

Frisky Fuzzy Fennecs

An Erotic Short Story

by R. Lyle (Resolute)

Jenna pushed me against the wall the moment she locked the door of her apartment. A hungry growl was my only warning before her lips met mine. The cream-colored fuzz on her muzzle tickled my chin, and I reached up to stroke the pale hair that fell between her huge, tufted ears.

The fennec gal was usually happy to see me, but it wasn't often our 'one drink, chit-chat, your place or mine' ritual lasted all of ten minutes.

Her hand dropped to fondle me while her tongue brushed over my lips. I tried to chase it, but she withdrew, giggling. Those golden brown eyes of hers kept me pinned, and she leaned in close, letting me feel her athletic, furred body—the only thing separating us was the smooth cloth of her strapless dress and the fabric of my shorts. My other hand slid from her hip to her rear, and I could feel her tail swishing back and forth.

"We might not make it to the bedroom at this rate," I whispered, holding her neck so I could kiss her again. The hint of fruit from her drink was gone, but her lips tasted more than fine enough. "Long week?"

"Mm. Too long." She squeezed my hardness through my shorts. "Bed's more comfortable. Come along, handsome."

"Yes, ma'am." I would have followed even if she hadn't hooked two fingers in my waistband to drag me along. The bedroom wasn't far, and it was probably better if her roommate didn't catch us fucking on the floor, or against the wall. Or both.

Probably both.

"Sit," Jenna said, and pushed me onto the bed. "Off with the outerwear, let's get a good look at you." She purred as I shucked off my shirt. Her hands roamed over my chest—and her eyes fell to the tenting in my underwear. "Mm. Neither of you go anywhere. I just need to slip into something real quick."

"I wouldn't dare leave." I leaned back to show off, and she licked her lips; her fingers gave me a quick squeeze through the fabric before she let go, hopped off the bed, and darted into the attached bathroom.

Moments later, I heard steps in the outside hall. "Jenna? I thought you were getting a drink—." The other lovely fennec lady, Amber, stopped talking as she poked her head in the door. "Oh. Hi, Kyle."

"Yo." I gave a little wave and subtly lifted a leg to block the view of my crotch. "Sorry for the, uh. Yeah."

She shrugged, and her ears swiveled towards the bathroom. "It's not like I haven't seen you shirtless before." Her eyes did linger a little further down, though, before snapping back up. "Sorry for barging in. I thought, you know, maybe she'd gotten stood up too."

I winced. "Ouch. Sorry for that, too, for what it's worth. If Jenna wasn't seconds away from pouncing me, I'd totally ask if I could help."

Her ears perked up, and her brow furrowed in thought. "You'd both be fine with that?"

"Yeah. Jenna and I are casual. Maybe we can talk tomorrow, work something out?"

Amber hummed, and chewed her bottom lip for a moment. "Sure, something. Just let me talk to Jenna for a moment." She knocked on the door and spoke through it in low tones.

I turned to check the supplies—condoms, lube, tissues, whatever else we needed for a couple hours of worry-free fun. It occurred to me that Amber would easily have heard both of us, unless she was wearing headphones or something. I settled back on the bed, and after a few moments she turned my way. Maybe she was about to say goodbye, or talk to me a little more, but something in her expression tipped me off.

Thus, I wasn't caught by *complete* surprise when she climbed onto the bed and sidled up next to me.

"I hope you don't mind, Jenna overheard us talking, and said she wouldn't mind a sidekick for the night." Her eyes—green, like mint—were very pretty. I nodded. "Do you want to start slow? I think it'd be best to ease into things while we wait for the roomie."

"Yeah. Um, definitely." My head was already buzzing from Jenna's advances, and adding *another* sexy fennec lady to the mix just about short-circuited me. Rather than try to talk, and fail, I opted to lean in and kiss her. Our tongues met, and we moved closer, hands tracing languid paths over the other's body. She had a much softer touch than Jenna, inviting rather than commanding—not that the latter didn't get me riled up, but this was a nice change.

My fingers were tugging the shoulder straps of her dress down her tan-furred shoulders when the bathroom door opened and a soft giggle reached our ears. "The two of you are cute together."

My jaw just about dropped. Jenna was wearing a black corset, one that fit snug to accentuate the curves of her toned form. She lifted a leg onto the bed and posed to show off the matching thigh-high stockings—and would have displayed far more, if it hadn't been for the panties. I still couldn't stop staring, even as she joined us on the bed.

