

Chapter Three

Blue Angel

Zuzka took her time showering. She lavished in the wonderfully warm water, after having been on the freezing streets for most of the last few days. She found some shampoo in the shower that worked well to un-cake the wolf's come from her fur and hair. Turning the water off, finally, she noticed a button labeled 'Dry' on the wall of the shower. She pressed it, and was greeted with jets of warm air that quickly dried her off and left her whole body feeling cozy-warm, and velvety-soft.

She stepped out of the shower and wiped the fog away from the bathroom mirror. She opened up her purse and pulled out a hair brush. After several minutes spent getting her hair tamed, she then pulled out a make-up kit, and began reapplying her cosmetics. When she felt and looked as beautiful as she ever had, she left the bathroom.

The first thing that greeted her when she entered the bedroom was the delicious scent of wonderful food wafting up from downstairs, and her stomach growled in anticipation. She hurried over to the bed, where a robe was laid out for her. It was short; just barely long enough to cover her loins; and wonderfully soft; made of terry-cloth. She smiled to herself, sniffing at the clean-smelling robe, and wondered, *{How long can I keep this one? He's being so sweet to me!}*

As she climbed downstairs, she took notice of some pictures along the wall, that she had been oblivious to on her way up. In nearly all of the photos was the wolf. However, some of them must have been his father, grandfather, and older ancestors, because some of the photos seemed to date back to the very invention of photography. Many of the wolves in the photographs were wearing uniforms that dated them. She recognized pictures from World War II, and World War I. There were more uniformed pictures that

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looked older, but Zuzka had never done well in history class, and she certainly didn't know anything beyond European history. Every single one of the wolves central to the photographs looked identical; as far as she could tell; to hers.

She paused as she reached the bottom of the stairs, smiling to herself at what she had just thought. *{Mine. Could I really be so lucky? He's being so nice, I hope this lasts.}* She rounded the banister, and entered into the kitchen, where the wolf was setting out plates of the delicious-smelling food for the both of them.

"I hope you like Italian," he said, and upon looking up and seeing her, he added in a quiet, stunned sort of voice, "You are absolutely *beautiful!*"

Zuzka blushed, and merely replied, "Yes, I love Italian."

"Your accent; do you mind if I ask where you're from?" he asked, as he pulled out the chair for her to sit down.

"Czech Republic," she stated as she examined the steaming plate in front of her. It was chicken-Parmesan, and it looked fantastic.

"Ah," he nodded to himself, "Wine?" he asked, as he opened the refrigerator and pulled out a bottle of white wine.

"Yes, please!" she grinned enthusiastically. Zuzka wasn't much of a connoisseur when it came to wine, but she certainly did enjoy a drink. He poured wine for the both of them, placed the bottle on the table between them, and took his own seat.

"Please, dig in," he gestured to her, and started on his own food.

Zuzka, however clutched the silver cross around her neck, closed her eyes and muttered a quick little prayer, before attacking her meal with enthusiasm. They were both ravenously hungry, and ate in silence for several minutes. The wine was as delicious as the food, though Zuzka didn't have the foggiest idea what sort it was, other than white.

"I speak a few different languages; unfortunately Czech is *not* one of them," he remarked.

"Is my English bad?" she asked with a hint of concern.

"Oh no! It's perfectly understandable," he reassured her. "Your accent is strong, but it's also quite sexy," he smiled at her, and she blushed again. "I have to admit, I'm a sucker for girls with accents."

She drained her wine glass, and he refilled it for.

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"How long have you been in America?" he asked her.

"A few months," she said with a frown, remembering how she had got here. She resumed eating and didn't look up.

The wolf could obviously tell she was bothered. "I'm sorry, I didn't mean to pry. I guess... I guess things haven't been going too good for you since you got here?"

"Not until I met you," she smiled, looking up at him, finally. "You are being very good to me," she added before taking another bite.

The wolf smiled back, "You're being... very good to me as well, Zuzka."

Zuzka blushed as she chewed her food. His use of her name registered the fact in her own mind that she didn't yet know his. "What is your name?" she asked, hesitantly when she had finished chewing.

He was midway through taking a sip of wine, and the question caused him to inhale some of the wine. Zuzka couldn't help laughing a little. After he had finished coughing and sputtering, he apologized, "I'm sorry, I forgot to ever introduce myself!" He clutched his chest as he stifled another cough. "Most furs call me 'Lycanthris', but my close friends call me 'Mac'."

