

# Shark Week

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She gritted her teeth as she darted from shadow to shadow, trailing her target as he plodded between the young, spindly trees on clumsy-looking hooves. He was fairly short for a horse morph, having only a couple feet on her, and lacked the heavy, bulky musculature common to them. He was far from weak, however, and dense, lean muscle moved under the well-fitting clothing that covered his comparatively thin frame.

The wiry equine was attractive, in a threatening, dangerous sort of way, and his horse-like features were alluringly strong and masculine. Dark black fur covered most of his body, with the exception of the fine fur on his calves and forearms, which was stark white, giving him a set of wintry gloves and boots. He turned slowly, sweeping attentive grey eyes over the new growth trees. She ducked back before he saw her. His short, bristly mane of snow-white hair fell around his long, equine ears, and a splotchy line of similarly white fur lay atop his muzzle, running up between his eyes and splitting the black fur of his face.

She had to be careful. If she couldn't take him by surprise, she would be in trouble. He was likely stronger than he looked, and the way he carried a sword nearly as long as she was tall told her that he knew how to use it. She peeked out again, and darted to the shadow of a closer tree. He stopped suddenly, and she froze as he spun in a slow circle, his white horsetail swishing behind him nervously. He knew he was being hunted, but it didn't appear that he had seen her, and he cautiously continued on his way.

She kept up with him. It was times like these she was glad she was as small as she was. There were shark morphs far larger than she, but they couldn't have crept between the trees as easily as she could. Her five-and-a-half foot frame was thin and compact, but if she were as tall as her quarry, she would have been more muscular. There wasn't an ounce of fat on her athletic form, and her body was cut with lines of incredibly defined muscle. Her breasts were small and perky, and she had slim, girlish hips that matched the rest of her petite figure.

Her loose-fitting clothing covered almost her entire body to hide her rough sharkskin, silvery-grey but for her pale belly, and was heavily modified to allow for the muscular, finned tail that trailed behind her and the fin that grew out between her shoulder blades. Unlike some shark morphs, her body was completely hairless, and her ears were long and tapering, much like her fins themselves, which all ended in a tip of black. Her shark-like snout was full of vicious, razor-sharp teeth that she clenched tightly as she watched the horse move with bright blue eyes.

He stopped again, and she immediately knew that she had made a mistake in getting so close so soon. The equine suddenly shifted his grip on his blade and swung it to the side in a vicious arc, slicing cleanly through the tree she was hiding behind and making her jump back, cursing herself for her recklessness. The tree fell away, and he held his sword up across his chest in a guard as he smiled confidently at her.

She swore under her breath as she pulled the cap off of her quarterstaff, baring a foot-long steel spearhead. "Alright horselips!" she hissed, swinging her spear up in front of her, "We can do this your way if you want!"

"Oh I want." he replied in a casual baritone. He stepped forward and brought his sword down in a savage stroke that she just barely managed to block with the haft of her spear. She gasped. If it weren't for the steel-reinforced wood, he would have cut her weapon in half, and the

shock of the sudden impact made her arms ache. She definitely couldn't afford to get hit by him. "If it isn't little Miss Silver Lance." he mused as he pressed down on her, forcing her back a step, "Forget your armor? Or did it just slide off that skinny body? I've got to admit, Mel. I hadn't expected you to be so easy to find. Were you getting impatient? Or did you just miss me?"

"Shut up!" Mel hissed as she threw his sword to the side and struck out at him, swinging her spear up and toward him, making him give her some room to maneuver or catch it in his chest. He stepped back and easily deflected her quick thrusts before he lunged back under her guard and slashed at her. He peeled a strip of wood from her spear as she slid his attack down its haft and away from her body and lashed out him in a vicious kick with a clawed, digitigrade foot.

Her claws raked along his thigh, tearing his pants open and cutting into his skin, drawing blood. He grunted and shoved her away, knocking her through the air with brute force. She landed awkwardly, but found her feet again as he charged her with an angry cry while swinging his sword around in an arc that would leave her in two pieces if it connected. Instead of letting that happen, she dropped low, ducking under the sword that whistled over her. She cracked the butt of her spear against the wound in his thigh, but instead of falling to the ground in pain like she hoped, he only swore harshly and threw his own kick at her.

