

Verboten Amour

By Mantrid Brizon

Pushing open the front door of the dorm room, Phoebe peeks her head inside. The short Voeldahn stands only five-feet and two-inches tall with shoes on, her long and hairless tail swishing as she looks around for her only roommate. With the lights turned off and no one to be found inside, the mouse girl steps into the apartment. Leaving the lights off, she pulls her lover in behind her. Cecil, a somewhat chubby and nerdy looking Voeldahn, also with mouse-like features, stumbles in behind her. Phoebe giggles as the five-foot and five-inch tall boy nearly falls over, one of his shoes catching a lip in front of her door.

“Can’t we turn on a light?” He asks.

“I don’t want anyone to see us.” She replies, quickly closing and locking the door behind him.

“Oh right. That would be bad, wouldn’t it?”

“Get over here, stud.” She coos.

Grabbing him by the collar of his button-up shirt, she pushes the boy against the front door and leans in. Pressing her lips against his, she opens her jaw and inserts her tongue into his mouth, kissing him deeply and passionately. Their tails swish through the air as he takes her in his arms, pulling her close and pressing her ample, C cup bust against his chest. He slides a hand down the back of her cardigan, resting it over her plump buttocks. He gives it a hard smack, the flesh

jiggling from the strike in her skin-tight khaki pants. Phoebe coos and leans harder against her lover, licking and kissing his neck as he grips her behind tightly with both hands.

“Ooh, you always know just what to do to me.” She whispers, her snout pointing upward, resting near the base of his large, round ear.

“So you do, Pheeb.” He whispers back, necking her softly.

Her arms tremble at his touch. She can feel his growing erection through his pants. Eager to get started, she struggles to grip his shirt with her weak fingers, tugging at him as she steps back. Taking the lead, the somewhat husky boy takes her hand and leads the slender girl through the hall and into her room. He knows exactly where it is; this is certainly not the first time they have done this. She giggles as he drags her forcefully through the hall, a hand struggling to adjust his erection which pushes rather painfully against the zipper of his blue jeans. Entering the room, she flips on a desk lamp as he closes the door, locking it behind him.

By the time she has turned around, she sees that he has already kicked off his athletic shoes and is pushing down his undone pants, revealing the bulge within his boxer shorts. Still fully clothed, Phoebe kicks off her own shoes and slips off her cardigan, dropping to her knees and crawling up to her lover as he unbuttons his shirt.

“I love unwrapping my present.” She giggles.

“I love watching you unwrap it.” He grins.

He slips off his shirt, revealing his form to her. His fur is short, soft and sleek with a two-tone pattern; black fur along his back,

sides, outer extremities and head, while brown fur covers his snout, neck, chest, belly, and inner arms and thighs. His shaggy black hair hangs subtly over his brow, framing his big brown eyes. Phoebe coils her fingers around the edges of her lover's underwear, pulling them down and revealing the erect, six-and-a-half-inch member hidden within. Though not nearly the longest she has ever seen, his girth is by far the best, with a diameter that requires both hands to control.

His erect shaft, which is as wide as his scrotum, containing full testicles, calls out to her. She grips the shaft and leans in, sniffing the head with her black nose. She narrows her brown eyes and looks up at him.

"What?" He asks.

"Just making sure." She replies.

"Making sure what?"

"You know what." She says, opening her mouth and licking the head. "Making sure that no other girl has used *my* cock recently."

"You know it only belongs to you." He grins.

She leans in, opening her mouth wide as she stuffs him inside. As she always does, she struggles somewhat to take his impressive girth. Gripping with both hands, she bobs her head back and forth, wrapping her tongue around the head and shaft very skillfully as she tastes her lover's flesh. He groans and tilts his head back, eyes closed tightly as he feels the warm and moist mouth so sensually devouring him. He reaches out a hand, placing it on her head and running his black-claw tipped fingers through her hair, hitting her high ponytail. He gently pulls out the scrunchie with his nails, allowing her shoulder length black hair to fall freely.

She turns her eyes up to him as he takes hold of her head with both hands, unable to grin with his girth in her mouth, no matter how badly she would like to. He glances down at her, a dominant glare in his eyes as he begins swaying his hips. Driving his member in and out of her mouth, she coughs as he goes a little too deep, though that doesn't stop him. She rests her hands on the soft fur of his upper thighs, her white claws digging into him. As he feels himself drawing near, she can taste the pre-cum. They both stop without needing to say a word; they have done this far too many times to make mistakes.

