

Moonlight's eyes slowly fluttered open as he awakened from his self drug induced stupor; his crimson eyes glowing softly along with the rings that adorned his currently naked body within the darkness of his bedroom. He immediately wiggled his toes, then his fingers, then shook his legs.

Good, I'm not paralyzed, he thought to himself. From what he could tell, everything seemed to be in order; save for a loose focus on his powers. The effects hadn't fully worn off yet; still on a slow coming down from his intense high. Even still, he couldn't help but feel that something was off. Something strange. Something unusual, yet familiar. But before he could realize, his ears brought their attention to a mysterious intruder that shuffled lightly within the corner of his bedroom: Heather, his favorite home invader.

There was no mistaking it. After all, it wasn't the first time she did this. Nor was it the second, or the third.

"Well this is a surprise," the tall, curvaceous, and voluptuous angelic feline made herself known. She sauntered over to the bed; that mischievous scarlet gaze locked upon the diminutive naked Umbreon sprawled out on the bedspread. "I never thought the day would come where my dear umbry would become the size of a mouse," She slowly and seductively licked at her juicy, plump, soft lips; leaning in over the bed and giving the miniature Moonlight a world consuming view of her exceptionally generous inviting cleavage and a deadly, sharp toothed grin.

Moonlight had really done it this time. Using his own poisons, he had been experimenting with different drug effects upon himself. He couldn't truly do himself any serious harm but the side effects could certainly be felt. Even with the room stretching out before him and the sudden expansive space of his own, cozy bed; he hadn't realize he'd been shrunk. Not until one of the most dangerous and most beautiful creatures he had ever known, something out of a teenager's wet dream, literally took up his entire view.

"You have quite a knack for incredible timing. I think you're doing this on purpose," Moonlight squeaked up at her.

The kittygirl's grin went wider as her ears twitched to the sound of his tiny voice, "Goodness me," She uttered a deep, rumbling purr that boomed within the pokemorph's ears, "You sound as small as you look. How amusing," She paused, "....and appetizing." She crawled up onto the bed on all fours, leaning down onto it and squishing her massive, gaze-stealing chest into the sheets while raising her hips in the air; her feline tail flicking back and forth, looking like a cat ready to pounce. She brought her face, bigger than the Umbreon's entire body, even closer to him, licking her lips once more with that saliva slicked tongue.

Moonlight splayed his ears in response to her gesture; a slight hint of worry. He couldn't tell if she was serious or simply messing with him, but she clearly wasn't on her meds, which made the situation all

the worse. He'd need at least an hour or so before he could return to normal, and the problem didn't lie with his current size; it was the fact that he wasn't in full control of himself due to his self imposed drugging.

There was no doubt Heather had already recognized the power difference between them currently. He narrowed his options down to trying to play Cat & Mouse for as long as possible, or hope she was in an aggressively loving mood rather than a violent one.

"We've been over this, kitten. I don't particularly taste good and I'm literally bad for your health," replied the Umbreon before seeking to making an escape; bolting to his feet and taking a superhuman leap from the bed onto the floor to quickly rush to a hiding spot where she couldn't easily reach.

At least that was the plan.

The moment he had jumped into the air, her hand was immediately above him, cat-slapping him back down onto the sheets and pinning him firmly underneath her silky soft, and warm white furred hand; her sharp, newly painted pink colored claws digging into the bed on both sides of his head.

"**Stay,**" the feline ordered, leaning in even closer, those eyes staring down at the Umbreon like two burning suns. But before she made her next move, her ears suddenly twitched along with uttering a rather quizzical and cat-like "Mrow?"

There was a sudden poke at her palm, and she swiftly lifted her hand to see the cause; only to realize the Umbreon was fully erect, which served to put an amused smile on her face. "Unbelievable, you just can't help yourself, can you?"

"There's something about this whole, 'my life is in danger at the hands of an incredibly alluring woman', that gets my motor going, what can I say?" Moonlight replied with a rather silly, yet challenging grin.

