

Overnight Overlay

Roland Guiscard is © himself. Tanya is © Bilou

Roland stared down at his shoes a little, his nose so close to the door in front of him that he could feel his own warm, wet breath bouncing back at him as he exhaled. The fox put his black-furred hands to his mouth, blowing on them in an attempt to warm them up. He put his hands onto his black ears, rubbing them a bit before shoving his hands back into the pockets of his bomber jacket. His thick, golden-blond hair moved in the wind, little flecks of snow caught up in it for a few moments before melting. It was very cold tonight, and he wished that Tanya would open the door. He rung the doorbell again, his cheeks beginning to blush beneath the orange fur of his face. His white-furred chin shuddered a little as his teeth clacked together, and his twin orange tails shuddered down to their white tips. He pushed on the doorbell again, hoping Tanya would open it soon.

Just as Roland was about to give up and start looking for a nice, warm taxi cab to take him home in, the door swung open. Standing there to greet him was Tanya. She smiled warmly, her lips the ruby-red of her favorite lipstick. A fox similar in color to Roland, she differed from him in having but one tail, and rather than a white tip hers was black, covering almost the entire bottom half of her tail. The "Socks "And "gloves" of black on her hands and feet were also much larger, the "socks" extending all the way to her mid-thigh, and the "gloves" ending at her elbows. She had thick, rich-blond hair like Roland as well, a forelock of which was always drooped playfully over one of her eyes.

Tanya was wearing high heels, hot pants, a very small, very tight top and a small collar around her neck. Such skimpy clothing did well to show off her smooth, lightly built body, which seemed to curve and move in all the right places. She was extremely attractive and she knew it, and she certainly dressed in such a way as to show it off. When she saw that it was Roland at the door, she leaned forward and wrapped her arms around him, hugging him close. "Prrrrince Rrrroland! Oh I am so glad to see you! I was afrrrraid you wouldn't make it!" Tanya had a thick Russian accent, and tended to draw out her "r's" into slow, sexy growls. Roland rather liked that.

Roland leaned forward and wrapped his arms around Tanya, taking a moment to step in a bit and kick the door closed behind him. He was eager to shut out the cold, but also eager to get his hands on Tanya, who was gently feeling up and down his back. He gently rubbed her as she hugged him, finding her fur smooth and soft as he'd remembered it and the flesh beneath it supple and willing. He pulled back a bit, smiling broadly and staring into her right eye, which was the one not hidden at the moment. "I'm sorry but I told you I'd be flying in late. And even then, its just a stop-over on to my final destination, I've got another plane to catch tomorrow morning." Tanya smiled back,

but as she leaned in for a kiss, it was clear she wasn't concerned with what Roland had to say.

Roland let out a slow, deep sigh as he felt Tanya push her lips against his. He slid his arms up a bit, feeling her back and shoulders as he pushed his tongue into her mouth, tasting her. She let out a small whimper as he flicked his tongue around in her mouth, then pushed herself forward lightly, standing on tiptoe so she might kiss him fully. Behind him, Roland's tails began to wag harder and harder until they were no more than an orange blur. His hands slid down across her back until he felt the soft, gentle curve of her rump. He squeezed it lightly, making her jump more into his arms, her warm body pressed against his.

After several minutes, Tanya finally broke the kiss, her tail swishing happily behind her as she gave Roland a big, bright smile. Roland smiled back, knowing how intense the kiss must have been from the taste of lipstick on his tongue and lips. "Come, Rrrroland, let us make the best of ourrr time. Please be quiet, Uncle Ivan is sleeping." Tanya gently slipped from Roland's arms, grabbing his hand as she moved, and gently leading them up the stairs. As she walked, she put a finger to her lips, making a "Shhh!" noise, and walking on tiptoe. Roland, however, simply walked in his normal fashion, smiling broadly and admiring Tanya's rear end as it swished and wiggled in front of him. He was very glad that he'd picked a flight with a twelve hour layover now.

As the door clicked behind her, Tanya flicked on the lights of her private room. Roland had been here only one time before, and he knew that before that no one but Tanya had ever entered. This room was Tanya's sanctuary, and she liked to keep it private.

