

I'm dreaming of a pink Christmas

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and based on art by [juantriforce](#).

“C'mon, *do it!* **DO IT!** Do it like Naomi did; **don't be a PUSSY! JUST DO IT! DO IT, NO SPOTS—!**”

Whether Stephanie's quivering finger had finally slipped, or she'd somehow found the courage — or maybe desperation — necessary to press the 'send' button — it didn't really matter which in the end — she'd finally done it.

Like magic, the tasteful and *totally mature (in her opinion)* almost-nude she'd snapped about an hour ago, *and had been wringing her tail over ever since*, was flying through the air towards the (hu)man of her dreams and love of her young life: *Edward*.

In just a few seconds he'd feel his phone vibrate in his pocket, pull it out *nonchalantly, like all cool humans did*, drink in what she'd sent him like a man dying of thirst in the desert — *all while trying to keep his jaw off the floor, of course* — instantly realize just how crazy in love with her he was — *but had been too shy to admit until she made the first move — and then they'd—!*

And then they'd—

And then they'd...

Stephanie's eyes went wide in horror at the sight staring back at her from her full-length mirror. The scrawny, nervous-looking, clearly-desperate cheetah girl dressed in the kind of clothes she would normally have never been caught **dead in** was starting to look awfully familiar...

How she'd managed to convince herself to buy them in the first place was anybody's guess, but there she was, flaunting what little she had in the T and A departments after cleaning up her room and decorating her mirror to try and make it, *and by extension herself, look cuter and girlier to impress—*

To impress a boy who probably didn't even know she existed...

Poor Edward was going to get to know her better than even her parents did in just a few seconds, and it was **that** thought — *accompanied by one deep breath and a series of much shorter, shuddery ones* — that made Stephanie's cheetah instincts kick into overdrive.

Speedrunning the oncoming panic attack at speeds that would make your head spin she realized — **fully realized, in a moment of manic, almost out-of-body clarity and**

regret — what she'd just done, skipped straight to the middle of hyperventilating, and started making plans to go out to her backyard, dig herself a shallow grave, and bury herself alive so she'd never, *ever* be seen by **anyone** ever again.

A small part of the highschool senior was proud that she'd finally taken the first step towards a life of wedded bliss with the man she knew in her **bones** was her soulmate — *of course she was proud of herself, how could she not be?* — but an infinitely larger and more importantly **louder** part was wishing for the message to be swallowed up by a— *by a cyber-black-hole or something!*

Anything equally nonsensical would do just so long as the 'delivered' notification turned into something like 'lost at sea forever'...!

The already stretched-thin bundle of nerves with spots couldn't even hear her frantic breathing or the mile-a-minute beating of her heart in the dissociative fugue-state she'd found herself in, but as soon as the calm and collected *Stephanie* wrestled her way back into the driver's seat to take control of the run-away freight-train currently **cartwheeling** down its tracks from the overly-emotional and much too hot-blooded *Stephie*, it was too late.

Try as she might, no matter how desperately she pulled on the wheel and tried to approach the... current **issue** as calmly and logically as possible, her bedroom and everything in it were already starting to fade to black and disappear around her...

Doing the only thing she could and staring into the glowing phone-screen she had in a death-grip barely an inch from her face, *Stephanie* refused to even blink, instead searching for the reply that would make everything better and save her from her own downward spiral *between* the pixels.

*Surely Ed's matching heartfelt confession of undying love would be **THERE, RIGHT!?***

And yet, *predictably*, it wasn't.

As each gruelling second ticked by, *Stephanie* found she didn't totally hate the idea of her near-nude being misdelivered to the other side of the world somehow just so long as Edward didn't end up hating or avoiding her because he thought she was a creep, and the last bastion of rational thought she had clung to the non-zero percent chance that things would go well so she didn't end up tearing her fur out.

*Edward probably liked girls who still had all their fur, if he liked ones with fur **at all...***

There was always some itsy-bitsy, teeny-tiny shred of hope that her crush to end all crushes and *currently* one-sided, unrequited-love might see the unsolicited photo and fall in love with her on the spot, *but*—

Well, he **could** always send her an endless stream of romantic text messages that he'd been saving up from the moment their eyes first met all those years ago during that fateful start-of-school-year assembly, r-right!?

The same ones he'd never had the courage to send her because he was just too shy...! **Yeah, that was it!** A-And he could always teleport directly into her bedroom, get down on one knee, and propose to her on the spot, too! Shirtless! And preferably pantless, too...

Even after surrendering herself to the *all-knowing magic rectangle* in her hands — *the one that she now believed without a shred of doubt in her mind controlled which way her life would go from that moment on* — Stephanie forced herself to come to terms with the fact that she lived in a reality where that was beyond improbable, even if it wasn't — *strictly speaking* — *one-hundred-percent impossible*.

The math just hadn't been worked out yet, was all... It could happen...!

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"**Stupid, stupid, stupid~!**" the lovesick girl finally yowled at herself, playing with her tail to try and defuse the ticking time-bomb in her heart before switching to choking the life out of the traitorous, wagging thing when being nice to it didn't seem to work.

*And after she'd brushed it so it looked its **fluffiest, too!***

Focusing on her breathing and trying to mellow out before she ended up passing out — *because if **that** happened, her mother was sure to come upstairs and find her on the floor dressed in the sort of thing that meant her **father** would see it too after coming to investigate a **second** loud thud* — Santa's sluttiest little helper tried coming up with some way of playing off the photo that was oh-so-clearly of *her* as... well, *not her?*

*...A **prank!** Yeah, I can play it off as a prank!* Stephie thought suddenly, hatching a seemingly ingenious plan to blame the entire ordeal on AI, or deepfakes, or some other stupid—!

Stephanie knew better than that, though. Of course she did... Edward would see right through that...

The logical part of her brain keeping her from jumping out the second-story window of her bedroom knew there was no going back. *What was done was done.* There was nothing to regret and no one to curse or blame any of this on but herself:

She'd willingly put on the Christmas-themed underwear she'd sneakily ordered online all by herself — *including the strapless bra, the barely-there and highly impractical thong, and **especially** the thigh-grabbing leggings with big red bows and jingling bells*

*that ended up taking **way** longer to put on than she cared to admit because she was desperately trying not to rip them with her toe-claws or tip off her parents who were downstairs — and **she'd** propositioned handsome, beautiful, *sensitive, intelligent and hopefully **understanding** Edward, so to try and blame her shot in the dark on—!**

*Who **could** she blame it on...? the momentarily fiendish cat thought with a grinchlike grin, her ears wagging as she steepled her fingers and hatched a scheme to—*

*No... **No!** There was still hope! All she had to do was wait! *All would be well!* Once he actually got the message (which wouldn't take more than a few more seconds) he'd make one of two decisions: to either accept her honest, heartfelt advances — *which would mean they'd be dating by that time tomorrow* — or reject her and never even look at, *much less speak to, her ever again...**

*Stephanie knew that such a high-stakes gambit didn't allow for any other possibilities in the end. Not when so much of what (little) she had to show off was so blatantly on display, but **Stephie**, on the other hand...*

Stephie didn't know that at all. Or maybe just refused to accept it.

That nervous, excited, impulsive, and overly emotional side of her was just minutes away from going super-critical and becoming a cringe-singularity that would hopefully swallow both her and the message whole, but Ed would surely reply before that happened...

As each heart-wrenching second that he *didn't* seemed to stretch towards infinity, and the clock on her wall and its telltale ticking became the arbiter of her own personal oblivion, it was no real surprise that **Stephie** managed to wrestle total control of her thinking back out of her more sensible paws to get right back to the full-blown heart attack that felt *suspiciously* like the tail-end of the anxiety attack she'd fast-forwarded through earlier.

With her legs giving way and her petite ass bound for the floor, she beat it to the chase and collapsed as slowly and quietly as possible.

She could already picture the love of her life spitting out whatever he was drinking after checking his phone and seeing her scrawny, unattractive body in high definition — *because of **course** he'd be drinking something and think she was fur and bones: humans were just cool like that, and loved their water, and were so fucking **sexy** that they could get whatever girl with huge boobs and a big, fat ass they wanted* — summarily blocking her number and immediately booking a one-way flight to a country that didn't even **allow** social media just to get *that much further away from her* and the embarrassment of having ever known her!

At the end of her rope and the dizzying downward spiral of faulty logic, the only thing Stephie could do was look around the usually safe and comforting bedroom she knew

and loved ever since she was a little girl — *and that had only just slowly started to come back into focus* — and try her damndest to avoid the many disappointed-looking gazes of her smiling idol as the cheetah-she-aspired-to-be stared down at her from the dozens of photos she'd clipped out of magazines to decorate the walls of her room with.

"I'm sorry, Naomi... I've failed you..." she whispered with fat tears welling in her eyes before curling into a ball, wrapping her tail around her legs, and sobbing as silently as she could lest her mother come to check on her only to discover she'd given birth to a **failure**.

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"A n-new— A new w-world record...! Again...!"

Naomi Mous was everything Stephanie wanted to be and more.

The track super-star had first caught her eye at the last Summer Olympics, and not just for her **many** outstanding, record-smashing athletic performances that turned the heads of people around the world, *or because they were both cheetahs and big cats supported big cats, either.*

No, Naomi Mous stood out from the pack because of what she did **off** the track. *What she stood for and represented in Stephanie's younger, oddly impressionable eyes.*

To a cheetah like Stephanie — *one who was still trying to come to terms with new, undeniable, and utterly all-consuming feelings for one very special human boy in particular* — the Olympian came off as cool and confident because she wasn't afraid to chase what she wanted and didn't seem to have a single shred of doubt in her mind about it either.

It didn't matter what anyone, or everyone, said about Naomi behind her back — *or even straight to her face* — that flash of spotted lightning knew her human was the man she wanted and she wasn't going to apologize for it or settle for **anything** less!

If you weren't going to get on board, and didn't want to get run-the-fuck-over, then you'd just have to get the fuck out of her way~!

That brand of brutally unashamed honesty was refreshing and invigorating and *still* sent a shiver down her spine...

Thinking back on the comforting memory as Stephanie laid on her uncomfortable floor, the way Naomi had **javelin'd** herself into her waiting human's arms — *minus the part where she hit his chest and could've **seriously** injured both of them and maybe even ended two athletic careers early* — was the single most romantic thing the younger cheetah had ever seen.

And the way Naomi's human — *Anon Y. Mous* — **fully** accepted her — *crazy, burning love and all* — was exactly the kind of relationship she wanted with—! *Well, with a certain human boy whose name started with E- and ended with -dward~♥*

Watching the happy couple hug and kiss and roll around on the ground for the second or two before the camera cut away was a formative experience for a blossoming young woman in her first year of highschool, and the 'lick seen round the world' might've been Stephanie's sexual awakening, too...

Her soaked panties and the series of back-to-back wet dreams over the next week or two sure seemed to point in that direction, anyway... Especially when they starred a human boy she'd locked eyes with during the start-of-year assembly, too. Double especially when he was wearing a pair of tight little running shorts and dedicated his many gold medals to her~!

When he was wearing anything at all, that is...

Back then, hiding under her covers and keeping her eyes glued to the tiny television she had in her bedroom while scanning for any interaction between the two, Stephie would **swear** up and down the street that she really **had** heard Naomi swallow after licking Anon's face clean of every last bead of... *sweet, sweet human ambrosia...*

It was enough to make Stephie imagine the taste and swallow out of reflex because of how much she wanted to do the same thing someday! *To her own human, of course. Not Anon. He was Naomi's, and Stephanie was anything but a disloyal homewrecker...*

Ugh, not like that one craven **bitch** who tried to drug and kidnap her idol's man!

