

The First of Many

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Sage awakened slowly, feeling refreshed and warm and content, and then she nearly had a heart attack. For a split-second, her mind rejected her unfamiliar surroundings, and her heart was abruptly hammering within her throat. She jerked, startled, and stared wild-eyed at the room around her. It was quaint and clean, but sparsely decorated aside from the bed she was in. Dawn's first rays were peeking through a sliver of space between the drapes that hung over the window, and they filled the space with a soft, yellow light.

She panicked, and only then did her mind finish prodding itself to wakefulness. She remembered going to sleep in this very room the night prior, and she remembered why. Gasping, and with her fur dampened with the beginnings of a clammy sweat, she slumped back into the softness of the mattress beneath her and curled defensively in on herself. "Sage?" whispered the woman with whom she shared her bed, "Sage, are you alright? What's wrong?"

A slim, gentle arm slipped over her side to let its hand splay out over her belly, and she shivered at the tender contact as Kathryn shifted against her back. "F-fine, Darling..." she breathed, trying to swallow her heart back into its proper place in her chest. "I'm fine. I'm just... not used to this place yet. In my line of work, waking up in an unfamiliar bed usually means something went wrong. I'm sorry if I woke you."

"No..." Kathryn said after a thoughtful hum, "I was already awake. You just startled me. Are you sure you're okay?"

She heaved a bracing sigh and wriggled deeper beneath the heavy blanket that laid over them. The air carried with it the nip of a spring morning. "Yes," she breathed, "Better than ever, Darling." To support her claim, she slid her own hand over the one that fondly rubbed the crisp, white fur of her stomach and clutched affectionately at it.

"Did you sleep well?" wondered the cat morph as she playfully nibbled at the tips of Sage's tapered, vulpine ears.

"Very much so," she answered, fidgeting in response. Kathryn lay on her own side next to her, and the warmth of the calico's splotchy fur was but a hair's breadth from her back. Her fluffy, foxlike tail brushed with growing wakefulness against the feline's legs, and her unconscious teasing was answered by a low, vibrating purr that began to rumble behind her. "I hope I didn't disturb you with my tossing and turning. I sleep with people all the time, but I'm not really all that practiced with actually *sleeping* with people."

"You were wonderful," Kathryn murmured, her purr causing her voice to warble musically. "I've been awake for a while, and I was planning to get up and fetch us something to eat for breakfast, but... you were so warm, and you're even more beautiful asleep... I didn't have the heart to leave you."

She let out a girlish giggle. "Good. I don't know what I'd have done if I'd woken up in this big, strange place without you to hold me."

Kathryn's hand tightened on her trim, smooth belly, and the cat used it to pull them closer. She didn't stifle the pleasure in her sigh as her feline lover pressed the length of her long, svelte form against her back and let the shudder of her purr massage her shoulders. Soothing breaths were hot on her neck, and she pushed back with just enough force to show no hesitation. The other woman was a few inches taller than she, and easily formed a complete, protective

barrier along the length of her back, from the tips of her ears to her padded, canine paws. The fox wriggled happily and curled further forward, encouraging Kathryn to do the same, cupping over her and wrapping her up in a gleeful embrace.

She was utterly content to lay there until the world crumbled around her, with Kathryn purring to her and caressing the sleek fur that lined her front. The cat morph's lithe body, coupled with the petite masses of her perky breasts, felt good against her, right even, and she basked in her lover's warm glow while watching the occasional mote of dust drift through the shaft of light allowed into the room. Kat, on the other hand, seemed to grow discontent, wiggling awkwardly after only a couple minutes of complacent consciousness, though it was clear she was taking pains not to trouble the fire-haired vixen. "Darling, are you-" She silenced herself when she felt it. "Oh? Oh. *Oh...*"

Despite Kathryn's efforts to hide it, the feline's less feminine endowment seemed to also be rising from its slumber, hardening and prodding insistently against the outward curve of Sage's lush rump. "S-sorry!" hissed the hermaphroditic calico, "It's the most unruly in the mornings, and you're awake and moving around and rubbing against me, and you're warm and soft, and... I-"

She chuckled warmly, interrupting the nearly distraught cat. "I'm familiar with the concept darling. In fact, I was wondering when my little tiger was going to wake up and say hello. Here. Shall we give him a nicer place to lay his head while he shrugs off his fatigue from the previous night's exertions?" Before Kat could object or even answer, she shifted slightly, turning a little and presenting the fullness of her sumptuous rump to her love's crotch. Kathryn's catlike tool slid gladly against her butt, pushing just between her taut cheeks to grind against their upper slopes and angle upward into the hollow of her back as it gained mass with slow, steady throbs. Seemingly without meaning to, the cat rolled her hips a couple times, humping into her backside with slow, clumsy motions.

