

Lab Rat

(02/27/2018)

Layna stands by a workbench, waiting for the centrifuge to stop spinning as she glances over to Mike. Layna is a canine Voeldahn with a thick coat of soft black fur, a long snout, floppy ears, and amber eyes. She has been interested in Mike since she first began working for the research and development branch of the pharmaceutical company, five weeks earlier. She leans against the workbench as the machine whirs, gazing at the rodent Voeldahn. His short coat of white fur shines in the artificial light of the laboratory. His pink, fleshy tail sways from side to side as he sits in a chair and types at a computer, his furless hands clicking the keys.

He reaches a hand up, brushing the shaggy blonde hair from his face and over his large round ears. He glances over to her with his emerald green eyes. His lips curl up on his short and broad snout, forming a faint smile. She smiles back and checks the ponytail of her long black hair, her bushy tail wagging. As the centrifuge slows to a stop, she takes the test tubes from the machine and carries them to a freezer across the room. His eyes scan the five foot and seven inch tall woman who stands three inches taller than him. Her ample D-cup breasts bounce gently as she walks through the room. Her figure is curvy; she is not slender, but she is also not overweight.

He feels the blood rushing to his loins as his eyes follow the beautiful woman, focusing on her ample buttocks. He tries not to appear as though he is watching her. He has struggled to speak to her since she joined the team. All he needs is an opportunity to be alone with her. Layna returns to her workstation opposite Mike's, trying not to look like she is scanning his slim body with her eyes. She wishes they could grow closer, but hasn't had a chance to be alone with him. She wonders if she should initiate a conversation as she sits across

from him. They work at their respective computer terminals, typing in awkward silence while several other lab techs work alongside them.

Suddenly, an overweight older feline Voeldahn with orange tabby fur enters the lab. James, the director of their department, runs his fingers through his short red hair, glancing at the surprised lab techs. He slips his hands into the pockets of his expensive suit jacket.

"Hello everyone." James begins. "I need a few volunteers to stay late tonight."

"What's up, boss?" A random lab tech asks.

"Yeah, I thought we were on schedule." Another remarks.

"Oh, we are. I don't need anyone to do any actual work. We just have a shipment that is running horribly late. It might not even show up today, but the company, in their infinite wisdom, has cut the late-night security team." James replies.

"So... What would we be doing?" The first lab tech asks in confusion.

"I need a person, maybe two, to hang around until at least eight at night. If the shipment comes, sign for it and let them unload into receiving. If they don't show up, go home." James explains.

"Oh. So do we get a day off after pulling a double?" The second asks.

"Hah! No. You're back to work at six in the morning. Any takers?" James looks over the team.

The lab techs look around at each other. None of them want the job, and dare not volunteer.

"Or should I just pick one of you at random and ask if you like your job when you refuse?" James smirks.

Layna sighs and waves her hand.

“Thank you, Layna. You’re proving to be quite useful around here.” James nods.

Mike sees an opportunity, and he isn’t going to let it slip between his fingers.

“I’ll stay too!” Mike exclaims.

“... Okay, sure! Thanks for the help you two, now everyone back to work!” James says as he leaves the lab.

Layna subdues her smile, glancing at Mike as she turns back to her computer screen and continues typing. Her heart flutters as she contemplates spending six hours alone in the complex with Mike. Mike can’t wait for the shift to end. He plays through everything he wants to say to her, struggling to resume his work, as all he can focus on is Layna. The clock clicks ever slower as they both wait in silence; damn relativity. As the clock strikes two in the afternoon, the other lab techs and the various staff throughout the complex shut down their terminals, lock up their experiments, and clock out for the night.

Mike and Layna, however, stay behind. Layna disappears after visiting the timeclock, having set it for her double shift. Mike is farther down the line, and waits anxiously as the others before him use the timeclock. After setting his double shift, he walks through the complex, looking for Layna. He can’t wait to talk to her one-on-one, as he always wanted. He can’t find her anywhere, checking their lab, a staff room, and even the lounge. His heart sinks as he sits on the navy-blue couch, his palms resting on the soft fabric of the cushion beneath him.

Meanwhile, Layna sits in a bathroom stall, trying to calm herself down. She has liked Mike since the first day she saw the handsome mouse. Even his short stature only made him more attractive to her. She has waited for weeks for him to make a move on her, but he must be as socially awkward as she is. She takes a deep breath and decides that when she leaves the bathroom, she'll have to find him and talk to him herself. With any luck, he feels the same about her as she does for him. Her stomach feels as though it is full of butterflies, but as she imagines him, her loins begin to grow tender, a fire within her burning brighter.

