

Shark Week II

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He strolled as casually as he could through the quiet, peaceful landscape. For a place he only saw once a year, it was a soothing, familiar one. Thin, young trees rose up around him, occasionally joined by one of their elder brethren, each of which seemed a giant among ants. Of course, he knew the calm was a false one, and that something was lurking, waiting for him, out there in the dappled shadows that shifted suspiciously with each breath of wind that filtered between the thin boles. His cool, grey eyes raked his surroundings in long, sweeping circles and darted toward any movement that could have even possibly been unnatural.

He was equipped for a hunt, and a hunt for the most dangerous game. Stealth was out of the question; his argentum breastplate reflected the patchy, afternoon sun like a flawless, silver mirror. Were he in full sunlight, he would have practically glowed. It wasn't that he minded, of course. He was far from the sneakiest of creatures as it was. His frame, from his sturdy, black hooves to the tips of his twitching, equine ears was between seven and eight feet tall, closer to eight, and even though his footsteps were soft and measured, he couldn't help but make noise. He was by no means bulky though. If anything, he was skinnier than the majority of other horse morphs, with a leaner, more wiry build than was common for others of his kind. However, neither was he skin and bones.

A nearly uniform layer of tough, well-worked muscle covered his body and bunched beneath his furred skin as he stalked through the undergrowth. He moved with confidence, and with what some people would call predatorial grace. He liked to call it experience, however; he was no predator, from the easygoing grins commonly found stretched over his horselike muzzle to the unspoken oaths that bound him as a Lancer. He was just old enough to know that a little caution when in the middle of hostile territory was a wise move.

His gauntleted hands tightly gripped the hilt of his sword as he crept carefully along. The silvery, armored gloves covered where the pitch black fur that covered most of his body gave way to clean, crisp white at his elbows. Similarly-colored fur was visible around his hooves past the hem of his trousers, marking where his legs possessed the same pattern. His usually feathery fetlocks had been trimmed short for his little outing, and his snow white hair, a short, wind-tossed mane that rarely laid the way he intended it to, was joined on his head by a blaze of colorless fur that lined the top of his muzzle and stuck into his vision. It all, combined with the stormy grey of his eyes, gave him a rather monochromatic look, and made him stand out all the more against the greens and browns of the loosely forested woodland.

Despite the unspoken tension in the air and the knowledge that, if anything, *he* was the one who was being hunted, he was happy, relaxed, even excited. The relative quiet around him was a welcome diversion from what he was usually surrounded by, with the bustle of dozens and dozens of people rushing to and fro replaced with the occasional rustle of squirrels in the bushes and the songs of birds flitting from branch to branch. The weight of responsibility, the chain-of-command, was replaced with—at least temporary—freedom, peace and quiet, soothing calm that was marred only just by the reminder that he was almost certainly being watched.

He took deep breaths, reveling in the scents of the loamy soil and fresh air as he idly twirled his sword in lazy circles in front of him. Out of the corner of his eyes, he caught a glimpse of movement, and he tried to make the way he stiffened less than obvious. Was it her?

He couldn't tell, and he dared not go get a closer look just to walk into a trap. He'd done that before, and it hadn't ended pleasantly for him. At the memory, he flushed warmly, maybe more pleasantly that his adversary had intended.

In the midst of his reverie, he almost, *almost* failed to notice his downfall. From the bushes to his left, on the opposite side of him from the movement he had spotted—it must have been nothing—a small, nimble shape sprang up and swung something long and sharp at him. He yelped in surprise, but managed to turn it into a growl of determination before his shock could register in his voice. It wouldn't have done any good to let her know she had surprised him, after all.

With a sharp cry, she burst from the undergrowth and lunged at him, slashing a spear longer than she was at lightly armored legs. He backpedaled a little more clumsily than he would have liked, and the tip of the foot-long piece of steel whistled through the air less than an inch away from his thighs. She seemed to expect that however, because without a heartbeat of hesitation, she whipped the spear around her and swung the butt of it lower, at his knee, in an attempt to topple him.

Finally, and far too slowly for his liking, he managed to bring his sword to bear, and he deflected her attack with a flick of its blade, simply brute-forcing her attack away from his body. She snarled at him and readied the bladed end of her weapon once again, stabbing it at his opposite arm with the intent of throwing him off balance. Instead, he swung his sword up and down in a half-circle, simply knocking the point of her spear downward for its momentum to drive it into the ground. She didn't let it get that far, though, and withdrew her weapon before he could utilize his greater reach. She narrowly managed to avoid his first retaliatory attack, and intercepted his second with the haft of her spear, knocking it aside rather than trying to outmuscle him, which would have been a mistake.

