

Shared Experience



A Short Story
for Adult Readers

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A Trade with Garuda
Octavia Belongs to Garuda

A sexual and intimate experience for trainer and pokemon! While Octavia is no stranger to carrying heavy clutches, her latest is a record breaker, so much so that both herself and her trainer may learn something new from the experience

Content Warning: This story is intended for **Adult** readers and the following tags apply: Trade, Adult, Short Story, (Garuda), Male, Human, Female, Ninetales, Pokemon, Quadruped, Feral, Pregnant, Heat, Multi-Breasts, Hyper, Hyper Pussy, Lactation, Oral Sex, Excessive Fluids, Eggs, Oviposition, Laying, Object Vore

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A thick, dense humidity permeated the apartment, soaking and seeping into walls and furniture alike. It kept the chill of winter at bay and warmed the space well, almost a blessing save for its stickiness. Regardless of opinions on it however, that haze was there to stay. No amount of air conditioning dissipated it, and heating only strengthened its presence and power. Opening the windows only subjected the neighbors to its sultry influence. Luckily, the space's residents welcomed its embrace and influence.

A man, a pokemon trainer, lounged on the livering couch. He wore nothing but a lustful look and a pair of boxers, and his mind was filled with nothing but indulgent fantasy. His hands stayed in his lap, one wrapped around his shaft, pumping with what loose coordination he mustered. The other sank lower to his balls, where he faintly replicated the ministrations of his lover's eager tongue. His head rolled back as he fell into a particularly indulgent vision. The trainer's eyes squeezed shut and he breathed deep, filling his lungs with the potent scent of his lover's heat. Redoubled arousal surged through him, culminating in a needy throb of his cock. A stream of pre flowed from his fount and soaked his hand, though it was still a pale comparison for what he imagined.

Sensing her trainer's dwindling patience and endurance, Octavia dug her head deeper into the box of treats. The ninetails spread her jaw wide and closed her fangs around a trio of poffins, bulging her cheeks with that delectable payload before swallowing them down. That small bundle of snacks swelled her throat grandly, only

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to completely disappear into her bloated stomach. That globe, packed with food and eggs alike, only just fit between her four legs. The fluff of its peak brushed the ground even when Octavia stood at full height, and its swaying weight served as a constant reminder of her gluttony and fertility. She'd long lost track of how many eggs she harbored, abandoning the notion of tracking her high score in favor of enjoying the sensations it brought.

Octavia made that enjoyment known with a satisfied sigh, and her tongue lulled from her muzzle as she sated her hunger. A forepaw traced the generous curve of her middle and glanced across one of her eight breasts, teasing out a trickle of milk as she rubbed its warm surface. Her satisfaction proved as fleeting as that touch, however. The satiation of one hunger allowed the other to shine, and her attention locked on the throbbing need between her thighs. After years of indulging and breeding, the ninetales savored a near-constant heat. Fortunately, or perhaps unfortunately, such familiarity did nothing to blunt her breeding drive. An endless stream of lust flowed from the peak of her triangular lips and soaked the back curve of her belly, announcing her need to anyone able to take on her desire.

Considering the haze of pheromones that followed her footsteps, it was little more than icing on the cake.

The broad swell of Octavia's belly spun and dragged across polished tile as she left the kitchen, and her wide hips swayed as she approached her trainer. A knowing grin spread across her muzzle as the slick sounds of masturbation tickled her ears, a sound that kindled her own lusts even higher. Her tails raised and spread the scent of her need, sending her trainer deeper yet into his lustful trance. The pace of his wrist sped and his breathing deepened, compounding the potency of Octavia's presence until he tumbled over his peak. The man's muscles locked and his back arched with palpable need, but nothing erupted from his length. The

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trainer clamped his grip on his root and stayed his climax, teasing himself with the opening tingles of release and deny the full effect. Octavia purred and her voice slipped into his lust-drunken thoughts.

“I’ve trained you well,” she teased. “I’m glad you know better than to waste even a drop.”

The man didn’t respond with words, but with action. The carnal curve through his back relaxed, but his hand remained at his lap. His breathing evened out as that prelude to pleasure receded, though he didn’t let it escape entirely. The trainer rolled his hips against his palm, and as a cloudy, refreshed stream of pre spurted from his tip, he turned to face his lover, the object of his raging desires. A combination of raw lust and deep love played across his face while he watched Octavia navigate from the kitchen, her slow and steady pace only slowed by the doorway between them. The ninetale’s shoulders nearly brushed its frame, and the combined curves of her breasts and belly far surpassed its width. A single step wedged her in its wooden grip, though experience taught her how to get through.

