

Order Up: Part One

By Mantrid Brizon

Alison has never been an extroverted girl, rarely speaking her mind and never the center of attention. That isn't to say that she is unattractive, it just never suited her. The 23-year-old human with tanned skin and long chestnut colored hair is rather tall for the average female, at a solid 5'8". Her shapely and elegant figure and emerald green eyes often melt the hearts of men, ensnaring those who stare too long into them, but it was her previous lover who broke hers.

Verbally abusive, possessive and perpetually jealous, Don had turned the already soft-spoken young woman into a little mouse of a creature, before eventually cheating on and then abandoning her. Left in a city that she isn't familiar with and a job that she isn't prepared to leave, she now lives alone, across town and with few friends and fewer romantic prospects. The frustration has slowly grown within her and as a result she often entertains herself with an assortment of adult toys.

One night, while working on a spreadsheet for work, she realizes that something is amiss. Her stomach growls, reminding her that she hasn't eaten all day. This tends to happen when she is absorbed in her work. She picks up her

phone and looks up the nearest pizza place, which she promptly calls. Placing an order, she requests delivery as she doesn't feel like driving before returning to her work. Absorbed with her project, it feels as though only a moment has passed before the doorbell rings.

Taking her money from her purse, she opens the front door to her townhouse style condo. She stops in her tracks when she looks outside. Standing before her is the most handsome Voeldahn man that she has ever seen, and her collection of pornography is quite extensive. Feline in appearance, he has a slender but toned build and with dark gray fur, some of which is dyed dark purple and in the form of thick, tigris-like stripes. Such fur modifications have become quite common among the younger generations of Voeldahn. The flesh of his lips, nose, inner ears, palms and possibly the entirety of his body beneath his fur is somewhere between charcoal black and battleship gray in color.

He stands eye level with her, his amethyst eyes piercing through her very essence. They are obviously contact lenses, but they fit him wonderfully. He does not have human-like hair, cutting his mane incredibly short to accent his natural features; He appears to take great care in his appearance. His long and thick feline tail swishes gently from side to side as her eyes rather slowly scan his superb form. Though he looks young, perhaps in his late teens or possibly early twenties, his voice is moderately deep and masculine.

"Miss?" He asks again.

"Huh?" Alison replies, quickly snapping out of her trance.

"It's \$12.95, miss." He politely remarks with a subtle chuckle.

"Oh, right."

She hands him a \$20 bill before taking the thin pizza box.

"Are you alright?" He asks her with genuine concern.

"I'm fine; just a little tired." She replies with a smile.

"And hungry." He says, smiling back.

"You have no idea." She chokes out before closing the door.

Her heart races. She hasn't felt like this in a long time; not since she was a schoolgirl has she been so affected by the mere presence of a handsome man. She neglected to allow the delivery driver time to return her change, which he appeared about to do. With a raised brow the delivery guy backs slowly away from the porch before turning around and heading for his vibrant orange hatchback parked alongside the curb. Peeking past the curtain, she immediately regrets not speaking with him further before allowing him to leave.

She gazes longingly at his buttocks as he nears his vehicle, the swishing of his tail drawing her in and hypnotizing her. The human woman has long been fond of Voeldahn, finding their form anthropomorphic form unusually appealing when compared with humans, though she has only ever dated human men. This is primarily due to her quiet nature and the distinct lack of Voeldahn in the areas where she used to live.

It has been 2 months since she walked in on Don sleeping with the neighbor girl on their living room sofa, and several more weeks before that since she has last had sex; far longer than she would like, but Alison isn't the kind of girl to pick up strange men, no matter how desperate she has become. However, the thought crosses her mind and she begins to feel a tingling that soon morphs into a burning desire. Setting the pizza box on the kitchen table, she heads directly for her bedroom and opens the dresser drawer containing her assortment of toys.

Amongst the toys within is a matte, charcoal black dildo with an impressive size. Taking the 8-inch toy from its place, she sits on the edge of her queen-sized bed. She hesitates to imagine the delivery guy as she often doesn't like to think about people she has ever seen, videos excluded. Today, however, she simply cannot control herself. The physical attraction to the young man alone was enough to make her loins grow moist. Lying back, she closes her eyes and slips off her pants as she fantasizes about the handsome Voeldahn.

Hooking her thumbs underneath the edge of her silk panties, she slips them off, imagining that it is her fantasy feline lover doing it for her. She caresses her own neck as she imagines him nuzzling her with the soft fur of his short snout and his flat, black nose. She desperately wishes to know what it would really feel like. Rubbing the underside of the dildo's shaft against her nether lips, she envisions him grinding his member against her with his warm, engorged flesh.

"Oh god..." She quietly moans, gently biting her bottom lip.

Bringing the toy to her face, she opens her mouth wide and inserts it. Alison imagines the pleased moans and groans caused by her talents, sucking on the toy with considerable vigor. Though she had only done this for two men previously, Don being one of them, neither lover could hold out for long. She massages her clitoris before slipping a finger within her tight hole. She imagines that the handsome cat man is doing it all for her as she sucks on his large phallus. His tail happily sways as she works his member with vigor that not even Don had experienced.

In her mind, he loves every second and cannot get enough. He soon grows impatient, quickly tiring of enjoying only her mouth; she has so much more to offer him. He hungers for her body and he won't be denied, as if she would ever stop him. Alison lies flat on her back, spreading her legs apart for her imaginary lover. She envisions him lying over her on his forearms and knees. They share

several passionate kisses as he slowly rubs the swollen head of his member against her tender flesh. Teasing her nether lips with the thick tip of his cock, he gently spreads them apart but hesitates.

