

Bath Time

(By: William A Sanborn)

Opening my room in this small inn which I've found myself in, I'm pleasantly surprised by what lies there waiting for me; it's not the Hilton, but it will do. It's clean and dry, and the large bed looks very comfortable, especially when compared to the ground. It's certainly going to be nice sleeping in a real bed after so many days on the road. We were really lucky to come to this town just as the rain storm hit.

Thankfully dropping my pack to the floor, I turn to the lamp on the table near the bed. It is still a few hours before the sun sets, but on account of the clouds, it's already somewhat dark out, and this room is a bit too gloomy for my taste. Finding a wooden box of matches near the lamp, and striking one on the rough side of the box, it quickly glows to life and I'm able to light the lamp burning its clear oil. As the flame grows to light the room with a warm glow, a small amount of smoke leaks out of the glass enclosure around it.

Satisfied with the light level, turning to my pack, I open it up, spilling its contents, mostly clothes on the floor. Sorting through them, and setting the other items aside to dry, I'm appalled at how bad some of them smell, having been lying there damp and sweaty for several days.

I really need to get out of these wet clothes, but these are the last clean pair I have. Unfortunately there's no other choice than to sift through the pile that lies before me and find the cleanest ones amongst the lot. After much debate, and a little revulsion, I finally come on a shirt and a pair of sorts that are fairly dry and with a little airing out are somewhat passable. I think I can manage to go the night without underwear, since there's no way in hell I'm going to recycle those.

As I've finished sorting through the clothes, kicking off my boots and socks, and beginning to think about a bath, there's a slight and hesitant knock at the door. Rising and walking towards it, not sure just who it could be, I pause briefly, then slowly open it. Standing before me is a young felenzi female with orange fur, and long, straight, red hair, carrying a large metal bucket with a little bit of trouble. Smiling shyly at me, trying in earnest to hide her surprise at my looks, she says, softly, "I've brought you some hot water for your bath."

Looking at her quickly, perusing her lithe form, I notice that the fur of her hands is colored white, giving her the illusion of wearing gloves which extend a few inches past her wrists, blending into her orange fur. Backing up and letting her enter, she walks into what must be the bathroom and after

a moment returns. Smiling at me again, as she steals furtive glances at me, she states, "There, I've added that water to your bath, so it will be nice and warm for you. Also, I can take your laundry if it's ready."

Hesitating once again, her behavior catching me off guard, I finally point to the crumpled, wet and slightly pungent heap of garments on the floor, having already set aside the cleanest of the lot to dry hung over a chair. "That's all of them, well except for what I'm wearing now. If you wait a moment I can take these off in the bathroom and throw them out to you."

At the mention of this she quickly becomes more amused, and perhaps a little eager. "Okay," she responds, bubbly, widening her smile. "Father said that you were from a strange land from far off and that you were very tired from your journey, and to be very nice to you... if you'd like I could help you with your bath."

Catching me completely off guard, a million thoughts flash quickly through my head, as I stare at this attractive feline morph standing so close to me. Does she really mean what I think she does? And if so why is she so eager? Is it because living in this little hole of a town she actually finds me exotic? Would it be so bad if I were to take her up on this? How old is this girl anyway? Is she even eighteen? She is really cute, though. Could I live with myself if I took advantage of this? Could I forgive myself if I didn't?

Finally standing there, and looking into her expectant eyes, I surprise myself with my response, not quite sure how I'm going to answer until I actually open my mouth. "That would be very nice... that is, if you're willing to be very thorough about it. I may need some other attentions too, if you'd like to help me out."

Flashing me a devious grin, as her eyes are set ablaze with yearning excitement, her reply casts all doubt of her intentions from my mind. Trying her best to sound seductive, and doing a very fine job of that, she answers in a very sultry voice, with just the hint of a purr in it. "That's exactly what I had in mind, sir. I was really hoping you'd accept my offer."

Looking at her, as she gazes at me with wonder and excitement, second thoughts register briefly in the back of my mind. Should I really be doing this? Yes, she's incredibly cute, and I'd love to get her in bed, but how old is she? Then again, their world is so strange, who knows what the age of consent is? She's obviously old enough to know what she's doing, and seems very eager about it... what the hell, I'm not gonna pass a chance like this up.

Letting out a bated breath, still a little nervous about the situation, but feeling my impending arousal compensating for this, I look into her beautiful yellow eyes and smiling simply state, "Okay. Would you like

to get started, then?"

Smiling at me eagerly, with her tail swishing lightly behind her, she steps slowly toward me and grabs at the wet fabric of my shirt. Hesitating ever so briefly she begins to pull it upwards, fighting against the friction of the drenched cotton against my skin. Lifting my arms to aid her in the process, she slowly slides the shirt off me and over my head, exposing my moist skin inch by inch.

Finally removing the shirt, she tosses it on the pile with the other laundry where it falls in a wet heap. Then her eyes widening a little bit, she slowly brings the fingers of her furry hand to my chest. Looking at me as if for permission, I smile assuringly and wordlessly urge her on. Running her hand, across my damp skin, she delights at this wonderfully new texture, as she explores the landscape of my moderately toned muscles.

She has obviously never seen a human before, and the whole experience is very thrilling for her. Letting her navigate my chest, she glides over my pectorals, gently running over my nipples, then down my breastbone to my belly and up my sides. She quickly notices my ticklish areas of my sides and giggling as she sends small spasms through me. Looking at her, as she's obviously enjoying these novel experiences, it's a nice boost to my ego realizing how exotic she's finding me.