Octavia’s eyes flashed with psychic strength and a thin aura gathered around her form. The weight on her paws faded as she gingerly floated into the air, allowing the curve of her belly to dangle and sway freely under her. Droplets of milk and lust rained down in her shadow as her middle sagged, its own weight drawing it in just enough to clear the space. Her brow furrowed in concentration and she nudged her way through, only for her endurance to flag the instant she crossed. A thunderous boom sounded through the apartment after she dropped those few inches, slamming her full weight onto worn carpet. The ninetales huffed and panted in exhaustion, and her sultry demeanor faded in the few seconds it took to recover. The lust in her eyes returned swiftly however, and hauling her stomach across the living room proved a simple task in comparison.

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Side by side, the size difference between them was comically stark. Well outside the typical size range of her species, Octavia rose taller than her trainer while seated. The length of her body exceeded his height, a fact repeated experience taught them time and time again, and her weight eclipsed his several times over. Still, Octavia wielded her curves gently and only threw her full mass around upon request. Or when she really, really wanted to. Her trainer planted his feet and started to stand from the couch, only for the fox to nudge his chest with her muzzle. That simple bump sent him crashing back to the cushion, and before he recovered, she made her intentions known. Her tongue glided along his bare chest down to the waist band of his underwear, where the points of her teeth dug into the fabric.

“Naughty boy, didn’t I tell you not to wear these? They’re so hard to take off without ruining them.”

The trainer shook his head and gave a sheepish shrug, then reached down to help pull them away.

Octavia was in no mood to be denied, even for only a few seconds. She clasped his hips in her forepaws and sank her claws into the thin boxers, then pulled down and wrenched her muzzle away. The air filled with the pops and snaps of rending fabric, and by the time it stopped, Her trainer was just as naked as she was.

Despite their intimate familiarity, the trainer blushed under her appreciative gaze. The unfiltered lust in her eyes never got old, and as she nudged his hand away, he prayed it never would.

That lustful look pierced through him as she pressed her muzzle into his lap, spreading his thighs with the soft fluff of her cheeks. Her nose sank into the cleft of his sac, and a shudder ran down his spine when she breathed deeply of his scent. Her sex clenched and

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a jet of lust squelched out, saturating the carpet along with her trail of milk. That subtle sound drew out a needy throb from her trainer, an eager invitation to continue. Octavia teased him a few moments longer, until her own lust simmered and boiled over. She opened her jaw wide and made a show of rolling her tongue over her teeth, a slick red carpet that gladly accepted her trainer. His shaft softly plapped against that dexterous muscle, and she wasted no time coiling around him in a needy embrace.

The ninetales closed her jaw with a gentle moan, echoed by a desperately needy groan from her trainer. Octavia kept her head still and constricted him with her tongue, tightening her grip in time with his rising throbs. The man's pre filled her mouth until it bulged her cheeks, spurring the vixen to gulp it down. The sound of that swallow only just rose above his huffs and pants, utterances of bliss that only grew stronger when Octavia began moving. A subtle motion at first, she bobbed her head up and down the length of his spire, gliding his head through the slick groove of her tongue. The ninetales coiled and squeezed him with expert precision, slicking and grinding over his most sensitive spots. Given his afternoon edging, it was no surprise to either when he threw his head back in rapture.

Octavia sealed her lips around his root and ensured not a single drop of seed escaped. The flavor of his concentrated lust mixed with the lingering tastes of her treats, blending together in a moan-inducing flavor. Those joyous vibrations resonated on her trainer's most sensitive nerves, compounding and extending his potent release. The vixen drank and swallowed all he gave, filling what little free space that remained in her belly with love and lust. She only relented when her trainer slumped back in relaxed afterglow. Octavia locked her gaze with his and gave a smoldering look, then released his spire with teasing reluctance. His hips twitched with residual pleasure as she withdrew her tongue, a simple motion that rapidly rekindled the heat in his loins.

