

cybFURpunk: Displaced

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Notes

An anonymous commission.

Ahmed was reasonably sure that his eyes were open, but even blinking didn't change the fact that he saw nothing but solid black, and not the dim light of his bedroom. Of course, the goal *had* been to not see his bedroom without actually leaving it. There was no consensus on what it felt like to project your conscience - would he be a disembodied entity, or would he ultimately perceive himself as he was - mature for his age but still looking no more than a year older than his eleven years.

It was the maturity that had convinced his parents that he could be left on his own for one night, an opportunity he'd been waiting for. His parents, relatives and friends viewed his interest in mysticism as just childish fascination with the occult, but none realized just how devoted the boy was to his studies.

And while most children his age would have been getting high on sugar and junk food and staying up late to play videogames or watch movies and TV they weren't supposed to watch, Ahmed was in his room, chanting the mantras over and over. He'd been at it for hours and hours, late into the night as the spent cans of energy drink would testify.

His voice was hoarse but he still kept chanting softly, eyes closed as he repeated the mantra that would serve to block out any distractions. He was divesting himself of the senses that would bind him to his own reality and blind him from something deeper. When the surface he was sitting cross-legged on seemed to grow hard and cold, he blocked it out. When the soft chanting seemed to echo, he kept his concentration until it became that the echo wasn't in his imagination. He tried opening his eyes and the fact that he couldn't see his bedroom all around him made Ahmed think that something had either gone right, or terribly wrong. He tried to touch what should have been carpet but his fingers met with something cold and hard and rough to the touch. Then the silence filled with nothing but the sound of his increasingly panicked breathing was broken by a thrum that grew into a steady roar. Louder and louder, which meant closer and closer, enough for fear to overcome the eleven year old and launch him away from whatever it was.

Bare feet slapped against the hard surface as the thrumming roar drew close and light burst from behind him, exposing a wide gray corridor and the ridiculously long shadow of the fleeing youth. Words intruded on his panic, ones like concrete and asphalt, which meant that the thing behind him was...

He turned just in time to be blinded by the headlights, the sound of screeching tires making him stumble back, trip and fall. It proved fortunate because the car only stopped after his legs were under it, the heat radiating from the hood hitting the boy in the face. The engine was idling as a figure stepped out, still hidden by the spots dancing in front of Ahmed's vision.

"The *fuck*... what the *fuck* are you doing here you little brat? You got a deathwish or something?" a voice asked, female even though Ahmed had never met a woman who used that tone and that language. Strong hands grabbed him under his arms and pulled him from under the car and on his feet, and while fumbling for words Ahmed got his second big scare of the night.

The figure was standing next to him, one half brightly lit while the one facing away from the car was shrouded in black. His eyes skimmed over the clothes - cargo pants with baggy legs but a tightly belted waist, a shirt and leather jacket that only reached the bottom of the figure's full chest, and yet exposed no skin. Fur covered the woman, probably some shade of tan or brown but looking bleached in the glare of the headlights. Appropriate, since her face was inhuman. The fringe of hair, or possibly mane was thrown to the side, exposing a face made all the more fearsome by the female's scowl, a grimace that showed a muzzle full of huge, sharp teeth.

"All right you little fucker, don't piss yourself. You're still alive, and you will stay that way if you don't piss me off anymore. Now how the ever loving shit did you find this place?"

"I... I'm not sure... I was... I was in my room and... please I didn't mean to..." he stammered, his eyes catching sight of the feline tail lashing behind the woman as she crossed her arms under a firm and heavy chest.

"Kid, I wasn't dumped from the vat yesterday, and if I was I *still* wouldn't fuckin' believe that bull. So let's just see who you... really... are... what the fuck? I can't even ping you, what kind of cyberware are you running?"

"I... I don't understand... please, I'm not lying..." he almost whimpered, trying to pull away when a slender arm shot out and grabbed his shoulder, spinning him until his back was to both the car and the strange female. Fingers dug into the soft curls falling down past his neck, lifting his hair out of the way as his head was forced down.

"Yeah, you're not lying and I believe you, but still..." the woman murmured, parting his hair this way and that as if searching for something. "Nothing? Not even a basic neuro? How the fuck is mommy supposed to find you when you get lost?"

"M-my... I have a phone..." Ahmed stammered, imagining his smartphone back on his desk, in his room, probably a world away...

"Yeah, and I have a dinosaur... Kid, the security for these tunnels used to be military grade, and that was *before* my upgrades. So I'm supposed to believe you got past that without any cyberwarfare upgrades, that you were going down pitch black tunnels with no optics?"

"I... please, I just want to go home..." he said after being spun around. The headlights' glare turned the strange female into a dark outline, but she could see him perfectly, no doubt the tears now running down the frightened boy's cheeks.

"Any idea where that is or how to get there?" she asked, and all Ahmed could do was to shake his head. The woman was scary, but not as much as the idea of being left in the dark, somewhere underground and supposedly locked away.

"Fuck it then. Get in, I'll work out what to do with you..." she said, and the passenger door on her car lifted up smooth and silent without her having to thumb any kind of remote.

Once he got out of the direct blast of the headlights there was enough illumination getting bounced off the concrete for him to get a good look at the car. An instinctive reverence

common to all boys gripped him at the sight of the almost violently sleek lines of a machine built for speed and style. The color seemed black but shimmered in hues that were sometimes red, sometimes violent and maybe even orange. There were two seats, both of them tilted back so that once he got in he was almost laying back. The tires looked big and the whole thing was higher off the ground than a race car would be, with the spoiler probably being the only thing from keeping the vehicle from actually taking off at high speed.

The inside of the car was bathed in light shifted from red to orange to yellow and back, enough to illuminate what definitely wasn't a human woman. The warm light blended well with what Ahmed assumed was a tawny-beige fur, since it was unmarred by either stripes or spots. A lioness, or rather half-way between lion and human. Whatever she was she seemed at home in the vehicle, settling into the driver's seat before the doors had finished closing. There was no key, no ignition, but the moment she gripped the wheel screens lit up, the engine thrummed and belts automatically shot across their chests and grew taut. Hers was now dug in between two heavy mounds that the tiny leather jacket or the thin stretchy top failed to hide. Ahmed was staring, but fortunately the lioness didn't seem to realize at what and why.

