

A SPIRITED ENCOUNTER

by
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"Why hello there, I didn't expect to see anyone else in here today."

I started a moment at the sudden voice. The spa had been empty the past hour, and I'd taken advantage of it to shirk my trunks. It was always clothing optional so it was not like it was anything wrong, but I was always too shy around others to do it in the presence of company. Apparently I was no longer alone, and I felt myself blushing scarlet under my fur as I turned to look at the new arrival, hoping the bubbly water would do a good enough job of hiding my state of undress.

The picturesque vision in front of me made me really hope that the water was working, as I felt myself immediately stiffening at the sight of this naked female. A clouded leopard with long black hair, and a body I'd only dreamed of stood there, completely unclothed as if she had not a care in the world, looking down at me with a smile that I would hesitate to call anything but sultry. While most of her was covered in soft golden fur with black spots that almost begged to be stroked, a patch of cream colored fur began just under her short muzzle, and continued downward, expanding over a pair of large perky breasts capped with already-stiff dark pink nipples, across a belly that ever so slightly curved outwards, to the cleft between her legs, that I also just happened to be at the perfect angle to get an eyeful of. I could feel my shaft rising to attention as I found myself looking at those dark pink netherlips, parted just slightly to give a hint at her inner depths, and found myself wondering if she'd decided to stand there on purpose.

Clearing my throat a little I forced my eyes back to her face, trying to ignore the view she was giving me, though I could swear there was a twinkle in her blue eyes that said she definitely knew what she was doing. "Sorry, you are...?"

She quickly brought a hand up to her muzzle, covering it in an expression of slight shock, though her eyes again showed nothing of the sort. Not to mention that when she brought that hand up, her arm squished against the side of one of those full, ripe orbs on her chest, pressing it slightly against the other in a way that made me want to imagine what else I could do with them. "Oh, I'm sorry, I completely forgot to introduce myself. I'm named Candace, though my friends call my Candy." She paused a second as the focus of her gaze shifted slightly and the smile she had seemed to grow bigger. "And I do hope we will be very good friends." She crossed her arms under those large breasts as she finished, lifting them up just a bit.

I tore my eyes away a second to glance down, and realized the erection that had been growing between my legs was dangerously close to breaking the surface, and I slide down a little, hoping that wasn't what she had been looking at. "And I'm called Robert, Rob for short."

"Ah," she said, not bothering to hide the smile as she walked just past me. "Do you mind if I join you? And you'll have to pardon my curiosity, I just haven't seen a dragon with fur before."

I shrugged a bit, half of me wanting her to join me in the water, hopefully for a lot more than talking, while the rational part of my mind was screaming to send her on her way. Unfortunately, I prided

myself on always being polite, and I couldn't see any polite way out of this. "By all means, make yourself comfortable. I just happen to have an unusual family tree."

Honestly, the fur was one of my only unique features, compared to other dragons. While I had the typical build of a western dragon, instead of scales I was covered with soft reddish-brown fur. I happened to like the way it matched my green eyes, and so had my last girlfriend. Of course, Becka had liked other potions of me better I think, considering she had run off with a horse about a year ago and left me high and dry.

"Make myself comfortable, hm?" she asked, a teasing grin on her face as she lowered herself right down next to me, and with a soft splash slid into the water. "I'd like to do that, but there seems to be... something... in the way," she said, eyes lidding a little as she turned to press those soft, yet firm, breasts against my arm, her hand sliding over to rub along my leg. "Something I'd loooooove to help you with..." She trailed off with a soft purr as my eyes widened. Sure, we were the only two in here, but someone else could walk in at any time! Surely, she wasn't thinking what I think she was thinking!

A moment later I froze as I felt that gentle stroking hand of this busty clouded leopard slide that last bit over, tracing a finger down the underside of my draconic shaft before cupping the softly furred ballsack hanging underneath. "And it seems these grapes are full of tasty juice. The kind I love to... swallow," she finished with a pause for emphasis she very gently rubbed my balls with her thumb, making me swallow hard as I resisted the urge to murr softly.

"But what if-" I managed to get out, but she was already moving over top of me, and I found my muzzle squashed between two very large, wonderfully soft cream-furred breasts.

"Let them come," she whispered with a purr, "I don't care as long as you fill me with that wonderful dragoncum of yours. My pussy's aching to be filled, and I know you want to fill it with that nice thick cock you were trying to hide." I could feel myself growing almost painfully stiff at her words, and I was growing horny enough that I didn't care anymore either. I hadn't had a partner since Becka left, and I had a hot clouded leopard begging for my meat; there was no way now I was going to let this opportunity go.