Breaking the silence, I ask "You've never seen someone like me before have you?"

Stopping her explorations, she looks at me and simply answers, "No," seeming a little shy and worried.

"Do I look really strange to you, then?"

Pausing a moment, as if trying to decide the answer for herself, she then replies. "No. You're really different, especially without any fur, but I find you really attractive. The fact that you're so different makes you very special for me."

Smiling warmly at her, feeling another quick ego boost, I return the compliment. "That's exactly how I feel with you. You're really beautiful, you know." As she beams with pleasure at this compliment, I finish the sentence in my mind: And I've been wanting to do this ever since I've been here... thank goodness someone's finally interested in the idea. Reaching out to touch her soft cheek with the back of my hand, she responds by rubbing slightly against it. Stroking the fur there, she quickly lets out several small purrs. Moving up to caress one of her feline ears protruding through her long hair, she flicks it a couple of times at my touch, but also purring so I know she's enjoying it.

Then moving back to her cheek and up her muzzle to her long slender whiskers, I begin stroking them, not sure how she'll react, remembering that cat's whiskers are

very sensitive. Her purrs deepen, as it appears that she finds this very agreeable. Taking a few whiskers between my fingers, and ever so slightly pulling on them, traversing their whole length away from her face, she purrs yet again, encouraging me onward.

Trailing my fingers along her muzzle, reaching her thin black lips, she pleasantly surprises me by opening them and darting her tongue out. Slowly moving against my hand, she laps my fingers ever so lightly with her slightly rough tongue, purring all the time. The feel of her tongue gliding slowly over each one of fingers is completely wonderful, as she purrs softly while doing so.

After letting her lavish this attention on me for a couple of minutes, I again break the silence. "I'd really like to help you out of some of your clothes now. Will you let me do that?" This request seems to have caught her of guard, and she acts a little startled, quickly becoming shy. Looking into her eyes which register just a little fear, I smile reassuringly at her and add, "Please... I'd really like to return your favors."

Slowly stroking her muzzle once again, her fear seems to melt from her, as she shyly nods her head. Her slightly nervous, yet also expectant gaze remains locked on me as I slowly trail my hand down her neck. Pausing at her shoulder, and deciding to ease her into this, I continue down the side of her body, barely brushing the side of one of her breasts, causing her to gasp lightly. Then reaching her waist, continuing down the side of her leg, coming to her footwear, which is a strange combination of shoes and boots.

Kneeling before her, taking her somewhat large shoe in my hands, I slowly undo the laces. Her shoes come up a few inches above her ankle, since her feet are digitrade, they are fairly different from what I'm used to seeing everyday. In order to remove the shoe, I have to undo the laces to about halfway down it, so it can come off from her large foot and not get caught on the ankle. It drops off her foot, having most of the top opening up, rather than pulling it down, like I'm used to. Removing her shoe, I see that the fur of her foot, and up to just below where her shoe had fit, is pure white, just like her hands, giving her "socks" markings on her feet.

Her "foot" is longer than a humans by about five or six inches, from the large felenzi equivalent of an ankle to her toes. However this "foot" is shaped a little differently than ours, since it is almost more like an extension to her leg, being somewhat long and a little skinny. What I consider as her foot doesn't actually start until down near her toes. The part that actually comes in contact with the earth is only about five inches long and is squat compared to humans. Her "toes" are much thicker than ours, and all four of them are the same size; her foot looks pretty much what you'd expect to see on a cat of her size. Each one of her toes, has a retractable claw, much like the ones on her fingers, which are just barely visible beneath her dark fur.

Having exposed her foot to the air, I begin to slowly stroke it, staring at her toes and

then moving upwards along her ankle, then slowly repeating the journey I glide my fingers along its underside. As my fingers travel through her soft downy fur, she lets out another small purr. Coming to her toes once again, I run my fingers over and between them, delighting at the feel of her strong claws lying there.

Tackling her other foot, I repeat the process, to her continued audible appreciation. Then moving my hands slowly up her body, and rising from my crouch, I come once again to her shoulders. Looking into her deep eyes, she looks back at me with a beautiful mixture of arousal and slight timidity.

Taking my fingers and running them down the contours of the neck cut of her shirt, I begin to undo the buttons one by one, slowly revealing her to me. Trailing my fingers through the slit of her open shirt, up the front of her abdomen, she trembles slightly against my touch. Finally reaching the collars, I simply take them and part her shirt wide open, lifting it slowly off her shoulders and down her arms, as she moves them away from her body, greatly assisting the shirt's removal.

Letting the garment drop to the floor, I stand back slightly to look at her exposed beauty. Starting just below her neck is an attractive patch of yellowish-tan fur, that spreads down and outward covering all over her chest and firm abdomen, then trailing down into her skirt. She is wearing a simple white brassiere, which complements her fur coloring quite nicely.

Smiling at her, I take my hand and reach up to stroke the underside of her neck, eliciting yet another purr from her. Then slowly trailing downward, I come to cup one of her furry breasts beneath her bra. She lets out a slight breath as I caress her, first running my fingers around its perimeter, then slowly orbiting in to rub her erect nipple beneath the cotton fabric, "We can leave this on for now. No sense in spoiling all of the fun right away."

She grins at me, wordlessly acquiescent. Giving her nipple one last slow caress, then gliding away, skirting over her breast, then down to her navel, making sure to run my fingers over it, as she melts against my touch, I reach my destination, the rim of her simple skirt. Toying with her briefly, I run my fingers along the top of it, then gently tucking them down inside to rub against her as she squirms lightly beneath my touch.

