

Miami's Vice

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Beauty is power. At least it is in my world. I'm sure you've heard my name, Miami, and I'm sure you associate it with more than the sprawling city I currently call home. You've seen me laid out next to pools or draped over hot new sports cars, my voluptuous curves gently caressing and complementing the smooth and powerful metal. I've appeared in almost every male's magazine at the news stand, including the ones you have to show ID for. You know me, or at least, you know my appearance. You know my bright pink dyed hair, which my promoters stubbornly refer to as "cotton candy colored hot pink." You know of my large, carefully brushed skunk tail, and how my smooth black and white fur is revitalized purely with FurTene brand shampoo. What you don't know is what it's like to be beautiful, to have the power to draw eyes and open wallets simply by walking into the room. Beauty is fleeting, but beauty is power. Power that lets me get what I want.

And what do I want? Well, I want to have an expensive penthouse on the top of a thirty story block of condos, one which lets me look out over the sea and over Miami depending on which way I face. I have it, of course, and it even has a large outdoor pool. A body like mine is too top-heavy for swimming, but I love getting wet and I love the feel of sun against my beautiful fur. Even if those tasked with keeping it looking fresh and shiny don't like the damage it gets from chlorine and sunshine.

I also want to have lots of people I can order around. I have a number of servants who go in and out all hours of the day and night. There's a cook, who serves me three delicious meals which also permit me to keep my figure, there's a maid who picks up after me, and there's a bartender who ensures I can get a good buzz going any time after seven. There's just something about being able to demand something and get it immediately that I find intoxicating. How many girls can say that their tits will get them a cocktail at three in the morning, or that the mess they left in the bathroom will have vanished when they come back from a photo shoot? I love the power my body brings, and no matter how much I demand I never get tired of seeing what my body can get me.

But enough of me bragging about how fortunate I am. If you were intending to read about that, I'm certain there are dozens of trashy supermarket rags which would give you everything you wanted to know. What you're here to read about are the sort of things that housewives and old ladies only wish was put into those horrid publications. The stuff that they so dearly want to secretly read about, but are afraid

to know. You want to read about how I fuck. And guess what? I feel like letting you know.

You might think that a delicate flower like me would eschew sexual activity in lieu of doing things like snorting cocaine or not eating in order to keep my weight down. Of course, if you've read this far, you know I'm no delicate flower and that I get what I want and I always want more. I'm going to put it simply: I fucking love fucking. There's really no way around it. If I could do it every hour of every day, I would. It's no mystery why, despite being a professional model, I still star in hardcore films that would be too career endangering for most models to even consider. I fucking love it. And I don't care who knows it.

Building on that, I'd like to tell you about a recent experience I had with a pool boy. Cliché, I know, but it's not like I was cheating on a husband or I set out to do it. He was there, I wanted it, and I made him give it to me. Not that I think he minded, really, even though I think it got him fired. I never did see him again.

Anyway I was out by the pool soaking in the late day sun. The sunset over Miami is really beautiful, with the sunlight playing out over the buildings and stretching out to the sea. I figure that since I pay to have a penthouse with a view I might as well enjoy it, so I was sipping a Singapore Sling I had my bartender make for me while wearing a nice hot pink string bikini. It's my favorite one, seeing as it matches my hair while covering only the essentials. I know that it's my own place and I could just as easily go around nude, but if I don't let my fans see my tits for free, why should I let my staff?

The pool boy arrived just when the sun was disappearing behind the buildings, so it must have been pretty late in the afternoon. Six or seven, probably, but of course I never bother keeping track of the time. I didn't really expect him, since mundane things like pool cleaning are usually done in my absence, and it's not like the pool was particularly dirty anyway. I live too high up to get leaves from trees in there, and I barely use it so there's no fur to clean out. But there he was, a big black panther boy with a "PROFESSIONAL POOL CLEANING SERVICES" t-shirt on.

I've had a lot of guys come to clean my pool, and before Javier none of them were particularly sexy. Most of them were in their mid to late thirties, fat, and spoke little English. They knew better than to leer at me, and they simply came, clean and left like all the other people who pick up after me. Javier was nothing like them. He was well over six feet tall, ripped like a bodybuilder, and was probably not old enough to buy beer. He also spoke reasonably good English, albeit with a pronounced Brazilian accent. I don't know why, but just hearing him talk in that voice just made me feel hot.

