

## Guided to Your New True Self: Discovery

Owen grabs Kirisha from behind. She moans as the femboy line grips her breast so tightly, smoothing them almost flush with her chest. His hot length grinding underneath her tail pressing against that sweet pucker of hers. She stares at a mirror as the lion slips into her rear. She moans even deeper, her cock twitching throbbing between her legs as she's pushed over. The lion hilding himself deep into her, "Your ass feels so good Kirisha.," he whispers into her ear.

"Your cock feels even better," she moans even louder. Her thick throbbing length twitches as it hangs in the air. She stares at it, bouncing between her legs as Owen takes her harder and harder, squeezing her breasts so tightly. He thrusts harder, his wonderful fur brushing up against her scales as the dick bounces up, smacking herself in the belly.

"Cock feels great, doesn't it? It's great to have dick," he says, licking across Kirisha's ear hole.

She lets out a purr, "It is great to have dick."

"Great to have cock."

"Great to have cock."

"Great to have a dick," Owen whispers, reaching around to grip Kirisha's twitching aching throbbing length. Pre-cum leaking from the tip of her member as it splatters onto her chest.

Kirisha groans as she bucks into Owen's hand, "Great to have a dick. So great to have a dick," she pants, staring into the mirror, seeing her dick be so tightly caressed and teased while Owen pounds away till she can no longer contain herself and a rush of seed comes out of her length, the pulling up of those heavy tight balls, the feeling of seed gushing out of her aching sensitive length as she cries out Owen's name.

"Owen!" she exclaims as she awakens in a heavy pant, "*It was just a dream? But what did I dream I feel...*" she thinks feeling as if she wants to grab something between her legs. Her clit is aching so hard as there's a wet stain in her bed sheets. She huffs, her legs rubbing up against themselves, "I need to take a shower." She slips out of bed, checking herself in the mirror, staring at herself. She runs her claws along her wet hot dripping sex, gently squeezing the small bit of her throbbing clit, her hand trying to get that feeling of gripping something. The aching throbbing limb, that's not there, leaving her... missing something.

Her heft breasts, she gives them a squeeze, pushing them down a bit. Turning to her side as she holds her breasts up against her body, "Hmm... hmmm..." She growls a bit, "*Something just feels off...*" It's then she notices she left the sleep pods in her ears, "I swear I keep forgetting to take them out," she remarks, placing them on the bathroom countertop before getting ready for the day, dressing up in her gym attire.

Marsh whistles, "Hmm, you are looking good today," the shark says with a predatory grin.

"T-thanks, I wish I felt as good as you say I look."

"Is everything okay?" she asks with concern.

“Yeah, I think I just woke up with morning wood and I need to clear my head or something. I have an arousal that’s something fierce.”

Marsh chuckles, “Morning wood?”

The raptor rubs the back of her head, “How about we have a little fun before we work out.”

“Another morning warm up?” she asks with a grin, “I’m for that.”

“But I want to do something a little... different,” Kirisha asks with a hint of uncertainty in her voice.

“Kirisha sweetie, I’m always open for a little experimentation.”

She nods, “Get big Bertha on, I’ll meet you in your room in a hot minute.”

“Dear... We’ve used big Bertha every time for the last two months. What new thing can you be thinking of doing?”

“Trust me, you’ll see.”

“I trust you, I’m just curious what’s going on in that noggin of yours.”

“Nothing you have to be worried about, now go, I’ll be there in just a moment.”

“Why would I be worried sweetie? Should I be?”

“No, no, sorry. I’ll be there soon, okay?”

“Okay,” she replies, sauntering off, “*She’s been acting very strange for the last few months. I hope she is okay. I just want her to be happy.*”

Kirisha rushes back to her bedroom, “*I got this yesterday. I think this might be the thing I need,*” she thinks, pulling out a nice double-sided dildo-strap on, that simulates an aroused uncut dick on both ends. She gingerly lubricates both ends, shoving one inside nice and slow, “Hmmm...” she purrs, slipping it in all the way before tying it into place. She looks at herself in the mirror, the blue dildo cock jutting between her legs with a fat set of fake balls attached at the base. She gently caresses the length, shuddering, “ohh...” she purrs, “That feels much better.”