The kittygirl's eyes softened in their sharpness; but still retained their burning intensity. "I can crush you like an insect or devour you in three—no, two bites tops, and you still take the time out to flirt with me?"

Moonlight bluntly pointed at his dick. At his standard size, it could crush a large water bottle in both girth and length; the Umbreon was well hung enough to satisfy even the most needy of size queens. So even at this current size, he was no slouch. "The heart wants what the heart wants, and the same applies to the things between our legs."

Heather lowered herself even closer, her chest squishing further into the bed as her grinning face now hovered a few inches above the Umbreon's body, "I'm normally not into short guys, but I suppose there are exceptions," She whispered with a low, rumbling purr. Her long, angelic silver hair cascaded down the sides of her head and pooled on both sides of the pokemorph, forming a sort of heavenly

curtain that kept his eyes focused purely on her face. Her eyes scanned him from head to toe, "Still good looking and equally as appetizing," She licked her teeth with a deep, delightful purr, "Let's have a sample, shall we?"

Her warm sweet breath washed over the tiny eveelution as she parted her luscious lips wide open; showcasing her deadly, pointed fangs, and sharp, saliva glistened teeth before rolling out that wet, pink tongue. She dragged its delightfully rough surface along the length of the Umbreon's body; a warm sigh escaping from the depths of her maw as she licked up along his legs, over his throbbing member, across his firm stomach and strong chest, and over his handsome face and adorable fox-like ears.

Moonlight uttered a deep, shuddering groan as that rough tongue dragged up along his body; pulling at and grooming through his fur. He subconsciously lifted his hips once that mighty muscle steam-rolled over his dick, squirming as it dragged and tugged over those sensitive, glowing yellow bands upon his body. He turned his head to the side as that relentless grooming tool mowed over his head; the tongue's journey now complete, leaving his fur matted down by her thin, but wet and sticky saliva.

"Can't say I've been ran over by a tongue before," quipped the Umbreon while rubbing at his soaking wet cheek.

The feline let out a sultry titter from above the Umbreon, licking her lips as she gazed down upon her prey. Her eyes shifted from deadly and predatory to a more...well less deadly and more lustful predatory gaze. "Mm, I quite enjoyed that," She purred with deep warmth, "My lil'bree is far tastier than I could have ever imagined."

"You're doing that claiming thing again," said Moonlight.

Heather's ears flitted to his response, drawing forth another warm giggle from her throat, "And why not? You're **my** prey. Every bit of you belongs to me, and only me, in this moment." She pressed the tip of her finger against his dick, pushing it back against his stomach while bringing a claw tip to rest on his chest, "I **could** tear you to shreds right now or skin you alive, but sadly, I wouldn't make a good coat out of you at this size. So playing with my food would have to do."

Moonlight's crimson eyes drifted to the sharp, pretty-pink painted claw tip resting on his chest; threatening to pierce right through and skewer him then and there. He glanced back up to the highly amused kitty, unable to do much but accept defeat. "Guess I'll sit back and enjoy the show."

"Mmmm, now that's a good Umbreon. Don't you worry, this performance is to **die** for," Heather purred deeply once again, Moonlight feeling her delightful rumbles all around him. "Now without further ado." Heather pursed her plump, full lips over Moonlight and released a steady stream of warm,

sticky and oddly sweet-scented and sweet-tasting saliva all over his body; soaking him from eartip to toe.

"Auuuugh," Moon cried out with a groan; coughing and sputtering afterwards, "What the hell Heather?! You're making a mess of my sheets too!"

"Whooops, sorry about that, lil'bree," Heather giggled mischievously, those captivating eyes still squarely locked on the teeny umbry squirming in the wet spot. "Don't worry, I'll get that for you." She revealed her cavernous maw to the pokemorph again; seemingly wetter than before with numerous strands of saliva connecting her tongue to her teeth and the roof of her mouth. She dipped her head down and lolled out her tongue once more, dragging it over the Umbreon's form and flattening him underneath it. She then did it again. And again. And again. And again; completely delighting in her plaything's squirming underneath the relentless pink muscle.