The freshly-minted teenage superfan must've watched that clip at least a million times *that year alone*, even going so far as to frame and immortalize on her wall the *instant* Naomi slapped that suspicious-looking water bottle into the air and *deftly* dispatched the **intruder** trying to take what was so clearly **hers...**

As cheesy as her older and wiser self knew it would sound to anyone who didn't feel the same way *she* did about human-anthro relationships — *for obvious reasons* — Naomi was like a light in the darkness. A Prometheus of sorts! *A torch bearer that carried the light and paved the way for girls like Stephie (and probably boys, too, because she didn't judge!) to follow in her massive footsteps.*

...Too bad she wasn't fast like Naomi was, or a runner, or an athlete of any kind for that matter.

Despite her long and storied cheetah heritage, Stephanie was happier to be a nerd behind a keyboard than put whatever natural speed she (didn't) have to 'better' use running on a track.

Not that there was anything wrong with that!

“It’s not like **every** cheetah has to run,” she’d repeated to herself on multiple occasions, her mother’s loving and supportive words already deeply ingrained in her mind from a much younger age.

“As a cheetah, it’s kinda... **cliché**, y’know? **Running... It’s... expected...**” her personal hero had announced to the world, shattering the expectations that cheetahs **had** to run.

At least, in Stephanie’s mind....

So she settled for admiring her Adonis from afar instead.

She’d first ‘met’ Ed at the start-of-year assembly during her freshman year of high school and knew from the getgo that there was something special about him that meant she couldn’t take her eyes off him, or even think about looking at another boy, or even think about another boy period, or ever fall in love with anyone else *ever...*

Ever.

Call it animal magnetism, or maybe his aura, but that split second where their eyes met held a lifetime of joy and happiness and **a metric fuckton of cubs**, and Stephanie was locked in from that nanosecond on. They were soulmates and that was that. She knew it and Edward would know it too once the perfect time and place showed up for her to confess her feelings for him and get one back in return.

Unfortunately, they didn’t share very many classes together as it turned out, so she had to make sure to say hello and goodbye and cherish every waking second she got to spend with him wherever and whenever it was socially and academically appropriate for them to be together.

That’s why Stephanie absolutely **adored** the teacher that put them in the same group for a class project one time. Ms. Young was both a real sweetheart and a secret HMoFA-ally (probably, right?) who got a **very** lovely Christmas present that year because she ensured Stephanie got to spend additional mandatory time with Edward where she could get to know what a gentle, generous soul he was **and** get his phone number without having to be creepy about tracking him down~!

Just like she already *knew*, Ed was smart, and funny, and had a beautiful smile, and really good taste in the snacks he brought in to share with her, **and actually pulled his weight when doing group work even though Stephanie would’ve been ecstatic to carry him on her shoulders if it meant she’d get a hug in the end and—**

Basically, he wasn’t just the most handsome boy Stephanie had ever seen. He had real depth to him, and enough facets to make even the most beautiful diamond jealous, which is precisely why she continued to pine for him day after day, year after year, all

through high school! Taking a page out of her idol's handbook, she even made sure he'd never be too far away by getting into the same university he did!

...That was where the few similarities ended, though.

As it turned out — *because being an Olympic athlete meant finding her literal track-record was easy enough for both Stephie and the multitude of news networks that ran stories on the new sports sensation around the clock for the first couple of months after the games* — Naomi had been a runner for the majority of her life. She'd even known her current **husband** — *the world-renowned 'endurance hunter' and long-track/javelin star* — for longer than that because *he* was a runner too!

It was the kind of love story that got Stephie weak in the knees and wet between the thighs, but also scared her because she didn't have something like a sport she could go back in time and share with Ed... *She'd never walk home with him after practice and hit those showers together to try and save water and—*

She'd missed out on so much time she wished she could've spent with him.

So! *If she wanted him to be hers, like Naomi had claimed Anon — **last name and all** — she'd have to work for it! **Hard!** She'd have to change, and grow, and make a move no matter **how** drastic...! She wouldn't have a worldwide stage to confess her love, so she'd have to settle for the next best thing, **but she'd still have to confess all the same!***

Which is exactly what she put her mind to doing.

Eventually...

Well, 'eventually' just came and went, so all that was left was holding on for dear life and seeing if her bet paid off!

....

Stephanie's cell phone jingle-jangled in the way that meant she'd gotten a message, *but not from any of her friends or even her parents*. The mysteriously-generic default ringtone yanked her out of her despair only to hold her over the edge of the bottomless pit she'd been spiraling into by the **throat**.

It could be from Edward! her mind screamed at her in celebration. *And he might hate me...* it also added sullenly, remembering that she might pay the price for such a risky gamble.

Reaching out her other hand as quickly as she could to find out one way or another — *heaven or hell* — if Santa was going to bring her the greatest gift of all this Christmas, she opened the message.

“Yeah, I do,” it read. “Where are you? I need an address for my GPS.”

Just like that — *like a bolt of wondrous lightning hit her right in the heart* — **it was on**, and Stephie was up off the floor, sitting on her legs, and wagging her tail frantically.

She hadn't read past the 'I do' portion of the message at first — *the sound of wedding bells and visions of Edward in a tuxedo princess-carrying her in a wedding dress into their honeymoon suite playing on repeat* — but it didn't really matter in that moment.

“Ed said YES~!” she squealed so high and so loud that only a bat neighbour two blocks down could hear her before her fingers were a blur.

Summoning a burst of speed the likes of which she'd never felt before — *maybe even becoming speed itself after tapping in to the Speed Force all cheetahs were supposed to have access to* — Stephie typed and typed and *deleted and retyped and corrected the incorrect auto-correct suggestions* and had to bite down on her tail to calm herself enough to retype one last thing before she **finally** had a message with her full and correct address to send back to her knight in shining armour that was already on his way and sure to arrive on a brilliant white horse that looked an awful lot like his mom's old car!

It wasn't a mighty steed befitting her hero, idol, and *personal deity* by any stretch of the imagination, **BUT STILL! He was on his way!**

Doing the only thing she could think of with the very last brain cell doing laps around the single, narrow track her mind had left, Stephie took a few deep breaths, *took off her panties and pulled up her top*, and took another full-length photo of her much-more-but-not-**technically**-completely-naked body in the mirror.

She didn't need panties where she was going, after all.

The practically vibrating young woman managed to leave her stockings on — *or failed to even consider taking them off after forgetting she was wearing them in the first place* — but got a full, unobstructed view of one of her perky, hand-filling breasts and the overly-sensitive, perfectly-pink, *ready-to-cut-diamonds* nipple that topped it.

Only half of her other breast made it into the photo, but she thought a little mystery never hurt anyone, and that the full frontal of what she would only later realize was actually a three-quarters view of her embarrassingly-wet and totally-bare pussy would more than make up for it.

It took a few more minutes for her euphoric buzz to wear off enough that she could realize what a stupid, irresponsible, and utterly *clit-brained* move she'd just made by sending a proper nude over the unprotected airwaves when her beloved Edward was

already on his way, but she couldn't have contained her excitement any other way if her life depended on it.

Which it clearly did.

Even *Stephanie* — *poor, innocent, brainy, sitting in the back-seat Stephanie* — needed Edward to know how she felt and what she wanted. *What she craved.* No games, no misunderstandings, no 'ha-ha funny' jokes: she wanted his **fat human cock** and she **needed it YESTERDAY!**

"You're gonna get me into a wreck, lol," read the message portion of the near-instantaneous reply that actually took a few minutes to come rolling in, but Stephie's feral cat-brain was way too focused on licking her phone's screen once she noticed the pre-cum oozing through Ed's pants clear as day in the rock-hard bulge pic he'd sent in reply to read that part first.

She didn't hear the piercing squeal of tires a block-and-a-half away from her house, either.

*"Cubs... He's gonna give me **CUBS~!**"* she screamed at the top of her lungs, once again bothering the sweet old bat lady two blocks down, but getting an unheard *"Hell yeah, girl, get you some!"* in reply.

Mrs. Zotz had lived a long, interesting life, you see, knew what was good, and heard the car speeding towards Stephanie's house long before it suddenly hit the brakes and left an ear-piercing skid mark on the otherwise quiet street.

*The young Bryan girl was a sweet lil' thing from a sweet family that helped her shovel her driveway every year when the snow got too high, so she absolutely **deserved** all the hot, hunky, pussy-stretching, mind-melting, womb-bloating BHC she could swallow!*

Both literally and figuratively, of course.

"Twomminutesaway," read the next and final text message before the over-excited kitten named Stephanie impersonated her hero by launching herself head-first into her closet.

*She had to find something to wear overtop of what little lingerie she was still wearing so she could both keep Ed rock-hard, and not tip her parents off... They didn't need or **want** to know that she was about to lose her virginity and make them some grandkids right under their noses, after all.*

Right...? Probably...?

....

"FUCK ME, HUMAN~!"

A younger Edward Nigma had watched the Summer Olympics on TV and fallen in love too.

*Not with any of the athletes, mind you — though there were plenty of stacked and toned furry, scaly, and **everything-in-between** bodies on display that would cause him no end of confusion in the coming months — or any one particular sport — though there were a couple that both piqued his interest **and** were offered at the highschool he'd been enrolled in — but with the confidence that one runner in particular showed about letting his controversial feelings be known.*

Or at least, they seemed controversial to Ed at the time.

Anon Y. Mous was a heck of a competitor, y'see. He seemed so normal, but by the end of the longest race he ran — *even soaked in sweat and hiding how gassed he must have been* — he managed to stand tall on his own two feet at the top of his field!

*And then he threw a javelin for the first time competitively and broke **another** record...*

To Ed, Anon had changed the world that day... *A day that might've actually been a week or so, but who was counting?* He'd left a mark on history and proved, *without a doubt*, that humans were still in the race!

Or at least, that's kinda how it felt to him...

Which is why, to *also* see him wearing his heart on his sleeve as he hugged and kissed and was open with his feelings about the woman that would eventually become his **wife** was a hell of a gold standard to set!

Pun absolutely intended.

*Sure, humans and anthros got together every now and then — of course they did, though it had to be more than what was being shown on TV — but no one had ever been so **public** about it! So in your face, authentically **shameless** about it! No one had ever issued the world a challenge and **dared it** to say something was **wrong** about the love a human could share with his cheetah!*

*...W-Well, with his anthro partner. **Anon's!** Anon's partner... Naomi **was** a cheetah in his case, but it wasn't **exclusive** to cheetahs! Ha ha...*

As article after article was written about him, his wife, and what were apparently their two best friends — *another loud and proud human-anthro couple* — Eddie came to realize, *to really internalize*, that there was no shame in loving an anthro with all your heart or showing that love publicly.

*So long as you didn't do anything **illegal** while doing it — obviously — it was exactly the same as loving a human girl!*

*...Alright, so maybe certain anthro girls really **could** rip your heart out and stomp on it right in front of you if they felt like it, **but cheetahs definitely couldn't!***

Right...?

*Stephanie probably couldn't, at least... The worst **she** could do was say "no" or "I hate you and I think you're disgusting for implying I'd ever so much as be **seen** with a human" and then break his tender heart after he'd finally found the courage to take his newfound acceptance of his feelings, translate them into action, and confess them out loud right to her face!*

...Which is precisely why Ed kept his distance and chose to admire her adorable spots, and her dazzling smile, and the way her laugh sounded like a summer's breeze, or the way her fur rustled in an actual, literal, breeze, *or the minor little changes in colour as said fur went up her slender arms and over her shoulders and up her neck and—*

He admired her from **afar**, essentially...

