

Birthday Dreams

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Curious Cabbit Press

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Version 1.0.0

Shayla the Pink Mouse: Birthday Dreams

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It started early evening. The type of morning where the summer insects buzzed loudly and there was a humidity in the air. Shayla sprawled out across the couch, anxiously waiting for Trevor's surprise. She flipped through the channels.

"News, news, porn, news... back to the porn."

She watched a bunch of raccoon porn for a moment, then flipped off. Outside, lights from a car lit up the living room and she heard the rumble of a car coming to a stop. Perking up, she hopped up and straightened out her outfit. It was a pair of very short shorts, ones that barely covered her sex and rode up high enough to show off the bottoms of her tight little butt. She grinned with anticipation, running her fingers around the waistline of her pants, feeling how it dipped below the base of her tail. It barely cling to her narrow hips. The top was a t-shirt, cut high enough that it showed off the barest hints of her small breasts. Her nipples peaked out sharply, with the words "B'day Slut" written in a crayon-like scrawl.

It was one of her hot outfits and she knew it.

Skipping over to the door, she took a long deep breath and pulled down on the lever, swinging it open.

"I'm ready for my birth..."

The words died in her throat as she looked at her visitor, a black furred fox. For a moment, she frowned then realized she knew the fennic standing at her door. The black fur rippled in a faint breeze as he smiled broadly.

"Uh, F-Fen!"

Fen grinned and leaned against the door. His eyes roamed across her body, then brought his bright gaze to focus on hers.

“Good evening.”

Shayla felt a flush rising up in her cheeks. Her hand reached down to make sure her shorts weren't falling off and glanced away. Fen chuckled. Reaching out, he took her hand from the door. Smiling warmly, he brought her hand up to his mouth and kissed her. Shayla felt a heat rising up, remembering the time when Fen took her for Trevor's pleasure. It was a good thing they made copies of that tape, the first two had already died from the stress of nearly constant watching.

Shayla beamed back, her body feeling hot and tingling.

“What a surprise!”

She kissed him and led him inside. Fen followed her, sitting comfortably on the nearest couch. Shayla grinned, remembering how she sucked on his cock only a few months before.

“I didn't know that Trevor, um, invited you. Will more be coming?”

Fen grinned, “Oh, its just going to be the three of us.”

Shayla perked up and arched her back as she sat next to him. Her hand slid up his thigh, resting her fingers lightly on his crotch, feeling the hardness growing.

“He's going to watch again? Should I get my feathers?”

Fen chuckled and looked around.

“I... I shouldn't say.”

“What, a threesome?”

Grinning, Fen shrugged, “Not going to say.”

Shayla stroked her fingers along his hardness, teasing the tip and reaching down to feel his base.

“Sure you can't tell?”

Fen stammered, “N-No, I really-”

“Don't hurt him, Shay. He's being good.”

Shayla jumped and looked guilty at the front door. Her lover, Trevor, stepped inside and grinned. Her eyes dropped down to his crotch, seeing how he was already half-hard with his own thoughts. Letting out a happy trill, she stood up.

“This is going to be the best present ever!”

Trevor chuckled nervously, “Good, because I'm not planning on doing this again.”

Gaping, Shayla let out a tiny whimper.

“What? No.”

Trevor hugged her tightly, then reached down and hooks his hand on her ass. She let out a sigh of pleasure as he lifted her up, kissing her.

“I’m not exactly comfortable with this, okay? Or, let’s say its new to me.”

“But, we already... did...” she looked up at Trevor with realization, “We’re doing something new, aren’t we?”

Fen chuckled and Shayla looked between the two of them, doubt and curiosity rising up inside her. Trevor kicked shut the door and carried her over to the large chair and set her down. The chair fit Trevor, so she felt like a tiny babe in it, her body dwarfed by the large size. Shayla gaped and looked up, feeling very small.

“What? I’m confused.”

Trevor grinned, “I know, just the way I like you, pink thang.”

Reaching down under the chair, he pulled something out from below. Shayla peered over the horse-size chair and then gasped as he pulled out a few lengths of rope. Her eyes widened when she noticed they were tied to the feet of the chair.

“Trevor?”

He grinned as he started to tie her wrists lightly up above her head, the ropes running down the back of the chair. Fen joined him, kneeling in front of her to stroke his hands along her thighs, his fingers teasingly sliding up her inner thigh. Then, with a grin, he wrapped the rope around her ankles, pulling them apart. Neither of them tied them tight, Shayla could escape any time she wanted to, but the anticipation of the surprise kept her bound into place more than any rope could. She breathed deeply, feeling tingles prickling along her skin as she watched the horse and fox. Squeezing her thighs, she tried to pull them together, but the ropes kept her spread apart.