She smirked. "Mind if I join in?"

Amber moved to my side. "You were here first, Jen, don't mind me."

"Oh, come now." Jenna placed a hand on her roommate's bare-furred thigh. "I'm sure the two of us can divvy up this fine specimen, if not help each other out."

This was unreal, and it was only getting started. "I didn't know the two of you got involved. No objections, of course."

Jenna snorted, and the corner of her mouth curled upwards. "I'd be worried if you did. And, on occasion, we experiment a little. Nothing regular."

Amber placed her hand on Jenna's. "Woman's touch, and all that."

"Well," I said, wrapping my arms around their backs and tugging them closer. "I'll try my best to keep up."

"You'd better," Jenna shot back, then claimed my mouth. Amber moved closer, fingers tracing over my muscles, every inch of her fur tickling my mostly-bare skin. Jenna was more direct, and nuzzled her way past my cheek. Her slow, warm lick traced over my earlobe, and my shiver brought pause to the other fennec.

"Are his ears as sensitive as ours?"

"Not quite," Jenna said, "but he really likes it. And his neck, too."

Amber's warm breath washed over my neck a moment before she started kissing there, adding little nibbles and licks, working upwards while Jenna traveled down. I closed my eyes, gasping, holding onto both of them; each caress pumped warm fog into my brain, and sent even warmer pulses down below, until I was all but panting, barely able to think amidst their assault.

"Aww," Amber said, "he looks so adorable." She pulled away from my side, and by the time I opened my eyes she was sliding out of her dress—and she had no top underneath, just a red bikini bottom. Her breasts were on the smaller side, but still a handful, and the short, paler fur mostly obscured her nipples at first glance.

I was doing way more than glancing, though.

Jenna's breasts were larger, but still concealed by the corset. I didn't want to reach for her when Amber had just bared herself, but I didn't want to be too forward with a new partner. Jenna decided the issue by taking my hand and placing it on Amber's chest, and I moved the other to join it. I explored mostly by instinct; part of me suspected I'd hit my head, or died, or was dreaming. Whatever the case, I planned to enjoy it for as long as it lasted.

"I don't know about you, Am," Jenna said, "but I was ready to jump his bones *before* this turned into a threesome. I'm getting started." She reached down to tug at the elastic band around my waist.

Amber giggled. "I'm following your lead, don't worry."

They both shifted so I could kneel and shimmy the underpants down my legs, and Jenna tossed them in the general direction of my shirt. My shaft was achingly hard thanks to their combined efforts. Amber leaned over for a closer look, and traced a fingertip along the underside. I had to remember to breathe.

"So," I said, feeling a little daring. "Two-for-one tasting of my meat?"

Laughter rang on both sides of me. "Maybe next time," Jenna murmured, smirking. She pushed me onto my back, and I had to reach up to grab a pillow. "For now, I think *your* tongue would go to better use. Don't you agree, Am?"

Amber's ears lay flat for a moment, then perked back up as she grinned. "Sure, though I've never had a guy do it well."

"I think I can change that," I replied, licking my lips. "First things first, though." I ran a finger underneath her bikini bottom. She bit her lip and reached back to untie the garment, letting it fall free. I couldn't see between her legs from my current angle, but I could slide my hand along her inner thigh and feel warmth—and even a little dampness—against my knuckles.

It only took that touch, the barest suggestion, for her to lift her leg and straddle my face. Her furred body towered over me, chest rising and falling with her breath. Now I could see her lower lips: dusk red, slightly parted, and glistening. As my fingers teased around her entrance, I looked back up to see the two of them nuzzling and caressing each other.

If it weren't for Jenna sitting on my thighs, I'd have started humping the air, the sheets, anything for stimulation. This was *beyond* a dream.

Still, I had work to do, and I lifted my head to plant my lips against Amber's, putting my tongue to work as promised. The fennec shivered, gasping, spreading her legs further so I had more room. She pulled away from Jenna and brought her hands back to her own body. I licked again, deeper, sampling her sweet tanginess, teasing her, coaxing more of those soft, breathy sounds from her throat.

There wasn't any time to wonder what Jenna was doing, at least until one of her fingertips trailed along my sensitive skin, up, then down, down to cup my balls and slowly roll them back and forth, her grip warm and just firm enough to send another throb through my lower body. I couldn't keep myself from squirming.