“Kirisha, I’m ready. Everything okay?” Marsh calls out.

“Yeah, I’m coming,” she says, giving her cock head a nice caress, feeling a bit better as she saunters into the room, “Are you ready for a nice pounding?” she says with a raptoric purr.

“You’re going to take me? But with the... oh, you have a new strap on, how nice. Why did you ask me to wear this one then?” the shark asks, propping up the massive dildo.

Kirisha eyes it, “Just a bit of fun play, now hike that ass of yours, I want to slip into that tight ass of yours.”

She blushes a bit, “Oh my, now that is kinky.”

“I told you I had something,” she says, gently caressing the shark’s hips as she positions herself behind, “Ready?”

“Yes dear.”

“Good,” she purrs, pressing the tip of the dildo against the shark’s pucker, slowly pushing into her.

“Oh... that’s a curious feeling,” she says, tensing and then relaxing as Kirisha sinks in.

“Yeah, you like that don’t you?”

“It’s different,” she replies.

Kirisha gets over her, pressing her breasts tightly against Marsh’s back. Reaching around to grip big Bertha, giving it a nice pump, “How about now?” she asks with a grin.

“That’s certainly something different,” she moans, feeling her sex get teased and rubbed through the dildo, “Harder...” she moans.

“With pleasure,” she responds, pounding harder into the shark’s rear.

“I didn’t mean...” she shudders as Kirisha also pumps the dildo faster, adding to her partner’s pleasure.

“You like that don’t you?” she groans, growlingly as deep as she can as she thrusts away, her sex clenching hard on the dildo within her, her pleasure rising, yet at the same time she feels as if there is still *something* missing from the moment.

“It’s a nice, different,” she moans, bucking against her lover, eagerly trying to thrust against the dildo, edging out as much pleasure as she can, losing herself against Kirisha’s smooth scaly body.

“Yeah, you love it,” she groans, bucking faster, harder, milking the dildo for all its worthwhile caressing and pumping big Bertha, grinding it nice and hard against Marsh’s sex, till suddenly the shark cries out in delight as she climaxes, leaving Kirisha wanting more...

“That was nice...” she pants, pressing up against her, “I will admit I liked that a bit more than I was expecting.”

The raptor smiles nuzzling against the shark, “Good, me next.”

“Y-you want to go at it?”

Kirisha slowly pulls out of Marsh, doing her best to restrain her eagerness, getting onto all fours hiking her tail. The raptor’s heart races as her pucker tenses and relaxes, “I didn’t peak. Please darling? For me?”

She smirks, gently caressing Kirisha’s side, “You didn’t have to ask. I’m always pleased to help you.” she lubricates her dildo, placing some more on Kirisha’s rear.

The raptor lets out a soft purr, her butt hiking higher, “Yes... please I need it,” she huffs.

“Relax, I got you,” she says, gently caressing the raptor’s sides, pressing the dildo against her hole, “How’s this?”

Kirisha presses back, moaning softly, “Yes... push in, pump me,” she clenches and milks the dildo as it spreads her experienced hole. The pushing and tugging of her innards, feeling wonderful, not as great as a certain lion but it works in a pinch. She wraps her tail around Marsh as she pushes back.

“You’ve really been enjoying your anal, haven’t you hun?” She pushes in deeper, soon hilding big Bertha into her friend. She reaches around gently caressing Kirisha’s dildo, giving it a squeeze and milk.

“Yeah...” her sex burning with delight, her body responding positively as flashes of the dream pop into her head. Owen takes her from behind, caressing that smooth chest. Her cock twitching and throbbing.

“This is a bit odd but if this is what you want dear, I don’t mind one bit,” she nuzzle licks, kissing her.