Slowly, she lowered herself, and I could feel my thick cockhead nudge against that needy slit, then start to spread it wide as she lowered herself onto that large draconic cock jutting up under her. I let a soft "ooooh" escape my muzzle as I felt those wet, tight walls surround my swollen shaft, a warm moan escaping her throat as well as she took inch after inch of my dragonhood deep into that slick kittycunt.

As her hips met mine she let out a warm purr, squishing those large breasts against my chest as she leaned in to give me nose a lick with her rough feline tongue. "Mmmm... such a wonderful cock... I could ride this all day." She gave me a firm squeeze with her inner walls on the word ride, drawing a soft gasp of pleasure from my muzzle. Placing her hands on my shoulders she started to rise slowly, letting those slick cuntlips drag along my slickened shaft, the water feeling chilly compared to her heated inferno, then back down, swallowing it up into her tight, hot passage.

Her purrmoans started soft, as she rolled her hips slowly to rock that juicy kittycunt along my thick length, but before long we were both panting and moaning loud enough that we could probably be heard in the hall outside. My hands were squeezing her rump, teasing under her tail-base as I tried to

thrust up what little I could, but she had full control of the pace. Every time I started to get close, she would slow down just enough to let me recover, then start up again. I was leaking a constant stream of slick draconic pre into her hungry cunny, but despite her words, she seemed to be drawing out as long as possible.

Suddenly, she pulled off, leaving me gasping at the sudden rush of cool water surrounding my length. "Now, loverboy," she purr-panted, standing up and bending over to brace herself against the side of the spa, "Take that nice thick cock of yours and fill me with your cum." With how badly I'd been teased and denied, there was no hesitation and I rose behind her, taking my large, drooling draconic prick in hand and guiding it up against that already gaping cunny I'd been filling so full. With one firm thrust, I drove it in, rocking her slightly forward as she moaned out, "YEEssss... fuck meeeee...."

I growled my approval to her as I took her hard and rough against the side of the tub like I'd been aching to do since she slid that hot, tight, slick kittycunt around my hot throbbing meat. Her large, fur-covered tits were swaying back and forth as I rocked her body with each deep drive of my large draconic shaft into her hot, hungry pussy, and she was practically yowling with pleasure as I felt that peak I'd been denied so many times draw closer and closer.

Finally, with a triumphant roar, a year's supply of pent-up dragoncum rocketed out the swollen tip of my buried dragoncock, the thick, heated cream jetting deep into her needy body as she moaned her pleasure into the steamy air of the spa. As the rich pearly juice splashed within her, I could feel her reaching peak as well, her tight runnel clamping down on me and milking that throbbing, pulsing shaft for every last drop as she yowled out her pleasure.

As our climaxes ramped down, leaving pleased muscles twitching and quivering, I carefully unplugged myself, shivering as I felt cool air running over my cum-coated cock, a last couple drops of my cream dropping down into the pool below. A soft whine from my newly-filled-and-emptied partner as I left her warm confines, a trickle of our mixed juices oozing out and trickling down her inner thigh. Feeling unsteady, I sat down on the edge of the tub next to her as she lowered herself carefully back down, undoubtedly feeling the same momentary weakness I was... or so I thought.

"Now, she purred between pants as she shifted over between my legs, "Let me get you all cleaned up."

"I can-" I started to say, but cut myself off as she leaned in to lap gently at my still-mostly-stiff cock, making me gasp as her rough tongue ran along my heated dragonflesh. Whatever thoughts I'd had went flying out of my head as I watched the busty leopardess I'd just got done fucking licked along my well-used dragonhood like a girl with a popsicle, lapping and teasing gently as she cleaned our mixed cum off it.

She obviously knew what kind of effect she was having, as after a few moments she looked up at me through lidded eyes, giving one firm lap to my sensitive head that drew a soft moan from me and murmured, "Ready for round two, loverboy? Your cum felt so good inside me I want to see it all over my large tits..."

It was all I could do to just nod, and at the sign of my assent, she almost smirked and planted a warm kiss right on the head that gave me another shiver of pleasure. Parting her lips, she lowered her muzzle

around my stiff dragonhood, taking that thick head and throbbing shaft into her warm, wet mouth. Slowly, she took inch after inch of my hot pink shaft into her small muzzle, and within moments I could feel the tip pressing against the back of her throat. That didn't stop her however, and continuing to push downward, she took that swollen tip into her throat, giving a few swallows that squeezed down wonderfully tight on my large dragoncock and made me want to buck up against her mouth.

After those swallows, she pulled back up, and began a gentle bobbing motion for a few minutes, gliding her lips up and down my pleased prick while letting her tongue tease along the underside, almost making me writhe in pleasure at the teasing and working of my already sensitive dragonflesh. Suddenly however, she pulled off with a wet popping sound, making me gasp as a trickle of pre leaked out the tip and began to travel down the underside of my large dragoncock.

