

Lily had gotten a lot better about waking up in the mornings. Really it was just a matter of routine, and of willpower and looking forward: today turned out to be yet another day where she beat her alarm by some two hours, and knew that it'd benefit her more to just get up now instead of roll around until then.

Luckily, though, today it felt considerably warmer than yesterday, and the first thing she did after she crawled out of bed wasn't to go and turn the shower on as soon as possible, but rather instead to go and stand before the full-length mirror pushed back into her closet, and just... *look* at herself. This had become part of her morning ritual, though usually it took its place after the shower when she had to brush through her fur some two or three times and wait to dry off.

But admittedly, there was just *something* about the unkempt brushiness of having just awoken, that kind of... *rascally* look. The white wolf leaned forward towards the mirror, taking a moment to wipe the little sleep-crusts out of her eyes, and then straightened back up: last year she'd made the resolution to make it into the gym at least three days a week, and actually sticking to that schedule had done wonders for both her appearance and her confidence. Before, she didn't really feel anything from looking over herself in the mirror.

Now, though...

*Goddamn.* That little thought flittered through her head like a spray of sparks; *I'm hot as fuck.* Sure, she no longer really had the sleek, slim form that her naturally-skinny self used to, with her waist instead straightening out, legs and arms becoming a bit firmer and more filled-out as the muscles wrapped and squeezed around more coherently, but - *shit, man, if I wasn't into women before, seeing myself right now might've turned me.*

The she-wolf turned to the side a bit and ran the palm of one paw down from her neck, over her collarbone, along the curve of her breasts... those had gotten a bit smaller over time, but she appreciated the way they'd perked up and pulled closer to her chest, like... like taut balloons filled with sand rather than water. Was that a weird way to put it? An irresistible smile curled up at her lips with that image, but when she brought her other paw up along her lower belly, that turned into a sweet shiver. This right here made her feel the proudest: flat yet textured, contoured, firm lines of muscle visible beneath her short-trimmed fur there.

Except, of course, for the few little points of soft flesh sticking out of her fur, soft to the touch and then stiffening up in reaction. The first month or so she went to the gym, Lily had elected to wear a longer shirt in order to cover those nipples lining her belly, on account of how so many of the guys there had gaped at her, or stared, or snickered when she turned her back. On one occasion, one of them even had the audacity to snap a picture. Lily ended up almost giving up her membership as a result that day, but instead managed to focus her frustration towards working harder at the machines.

*Barely.*

Soon enough she'd gotten over that insecurity though, and now gave a fresh middle finger to anyone that cared enough to bother her about it - and in a way, that actually gave her further motivation for keeping that fur short. That was how she liked to keep the rest of herself, too: trimmed, yet visible. A small morning-itch began along her hip just beneath the waistband of the panties she'd slept in, and seeing how she would have to change out of them anyway, she slipped them off as she scratched it.

And right there, below... a small yet noticeable puff of pubic fur, slightly coarser and more wiry, centered some distance below her belly button and quickly tapering off towards her thighs. That was something *else* that brought out a similar reaction from others: girls loved it, while guys either treated it with disdain or ignored it entirely (though there *had* been that one otter who shoved his nose deep into that fur and took a good, heavy, shivering whiff...). That was okay, though. Nobody ever complained when they had their muzzle buried in it and their... mouth full, so to say.

She stretched her arms over her head, twisted one way, twisted the other, gave voice to a wide yawn, and scratched a different spot on her backside above the base of her tail. On second thought, maybe she'd save the shower for later today. It was Saturday and she had no plans, so... might as well hit up the gym. The exertion and pain from working out wasn't what kept her coming back: it was the feeling of raw, hot *satisfaction* afterwards, the palpable tightening in her muscles, the noticeable improvement in her strength and resilience. Besides, those initial aches and pains had long since tapered off as her muscles became used to *really* working it.