"What? Never seen a furry before?"

"A what?"

"A furry, a splice... gene-engineered people like your's truly?"

"N-never..."

"Fuck, what kind of backwater did you pop out of?" She asked as the car accelerated smoothly.

"You were... made?"

"Fuckin' right I was! You think nature can come up with something this good?" She asked, flicking her fringe and tilting her chin up smugly. She also thrust her chest out, and Ahmed made a point of keeping his eyes on her face. "Vat-grown kid! Some of the furies you'll see around were born the old fashioned way, but instead of some guy pumping cum into my momma's snatch I was born from billions of credits being pumped into genetic R&D. Spent my early years as a driver for the Corpo that placed the order, but I've been a free-lancer for a while now."

"W-where are we going?" he asked. They'd left the underground tunnels and seemed to be in some sort of industrial zone, with blocks of glowing towers ahead of them.

"We aren't *going* anywhere yet. I told you I need to figure out what to do with your skinny ass and I can't think standing still." She said. A glimpse of street lights blizzing past made Ahmed realize just how fast they were going. The car was so finely tuned and the feline behind the wheel so sure behind the wheel that he hadn't even felt the acceleration pushing him firmly against his seat. He craned his neck, trying to get a look at the confusing readouts on the dash-screen but must have gotten distracted. This time the keen yellow eyes didn't miss it and he saw a flash of scary teeth as the lioness smirked.

“Like the girls kid?”

“I... I like girls...” he stammered. He’d expected to be reprimanded for staring, but the lioness’ tone just sounded like a challenge.

“I don’t mean girls, I was talking about *my* girls. My tits, kid! Are you perving on my tits, or are you so young you’re hoping for a drink of milk?”

“I wasn’t... I didn’t mean to...” Ahmed stammered, ashamed for getting caught and thrown completely off-balance by the casually obscene language of the lioness, and innuendos he was worried were going over his head. The grin got a little toothier as the feline female took a hand off the wheel and pulled her stretchy top up, exposing one flawlessly round breast and rendering the boy speechless.

“Ooops! Sorry, I *didn’t mean to...*” she mocked, imitating his tone and leaving her tit exposed as she reached out towards the stunned youth. “Name’s Sarah, by the way.”

“Ah-Ahmed...” the stunned boy gasped out.

“You moaning already Med”? she asked, gripping the hand the boy had held out on reflex.

“No I’m... my name is Ahmed.”

“Good, cause my tits are fucking *gold*, but even I can’t make a guy cum just by flashing him a boob. So how old are you Ahmed?”

“I’m eleven.”

“You smell a little riper than eleven...” the lioness remarked, and Ahmed could see her nostrils flaring. “Is that... Oh you little *fucker!*” she said, putting the foot down.

Before Ahmed could ask what she meant he was pressed flat into his seat as the engine roared to life. There was a ferocious grin on the feline’s face as she focused on the road, weaving through traffic with lunatic grace. Her feat worked the pedals as she hit the brakes hard enough to send them into a skid. Tires screeched as the car moved at a perpendicular angle until Sarah hit the gas again, executing a ninety-degree turn as Ahmed’s fingers dug into the soft material of his seat. A few more break-neck turns had them in a parking lot occupied mostly by huge looking trucks. Sarah killed the engine and made the windows go matte-black before turning her attention to the panting boy beside her.

“All right kid, time to come clean. What are you pushing?” she asked.

“W-wha...”

“Cut that innocent kid act. I gotta admit it’s a good angle. They usually get either some seriously big dicks or slinky little sluts to push scent, but this poor lost boy is a good pitch. The problem is I smelled you out in time, although I still can’t put my finger on what you’re wearing. I know most of the pheros on the market, so it’s gotta be a new chem along with a new pitch...”

“I don’t...”

“...know what I’m talking about, right? You’re just a cute little boy who likes to stare at women’s tits. You probably fell into a vat of synthetic pheromones that would have had me rubbing my thighs raw in another minute. Then you’d ‘let me’ fuck your brains out so I get *really* high and while were panting you’d let it slip that you know someone who knows someone who could hook me up with more. But game’s over kid, I’ve got my implant pumping me full of blockers so your best bet is to come clean.”

“Please, I’m... I’m telling the truth, I... I...” Ahmed stammered almost hysterically, and the feline seated next to him decided he probably wasn’t that good an actor.

“You mean you just smell that sweet naturally? You got me messing my pants here, I was sure you were wearing scent...”

“W-what’s scent?”

“Synthetic pheromones, usually with something a little extra mixed in just for kicks. Still don’t get it, do you? Fuck me...” she said, pushing a hand under the tight waistband of her jeans. The outline of her paw was visible against her crotch before she pulled it out and pushed wet fingers against the boy’s face. Ahmed shied away but not before he felt wet heat smear across his cheek, laced with the scent of wet fur and something else he had no name for.

“That’s all natural, in case you’re wondering. Like the smell of pussy, huh kid?” she asked with a skewed grin.

“I...” was all the boy managed to say before Sarah took advantage of his open mouth and pushed two glistening fingers in.

“Tastes better than it smells, right? Now, let’s see what I’ve got to work with...” she said.

With feline speed she pulled her hand from Ahmed’s mouth, leaving the lingering taste of what the boy realized must be her sex on his tongue as her paw slipped in under the sweatpants he’d been wearing. Ahmed hadn’t felt someone touch him down there since he’d learned to bathe himself, and the seatbelt tightened as the boy instinctively tried to bolt. Not that she was being rough. Her palm was paw-like and had both smooth skin along the pads and short, soft fur between them, a startling combination for a pubescent boy. They had a special class in school where they taught them about what puberty would bring and that it’s normal for growing boys and girls to touch themselves down there. Ahmed never did because the books he’d reading all agreed it was a waste of mystical energy, and so was unprepared to have a soft but strong leonine hand wrap around his semi-erect cock.