Stopping right above the button of the skirt, I quickly unhook it, then begin to slide it off of her. Going slow, not only to draw out the experience, but also so as not to catch her thick tail as it slips through the slit in the back, I uncover her panties and the beautiful orange fur of her legs. Coming down to her feet, she steps out of the garment and it too is discarded next to the shirt.

Moving my fingers slowly up her legs, again enjoying the feel of her soft fur gliding

beneath my fingertips, and marveling at her strong and firm muscles. It appears that in order to support her digitrade feet, her legs need to be stronger than a human; her muscles are impressive, but still definitely feminine.

Nearing her underpants, I gently caress her inner thighs, but not touching the fabric of her underwear at all. I come near it, and then pull away, enjoying the effect this is having on her. As she purrs several more times, tiny spasms begin to run through her legs, as she becomes slightly unsteady on her feet.

The tan patch of fur continues down from her abdomen, into her underwear, and then resurfacing to taper off along her thighs. Her panties are plain white, just as her bra, and already a small spot of moisture has begun to collect on them. Continuing stroking up and down her thighs for a few minutes more, I finally quit when her legs begin to quiver more and I'm afraid she'll lose her balance on me.

Stepping back once again, and looking once more into her eyes, which are slightly glazed over, I speak for what seems is the first time in hours. "There, that wasn't so bad was it?" smiling at her as she returns my grin and nods. "Good. Now, why don't you return the favor?"

She once again brings her four-fingered hands in contact with my skin, placing them on my side, right below my underarms. Slowly and teasingly, having learned quickly from me, she traces her furry fingertips down my sides, coming to the rim of my pants. Loosening my belt buckle, she returns my wonderful torture by slipping her fingers inside and lightly tracing back and forth. Coming again to another ticklish area, she has me squirming under her touch for several moments, with a devilish grin on her face.

Having finished toying with me there, she moves on to uncharted territory, as she tentatively undoes the metal button of my pants and slowly pulls down the zipper. Then sliding the wet fabric off of me, as slowly as I had done to her, she reveals me inch by inch, exposing my wet briefs to her eager gaze.

Peeling back my clothing, she finally reaches my feet, and I step quickly out of it, thankful to have the wet garment removed. It too joins the rest of my clothes, lying in a wet heap in the middle of the room. Her hands then come back to my feet, and she's very inquisitive of the shape of my foot, since it differs so widely from hers. Raising my heel of the floor, I give her access to as much of it as possible without putting myself off balance.

Running her fingers over my foot, then slowly up my firm legs, she comes to my underwear, with my full erection straining against the cotton. They are damp from the rain, but a small amount of new fluid has been recently seeping into them. Looking down at her, she has the most wonderful curious look on her face, as she

closely examines my form beneath the thin fabric. Then shyly and tentatively she reaches up and softly touches its tip.

Gaining courage, she begins to slowly run her fingers against its outline, traversing the full length of the shaft several times. The sensations of her slow and exploratory rubbing through the cotton are extremely wonderful and I let out a few throaty hums to let her know how much I'm enjoying this. They aren't as pretty sounding as her purrs, but it's the best I can do, and she seems to enjoy them just the same, smiling as she relishes the thought of how wonderful she's making me feel.

Finally moving her fingers up to my waistband, then looking up at me, her eyes a little nervous and shy, she wordlessly asks my permission to continue. The look on her face is priceless, as this image is forever etched into my brain. Seeing her, so inexperienced and bashful, yet also so eager to continue, fills me with warmth. Smiling tenderly at her, I nod and silently urge her on.

This is all the encouragement she needs, as she grips the top of my briefs and slowly pulls down. As my stiff penis is slowly revealed to her, she gasps yet again, and pauses momentarily to get a good look at me, her eyes widening ever so slightly. Then continuing again, she quickly removes my underwear, tossing it on the pile behind us.

Returning eagerly to my slightly throbbing member, she continues her exploration, running her soft fingers over the entire surface. Even though the feel of her touches through the cotton had been heaven, they do not even begin to compare to how glorious her fur on my naked flesh feels. As one hand explores my penis, her other is kept quite busy on my testicles. Running her fingers over them at first, she then gently cups them and squeezes them ever so lightly as they throb slightly in her grasp.

Continuing her investigations, she seems fascinated by the head, and lightly strokes under the rim for several minutes, sending small shivers through me when she reaches my extremely-sensitive regions. Then quickly learning what I like the most, she slowly runs a single finger up and down the entire length of the shaft, in a deliciously teasing motion.

As she threatens to send me over the top, I have to reach down and gently take her hands, pulling them away from me. She seems a little dejected, as if I'd just taken away a favorite toy. Bringing her hands up level with my chest, I hold them lovingly and gaze into her wide eyes, as she looks back almost hungrily at me. "You are doing a wonderful job, but I had to stop you because you were getting me too close. I didn't want to come just yet."

She doesn't quite understand what I'm talking about, but beams with pride at my compliment. Then getting a devilish idea, I ask, "Would you like to lick me down there?"

Her eyes come alive with the idea, as she appears both excited and a little confused by my request. Hesitating briefly, then nodding her head, she softly replies, "If you would enjoy it, then yes, I would."

Smiling warmly at her compliance and eagerness to please, I move backwards to the bed, leading her with me. Sitting down, I reach up and take her shoulders, slowly bring her down to her knees in front of me, as she gets a closer look at me.