In a brutal flurry of razor-sharp steel, they exchanged a handful of clashing blows before, with an almost dancelike spin, she twirled away, swinging her spear out in a long arc to ward him off as she regained her distance. "Fuck!" she said in a breathless growl as she finished and faced him, grinding the butt of her weapon into the grass. Her ambush had failed, and now that they were on equal footing, she knew she was in trouble. "Do you have any idea how long I was laying in the dirt waiting for your slow ass to waddle its way over here?"

He gave her his most frustratingly smug grin. "I can't help it. Casual walks through the woods make my mind wander, and everything just sort of slows down for a while."

She stamped her foot in frustration. "That's what I was counting on, you sack of manure!" In spite of the incensed scowl scrunching up her features, she was helplessly beautiful, in a hard, intimidating way. She was short and compact, and made his own wiry proportions look like that of a hulking brute in comparison. She was a shark morph, with the characteristically rough, silvery grey skin of her kind that paled around her front, and her piscine snout was turned up toward him as she glared. Her short mop of dark blue hair fell around her face in a messy bob, the color of which accented the brighter blue of her eyes. Twin rows of threatening triangular teeth were clenched in restrained anger, and her thick, finned tail flicked sporadically behind her.

Her grip tightened on her weapon, and he readied himself. Beneath her armor, similar to his in form and function, and the clothes that it hid, she was a taut spring. There was almost no fat on her thin, dense frame, and if she had been his height, she may have even beaten him in muscle, pound for pound. She was fast and nimble, and the tip of that spear could sometimes move faster than eyes could see. She may have lamented the loss of the advantage of surprise because he had the upper hand in a fair fight, but that wouldn't mean it would suddenly be an

easy one. He thought she failed to give herself enough credit at times. "Waiting for something, Mel?" he said casually, lazily drawing shapes in the air with the tip of his lengthy blade, "Or did you just pass out? I read somewhere that sharks need to keep moving to breathe properly..."

Her nostrils flared, and he could hear the wood haft of her weapon creaking as she ground it in her hands. "I'll show you moving..." she growled. He was certain of it. "A scale says I can have you down in five minutes, lanky."

His grin broadened, a paltry sum of silver, but they both knew that the victory wasn't about the money, or even the bragging rights, or even the spoils. That being said... "Oh really?" he scoffed, "Ten say that *I* can have you down in one, and that I can do it without being hit." He was rarely one to hold back on a wager, especially given the odds of this one.

She smiled back at him, just a hint of mirth glimmering in her eyes. "Getting cocky, aren't we? You're right, all those mages and their spellbooks are going to your head."

Carefully, he laid his open hand on the hilt of his finely balanced weapon, gripping it tightly in them both. "Perhaps... or maybe I'm just not going to let you win this one. As lazy as I am, I have to admit... I like the sight of you underneath me every now and again."

"Oh, you're in for it now, horse-lips. Say when, and I'll..."

He couldn't resist. "Go!" he shouted, interrupting her as he leapt forward and brought the tip of his sword down on her. She let out a very uncharacteristic squeak of alarm and jumped to the side, narrowly avoiding being bisected just to have to dodge away again as he followed his first attack up with another, a low, sweeping cut at the level of her waist. She spun her spear up and defensively, and retreated with each narrowly-avoided blow, but retreat she did, and he didn't let up on her. There was a split second of respite in the deluge of steel he leveled at her torso, and she snapped it up, breaking away and darting back and to the side. He gave chase.

Mel's breath was already coming short in her chest, and he let out an exhilarated laugh as, with a flourish, she spun to face him once more, flicking the cap off of the butt of her spear, revealing a second foot-long piece of razor-sharp metal that she flicked up at him as he bore down on her. The fight changed in a heartbeat as she pulled out all the stops, and his steady advance ceased for a moment as her weapon became a twin-bladed blur in the air before him. The shark spun like a dervish and launched herself into her own blistering assault. It was all he could do to let out a slow, calm breath as bits of steel whipped by inches from his face.

It was clearly her intent to regain some ground, to push him back and give herself more room to work. The trees were getting thicker the further away from the light, natural trail that he forced her, and the cramped conditions made would make it increasingly difficult to wield the full length of her weapon. That is precisely why he refused to give her any ground. He intercepted her spear with his blade when he could, robbing it of its momentum and turning aside its dangerous end such that they either whistled past him or struck the polished metal of his breastplate.

She made herself equally difficult to touch, and for a breathless moment, the air was filled with nothing but the sounds of panting and of steel striking steel. It couldn't last, however. He was slowly maneuvering her into a tighter and tighter corner, albeit more slowly than before. It showed on her face, past the veneer of focused determination; she knew that she was being corralled for the slaughter, and she knew that she needed to do something drastic to free herself from her situation.

