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Leopard One Night

“Aaaaaah! Home! ... Home, Home, Home!”

My name is Rosi, 32 years old, and I was finally home after a long week at work. Yes, It was finally Friday, and I was going to enjoy myself for once. Not committed to anything else other than relaxing as much as possible, this weekend, I would turn myself into a leopard. Roar!

I traded my keys and purse for a small squishy package that was sitting on the Ikea table in my kitchen. I hugged and rocked it as if it was a baby while I trotted to my small bedroom. I laid down on the white tiger printed on the soft plush blanket, and the foam mattress silently absorbed my weight. I hugged my package even more.

“Please! Please! Please! Be what I wanted!”

Using my small fingers, I started ripping open the package; it was not that easy without long nails. I whiff of foreign air hit my face as the sealed package deflated, which was not quite a turn on. The thin transparent plastic covering my item crackled as I was pulling it out the envelope. For the first time, I laid my eyes on the real thing. Of course, it was not exactly like on the website, but it was close enough. A small label fell, late, on top of my belly, after breaking free from the static. I pinched it with my middle finger and index and brought it up to my big brown eyes.

“Zentai/Black Leopard 613”

That was not what one would call a long description. I put it on the nightstand and went back to digging my finger in the plastic sheath covering my new costume. I was so excited. A while ago, I decided that I wanted to try one of those full-body catsuits. At first, I was thinking of going to latex, but this was much cheaper, and honestly, when I saw the black leopard print, I just had to go for it, which I did.

The anxiety mixed up with my excitement because I wanted it to fit well, like in the pictures. But I knew that with internet and Chinese sellers, there was a limited amount of hope that I should put into this adventure to avoid potential disappointment. Fortunately, my body type was pretty generic, so I hoped that it would increase my luck.

I took a deep breath and peeled open the plastic film; it ripped effortlessly. Another whiff of air hit my face, but this time around, it smelled like new fabric. I slowly clamped my hand on the

perfectly well-folded suit and started to pull it out. Immediately, I lost control, and the whole thing collapsed on top of me.

“Oh my God, this is so slippery and soft. This is so awesome.”

I grabbed one of the limbs, probably a leg, and I started pulling on it. One way ... then the other. An even bigger smile grew on my face. I pulled again, and again. This was 4-way stretch. It was precisely what I was hoping for. My chance that the suit would fit me like a glove increased by a hundred percent.

I started to look at the leopard zentai to find out if all the features I requested were there. The flopping tail was easy to identify, as it looked like a headless snake. But then I found the head, and yes, the two small round ears were present as well. I pinched the two little things and lifted the head in front of my face. There were two eye holes ... and no mouth.

“Aaaah! Damnit, they messed it up! There is no mouth! Curse you, Internet!”

Of course, it was out of the question to return it. I was initially hesitating between the one with the mouth or this. I would not let this spoil my pleasure. I rubbed the suit on my neck and face for a while; it was so soft. Forgetting about this small set back would be easy. It would change nothing to my plan for the night.

Was I crazy enough to go ahead with this? I think I was. It was risky, but that turned me on very much. As my sex drive was kicking in, I knew I'd lose more and more of my judgment, and I'd do all kinds of stupid stuff in the name of arousal. But was it idiotic stuff? Probably not. I believed that we, humans, needed to enjoy as much about life as possible, and if that required to be canalized through sexy fantasies, then so be it. I was single at the moment, and it was not a bad thing at all. I pinched my nipples through my clothing, and it sent a big wave of sexual pleasure through my body.

“Mmmm! It's going to be a good night. I know it.”

I reluctantly put the suit aside and went back to the kitchen, it was probably around 6 pm, and I needed to eat something. As much as I wanted to masturbate, I refrained from doing so; there would be plenty of time for that later. That thought reminded me of something ... I quickly grabbed the suit again and inspected it some more.

“Feeew! ... The crotch zipper is there. At least they didn't mess that up, that would have been sad.”

Once more, I placed it back on the bed, but this time I took the time to spread it flat. That leopard pattern was just the best. I loved it so much.