Fen stood up and toyed with the edge of his jeans nervously.

“You ready, Trevor?”

Trevor took a long deep breath, his eyes riveted on Shayla. She whimpered, twisting slightly as she looked back and forth between the two men. Trevor gave a short not, but didn’t tear his eyes away.

Her mouth gaped open as Fen stepped forward, his hand dancing up along Trevor’s pants and seeking out his zipper. With a seductive

smile to Shayla, he pulled it down and unbuttoned it. A soft, whimper of surprise left her as she watched the fox pushed down Trevor's pants and expose the long black cock to her view. Fen lowered himself to his knees as he pulled down Trevor's pants to the ground. Her horse lover gave her a wink and turned to Fen, his cock twitching as it filled to full hardness. Large hands reached down to stroke Fen's head before Trevor stepped out of his pants. Fen rubbed his cheek back up Trevor's thigh until his nose reached the two heavy balls that hung from the horse's cock.

Shayla watched as the fox hesitated for a moment, then nosed Trevor's balls. Her lover gasped, his hands reaching down to stroke Fen's body before the fox started to nuzzle against them, sucking on one, then the other. Shayla realized she was panting hard as she watched, her hips twisting as the heat grew between her legs and ignited other parts of her body.

"Oh, Trev-"

Trevor glanced at her and held up a finger, "Shush."

She let out a whimper, then another as Fen reached up with both hands to strokes his hands against the heavy member. Holding it between his palms, he lapped at the base, working up toward the wedge-shaped top. Both of their eyes were closed to nearly slits as Fen worked his mouth up, lapping and sucking until clear juices oozed out of the tip.

Knowing how that hardness tasted and felt inside her, Shayla could do nothing but whimper in frustration. Her hands clenched and unclenched repeatedly, her hips rising up from the chair trying to willing the hardness to her by sex along.

Both men ignored her as Fen lapped at the tip, forcing his mouth open and bringing it into his mouth. Shayla let out a whimper as she watched the fox taking it into his mouth. Trevor let out a long shuddering sigh, one of his many signs of pleasure and the fox bobbed his head, working it until the fur of his muzzle and Trevor's cock were glistening with their combined juices.

When Fen pulled back, Shayla could see a thin line of precum connecting the tip of Trevor's throbbing shaft with his mouth. She whimpered, wanting to taste it, but her lover had other ideas in mind. Wiping his mouth, Fen stood up and started to remove his pants. Trevor helped after a moment, pushing it down. His large

head nuzzled against Fen's cock, invoking another moan, but instead of giving the black-furred fox a blow job of his own, they both surprised her when Fen turned around and pulled an ottoman in front of her. She watched and writhed in her bounds as the fox carefully knelt up on the footstool. He spread his knees apart and leaned forward, giving her a view of his cock and balls and ass. His tail snapped back and forth for a moment, before Trevor stood behind him, between him and Shayla. She let out a whimper, wondering what, then gasped as she watched her lover drop the length of his cock right at the junction of the fox's tail, right above the tight little opening of the fox's ass.

"Oh. My. Gawd."

Trevor chuckled, looking of his shoulder.

"Happy birthday, pink thang."

Then he lowered the tip of his dripping cock to the tight ring of Fen's ass. The fox clutched the sides of the ottoman tightly as Trevor leaned forward slightly, powerful muscles in his ass flexing as he pressed the thick head against the tiny opening. Fen let out a long moan, his body shaking as Trevor's head began to force itself in, parting the tightness that Shayla felt from her forced perspective. Fen's balls tightened up and when the ridge of Trevor's cock popped inside, both Fen and Shayla jumped.

As the powerful hardness disappeared into the tight ring, Shayla let out one whimper after the other. Her hands clenched at the ropes, trying to bring at least a finger down to her pussy, to work at the furious heat growing inside her. She felt her juices dripping down, soaking the chair. Her gasps filled the room, mixed in with Fen's. Trevor continued to slide in and out, working slow as more and more of his cock filled the fox. Fen moaned out in pleasure, pressing his cheek against the large ottoman and reached back give his own cock a few strokes, his hands coming back sticky and dripping.

When nearly half of Trevor's cock had disappeared into the fox, he paused. Fen's body shook as he panted and Shayla could see muscles flexing and relaxing, She whimpered, wanting to feel that hardness in any hole of her body.