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In the presence of his gravid, teasing lover, it was all he could do to maintain his composure. The primal need in his chest demanded he pounce and mount her, but her matronly gaze kept him in his seat. Octavia kept that visual hold and backed up, pushing their coffee table aside with her bulk along the way. It only took a few seconds to open a suitable space, and once she did, the ninetales slowly turned in place. A shudder ran down her spine and she bit her lower lip as her sensitive nipples skirted the carpet, a distinctly pleasant sensation that coaxed out ivory trickles. That teasing touch stoked her unanswered needs even higher, and by the time her backside faced her trainer, her sex flexed and leaked with shameless desire. Her front legs splayed and she dropped down on her chest, then flagged her tails and swayed her hips.

The unspoken invitation was as potent as it was obvious, but in case her trainer needed any more coaxing, her breathy voice rang between his ears. "Show me what you can do."

Reinvigorated by that enticing display, her trainer leapt from his seat. He landed and fell to his knees, then approached his lover's matronly backside. The wide flare of her hips surpassed his shoulders with ease, and even while inflamed with lust, her generous ass threatened to eclipse her sex. That did little to deter her trainer, however. Forgetting his own carnal needs, he buried his thumbs in the cleft her rear and spread those ample cheeks apart. The fur between was saturated with desire, and a shiver ran the length of her spine when that gap let the relative cool of the room lap at her lips. That was nothing compared to the indulgent exploration of her trainer, however. The tips of his fingers slipped into her slick entrance with a subtle squelch, followed by a quiet whine of need when he bared her inner passage.

Copious lust dripped from her walls and spilled forth with that parting, flowing down her lips and over her trainer's fingers. He

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gathered a generous helping of that need on his palm and brought it to his own lips, where he savored sweet nectar. Though Octavia couldn't see that gesture, she felt it reflected in his thoughts. It gave her only an instant's warning before he buried his face between her thighs. The vixen's tongue lulled from her muzzle and steam puffed on her breath when his tongue parted her depths, robbing her of strength and composure alike. Her legs trembled with lust as the weight of her belly tugged her to the ground, but not before she rolled back into the man's oral embrace. The swollen lips of her sex squished and parted around his face, swamping his perception with her presence.

Buried so deeply in his lover's steamy embrace, his world shrank to her needs. So intimately connected, no part of her anatomy escaped his notice. The folds of her sex squished and squelched with the motions of his tongue, each flutter unleashing a torrent of nectar. He felt the racing rhythm of her heart as much as he heard it, reflected in the more subtle pulses of her walls. The timed rushes of her breath came conveyed through the fibers of her being, as did the endless churning of her stomach. Her scent both marked him as hers and seeped deep into his subconscious, embedding itself deep in his perception. In the back of his mind, he knew it'd be all he could smell for days after. More importantly, it fed into his own desires and heightened his sensitivity.

While he feasted on her sex, the corners of Octavia's mouth curled with a loving grin. The throbbing of his shaft against her belly made his need just as potent as hers, and even still he dutifully tended to her desires. Before the rising mounter of her pleasure swept that thought away, she made a mental note to repay him in kind. That notion, along with every other that didn't pertain to her need to breed, swiftly fell by the wayside however. Mutual desire drove them closer together, Octavia leaned back, her trainer pressed forward, until his head all but vanished into her ass. The

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vixen's claws dug furrows in the carpet while his toes curled against its fibers, marking her climb toward climax.

Octavia's honeyed lust rolled down the trainer's chin and covered his chest, soaking him with fluid invitation. The rolling flexes of her passage came closer and tighter together, building a racing rhythm that came with quickened breath. Part of her wanted to beg the man to slow down, so they could savor that moment, but that primal, demanding desire in her chest won out with ease. Before her fluttering strength could give out, she curled her tails down and pressed against the man's head. It was little more than a nudge, but her trainer read the signal loud and clear. He grabbed Octavia's haunches and sank deeper yet into that plush cleft, until he nearly vanished into her sultry fluff. Still, that closeness still wasn't enough for the needy vixen.

She curled her tails around her lover, cradling him in the steamy softness of a nine-fold embrace, then took a step back. Octavia's foot grazed his side and her breasts slid over his leg, pressing the man to the inferno of her belly. Their contact only grew more intimate when she took another step, then another and another until she bowled him onto his back. That soft, creamy swaddling spared him the impact, though it did little to stop her falling haunches. The weight of the ninetale's belly sprawled across his front, and her breasts draped over its globe in a rolling cascade. Her broad hips and fattened ass distributed her weight well enough to avoid discomfort, though he stood no chance of escaping that encompassing softness.

