

Claire beamed proudly at the dense, impenetrable jungle. It did not return her enthusiasm.

She sighed happily, adjusting the pith helmet that tried in vain to contain her frazzled blonde hair. At last, she was alone in nature.

Those morons at the university had taken forever to grant her the funding for her trip. It was always an uphill battle to get any kind of support from the board. They were a lot more obliging when they realized the money would go towards taking their most outspoken biology professor to a far away place and leaving her there, possibly forever.

Claire didn't care. She knew her findings would speak for themselves, if and when she ever returned to human civilisation.

She hitched up her backpack and set off again, marching happily through thick foliage. She was alone – her search for a guide who lived up to all of her stringent scientific expectations had turned up no suitable candidates. She didn't mind being by herself. She preferred it to human company.

The jungle air was warm and humid, so Claire was only wearing a white shirt and simple brown shorts. The endless sea of thick leaves above her shielded her pale skin from the unforgiving sun – if anything, the jungle was dark for midday.

In fact, it was dark enough for Claire, already distracted by thoughts of her next paper, to lose her footing. Her boot caught on a thick vine, and the scientist suddenly found herself tipping forward. She let out a yelp, the weight of her backpack causing her to tip forward even faster.

Claire threw up her arms over her face and fell forward, sliding down a slope and sending rocks and dead leaves skittering in her wake. She was falling far too quickly and awkwardly to slow down; all she could do was yell.

Suddenly the ground below her disappeared. For a horrible second Claire was falling through empty air. Her arms flailed out wildly and she managed to grab an outcrop with one hand. She somehow succeeded in stopping herself, but the inertia was enough to tear through the strap of her backpack over that arm.

Claire immediately went to grab the outcrop with her other hand, but a sudden weight dragged her arm back. She glanced backward and saw two things. The first was that her backpack was sliding off her body. The second was that the cliff she was desperately clinging on to was very, very high. Far below her, yet more green obscured the ground, but Claire didn't have to see it to be afraid of it.

She gave a panicked hiss through her teeth. Already the hand gripping the cliff was getting tired from supporting her weight. She made a decision. She lowered her other arm and shook it, dislodging her backpack. It fell to earth, taking with it all her supplies, including her scientific equipment and all of her food.

She grabbed at the outcrop with her free hand and pulled herself up. She made to the the cliff's edge and wriggled herself back on to it. She rolled on to her back, panting.

She lay on the ground, eyes closed, immediately exhausted. Her brush with death had taken too much out of her. She felt that she was about to pass out. As she struggled to stay alert, she thought she heard footsteps approaching her. A shadow passed over her body just as she blanked out.

When Claire came to, she realized that she was in a different position. Without opening her eyes, she could tell she wasn't lying down any more, but instead slouched against something thick and solid. She opened her eyes, unable to stop herself from giving out a little groan.

Her head was slumped down, so she saw her own body first. Her shirt was dirtied, but she

herself seemed unharmed – a great start. She seemed to be sitting on some kind of wooden surface.

Her vision focused a bit and she saw that she wasn't sitting on a floor. To either side of her, the surface curved downwards out of sight, leaving only open air high in the jungle. Claire realized that she was sitting on a huge tree branch, her back to the trunk. But that could only mean that someone had indeed found her, and moved her.

She looked upwards and froze. In front of her, only a few feet away, was some kind of leopard creature.

His spotted yellow fur and rounded black ears certainly gave him the appearance of a leopard, at least. But he was humanoid in shape – although he was also quite a bit larger than the average human male. He was hunched down some distance away from Claire, motionless except for the occasional twitch of his long tail. Claire stared at him in awe. He returned her gaze.

He was tall, and very muscular, but in a streamlined way. His body was sleek and lean despite his powerful muscles. Claire's eyes were drawn down along his hard, flat stomach, her curiosity no longer purely scientific.

He looked at her with focused green eyes. His gaze was sharp, and it seemed to Claire that he had a genuine, 'human' intelligence. He was watching her tensely, ready to move, but also curious to see if she'd try anything first.

Heart in her mouth, Claire pushed herself into taking action. She couldn't screw this up – for the good of humanity, and quite possibly for her own safety. She slowly moved into a kneeling position, hands held up in a pleading, non-aggressive way. The leopard continued watching her and didn't move.

"Do..." Claire cleared her throat, her fear making it difficult to speak. "Do you... understand me?"

The leopard didn't react. His ear flicked slightly, but he made no indication he understood her.

"To be expected, I suppose..." murmured Claire. She reached a hand out to him, timidly.

The leopard's eyes flicked down to her hand, slightly suspicious. Claire stopped, awkwardly holding the pose she was in.

The leopard slowly approached her, moving along the thick branch with careful grace. He moved towards her outreached hand, and then ignored it, moving right past it and continuing towards Claire herself.

