

“...Ngh...”

The soft voice utters: Deep breathes, deep pants—all ushering out. Their eyes slowly lift, brief yet blurry lights spawning its way in.

“Mm...”

Soon, their eyes fully lift: Their visions clearing, freeing from the blurlands. Albeit the location they’re in...isn’t helping much in the sight department. Trees and bushes surround the entire forest they’re in, the stars at the dark sky barely providing any ounce of light for the individual. The person grunts, rubbing their head only to notice their hand being that of a yellow paw.

The individual is an anthro Zeraora: Having a relatively slim figure with a sheath at their lower body. The Zeraora blinks, surprised at their nudity. Their head shakes, a groan leaving its way. The person stands, gazing around. They have little clue on where they are, nor how they got here. Upon laying their hand on a tree, the individual nods: Concluding the fact that they’re in the woods.

The yellow feline nudges their chin, succumbing to thoughts. Various, even: Who *are* they? Why *are* they here? And what is their name? The individual soon gasped at that last thought, remember it to be—

SNAPS!

They yelp, their back against the tree. Glancing around the place, nothing of abnormality shows up. The individual keeps their gaze sharp, stepping away from the tree. They then walk around the tree, traversing forward.

Nothing but the crunches of leaves and the hoots of Hoothoot sprinkle across the woods, the individual caressing their arms to keep themselves warm. They sigh, the look of uncertainty spreading across. They think that perhaps, when continuing forward, they’ll find something—*anything* that’ll give them a clue on what’s going on.

SNAPS!

...Random twigs breaking isn’t helping, either! The Zeraora clenches their teeth and turns around: Nothing but the trees and bushes lying ahead. They’re definitely not hearing things: Someone or something is following them. While their awareness arises, they weirdly feel...enticed, too?

The Zeraora shakes their head, unsure of what’s happening and keeps going. Although this time, speeding up so that they can get away from whatever noise that wa—

SNAPS! SNAPS! **SNAPS!**

That’s no longer a single twig being broken: That’s *multiple*. Someone is approaching them. And fast!

Without thinking twice, the feline books it. They pant, dashing as fast as they can. Zipping around trees, jumping over bushes—the Zeraora is putting in the effort to escape.

“Hehe...~”

Their ear flickers: Is...Is that a *giggle* they heard? They could've sworn they heard one. Being so soft and...tender...gentle...perhaps even quite arousi—

GAH! Not the time, they believe: Noticing their movements slowing down while being within the rows of trees and bushes. As soon as the individual moves forward...

Something shrouds them.

The feline pauses: Their head being smothered, something soft and warm wrapping around them. The individual gulps, feeling as though this thing has them where they want them. And there's nothing they can do about it, regardless of how many times they try to wiggle their way out. All they can do is wait for whatever this captor is going to do to them next.

To say they're prepared for what their captor says, however, would be false beyond belief:

"Huff...Fuck, I can feel your heat: Your quench, your thirst...Even your dick radiates such raw *breeding* capacity."

The Zeraora blinks: Their 'dick'? They look down to notice their big, juicy—downright *girthy* pink flesh of a meat sprouting, the round knot dousing in vibrate lust. The individual doesn't even know they were hard upon spotting the dick.

And about their captor: She's a tall, anthro Zoroark—her big tits covering their head, her chest fur nudging up against it. She grips their dick, caressing the soft flesh.

"A-Ah..." Is all the feline utters, blushing deeply. They're not sure why their Zoroark captor is doing this, but isn't against it either. They pant, their dick throbbing with excitement.

"Such a big, lovely rod..." The zorolady moans. "So thick. So...hggnh." She pants on the individual, her tongue hanging. "Don't deny any of this: You need it as much as I do."

The feline mews.

"How about we start doing this right away? I can't wait any longer~" The fox smirks, her sharp fangs revealing.

The Zeraora nods, obliging without hesitation.

...

"Ah...Aah..."

Their dick is squeezed and smothered, the Zoroark's breasts rubbing and grinding. Her eyes gaze at their shaft: Lust permeating them, her tongue hanging. She pants, her titjob persisting.

"M-Mm..." The quiet Zeraora gazes at the Zoroark, blushing. The woman kisses the dick, licking the side of it while pausing her titjob momentarily, fondling their balls. She purrs.

"The girthiness, the lengths, the..." The woman pauses, licking around the tip of this feline's canid rod. "*Magnificence* of this cock."

"N-Ngh." The yellow cat oozes pre-seeds, shivering and shuddering. The zorowoman kisses the tip again, her tongue scooping up the seeds.

"Mmmm, how tantalizingly *sweet*." She moves her tits up and down, sandwiching the cock more. "So absolutely scrumptious. So absolutely *palatable*." Her lips extends into a large, horny-filled grin. "So absolutely *succulent*."

The Zeraora struggles to keep their focus up, sprinkling further pre-jizz: Practically painting the woman's melons. She mewls, her folds sprinkling juices across the grass, allowing her heat to rise further. She sniffs the shaft, huffing.

"Come on, cutie~" Her tits rubs and rubs, stroking and squeezing the meat-stick. "Release it."

The feline squeals, biting their lower lip before their dick erupts: Spraying cum all over the zorolady's boobs, their feminine moans echoing. The illusion fox growls ecstatically, her toothy grins expanding, her eyes widening with hearts.

"Thaaaat's it. Good cutie~" She wiggles her breasts, some of the cum sliding off those melons. "Loving how you've released so *many*, dear." Her tits grind. "So, so very many..."

