

Check-Up

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It felt like he was running faster than he ever had, but he still knew it wasn't fast enough. His padded paws met the smooth floors of the Sanctum Arcanum with frantic insistence, and he nimbly darted around, over, and sometimes even under, other Lancers who happened to intersect his path. He was late, and with each passed second, the amount of trouble he was in only grew greater.

He was lucky he was as fast as he was. His legs weren't the longest, but he could move them with blinding quickness. His perky, triangular ears were folded back against his short crop of dirty-blond hair to keep the air from them, and he was bent nearly parallel to the ground in his frantic hurry. He was panting in time with his steps, and his arms were pumping as quickly as he could move them, but he knew that he was already lost. The flailing of his fluffy tail, its tip of black a blur, was the only thing that kept him upright for most of his run. His already sleek, sandy-brown fur, where it wasn't hidden beneath his simple clothing, was plastered even more firmly to his skin by the air that his wiry body sliced through as he ran.

So great was his hurry that he nearly missed the door during his flight. His blunted, canine claws scratched at the floor as he skidded past his mark, and he nearly tripped and fell as he reversed his direction and came to a stand, narrow chest heaving, in front of the simple, unornamented door. Swallowing nervously and trying to rein in his breathing, he knocked politely, waiting until a muffled voice called him in. As butterflies swarmed within his bowels, he pushed open the door and slid, his tail nearly tucked between his legs, inside.

He stepped into darkness, and though his eyes were sharp, the sheer difference in brightness between the room he had walked into and the airy, well-lit hall of the Sanctum was drastic, and left him stumbling forward a few steps, his hands outstretched. As the door closed, leaving him helpless, he opened his mouth to begin his hastily-constructed excuse, praying that it would be enough. Before he could expel even a syllable, however, he felt strong hands clamp down over his shoulders, and felt a warm, very feminine presence loom up from behind him. "You're late, Hector." growled a gruff voice into his twitching ear.

"S-sorry, Ranna." he stammered, wriggling weakly under the strength of the grip in which he was trapped, "The class ran later than I expected. One of the new recruits is hopeless. An earless, blind rock could hear him coming a mile away, and I... I stayed to talk to him."

The voice softened a little, and a brief word triggered the spell woven into the room. Like a sped-up sunrise, clear, white light gradually filled the space to illuminate everything from a glowing orb set into the ceiling. "Oh, well. I guess that's okay, then. It's not like I'm a very busy woman who made time for you in my very full schedule for a little unofficial business. I've got things to do, Hector. Sit down and take off your shirt."

"I'm sorry..." he repeated pitifully, his ears drooping low in embarrassment, "I just... I... Alright."

He carefully undid the buttons lining his front and peeled himself out of his shirt. As he stepped over to plop down on the indicated worktable, Ranna stepped around him to fix him with an appraising eye. Hector followed the line of her sight down to his chest. Through years of intense training, his body had likely reached the limits of its potential when it came to his physique, at least without any "help." He was short and skinny, and there was little muscle on his

frame, but what he did have was tight and firm, and though the grooves between each weren't deep, they were sharply defined and made his body something he was proud of.

She, on the other hand, seemed to be his opposite. Upon seeing his worry, the intense frown she had been carrying broke into a wry grin, and she broke the tension in the air with a hearty chuckle that had her ample bosoms bouncing in the confines of her own shirt. Her sleeves were rolled up, baring her dark, coal-colored fur up to the shoulders, and his eyes were drawn inexorably to the mounds of her own well-worked muscle. If what he was able to see was any indication, she had a build that was far from petite, though instead of being like chiseled stone, it was less defined, the strength of someone used to physical labor rather than high-continuous exercise.

The black lab just shook her head and laughed again, more lightheartedly. "Relax, Hector. I'm only pulling your chain. I made plenty of time for this, and even if I couldn't have, I'll always have time for my special little fox. Although thanks for running all the way here. It makes a girl feel wanted."

He blinked numbly at her as she stepped closer and put her hands to his chest, rubbing over his pectorals with practiced care. "Shit, Ranna, don't scare me like that. With what you did to me last time, I thought I was really in for it."

