

Lynx Toys

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Content warning: Sexual content and double penetration.

"Revy be thinking..."

The skunk's rounded ear twitched at those words. He hadn't grown up among the Lynx Tribe without getting a feeling for when trouble was brewing. And he had a feeling he knew what the nude lynx was leading up to, especially with her hands folded behind her back like that.

"...what be the point of having toys if not be using them?"

"No."

Revy huffed at the curt dismissal from her long-time lover, narrowing her eyes in disappointment. "Revy not even show toy yet."

"Cassiel know," the muscular warrior responded, one hand confidently hoisting the only tool he believed he needed and feeling the massive slab of readied cock weigh against his palm. "Answer no."

Revy's hands fell to her sides, one still gripping a large belt-like harness to which a similarly sized-rubber phallus was attached. When not attached to the large skunk and honorary lynx, fifteen inches of lewd pinkness made for an absurd and intimidating sight even to the thoroughly accustomed lynx princess that owned it; well, she owned the strap-on, at least. "We be lynx, yes?" she purred, eyes half-lidded as she strolled forward and rested a hand on Cassiel's unmarked shoulder, firmly but tenderly stroking the black fur there. "We be adventurers, yes? We try new things...yes?"

Cassiel's eyes met Revy's amber ones. He blew a firm huff of air up his face to flip aside a stray strand of white hair locks that fell across his face from the messy bunch that surrounded his thick rainbow-dyed locks, but otherwise his expression remained firm. This hadn't been the first time Revy tried to convince him of this.

She was familiar enough to interpret Cassiel's silences. "Please, my petunia?" the lynx asked, lower lip pouting out as she shifted her hips as if teasing her potential thrusting prowess. "Revy be in quite the mood."

Cassiel remained stony even as Revy subtly pushed the harness against his white abdomen, lining up the imitation with his own massive girth. Here he had been led to believe he

had been desired for a rough, messy romp in their usual ways, and now his companion was doubling-down on her desire to use this unnecessary toy. He stepped forward, firmly pressing his toned chest against Revya's breasts and releasing his shaft to pap against Revya's abdomen. A cheap toy couldn't compare.

Revya certainly didn't ignore the feeling, her body shivering as it recognized that familiar massive shaft and the warmth it radiated. She lowered her hand from Cassiel's shoulder to gently press against the pliant muscle and feel how it throbbed; she had to show attention to one among many reasons she so regularly slept with him. "Only need to try once. Revya promise," she purred as she gave Cassiel's erection a tempting squeeze.

Cassiel finally broke his gaze from Revya's, recognizing how firm and insistent those eyes were. He looked down to the strap-on with a contemplative expression.

Revya saw her chance. Smile stretched wide, she pressed her hips forward and ground the rubber length against his. "It be a good comparison...let Revya try it. Just once?"

The gears slowly turned. Something clicked. Then Cassiel looked up from the lewd lengths and shared his own wide lynx smile to his tribe's princess. "Okay. You try it," he said, eyes glinting with his own, slightly rarer brand of mischief.

The words briefly excited Revya before confusion took hold. Cassiel stepped forward, and she stumbled back, his larger body pressing her backwards until her butt met the mattress. She squirmed in momentary confusion as his hands forcefully pressed her shoulders back onto the bed, and then her lover reached for the belt. As the skunk fiddled with the toy, Revya expected to feel the leather wrapping around her hips. After a few moments going by with that expected sensation never arriving, she craned her head up from the bed to look. "Wat."

Cassiel tightened the belt and buckled it firm. It was awkward, but he'd managed. Then he lined himself up.

Revya's eyes widened in alarm. Where one massive skunk cock—barely manageable by the lynx's body after months of training and experience—had previously bobbed, a second rubber shaft with a similar shape now hung just above. And both ruinous phalluses were now being pressed down by skunk hands to aim directly into her. "Wait, Cass, Revya meant-**hooogh!**"

Cassiel growled dominantly. He had previous encounters with the lynx's tight ass squeezing around his cock, Revya's pucker stretching to its limit just to feel him claiming even that rarer hole for his sexual pleasure, but he'd certainly not felt it while a similarly-endowed length firmly pressed from the proper tunnel on the other side.

The lynxen princess, meanwhile, felt the breath driven from her lungs as two cocks each as wide as a glass beer bottle shoved their way inside her. There was always a slight embarrassment in feeling a warm, hot-blooded shaft throb in her ass, but now she felt the strange sensation of smooth, alienly-cool rubber gliding through her folds too; both feelings felt slightly wrong, and together they actually managed to cause Revya's cheeks to warm in a shocked blush. The flesh between her sex and rectum felt flattened, ground between by two unyielding lengths filling her holes. Never before had she felt the familiar soreness of Cassiel using her in both holes simultaneously.

Cassiel didn't seem to notice the stunned befuddlement of the lynx beneath him. Or, if he did, he certainly thought Revya strong enough to take it. Merely a second after the toy he wore pressed its head firmly against her cervix, he drew his hips back, sliding almost eight full inches out, before pumping forward again. Soon, he was reaming her with a potent rhythm, balls slapping the bottom of her asscheeks and the side of the mattress as he began to grow accustomed to the strange angle necessary to piston both erections within his lover.

Revya's eyes were locked on her own abdomen, watching the huge bulge travel deeper and back with every thrust. The sheer shock at the reversal of her plans certainly aggravated her, but she couldn't manage a scowl; instead, she was groaning and moaning as she squeezed over the similar dicks, only the unfeeling rubber feeling how much wetter she became with each passing moment. When she looked up, she saw Cassiel gazing back, his grin still wide. She tried her best to furrow her eyebrows in disapproval. She failed, too busy cumming with an undignified expression as a strap-on mashed against her womb and her favorite cock began spurting warm pre into her rear.

With Revya's eyes rolled back and her tongue lolling from her mouth, Cassiel took that as his invitation to self-service using her body, jackhammering in and out for the express purpose of feeling that needy squeeze around him and reaching his own climax. With one final thrust, a full load of spunk began surging up his shaft in long, staggered jets, thick white spunk flooding the lynx's ass with such volume and force that Revya always felt as though she might end up tasting it.

Revya regained control of her breathing just in time to feel her stretched, aching holes begin to feel that pleasing relief of Cassiel making his withdrawal, only in stereo this time. "Gnnnhhaah..." she groaned as the heads popped out, her own juices running down the median to collect with the cum that now oozed free from her slightly gaped pucker. "Ffffuck..."

He saw the confliction beginning to return to Revya's face. The skunk, his own chest heaving a bit from the exertion, brought his hand down to his princess' muff, fingers dipping in to tease at the twitching tunnel before raising to his own face to smell and taste the juices he'd collected. Then, with a nod, he looked back with an entirely unapologetic smile.

“Do not give Revya that look,” she grumbled, shifting upon the bedsheets and quietly berating her body for the arousing tingle deep inside her body from her passages remembering exactly how they’d been stretched so immediately before.

Cassiel didn’t say anything, nor did he stop giving that look. Instead, he raised a finger in the air and twirled it in a circle in a silent instruction.

Revya’s eyebrows furrowed as she glared indignantly at her fellow lynx tribe member. “Oh, you bitch,” she growled.

Cassiel noticed that, despite her words, it didn’t stop the lynx from rolling over onto her chest, breasts pressing flat against the bedsheets and short tail sticking straight up excitedly. So *much for “just once”*, he thought as he lined both the toy and himself up with those waiting holes once more.