

There's something pretty obvious that everyone knows about, but nobody really ever mentions, so - here, let me just say it out loud: every one of us prefers at least one species over another, whether it comes to friendships, relationships, sex, or just to look at in magazines or on the street. It's not racist (or speciesist? Specist? You know what I mean) or anything; after all, it's pretty much *exactly* the same as finding yourself naturally more attracted to someone with blue eyes or to someone who has a bit of an accent, except on a larger, more noticeable scale. For example: my brother likes wolves, particularly brown-furred Mexican wolves; my mother, an otter like myself of course, likes bears for whatever reason; I have a fox friend who's super into vixens, which is to be expected but still somewhat unusual; I'm pretty sure my roommates have a thing for otters, given how they treat me; and, myself?

Well, I like cheetahs. I *really* like cheetahs. I can't logically explain it, and nor can I help myself - if one passes me on the street, I just *have* to turn my head and watch them for a while. It's the form, the shape, the musculature - sleek, lithe, powerful while retaining elegant grace... all of that, y'know.

It just so happened that, while out in town one day, I passed by a new-age coffee shop, one of those ones with your standard chair-and-table section in the middle but with weird floofy and round chairs (if they could be called that) towards the walls, sofas and couches, whatever, all painted in colors that, used for any other purpose, would clash, fronted off with wide glass windows that bore the shop's name, hours, and number. It just so happened that I was on the side of the street closest to this coffee shop, and looked in as I passed by. It just so happened that the barista working the register looked up at the just the right moment, caught my eye, and gave me a bright smile.

It just so happened that she was a cheetah.

For those of you that don't understand, something like this happening elicits the same almost emotional response that having a package arrive that you ordered weeks ago, or seeing a new book on sale that you've been anticipating since its announcement. Sharp little burst of excitement, giddy hyperventilation, those weird excited shivers that make your paws all shaky for a little bit - all of this came to me, and I just quickened my pace to faster pass the shop. A simple smile had conquered my soul, and with such speed, too; were you to ask the color of her eyes, I could not tell you.

Needless to say, when I reached the next street, I paused there as if in thought (which I wasn't; I knew exactly what I was going to do), feigned a surprised jolt as if to say 'oh no! I forgot something!', then turned right around and headed back towards the coffee shop. It took the whole time from here to the door to work up the courage to step inside, and even that faltered when I got there and saw that she was still working the register... *of course she is*, I mused, forcing myself to reach out to put my paw on the door's handle, *it's been hardly a minute, and nobody's shift ends at such an odd time as 11:23*.

The counter waited at the clear other end of the shop, allowing a good four or five seconds of eye contact between the two of us during which I could not turn back around and leave, 'cause that'd be weird as hell. Seriously, though, by this point I couldn't tell if it was just social anxiety that made me feel like how I did, or the fact that she was so *damn attractive*...

The smile she maintained for the whole of these few seconds looked bemused, or *amused*, rather, and I knew that came from her very obviously seeing me pass by earlier. "Hi there," she said as I approached the counter - my *God*... "Welcome to Daniot's. How may I help you?"

"Uh..." You know when you hear some singers that just take your breath away, you're all '*madre de Dios, quién es?!*' and get shivers all over? That was me with her. Goddamn. "Yeah, hello, I'd like, um..." ...but none of the words on the menu made sense to me. I'd had coffee three times before and hated it all three times; here, I couldn't even tell you what I'd had. I think maybe two words were in English, and those were "Coffee" and "Shop" in the logo at the top. Still throughout my muddling, though, she stood with her body a little tilted, probably from her weight being on one leg, with one paw on the side of the register and the other on the counter behind that, and keeping those eyes of hers - bright, bright sunlit amber - on me. She'd had to deal with this before, apparently. "What would you recommend?"

"Well, that depends." Her response came without so much as a half-second of pause - and, again, she kept her eyes on me for the whole of while she spoke, making me self-conscious of my every move. "What's your favorite type of coffee?..." My blank look must have provided a satisfactory answer. She breathed a gentle laugh. "Not the coffee type?"

People had started to line up behind me. Damn coffee shops and their success. I leaned in closer, partially so that the other people wouldn't hear me, and partially because... well. Yeah. "No..." I muttered. "...Wait. Do you have hot chocolate?"

"Mhmm."

"I'll have one of those."

"Alright." She tapped it in, but then flicked her eyes back up to me. "We have a special African Savannah Spice Hot Chocolate promotion going on right now, you know. Everyone who's ordered it has told me it's super satisfying and leaves them wanting more- are you interested?"

"...Uh... well, if I had the money to spare, I would, but... uh..."

"Pardon me, sir-" Here, it was her who leaned in. I got a whiff of sweet floral perfume, underlined by the natural wild spice that lingered in all cheetahs' scents. "-but if you don't have any money to spare, you wouldn't be coming to a coffee shop." After saying this, she leaned back. "Unless you don't come here for the coffee. Which you didn't. One hot chocolate all for you?"