"Mac..." she smiled as his name passed her lips. A memory occurred to her of a regular John from Scotland she had serviced while she was still back in Europe. "This is a name Scottish furs use, yes?"

He nodded, "I'm not from Scotland, but near there. My people used names similar to the Scots, long ago. My surname is 'MacMurchada', so 'Mac' is short for that, just like a Scotch name."

"You sound American, not British," Zuzka stated, a bit nonplussed.

"I've been living in America..." he paused, presumably counting the years, "a long time," he concluded, obviously deciding not to give a clue as to how old he actually was.

"It is not a bad thing to be older," she offered, flirtatiously. "Older men are wiser. They have more experience," she winked at him, "They act mature; not like crazy, little boys."

He chuckled. "Don't let the wine, and the house fool you. In my youth... a long, long time ago," he sighed, "I was very wild, and very immature. You might even say I was 'berserk'," he added with a wry, little smile to himself before taking another gulp of wine.

"So you are a bad-boy," she said playfully.

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He smiled wryly again, "Reformed, I hope." Mac seemed to become very somber after that. He took an excessively long time chewing his last bite of food, and moved the other bits of food around on his plate distractedly before finally continuing. "I did a lot of very... *bad*... things in my youth. Hurt a lot of people. I've been trying to make up for it ever since; trying to help people who are in trouble. Furs like you, who've had a rough time," he smiled kindly at her, and drained his glass of wine. "You know, you really didn't have to give me that blow-job, and you don't have to sleep with me... if you don't want to, that is," he added hopefully. "I would have helped you out, in any case."

She got up and crossed around the table to him, where she got down on her knees, and nestled her head against his solid chest. "You are being so good to me," she said, looking up at him with her big, sky-blue eyes. "I like making sex with you. You make me feel safe, and good. I hope I can help make you feel good, too."

He smiled at her again, and drew her up onto his lap, where he kissed her deeply once more, and caressed her face. "You are making me feel wonderful, kitten," he whispered to her quietly.

Zuzka's heart leapt inside her at his words, and she kissed him deeply again. She nuzzled her muzzle against his, purring happily, when their lips finally parted. He reached across the table and drew her plate and glass over to them. They finished their meal with Zuzka sitting in his lap, and interspersed with deep, affectionate kisses.

* * * * *

Their conversation grew more relaxed as they consumed more and more wine. Zuzka told him a little about her childhood in the Czech Republic, but stopped when her tale was about to reach the point where everything turned sour in her life. She asked Mac about the wolves in the photographs, and he gladly told her about his ancestors, and the adventures behind the photographs. Perhaps it was the wine, but he seemed to sometimes get confused, and talk as though he were the one fighting the Nazis in World War II, or helping free slaves during the American Civil War. *{Of course, that would have been impossible,}* Zuzka mused. He would have to be hundreds of years old, by all the things he was telling her about. He didn't talk much about his own life, or his youth. She gathered that he was in some sort of gang that traveled around; *{Perhaps a*

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motorcycle gang?} she thought; and robbed people and towns. He said he gave that life up long ago, and now he seemed to live a quiet, solitary sort of life.

By the time they were into their third bottle of wine, they had moved to the couches in the living room, in front of the television. Zuzka was lying cradled in his arms, her robe opened, and his hands exploring her exquisite breasts, and teasing her loins. She had gotten his shirt off, and undone his pants once again, reaching down to tease his ample organ.

They finished the last of the wine in the bottle, and he got up to use the toilet. When he came back, Zuzka was laying spread-out on the couch, toying with herself with one hand, the other arm up behind her head on a throw-pillow. She looked up at him hungrily as he returned. He paused to stand, looking down at her pleasuring herself; clearly he was enjoying the show. She gave a sort of whimper, and then gave him her signature lip-biting, eye-lash-batting look.

He smiled and bent down to lift her up. He picked up her slight, one-hundred-thirty-pound body in his powerful arms as though she weighed no more than a feather. She wrapped her arms about his neck, and kissed him passionately. Zuzka felt the fireworks going off between their lips again, her heart was fluttering, and her whole body was slightly numb and tingling, as though she were half-way to orgasm already.

She nuzzled her head into Mac's shoulder as he turned and carried her up the stairs to the bedroom. There, he set her gently down on the edge of the bed, and sunk to his knees in front of her. Even suppliant as he was before her, the giant wolf was still at eye-level with her. He waited for her, gazing patiently into her big, sky-blue eyes.