She presses back up against her, “Y-yes. It's what I want so badly,” she huffs, taking the dildo as it pushes into her again and again. Her body quivering in delight, sickle claws twitching as she holds tightly onto the dildo. Imagining her heavy balls, throbbing dick. Owen taking her in the rear so passionately that she... cries out, climaxing hard, “Ow...” she loses the words as she gushes out her hot juices across the thick dildo.

Marsh gently rubs the dildo, “There we go. That’s what you were looking for isn’t it?”

“Uh-huh,” she huffs, softly whining as her partner pulls out of her, leaving her wishing that she had left a nice deposit into her behind, “*It’s still not what I am looking for.*”

“Feel better?”

“Yeah...”

“How about we catch her breath and get a real workout at the gym, what do you say?”

“S-sounds good,” she huffs, feeling a reluctance to remove the dildo, the sensation of having something between her legs just feels so... right and natural. She enjoyed the sensation of something deep within her, it felt better each time that she did it, yet it was nothing like the real thing.

Kirisha found herself thinking about dicks more, and the problem only grew worse when she’s at the gym. She pumps the iron with Marsh, working up a heavy pants. Yet between sets, and during cool down periods, her eyes wandered over to the men, especially thoughts wearing tight bulging work out trunks. She looks down at herself, her muscular body, yet it just feels *off*. She thinks on her body more, wanting to hide yet, yet she can’t. She has to work out for her health and look good, yet she can’t wear clothes that can hide her...

Her mind tries to explain it. She’s not sure where it's coming from, her heart races more, breathing growing heavy and halfway through the workout she rushes back to the showers with Marsh following in toe with a look of concern.

“Kirisha are you okay?”

“Yeah, I just needed to get out of there,” she says with a pant, covering her chest with her arm.

“Are you alright? You’ve been acting a bit strange as of late.”

“I’ll be fine. I just need some time to collect myself. Continue the work out without me.”

The shark comes up and puts her arm around her, “What is it?”

“I’m fine. I’ll be out for a bit.”

“Are you sure?” she asks, giving her a look.

“Very sure.”

The shark sighs, “Alright. But if you need to talk to someone you can always talk to me, okay?”

She smiles, “I know, and I appreciate it. I truly do. Now go out there and tease all those guys,” she chuckles.

“And the ladies,” she winks, giving another hug.

“*Yeah... ladies,*” she thinks, waiting for her friend to leave before rushing to get a quick shower and getting dressed. She then beelines it straight to Owen's place, rapidly knocking on his door.

Owen opens the door, “Kirisha? Is everything okay? I wasn't expecting you for another hour.”

“Yeah... well I think it is. I just... I needed to see you.”

He smiles, “I enjoy your company, please come in, I was just watching another fun movie,” he says, motioning her inside, “*Everything is working out like I predicted. Perhaps a little help now won't hurt.*”

“Thank you,” she says with a soft purr. She brings in a bag of her stuff as she steps inside, catching that Owen is watching another gay porno between the same lion and dragon. The lion has a nice uncut dick that he uses to great effect to tease and pound the submissive dragon partner. The two lovers moan deeply and passionately. She can't help but look at the video for a bit, her sex growing warm, which only increases her anxiety.

The lion gently places a hand on her backside, “What brings you here so early? Don't you have your work out with your friend?”

“I do... did. Normally when I work out, I feel great, but over the last few weeks I just feel... like I am missing something. And when I think about it, I also think of you.”

“You think of me? Kirisha, that is so sweet of you. I think about you too,” he says, guiding her to the touch, sitting her down in front of the TV, the porno continuing to play.

“You do?” she asks with an excited raptoric trill.

“I do,” he says, rubbing her back, “But tell me, what is this feeling you're getting that makes you off as you put it?”

She rubs her claws together, “It's hard to describe, but. I think about you, dicks a lot. And I am finding myself, well... hmm it sounds silly now that I think about it.”

“No, Kirisha. It won't sound silly at all, tell me. I'm your friend. I'm here to help you.”

“Well... I uh...” she takes a deep breath and quickly says it like ripping off a band-aid, “Wish I had a dick.” She tenses, ready to hear a snicker or a chuckle, but it didn't come.