"Uh..." I swallowed, then nodded.

"Alright. Can I get a name for you order?"

"Oh... Lukas. German spelling, with a K."

"Okay, thanks, Lukas. It'll be out in a few minutes. Meanwhile, you can go find a seat..." She waved a paw around the shop. "We have plenty of comfy chairs open. Really good for loungin', relaxin', whatever suits your fancy."

I walked away from that conversation feeling... altered, somewhat. I don't know, it's hard to explain. I know it's part of a barista's job description to smile at each customer and act like they're your friend and they like you, but... *damn*. After sitting down at one of the tables ('cause I ain't a hipster) and ensuring that my back was to her, I just... *sat* there for a moment, breathing, cooling down, feeling like I'd just asked her out. Hell, maybe at the end of this, I would. Seriously, though... I ended up taking my phone out to pass the time, but nothing interested me; four times the screen went off due to me not doing anything with it for like twenty seconds, and twice I continued tapping around after the lull without first checking to see that the phone was actually still on. Felt pretty dumb when my eyes focused and noticed the black screen.

A few moments later, I was thoroughly startled by someone suddenly walking up beside me, but looked up from my (again dark) phone screen to see the same cheetah with a tray balanced on one paw, my drink atop that. "One hot chocolate," she said, the faint lilt of an accent spicing her voice.

"Oh. Gosh. You startled me. Thank you..."

I moved to take the cup from the tray, but instead, she just went over to the seat opposite mine, slid my drink off in front of me, sat down, and dropped the tray beside her. Then, she leaned over the table, paws intertwined in front of her and eyes resiliently on me.

Here's another thing I can't logically explain: now I was a little aroused. I hope she didn't notice me adjust my pants when I slid my phone back into my pocket. "Uh..." I swallowed. Her nametag read, in a graceful hand, *Eliana*. "Hello."

"Hi."

"Shouldn't you be... um, at the register?"

"Nah." Again she leaned back, but also crossed one leg over the other - bold move; uniform for women here was a fairly short navy-blue skirt - and started inspecting the claws of one paw. Fun fact: cheetahs are one of the only big cats with retractable claws. I learned that because male cheetahs tend to unintentionally extend those claws when you sit back on them - if you know what I mean. "It's 11:30. My shift literally just ended."

“Ah. Lunch?”

“No, for the day. I was the one who started this whole ‘savannah spice’ thing, on an improvement to a recipe that my mother - she’s from Africa - used when I was a kitten. Got a bonus that allows me to take half- and even quarter-days sometimes.”

“Sounds... nice.” I took a sip of the hot chocolate after testing its temperature... and then looked up at her. “-Whoa. This isn’t...”

She grinned amid picking under her claws. “Yeah. Upgraded it for you. Don’t worry, I covered the rest.”

“Wow, thank you.”

“Don’t worry about it. I figured since - well, since you came back...”

“Came back?” Don’t tell me she was talking about...

“Yeah.” Bright orange eyes, appraising me sideways. I took another sip of the hot chocolate, delighting in the same characteristic spice that I’d picked up on her scent earlier... “I saw you walk by earlier. That’s what I meant when I said that you didn’t come here for the coffee... I figured you saw something you liked-” She adjusted the hat on her head, also part of the uniform. This action caused her elbows to squeeze her breasts in front of her, and... well, *breasts*. Being a cheetah, she was quite slim, and I wouldn’t be surprised if I learned that they had to special-order her uniform to fit her form... I’ll put it in a way that everyone can understand: she looked a bit top-heavy. I shifted again. “-and wanted to come back to get a second look.”

“What if I just forgot that you guys had hot chocolate here?”

“Oh come on. When you were ordering, I could tell that you’d never stepped into a coffee shop of your own accord before.”

Damn. I tried to change the subject. “...So, uh, it seems rather convenient that your shift just finished.”

“Convenient? Why’s that?”

“Perfect timing for you to bring my order to me, *and* for you to be able to sit down and talk with me while I drink it.”

“Ah. Well, y’know, Lukas...”

She swiped the cup from me just as I began to lift it for another drink, and took a sip of it herself. Afterwards, she dragged her tongue over her upper lip where a fleck of the drink still remained, and swallowed that down, too - all while retaining eye contact with me. She held on to it for a moment, leaving me to sit there with a half-raised paw, a stupid expression, and an odd half-boner.

Then, finally, she set it back down and pushed it closer to me with her fingers. "If you've got a problem with sitting, we can go for a walk."

I'd be content to stay here, especially with this little annoyance in the front of my pants, but... really, though, how could I say no? I nodded. "Oh, um... alright."

"Make sure to take your drink."

Eliana slid out of her seat before me, perhaps intentionally. Swaying hips, from one side to the other; the skirt of the uniform was designed to rest over the top of the wearer's tail, and she kept her tail a little raised as it flicked around, giving me - as well as everyone else who bothered to look - a more-than-nice view; and at this angle, the way her white shirt, buttoned in front, wrapped around the sleek curves of her sides... I was almost afraid to stand up, but could tell she wouldn't wait for me, so... y'know. I told myself it wasn't obvious, pushed it to the back of my mind, and followed her, ensuring that I still had my hot chocolate in my paw, as per her instruction.