And so many of her recent partners *really* enjoyed a woman stronger than themselves. She'd started getting many more hits after she uploaded that video of her popping a watermelon between her thighs late last month. Admittedly, these newer, considerably more submissive partners gave her a workout of her own... specifically in her hips, upper thighs, lower back; and even more so if she had her strap-on with her.

Which, speaking of... halfway through tugging her shorts up her legs over a new pair of panties, Lily scrambled around in the nightstand by her bed for the harness. That'd be good to bring along with her today, just in case. That was something else that she originally didn't have the confidence to show off, or rather enjoy in its fullness.

Those were the kind of thoughts that drifted lazily around through her head as she went through her routine of whipping up a quick breakfast, then mixing together a quick protein shake, then heading out to her car. It was her second girlfriend who had introduced her to the whole wearable-dick thing, though back then Lily had not been the one to wear the harness. Honestly, though, she could go either way.

One particular time stuck out in particular, enough that she lingered at a light a little too long and only realized that it had turned green after the person behind her started laying into the horn. This time had also been a result of one of her days at the gym, and actually the first on which she'd brought her strap-on along "just in case". All throughout her sets, there had been this... this one fox, smallish, slim, looking like he'd also made a similar new-year's resolution, but had just recently started.

And Lily noticed that he'd been eyeing her, kind of. Watching the way she pumped the weights, watching how she worked the machines, every now and then glancing over when she ran her laps. But it wasn't the weird slimy-eyes that *other* guys gave her: this fox looked upon her with a kind of sincere interest, a sort of wonder and awe. And, naturally, that stroked her ego which had already become a bit swollen by her own effort.

Another right at *this* light, then left on the next... the route to the gym had been so ingrained into her head that now she could make it on autopilot. Lily had taken up the initiative herself to go forward and talk to this fox, and - here her lips curled up a little bit, in a smile at remembering

the way he'd jumped at her voice and almost dropped his own weights. The longer the two chatted, the more it seemed like he wasn't going to get anything done: he fiddled with his things, he kept on *trying* to hold eye contact but always ended up looking away. Eventually, soft-voiced, he gave her the classic "*I've gotta go*" line, and the she-wolf trailed behind him towards the locker rooms hidden within the back halls of the gym building.

So of course he'd been even more surprised when he strolled out and found her waiting for him at the next corner, one thumb hooked around the waistband of her gym shorts, sports bra balled up in her other paw. "*Did you really think you'd get away from me that easily?*" she'd returned, and... well, it took under three minutes to fit that sleek vulpine muzzle of his down between her legs, wolf leaning back against the wall and fox on his knees before her. Felt like he hadn't really done something like that before, but he was certainly eager... so long as Lily didn't watch him. Stage fright.

To tell the truth, though, after that night Lily found herself often revisiting that time in memory, maybe when she'd just crawled into bed after a long day, or was settling in for a comfortable bath with one paw just naturally trickling its way down between her legs. Even now when she pulled into her favorite parking spot, she had to take a moment to herself after shutting the car off, to let out a few hot breaths. As things would turn out, that fox became a *lot* more confident *after* she'd slid her strap-on harness on and told him to switch places with her.

Working out sometimes did that to her. A light, warm breeze curled in along her bared legs once she'd stood up out of her car, and brought that same sweet shiver right back to her. It was something about the physical action, the exertion, the satisfaction and pulsing energy. The adrenaline and effort, maybe. That had *also* become routine, sometimes working its way in to when she showered at the gym - and especially today when she went *in* with that warm, hungry tingling in her lower abdomen...

Hard to stay focused. The wolf had long since gotten to the point where she could easily go through the motions of her warm-ups without breaking a sweat or having to really think about it, and today she used that time to look around the gym. Pretty full, pretty standard for a late Saturday morning; her nose constantly twitched and curled with all the unfamiliar scents and stinging aroma of sweat... and only when she started to feel the distant tugging of muscles protesting in being worked did she center in on her workout. She came here to get ripped, not to get laid. Though, if the opportunity presented itself...