"Hello, my name is Javier, I'm a big fan," he said when he first came in, walking over to me and extending a hand for me to shake. It was decidedly unprofessional behavior, seeing as I hadn't asked him to come over or anything, but I was glad that he was being so forward. It gave me a chance to check out his pecs, which were

clearly visible under that tight t-shirt of his. Either his employer had decided that he could fit the massive Javier into a medium or the boy wanted to make sure I saw what he had. I'm pretty sure it was the latter.

"Thank you, now if you please, you're in my sunlight," I said, shooing him away. I could have pulled him down onto my deck chair and fucked him right then and there, but where's the fun in that? Besides, I've got a reputation to keep. If every guy thinks they can get between my legs, then they won't respect me. It's the fact that they have to earn it that makes them fuck me so hard.

"Yes, fine, I will clean your pool now," said Javier. "It's just I am a model too, not as famous as you, but learning. I really admire the way you look." I nodded to him and pretended to ignore him, putting on sunglasses and sipping idly at my drink. I kept watching him, though, watching his massive arms gently move that stiff rod around the pool, picking up what little was in the water. My mind was already wandering towards other stiff rods he could whip around for me, and from behind the privacy of my sunglasses I watched him work. His jeans weren't as tight as his shirt, but they let me know that in addition to a nice ass he had what it took down below.

Around twilight he was mostly finished cleaning the pool, although for the most part he had just been strutting around and letting me get a good look at his body. He was very clearly showing off, and though I don't think I showed any interest, I think he knew I was watching very intently. When the pool lights switched on I made my move, pulling off my sunglasses and motioning for him to come over.

I really doubt Javier thought I was going to fuck him, although I'm certain at least one part of him wanted me to. I'm guessing he thought I was going to give him a tip, or promise to drop his name off with some magazine, or something. I know he just wanted me to remember him, since the modeling business lives and dies on who knows who. In any event the look on his face when I took off my top was priceless.

"You know, I get lonely up here, all alone," I said. Complete bullshit, of course. I'm surrounded by servants and hounded by my agent every hour I'm awake. But the whole lonely girl cliché gets guys melting in the palm of my hand. They just want to be good little boys and help me out. "I have needs that have to be met. Deep, primal needs. Do you understand?"

Javier didn't need to understand English or get my subtlety to know what I want, seeing as I reached up and grabbed his crotch when I finished speaking. Most Brazilians I've met are pretty forward, understanding people and Javier was no exception. He unzipped his pants and whipped it out like it was nothing at all, minus the big smirk he gave me when that monster flopped out into my hand.

To say Javier had a big cock would be a gross understatement. He was huge. Even though he was only half hard he had to come in at about eight inches, and he was deliciously thick as well. He had the

sort of cock most guys only dream of having, and the sort I usually have to pay good money just to find. The massive black length towered above me like the monolith in 2001: A Space Odyssey, only this time I was actually interested. I felt driven to jam it into my mouth, and I know I moaned a lot louder than I intended to as I slid his massive tip across my tongue. The taste and the smell were intoxicating, and something about his shot, sweaty body just made me want him all the more.

I moved to the side of my chair, sitting down and gently taking him in my hands. The feel and heft of his massive meat were intoxicating to say the least. I could have just shoved my head down his cock like some cheap porn star, but being the kind of skunkette that I am, I took my time and enjoyed it. I moved my head back and forth across his length, sniffing him like a fine cigar. The stench of his musk triggered every one of my primal instincts, and it was all I could do to retain my typical composure. I licked up and down on him gently; his sweat and flavor filling my mouth with delight. There's nothing quite like it, and nothing I have my cook make ever pleases my palette as much.

I slid his length gently into my mouth, panting and working it softly. I had to grip most of him with two hands, huge as he was, and it took a long time to get his monster hard. Not that I minded, of course, I could probably have sat there sucking on his cock until morning. When he started to get good and hard I adjusted myself a bit and started working as much of it into my throat as I could, sucking and gulping it down. I take pride in my ability to deep throat and on most boys I can get their balls on my chin, but with Javier that wasn't happening. I managed to hit my limit a bit more than halfway down his shaft, not daring to shove him any further. A thick boy like that could really do some damage if I pushed my limits, and the last thing I wanted to do was hurt myself and end this early.

