

Sword Lessons

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Shayla the Pink Mouse: Sword Lessons

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A dull silence stretched between them and Yuriko felt this strange sensation of losing him, the teal mouse sitting next to her. He had the softest smile, as he looked down at the ceramic cup in his hands. The tiny fingers easily held the cup and the green tea inside steady, but it was almost like watching a child drink. But, the mouse in front of her was no child, far from it. Instead, he was an unexpected surprise, even after months of emails and the occasional picture. And four years older than her.

Bealzabub sipped at his mug again, almost draining it. His eyes, a bright purple that sent a shiver down her spine, glanced over at her. Yuriko panicked for a moment, unsure of what to do. Instead, she forced herself to smile, pulling up one leg to press her shin against the low table they were sitting at. The low-slung couch below them creaked with the sound of abused leather and age. Yuriko peered around at the dim restaurant, abandoned so quickly only a hour after noon. Well, that is what you guess for a place run by a rat at the end of an alley. At least the food was good.

Her attention drew back to Bealzabub who sipped again at his tea, his smile soft and faraway, lost in quiet thoughts that were beginning to scare her. She had so much in this meeting and he ended up be so much nicer than she expected. The silence grew too loud for her and she forced the words from her throat, cringing even as she spoke.

“I’m really glad we could finally meet face to face, Bealzabub.”

He smiled, holding his cup lower. She could see the small pool of tea at the bottom, with a few leaves swirling around in prophetic obscurity. His purple eyes glittered bright for a brief moment, a

pause between two pounding heartbeats. Then, he spoke in his higher-pitched voice, a sensual sound that dripped down her spine and left her feel even more confused.

“So am I, Yuriko, and thank you for lunch, it was delicious.”

“Your welcome. So...” in the middle of the sentence, Yuriko realized she didn’t have anything to say. Gulping, she continued forward, without a clue of what was coming next, “... um, well hell, we’ve talked so much over the Internet-”

He interrupted her, understanding brimming in his eyes.

“-there really isn’t anything for us to talk about, is there?”

The look he gave her, playful and intelligent, left her feeling a more than a little dizzy. A hot flush of... something filled her, teasing along her fur as she felt trapped between the couch and the table. Her feet pressed down on the pillow, as if they would give her some strength.

With him looking at her, waiting for something with his bright eyes and playful smile, Yuriko threw her mind back, trying to figure out what to say next. It came out in spurts, her purring voice filling the space between them before her mind could whimper over the consequences.

“Exactly. Well, I have the whole afternoon free, we could go back to my place and I can show you some of the katanas in my collection...”

Yuriko paused for a moment, looking into his eyes for a clue, to see if she was stepping on some bound that even this mouse wouldn’t step across. Instead, a sparkle exploded in his eyes, followed by the hint of a smile across his lips. Slowly, Bealzabub brought the mug up to his mouth and drank from it silently, his eyes never leaving hers. Encouraged, she finished her sentence.

“...maybe even give you a lesson or two.”

Despite the ending coming out like a toxic spill, Bealzabub just smiled.

“Sounds good, after all, we did meet in an ancient weapons chat room on-line.”

Surprised and shocked, and a little worried she would be the one failing his perceptions, Yuriko stared at him for a moment. Bealzabub gentle set down his mug and stood up, his tiny lithe form easily lifting himself off the aging couch. She followed suit, but it

took her longer. Her shoes caught the pillows for a moment, but she quickly stepped off.

“Um... do you need to follow me?”

He grinned, his fingers straightening the button-down shirt on him. The soft cream color brought out the teal of his fur and drew her attention more to his eyes. He smiled and gazed back at her, his head barely reaching the top of her breasts.

“I got dropped off.”

A warning bell suddenly ran in Yuriko’s head.

“Dropped off. That means you were planning-”

“-on calling my sister when I was done. I didn’t know the town very well and it was easier for her or that big lug of a horse to drive me around... at least for the first couple of days.”