That was exactly what he was waiting for, for her to make a dire, split-second decision. It was times like that where people were most likely to make a mistake, and eventually, she did. With an angry growl, she lashed out at him, altering her style and stopping the twirling spins in

favor of a vicious, straight-line thrust at his unguarded legs. It was a predictable attack, and he lashed out with all of his strength, smashing the flat of his blade into the haft of the spear. With a sharp *crack*, the head of Mel's weapon was knocked far to the side, and her stance wouldn't allow for her to get it back under control in time. Almost casually, he stepped forward, under her guard, and spun his sword around into an attack on her opposite side.

She couldn't get away in time. She managed to soften the blow with her gauntlet, but the edge of his blade still made contact with her upper arm, slicing through the leather guard and cutting a long, shallow gash along her bicep. She yelped and tried to withdraw, but as she did, he leveled a kick at her, threatening her balance as he swept her legs out from beneath her. She didn't quite fall, but she stumbled haphazardly away in a very unimpressive display.

With a colorful oath, Mel dug an end of her spear into the loam and stabilized herself, whirling back around to face him. Her face was contorted into a pained grimace, and he pouted theatrically at her. "Is that it?"

She surprised him with a scream of anger and a charge that leveled her spear once more at his legs. She was too smart to try the same thing twice in a row after it so disastrously failed, which is why he altered his defense for this one. Instead of knocking the spear away and out of her control, he simply flicked his blade down with enough force to change its direction slightly enough to have it slide past his leg. He actually felt the haft brushing along his thigh. He didn't slow herself down enough, however, and her momentum carried her too close. He met her charge with his knee, slamming it into her midsection and knocking the wind from her lungs in a sharp grunt.

Mel recoiled, arm's pinwheeling to keep herself standing upright, and he followed up by sliding his off hand from the hilt of his sword and harrying her with the blade while reaching out. She swung desperately at him, but he managed to catch the haft of her spear in his hand, and her eyes opened wide as she watched everything fall apart before her. With a solid jerk, he yanked the weapon from the shark's compromised grip, and since she was conveniently at spear-length from him, he whirled it around his head and cracked the shaft of it against her legs. She grunted again, more hoarsely, and her knee buckled and folded, dropping her low.

Before she could scramble back to her feet, he threw his leg out and caught the dead center of her chest with his hoof. She didn't even have the air in her lungs to cry out as she was sent flying backward to skid through the dirt. The sheath of steel that covered the fin between her shoulder blades kept her from lying fully on her back, and she flopped limply onto her side to curl into a ball with her arms wrapped around her stomach. He tossed away her spear and stalked over, wary of the finned tail she liked to use to trip people up. Bringing his sword down, he sunk it into the ground inches from her face, punctuating his victory.

With a step, he straddled her and dropped to his knees, pinning her between his thighs, and he grabbed her shoulder, rolling her back over onto her back and propping her half-upright with her own armored dorsal fin. "Looks like I win this one," he said, panting from his exertions.

If he was panting, she was gasping, trying desperately to get air back into her lungs from the battering she had taken. However, rather than the daggers he had half expected her to be glaring at him, her eyes, fatigued as they were, were filled with the glimmer of amusement. "Maybe... maybe the battle, big shot, but not the war." At the perplexed quirk of his eyebrow, Mel let out a hoarse laugh and lifted her hand from the grass to slap him on the arm. He winced, a twinge of needling pain shooting through his limb, and it quickly resolved into a dull, throbbing ache. "I tried to give as good as I got, but I lost it on that last part," she said through a cough.

Staring down at his arm, he felt the wry smile crawl over his lips. Mirroring nearly perfectly the strike he had managed to land on the wiry shark, there was a rent in the sleeve of his shirt and the sturdy leather that went over it. The dark cloth was stained even darker with a patch of slick blood, and he watched it slowly spread. "Looks like I owe you some silver." he chuckled.

"Damn straight, you smug bastard."

While he undid the straps holding on the shark's breastplate, she squirmed beneath him. "Let's take a look at that arm." he hummed idly, "Does it hurt?"

She just rolled her eyes. "What do you think, Mister My-Sword-Is-Bigger-Than-Yours?"

It was his turn to roll his eyes. It was a few minutes of work peeling the shell of her armor from her body, first the flawlessly polished dragonsilver plates, and then the heavy coat of padded leather, and then her snug shirt. As he undid the buttons and laid it open across her front, sliding her arms from their sleeves, she eyed him with a mischievous grin. For the time being, he ignored that she was bare before him, instead choosing to examine her bleeding arm. His sword had grazed her skin and bitten into the muscle of her tight, sinewy bicep, but it wasn't life-threatening, just painful and humiliating, which she didn't show despite the fact that he knew she was going to berate herself for her loss later on.