Then slowly bringing her muzzle in closer, lightly brushing her fur against me, she sniffs at the head, lightly at first, then deeper. My pheromones, although not feline, must have somewhat of an effect on her as her smile broadens, and she then cautiously flicks her tongue out across my flesh, getting a quick taste. She seems to find it pleasing, and quickly begins to lap my shaft, running her tongue along its entire length. Its slightly-rough texture against my sensitive skin is totally electric, sending multiple shivers throughout my entire being.

She runs her tongue up and down my entire length several times, then moving slowly upward, concentrates her efforts on my head, licking under the rim, zeroing in on the sensitive flesh there. As she gains experience at this, I feel the pressure rising inside me. I have no idea how she's going to react to my climax, but I'm unable to ponder this for long as the sensations within me drive this thought to the furthest corners of my mind, looking down lovingly at this beautiful young woman lavishing her attentions on me with such vigor.

Finally I can't hold back against the pleasure any longer, feeling the climax build within me. Leaning back slightly, resting on my hands behind me, I let the wave of pleasure come at me. As my spasms start, she immediately tenses up, her eyes widening, unsure and a little afraid at what's happening before her. Then as my semen streams forth, spattering all across her muzzle she pulls back in fear and a little disgust.

Unable to react until the climax passes, I then feel a quick pang of guilt, and lean forward to place reassuring hands on her shoulder and cheek, softly petting her and pulling her forward. Speaking softly to her, I talk her down. "It's okay. I'm sorry, I should have warned you about that. It's what happens when the pleasure builds within me. You did a wonderful job."

Smiling weakly at me, she still seems a little apprehensive of the opaque fluid covering her muzzle and dripping from me. Stroking her muzzle, I trail my finger through some of it and slowly bring it under her nose. "There's nothing to be afraid of. It's perfectly natural."

Picking up on my subtle hint, she looks at my finger questioningly, then sniffs at the substance lightly. Relaxing a bit, she glides her tongue over my finger, wiping it

completely clean. The expression on her face as she gets her first taste is another memorable moment, as she seems both perplexed and satisfied by the flavor. "How was it?" I ask with genuine curiosity.

"A little salty, and very strange. But I like its smell, and it does have an appealing taste, once I get used to it."

"Are you sure? I don't want you doing this just to satisfy me. I want you to enjoy yourself, too."

"Yes. I really do," and as if to prove her point, she darts her tongue out yet again, swiping over her wet muzzle and getting another mouthful. Glad that she has recovered from her original fear, I run my fingers once again through her moist fur, and have her slowly lick them clean.

Once her muzzle is cleared, I gently guide her down to my penis, which has laxated slightly and is slowly dribbling. She moves eagerly with me and begins to slowly lap up the fluid, working until I am completely clean and my erection is fully restored. Running her tongue once more across her muzzle, she removes the last remnants from it, leaving her fur slightly glistening with her saliva.

Looking into her eyes with deep admiration, I rise off the bed and pull her up with me and then against my body, wrapping my arms around her; she brings her arms around and behind me, completing this tight embrace. The feel of her fur against my naked flesh is wonderful, as we both run our hands slowly up one another's backs.

Bringing my head slowly close to her muzzle, I rub my cheek against hers, as she rubs back against me. Trailing my hands down to the base of her tail I lightly stroke her there, feeling her purr resounding from deep within her and lightly vibrating through both of us. Then pulling my head back slightly, I position my lips against her muzzle and make contact with her thin black lips.

As I kiss her, she stiffens up slightly, her pupils again dilating, and she tries to pull away. Breaking contact with her, I stroke her back in long slow movements reassuring her. "It's okay. It's how we show affection where I'm from. Just relax and I think you'll enjoy it." Waiting a few moments until she's calmed down once again, I finish, "Would you like to try that again?"

She nods, a little nervous, but willing to give it a try. Moving slower this time, I bring my lips against hers once again. After a few awkward moments, she responds and begins to get the gist of it. The feel of her thin lips against mine, as well as her furry muzzle against my face is wonderfully new and exciting.

Once she has become fully comfortable, I gently nudge my tongue against her pursed

lips. She's again taken a little by surprise, but reacts quickly, letting it enter her mouth. Exploring her mouth, I glide over her sharp teeth and rub against the sides and top, going slow so as not to alarm her. Then gently probing against her tongue, I urge her to join in and she quickly responds by pressing and intertwining her tongue against mine.

Within minutes she's responding quite skillfully for a beginner, and I lose myself in the passion. Continuing to explore her back with my hands, she does the same to me, then begins to slowly rock up against me, stimulating my once again rock-hard penis with the wonderful sensation of her fur. Before long I realize that I'm getting close to the edge yet again and have to ease off. Slowly extracting my tongue from hers, I pull away gently and suggest "well, you still owe me that bath that you promised."

Smiling devilishly at me, she is all too eager to comply, as she leads me by the hand into the bathroom. Upon entering the tiny room, I'm disappointed to find that this bathroom is lacking several of the modern amenities which I'm used to. First of all, there seems to be no toilet present. "Damn," I think, "they must have an outhouse out back... so much for a big improvement over using the woods." Also, instead of a normal bathtub like I had expected, there is only a large metal tub in the center of the room. However these fleeting thoughts are quickly dismissed by the reminder that she's here to thoroughly bathe me.

There is a lamp on the wall lighting my way, which she must have lit while she was in here preparing the bath. The tub, which is about two feet deep and three feet long, is three quarters of the way filled with water. Sticking my foot in, I'm pleasantly surprised by its near-perfect temperature. Gently nudging me with her hands, she guides me into the tub, sitting me down in the warm water. The fit is a little snug, as I can't stretch out my legs, but it's not uncomfortable. Easing slowly into the warm water feels so wonderful as it slowly surrounds me, coming up to slightly above my waist.