Moonlight moaned deeply from each pass of the feline's hot, smothering tongue; raising his hips each time it made its rounds over his groin, his eager cock twitching with delight with each overwhelming lap. His body wriggled and writhed in sheer pleasure; clearly enjoying this gigantic grooming.

"Mmmm, what an adorable little ringed thing," Heather purred, "A little tongue action too much for you?"

Moonlight scoffed, giving a smirk as he propped himself up on his elbows, gazing up into those playful, burning suns, "If that's the best you have to offer, I'm quite disappointed."

"Good," Heather replied. She slipped her warm, soft, white furred fingers underneath the damp diminutive dark-type while shifting to lay down fully onto her front upon the bedsheets. She cradled the bree in her hand, holding him like a doll while she made herself comfortable; lazily kicking her legs behind her while her long, prehensile tail swayed to and fro. "If you were beaten by a mere tongue, I'd be heavily disappointed," She brought a free finger to his chest and slowly dragged it down to his engorged member, rubbing it idly while keeping those scarlet eyes focused on that handsome face of his, "And you know what happens when you disappoint me, hmm?"

"How could I forget? You're also not failing to remind me with those teeth of yours," Moon said, "Still. Just like when we met, my offer hasn't changed. As long as you never fail to excite me, I will never disappoint you," He added, with a bright, brave, and daring grin.

Heather flashed a wide grin and giggled delightfully. "Till the very end then, Umbreon? Good, I'm going to use you until I'm satisfied then."

Those white furred digits coiled around his body in a constricting grip; squeezing firmly at the tiny pokemorph's strong body. Moonlight's ears perked sharply, his eyes shutting tight while his head pressed back against the smooth warmth of her finger; the crushing force around him forcing a pained

moan from his throat. The strength of her grip forced the air from his lungs. The giant fingers pressing against his chest made it difficult to breathe. The pressure around his sides prevented him from struggling, lest he break a few ribs and splinter his arms in the attempt. His legs were held together, preventing any further movement beyond his curling toes.

The devilish angel squeezed even tighter.

It was a show of dominance; this much he knew. He couldn't see it, but he could feel that murderous grin over him. In this moment, he was hers. She was in control, she literally held his life in her grip.

He could escape. She knew it, he knew it.

But he couldn't fight back. He knew it, she knew it.

You're mine. Was the message in that moment.

Heather relaxed her grip. Moonlight caught his breath.

He opened his eyes to her lips a mere breath away from his face; pulled into a pleased smile.

"Good bree," She murmured, before pursing those damp, plump, juicy, full, and kissable lips. She pressed them against the entirety of his face; engaging in a greatly mismatched desire-filled kiss.

"Mmmph!" Moonlight grunted as those soft lips covered the entirety of his face; pulling and squeezing at his handsome features with overwhelming suckles via the giant feline's heavy, passionate kiss. Her lips parted slightly, allowing her tongue to hungrily slap and slather all over the Umbreon's visage. Her head then tipped forward, drawing the entirety of his skull into her excessively wet and warm maw. She suckled upon his head like the bulb of a lollipop, mercilessly licking and kissing at him with intense, starving passion. She carefully, with expert precision, dragged the sharp edges of her teeth through his fur and hair; miraculously avoiding breaking any flesh, despite the strong temptation to do so.

Through all this, Moonlight wriggled in her grip and between her lips as his body rumbled and vibrated with warm, intense purrs. Despite the danger of being torn apart by those teeth, despite being buffeted by the lust-laden sighs of her intoxicating breath, despite his sensitive ears being filled with the booming tones of her moans and sighs, despite being battered and intensely groomed by that excitable tongue; Moonlight was having the time of his life.