Digging for a moment through a pouch hanging from his belt, he withdrew a small, metallic jar and pulled the lid off with a little flourish. He then dipped in a couple fingers and scooped out a gob of thick, aromatic paste. Mel hissed as he smeared it over her injury, uttering a curse and a sharp "That stings!" Within only a few seconds, the flesh that had been parted by his weapon knitted back together as the sticky goo was absorbed into her rough skin. It left nothing behind but a patch of blood and a splotch of residual, inert ointment.

Pocketing the jar, he gave her a sharp nod. "Good as new."

She seemed less than pleased at his self-satisfaction, she gave him a look that seemed out of place coming from someone who was trapped between his thighs. Such an enduring, playful smirk seemed to fit Mel's features rather well. "Aren't we forgetting someone?"

With a sigh, he went through the motions of removing his own armor, letting the sturdy plating clatter to the ground with his gauntlets and his shirt. He was more focused on the way the shark was eyeballing him with a hunger that was a cross between disconcerting and exciting. As he tossed aside the clothes that had been hiding his upper body, she lifted her hands and splayed her fingers out over his stony abdomen, licking her lips and content to simply feel him breathe for a moment before finally speaking. "You always make such an atrocious mess." she muttered with a glance at his bleeding arm.

"It's not that bad." he replied as he squeezed her girlish hips with his knees, "I've had worse." She opened her mouth to protest, but he silenced her with a gentle flick of a finger against the tip of her angular, sharklike snout. She huffed and sniffed, and he laughed as he stood up to loom over her. "Now..." he mused with a look down between his spread legs, "What to do with my lovely, little captive."

Her eyes said that she had several ideas as to the possibilities, but she remained silent as he leaned down, hooked his hands beneath her arms, and lifted her easily into the air. She dangled feet off of the ground like a child who had been caught disobeying her parents, and he pulled her into his chest to cradle her as he walked a short ways from the site of their battle, leaving their armor and weapons behind for the time being. "You're bleeding everywhere, stupid..." she whispered into the hollow of his throat. He only hummed his amusement, and she

sighed and kissed the side of his neck while her hands wrapped around his back and her fingers lazily followed the contours of his muscled form.

The shark's petite, perky breasts were pressed pleasantly into his chest, and as he carried her, one of his hands dropped from her back to curl under the curve of her firm, compact backside. Mel let out an insolent huff as he gave her a little squeeze, lingering there just long enough to make her squirm her toned, athletic body more firmly against him. While his other hand played with the trailing edge of the fin on her back, her own fingers fell lower and lower on him, until they could find the sturdy leather of his belt. With a gruff grumble and the clinking of metal on metal, she managed to undo the buckle, and she dropped it to the ground to be left behind with the rest of their gear. When he looked down at her, she just gave him an innocent pout. "So we can find our way back."

"We haven't even gone a hundred feet yet."

"It's a precaution." she mumbled, only half interested in speaking. Her hands were much more focused on something else entirely.

When he came upon a tree thick enough for his purposes, he stopped and strode over to it. The bark was smooth and cool, and he dropped to his knees before it, pressing Mel's back against the hard surface with her fin resting aside it. He pinned her against the girthy bole, trapping her between the firmness of his chest and the tough wood, and she let out a needly little whine in reply. Casually, and to more of her meek whimpers, he pulled her hands away from his trousers, returning them to his back. With the hand under her rump, he hoisted her higher on him until her head stuck up above her own. Mel laced her thin fingers through his hair and kissed around his tapered, equine ears, and she trembled eagerly when he pressed his lips into her collarbone.

Her rough skin was warm against his fur, and he let his mouth play around her throat and chest. It rose and fell as she breathed, quickening as it gained urgency, and he let the motions pull his lips lower, onto the uppermost curve of her supple breasts. Her hands clenched in his snowy mane as the end of his horselike muzzle brushed against the bud of her tender teat, and he felt the shark tense against him as he opened his mouth and invited the puffy bud between his lips. A shaky sigh whispered through her lips and into his ears, and her hands pulled at the back of his head, encouraging him. He almost pulled away to ask her who had won, and who it was that got to set the pace, but instead, he just applied gentle suction to her flushed flesh and put the faintest of pressures against it with his teeth.

The hand he wasn't using to support her weight, his bleeding arm, he used to toy with her neglected breast, kneading the pliant mass and circling its erect nipple with teasing fingers. His cut was barely a flesh wound, and it was nearly clotted over already, but his blood was matting into his dark fur, and it left a dark stain on his crisp, white "glove" from where it was dripping down his sleek fur. Where he touched her, his blood-moistened fingertips left a trail of crimson on her pale skin, and he languidly painted her chest in sweeping spirals like she was some tribal savage.