Dinner was eventless. How could have it been otherwise since I was alone and almost exclusively fueled my cells with salads? This time around, I treated myself with delicious shrimps for the proteins. I was the salad queen! The next step was getting naked and heading for a good shower. I placed all my clothes on the bed. I would need to take care of that later; it was part of my master plan.

I took the opportunity to look at myself in the mirror. I should hit the gym more often, but I still thought I was very sexy. My black skin was soft as silk, thanks to my sexy Haitian parents, I was one hot chick. I was a hundred percent Canadian as I was born here, and I was proud to love my weekly poutine from the food truck located in the Canadian Tire's parking lot. Being black and enjoying poutine was a combo that made me one attractive prey. I loved myself so much. That wooly black hair of mine could be a bit annoying to take care of, but I'd not trade it for anything in the world.

It hurt quite a bit when I jumped in the shower, I always set it way too hot, but that is how I liked it. Soon after the initial shock, I was getting very comfy and rubbed the white soap all over me, with particular attention to my good-sized breasts. I was no longer twenty, but I had nothing to be ashamed of. Those things were mine, and I intended to play with them as much as I could until I died. It was also so hard to resist masturbation when the soap bar rubbed all over my crotch. When I touched my clit, I just moaned like a whore and almost lost control. The whole idea of what I was going to do tonight was keeping me on a high.

Once more I was in front of a mirror, the bathroom one this time, I had my pink towel wrapped around my body, barely enough to hide the parts that would turn me on. I brushed my pristine white teeth and ran my future scenario inside my head. I would have a lot of fun tonight ... if I didn't choke, that was. After spitting in the sink, I smiled at my own self and decided that it was the moment of truth.

I opened the closet and pulled out an empty suitcase and placed it on the bed. My heart was pounding just to think about what I was going to do. I methodically started to pack the bag with all my clothes. I didn't have that much, but still, it quickly filled up. That included my underwear and socks as well. I went to the front door and grabbed my coats and shoes as well. It was hard to make everything fit inside, but I managed to do it, victory was mine!

I didn't have a single piece of clothing left anywhere, all that was left outside were my black leopard zentai, a pair of sexy black heels and two small unlocked padlocks. My pussy was dripping wet just by looking at the overfilled suitcase. One had a key, and the other didn't. I placed the only key inside the suitcase, and I closed it. The zippers ran along the sides with a certain difficulty, but they finally met in the middle. I grabbed one of the padlocks.

"Alright, Rosi. If you do this, there is no way back ... AH! As if I was going to back out now!"

Click!

Well, I have done it. I was now naked at home, with ALL my clothes locked inside the suitcase. The only way I could access them would be to unlock the padlock ... or use a kitchen knife to destroy the zipper, which would be unacceptable. My whole body was warm, and I could barely contain myself. I wanted sex badly now, which was not going to happen. I placed the heavy suitcase in the corner of the bedroom and flopped on top of the bed. The furry blanket felt so good on my naked skin ... I rolled on it, trying to get more of that feeling. In the process, I grabbed my zentai suit and rubbed it on my breasts.

“Am I really going to do this? I’m so weird ...”

I knew what the deal was. The key to the suitcase was not in my apartment. It was in a park not too far from here. I left it there a few days ago, hidden, waiting for my zentai suit to arrive. I knew exactly what I wanted to do, and it was now bound to happen. I would wear the outfit, I would use the remaining padlock to lock myself in it, I would put my heels on, and risk to be seen as I would retrieve that key at night. Was I an exhibitionist? More than likely. What were those risks anyway, people would make fun of me? Big deal. It was totally worth it. I would be so excited, and I’d cum over and over like a whore once I would come back home. I needed that boost.

It was too early, though. I didn’t want to go there at 8 pm when I would surely be seen. I would probably go around midnight when most of the people are asleep. But it was Friday night; I guess I would still have to be careful. I stretched the suit with my hands and decided that it was time. I couldn’t wait any longer to wear it. That was the reason why I ordered it, after all.