It hit her like a giant-thrown boulder and sent her flying again. She gasped and wheezed as she struggled back to her feet, trying to get her wind back into her lungs. The horse casually strode over to her and stood just out of stabbing range, seemingly content with allowing her to catch her breath. "Cocky... bastard..." she panted. He just smiled, swung his sword back up into a defensive position, and waited.

Mel stood up straight and tightened her grip on the haft of her spear. She was going to have one hell of a bruise after she cut that cocky smile off of his muzzle. She shortened her grip and stepped forward twisting her body in a furious slash. The horse practically scoffed as he easily backpedaled, letting the spearhead drift by, an inch from her chest. As soon as it passed, he rushed forward as Mel's momentum carried her around. Perfect. She grinned excitedly as the equine shouted and swung at her again. Mel just continued to spin on her feet, flicking her tail out as soon as he came close enough in his charge.

She struck his thigh with the tip of her tail, this time only intending to throw him off balance. He short-stepped, and brought his arms down to correct for his change in momentum, leaving him open. Mel stopped her spin, letting the point of her spear dig into the ground in front of her and immediately brought her arms back, slamming the butt of her weapon into his crotch.

That got his attention, and he yelped and staggered forward clumsily. He recovered quickly and tried to continue past her to safety, but Mel had drawn blood, and wasn't going to let him get away that easily. She straightened, shouldering him off balance again and spun back the other way, swinging around and bringing the haft of her spear across his back. He grunted and stumbled, running into and over a spindly tree and trampling it under his heavy hooves as he spun to keep her in front of him.

Gone was the cool smile, his lips pulled back in a defiant snarl. He swung at her as she approached him and she caught his sword on the steel of her spearhead, grounding the butt of her spear in the grass to keep the shock of the impact from her arms. She slid her spear down the length of his blade, and before he could react, flicked the spear out, slicing open the back of his hand. He shouted in pain, but stubbornly kept his fingers wrapped around its hilt. She didn't expect him to wrap his other hand around the haft of her spear and viciously yank it out of her hands, not that she was even about to let him. She jerked it backward, making him release or lose a finger as she backed up and entered another spin.

She fainted low, and stopped just before it made contact with his block. Mel quickly reversed her grip and dropped the spear's tip hoping he would take the bait. He did, and she knew then that she had won. When his sword dipped to guard his leg from the foot of steel she threatened him with, she pulled the spear back and quickly reversed her grip, putting every ounce of her body's power into a brutal swing that slammed the butt of her spear into his other knee. It folded, and she smiled in satisfaction when he went down.

He scrambled to get back to his feet, but a spear point at his throat calmed him down rather quickly. "Drop it." commanded the shark. He cautiously tossed his sword aside, but he lashed out at the last moment, dodging to the side and swinging his leg out, sweeping Mel's feet out from under her. She cursed as she fell, landing on top of him and losing her weapon in the process. His hands were suddenly on Mel's arms, trapping them at her sides, and his strength was abruptly painfully apparent.

Mel would have been in trouble had he not clearly forgotten what she was. She beat her forehead into his muzzle and he reeled back far enough for her to get at her prize. He tensed when she opened her mouth and bit down on his neck, putting just enough force behind her teeth to let him know she meant business. The equine froze, and Mel bit down a little harder, making sure he couldn't just throw her off of him. He contemplated his suddenly very limited options for a few seconds, but finally went limp, releasing Mel's arms with a defeated sigh.

She didn't let him up, sitting there for a long moment with her teeth pressing threateningly into his throat. She liked to see them sweat. He, however, wasn't sweating, just lifting her up and down on his chest as he caught his breath. Eventually, he started to hesitantly move his arms. He laid a gentle hand on Mel's back before it meandered lower and slipped under her shirt to lightly touch her skin.