Not that there was anywhere else the trainer would rather be.

Buried deep in the cleft of her matronly ass, the trainer surrendered to her heat. No light penetrated her flab or fluff, leaving the man near-perfect darkness. That loss of sight seemed to heighten his other senses, sharpening his perception to an almost

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painful degree. Though he heard nothing outside the soft weight of Octavia's haunches, her own sounds came through with perfect clarity. Her panting breath tickled his ears through her plush form, a needy noise that marked every flick of his tongue. The racing thump of her heart offered a steady baseline to that fluttering sound, And his own pulse beat along with it. What he savored most, however, was the lewd squishes and squelches of her innermost passage. The trainer felt her every ripple and clench as much as he heard it, carnal expressions that only grew in volume.

The nectar of her lust soaked him to the bone and clung to him as a thick film, but all she had to offer wasn't enough. No amount of squeezing or squirming could keep his tongue from reaching deeper and deeper, where it explored every fold and contour of her sex. Octavia's legs trembled with ecstasy-induced weakness, aiding his efforts by dropping more of her weight on his face. The ninetales's cheeks spread wide until she squished against the floor, utterly trapping him in her heated fluff. Hot-boxed by her lust, the trainer's head swam. The nerves of his pleasure center shorted and misfired in her dominating presence, spiking him with a lance of raw, carnal need. His cock throbbed and bounced in the embrace of her breasts, leaking more pre than most unleash in their deepest climaxes. The man's inner muscles stumbled over themselves, too overwhelmed to work together. Instead of arcing his desire skyward, it spouted outward in an endless flow. Had Octavia the coordination to do so, licking him clean would be too tempting an offer.

Instead, the vixen rolled her head back and basked in her own rapture. Something about the moment drove her to greater and greater heights, though she couldn't hope to place what it was. Perhaps the weight of her clutch-swollen belly tickled a new nerve, or perhaps the constant tingles of her flowing milk stimulated her just right. In any case, she relished the result and strove for greater and greater bliss. Her thighs quaked as she struggled to bounce on her trainer's face, an effort that only resulted in a side-to-side

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shuffle. Each motion ground her walls against the man's features, intensifying the blaze in her core by a palpable degree. Wisps of steam danced from the tips of her flagging tails, and the windows of the living room fogged with their passion. The potent humidity lingering on the air grew all the more so, until it saturated man and pokemon both.

It wasn't long before both reached a fever pitch. Lost in the delirium of Octavia's passion, her trainer teetered on the brink of climax. Every sensation inflicted upon him was multiplied. The plush touch and soft fluff of her breasts around his spire both arched his back and stole his breath. The scent of her lust burned in his lungs, fueling every fluttering flex of his muscles. His hips rolled into her expansive cleavage and trembled at each peak, but he did not reach that desired release. The trainer's tongue lashed her weeping walls and returned her ministrations two-fold, rendering her breaths as ragged pants. The ninetales arched her back and pressed the dome of his belly against his length, grazing his tip cross her navel. That little hitch on the fold of her belly granted the release he needed, and every fiber in the trainer's body locked in bliss.

His cock stopped throbbing for an instant, just long enough to reclaim coordination. Octavia looked down to watch the ripple that followed, a muscular motion that flowed from root to tip. The man's cum visibly surged through his shaft, and the unleashed fountain shot across the ninetale's belly. Streaks of cum lashed the dome of her belly, painting a spreading pattern of virility. Its viscosity kept it locked on her pelt, and its volume put all but the most potent breeders to shame. Had the vixen been able to see over herself, Octavia would have delighted in the rhythmic contractions of his sac. Instead, she basked in the warmth of his seed, a heat that briefly overpowered her own. Steam rose from that ivory patch as that balance shifted filling their air with his scent. The man took deep, heaving huffs as he slipped into afterglow and recovered, strengthening the power of her lust's hold.

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Fortunately for the vixen, her orgasm came soon after. When the scent of her trainer's mark reached her nose, something primal unlocked in her mind. Her pupils contracted and she dropped her full weight on his face, then ground her clit across his nose. Climax came the instant she reached its peak, and a rush of lust followed. Octavia quivered and her needy cries filled the house, echoing from the walls and rattling the windows. Her muscles seized and trembled with that long-awaited release, drawing pleasure from the deepest reaches of her anatomy. The squelches of her passage continued long after her trainer's recovery, offering him a view as lewd as it was intimate. He drew her bliss out with a tip of his head, aligning her lips with his own. Gentle tongue worked carried her to the far edge of pleasure, and her posture relaxed as her won afterglow set in. A steamy sigh poured from Octavia's muzzle as the last shudders of orgasm tapered off.