Lycanthris didn't know exactly what had happened to Zuzka before, but he had a good guess. He sensed that she had been abused, and made powerless. He wanted to give that back to her. So, he waited. He waited for Zuzka to take control, as she had in the bathroom, and to invite him to her.

She raised one of her paws, hesitantly at first, then reached out to caress his cheek. He responded by nuzzling back against her paw, then he took her hand in his, and kissed it gently without breaking eye contact with her. Zuzka gasped as tears welled up in her eyes. She wasn't sad, though. Far from it. This was the happiest, the most-loved she had ever felt in years. She drew his face to hers and they kissed deeply, yet again. They rubbed their muzzles against one another, they inhaled each others' scents, and

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she nipped gently; playfully; at his cheek.

He began planting gentle kisses on her cheek, then down her throat, and over her clavicles. Zuzka shuddered with delight; her soft breasts jiggling with the movement of her torso, and the giddy, electric, numb feeling intensifying throughout her body. She place one of her hands on the top of his head, and pushed his face into her soft, jello-y tits. His massive paws were just the right size to take hold of her large melons. He squeezed and teased them gently, while his wide, soft tongue swirled around her areolas. Her nipples were as hard as diamonds, now, and Lycanthris flicked his tongue delicately over them, then tugged at them gently with his teeth.

“Hhnnngghhh,” she squeaked. Her body shuddered, and her loins tensed as slight orgasm rumbled through her slim body. Zuzka felt a wetness between her thighs. Her little pussy was hungry; begging for attention, and slaving for the long, thick slab of hot meat that Zuzka's conscious mind knew was waiting for her. *{Not just yet,}* she told her loins.

She pushed down on Mac's head, and he eagerly took the clue. His tail was wagging vigorously as he kissed his way down her flat stomach. Zuzka smiled to herself as she caressed the top of his head, gently scratching his scalp with her claws. She had always found it cute when the canine men she had been with wagged their tails. The dichotomy of the big, tough-acting wolf involuntarily showing such a playful side made her giggle.

The giggle turned into a gasp as he swirled his wet tongue about her pierced belly button, causing her stomach to do flip-flops. He continued down her abdomen, and then looked up at her with his deep, green eyes, waiting for permission to continue. Her big, blue eyes were shining as she looked back into his, bit her lower-lip, and nodded. He gently pressed her thighs apart, then lifted her up slightly, adjusting the way she sat on the bed, so that she was presented more fully to him.

He kissed along her inner thighs, moving slowly back and forth between her two legs; teasing her as he drew closer to her wet, quivering pussy. Zuzka's tail flicked manically behind her, and she bit her lower-lip with anticipation. Lycanthris placed his soft, wide tongue at the small, tear-drop shaped opening at the bottom of Zuzka's thick outer-labia. He gave her a long, slow, wet lick; pressing his tongue firmly, but gently between her lips as he ran it up the length of her slit. She tasted wonderful; sweet and

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slightly tangy, with the vaguest hint of salt lingering on her flesh.

Zuzka gave a small squeak, and shuddered with delight. When he reached her clit, Mac lolled her love-nub on the tip of his wide, salivating tongue. “Uuunnnnn,” she moaned, and raked her claws gently across his scalp. She gripped the base of his skull, and pressed his face further into her. He responded enthusiastically, giving a soft kiss to her clitoris then nuzzling his nose into her crown of brown pubic fur, where he inhaled the intoxicating scent of her pheromones with his powerful, canine nose.

He returned to licking her pink folds, which were now positively dripping wet with her excited secretions. Just as she had made sure to give ample attention to his entire cock when she had blown him a few hours previously, so did he make sure to worship every millimeter of her succulent snatch with his tongue.

Rapt with pleasure, Zuzka reclined and lay back on the bed. She moaned and purred, and gripped the bed sheets tightly in her fists, twisting and curling them as she sought to contain the orgasm welling up inside of her. Her tail was whipping about wildly as the giddy, numb, electric sensation permeated every pore of her body. Lycanthris's tongue continued to dance about her pussy, like some sort of perverted ballet dancer; stopping only to do pirouettes on her clit. The men Zuzka had serviced had often wanted to go down on her, for her pussy was; by all objective standards; an extraordinary specimen of the female anatomy. None of them, however, had even come close to the level of skill with which her big wolf was now pleasuring her.