The growing fear quieted and Yuriko relaxed a little. Outside, the summer afternoon was bright, casting hard shadows on the concrete and dirt paths that filled this area of town.

“Does your sister mind driving you?”

“Don’t really matter, that’s what sisters are for.”

She looked at him, to see if he was joking. The smile across his lips was more than enough to tell her. He chuckled and she lead him out into the parking lot, toward her vehicle.

“Just good for driving you around?”

“Na, for helping out with every little thing.”

Little thing. A tiny thread of a thought started to twist its way into Yuriko’s head and she smiled to herself, “I’ll keep that in mind.”

He didn’t respond but they reached her SUV before any more words came out. For a moment, she stared at the dark red SUV, with raised wheels and polished clean. Her hands twitched remembering cleaning out the bumper stickers from the previous owner and the horrible foil one from the dealer, the one that took off more paint than dirt. Now, the entire back was completely bare except for some kanji in the corner, the symbol for “katana” of course.

Not that anyone got it.

Bealzabub ran a finger along it and chuckled.

“This must be your car.”

His ears didn't even reach the glass of the back door. The teal of his fur almost shone against the dark red of the side panel and she saw how tiny he was, compared to her vehicle.

"Um... yeah. Here, let me get the door."

Unlocking the passenger door, she held it open. Bealzabub's head reached the top of the seat and he turned to smile at her, looking up into the shade of her body.

"A little tall?"

"Sorry... it was a good deal and I like the height. Do you...?"

Her words trailed off when he chuckled.

"Nope, I'm flexible."

Despite the tightness of his jeans, he hiked up one leg and pushed himself up. Yuriko's heart and breath stopped for a moment as his ass, tiny and perfect, pressed almost up into her breasts. She could see muscles shifting as he crawled into the car, dwarfed by the black leather seat. His ass clenched for a moment before he twisted to sit down. Yuriko found herself able to breathe again and her heart pounded hard in her chest.

When Bealzabub managed to pull the seat belt down, which would do nothing for helping him in an accident, she realized he was waiting for her. Careful of his tail, which twisted on the seat before he tugged it into the car, she closed it and padded around the back of the car, out of his sight.

"Come on, Yuriko, you've seen a perfect ass before."

The image of his body stretched out skipped her heart again and she shook her head clear before getting into the car herself. Bealzabub was smiling, a playful grin on his face that left his eyes almost shining with amusement. Yuriko felt nervous for a moment.

"What?"

The teal mouse chuckled again, his fingers teasing one of his buttons.

"Oh... nothing."

It was a loaded "nothing" but Yuriko was too nervous to stop on it. Instead, she started up the car and pulled out into the street. A few moments later, she was on the Interstate, following the herds of traffic. By then, she finally calmed down enough to concentrate on something other than the road.

Around her, the smells of the car were strong of polish and age. For a moment, she was worried that the young boy who she paid to clean it out went overboard, many of the dogs seem to do that, but Bealzabub didn't seem to act like it was a problem. Instead, he ran his fingers along the leather, tracing some of the seams as he peered up over the dash, watching the cars around them.

"You live in the north part of town, right?"

"Yeah... how did you guess?"

His finger stopped on the seam and he cocked his head to look at her, "I came down from the north, went through this part on the way to my sister's. She lives with that pack mule a good number of exits further down."

"Pack mule... I thought she was living with a horse..." realization came a little too slow and she was glad her fur covered the blush, "oh."

"Yeah, the pack mule."

"You don't care for him, I take it."

"All he wants to do it get into her pants. Even I can tell that from the moment I got there, but she is too lost up in her own troubles to notice. Or, she already did and forgot about it."

Yuriko chuckled herself and glanced over at him. He was grinning at her, his fingers resting lightly on the seat belt. She noticed that his feet barely made it over the edge, and not enough to let him dangle them. Instead, he curled them up underneath him, in a sitting position. The upper strap of the seat belt flapped against the back of the seat.

"How sure are you?"

"Pretty sure. I think all men are trying to get into someone's outfit."

Yuriko drove for a few moments, "All men?"

