to relax in the arms of my wonderful dragon. As I began to be able to think clearly again, I realized how tight I'd been squeezing my breasts, and that at some point his scaled tail had entwined itself with my own. That was all the time I had however, before I felt his touch again against my sensitive nub, rolling it gently between his fingers, and suddenly it felt like an explosion behind my eyes. My existence seemed to be nothing but pleasure as I came again, every muscle tight as I roared out in climax, my slick cunny convulsing around the thick black joystick and completely matting my lap with my flowing honey, giving his hands and the device another good coating.

I barely felt the kiss to the top of my head as I came down from my second peak, breathing heavily as I collapsed in his silken-scaled arms. I let out a gasp as he slowly withdrew the femcum-coated controller from my exhausted body, my empty walls grasping at nothing as it slid free with a wet schlup.

Resting in my sexy dragon's lap, I began to purr warmly as I slowly recovered from the double orgasm, nuzzling gently into his neck. "Mmmm... love you," I murmured as he enfolded me with his arms and wings, supporting me so that I wouldn't slip out of his grasp and onto the floor, and cuddling me against his warm body.

"Love you too," I heard him murmur before I felt myself drift off to sleep on a cloud of contentment.

I couldn't help but smile as I took one last look at my lovely leopardess, snoozing away so peacefully on our bed, before I closed the bedroom door. I really wanted to join her, but I couldn't go to bed quite yet.

Walking back to the den, I looked at my old Macrohard joystick laying on the floor, and sighed. It'd seemed like a great idea at the time, but I was going to bet there weren't going to be any Moogles results for "how to clean cum off a joystick!"