“Hhhnnnnnnnnngggghhhh!!!” she cried out as her body exploded in orgasm. Her toes curled, and her legs lifted up and tried to clamp shut about Mac's head of their own accord, but his powerful hands pushed back gently against her thighs, preventing her from involuntarily suffocating him in her loins. He didn't let up, and continued to lick and tease her vulva. Her slight body shook and convulsed, causing her large breasts to jiggle as she rode through one orgasmic wave after another.

He began to alter his routine slightly, tracing his tongue along her taint when he reached the bottom of her dripping orifice. Zuzka was gasping for breath between her moans and howls of pleasure. Then he gently flicked his tongue over her anus; something no one had ever done to her before; and she was once again wracked with violent, convulsive orgasms.

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He let up off her now, going back to planting soft kisses on her inner thighs, and allowing Zuzka a brief respite. After a minute or so, she had finally caught her breath, and propped herself up on her elbows, so that she could look back down at him across her own, magnificent body. "Oh, Mac," she cooed between loud purrs, and reached down to caress the top of his head.

Lycanthris smiled up at her, his tail still wagging happily, and moved in to lick her again. He spent a few moments lapping up the sweet juices that were seeping from her honey pot. Then he removed one of his paws from her thighs, and began teasing her tight little hole with one of his large, thick fingers. Slowly, gently, he worked his finger further and further inside of her, just as if she were a virgin; requiring the utmost tenderness and delicate handling. Indeed, Zuzka felt like it was her first time all over again, only this time she was in love, and actually being made love to; not the crude imitation she had experienced in her previous life.

Mac resumed kissing and sucking on her clit as he gently worked his finger inside of her. She was unimaginably tight, and in her wet, little hole, his finger felt as though it were being powerfully sucked upon in a salivating mouth. He pressed gently with the ball of his finger on the anterior wall of her vagina; searching for that one special place to tease her as he moved his finger slowly in and out of her.

A shuddering gasp, and Zuzka's nails raking across his scalp told him when he had found her G-spot. His second paw left her other thigh, and pressed down firmly on her abdomen as he continued to work his finger inside of her and minister to her clit with his tongue.

“Uuuuuuuuuuuunnn!!!” an uncharacteristically low, deep moan escaped from somewhere deep inside Zuzka's lungs. She clamped her legs against his shoulders as he compressed her Gräfenberg spot between his paw on her abdomen and the finger he had inside her. Zuzka went nearly catatonic with ecstasy. No thoughts could form within her head, and all she could feel was the orgasmic, electric numbness overtaking her entire body. Unconsciously, she convulsed, bucking her hips, and fucking back against his finger. Lycanthris didn't relent; continuing to finger-fuck her G-spot inside her wet, little hole and tease her clit with his tongue.

Zuzka's entire body tensed, and as she gasped for air in between her moans and purrs; just on the verge of orgasm; she felt a curious sensation in her loins. She

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suddenly felt as though she had to pee. And, just as that sensation was able to break through the walls of pre-orgasmic pleasure into her conscious mind, her body exploded in pleasure.

“Hhhnnnnnnngggggghhhhhhhh-AAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!” the high-pitched howl escaped her throat. It was by far the biggest orgasm she had ever had in her entire life. She could feel a stream of liquid shooting forth from of her loins, and when this registered in her conscious mind, she was sure that she was urinating. Zuzka was mortified, but couldn't stop herself as her hips jerked and her body writhed in ecstasy.

When she was finally able to gain some control over herself, she cupped her face in her hands, clamped her legs shut, and rolled over into a fetal position, sobbing in embarrassment.

“Zuzka? Sweetie, what's wrong?” Mac asked her. She could feel the bed shift as he climbed up, and lay down next to her. One of his big paws caressed her shoulder gently.

“I cannot believe what I did!” she wailed into her hands.

“What do you mean, honey? I... I thought you wanted me to lick you. I didn't hurt you somehow, did I?” he asked worriedly.

She sniffed loudly, and wiped at her face with her paws before finally daring to look at him. “N.. no. It felt wonderful. I... I cannot believe I peed all over you. Like a little girl!” she began crying anew.

What Lycanthris did next was the last thing she had expected from him; he burst out laughing. “Oh! Is that what you thought happened? Oh, sweetie, no! No, that's not what you did at all!” he assured her. He rubbed her shoulder some more, in a comforting sort of way, and placed a soft kiss there as well.

“I... I did not?” she ventured weakly.

“No! Honey, you *came*; you ejaculated,” he explained to her.

“G... girls can really do this?” she asked. She had heard about it from some of her 'coworkers', but they all seemed to think it was a myth.

“Not all of them,” Mac admitted, “but some.”