As if triggered by his relief, her fingers snapped closed around his nipples and gave each a firm twist. He yelped and nearly jumped from the cold steel table, but she held him down. "Oh you are. I just wanted you to know that I left plenty of time in my schedule." Her eyes glimmered with mischief, but her voice was soft and analytical. "Hmm... still sensitive. Have you been feeling any pain or discomfort since you took the last potion? With focused effects like these, results can be unstable. Have you noticed any other... shrinkages?"

As she released his tender skin, he rubbed himself with a sad pout as he mulled over the implication of her question. "Not that I've noticed. You've been working wonders on me since day one."

She grinned at him, and her tail wagged excitedly in the hole poked for it in her sturdy, calf-length skirt. "Well, I do try, even if it is such a loss. They were so cute and perky. I'll remember them fondly, I promise."

He pout deepened into a thoughtful frown as he peered down at his bare chest. He could almost still see the little mounds of flesh that had been his breasts. Despite being born with both sets of equipment, he'd never really felt like anything but a man, and step one had been his girly little boobs. He already felt so much better without them hanging off of his chest all the time. Ranna's hand gripped his shoulder again, and he lifted his eyes back up to hers, bright blues that were nearly concealed by her messy mop of rich black hair. She squeezed him tenderly, and he sighed and let his hands fall back to his lap. "Thank you Ranna, for everything. I know that the Lance keeps you busy, and then there's your mage business... Just thank you, for this and for... just everything."

"Anything for you, Hector. I know what it's like, remember? I know what it used to be like when things were... a whole lot worse for us... for me. Everyone deserves a choice, even if it makes me want to cry at the injustice of losing another pair of sexy, little breasts to the cruelty of the world." He snorted, and she laughed again as she spun away from him to a workbench on the other side of the room. After a moment of rummaging and double-checking, she returned with a thin, glass vial that contained an ounce of milky liquid. "Bottom's up. This should keep the process going while I get the next one ready, and something for that sensitivity."

He accepted it and downed it without hesitation. It didn't really taste like anything special, a little sweet, a little sour, and he returned the vial as he waited to feel something. When nothing happened after a minute or so, he spoke up. "Was I supposed to feel something this time?"

She turned from her workbench again to lean casually back against it, laying one pawed foot over the other. "Mmh... Not really, I don't think. That was more a preparatory potion, inner workings and what not. We're taking it slow, and keeping the changes subtle, but permanent, is a protracted process if you want to do it safely and correctly. I suppose I could cram everything into one potion, if I had the time and materials, but it would be more dangerous for your health and... I don't want to risk anything happening to you."

He hopped to his feet, saying, "I understand, and thank you. I'm not in any hurry-"

"Is that so?" she interrupted him with a wave of her hand as she glided over to him with a hungry grin. Her hand met the pale fur his chest again, and she pushed him back down. "You seem to have already forgotten your tardiness." She tutted forlornly at him, and the blood quickened in his veins. "Here I was, with all this time I set aside just for you, and you're so eager to up and leave me, cold and alone and... full. Where's my little fox's sense of chivalry? Would you neglect me so?"

He was worried that she could see him blanch under the fur off his cheeks, and the wolfish smile that overtook the dog's otherwise placid features made him sure of it. She bore him down a little more firmly, using the muscle she had on him to push his back toward the surface of the chilly table. He meekly cleared his throat and tried to wriggle free, but her other hand just found one of his and pulled it down until his wrist was against the metal. She whispered a word, and the mage's spell brought the steel to life. With a soft groaning, a band of polished metal looped over his wrist to hold him there, and he whimpered wordlessly at her display of dominance. "Ranna... Can this wait? I have a meeting... with the captain... about the class..."

"She can wait..." the canine replied as he paused, "I can't... I'll make sure she understands the urgency of these check-ups. She's very concerned with the well-being of the other Lancers."

She caught up his other hands and secured it as she had his other, binding him to her examination table as she sauntered to his feet to do the same to his ankles. "Ranna..." he groaned, concern coloring his usually reserved calm. She just hummed a happy, excited tune as she swayed her thick hips in an alluring, little dance. She sashayed to the head of the table against which he was trapped, and laid her hands demurely on his shoulders. She pushed him down until his back met the metal, and she held him there as another loop of steel flowed up over his chest to form a loose, but inescapable prison. Thusly secured, she leaned far down over him, nearly smothering him in her cleavage as she reached down past his navel to rake her short claws up the length of his lean, lithe body.