I unzipped the rear zipper entirely. It was going from the back of the head to the lower back, a two-way zipper. Then I inserted my shiny black leg inside the suit. It felt as if I was stepping in paradise. I pulled on the suit to make sure my foot went all the way in. This was undoubtedly thicker than regular stockings; it felt so good. The other hairless leg went in ... same process, a little tug, and the foot sat where it was supposed to. I stood up and pulled the leopard suit over my hips. When the crotch touched my lips, I almost came ... This was way too sexy for my own good. It was so easy to put on too. I slid my arm inside the sleeves and made sure every finger went to the right holes. I felt the cold fabric touching my belly, and I wanted to be hugged by it even more. Next were the shoulders and the hood. The eye holes were reasonably big, but my mouth was covered, which was not what I wanted. Ah well. I could still breathe perfectly fine at least; there was no restriction at all. It was time.

I reached behind my head and pinched the zipper tab. I pulled it down slowly, making sure not to catch my hair in the process. I felt the material stretching over my face ... then my neck. I then grabbed the bottom zipper tab and slid it upward. My waist became thinner, and my breasts firmer while gently hugged by the stretchy suit. When the two zippers touched each other, I turned to the full-length mirror to look at what I had become.

I was one sexy spandex kitten, and I looked twenty again. The form-fitting black suit was extremely flattering on me. The spots covering my body gave me this cat-like look that I was looking for. Since I was black, the white of my eyes popped out. I started rubbing my entire body with my hands, and it was the best feeling in the world. I tried as much as I could to avoid my crotch. I didn't want to lose control ... not just yet. I looked at the bed and saw the small shiny padlock. I picked it up with my little stretchy fingers and looked at it.

“Am I really going to do this? ... Totally.”

I brought my shaky hands to the back of my head and threaded the padlock shackle through the zipper tabs. I didn't hesitate and closed it.

Click!

That made me moan uncontrollably. Unless I had the unlikely desire to destroy something, I was a prisoner of the zentai until I went to retrieve the key at the park. I sat on the bed and started to put on my sexy black heels. Those would make my life even more complicated. I knew I'd have to walk on the grass, and those heels wouldn't help my situation. I could always remove them, but that would mean walking barefoot and ruining the suit. There was no way this would happen.

I paraded inside my apartment for a while, practicing my sexy poses in the process. It was getting dark outside. One thing with me was that when I got aroused, I was losing my judgment, similar to being drunk. I was turned on, and I needed to keep myself entertained, which meant doing things that would turn me on even more. I had to find something. It was the exhibitionist in me that found a good idea. I turned on all the lights in my place; those pot lights could be very intense. Then I opened all the curtains. Outside the door leading to the balcony, the whole wall of my living room was made of large windows. Surely, doing this would allow everybody outside to clearly see inside my place, to see me wearing this leopard suit.

Living on the third floor was not helping. Right in front of my place, there was another building, even taller. Possibly, if they were to look over here, a hundred people could watch me as if it was a porn site. I was exposed and watched. There was no doubt about it.

I turned on my big screen TV and put on a porn movie to make them believe that I was even more depraved. I laid down on my very contrasting white couch and rubbed my crotch for everybody to see. I was so turned on. I was so happy. I wanted them all to fuck me. All those strangers, guys, and girls that I knew nothing about. I fantasized that they would form a line up at my door to get the opportunity to ravage me one by one. I was building myself quite a reputation without fully being conscious of the impacts. I just didn't care. It was turning me on, and that was the only thing that mattered.

Hours went by, and Incredibly enough, I managed not to cum. I was a mess, though. My brain was fried, and I've seen so many people watching me from their balcony. I gave them a good show, but they didn't know what I was going to do next. It was time to go on an adventure. I closed the curtains and dimmed down the lights.

I went to the kitchen and sat at the table. In front of me was my purse and keys, which I didn't need. But there was also a cookie jar. This cookie jar was the vilest thing that existed in my home. It was full of papers. For quite a long time now, I wrote all my fantasies and placed them in that jar. Every single day, even if I wanted to play or not, I was drawing one. I would read it out loud, and I would obey it, no matter what it was.

I had a very fertile imagination, and I added so many of them over time that I didn't even remember what was in there. It could range from being forced to not wear panties for the day, to saying something dirty to my boss. I was always picking one before going out wherever I had to go. It didn't matter if it were work or the grocery store. I was obeying every single time, even if I didn't want to. But tonight would be different. I had to draw three pieces of paper. I really wanted to play.