Squatting down beside me, she rests the backs of her legs on her large ankles, perched on the tips of her toes, with her legs slightly apart. In this position she is absolutely gorgeous, since the muscles of her legs are drawn tight and it heightens my awareness of her exotic digitrade feet. With her at this level, I get a brief glance down her furry cleavage beneath her bra as a hint of what lies ahead, as her nipples train lightly against the fabric. Running my eyes over her supple form, and stopping briefly on her white panties, her arousal is quite obvious, since the spot of moisture there has grown considerably since we started.

Smiling warmly at me, she reaches down and picks up the cake of Caress soap and the soft sponge that lie beside the tub. Dipping the sponge in the water, then slowly rubbing it against the wet soap, she builds up quite a lather. Then taking the sponge

she brings it up to my face, and gently caresses my skin with its soft moistness. Taking infinite care with the task before her, she slowly washes every inch of my face, she even got some suds in my mouth when I was unaware since my eyes were closed, then dipping the sponge in the water once again, she brings it back up and slowly rinses me.

Then leaning in, and wrapping her arms around me once again, she brings her muzzle to my lips and deftly kisses me, this time being the one to force their tongue into the other's mouth. Returning her embrace, I lightly caress her spine as our tongues battle against one another in my mouth.

She's definitely a quick learner as she takes subtle control of the kiss, orchestrating the movements of our tongues as she explores the regions of my slightly soapy mouth. Then slowing down, she pulls her tongue back, running its roughness against the roof of my mouth and over my teeth. Disengaging her furry muzzle from against my smooth skin, she pauses and then licks my parted lips, running her tongue along their full length, as I gasp slightly from this new and wonderful sensation.

Smiling once more, with enjoyment and confidence, she takes the sponge and then begins to slowly wash my back. She moves in small circular strokes, gently widening the region she's covering, starting at the small of my back, then moving outwards to my shoulders. The feel of the soft sponge, moving against my skin without my assistance, feels so wonderful as I feel my muscles loosening under her touch.

Finishing with my upper back, she slowly navigates down my spine, and then over to my sides, moving upwards, she moves in gentle arcs, making sure to pay close attention to the sensitive areas of my lower sides. Taking advantage of my ticklishness, she once again has me squirming lightly against her touch, grinning at me deviously.

Moving further down my back, she brings the sponge teasingly to where my tail would be if I had one, lightly touching the tip of the crack in my buttocks, then pulling away once again. After finishing with her ministrations on my back, she returns to my shoulders and begins lathering up my arms. Since I'm not too sensitive here, she works a little faster, eager to get on to more interesting areas.

Lathering up the sponge, she brings it to my chest and rubs it gently across my pectorals, gliding across my nipples several times. As with my back, she's quite thorough with her cleaning, attending to every inch of me very slow and deliberately. Running along my sides just briefly, she then comes to my abdomen, which she washes in small circles, each time coming ever so closer to my penis, which is straining to reach her grasp. Finally she is brushing lightly against it as she's washing me in those gentle arcs, but that's as far as she'll go, intent on teasing me as much as possible.

Breaking the silence which seems to have lasted forever, she states, "I'll need you to stand up to do a better job on the rest of you." Her voice is soft yet also sultry, and I'm all too eager to comply. Taking my hand, she rises and guides me up, so I'm standing before her with the water coming up to a few inches below my knees.

Running the soapy sponge along my sides yet again, she moves upwards toward my underarms. Wishing to make it easier on her, I lift my arms, bringing them up and behind my head, joining my hands and stretching for her. She smiles at this display and then surprises me by leaning in and sniffing gently under my arm. Looking up at me she states with amusement and a little surprise, "This is where your scent is the strongest."

I had forgot that felenzi don't sweat through their fur, and like cats, sweat mostly through their hands and feet. Then remembering how I haven't bathed in a couple of days and must smell rather ripe from being out on the road, I gasp slightly in revulsion and fear, hoping it doesn't offend her. As if she senses my apprehension, she continues honestly, "It's quite strong and a little overpowering, but very pleasing to me." She sniffs at me again, taking in a deeper breath, then gently washes me there, delighted in the fact that she's found yet another sensitive spot as I quiver lightly.

Taking care of both of my armpits, she glides the sponge down my side, and then attends quickly to my legs. Moving down the outside, she runs the sponge all over my calf, then slowly repeating the journey, she gently washes the inside of my leg, paying close attention to my inner thigh. Stopping just below my testicles, and grinning at my obvious disappointment, she pulls away to tackle the other leg in the same way.

Teasing my inner thigh yet again, coming oh-so-close, then pulling back, she then glides the soapy slippery sponge just beneath my testicles, reaching behind me with her other hand to take the sponge as it passes deliciously beneath me. Running it quickly through the crack of my buttocks, she gives me a taste of that pleasure before pulling the sponge out to gently clean my firm cheeks in a slow and massaging motion.

Then finally coming back to the crack, she gently spreads me open, allowing her better access with the sponge. Gliding it up and down along the crack, she slowly zeroes in on my anus, then passing over it quickly several times before lavishing her full attentions on it. As she makes contact, I gasp yet again from the wonderful sensations it sends through me, turning to look at her with deep admiration. She smiles back at me, pleased with the results of her efforts, and continues cleaning.