It felt a lot cooler outside than it did before I'd stepped in, but that might have been because I'd grown accustomed to the pleasant warmth of the coffee shop - what was it, Daniot's, with a weird silent T. I was glad for the hot chocolate, then, as well as its odd spice and flavor, working together to warm me up further with each sip taken. This cheetah seemed to know very well where to go, so after stepping up to walk beside her, I resumed my awkward silence.

Of course, she caught on, and flicked an ear toward me. "You know, you don't say much."

Because you fucking terrify me. Well - I don't know if it's 'terror', but it's sure as hell something...
"Yeah."

"What do you do?" Her voice came clear to me even over the sounds of cars rushing past, of wind between the buildings, and the constant murmur of distant conversation of other people on the streets. Each inhale of breath occasionally brought to me that same spicy floral note that I had picked up on her at the register and in my drink, standing out tall from all of the other odors and aromas of the day... "Like, do you have a job, or what? You mentioned something about not having money - now, I don't know if that was just an excuse, but..."

"I go to school."

"Ah. So it *wasn't* an excuse." She shrugged, keeping her eyes on the other shops that passed by. God, I wanted her to look at me... "See, that's where you and I are different."

Different? God, I needed something to talk about... "We're not too different, I don't think."

"Yeah?"

Her voice when she said this was enough to make me look over at her - and thus see the amused expression she now wore. Dammit, she expected me to elaborate. "Uh... yeah. I mean, you..."

"...are female-" She lifted her breasts up with her paws, right there on the street. "-I mean, really, could you miss these? I'm female, you're male. A cheetah and an otter. Uh, let's see... I work at a coffee shop, you study at school. Oh yeah, and I wear short skirts and you wear tight pants."

"Hey! They're not *that* tight!"

A rather large bookstore came up on our left, one that I'd been to once or twice before. Nice place, but hobos tend to come in and sit at the stools just inside the door. "Lukas, I'm only saying what everyone in there was thinking. We all saw what you had to hide."

Oh Lord. I tried to hide my blush between a deep sip of the hot chocolate - and then bumped into Eliana, who had stopped walking in front of the entrance to the alley that led behind the bookstore. It was a chainlink fence gate topped with barbed wire and locked with a simple padlock. "I don't... wait, what are we doing here?"

She began rummaging around in her pockets. "All of the stores on this street have a back area like this, and they're all locked with the same key. I like to go back here sometimes if I just want some time alone, y'know?"

Time alone... "Behind the bookstore?" All that stood out to me was the sign up on the fence that read, in bright red lettering, 'NO TRESPASSING'.

"Well, hey, it's a bookstore. All the other places use the area for storage, but this place can't - inclement weather, variations in temperature, all of that. Their storage is underground. Back here, there's just..." She wiggled a key into the lock and turned it; *click*. "...a door that nobody ever comes through... protection from wind and prying eyes... and a whole bunch of space. C'mon."

I felt like a high schooler again, sneaking off with someone during an orchestra concert to go 'play' in the bathrooms. But then: *wait, she isn't going to...* "Uh-" But, before I could voice a complaint, the cheetah seized my wrist and dragged me back into the alley, closing the gate behind us. I almost dropped my drink, though did end up splattering a little into the fur of my arm... God. If I'd been nervous before... "Eliana-"

"Lukas." She had a firm grip and warm pads - this was really the only thought that remained in my head... until, that is, she shoved me back up against the brick wall around the corner. I doubted it, but if she *were* robbing me, well... I'd be perfectly okay with it.

"Whoa, whoa, whoa, what are you doing?-"

"What do you think?" Dexterous cheetah paws feeling their way up my front, under my shirt, and then taking hold of the waistband of my pants... "You're going to college, you're smart- wait, the county college?"

"No..."

"Okay, so you *are* smart. C'mon, Lukas, I saw the way you looked at me, I heard how you tried to speak..." I was still too shocked to stop her from unbuttoning and unzipping my pants. As she did, she pressed her wrist against me (my boner *had* gone down, but God, had it also returned) and made me wiggle against the wall... "And it's lucky for you that I like otters, anyway."

"Lucky? Why-" My breath caught in my throat when she suddenly dropped to her knees. Oh God. Oh God. "-is that?"

"Because..."

If she'd wanted a semi-soft cock to flop out over her nose (like I usually did when going down on a guy), she'd be disappointed. All she got when she tugged my pants and underwear down was a very stiff length standing straight up a few inches from her muzzle. But, hell, she didn't seem to mind *that* too much, either, as she closed that distance and ran her nose up along the underside, keeping her eyes on my face.

"...I wanna see you squirm."