“I did not pee on you?”

“No,” he reassured her, “It's completely different, like when a man comes. It's not urine. It's not a bad thing, sweetie,” he reached down and wiped the tears from her face.

“Y... you still want me?” she asked shakily.

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"More than anything," he smiled back at her.

Mac leaned in, kissed her gently on the lips, and then got up off the bed. He pulled down the bed covers, revealing soft, silk sheets underneath. He picked Zuzka up easily once more, and set her down on the sheets. She smiled, and bit her lower-lip as she watched him pull off his jeans. His huge cock sprung out of his pants; just as it had in the bathroom earlier; already half-erect from the excitement of licking her tender, sweet pussy.

He crawled into the bed next to her, and kissed Zuzka again deeply; passionately. Mac drew the sheets up so that they were both covered up to the waist. He pulled Zuzka tightly against him as they continued to kiss, trading their tongues back and forth between one another's mouths. She snaked one arm around his neck, pulling herself to him, while her other hand slipped down beneath the sheets to stroke his massive organ.

When Zuzka could feel his rod become as rigid as a piece of wood, she directed his cock towards her still sopping-wet pussy. She teased the tip of his cock between her lips, and against her clit.

Finally breaking apart their kissing-marathon, Lycanthris whispered into her ear, "Are you ready?"

She nodded, biting her lip again with anticipation. Zuzka had been with big men before. But none quite so big as this wolf was. Now that she was on the verge of having him inside her, she was more than a little nervous.

Mac seemed to sense her apprehension, "I'll go really slow, okay? If it hurts even a little, don't be afraid to tell me, alright? The last thing I want to do is cause you any kind of pain," he smiled down at her, and caressed her cheek.

"I trust you," she smiled back at him, and drew him into another kiss.

Mac began pressing the tip of his huge cock further inside her, spreading her mound and her rosy inner-lips apart. Zuzka squeaked with pleasure, and he gasped as her incredibly tight, insatiable, little, teenage hole gripped the head of his cock. As big as he was, Mac was accustomed to most women feeling tight to him, but it had been a long, long time since he had felt any girl as tight as Zuzka.

He paused with the head of his cock inside her, allowing her to adjust to his girth. Her cunt was seeping even more juices as her subconscious mind readied her for his immense rod. She moaned again as he pressed a little further inside her. Lycanthris

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paused again and kissed her gently over her cheek, neck, and shoulders, and teased her big, soft tits. He continued to kiss Zuzka over her body as he pushed into her even further.

Zuzka moaned deeply again as his huge cock stretched her tight, little pussy, pressing against her g-spot. He paused again, this time rocking back and forth slightly so that the head of his dick rubbed against the super-sensitive erogenous zone inside her vagina. She wrapped her arms under his, and dug her claws into his back as she pulled herself closer to him, and forced him much deeper inside herself.

She squealed with a mixture of delight, and a slight bit of pain. He was as far inside of her as she could take him, but there was still a good three or four inches of his cock left outside of her. Zuzka nuzzled her head into his chest and began purring loudly as he slowly worked himself back and forth inside of her. His powerful arms wrapped around her slender waist, and one of his massive paws grabbed a handful of her perfect ass, as he continued to kiss her tenderly, and nip gently at any part of her body that his muzzle could reach.

Zuzka's tail snaked-up and wrapped around his waist, and she hooked one her long, slender legs over his bucking hips. She used the leverage to help Mac press himself into her with more force, letting him know that he needn't be quite so gentle with her. He drew her face up from his chest with one paw, and kissed her deeply as he thrust faster into her.

Zuzka gave soft squeaks and moans of pleasure interspersed between her loud purrs. Lycanthris rolled her onto her back, so that they were in the classic position. He supported most of his large form on his elbows, but allowed his lower torso to sink onto Zuzka's abdomen so that once again pressure would be put on her G-spot, as it was compressed between his weight, and his massive shaft. "Uuuuuunnnnnnnnn," she moaned happily, wrapped her other leg up about his hips, and locked her ankles together.

He was breathing heavily in her ear now. Zuzka's tight, little cunt was gripping every millimeter of his cock that he could manage to fit inside her like a vice, yet she was so wet that he could still slide easily in and out of her. The sounds of her wet little pussy squishing and squelching as he rode her were audible, even over their combined moans and sighs pleasure.