She glance over at him and he smiled for a moment before looking out the window, away from her.

"Why not."

Amusement tinged his voice, reflecting off the glass and she felt a hot rush of excitement fill her. Underneath her outfit, she felt her nipples hardening at the thought of something more between them except for swords and emails. Her second set, the middle pair, was the most sensitive and rubbed against the silk, leaving her feeling

slightly jumpy without being able to do anything. Instead, she listened to her pounding heart and guided the SUV around vehicles of all sizes. A sports car, one that would be large for even Bealzabub snapped around her and floored it. As she watched, it punched underneath a massive truck and out the other end. A horn ripped out from the truck and down the road, but the bright blue sports car was already gone.

Silence stretched out even more in the SUV and Yuriko focused on driving, mainly not to think about it. Finally, Bealzabub spoke up.

“So, what is your house like?”

“Huh? Why?”

“Because your driving seems to be directly related to your nervousness and the silence in here.”

Yuriko’s breath locked in her chest as she panicked for a moment, glancing over at Bealzabub in growing fear. But, the teal mouse was favoring her with a friendly smile, one hand on the massive handle of the door and the other on his lap. Her eyes snapped back to the road and she squeezed the steering wheel, unsure of what to say.

“How... why... how?” It came out broken, but he understood.

“I can hear your heartbeat and the engine. Between the two, it’s obvious.”

The hot flush rose up into her and she squeezed her legs together as the leather of the steering wheel dug into her palms. Focusing on the road, she tried to drive steadily, but her heart kept pounding harder in her chest, slapping against her chest when she realized he could hear it.

Something brushed against her side and she peered down to see Bealzabub. He was stretched out across the seat, his feet hooked on the edge of the door and his head hovering a few inches from her lap. His right ear was teasing her side as he looked up and grinned at her.

“Relax... I’m not going to hurt you.”

Seeing him looking up at her, past her breasts, made her even more nervous. There was a confidence in him but somehow she didn’t think he could see past the hard bumps of her nipples, all six of them, even as they poked out against the fabric.

“I... I...”

Bealzabub smiled again, his back arching to keep his head off her lap, “Relax. I won’t bite.”

Before she could respond, not that she could find the words, he withdrew his head and peered over his shoulder as he started to turn back into position on the seat.

“Car.”

“Huh?”

He gestured in front of her, to the road.

“Car.”

Yuriko snapped her head forward to see the tiny blue car from before swerve into her lane, right in front of the massive tires of her SUV. A pair of long ears, probably a bunny teen with a new toy, peeked out from the driver’s side window, but she didn’t have much time to respond.

Slamming hard on the breaks, she yanked the SUV into the space between the cars and the concrete dividers. She heard Bealzabub grunt as he planted his shoes hard against the door, to prevent himself from hitting it. Yuriko started to brake, then saw another truck, a car ahead, do the same thing as the bunny’s sports car snapped forward. Seeing the massive vehicle diving right into her, she floored it hard and threw the car back into the space right in front of the dodging truck and behind the disappearing bunny car.

Bealzabub’s head landed in her lap as she straightened out the car, her lungs screaming for oxygen until she realized she was holding her breath. Letting it loose with a long gasping breath, she peered in the review mirror to see if anyone was hurt. Behind her, the cars were already lined up again as if nothing happened. The only difference was the truck behind her, instead of in front.

Glancing over, she noticed that Bealzabub wasn’t visible.

“Beal...?”

His voice trailed up from her lap, “You know... I think I might stay here.”

Looking down, he was resting in her lap, a grin on his face. His toes were stretched out against the door of the car and he looked very comfortable.

“Uh...”

His purple eyes closed slowly, “I won’t look, I promise.”

Despite his words, she felt nervous feeling the pressure of his head on her lap. It left her feel hot and tingling, a strange sensation crawling up her spine. Every time she looked down, he was still there, one ear caught between her legs and a playful smile on his lips. The button-down shirt was slightly undone, the first button showing the teal fur underneath. She could also see the tightness in his chest. For a scientist, he seemed to be in remarkable shape. And for someone who claims he doesn't go to the gym, just digs around in the rock, it was even more impressive.