Claire bit her lip and tried not to panic. He came close to her, so close that Claire could practically feel his breath. He smelled surprisingly nice – she couldn't quite describe the scent, beyond 'jungle-y'.

She stayed as still as possible, terrified of ruining her chance to make a smooth first contact. She told herself that it was still probably fine – she just had to remain calm and see what he wanted.

The leopard wasn't looking at her face. Instead, he was looking with curiosity at her chest, which was heaving slightly from her frightened breathing. He seemed intrigued by something. Claire thought that it was her clothing – he was wearing nothing himself, so the concept was probably new to him. However, whatever curiosity he had about her shirt clearly wasn't enough for him to try to preserve it. Calmly and leisurely, he reached out with one finger, dug his claw in the fabric of her shirt, and pulled down, ripping it open.

Claire gasped, mostly in surprise. His claw had caught her bra as it went down, breaking it. Her full breasts popped free, exposed to the leopard. As Claire froze, the leopard pushed the remains of her ruined shirt back over her shoulders to get a better view.

Claire had no idea what to do. Now would certainly be a good place to give up – no-one could begrudge her trying to leave after the leopard did... this. But she didn't move. It was partly because she was still determined to communicate with the leopard, but also because a quiet, eager part of her began to wonder what form that communication could take.

The leopard took hold of her breasts, one in each hand. The feeling of his soft, strong hands on her naked skin felt great. When he squeezed her slightly, Claire heard herself whimper. She stayed still, chest out, letting the leopard explore her.

By this point, Claire was losing control of herself. Her breath was shallow, her pulse was elevated, and she didn't know what to do with her hands. She felt flushed, watching the leopard handle her tits. When he leaned in and gave one an experimental lick – his rough tongue running along her soft, defenceless flesh – she couldn't contain herself any longer. She moaned loudly.

The leopard pulled back, ears up, mildly startled by the noise. Claire had a brief moment of panic, but recovered. "Hey, it's okay," she said softly, laying one hand on the leopard's arm. She stroked him gently, loving the contrast between his hard muscle and soft fur. "It feels good, don't stop..." Even though he didn't understand her speech, Claire decided to keep talking to him, hoping that speaking softly would calm him.

She was proven right. After a few moments, the leopard leaned back in. This time he went straight for Claire's nipple, licking it a few times. Then he wrapped his lips around it and started to suck on it.

Claire groaned, but managed to make herself be quieter this time. She embraced the leopard, putting one hand on the back of his head and gently pushing his face into her chest. A part of her wondered what the hell she was doing – she should be studying this creature, not letting him suck on one of her tits. She discarded that thought. Clearly, the best course of action was to play along – she had to befriend the leopard, and if this was how he wanted them to bond, she was definitely not going to complain.

She enjoyed the feeling of the leopard's wet mouth on her sensitive skin for a while, but after a few minutes he finally pulled back. Claire's body was on fire, and she could feel that the leopard's actions had made her wet.

The two pulled away from each other slightly. Their eyes met, and Claire felt a wordless communication take place. They both knew what they wanted, and they could see the other wanted it too. Claire's heart skipped in her chest.

She leaned down to the leopard's crotch. He wasn't wearing any garments, so his dick was in full display. He was almost fully erect – but Claire was a scientist, and "almost" was not enough. She gently cupped his balls in one hand, stroking them with her thumb. Then she leaned in and lay a wet kiss on the base of his cock, before running her tongue slowly up the entire length of his shaft. When she reached the end, her tongue picked up a small but delicious taste of his pre-cum.

Claire looked up, her eyes catching the leopard's again. He was looking at her with a mixture of appreciation and hunger. She even thought she could faintly hear him purring. It was time.

Without breaking eye contact, Claire hooked her thumbs into her waist, grabbing both her shorts and her underwear. In one motion, she pulled both down harshly, exposing her crotch to the humid jungle air. She didn't bother with her bulky boots – they would take far too long to remove, and she needed this now.

She turned around and offered herself to the leopard, supporting herself on her hands and knees. She put her ass up in the air, almost proudly. "Come on," she begged. "I need you!"

She didn't dare look back, but she felt it as the leopard leaned in closer to her. She felt warm air on her increasingly wet pussy, and worked out quickly what that meant. "*He's sniffing me,*" she thought. "*He's treating me just like a female leopard.*" She bit her lip. "*Fuck, this is so hot!*"

It was then that Claire had a sudden moment of clarity. She was normally as reserved as possible when it came to sexual matters, even in mundane situations. Eagerly waiting to be fucked by a strange jungle cat-person was hardly mundane. Yet there she was, barely able to control her raging lust. Despite her clouded judgement, her scientific mind still wondered – were there other factors in play here? Was the leopard giving out a mating pheromone that was somehow successfully affecting her? Was it the adrenaline rush of falling so dangerously that was lowering her inhibitions? Was she just a sex-starved woman with a hitherto unknown attraction to big cats? It might have been any of the above, or something else, or – most likely – some kind of combination.