"You're so... handsome..." she breathed as she fiddled with a set of latches beneath the plane of the table. He gasped as she adjusted his height until his new eye level was dead-on with the altitude of her crotch. "Perfect..." she then hummed in an excited singsong.

"Oh, Gods..." he whined as she began tugging the hem of her shirt up the length of her torso. She bared her midriff, a sea of inky black fur made sturdy with feminine strength, and as it floated higher, it exposed most of the hefty globes of her generous bust. Without hesitation, she tossed away the offensive fabric and undid the clasps of her bra to give it the same treatment. His eyes zeroed in on the spots of color that swayed as she gyrated her hips in her continuing dance. Her thick nipples were the color of the sea, a deep, greenish-blue that was reflected in the hue of the simple jade necklace that hung around her neck and down between her breasts.

She watched him watch her, cupping her chest in her hands and giving herself a vicious squeeze. He felt the blood rushing down to his crotch, and he ached to have a taste of what was being shown him. As if to further tease, she leaned forward, laying her hands on the edge of his makeshift bed to either side of his head and standing such that the pendulous masses of her heavy bosoms hung over him, swinging in time with her smooth breathing. "How much do you want this time, lover?"

He understood what she meant by the question, and before his better judgment could wrest control of his voice from his desire, he croaked a hoarse, "As much as I can take."

Ranna jiggled as she laughed, and though part of him berated him for his foolishness, a much larger and more insistent section just burned with need. His eager erection already strained at the tough fabric of his pants, and he struggled against the cold metal that held him trapped, dying to just touch himself. The talented alchemist saw the desire in his contortion, however, and took mercy on him. She leaned over him once more, this time pressing the full softness of her lush breasts into his face, around his muzzle, and her hands playfully caressed the outline of his turgid member through his obstructing clothing. "I thought you said you weren't noticing any changes in size." She gave him a firm squeeze as if to reaffirm what she was feeling, and laughed again.

One of her hands continued to stroke him, and the other slid up to work at undoing his belt. She pulled it off of him, and he arched his back, pressing his groin into her hand as she slowly pulled his pants down over his compact hips. When he was free, she let out a happy, burbling coo at the six inches of ruddy red flesh that sprang up to meet her amorous fingers. He just shivered as kissed aimlessly at the plushness of her chest, and she let the weight of her luscious endowments press into his face for a moment more, rubbing his enthusiastic tumescence until she could casually peel herself off of him. "Perfect..." said the floppy-eared canine with an impish smirk, "But I suppose I should at least even the odds, right? Here..."

He watched helplessly as she slid her nimble digits down over her curves once again, appreciating her and all the while dropping down toward the waist of her skirt. She slid her fingers beneath it, taking up all the slack that the fabric possessed, and began the arduous, tortuously slow process of shimmying it down the breadth of her big, womanly hips. The lower the line of cloth sank, the stiffer her movements became and the more drastically her face was pinched into a wince of discomfort, and the cause quickly revealed itself. Usually hidden by the well-made garment, as she worked it down her curvaceous legs, a rather sizable bulge formed at her crotch. She hissed almost angrily as she jerked her skirt the rest of the way past her hips, and as her thick curves practically exploded into shameless view and her skirt puddled to the ground, he saw just how strained the simple grey cloth of her panties were around the girth of a thick, canine cock that looked much like his own.

As Ranna stepped from her skirt, she pushed her crotch forward, inching it toward his face, and as the confined outline of the sorcerous alchemist's stiff member throbbed inches from his lips, the smell of raw, musky sensuality struck him like a hammer. Cautiously, in full view of his ravenous eyes, she peeled the fabric from her loins to kick it away with an idle foot. A seven-inch maleness sprang up to angle threateningly at him, and he took it in as he watched it pulse within the fingers she wrapped around it. It was a match for his own save for its greater proportions and its exotic jade coloration, which was a result of fairly harmless self-modification on her part rather than any quirk of birth. "You know I'll always be your big, sexy woman when you need me, but I hope you don't think less of me for keeping them."