“Kirisha, I'm touched that you trust me so.”

“I know it's a silly thought.”

“No, I wouldn't call it silly. It's something we should explore.”

“Explore? How?”

“There are ways. Much like how you wear that strap on when we have our fun.”

She smiles, “Well I do like it. I even got a new double sided dildo strap on just for it”

“And how does it feel?”

“Really nice actually.”

“Would you like to put it on right now?”

“Well... how did you know I brought it?”

He chuckles, rubbing her back, “Kirisha, when was the last time we had fun and you didn’t have a strap on between your legs?”

She blushes, “Well...”

“You’re a kinky fun guy, you know that?”

The words tingled Kirisha’s mind. Her heart races, making her feel nice, “Did you just call me a guy?” she asks, squirming on the couch.

“Yeah, shouldn’t I have? Or did you prefer something else.”

“Ah... I’m not sure. Call me it again.”

“Sure, anything for a sexy guy like you,” he says with a sly grin.

The words are so warming and delightful. She feels a shiver run down her spine, making her feel so good, all over, “Oh... that’s ah...” she squirms a bit more.

Owen leans in closer, licking across her ear hole, “You are a sexy dude, and so kinky. Pretty gay the way you love to suck dick and get butt fucked by me.”

She shudders, her sex clenching, as she feels the phantom limb of a throbbing dick between her legs. She presses up against him, “Ahh... that feels really good.”

“Does it? Good,” he sighs in relief, “I thought I was pushing the envelope there, but guess not,” he says, thinking, *“Hook line and sinker. In a few more months, she... he’ll be primed and ready.”*

“No, no. It oddly feels... right.”

“Whatever works for you. I’m here to support you. So, why don’t we have a bit of fun before my friend Robbie comes. He’s a kinky guy like you, but I want you all to myself,” he says, unzipping his pants, revealing his throbbing uncut length, a bead of pre-cum soon glistening at the tip.

Kirisha eyes it, licking her lips, gently rubbing a claw between her legs, wishing she could just stroke.... She rushes to her bag, pulling out the dildo, shoving the one end nice and deep into her till it girls with the balls facing outward. The throbbing twitching length now between her legs, she gently strokes it, “Hmm, now I am ready to have some fun.”

Owen spreads his legs, gently caressing his length, “You look great.”

She blushes, “I still feel off, but this feels much better,” she says, getting between his legs, caressing his length, giving his soft fuzzy balls a fondle, “Something about you Owen... I just can’t get you out of my mind.”

“I’ll admit I find myself thinking about you.”

“Didn’t you already say that?” she asks, licking across the underside of his length.

He softly moans, “I did, but it was worth saying twice.”

She licks across his foreskin, slipping her tongue in between, before giving a nice long deep suckle, listening to his soft feminine male moans, *“Even his moans sound lovely.”* She licks his cock clean, “I agree... it is nice hearing,” she purrs, taking his length into her mouth. Her motions mimicking the porno on the screen almost frame for frame.

The lion moans, bucking his hips into her hungry mouth, enjoying her tongue coiling around his length. He gently pets her on the back of her head, guiding her up and down onto his member as his pleasure rises, “Oh fuck, you have a mouth that is made for sucking dick.”

Kirisha felt a rush of joy, butterflies in her stomach. She sucks the tangy salty length, purring happily as her tongue coils around it. She bucks her hips, making the dildo wiggle, teasing her folds. She grips the strap on, gently pumping it as she closes her eyes, focusing on Owen’s dick as much as her own. Imagining herself with balls churning away, building up a heavy load. The aching throb of a length that dribbles pre-cum. Her excitement builds as she can just picture that length plowing into her eager ass.