"Oh no... Not again." She murmurs.

The urge to use Mike for her personal satisfaction is overwhelming, but with Mike alone in the complex with her, she wonders if she should really indulge herself in the bathroom. After sitting alone for nearly fifteen minutes, he rises from the couch and leaves the lounge, wandering the halls. He leans against the wall by the door to their lab, peering inside and looking at Layna's workstation. He sighs as he stands there, fantasizing about her and all of the things he'd like to tell her. As he stands alone, his fantasies turn erotic and the blood rushes between his legs. He struggles to hide his growing erection, shifting it against his pelvis.

"Hey." Layna calls out.

He jumps, startled by the woman. He turns, already forgetting about the potentially visible bulge in his pants. He looks up at Layna and smiles.

"H-hi." He stammers.

"So..." She smiles back.

They stare at each other, both feeling like awkward teenagers trying to ask the other to accompany them to their first dance.

“Layna... I...” Mike hesitates.

“What’s up?” She asks, leaning closer.

He has the words in his mouth, but is too worried to say anything. The tension grows until he feels as though his head will explode.

“I’m glad that...”

“Yeah?” She leans even closer.

He can’t handle the pressure anymore. He takes a deep breath and decides to simply go for it.

“Fuck it.” He mutters.

He leans in and plants a kiss on the startled Layna, embracing her nervously. She can’t believe Mike’s sudden display of dominance. Her nether lips grow moist and her body trembles. She backs away from him, out of shock than from anger or disgust. Mike lets her go, feeling as though he did something wrong. Perhaps she never liked him from the start? His heart pounds in his chest as he wonders whether or not she will file charges against him for sexual harassment or even assault.

“Oh god. I just... I really like you and I don’t know what came over me. I’m sor-”

Layna interrupts Mike's apology by grabbing him by his lab coat and pulling him closer, kissing him back. They tilt their heads and open their jaws slightly. Their tongues wrestle with each other, moving from his mouth to hers, and then back to his. His phallus grows stiff as a board, pressing almost painfully against his pants. Layna's loins burn for him, her nether lips salivating in preparation. He reaches a hand out, placing it onto her sweater and feeling her large breast through her clothes. Layna moans through their kiss as he touches her. She has actually dreamt of this moment before, and it's even better than she had imagined.

She reaches a hand out, rubbing it over his crotch. She gasps and pulls away from him, their saliva coating the fur of their snouts. She looks down, her palm feeling the rock-hard bulge that he can barely contain within his pants. She slides her hand up and gently unbuckles his leather belt, giving her hand room before slipping it into his pants. Her hand slides underneath his underwear; he groans as he feels her warm hand touching his even warmer member. He squeezes her breast rather hard, making her tremble. He leans in and necks her, made easy by his shorter stature. He tilts his head back, his snout alongside her head and pointing up at her floppy ear.

"There's a couch in the lounge." He whispers to her.

"Let's go." She whispers back.

They walk down the hall, her hand in his pants and his moving down to grab her plump buttocks. Neither of them can believe that this is happening, or that they are about to experience the physical manifestation of their shared infatuation. She puts her back to the door of the lounge, reaching for the hooked door handle as they make-out, her hand stroking his hard phallus and him fondling her ample breasts through her clothes. They don't even bother to close or lock the door as they stumble into the lounge. He pushes her back onto the couch, as she struggles to remove her hand from his pants.

He undoes his pants, leaving his belt in the loops as he slides his pants and underwear down to his ankles. Layna looks at his member, impressed by the girth. She had never seen an uncircumcised penis before, and is quite intrigued by the appearance. Having forgotten to remove his shoes, he fails to step out of his pants and nearly falls over as he approaches her. She giggles as he feels his face flush in embarrassment. He rips his feet from his shoes and steps out of his pants, dropping his lab coat to the floor and tearing off his shirt beneath it.

Layna is even more aroused by how violently he prepares himself for her. She can't help herself and reaches down to her long skirt, pulling it up as she slides her hand underneath. She feels herself through her panties, which are stained with her lubricating juices. He stands before her and grabs onto her lab coat, slipping it off of her. She removes her hand long enough to take off the lab coat, but quickly returns her hand to her imprisoned vagina. Her other hand reaches out and grabs Mike's package. Though his length is about average, his girth is considerable. She moans just at the thought of taking such a fat penis inside of her tender pussy.