She rises to her feet as he grabs onto her arm and leads her to the bed. Quickly removing her button-up shirt and undoing her khakis, he stops her to strip her himself. Cecil has always loved removing her clothing. He kneels beside his lover, taking hold of her pants. She raises her arms and looks down at him, grinning cheek to cheek as he slides her tight pants down to the floor, cutely kissing one of her butt cheeks before allowing her to step out of the leg holes. Now in only her bra and panties, he gives her buttocks a hard smack. Her tail whips as she jumps, giggling as he tightly squeezes her plump flesh.

"You're so bad, Cease."

"You're worse." He winks.

"You expect to get laid talking like that?" She laughs.

With a smug grin, he unhooks her bra, slipping it off her shoulders and dropping it to the ground. Standing behind her, he buries his thick meat into her buttocks as he grips her ample breasts, pinching her nipples. She squeals and then moans as he necks her.

"You know I will." He whispers, licking her cheek.

"Oh God, Cease... I fucking love you..." She coos.

He pushes her down onto the bed, standing at the edge as she rolls over, her feet dangling over the edge as she sits up. Her form is absolutely stunning. Unlike Cecil, who has a few extra pounds, she is quite slim and toned, with perky breasts and a plump behind. Her body is covered in soft and shiny fur, much like his own. A tri-color pattern decorates her body with white fur as the primary, large splotches of chocolate brown and dark gray forming the remaining colors. Stepping forward, he stands at the edge of the bed and between her legs as she reaches out and takes his pink flesh in her hands.

He leans forward, grabbing her thighs just below her buttocks and pulling her toward him. She falls back, giggling as he lies her down on her back and pulls her near the edge of the bed, her waist hanging at the edge. He peels off her pink, silken panties, lifting her legs high in the air as he slips them off. Dropping them to the ground, Cecil kneels between her legs, quickly taking the proper position. Phoebe deserves a reward for her efforts. She moans and wriggles as he gently licks her clitoris and nether lips, teasing and pleasuring her in a method he has long since perfected.

“You’re so good to me, Cease.” Phoebe moans.

“You’re better. You always have been.” He grins, quickly returning to his work.

“Why do we have to keep this a secret?” She laments, staring at the ceiling.

“Because we both know it’s wrong.”

“Maybe that’s why it’s so damn good!” She exclaims.

“I love you, Phoebe.” He chuckles.

“I know.” She winks.

As he works her clitoris with his tongue, he slips in a finger and then another. She can hardly stand it as he does everything just right, as always. Gripping her own breasts tightly, she squeals as she orgasms, white and creamy ooze coating his fingers. Quickly rising to his feet, Cecil uses his cum coated fingers and wipes the ooze onto his package, lubricating it further. Phoebe can only watch, her big brown eyes gazing at her lover as she gasps for breath, drool running down the side of her mouth. With his head and shaft thoroughly covered, he grips her waist and lifts her into the air, shifting her and lying her flat on the bed.

He climbs up onto the bed and kneels between her legs, which she quickly wraps around his waist. The lovers embrace as Cecil lies over her on his elbows and knees. She takes him into her hand and guides him into place, rubbing the hot head of his penis against her nether lips and clitoris. Without even bothering to put on a condom, the secret lovers begin; he pushes himself into her eager vagina, stretching her taut flesh over his fat cock as he drives himself within her shivering body. She grips him tightly and squeals, her claws raking the black fur of his back and scratching the flesh beneath.

“Oh god, Cease! Oh fuck!” She yelps.

“Shh. Be quiet, Pheeb.” He chuckles, driving his member deeper into her body.

“I can’t help it, Cease. You’re so fucking good.” She gasps.

“I love you too.” He grins, necking her.

She grips him even tighter, licking and necking him back. Nibbling his shoulder lovingly, her body rocks as he sways his hips, driving himself balls deep within her. He moves half of his girthy tool

with each thrust, her loins struggling to adapt to him, as they always do. It doesn't take long for her to build a climax. Cecil has always been an excellent lover; he knows her body better than she does. With each thrust and every passionate kiss, she trembles more violently as her peak draws near. Both out of passion and a desire to keep her quiet, Cecil kisses her lips and forces his tongue into her mouth, wrestling with hers as he keeps swaying and pumping his hips.

After nearly eight minutes of non-stop motion, she pulls away and screams, clawing his back roughly as her lover brings her over the edge. Her little hole quivers over his engorged flesh, clamping down on him like a vice as she oozes creamy white cum. It coats his flesh and is pushed down to his furry scrotum, where the white substance is smeared over and into his chocolate brown fur, quickly drying into opaque flakes. She loses control of her body as he pumps in and out of her ceaselessly.