He was being rather bold for someone in danger of losing their trachea, but she supposed he knew her too well for that. "Damnit, Toby..." said Mel in a muffled growl, "You sure know how to kill the mood."

His eyebrows quirked upward. "Mood?" he whined innocently, "Come on, Melana... I'm just giving my sexy captor what she wants. You do want it, don't you? You fought awfully hard for it."

His other hand drifted up to trace a line along the curve of her fin. She playfully slapped it away. "Of course I want it."

"Well for someone who wanted it so bad, you were trying awfully hard to damage the goods. What the hell was that crotch shot about?"

"Oh, I'm sorry!" she said as she pushed herself upright to straddle his chest, "Was I being too rough? I must have had the sense knocked out of me when you were throwing me around like a ragdoll. I'm so very, terribly sorry about that. Now give me your hand before you bleed to death, stupid." Toby groaned like he was being berated by his mother, but dutifully lifted his arm to Mel regardless. "Good boy. Now let's take a look, shall we?"

He assured her that it was only a flesh wound, and he was right. The cut wasn't deep, but it was bleeding all over the fine, white fur of his hand and forearm nonetheless. She jumped when a drop of the crimson liquid ran down onto her nose. A shudder worked its way down her spine, and her tail slapped heavily on the ground as she shivered. Toby chuckled and laid his fingers on Mel's snout, rubbing scarlet into her skin. She let out a slow, shaky breath and took a firm hold on his wrist. His blood-soaked fur glided smoothly over her, and he didn't resist as she pulled one of his fingers into her mouth.

The tang of iron filled her sinuses as she licked the digit clean. He wasn't going to bleed out any time soon, and she had time to indulge a little bit. She felt his uninjured hand still on her back, dancing between the bases of her fin and tail, caressing her skin affectionately and slowly pushing her shirt higher on her body, putting her toned midriff on display. With a pleased purr, she licked his fingers as he bled into her mouth. He was grinning shamelessly. "Do I taste good?" he wondered.

"Yes..." she breathed as she slathered red all over her face, "s-so good. It makes me hungry. I... I could just take a bite. You wouldn't miss a few fingers, would you?"

"Hey," said Toby in an innocent whine, "to the victor, go the spoils, right?"

"Damn right." Mel grunted as she reluctantly withdrew his hand from between her teeth, "You're all mine, but I can think of a few things that you might need your fingers for, so you're off the hook this time. Now hold still." Out of her pocket she pulled a squat metal jar and flicked the top off with a thumb. Toby hissed when she scooped out a wad of thick, wheat-colored paste and smeared it on the cut on his hand. He grumbled about the tingling as the ointment took effect, skin knitting back together, glossy white fur left unmarred by any scar. "Better?"

He flexed his hand into an experimental fist, cracking his knuckles loudly and answered her by returning both his hands to her body. She gave him a satisfied nod, right where they should be. Her shirt stayed stubbornly on, but that didn't stop him from fondly stroking her rough sharkskin. When it seemed like she would be satisfied by his hands alone, he murmured impatiently, "What now?"

Mel looked down at him with a toothy grin. "Whatever I want, remember?"

"And what is it that you want?"

"Oh..." she said through a light laugh, "so many things. But I suppose I'll have to settle with you."

"I'll make it worth your time, I promise."

"You better, otherwise I might decide to really punish you for losing on purpose just so you could be on the bottom, you lazy bastard. Now get to it before I take more than a finger."

He gave her a pitiful pout, but the smile that shone in his eyes lent credence to her accusation. His hands snaked around to her front and began to expertly undo the buttons that held her shirt closed. She just smiled encouragingly as he gradually bared her chest. She rolled her shoulders, and her shirt slid off of her fin to pool on Toby's chest. The equine took her petite breasts up in strong fingers as she flicked her discarded shirt aside. His size made her feel smaller than she was, but the tender way he massaged her felt wonderful, and she let out a pleased hum as he found her pert nipples with thumbs and forefingers. Letting his hands take her weight, she leaned forward into him as he teased her.