He shook his head as vehemently as his position allowed, and she thanked him with an endearing smile and the opportunity to touch her heated masculinity. She stepped forward as she lazily stroked herself, and he saw how she was already leaking droplets of heady precum over her fingers. The dog morph rubbed her contradictory equipment over his face, warming his fur and letting him lick her without giving him a real taste of her thickness, and he whined as he was made to stare longingly at the tight fur that was stretched over her burdened sac. Ranna's swollen balls were disproportionately large, easily the size of large eggs, and seemed engorged with lust that didn't end. Immense virility stared him down, and he knew the alchemist's libido let her put it to use with frightening regularity.

As she teased him without mercy, she reached casually over, snatching a vial from a shelf on the wall next to them. "As much as you can handle, huh?" she mused, chuckling at his worrisome whine, "I think I can manage that. Open your mouth for me, lover-boy, and make it roomy."

With her idle hand she patted his cheek as he opened his vulpine maw, and he sighed as she gently slid the first few inches of her fleshy cock between his lips. He cradled her with his tongue, lapping her length with fervent passion, and she returned his ardor in the dire pulsation of lustful blood that pounded down her length. Pulling the cork from the vial with her teeth, she spit it to the side and upended the slender, crystalline container into her mouth. He watched her swallow, could practically envision the fuchsia liquid running into her stomach to react with sudden energy. Ranna set the vial down with a shaky hand and took hold of his jaws with all ten fingers, holding him firmly as a throaty moan filtered from her lungs.

He wished his hands were free solely so he could hold Ranna's lush hips, feel her quiver under his fingers, but something about being restrained, having to struggle, only heightened his sense of impending pleasure. It made him ache only more, and he felt the dribblings of moisture running down the length of his own shaft to soak into the fur of his loins. He tasted the beginnings of her bliss, the intoxicating potency of her slick pre as it smeared over his tongue before he could gratefully swallow it, and he wasn't ashamed to admit to himself that he wanted more.

Ranna tensed abruptly and moaned again as her eyelids fluttered ecstatically. Her fingers twitched on his cheeks, and she seemed to be only just barely restraining herself from using his mouth as nothing more than a tool for her pleasure. Her legs trembled dangerously, and then he saw it. The potion hit her stuffed sac with the full brunt of its unleashed, alchemical energy, and with a sound he couldn't place, each egg-sized gonad plumped visibly in size. The furry hide that hid them was stretched even more taut over the ripe, firm organs, and they swelled with fast little pulsations that matched the beat of Ranna's heart. Gradually, the effect spread upward into the rest of her masculine sex, and he groaned meekly as he felt his lips suddenly pushed apart with a little extra teal cockflesh.

With a series of low "Oohs" and "Nnhs", she fattened in his mouth, throbbing ever more forcefully against his tongue and palate. As an indicator of her pleasure, she spurted several thick gobs of viscous precum into the back of his maw, hot and slimy, and soon, her heaving dick reached out as if to chase after her excess lust. She pulled back as she grew, keeping only a few inches in his mouth at any given time, and so he was granted the view of her loins slowly drifting away from his face by the length of an enlarging member that darkened with a mixture of magic and desire. His visage was parted by only her ballooning, pointed crown, and she swayed and wriggled with the effort of showing mercy on his lips.

She grew and grew, her heavy nuts dropped further under their weight as they filled the space between her thick thighs, and her pulsating cock grew huge and fat as it more than doubled in length and managed even more than that in girth. It heated impossibly, and one of Ranna's hands slid from him to brace her on his table to keep her standing. It burned within his mouth, and he opened his mouth wide to accept what she gave him with quivering little humps past his lips. "Gods' Golden Blood." the canine grunted as she gained inches in shuddering spurts that left him gaping and slurping lewdly around what he could, "Getting bigger feels so much better than shrinking back down. Dripping Ichor..."

He gurgled a wordless answer, and she clenched her teeth as she withdrew from between his lips as her obscene growth twitched to a halt. A hand dropped to support its new weight, and she suspended at least sixteen inches of nearly wrist-thick cock a hair's breadth from his nose. Her balls had swollen to beyond apples and hung down to the middle of her thighs under their ponderous heft. He could only imagine what they were capable of were they to empty themselves, and she pulled him from his reverie with a gentle hand under his chin that tilted his head further back and exposed the pale fur of his throat to her tenderly raking fingers. "Lick me." she said in a tone that, while warm, had an iron quality that would brook no defiance even if he could have summoned it.