“That’s it you little fucker, show me what you’ve got...” the lioness almost purred.

She’d undone her seatbelt and was now on her side in the driver’s seat, one breast still exposed and the other one clearly outlined as a hard nipple poked through the thin stretchy fabric. Ahmed had no way of knowing, but the paw was expertly working him over, giving the still half-soft shaft squeezes as she tugged and stroked him to a full erection. The harder

he grew the stranger the lioness' expression got, her yellow-green eyes glinting with a hunger the boy couldn't understand. When she pulled her hand out she made a show of licking it clean in front of him before tugging the confused boy's pants down, exposing an erection that looked very generous on the panting eleven year old's skinny frame.

"Fuck me, aren't you an early bloomer. Gotta get me some of that..." she said, unbuckling her seatbelt and her pants.

The jeans were tight but in a practiced movement aided by feline agility she managed to slide them all the way off her toned legs in what little room there was in the car, keeping her top on but releasing the one breast that had so far remained covered. Before Ahmed could whimper out a protest she'd pounced on him, rolling over and pinning him against the seat. If the boy had any doubt of her intentions, the wet slit pressing against the underside of his now stiff cock dispelled them.

"Ever been fucked before, kid?" she asked, arching her back so that her firm round tits were pushed towards the panicking boy's face. The most Ahmed could manage was to shake his head, electing a growly purr from the lioness on top of him.

"Didn't think so. Don't worry fucker, I know what to do. You just lay back and look cute..." Sarah growled, grinding her pussy against the boy's crotch.

"Please...I... I can't..." Ahmed mumbled. He was short of breath, he couldn't concentrate, and there seemed to be a part of him that was holding him down as much as the lioness.

"You *can* stop sniveling and keep quiet. Or just moan and squeal, I don't really give a fuck. I'm bigger than you kid, and I'm gonna take something that you have and I *want*. Unless you can fight me off, you might as well calm down and enjoy the ride..." she purred, and her words sank in.

The idea that he could fight the lioness off was absurd, and if he did, where would he go? He had no idea where he was or how to get back home, and the only person he knew into his entire world was the feline pushing her tits in his face. It didn't change the fact that he was scared, didn't dry the tears running down his cheeks, but since it was the only thing he could do, Ahmed surrendered – to both the lioness, and that strange part of him that seemed to want this.

"Awwww, isn't that cute?" the feline purred, bending over to lick one of the boy's cheeks with a rough, raspy tongue. "You crying, baby? Well I know what crying babies need..." she said, grabbing the back of his head and pushing his face into her cleavage.

It was warm, soft, and when he inhaled through the tuft of fur just above her tits Ahmed's eyes dimmed as the sweet scent filled his lungs. Maybe it was instinctive, like the first instinct a baby forms – you are safe when held against a woman's breast. He wasn't a crying infant, he had very reasons to be afraid and the female gripping the back of his head was assaulting him in a way no one ever had, but the effect was uncanny as some of the tension leached from his muscles, all except the one in the grip of a leonine paw.

“That’s it, my little fucker! You want pussy, don’t you boy? You may now know it, but *he* certainly does. That’s it kid, just breathe deep...” she said, squirming around with her knees on either side of his hips as her mounds pushed up against his face.

He was lost in the leonine cleavage when her squirming and angling finally brought his tip to something wet, smooth and thrillingly hot. Something between a purr and a roar rumbled from the lioness’ chest, the firm mounds swallowing Ahmed’s gasp as the leonine labia parted around him.

“That’s it lil’ fucker, I’ve got you... I’ve got... ngghhhhh!” she said, slamming her hips back and down and pushing the boy’s face into her cleavage firmly enough that she could feel him squeal into it.

Ahmed felt his legs twitch impotently, his hands gripping the leather of the seat he was now pressed into. His nostrils flared and his open mouth filled with soft flesh and softer fur as he felt wet heat engulf him, his shuddering body pinned firmly by the dominant female who’d just taken his virginity in a very real sense. He was fighting for breath, each one filled with the sweet feminine musk affecting him in ways he still couldn’t understand. Sarah was scary, that much hadn’t changed, but now what frightened him was that she might pull away before things went the way nature intended. A fear that would soon enough prove groundless.

“Not bad kid, not... mngghhh!-bad! I’ve had to blow a lot of humans over the years but you’re the first one in my pussy. Fuck, your little cock is smooth. No fur, no barbs... you’re just smooth all over, aren’t you?” She said, grinding her hips a few times and making the boy moan into her tits as even the tiniest bit of friction set him on edge.

She pulled his face out of her cleavage and Ahmed gasped greedily as his lungs drew in much needed air. He looked up and froze as his eyes met the feline’s, glittering in the shifting light of her car. The expression was softer than her scowl when he first met her, the fringe of hair framing one side of her face as she smiled a razor-toothed smile. There was no hostility in her face this time, but there was a strange sort of hunger and Ahmed wasn’t sure which option he found more intimidating.

She pulled his head up and brought hers down, pressing her muzzle to his lips before pushing a rough tongue into the boy’s mouth. She made that growling-purring noise again and this time Ahmed shuddered as the vibrations traveled through the kiss and seemingly down his spine. She was still kissing him when her body began to move, her back flexing as she ground against him before starting to pull an inch or so off his erection. His cock was wet with her juices and the warm air in the car somehow felt cold against him after being buried in the sweltering silkiness of the lioness’ slit.

“Fuck, you kiss like a girl...” she teased once she took her lips off his, leering at the dazed expression of her new toy. “Better work on that kid. You got a nice piece of cock for a boy your age, but a girl needs more than just a stiffy up her cunt...” she said, releasing his head and resting her hands on his shoulders.

She bent down again but this time didn’t seem interested in the panting boy’s parted lips. Her sex squishes and her hips pressed firmly against his crotch on every plunge as she ran her raspy tongue along his cheek, licking down along the neck as Ahmed gasped. She made a

point of rubbing the smooth sides of her fangs against bare skin, but Ahmed didn't feel anything sharper than her tongue as she tasted her prey.