The Olympic broadcast had given him the kick in the ass he needed to come to terms with those previously guilty feelings and not be *too* afraid of being judged by others for falling for someone outside his species, *but...*

He'd need more time before he did anything about them. It wasn't like he could just ambush a girl like Stephanie by pouring out his heart and soul at the drop of a hat! Sure, she was *cordial* and treated him like any other classmate when they met in the halls or had to work on a project together, but that was about it.

Which is why he treasured the time they spent working together on *whatever that project was* as his favourite week or two of high school.

Getting lost in her eyes, and getting to see her fur rippling like majestic fields of wheat when she laughed at his corny jokes out of courtesy, or feeling his heart melt in his chest when her *diabetes-inducingly-cute tongue* popped out of her mouth to lick the sugar off her fingers when they shared a bowl of snacks he'd agonized for days about bringing with him when they met up casually to get some work done...

That was only the beginning.

Not that he'd ever doubted it for a second, but Stephanie had an amazing brain in the head on her shoulders, and a real personality to boot. Honestly, he almost didn't expect for a girl as beautiful as she was to put the work in when she didn't have to, but he was so fucking glad she did...

*It would have **sucked** to have fallen head-over-heels for someone who was just a pretty face, but the way his heart sang to him when they first locked eyes promised that wasn't the case with her, and it had more than delivered on that promise.*

Stephanie was patient with him when he got distracted and blanked out because he **thought** he saw a bra-strap when she bent over the table they were using to point at certain facts and figures for their presentation. She was open, honest, and forthright —

even if it came at the risk of looking silly or having him think less of her, not that he ever would! — when she confessed that she hadn't read a chapter yet or finished all the research she was responsible for, but she got it done that very weekend and blew his socks clean off with the way she put all the information together!

She was the best group project partner he'd **ever** had, and Ms. Young was a straight up **G.** for not being afraid of what her colleagues might say about the fact that she **didn't** break them up just because — *as a human and an anthro* — they were two different species.

Hopefully the **very** nice Christmas present he got her as a thank-you that year helped smooth things over because she deserved it. Absolutely. *Unquestionably.* She was the straight up **GOAT!**

...Anyway, short story long, they didn't really have the time after that week or seem to share any of the same interests so he could use one as an ice-breaker and approach her even more casually. She almost *certainly* hadn't sent him any kind of signal to show that she was just as madly infatuated with him as he was with her, either, *so for her to suddenly text him a **picture** looking like she did in one or two of his particularly steamy—! Okay, a **dozen** steamy fantasies he'd had, Ed felt like he'd won the lottery all over again!*

So he muttered another little *'thank you'* in Ms. Young's direction and decided to take the bull by the horns.

. . . .

Nearly ripping gashes in his jeans as he clawed the nails of his free hand up and down a thigh while ensuring he didn't end up breaking his phone as the other hand squeezed it for dear life just to make sure he wasn't dreaming, Ed waited the *polite and **gentlemanly*** two or three minutes so Stephanie had ample chance to say the picture was a mistake, or intended for someone else, and ask him to delete it, before he replied.

As much as it would have pained him to delete the photo he'd seen so many times in his dreams, Ed **absolutely would have**, because that was just what guys like him did, and any tears he let out would be testaments to his willpower and righteousness as he wished Stephe and her anthro boyfriend all the best in life.

...Besides, the image was already burned into his brain from the very first millisecond he saw it anyways, so his imagination could always fill in the rest later!

Once the imaginary and totally self-imposed timer was up, though, *and seeing that Stephanie hadn't sent him any instructions to burn-after-viewing*, Edward dared to dream that the image really **had** been sent to him on purpose.

That maybe, *just maybe* — *somehow, some way* — Stephanie reciprocated his one-sided feelings!

So, with shaky fingers and a good deal of difficulty thanks to a... *diverting of essential brain-make-fingers-work blood*, he tried to come up with a response that showed his interest without sounding desperate or over-excited while rushing for his mom's car and *desperately* and *over-excitedly* trying to find the car-keys that were already in his other hand.

When Stephanie sent **another** message in reply to his after what felt like an *eon's worth of driving later*, he slammed on the brakes to avoid the... *invisible children and stationary cars parked on her street*, and willingly surrendered the crucial *make-brain-work blood* to where it was more desperately needed at that particular moment in time.

*She was... **brehtaking.***

Putting aside the fact that his long-time crush had sent him a naked photo he could use as fap-fuel from now until the heat death of the universe, the smile on Stephanie's face, and the way that she was biting a finger, and the *so-fucking-adorable-he-could-die-on-the-spot blush*— **AND HER SPOTS! Fuck! There were so many more to appreciate now!**

Spur of the moment, *and without thinking about even **one** of the potentially life-changing consequences his next move might carry with it*, he ended up taking a quick pic of his regrettably-clothed groin to send back as both a show of his unique appreciation and to confirm to himself (somehow) that he hadn't fallen into a parallel dimension where they both had evil twins. *Which would have meant he was talking to hers...* And he let her know he'd be at her door just as soon as he could remember how to put one foot in front of the other, *let alone drive a motor vehicle!*

Only, without confessing the embarrassing part...

Exactly sixty-seconds of courtesy waiting later, though, *and without a horrified response back*, he put the pedal to the metal and headed straight for her front door.

Sucks to the rules, I have a hot babe waiting for me!, the usually paranoid driver told himself with a smirk as he drove **slightly** over the posted residential speed limit.

Not a lot, just slightly. Enough to make him feel like he was breaking the rules. Which he was, *technically*, because in his mind, he was a rebel **with** a cause, and that cause's name was Stephanie!

*...Wait, no, it was **love!** And love didn't come with speed limits!*

....

"Hello...? How can I help you, dear~?"

An oddly out-of-breath-looking young man that Mrs. Bryan had seen neither hide nor hair of before, *but must have been around her daughter Stephanie's age, and maybe even went to school with her, too*, was standing just outside her front door.

*He'd actually been there for a few minutes already after she saw him expertly parallel park what must have been his mother or father's car, but as soon as he stepped out and started stumbling his way down their walkway towards the front door like his legs didn't work properly — and **especially** when he tried and failed over and over again to knock on their front door with his fist hitting nothing but air each and every time he swung it —* the kindly cheetah matron decided to take mercy on him and open the door to both say hello and make sure he was alright.

...The poor dear might've been confused, or lost and far from home, or needed someone to call him an ambulance or something, so she couldn't just stand around giggling and smiling while watching him through the window anymore!

*Or at least, she **shouldn't**...*

*Plus, that stern expression on his face that made him look at least twice his age worried her! **Perturbed her, even...!***

"H-Hi, is, *uh*, St-Stephanie home...?" the young man asked slowly and carefully, as if trying his best to get the words out while avoiding his voice cracking.

Now how did he know Stephanie...? Were they classmates after all?

"May I ask how—?"

"EDWARD!" came a high-pitched shriek from the top of the stairs that both made Mrs. Bryan's ears ring and sounded an awful lot like her daughter going through a tunnel or maybe down a slide...

Speaking of, her darling girl seemed to apparate right beside her as the young lady's rather *unladylike* wail caught up with her a fraction of a second after she arrived — *mysteriously stiff as a board* — the usually skittish cat all smiles for some reason.

*She seemed... **suspiciously happy, too**...*

Something was most definitely up, and as Mrs. Bryan's kind, motherly eyes narrowed to a focused, hardened predator's, she couldn't relax until she knew **what that something was**.

"So is this **the Ed**—?" she began to ask, looking to probe her daughter for answers.

"Yes, this is him, mom! **Won't you let him come inside on Christmas!?**"

If it weren't for how clearly **in heat** the pair of teenagers smelled as they swayed in place like some non-existent wind was blowing the two of them closer together *one*

millimeter at a time, Mrs. Bryan would've suspected drugs, or maybe a cult of some sort.

The size of both Edward's and her daughter's pupils certainly seemed to point in the former's direction, and as for the latter...

Anyway, putting two and two together based on the sound of her daughter's thighs rubbing against each other fast enough to start a fire — *despite the fact that it didn't sound like she was wearing anything flammable like **panties*** — and the slightly damp sound coming from young Edward's jeans as he shifted his weight from one foot to the other like he was going to break into dance at any moment, or maybe needed to urgently use the bathroom — *likely meaning he had an awfully large and **still growing wet spot in his pants that'd soak right through the denim in a minute or two at the rate he was pumping out a very special kind of pheromone*** — her mind quickly down-shifted into its biggest and *never-before-used* emergency gear.

It had finally happened... Or would happen!

Mrs. Bryan knew she needed to activate her long-awaited contingency plan *FAST* if she didn't want the moment to pass them by...

Yanking poor Edward off the porch and into the house with the kind of strength the young man would've expected from a gorilla, or some other anthro at least three times the size of a woman with Mrs. Bryan's still-svelte, if curvy-in-the-way-mothers-usually-were, figure, Stephanie's mom gave her daughter a well-practiced but also never-before-used **LOOK** before calling out for her husband.

To Stephanie, the shout sounded *kinda* familiar, but to Edward, *another male*, it promised a whole universe of trouble and eons of sleeping on the couch if Mr. Bryan wasn't packed and ready to leave the house — *possibly forever* — in a minute **flat**.

Or at least, that's what the scared-stiff hairs that were standing straight up on the back of his neck told him...

The sound of footsteps rapidly approaching the front door meant Mr. Bryan had in fact heard the shout specially tuned for his ears so he'd hear it even if he was a mile away, and with a quick *"hello"* and *"goodbye"* to Edward, plus a quick butterfly kiss on his daughter's cheek, he was already out the door, in the family car, and turning on the engine.

"So this is Ed, huh~?" Stephanie's mother asked again with a smouldering look and a low whisper, her tone conspiratorial, teasing, and understanding enough that even Stephanie's spots themselves seemed to turn red for a moment.

"YesmomthisisEd..." the younger, blushing cheetah replied as if her drill sergeant had asked barked out a direct question of life-and-death.

*"Why didn't you tell us he was **coming for dinner**, sweetie~?"*

The question was rhetorical — *naturally* — and with Mr. Bryan already revving the engine outside, the subtext of the 'congratulations' hidden within was specially tuned for Stephanie's ears *and her ears alone*.

*'I'm proud of you, sweetie, but you still need to stick the landing... Don't do anything you'll regret, but don't regret anything you **don't** do, either,'* it said with an unspoken wink.

"I didn't know if he could make it..."

'Thank you, thank you, thank you~! I will! I mean, I won't~! I mean—! ...I won't let either of you down,' Stephie paradoxically replied, the use of 'either' throwing her mother off for a fraction of a second because she couldn't possibly be referring to her *father* in this circumstance...

After a talking to, and maybe some convincing, he'd come around, though. He was sure to.

Whatever the case may be, *and whoever Stephanie was trying to impress*, Mrs. Bryan could hear her daughter's tail wagging at top speed and smell the fresh burst of youthful pheromones in the air, the nose-wrinkling **stench** that only anthros could pick up on unconsciously trying to scare her off and away from the younger **male** who was about to get run down and **claimed**.

With a quick top to bottom look at a thoroughly confused Edward, the matriarch of the soon-to-be-larger Bryan family gave a short nod of approval and placed a hand on the human's shoulder to try and put him at ease. *If only she hadn't made the sign of the cross and given him a kiss on each cheek like some kind of mafia don, though...*

"Tell you what, sweetie, why don't your father and I go down to the store to pick up a little something extra for Ed since he's staying for dinner~?" Mrs. Bryan said at a volume that both youths could hear above the din of their freshly surging hormones before she grabbed both her and her husband's coats and sprinted towards the waiting getaway vehicle.

The lack of response from Stephanie was one final unspoken *"Thank you~!",* the message sent loud and clear by the disappearance of the aggressive notes in her blossoming scent.