Her tongue followed her nose, tracing up along my length from base to tip, slowly, deliberately - and then it went off on its own, swirling around my head, wiggling in under my foreskin, *exactly* the sort of thing that would've made me drop what was left of my hot chocolate had I not made a firm attempt to retain my grip on it. Eliana noticed this response, or probably the sharp intake of breath that resulted from it, and so did it again, this time with her lips enclosing the first inch of my length

Sweet Jesus - ten minutes ago, if that, I walked by and saw this cheetah for the first time through a storefront window... and now she's got my pants around my ankles and my dick between her lips. *And I didn't even have to ask.* See, were I to entertain the idea of getting involved with a woman, well... she'd have to be the one wearing the pants in the relationship, because again, mine will likely be around my ankles. And - goddamn, with lips and a tongue like

hers as she slowly dove down further onto me... she could ask me to do anything and I wouldn't mind.

Well, thankfully she didn't ask anything *now*, as I don't think I'd be able to answer in well-formed sentences. She bobbed slowly up and down along my length, lips tight and tongue always moving with a paw following the movements of her head, while *my* free paw scratched at the wall against which I leaned. It always surprised me when I learned, through firsthand experience, that someone gave really, *really* good blowjobs, at the same time not really caring about where they'd gotten the experience to do so. Eliana knew just how to keep her lips, knew just how to flick and twirl her tongue, knew just the right speed based on my breathing or reactions or whatever - see, again, I couldn't be bothered to put too much thought into anything.

I couldn't really tell at this angle, but I think she'd moved her other paw down between her legs and worked on herself underneath her skirt... mmf. I could, however, tell from here that her shirt maybe was a size or two too small, based on the way those goddamn breasts of hers looked from here - all furred in soft cream amid the sand-yellow of the rest of her fur... I wonder what her markings looked like, chocolate-brown all over her body, from neck to shoulder to back to rump to leg. I wondered if I'd ever get to feel that body of hers against mine, pressing and writhing and lurching- or if I'd feel her hot breath in my neck, in my whiskers, on my chest... but, my mind soon wandered from that back to the situation at hand, and how I currently was feeling the back of her throat...

She moved back so that only my head remained between her lips, and started to quickly stroke me. I couldn't exactly say what it was, but there was something about the way she did it - a flick of the wrist, a little turn each time she came up, variations in speed - that caused me to, against my own intention, hump forward into her paw and mouth or tug backwards, only to be stopped by the wall. Yeah, she sure as *hell* knew how to give a good blowjob - and by now, I knew that she found quite a bit of pleasure in this, too, as her other arm moved with whatever it was she was doing with her fingers, and she breathed out hot little sighs and moans through her nose onto me.

Sure, I was still nervous. I jumped a little each time a car drove by on the street outside the alley, as well as tensed up whenever I could hear someone's footsteps or conversation, and especially if they paused by the alley for whatever reason... yeah, if you've followed what I've done before, you'd call me out on "hey, Lukas, you say you like being watched", which I do, but not when it's *fucking illegal* (and I'd say 'it's not the same if you don't know the person watching you', but then you'd point out how I've done things with people I'd never met before - and this right now is another example). But *goddamn* if this cheetah didn't banish my worry over being seen with that tongue and paw of hers.

I'm not exactly sure what happened to the cup of hot chocolate - probably fell to the ground somewhere, I don't know - but, with one paw still against the wall, my other found its way to the back of her head to urge her to continue using her lips while she sucked me off. She obliged, again descending until her nose pressed into my pubic fur, and then holding there for a short

time before coming back up - and she maintained mostly the same speed and fervency as she had with just her paw, but now I could feel myself being pushed closer and closer to the edge. I knew that she knew: she came up all the way off and stroked me, fast and hard, but I could tell by how she kept her muzzle close with lips parted that she'd be right there when I-

-came, spurting out some amount of cum over the side of her muzzle and then bucking into her mouth for the rest after she took her place there. Thirsty kitten, it seemed: some of my first spurt had landed on her waiting tongue, and now that I was just finishing emptying into her mouth, she moved down and deepthroated me once more, pressing the back of her tongue against my cock to urge out the last of whatever I had to give.

After ensuring that she'd lapped up all that I would leak out onto her tongue (and after quite a big of wiggling from me as a result), she leaned back, licked her lips, wiped the back of a paw over her mouth - though the first of my cum was still streaked out over one side of her face - and then stood up. Meanwhile, I just leaned back against the wall, panting and blindly looking around for wherever my cup had rolled off to.