"M-Mmf." The yellow feline huffs, stroking the grass as their lips wobble into a smile: Going into the thought of how much all of this is happening so fast, and yet they don't seem to mind any of it. The individual actually finds it pretty enticing, especially with the heat circulating throughout them—*feeling* it from the zorolady, too.

Speaking of which, she casually brings them forward: Their head laying between her tits, their dick quivering the moment it lays upon that needy, fluid dripping cavern. The woman lifts the individual's head: Their eyes locking, the Zeraora's blues gazing into the Zoroark's greens—reeking of lust, the two of them. The zorolady grins, licking her lips.

She simply says the following: "I want you to fuck me. **Hard.**"

The Mythical shudders, sweating and gulping with anticipation. With a request like that, the feline fails to see why they wouldn't do that: So they plunges their cock straight into her pussy, hammering away. The Zoroark moans, spreading her legs while arching her head, howling.

"Ah! AAH!"

Flying creatures take off upon hearing her primal and thirst-filled howls, the zorolady curling her toes.

"Destroy me! Destroy this heated lady's insides so damn much, you dashing cat!"

The Mythical nods, latching onto her right tit. They lick and suck, bopping their head on that bouncing melon. The fox purrs, patting their head, her back brushing the grass due to the eager thrusts.

"Good good: Keep it up, gorgeous~" Huffs. "Pulverize my pussy." She huffs once more, purring at the sight of this Zeraora partner bopping their head like crazy. She then shoves them off her tit, giggling. "Mmm, hehe." She brings them into a deep kiss: Tongues rattling and pushing one another, the Zeraora widening their eyes in the sudden move.

"M-Mmf!"

Drools and saliva immediately exchange between the two, the feline shooting their pre-cum into the vulpine. Soon the Zeraora pauses, adjusting the Zoroark to where her right leg is lifted: Making her sit sideways. Commencing the leg glider, the cat goes at it, slamming and ramming and pulverizing her more—the two's kisses persisting.

"Mmmff~!" they both moan, the Mythical half closing their eyes as the fox keeps her heated gaze upon them.

The feline speeds up, their knot smooching the lady's folds each and every time. Moans and moans, groans and groans—the woman even strokes the individual's head along the way! It all keeps on going, indulging the two beyond belief.

The cat's cock twitches, their climax nearing. "Mm. Mmmff!"

The fox pulls back from the kiss, saliva trailing: Both of their tongue hang loose. "Yes! I can feel it! Your inevitable release!" She strokes the grass, smiling in a borderline deranged manner. "Give it to me! Give it *all* to me, oooh!!!" She sprinkles a ton of juices over the individual's dick, moaning happily.

The Zeraora mewls, shoving their entire dick into her: Dumping a ton of cum throughout her upon the knot. "A-AAAAH!!!"

"Ooooooh!!!" The Zoroark yaps: Her stomach bulging, having hearts for eyes as she gazes at those seeds spilling out, painting the ground within seconds. The Zeraora shivers, their eyes rolling up—gripping the grass.

After what feels like ages of recovery, the individual slips their dick out: Shooting a bit more seeds onto the zorolady as she lies on her back, embracing the batters. "Yes...Mark me. Make me yours', ngh...~"

The Mythical isn't sure of what she meant by this, but doesn't care: Sitting besides her afterwards. The anthro pant, gazing up at the many trees clouding the already dark sky, albeit some light is starting to shine through. The Zeraora wonders how long it has been since the two had sex then, sweating.

"That was...wonderful," the woman says, huffing. The Zeraora nods meekly, scooting close to her.

Silence permeating the duo, their stare continuing at the tree-clouded sky.

"Cecelia."

The Zeraora flinches, their attention turning towards the zorolady.

"Cecelia is my name, cutie." The Zoroark giggles softly, staring at her bloated belly. She rubs it, seeds spilling out of her vag. "What about you? What's your name?"

"..." Considering the sex they've had not too long ago, the feline figures it wouldn't hurt to reveal it. "V-Victor..." This is the first time the two spoke to each other without the sexual tensions, Victor realizes.

"Victor, huh?" Cecelia smiles. "What a very lovely pleasure meeting you, gorgeous."

"...Likewise." Victor leans in for a hug, a purr spawning out of the duo afterwards.

"Say, cutie: I'm willing to help you recover your memories."

Victor flinches, gazing up the tall Zoroark. "How...did you—"

"I can't remember anything about my past either. Besides my name, of course." She caresses her snout. "As for how I know about your amnesia...I'm not sure, really." Cecelia tilts her head. "Could be the heat I needed to take care of, especially after feeling yours' earlier." She smiles at the feline, kissing them on the forehead—blushes ensue. "Thank you for accepting the request, by the way. If you hadn't, I...I'm not sure what I'll do while under such severe heat."

"I...I see." Victor sighs, blushing further. "To be honest, my heat was pretty similar to yours'. Even you yourself took notice of it."

"Ah, right." The Zoroark crosses her legs, succumbing to thoughts. "Interesting...So in other words, we were always fated to release our heats, huh~?" Giggles. "How utterly random."

The Zeraora nods meekly. "Y-Yeah..."

Cecelia stands, holding her hand out. "Let's head over to my cabin. It shouldn't be far off from here." Victor nods, taking the woman's hand. "We'll figure things out from there...and satisfy our heat, were it to appear once more."

Victor shields their face. "I-I wouldn't mind that..."

Cecelia purrs. "Likewise, dear~"

From there, the duo leaves their cum-stained spot.