His tongue shot from his mouth like an arrow from a bow to run over the glans of her engorged member. Ranna's fingers graced the vein-lined length of her immense shaft, and with each long, slow stroke she gave herself, she pumped a plump dollop of clear liquid that she then smeared over his lips. "That's it..." she purred with blooming excitement, "Get me all nice and slick for you." He huffed and listened to the sound of his nails scraping the metal of his prison as his hands bunched into tight fists. He pushed back against his bonds, but only to help him stretch forward to lap over more and more of her throbbing cock, and he only stopped when she gripped his shoulder with one hand while holding onto the edge of his table with the other and hissed a sharp, "That's good. Perfect."

His tail would have wagged spastically were it not trapped beneath him, but his long, triangular ears showed his enthusiasm in the way they flitted about to listen to each little sound that filtered into them. There was the sound of her heavy, needy breathing, his heartbeat, and the audible pulsing that could just barely be heard pounding through the gargantuan rod of flesh that was pressed against his cheek. Its heat stunned him, and he nuzzled against it as she clumsily lined herself up with the length of his vulpine visage. "Say "Ah", lover-boy. Just like that. Hold it right there, and don't swallow your tongue, alright? You're going to need all the room you have in that tight, little body. I've been saving up for days, just for you."

He barely had time to part his lips to plead for mercy before she tensed and, with a terse, coarse grunt, slammed herself knot-deep into his waiting maw. His shocked yelp cut off in a wet gurgle as inch after inch of stunning hardness filled his mouth, punching past all hope of his gag reflex even noticing that he'd been so abruptly violated before penetrating his throat and distending his neck with the sheer girth of what so suddenly filled him beyond all hope. Ranna snarled viciously as she spitted him, gripping him nearly violently, and he flexed against his bindings when he felt her begin to pull out. When he was able, he slurped wetly on her ludicrous maleness, both in an effort to pleasure her and in a bid to pull in the breath that had been robbed from him.

Before she could free herself from the confines of his harpooned maw, she slammed back in with measured brutality. He felt her throb thick in the back of his throat, and he felt his neck strain and bulge outward over her impossible girth. He kept his mouth open as wide as it would

go and used a mixture of his tongue and cautious suction to add his touch to her bliss, and he only breathed when she let him, pulling out and hovering for a moment as he gasped before she choked him on her cock once again.

He was hers, wholly and utterly. Ranna could have easily ended him with just the thickness of her immense, alchemically-improved masculinity. The ache in his throat was bliss, utter euphoria, and it flowed through his body, making him shudder as she drooled rivers of slimy pre down his neck and into his gut. His strangled grunts and weak moans seemed only to spur her onward, building her excitement, and she tangibly swelled within him as she bulged even thicker. The alchemist began to piston herself into him, past his lips and into his gullet again and again, and he suckled on her as she did. The more enthusiastic she grew, the faster she bucked her hips into his face and the harder her massive balls slapped against his muzzle, but he also got more time to breathe, and so he slurped and pulled on her, dragging her lust downward between her legs to further distend her thick, canine tool.

Her own throat was full of words of bliss, sharp moans and throaty growls as she facefucked him with vigor that bordered on painful, pain that bordered on the surreal. With each thrust she speared him, claiming him with a little bit more of her musky pre. He strained at his bonds, working his dense musculature against them in an effort to reach out, grab Ranna by her thick ass and pull her into him, to bury her in his throat until he blacked out. He wanted her more than he wanted his own pleasure, and as her gruff outcries rose in pitch, he pushed himself into her loins, kissing her crotch each time she pounded herself into his neck.

He climaxed with a sharp yelp, and he felt himself spraying ropes of his seed over his abdomen as she rode his face. She groaned and laughed, telling him what a perfect toy he was, and though his cheeks burned, his body blazed hotter still. She had to be close, she was riding so thick in his strained gullet, and he needed her to cum with him, while he was still leaking his gooey seed onto his pale underbelly. As if she knew, knew what he needed more than life itself, she gave up on tempo or rhythm, and just fucked him as fast as her body would allow, each frantic push down his throat more fervent than the last.