The post-combat adrenaline jitters were wearing off, making room for a pleasant heat to spread through her body as he nimbly manipulated her. Tobias was one of the better swordsmen of the Silver Lance, and in a straight out fight Mel was able to win only through blind luck or divine intervention. She supposed she was lucky he had a serious submissive streak. He was very good with his strong, well-used hands. The horse beneath her stopped and smiled when she let out a soft, traitorous moan.

His hands left her bust and let her fall forward slowly into his arms until he could kiss her. As their lips met, his fingers lifted to her back, trailing lightly down the contours of her muscle until they reached the strap over her tail that held her pants on. He had a bit of trouble, but eventually her belt went slack, and she proceeded to shimmy her pants down her lean legs.

She had to work to get the cloth over her feet, but she pushed herself upright as she bared herself completely.

When Toby's hands started to dance back up her body she shoved them away. "Oh no you don't, big boy. You're mine, not the other way around. Hands off the goods." She cupped his cheek in a hand when he whined pitifully. "Aw... don't cry. If you're really good I'll give you a taste, okay?" Toby rolled his eyes, but quickly and eagerly nodded when Mel scooted forward, spreading her legs wide around his shoulders and displaying the cleft between her legs to Toby's suddenly starving eyes. "Get to it, horselips. Don't be shy."

He hummed thoughtfully and carefully lifted his hands to her hips and pulled her a little more forward, bringing her in range of his mouth. When his lips met hers once more, she tensed in excitement. He wrapped an arm underneath her, and she wobbled dangerously when he sat up, hefting her in his arms with the ease of someone lifting a toy. He rotated and leaned back against a tree he had fallen next to. Hugging the trunk of the tree in front of her, she steadied herself as he slowly worked his lips around her loins.

Her tight netherlips parted readily around his tongue as he pressed forward, and she tightly clenched her wickedly sharp teeth as he did his best to pleasure her. She had already been excited, and he effortlessly teased her higher. Her fins tingled, particularly the ones on her head around her ears, and she licked the blood off of her face, tasting him as he tasted her. It was electric, and her tail wiggled spastically around behind her, stopping occasionally to gently run along his powerful legs.

With a savage flick of his agile tongue, she grunted and jerked her hips into him. He certainly wasn't being shy. She didn't need to guide him; he knew too well what he was doing, and she was mewling within a minute. The hand he wasn't using to support her weight against his mouth crept out to find the point of Mel's spear, and the shark morph tensed, but she blinked in surprise when he jammed a finger against the razor-sharp steel, easily slicing through his furred skin. He growled into her loins, but neither slowed or opened his eyes as he trailed a bloody line up the lean contour of her hard body and up to her mouth, tucking the wounded digit between her teeth.

She spat it back out, unconsciously licking the blood from her lips. "Y-you don't want to do that, babe. I wasn't kidding about being hungry. You know how I get." He stroked her jaw lovingly, smearing ruby liquid over her lips. His mouth was too preoccupied to for him to answer verbally, but he teased his bloody finger back into her mouth. "F-fine," she mumbled through a moan as he worked her over, "but I can't be to blame if you get hurt."

His shoulders bounced in a silent laugh. Her skin burned with need, and the taste and smell of blood excited her further, making her body throb with overwhelming lust. The sounds of Toby pleasuring her grew increasingly noisy as she grew increasingly wet, and Toby slurped at her messily. He knew what it did to her, the metallic tang of blood, the squirming of something delicious beneath her. She whined as he increased the urgency of his ministrations, forcing her down into herself, into a place of instinct and furious desire.

With a hiss, she clamped her hands down on the sides of Toby's head and violently bucked her hips into his mouth like she was trying to cram his muzzle into herself. She jerked control away from him and ground her crotch into his lips. Her own legs took her weight as she lifted herself over him and forced his head back against the trunk with her pelvis. He took it in stride, lapping at her drooling slit as she forced herself into him. His supporting arm no longer needed, he laid light fingers over her midriff, feeling her flex as she savagely thrust herself against his tongue.

