

Amber's Grace

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Amber sighed with relief as the elevator finally opened for the fifth floor. The machine was old and agonizingly slow, and every moment she stood put strain on her feet. The elegant young vixen had been standing in heels for well over eight hours now, and more than anything else she wanted to sit down and take a load off.

As the elevator doors opened, the change in pressure from the floor to the elevator shaft blew her soft, amber hair back, exposing her decidedly perfect face. It was the sort of face destined for magazine covers and billboards, a mixture of perfect proportions and sweet softness. Her hair was long and delicate and it gently matched her fur. Indeed, every fiber of her, from her toes to her eyes, was a variant shade of soft brown. Living up to her name, she gleamed in a resplendent array of browns and yellows even in the flat lights of the hallway.

She was dressed in simple but elegant fashion, her high-collared coat firm beneath her chin. Made of finely pressed felt, it exuded the casual elegance typical of high-end clothing. The blouse beneath it was likewise designed with a minimalist eye, the simple black fabric carefully walking the line between beauty and comfort. It was certainly much more comfortable in the warm summer months, though of course not many people other than her complained about how so much of her beautiful, elegant legs were exposed for all to see.

Though she had heels with her, she was wearing sensible (but fashionable) leather boots, with artificial fur on the inside. They were warm, durable, and at least lightly resistant to the sludge and salt of winter, although only with diligent care and cleaning. Her heels were tucked into her purse, their long points taking up almost all of the limited room. Other than her cell phone, keys, wallet and makeup there was nothing else in her purse, but as it was selected for appearance rather than size, it was still straining to contain both her shoes and her usual items.

Amber retrieved her keys and gently slid them into the lock, opening the door to a soft blast of warm, dry air. Her boyfriend Shawn was from California and did not take kindly to the deep winters of the northeast. Even though he would go weeks without so much as looking out a window during winter, he was convinced that Jack Frost was out to get him and the only solution was to crank up the thermostat. Seeing as he picked up the heating bill all on his own, Amber didn't mind much, but the dryness was hell on the soft skin of her ears, lips and nose.

Shawn was impossible to miss, his backward "BUTTON MASHER DAILY" baseball cap sticking up above the large, white leather sofa Amber

had bought just two months ago. Though his job consisted of doing pretty much nothing but sitting on the sofa with a game controller in his hands, he took it very seriously. His juvenile, immature humor made him popular with the fans, and his willingness to rip into games made him a darling of other critics. He typified the hard-to-please, obsessive-compulsive sort of gamer that was loved by other gamers but feared by developers, and his weekly review was by far the highest visited video blog on any web site that hired him.

Shawn was as much a fox as Amber, although while she was shades of brown, he was a mishmash of black, white and orange. It came together well enough, but just barely. His dark black ears and hands would have looked unnatural if his orange fur had been brighter, or his underfur been anything other than off-white. He was wearing a white T-shirt emblazoned with "ImportCon 2007" and comfortable jeans. His feet were bare, and as he played, his toes clenched and unclenched in the carpet.

Amber set down her purse on the kitchen counter and removed her shoes, intending to return them to her closet later. She kissed Shawn between the ears, which twitched with familiar recognition. "Enjoying yourself?" she asked, leaning forward to rest on the top of the sofa.

"Yes, actually," said Shawn. His eyes were locked on the TV, hardly blinking as his fingers nimbly danced across the controls. "I originally didn't count on getting much out of Super Billy's Robot Battle GO! considering the name and the developer, but-FUCK!" Shawn exclaimed as he smacked the controller into his lap. Amber knew next to nothing about video games or Japanese culture, but she'd seen enough to understand that the characters on the screen said "YOU FAIL!" It was something she saw a lot around Shawn, considering his skill and knowledge of Japanese meant that he ended up reviewing all the imported games that were known for difficulty. "Sorry babe, I'm just...I'm pulled in so far, and I can't get out. I gotta finish this, there's the deadline and...It's just fucking addictive!"