First just running the sponge over the rim, she then presses against its puckered opening, slowly working in and sending new spasms of pleasure through me, feeling my legs quaking ever so slightly. She doesn't go

too far, not pushing too hard against my reflexive resistance, but her ministrations are enough to leave me squirming once again under her touch. Each stroke drives an electric shock straight to the end of my penis, forcing it even harder.

Finally when I think I've had enough, and my legs are threatening to give out on me, she slowly disengages and brings a hand to my shoulder to steady me. "Thank you," I pant, "you learn very fast."

"I have a wonderful teacher," she replies sensuously, smiling yet again with thanks for all I've shown her so far, and all I intend to show her soon enough. Then bending down, she thoroughly rinses out the sponge and lathers it up once again. From this position, I gaze down at her prone form, enjoying the way her back and buttocks stretch out before me. Watching her with great adoration, as her thick, long tail swishes absently.

Rising with a freshened sponge, she finally turns her attention to my groin. First lathering up my testicles in a slow and deliberate motion, making short strokes across them from underneath. Then gliding this sponge upwards she slowly washes my penis in the same matter. Quite soon I feel that familiar sensation returning, and not wanting to waste another climax to the open air, I once again need to lightly take her hands and guide them away from the object of her affections.

Looking at me a little confused, as if she's done something wrong, I smile reassuringly at her and softly answer. "You were doing wonderfully, dear, it's just that if I let you continue I'd come very quickly, and I don't want to do so soon. There's still much more that I'd like to show you." She grins knowingly at this and nods expectantly. "Okay, then, could you please rinse me off?"

She complies obediently, rinsing the sponge off yet again. Then bringing it up, full of water, she squeezes it out over my shoulders. As the water runs slowly down my back in small rivulets, the sensation is quite pleasing to my skin burning with desire. She repeats the process many times, then rinsing me off with the sponge, she glides it over every inch of me, removing even the peskiest of soap bubbles.

Having finished, she simply drops the sponge in the tub, then takes my hand and guides me out of it, over to where a towel hangs on the wall. This is a fairly large towel, and as she brings it to my slick skin, it's also incredibly soft. Drying me slowly and sensuously, she tackles my upper body first, quickly doing my arms, then rubbing the soft fabric across my chest and back. Then slowly moving downwards she does my legs, moving upward to clean my buttocks and raging erection. She is slow and thorough, but also takes care not to linger too long there, not wishing to cause me too much pleasure and forcing me over the edge.

Dropping the towel to the floor, she looks at me, expectantly gazing into my eyes. Reaching out to take one of her furry hands in mine, I ask, "Would you like to go to the bed now?" Her excited nod is very rewarding as I realize yet again how wonderful an opportunity this is.

Leading her back to the bedroom, and sitting on the bed once again with her standing in front of me, I hesitate slightly as she becomes a little uncertain of what to do next. Reaching up to stroke one of her soft breasts and an erect nipple, I ask softly "I'd really like to see the rest of you now. Would you please remove the rest of your clothes?"

Hearing this request, she becomes a little nervous yet again, needing just a slight nudge to cross this next bridge before her. Not wanting to make her any more uncomfortable, I simply look lovingly at her, gently pleading with my eyes, but not trying to force her into this. As she gazes into my eyes, still uncertain, I continue to slowly stroke her nipple beneath the fabric restraining it.

Making my strokes more insistent, I take the fingers of my other hand and place two of them in the center of her chest, just beneath her bra. Then while continuing my attentions her nipple, I drag these fingers ever so slowly down her fur, once again feeling her purrs emanating from deep within her as she trembles lightly. Brushing over her navel, I then reach down and touch the rim of her panties. Gently skirting around the top of the fabric, then following the contours down along her thigh and along the bottom, I finally come to the ever increasing area of moisture there.

Lightly running my fingers across the damp fabric, she lets out a combination of a gasp and a purr, as I have definitely gotten her attention. Smiling warmly at her, I repeat the process another time, skirting over her sensitive regions. Then returning back to the rim at the top of the thin cotton garment, sticking a single finger in, I gently tug on it, wordlessly repeating my request.

The sensations I've shown her seem to have helped calm her fears, and smiling at me with just a little hint of uneasiness, she steps backwards bringing her out of my reach. Then as I look at her with anticipation, she slowly runs her hands up her sides, skirting the edges of her breasts. Reaching behind her back, her hands locate the catch restraining her from my wanting gaze. Hesitating again, her face is awash with both arousal and nervousness, looking somewhat vulnerable and extremely attractive. Part of me wishes to jump on her, forcing her to the ground and taking her now, but I hold back, wanting to savor every little moment as long as I can.

Finally unhooking the clasp, the fabric loosens and starts to fall. She holds it there a moment longer, then letting out a small breath, she shyly lets it fall away from her, revealing her firm breasts with her pink nipples peaking out through the thin tan fur there. Looking at me, still a little nervous at exposing herself like this, I smile and nod, licking my lips slightly, urging her to complete the process.

Taking her hands and running them once again down her sides, she slowly comes to the rims of her panties. Hooking her thumbs in on either side, with her claws just slightly extended, she begins to slowly pull the fabric down, inch by inch. Perhaps enjoying the feel of the fabric rubbing against her, or becoming accustomed to this exhibitionism, she begins to smile and continues to slide the garment off her, making sure to be teasingly slow about it.

Finally her nether regions are exposed to me, as her pink lips glisten with her moisture, making a wonderful contrast against the tan fur region, which tapers down along her inner thighs. Squatting down slowly, she guides her underpants down her legs, then stepping out of them and rising to stand before me in all of her natural beauty.