The tongue tickled as it slid along his throat and down to his collarbone, causing the boy to squirm impotently in the lioness' embrace. He was overwhelmed, it was all too much too fast... Ahmed's chest began to rise and fall rapidly as he fought to catch his breath, even though there was neither a feline tongue nor tit stifling him this time. Muscles tensed seemingly at random as he made strange whimpering noises that would have been embarrassing if he was sufficiently self-conscious. With a final boyish grunt he gave into the mounting tension and almost immediately felt it break. He writhed against both the seat and the female riding him, her face lifting from his neck as the boy struggled to focus on it. He was... something was draining away from him, and he felt an urge to look away and hide his face from those golden eyes.

"Popping already? Fuck, I guess that's why they call little boys 'squirts'. Glad you got yours kid, but I'm calling the shots, and *I'm* not done. And you're not going anywhere until you make this kitty purr, got that?" she asked, and Ahmed just nodded, barely understanding her words.

His head was grabbed once again, parted lips pressed against something smooth, warm and stiff. On instinct his lips closed as he drew in the leonine nipple, running his tongue around and over the firm fleshy nub as the female above him purred approvingly. Her mouth was pressed against his face while he suckled as the feline reached down between them. The boy had no idea what she was doing, but after the shock of appearing in this world and the equally intense way he'd just experienced his first orgasm he was content just to kiss and lick around her nipple and leave the lioness to her own designs.

Sarah's fingers worked furiously, rubbing her clit against the still firm length held by her leonine sex, all the while feasting her eyes on the cute boy submissively nursing from her as if he were her own cub. But the toothy grin betrayed feelings that were definitely more predatory and maternal as her pussy responded to the stimulation by clenching and pulsing around the semi-erect pubescent. It didn't take long to get Ahmed hard again, but it had still exhausted what little patience the lioness had. Once she was certain that he wouldn't slip out, Sarah began to ride the boy who whimpered around his mouthful. Her mocha-colored nipple was wet with spit when it finally popped from between the grimacing boy's lips.

"Feelin' a little raw kid? Tough shit fucker, next time don't cum before your -nng!- girl does." She growled, knowing that the boy under her would be extra-sensitive.

Ahmed was squirming under the lioness, but it was every bit as futile as a mouse trying to escape a cat after being caught. She was bigger, stronger and in control, and his feeble attempts to get out from under her only seemed to arouse her more. Her nipple brushed against his face as the firm leonine breast bounced, the hips driving down hard enough to bounce him off the seat. After the blissful release that he was still reeling from, the lioness slippery walls now felt different as they rubbed against him. The pleasure was still there, but now the warm walls hugging his glans felt too intense. 'Too intense' seemed like a good description for Sarah in general as the feline gripped the edge of his seat just above his shoulders, her fierce visage looming over him as she took what she needed.

“There... nghhhyeah!... there’s a good boy! Come on kid, make the nice kitty cum...”

Ahmed still wasn’t sure what she was talking about, but acting on some instinct he reached out and grabbed the breasts bouncing in front of his face. A purr started to rumble in the confines of the car, and became more of a growl when the boy squeezed a little harder on the firm mounds of female flesh. He was aware that the whole car was rocking now as the lioness rode him wildly, so much that Ahmed felt like he wasn’t groping her breasts but rather holding on for dear life.

“There we –mgrrrggh!- go! Fucking... little... mgghhhhh-fuck!” she growled, throwing herself against the boy and smothering him in her cleavage.

Ahmed could feel something warm and wet gush against his crotch, the same one Sarah was now grinding against him. The velvety sheath which had been pulsing and gently twitching around him was now clenching rhythmically, in a way that had his toes curling. He moaned into the lioness sweet-smelling bosom as his body shuddered, his cock spraying a second, thin load as the leonine pussy milked him dry.

He was still gasping for breath when the lioness nimbly and unceremoniously slid off him, flopping down into the driver’s seat and putting her pants back on with no regard for the mess leaking from her crotch. The scent of her breasts was still in his nose, joined now by the sharper musk of his pubescent seed and the mess they’d churned from Sarah’s feline slit.

“So, how did you like your first time kid?” Sarah asked smugly, expecting an amusing answer from the obviously dazed and breathless boy.

“It was... magic...” the boy panted out, making the lioness laugh out loud.

“Are you shitting me, kid? Flattery will get you another round, but I don’t think you’d survive it...”

“No I... I mean like for real... that’s how I got here...” he said, still too dazed to really speak. Many of his books suggested that orgasms were a release of magical energy, and as such not to be wasted. Having experienced his first orgasm, Ahmed could see the wisdom in those teachings, even though the lioness seemed skeptical.

“So you’re... what, some kind of wizard?”

“I’m not...I just... I’ve been reading a lot and practicing. I don’t really understand how I got back here, or... or how to get back.”

“You’re a weird little fucker, y’know that?” she asked, casually putting the car into gear and giving it some gas. “But if you’re really into that mystic stuff... fuck, no harm in taking you to see Yuki. She might know what to do with you...”

“Yuki?”

“Yeah, but when you meet her call her Yuki-san. She’s really into that Old Nihhon stuff.” She remarked as the city lights streamed around them.

“Old Nihhon?”

“Yeah, you know – the original Japanese islands. As opposed to New Nihhon, or the ‘Far Eastern Prefectures’ as they’re officially called. Used to be called ‘The West Coast’, back when it was still a part of the United States...” the lioness explained.

Along with the night-time vista, it helped drive home the point of just how strange the place Ahmed had found himself in was. He realized that they hadn’t been driving through the city when a turn brought the glowing towers into view. From the passenger’s side window he could see a metropolis wreathed in neon-glow, screens and three-dimensional projections, all built to such a scale that he couldn’t even make out where some of the towering buildings ended. They stayed on the outskirts of the glowing city and finally stopped in front of a squat concrete building with nothing but the ground floor. It looked like a bunker or something, an impression driven home by the heavy door that opened when Sarah waved a paw in front of a sensor. The door closed behind them, leaving the two in a cramped space with a softly glowing sliding door in front.