"You'll have the house all to yourselves for—"

Mrs. Bryan sounded like she was trying to pluck a number from the ether as she stood motionless outside the already-reversing car, her eyes widening by the second as the invisible dial she was spinning finally came to a stop.

"T-Two hours...!?"

A cough and a blush picked up only by an equally blushing Stephanie signalled not just approval or surprise, but *pride*.

"You'll have the house all to yourselves for a *couple of hours* while your father and I... *Maybe we'll get in a frame or two of **bowling** while we're out~!"*

A new scent had entered the arena, carried on the wind as the revving of her father's car and the manic smile on *his* face told both Stephanie and even Edward exactly what they *didn't* want to know.

While Ed was oddly comfortable with what he sensed but didn't know for sure was going to happen — *it was oddly romantic that the older-than-him couple still made time to **be a couple in the literal, biblical sense, if he was reading the mood right*** — Stephanie had a ten-thousand-yard stare on her face that announced to the whole world that she would've been far better off — *actually **preferred, even*** — to ***not*** know that ***that*** was what 'going bowling' meant...

There were too many occasions where her mother had used that phrase and—

"Be as safe as you want to be...!" was the last whisper of her mother's voice heard on the wind before Mrs. Bryan ran over to the family car and *dove through* the open window like she'd done it a million times before as Mr. Bryan burned rubber down the residential street at speeds *quite* a bit in excess of the locally-posted speed limits.

Watching the cute little econobox swerve from side to side and narrowly miss the cars parked on the tiny street before it and Stephanie's parents' mirthy laughter finally disappeared from both view and earshot, Edward finally turned to look at the once again *mysteriously* nearly-naked cat staring at him from the front doorway and framed by the dark and soon-to-be snowy landscape outside as large flakes started to come down and a fiery hunger in the young cheetah's eyes that both scared *and* aroused him beyond reason threatened to melt them with a look.

*"**Jackpot,**"* they both thought in sync, *though neither would know it until much, much later.*

....

*...If you've got a human guy you like, **don't wait. Take your shot.** He isn't gonna figure out you like him just from your scent alone. Be direct and to the point. Ask him out. Better to figure out if he's your guy **now** than to hang around in the pet zone for a few years...*

....

Naomi's words played on repeat inside the nearly-naked Stephanie's head for whatever reason, the recentish radio-interview she'd given matching up perfectly with the

personal response to the beyond-desperate letter the younger cheetah had sent her asking for advice.

“Won’t you come inside~?” the horny-beyond-measure but equally-as-nervous Stephie moaned out, trying to strike a sexy pose in the door frame only to wind up missing the jamb altogether and mashing her face, *instead of her palm*, against it.

A mishap like that wouldn’t break her stride, though. *Ed was already fully inside her house, so all she needed to do at that point was be as direct as possible without sounding like a total whore.*

At least, until they were in the bedroom... Then she could be as much of a whore as Edward wanted her to be!

“Y-Yeah, *um*,” the young man spluttered out, unable to form a full sentence all in one go as all three of his legs stiffened up.

“You seem like more of a *nice* guy than a **naughty** one, so why don’t you leave that part to *me* and cum down my chimney so I can give you the present I *unwrapped* just for you~? Maybe we can find something for you to stuff that... *stocking-stuffer in your... pants in... in...* Wh-While I drink your milk and you e-eat my... *cookie~?*”

Stephie couldn’t help but cringe on the inside at the holiday themed projectile-innuendo-word-vomit she’d just unleashed at Edward, but once she started, there was no stopping herself. As a bead of liquid panic ran down her forehead — *thankfully hidden by her fur* — her mother’s words echoed in her head and she committed herself to doubling-down so she could *stick the landing*.

If only she knew how easy that would be with a guy like Ed...

“I, *uh*, c-couldn’t find a box to put it in on such short notice or I would’ve *cut a hole in that box* and—”

“M-Made my mistletoes curl~!?”

“H-Hope you like my eggnog...!?”

Awkward blushes and uncomfortable smiles slowly turned to genuine ones while innocent giggles and childish snickers evolved into raucous, uncontrollable, but entirely good-natured laughter as the pair of teens hugged each other if only to keep themselves standing upright as they laughed at their own stupidity.

Hopefully the direct skin-to-fur contact would shut them both up and keep them from cracking any more lame holiday-inspired innuendo, but in reality — *a fact that neither knew about the other at the time* — they were both so shaken by a fear of the unknown future that had laid itself out in front of them and an all-consuming desire to *be together* with the other — *in every single way possible* — that even though they were completely

and utterly incapable of talking in anything **but** euphemisms for fear of saying the wrong thing, it didn't matter.

They were speaking each other's language already.

Their young, inexperienced brains were so pickled in a mix of euphoric horniness and the purest kind of love currently **unknown** to mankind that they had nothing to fall back on as a coping mechanism besides the simplest, most base form of comedy: *sex puns*, but it was working.

...What a shame that that was how they'd end up remembering their first time later, but at least it'd be something to laugh at on anniversaries.

Once the laughter finally petered out and they were free to just hold and touch one another in serene silence, it hit them: there they were, *two horny kids in love*, taking in each other's scent and the feeling of a new and nowhere-**near**-unwelcome body heat — *plus the long dreamt of sensation of human skin and cheetah fur respectively* — *but neither could make a literal move.*

Not with their mouths, *to confess their love or ask one of the million questions racing through their quickly emptying heads*, and definitely not with their legs, *to go upstairs to Stephanie's waiting bedroom or to one of the many totally empty couches right there in the living room...* Steph was frozen in place by the feeling of Ed's skin against her fur — *and Steph's fur against his skin in Ed's case* — and she couldn't even get a pun out to try and defuse the palpable tension.

Not when it felt so good to just... *do nothing... Hold each other... breathe... exist...*

*Stephanie managed to finally **think** that Ed was even sweeter in person, though she couldn't resist the urge to give in to the intrusive thoughts and ask if he'd been eating **pineapple** lately, but thankfully, **for everyone's sake**, all that came out of her was a purr.*

The kind of purr that came from so deep in her core that it resonated in perfect harmony with Ed's. The same ancient, ancestral, and totally instinctual kind of purr that both dispelled any remaining awkwardness still hanging in the air like a lightsaber through butter, and all but commanded Edward kiss her.

Which he did. **Hard. Many, many times.**

As the mewling cheetah's tail wrapped itself around what they both knew in that moment was **her** human's wrist, and Ed's lips sank into **his** cheetah's unbelievably soft and sweet smoochers, the unbreakable couple started up the stairs towards Stephanie's room like a steam train slowly building momentum.

One step at a time, then two, then four, they got faster and faster after bouncing into the wall or the staircase's bannister and leaving a path of destruction behind that neither would be able to explain when Stephanie's parents got back the next morning.

Because they wouldn't be able to get home until then.

While Steph and Ed were distracted with each other, *and the Bryans were distracted with 'bowling,'* a freak storm had started to dump enough snow on the ground that driving back any sooner was quite literally impossible.

At that moment, though, that broken glass — *minefield thought it may be* — was quite possibly the single greatest testament to Ed and Steph's shared appreciation of what Naomi and Anon had done for human-anthro relations all those years ago.

Without hesitation, reservation, or shame, clothes were stripped, ripped, and *shredded* clean off of bodies — *whether by overexcited claws or adrenaline-fueled nails* — and kiss, bite, and scratch marks were left anywhere naked skin — *and sometimes even exposed fur* — could be reached.

And sometimes where it couldn't, too.

Two horny, hormonal, teenage **animals** had finally been let off their leashes, and they refused to let go of each other as they awkwardly climbed the stairs in tandem, their many, many crashes ensuring they'd be battered and bruised by the time the moon came out — *let alone when the sun came up* — but a dozen or so broken picture frames could always be replaced, and the shards of broken glass that sparkled on the stairs below them like stars in the night sky **would** be swept or vacuumed up later.

So much later...

Ice-packs existed for a reason, after all, so excuses were strictly off the table. Just like *regrets*. It was a silent promise a pair of lovesick hearts made each other long before their owners' minds could even *attempt* to compel their entangled lips to offer up the same kind of vows now that they were finally together, but they knew, *in each of their heart of hearts*, that certain things didn't need to be said for unbreakable promises to be made.

Besides, there wasn't so much as a single instant between their heated moans, or cries of ecstasy that they **could!**

...At least, not until some of the dumbest and most embarrassing — *but also completely honest* — confessions either could imagine started to spill from their unexpectedly flapping lips.

They tried their best to be coherent, though...

“S-Since when—!?” Ed began, his train of thought stopping short because two words was all he could manage while groping Stephanie’s tight and cushy ass with both hands.

Apparently...

“S-Since **then!**,” Stephe purred back, forcing Ed’s head into her bosom with one hand while she blindly searched for the knob on the door to her room she’d been pushed up against, finally forcing it open with an elbow right before her eyes crossed as Ed found her nipple with his *teeth*.

Raking her nails across his back in thanks, she drew just enough blood that the scent made her feel even more like a helpless kitten in heat underneath a predator in rut ten-times her size despite their height difference only being a few inches.

“M-Me too...” he mumbled in reply as if he’d heard every unspoken word Stephanie had on the tip of her tongue, releasing her nipple and clenching his jaw as the pair fell backwards onto the cheetah’s bed after blindly bumping into its frame.

He couldn’t exactly risk biting off the tip of his tongue when her ear, shoulder, and even her own tongue were waiting for its touch, nor could he risk scarring his new mate just because he refused to let go of his new favourite chew-toy...

Showing Herculean restraint, he wanted so, so badly to sink his teeth into all of her at once somehow, but settled for not drawing blood from the hottest and most delicious part of her as the two kissed deeply and wetly again, the human getting an up-close and personal feel of both Stephe’s cute feline tongue, *and* her hair-raisingly sharp teeth.

At least, in comparison to his, anyway...

Steph didn’t quite show the same level of restraint after forgetting the word even existed hours earlier, though, and she fully indulged her deepest, darkest desires by nipping at Ed’s lower lip until a drop of his ruby-red **life essence** beaded within licking distance.

The curious feline *didn’t* lick it up, though. Instead, she opted to let it fall onto her fur, hoping it would stain her permanently.

As much as she **craved** the taste of that single, simple drop of blood — **human blood, Ed’s blood** — the idea of letting it touch her body after fighting tooth and nail and finally **losing** to the hunter that was always going to catch her, mark her, and **claim her as his prize** made her shudder in near-orgasmic pleasure that much harder.

In much the same way, the weight of Ed’s body on top of hers not-so-slowly went from comfortable and manageable to stifling and overbearing as she let him force her into her mattress-turned-breeding-pad.

Stephanie had closed her eyes and joined hands with Stephe to willingly sink to the very deepest depths of her own depravity as the thought of succumbing to a **superior**

predator that was stronger, faster, and smarter than she was — *even though she knew not all of those were true* — sent her ovaries into feverish overdrive so they could drop as many fresh, supple eggs as possible.

When she finally opened her eyes again, however, she found herself staring up into another pair of glimmering orbs so full of love and devotion that she could read from the thick, musky— **musty** tomes full of love hidden just behind them just as easily as Ed could read from hers.

Their naked bodies paused their relentless attacks and stood still just long enough that the pages, chapters, and even volumes upon volumes of love contained in their eyes seemed to fly by with every tandem breath they shared.

The two were so terminally lovesick for each other up until that moment that even just breathing in the same air was enough to ensure Ed was the hardest and most virile he'd ever been and Steph the wettest and most fertile as they poised themselves to start mating at the drop of a santa hat.