With a purring moan, Heather pulled the dark-type's head from her mouth with a suckling *pop*, leaving behind a thin trail of saliva still connecting her lips to him. She gazed down at her lilliputian lover with a less predatory, yet still hungry, smile and the burning crimson shade of her eyes became a more of a misty pink color; signifying quite a mood change.

Moonlight knew this look all too well: she was incredibly horny; hypnotically so.

Hair disheveled, fur a mess and slightly standing, and the entirety of his head drenched in kitty drool; Moonlight smiled up at her. "That was one hell of a make out session. Though a little one sided," he quipped.

"Shh," Heather placed a fingertip over his face to silence him, "Little boys should be quiet when big girls are enjoying themselves. Just keep making those cute little sounds," She whispered with a warm purr while sitting herself up on the bed.

With one swift and graceful motion, Heather slipped out of her robes and quickly discarded them using her tail, revealing and exposing her curvaceous, beautiful naked form. With Moonlight still in hand, she sat up with her back resting against the headboard and once again drew Moonlight towards her face. She raised him slightly, bringing his groin towards her adorable nose. It twitched slightly, quickly catching a whiff of that scent she oh so adored: the scent of his raw, sexual musk and sweat; the scent of *him*.

"Ahhh, there it is," She sang playfully to herself, her nose flexing and tightening slightly as she drew in his scent with loud, audible, and perhaps even exaggerated nasal huffs.

That tongue of hers made another reappearance, dragging its tip along the length of the dark-type's member before coiling around its girth, eliciting a warm, sweet and vibrating giggle from the giantess.

Moonlight groaned delightfully, squirming due to that insatiable tongue. It didn't take long for him to realize what she was doing: measuring him. Though much smaller in size, he was still fairly hung; his thickness matching that one of a large straw, she served to amuse the angelic feline.

Seemingly satisfied, if her gleeful purring was any indication, the giant feline parted her lips slightly with a playful "Aaaah~", teasing herself as she slowly brought the Umbreon even closer to her face; his hips and especially his engorged member on a flight course toward her open maw. She tilted her head back slightly and let Moonlight fall against her face; immediately closing her soft, full lips around the fun-sized Moonlight's entire groin; his entire package held with her lips within her heated maw.

"Wh-whoa...h-hey now," Moonlight whispered with a breathy, stuttering moan as the big kitty immediately went to work. Those pillowly lips pressed around his goods, suckling gleefully as her devious tongue entered the fray once again, lewdly slathering and slurping every bit of his still impressive manhood.

He clung tightly to her face, taking hold of her warm cheeks with his tiny hands and pressing his shivering, pleasure laden form against her nose; his soft fur buffeted by the sharp exhales from the kitty's nostrils. It took nearly everything he had to keep his eyes from rolling backwards, still able to stare into those half-lidded, misty pink eyes staring back at him.

"Ah-ahhh...f-fuck. L-lighten up will ya?" Moon huffed with shaky moans, struggling to keep it together

against the assault on his bits by those hungry lips and tongue. Heather let out a soft giggle, bringing her large fingers up to stroke and scratch at the Umbreon; rubbing affectionately at his back, brushing lightly at his tail, petting his ears and head, and lecherously touching his rear.

Her tongue wasn't too keen on granting Moonlight's request however; the organ making that clear once it slipped out past her lips to snake in between his thighs, forcing him to straddle it. That oh-so-mischievous muscle slapped playfully at his rear before slurping in between his cheeks, forcing quite the surprised moan from the Umbreon. His fluffy tail flicked wildly against her still-playing fingers as he arched his back, pushing his hips further up against her plush lips.

"Mmmmm," Heather purred delightfully; her lips and tongue vibrating against the Umbreon. "Fuck my face," She sloppily murmured an order before reluctantly withdrawing her naughty tongue to focus on the warm, sweaty bits occupying her mouth. Naturally, Moonlight obliged, pumping his hips and thrusting his still-impressive-to-a-size-queen-like-Heather sized meat between his lips with loud, heavy groans that were nearly drowned out against the feline's lewd slurping as she continued to lick and suckle at him.