...and, soon enough, it did. Like usual, Lily had to test the waters first, had to keep an eye open and an ear perked towards the rather large shark who took the machine next to her. *Large* in the sense that this shark could probably break a watermelon just as easily as she herself could if not even more so. And the biceps on her, too... hell, the *everything* on her. Deep blue-grey skin, kind of sandpaper-rough and yet shimmery-smooth at the same time, webbed with scars that glittered silver-pink in the fluorescent lights of the gym like she'd fallen into a woodchipper and then crawled her way right back out.

Lily thought she'd been discreet in looking her over, but apparently not. The shark reached up, swiped her headphones off and down across her neck, and half-looked at her, tight sports bra keeping her - *endowments* firm against her chest even with her steady jogging. When she spoke, it was in a low, gravelly voice, just as torn-up as the rest of her body.

"Do I know you?"

"No." Lily answered quickly and confidently, with a small spark of excitement in her heart as well as in her abdomen. It'd been a while since another woman actually intimidated her. "D'ya want to?"

Each woman took a moment between responses, still focused on getting their miles in. Lily had gotten to the point where she could comfortably go for three at this pace without needing to take a break. Seemed like the shark beside her had it turned up a bit higher, though. "I'm Jasca. I don't think I've seen you in here before."

Slight scratchiness, just barely starting in the back of her throat. Probably too early to tell, but the she-wolf had a *pretty* good feeling that Jasca here would gladly quench that thirst. "Lilinoe, but I go by Lily. And - same."

Quiet between them for a moment, other than the mechanical *vvt-vvt-vvt* of each of their treadmills. Jasca started to pull her headphones back up. "I'm gonna go for twenty minutes here. Then you wanna spot me at the weights?"

*Nailed it.* "Only if you do me."

Sharp white fangs glistening in a grin. Lily hadn't thought about how that would sound, and now that she saw that face, she wasn't sure how the shark had taken it. "Deal."

As it would turn out, and hardly to her surprise, Jasca outclassed her. Just - period. Lily had to turn her machine down near the end of those twenty minutes, and then had to take a brief break with her paws on her knees; the shark hadn't even broken a sweat - *side thought: do sharks sweat? She smells like iron and lavender* - and only hardly breathed heavily. She took her turn with the weights first, to Lily's (silent) relief.

Relief especially after sitting by her, thighs parted around her head, half-bent over with arms ready to dive in for the action that would never be asked of them. "I'll start off easy," the shark had murmured, and piled on a hundred pounds... then stepped straight up to a hundred fifty, right up close to Lily's own comfort boundary... then a hundred seventy-five, hundred ninety, two hundred ten... two hundred twenty-five... two hundred *forty*... and only then could some manner of effort really be seen.

Then, it was Lily's turn. And it definitely felt like Jasca knew what was going through her head, looking at that slight smirk and the way she held her shoulders afterwards... though, honestly, that could've just been a reaction to the weights.

A lot of the wolf's fantasies started out like this, to tell the truth: her lying back on one of the benches with someone spotting her, legs maybe a little too close. Whether the gym shorts just half a foot from her muzzle looked flat in front of bulged heavily out depended just on how she felt that particular day, and today... well, she found she *really* didn't mind. And since Jasca had gotten deeper into her workout, the sharp scent hovering off of her had strengthened a little bit as well, and kept the wolf's whiskers twitching and her nose tickling all throughout her own reps. And every time she looked up and breathed out, there glittered steel-silver eyes back down at her, lips tight in concentration.

But when Lily settled down to try for a hundred eighty - there, the slightest of satisfied smiles. That gave her confidence, and rekindled the flame burning in her chest to show off. At one point Jasca actually reached down and patted the wolf's shoulder, enough to catch her attention without throwing off her focus, and then said in that gravelly voice of hers:

"You're doing good. How about we shower at my place? It's just down the street. Get in another half-mile run."