Which is why, as the horny-human-in-rut ran his strong fingers up the exhausted-cheetah-in-heat's legs and left channels in her fur — *a move that made Steph shudder in full-orgasm this time at the thought of a **human butcher** sizing her meaty legs up, oddly enough* — their eyes met and the two broke into laughter yet again.

"I love you~!" Stephanie hissed out as best she could, sinking her claws into her mattress on both sides of her hips to spread her legs for her **mate**.

"I love you too..." Edward said between giggles before lining his drooling, throbbing cock up with his she-cheetah's drooling, *aching, needy* flower, but pausing before even making contact with it.

*Stephanie was in full bloom and he could feel the heat and humidity coming out of her condensing on the underside of his cock as he hovered and drooled pre like a broken faucet just above her, but he knew he had to do things the **right** way for their first time.*

They'd only get one, after all.

Her scent — *while largely unnoticeable to the young man on account of what Steph would later describe as his 'adorable' human nose being completely and utterly **human*** — still told him, *in no uncertain terms*, that he— that **they** were on the threshold of something there was no coming back from.

*That by the end of their... **joining**, Stephanie **would** be pregnant, he **would** be a father, and they **would** be an unbreakable cou— **family**.*

So, as their hearts beat in sync and the shivering cheetah reached out to her future husband and father of her cubs to accept *all of him* inside *all of her*, there was nothing and no one more beautiful in that moment to either of them than each other.

This was what they both wanted. What they both craved. What they'd already done an uncountable number of times in their dreams.... **But just like that, the moment was over.**

Edward's quivering hips had jumped the gun and thrust forward as far as they could go, and Stephanie's shaky legs had taken advantage of the false start to wrap themselves around him and guide him past her most sensitive spots on his way to their mutual prize, and it was only the feeling of the human's jerking cock spraying a load of pearly-white cum inside her *already rippling-in-orgasm womb* that snapped both of them out of their overly-romantic revelry to plunge them into an ice-cold bath of head-to-toe pleasure instead.

"Fuck...!" Edward exhaled through clenched teeth.

*He was too busy enjoying the feeling of Stephanie trying her **damndest** to wring his balls dry as he struggled to keep his teeth from chattering and his hips from squeaking as they flexed and flexed and **flexed**, wanting to get him as deep as possible to—*

Just as fast as it finished, the young man's senses returned to him — *if only for a moment* — and he breached the surface of his own lust to realize what had just happened.

"Oh my god, I'm so sorry! I've never—! F-FUCK!" he *almost* yelled, keeping his volume at something resembling a violent simmer as grief etched itself onto his face.

"No, no, no, that's—!"

Stephie had tried and failed to whimper out something comforting before Ed was the one having a full-blown panic attack, but her many, *multiple*, **countless** orgasms overwhelmed her before she could even finish the thought, much less the sentence.

The fact that the man she loved with all her heart had just dumped a hot load of human swimmers inside her like he was trying to get her pregnant on the first shot meant she didn't have the brainpower necessary to do much more than vibrate in ecstasy and breathe, and sometimes not even that.

*So as much as she hated to worry him because it looked like she was having a **stroke** as she flopped around like a dying fish on her own bed, she couldn't have stopped herself or expressed her overwhelming joy in any other way.*

"Are you okay!? Oh my god, Stephanie, what did I do!?"

....

Just respect him and his boundaries and remember he's a person too. He may end up being your husband a few years down the line, but pet ownership is a huge responsibility and-

....

Naomi's words rose up slowly from the depths of Stephanie's factory-reset mind as the world around her started to come back into focus and the little fantasy of growing old and grey with her handsome hubby faded out like the best dream she'd ever woken up from.

Remembering that something like *what just happened* was supposed to be a pretty big deal to guys — *and not just human ones, either* — Stephanie compelled her limp arm to move so her numb hand could wrap its ghost fingers around Edward's wrist as the blood and feeling slowly returned to them.

*She wanted to hold him in place so if he felt like running, he'd know he didn't need to, and to try and soothe whatever wound might've just (re)opened up, but most of all, to **feel him** and everything he was and tell him **she** wasn't going anywhere.*

The quick, almost instantaneous end to their first of *many, many* couplings to come (*if Stephanie had anything to say about it, anyway*) must have been devastating to the young man's ego based on the apologies spilling from his beautiful, beautiful lips like bullets from a fully-automatic machine gun, so *Stephanie* needed to put *Stephie's* pleasure and euphoria at having felt good enough to make Ed **pop** on the very first thrust to the side for a few minutes.

Everything was alright, and he needed to know that! This was perfectly normal! She loved him and didn't care in the slightest that he—!

*“Oh **FUCK...**”*

The young man's visible disappointment and shame had morphed into confusion and fear as his eyes begged for mercy because— Because Steph's pussy was doing everything it could to turn his cock into a Slim Jim...

Without knowing it — *and having to look down at her own crotch to confirm it* — Steph's lips had formed a vacuum seal around Ed and refused to let him pull out as her insides danced the samba to try and apologize for feeling so *fucking good* that Ed couldn't help but cum on the first thrust.

Apparently...?

Logic escaped the cheetah as the world got blurry again, her clit throbbed in morse, and some part of her told all hands on deck to get to their battle stations as the big cat's

*engine turned over and she started to give her paramour's **deep tissue** a deep tissue massage.*

"A-Are you—?"

*"**N-No...!** A-Are—!?"*

Ed was getting his very first blowjob from his kitty's *kitty*, and his eyes couldn't help but cross and roll into the back of his head as Stephanie's **husband catcher** gripped and *massaged* and **sucked** at him relentlessly, bringing his still-spasming cock back to rock-hardness and pulling every last drop of his previous orgasm out of him like he was an old tube of toothpaste that just needed a good *squeezing*.

Or maybe a straw that still had some milkshake left in it.

One way or another, round two had started all on its own without either of the two crazy kids realizing it, but they didn't really have any room to complain as Steph's greedy cunt and Ed's indignant dick decided all on **their** own that they weren't satisfied with what would have usually been a thoroughly disappointing performance despite the fact that there was nothing disappointing in the slightest about it.

No, Ed could be mortified later — *if he remembered or cared to be* — and Steph could pump her fist in the air after they were done, because the name of the game they were playing had changed to **survival** as their hips took matters into their own metaphorical hands and turned off all safety protocols.

*"**Oh fuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuck~!**"* they both screamed in fear and ecstasy right into each others' faces as their bodies did what horny, fertile bodies did best.

. . . .

Human hands met cheetah cheeks as Ed lifted Steph up and deeper onto his cock, his face screwed up in pleasure as his cheetah assaulted every inch he had to give with unimaginable pleasure.

Squeezing, milking, stroking: Stephanie was doing things neither even knew she could, her back arching further and further as her shoulders sank deeper and deeper into her mattress as Edward lifted her hips higher and higher to get the best attack angle to liquify her brain the next time he emptied his churning, swollen nuts inside her.

Orgasm after orgasm ripped through poor Steph's body one after another, the feeling a little too similar to riding an especially bumpy roller coaster as her stomach getting punched by her human's fat cock lead to convulsions that only fueling Ed's bestial lust and desire for all of her all the more.

As Ed's hips started to squeak and his thighs started to burn from the exertion, *as much as they loved being connected to each other on such a primal level*, as the minutes ticked by, something had to give.

Preferably a couple of somethings hanging at the base of Ed's dick.

“F-Fucking CUM already~!” Stephanie pleaded, her battered and bludgeoned love-tunnel starting to complain just a tiny bit louder about the toe-curling treatment it was getting.

“I-I’m TRYING!” shouted Ed, clearly afraid, his dick screaming the exact same thing despite the whole ordeal being *its* idea.

. . . .

Stephanie’s bed sheets were eventually **soaked** with all *manner* of bodily fluids.

Sweat, tears, spit, and cum — *of both the male and female variety* — had poured out of the highschool sweethearts a countless number of times and in quantities that legitimately frightened them as their foretold-by-the-stars bonding continued at a pace they became increasingly worried they wouldn’t survive in the end.

*As exhausted as they were, hips continued to beat against hips, groins continued to grind against groins, and lips ceaselessly mashed against lips until the only thing either cared about was taking a damn break from their frenzied **fucking** and getting some **fucking rest!***

*As ridiculous as it sounded — and it was something they’d never admit to despite the fact that it was the cold, hard truth — they were actually **tired of having sex with each other...***

At least, right then.

Unfortunately for the pair, the human named Edward and the cheetah named Stephanie had ceased to exist as their libidos assumed direct control from the start. There was neither time nor space for rest, or gentle loving, or conversation, or *pleading for a higher power to save them from themselves.*

*No, all that was and all that would be was **MATING.***

Tired and scared as they were, it felt, *in a weird, somewhat comforting way*, as if they were making up for lost time... Sure, their fucking didn’t show any signs of slowing or stopping until their bodies broke down and gave up, but after spending so many days alone and looking at each other from afar, the two suddenly found themselves running a race neither knew the length of or rules to, *and though they couldn’t pace themselves or slow down because it always felt like they were just two or three thrusts away from the sweet, sweet reward of unconsciousness*, at least they’d win or lose together.

Stephanie’s womb would *eventually* fill up, right? And it wasn’t like Edward’s balls could make an *infinite* number of swimmers either... *Right?*

Oh, what a hell of a sense of humour the monkey’s paw had sometimes...

. . . .

“Jesus Christ, Ed, you can stop overcompensating already! You don’t know how fucking *sexy* you cumming like that made me feel~! N-Not being able to hold back *at all* was—! I’d be lying if I said I didn’t dream of it at least once!”

“I’m sorry, Steph, you’re beautiful and you deserve better than getting *fucked ragged* like some kind of—! I mean, I’d be lying if I said I didn’t want to *knock you up* in a bathroom stall at prom, but—!”

“Y-You too!? J-Just skipping the dancing so we could—!?”

“—do the horizontal tango *vertically*!? L-Like a couple of horny *monkeys*!?”

“Aaaaahn~! Y-You’re *MY* horny monkey~!”

“A-And you’re *my* sopping-wet *PUSSY*~!”

“Sh-Shut up and *KISS ME*~!”

“N-Not if you cum inside and kiss me *FIRST*!”

. . . .

Four years of built up yearning and instincts kicking into overdrive with nowhere to go finally resolved themselves in *twenty minutes* that felt **at least** ten times as long.

For Stephanie, her out of control libido powered by her unique blend of anthro instincts might as well have been trapped on a hamster wheel with the way it was allowed to run as hard and fast as it wanted while getting precisely *nowhere* at the speed of light.

With limitless desire came infinite stamina, and limitless stamina meant boundless momentum once the wheel *eventually* broke free of its restraints, *which meant an unstoppable cheetah-sized force moving straight towards its prey like a missile...*

Good thing her immovable object Edward seemed so ready to spread his arms out and catch her, right?

As for Ed, his completely unnecessary (in retrospect) shame and embarrassment at loving an anthro — *Stephanie specifically, of course* — only fanned the flame of **his** lust until the made-up taboo burned so hot and so large inside him that it threatened to hollow him all the way out and replace everything he was with pure lust.

Being the kind of blaze he couldn’t extinguish on his own — *and maybe didn’t want to, either* — as soon as it was presented with a new source of **fuel** — *since its old source couldn’t quench its unending, all-consuming hunger* — the raging inferno did what raging infernos did best and burned anything and everything in its path.

Which is why it was an especially good thing Stephanie burned just as hot and was ready to fight fire with fire.

. . . .

“A-Are you... **d-done...?**” came a gasping, yowly breath as Stephanie’s limp and lifeless body accepted the very. last. drop. Edward could stuff it with.

“ . . . “

Too tired to even respond, *much less pull out*, Ed’s thoroughly-broken-in pussy-pleaser punched its time card and headed for home as it shrank back to its normal size and Stephanie’s gaping pussy finally let it.