I opened the cookie jar and plunged my hand in it to shuffle the papers. I grabbed a piece of paper and pulled it out. I unfolded it and read it out loud.

"Tell someone that you like cocks."

A pulse of erotism hit me like a train. What was I doing to myself? Of course, that late at night, the chances were slim to none that I'd bump into someone ... But what if I did? I would have to honor the cookie jar and tell him that I liked cocks. It would be rather embarrassing, particularly while wearing this sexy leopard suit.

I groaned a bit and plunged my hand inside the jar again. After a quick shuffle, I pulled out my second order, which I read out loud.

"If someone invites you to his/her home today, you have to accept."

Ah, crap! This was ridiculous. I was picking the worse ones. Well, not really, they were not the worst ones, but for what I was going to do in a moment, they were not good at all. I could end up in the hands of very creepy people. Despite that, I was going to obey. I must obey. Else it would defeat the purpose of the jar. I shook my head and plunged my hand one more time in it and paused before pulling out the final order. My eyes read the text.

"NO WAY! Ah, come on. What is the big deal with that jar today?"

I read the paper again and then slammed my hand on the table.

“Tell someone that you like to be choked.”

This was ridiculous. I aligned the three pieces of papers in front of me on the table and tried to rearrange them in a way that wouldn't sound as terrible. But it just didn't work at all.

“I like cocks.”

“I like to be choked.”

“I will go to your place tonight.”

I let my spandex head drop onto my arms. If I were to bump into someone, I would be so screwed. This must not happen. I turned my eyes to the stove clock ... 12:17 am. I really had to go now. Why was I doing this to myself? Probably because my crotch was wet and burning of desire.

I turned off all the lights and stood up in front of the door, listening to make sure nobody was in the hallway. If I could get outside, the darkness of the night and the black of my leopard suit would at least provide some cover. If I was discreet enough, I could get away with it. I had to.

After confirming the silence, for way too long, I cracked the door open and looked both ways. Nobody. I stepped out and closed the door behind me. It would remain unlocked. That was another risk I was taking. After offering myself as entertainment for the past 2-3 hours to the whole community, it would be possible that some weirdo decided to come to visit to get more. With an unlocked door, I would be in trouble. Maybe when I came back, there would be some fresh cum on my pillow, who knew.

With those heels, it was hard to be quiet. The impacts were resonating on the hard carpeted floor. I had to hurry. The elevators were out of the question. Instead, I headed to the stairs to exit by the side door of the building. It worked ... I was outside and already felt safer for some obscure reason. The park was not that far. There was nobody around, so I decided to walk on the sidewalk. I would be exposed, but I would still look less suspicious than if I were trying to hide next to the buildings like a criminal, that would have been weird looking. Nobody was walking, so I just had to pray that the cars wouldn't stop.

My little heels clicked fast as I was rushing to my destination. I'd feel even safer at the park since it would be pitch black. I was almost there. A car passed by, and that was my queue to cross the street. Those heels were so loud, but quickly enough, I reached the grass next to the baseball field and became silent as a real leopard. My little tail was wagging behind me, and my ears were flopping back and forth. I made it to the park.

The hidden key was under the spectator stands behind the baseball field cage. I scanned as much as I could, but it was so dark. I just hoped I would hastily find the key. It was unclear

where I left it, I barely remembered. I silently walked around the field, following the trees. I was more than likely invisible at that point. I was not making a noise and was a mere shadow. Reaching the stands, I carefully crawled under it. It was so dark ...

I started to inspect the metal structure with my fingers carefully; I didn't want to damage my new suit. It took a few minutes of growing anxiety to find the key.

"Yes! Gotcha, little one."

I was delighted with myself. I made it. I stepped out from under the structure and placed the key in front of my face. The reflection of the moon was making it shine. I could go home now and masturbate as much as I deserved it! I was thrilled. Then it started raining ...

"Wait. What? It is not raining. What the ..."

Suddenly a large amount of liquid fell on top of my head, soaking my entire spandex face. I breathed in, but because the porous fabric was clogged, the bitter liquid entered my mouth, forcing me to half-swallow it.