Lily couldn't really reply in her current state, but Jasca seemed to understand. After the weights came a few more exercises, with both of the two very likely showing off for the other during each, until the she-wolf could start to feel the so-familiar slick burning in her arms, her abs, the backs of her legs. Jasca actually started to look a little winded, too, but still she kept it up well enough for the jog back, now with a warmer early-afternoon wind brushing the sweat from each of their brows.

Turned out the shark lived in an apartment complex that Lily passed every day on her way home from work. She adjusted her bag over her shoulder as the two came up on it, jaw hanging open in taking sweet gulps of cool air. Jasca led her through the gate, along the sidewalk, up a short flight of stairs, then up another... and tapped a code into the keypad-lock of her front door, and bumped it open with her shoulder.

Dark inside. Cool, comfortable, faint scent of... some kind of oil diffuser. Lily's tail swayed behind her. "Nice place."

"Thanks. I don't spend a lot of time here."

"So - you'll be showering first?"

The shark turned back around to face her, hands already working to remove her bra. "Where'd you get that idea?"

"Well-" Lily dropped her bag onto the couch, and stretched her arms over her head after.

Jasca's silver eyes, smoother grey in the dim light, briefly flicked down to the bag and then back up to the she-wolf. The words came only after she'd turned to start down the hall. "I said *we'll* shower at my place."

...Oh. Goodness. Was *that* how she made all her partners feel? Little burst of electricity in her chest and between her legs, twitch in her ears, her whiskers, her tail. A short time later, the sharp *hiss* of the shower turned on came from down the hall, and as Jasca came back, she threw her bra in a similar fashion to the couch, smooth-skinned (and, for her build, rather full) breasts just... on display. *Right fuckin' there*. Then, she crossed her arms in front of her chest, and nodded over towards the couch.

"How about you take a seat, Lily?"

What an odd feeling. She licked her lips, swallowed... and obeyed, only to them have those same hands settle on her shoulders - Jasca's scent swirled all around her nose, sharp and rich, tantalizing. So hard not to just... lean forward and plant her muzzle into that cleavage.

As it seemed things would turn out, though, she'd get to plant it somewhere a lot better. Without another word the shark turned her to the side and pushed her down, so that she was lying across the length of the couch with her head on her bag... and then, only partially to Lily's surprise, Jasca took her place above her, though - facing the *other* direction. Head to foot. Or, rather, head to center-abdomen. As she adjusted, she ended up giving Lily a faceful of hot, sweat-damp shorts-front, so of course she took the opportunity and pressed her nose more firmly into that heat.

Been helping each other out all morning; why stop when they left the gym? Lily reached up and slid her fingers beneath the elastic of Jasca's gym shorts, just as she felt the same being done to herself. She lifted her hips up, let the shark slide those down her legs, then settled back down... and couldn't help but breathe a warm shiver out over the panties above her, as Jasca leaned down and - and dragged her tongue over one of the she-wolf's belly-nipples.

*That* was something she actually hadn't felt before. Some of her other partners had - nuzzled, and nosed, and kissed, but never... never curled their tongue around the little sensitive points of flesh, never ran slightly-textured wet flesh down over them, pressing back down into them just as firmly as they perked up against the touch, slight, subtle. But enough. Lily wrapped her arms around the firm thighs above her head, tugging the shark just a little bit closer down, so she could touch her nose up into the warm slit hidden just beneath that already-slightly-moist fabric... and she took that scent in through her nose, and breathed it right back out through parted lips with each of those licks across her own flat belly, again and again.

Slow, careful, halfway between *gentle* and *languid*... Jasca kept herself propped up above the she-wolf with one hand, while the other started to make its way down through the white fur of her lower belly, down towards the waist of her panties. Those fingers cut smoothly through her short fur, slid down beneath the fabric, pressed easily into the slightly thicker section of her pubic fur... and then continued down, surprisingly-soft pads first grazing over her lips and sending small electric jolts of twitchy pleasure through her, then moving to the side to spread her open.