Then, she remembered the road again and focused on it, feeling a different type of blush rising in her body. Spotting her exit, she made her way off the interstate and down the winding streets leading to her house. Finally, her heart still pounding in her chest, she pulled into her driveway. The right side was empty, Mei-Ling must still be at the gym. The thought of being alone with Bealzabub sent a flutter of excitement in her.

"Well... we're here."

His head peeked up, his ear tugging from between her legs. She felt the heated rush through her veins as he lifted himself and peered around. The drive was surrounded on both sides by pine trees, blocking the sight from everyone else. Spotting that, he grinned at her.

"Very private here."

"Well, the gym doesn't make that much, but at least I have a nice place."

"Yeah... very nice."

Spotting movement, she glanced to the door to see him pushing off his shoes. Curious, she watched as it dropped to the floor with a thud, then another as the second shoe followed. Slowly, he curled up and stood up on the seat of her SUV, his ears barely touching the top of the tall ceiling and his ass framed in the center of her view. Yuriko's heart almost cracked when it started to pound so heavily, leaving her flush. He paused for a moment, and peered over his shoulder, his head at an angle to press against the roof.

"Still perfect?"

His words barely sunk in, her eyes still focused on his ass and the urge to reach out and grab it suddenly vibrating in her fingers.

"... what?"

Amusement filled his voice. “My ass?”

Yuriko tried to speak but the words refused to leave her throat. His chuckle drifted down into her senses as he turned around, so the front of his jeans were now in his face. Bending over slightly, he almost loomed over her as he looked down at her with warm purple eyes. Slowly, she brought her gaze to his, her lips parting slightly as she felt trapped and tiny, even against his lithe form.

“I... you...”

“I heard you.”

“Heard...” For a moment, she screamed in her mind that she couldn’t finish a single word, but the tiny mouse above her had her caught, a mouse catching a cat. He gestured up to his large ears.

“You know, these big ears aren’t just for show.”

Embarrassment burned inside her and she started to apologize.

“I am so-”

His kiss stopped her, his lips against hers, the soft tingling of intensity burning between them. It was a short one, but enough to leave her speechless and more than enough to make her forget his acute hearing.

“Relax... I told you I won’t bite.”

He kissed her again and she moaned, reaching up into his lips as he brought them down. He was so soft and tender, and she melted in his embrace as his strong thin arms wrapped down around her. Yuriko arched her back, pressing her body up against his as she tasted his lips, feeling them like the sweetest wine pouring directly into her veins.

When he broke the embrace, she let loose with a tiny whimper of pleasure. The cocky grin had faded into something more playful and burning with a heat that resonated with the one growing inside her.

“Do you want me to stop?”

She was whispering when she spoke, “That wasn’t a bite.”

His smile was infectious and she felt her body respond. He shifted slightly as he spoke almost directly into her ear.

“No... that wasn’t. And neither is this.”

One leg raised up to straddle her, then he lowered himself down. His hands stroked around her breasts, to stop on her second set just as his thighs rested slightly on hers. Yuriko moaned as his palms slipped down, off her most sensitive nipples and on the third set,

holding himself still as his mouth found hers again, kissing her more passionately. When they broke, she gasped for air again, soft moans whimpering with every breath.

He started to kiss her, but she pressed her hand against his chest. Her fingers almost reached across as she nuzzled one, then two fingers into the hole of his button-down-shirt. He smiled and reached out for her top, fingers easily unbuttoning the large buttons against her left side. As he removed them in time with hers, he drew the fabric across her front, exposing more of her soft fur to his hungry gaze. A low rumble of a purr filled her chest as he brushed his knuckles against her spots, then spread out his fingers to push aside the fabric, his fingers curling around the soft, sensitive mound of her right breast. She moaned loudly, her hands shaking in her attempts to unbutton his shirt.