Her hand moves from between her legs and reaches out for his scrotum, which is also quite large. His testicles are bigger than average; they look downright huge in comparison to the rest of his body. She leans forward and opens her jaws wide, struggling to insert his thick phallus into her mouth. He groans and rests a hand on her head, the other holding up one of her breasts. He pulls at her shirt, exposing her hot pink bra that bears the considerable weight of her large tits. She bobs her head back and forth, her tongue gliding over the underside of his shaft before returning to the head. She slips the tip of her tongue between the head of his cock and his foreskin, swirling it around the tip in circles.

He groans and lifts her bra, freeing her impressive breasts from their colorful cage. He sets his hands on her sides and lies her down on the couch. He pushes her skirt up until he can see her matching

pink panties, which are stained by her juices. He hooks his fingers on either side and pulls them gently off Layna's body, the scent of her arousal filling the nostrils of his pink nose. It's intoxicating, causing him to climb onto the couch. He leans in, smelling her loins before giving them a lick. She writhes as he tastes her flesh, gliding his tongue over her nether lips and clitoris. She can't believe how good he feels, and wonders if he has done this before.

Soon, she can't take much more, her body convulsing in orgasm. It's the first orgasm a man has given her since college. He pulls back, fingering her little hole as he prepares her for him. He struggles to fit two fingers into her. Though Mike never thought much of his own penis, often considering it to be average, he wonders if Layna can handle him as he grips the girthy member with one hand, his fingers barely able to touch each other. He holds the shaft and moves his hand back, pulling the foreskin away from the head of his cock. He glides it over her dripping wet pussy as she holds onto his arms tightly, preparing herself for the pleasure to come.

"I've wanted you for so long, Mike." Layna admits in the heat of the moment.

"And I want you too. I've thought about this moment for weeks." He says to her.

She grins wide as she looks down to him. He grins back and they gaze at each other. Realizing their mutual attraction makes the carnal act that much more powerful.

"I... I'm not with anyone, and haven't been for a long time." Layne sheepishly admits.

"I'll be gentle." He says softly.

"Don't." She coos.

Her face flushes as she realizes what she has just said. Mike grins even wider, pressing the tip of his penis hard against the burning hot flesh of Layna's nether lips. He looks down to make sure that he is properly lined up.

"Wait!" She calls out.

"Yeah?" He stops.

"I'm not on birth control." She tells him.

"Oh..."

He leans in and kisses her passionately on her lips, resuming the act. He starts to squeeze the head of his fat cock into her little pussy, undaunted. Layna wraps her legs around his waist impulsively, groaning as she feels Mike entering her with his thick bare cock.

"Just don't cum inside of me." She whispers.

"I won't." He says softly.

He grunts as he suddenly pushes his pelvis as hard as he can. Layna briefly screams and grips his forearms tightly, her claws digging into him as she feels Mike stretching her little hole to its limits. She has slept with a handful of men in her twenty-six years, but Mike is by far the biggest. She finds it adorably ironic that he is also the shortest and cutest. Her hands wrap around to his back, clawing at his white fur as he squeezes himself into her. He grunts and groans as he struggles to fit her. He can't believe how tight she is; Mike hasn't had sex with a woman in quite a while, unable to remember how tight his previous lover felt on him.

"Oh, god!" Layna cries out.

"Shit, you are tight." He groans.

“You’re so fucking big!” She exclaims.

“I’m going to stretch your pussy, baby.” Mike growls sensually.

Layna feels herself flush, and Mike can’t believe how assertive he is becoming. He shoves harder, pushing in even deeper. Layna wriggles beneath him as he drives himself home, completely filling her love tunnel with his girthy phallus. She claws at his and her legs convulse as though she were scrambling up a steep hill. She lets out another brief scream when she feels his oversized balls pressing into her buttocks, his penis now entirely sheathed within her body. She groans as she feels his furry white scrotum brushing against the black fur of her butt. Mike sighs and even shivers in pleasure as he feels her taking him in his entirety.

“Oh shit, baby.” He groans.

“Fuck...” Layna sighs.

After giving them both time to adjust, Layna begins kissing and necking Mike. He starts pumping in and out of her, moving gently at first and picking up speed and force as he they grow accustomed to each other. He kisses and necks Layna back, gripping her buttocks tightly with one hand while he holds himself up with the other. Their kissing grows more carnal as Mike thrusts harder and faster. Layna’s claws rake at his back as his scrotum smacks against her buttocks, moving half the length of his shaft with each forceful thrust. He sways his hips, his hand moving from her buttocks and up to her ample breasts, squeezing them as he pumps roughly into her.