"Already wet..." the shark murmured, her words tickling sweetly out over Lily's sensitive belly. By this point the wolf had lost all track of what she'd originally wanted to do, and instead just continued pressing her nose and muzzle up against what had been so graciously presented for her enjoyment. Though - from what she'd seen of this shark just in the gym earlier, there was no doubt another desire beneath that. "Thought I could smell it on you."

Breathlessly: "Can ya blame me?" - and then Lily took it upon herself to lick her lips, feel the slight moisture from Jasca's own arousal mixed with sweat above her, and reached up to mirror the shark's advances on her. Instead of just touching and caressing with her fingerpads, though, the she-wolf tugged Jasca's panties partially down her thighs, licked her lips again as she looked up... and dove right in, touching her warm nose to the even-warmer soft skin above her. Strong scent, not at all unpleasant; exactly the kind of aroma that got her tingling all over, and made her body unconsciously lift up and grind against those fingers pressed between her thighs. "Looks like *you* can't talk.

"Yeah, and you *shouldn't* be talking." Slight adjustment; Jasca rolled one leg off the couch and stood with it on the floor; and Lily's ears perked, all of a sudden lips-to-lips. That slight moisture started to seep into the fur around her maw, and before she could stop herself-

*Not that I'd want to, hell yeah*

-she'd started digging her tongue up between those lips, dragging smoothly and easily along the slick flesh within. Every exhalation of breath washed out, curled around, and came back in on her just as hot and heavy, laden with Jasca's scent and now her taste, clinging to the back of her throat the more she lapped into those lips. Seemed like this was something else that got a physical reaction out of the shark: small shivers, a little bit of dragging and lagging with that tongue over her nipples, now closing in towards her belly button and the waist of her panties.

And, then, the hunger got the best of this shark. She slid her hand back out of Lily's panties, briefly licked at her fingers, and then - just fucking shoved her nose down into the puff of thick fur beneath the fabric, not even bothering to tug her underwear off first.

Or, rather, she *did*, but did it with her nose and lips rather than her fingers, which came right back down into place to spread her open and make room for that deft tongue. Hard to really describe the way a shark's tongue felt, but... Lily found herself gripping more tightly around those muscled thighs, her own muzzle pressed firmly into Jasca's sex. Right here she could feel her twitch and clench in response to every slight movement of her lips, every little change in her expression that came as a result of that tongue working in her. All she could do was just... feel the heat and wetness seep down across her muzzle, and breathe that strong scent.

Not that Jasca minded, really. The shark seemed perfectly content to churn her hips and grind herself against the she-wolf's muzzle beneath her, even as she still worked herself. Fingers kept Lily spread, while her tongue alternated between swirling lightly around her clit and dragging down, digging in, pressing deeper...

Until she felt a series of short taps against her thighs, and then the shark's muffled voice: "...if you crush my head, I'm gonna crush yours right back-"

Hadn't realized she'd been tensing up like that. That happened sometimes. On more than one occasion someone had come up from between her legs, gasping and panting her breath while looking deeply satisfied at the same time. Lily let out another shuddering breath, and responded by dragging her nose and tongue up along the slick flesh above her. Probably high time she got to paying back the favor. "Sorry," she managed - and then this time had to put conscious effort into keeping herself from doing it again, as Jasca got right back into it.

The hiss of the shower faded away in the back of her head once she finally started focusing on what was right here in front of her - and also grinding right up against her face and cheek, hardly giving her room to breathe, much less swallow. Again and again she drew her tongue up between those lips, mirroring Jasca's treatments of herself; if she focused on her clit, she got a lot of tense shivering, heightened breaths, staccato grunts... and if she moved down (or up, relatively) and swirled and pressed her tongue up *into* the shark, there was clenching, grinding, squirming, no shortage of enjoyment. Very quickly got to the point where Lily... couldn't really tell whether it was saliva or arousal dripping down her cheek from the corner of her mouth. Same for the wetness between her own legs, soaking into the cushion of the couch beneath her; not much longer like this, and soon Jasca would *really* be needing a shower.