With a wet pop, he broke contact with her other breast only to lap his broad tongue up along her nipple in long, grinding licks that left her wriggling against his body and clawing weakly at his shoulders with her sharp fingernails. Looking up, he took her in, from her dreamy, hazed expression to the way she was biting her lower lip and rocking against him. She was beautiful even as she was terrifying with her sharp, triangular teeth and her gruff, often abrasive attitude. It all hid a golden heart and genuine desire to do right by people, even if it was in her own way, and he loved it, the whole package. Carefully, he rested her knees on his thighs, taking

her weight onto his legs so that he could put both his hands into play, and she watched him like a hawk, waiting to see what he would do.

Unconcerned with what she might think about his teasing, he went back to nuzzling her chest with his lips, rubbing up and down with his muzzle and massaging her sensitive flesh all the while. His freed hand, however, dropped down her body, flitting over the hard, defined abs she was so proud of so it could busy itself with her own belt, an obstructing nuisance. It came off easily, and he tossed it to the side, returning his hand to her so it could slide down her waist and under the black fabric. His hand dancing over her hot, swollen mound coincided with her sharp intake of air, and he soothed her shock with a series of slow kisses across her chest.

She was practically vibrating against him, and he could tell that she was restraining herself solely for his benefit. Had their positions been reversed, she would have been atop him, grinding and gyrating and doing only the most unholy of things to him, clothing or no, and he thanked her for her allowing his desires with even more longing kisses that crept up her throat. He found her lips, and they molded closely to his as they met. She moaned into his mouth as his wandering fingers trailed along the outer reaches of her steamy netherlips. His hand was working her pants lower and lower by virtue its size as he intruded into her most delicate of areas, and she raked her fingertips through the fur of his back, silently begging for him to cease his ungodly teasing.

Not yet, though, not yet. His other hand lifted to her cheek, holding her lips to his as she undulated against him. She rubbed back, her loins pushing against his yielding fingers, and he retreated under her assault, making her whine weakly into him. Her lips gave chase as he drifted away from her mouth, but he held her back, grinning at her eagerness. His hand cupped her jaw, and her eyes, huge and bright, spoke volumes about her desire, the depth of her need. Carefully, he pulled his hand back and up, trailing along her jaw and up her chin, and he boldly pressed a bloody finger against her lips, pushing it into her mouth. She gasped as she tasted him, and she slapped a hand down on his wrist. It felt as though she warred against herself, half of her desiring to pull him deeper, and the other half fighting to push him away. Her tongue licked at his intruding finger like it was candy, and she closed her eyes, savoring him.

As she indulged herself, his errant fingers crawled deeper into her pants and finally found her excited womanhood. She was hot and slick, physically aching for attention and oozing out onto his furry digits, little droplets of her liquid lust. With little fanfare, he located the entrance to her needy tunnel and pushed his middle finger into her up to the knuckle. She grunted, tensing powerfully, and her mouth opened in a mostly silent, gratified groan. Her boilingly hot femininity clenched around his finger at his paltry penetration, and she awkwardly bucked her hips into him with sporadic thrusts.

He grinned like an idiot and languorously pumped his finger in and out of her wet, slippery depths, and if there hadn't been a tree propping her upright, she would have folded herself in half backward with the force of her euphoria. She suckled on his finger until there was nothing but her saliva on it, and then she acted on her own, pulling another blood-dampened finger between her lips. "Don't stop..." she moaned as she humped his hand, "Oh... fuck, Toby, why do you do this to me?"

Withholding his answer, he watched her pupils contract into tight, addict's pinpricks, nearly disappearing in the blue of her irises as she lost focus on the world around her. She croaked a throaty, "F-fuck..." as he kissed her throat again before dropping to her breasts. He found the nub that was her erect clit with his thumb, and he ground it against its own hood, holding her down against her spastic humping of his hand. The pitch of her voice rose, and he

worked another finger inside her, giving her at least a little bit of a stretching. Her nails dug almost painfully into his back as her other hand held his finger between her lips and teeth. She smeared the remnants of his scarlet blood over her lips and face, working it over her nose and down her throat, and she began to pant like an animal as he slowly, gently fingered her.

It couldn't last forever, and he knew that. As the volume of her lusty vocalizations rose, her body drew taut like a coiled piece of steel, making her already prominent, sinewy musculature stand out further from her otherwise youthful, feminine body, and he let her ride that line, keeping her balance on the precipice of release for a few breathless moment. Finally, she growled a sharp, "Damnit Toby... just fuck me already! Please, or so help me I'll hold you down and ravage you! Gods!"