Right after I spotted it, right as I started to lean down to grab it, she again seized my wrist - and directed my paw to where hers had been a moment before, underneath her skirt. Goddamn - had I closed my eyes first, I'd have thought that I'd just stuck my paw into someone's mouth, she was dripping so much. This, of course, opened me up for a really cheesy line:

It's good that that hot chocolate didn't fully quench my thirst, because next thing I knew, she took her place against the wall beside me, grabbed both of my shoulders, shoved me down to my knees, and almost growled "Your turn." I looked up: navy blue skirt, dark green striped panties pushed off to one side and turned an even darker shade by her... copious moisture, and then, the best part-

-I couldn't get a satisfying look at, because her paws fell to my head and tugged me to her, lips to lips. Usually when I kiss someone, they hold my head in place with their paws; however, with this cheetah, I found a pair of thighs on either side of my head holding me there, as well as paws behind my ears and ensuring, *demanding* that I be prolific in my usage of tongue. Of course, I was totally okay with all of this, even though I was... a bit out of practice. Last time I'd gotten to do something like this was when my lioness friend told me and her boyfriend something along the lines of 'One of you had better eat me out', and I was voted the one to do it... my jaw was sore the next morning.

But, I'll be damned if I'd let myself disappoint this fucking cheetah. I wished that I could tell what she wanted as easily as she could with me, and I guess I sorta did: a full-tongue lick made her do one thing, a gentle tug on one of her lips between mine made her do this other thing, a flick of the tongue did this, a swirl of the tongue around her clit did that... it was a learning experience. It always is. She didn't let me come up for breath, either, keeping her paw firmly on the back of my head so that my mouth remained firmly pleasuring her. Her skirt held in her heat

and her scent, and - God, I know I just came, but hell, I might already have been ready to go at it again...

I couldn't tell if it was my own drool and saliva that already soaked the fur of my chin and around my lips, or if that was *her* doing. Everything about her had that same note of spice, that same sharp fire - from her scent, to her slight accent, to the color of her eyes, to her *taste*... and, just as she'd said about the special hot chocolate, I wanted more of her. Hell - the first time I'd gone down on that lioness friend I'd mentioned earlier, I came back up with a totally soaked shirtfront... and *damn*, that would be nice if the same thing happened with this cheetah.

At this rate, I think that was well on its way. Two fingers served as an excellent complement to a deep-reaching tongue, and after a little bit of time, those, too, came back thoroughly slickened, so... well, so I licked them off and put them back to work. Eliana's breathing had picked up a bit, especially when I started a rhythm on (or, rather, in) her with those fingers and turned my tongue to focus on the outside of her lips and her clit, since honestly, my mouth had started to ache from all of the movement of lapping up and all around over her.

And - yeah, sure enough after her breathing had come to a peak and she tried - and failed - at suppressing a sharp moan, there was a burst of the same juice on my tongue (as well as all over the front of my muzzle) from her, startling me somewhat in its suddenness and force. But, hey, that didn't dissuade me; she sucked me off, *and* she upgraded my drink for free, so... I'd say I owed her at least two orgasms. A tongue and two fingers served to pleasure her just fine, so instead of changing that up, I just got to it with more energy than before, as her cumming once had certainly roped me back under the influence of want.

Yeah, two fingers in her and a tongue also in her at one moment or on her at another - but she reached her own paw down and rubbed herself, too, with her own fingers between my nose and where I focused my tongue. Jeez, I thought I had had trouble keeping my voice down... every girl I'd done this to (which... uh, which now came to two total) seemed to have the same inability to keep quiet while receiving the action. Sure, if we're in a bedroom or by ourselves, that's totally fine, but - not when we're in an alley on the street... although, I guess the same could be said about squirting all over my face and upper chest, but hey. I *did* owe her.

With everything going on, it didn't take long at all for Eliana to reach a second climax, this one apparently a bit more powerful than the first based on the full-body shiver, the shuddering intake of breath right before and then higher moan during, and - again - the spurt of... *juices*, for lack of a better word (I'm so sorry) again not really exactly into my mouth but rather all around it, this time like someone had shaken a water balloon around while emptying it, except - y'know, a little slicker, a little stickier, with a certain kind of taste that was there (but not too powerfully) and that evaded description.

With that, I repeat: it seemed her second orgasm was more powerful than the first. I'd been shooting to put her through two, and apparently that's all that she'd wanted, too, because afterwards, she (finally) released my head, and leaned back against the wall like I had when I'd

reached my one. Her chest heaving in heavy breaths, her eyes closed, her mouth open, she just needed a moment to cool off. I stood, wobbled a little - maybe I'd been down there for longer than I thought - and wiped my mouth... and then did it again and a third time, each one looking to actually wipe off no less than the one before. Jesus, I hoped it didn't look like I just stuck my muzzle into a bucket of liquid slightly thicker than water... and I tried not to look down at my shirt, too. Today I'd worn a nice sky-blue color, but the fabric turned much darker when it got wet - which opened me up to say something else cheesy: had I known that I'd get someone this wet, and then by extension myself as well, I wouldn't have worn it.

So, yeah. I was hard again, though meanwhile, it looked as if this cheetah barista was just a little winded from who-knows-what, thanks to her having kept on her skirt and only having moved her underwear to one side to give my tongue easy access, because the little drippies tracing down her inner thigh couldn't really be seen unless you looked. My cup completely forgotten, I just tugged my underwear and pants back up, redid the zipper, and waited for her to catch her breath to say goodbye - and maybe 'thank you'?