Her back arched well beyond her control as she exploded against his face and cried out in bliss. She bared her teeth in a ferocious snarl and undulated her body as she spasmed against him. Toby accepted her savagery with a gentle tongue and placid, steady hands. She growled and backed herself off of him, her legs still shaking with the aftershocks of her release. Gingerly, she slipped his finger from her mouth and trailed an electric line along her aching skin, tracing the curve of her collarbone and down between her breasts, painting an intricate scarlet line around her prominent musculature. He watched her, and was seemingly unable to resist as she put a finger on his forehead and pushed, sliding him over onto his back once again.

Her entire body throbbed with ever building need, and her shuddering pussy clenched around nothing as she stood over him. He tried to lift his arm, and she slammed a clawed foot down on his elbow, pinning it under her. Her chest heaved as she did the same to her other arm and she positioned her twitching gash over his face. With an aggressive grunt, she pushed a finger up into herself. Her lust-engorged lips easily parted around the addition of another finger, and she used the two to vigorously pleasure herself over him.

Thrusting her chest out, she forced herself to cum again, her ecstatic shrieking accompanying a sudden gush of slick liquid lust that soaked her hand and dripped down onto Toby's face. It splattered over his muzzle, and she let her shaking legs drop her with her knees on his biceps. She laid hands on his horselike features, gripping him unrelentingly and working her juices into his fur as she twisted his head to the side. "Mine!" she growled into his ear as she pressed her teeth possessively into him, "All mine! All of you, all of this! Mine!"

He peered at her with a sidelong grin and nodded slowly, smart enough not to open his mouth. His bright, grey eyes sparkled with delight as she bent over, laying her snout against his cheek, smelling herself on him, their scents mingled. He was hers, and her sensitive nose could smell it through the blood slathered over her tight, naked body. Toby grunted as she spun around, laying her tail heavily against his face and holding her compact, muscular rear off of his neck. She surveyed all that was hers, all that she had to enjoy.

There was so much of him, but she had all day, and he was going nowhere. His hands crept up her legs, and her tail put a threatening amount of pressure on his, face. He just stroked her reassuringly, showing her he was intent on doing nothing but caressing her lean, shapely legs. She could feel him still bleeding on her, warm dampness being rubbed into her skin, and she growled at his boldness, but relaxed her tail, giving him permission to continue as she slid her own hands into the neckline of his shirt.

She jerked mercilessly, shredding Toby's shirt, ripping it down his front and baring his muscular torso to her hungry gaze. The equine's hands tightened on her legs at the expected roughness, and she purred happily as she laid slender fingers on his powerful chest. So much, all for her. As he massaged her legs, he flexed for her roving fingers, showing her how powerful his well-used physique was in a reminder that she had bested him. She reacted positively, grunting appreciatively as she stretched out like a stretching cat along his body, pressing her chest into him as he fingers glided over the jet black fur covering each strong muscle. When she pulled back upright, she raked her sharp nails along his form, leaving eight long, shallow scratches in his skin.

He tensed with a quiet hiss, but didn't complain as he pressed his lips to her tail in an encouraging kiss. She fell on him, pressing herself low and running her lips along his chest. Following the contour of his muscle, she kissed him, occasionally slowing to run her tongue along the bloody scratches through his fur. They were likely painful, but hardly threatening, and she favored them with her mouth with intense interest. She would have to find something to eat

afterward, she was starving, and she had better uses for the slab of powerful muscle lying under her. That didn't, however, stop her from giddily lapping at his wounds, coating her tongue and filling her nose with the taste and smell of his blood. It was dizzyingly erotic, and her body thrummed with frantic sexual energy.

She scooted forward down his length as her mouth met the extent of her reach. His hands wisely didn't stop her, just following her hips, lightly squeezing her thighs as she flexed to haul her body down his. She kissed his abs, one by one, and slowly worked her way down to straddle his stomach. His form-fitting pants, as black as his fur, hid nothing of the curve of his muscular legs to her imagination, and she stroked his thighs just as he surrendered her legs, moving his hands to her lower back and tail.