She smiles at me, her eyes aglow with desire, but still a little bit of apprehension at what comes next, hesitating, as if waiting for my instructions. Reaching out my hand, beckoning to her, she steps forward and takes it. Then slowly pulling her toward me, I guide her down until she's sitting across my legs, as I support her back with one of my arms. Once sitting there, she brings her arms around me in a loose embrace, helping to support her as she leans back slightly, giving me access to her body.

Placing my other hand on one of her furry breasts and rubbing her naked rock-hard nipple, she lets out another gasp, still looking the slightest bit shy and nervous, but also very aroused and wanting. Already knowing the answer to my question, I softly ask, "Is this your first time?" She nods bashfully, to which I continue, "Do you want me to stop?" more teasing than anything else, pretty much knowing what her response will be.

Quickly shaking her head, I smile lovingly at her, to which she responds with her own warm and needful grin. Moving the hand on her back up to support her neck, I bring her muzzle once more to my lips as we begin another comfortable kiss. Moving our tongues quickly together, they once again intertwine, as I delight in the feel of her slightly rough texture against my smooth tongue. As we're lost in the kiss, my other hand is kept busy cupping her firm breast, with my thumb gently rubbing her nipple in small circles.

After several minutes of this, I ease up with my tongue movements, and very slowly extract myself from her mouth, pulling away from her muzzle. Then taking my mouth down to her breast, moving my hand away to get better access, I slowly bring my tongue across her nipple, as she lets out a small appreciative purr. Running my hand from the edge of her breast, down her side to her haunches, I take her nipple in my mouth and gently begin to suck on it, as her purrs begin to increase in volume and frequency.

While my mouth is busy at her breast, I slowly navigate my hand behind her, over her

buttocks and coming to rest at her tail. Reaching my fingers around it at the bottom, I begin to slowly stroke her there, where her tail meets her body. My combined efforts have a significant effect on her, as she melts against me, becoming putty in my hands, and purring wildly.

As her purrs send gentle vibrations through both of us, she grips me tightly and leans back a little more and arches her back slightly. I continue my delicate ministrations for what blissfully seems like an eternity. Then finally pulling my mouth from her breast, giving her moist nipple one final drawn-out lick; looking up at her passionately, I take her hand and guide her slowly up.

She stands on somewhat-wobbly legs, and I need to place a hand on her shoulder to steady her. Letting her gain her balance, then leading her a few steps to the center of the bed, I nudge her to get on it and lay down. She complies, but then looking up at me as I'm standing there, eyeing her spread out before me, a little nervousness seems to steal back into her. Moving slowly, I climb onto the large and wonderfully soft mattress, crawling down past her feet, then moving up to lay on my side next to her, my gently-throbbing erection just inches away from entering her.

Forcing myself to go slow for both our benefits, I once again smile reassuringly at her, and place a hand on her firm abdomen, lightly tracing random patterns on it. Coming nearer to her glistening slit, but never actually touching it, I watch her face as pleasure once more eclipses apprehension. As I slowly run my fingers through her soft and warm fur, I soon discover that the areas of her lower abdomen, near her groin, are as sensitive and ticklish for her as they are for me.

Smiling wickedly at her, I quickly decide to repay her for her sensuous torture earlier. Stroking these sensitive areas back and forth, she quickly begins to squirm under my delicate touch. Looking once more at her face, she is grinning foolishly in spite of herself.

Tickling her for several minutes, making sure to fully repay her for all of the times she had put in this deliciously agonizing situation, I then ease off and move my explorations downward. Passing ever so close to her pink lips, yet still not touching them, I trail my fingers along her inner thigh and down her leg until I reach one of her beautifully exotic feet.

Having moved to a kneeling position to better facilitate this, I take her foot in my hand and bring it up level with my chest. Holding her ankle with one hand I slowly begin to trace my fingers of the other hand all across her large digitigrade foot. Running them first along the bottom of it, coming to her toes, I glide my fingers between them, then running along the top of her foot to repeat the process, as all throughout this she is purring contentedly.

Then while stroking the bottom of her foot once again, I guide her foot up to my face. Holding her toes under my nose, I breathe in deeply, letting her feline pheromones

seep into my nostrils; her scent is musky and heavy with arousal, as I've certainly gotten her hormones flowing.

Hesitating ever so slightly, I flick my tongue experimentally across the white fur between two of her toes. Her taste is musky like her aroma, and it's wildly exciting and wonderfully new to me. Becoming quite eager, I dive in and quickly and a little forcefully run my tongue over her lower foot, gliding it through each of her toes several times, as she purrs with obvious approval.

Getting her fur moist with my saliva, I slow up with my movements, and give her a few more laps before pulling my tongue away from her toes. Then once again taking several deep breaths through my nose, I relish her scent as I continue to stroke the bottom of her foot.

Then gently lowering her foot back down to the bed, I resume my slow traces up the inside of her leg, until I'm kneeling over her, and once more caressing her inner thigh. Then slowly orbiting inward, I finally come to her glistening slit. Running my finger lightly along the outer regions of her pink lips, she lets out another purr-gasp, as for the first time I've finally touched her naked sex.

She is already so aroused that this one pass coats my finger tip in her fluids. Gazing down at her, as she looks back up at me, lost in the pleasure, I smile and bring my finger to my lips and gently suck it clean. Not able to hold out any longer, I crouch down over her, and run my tongue over her wanting slit. Her scent is much stronger here, and is almost overpowering, as her musky taste urges me on.