She had something else in mind, though, as when she finally opened her eyes and directed her amber-orange gems to me, her paw came out and pressed against the front of my pants. Then, she smirked. "You wanna go again too, huh?"

"I-" Wait. *Too*? "What?"

"Unless you have somewhere to be..." Like someone who'd just run a mile (or two), her shoulders still rose and fell a little with each breath she took. God, I could smell her on my upper lip, could still feel her warmth and taste... "...we could go to my place. My brother has a job, too, but he's not nearly as valuable to his company as me, so... he'll still be out. We'll have the place to ourselves." She licked her lips and squeezed me through my pants, resulting in a quick little exhalation of breath from me that made her whiskers flick.

I could still smell a remnant of my cum on her breath - and wondered if she could smell herself on mine. "Okay."

"Alright then." She grabbed onto my hips and used me to pull herself up (which I wasn't expecting, and thus brought my muzzle and chest within maybe three inches of hers), then looked around and grabbed my cup (why? it's empty, and when I dropped it I'm pretty sure I stepped on it and popped the top off, too), off to the side a bit. "It's not too far away - within walking distance."

"What if I don't wanna walk?" Seriously, though, I was tired. Hell, I didn't know how she wasn't.

"Well, I hope you're good at crawling, 'cause I'm not gonna carry you..."

She walked out of the area and alley as if she'd just brought me back to help her with something (which I guess she did), casually locking the gate behind her, redoing the top two buttons of her

shirt, flattening the edges of her skirt. Then, she gave me a goddamned grin and started off down the street, again leaving me with an unfortunate erection that still lingered from before.

When she'd said it wasn't too far away, though, she didn't lie: we passed her coffee shop, a second coffee shop, and then one more block and a right turn dropped us off in front of her apartment complex. Along the way she tried to hold a conversation with me, but I was still a bit breathless and stunned with what had just happened - and with how I'd agreed to come to her place, even though I had class in, like, ten minutes. Eliana had to ask me three times what my favorite color was before I understood the question, and when I finally did, she looked back at me, gave me another sly grin, and said "You won't have to stay focused this time around. You worked for all of that; I'll handle this time..."

...Whoa. Being a sneaky-ass cheetah, she probably knew that I'd be busy for the next few minutes with trying to figure out what she meant by that, so on the elevator ride up to her floor, she just stood in the corner and let her tail flick against the back of my leg. I almost expected her to pin me to the wall, based off what we'd just come from.

But, she didn't, and instead took my wrist when the doors opened and led me down the hall a little, to a door that was a slightly darker shade of beige than the surrounding walls. Seemed like a nice place, though I'd certainly pay more attention to the color scheme and aesthetics if I didn't have a cheetah on my mind...

"Hey," she said, "could you reach into my pocket and get my key?"

"Huh?" I looked at her. Before, I hadn't really noticed that she was slightly shorter than me, so that if she were to face me, her eyes would come about even with the end of my nose. I'd have to get into a weird half-leaning position if she wanted me to get to her pockets... "Wait, why? Why can't you?"

"Lukas, when a woman asks you to do something, you should do it." Thing is, though, while saying this, she just got the damn key herself. "Besides, I wanted you in my pants, what can I say?"

Oh. Wow. Okay. Any thought about *that* was soon wiped back out as soon as she opened the door - because I was hit with a wall of wonderful scent, something like earthy incense, crushed pepper, dry musk, enticing feline... non-cheetahs hardly ever came here, I could tell. Eliana and her brother - God, what I'd give to stay a night, one night, here... the door closed behind us; she set the empty hot chocolate cup on the counter; I looked around the place a little-

-and then she'd wrapped her arms around me from behind and was working at my pants again. I didn't even hear her step closer. I tried to protest, God only knows why, but the complaints died in my throat when she enclosed her paw around the base of my length, having been mostly hard for the short walk here and then having stiffened up all the way when I got a taste of this apartment's delicious air.

"You wanna do it right here?" she breathed, right into the fur of my neck. Then her teeth were there, softly but still hard enough so I could feel the little twang of their sharpness.

I shivered. "I'd - like something soft to sit on..."

"Oh, you're not gonna be sitting. Well..." She kissed that spot on my neck and then came around to my front, though only to tug me along by the open flaps of my pants. She was dragging me towards the hallway, every now and then casting a glance behind herself to see where she was going... "I guess you could, if you wanted. I won't make you. I'd prefer for you to be lying down, but... well, sitting might be fine."

"What? What are we doing? Where are we going?"

"A bed is soft enough, right? I'm sorry, it's not quite a king..."

...but it was bigger than mine, a tiny little twin. Not a king, not a queen, just a double, pushed back against one wall of the room, with a pretty nice-looking set of royal burgundy and gold sheets. Yeah, it was pretty small for fitting two people, but again... better than a twin.

"...but, when me and my brother got this place, neither of us had jobs, so we had to stay fairly small... only bedroom in the place, y'know. But it'll do."