Her other hand was nowhere to be felt, at least until I heard a rip of foil, and felt the rubber slide over my length in one fluid motion. Practice made perfect.

"Don't stop," Amber whispered, rocking her hips against me to claim my attention. My answer was muffled by her crotch, not that it mattered, since slipping a finger inside her said enough. Curling my finger didn't do as much for her as it did for Jenna, but swirling it around while lightly suckling on her clit got a throaty moan and a firm grip on the back of my head. Her sensual musk filled my nose, and the taste of her juices danced on my tongue.

Jenna moved up to straddle my hips. The smooth stockings glided over my skin, but didn't block the warmth of her body. She squeezed me again, and then the touch of her hand was slowly replaced by her hot, slick embrace, tightening around me inch by inch, barely numbed by the thin condom, and now it was my turn to moan, muffled, finally able to raise my hips and bury myself deeper into the sultry temptress.

"Mmmh," was all I could manage to say, and I imagined one or both of them grinned.

I refocused my attention on Amber, squeezing her rear with my free hand. Jenna was already starting to ride me, squeezing each time her heated tunnel engulfed me. I vainly hoped we could all get off together—Jenna and I sometimes synced up, but I was pretty worked up, and I didn't know Amber's tells.

Either way, I kept licking, suckling, and finding the spots that got Amber's muscles twitching, and her fingers gripped my hair.

"Oh, hell yes," Jenna said. I dropped my head back to the pillow for a moment, catching my breath, barely able to see her bouncing up and down on my cock. A shudder ran through me, followed by a wave of heat as Amber followed me down, burying her crotch against my face, moving nearly at the same rhythm.

What could I do, but go back to work?

Amber was panting, leaning forward and bracing herself against the headboard with both hands. She didn't respond as well if I moved fast or pushed her, I'd learned, but keeping a steady, relentless pace had her shivering with every swirl of my tongue. She was pressing against me so firmly I could barely take a breath, and my senses were flooded with her scent, her taste, her body swaying above me, and the warmth, the softness of her fur. With Jenna riding my cock, it was all too much to handle, and I couldn't stop even if I tried, even if I *wanted* to.

A muffled groan was my only warning to both of them as the tension spread from my loins to my whole body. My balls tightened, and I bucked upwards, pushing as deep into Jenna as I could as I felt a surge that traveled up through my length and splattered into the end of the condom. She growled in approval, sinking down to the hilt, squeezing, milking me for every drop despite the

rubber. My muscles locked up, and it was all I could do to hold on to the lithe form of the vixen sitting on my face.

One thought managed to break through the haze: Amber hadn't gotten off yet. She had pulled up just enough to let me breathe, thankfully, but she still quivered, whimpering, her thighs flexing on either side of my head. I pushed through the warm fog settling over my brain and body, closing my lips around her clit, sucking and licking, while two of my fingers slid in and out of her passage just as my shaft had to Jenna. Almost immediately, she was shaking, gasping, moaning something unintelligible until she tensed up too, her voice breaking, hips grinding against my face with wanton abandon as I finally coaxed her own climax out of her.

By the time she finally relaxed and pulled off, I felt a little lightheaded and gasped for air—not that I minded being half-smothered by a sexy fennec.

"Whoa," Amber finally said, awkwardly leaning back to avoid sit on my neck or chest. She giggled like she'd had a few extra drinks at the bar. "Mmkay. That w-wasn't bad... ooh."

I wiped some of her juices off my face, even though my limbs still felt like lead. "Not bad? I'll do better next time." I glanced at Jenna, and she smirked; apparently I wasn't the only one thinking about a next time already. "On that subject, didn't feel like *you* got off."

"You get a short break before you fix that." She smirked, and threw away the used condom. "Besides, it's the weekend. This is just the warmup for me."

Amber giggled again, and moved off of me. "I wouldn't mind getting another shot at him. Maybe we can trade places, change things up?" She settled onto her side and nestled close to me, walking her fingers down my belly and purring in my ear. "I kinda want to see how *you* do on top, though."

"We'll work something out," Jenna murmured. She leaned down and pressed her corset-bound body close to mine, leaving me covered in fennec—at least until they deemed me ready for re-use.

I wrapped my arms around both of them, even though my limbs felt like lead from the afterglow, and gave each one a quick kiss. They turned to each other after, and as their muzzles briefly met, I wondered how often I could survive the three of us meeting for drinks.