"ACK! PFFFFFF!!! What the fuck?"

I turned around and looked up. Someone was sitting at the top of the stands ... and he emptied his beer can on my body ... so gross. I was so confused and shocked by this irrational gesture that I barely realized that I had dropped the key in the dirt. The stranger addressed me.

"What are you doing in my park, weirdo?"

"Your park?"

"Yeah, tonight it is ..."

He sounded like a young man probably in his early twenties, and he sounded intoxicated, that or he didn't possess a lower jaw. I was now officially in trouble.

"Do you want to drink with me?"

"... No ... No thanks ... I will go now. Sorry"

Fuck the key. I was out of here. But the guy spat an order that made me freeze on the spot.

"Do not move! Stay where you are."

"..."

"Stay put. Here, drink this one, then you can go ..."

He cracked open another large beer can and started pouring it on top of my head. Once more, my face was covered, and I couldn't breathe anymore. The cheap beer entered my mouth,

forcing me to swallow some of it. My whole spandex body was getting wet, and the smell was horrible. I was getting scared ... but curiously turned on at the same time. It was probably the reason why I endured. I would never have thought such a thing would have happened to me tonight. Being flirted, yes, being called a slut, sure, being arrested by the cops, fine ... but not this! The drunk young man climbed down the stands to meet me. He had questions.

“What is your deal, black catgirl? What the hell are you doing here dressed like this?”

“I ... I just like it ... that's all.”

“What a freak ... What else do you like?”

I would never have the answer as to why my brain decided to bring me back to my cookie jar at that point. Perhaps it was out of habit. My orders for the night were clear, and since I had implemented this daily game, I never failed it once. No matter what the cookie jar threw at me, I did it most of the time without any consequences, if only to get some weird looks. Tonight was quite different. My vocal cords could have enormous implications.

“I ... I like cocks ...”

My heart skipped a beat ... no ... five ...

“What a whore ... Seriously? So you are here to make money by sucking cocks? That would explain the suit and the weirdness.”

Actually ... that young drunken idiot just gave me an emergency exit. He thought I was a prostitute looking for clients. He was too drunk to realize that it made no sense, but that would be my official excuse to get out of this mess.

“Ah, yes. You got me there ... I was here to find a client, but he is not here. Too bad ... I'll have to reschedule.”

“Ah ... so you ARE a prostitute? ...”

“Yes, poor me ... grew up in a low-income family and had to sell my body to survive ... Oh, dear God in heaven! I better go now ... Goodbye ...”

“Wait ... why don't you come to my place then? It is right behind the trees. I could use a whore tonight.”

WHAT? Ah, shit! Fuck you, cookie jar! Why was I doing that to myself? Why? I lowered my head and let the words that I didn't want to pronounce, words of obedience.

“I ... Sure ... I'll go to your place.”

“Really? Well, you have to be quiet then ... My parents are probably asleep.”

“Your ... Parents? How .. How old are you?”

“22 ... almost 23 ... Come with me, whore!”

What a loser! Drinking alone in a park at night and still living with his parents. And I was going to follow him? Something must be abnormal with my brain. Probably a tumor or something. Despite that very rational thought, I followed him through the tree line.

He was not kidding; his house was just behind the park. We walked through the backyard, and he led me to the side door.

“Take off your heels, if you wake them up, we are fucked, and you won’t get your money.”
“My ... money?”

Was he going to pay me for sex? That was new ... I’d have to add that one to my cookie jar when I come back because it was hot. I removed my shoes and let them in front of the door. Without a word, we got into the house, and I followed him to the basement. This place was so filthy ... It was full of beer cans and pizza boxes. Dirty socks and clothing everywhere. It smelled like booze. Wait ... no ... that was me. I was covered in beer. We entered his bedroom, and it was the last place in the world where I wanted to be. I would not be surprised if there were rats here.

This guy didn’t deserve me. He was half gone so much he was drunk and stupid. Curiously, I felt empowered at that moment. I saw his dirty futon mattress on the ground with molded food and plastic cups and beer cans everywhere covering porn magazines and random garbage. Those old paper tissues must be full of dried cum too. As much as this was disgusting, I was the one that chose to be here. Not directly, but through my cookie jar. The jar contained all my fantasies, and its ultimate purpose was to make me live an exciting life. The jar led me here, in a dump, and I’d probably get fucked by a drunk guy that would, maybe, give me money in exchange.