If things would get to that point at all, that was. Right as that bright pleasure started to close in on her and sharpen up between her legs, right as her natural tensing and clenching overtook her physical attempt to keep from squeezing on Jasca's head - the shark drew her tongue back

out of her and into her own mouth, swallowed down the she-wolf's slickness and taste, and then straightened up, briefly settling her weight back onto Lily's muzzle, broad base of her tail resting across the arm of the couch behind her. Lily half-opened her eyes, lips puckered forward in a deep, wet kiss with the sex that sat across her muzzle... and looked up right towards the shark's puckered tailhole above her, rhythmically clenching and relaxing in the same rhythm with the wet muscles around her tongue.

Jasca half-turned her head and looked down at the she-wolf beneath her, jaw hanging open in labored breathing. "You've got a strap-on in that bag of yours, don'tcha?"

Did... did she expect a verbal response? Not like she had much of an option, with... probably two hundred twenty-something pounds of tight, firm muscle sitting atop her face, thick legs squeezing around her muzzle and holding her place. Lily tried her best to nod.

"You wanna fuck me with it?"

Admittedly, she raised her eyebrows at that. If anything, she'd expected Jasca to be the one to wear it. A brief pause - and a gentle squeezing around her head, which spurred her on to continue working with her tongue even though her jaw had started to throb with that familiar soreness. Just - lap, lap, lap, press her lips deeper, feel the heat and the wet slickness, swallow down the slightly-salty taste of the shark's arousal, feel the way she grinded and rubbed down against her... and then Lily nodded again.

With that, Jasca lifted herself up off of her and stood beside the couch, and Lily took her first gasp of cool, fresh air in a while - and still the shark's taste and scent hung heavily on her muzzle. She half-straightened up, propping herself up on her elbows for a moment, and drew her tongue out over her lips to bring that taste in and swallow it down. Then she spun to the side, parting her legs around the shark still standing there by the couch, and reached over towards the bag beside her.

Then, as she reached in: "Am I gonna be fucking you? Or are you gonna be fuckin' yourself on me?"

Another sharp-toothed grin. Jasca looked *damn* nice, standing there totally naked - she'd slid her shorts and underwear down her legs after standing up, and kicked them off towards the other side of the room - with her leathery-smooth skin crossed with scars, wide hips, broad shoulders, rippled belly, lovely slit and thick tail behind... "Get that thing on and we'll find out."

Jasca did not give her any room when the she-wolf stood to do so. The two stood probably a quarter of a foot from one another, able to feel each other's breath and the heat of their bodies, heavy breasts close to touching... and then they *did* touch as Lily leaned over to start sliding that harness up her legs. It'd taken her a while to get used to the feeling, and to become accustomed to the necessary movements - being a woman, she hadn't had any experience with topping until well into adulthood.

Then, after she leaned back down to grab the strap-on itself and affix it into place... warm, smooth lips against her neck, unbelievably-sharp fangs beneath. Jasca gently set her teeth against the wolf's neck, holding her there, chewing in just a little bit... and just enough to revitalize that sweet, energetic shiver through her back and down towards the base of her tail.

When the shark finally released her from that soft nip, Lily fell bodily back down to the couch, and lazily fixed the strap-on into place.

Then, she spread her legs and motioned down to her lap, and returned that grin. "Get to work."

Yet again, she didn't expect things to go her way. One leg thrown up beside her, then the weight of Jasca's body settling down on top of her, hands on her shoulders pressing her in... and the *heat* of her body, needy arousal practically emanating out of the larger shark in the way she moved, how she breathed, how she dug her fingers into the she-wolf's shoulders. She sank down slowly and easily onto the silicone of Lily's strap-on, probably already well-lubed enough by her own arousal and by the saliva rolling down her inner thigh.