He twisted on her lap, his hips pressing down on hers and pressing a stiff hardness against her stomach, as his other hand slipped into the gape of her outfit and slid down to press tightly against her second left box. At the touch of his tiny, hot hands against her nipple, it felt like her entire skin would burn off from the intense flush.

A long, drawn-out gasp of pleasure filled the cabin of the car. Bealzabub leaned forward, his lips against her ear. His words dripped off his lips like honey as his right hand rubbed up and down against the sensitive nipple.

“Oh... I think I found something.”

Gasping, Yuriko shuddered under his ministrations, feeling him press up against her as his lips caught her ear, sucking on it with tiny nibbling pleasures. Her frantically moving hands finally worked an opening into his shirt and she almost tore it off to get at the delectable mouse underneath. He shivered himself as she wrapped her hands around him, her fingers plunging down to grab at the tight ass stretched out across her lap. She saw a brief sparkle of surprise in his eyes and she grinned back.

“Careful... I bite.”

He sucked on her ear, his left hand slipping down off the large mound of her upper breast to drop down to her second. She felt his fingers wrap around her nipple, almost torturing her with the intense pleasure that arced between his fingers. She felt an

answering flush of pleasure between her legs and a hunger growing deep inside her body.

Bealzabub's body was hot against her skin and she felt his buttocks tighten powerfully in her palms. She squeezed them tightly as he pulled back to look at her with one burning, sensuous look.

"We should probably go inside."

Remember his words from before, she grinned.

"Why not?"

Her mind hesitated when she felt his body tense to stand up. Slowly, he did and she enjoyed every inch of his tight form moving past her vision. When his hips came into view, she saw the small length of his hardness, good-sized for a mouse but much smaller than someone her size. But, her palms were still on his ass, slowly rotating. Seeing his cock through the jeans, she let a tiny growl of pleasure rip out as she pulled him close, bringing her mouth to his hardness.

Above her, she heard him gasped and grinned to herself, but her mouth was already stretching out over the pants, taking part of him into her mouth. She could taste his excitement, the dusty smell of ancient rocks and the delicate musk of a man in lust. The hunger inside snapped as she mouthed him through his jeans, almost orgasming from the feel of his quiver buttocks in her palms.

"Uh..."

His voice interrupted her, but she just pulled back enough to look up. There was amusement in him, but there was more of an equality in their position. She did her best to pull a serious expression before speaking.

"I'm not done."

Bealzabub chuckled, "I noticed."

Yuriko brought her mouth back down and sucked through the jeans, feeling the heat almost pouring through the fabric. He moaned softly and she felt his hands press up against the roof the car, pressing down on the seat for balance. She ignored it, holding him tightly in her mouth as she licked through the fabric until he was shuddering in her gasp.

"Uh... Yuriko... if you don't stop... I'm..."

She paused briefly, "Well, why don't we have a little dessert here and then," she empathized the word, "move inside?"

Pausing for a moment, Bealzabub considered it but Yuriko already knew the answer. When he answered, the amusement was back in his voice.

“Okay, but could we do without the jeans? I might enjoy it a bit more.”

Feel just as playful, she shook her head, “I’m not going to let you go, you might run away.”

“I seriously doubt that.” But there was the same lust in his trembling body. When she didn’t move for a moment, his hands lowered in her vision to unbutton and unzip his pants. She mock-growled in lustful hunger.

“Yummy.”

He paused, his teal hand covering the bright red of his cock.

“No biting now.”

Feigning innocent, Yuriko looked up, “I would never bite...”

He didn’t move and she finished her sentence wryly.

“This at least. Not with this wonderful ass in my hand.”

Pulling him closer, she forced her mouth against his hand. It slipped out of the way and she drew his cock into her mouth, tasting his excitement dripping off the end. It was different than most the others, but the excitement burning them made it the most wonderful taste in the world. Her hot mouth sucked on it, her tongue caressing the bottom. He shuddered almost violently, one hand slapping up against the ceiling of the SUV as he gasped from the intensity.