Kat's hand shivered against a trim abdomen, balling into a tight fist as the fox continued to wriggle side to side, rubbing a shapely ass against her loins. "Oh..."

"Oh?" Sage mirrored, "Does he like that? He seems excited... Maybe you're just rubbing off on him."

"Maybe a little of both." Kathryn said in a husky groan, "He likes that you've got hips I can really sink my claws into almost as I like grabbing you." To illustrate this, the feline's hand slid from her belly and up over her side to take a firm hold on her exposed hip. She then used that as an anchor to cautiously thrust her meager member against Sage's butt, slowly, experimentally. "You're teasing me." she muttered after a moment, speaking like she just realized it.

"Perhaps..." she said, reaching back to stroke Kat's thigh, "What are you going to do about it, Darling, put me in my place, show my what a naughty fox gets for taunting someone so big and strong? I'm so helpless like this, curled up with you on my butt like you own it. I couldn't do anything to stop you from taking me right here."

As if to contrast the way the barbed, feline shaft bulged and hardened against her, bracing itself for a savage bout, Kathryn's grip softened, and warm lips brushed against the back of her neck. "You just have to say the word, Sage. Whenever you want, no matter what. Tell me to stop."

"No." she moaned, pushing back and moving just enough to give the feline easy access to the tight ring of her ass. She knew Kathryn would never take her there; the gesture was more for herself, an act of surrender to someone she knew she loved. She was untouched there, as

unspoiled as she could be despite how she made her living. She wasn't the anal girl out of her colleagues, and she much preferred her pleasures up front, both in giving and receiving. For Kat, however, she would make an instant exception.

Kathryn couldn't miss the stealthy shift, the opening of that path to her twitching maleness, but she turned it down in favor of pushing further up, cushioning her cock in the warmth of her rounded curves. "I love you." The simple statement vibrated between them, and as if the sentence alone was tied to her mismatched genitalia, her proportionally girthy member heaved against her, beads of slick pre already forming atop its softly-spined crown. "I... should I get in front? I... I don't want to leave you out..."

"Don't worry about it." Sage hissed, rolling her hips to drag pump the uppermost contours of her butt against Kathryn's tool. "I'll get mine in a bit. Just have your fun back there before you pop."

She could hear the way her lover's moan was muffled between clenched teeth. The feline's hand once more took up the plushness of her hip while the other snaked its way beneath her, between her and the mattress, to cradle her stomach from the other side. Pulling Sage back, Kathryn thrust herself up into the outer curve of her butt and pushed a leaking glans against the underside of her poofy tail. She whimpered and moaned, and the fox hissed and grinned like a maniac as her lover used her like a toy. There was little room to pull away, so each jerk forward sounded like little more than soft, velvety fur rustling against itself, which was interspersed with the sounds of a very excited feline growing even more excited. "Oh Gods..." Kat mewled, clutching her and pistoning forward with blooming fervor.

Kathryn's fervent moans grew coarse and throaty, and her breath grew heavy on the back of Sage's neck. She buried her muzzle deeply into the vixen's fiery red mane, breathing of her natural, herbal scent. Shaky hands pawed at the fox's body, one clasping her hip while the other trailed up along her belly to lightly touch her well-rounded breasts. Kat gave her a bolder, firmer grope, playing with her voluptuous endowments while rutting away at the pliant flesh of her helpless backside, and her hands became even more courageous. Slim, bliss-numbed fingers pinched at her perky nipples while their sisters slipped from the curve of her hip. They slid forward and inward, sweeping over the fur of her inner thigh before grinding against her own blushing womanhood. "Oh!" she yelped in surprise, "Oh... Oh you... you scoundrel, you."

"I can't help it." growled the calico possessively, with passion Sage dared not squash. "I just want you to feel good... As good as you make me feel."