The two natural-disasters-waiting-to-happen had **finally** exhausted themselves after finding more-than-suitable outlets for their out of control feelings — *each other, duh!* — *and those cartwheeling runaway freight trains could lay off the nitrous at last.*

The fact that their love had burned so unbelievably bright for almost no time at all — *at least, compared to how it felt when they were caught in the middle of the raging storm* — made perfect sense once the two *thoroughly* drained and **utterly** exhausted love birds used the very last of their strength to look up at the clock hanging on Stephanie’s wall.

Utterly satisfied and fully extinguished — *respectively, at least for now* — the raging hormones in each of the teens could finally calm down and slow down to a light jog and a white-hot simmer — *respectively* — that promised relief just so long as they were never put in a position they had to wreak havoc again.

One hell of a deal, really.

Taking ragged breaths and holding pinkies because they couldn’t move anything more than their little fingers with their muscles feeling like stretched out taffy, or used up rubber-bands, the two sticky and confused lovers were comfortable to just *exist in each other’s company* if that’s what taking a break entailed. They’d done everything they’d wanted to do, after all. *Ticked all the boxes and crossed all the items off the lists they’d drawn up in their heads...*

At least, so far.

There were certain items — *like taking a shower together* — that were obvious enough to be somewhere on their list, but those would have to go unfulfilled because, *for example*, a slip and fall in the tub — *since all four of their legs felt about as strong as overcooked spaghetti* — meant they’d be discovered in a naked pile by either Stephanie’s parents, or the EMTs that came to save them, *if not both*, and none of those options was especially sexy sounding.

Thank goodness that even if they wanted to continue — and they really wanted to, for some reason — they just couldn’t! In the most literal sense, their bodies wouldn’t move anymore.

It was an... interesting sort of relief...

No, no, a cold glass of water and maybe some carbs to restore their energy after their first — but nowhere near last, they were sure of that much — sex marathon came to an end sounded many times more perfect at that moment.

...If only they could move their jaws and get those words out.

Hell, even *laughing* hurt as the pair managed to turn and look at each other, the wide smiles on their clearly wrecked faces like a million tiny daggers stabbing their brains after they'd been smiling nonstop the entire time.

“Mmnn...” Edward suddenly moaned, or maybe groaned, *or maybe just hummed if that was something zombies could do.*

The simple, unmistakably affirmative sound was all he could manage to get out when his mouth couldn't and didn't even want to open because it still tasted like Steph.

*Like **all** of Steph.*

“Nnnnn...” the cat in question replied — *if you could even call her noise a reply* — her lips fused together and her tongue stuck to the roof of her mouth because of Ed's glue-like cum.

His delicious, delicious cum...

As Ed's breathing slowed to the point Stephanie knew he'd suddenly fallen asleep, *and that she would too from listening to the gentle inhales and exhales that might as well have been an angelic lullaby meant for her ears only*, the last thought she actually **thought** before darkness took her was that she needed to write a second letter to Naomi.

*Both to thank her for the life-changing advice **and** to brag about bagging her destined human at a younger age than the track-star had bagged her Anon!*

Oh, and to let her know to clear her schedule for a fall wedding... And a baby shower too, probably.

Definitely...

. . . .

“St-Steph...? Um, **Stepanie? Stephie...? Stepha—?”**

“F-Five more minutes, mom...”

“...That's a new one, but I guess it's better than 'snookums'...”

Ed sitting on the side of her bed with a glass of water in each hand was the first thing Stephanie saw after waking up from what she **thought** was the best damn dream she'd ever had in her entire life.

Tapping into the waning speed force her body remembered the feel of using earlier, she opened her eyes as wide as they'd go to get a sitrep on what the absolute **fuck** had just happened.

...Ed was in her bedroom. *They'd had sex. **Maybe.** Multiple times! He was **still** in her bedroom. He'd cum inside her. He'd brought her water. She was deliriously thirsty... And full of human cum. From all the sex... **Apparently!?***

If everything that happened was a dream, then someone had a horrible sense of humour and she'd be sure they paid **dearly** for giving her a taste of paradise only to take it away, *but with all that being said, as long as she was **still** dreaming...!*

"I hope you don't mind me poking around a bit... I ended up finding the glasses in the third or fourth cupboard I tried," said the sheepish-looking maybe-dream Edward as he reached out with what looked like a thirst-quenching, ice-cold glass of high quality H₂O.

Purring like a common house cat while staring down the possible figment of her teenage imagination as if she were a feral beast that had just spotted its next dinner walking around the grasslands of Africa without a care in the world, Stephanie Bryan reached out a paw for the offered glass while inching towards the handsome, smiling face just a foot or two away from hers to *lick its nose*.

The feeling of the cool condensation on the side of the glass wetting the inside of her paw and the taste of the smallest hint of human sweat on her tongue as she dragged her licker up Ed's face — *only stopping once she reached his eyebrows* — combined to make poor Stephanie's fur stand on end as her brain overheated and she started to pass out all over again.

Poor Ed had to tap into a bit Speed Force himself — *the bit usually reserved for dads and boyfriends saving their kids, or, like in this case, **girlfriends** from harm* — to hastily put down one of the glasses he was holding and reach around his girlfriend's back to stop her from spilling the glass he'd just given her all over herself.

A shock like that could kill, after all!

"Steph!?! Are you okay!?! ...D-Do you mind if I call you Steph?"

"You can call me whatever you want..."

A chorus of angels was once again singing the most beautiful music Stephanie could imagine straight into her ears as she looked into the endlessly deep, chocolate-coloured eyes of the man she could now (legitimately, finally) call her boyfriend, and who was looming over her with crotch-soaking daddy-like concern written all over his face.

*He was real~! She wasn't dreaming! Ed had really—! Oh **FUCK**, Ed had really—!*

*"I want you to start slow and drink the water I brought you, okay? We both, uh, I-lost a lot of... **fluids**..."* the blushing boy choked out finally, his face as red as a tomato after

realizing how close his face was to his girlfriend's and reeling on the inside from the lick she'd just given him.

"*Mhmm*," came the cute, one-syllable reply as a tiny cheetah tongue repeatedly darted out of a tiny, smiling mouth to daintily lap at the glass of water she'd been given.

Steph needed to hold it with both hands so she didn't let Ed down and drop it all over herself because of how giddy or horny she was.

"...Are you hungry? W-Would it be okay if I made us something to eat?"

"...*Make me a mother*," was all either heard in reply, the young cheetah that was still leaking cum at that very moment flabbergasted by the absolute **gall** she had to say something so brave, but so totally out of pocket, too.

"**U-Uh**, a-after~?"

. . . .

With the dining room lights dimmed to near-candlelight levels, Chef Edward Nigma tucked Stephanie's chair in for her before plating and serving what she would later describe as the single most delicious thing she'd ever eaten.

*It wasn't anything more than a simple pasta dish made to fill their empty, grumbling bellies, but it was a staple in the Nigma household that Ed wanted to introduce Stephanie to — assuming she'd never had it before, which she hadn't — and he made it with the most important secret ingredient of all: **love**.*

"*Spaghetti aglio e olio*," he'd announced with a little Italian flair, placing the plate of pasta in front of his girlfriend with a dramatic flourish and kiss on her cheek.

A move that, unbeknownst to him, ended up soaking the fresh pair of panties she'd put on in a hurry just for the extra-special occasion.

She couldn't go commando on their first dinner-date, after all, the cheetah had reminded herself when she tugged on the blasted thing she knew she'd be taking off in no time flat anyway.

Explaining the dish in the kind of detail that put a smile on Stephanie's face and told her just how passionate her boyfriend was about cooking, the increasingly horny cheetah was surprised by how good it tasted — *and not just because she was ravenous, or because Ed had made it for her, either* — and relaxed enough to enjoy the food and Ed's company, the knowledge of **what they'd done** fading to the back of her mind for just a moment.

As it turned out, it was only about eight o' clock at night — *which meant the pair had ended up taking a short nap after 'doing the deed' earlier* — so it made sense that they were hungry, just not *how* hungry.

“I thought it’d be best to, uh... *C-Carbs for e-energy...*” Ed coughed out, nearly choking on his *spaghet* as he watched a long, wet noodle *sensually* disappear between Stephanie’s lips right as he looked up at her.

“*Good choice...*” she agreed with an aggressively-flirty growl that told Ed he was still on the clock as far as she was concerned.

“*D-Do you want to have d-dessert in here, or, um...?*”

It was awkward to ask such a seemingly-innocuous question given the hip-slapping, bed-soaking sex they’d already had just a few hours ago, but Ed was back in his right mind after building up something of a resistance to the blossoming scent of ***cheetah in heat*** that was starting to waft over from Stephie’s side of the table, and he refused to let his teenage desires get the better of him a second time.

This was a girl he wanted to spend the rest of his life with, after all.

Lucky for him, Steph felt the exact same way.

“Does that mean you—?” she started to ask, the mantra of her idol running through her head at mach speed: *Gotta have consent, gotta have consent, gotta have consent! Remember what Naomi said! Don’t get knocked up by **accident!** It feels better when he’s **trying~!***

“*Only if you—!*” Ed began to answer, his shyness a good smokescreen for the gasoline that had been poured on his smoldering desire for Stephanie. He knew neither of them could control themselves around the other, so he had to try and establish something akin to agreement while they were both still sane.

*Don’t take advantage, don’t take advantage, don’t take advantage! Make sure **she’s** the one talking, and not her animal side!* he chanted in his head so he wouldn’t forget.

*Even the best laid plans didn’t survive first engagement, though, and this **second** engagement seemed to be going in the same direction as the first...*

“**I do!** I mean... **yes... Of course~**”

*We’re not stopping until the test comes back ‘pregnant,’ no matter **how** long that takes!*

“**Same...**”

*Oh **god**, I don’t know if I’ll last any longer this time around! She’s so fucking sexy I don’t think I’ll be able to pull out, and I really, **really** hope she isn’t on birth control either since I **won’t!***

. . . .

With the plates washed, dried, and put away safely, *and the broken glass already swept up long before Stephanie even woke up from her cock-coma*, there was nothing stopping the pair of young lovers from sneaking up the stairs of the still-empty house

devoid of parents, returning to the scene of their previous crime, and going for gold as they put on an encore worthy of a standing ovation.

Well, nothing but their recently rediscovered *restraint*.

“...I meant what I said earlier. About being in— *about loving you.*”

Edward began the little dance he figured they should have been dancing from the start as his hand found Stephanie’s and their fingers interlocked.

“I know you did... I did too. I **still** do. *About loving you...* We should probably try and take things slow this time, though... To—”

Ed’s unique mating call got the response it was hoping for, the pageantry of their re-coupling already well underway as Steph traced a finger up one of his and squeezed his hand to the rhythm of her beating heart.

If only she could figure out a good way to undress with one hand so she didn’t have to let go of her boyfriend’s...

It was a split-second thought that flitted behind Stephanie’s eyes, but a relevant one all the same.

“Yeah, to *savour it*. **Agreed.**”

With an almost dramatic flair — *as if they’d already rehearsed it ahead of time* — the pair of young lovers approached the renewal of their still freshly-made vows to each other with the kind of slowness usually only found in older couples that had been married their entire lives and had to go easy in the bedroom because of their brittle bones.

Since the two were already holding hands, they naturally, *if a tad robotically*, moved on to *oddly* chaste butterfly kisses with *no tongue at all* before figuring it’d be safe for their lips to stay glued to each other for longer and longer periods.