Muscles tightened in her palms, but she just pulled him closer, squeezing her fingers around his tight, wonderful ass to pull him out of her mouth and draw him back in. Bealzabub let loose with a long moan of pleasure, one that filled the entire SUV with the whisper of longing. She moaned herself, letting it rumble deep in her throat as she slurped up and down his cock, tasting it with every stroke.

Too soon, she felt it grow wetter in her mouth, the sign of his orgasm coming fast and hard. His buttocks clenched as he pushed into her mouth, burying his entire length into her and pulling out, tiny strokes compared to the intensity of heat burning the car.

“Oh... Yuriko... I’m.... I’m...”

She could almost hear that his eyes were closed, his mouth open as pleasure exploded through him. His cock, thin and tasty, drove into her mouth, pressing his balls against her lips tightly then jerked violent. Something hot splashed against her throat and she gulped at it, adding to the suction in her mouth as he let loose with a long hiss of pleasure. Her own pleasures were still growing inside, an inferno of heat that a mere taste would never drown.

But, Bealzabub was inside her, filling her mouth even as his body grew weak from his orgasm. She felt his weight in her hands and she let it draw his cock out of her mouth. She smiled at it and licked her lips, tasting both his cum and his kiss as she lowered him to her lap.

Panting, the teal mouse looked up at her and gave her a drained smile.

“Well... that was unexpected.”

She purred happily, “You have a very tasty... sword there, Bealzabub.”

“Oh? I guess I’ll need some more lessons.”

Yuriko gestured to the door of her house, “Why don’t we give you some?”

“Uh... clothes?”

She cracked open the door and giggled, “Run.”

They both ran for it, hitting the door hard as she fumbled for the key. In her euphoria, she pressed her breasts against the door, to keep them from hidden eyes and almost shrieked from the cool paint against her fur. But soon the door was open and both of them jumped inside.

Slamming it shut, she giggled again and Bealzabub chuckled. Looking around at the narrow hall, his purple eyes soon drew back to hers.

“You know...”

Yuriko realized she was laughing and slowed it. Panting, she looked down at him, curious of the strange, almost guarded expression on his face.

“What?”

He stepped forward and she backed up until the wall pressed tightly against her back. Looking down, she gazed into his face, the purple eyes almost violet with his expression. Suddenly, the

guarded expression dissolved as if it was never there, leaving nothing but a lust-filled grin.

“I’m going to kiss you again.”

And he did.

Or, at least he tried. Being so much shorter, his mouth only reached her breasts, kissing up until she lowered herself enough to feel his soft lips against hers, his hands pressing against her elbows, guiding her as they hungrily kissed again and again. Deep inside, Yuriko could feel the fires of her lust flaring again, filling her with a heated liquid that drowned her with its intensity.

They broke, both of them gasping for breath.

Bealzabub’s hands reached up to part the top of the outfit, working the buttons down until she was almost naked, the fabric hanging from her shoulders, parted down to the mound of her womanhood. He raised an eyebrow at her lack of underwear and she explained even as she was stretching up against the wall.

“More comfortable that way.”

“Not just hoping?”

Yuriko smiled to herself, “No, no hope here.”

He almost purred in a response, “Good...”

Stroking his hands against her breasts, he traced the darker nipples gently as his body pressed up against hers. Yuriko moaned as she felt his chest pressing against her sex, spreading her legs apart with a hungry anticipation. A long moan of pleasure rippled out from her throat as he wiggled closer, lifting one leg up against his shoulder as he worked his tiny, muscular body into the crevice of her pleasure.

Yuriko started to open her mouth, but he just grinned and lowered himself, his mouth trailing along the white fur of her stomach. She let out another moan, this time in anticipation, as she felt his mouth trail down, to the soft pleasures of her sex. His nose eased apart her folds, then she squeaked as she felt the hot slither of his tongue press up against her clitoris. One hand slapped against the wall, for balance as he worked it up into her, wiggling it deep against pleasurable inner walls, easing it apart even as it curled further and further in.

“Oh...!”