Owen watches Kirisha get lost in her own fantasy. He comforts her, gently caressing the back of her head, “That’s it. You’re doing a great job,” he groans, his tail flicking widely, as the pressure builds in his loins. His balls churn, growing heavy with seed, “*That’s it Krishna. Accept your growing new identity. Your true self. Let me help you, guide you, to your new true you.*”

Her nostrils flared, taking in the lion's scent. Feeling the heat of his arousal, caressing his balls, being mindful of her claws, “*It would be so nice to have fur like this... soft paws like his,*” she thinks, feeling the churning of seed, feeling how heavy his balls are, the tugging and pulling, making her sex clench down hard onto the thick strap on, making it shift, move, throb in her free hand. She strokes herself, pressing the balls down into her sex. She hikes her tail, sucking deeper, bobbing her head up and down, letting Owen’s paw guide her pace.

“That’s it, suck my dick like the hungry gay cock sucker that you are.”

The raptor felt herself put on edge, her body screaming, ready to blow again. Something about Owen’s words sound so delicious that it arouses her to her very core. Her tongue slithers out, coiling around the length, slipping into the foreskin to lick around it before she takes the whole length once again. The moans from the porno mix with their own that the two sets are indistinguishable from the other.

Owen was sent over the edge. He roars in delight as he unleashes his load deep into Kirisha’s mouth, “Fuck you have such a good fuck mouth,” he cries out just as Robbie walks into the room.

The canine in his mid 30’s comes in without a care on his mind. “Hey, I used your spare key to get in. I hope you don’t mind,” he says, then catching the scene hitting its peak. He feels a bit of jealousy with growing arousal, adjusting his pants a little.

Owen tightly holds onto the couch, his claws extending, toes curling, “Fuck, that is a good one,” he moans, squirting more seed into the raptor’s hungry mouth.

Kirisha is lost in the moment, feeling herself on edge, not quite hitting her own climax, but she pictures herself doing so. The rush of seed coming out of her length, just like the feeling of Owen’s seed into her hungry mouth. She sucks it down, drinking it, the thought of “*You are what you eat,*” popping into the back of her mind. As if thinking if she sucks enough cocks, she’ll get one herself.

As if on cue the porno movie shifts, suddenly having a third, a husky joining the scene. The three gay guys start to talk up a storm as their dicks remain hard, throbbing, as they get ready for a round of fun.

Kirisha sucks a bit longer, slurping away with a never-ending hunger that has taken root in her mind.

“S-slow down dude, we have company,” says Owen as he looks over his shoulder at Robbie, giving him a playful wink.

The brown furred canine nods. He brushes his red hair away from his amber eyes, “I hope I wasn’t interrupting.”

“No, no we were just finishing.”

Kirisha sucks for a moment longer, enjoying the feel of a dick in her mouth, before slowly, reluctantly pulling away, “Ah... that was delicious.”

“I appreciate the compliment. If you liked the meal so much maybe you should kiss the chef.”

“I think I will,” she purrs, climbing up into his lap, her fake cock rubbing up against his real one, as they kiss.

Owen leans into it as much as she doesn’t, gently caressing her sides, as he keeps her there for a moment, slowly breaking the kiss, his blue eyes staring into her yellow, “Kirisha, we have company.”

“Huh? What? Oh, oh!” she catches Robbie standing there, “Oh my gosh, I’m so sorry. I uh...” she blushes, covering herself up with her claws.

“You were really lost in the moment there Kirisha,” says the canine.

“I’m so sorry, I shouldn’t have uh...”

Owen grips Kirisha’s butt, “its fine. Nothing to hide amongst us guys, right Robbie?” he says, looking over to him, “Why don’t you strip and join us on the fun. I think Kirisha here is a real horn dog and is eager to get a taste of something new.”

The raptor feels that surge of delight, easing her out of her mini growing panic attack, “I-I wouldn’t want to put our friend into a spot now.”

Robbie smirks, “Spot? I was in him last week. Nice guy, he moans so loudly when I knot him.”

“Knot him...” she tenses, clenching her butt cheeks, causing the fake dick to twitch and throb.

Robbie removes his shirt, revealing his well-sculpted body, “Don’t tell me you don’t know about a canine knot.”

“No, no I do... I mean of course I do. All guys know about canine knots, right?” she says, feeling another tingle of delight. Something about what she said felt good, right. It builds her arousal, adding to that heated flame.