Trying to go slow, I force my tongue inside her, navigating her nether regions and quickly finding her sensitive spots. Concentrating on these, rubbing my tongue almost forcefully against her, her purrs begin to increase in power as she moves slightly against me.

Picking up speed, ever so slowly, in time with the increases of her purrs, I know it won't be too long until she reaches her first climax. Caressing her haunches with my hands, I continue my efforts, waiting for the wave to hit. As her purrs become even more powerful and frequent, my tongue motions too have become rather frenzied.

Before long the first contractions hit her, starting out small, then quickly building in intensity. Holding her firmly in my hands, I try and continue my lapping as she begins to buck wildly beneath me. She lets out a series of somewhat loud noises, which are an arousing combination of moans, purrs and yowls.

Holding onto her haunches, as her climax dies down, I continue to lick her, but now with long strokes instead of the concentrated efforts before. Licking up all of her luscious nectar, she has become quiet, basking in the afterglow of those powerful

feelings.

Finishing cleaning her, I slowly get up and crawl up to her face, lying down on my side and rolling against her. Looking into her eyes, they are slightly glazed over, but still show signs of rational thought as she looks appreciatively at me. Taking my hand to caress her shoulder, I ask, "Did you enjoy that?"

Moving her hands slowly to come around to my back, and lightly trailing her fingers up and down my skin, she pants, "Yes. Thank you."

"You're welcome. But there's still one more thing I'd like to show you... if you'll let me."

She grins back at me expectantly, and replies, still slightly panting, "Yes. I'd like that too."

Rolling fully on top of her, then rising up on my knees slightly, I slowly position myself with my head resting against her glistening lips. Rubbing gently against her, she purrs yet again, as my aching penis jumps to life with the sensations.

Looking down at her a little concerned, I warn her with a soft and caring tone of voice, "This will probably hurt a little at first, but I'll try and go as slowly as I can. I promise, it won't last for long, and then the pleasure will overwhelm you. Still, if it hurts too much, let me know... okay?"

Hearing this, apprehension steals across her face yet again, as her pupils widen slightly, but she nods weakly and tightens her grip on my back. Not wishing to rush her, I slowly continue to rub against her without penetrating, watching her face until she once again loses herself in the passion. Then slowly pushing forward, I begin to enter her, feeling her wonderful warm, wet tightness surround me.

Going as slow as I can force myself to, I feel the resistance getting stronger, then releasing suddenly as I push gently against it. She lets out several whimpers at this and reflexively grips my back with her claws extended, lightly digging into my flesh, causing me to gasp slightly. Pausing, trying to hold perfectly still, her whimpers slowly cease and she eases up on my back. Reaching up to caress her cheek, as slight tears are forming in her eyes, I ask softly, "Are you okay?"

She nods, still a little frightened, and I start up once again, moving slowly against her. She whimpers again, and I slow my pace down to a crawl, but still lightly pushing into her. Caressing her cheek lovingly, I ease her through this, trying to minimize her pain as much as possible. Her whimpers soon die down, and I'm finally able to gently pick up speed, still watching her to make sure she's okay.

Soon enough my worries are over, as she begins to purr once again as I move against

her. Running her hands up and down my back, she also wraps her legs up around and against the back of mine, pushing me closer towards her. Getting wrapped up in the pleasure, she quickly begins to move against me, in time with my gentle rhythms.

As our motions pick up speed, and her purrs once again become loud and more frequent, I feel a familiar sensation building within me, threatening once again to climax very soon. Somewhere in the back of my mind I idly hope that I'll be able to hold out long enough to fully pleasure her, but this thought is lost amongst the wonderful sensations of her furry body moving in time with mine.

Her arousal has reached high peaks though, and very soon, I feel her muscles begin to quiver. As the wave hits her once again, and she becomes even tighter around me, this is all I need to push me over the edge. Feeling the powerful orgasm throughout my entire being, I tremble against her, forcing myself even farther in and spilling my warm fluid within her.

As her contractions die down, milking the fluid from me, we both collapse against one another, coming blissfully down from the pinnacles of extreme pleasure. Resting my cheek against hers, reveling in the soft, comforting feel of her fur, she presses her cheek against mine.

Lying there for several minutes, she finally breaks the silence with a simple "thank you" in a soft and appreciative voice, while gently caressing my back.

Turning slightly to look at her, gazing into her loving eyes, I respond, "Thank you, too. For letting me be the one to teach you." We then continue to lie in silent bliss, gently stroking and holding each other. However, as the minutes pass, and reality seeps back in, a disturbing thought crosses my mind. How long have we been at it?

Turning to look out the window, it's gotten rather dark out, so it must be really close to sunset, which means we've been busy for easily over an hour or more. Becoming worried that she'll be missed, I tense up and ask nervously, "You've been gone quite a long time. Will anyone notice?"

Smiling reassuringly at me, she gently strokes me, trying to calm me down. "No, it's okay. Father will be very busy taking care of everyone at the bar tonight, so he won't miss me for a couple of hours. I still need to do your laundry, but I can do that later tonight. I should also be able to slip away after he's gone to sleep -- he'll think I'll be in bed by then, so we'll have plenty of time together before tomorrow morning."

Then, getting a wild gleam in her eyes, she gently nudges me to turn over on my back. Fluidly rolling on top of me, surrounding me in her furry warmth, she gazes down on me and grins devilishly. "Besides, I still think there's still a few things you could teach me..."

Will A. Sanborn, was1@christa.unh.edu

"If a word in the dictionary were misspelled, how would we know?"
- Stephen Wright