

Artistic Endeavors

Gen and Steve are © Roochak

For sex on the rebound, it wasn't bad.

Gen and Alex had been friends for quite some time now. What had started out as a one-night stand to get Alex over her ex-boyfriend had blossomed into a very steady "friends with benefits" sort of relationship, and the two twenty-something girls were getting to know each other both in and out of bed.

It was a nightly thing now for them to hit the town after dinner, Gen heading out from the sketches and paper of her apartment while Alex drove out from her campus. From there they might end up anywhere from a seedy tavern to a Ma & Pa pizza dump, but in any event they would end the evening drunk and buried in one another's crotches. It was a good way to live life.

One thing that was getting to Alex though was the fact that she and Gen really didn't know that much about each other. Alex knew that Gen had an older brother, but could barely remember his name and had never seen him. She also knew that Gen had great skills both in music and in drawing, but seriously doubted that meager artistic income was responsible for Gen's relatively comfortable style of living. Alex was the kind of girl who liked to know things and who liked everything to be wrapped up, and so these questions gnawed at her and made talking with Gen awkward. That and they'd slowly started to run out of things to talk about while waiting for the beer to kick in.

One night, while they were at Alexander's Pizza, Alex asked "Gen, your older brother Steve...What's he like?" Alex hoped she hadn't done anything wrong in asking, but knew that the pitcher of beer would arrive soon and thus any misspeaking would soon be forgotten. But Gen didn't seem to mind the topic at all. If anything, she acted relieved to finally be asked.

"Steve's a strange one. Real muscly type, you see. A little... homophobic, I might say, but really he's just obsessed with being... manly..." Gen had already had a pint and a half while waiting for the now-tardy pizza, and her speech was beginning to slur. "He's a nice guy an' all, just obsessed with goin' to the gym an' workin' out, and bein' a bouncer and all."

"So he's a bouncer then? He must be genuinely big and beefy to be a bouncer around here. What with all the college students and all, I mean." Alex sipped at the end of her first pint, relieved that the pizza finally arrived. It was good pizza to be sure, but the staff here was glacially slow and so a forty-five minute wait was pretty much a given.

"Oh he's built like a tank...Wanna see?" After a moment's fumbling in her purse, Gen produced a photo. In it was a very attractive (and visibly younger) Gen standing next to the biggest skunk Alex had ever seen. Well over six-foot tall, Steve was clearly the sort of guy who

can be intimidating without even trying. The well-worn "Gold's Gym" wifebeater on his chest and the intricate dragon tattoos coating his arms helped flesh out his appearance. His musculature and stature made him look almost comically masculine, like a professional wrestler or bodybuilder. Alex could hardly believe someone as small and delicate as Gen could be siblings with such a giant.

"Wow. He's huge," said Alex as she began to attack the pizza in front of her. Gen nodded and seemed to be thinking of an answer, but as it was clear that Alex was intent on eating, Gen said nothing and simply dug in herself.

A few hours later they were both half-drunk, half-sober, and half-clothed. Had it been a warm part of the year the half-clothed thing might have gotten them arrested for indecency, but as it was the only law they'd violated that night was driving while tipsy. Neither of them had gotten genuinely drunk, but as neither of them were excellent drivers the trip back to Gen's apartment had been slow going and eventful. But they hadn't been pulled over by the cops, and were now free to go at one another behind locked doors and blinded windows.

It was hard to tell whether Gen or Alex was more enthusiastic. Clothes were flying this way and that as the girls put their hands to one another's bodies, slender delicate fingers probing here and there into places they hadn't been for almost a full twelve hours now. More and more of Alex's bright orange fur was exposed as Gen got this and that piece of clothing out of her way. Slowly, Gen traced up and down the soft white patches of fur on the inside of Alex's legs. "Landing lights," Alex called them, and from the placement of Gen's smooth, black-furred hands a landing was definitely soon in the itinerary. Alex's hands were no less enthusiastic about their wanderings, gently tracing over the black and white patches of fur of her skunky lover. Alex grinned and smiled at Gen, brushing her blonde hair out of her eyes for a better view. Black vulpine hands held and caressed black ears, shoulders...Very little of Gen's fur was white, and what there was seemed more of an accent than a genuine spread. Alex tried twice to remove Gen's cap for a better look at Gen's smooth, white hair, but Gen wouldn't hear of it. Instead she directed Alex's hands to a much more southerly region of exploration.