"Oh fuck! Holy fucking shit!" She yells.

"Oh, god damn!" Cecil grunts, almost at his own climax.

Knowing that he is near, Phoebe isn't ready to stop just yet. She grips his shoulders tightly and pushes against him; a subtle code that they have devised to know when one of them wants to change positions. Stopping, Cecil pulls out of his lover, his thick meat making a faint popping sound as he draws out of Phoebe's stretched pussy. She shakily sits up, using her elbows for support.

"I-I want t-to be on top." She murmurs.

"Whatever you say, Pheeb." He grins.

Sitting down beside her, he uses the pillows and headboard to hold himself up comfortably. Phoebe struggles to crawl over to her lover, her fleshy tail barely able to move as she straddles him. Reaching between her legs, she directs him toward her used hole, slowly mounting him and inserting her lover's thick member into her body once again. He grunts and she groans as she drops down, his full balls and taut scrotum pressed firmly against her buttocks, the brown fur of his sack clashing wonderfully with the white fur covering her plump ass. He gives her butt a smack as she grips his shoulders, causing her to squeal and then giggle.

"Ready for the big finish?" She asks, grinning cheek to cheek.

"The question is, are you? I have a lot in there for you." He winks.

"Oh, goodie!" She happily exclaims.

Her almost innocent excitement makes him chuckle. Why is she so adorable as they commit such a sinister act? It only draws him in deeper, both figuratively and literally. She begins to work her lover, swaying and rocking her hips as she bounces atop him, only working an inch or two at a time. She knows his body better than she knows her own. They have done this so many times before that she has turned this position into an artform, of which she is a master. Within minutes of starting, Cecil can feel himself being worked to his peak.

He grunts and grips her buttocks tightly, struggling to hold out for as long as he can. She rocks her hips, her insides moist and as hot as a furnace, rubbing every millimeter of his sensitive flesh.

"Just give in, Cease. You know you want too." She gasps.

"Not until I get one more out of you." He grunts.

"I'd like to see you try." She teases.

Accepting her challenge, he leans back and thrusts his hips into her. Gripping her waist, he pulls her forward so that her large breasts glide over his chest and her clitoris rubs the soft fur of his pelvis. She moans as each movement stimulates her clitoris and nipples, while also serving to pleasure her lover. Why must he be so good at this? It only makes her come back for more. After several minutes of continuous effort, Phoebe bites her bottom lip and squeals. She grips his shoulders tightly as she shoves herself down onto her lover's fat cock, enjoying another creamy orgasm.

"Oh yeah, Cease!" She exclaims. "Fuck me!"

"Oh shit!" He grunts.

Sitting upright, she continues to rock her hips and bounce subtly atop her lover. She can feel his penis throbbing within her as she moves, knowing that his end is nigh. Cecil can't hold out any longer, nor does he want too. He wraps his arms around his lover, her arms gripping him in turn. With a loud growl, he unleashes his load and releases jet after powerful jet into her slender body. Phoebe moans loudly as she can feel his seed filling her tubes, his incredible volume taking up every space within her trembling flesh. His member is too fat to allow for his cum to seep out, plugging her tight pussy and holding in the fertile seed that quickly works to impregnate the girl.

They sit there motionless for some time, gasping for breath and nuzzling each other with their snouts as they snuggle. Their sweat drenched fur is matted and disheveled. Phoebe runs her fingers through his shaggy hair, kissing Cecil tenderly on the cheek. No matter how wrong it is, she can't help but love every second of it.

“That was great! As always!” Cecil exclaims.

“You had so much cum this time. I think it’s the most you’ve given me so far.” Phoebe giggles.

“That’s what happens when you make me wait a week before we can get some time alone.” He laughs.

“This much cum might even get me pregnant.” She teases.

“You shouldn’t make jokes like that.” He replies, a worried look on his face.

“What if I’m not joking?” She asks with a wink.

“Then we are going to have a hell of a time explaining this to mom and dad.” He retorts.

“I wish it wasn’t so wrong to do this.” She sighs, still sitting atop her brother’s erect penis.

“Well it is, so let’s not get caught.”

“Right. We’ve been doing this for a very long time, and it only gets better.” She says, kissing him passionately.

After several more kisses, she climbs off of Cecil. As he dresses, she doesn’t have the heart to tell her brother that she ran out of birth control after their last encounter and forgot to renew it. With any luck, his fertile seed won’t take. As his sperm races to find her equally fertile egg, perhaps they won’t be so lucky? Only time will tell...