The room was large and was filled with photographic equipment of all sorts, and on the walls were massive portraits, landscapes, and other works Tanya herself had created. Some she had blown up to quite a large size, while others were small as postage stamps, but they all had Tanya's unique sense of beauty. The room had an adjoining living room and bathroom which were similarly filled with photos and equipment, but it was the main room and its gigantic bed which most interested Roland. The last time he'd been here, Tanya had invited him to be her first lover, and they had spend the entire night in that bed, making love until well past sunrise. His cheek smirked and his tails flicked at the memory, but also he felt himself get slightly aroused. Nothing to worry about, though. She liked that.

In front of him, Tanya was quickly removing her clothes, then putting them away. Tanya was a furrist, meaning that in public she wore little clothing, and in private she wore none at all. Were it not for her somewhat innocent and celibate behavior, Roland might have thought that was a sexual side to her desire to be nude, but over time Roland had come to realize that she simply loved her body.

She saw no need to hide it, because it was beautiful, and most everyone enjoyed looking at it. Still, the sight of her nude form bending over low to place her shoes at the bottom of her closet evoked a strong response from Roland's libido. He was mortal and male, after all.

"So, Prrince Rrroland, won't you join me in my display of furr? It is very comfortable..." Tanya batted her eyes and slowly crossed her arms beneath her breasts, hefting them up and encouraging Roland to join her. He hardly needed encouragement, though, as he had already ditched his shirt and jacket and was frantically working on his shoes. Tanya walked over to him in a slow, sultry gait, and by the time she reached him he was wearing only pants and underwear. He reached for his belt to open it, but Tanya beat him to it, her bright red fingernails gently tracing across the fabric as her delicate fingers undid his belt.

"Hmmm, Rrroland..." He felt his pants slip open, and her body move close to his. Roland was quite well endowed, and as Tanya leaned against him, he could feel the very tip of his arousal sticking out from the elastic lining of his boxers. Pressed between them, he could feel his hard length against her fur, and he resisted the urge to push and rub against it. Tanya kissed him lightly on the lips, and then allowed her hand to give him a quick grope, but that was all. She pulled back, letting Roland remove his boxers and step out of his pants.

"You naughty foxie, you arrre alrrready arrroused...Come into the living rrroom, Prrince Rrroland, I would like to make something to rrremeberrr you by beforrrre we begin..."

Roland was naked, aroused, and blushing slightly, but he did his best to remain still. Draped about a sofa, he remained motionless until there was the click of a camera, and then a flash of light as Tanya took a photo. Checking the small screen on her digital camera she smiled, then lightly took a drag on her cigarette. Roland had one as well, but Tanya had barely allowed him to smoke it, instead it had become a prop, the small bit of fire, ash, and smoke enhancing the effect.

Tanya was an expert photographer, and had taken many photos of Roland already, but she never seemed satisfied. Roland knew that, somewhere in her mind, Tanya had a perfect image of what Roland should look like. She wouldn't be happy until she had managed to capture it on film, and Roland knew that as soon as she'd captured that image she would move on to the next.

Finishing her cigarette, Tanya finally turned the camera off and walked over to Roland, her smooth, sexy body seeming to glow in the bright lights she'd set up. She smiled at Roland then put the thumbs and index fingers of her hands together to make a small box. She stared through it intently with one eye, focusing on Roland intently

as he took the chance to put the cigarette back to his lips, drinking in the thick smoke and enjoying the buzz of the nicotine.

"Hmm, no matterrrr how harrrrd I trrrry, the photos are just nothing like the rrreal thing..." said Tanya. She moved close to Roland, smiling at him, her face gazing over and examining him closely and delicately, analyzing every curve and fold of his fur, the light tone of his rather unimpressive muscles, the small pink nipples on his chest, his slightly pudgy stomach. She seemed to see the beauty in every small detail of his body, and seemed intent on bringing it out for the world to see. Roland noticed, however, as she continued to scan her view over him, her eyes began to center more and more on his crotch. He smiled and went from laying to sitting, his dick bobbing up and down in front of him.

"Done with photography for now?" asked Roland, stubbing out his smoke on an ashtray.

"Humm...Yes..." said Tanya. She gently slipped down to her knees and, tentatively, touched his erection with her fingertips. This was only her second time, and she was still very shy around Roland's cock. She clearly liked it, though, and as she slowly wrapped her fingers around it, feeling its warmth and firmness, Roland let out a relaxed sigh, small waves of pleasure trickling over him from her inexperienced hand.