I wanted this!

“Take off your suit, slut.”

“I can’t ... It’s locked.”

“I’ll just fuck you as is then ... lay down on the bed, be a good girl, and keep your mouth shut.”

“ ... sure ...”

I sat down on the mattress, and my hand ended up in an old pizza box. As I was lying down, my foot kicked some empty cans. At that point, I was trying not to burst into laughter. It was ridiculous. I just wanted to enjoy myself. The guy stripped naked, and his young dick was hard as a steel bar. At least I’d get something out of this. I unzipped my crotch as he wouldn’t have been able to do it himself, and he crawled on top of me.

I have to say; he wasn’t nearly half as bad as I expected. He pounded me over and over for the next two hours, almost in silence. I came many times, and so did he. His thing was to fuck me in my pussy and cum on my face. The smell was horrible, and I felt like I was just another piece of

trash. This was a great turn on. I just let him use me as much as he wanted to. The only thing I would not do with this guy was to tell him the third order I received from the cookie jar. That would have ended very badly, and by that, I meant potential murder. There was no way he could have controlled himself in that state. Ah well. Two success out of three was not bad at all.

Around 3:30 am, he was done with me. I was lying in the trash, and I was covered in cum, inside and outside. I felt so dirty. It was awesome. He was a bit less drunk, and he remembered something that I didn't. He grabbed his pants and took out a roll of money.

"So, how much do you want?"

"I ... I'm not sure."

"Here, 100\$ should be enough ... you are hot."

A hundred dollars? Thanks for the experience, I guess ...

"Wait, you don't have a wallet. I'll put it in there then ..."

"Hey! No!"

He crumpled the bills and shoved them deep inside my vagina. I yelped a bit, but I didn't dare to stop him ... this was so humiliating. That money was going to be soaked with cum and pussy juice; I wouldn't give it to charity, that was for sure. He zipped my crotch up and ordered me to leave.

"Get out, and don't make a noise!"

"Ok ... thanks ..."

"Just get out already, you stink."

I did stink ... I smelled like booze and cum mixed with the smell that came from his overly dirty mattress. I felt like a petri dish at the moment. I couldn't help but be sorry for his parents. They had created a human rat. I climbed up the stairs and sneaked out by the side door. I jogged to the tree line after grabbing my shoes. Once in there, I sat down and put my heels back on and tried to collect my thoughts. Now what? I could go straight back home, or I could try to find the key that I dropped next to the stands. It wouldn't hurt to take a quick look and see if I could find it.

I made my way to the baseball field and started looking around on the ground. Crawling around on my four, it took me about twenty minutes to find it. It could have disappeared forever, so I was pretty lucky. I could finally go back home, take ten showers or more, and sleep. This night was a success, after all. I was unharmed, got plenty of orgasms, and experienced one of my fantasies, kind of.

I quickly walked back home. At this hour of the night, the city was dead. I didn't even see a single car, let alone a pedestrian. I got in my building and went up the stairs, cautiously listening

for any activity. Nothing. I leaped in the hallway until I reached my door and rushed inside. I slammed my door close and locked it, panting after all the exercise. I rested my forehead and hands on the door, trying to calm down a bit.

“What a night ... Let’s not do that again. I’m exhausted.”

Just as I was saying that I felt a pair of hands grabbing my waist, I turned around, screaming! There was a stranger in my apartment, and he was holding me by the waist.

“HEY! Who’re you? Get out of here!”

“Calm down, girl. I’m not here to hurt you. You gave us a good show earlier, right?”

“What? Get out! You are not supposed to be here.”

I tried to remove his hands from my waist, but I couldn’t. Oddly enough, I didn’t feel threatened by him. His voice was rather playful ... until ...

“Oh my God, girl! You stink! What happened to you?”

“... Long ... long story, I guess ... Let me go!”

“Hehe. Okay. But tell me ... you liked to give us a show earlier. That was your thing? You can’t say that you didn’t do it on purpose, right?”