Sharing their breath and looking into each others’ eyes, both Edward and Stephanie were just *dying* to rip each others’ clothes off and get to giving each others’ tongues something resembling fellatio, but they held back. *Against all odds, they resisted the urge to get back to fucking.*

There was an itchy-bit part of their brains that craved something slow and steady and *wholesome* to scratch the simple itch they were both feeling before the claws came out and they drew blood by the gallon — *metaphorically, of course* — so that’s exactly what they were going to do.

Keeping his free hand *strictly* on top of the t-shirt Stephanie had put on for dinner, Ed cupped and lightly squeezed one of her outrageously soft and supple breasts as if he *hadn’t* already seen, sucked on, and bitten it earlier, drawing a long, low moan from the cheetah that was different from anything he’d heard so far.

“A-Are you alright?” he asked sheepishly, his crippling shyness and over-consideration of her feelings getting in the way of Stephie getting her lips spread and her womb bloated, but also getting her so hot and bothered that she would’ve jumped on his cock at that very moment if she didn’t want to savour him like they’d both just agreed.

She could always get wetter and wilder later, so she’d opt to let her excitement run down the inside of her leg until it finally hit her ankle instead.

“I’ve never been more okay...”

“Should I... *Do you want to keep going?*”

There was a *negative* percent chance Stephie would say anything besides “**YES!**,” but the question was still important! To both of them. *It was their special brand of boyfriend-girlfriend dirty-talk, it seemed.* Knowing that they were only being so cautious because of how much they wanted to tear into each other only stoked their flames higher.

“I do. *I want to show you everything, Ed... I want you to touch **everything**... Actually, do you think you could... Could you **pet me~?**”*

Turning as red as the stop-sign he’d very nearly blown past earlier after stopping for a fraction of a second less than usual, Ed moved his free-hand from the dick-stiffeningly-soft boob he’d been **respectfully** fondling to comb his fingers through the fur on top of Stephie’s head.

He played with her ears, too, for good measure.

“Y-You’re such a good girl, Steph...” he whispered while absent-mindedly patting, rubbing, and scratching her head, all while **respectfully** trying to ignore the fact that *he* was spurting hot ropes of precum into his jeans again because of the way her fur felt under his palm, and that *she* was cumming her fucking brains out while wearing the most **retarded** looking *ahegao* on her face.

*Oh fuck, oh god, oh MEOW~! I wanna suck his cock~! I wanna throat his fucking cock **right-fucking-now~!** I want him to push me down to my knees and whip his cock out so he can **fuck my face until I—!*** Stephie managed to scream inside her own skull before the tip of Ed’s still-clothed, rock-hard-cock made contact with her still-clothed but wet-as-the-ocean pussy, bringing her back from the brink of melting into a puddle right there.

With just one arm, Steph closed the tiny gap between them to draw Ed into a hug that allowed her to both huff his scent through his shirt so she could extend the many, **many** orgasms she was already experiencing **and** trap his throbbing dick between her thighs and under her drooling mound as she squeezed and flexed her legs to try and get him off so she didn’t feel guilty about cumming like a whore on her own.

She couldn't be the only one cumming herself stupid, right~? What would Ed's retarded O-face look like~!?

The petting continued as the two kissed again, and Stephie came a second batch of times as she felt the white-hot spurts of precum bleed out of Ed's cockhead and soak both his pants *and* her panties.

The blossoms of hot liquid coming from him were somehow discernable from her own, and she gasped for air and clawed at his back — *though she tried her best to leave her claws retracted this time* — as he continued his relentless assault of *petting* and *complimenting her*.

"You're such a beautiful kitty... I can't get enough of your spots! Your ears... The way they twitch like they're trying to send me a message... I want to kiss and squeeze and scratch them forever...!"

"Oh Eddddddddddddddd...!" Stephanie moaned in orgasmic rapture as her knees started to buckle. *Get me pregnaaaaaaaaaaaaant~!* she moaned inside her own head, her tongue so limp that she couldn't vocalize the thought.

Ever the loving, caring, and highly-vigilant boyfriend, as soon as his cheetah's head threatened to break contact with his hand — *which would mean he wouldn't get to feel that **insanely** soft fur, even if for only a nanosecond* — Ed knew he'd finally gotten the chance to pick up and princess-carry her so she didn't fall and hurt herself.

*If he managed to blow some **raspberries** in her soft, fuzzy stomach, **well...!** That was just an inadvertent bonus, obviously!*

"Fuck me~! Fuck me, fuck me, fuck me~!" came the wailing cry as soon as his lips met her navel and he dragged his nose up and down her fur, savouring another element of her unique scent that was accented and complemented by her squirting pussy just a handful of inches lower.

*"Anything you want, **princess...**"*

Once again questioning whether or not she was in a dream and realizing she didn't fucking care anymore, Stephanie only remembered she **wasn't** in one when Ed's tongue started to split her lower lips wide open and the tip of his nose rubbed circles around her engorged clit.

*Somehow, some way, she'd never imagined her ideal man going down on her before! Possibly because she was always more enamoured with going down on **him...***

*"**MROOOOOOOOOWR~!**"* she half-growled, half-purred in ecstasy as her muscles contracted uncontrollably like Ed had just hooked her clit up to a car battery, pressure-washing and water-boarding the poor boy's face in the process.

The young man took it in stride, though, deliriously eating-out his brand-new girlfriend and future mother-of-his-children — *yes, plural* — as he swallowed the liquid-viagra she was pumping straight down his throat.

With each and every gulp and smack of his soaked lips, his cock throbbed with a furious **need** that could almost certainly rival that of an Olympian God's.

“Do—?”

“YES! DO ME! DO ME, DO ME, DO ME! I LOVE YOU, SO MAKE LOVE TO ME UNTIL I CAN'T FUCKING WALK ALREADY~!”

With positive consent *more* than established, the beast was freed at last. Only this time, Ed was in control.

The needy, heady scent of the young man's *intent* hit Steph in the face like a suckerpunch from Ali himself the second he pulled down his once-again soaked pants, and both souls agreed then and there that they'd be making a third.

“Here we go...” Ed whispered as he crawled on top of the cheetah and gently spread Steph's limp, powerless legs to press the tip of his *broken-faucet* to hers.

Every inch — *every fraction of an inch, actually* — sliding inside his cheetah felt so good it was painful. *To both of them*, but in a good way this time. *In the right way this time, which was undoubtedly the best and only way possible.*

“*I f-f-f-fucking love you!*” Ed tried to growl out aggressively, the words coming out as a whimpery confession that wouldn't have sounded out of place coming from a kitten.

“*Give me your baby, Ed~!*” Steph tried to command in a tone that left no alternatives, but sounded an awful lot more like a confession of her undying love and submission.

Realizing just how much of a mess they both were, the second Ed reached the end of the line and finally got balls-deep inside his girlfriend without busting a nut like a zero-pump-chump, they both just *stopped*.

In fact, the world stopped.

Maybe...

Stephanie's bed, her bedroom, and the rest of the world disappeared altogether for both of them as two naked bodies and two naked souls bared for each other embraced at long last. They were connected as intimately as two people could be connected this time, and all that they were and would ever be intertwined in an unbreakable braid of love.

“C-Can I—?”

“Y-Yeah...”

Rhetorical was an understatement for the utterly unnecessary question Ed tried to ask, but he asked it all the same before pulling himself almost all the way out to start thrusting inside Steph in earnest.

Her folds parted for him just enough that he ***hated**, with every fiber of his being*, not being completely inside her, but the thrust back in was like coming home to everything everyone he loved, and who *clearly* loved him back.

Each slow and steady thrust delivered a gentle yet spine-tingling kiss to Steph's womb, coaxing it into dropping lower and lower until the way it kissed the tip of Ed's dick became as hot and sloppy as their fuckfest earlier. At least this time, the two organs were becoming ***much*** more familiar with each other than when they were basically bashing their heads together, and the wrinkling of both teens' noses — *a sure sign that they could cum at any moment* — at least showed they were able to hold back their pleasure and enjoy each other for a change.

*Not that that would last **too** long...*

"Steph, I'm gonna—" Ed announced a minute later, the way he looked like he was about to sneeze even cuter than the cutest pre-orgasm face Steph could imagine.

"*N-Not yet...!*" the goodest girl whined, the pleading in her massive puppy-dog eyes enough to make Ed clench his buttcheeks a little tighter and hold back the flood that had been just moments away.

Sawing his hips in the pursuit of even greater pleasure — *for both of them* — Ed's hands found their way underneath Steph as he dug his fingers into her fur and pulled her body into his instead of just her lower half.

"H-Human style..."

"Wh-What?"

Suddenly acting like belly-to-belly missionary wasn't something anthros normally did in the bedroom — *or what they'd already been doing earlier, or like being up off the bed and practically in Ed's lap counted as missionary* — crossed a couple of Ed's wires regardless while *uncrossing* Steph's, and the race to ruin each other for partners of the same species was on.

For some reason...

It wasn't like either one could or **would** date, or love, or fuck anyone else at that point, but the desire to make such a thing as disappointing and unappealing as possible ran too deep. *The taboo was too desirable.*

"*Give me **cubs!***" Stephanie pleaded, emphasizing — *subtly* — that Ed's kids could, or maybe would, be anthros instead of 100% human, which was also a possibility.

“*Have my **babies!***” Edward ordered sternly in reply, doing the exact opposite and trying to plant the idea that Steph would **only** give birth to beautiful human kids instead of 100% anthro ones.

*The two nerdy teens liked to fantasize about the other being prey, or a hunter, or **both** in certain circumstances, and this felt like their only chance to bare that freaky-deaky side without being judged...*

Apparently.

“Make me human-only, Ed!” Steph confessed, the scalding-hot blush back on her face. “Ruin me for cheetah boys! *N-Not that I would **only** date or mate with other cheetahs, but, **if I was going to**, make it so I could never go back to them~!*”

*“F-Fuck, make **me** go **fur-only!** N-Not that there’s anything wrong with human girls! But convince me they’re **boring!** Claws and fur and **spots** are so much better, r-right!?”*

Neither knew what the other was trying to get at, but it didn’t matter. *None of it mattered.* Both felt — *for some unknown reason* — that they needed to confess their sins and apologize for imagining the other as... *whatever they’d imagined them as while pleasuring themselves in the past.*

So as their hips rolled into each other like waves on an especially choppy sea, they took refuge in each other, holding on tight to avoid being capsized and drowning in their seas of lust.

“Y-You’re not just some pet, though, Ed! *Y-You aren’t an accessory, or fashion piece, or—! **Ohgod!mgonnacum...***”

*“Oh thank **God**, I need to cum too!”*

Barely moving their hips or their lips after announcing their climaxes, the clearly still-exhausted couple brought their awkward, and cringe-inducing, and *brutally honest about their love for each other* second first-time — *their **REAL** first time in their minds* — to an explosive finish.

Getting the wind knocked out of him by how **hard** his orgasm hit, Edward ended up surprising and maybe even horrifying himself as he dumped what felt like a gallon of pent-up jizz inside Steph’s thirsty womb, painting her walls white with an uncountable number of fresh coats of his special paint.

Steph didn’t realize she was holding her breath until spots that looked *suspiciously* like hearts started to explode in front of her vision due to a lack of oxygen, her body **finally** dropping the batch of fertile eggs earmarked for Ed to turn into pincushions so she could turn her daddy into a father.

*Not even science would be able to explain why, exactly, but Stephanie had a pretty good idea it was because she wanted to be fully conscious and making **love** with, and to, him when he finally bred her.*

When he finally knocked her up... *Got her pregnant. Put a baby or two inside her... **Turned her into his personal baby oven!***

A boven, if you will...

. . . .

Waking up to her mom calling her **and** Ed down for breakfast — *which smelled an awful lot like bacon, sausage, and pancakes, a meal usually reserved for celebrations* — Steph had to clench her eyes shut and rub her head to try and get rid of the splitting headache that had reared its ugly head for some reason.