After a few moments of slight rubbing she tentatively gave it a lick, the taste obviously very strange for her still. "It's so salty..." she said rhetorically. She gave it a small kiss, then slowly slid it into her mouth, unsure but intensely eager. Roland winced a little as her teeth scraped across his head, knowing she wouldn't know any better but unable to help himself. Soon though, she managed to get it in her mouth, and worked it around slowly, taking time to savor the flavor. Roland took deep breaths, his hand slowly sliding out and running his fingers delicately through her hair as she worked.

Tanya did not stay down there for long, but was soon up in Roland's face, kissing him delicately, her hand still on his erection, holding onto it desperately though she seemed not entirely sure what to do with it. She kissed him on the lips, and he gently caressed her hands, her arms, her shoulders...He brought her in close to him, holding her firmly against him, kissing her, holding her, feeling her body against his, loving the soft, warm feeling that sent shivers down his spine.

Tanya was on the bed beneath him, and all around were lights and cameras, delicately capturing their every motion and movement, as per Tanya's wishes. Roland kissed her deeply, letting her wrap her arms and legs around him as he slowly, delicately, slid deep into her sex. She winced, and then shuddered as she enveloped him, his maleness

sinking deep into her folds. He panted, his motions frantic and deep, and hers soft and gentle.

Roland slowed down and gently pulled back, softly caressing her breasts, rubbing and touching her nipples, pinching her ever so slightly. She whimpered, her hips bucking against his as she was overcome with pleasure. He slid his fingers up and down her sides, and then let loose a fury of thrusts, his body glistening with sweat as she whimpered and moaned beneath him.

Lowering himself down, he kissed her on the nose, his length buried in to the hilt. She wrapped her arms around him and pulled him into a deep kiss, lightly dragging her red nails across his back as she pushed against him. Roland gasped deep in her mouth, feeling enveloped in her touch, her smell, her feel. He felt his mind go blank for a moment, and then the soft, gentle relaxation of afterglow, his maleness emptying blast after blast of seed into the shuddering, whimpering vixen beneath him.

Roland stared deep into Tanya's eyes, taking deep breaths. Every time she exhaled, he could taste her scent deep in his mouth, her deep exhalations sinking deep into his mouth. She smiled at him, and he smiled back, her hands gently moving up and down his sides. After several moments, he slowly slid out and off of her. She moaned lightly, but continued smiling, gently grasping his hand as he lay down next to her.

Roland smiled back at Tanya, and for a short while they simply smiled at one another, enjoying one another's company and a firm afterglow, their hands firmly grasped together. After a short while, though, Tanya let go and lit herself a cigarette, sitting up somewhat and allowing Roland to get a good look at her breasts. Roland sat up also, and Tanya smirked as she saw where his eyes were.

"So naughty! Well Rrrroland, I must say I am glad you decided to visit...And since you arrre such a naughty boy, I decided I should give you something to rrremeberrr me by..." Opening the drawer on her nightstand, she pulled out a photograph and handed to Roland. He blushed red when he saw it, but held it close. It was a photo from the first night Roland and Tanya had spent together. Taken automatically by one of the cameras Tanya had set up, it had captured them deep in the moment of passion. Roland was, at first, afraid that it would be somewhat embarrassing, but as he examined it he found nothing he did not like about it. Not only was it an excellent picture of both Tanya and himself, it captured the passion of their lovemaking very well. Still, it was something Roland would be keeping to himself.

"Mmm...That's the naughtiest photograph I've seen you make, Tanya... You sure you don't want it for yourself?" asked Roland. He set the photograph aside, putting his arm around Tanya.

"Oh Rrrroland, my prrrince, I have the negative...And I have the photos we just took..." Roland chuckled and kissed her on the cheek.

"Why do you keep calling me a prince when you know I am not?" asked Roland. Tanya smiled, and playfully kissed him on the nose.

"Because I want to. Besides, you arrre the prrrince of my bedrrroom..." Tanya gave him a playful hug, pulling him in close. Roland chuckled and hugged her back.

"Well I can't argue with that..." he said. He reached for a cigarette, but Tanya stopped him. Tanya crawled over him, her smile gaining a naughty air, her large breasts dangling heavily in front of her.

"Mmm...Not now, Rrroland, I want morrre..." said Tanya. Roland just grinned. He needed to visit Tanya more often...