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"Hhhhuuuuuu-uuuuunnnnnfffff," she began to wail as an orgasm exploded through her body, but was cut-off as he pressed his lips to hers once more. They kissed passionately, his tongue delving into her muzzle and massaging hers. Zuzka's toes curled and her claws dug into his back as her thighs tried to clamped together around his waist, pulling him down onto her.

Lycanthris slowed his rhythm as her pussy clenched his rod even more tightly. The head of his penis was tingling with pleasure; pre-come seeping from the tip; and he was beginning to feel flush. He knew he was close, but he wanted to make this last, so he resumed fucking her more gently. Between how tight she felt with her muscles contracted, and how wet she was, it felt as though her cunt was actively sucking on his cock. If it had not been for how thoroughly she had drained him when she had sucked his cock earlier, he probably wouldn't have been able to contain himself.

They made love like this for a long time; Mac gradually building up steam from a gentle starting rhythm as he drove in and out of Zuzka, bringing her to orgasm several times, and nearly coming himself each time her insatiable little cunt clamped around his shaft. All the while they would be kissing, nipping, and clutching each other tightly as they rolled around in the silken sheets, trading positions.

"Where can I come, sweetie?" she heard him whisper in her ear finally, as he paused his thrusts. They were back to him being on top of her, and she was very nearly about to orgasm again. So was he, apparently.

"Mmmmm... In my mouth! I love the way you taste!" she purred back into his ear, and gave him a mischievous smile.

Lycanthris grinned back at her as he resumed driving his shaft into her tight, wet, little hole. He rose up to his knees, and pulled her legs apart from around his waist, so that she wouldn't trap him inside herself when she climaxed.

"Hnnnn-AAAAHHHHHHH!!!" Zuzka's back arched as she orgasmed. She began squirting once more as she bore down on him, and Lycanthris slipped easily from inside her sopping cunt. He moved with surprising speed and agility to kneel over her waiting mouth. She gripped his shaft with one hand while the other slipped down between her bucking hips to tease her clit. She guided his trembling cock into her ravenous mouth, and as soon as the tip of his cock touched her soft tongue, he erupted, tilting his head back and letting out an excited howl.

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He came profusely, just as before, coating her beautiful face, and filling her eager mouth with gobs of jizz. Lycanthris's howl subsided along with his ejaculations, and he looked down at Zuzka. She swallowed what she had in her mouth, and grinned back up at him through the one of her big, sky-blue eyes that wasn't covered in come. He caressed her head lovingly, and helped her wipe off her face. She licked his come from his fingers, and giggled.

Lycanthris moved back down the bed, where he drew aside the sheets, and lowered his face between her thighs again. He greedily lapped up her juices and began to tease her rosy folds with his tongue again. Zuzka sighed happily, and continued to clean herself. Several orgasms later, and he kissed his way back up her stomach and torso, stopping to play with her perfect tits again.

His cock was thoroughly rigid once again, and now that she was used to his size, he was able to enter her at a much quicker pace. They made love for a long time; his thick cock rhythmically pumping in and out of her, pressing against all of her most sensitive, internal areas, as she clenched him with her impossibly tight, wet, teenage pussy.

"Come inside me!" she instructed him when she could tell he was close. She could feel the powerful jets of his come squirting inside her as she bore down on his shaft in climax as well.

He stayed inside her as they kissed and cuddled afterward, and he drew the sheets and comforter up about them once more. Since he was still very hard, Zuzka began grinding against Mac again, and taking her cue, he rolled her onto her back, and made love to her for a third time, slowly and gently. He came inside her for the second time as they orgasmed together, and then rolled onto his back, pulling her on top of him.

"Oh god, kitten," he panted, and kissed her on her forehead. Zuzka had collapsed on top of his great, solid chest purring loudly with him still inside of her. Her slim body was as light as a feather to him, and he wrapped his arms about her, hugging her so close, that their bodies might have fused together.

"I do not think I can do again tonight," she murmured sleepily into his chest.

"Oh, that's alright, angel," he said, drawing her up so she was face to face with him, and then kissed her. "I think I'm spent too," he smiled, as they broke apart.

He reached up and flipped a light switch above the bed's head-board. The room was now only illuminated by patches of soft, pale moonlight coming in through the large

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windows that looked out into the forest. The kissed and caressed each other for a long time in the dark, and whispered sweet things to each other. Finally Zuzka nuzzled her head into the crook of his neck and shoulder, and closed her eyes. She felt safe, and at peace for the first time in years as she fell into the deepest sleep she had experienced in a long time, purring contentedly. She still had his semi-hard shaft partially inside her.

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