After a few moments of adjustment, Trevor started to pull his cock out of Fen, sliding it back and forth and more of the glistening

hardness came into view. Shayla almost orgasmed from the sight and smells of the two men, but Trevor just slid it back in, a little faster than before. A few more slow strokes filled Shayla's world until Fen loosened up enough for Trevor to truly pump into the tight fox's ass. It wasn't long before Fen gasped and white sticky cum splattered down on the footstools surface. Trevor gasped and chocked out a "Damn, tight." He pumped harder and faster, the ottoman jerking forward until he let out a groan of his own and Shayla whimpered as juices dribbled out of the junction of the fox and horse.

Desperately, Shayla tugged on the ropes on her wrists until one popped free. With a gasp of her own, she practically flung it between her legs, stroking her pussy as she felt an orgasm rising up hard inside her. Her toes curled as she watched thick rivulets of cum oozing down Fen's thigh. Trevor and Fen turned their heads to watch her, then Trevor chuckled.

"Would you rather come here?"

Shayla gaped, then tore at her bounds. She managed to free her other wrists and ankles and jumped forward. One of the twists of rope caught her and she fell flat on her face. Scrambling to her feet, she felt a flush of embarrassment and sexual excitement coloring the skin under her pink fur. Her hands fumbled with her shorts, casting them off across the room. Fen motioned for her and she ran over, slipping her small body under him and along the cooling wet spot. Looking up, she could see Fen's and Trevor's face as she spread her thighs wide.

Fen lowered himself into her, his cock hot and slick as it buried to the hilt in her dripping pussy. Trevor leaned forward and she felt the fox's cock swelling from the movement inside. Panting, she clutched at the fox as Trevor began to fuck the fox again, his massive shaft sliding in the tight hole. Every pump shoved Fen forward and ground his cock deep in Shayla's pussy, stuffing her. She whimpered, this time in utter pleasure, and clung to Fen tightly as he fucked her, driving forward by the powerful cock that rode him. She gasped and moaned, writhed as their combined efforts fired her into an orgasm that left her screaming loudly. For a moment, she could almost imagine that she could take all of Trevor's cock, feeling the base pressing so tightly against her labia

and the hardness filling her. That thought only drove her orgasm higher, turning her world into a white nova of an explosion.

She realized that her tongue had spilled out of her mouth in the afterglow and pulled it back in, giggling. Trevor slipped out and she shared a whimper with Fen as the fox gave her a couple more strokes before pulling out his cock. Fresh cum oozed out of her pussy and she writhed on the couch until the happy thrills of the afterglow had faded.

“That,” she gasped, “was the best present ever.”

Fen reached down to stroke her face. His body leaned against hers, pinning her against the fabric top of the ottoman.

“Well, there might be one more... position I think you’d like.”

While he spoke, Trevor disappeared into the bathroom down the hall. Shayla watched for a moment, feeling a thrill of heat rising up as cum oozed out of her pussy.

“What... position?”

Fen smiled, “Would you like to switch positions?”

“You mean...”

“Me shoving my wet and very dripping cock,” he pressed it against her sex to make a point, “sliding into that lovely tight ass of yours and your big and beefy lover cramming as much of his horse cock into your just as tight-”

Shayla interrupted him, “Yes!”

“Well, while your lover is getting cleaned up, why don’t we get started?”

She let out a little gasp of pleasure. The top of the padded footrest was slopped and wet but that didn’t bother her in the slightest bit as she rolled over, rubbing her tiny little ass against his body. Fen chuckled and sat up, his cock bobbing in the air.

“How about the chair, it might be a bit, um, drier.”

Shayla let him pull her up. Fen slumped back into the chair, his cock sticking straight up. She crawled up on the big cushions and hesitated for a moment before turning around and lowering herself on him.

With her back to him, she couldn’t see him, but she could feel his hardness sliding up between her dripping thighs. She grins and dipped her pussy on it a few times, soaking it up before sliding forward to press it against her own anal ring. It took a few moments

before she managed to slid down it, feeling the hardness filling her up. She let out a low guttural moan of pleasure as she sank down. As his hardness filled her ass, she closed her eyes and leaned back. It felt strange, being held up by his throbbing shaft, but his hands reaching around her, stroking her breasts, hips and flanks.

“Oh, this feels good.”

Fen grinned in her ear, “Very, any chance to get a lovely mouse in my grips.”