"Eliana, that still - doesn't really-"

When we got to the edge of the bed, she turned me so we were sideways, let go of my pants, grinned, and then pushed me down onto it so that my legs hung off the edge. I propped myself up on my elbows to watch her face - but then got distracted by those paws and their motions, first unbuttoning her shirt from top to bottom... and when it opened, it again reinforced my thought that it was too small for her - it almost popped open, and her breasts looked like they finally had some needed breathing room, even when still constrained by a cloud-grey bra (I think red would look nice on her with the gold of her fur, but...). Now, boobs aren't really my thing, but still, I don't think I'd mind if she ended up on top of me with her chest pressing down against the side of my muzzle... well, anyway. She shrugged off her shirt, just wiggling her shoulders and arms until it dropped to the floor, and then slid off her skirt... but left her panties on, now even more fully discolored from the... *wetness* (again, I'm so sorry).

"Whoa-"

I scooted back on the bed a little, and she just moved up along my body until she was up on her paws and knees directly above me, muzzle maybe half an inch from mine. In this position, with all of her clothes finally off, I could smell her scent unimpeded. "Hello, Lukas."

“Ah-” One of her legs was positioned so that the underside of my cock brushed against it. Inadvertently, I humped upwards. “Hello...”

“Help me get my underwear off.”

I couldn't quite reach, so I straightened up while sliding my paws down her legs; she backed up a little, too, but only enough to still maintain the short distance between our faces. Warmth radiated off of her body, only making me want to get closer - and I was pretty damn certain that's what she had in mind. I could only slide her panties so far down her legs, and when it got to that point, she just kicked them off herself and then just as quickly pushed me back down to the bed, herself remaining upright. Oh God.

Maybe once or twice in the past, I'd had a nude male cheetah on the bed beneath me... never before had it been a female, and never before had *she* been the one above *me*. Hey, I guess it's always good to try something new, though. I think she could tell that I was nervous: when I rested a paw on her lower thigh, mainly because it seemed like the best place to put it, she dropped her own paw onto it and gave me a reassuring smile.

Then, she said “He won't mind, don't worry.”

“...What? Who?”

“My brother. He sleeps in this bed, too.”

“Oh. Well... apologize for me?”

“He'll probably want a video to make a proper apology.”

Oh God, my fucking cheeks. *En fuego*, as my own brother would put it. “Uh... m-maybe... maybe next time?...”

That seemed like a satisfactory answer. She said nothing more, instead moving her paws to my shoulders, again lowering her face close to mine, looking down for a moment to make sure that everything was lined up...

...and then she started lowering herself onto me, and - my fucking *God*. I - had to grit my teeth, had to remove my paw from her leg so I could dig my claws into the bed, had to try to keep from pressing up into her because - well, it's polite to go the speed set by the person being fucked. I should know; again, usually it's me who the cock is sinking into.

But, good *lord*. Seemed to feel just as good for her: while sliding down onto me, slowly, taking her goddamn time, she opened her eyes and looked at me for a second, letting out warm breaths through her open mouth, always in a satisfied smile. I, however, let out the tense sighs

through clenched teeth, and had to strain to keep my eyes open...

"Never-" She swallowed. "-had a cheetah before?"

"I *have*... just..." I, too, swallowed. Damn. "...never like this."

"I think you'd like my brother..."

And that was the last of conversation for a while. Eliana continued sinking down onto me at that same damn slow speed - I felt as if she were teasing me, like she knew quite well (and she probably did) how it felt for me and how fucking *much* I wanted her. Once she'd settled back onto me, once she'd hilted me, she straightened back up into a full sitting position, wiped a paw across her forehead, licked her lips, dragged her claws down through my chestfur... if there wasn't such a hot fire burning in me to have this cheetah, I'd have been completely and totally fine with the view.

"This is a good look for you," she breathed, reaching down to do something with her fingers. I felt it somewhat, though it was a distant feeling - and still made me quiver a little.

"What? Ah - on my back?..." I returned my paw to her leg, claw of my thumb gently tracing along the outlines of her markings.

"Well... I was thinking completely at my mercy and under my control, but that works, too."

"I'm not - under your controoaah..."

In the middle of that sentence, she braced both of her paws on my chest and started to pull herself back up off me, slowly, stopping just at my head. "I can tell that you wanna fuck me, Lukas. It's in your eyes, in the tension of your body, in your breath - but you hold back, but you don't. Why?"

I had to catch my breath for a moment. "'Cause I-"

"'Cause you like me?"

Well... I nodded. Eliana leaned back in, close to my face - and then closed the gap with a quick kiss, right against my lips. The contact left a bright tingling feeling that reverberated through me as a light shiver and muddled my thoughts all over again.

"That's what I thought. Then... why don't you do it?"

My heart skipped a beat. "Fuck you?"

“Fuck me.” Again with the claw-tracing through my chestfur. Goddamn, that gave me chills. “Or I can do it myself. This position is good for that, you know - and don’t get me wrong, but you seem like the kind of guy who doesn’t exactly enjoy being totally in control of things...”