“Ed...?” she called out in pain, feeling for her future-husband’s body in her bed because she couldn’t stand to open her eyes— *no, just **one** eye, actually...*

“Y-Yeah...?” an equally pained voice called out before a loud thump that had to have been Ed falling out of her bed called back.

“Wh-What happened?”

“...I don’t know, but I hope you got the license plate of the—”

Elbow met elbow — *or maybe the top of Ed’s head met elbow, Steph couldn’t tell with one eye closed* — but the second she **could** open her eye, she couldn’t help but let out a belly-laugh.

It all made sense as soon as she saw the *almost* heart-shaped (in her mind, anyway) bruise around one of Ed’s eyes. *She probably had a matching shiner too, based on the pain she was in.*

Believe it or not, it wasn’t the ear-popping pleasure that knocked the couple of crazy kids out the night before, but Ed’s head colliding into Steph’s as he went totally limp from over-exertion and collapsed on top of her.

How they’d managed to give each other black eyes was anybody’s guess, but they’d managed it all the same, and at the very least, it would make for a funny story down the line.

...Just so long as no one asked any loaded questions about them just then.

“We’re gonna have some explaining to do downstairs...”

“Are your folks back from their bowling trip...?”

“UGH! Ed! Don’t remind me~!”

. . . .

Mr. Bryan went from fuming mad to rolling on the floor laughing as soon as he saw Ed had a great big shiner too, and Mrs. Bryan — *once she'd stopped swatting at her husband to try and get him to stop cracking up before she did too* — pulled two of the fillet mignons Ed had so considerately passed over while making dinner the night before out of the fridge to be both ice-packs *and* hearty breakfasts for the... **clearly** emaciated youngsters.

“Stephanie Bryan,” the mother-on-deck began as sternly and quietly as possible while the men-folk tended to young Ed’s black eye, *“I do **not** approve of whatever you two got up to last night if you can’t keep that kind of stuff somewhere that won’t be **seen!**”*

The million-yard-stare was back in full force at just the *possibility* that—

No, the thought was too horrifying for Steph to complete, or allow herself to remember thinking, so through sheer force-of-will, she erased it from her mind and just nodded along dumbly to whatever her mother was saying.

“...Did you have a *good time* at least~?” her mother tittered with a girlish energy Steph had never heard before, but sounded like the kind of tone usually reserved for hot gossip.

“Moooooooooooo—! Yes...”

Stephanie started to whine in protest before quickly realizing there wasn’t any point to it, opting instead to just answer her mother honestly after everything she’d done to make their magical night happen.

“Good girl. Now, I expect to meet his parents some time before you start showing, alright~? And I won’t hear any backtalk about having the wedding anywhere other than where your father and I were married! ...Unless it’s where Edward’s parents were married. Depending on how much of the bill they’re willing to foot...!”

Between over-exerting her smile muscles and the bruise she woke up with, Stephanie opted to hug her mother instead, a gesture that earned her a giggle and a hug right back.

“That’s my girl... Why, when I was your age, I had to run your father down too! It didn’t take long, though, once I—!”

“Mooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooom~!”

.....

Dear Mrs. Naomi Mous,

Thank you again for being a shining example of what cheetahs can do during your performance at the Olympic games a few years back.

I always knew we were brave on top of being fast, but seeing you be so fearless in front of the whole world gave me the courage I needed to confess to my human too!

You might not remember the letter I sent you a while back asking for advice on confessing to him, and I hope you've forgiven me for the dozen more I bothered you with since I was going through a pretty strong heat cycle at the time and didn't know who else to talk to about it, but your thoughtful reply and all the times you've encouraged girls just like me to not let someone we love slip through our paws meant the world to me~!

Probably a lot of girls – and some boys, too, I don't judge! – have you to thank for playing a part in them getting the families they've always wanted!

So anyway, I took your advice and fucked his brains out until I knew I was pregnant, and I may only be a few months along now, but the little bundles of joy growing inside me are already the most important things in my life and I have YOU to thank for them!

“Tch, another girl went and got me confused with Natasha again...”

This is probably going to be a total shot in the dark, ~~but do you think is there a chance that maybe maybe if you're in the neighbourhood~~ **would you want to come to the wedding and maybe be their godmother too!?**

We'll be getting married at Sacred Heart Church at noon on the 31st of May!

I know it's short notice, and I'll totally understand if you can't make it – it's more likely that you won't – but if there's any chance you're interested in seeing some more of the love you helped bring into the world, Edward and I will save you a plate!

All our love and thank you again for everything you've done for us,

The soon-to-be Mr. Edward Nigma and Mrs. Stephanie Nigma.

P.S. This is Stephanie Bryan.

P.P.S I signed it like we're already married~! Eeeeeee~! I love him so much~! Thank you, thank you, thank~!

“And she basically filled the page with ‘thank you’s after that...”

*“Ugh, can you believe the **spots** on this girl!? Getting knocked up even younger than I did and inviting me to her wedding, too!? Asking me to be the **godmother** to her brats like I don’t have my hands full with Natasha’s already!?”*

Naomi Mous’s harsh words were immediately contradicted by the smile on her face as she carefully folded up the letter and sat back to rub her temples.

“I’m proud of you, Naomi,” her husband, Anon Mous, announced, massaging the back of her neck until her tongue popped out, her eyes started to roll into the back of her head, and her feigned headache went away. *“At least your old wedding dress will look good on her. I was worried you’d—”*

“I’m gonna want that back when she’s done with it...”

*“But you had it made while you were pregnant! To show off your belly! **It doesn’t even fit you anymore!**”* Anon hissed as quietly as he could, the shock and indignation in his voice undermined by the smouldering look of pure **breeding sex** his wife gave him once he was finished.

*“Oh it **will** just as soon as you—!”*

Before the track-star could snake her paw into her embarrassed husband’s tuxedo pants, the church organ came to life, piping out Mendelssohn’s Wedding March as all eyes turned to the church’s front door, awaiting the bride’s procession to the altar where she would meet her groom.

While Edward filled out his tuxedo well, Stephanie’s wedding dress — *mailed to her overnight by Naomi just as soon as the older cheetah could bear to part with it once Anon promised to get her another one* — was a thing of pure beauty once everyone saw it.

Simply inspired, really.

Classically tasteful in all the right ways, the dress integrated unmistakably modern twists, chief among them the way the intricate white lace seemed to melt and transform into sheer silk that emphasized the beauty of Stephanie’s **very** prominent baby bump and the spots that speckled it.

Some minor modifications had to be made here and there to better tailor it to her smaller, younger frame — *plus the larger belly housing the twins she knew she was carrying* — but there wasn’t a single jaw in the house that could stay in place as her father — *Mr. Bryan* — walked her down the aisle and towards the young man he’d found out would be an excellent son-in-law and father to his grandchildren.

“Hey baby~♥” Stephanie whispered after her father hugged and kissed her and returned to the empty pew seat waiting for him as she laid her eyes on her stunningly handsome husband-to-be.

“Hey *babies*~♥” Ed replied with a million-watt smile on his face, the love he was exuding raising the temperature inside the church by at least a full degree.

“Dearly beloved, we are gathered here today-!”

.....

“In the sight of God and these witnesses, I now pronounce you husband and wife! You may now kiss the bride!”

Cheers, applause, and even the kiss itself ended up being interrupted as an ear-piercing wolf-whistle rang out from the back of the church, the shrill sound amplified by the echo-inducing architecture.

As all eyes turned to see *whomst the FUCK* lacked the class and proper upbringing to dare interrupt as sacred a moment as a couple’s first kiss — *yes, even a couple where the wife-to-be was as heavily pregnant as Stephanie was* — Anon waved the arm that *wasn’t* supporting his own heavily pregnant wife and trying to keep her fingers out of her mouth to offer as many apologies as he could.

“*They aren’t married yet, honey,*” he breathed through clenched teeth, fighting a losing battle with the cheetah that now out-weighed him thanks to the precious cargo she too was carrying.

“*What’s the holdup!?*”

Squealing a supersonic squeal of joy that got Mrs. Zotz smacking her knee and dancing in her pew as soon as the younger bride recognized her lifelong idol, Stephanie somehow managed to ***dip Edward*** as they shared the first kiss of the rest of their lives together, the entire church breaking out into much more raucous applause thanks to Naomi’s forceful whistling.

“*...Spoilsport,*” the track-star cheetah whispered with an apologetic smile on her face as her own human husband kissed her and spun her in place, albeit slowly, out of an abundance of unnecessary caution.

“*...Did we miss it?*” whispered a deeper, unmistakably male, but surprisingly skittish-sounding voice through a crack in the church’s front door before an oddly familiar — *at least to the other two Olympians present* — scaly white hand opened the door wide and the rest of the body attached to it marched inside with all the grace and confidence of a runway supermodel.

“We’re clearly right on time...” Mrs. Natasha Nito the First announced, tasting the air inside the venue and smiling knowingly.

Inco skittered inside, pushing his dress shirt back inside his pants, making sure his zipper was up and his button was done before buttoning up his suit jacket.

“Nat, you made it~!” Naomi announced cheerfully, *and a tad conspiratorially*, hugging her best gal-pal as tightly as she could after squeezing her belly out of the pews and waddling over to the door.

“I had an ultrasound appointment earlier... *Cancelling or rescheduling would have delayed the good news an unacceptable amount.* **We are pregnant again.**”

With Stephanie rushing down the aisle as quickly as her new husband would allow her, *unconsciously taking a page from his own hero’s book and protecting the most important **people** in his life in the process*, the three pregnant humie-lovers shared hugs and kisses and words of encouragement and congratulations before someone’s phone alarm went off.

“...I need to get ready to pick the children up from school,” Natasha announced matter-of-factly, giving Stephanie a surprisingly strong hug and pat on the shoulder as a mark of their sisterly camaraderie. *“May your children be as strong as your love. I will leave the details to Naomi, but we will make time for playdates in future. Goodbye.”*

With that, a snap of her fingers to make her Atlas-like husband fall in line behind her, *and a kiss as a reward for playing nice*, Natasha was off, followed soon after by a blushing Inco.

Rolling his shoulder around to make sure it wasn’t dislocated or broken after the Olympic weightlifter hugged him and clapped *him* on the shoulder, Ed held his tears back and waved goodbye with his one *good* arm.

“I thought you wouldn’t be able to make it! I was checking the mail twice a day just in case!”

“She really did,” Ed announced, as if to lend credence to his wife’s words, eyeing up the power couple in front of him and sharing a meaningful look with the husband he could learn so much from.

“Yeah, well, there’s something to be said for surprises,” Naomi chuckled, rubbing her belly before hovering a hand over Stephanie’s to wait for permission.

Once the younger cheetah took the leap and rubbed her idol’s belly, all bets were off and the two pregnant cheetahs broke into girlish giggles and furtive glances at their respective hubbies.

“We wouldn’t have missed it for the world,” Anon chimed in. “Believe it or not, we usually get photos — *sometimes sonograms* — but yours was the first wedding invitation! Couldn’t go and pass *that* up, now could we?”

“Wouldn’t have missed it for the world!”

“*Missed **what** for the world~♥?*” asked another new voice as a third pregnant cat entered the church, followed, quite quickly, by her blaring rap music.

“*Sheeeeeeeeeeeeit, **bish**, I thought you said there’d be food here~!?! I’m finna eat for **two!***” said a catty non-feline looking for a promised buffet.

“*But you aren’t pregnant, Squig...*”

“*Not **YET~!** Issonly a matta a time, you know dat~♥! ...But seriously, where da food at~!?!?*”

[End]