Amber frowned. "But you promised we'd watch Monsters of Aussie Grindhouse tonight!" She gestured to a DVD on the kitchen table, which was only half out of it's Aussie Grindhouse shipping box. They shared a love of horrible grindhouse films, especially extra-gory ones, and she had bought him the 20-DVD box set for Christmas so they'd have something to watch together. Though Christmas was long past, it was still shrink-wrapped.

"Sorry hon, I just...God FUCK AGAIN!" Amber sighed as Shawn grumbled and restarted the game, which was an insane mishmash of bright colors and Kanji characters. Part of Amber wanted to run up and unplug that infernal machine, or even smash it, but she was above such displays of passion. Every night of cuddling while watching movies eventually turned into hot, powerful sex, and though they sincerely loved the films they rarely watched all the way until the end. Amber had been itching for some really good sex all day, and the nude male models she had been posing alongside at work had really gotten her going. There would be neither movies nor sex if Amber gave

into passion and sent some of Shawn's consoles flying through one of her top floor windows.

"Fine, well, I'm going to go change," said Amber. Shawn grunted recognition, and Amber slid into their massive bedroom. The apartment was mostly bedroom and closets, with the living room, bathroom and kitchen roughly shoved off to one side. She sighed as she lay down on their massive king-size bed, which dominated the room. It was so large it had to be disassembled in order to make it up the service elevator, but all the effort had been worth it. The bed was immensely comfortable and perfectly suited for sex and intimacy, and it certainly came in handy when they had a big party. She knew that she had a hold on Shawn's heart, but to keep a hold on his dick required her to let go from time to time. The best she could do was to make sure she was there to watch, and that Shawn knew that flings were to remain so. Plus, what better way to keep all the other girls jealous than letting them only have one ride on Shawn's legendary foot-long cock?

She removed her coat and tossed it on the dresser, looking at herself in the mirror. Without the coat, the tight, sensual curves of her body were made apparent by her blouse. It was tightly fit and had been custom made just for her, like most of her high-end clothes. As such, the bow of her hips and the heft of her breasts were on prominent display, held in place though they were by fine fabric. Amber gently unzipped and removed the clothing, revealing lacy, almost immodest underwear. Carefully placed bits of black fabric managed to keep the bare minimum covered, but the rest was on plain display. Almost reflexively she struck a few standard poses in the mirror, staring intently at her elegant body as it glistened and shone in the light. She had been blessed with good genetics, but it took an immense amount of dieting and effort to remain as good looking as she was. Even though she was only in her early twenties many of the agencies were encouraging her to look into plastic surgery, expensive makeup, and wacky fad diets in order to maintain or modify her figure. She seriously considered several of them, since her looks were her livelihood, but she hadn't taken any yet. She was still getting jobs, and she knew that Shawn would still go crazy for her even if she put on a few pounds or let her tits sag a bit. Especially if she went on cosplaying as his favorite video game characters.

As she stared at herself in the mirror, her gentle curves caressed by the lace, she got a bit of an idea. Shawn was dedicated to his job, and his gaming addiction was considerable. But games appealed to his mind, and his mind couldn't hope to stand up to his heart and dick if she got them both going. Though he loved her regardless of how she looked, the easiest way to drive him crazy was with carefully selected pieces of lingerie, and many years of modeling had given her an impressive collection of free samples. She hadn't played dress-up for him since Christmas, and even then it wasn't like she tried very hard. The local sex store had a sexy Santa

outfit in her size, and she wore it for all of fifteen minutes. This would be something a bit more elaborate, something that would remind Shawn that just because gaming was his job he couldn't neglect his girlfriend and expect to get away with it.

Amber removed her panties and bra, admiring herself in the mirror a bit before dipping back into the closet. The aching dry heat that Shawn preferred for the apartment certainly helped out when she was naked; she didn't feel even the slightest bit cold as she went through the extensive series of closets and drawers to make her outfit. She knew she had plenty of time, Shawn was completely unaware of his environment when he was inside a game, and if he were going to have dinner he'd have eaten it hours ago.