She giggled softly and rocked her hips, her body adjusting to the hard intruder. Fen’s hand slipped down to caress her hips. With slow, gentle movements, he began to rock her on his shaft. She let out a gasp, enjoying the sensations.

From the hallway, Trevor leaned against the side for a moment, stroking his cock. She rocked her hips around the lovely shaft impaling her and spread her legs, gesturing for him to come as she spread her pussy lips apart. Trevor didn’t need a second request.

Grinning like a fool, he came closer. Shayla watched him and his cock as he knelt on the very edge of the chair, bringing the hot thickness down to her pussy. Shayla reached up for him, dragging him into a kiss.

Then, she felt it pressing up against her. The large head, a wedge that always stretched her comfortably opened, slid down the channel of her pussy, between her two fingers holding it open. She released it, feeling her labia seal against the head like a kiss. Moaning, she pulled him closer.

He entered her, the incredible thickness pushing into her body. With the hard cock buried in her rectum, it felt tight, just on the edge of pleasure and discomfort, but she drew him in harder. Trevor planted his hands against the arms of the chair and pushed forward, stuffing his lovely mouse until she squealed out.

“Oh... so... full.”

The horse cock continued to invade her slick channel, stuffing her full until she felt it pressing up against her cervix. She loved that feeling of being filled, filled to the point of bursting. Behind her, Fen’s hands teased her nipples and hips, still rocking back and forth.

When Trevor began to pump, she almost passed out from the intensity of sensations. It was overwhelming, feeling two cocks

inside her, one so large and the other filling her from behind. Their bodies sandwiched her tightly together, the press of fur on the outside and slick hardness on the inside threw her on a wave of sensations.

They were slow, Fen pumping in and out in counterpoint of Trevor's shaft dominating her. She felt their juices dripping out, her body taunt as a violin string as she rocked and writhed between them. When they grew in sync, it felt like her very life drew out of her body as the impaling shaft slipped out. Then as they shoved back into her, she let out a tiny whimper of pleasure, one just on the edge of losing all control.

Trevor leaned over her and began to pump harder, stroking his shaft and stuffing her with thick, powerful strokes. She stretched her legs up, to give both of them more access and lost herself in the sensations. Trevor grunted and pumped harder, sliding it in and out with faster strokes that shook the chair and all three of them. Shayla whimpered, drowning in the sounds of slurping noises that came from inside her.

Then, Trevor came. Hard and fast, it pumped hot juices into her body and she let out a long moan of pleasure, her body dancing on the edge of her own orgasm. As Trevor slowed down, to keep his cum pumping inside her, Fen grabbed her hips and pumped hard himself, driving in and out of her tight butt until he let out a loud grunt of himself and she felt him flooding her bowels. That last tiny bit of pleasure, feeling two lovers pumping their hot juices into her pushed Shayla over and she lost herself into a wonderful orgasm.

Bealzabub leaned against the counter of the coffee shop and watched his sister cleaning a table. Well, trying to clean a table. Even from across the room, his sensitive hearing caught some of her whispers as she seemed to be grinding up against the edge of the table a bit more than was required for the mess. He chuckled, not really wanting to hear anymore from his sisters barely hidden pants as she daydreamed.

He turned his head and glanced over at Trevor. The horse man read a paper, writing down some things as he killed time waiting for another customer.

“So, Trevor?”

“Um, yeah?”

“Any plans for Shay’s birthday?”

Trevor looked up in surprise, “Her birthday? Why?”

“Well, its tomorrow.”

The look of stunned shock on Trevor’s face brought a smile to Bealزابub’s face.

“Ah, got lots of plans already, huh?”

“Um...”

He gestured to his sister still working on the same table for five minutes.

“I think Shay is hoping for something nice.”

Trevor scratched his head, “I guess I could take her down to dinner.”

Bealزابub hopped off the stool.

“If you think so, but I think you might consider figuring out what ‘sandwich’ is all about and giving her that.”

Trevor looked utterly confused as the teal-covered mouse waved to his sister, who ignored him, and head out.

About the Author

D. Sadie is a non-binary erotic writer who enjoys writing a wide variety of genres and settings. They love loving stories, filled with consensual people enjoying themselves, and with just a little spice with the occasional adventure.

Their writing can be found on their website, dsadie.com. Most of it is free to read and enjoy.

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About the Publisher

Curious Cabbit Press is a small erotic press located in the heart of the United States. They can be found at curiouscabbit.com or possibly at your favorite retailer.