His hands released my waist, but I still couldn’t move. He was right. If I were to deny what he was saying, I would have had no credibility at all. There was no point in lying.

“Yeah, so what? You enjoyed the show, that doesn’t give you the right to break in my place.”

“Well, you did send an invitation and left your door unlocked. I bet you secretly hoped that this would happen, no?”

“Pfff ... “

Now what? He was not aggressive, and he was right about me, about everything. And to be honest with myself, he wasn’t bad looking either. Probably my age too. Should I?

“What, now? Are you going to leave my apartment?”

“Do you want me to?”

“... Maybe not ... What if I’d like another good fuck before sleeping?”

“Another? Miss Catgirl, you are a pervert. Yes, I’d like a good fuck too. You stink, but let’s do this anyway.”

Quickly we started fucking. I totally forgot I had money up to my cunt, but miraculously this guy didn’t notice it ... or if he did, he had no idea what it could have been. It must not have been unpleasant either because he came quite hard inside me. I didn’t get to cum, though, so I still needed him for a bit longer, whatever his name was.

“Hey ... after your break, please fuck me again, but this time I would like to be choked.”

“Choked? Seriously?”

“Yes, I like it a lot. And don't stop even if I tell you to, okay?”

I don't think that the last part was on the paper from the cookie jar, but I needed a bit more tonight. The theme of the evening was being abused with consent. It was not bad at all. Perhaps it was the spandex suit that had this effect on me. Behold the power of the black leopard.

As I was thinking those random thoughts, the guy climbed on top of me and put his hand on my neck. It was too late to change my mind now. He pinned me to the mattress and there was nothing I could do to stop him ... I couldn't breathe anymore. Then he released me after a bit.

“How was it? That is what you like?”

“Yes ... that was gAH!”

He restarted to choke before I even finished my sentence. He penetrated me and started pumping slowly. He went on and on like this for the next while. Sometimes he was going too far, and I almost fainted, but as I asked him, he wouldn't stop when I told him to. This was so hot and so wrong at the same time. The pleasure mixed with fear was such a strange concoction that I would not recommend to anybody. Behind my spandex mask, I was faintly smiling as while I was at the mercy of this stranger. And I came ... I came very hard and probably passed out.

Birds were chirping, and the sun was high. As I was trying to wake up, the first thing that came to me was the smell. It smelled like beer and cum. My whole spandex face was caked with dry cum. I was lying down on the carpeted floor, not even on my bed anymore. I couldn't remember how my night ended, but I felt dirty ... so dirty. I slowly stood up, still wearing my sexy heels, and got out of the bedroom to see if someone was still here. No, my place was empty. I locked the door and started to look around for my key. I found it on the bedroom floor, not sure how it ended up there.

I pulled the suitcase on top of the bed and unlocked it. After unzipping it, I dug in to find my suit key. I needed to get out of this leopard skin before I puke. I had enough. Between two socks, I found what I was looking for. I unlocked my zentai and peeled it off my body. I went too far, and I almost ruined it. I placed it in the laundry bin and sat back on the bed before letting my body fall backward on the plush blanket.

“What a night! That was so awesome. I exposed myself to all my neighbors. I was sprayed with beer by a drunk guy that fucked me hard for hours. Then I came back here just to get abused again, more or less willingly. I completed my three challenges too, which is quite something

considering the harsh ones I picked this time around. Oh yeah ... I was also treated like a prostitute, which was honestly incredible ... Oh ... Oh, I forgot about that.”

I plunged my fingers inside my sore pussy ... deep ... deeper ... I was not trying to please myself ... I reached it ... One by one, I pulled my money out of my vagina. It was totally soaked in cum and pussy juice. 20\$... 40\$... 60\$...

“I can’t reach the last bills ... It’s too deep ...”

I walked to the kitchen and grabbed a pair of silicon hotdog tongs, and tried again. With a bit of effort, I managed to get the remaining 40\$ out.

“So ... dirty ... so wrong.”

Thanks to the fantastic black leopard suit, I had one of the best nights of my life. I will undoubtedly ask the cookie jar for what to do next.