

Service With A Smile

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Isi stiffened as the heavy paw landed on her shoulder. She held her mug of honey ale hung suspended between her muzzle and the table. Taking a quick swallow, she set it down with more force than was necessary. She looked over her shoulder at the biggest, baddest ursine she'd ever seen. Twin ammunition belts crossed over his chest. He jerked his head toward the private room along one wall.

Isi nodded.

The ursine didn't release her, merely stepped back to give her room to stand. Without looking at him, she threaded her way through the lunchtime crowd at The Broken Bone, a way station for space-faring ursines such as the male herding her toward the private room. Her stomach churned. She knew exactly what she was doing when she donned her skimpiest outfit and headed to the station. She flashed what she hoped was a come-hither smile at the male.

He grunted. She would have thought her smile worked, except his gaze never rose above her neck.

The door to the private room slid open with a whoosh. It closed behind her, and Isi wasted no time. Turning, she flattened her paws against his chest. His fur tickled her hairless pads, the ammunition belts keeping her from burrowing against his chest. "What can I call you?"

“Kwar,” he grunted. With quick motions he removed his ammunition belts and the leather shorts that protected his cock and buttocks. He dropped the shorts in the corner, then gently folded his belts on top.

“Well, Kwar, if you'll transfer the money we'll get started.” Her cold, calculating words helped to bolster her courage. She watched while he tapped a few buttons on his wrist unit, transferring her fee into her account. His long leather-sheathed claws clacked against the device, a furrow in the pelt between his eyes. A long scar ran from the outside of his right eye, across his muzzle, to end at his upper lip, giving him a perpetual sneer. If he were her den mate, Isi had no doubts he'd protect her and their cubs to the death.

“Done,” he said as he dropped to his knees before her. Cupping her breasts in his hands, he plumped them together, then buried his nose against her generous flesh. He inhaled deeply. “Do you know how long it's been since I've been with a female?”

Too long, she guessed from the way he swiped his long, mobile tongue across an already distended nipple. One swipe sent liquid heat to her cunt. Her knees shook, and had Kwar's strength not been in front of her, she might have fallen. He must haven't expected an answer, for he turned his attention to her other breast. He tormented her with his tongue, playing with her puckered nipples.

Splaying his hands on her back, he stroked the length of her spine. He cupped her buttocks, pulling her closer, then nuzzled the skin just beneath her breasts.

Isi cupped his shoulders. Goddess in the stars, she never imagined her first work as a space girl would feel like this. She expected sweaty grunting, a release of fluids and nothing more. Not this pleasure that burst through her veins and made her tip her head back. A whine of need bubbled in her throat. She bit it back not wanting her client to know how much his rough touch aroused her.

His fingers touched the small implant above her left buttock that kept her disease and pregnancy free. They hovered there for a moment, almost as if he assured himself of her protection, then he followed the curve of her buttock between her legs to her creaming slit.

Isi spread her legs. Curling her fingers into his thick ruff, she forced her body to remain standing.

Kwar lowered his muzzle across her stomach, down between her legs where that heavenly tongue tasted her.

Isi moaned. She rocked her hips into his face, her stubby tail swinging back and forth.

As if her sound were a signal, he thrust his tongue into her tight channel. Flicking it from side to side he drank in her cream, pausing to nip at her clit and then lave it with his tongue.

Shudders worked through Isi's body. Kwar tapped the end of his tongue against the sensitive tissues just inside her slick channel. His paws curled against her skin, the tips of his nails pressing into her skin. Pulling his mouth away, he licked her juices from his muzzle.

"On your knees," he ordered.

Isi complied. She turned around, then dropped to her knees on the soft mats cushioning the floor. Bending over, she treated him to a view of her dripping pussy. "I want you to fuck me." She wiggled her ass at him.

"Yes," he snarled, lunging across the space separating them. The head of his cock rubbed against her slit.

Skin against skin, the powerful body behind her, Isi rode the waves of desire cresting in her veins. Thrusting her hips backwards, she managed to slip his head inside her. A low moan rumbled from beneath her sternum.

Kwar sheathed himself inside her with a single stroke of his hips. Thick, he stretched her walls, made her think of being stuffed full. His head bumped against the mouth of her womb. Their panting breaths mingled. She smelled his musk, richer now because of their mating. Slowly, so slowly she thought it would kill her, he pulled back, then surged forward once more.

"Yes!" she chanted. "Yes! Yes!"

Each stroke of Kwar's cock burned away any pretence of cool, professionalism. She may provide a willing cunt, but for this ursine male, she'd do anything. His loud grunts echoed in the room. His huffing noises only heightened her sensation, and when he reached around her hip and flattened his paw against her clit, her words degenerated into a pure, primal scream of pleasure.

Isi's orgasm tore through her. Her pussy tightened on the male's shaft, seeking to hold it deeper inside her. Pleasure rolled through her veins, her body convulsing with the complete and total release he evoked from her. Eyes closed, she forced air into her parched lungs.

Bodies slapped together. Still the male rutted, his dick filling her over and over again. A claw flicked across her clit, the spike of pain hurling her towards orgasm once more. Behind her, Kwar stiffened. A beastly roar shook the walls as he came. His cock twitched deep inside her, his release so hot it nearly scalded her. Whimpering, she struggled to ride the sensations hurtling through her body. Never before had she been fucked like this. Maybe that's why she decided to become a space girl. So she could experience the mind-shattering rush of orgasm over and over again.

With a replete sigh, Kwar slid from her. He sprawled on the mats, pulling her down on top of him. A heavy arm pinned her to his side. She waited there, long enough to bring her breathing back to normal, then she wriggled away. Standing, she grabbed her clothing. She felt his gaze on her as she crossed the room to the cleansing station. A few moments later she dressed.

"Thank you. That was invigorating." Running her hands over her hips, she gave one final shimmy before heading to the door. Just another day in the life of a space girl, providing service with a smile.

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