He stopped all movement, and she looked like she could have screamed in frustration. "Please?" he said with a chuckle. "Well... I can't ignore such a polite request." With a long, slow motion, he withdrew his fingers from her wet slit and pulled slightly away. Then, with energy that surprised her, he hauled her from her perch and spun with her, throwing her down into the soft grass. He leapt atop her, bearing her back down as she tried to rise, and he reached down to cup her head in his hands. He straddled her shoulders and lifted her head to shove her face against his crotch. There was one hell of an erection brewing beneath his trousers, and her eyes fluttered as she felt it throbbing through the fabric over his loins. "Is this what you want?"

"Nnh..." she moaned, "F-fuck yes! Gimme!" Her hand reached up past his lags to hook her fingers into the waistline of his pants, and she roughly jerked them downward, fighting to get them past his hips and down his spread legs. A few seams tore as she struggled, but she managed enough, and she let out a squeaky, triumphant cry when his turgid horsecock flopped free of its prison and slapped her on the nose. "Yes..." hissed the shark as her hands snapped magnetically toward it.

His head rolled limply back on his shoulders as her excited fingers wrapped around his girthy manhood. As far as other horses went, he was shorter in height than most, and about as averagely hung as they came at eighteen inches of taut, black-skinned flesh, but to Mel, his dick was an immense obelisk of onyx masculinity, too big to get her fingers all the way around and long enough to threaten her with physical harm if she got too enthusiastic with it, which she did quite often. Her shaky hands stroked at him as she kissed the tip of his flared crown, and he felt himself pulsing urgently as he put on the rest of his full length and girth.

Before he could, however, she quickly engulfed him, slipping his thick glans between her teeth and using her lips as a protective sheath as she cradled him with her tongue. The nimble organ whirled around his sensitive head while she slurped at his foremost length and suckled eagerly at his bestial tool. He moaned, fighting the desire to push his hips forward and penetrate her throat. She would almost certainly not appreciate him strangling her despite how hard she was trying to do that very thing to herself at that same moment. One of her hands worked at dragging down his pants even further while the other stroked along his pulsing flesh, favoring the thick veins that crisscrossed his bulging meat, and he clenched his teeth against more low, yearning sounds as she lavished attention over his equine member like it was a savored delicacy.

Enticingly wet, lustful sounds gurgled in the back of Mel's throat as she took as much of him as she could handle at once between her lips. His hands shook as one reach to grasp at the back of her head while the other braced against the ground. Her mouth was stretched wider and wider around him as blood poured between his legs, and she only grew more and more eager as he throbbed against her palate. Pinned as she was, she couldn't rock her head the way she was accustomed, but she hardly seemed to mind, and rather viewed it as a challenge as she drooled

along the length of his outer half. Her saliva mingled with the slick lube he oozed into her mouth, and what she didn't greedily swallow, she smeared over his taut girth with worshipful fingers.

Finally she managed to free his black-furred sac, and she cupped the dense, heavy spheroids without hesitation, fondling each plum-sized nut with gentle squeezes that made him flex urgently in her mouth. Seemingly satisfied that they were cooking up a load to suit the magnitude of her desire, she left them to hand down onto her chest as her hand wrapped around his hips, pulling him in towards her for a moment before diving between her legs. He heard her fingers push into her with a lewd squelch, and her breathing hitched around his cock as she let out a muffled, ecstatic squeal.

That wouldn't do at all, and he shook his head down at her while he put a hand on her forehead. With a push, he forced her head back and freed his trapped tool with a long, sucking sound. It sprang up against its own weight to hang suspended before him, and he gave it a single light stroke with a single hand. He was as hard as ever, and he was dribbling a river of pre like he had sprung a leak. Staying on his knees, the sturdy equine reached down and took Mel by her shoulders to help pull her from between his legs. Hoisting her into the air, he helped her stand before him, still trapped by the prison of his arms. She pleased herself before him, sinking her fingers into herself and rocking her hips inches from his face. Her eyes burned with lust, and his steely manhood twitched, spurting a gob of precum across her legs as a warning.

He reached out to her, pulling her hands from herself to replace her fingers with his tongue. He kissed her scorching flesh, grinding his nose against her tender button of a clit while forcing his broad, equine appendage past her aching entrance. She bent over him, humping his face, and he gripped her taut ass to keep her still. Her copious fluids tasted heady and powerful, and what didn't get caught by his lapping tongue began the arduously slow process of dribbling down her toned, lissome legs. "F-fuck, Toby, please." she growled, shaking against him, "I don't know how much more I can take. I swear I'm going to go crazy. If you don't fuck me right now, I'm going to lose my mind, and who knows what might happen."

He hummed an assent with a tense smile, and she nearly came at the thought of finally getting what she wanted, at least given the way she convulsed against him on the edge of her bliss. He pulled her away from his mouth, lapping up the strands of viscous liquids that connected them, and pulled her down. He knees bent, and she lowered herself, with his steadying hands, toward his proud masculinity, which he reached down to angle upward at her dripping gash. She gripped his arms for stability, and he winced as her fingers brushed against the cut on his bicep. She only took in an anxious, shuddering breath, wiping blood from his fur to lick it from her fingers.