After carefully rifling through almost every bit of sheer fabric she had, Amber had assembled an outfit she felt worked perfectly. Though her feet were tired, she put on a modest pair of heels, figuring she could tolerate the pain for the sake of beauty for just a few hours more. Long, soft stockings graced her legs from toes to thigh, held in place by a black garter belt. Beneath the belt was a pair of crotchless panties. She had specifically picked them out awhile ago for a photo shoot, and their black lace complemented and showed off her sex while bringing the eye towards it, enhancing and displaying her slit as opposed to merely being a sexual novelty. Her breasts were supported by a firm, translucent bra that was clearly intended only to lift and separate, not to cover. They stopped halfway up the underside of her tits, leaving her nipples and the most of her breasts out for all to see. She also wore soft, lacy gloves without fingers that extended all the way past her elbow. Meant to match the stockings, they were of similarly delicate material and identical color. The outfit was capped by a simple black choker around her neck, the soft fabric neatly accentuating the curve of her shoulders and the smile on her face.

Amber looked at herself closely in the mirror, gently checking and replacing some of her makeup as she stared into the reflection. She was certainly one hot piece of bitch, there was no doubting that, but with careful application of makeup and cloth, she had turned herself into something akin to a living goddess or a Greek statue given movement. Winning over Shawn would be the easiest thing she did all day. The hardest part would be walking through the thick carpet of the living room while wearing heels!

As Amber walked into the room, she saw that Shawn was still completely absorbed in his game, and that he had not moved an inch since she had first come home. She had seen how deep his video game trances could go, and she decided to make a game of sneaking up on him slowly, seeing how long it took him to notice how she was dressed. Carefully she tiptoed behind the sofa, then casually strolled next to the far wall, as if she was examining the giant shelf of DVDs for a particular selection. She could just barely see Shawn out of the corner of her eye as she fingered "Vampire Bloodsport 3," his slack jaw and blank eyes making her smirk. What

she was going to do next was akin to hitting a mosquito with a guided missile.

"Honey? The DVD player in the other room is acting up again, can I borrow this one?" This was a lie, of course. Amber just wanted an excuse to bend over the TV. Far over.

"Yeah, hold on, let me pause...WOAH!" Amber smirked to herself as she pretended to reach behind the TV and disconnect the AV cables. Raising up and curling back her tail as she did so, she put her entire ass on view for her boy. She'd checked herself in the mirror when wearing the crotchless panties, and she knew that her puss was not only on display from this angle, but that it was perfectly framed by the edges of the cloth. Even though she was half a room away from Shawn, she knew that his intense focus and tunnel vision would make her puss as visible to him as if she were sitting on his face. The sound of his controller hitting the carpet confirmed this.

"Could you come over here and help me dear?" asked Amber. "I just can't quite...Reach..." Shawn came up behind Amber and patted her on the rump, letting her know there was no more need for such silly pretenses. She pushed back a bit before standing up, and already she could feel his immense cock hardening and pushing against his pants. He had an almost supernatural tendency to get very hard very quick, a rarity among guys with enormous shafts like Shawn's. She rubbed against the warm, rough cotton of his jeans as he reached forward and caressed her hips, taking her time before standing back up.

As she stood, she turned around to face Shawn, a big gleaming smile on her face. Her massive tits were pressed up against his chest, and though it was warm between them her nipples were rock hard. A full day's worth of pent-up sexuality was beginning to bubble and boil up inside Amber, making her breath hot and ragged. She stared deeply into Shawn's eyes, full of lust. She needed him, right now. And he was happy to oblige.

Pausing only to turn off the TV and his game console, Shawn picked up Amber in his arms, easily carrying her back to the bedroom. Though his chosen line of work would have easily let him turn into a giant blob of fat, he worked out daily for almost two hours, and shared Amber's love of proper eating. As such, his arms were massive and muscular, lifting the smaller and lighter Amber with the greatest of ease. She giggled and kissed his cheek, breaking out into laughter as he tossed her onto the bed with a big bounce. She crawled on all fours, striking a few poses as Shawn quickly tried to undress. He was clumsy in his haste, but his lack of caution was rather amusing to Amber. As he hopped around on one foot, his pants on his ankles and his half-erect dick bouncing around wildly, Amber broke out in a fresh wave of giggles. When he finally extracted himself, Shawn bowed with a bit of a flourish, letting Amber know he fully approved of her laughter.

