Brats Get Bit

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Pan stretched her arms over her head, and yawned. Birds were chirping outside, getting an early start to the day. Cars drove past the small bungalow apartment in one direction, and joggers crunched through the dry autumn leaves in the other, but inside everything was still. Pan sat up, stroking her fingers through the long, tousled violet hair that hung down around her sleek vulpine muzzle, brushing them out of her eyes. Beside her, Vaela snored softly, the feline sprawled in a tangled pretzel of pink satin sheets and tawny fur.

Pan smiled, as she saw that the lioness had curled herself around one of the body pillows, clutching it against her.

"Are you dreaming about hunting some big dumb prey, little kitten?" Pan asked, smirking and nuzzling in against her lover. The lioness continued to snore in response. This excited Pan, for reasons she could not quite explain. Something about knowing the large, dangerous predator was incapacitated made her want to *do* things to her, mischievous, foxy, bratty things. Her eyes roamed across the lioness' body, down to the large breast that peeked out over top of the pillow. The sensitive pink nipple demanded to be tweaked, or twisted, or nibbled, but that would be too much. Just a touch, then, just a caress. Finger tips stroked softly against the pink skin, and as the flesh firmed and tightened in response to her soft teasing, the lioness' purring ground to a glottal stop. Pan's breath hitched, as she waited, hoping to see one beautiful feline eye opening up to glare at her, but alas, she wasn't caught, *yet*.

She prowled around the bed, her gray fur bristling with excitement, for there were so many other parts of Vaela to play with. A tail that could be pulled, feet that could be licked and tickled, and, oh my, what was this? Vaela's backside, exposed and unguarded? Jackpot.

Pan was, as all bratty foxes are when they are committing crimes and mischief, already quite erect. Her pink shaft throbbed in excitement as she slowly slunk up between the feline's thighs,already beginning to pant as she reached down to stroke her shaft, rubbing the slender pointed tip. Oh, she shouldn't, she really SHOULDN'T, but what better reason was there to do something than knowing that you shouldn't?

"Oh, are you displaying yourself for your big top fox?" She whispered. She didn't want to wake Vaela up, not at this moment, and she was enjoying knowing that the lioness wasn't awake to correct her on their relationship. "I bet you can't wait to feel my knot throb and thicken deep inside you, hmmm?"

She shifted her hips to rest the tip of her cock along the lioness' backside, biting her lower lip as she stared at her length hotdogging between those muscular, sleek feline rumps. The soft, bristly fur tickled against her shaft, as she slowly rolled her hips, sliding herself against her girlfriend's buttocks. She had to be very careful; the lioness didn't like her rear end 'played' with, and if she pushed her luck too far she could invoke the beautiful predator's wrath... but the idea just made her harder.

She could probably get the tip in, without Vaela waking up. She peered up, past that beautiful breast, to the snoozing feline's muzzle. Drool dampened pillow-check. Snoring sound - check. Eye closed - check.

She pressed in, then, wedging the very tip of her cock against the buttery-dark star, not trying to push in, but loving the feel of having just the tip inside her girlfriend.

"Mmm, I bet you love that, don't you... I bet you're having hot dreams of me pinning you down and ravishing you.. such a slutty kitty," Pan whispered, mostly to herself. It was so hot, and now she could say that she had 'topped' Vaela, and not be lying about it. "I always knew you were horny for my big pink fox dick, and... uh oh."

She hadn't noticed that the snoring had stopped. Or that the lioness's claws had unsheathed into the pillow she was wrapped around. Or that that one beautiful yellow eye was now open and staring directly at her, not sleepily or groggily or anything like that.

"Well, fuck," Pan said. She tried to play it off, trying to get her body to retract her baculum, and therefore her cock, back into her sheath, but Vaela's rear end pinched, just gripping against the very tip of her shaft, and she gasped in unexpected pleasure. Dammit, now her nipples and her cock were completely erect.

The next few moments were... chaotic. Pan tried to pull away and hop off the bed, but somehow her legs were swept out from under her. The blanket that was tangled between Vaela's legs ended up on Pan's chest, and the purple haired vulpine found herself on her back, pinned down with a very grumpy and cutely disheveled feline on top of her.

"What are you doing, morsel?" Vaela asked, her voice deep and growly, and Pan's cock throbbed hard against her belly. The lioness, having pinned her 'prey' down in place, no longer seemed irritated as much as sleepy, and lowered her snout to groom Pan's cheek with her wide, rough tongue.

Pan squirmed, her palm moving to stroke against her lover's other breast, the one she hadn't touched yet. "Oh, I was just... sleepwalking."

"Sleep walking?" The lioness' mouth moved to her throat. She nudged Pan's chin up, and her wide maw opened, letting her fanged jaws clamp softly around the whole of her throat. Pan shuddered, feeling the nipple tighten against her finger, and she softly pinched, and tugged against Vaela's tender flesh. "Mmmf, yeah, I was sleep... walking."

Vaela growled, her tongue pressing against Pan's throat, licking up along her jugular, and surely the lioness could feel how Pan's heartrate quickened at this open act of dominance, which only made Pan's heart throb harder and faster. She pulled free, leaving Pan's throat damp and ruffled, and moved down to nuzzle between her breasts.

"I think I caught you trying to stick your knot where it doesn't belong," the lioness mumbled, yawning and swallowing one breast between her cheeks, Pan whining at the feel of teeth framing her tender, soft bosom. Vaela's own breasts were no longer in reach, so she had only her other bosom to play with, stroking fingers softly against it as she felt Vaela slurp and gnaw around her.

"What? Oh, no, I would, mmf, I would never do such a thing!" Pan exclaimed, as that breast was released and the other engulfed. "I'm a good fox, the best fox in fact, I was just making sure that your rear was ... uh... safe."