She meant to say more, but his right hand reached up to grab her breast, catching her second right nipple and squeezing it even as the other hooked underneath her raised leg, pushing it up. She felt more than saw his teal head push up into her, as if he was trying to hold her up by her sex. His damp nose pressed tightly against her clitoris as his tongue snaked even further up, twisting and slurping as she felt tingles of pleasure starting to fill her body.

A panting sigh came out of her as he withdrew his tongue, then rammed it back into her, filling her with its remarkable twisting. The nose against the button of her ecstasy continued to rock back and forth on it, massaging her labia with every stroke that trailed the tongue deep inside.

“Beal... Beal... no... not there...”

But, he wasn't listening to her words. Instead, he stroked against her nipple, in counter stroke to the tongue that was exploring her insides with long, continuous ripples of pleasure that found every nook and cranny of her body. For a moment, she compared it to the others, but there was nothing to the slithering pleasure that evoked more and more pleasure out of her, even as his face pushed harder up into her, an immense cock that would never fit.

Unable to resist, she dropped her hand to his head, holding him against her. As he lapped at her inner walls, she pushed him harder into her, trying to get that pleasure deeper inside. It filled her with a tornado of emotions and sensations. To her surprise, she smelled her own excitement, of her own juices, drifting up through her. She just moaned and leaned into his mouth, pulling his head harder against her depths.

He took her directions, swirling his tongue in the direction of her guiding. It was almost a delirious pleasure, rippling across her fur and along her spine with growing waves of intensity. The hot smolder of pleasure continued to build, racing quickly toward an unexpected orgasm. Her claws dug into the drywall as she arched her body, forcing his face harder into her body until it felt like his nose was grinding against her clitoris and his tongue was as far in as possible.

Then, he twisted her nipple, the sensitive one, at the same time he sucked hard on her body. A switch, one she never knew existed, flipped and she felt her orgasm slam into her, riding it as he played

her, sucked and licked and found every pleasurable inch deep inside her body.

Yuriko was barely aware of her growling scream that filled the hallway as she was consumed by the fires, riding his face and body with hard, jerking strokes as he lapped and kept the fires burning, filling her up with the liquid pleasure that raced through her veins with the speed of some impossible drug.

Gasping, she realized she was on the ground and Bealzabub was grinning, his hand wiping the moisture off her face. She could see a droplet of her juices on his whiskers, but he quickly wiped them off.

“So... how are my lessons now?”

Feeling the afterglow like embers deep inside her depths, she purred happily and curled up her legs underneath you.

“Oh... pretty good, actually.”

The teal mouse leaned forward, almost over her as she sat on the ground, “I think I need more lessons.”

Yuriko peered down to his pants, where his bright cock was already sticking out from his pants. A slow roll of hungry lust filled her, a powerful tide, as she almost lunged forward to taste him again. Resisting for a moment, she gestured up the stairs.

“My room is on the right.”

He held out a hand and she took it, even though he could barely pull her up. But, he helped her to her feet, pushing his unbuttoned pants down to the ground and leaving them there. As they reached the stairs, he went first, giving her a perfect view of his ass, with his cock and balls peeking through with each step up; her house was sized for her and Mei-Ling, not for a mouse. But, he easily took the stairs and she lost herself watching the tight muscles underneath the almost green ass.

At the top, he peered over his shoulder, large ears peeking out behind a purple-eyed smile. She pointed to her bedroom door and he padded over that, letting his shirt slip off his shoulders and puddle to the ground. She followed suit, letting her own clothes trail behind. Despite the room being messy, she barely saw anything but the bed as he drew her to it, crawling up on it. She shivered slightly before reaching out, cupping his balls between his legs. He moaned softly, the heated slickness of his cock teasing her fingers.

Slowly, he crawled further on the bed and turned around, stretching out on it. His tiny form was almost lost in the comforters, but she still crawled on the bed, over him. Shadowing his body, he grinned and reached up for her, fingers grabbing the curves that dangled above him. One thumb caught her nipple as she stopped, straddling his body.