Sage's lips parted to release a sly retort, but her breath was robbed from her by the lecherous fingers of her feline lover as they found the hypersensitive button that was her clit and gave it a quick, rough stroke. She yelped and tensed, and her motion was coupled with a sharp jerk from behind as Kathryn humped her toned ass. Claws swirled quickly around the undefended nub of nerves, and she clenched reflexively each time Kat ground its own hood into it. While one continuously teased at the nexus of her rapture, the core of her sex, another stole moments probing at her increasingly heated entrance, tantalizing her with the hope of penetration, threatening it. She gasped and moaned when her love pushed not one, nor two, but three impassioned digits into her feminine passage.

Kathryn wasted no time in stroking at her inner walls, finding and lavishing attentions on each of her most receptive folds while a thumb lashed at her clit and the other hand mauled her breasts. The vixen contorted and squealed, subjected to pleasure that she was unprepared for, but all she could do was mewl helplessly, pleading for more despite how the cat's maleness did little but grind wetly through the cleavage of her generous rump. It dawned on her that Kat was racing

against her as much as against herself, desperate to push her to orgasm before finding her own in the curves of her butt. It was her favorite kind of race, and was one that she was determined to win.

She did all she could to prolong her pleasure while heightening that of her ardent lover. She wriggled and rolled her ample backside just so, stroking Kathryn's tight, gleeful flesh. She added her voice to Kat's in a low, needy chorus of frantic, womanly moans, and she slapped a hand down on the feline's lean, lissome leg, squeezing in time with the fingers that stroked along her increasingly wet nethers, making the cat feel her pleasure in as many ways as she could. She grinned wildly, groaning even more giddily when she felt it pay off.

Kathryn shuddered and grunted into the back of her neck like someone had just punched her. The whole of the feline's skinny body tensed, flexing against itself in rebellion as she came. Her finger's locked up, trapping themselves within Sage's slick flower, and the vixen felt an abrupt burst of warm wetness against the small of her back as her lover emptied herself through the conduit of her lust, spewing thick, virile strands of hot cum between their entangled bodies. There wasn't much of it, as far as volume was concerned, but there was still plenty enough for the fox to feel it matting the fur along the hollow of her back and around the base of her twitching tail.

Her lover gasped, panting into her ear, "I-I'm sorry... I tried... I tried to-"

"I know." Sage said soothingly, nearly panting in her own excitement. The feeling of Kathryn shuddering against her was euphoric, and she pressed back more firmly, cradling her lover's spent maleness against its own leavings, sliding it through its own heady slime and using it to spread it around her back. "Gods' Blood, Darling... That was good."

"B-but... but you didn't-"

"It's not about the destination, Darling. It's about the journey." She interrupted, guessing guilty, flushed expression on Kathryn's face. Her skin tingled, and she shivered and moaned as she pulled her lover's limp hands from her loins. "I wouldn't mind some more of that, though, if you have no objections?"

Kathryn spluttered incoherently, and she took the opportunity to roll over to face the source of the prideful tightness in her chest. The feline was blushing furiously, the red visible through the white fur on the lower parts of her face. Her shoulder-length white hair was a mussed tangle around her head, and she peeled part of the blankets away before drawing the cat into a warm hug. Her lover's seed was still warm against her back, and the tool that had deposited it there twitched against her belly as she pressed the fullness of her bust into Kat's. "What do you say, Darling? You seem so set on having me squealing like a stuck pig like the sexy, little huntress you are..."

Rather than answer with a word, Kathryn simply allowed herself to be pulled into a fast, passionate kiss that lasted for a brief moment. Sage felt her lover's masculine equipment recovering as she worked her tongue around the calico's, firming up against her stomach as she undulated her body against the slender slice of perfection huddled against her. She kicked away the rest of the covers, baring them both, and she left Kat panting there while she rolled her over onto her back and pounced.

Quickly, she straddled the feline's modestly-endowed chest, but rather than face herself toward the source of her desire, she presented the same curves that had set Kathryn off previously, her well-rounded rump, the gloss of cat spunk glistening in the dim light on her lower back. Wiggling her hips, she then leaned deeply over, dipping forward to hover patiently over the little, pink obelisk that was her lover's feline masculinity. As she did so, she shimmied

backwards, planting her ass on the cat's forehead and boldly pressing her netherlips into the trapped woman's mouth, giving a clear hint on what she wanted to happen next.

Taking that wordless advice, Kathryn's rough, feline tongue slipped free to lap timidly at her wet slit while her muzzle spread her engorged lips. She moaned and shook with the waves of ecstasy that rode up and down her spine, but she managed to focus her attentions on Kat's own pleasure. Already standing at full mast once again, her lover's well-used, spiny tool visibly pulsed in time with the calico's heartbeat, sticking straight up like a beacon that begged for attention. It was already slick with its own ejaculate, pearlescent and rich, and she fearlessly pulled it into her mouth, using her tongue as a cushion to slip the body of its shaft between her lips.