"Ohhmmmf...thash goodsh," the angel slurred in the midst of her suckling, the tip of her tail flicking wildly, thrilled by her tiny plaything humping her mouth. She slid her free hand up along her body to knead at her breasts before giving herself a powerful squeeze, pinching the engorged nipple between two fingers. Another hot, breathy moan blasted against the umbry as Heather's arousal hit new heights; her breast toying hand now dropping to play at the private, already damp kitty cat between her thighs.

Moonlight on the other hand, had hit his limit of enduring those immense, suckling lips and overwhelming, insatiable tongue; his body quaking, squirming and spasming against the kittygirl's face in orgasm. With half-lidded eyes, Heather redoubled her efforts, making sure to drain him for every little bit he had. Slurping him like a straw, she drew out every splurt, every burst, every release; every bit of his seed that he had to offer; coating her tongue with a sticky whiteness.

The feline giggled inwardly and pinched the Umbreon's sides, pulling him away from her face and freeing him from her needy mouth. She dangled him from above, parting her lips and opening wide so he could survey his handiwork; her mouth filled with his hot, sticky and sweet tasting seed with much of it pooled onto her tongue. She then closed her mouth and shut her eyes; her lips moving as she visibly worked her jaw, concluding in a loud, delightful gulp as she swallowed down all his seed; opening her mouth afterward to prove it.

The Umbreon panted lightly in her grip, his fur soaked with his sweat and her saliva. His ears were splayed, his tail was lowered and his dick was flaccid. Still, his eyes lit up upon watching her swallow his hard work. "Not bad for a little guy huh?" He joked amidst his panting, "Satisfied yet?"

The pretty kitty's eyes slowly fluttered open, still with that misty pink color that made it quite clear to the dinky dark-type that she wasn't quite done yet. "I could ask you the same thing," She said with a rather sultry whisper, "Most of your strength has been restored by now, hasn't it? But you haven't changed back. You're really enjoying this, aren't you?" She gave a wide, fanged grin before drawing him towards her mountainous bosom, "But it doesn't matter, cause I still haven't gotten mine yet, and that's not very gentlemanly of you now is it?"

"Yeah well I—mmmph!" Before Moonlight could get all his words out, he was unceremoniously shoved in between those big, fat, jiggling, kitty tits. She promptly squished her breasts in all around him; trapping him in between the yielding yet still dangerously smothering flesh, pinning his body and only allowing his head and shoulders to poke out. "Geez, what are you up to now?"

"Did you forget? You're mine to do with as I please." Heather reminded with a warm purr before pressing her breasts in even closer around him as she gripped them tightly; a soft, rumbling moan escaping her lips. She lifted them — and him — upward while parting her lips, bringing out that ever so prevalent tongue once again.

Moon was far too preoccupied with squirming against the soft, warm, flesh rolling and pressing against him to notice the feline's tongue extending beyond it's normal lengths toward him. And before he could realize, that enjoyably rough and wet muscle coiled about his head and ears, constricting about his skull for a few brief moments before relaxing, uncoiling, and slurping sloppily at his face and twitching ears.

The Umbreon coughed and sputtered while that tongue assaulted him once again, unable to do much besides shake his head and flick his ears; his body rendered firmly immobile by those squishy, yet heavy and firm, breasts pressed tightly against him. He glared up angrily in preparation to complain, but was immediately ambushed by her pursed lips pressing against the entirety of his face as she kissed him once more, engaging in another intense, one sided make-out session. The bree was subjected to another display of her passions; that pair of the softest, fullest lips he had ever encountered kissing relentlessly at him, that tongue tasting at him, his head suckled upon like a candy treat.