“Okay, shoes off... oh, I guess you didn’t bring any...” the lioness said, unblocking the strange footwear covering the pads of her paw-like feet.

“Why are you...”

“Told you, Yuki’s into all that Old Nihhon crap...”

“...and tatami mats are easily damaged and difficult to clean.” Finished a rich and even voice, prompting Ahmed to stare up.

The vixen had slid the door open without a sound and was standing silhouetted by the light from the room behind her. Her white hair and fur caught every bit of it and gave the impression that the tall female was wreathed in a glowing nimbus. Her face was delicately painted in the pattern of a kitsune kabuki mask, the color of the dye a perfect match for her red eyes. The trim of her black silk kimono was of the same hue, the inky garment decorated in a stark white floral pattern. The look she was giving him betrayed nothing except for perfect control as she regarded the boy stunned into speechlessness.

“Even though I insist on some basic courtesies, I am always glad to welcome you, Sarah-kun. Even when you bring unannounced guests...”

“Right. Yuki, this is Ahmed. Ahmed, meet Yuki, who I’m assuming is going to invite us in and serve tea while I explain why you’re here?”

True to the lioness prediction, they were invited in and the story did indeed wait until tea was served. The pause and the hot infusion were helping Ahmed calm after a very stressful and draining few hours. They were seated around a very low table, each one on a cushion resting on woven-grass mats covering the floor. Yuki knelt opposite them, Ahmed sat cross-legged, while Sarah seemed to have trouble making herself comfortable.

“Seriously? Like... just *one* beanbag? Would that upset the harmony of the room or whatever?” the lioness bemoaned, and the albino vixen responded with silence broken only by a sip from her cup. Sarah finally acquiesced, leaning back on one arm with one knee flat on the ground and another raised. A decidedly un-ladylike posture that made Yuki’s left ear flick.

“A human child, even one from another world could still cause... complications.” The vixen suggested, red eyes focused on the lounging lioness.

“You’re worried about trouble? What, are all your Yakuza contacts just tea-party friends?” the lioness asked with a smirk.

“I operate in a gray area. There is a fine distinction between bending laws and breaking them.”

“Yeah, well it’s not like I went out and stole him. The little fucker almost wound up as road kill, showing up out of the blue in *my* garage!”

“I believe those tunnels are still technically property of the United States Army...” Yuki noted.

“Yeah, and if they ever invade I’ll be sure to give them back their keys. Anyway, didn’t fate like... drop the little guy in my lap or something? Wasn’t he destined to meet me?”

“That is... a gross oversimplification.” The alabaster vixen said, her brown creasing in frustration that hinted of Sarah’s tendency to grossly oversimplify matters. The lioness merely shrugged.

“Whatever. I’m a driver, I’ve got reflexes and instincts to fall back on, which is why I brought him right over...” she said. A white brow accented by a line of red dye arched in challenge.

“Surely not right away? And before you answer, consider the fact that neither the aroma of tea nor incense can hide some scents.” She said. Ahmed blushed at her words, but Sarah didn’t bother to so much as hide the still damp crotch of her jeans.

“I couldn’t help myself...” the lioness huffed.

“You were seduced? By him?” Yuki asked, to a snorting laugh from the lounging feline.

“Are you fucking kidding me? Boy was cherry until he met me. Sweet looking though, and just ripe for the picking. A cute, wide-eyed boy and a human to boot... why should I pass that up? Plus, he was staring at my tits...”

“I know for a fact some people who stared at your chest too hard or too long required extensive surgery and prosthetic-“

“Yeah? Well *they* were just skeezy punks and not magical human boys from another world!”

“Yes, you mentioned that. I suppose I should examine him myself.” She said, rising smoothly to her feet. Ahmed was stunned by her poise while some newly awakened part of him noted how well the silk of her kimono hugged what would be flawlessly white curves. “Ahmed-kun, come stand over here and disrobe.”

Ahmed opened his mouth and almost protested, but something about the vixen’s controlled, commanding tone had him rising from the table as the eyes of the two bestial women followed his every step. His hands trembled and it took him a little while to remove what little clothes he wore. By contrast, Yuki had untied her sash and shrugged off her kimono seemingly in the span of one breath, standing proud and as naked as the olive-skinned youth. Her chest was as snowy as he’d imagined, save for a pair of charcoal-gray areolas peaking each round breast.

“You have studied the basics of meditation, I take it? If I tell you to breathe, you’ll know what to do?” the vixen asked, taking a few steps towards him until the boy had to look up to meet her ruby-red eyes. Ahmed merely nodded and tried not to ignore the heat he could feel radiating from her naked body as he took deep, calming breaths in a slow and steady rhythm.

“Good. Now look me in the eyes, and stay focused.” She said, tilting his chin up with one paw and gazing down her delicate white muzzle into the stunned boy’s brown eyes.

Ahmed almost gasped when he felt a touch on the back of his neck but managed to keep his breathing under control. The soft paw-pad traveled down along his spine, slow but deliberate. The vixen’s eyes remained as hard as polished gems, so intensely focused that the boy felt like she was looking through him rather than at him. The finger travelled down, his back, lingering in a few spots until Ahmed realized just which ones. Her digit tickled his bare skin, but whenever it lingered and pressed his chakras her touch was electric, like a gentle current traveling along his spine and through his entire being. When she reached the spot at the very base of the boy’s spine Ahmed felt like a jolt had passed from her hand into him.

“Very good. You may relax...” she said and Ahmed felt like she’d broken a spell. While she’d been ‘examining’ him he’d been focused on the red eyes in white fur like glowing embers stuck in snow, and now the rest of the world seemed to come rushing back into his awareness.

“Easier said than done!” came a remark from the lioness still lounging near the table as she stared at them. Ahmed had no idea what she meant, since he still found himself unable to take his eyes off Yuki’s face, even though certain pubescent instincts insisted he drop his gaze at least a little.