Kathryn's virility made her hum with pleasure, and she gladly drank of it what she could, slurping lewdly her lover's fluids from her contradictory member even as she slipped her hands beneath the feline's taut sac to play with her neglected womanhood. She showed no shame in kissing a smooth, white-furred crotch, very nearly penetrating her own throat with Kat's steely flesh, all the while dancing her nimble fingers over the parted petals of her love's delicious, womanly flower. While she worked, the woman pinned beneath her lapped vigorously at her oozing sex, devoted utterly to her pleasure, and it paid off. Normally dexterous hands kneaded the exposed meat of her ass, fondling her with force that bordered on violent, and she moaned with each hard motion, each stroke of a coarse tongue over her clitoral hood and every time that tongue forced its way into her depths.

She growled out a rough cry around the rock-hard flesh of her lover's loins when she came wetly. She tensed and shuddered as orgasmic spasms rocketed down her spine, and she heard Kathryn burbling lewdly through the sudden gush of her girly, liquid lust. As if her bliss was enough to push the feline over the edge, she felt Kat's cock bulge within her mouth, dilating as she too found a second fount of desire with which to fuel another peak of rapture. Her lover spurted erratically into her mouth, and she swallowed it away as quickly as she could milk it from the luscious tool that throbbed against her palate. Oral caresses, some within, some without, left them both panting, and both were gasping like they had run a true race when Sage finally pulled back her head, slurping along each of Kathryn's five inches until the cat shone with nothing but a layer of her saliva.

She picked herself up off of her love's face after another second, leaving Kat lapping numbly at the air, eyes unfocused. "That... that was..." Sage panted deliriously, half a gleeful laugh bubbling constantly in the back of her throat. "Oh, Gods... That was amazing. One more. Do you have one more for me?" Kathryn looked at her like she had grown a second head. "Come on, please. I need one more. Here, just lay there. I'll take care of it."

The feline writhed and groaned as, with energy that seemed immortal, Sage bounced back up and turned around to face Kathryn while she straddled her once again. "Sage... I can't... Too much."

"Nonsense!" she assured her with gentleness that belied her awakened desire. "I need you, and you're always there when I need you. Not all the time, and not every day, but right now... I need you." She bent down, lifting her rump in the air while pushing a tender kiss into lips that parted to accept it. "Besides," she whispered, "This means that you get to be first... I want you to be the first... Every day that you can handle it. Just the thought... Oh Gods, please have one more for me. I need you in me, Kathryn, badly."

Her lover returned her kiss, resigning herself to fate with a soft sigh and gentle caresses of her cheeks, and she didn't even look back as she reached between her legs, between her body

and Kat's, to take the turgid, half-erect flesh of the cat's soft-barbed member and hold it upright while she lowered herself down. She hissed as it sank into her with a drenched squelch, and her netherlips presented a kiss of their own to the fur of Kathryn's crotch. She was still tender from the aftershocks of the orgasm that was still trembling through her womanhood, but she didn't care to show mercy on herself. Keeping herself bent over, splayed out on Kathryn's body, she began to bounce herself atop the calico's spongy, tumescent flesh using fast, back-and-forth motions rather than the up-and-down that would have likely only resulted in a painful experience for one of them.

Kathryn panted against her throat as, in a show of dedication, she took her by the hips, gripping her as firmly as she could, and added her strength to the vixen's frantic thrusting. In response, Sage kissed whatever she was able, reached between them once again to knead at supple, modest breasts, tweaking nipples and massaging sensitive flesh. To the shock of, if Kathryn's expression was any indication, both women, the spined rod that she thrust into herself began to throb harder even as she rolled her hips against it. Her lover gasped and found her second wind, arms gradually turning to iron as they helped her set a brutal pace that left her begging incoherently for an orgasm from one of them.

She bounced with fierce energy, the world spinning around her as she was parted again and again, as her depths were plumbed by a ferociously hot, intriguingly textured piece of lust-filled flesh, flesh that left her contorting in agonizing bliss as it raked at her walls and left them fluttering around it, desperate. "Yes!" she grunted, chanting the word like a mantra each time she managed to fill her lungs. "Take me! Take me, you beautiful creature, you! Take me! Use me! Love me! Oh Gods, claim me! Yes!"