A wiggle of her hips hinted at her intent to stand up, but instead, she pressed against her trainer even harder.

A soft sound of confusion vibrated Octavia's walls when her trainer questioned her, and his answer came as a strong, coordinated ripple. Distinct from the light flutters of orgasm, Octavia's passage contracted with coordinated force. Strength left her legs in the relaxation that followed, prompting her trainer to plant his hands on her ass. He lacked the leverage to do more than knead her doughy rear, not that he had the strength to lift her anyway. The trainer hadn't been able to pick her up since her days as a vulpix, and it became increasingly obvious that would not change. Another potent wave rolled down her passage, and with it came a new rush of fluids. The trainer knew its nature the instant it painted his face, mingling with her residual lust and marking him in a new way. He wiggled and struggled under the weight of his love, but only succeeded in bouncing her breasts.

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That spark of pleasure broke the trainer's motions, and before he recovered, Octavia's tails flagged and her hips dropped lower. Her experienced passage spread over her trainer's head, and in the faint light of her inner reaches, he saw the approach of something white and spotted. Its slick shell crept closer with every clench, pant, and moan of the vixen, begging the question of what would happen when it reached him. Possibilities raced through the man's mind while that answer loomed, until the apex of its curve pressed to his lips. He kept his mouth shut while Octavia gently knocked it against his teeth, locking the pair at an impasse. The ninetales lacked the strength to get up, her trainer lacked the power to help her up, and neither of those facts could change until she finished laying. The gravity of their situation dawned on the trainer, along with the need for a quick solution.

For better or worse, the lapse of concentration brought on by that realization provided one.

The man's jaw relaxed and Octavia's hips rolled, pressing the egg's slick surface into his mouth. The vixen shuddered and moaned with its lurch, spurring another rolling ripple to press it deeper. Slick shell pressed the trainer's tongue down as the egg bulldozed his tongue down, forcing its way to the top of his throat. His cheeks bulged and his jaws strained, and what started as an insistent stretch became a smoldering soreness. He patted Octavia's flank and demanded she help, but she was at just as much a loss as he. Her hips rolled of their own accord, driven by honed brood-mother instincts. There would be no stopping that egg, and that truth became more apparent by the second. The man dropped his jaw as far as nature allowed, hoping to ease their pressure and buy some time, but that gesture unfortunately backfired.

The trainer's tongue bottomed out as he neared the widest point of the egg, an approach signaled by Octavia's rising moans.

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Whether a consequence of their combined action or a natural effect of the egg's full diameter, its rounded point stopped just at the gate of his throat. For a moment, it seemed there was enough space in his mouth to hold the egg once it was free from Octavia's rippling hold. The vixen, unfortunately, did not sense his plan. Her head tipped back and a lustful cry tumbled from her muzzle, announcing the release of that egg. That well-worked passage clenched down with all her matronly might, launching football-sized shell over the back of her trainer's tongue. Her breath caught in her throat while the egg caught in his, a problem the man solved with a reflexive swallow. Momentum wedged it passed the point of no return, and peristalsis dragged it down his throat. The trainer squeezed his eyes shut as muscles he never knew of strained and stretched, until that firm bulge settled in his middle.

In the wake of such an experience, the trainer struggled to recover. Octavia's plush ass blocked his hands from rubbing his sore neck, leaving the embers of soreness unbothered. The man found the strength to reach his middle, however, and a strange mix of emotions swirled in his mind when he brushed over its bump. For better or worse, he wasn't given long to dwell on those feelings. Octavia's inner passage kissed him with another ripple and contraction, a practiced motion that swiftly delivered another egg. A burst of strength surged through the trainer with its approach, though Octavia proved just as immobile as ever. He could only watch that ovoid spread her sex wide and press into his mouth, where it followed the path of the first. Fortunately, the first egg warmed him up for the ones that came after.