Despite his somewhat painful injuries, he was clearly excited, and the outline of a thick, lengthy horsecock throbbed beneath the cloth between his legs. She grinned fiercely. He was so hard already, straining at the tight fabric. She laid a confident hand on it, stroking it through the cloth as it tried to outgrow the confines of its woven prison. He wasn't done yet, stifled as he was by the tightness of his clothing, but she let him whine as she groped him shamelessly. She couldn't get her hand around its silken-clad shape, his girth was so much, and beneath it, she could feel his heavy scrotum pulsing just as urgently.

He lifted his hips off of the ground, easing the passage of his pants down his thighs as she fought to free her prize. He flopped free excitedly, slapping heavily against his abdomen before his stiffness pulled him up against the drag of gravity. He moaned as she took his equine member by the base and stroked him longingly, watching him inch longer and thicker in her fingers. His broad head flared as she licked his tip, being cautious of her teeth. This was one part of him she was inclined to treat with care.

His taut skin was as black as his fur, and the smell of his musk was nearly overwhelming, cutting through the metallic tang of blood in her nostrils. He was nearly twenty inches long when she finally stroked him to full hardness, jutting proudly up toward her. She touched him with reverent passion, gingerly pressing her lips against his throbbing cock as she lavished affection on him. Wisely, he waited as patiently as he could for her to escalate. Beads of lubricant formed at his tip and slowly dripped down his length, wetting her fingers as she slicked him down. She had certainly seen larger dicks, especially in a time where it wasn't really shocking to see people dragging around endowments the size of their bodies. None of the others she had had the opportunity to experience, however, were Toby's, and his was special to her, just as he was.

A thick vein pulsed against her lips as she traced it with her tongue. The taste of his blood mixing with his pre in her mouth was rapturous, and she could hardly stand to wait any longer. She circled her fingers around Toby's base and slowly, lovingly, stroked along his bountiful length as she gracefully rose to her feet. She kept a hand idly on his glans as she twirled around and settled herself with her puffy, excited womanhood hanging expectantly over it. She looked at him, her eyes unseeing with blind, overwhelming desire as she gently flicked her tail against his full scrotum.

She slowly bent her knees, crouching down letting her pale, glistening netherlips hover a fraction of an inch over him. They both tensed when she let herself gently drop, prodding his urgently twitching cock against her slick entrance. Toby grunted, his body flexing as he resisted the urge to buck upward, forcing himself into her, for dual reasons. He was likely to hurt her, penetrating her without first giving her the opportunity to adjust to his size, and that display of dominance would likely leave him with a chunk missing out of himself with her in her current,

frenzied state. It would be better for both of them if he just laid there and let her have what she was intent on taking.

He kept his hands below her knees, his fingers dancing over her calves as she gingerly lowered herself, her lips split in a defiant snarl as she stretched around him. Her chest heaved under her pert breasts, and he ached to touch them. They were small, but perky and felt wonderful in his hands. Luckily for him, her own hands went to her chest, kneading the pliant flesh as she braced herself against the grass with her tail. She leaned back, twisting her erect nipples as she bounced lightly, working inch after inch of him into her. Her mouth hung open, and her twin rows of wickedly sharp, ivory teeth shone in the sunlight that filtered through the leaves above them.

Her lean, toned abdomen bulged out with the burden of his girth, but she didn't stop as she crammed herself full of him. He could almost see his own thunderous heartbeat through the pale, milky-white skin of her underside as he throbbed against her walls. She desperately wanted to hilt him within herself, sheathing his thick equine tool in with her crushingly tight womanhood, but something that had been buried underneath a tide of instinctual need knew that it couldn't happen and with a moan that was a mixture of sorrow and ecstasy, she stopped her descent a few inches shy of his crotch.