Before I could ask why, she had already risen up slightly to place those soft, firm breasts around my upstanding shaft, her hands pressing on either side to squish them around my firm length. Lowering her head again, she began to stroke me with those large tits of hers massaging me with those perky globes as she contented herself with lapping at the head and murmuring between laps, "MM.. you feel so good between my titties.. you like fucking them? You like fucking my large tits? I want to feel you cover them with your hot cum... I want every drop to cover them and belong to me."

I could feel her stiff nipples drawing heated lines along the flesh of my tummy through my reddish-brown fur as I watched her give me a gentle titfuck, my brain pretty much fried at this point as I listened to that sultry feline voice and its dirty talking. The warm titflesh underneath her soft, creamy-white fur felt wonderful surrounding my rock-hard dragoncock as my swollen cockhead peeked out from between those mountainous tits, each touch of her rough feline tongue to that drooling tip sending tingles of pleasure through my body. I was leaking a constant stream of precum now all over her generous cleavage, already starting to mat that off-white fur.

"mm.. ready to cum, loverboy? Ready to give my titties a nice thick coating of your spunk? I want to feel your hot cream covering them..." She was practically moaning the words out now as I rocked back slightly against her large chest, the only thing left on my mind being the need to cum again, to give her what she seemed to be craving. I could feel the familiar pressure building as my muzzle hung open, tongue hanging out as I panted, my pink cockhead poking in and out between those soft perky breasts surrounding my throbbing shaft so wonderfully. Her gaze seemed to be focused fully on that peeking dragoncock as I felt myself draw closer and closer, her murmured encouragement making me hotter and increasing my need to blow all over her wonderful tits.

"Nggg... gonna..."

"Yess! Cum for me, cum all over my titties, give me your cum!" Any attempt at quietness was forgotten as I felt that familiar rush of pleasure again, and that thick white torrent of hot, rich dragonseed came shooting out to splash against the underside of her muzzle. She quickly pulled off, wrapping both hands around my pulsing shaft, milking the massive dragonmeat as she angled it to guide the thick bursts of creamy white juice to arc onto her cream-furred breasts, splattering into the soft white fur as I came hard all over those perky titmounds. For my part, all I could do was buck against her hands and roar out my pleasure as I gave those massive tits a good coating of my heated cream.

As the thick spray became a trickle, she leaned in to lick the last few drops off the tip, making me shiver again. "Yumm... just what I needed." As she rose back up, she planted a soft kiss on my forehead. "Maybe I'll catch you again sometime, loverboy. Right now you better get back in the water, because I hear someone coming, and I need to make myself scarce."

As worn out as I was, I didn't even think to argue or question, the water covering my lap again as she stepped out of the water and walked out of view. A moment later I remembered that I'd just came all over her breasts, and she hadn't washed any of that off... anyone who came across her would know what happened! "Wait!" I called as I quickly turned, but there was no one there.

Fumbling with my trunks, I managed to get them back on just as the older gentlefur who'd been running the front desk poked his head in. "Is everything alright? I thought I heard some noise from back here."

I nodded quickly. "Yeah, just slipped a second but I caught myself. There was a leopard lady that was just in here though; I don't suppose..." I trailed off at the confused expression on the old wolf's face.

"I'm afraid you've been the only one here in the past hour and a half."

"Huh, maybe I just fell asleep then. You're sure there's no way anyone else could get in here without going past you?"

He nodded slightly at my question. "Afraid so. Ever since that unfortunate accident years ago the owner blocked off all the other doors."

"Accident?"

The wolf's ears folded back slightly, but he continued. "He doesn't like me talking about it, but about 10 years ago we had a young leopard girl sneak in through a back way. It was another slow day like this, so no one knew until we found her in the water, face down. She'd apparently slipped and hit her head, then drowned in the water." The old Grey canine shook his head. "Such a shame too. She had apparently just turned twelve earlier that week."

I felt a shiver go down my spine. "I don't suppose you remember her name?"

He let out a soft sigh and shook his head. "It was before I worked here. There was a news article about it though, and we keep it tacked on the wall near the break room to remind us never to let it happen again. If you want I can let you back there to see if you really want to know."

I nodded as I levered myself up out of the water. "I'm kind of curious now," I said as I grabbed a towel, feeling a chill in the pit of my stomach matching the chill I felt through my wet fur.

Once I'd dried off, he led me through the "Employees Only" door, and stood nearby as I looked at the framed article on the wall. It included a picture of a younger, but still familiar face. And underneath, the caption read:

"Candace Summers, age 12, before her accident."