About the time Gen had Alex's top off and was beginning to put her lips to work on some very pert nipples, the door lock clicked. The girls froze and turned to look at the door, where they saw a very startled and very embarrassed Steve. Before they could say anything he slammed the door shut. They could hear the frantic jangle of keys outside as Steve attempted (with little success) to stop shaking long enough to lock the door back and go elsewhere.

Gen came to her brother's rescue, opening the door and giving him a big hug. Alex blushed, still topless, and grinned sheepishly at

Steve. She could feel his eyes staring at her chest, and while it was not something totally alien to her it was not something she should feel totally unembarrassed about either. But Gen's hugs, frantic speech, and attention distracted Steve long enough for Alex to get her top on and also to get Steve to stop blushing and shaking. For such an immense and masculine figure he certainly was shy around pretty girls.

"Alexandra, this is Steve. Steve, Alex," said Gen. Steve extended his hand and Alex shook it timidly, fully expecting to have it accidentally crushed by the immense monster of a skunk. But Steve's grip turned out to be genuinely gentle and almost timid. So Alex wasn't the only one afraid of hurt in a handshake.

"I'm pleased t'meet'cha..." said Steve. His accent while sober (he clearly was) was about the same as Gen's when she was drunk and almost seemed as if it was simply a low baritone version of Gen's own girlish voice. Charming, pleasing in that rough-and-tumble sort of way, Alex decided it was a window into his character and that she liked what she saw.

It was not long before Alex, Gen and Steve had started into talking. Steve was a bouncer and as such he tended to stay out all night while Gen was asleep (or more accurately as of late, in bed with Alex). Steve and Gen didn't have any real animosity towards each other, but they didn't see each other very much and it showed. As they spoke it became clear that Gen and Steve had a lot of catching up to do, something that played to Alex's advantage as she knew very little about the both of them.

"So lemme see if I understand," said Alex. "You two just share this apartment, put all the money you earn into the same bank account, and then just take out what's needed for what?"

"Yeah, that's it," said Gen. "We both know I earn a lot less than Steve, but also that Steve's a big softie who just wants to help out his little sis." Gen hugged her older, larger brother, something that made Alex think the "little" part was almost an understatement. The size difference between the two was painfully apparent.

"So tell me Alex..." asked Steve "Are you the girl who's been appearin' in all of Gen's latest works? You sho' look like huh." Alex and Gen both blushed at this. Steve chuckled. "You mean t'tell me you haven't shown her y'sketches?"

"Oh please do!" said Alex, wagging her tail excitedly. Gen grinned sheepishly and got up, going off to her room to retrieve a small selection of her more recent sketchbooks.

"They're beautiful!" said Alex, her fingers idly tracing the lines of her own face on the tan-colored sketch paper.

"Well, they're rough sketches. And seein' as I did 'em all from memory, they're not perfect, but they're good," said Gen. Alex didn't seem to mind that they were imperfect in Gen's eyes. She was

impressed at the level of detail Gen had put into even the most rudimentary sketches. Clearly Gen knew well how to wield a pencil, as indicated by the numerous small portraits of Alex, each one her face in a different position or expression. Steve chuckled from his chair.

"Why don't you show her the *other* pictures, Gen?" said Steve. This made Gen wince and blush redder, if such was possible.

"What do you mean 'other pictures,' Steve?" asked Alex. The vixen was genuinely curious by now.

"Gen here is a bona-fide erotic artist and a damn good one. Plinkin' at a piano or doodlin' on a piece of paper won't pay the 'lectric bill, but drawing a couple or two making love sho' will." Gen pulled her cap down over her face in an apparent attempt to hide her embarrassment. It didn't work, and it was only at Alex's insistence that she went back to her room to retrieve the other volumes.

Alex was taken aback at the sketchbooks. They went well beyond the realm of portraits or even nudes, clearly showing acts too lewd to be put up in any art museum she had ever been to. She didn't want to admit it, but seeing these pictures of herself and Gen doing such naughty things was of great interest to her, and the more she saw the more her heart raced with the good memories of what they'd been up to for the past month or so.

She also noticed that she and Gen were not alone in these books. Steve was in there too, repeatedly, and rarely with the same girl more than once. He grinned. "He picks up girls from time to time at the bar," said Gen. "Gets them here, they play, and then he asks me to do a souvenir or two for the experience. If he brings 'em home early enough I might even manage to get 'em to pose, although 's pretty hard to keep Steve still in such a case."