“You were right to bring him to me. The flow of his Ki is unusually strong for one so young. A potential prodigy, if properly trained. For now, I can offer him both shelter and instruction.”

“So we get to keep him?” the lioness crooned, her tail swishing eagerly behind her.

“You talk about him as if he were a pet...”

“And why not? Humans only recently started figuring out it was wrong to ‘own’ us. Fuck, between me being a get-away driver and you being a bodyguard, I’d say ‘pet’ is a pretty cushy job.”

“Humans owned you?” Ahmed asked.

“Sarah-kun and I are part of the last generation of splices to be ‘owned’. Not exactly as slaves, but under a contract to pay off the costs of producing us...”

“...and we weren’t cheap!” the lioness added.

“Sarah-kun was a driver on jobs deemed too challenging for humans, and I was a bodyguard to a supermodel turned fashion-icon.”

“But that’s... wrong.” Ahmed said, with all the naiveté of an eleven-year-old, prompting Sarah to snort while Yuki tilted her head gently to one side as she once again focused on the boy.

“What is it you desire?” she asked.

“T-to go home...” the boy said with some hesitation. This new world was fascinating, but also alien and frightening. He wished he was brave enough to see this as an amazing opportunity for adventure, but it was a lot to expect from someone his age.

“Understandable. But I’m not sure anyone can send you back, since it was you who found your way here. I can offer you shelter in my dojo and guidance along the Path. In time, it might lead you back home.”

“I... thank you.” Ahmed said cautiously.

“You will also be given opportunities to show your gratitude. You have nothing to reimburse me with, so I will expect you to be obedient and make yourself of service when I demand it. Do you understand?”

“I...” Ahmed began, but was interrupted by the leering lioness.

“Yeah, and since I’m here all the time and I saved your life and all, I’ll also be demanding ‘it’...” Sarah added, facing the two of them and getting comfortable.

“I... I understand.”

“Very well. Now lie down on your back. This will be your first lesson, and also your first payment...” the vixen said, her voice still as controlled as it had been when they walked in, but something about the glint in her red eyes and the swish of her fluffy white tail betrayed an almost predatory interest. Finally looking away from her, Ahmed realized why that last touch at the base of his spine had felt so intense. He was sporting a very firm and very obvious erection, and the two females showed no hesitation as they eyed his naked body and his budding manhood. Yuki loomed like an alabaster giantess above him until she sank down, with a knee on either side of his head and a dark slit the same color as her nipples now poised above him.

“Have you ever seen a woman from up close?” she asked, sparing Sarah a sideways glance that made it clear she doubted the lioness had taken things slowly with the youth.

“N-never like... like this.”

“Good. For this lesson, I will encourage curiosity, but you will be forbidden from speaking. Learn by indulging your curiosity and using your senses – sight, sound, touch smell and taste. Explore, and while you do, observe. I will respond to your actions. When I do – adapt. You need to grasp a way of learning that doesn’t rely on hearing lectures and having questions answered.”

“Wow, she makes learning fun, huh kid?” asked Sarah, slinking closer to them with a lazy feline grace.

“This will also be a useful exercise in blocking out distractions...” Yuki said, not even sparing a glance at the lioness rolling her eyes.

Ahmed took a few steady breaths and almost asked for permission to start before he remembered he was to be mute. Explore, and observe. He couldn’t ask if something was okay to touch, he had to touch and gauge her response. For a while all he could do was to stare at the dark-gray slit, the skin of it looking smooth and flawless as it contrasted sharply with milk-white fur. His hand rose and he tried to keep it from shaking, and he was stunned to realize that he could feel the heat coming from the vixen’s sex just before his fingers grazed it.

A soft exhale brought his attention to the movement of her breasts far above, the dark peaks of her nipples holding his attention before he looked back at her slit. His middle and index fingers moved reverently up and down the velvety labia and once he gathered enough courage he gently parted her folds. For a while he just stared at the glistening petals revealed by parting the plump gray folds, the ripples in the delicate flesh and the way the vixen’s sex seemed to very subtly move even as she herself knelt still. Her scent hit him - warm, moist and almost cloying- and remembering what she’d stressed the boy lifted his head a little and actually sniffed at the vixen’s sex. Bringing his other hand up he pushed a finger in, slowly and with awe in his eyes as the vulpine femininity swallowed his digit. He pushed in as far as he could go and still didn’t bottom out. He slipped a second finger in, feeling the tautness of her sex as it leaked into his hand. A third one made Yuki’s tail swish and her whiskers twitch and was quickly pulled out. He settled just pumping the two in and out, his ears catching the wet squishing sound as his fingers pumped out whatever was leaking out of the vixen. It began to trickle down his wrist, and remembering that he was supposed to be using all five senses he licked at the mess, tentatively at first and then with enough enthusiasm to move up his fingers.

A soft murmur from Yuki was his only warning to her response, the snowy hips moving down until his hand was pinned to his mouth and his head to the mat under him. Taking the cue, the boy pulled his drenched fingers out, spread the vixen open and clumsily began to lick away at the delicate pink flesh hidden behind the dark gray labia. The room seemed to fade away as the boy immersed himself in his exploration, every one of the five senses focused on the vulpine femininity - the sight of it filling his vision, the wet noises his tongue was

making, the softness of her flesh, the way the scent of her fur changed as her secretions soaked into it and the indescribably taste that drove him to lick and moan into her slit.

“Is he any good?” asked the lioness.

“He still has much to learn, but he does learn quickly...” Yuki said, lifting her hips and staring down at the boy who looked like he’d just come out of a trance. The vixen slid smoothly back until her hips were poised over Ahmed’s erection, the red eyes focusing on the pubescent shaft.

“I taught him that...” the lioness insisted, lounging beside them with her hand between her legs and apparently taking credit for the fact Ahmed could get hard.

“I’m sure early puberty had *something* to do with it. Ahmed-kun, do you know what an orgasm is?” the vixen asked.

“Either way, I think you’re getting a reminder...” Sarah quipped.

“I... I think I do.”