“You know Kirisha...” he says, dropping his pants, revealing his red throbbing rocket, “If you are curious what its like to be knotted, I can make that dream of yours a reality.”



The raptor eyes the length, seeing it twitch and throb, pre-cum filling the divot, “Well... I uh...”

Owen gently grips Kirisha’s fake dick, giving it a nice firm stroke, making the raptor moan in glee, “Go ahead Kirisha. Ride him. He feels great. Trust me on this one, I know from experience,” he says with a wink.

Robbie continues to rub his length as he steps up, each bounce of the length is like a hypnotic sway of a pocket watch, drawing her closer to it, her body quivering in anticipation.

“I don’t know if I can take all of that...” she replies.

“There’s only one way to find out. Give it a try. And you can have seconds with me,” says Owen, gently rubbing his dick alongside hers, “Unless you found yourself a bit too full for round two?”

Kirisha grinds against him, moaning softly, “Well... I suppose I could enjoy a second helping of cream if you are able to cook up another batch.”

“That’s the spirit,” he says, smacking Kirisha on the butt.

The raptor softly moans, hiking her tail.

“Why don’t you get over the edge of the couch. You did such a fine job sucking me off, I don’t think my legs could support me,” chuckles Owen, guiding the raptor to the side, as he lays across the touch, resting his head on a pillow, while holding his length up for her.

“That sounds fine,” she says with a purr, unable or perhaps just simply unwilling to go against the lion’s suggestion. She looks over to the porno, the dragon getting his ass taken by the Husky while the lion is being sucked off by him. She shudders, her cock throbbing, her body asking as she looks over the canine, as she hikes her tail, “Please, be gentle. It’s my first time with you.”

Robbie gets behind her, his strong grip caressing her hips, spreading those butt cheeks to get a nice view of her pucker, “Don’t worry. I will. I don’t want it to be the last time we have fun. We’re friends. And guy friends love to hang out and do things together, don’t you agree?” he asks, pressing the tip of his length against her rear. Pre-cum spurts out onto the hole making it nice and wet.

Hearing it from him filled her with excitement. She gripped whatever bit of the canine’s length she could, pressing herself up against him, “Y-yes, that sounds good to me. We... guys like to do things like this, all the time right?” she asks nervously.

Robbie pulls her close, slowly sinking his length into her. He listens to the raptors soft aching moans as he spreads her cheeks. He pushes all the way down till his knot presses up against her hole. He looks at Owen as he gives him a nod, “Yes. All the time if they want it. Do you want it, Kirisha? To be a nice horn dog like us?”

“Hmm... yes,” she moans, closing her eyes to focus on the throbbing dick. How warm and delightful it feels, the weight of her own member aching in the air, imagining how good it feels to have a straining hard cock right there, eager to be played with. “One of the guys.” She clenches harder around Robbie’s length as he begins to rhythmically thrust in and out of her rear, letting that knot bounce against her pucker, balls gently tapping her rear.

“One of us,” says Robbie, rubbing along the raptor’s sides, caressing her hips, holding her close to him.

“One of the guys... yes,” she moans, opening her eyes, looking down at Owen’s cock.

“Come on Kirisha, be a man and take two dicks at once,” Owen says with a playful wink.

She growls playfully, “With pleasure,” she says, leaning over, taking the lion’s dick back into her hungry mouth. Moaning as her tail wraps around the canine behind her. She rocks her hips against him while bobbing her head hungrily over the lion’s dick, enjoying his flavor filling her mouth once again. His scent floods her nostrils. She clenches nice and hard on the dildo between her legs, grinding the length against the touch, *“One of the guys.”*

The raptor eyes the porno, enjoying the scene, building up her arousal, *“It feels so good. I could imagine if I only had a real dick how perfect this would be,”* she ponders, getting lost in her own lust. She grips Owen’s hips, gently running her claws through his fur, slurping down his dick for all its worth.