Heather kept this up for numerous, long moments before pulling away with a hot and heavy sigh. She licked at her lips, purring warmly from his unique flavor before grinning down at him. "Aww, don't give me that look, bree. I just had to get you nice and wet first."

"Nice and wet for what?" Moonlight asked in kind, trying to rub his face free of the bigger feline's sticky saliva.

"The grand finale of course," replied the kitty lady, parting her breasts to let the Umbreon slip free; sending him tumbling down along her smooth torso with numerous grunts before landing in a heap

between her thick, shapely thighs.

“Ugh, for crying out loud. It wouldn’t kill you to be a little delicate you know,” Moon grumbled as he sat up on his knees, “I’m know I’m sturdy but you could at least...oh...” He trailed off, certainly understanding what she meant by grand finale.

Moonlight’s ears pressed back against his head, eyes widening as large as dinner plates as he gazed upon the feline’s pretty pink womanhood, glistening with her juices. Much like the rest of her, he wasn’t exactly unfamiliar with it, but this was the first time it was big enough to practically devour him. He was positive the size difference between them was enough to let his whole body fit in there!

Her intense heat washed over him like a blanket; tickling every strand of his fur. Her powerful scent filled his nostrils and overwhelmed him, practically making his head swim; a raw heat, a raw smell of sex; the pure scent of **HER**.

“G-geez. Kitty’s really in heat this time huh?” Moonlight mumbled to himself before speaking up to her, “And I’m supposed to satisfy you while I’m like *this*? I don’t think I’m quite big enough.”

“Aww, don’t tell me you’re wussing out now. You seemed quite content on being my little doll, and now you’re afraid of a little challenge? Looks like you’ll just have to think bigger than your dick,” Heather replied sharply.

“Not until you’re satisfied huh? Tch.” Moonlight slowly stood to his feet, gazing upon the challenge before him. He narrowed his eyes in determination before leaping onto the needy mound, nearly slipping against the puffy, slick, squishy outer folds. He scrambled a bit to maintain a proper foothold, and came face-to-swollen-nub as he stared right at the giant cat’s clit. A daunting feeling of disbelief overcame him as he realized something he teased with the pad of his finger was now as big as his head, but that also meant it was far easier to toy with. With a mischievous chuckle, he leaned forward and bit down upon it while gripping it with his hands; squeezing and kneading at it in the process.

“**Fuck!**” Heather cried out with a quick buck of her hips, her ears stiffening and her tail floofing; her body suddenly wracked with shocks of pleasure. “Ringed bastard,” She hissed through a heavy moan, pressing her quivering thighs together, trapping the Umbreon between two soft, quaking walls and a wet place. She lifted her hips and squeezed even tighter down on the pokemorph, giving him a firm face full—well body full— of her kitty cunny.

Moonlight groaned muffledly as he was pressed in between her legs; twitching ears poking out from the squished space. Moments later The Great Walls o’ Thighs soon fell away, but a pair of giant, furred digits swooped in and pressed against his back to keep him from falling. As one could guess, however, the feline’s true intent wasn’t to give him assistance, but to bring control back into her hands.

She pinned him firm against her outer folds and ran him up and down along those slick, sensitive lips;

delighting in the feeling of his soft, silken fur brushing over her swollen clit. Heavy, breathy moans escaped her lips as her body trembled from the teasing pleasure. “Looks like I’ll be making use of every inch of you,” Heather whispered, reorienting the Umbreon to push him into her depths feet first, pressing down on his shoulders and head until he was completely swallowed up by her nether lips.

Any cries or groans the Umbreon made went unheard as those nether walls pressed in tightly all around him. Any lesser being would have been crushed by the relentless pressure and grip the massive feline pushed down on him.

His ears were filled with the muffled, echoing rumbles of her moans; a vibrating, invasive presence that he couldn’t escape from. Every mutter of her pleasure, every mention of him being hers, the uttering of his name, every bit of praise of how good he made her feel; he heard it all.