*Guess that answers that*, Lily thought. Jasca's eyes had fluttered shut pretty much as soon as she'd started riding the wolf, and already she had her body pressed down against Lily's hips... and with that motion, with that weight and pressure, she started to lift herself right back up and get into that smooth rhythm, a little faster and heavier than so many of the other partners who had sank down into Lily's lap.

She rested her paws on the shark's thighs and watched as she worked, the changing expression of her face and her breath, how once she got into the rhythm, she move one hand up to grip her own breast and lowered the other down to rub smoothly over her clit. Some spring down in the couch, or maybe it was the nails holding the frame together, started to squeak in rhythm with her bouncing - and Lily could *definitely* feel the shark's mass and muscle leading through her, pushing her down and just as easily pulling her back up. Seeing that deep, carnal enjoyment and the desire, the *need*, did something for Lily herself, too.

And, then, something else - just as she felt that mouth and teeth against her neck a moment before, now one of those hands came up, tilted her chin up, and... Jasca pressed her mouth to Lily's, heavily, deeply. She could still taste herself on that tongue and lips, and felt quite certain that the shark could do the same: she put a little more force and urgency into her riding, ran her fingers a little harder against herself, brought in ragged breaths through her nose like when they'd just finished their workouts earlier.

Hand firm on her chin, breath hot and hard out across her muzzle and whiskers, same tongue that had just been a good inch or so inside of her now pushing and curling and wrestling against her own, further mixing and muddying the tastes in the back of her throat and the slickness that she had to swallow down... if there hadn't been this mass of shark muscle riding her into the cushions, nothing would've stopped her from reaching down with both paws and getting herself off. Except, maybe, that it'd be rude to stain this nice couch like that.

Really felt like Jasca would be taking that into her own hands, at least. Lily liked to imagine she could still feel the pulsing and clenching as she rode, and the hot, wet slickness sinking down onto her strap-on, hitching there at the base, sliding back up... sometimes if she closed her eyes and leaned her head back, which she couldn't right now due to the sharp teeth threatening to pierce right through her upper lip, some part of her mind *almost* tricked her into actually physically experiencing those feelings.

That fox that forced his way into her mind so often, in the hallways around the locker rooms? Having him fuck himself against her strap-on had gotten her so close to her own peak that once

he'd finished, Lily ended up shoving his head down between her legs... and ended up shuddering and hitting that peak as soon as his lips touched hers.

Above her, Jasca retreated out of the kiss of her own accord, and Lily was about to ask what was wrong - but the shark's actions removed any doubt. Fast, hard bucks of her hips, pressing the base of the strap-on harness into the wolf's lower abdomen; open-mouthed panting, gasping, moaning; jerking once, and then shuddering, and relaxing down... and Jasca leaned forward and bumped her forehead against Lily's shoulder. Smelled like sweat and sex and, very very faintly, lavender perfume.

Then, a moment later in a breathy voice: "The shower's... probably ready..."

And Jasca straightened back up, though remained totally hilted in Lily's lap. She gave a few little humps, gentle lifts from her hips, and watched the way the tension in the shark's face melted away a little bit more each time. So much different from the strong, stoic woman who had first taken the treadmill machine next to her.

"Yeah." Lily licked her lips, tasting the shark's saliva still on her own. "Wanna go again after? You can't tell me you don't have the stamina."

Those hands settled down against her shoulders again, as Jasca started to lift herself up off of her. And - another sharp-toothed grin, silver eyes glimmering: "Am I gonna be fucking you, or are you gonna fuck yourself on me?"

Wasn't hard to return that grin, then. What she felt in her muscles and her abs now was an entirely different kind of sweet burn and tension, and - *God* - she wanted more. By the end of the night, they might as well have to take another shower.

That wouldn't be so bad. Lily watched as Jasca made her way back down the hall, long tail swaying behind her, and then stood up to follow.