“The male orgasm is obvious enough, since it is accompanied by a release of seed. But that is not the only thing that is released. Something accumulates in the mind, soul and body, something with an energy, a power of its own. You will learn how to control and eventually harness such flows. It will take time for you to *learn* discipline, but now I want you to attempt it...” she said, holding the boy's gaze as one paw gently tilted Ahmed’s tip up. Without even looking down she sank smoothly down, her wet sex easily swallowing the early-blooming boy’s erection. Nothing but a backward tilt of her ears betrayed the vixen’s reaction to having the young man inside her. Ahmed's vision had nearly blurred, and as his eyes focused and his tensed muscles grew slack, he was caught once again by the white vixen’s ruby gaze.

“Think of it as a release. That energy is like a wild beast you are holding on a leash. It writhes, it struggles, trying to break free by any means. In time you will learn to tame it, so that you alone can release it. For now, just try to hold back as long as you can. Do not concern yourself with me. This...” she said, grinding her hips and making the boy gasp. “...is about discovering your own limits.”

His second time buried to the hilt inside a woman proved no less intense for Ahmed even though the stern-faced vixen was proving a gentler lover than the lioness who’d held him down and taken something he didn’t even know how to give. Not that he was given a choice, and as calm and in control as Yuki was the boy didn't miss the predatory hunger glittering in those red eyes of hers.

He groaned when the fox, now still as she sat astraddle of his hips, squeezed down on the shaft trapped in her sex, provoking the pubescent erection into twitching in the wet heat gripping it. Her musculature was a work of art, her body so finely honed that the sleek white fur couldn’t hide the play of muscles along the lithe body. The trim belly rippled just a little every time she milked him.

Ahmed remembered his previous lesson and tried to observe the vixen with as much focus as he could muster. When it came to tactile sensations nothing could overshadow a slick vulpine sex pulsing around his young shaft, but the boy laid his trembling hands on the snow-furred thighs, feeling the muscles move under firm skin and soft fur as Yuki began to ride her young charge. He took his eyes off hers and let them travel down her body, noticing that the vixen's breasts were now sharply peaked as the dark gray nipples jutted out. She was silent for the most part, coupling with him like some sort of apparition save for her exhalations which were starting to sound more and more like soft sighs.

The lioness lying to the side and pumping her own sex wasn't quiet but she was obviously refraining from speaking while the vixen taught her pupil. Yuki's juices were still drying on his face but Ahmed thought he could catch traces of the feline's sharper scent as Sarah pumped any of his seed that had failed to leak from her leonine sex by now.

It didn't take long for him to hear the siren call of his young body, the tension building in him and promising bliss if he allowed it to mount further, until it broke apart. Yuki was riding him now, her white paws resting on his boyish chest, long white fingers splayed and dull black claws poking gently into his skin. She was rising enough for him to catch glimpses of his cock, glistening and throbbing as the snug vulpine sex polished it.

He forced himself to take deeper breaths, trying to steady them and fight off the urges he'd only discovered earlier that day. He would fail, of course, and it was some consolation to know that he would get what he was denying himself. But some instinct told him it would be a bad idea to disappoint the red-eyed vixen riding him, and so he fought against his own desires and his young body's needs.

Sarah had no such problems and he could hear the lioness growling and yowling as her thighs clenched around a soaked tawny paw. His nostrils flared as he caught the scent of both her juices and the last of his seed being flushed from her sex by the convulsions of the feline slit. His hands were resting on Yuki's hips and he felt like he could feel the flow of her energy that some of his texts described as a serpent coiled around the base of the spine.

He fought himself until he could no longer clench his teeth and keep quiet. Ahmed was grunting with every rise and plunge of Yuki's hips, his shoulders stiff and his toes curled as he tried to hold back something that would no longer be denied. The vixen's lips were parted as her own body demanded deeper breaths, and the boy was sure he could see approval if not admiration in those red eyes focused so firmly on him.

"I... I can't..." he whimpered.

"You've done well, child. Let it go..." the vixen husked, and it was as if her words had drawn out when the boy had been struggling to hold in.

His fingers dug into the firm flesh of her hips as his own bucked up on instinct, managing a few thrusts until Yuki lowered hers and pinned his rear to the mat. His breath caught in his throat as he felt his cock pulse and his seed shoot deep into the vixen's body. His vision dimmed but he saw Yuki throw her head back and let out a rich moan just before her pussy started to squeeze and twitch around him, drawing his seed deeper in. He was stunned by the

control of the vixen who was obviously savoring the blissful ecstasy of orgasm but who'd given no signs that she was anywhere near her peak.

When she lowered her muzzle her eyes were clear and almost flashing fire, her face as flawless as the mask it was decorated to resemble. He watched her lift her hips, the dark labia clinging and holding his tumescent shaft until the tip left her with the softest sound Ahmed had ever heard. After cumming in the lioness twice he didn't have much left for the vixen, but what he'd given her was oozing lazily along the cleft between her snowy thighs.

"You did well, Ahmed-kun. Now come along and follow me - we follow every physical exercise with a bath. *All* of us..." she said, sparing a glance at the lioness who looked for a second like she would challenge the vixen's decision, but wound up rising smoothly to her feet and helping Ahmed find his own.

They entered a small room paneled in lacquered wood and filled with fragrant steam rising from a large hot-tub that looked like it could easily accommodate the three of them. In spite of the roominess, Ahmed found himself sandwiched between two buxom female bodies as they all slipped in, filling the room with sighs and groans as hot water embraced exhausted bodies. The water rose up to Ahmed's chin once he was seated and just past the two female's breasts. Even spent as he was, it was hard not to stare at the gently floating mounds as both the lioness and vixen leaned back and thrust their chests out. When he leaned back he was surprised to see a skylight above him, showing an almost full moon in the night sky.

"Light pollution from the city hides most of the stars, but whenever possible one should bathe under moonlight." Yuki said, her dulcet tone seeming to seep into him as surely as the heat of the water. Under a strange moon, between two strange females, Ahmed discovered the limit of his endurance and fell into a deep sleep.