It was fun, though. His smell filling my nostrils, his taste filling my mouth, every minute of it just made me want more and more and more. His pre was thick, copious and salty as the rim on a margarita. I milked him gently, desperate for more and more of the flavor, and felt his cock twitch in my hands. Sliding off a bit and smirking, I gave his length a few firm, thick squeezes, milking out a few drops of pre which trickled down my hand. He moaned a little bit, still very pleased but glad to be standing there beside me. I knew he wanted more, though. I could suck him till he blew and I think we'd both go home happy, but I rarely came across a cock as big as his, and I wanted to treat myself. It's a rare day that I get to shove a cock that's two inches thick up my pussy.

I moved to all fours on my deck chair, yanking down my bikini bottom and reaching back to spread my sex. My pussy is a thing of near perfect beauty, just like the rest of me, and I knew he loved what he was seeing. I only wished I had a camera to capture what it looked like back there, his immense black length slowly penetrating my wet and eager pussy...I get hot and wet just thinking about it.

He knew how to manage his length very well and took his time sinking it in, giving me ample opportunity to love and enjoy every inch. It felt like he took an hour to slip it in me, even though I know it was only a few seconds, and I found myself already gripping my deck chair even before his hips were pressed up against my ass. Javier was an experienced fucker, and he knew how to make the most of his mighty shaft. I was glad of that, seeing as most guys with big cocks just slosh it around inside me, like they think their immense size can make up for not giving a shit.

After getting me going he started to pick up the pace, bending forward and driving it in. He grabbed at my hair, gripping it firmly as a handle and pulling my head back as he fucked me harder and harder. Under normal circumstances I'd have chided him for doing anything I didn't tell him to do, but I was loving it too much to even think about making him stop. To be honest, I like having my hair pulled, my ass spanked, my face slapped (lightly), since those little stings of pain are the spice that makes sex oh so more delicious.

I just barely managed to keep myself up as he pounded away at me, my body shaking and shuddering under him as we went at it. If he hadn't been yanking on my hair and shoulders, I'd probably have collapsed in a heap, helpless with pleasure as I was. I can't help but think they could hear me inside, too. I'm more than a bit of a screamer, and as hard as Javier was working my pussy I know that they could hear me through the open windows. I didn't care, though. I was getting exactly what I wanted, and that was all that mattered in the world.

I know a lot of girls try to restrain themselves when they cum. They don't want to let on that they're a slut, that they're enjoying it, and so they restrain themselves to a soft moan or a contented sigh. I'm nothing like that, of course. I squealed so loud that they might have been able to hear me on the street below. My body was just swimming and mashing with pleasure, great waves of it dancing up and down my spine, tickling the tips of my ears to the tip of my tail. I fuck pretty often and so getting a memorable, mind-blowing orgasm like that really stood out. When I finally came down I realized that he was still holding me up and that his shaft was still hard and thrusting, all he'd done was slow down. I couldn't believe that he could fuck me like that and still have not gone off, and the thought of what might come next filled me with agonizing anticipation.

As you might imagine, one with tastes such as mine tends to keep certain items handy. There are dildos stashed around the house (gel filled ones, of course, I like it soft and smooth like my fur) along with other things for me to play with, and of course lubricant. When Javier began rubbing his shaft in my cleavage, I smirked and pulled a bottle out of a drawer on a nearby stand. One of the nice things about being rich is that everything you want is near at hand.

Javier slicked up his cock with generous quantities of lube; his fingers and shaft dripping by the time I laid down and let him slide his length between my tits. Though I'm sure my fur is soft and silky

enough to where it doesn't need to be slicked for tit sex, it certainly is a lot easier. As he slid back and forth between my massive breasts I knew that he was loving the gentle warm tingle of Tailhole Choice, and I was loving the little drips of pre I sucked out of his tip every time it got near my muzzle. It was certainly a fun game, and as Javier worked his length I almost found myself laughing as he popped his mostly lubed tip in and out of my mouth. Tailhole Choice is cherry flavored, and I found that it complemented the taste of his pre very nicely.

A big boy like Javier wasn't going to be satisfied with tit fucking, though. Really it was more of an interlude, a chance for both of us to catch our breaths while we tried to figure out where this was going to go next. I must have been letting my control of the situation slip, since Javier was bold enough to slide out between my tits, but when he tapped his shaft against my tailhole I knew what he wanted and that I was very interested in letting him have it. I hadn't been fucked up the ass in over a week, after all, which is much, much too long.