Peeking down, she watched as his cock stood up, a bright red sword of flesh. With a hungry moan, she lowered herself on it, twisting her hips until she felt it brushing up against her folds. The delicate sensations were there as she lowered herself on him. His cock disappeared into her and soon she was pressing down, her inner thighs already screaming from the effort of stretching so far out to lower herself to his body.

Despite his length barely filling the tunnel to her depths, she rocked back and forth, swirling his cock around inside her, hearing the sounds of wet slurping from their combined juices. It was a slow pleasure, one that would never reach the crest of an orgasm, but Bealzabub still closed his eyes, hands on her breasts, panting from the pleasures he was feeling.

She ground her body against his for a long moment, but it soon became obvious that neither would come in that position. She tried to bend down, to find one of those delicious kisses he gave her, but he slipped out, his cock splashing on her furred stomach.

Yuriko paused, wondering if it would be okay, but her lips hungered for his. Lowering herself, she brought herself to kiss him. He returned it, passionately touching and embracing with every movement. His hands stroked against her body, touching her flanks, her hips, everything and nothing at once. She moaned into the kiss, almost lost from the pleasures that tingled through her body, filling her spine with a hot dripping of lust that pooled deep inside her sex.

They broke and kissed again, her body stretching out across his, holding herself up against the soft swells of her comforters. He broke the kiss, his eyes unblinking and his cock hot and hard and wet against her stomach.

“I have an idea.”

He wiggled out from underneath her, his body hard against hers as he rolled her over, her body stretched out across the blankets. He panted in time with her pants as he straddled her, pressing her legs

together. Slightly confused, she let him, watching as he pressed his cock into the valley between her legs, the tip teasing the crest of her clitoris. It was pleasurable, but not the intense sensations from his tongue.

Then, he did something she wasn't expecting. With a twist of his perfect ass, he pushed down into her, slipping his hard length along her clitoris and into the folds of her vagina. The pressure from her legs gave him a sheath that he used to bury his entire length. Both of their juices quickly lubricated it as he raised and lowered his hips, driving his cock into the folds of her sex and just teasing the opening of her depths. With every stroke, she felt his entire length slide along the foci of her pleasure, which quickly was almost sparking from the pleasures as he stroked slowly, then faster into her.

It was strange to watch him driving straight up and down, but there was no denying the pleasures. He grinned and slid his hands up to her lower breasts, holding himself up as he pushed down, burying his length and sliding up.

After a few moments, he panted softly.

“How about this?”

Yuriko found herself resisting speaking, not wanting him to stop, but he kept going, moving up and down, trailing his cock from the tip to the base of her sex, but never really burying inside her. The pleasure was slow and intense, a volcano of lust that kept building inside her.

She arched her back into it as he shoved into her faster, harder. It continued to grow with the intensity until she saw stars sparkling in her vision, of an orgasm that boiled deep inside her but refused to explode.

Soft whimpers filled the room, echoing off her familiar belongings. She felt them turning into mews of ecstasy, as the pleasure arched along her spine, sparkling across her muscles and veins and even setting her fur on end. It was hot and white and powerful.

As he twisted and twisted up into her, his cock finally plunged into her sex and the building pressure exploded. Intense screams of ecstasy rocked against the walls as she spasmed underneath him. His legs tightened, pinning her limbs close and increasing the

pressure around his hot shaft. She felt him coming himself, but she already lost in an ocean of sensations that left her breathless and moaning for more.

A second stretched out into forever, an ocean of teal pleasure crashing against her gray beaches, but too soon is slipped away and she felt their juices oozing down her ass, to soak into the sheets. Bealzabub moaned and dropped himself on her, his weight barely heavier than some of her outfits. With a purr, she wrapped her arms around him and held him tightly, feeling their panting reflect the fading pleasures of their junction.

Still panting, Bealzabub lifted his chest to smile at her, his purple eyes brimming with the shadows of the passion they shared. She reached up, stroking along his chest, almost holding him up but just enjoying the feel and smells him.

“Maybe I will show the katanas this evening instead.”

D. Dancer

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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