She threw her head back, tendons in her neck taut with strained euphoria as his huge, blunt crown pushed up against the vicelike tightness of her urgent womanhood. She hissed out a coarse, ragged, "Yes..." as he pulled her down atop him, and they both grunted in shock as he popped the first inch of his length inside of the furnace that was her body. Her tightness was inhuman, impossible, and it was compounded by the fact that he was far oversized for someone of the shark's stature. She only flailed for purchase on his back and tried to force herself lower, despite her limitations. Her legs gave out at the next inch, however, and he had to hold her up lest she overstretch something important.

He panted, fighting to slowly thrust himself up into her at a pace that wouldn't hurt her while she desperately tried to impale herself. Her sharp, triangular teeth gnashed as she bounced atop him. Her silken walls wrung at him with franticness that seemed animalistic. Despite the ample lubricant that both of them were producing, it was slow going, and with each inch he

dragged her down, he had to take a moment to accustom her to his girth. It was ritualistic, and with each moment she was suspended, he kissed a trail up her body beginning at her perky breasts. He ravished her nipple between his teeth, pinching until she was squealing, and he suckled her pink-flushed flesh until it turned red. And then he let his lips roam over her collar, and then her throat, all the way holding her against him and supporting her as he forced himself inward and upward.

He could go faster; she clearly wanted him to. He could jerk her down and stuff her full of him until the outline of his impressive manhood could be seen distending her gut, and were she free to do as she pleased, she absolutely would have. But he took it more slowly, savored every inch of ground he gained. He celebrated each with little rolls of his hips that ground his cock around her innards in little circles, and she humped him wildly in return. When he decided to lift his lips to hers, she devoured them, pulling him inward and shoving her tongue against his. "F-fuck, you're s-so big! *Fuck!* Come on!"

That was something he didn't mind hearing, and he rewarded her with another inch. Her inner lips were absurdly stretched, an obscene, fleshy circle gaping around his girth even as her velvety passage rippled along his length and tried frantically to pull him deeper, to her very core. He started to thrust upward, making Mel's cries match the tempo of his motions, and each time he did, he let the shark slip a little further down toward his crotch. Eventually, he had to bend his head down to meet the little fish-woman's lips, but he dared not break that contact as he crushed her bodily into his chest, plastering her figure against his sleekly furred chest.

And then it happened. With a moan that sounded like a chorus of angels to his flicking ears, Mel ran out of space inside of her violently clenching passage. He bottomed out in her deepest reaches, his flared crown butting up against the entrance of her womb, and she panted into him, desperate and starving for what he had. He wasted no time, and didn't let her rest before he picked her back up off of him only to let her drop. As he harpooned her again, sinking into her until only a handful of inches stood untouched by her divine womanhood, she squealed and convulsed around him. "Yes!" she squealed, "Fuck me, yes!"

He was only too eager to oblige her vocal desires. With fast, measured actions, he rolled his hips and bounced her atop him, pulling inches free of her only to slam them back upward and into her once again. She grunted and moaned, as wordless as she was desperate, and she no longer possessed the muscle control to keep her lips locked to his, leaving it wholly up to him. He tried his best, but eventually just relegated himself to holding her lolling head against his shoulder while gripping her tight rump and using it to lift her up and down in time with his pistoning hips. She panted short, sharp words into his fur, clawing at his back with mindless strength that threatened to leave lines of scratches dug into his hide. It was all he could do to encourage her.

The muscle lining the shark's lean frame warred against itself as it tried both to curl her into a fetal ball and bend her backwards simultaneously, and all she managed to accomplish was thrashing against him in the throes of her agonizing bliss. Her body clung to him even as her slick depths enveloped him again and again. Each vein and contour of his stunning flesh raked over her inner walls, and with each thrust upward, she clenched and gripped him with dire energy. His loins felt tight, and for reasons other than what felt like the gallons of blood that his heart was frantically pounding through his animalistic tool. Sparks of ecstasy shot up and down his spine, sparks that her hands seemed desperate to trace as she held him in a dire embrace and viciously thrust herself against him.

Gritting his teeth, he held her to his own rhythm, directing her spastic humping into fast, measured strokes of her entire feminine passage along what was at least a foot of his sable manhood. She begged him, sometimes even with words, to use her like some tight, living sheath for his rigid cock. She practically screamed it in the sharp gasps and burbling cries that escaped her throat with her shuddering breaths. Her mind and body were focused on a single goal, using the blunted crown of his girthy masculinity to batter down the gates of her womb and make him pump her full to bursting with what his heavy testes had been brewing for her for days.