She had bottomed out, but if she was terribly unhappy about it, Toby couldn't tell, she just sat there for a few quiet seconds, idly stroking the bulge he was making in her taut belly. Her walls wrung at him mechanically, stretched muscles flexing around an equine girth that was thicker than her wrist. Eventually she hissed breathily through her teeth as she lifted herself up a few inches before gently letting herself fall back to her initial position. The horse morph under her moaned sharply as she did it again and again, her strong legs bouncing her easily up and down atop him.

She was more full than her mind could comprehend, stretched to her very limits by the column of horseflesh inside her, and she used it to pleasure herself with religious fervor. The length of burning, steel-hard horse buried in her loins burned away all her resistance, and she winced her eyes tightly shut as she clamped her hands down on Toby's stomach, holding onto him for dear life as her mind was quickly overwhelmed with lightning bolts of rapture that tore up her spine, from the tip of her finned tail to her skull to finally explode behind her closed eyes.

The feeling of his hands holding just as desperately onto her calves excited her further. She could feel his desire for her in the angry throbbing that twitched within her, and it drove her mad with lust. She gnashed her teeth with violent passion and she couldn't stop her head from rolling limply back as she rode her stallion into the grass.

Toby's pleasant voice sounded desperate in her ears. "Mel!" he gasped, "I'm almost there! Come on! Please cum with me! Let me feel you cum around me! Please; I need you. I need you so badly!"

She could barely understand his words, let alone reply. She just kept going. If he wanted to find his release with her, he would just have to wait. She was on the verge herself, but she was going to stretch out her pleasure for as long as she could. The equine groaned and she increased the tempo of her fervent bouncing, her legs' endurance seemingly inexhaustible. She could feel him shaking under her fingers, but she didn't even open her eyes. She didn't need to see him sweating in his desperation, fighting to keep his hands on her lower legs, fighting to keep himself from bucking up into her, his brilliant grey eyes half-lidded and bleary with need.

His pitiful whines were music to her finned ears, and it was a joyous waiting game to see who was going to lose control of their body first. Mel could hardly breathe, and her head rolled



forward as her body bent further and further over, her arms and legs beginning to shake traitorously. She could only grunt in satisfaction as she felt Toby's body tense powerfully underneath her. She heard him grunt direly as a sudden bloom of disastrous heat signaled the first wave in a tide of spunk that quickly flooded her overstuffed pussy.

His huge horsecock swelled, flaring thick within her as he spurted fitfully into her. The shark readjusted her pace, bouncing in time with the pulsing of the shaft buried inside her. She shuddered, her arms now accepting the majority of her weight as she cried out in agonizing euphoria. Her slick, packed pussy clamped down on Toby's tool with renewed tightness, and as he pumped her full of his delicious seed it spurted back out of her onto his loins. She thrashed atop him, ramming herself up and down with brutal, mindless ferocity as she rode out her orgasm and he stimulated her to new, overwhelming heights.

Mel's tail flailed through the air behind her as she completely lost control over her body. The only thing her she seemed capable of doing was furiously bounce herself on the equine's rod, crying out again and again as she spasmed around Toby's shaft. Her release felt endless, but with one last, shuddering scream that bounced around the woods around them, her legs gave out under her and she toppled forward. Faithfully, Toby's strong hands were there to catch her, and he worked them both down from their orgasmic highs with gentle rocking of his hips as she twitched against his chest

The equine murmured soothingly and kissed the top of her head, letting his lips wander aimlessly around the fins on her skull. The gradually slowing rise and fall of his chest mirrored her own as they both caught their breath after their exertions. She hugged him shamelessly, her senses gradually returning to her. The sweat on his chest left his fur damp, and his torso was wonderfully warm and... sticky. She opened her eyes in confusion, letting out a shocked gasp at what she saw as she peeled herself off of his chest.

"Toby, you idiot!" she yelled at him. She had apparently gotten more carried away that she had known, because Toby's chest was crisscrossed with long ragged cuts that, while not deep or terribly brutal, left his wonderful, black fur slicked with a thin sheen of blood. "Damnit, you stupid bastard! Why didn't you stop me?!"

He winced as she explored his chest with her fingers, looking for anything dangerously deep. "Relax." said the equine reassuringly, "I've got plenty of blood left over."