"Don't make me wait." She coos.

Leaning in, the phantom man licks her neck and pushes in, stretching her tight hole to fit his considerable size. She squeals as he drives himself home, his length reaching deep within and his girth making short work of her. Before long, he is making long and hard thrusts as he enjoys the human female's body as though she was his toy. Her hand slips underneath her shirt and pushes aside her bra, roughly grabbing her modest breast. In her fantasy he pinches her nipple, teasing her as he shoves his large organ deep into her aching flesh.

Swaying his hips, he moves in long and drawn-out strokes. She bites her bottom lip hard and cries out as he hits her g-spot, pulling an orgasm out of her within moments. Pushing harder and harder, he moves slower and more methodically as her slender legs shiver in pleasure. Gasping for breath, Alison can't help but open her eyes and glance down at the charcoal colored penis invading her small, pink hole; it gleams in the light from her lubricating juices and creamy white cum. The sight is enough to push her over the edge again.

Her pussy clamps down on the toy like a vice and making every curve ever more noticeable to her. This second orgasm is far more potent than the first and more white cream oozes out from around her nether lips as she trembles uncontrollably. Sweat coats her body like a fine layer of oil, her flesh gleaming in the yellow glow of the evening sun. Finally satisfied, she groans as she pulls the thick phallus from her thoroughly used vagina, imagining how the pizza guy would react to such a sight.

She can't help but laugh at the thought; a man with his dashing good looks has surely experienced many women before her and developed the skills to properly pleasure them. She sighs as she stares at the ceiling.

"If only that was real" She thinks aloud.

Glancing over to the clock, she realizes that she has been fantasizing about the Voeldahn for nearly twenty minutes. It certainly didn't feel like so much time had passed. She slips on her panties, and after cleaning her toy she returns it to the dresser drawer alongside the others. Alison steps into the kitchen where her now cold pizza waits for her. She sits down at the table and takes a slice. She contemplates her actions as she takes a bite. Lukewarm and unsatisfying, she takes a plate and heads over to her microwave.

As the pizza quickly nukes, she stares at her figure in the reflection on the door. Still in her panties and shirt, she

quickly removes her top and stands in only her underwear, turning her body to the side as she examines herself. Her figure isn't perfect, but whose is? Her belly isn't exactly flat, but it doesn't poke out either. Her breasts are a modest B-cup and her buttocks isn't too big or small, with just enough perkiness. She turns back and continues to stare. Alison's hips and waist form a very lovely curve beneath her ribcage. Her arms and legs are slender, yet proportional to the rest of her.

Looking at her reflection, she wonders about the possibilities. She is certainly attractive enough. Perhaps she could have the pizza guy if she wanted? Her heart begins to race at the mere thought of actually sleeping with the handsome feline Voeldahn. Maybe they would even have things in common and he could be her new boyfriend? A replacement for Don who is actually worthy of her? She grins at the thought of the cat man parading her around town, hanging on his furry arm in public.

"Alright..." She thinks aloud. "I'll work up the courage to make a move. The next time he comes by, I'll say or do something."

True to her word, Alison works up the nerve the very next day. She waits with great anticipation for the driver to arrive, but to her dismay it is now a teenaged Voeldahn girl.

"Where's the other guy?" Alison asks in surprise.

"Who? Manny? I don't know. I think he had today off. I just go where they tell me." The bunny girl chirps.

"Oh... Fuckin' figures." Alison murmurs.

"What?" The delivery girl asks.

"Nothing. What's the damage?" Alison asks.

"It's \$12.95, ma'am." She answers.

Alison silently gasps. "Ma'am? Do I look old to them? How young in this girl, and for that matter, how young is Manny?" She thinks to herself. Alison hands the plucky girl a \$20 bill before snatching the thin pizza box.

"Would you like yo-"

Alison rudely slams the door in the girl's face.

"Your Change? ... I guess not..." The girl sighs. "Why do women keep doing that to me?" She asks herself aloud as she heads for her car parked alongside the curb.

Though Alison didn't mean to be impolite to the teenaged bunny girl, she can't quite help herself. Several days pass before Alison decides to order another pizza, having realized that she may never see the handsome delivery guy again. The estimated time is 45 minutes, but it is also Saturday evening. After waiting for 15 minutes, Alison decides to take a quick shower, planning to go to bed right after eating her dinner. Standing in the bathroom she strips

down to her lace underwear, a matching set of dark purple panties and bra. She turns on the faucet and adjusts the water temperature when suddenly her doorbell rings.

"Oh, god damnit!" She exclaims.

Taking a bath robe, she slips it over her shoulders as she rushes for the front door. Turning the knob, she simultaneously grabs a \$20 bill that sits on a coffee table near the door. Pulling it open for the delivery girl, she stares in shock as she stands face to face with the handsome cat man. His purple eyes grow wide as he visibly looks her over. It's then that Alison realizes that in her haste she forgot to close the front of her robe; her body clothed only in her matching underwear and the silky, thin robe is plainly visible for him to see.

"Uhh... Th-that's um." He stammers.

Alison hadn't expected it to play out this way, but it is working wonderfully; the young man is clearly interested in her as his eyes scan her body. His nervous speech and stance reveal a brief moment of vulnerability. She tries not to grin as she makes her move.

"\$12.95?" She coolly asks, stepping closer and resting a hand on his forearm.