Amber gently kicked off her heels, then slowly turned around to get a good look at Shawn. He knew she found him sexy, and while he might not have the training and poise that Amber did, he knew how to

show off. He smiled and gently peeled up his shirt, first revealing his six-pack abs and then his muscular and powerful chest. The pixilated heart tattooed on his left pectoral was a bit childish, as was the fact that he put his hat back on after getting rid of his shirt, but it was those little eccentricities which made him interesting.

He pounced on the bed and pressed himself against Amber, who murred and gently wrapped her arms around his. They kissed; embracing closely and pressing bodies tight. The heat of the room made their own body heat almost unbearable, but still they pressed together, feeling and fondling and groping. Amber gripped Shawn's erection firmly, her slender fingers squeezing and manipulating it. He was downright painfully hard, and Amber could tell merely by the throbbing that Shawn couldn't maintain his foreplay and composure for much longer. It wasn't easy, to say the least, around a girl as hot and sexy as Amber. She had won him over completely, but she'd need to move fast if she was going to keep him under her control.

Amber pushed her way around a bit, getting Shawn to lay down as she crawled over him. She brushed the hair out of her eyes as she gently tapped the tip of his enormous shaft with her nose, her arms and legs straddling him as best she could. Shawn had a thick, masculine torso, and when that was combined with his twelve-inch dick it didn't give Amber a lot of room to maneuver. Still, she had no difficulty gripping Shawn's shaft in her hand and gently popping the tip into her mouth, her tongue making slow circles around the head as she moaned.

From behind, Shawn was groping and massaging Amber's ass, playfully teasing and occasionally smacking her excellent rump. Amber wished he'd just get to work, but she knew he wouldn't lay there and enjoy the view forever, so she focused primarily on the cock in front of her. Enormous as it was, she had never managed to take more than about three-quarters of it into her muzzle, but it was still fun to try. Using her right hand to steady her, she gripped it firmly in her left and began licking and slurping up and down it's length. She nibbled softly from time to time, but mostly she worked to get it nice and wet, occasionally rubbing in bits of spittle with her hand. In the hot, dry air it wouldn't stay slick for long, so she needed to move fast.

Licking her lips in anticipation, she slowly descended on Shawn's enormous shaft, it's thick, hot length filling her mouth completely. She moaned with delight at the sensation, cocksucking being one of her greatest guilty pleasures. There was just something about the warmth, the flavor, and the feel that really got her going. It was the ultimate form of foreplay as far as she was concerned, and while she definitely needed a lot of work down south in order to "seal the deal" Shawn had received many a blowjob on the couch simply because Amber loved giving them.

The immense length and width of the cock prevented Amber from moving too far, so rather than trying to dive to the hilt she simply

worked a good portion of it into her muzzle, manipulating the rest with her firm grip. She twisted her head from side to side as she worked the length in her mouth, pushing out her tongue as far as it could go and licking up and down the sides of the shaft. She had always been known for an unusually long tongue, and she put it to use well, reaching almost a full two inches beyond the edge of her muzzle. She massaged the length gently with her lips and teeth, taking great pains to be careful and smooth. One time she had sneezed at an inopportune moment, and even now every time her teeth scraped across Shawn's cock his entire body tensed up. They had made a special point of dusting and vacuuming weekly after that.