Claire's musings were cut short, however, by the sudden arrival of several inches of leopard dick inside her sensitive pussy.

Claire instinctively threw her head back and screamed at the penetration. Her cunt twitched around the leopard's cock, begging for more. More was coming. He began pumping her, quickly getting a rhythm. Although he had gone deep with his first thrust, every time he pushed forward, more of his dick slid inside Claire's warm, inviting pussy. It wasn't long before Claire could feel his balls touching against her flesh with every stroke.

Claire was going wild, screaming and grunting in frantic pleasure. There was no-one around except her and her new lover, so there was no shame in letting loose – but even if someone was watching, Claire was past caring. The position they were in meant the leopard, with all his natural strength, was doing most of the work. Claire loved the idea of just staying still and taking it – surrendering herself, letting this gorgeous beast use her body. But her burning arousal wouldn't let her remain still. She began wriggling her hips side to side, complimenting the back-and-forward motion of the leopard's cock. She moaned wantonly, fingers curling up against tree bark. She never remembered feeling this good.

A few minutes into the fucking, she felt the leopard reposition himself slightly, but without pausing his thrusts. She felt his strong, soft body press even closer to hers. Then, she felt a warm pressure on her tits. She glanced down and confirmed her guess – still fascinated by her boobs, the leopard had leaned forward so that he could grab them, even during sex. He squeezed them, pinching each nipple with his thumb and forefinger.

Claire practically squealed. Her body had never been handled so well before, and she was quickly reaching her limit. It wouldn't be long now.

Claire hung her head, grunting and gasping with every thrust. She could feel how deep the leopard reached inside her. He was pounding her burning body ruthlessly, relentlessly – and was it her imagination, or had he been moving steadily faster the longer they fucked? She groaned, licking her bottom lip, focusing on the amazing pleasure in her crotch.

The leopard squeezed her tits again, and again Claire jerked and screamed. Noticing the reaction, he squeezed again, and again. Claire couldn't stop him if she wanted to, and she most certainly didn't want to stop him. Even with the leopard's attention on her chest now, the pounding didn't slow at all. His pelvis was working automatically now, pumping nonstop, waiting for the moment where he'd give this odd female what her hormones were begging for.

Suddenly, Claire felt the hands around her tits tense, and before she realized what was happening the leopard was heaving her entire body upwards. Soon she was upright, but the leopard was still handling her tits and – of course – still fucking her pussy relentlessly. But now

her head was close to his, and he took the opportunity to lean down and start licking the pale skin of her neck. Claire moaned softly and exposed more of her neck to him, proof of her absolute certainty she was in no danger.

Claire's hands were now free, and she instinctively grabbed the leopard's own hands. She squeezed and massaged them, urging them to handle her round tits even more than they already were. Then she brought one hand down to her lower stomach, centimetres away from where the leopard was sliding in and out of her. She pressed her hand against herself, briefly feeling the motion inside her. Then she delicately laid a finger on the leopard's dick, feeling his motion, his speed, the wetness of her love juices slipping down his shaft.

The leopard squeezed her tits once more, and Claire jerked. She realized how close she was to the edge. She groaned and started thrusting her hips forward, again complimenting the up-and-down of the leopard's wonderful dick. Sensing the change himself, the leopard tensed his body and fucked her even faster, pounding her sensitive inner walls without mercy.

It finally happened. Claire's fingers curled up and her face tightened as she at last reached climax. She threw her head back onto the leopard's shoulder and screamed as she came harder than she ever had in her life. Her pussy muscles twitched powerfully and constantly, massaging the leopard's cock.

That was all he needed – he had been close himself. The leopard felt his balls tighten, but even then didn't stop pounding his new friend's smooth crotch. With an impressive roar, he came inside of her, shooting hot seed into her horny body. Claire felt a delicious warmth spread up inside her. She moaned again, but softly.

Claire's body finally relaxed, her face slackening and eyes drooping. She lay back against the leopard, breathing shallowly. He slid out of her and embraced her warm body.

To Claire's surprise – and delight – the leopard began to affectionately lick her neck and face. Claire giggled and gratefully returned the gesture, giving the leopard's face a few gentle kisses.

Claire snuggled against his soft fur, letting herself relax. She was almost entirely sure that the leopard wasn't going to eat her – like, ninety-eight percent certain. If anything, it seemed like he was protective of her. She felt safe enough in his strong arms that eventually her breathing evened out, and she started to doze peacefully against his warm chest. She decided that she could certainly stay a little longer in the company of her exciting, one-of-a-kind discovery.

Little did Claire know that the leopard was far from unique – nor was he alone...

*To be continued.*