With a sharp gasp that strangled off all but the very beginning of her ardent half-scream, she came around him. Her spine bent almost to the breaking point as she arched her back away from him, putting all her weight onto the obsidian shaft that was buried into her. With a shudder, and a moan, she spurted a tide of slick juices over his already drenched manhood, until it ran down his unhidden length and dripped from his balls to the grass between his legs. Her stretched tunnel trembled and collapsed down onto him, dragging him even more forcefully into her. Her tail whipped through the air behind her, thrashing in the height of her rapture, and she nearly severed her tongue as she snapped her teeth shut around a series of long, shrieking wails.

He couldn't take it. She was already so unforgivingly tight. As the shark's body clamped down on him and her shivering limbs forced her up and down on him, he collapsed forward, landing heavily on his elbows. She lay parallel to the ground, her fin stuck out to the side and her torso overshadowed by the breadth of his bulk, and he fucked her even more senseless than she already was. He pistoned his rock-hard cock into her overstuffed nethers as she came and came on him, squealing into his ear when she managed to pull air into her lungs. The intoxicating tang of their mingled sexes filled his nose, and her hands on his back, gripping him like a life preserver, pushed him up and over the edge.

He tensed and shook, grunting into her scalp as he finally reached the limits of his endurance. As his thick horsecock dilated to carry his load, it stretched her out even more, causing a fresh orgasm to rock her petite frame as he rutted her into the soft soil. His huge glans flared even thicker within the depths of her loins, and she gurgled weakly as he unleashed a flood of thick, white seed into her innermost folds. Jet after jet shot down his length in rapid-fire pulses that filled each nook and crevice she carried within her, and it eventually filled her to capacity, spurting wetly from her abused slit to splatter over his thighs. Even then, he didn't let himself collapse atop her. He rode it out while riding her, his hips pounding against her as fast as he could make them move. The unbearable tension in his body had found a release, and he let go of it all, setting it free into her gushing slit until he had squirted more than a pint of sticky, virile jizz into her.

His entire body felt numb when he was finally done. His fur was damp with a layer of sweat that couldn't have come from something as mundane as swordplay, and he held himself up limply on his elbows simply to keep his weight from her skinny body. His head drooped, and he could barely feel his hips as they sluggishly continued their robotic thrusting, pushing streamers of cum from Mel's battered flower to drool over the dirt beneath them. His breath wouldn't stay in his chest. Each inhale left his lungs in either a weak moan or a panting grunt as he gasped, shocked at the height of his own bliss. "Mel..." he groaned, forcing his lower body to stop moving through nothing but sheer willpower. "Are you okay?"

The shark stared up at him with glassy, half-lidded eyes. "Yeah..." she mumbled dreamily, barely coherent. Occasionally, another spasm would quiver through her form, the aftershocks of her cataclysmic release, and she marked their passing with shaky whimpers. If her skin burned like his, he felt sorry. His nerves tingled and burned as the feeling drifted back into

his body. His sagging cock ached as it deflated within her, satisfied and more than pleased at the way she oozed his pearlescent goo with each throbbing retreat of his bestial member.

She tensed and writhed and moaned as he pulled himself from her, flopping free and undamming the river of white that poured from her. "Fuck..." she hissed, rubbing her belly beneath him. He only found her forehead with his lips, planting a gentle kiss there as he rolled over to his back beside her. Then, his hand still beneath her, he hauled her atop his chest to lay with her breasts pressed against him. Her dazed look couldn't hide the expression of supreme gratification that was plastered over her face, and she sighed, catching her breath while laying with her head against the muscles that covered his front. "Fuck..." repeated the shark in a more relaxed tone.

He would have laughed if he had the air in his lungs. His arm hurt, and he used the idle rubbing of her thick fin as an excuse to work her arm around in its socket. "Sorry," he said thoughtfully, "I might have gotten a little overexcited."

Mel lifted her head, a grin showing her teeth. She seemed to be recovering more quickly than he. "To the victor, right? Holy hells, I'm going to be sore tomorrow."

He winced. "Sorry."

She laughed at him. "Worth it." Mel added, her tail drooping to pet his leg. "Besides, tomorrow's a long way away. It's like forever." Her smile softened, and she wriggled her way up his body to kiss his chin, and then his lips. "How about this? We head back to camp, get you rehydrated and get your arm cleaned up, and then we go for a rematch, double or nothing, winner takes all."

"That sounds like as good a plan as any," he admitted with a teasing smirk.

"Good," she stated matter-of-factly, "But you better win again, because if you don't, I'll make sure we *both* won't be able to walk straight tomorrow."

He bounced her up and down on his chest as he chuckled. With a lazy glide down past the small of her back, he gave her pert backside a playful swat, and her tail slapped his thigh in return as he gave her sharklike snout an equally playful kiss. "Deal."