He watched her knot begin to swell as she neared her release. Its heated mass butted up against his lips, throbbing huge and full, bigger than his fist as it dilated with blood. With one more mighty thrust, she split his maw and crammed herself into his neck one last time. She tensed and heaved immensely in him, uttering a strained cry as she exploded down his gullet. With fast shuddering pulsations, she pumped jet after jet of her thick virility into his stomach, where it mingled with the lusty warmth that roiled in his core. He could only watch as her massive gonads pulled up against her loins and visibly throbbed with the fury of her release, and she filled him with her essence with vehemence that rocked him to his core.

Her knot lodged between his lips as she pushed forward into him with hard, rapid shoves, trying to impale him with flesh she didn't have, to push ever deeper into the tight sleeve of his throat. He didn't have to swallow; what she gave him was carried beyond the entrance of his neck, deep into his innards by the rod of nearly molten steel that he had felt swell from her crotch. She groaned and bucked her hips, using him, and it was only when he was certain that the lack of air in his lungs would knock him out that she abruptly jerked herself from the stressed confines of his neck. Still, she didn't remove herself from his mouth, only his throat, and he coughed and spluttered as he tried to suck in an urgent breath past the ocean of seed she spilled between his lips. He tried not to aspirate her cum as he swallowed all he could and let the rest dribble from his mouth to drip down his face and slick the lust-shined flesh of her spasming cock. He drank from her as she pumped a needy hand along the bared length of her monumental

masculinity, and he watched with a desirous eye the way her body undulated with the waves of her blissful release.

As her output began to diminish to something believable, she pulled from his lips with a long, wet sucking sound as he tried to hold her in. Still drooling thick gobs of her jizz, she plastered it over his face, baptizing him in her scorching fluids while he tried with desperation to catch it with his tongue. When she was left, gasping and leaning heavily over him, her fully engorged knot holding her cock out parallel with the floor, she looked up, along the length of his lean body, at the mess he had made of himself wholly without her. His own canine knot was full of his desire, and if he was any harder, his modest dick would have burst from the pressure his heart forced through it. Without an intelligible word, she swiped a hand down her length, scraping much of her cum and his saliva off of her before wiping it off on his hair and barking a few choice syllables. Like liquid serpents, the bands of steel that held him by his wrists melted back into his table, leaving his arms free but keeping his body and legs restrained.

Immediately, his hands snapped to her flared hips, pulling her back as he blinked her sex from his eyes. She resisted, patting his hands and stalking to his side. Flipping a lever, he grunted as the table to which he was trapped dropped nearly to the floor with a loud, metallic ratcheting, leaving him only a few inches off of the ground. With a single fluid step, she straddled him, positioning herself directly over the little monument to his lust that stood like a knotty spire up toward her loins. "I hope you saved some for me..." she panted as she bent her legs to lower herself down toward him. Her knees rested against the floor, and her bulky thighs held her high enough that only the weight of her far-from-empty testes were brushing against his raging manhood. Carefully, she sunk lower, and as she did, her hands guided his to her legs, and then her hips, and then her waist. "There we go, lover. Nice and tight, let me feel how much you want it."

If he had been any stronger, she would have been in pain from how firmly he gripped her tapered midsection. He tensed, peering blearily along the length of his body as he felt her lush netherlips slip over the head of his angled glans. With only enough hesitation to squeeze his fingers in hers for a moment, she dropped her weight down onto his crotch, using it to force the length of his outmatched manhood into the slick depths of her oozing folds. Their voices intermingled as their flesh made contact, filled and enveloped alike, and he licked her sticky fluids from his lips as she began to bounce up and down atop him. With one hand she pressed down on his abdomen, holding him there and feeling the way his muscled clenched each time she let herself fall to slap wetly against his soaked fur. With the other she reached back and under to cup his churning balls, ignoring his own feminine slit before she smirked and lifted her digits back up to tease at her generous breasts, holding them in her arm to ravish them as they heaved with her vertical motions.

Her voluptuous ass slammed down on his thighs with growing force, and his knot punched into her again and again. Ranna's engorged balls impacted his abs with each downward jerk, and her still-erect cock bounced even more than her somewhat restrained teats. She moaned as she speared herself on him, and it was all he could do to hold on, adding a little of his strength to her motions. "Come on, Hector!" she mewled, "Your waist isn't strapped down, is it? Fuck me you sexy fox!"