"You know the rules," Vaela said, as she released the second tongue-scoured, tingling breast from her maw. She licked and kissed her way down Pan's tummy. "And you know what happens to disobedient foxes, don't you?"

"Oh, no, I am sure I don't, since I've never been disobedient before," Pan said, grinning widely as her legs squirmed together, wrapping around Vaela's torso and squeezing in a playful hug. "I think you need to *show* me!"

Vaela sank down further, nudging Pan's dick to the side and pinning it under her chin. "Disobedient foxes lose their hard, naughty cocks."

Pan throbbed, her cock oozing a slick drool of excitement at the dangerous words that her lover was saying. "Oh, gosh, not my **cock**, I love my big prized fox cock too much to risk losing it."

Vaela mm-hmm'd, as she'd clearly heard this before and knew it was a lie. Her breath streamed against the ornery vulpine's hard erection, followed by a long slow rasp as she tasted the offending organ. "You're enjoying this far too much."

"Oh, no, I'm terrified, ma'am," Pan enthused, sitting up on her elbows to watch her cock disappear between Vaela's fangs. The lioness was not being careful, and her teeth scraped and dug into the tender pink flesh, making Pan's toes splay and her fingers curl into the bed sheets. "Oh, fuck, eat me Vaela." She paused, as the lioness snorted with her mouthful of Pan's shaft. "I mean it, please, I want you to use me. I want to be your food."

Vaela had reached down, one hand disappearing between her own thighs as she pulled a scrape-raked vulpine shaft from her maw, lapping at it as it throbbed and oozed. "You think this is roleplay, but I'm serious," she said. Her chrysanthemum eyes glittered as she lapped slowly up the side of the oozing, meaty popsicle. "If you knot in my mouth... I'm going to bite your cock off."

"And eat it?" Pan whispered. "Fuck, yeah, do it... please... I'm trying not to knot already... Please put it in your mouth, let me show you how hot it would be to eat my dick..."

Vaela looked skeptical, but perhaps less than one might expect. They had discussed this before, but she had never seen Pan so openly enthusiastic about the idea, something that she had shyly mentioned in the past, as a tease.

She opened her mouth, looking up at Pan, and Pan was staring in rapture at the big predator feline maw that threatened her prized fox shaft. The fox wasn't breathing, her chest hitched, her nipples pointing up toward the ceiling as she waited to watch the lioness devour her masculinity.

Vaela moved closer, and hadn't even gotten the entire cock into her mouth, hadn't even started licking and chewing on it playfully, when Pan started cumming.

"Oh, fuck, Vaela, DO it, EAT my cock you ravenous BITCH!" Pan moaned, and Vaela did just that. Fangs sank down as she chomped her mouth closed, realizing she had only gotten MOST of the fox's knot between her jaws before she did so. Her teeth sank deeply into the hard, throbbing bulbs, as the cock throbbed and pulsed in her maw, the tip tickling the back of her throat. She opened her jaws, just enough to clamp down again behind that knot, feeling the click of the baculum caught between her fangs. She had the entirety of Pan's shaft in her mouth now, and it was hers to do *whatever* she wanted with it.

She pushed with her hands, and arched her back, lifting her maw away from Pan's groin, without opening her jaws. She felt the meat tug against her fangs, but lion teeth were designed to strip meat away from the body, and cocks were easier than most other appendages to remove. Especially fox cocks. The baculum dislodged, the flesh tore, Pan's cock came free in her maw, giving one final throb as it went inert. She knew the second it went from being Pan's penis to being just meat, and she gulped it down. Instinctively, perhaps, but there was a part of her that wanted to take it, a part that could have stopped herself from devouring it if it had wanted to, but Vaela didn't.

She felt her girlfriend's cock slide down her throat, penetrating deeply down her gullet, as she returned her bloodied maw back to Pan's loins. The fox was unintelligible, moaning in unabated orgasm, hips weakly pumping up in the air.

Every time Pan tried to flex or feel her cock, she couldn't, because it was *gone,*and that just made her cum harder, the constant reminder, the demanding lack of existence of what she used to have just slamming into her awareness with each pulse of cum that left her body.

Vaela was licking her, licking into the wound, grooming and cleaning her with her big, wide, warm tongue. It was tender, now, not rough, and the lioness's big paw had moved to stroke her belly. There was pain, now, pain from sheared nerves and a hole in her groin, but Vaela's gentle grooming was so pleasant, so soothing, that she couldn't care about the cost of their little adventure.

"Oh, you *did* it, Vaela. You really did it. You ate... you ate my cock." Pan sighed, her body relaxing down from that overwhelming high, and wanting nothing more than to feel her lover around her. "I can't believe it. Thank you."

"Don't thank me yet," Vaela growl-purred, smacking her chops. She climbed back up on top of Pan, her form so warm and soft as she sank down, resting on top of the smaller vulpine. "You are delicious, and I'm still hungry. I think we may need to deal with those nuts of yours, too."

Pan sighed, chuckling groggily as she curled her arms around Vaela, snuggling deeply and warmly with the big silly lioness. "Mmm, of course. I'm sure I can find some way to bait you into eating them, too."

"You already baited me," Vaela said, licking Pan's cheek. She pinched a bit between her jaws, playfully, then relaxed and smooched it. "What I would be worrying about, if I were you, is how you're going to convince me to stop."

Pan shivered, delightedly, and nuzzled in against the big, dangerous feline. "How could you ever, possibly, think I'd want you to?"

It was a question that they could answer later. For now, with the sun shining through the window, the two lovely ladies went back to sleep, snoozing with each other as the world woke up around them.