Soon, Layna’s vagina tremors. Her hands grip him tightly as Mike brings her to orgasm only minutes after penetrating her. She moans and groans as she writhes beneath him. Mike grins wide, feeling her love hole clamping down on his cock as he pleasures her. He feels himself growing close, but he isn’t nearly done with her. He fully sheaths himself inside of her, holding himself in place as he lets

himself cool off. He straightens his back, kneeling between her legs as she pants beneath him. He slides a hand down to her loins, rubbing her clitoris with his thumb as he leaves himself buried within her. She groans as he plays with her, his other hand feeling her breasts.

“Show me your body, baby. All of it.” He says.

He pulls out of her, standing up beside the couch as he pulls her top and bra off, exposing her chest. She removes her skirt, dropping it to the ground as she kicks off her shoes. She sits up on the couch as Mike directs her into a new position. Rather than getting on her hands and knees, she takes a moment to grip his slimy penis. She gives it a sniff before opening her mouth, licking and sucking it. Mike groans as she tastes her own cum on the flesh of his member. As she cleans him off, she can't help but enjoy the taste. She runs a hand down to her pussy, amazed at how wet she still is.

“We're not nearly done. Hands and knees. Now.” He demands.

His dominance turns her on. She slides off the couch and kneels on the floor before the sofa. She turns around, presenting herself to him as she rests her belly and breasts on the cushion in front of her. He steps behind her and kneels down. She reaches back, placing a hand on her ass and spreading her cheeks apart. She looks over her shoulder to watch her lover as her tail wags happily. He takes hold of her hips with both hands, pressing his saliva covered member against her little hole. He grunts and she groans as he pushes his cock back into her pussy. Even after he had used her, she is still incredibly tight.

“Oh fuck!” She exclaims, her claws gripping the couch cushion.

“You are still so fucking tight.” He grunts.

“No. You're just really big.” She coos.

“Good girl.” He chuckles.

He smacks her ass before pumping harder and harder into her. His scrotum slaps against her clitoris as he pounds her love hole with his impressive girth. He runs his hands up her curvy body, leaning forward as he reaches around and grips onto her breasts. He teases her nipples with his fingertips as he holds the large globes in his hands. His chest rests along her back as he rocks his hips, using her more gently and even somewhat lovingly as he kisses her cheek and neck from behind. She turns her head, making out with him as he lies over her back, fucking her. Their fur matts with their sweat as they enjoy each other.

As he works, Layna can't help but notice a dramatic change in how Mike is both behaving and moving. He isn't just using her body like an animal the way that he was earlier. He moves slower, more methodical. He even kisses her more passionately. This is more like love-making, and to her surprise, she actually enjoys it more. As he pumps, she feels herself growing closer to yet another orgasm. She can't believe how good Mike is. After several minutes of building up, she leans forward and bites the couch cushion, her claws raking it before holding it tightly. Her body shivers as she has another orgasm, her pussy gripping him like a vice.

Mike slows his pace but never stops, both pacing himself and giving her time to recover. She trembles as he runs her hand over her beautiful and curvy body. He slides his hands up and down her furry back as though massaging her, still moving his hips slowly back and forth, moving nearly the entirety of his shaft with each stroke.

"I want to be on top, baby." Layna says weakly.

"Can you handle it?" He teases her.

"I'll show you what I can handle." She grins sinisterly.

He pulls himself from her, his phallus even slimier than before as he stands to his feet. Layna weakly climbs up onto the couch, her body still trembling. She rolls onto the adjacent cushion as she pats the cushion she was lying on with her hand. Mike sits down on couch, following her direction. She quickly throws a leg over his, straddling him. She grips his slimy cock with both hands as she strokes him for a moment, as though preparing herself. She slowly lifts herself up and pushes his penis down, aiming it for her well used pussy. She lowers herself, inserting him into her, groaning loudly as she takes him to his base. She holds out her hands, testing Mike. He reaches out and takes her hands; she grins wide as Mike does not disappoint her.

She slowly bounces herself up and down atop him, their palms pressed together with their fingers interlocking. Her large breasts jiggle as she bucks against him, picking up speed. His scrotum shakes with each hard slam of her body. She moves up and down, rocking her hips on each downstroke. Several minutes pass as the lovers' fur is drenched with their sweat. He groans louder and wriggles beneath her as he grows closer to his own climax.

"Oh fuck! I'm..." He grunts.