“I...” ...couldn’t think straight, what with all of the feeling, all of the warmth and scent, all of the spice of cheetah and desire. I had to roll my tongue over my words to get them just right, like I’d rolled my tongue over Eliana earlier... “...I’ve... never exactly *done* this sort of thing with a woman before... I mean - I have, but - *she* wasn’t the one being fucked...”

“Then let me handle it.” I’d again propped myself up on my elbows to speak to the cheetah, which gave her the opportunity now to gently push me back down. “You’ll do fine. You’ll enjoy it...”

I already *was* enjoying it, and she wasn’t even moving fast. She kept her paws on my shoulders to provide balance as she started to move herself on me, slowly, up and down, up and down, a little bit forward-and-back - giving me a good perspective on why guys like it so much when I do that to them. Along the way I started to hump up into her each time she came down on me, squeezing a light moan out of her mouth and galvanized her to pick up the pace a little, totally of her own accord, but I did not at all mind. The bed started to squeak beneath us, but I don’t know when, as I wasn’t exactly paying attention; the same went for when I noticed that it’d gotten to the point where my hips lifted up off of the mattress a little bit each time I thrust up into her...

And then Eliana suddenly leaned forward over me, pressing both of our chests and lips together, while she grinded her front against me and continued to push herself onto and then off of my length. I hardly got a chance to breathe amid the kissing, and those breaths I *did* get were heavy and strained, raucous and energetic; one of my paws moved down to just above her tail, holding her down against me, holding her so I could press into her and lurch out, or holding her closer just so that her movements wouldn’t make the bed bang against the wall behind it like it had started doing...

Christ. It was almost a sensory overload - all of these scents, all of these noises, the taste in my mouth: musk and sex and sweat and cheetah and want; our panting and swallowing, her little moans of pleasure, my little grunts of exertion, sharp intakes of breath, deep shuddering sighs, the rustling of the fabric beneath, the squeaking and thudding of the bed; spice - I don’t know how else to describe it - on my tongue, spice from *her* tongue and lips, spice from when I press my muzzle into the thick fur of her neck to keep myself from moaning too loudly.

Well, that didn’t work too well. Along the way she orgasmed another two times, or so I assumed by, again, the full-body shudder as well as the moisture in my fur, and then she straightened back up when I started to tense up. I didn’t know what she was planning to do - I mean, we were different species, so it’d be totally okay for her to just continue riding until - until I-

-yeah, she did, and when I did cum, forewarned by an accidental clawing of her leg, a series of fierce upward thrusts and a chain of “*aah- aah-*” rising in pitch and volume, she pressed firmly

down onto me and squeezed my sides with her claws retracted until I settled back down against the bed, chest rising and falling, eyes closed, mouth hanging tiredly open.

Eliana leaned back over me, still hilted in her, and nosed up under my chin. "Good?" she asked, her voice also unsteady due to similar breathing. I could feel her pulse in her leg, where my paw still remained simply because I was too tired to move it. For a response, all I could do was nod, and then swallow breathlessly. "See? I told you you'd do fine."

"I - nnf-"

"Yes?"

"-have to... get to... class..."

"Oh, well, I guess I'll let you go, then..." Another sharp intake of breath when she pulled herself up off of me. Damn cheetahs, always so sly and confident. "You know, Lukas, I'd tell you to clean up your mess, but if you don't have time..."

It was another moment before I could speak again. "...if I had time," I breathed, managing to pull myself up into a sitting position, "I'd gladly oblige. Ah - Eliana, do you think th... that you could give me a ride?"

"Oh, yeah, sure." She picked up her panties, looked at them, sniffed them, tossed them to the side, and started looking for another pair. I think she decided on a nice aquamarine-turquoise pair, but I wasn't looking. "I mean, I have a few different sizes of strap-ons..."

"Eliana."

"Yeah, I know. Yeah, I can drive you. Just - remember to grab your cup, okay? You going straight to class?"

"Yeah..."

At that point, I only still had the cup as per her urging; I was going to throw it away once I'd gotten to class, but right before I did, I noticed the writing on the side. It wasn't my name at all, but a phone number - *goddamn*, if that isn't clairvoyance... of course, I ended up calling her after class, but she wasn't there so I left a message:

"Hey Ellie - this is Lukas, just... callin'... uh, yeah, I wanted to know - you said you have a brother, right? Yeah. Uh, I kinda wanna get to know him, so uh... yeah, lemme know, and I guess I'll talk to ya later..."

She called back in the middle of the following class, with the explanation that she didn't recognize the number - which I totally understand that being a reason for ignoring a call; I do it

too. Well, she told me that she'd have to talk to her brother, and he'd have to meet me and talk to me first to decide if he wanted to do anything (again, clairvoyance, though I guess it wasn't too hard to tell what I meant by 'get to know him'), so...

Well. I'll keep you updated.