Octavia remained unaware of her trainer's plight. Lost in the bliss of fulfilling her brood-motherly duties, she only distantly recognized his wiggling. The part of her that did notice wrote them off as pleased squirming, allowing her to bask in her oviposition guilt free. The release of every egg ushered her higher into the throes of pleasure, bringing up the question if she was capable of

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stopping. Her trainer, however, was far too occupied to consider that quandary. Safe in the knowledge he wouldn't simply choke, his thoughts drifted to capacity. Unlike his lover, the man had no experience carrying a clutch of eggs. Did he stand a chance of matching Octavia's flexibility? Could he approach it without hurting himself? For better or worse, he would find out.

The bulge in his middle swelled as Octavia's diminished, an obvious marker of the eggs' movement. There the fluff and flab of vixen's middle created a soft curve, the trainer's belly hid little. Firm swells emerged from that bump while it rose and defined his figure, offering a count of just how many he'd taken. Neither cared to keep track however, and he soon swelled beyond the point of doing so. The man's jaw ached with the repeated strains of his gastric feat, a downside counteracted by his loosening throat muscles. The pressure that built in his stomach eventually overpowered both of those details, however. Long before Octavia reached her half-way point, the trainer's stomach crept close to its limit. A sense of overwhelming fullness built at the back of his throat, and his muscles rebelled at the idea of taking another. The procession of eggs only slowed for an instant at his gag, a hitch the vixen easily overpowered.

With no resistance left to offer, the trainer surrendered to the moment and did his best to enjoy it. Whether it be a factor of Octavia's pheromones or simply a latent desire of his own, the man luckily found that easy. He slipped into the rhythmic trance of laying alongside his vixen, while unexpected matronly joys bubbled up from his core. He traced his fingers along the bumpy swell of his middle, savoring the touch of each curve beneath the surface. The fullness that accompanied it carried the satisfaction of a full meal, and it wasn't long before that growing bump eclipsed his cock. His swelling middle pressed aside the heavy fluff of Octavia's breasts and glided along the tip of his shaft, drawing an instinctive roll from his hips. The trainer only managed a few degrees of motion, though

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it was more than enough to grind his head against that tight surface. The soft clicking and clacking of eggs sounded out as he repeated the motion again and again, though even that became difficult with time.

The pressure in the man's middle mounted higher and higher while Octavia laid, drawing his heavy fullness into tight discomfort. Ominous groans and creaks sounded out from his straining skin, noises lost to their chorus of pants and moans. His eyes screwed shut and he renewed his struggles, but the weakened kicking of his legs only compromised what little space he had left. He stopped cold when something deep within him popped, then shuddered as an unrestricted flow of eggs moved through him. His worries faded when no pain followed, leaving space for a bizarre, unexpected bliss to form. Those heavy ovoids spread his innermost passages wide and stimulated nerves untouched for a lifetime, flooding his mind with unknown sensations. It didn't take his nerves long to interpret them as pleasant however, drawing him deeper yet into that intimate moment. His cock throbbed in time with his swallows, and the bulges of eggs crept lower and lower on his form.

By the time Octavia finished, her trainer's belly occupied the space her's once did. Reduced to a huffing mess after minutes of continuous orgasm, she only just gathered the strength to lift herself. Webs of lust stretched and glistened as she did so, connecting them long after she stood. A shiver ran down the vixen's spine as her sex clenched and flexed, rippling around nothing and returning to its resting size. Even if that wasn't much smaller. Milk flowed from her breasts while the echoes of laying lingered on her nerves, leaving a blissful afterglow in its wake. Content and satisfied, she flopped onto her side beside her trainer. Her breasts clapped together with that motion, then brushed against the man's side when she languidly stretched. The fluff of her pelt tingled and mingled with the maelstrom of sensations in the trainer's middle,

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nearly sending him over the climactic edge once more. For better or worse, he remained rooted in the moment.

The trainer unleashed a storm of clacking when he rolled onto his side, a slightly more comfortable position on the firm floor. The thought of trying get up drifted into his mind, but he quickly dismissed it. The last thing he wanted to do was lose his balance and fall. One of his hands rubbed the uneven curves of his middle while the other brushed Octavia's flank. Something akin to matronly pride kindled in his chest, and a grin spread across his lust-soaked face. Laying in the middle of their of sexually charged den, he couldn't help but feel a closer connection to Octavia. As if reading his thoughts, Octavia draped her tails over him as a blanket. He snuggled into her fluff as sleep approached, and he did his best to avoid thinking about laying his second-hand clutch later.

Vic's Galleries

If you've read this far, thank you <3

I hope you enjoyed what you read, and if you'd like more, there are
a few places to find it

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