"Yeah, baby! Give it to me!" She growls.

"Not inside, remember?" He gasps for breath.

"Fuck it." She grunts.

She leans in, pulling her hands from his. He immediately grips her ass tightly with both hands as she shoves her chest against his. She wraps her arms around his neck and kisses him violently. Her breasts smoosh against his chest, specks of their fur dotting each other's bodies as they rub together.

"Do it. Fill me up!" She growls in between kisses.

She holds him tightly, bouncing quickly on him. His testicles pull against his body as he struggles to hold on. She slams down onto him, his balls pressing against her ass as she leans back. She rocks her hips back and forth, keeping his entire length within her as she shifts. It causes her insides to rub against the head of his already sensitive cock, swiftly pushing him over the edge.

“Oh fuck!” He groans.

He squeezes her ass tightly, grunting loudly as he cums. Jet after jet shoots with considerable force into Layna’s pussy. His seed spills into her body as she sits atop him. Her little cunt clenches tightly on his fat cock, having her final orgasm as she feels his sperm flooding her. It struggles to seep out from around their tight seal, but as she shifts, a thin stream emerges from her stretched nether lips and runs down his furry white scrotum, dripping onto the couch cushion.

“Holy shit.” He gasps.

“Damn, baby. You had so much.” She giggles.

“Yeah. And now it’s all inside of you.”

“I know.” She murmurs.

She leans in, hugging him as she sits atop her lover. Now relieved both sexually and emotionally, her faculties begin returning to her. She can’t believe that she made Mike cum inside of her. She could swear that she feels his fertile seed swimming to her eggs as she sits atop him. He strokes her back so tenderly and kisses her cheek and neck very softly. It brings her some comfort.

“Did you want to take care of? ... Well... You know.” Mike begins.

“No.” She turns to him.

"I know that I wasn't supposed to cum in you, but you didn't leave me much choice. We can go get your morning after pills. I'll drive you." He offers.

"Okay." She nods, still sitting atop him.

"And do you think we could go out sometime?" He nervously asks.

"Of course!" She chirps.

"Good. I'd love to spend real time with you."

He leans in and kisses her, hugging her gently. After a few minutes of sitting there, his erection softens. She stands up from him and his cum immediately spills from her body. It drips onto his scrotum before rolling off and dripping onto the couch where a little pool of white ooze already sits. Somehow, the lovers don't notice the obvious stain on the navy-blue couch. They clean each other off with antiseptic hand wipes before redressing. With no signs of the delivery, they take a chance and rush to the local drug store barely a mile away, buying Plan B morning-after pills for Layna.

They return to the complex, where Layna takes some of her pills. Comforted both by Mike's sweet nature and the morning-after pills, she relaxes considerably. The lovers return to the lounge where they snuggle on the couch and talk for hours. To their pleasant surprise, they share a lot in common, besides their mutual physical attraction. The delivery never arrives. Once the time runs out, the pair clock out and Layna follows Mike back to his home, where they agreed she would spend the night, though neither Mike nor Layna believe they will do much sleeping.

The next morning, a rather tired Layna and Mike drive to work in Mike's car, clocking in a few minutes late. As soon as they punch in they are met by James, who promptly calls them into his. They take seats in front of his desk as James clasps his hands together in front of his face, glaring at the two.

“So... Do you two have any idea why I called both of you in here at the same time?” James asks.

“Uh... Because we were late?” Layna poses.

“No...”

James rests his hand on the flat screen of his computer, turning it to face the two. He presses the space bar of his keyboard, unpausing the video clip. Security cameras in the hallway caught the very beginning of their sexual escapade. Layna looks down, clearly embarrassed. Mike scratches the back of his head as he turns his eyes away.

“Technically kissing isn’t having sex, which I’m going to assume you did *not* have, because then I’d have to fire both of you. I suppose now we’ll have to put cameras in the lounge, where you two spent quite a bit of time together.” James begins.

“Uh...” They both hesitate.

James leans on his desk, clasping his hands together again. He takes a deep breath, his lips curling up into a faint smile as he slowly exhales.

“No one saw the stain; I turned over the couch cushion. You’re lucky that I always come in early. I planned on replacing that couch anyway. I prefer black leather. I’ll expect the replacement in two weeks. You can claim your new couch after your shift today, now get out of my office and get back to work.” James continues.

“Yes sir!” They both chirp, quickly rising from their chairs.

They leave the office, hand-in-hand. James merely chuckles as he sits back in his chair.