The sheer heat and smothering force made it nigh impossible to breathe, and what air he could manage to inhale was filled with the scent of *her*. A smell so deviously and intensely divine that it made his head swim; giving him a far better high than his own poisons ever could; fogging his mind, overwhelming him.

Those walls squeezed and kneaded at every facet of his physical being like some sort of crushing massage. He was helplessly pinned and squished by her depths; what little air he had forced from his chest as the pressure of her inner folds threatened to crush his entire form far worse than the deadly grip of her hand did. His body completely dominated, taken by her sheer femininity.

Her thick, sticky juices welled up all around him. Enveloping him. Drowning him. Forcing him to taste her sweet, divine flavor and drink it all in.

He didn’t need to breathe, but there was something to be said about all of his senses being completely occupied by her.

He was drunk on her. He was stiff once again; his dick hard and firm like a diamond. He couldn’t move. He tried pumping his hips to no avail, but came in moments anyway.

Her snatch became his entire world; and she was rocking it. *This must be what a dick must feel like*, he thought to himself in those fleeting moments of rational thought.

The combined assault of the intense heat, overwhelming scent, crushing pressure and thick juices; Heather’s pure, sexual essence; went from merely fogging his mind to utterly blacking it out, leaving him with only thoughts and images of her. His favorite, the one he loved, the one he lusted after; her divine voice in his ears, that phenomenal scent in his nose, her sweet taste on his tongue, the visions of her sheer beauty, and her heat and embrace wrapped tightly around his body; her touch so strong and so soft.

All the while Heather was writhing in the throes of passion. Her feline ears twitched wildly while loud, breathy, heavy moans escaped her lips and echoed about the bedroom. One hand squeezed desperately at herself while the other was occupied with entertaining her womanhood; a finger occasionally worming its way into her depths to push the trapped Umbreon further into her. She bucked her hips, raising them high and pressing down even harder on her plaything with such orgasmic force that any lesser being would have been totally obliterated by her otherworldly lust. Her body quaked and her legs trembled from the shocks of pleasure; crying out into the darkness with an electrifying climax.

“Oh...fuck,” groaned the feline as collapsed down onto the bed; sheets soaked by sweat, saliva and fluids of passion. She purred deeply to herself in the afterglow, lazily rolling over onto her front and flicked her tail back and forth as she raised her hips, sticking her rear up in the air. “Mmm, guess I should let you out of there, yeah? Hope you’re still alive,” She said with a soft titter, reaching in between her legs to help fish the Umbreon out.

Moonlight was in a daze. He was utterly soaked; his fur sticky and wet with her juices. Even with the cool, fresh air rushing over him, he still felt enveloped by her heat and scent. “Urrrrgh,” he moaned, his body shifting and twitching lightly as his eyes slowly fluttered open; granting him the vision to see the giant grinning face of the feline angel. “Never imagined I’d be sent to heaven,” He joked weakly.

“...How silly of me to be even slightly worried,” scoffed the deific feline. She lowered her head closer, nostrils flaring slightly as her nose twitched, her now-back-to-normal red eyes lighting up with amusement. “Well, would you look at that, you smell just like me, bree,” She purred, nosing at him playfully, following up with a tiny (tiny being relative given the size difference between them) lick over his torso, “And taste as well.”

Moonlight playfully batted at her overbearing face with weak, tired slaps of his hands with a goofy smile on his face, “Uh huh, is this the part where you tell me about cats claiming ownership over things that smell like them?”

The feline giggled warmly, “Well I always wanted my very own Umbreon, I just never had the tools to catch him with,” She gave a fanged grin.

“You could just ask like a normal person,” He replied fairly sarcastically.

“Yeah but where’s the fun in that? Why ask when you can take? Now hold still, you’re overdue for a fine cleaning,” She purred once more before rolling out that tongue again, lapping at the dark-type once again despite his protests.

Partial enemies, frequent lovers, and perhaps the best of friends. This Umbreon and Cat had quite the complex relationship.