Meanwhile, Shawn was finally giving in to temptation and bringing his muzzle to bear on Amber's inviting pussy. His fingers delicately traced back and forth across the soft fabric, letting amber know he appreciated more than just the appearance of her carefully selected lingerie. She was always aware of the tactile nature of her clothes around Shawn, as he was very grabby and loved to feel and fondle her near-perfect body. Amber's moan shuddered through Shawn's erection as his cold nose pressed to her slit, the fox making good use of his entire muzzle as he prepared to work her over. Years of playing less than stellar video games long enough to churn out a review had made Shawn agonizingly patient with his toys, and Amber found herself pushing down on Shawn in anticipation. As she sucked and slurped on his cock, she wished he'd just get on with it, her nipples were so hard they almost hurt and her sex was so wet she was dripping on Shawn's chest.

Amber had to take her hand off Shawn's cock and use it to steady herself as he slowly began working on her. Shawn was also a great lover of oral sex, and after two full years of practice he'd grown to know and love every nook and cranny of Amber's delicate pussy. His tongue was thick rather than long, but seeing as Amber's most sensitive parts lay with her clit and lips, this made him absolutely perfect for the task at hand. He worked her smoothly and slowly, but with definite enthusiasm, and as soon as he got a good taste of her, his tail began to wag wildly between his legs. Amber was glad she was out of range, she hated it when his big fluffy tail bashed into her face. Plus it might make her sneeze.

Determined to bring things more forward, Amber gripped Shawn's length again and began working vigorously, bobbing up and down while rubbing and working whatever she couldn't get into her mouth. Soon Shawn was preing, and while Amber took the time to love the taste, she knew better than to just keep going. Shawn usually only had one big blast in him every day, and his enormous shaft was very slow to reload once he shot his load. If she blew it now, she'd be pounding away at one of her jelly dildos for the next hour while Shawn put his boxer shorts back on and resumed playing his stupid game. The beast could be tamed, but only for so long.

Though she regretted yanking herself away from the excellent ministrations that Shawn was giving her down below, she managed to extract herself and turn around, gripping his enormous length in both hands and straddling it. She lost no time, immediately pressing it against her pussy and sliding down. She gasped at the sudden penetration, as did Shawn. Ready as she was, Shawn's enormous length was always a problem, and though she adjusted rapidly it was still a strain for her to take him in. Taking the entire length was of course impossible for her, but once she lowered herself down as far as she felt safe, she gently leaned forward to kiss Shawn on the cheek.

Shawn was, of course, in his ideal paradise. He leaned forward a bit to kiss and nibble at Amber's breasts, licking and slurping on her nipples even as he rubbed them softly. She winced a bit as he pinched them, but he had no intention of causing harm, only to increase the sensation. Amber's face glowed with the heat and sensation, and as she bent forward her long brown hair enveloped both of them. They kissed, their muzzles pressing beneath the shade of her hair, love and emotion flowing back and forth as their tongues licked and lapped.

Love was soon to give way to lust, however, as Shawn slowly gave in to his desires. He grabbed Amber's ass, his firm hands neatly groping each cheek and squeezing them firmly. He pushed down as he thrust up, jamming in almost entire length each time. Amber whimpered and braced against his shoulders, doing the best to manage as she was pounded deep and wet. She wasn't bottomless, and Shawn knew better than to try and work his entire monster into her, but in his passion he was shoving in so hard and so deep it almost hurt. Amber strained to adjust her position to make things more comfortable, pressing her tits firmly against his chest.

The pace quickly became manic and uncontrolled. Not moving in any sort of synchronicity, Shawn and Amber bounced around wildly. Their bodies became a mix of flailing limbs and glistening sex, hair and fur seeming to go everywhere at once. They fucked, they pushed, they rolled back and forth across the bed, completely entranced by their mutual pleasure. Sheets flew in every direction and at some point Shawn's hat ended up hanging from the lamp.

With all the commotion and movement it was inevitable that Shawn's cock would slip out, and the first two times it did, Amber simply slid it back in and got back to work. After the third, though, she got a bit of an idea in her head. It had been quite some time since she last treated Shawn to a special little something, and when he grabbed her hips and tried to aim his way back in, she stopped him. Moving as fast as she could, she retrieved a bottle of lube from the nightstand and began slicking up Shawn's enormous length. He smirked.