I have a pretty loose, stretched tailhole. With as much as I fuck, it's kind of expected, and it helps considering I fucking love taking it up the ass. I really don't think that Javier could have known that, though, and as to how he knew that he could fit his massive shaft up my ass with only pussy juice as lubricant I will never know. Maybe he just figured that he could take a chance and that it would get up there one way or another. Maybe he was just too horny to think things through. But in any event, when I felt him pull out, flip me over, and start teasing his big shaft against my ass, I knew I was in for the ride of my life.

Javier's massive, muscular arms weren't just for show, and he had no trouble holding me up by my legs as he jammed his cock up my ass. My shoulders were digging into the chair, and I couldn't see much past my massive, bouncing tits, but I could feel every last inch. I rarely get a chance to get fucked by someone almost as passionate and driven than I am, and as he fucked harder and harder I knew that he had the drive to go the distance and get the job done. All I had to do was sit back and enjoy the ride. Not like I was being given much of a choice.

Getting fucked up the ass by a truly massive cock is either indescribably painful or indescribably pleasurable. With Javier, it was the latter. He knew how to work me. He knew how to bend me, how to shove me, and exactly where to put it. He might not have come to work planning on doing this to me, but he was more than ready, and every inch of every thrust sent waves and waves of pleasure down my spine. I reached up and started working myself gently and then more aggressively, hoping to pick up the pace and catch Javier as he hit his own orgasm. As I felt myself hit the tip of the mountain, I was certain that I'd feel his hot, wet seed dribbling down my back in just a few moments.

But I was wrong, the only hot, wet liquid I felt was my own splatter, which hit hard on my hands and began to go down my stomach. Had I not been still twitching in the throes of pleasure, I'd have been astonished. Two fucks like that and Javier STILL held his load? Considering he wasn't wearing a cockring, I almost wondered if his gun was unloaded, so to speak. But he just kept on pounding away at me, his shaft driving harder and harder and harder. It was like having a jackhammer shoved up my ass, and I was loving every moment of it.

Most furs haven't had the pleasure of taking a giant cock up their ass. It's not exactly easy, that's for certain, and were I not so keen on taking it every way possible I sincerely doubt I'd have been loose enough for Javier. But those who have the experience and good fortune to take a truly massive length up the ass know that it's an orgasmic experience bordering on nirvana. I'm sure there are people who snort mountains of cocaine or who spend decades meditating on mountaintops to experience the sort of high I get when my ass is fucked so hard it makes my pussy explode. I almost feel sorry for them. But I digress. Let us just say that by the time Javier dumped his massive load into my stretched sloppy hole, I was feeling the sort of pleasure normal furs just never experience. I reached back and felt what was dribbling between my legs, moaning a bit as I rubbed it into my pussy. I almost regretted not tasting it. But I have to maintain some level of refinement, and though I certainly have no qualms about having a foot long dick up the ass, I do have to draw the line at felching.

I'm sure this is the point where you expect me to talk about how we cuddled for a few hours, how we snuggled and shared secrets, or some other romantic nonsense. But that's not what happened, what happened is that he put his dick away, grabbed his stuff and went home, because that's what he was supposed to do several hours ago. I went inside to wash up, and I never saw him again, nor did I mention this to anyone before now. Why? Because I got what he wanted and we both had lives to get on with. It's the nature of the business, and the way I like to do things. I might have been weak at the knees for an hour or so afterward, but all that mattered to me is that I got what I wanted. Yes, I did pass his name on to a few people, and I presume he got some sort of modeling job (or went into porno, which is where he honestly belonged) but I don't really care if he did or didn't.

As I said before, all that matters to me is getting what I want, and using my beauty to get it. If you think Javier was the first guy I fucked purely because I needed cock, then you haven't been paying attention. Granted, it was VERY good, but all it did was serve to sate my addiction for a few hours. I fucked one of the photographers at my photo shoot the very next day, and some gigolo my manager sent up to try and calm me down a bit. It didn't work, of course, but I never turn down giant horse cocks, especially when someone else is paying for it.

Every beautiful, famous femme has some sort of flaw, whether it is cocaine, a bitchy nature, or the fact that her beauty comes out of a bottle. My flaw is a love of sex, and I love my addiction. My beauty lets me fuel the fire as hot and as often as I want, and there are very few who would turn down an opportunity to meet me out by the pool. I fucking love my addiction, and I fucking love fucking. And I don't care who knows.