Alex thumbed idly over the pages, wondering if Steve noticed her interest. Steve was very much a big guy in more than one meaning of the word, and Alex licked her lips as she saw page after page of him showing off his sexual prowess. Here a bunny was trying to choke down his immense member through a torrent of spoooge. Here a cat was rolling and kicking in orgasm as Steve pounded her like a jackhammer. Here a squirrel was grinding her teeth and gripping at the sheets as she took it doggy style. Each image filled Alexandra's head with more and more naughty thoughts. She had to end up in this sketchbook, with Steve, and she had to get in there tonight. After seeing what Steve was capable of, she was certain of this.

Alex got up with a grin and began to move towards Steve. While a little shy, the big male skunk was not stupid and clearly knew what Alex had in her naughty little mind. And was thrilled by it. "Gen, you told me you have a problem with your subjects staying still for you..." said Alex.

"That and bein' tired. Normally he brings 'em in around 4 AM, and hell we're all just *tired* at 4 AM," said Gen.

"Well, Gen, it's not even midnight yet, and I'd dearly love to try my hand at posing," said Alex as she sat in Steve's lap. She

grinned, twirling her finger around on his cheek. Steve shuddered with excitement. Whether or not he'd be posing for Gen, he'd certainly be fucking with Alex.

What had started out as pure business went quickly into chaos. While Alex and Steve had tried to be calm and composed, Alex hadn't had any dick since she and Gen had started spending their nights together, and Steve hadn't had anything sexual for months. It had pretty much gone downhill as soon as the penetration started.

"Stop moving around so much, Alex!" asked Gen halfheartedly. While she was making a genuine effort to sketch the pair in front of her, she knew them well enough to know that getting them to stay still was nigh to impossible.

"I'm not mooooving..." said Alex as she bounced up and down in Steve's lap. "Heeee is..." Alex giggled wildly as Steve's big soft hands caressed and pinched at her breasts.

It was a long but enjoyable night for Gen. Alex had found she really missed oral, and Steve was in no mood to complain as she sucked and licked at him frantically while Gen desperately tried to get something down on paper. She and Steve managed to get quite a bit of fucking done, but as they didn't stay in any one position for more than a few minutes, Gen barely had time to begin her sketches before she was forced to start anew. It was frustrating, but not in a bad way, and Gen was pleased to see two people she knew and cared about enjoying themselves so much.

After about Steve's fourth orgasm, however, they finally began to slow down. By now Alex's muzzle and pussy were coated in sticky, her fur in both places a wet mat. Gen seemed relieved, as she was now free to pose them and get at least something down on paper before they got enthused enough to go at it again.

"That's good, hold it right there..." said Gen as she hurriedly tried to sketch down Alex's sopping wet muzzle next to Steve's giant and half-flaccid dick. Alex giggled, looking at the pile of half-sketches Gen had managed to put down tonight. Had she and Steve really done all that? She grinned. This fellow was a real sexual dynamo, and was only half-tired after all this time. She hoped he spent more nights away from work; this kind of thing could be something she'd get used to. "There we go...You can get back into it now if you wanna, Alex."

Alex licked her lips and did just that. She pulled back away from Steve's cock and climbed down onto all fours on the floor. Grinning, she wiggled her butt in Steve's direction, her orange-black-white tail swishing in his face.

"Well Steve, now that Gen seems to have had enough of the posing, what say we do things our way?"

Steve definitely needed no encouragement to get back into the game. Without hesitation he dropped to his knees and started sliding

his dick into Alex's wet pussy, hardening quickly as he went. Alex groaned loudly and looked over her shoulder in wonder. They'd already been at it for hours, and even though they were finishing it off now he still didn't seem to be tired. If anything, he seemed more enthusiastic than ever, now that Gen was no longer trying to get him to stay still long enough for her to sketch. Alex bit her lower lip as Steve pounded away, moaning loudly each time his immense member hilted in her.

"Ahh fuck...Ahh god...It's..." Alex lost all ability to speak as pleasure raced through her body. She grinned, shutting her eyes and letting her tongue loll out as he pounded her harder and faster. An orgasm was about to hit her like a freight train, and she made no effort to stop it.

The sun was up well before the three of them were finished. Gen had discarded her sketchbooks and joined her brother in fucking Alex, the skunkette's slender hands probing and caressing whatever Steve's dick wasn't in. They were all quite happy and quite exhausted.

"That was...fucking...incredible..." said Alexandra, panting on the floor. She was now a sweaty, sticky mess, but she didn't mind in the least.

"You...said it..." replied Steve, who had collapsed into a nearby armchair. He was still wearing only his shirt, and his wet, well-used dick was lying in between his legs. It looked as tired as he was.

"We must...do this more often..." said Gen. Alex nodded and took a few more deep breaths. She must do this more often, and she must get a look at what all Gen was drawing. But first, a little nap...