His breath quivered in his throat as her voice gave him the courage needed to buck his hips upward, meeting hers at the halfway point. She let out a lewd, little yelp as he humped her with uncontrolled ardor, and she rewarded his fervor with the grasping tightness of her well-

worked depths. "Yes!" she cried, "Make me cum! Again! Again and again! Milk me dry, you beautiful... *animal!* Bones and Ichor!"

She squealed and shuddered atop him as she came again, and he winced as a long rope of her fresh cum arced gracefully up the length of his body to splatter over his chin. She hosed him from the swollen cock that slapped against him, but what he really felt was the way her fluttering walls snapped down around him and pulled him deeper with rippling contractions. He had trouble dragging down and out to slam himself back in, such was the strength of her feminine need, but she helped him, pushing him down just to let up and allow him to pound himself back into her demanding folds. The fox lost track of her orgasm, and it seemed to go on forever. They brutalized each other for countless minutes, and the first time he came within her, she nearly collapsed atop him, burying him with the weight of her sex-driven passion.

He spewed his load into her tensing folds, and his seed was practically wicked away by her hungry snatch. She whined and wailed, and eventually her legs lost their strength. She dropped down atop him, knotting him within her with vicious zeal, and he lacked the strength to haul her boneless body off of him. Instead, he just bucked into her, bouncing her without hope of dislodging her from his aching cock. She fell forward, hands barely holding her inches off of him, and her blissed-out expression slowly screwed into a mask of pure ecstasy as her quivering limbs lowered her gracelessly onto his chest. Her breasts squished into his muscle, and as he continued to fuck her to the best of his ability, she pulled him into a numb, clumsy kiss. Her huge member throbbed against them both, filling the space between them with a river of her thick, seemingly endless potency, and when he finally managed to pop his knot from her spacious womanhood, she growled and pushed herself back down, lodging him within her with instinctive desire.

Her hands clutched at his shoulders, and the weight of her thick, curvy body squeezed one last groan from his lungs as he came his last, spurting every drop of his spent jizz into her. He lay there, empty, for minutes, panting alongside his canine lover as she lavished him with sloppy kisses that only worked to spread the mess of her immense output over both their faces. She emptied with far less speed, and she still pulsed against him, oozing and oozing, when the haze of rapture began to fade from her eyes.

This time, as she blinked at him, he made to kiss her, and she returned it with giddy enthusiasm. Ranna hissed a few garbled words, and the rest of his bindings melded back into the metal of their makeshift bed, freeing him. However, there was little he could do to peel her shuddering weight from him, so he lay there, basking in their shared intimacy for a minute while each breathed through the clouds of lust that had swamped them. Keeping herself affixed to his loins, she lifted her chest upward on her elbows, her breasts dangling heavily, to run her fingers along his cheek, taking with them a few strips of her drying sex. "Oh... you sure know how to make a mess of things, don't you?" she breathed as she slipped her dexterous digits between her lips.

Suddenly, viciously pleased, he rubbed her shapely rump as he tucked his other arm under his head as a tough, sinewy pillow. "I've learned from the best, you know."

"Oh did you ever." she laughed as she laid her head on his shoulder and watched her clawed fingertips rub his throat. "Did I hurt you? It looked like I might have gone a little overboard there for a minute. Too big, too fast." She looked up at him and added sincerely, "Sorry."

He ran a comforting hand across her cheek before scratching tenderly at the base of her floppy ears. He could already feel her mixed sexes beginning to shrink down to their normal size

from where they were still trapped between them. "No... you were perfect." She grinned, and he kissed her fondly, lingering against her lips for a few heartbeats. "I'll be sore for a while, I think." He coughed for emphasis, "But what's the point unless you really feel it?"

Ranna focused him with a beatific smile and dropped her head back down to rest against his chest. When he shifted to rise, however, she tensed and growled at him. He chuckled and went back to relaxing, resigning himself to being caressed by his lover's internal muscles until he softened enough to give her a reason to dismount him. He was certainly sated for a while, and he only hoped that Ranna would be as well for at least as long as it took to escape her clutches. Otherwise he was doomed for the day. As she cuddled against him, however, he laughed again with a wry grin that was directed at nothing in particular. *That* was a danger he wasn't too afraid of facing.