"You kinky, kinky girl," said Shawn. Amber kissed him on the cheek.

"Don't you know it," she replied. Slowly she moved over his massive length, tentatively pressing it against her tailhole. She had

done this plenty of times before, but it was never easy. "Just reminding you why I'm infinitely better than video games..."

Shawn's immense size forced Amber to take a slow and even pace, her slow movements ensuring she didn't hurt herself. He tentatively reached out to work her sex, but she stopped him, gently fingering herself as she leaned forward. Shawn immediately reached out to grope her tits, licking and slurping on them once the opportunity arose.

Her movements were slow but hard, filled with enthusiasm. The stimulation was deep and powerful, especially as Shawn worked her upper body. She felt full, almost stuffed, her body aching and throbbing around Shawn's length even as she felt waves of pleasure crashing over her. She couldn't even get half of his length into her, but every inch of it was some sort of divine pressure, making her whole body ache and shudder with the effort. This sort of dirty, perverse pleasure was the kind that excited her the most, and while she needed to take it slow and easy, she felt a deep sense of satisfaction that made her want for nothing but more.

Her orgasm hit her like a stiff breeze, wrapping around her at first, but then pushing and tossing her this way and that. She felt herself fall onto Shawn, shuddering and whimpering. Her sex exploded on him, coating his abs and pubes in warm, messy liquid. She had always been a bit of a squirter, and the mess she blasted across him made it look like he'd just opened a shaken can of soda. She whimpered as the pleasure racked and bounced around inside her, sending her head spinning and forcing her to grab on to Shawn for balance. He hugged her close, kissing her forehead as she gasped for air and slowly slipped into a stupid grin. He smirked, kissing her on the nose. She nuzzled him back.

"You didn't go off," she mused, nibbling a bit at his neck.

"Yeah but it's got a hair trigger on it. Want me to nip into the bathroom and get rid of it?" asked Shawn. She grinned and pulled off him slowly, smirking.

"Well, considering where it's been, we do need to be a bit careful," said Amber. A drunken ass-to-mouth incident had resulted in Shawn practically buying out the corner store's supply of mouthwash, and Amber wasn't eager to repeat a drunken mistake while sober. "Still, it's good for the fur..."

"I can handle it," said Shawn, grinning and giving it a firm grip. Amber laid down flat on the bed and Shawn carefully stood over her, his glistening shaft dripping and dribbling pre onto her perfect tits. There was nothing visibly offensive, but they knew better to take chances, and Shawn gripped it by the small dry area that had been too far down for Amber to take. Rubbing his balls a bit, he shoved himself over the edge, his knees giving and wobbling as he came all over her face and chest. Though it took him at least a day to reload, his orgasms were every bit as huge and messy as Amber's. He blasted out again and again, sending streaks of white cum splattering over Amber's tits and face. She opened her mouth wide and gulped down what she could, but mostly it went wild, drenching her

hair and fur all over. Once his dick finally stopped and quickly began to go flaccid, she started licking and rubbing it in. She did credit Shawn's regular applications with that soft glow on her face, and the taste wasn't bad either.

"Well, I think we REALLY need to shower now," said Amber. Shawn bent down to kiss her, not minding the cum on her face or his lips. He wasn't much for the taste, but at least he was more tolerant of the stuff than most guys.

"I agree," said Shawn. "And I promise to get a hold on my gaming, I swear. Its just you know how it is." Amber smirked and batted her lashes at him.

"Yes, I do, and we can talk about it in the shower," she said. "What matters is that I love you, and also I think my pussy could stand another firm tongue bath." This made Shawn grin, and instantly he was on his feet again, offering Amber a hand.

"Well then, I love you too, and let's get clean!" Amber giggled and they kissed again as Shawn carried her back through the door. There were certainly benefits to putting up with Shawn's childishness, and as far as partners went, Amber couldn't hope for a better playmate. She certainly couldn't find one with a twelve-inch dick and an encyclopedic knowledge of B-list Australian actors!