Her spine arched almost painfully and she threw her head back as she wailed her lover's name, screamed it at the wooden beams of the roof. No one else lived with them. They were alone, and she screamed Kathryn's name as each muscle in her body froze in the midst of her ecstasy. Her well-practiced walls rippled and clenched with delirious force around the feline's rigid cock, trying with blind vigor to draw from it what she needed to survive. She bucked her hips, the only part of her body she appeared to have control over, as she otherwise collapsed into Kat's arms, wailing and humping like a madwoman. Her breathing hitched when she felt the cat erupt once more, this time within her, painting her walls with a paltry but intensely fulfilling load of potent seed that her starving walls wicked away, pulling it toward her core with instinctive intent.

Each gasped and groaned into the other's lips as they met for a clumsy, sloppy kiss that continued while they rode out their own orgasms while connected with the other. Sage's skin burned with relief, and she could only imagine what Kathryn was experiencing at the same time. She ached and throbbed with each fiber of her being, and she couldn't make her body move the way she wanted so she simply laid there, limp, atop her love's chest, kissing and caressing whatever happened to find its way beneath her numbed mouth and fingers.

"Darling..." she finally managed to croak as her mind struggled to shrug off the tidal wave of bliss that had swept through her. "I... Are you okay? I... I'm sorry... I didn't mean to be so... so rough."

The moan that Kathryn gave her didn't sound as agonized as it could have been, and the kiss she received was certainly not given by someone who was hurt. Her walls still eagerly stroked and undulated along her lover's softening length, and neither made a move to pull the other free. They simply laid there for a time, not recovering, but dragging their insensate minds

back to reality. Recovery would come later. "I'm going to... I'll need a nap after this." sighed the feline after a few minutes of reining in her breath.

Sage bounced in an unsteady chuckle. "You can sleep after we get cleaned up. We've already made a mess of the place, and we've only slept here once."

"We'll get better at it." said Kathryn as she pushed her head into a pillow, blinking blearily at the ceiling.

"At what, making messes or cleaning them up?"

"Why not both?"

She laughed again, less stiffly, and finally managed to force herself to slide free of her love's flaccid, utterly spent maleness. "Practice makes perfect, right? I think I could get used to mornings like this, maybe a little less... intense. I don't know if my heart could take much more."

Kathryn looked up at her, and then proceeded to pet her hair with a gentle hand while the other arm wrapped around her and held her close, confidently. "I get to be first?"

She smiled before she let her head rest on her love's shoulder. A nap didn't sound too bad, actually. Mornings had never been her strong suit. "And foremost, Darling."

Her lithe lover hugged her happily and brushed a few tender kisses over her cheek while stroking her red-orange fur, hesitating for only a moment. "I'm sorry, Sage. I was on you the moment you woke up. I-I just couldn't help myself."

"Hush..." she whispered in answer, "I would have stopped you if I hadn't wanted you to hump me like an animal. Like I said, it was rather good. If anything, *I* should be sorry for acting to desperately. It's wasn't very considerate of me. I should have slowed down, let you recover."

"I don't know about all that..." Kathryn sighed, "I definitely didn't mind. I... I like it when you get all dominant and possessive. It makes me feel special, not to mention what it does for all my... my bits."

She scoffed with an exaggerated roll of her eyes. "Well *I* like it when *you* do the same for me, so I suppose we're at an impasse."

"Nah." her catlike lover assured her. "It just means we'll have to take turns." Sage yelped in surprise when her world abruptly spun, and she stared up at Kathryn's grinning face. She had been rolled over onto her back, and now the feline was splayed out over her, grinding against the plushness of her body. "I think it's my turn next, right?"

It seemed that all Kathryn needed was a moment to take a breath to recover from her exertions, because Sage could feel her little tiger stirring against where her lover ground it against her belly. "I... I suppose so." She purred, letting her hands roam as they would over the taut figure atop her.

Kat nibbled tenderly at her throat between slow, tantalizing kisses, and she started to rock her hips, gradually thrusting herself against the vixen's belly, building herself to erection once again. It seemed being graced with a complete set of sexes did wonders for the libido, and she simply laid there, content to be the object of her lover's tangibly building desire. "Tell me to stop." Kathryn whispered.

Sage grinned, taking hold of her lover's face long enough to steal a full, longing kiss before letting the feline get back to what she was doing. She could get used to mornings like this. "No."