“Fuck, you have a good mouth,” Owen says, bucking into her mouth, rubbing her head again, while he lays back, enjoying the view, *“You’re doing great Kirisha. You’re taking to the changes better than I could have hoped at this stage. It was like you really were meant to go this way, you just never knew,”* he thinks, his length aching hard, pre-cum oozing out.

The raptor purrs happily, enjoying the flavor of Owen’s juices. Hungrily wanting more as she bobs her head up and down with ever greater intensity. She already knows she’ll have to work harder to get a second load so close to the first. All the while she feels that throbbing length penetrating her rear. It feels great, each thrust is better than the last. The knot spread her rear just a bit more, threatening to pop into her... but not yet.

Robbie pants, leaning over the raptor as he pounds away, “Such a lovely tight ass. Any man would be happy to fuck it.”

Another surge of pleasure. Kirisha felt herself be on edge, the pressure building up in her loins, ready to burst. The fake balls press up against her sensitive folds, her mind sinking into a rustic delight, as she tries to hold onto the edge. The porno playing in the background. She views it out of the corner of her eye, barely noticing the similarities between her position and them. A sense of envy fills her, that they can be as complete as that. While she still is lacking...

“I can’t hold back any longer!” exclaims Robbie, slamming hard into Kirisha’s rear, his knot slipping in with an audible pop. He howls as he unleashes his load into her tight rear. Flooding every inch of her ear as they are locked together.

Kirisha whines in delight, her mind drawn back into the bliss of having the canine knot her. There was only a moment of surprise, shock, awe as his massive knot pushed into her rear, but it was followed by the bliss of his warm essence flooding deep inside of her. Yet she doesn’t stop. She continues to work Owen over. Slurping on his length, ready to enjoy his load. Her body on the edge, ready to blow herself. She milks Robbie’s dick, feeling each enjoying pulsate from both her lovers.

“Fuck I blew a bit early, you aren’t there yet, are you Owen?”

“Not yet, why don’t you jerk out our new fuck buddy. See if you can send him over the edge, before I do.”

“Sure thing,” he says with a playful yip, licking across Kirisha’s head, nuzzling her as he reaches around to fondle the fake balls, squeezing the strap on, pumping it nice and firmly.

Kirisha shudders, the words, the feelings, the sensations. She is locked in her trance state, sucking Owen’s dick. Bliss she’s never felt before flooding her mind like the flooding of Robbie’s essence. She’s sent over the edge before she knows it. Experience a climax harder than she’s ever known before. A mind-blowing experience, yet she doesn’t stop. She sucks and drinks down on Owen’s length, wanting to feel him unleash his load into her hungry slutty maw. She needed it, wanted it. And when Owen finally releases his essence into her maw, she hungry laps it up.

“Fuck, you are delicious,” Kirisha cries out, licking Owen’s length along the entire underside, milking and squeezing the last bit of cum out of him so she can slurp and suckle it from the tip, “Hmm when did you taste so good?” she pants, pressing her rear tightly against Robbie.

“Well, it’s always a better meal when it’s shared amongst others, don’t you think?”

She huffs, nuzzling Owen’s dick, licking across it, “Yeah, I think you are right.”

Robbie rubs Kirisha’s sides, pressing himself against her, resting along her backside, “A nice, good fuck amongst friends is a lovely thing.”

Kirisha moans and nods, loving the feel of his fur against her body, “Fuck I wish I had fur like you two,” she purrs nuzzling Owen’s dick, “And yeah... it is lovely.”

Owen chuckles, petting Kirisha’s head, “Don’t worry. It’ll be fine. We’re here to help you. Isn’t that right Robbie?”

The canine nods, “We are. We’ll do what we can to make you feel as comfortable as possible.

She pants, nuzzling the dick one last time, “Thanks guys. I really appreciate it.”

Owen purrs, petting Kirisha’s head, “You’re one of the guys. We look after our own,” he says lovingly. Enjoying the moment, knowing it won’t be long till there’s a round two, three and certainly a four. He can only hope his canine buddy can keep up with Kirisha’s various slutty appetite, for this is just the beginning of Kirisha’s journey into her newfound self.