"That's not the point, you brain-dead plow horse! I told you not to let me hurt you like this! You know... You know what you do to me! This... this is too much! I don't want this!"

"Clearly you did. Don't worry about it, Mel."

"No! Damnit, there's a difference between a little rough loving and me tearing into you like a wild animal! You aren't some piece of meat for me to shred to ribbons every time I get hungry or horny! I... care about you, stupid, and as much as it might... excite me, I don't like seeing you hurt. You're supposed to..." She hesitated and looked down at herself. Her front was bright crimson with fresh blood. "Hold that thought." She slowly rose to her feet, grunting angrily as she pulled herself off of him, leaving herself feeling suddenly hollow. She stalked over to her discarded pants, kicking his leg out of the way in the process. Rooting around in her pocket, she pulled out the same little, metal canister as before.

He grunted as she knelt next to him, resisting the urge to slap some sense into him as she popped the lid off of the jar and practically upended it onto his chest. "Ah! Careful, that stings!"

She rolled her eyes and rubbed the paste into his wounds, ignoring his fur she had scraped from his body that still clung underneath her nails. It seemed like all she could smell was his bodily fluids, but she was too sullenly angry for any of her previous excitement to cling to

her thoughts. Just because she didn't cause any harm that wasn't superficial didn't mean she couldn't hurt him unintentionally. "Tobias..." she whispered softly as she massaged away the pain she had caused him, "You can't... you can't just let me do this to you."

He slowly pushed an elbow beneath himself and levered into a sitting position. A thoughtful smile slowly spread over his muzzle as he took her hands in his. "And why not?" he mused, "You didn't hurt me too badly, and if you want me to pay for all that horribly tingly ointment, I will."

A heavy sigh later, and she sagged into his arms. "Because I don't want to hurt you at all, you manure factory. I like you too much to eat you outright, damnit, and I'd like to keep you around for a little longer. What would happen to me if I didn't have you around to reel me back in? I'd go crazy for sure. I need you. I need you to be there to keep me from going too far!" She swiped a finger across his chest and smeared blood across his nose. "This is too far, you fuzzy, monochromatic asshole, just in case you were wondering."

His head drooped against hers and he threw an arm around her back, lightly tickling the base of her fin. "I'm sorry, Mel. You're right. You were just being so gentle otherwise. You didn't even use your teeth this time. And you were making just the sexiest of faces as you held me down and ravaged me. I thought a little indulgence would be nice." He gently kissed her cheek, and she leaned into him. "I see how they look at you, the people who don't know you. All they see is a set of teeth and a bad attitude." His lips parted in a grin against her. "Sure, they're right, but they don't see everything. They don't see what I do. They don't see the gentle, kind, wonderful woman I see every day."

He kissed her again, on the lips this time, and rose to his hooves, pulling her up with an arm along the way. He then sheepishly tucked his flaccid manhood back into his pants as he jerked them back up onto his waist. Stooping next to her, he retrieved his sword and shirt, sliding the blade back into the scabbard on his belt. He draped his ruined shirt over her shoulders like a cloak before bending to pick up her things, tucking her bundled clothes and spear under an arm as he hoisted her off the ground and over his powerful shoulder with his other. "You're the best thing I've managed to reel in so far, and I won't let you go. I promise. Now come on. It's going to rain soon, and I'd like to make it back to camp before we're stuck out in a storm. Although I suppose I could use a shower. I guess there's no way I'm not going to smell like wet horse all week."

She weakly protested being carried like a sack of flour, but she couldn't help letting her hands play over the muscle of his bare back as her legs dangled in front of him. "Don't worry about it, babe." she hummed into his shoulder. "I happen to like the smell of wet horse. Besides, we're on vacation. There's no one else around that you have to worry about smelling for but me all week."

Striding confidently between spindly birches, he chuckled. "A whole week of shark all to myself? I think I can manage that. But I hope you brought more of that salve. Next time I won't go so easy on you; I need to be reminded of how you look under me every now and then."