"Mnhhhhh, our little fucker's getting cocky!" Sarah growled happily, stretching with feline laziness even as Ahmed slid into the leonine pussy he could still taste on his tongue. "I thought you said you would train him?"

"I am. One of the things he's learning is confidence..." insisted the vixen. She was kneeling beside the boy who in turn was covering the lioness, his face inches above the tawny cat's breasts as he took a moment to collect his wits. Training aside, he was still in the first flush of manhood, and it was always a fight to reign in his hormone-flooded young body. The alabaster vulpine's fingers traced lines across his back, paying special attention to pressure-points along his spine.

"Just as long as he doesn't get too confident. Start thinking how it's time to put 'animals' in their 'rightful place'..." the lioness said, pulling Ahmed's face into her cleavage.

"Animals?" Ahmed asked as a hot, hard nipple grazed his cheek.

"There are humans still contesting Emancipation. They believe there is a cold war being fought between the new species and mankind and many are advocating more decisive action

against furies and awoken AIs. They argue that since we have all been created by mankind we are not truly sentient. That we don't have souls."

"But... but you do!" Ahmed said, earning a smirk from the lioness under him.

"You aren't just saying that to get pussy, are you?" the lioness asked, clenching hers around him as if to provoke the boy into moving again.

"No, but... you think and feel. You don't follow programming or instinct... isn't that proof you have souls just as much as I do?" Ahmed asked, resuming a gentle humping as the shifting of leonine hips signaled Sarah's disapproval of a philosophical debate.

"True, although some of us seem prone to lapsing into instinctive behavior..." Yuki remarked, sliding one hand down until her fingers were resting just above Ahmed's still smooth sack. She applied gentle but firm pressure to a spot between his testes and anus, and the boy groaned as he instinctively bucked into the lioness under him.

"If a soul exists, denying the fact is as pointless as denying the existence of sunlight. We are all a part of the Tao, and those who deny the fact merely blind themselves..." she insisted. Some might have pointed out the futility of trying to teach an adolescent while he is in the process of sating his growing body's demands, but in the past couple of months Yuki had taught the boy to focus on her words no matter the distraction. And Sarah had enjoyed herself trying to be sufficiently distracting.

The albino vixen took some time to admire the bronze-skinned boy humping into the tawny feline under him. His genitals had developed before his skeletal or muscular structure had taken the first recognizable steps from boyhood to manhood, but his time under her care and tutelage showed with every movement. Bare skin with the first fine shimmer of sweat hid nothing from her crimson eyes, the eyes that followed the movement and flow of every muscle she'd helped build.

It showed in his posture, a confidence even though the boy understood that he was submissive to the two of them. He'd lacked any confidence early on, struggling just to keep up with the sexual appetites of two females for whom a young human like him was an undiscovered delicacy. In his first few weeks she and Sarah had simply taken him whenever they felt the need, but during his stay the boy had opened up to the two of them. Even though the females were still the dominant ones, their intimate encounters now had a sense of sharing.

The boy's body had also adapted to meeting the needs of two genetically engineered females in their sexual prime. There was a smoothness to the rhythm in which Ahmed's rump rose and fell, the thrusts timed exquisitely to his breathing, evidence of an equilibrium of body and spirit that a boy that age would not have been expected to display. Her own body responded to the sight, her keen nose catching a new scent in the sweet miasma of burning incense, the musk of feline arousal and the fresh sweat of an adolescent male. She felt her labia swell and moisten but her hands never strayed from Ahmed's body - strong white fingers manipulating what to the uninitiated would seem like random spots on the thrusting boy.

She removed the fingers that had been applying pressure just above the boy's coin-purse, dipping them into a small bowl next to the rutting pair. Her fingers came away glistening and smelling of jasmine as he placed them back where they had been. She only rubbed for a couple of seconds before letting the digits slide up smoothly, trailing oil into the crease between the humping human's smooth cheeks.

Ahmed gasped when a paw-pad pressed against his pucker, but his rhythm never faltered. Discipline and focus should have been challenging lessons to one so young but the boy had taken well to them, showing an implicit thrust in the vixen he'd accepted as his sensei. Yuki's claws were kept short and she'd taken some time to smooth them down earlier today, and the one on her index finger had little trouble finding the center of the boy's pucker and wedging in. She saw the dark little star flex a few times until a few deep breaths brought Ahmed into control over his instinct. The boy gasped as he was penetrated for the first time, clenching up but only after Yuki had pushed the first knuckle into his ass.

"Fuck Yuki, I don't know what you're tweaking back there, but I think he somehow just got harder..." the lioness crooned, pressing the boy's face into her cleavage as she bucked her hips against him.

"Mind your breathing. I'm going to align your chakras, it's important to focus on your energy flow..." she said in a soft, clear voice she knew Ahmed had learned to respond to.

Almost instantly she felt the ring of supple flesh relax and a second later Ahmed was pushing himself back onto her digit as he slid out of Sara's sex. For a while Yuki just stood still, with the fingers of one hand splayed along the boy's lower back as she watched him push himself onto and off the digit stuck in his rump.

He was doing a good job controlling his breathing since the horny lioness under him was almost crushing his face against her impressive chest. As an unrepentant adrenaline junkie, Sarah showed neither control nor a desire to master it, the yowling moans signaling instead that the feline was riding the high of a mounting orgasm, the first of several she could expect while helping Ahmed with his latest lesson.

Yuki felt her body respond to the sight, arousal tinged in just a little feminine envy, even though she spent much more time being intimate with her live-in pupil. But she held her passion and her urges in check, letting the wild energy build until she decided to release it into the world. She pushed her finger a little deeper, moving along with the boy's thrusts as she brought her paw-pad down on a firm spot inside the boy's ass. His response was immediate - a sharp thrust that had the lioness under him yowling lustily but the boy managed to get a grip on himself.

Yuki had been admiring the eroticism of the scene - the way the boy was thrusting into Sarah even as her own hand thrust between his cheeks, the snarling moan of the lioness as she climaxed quite spectacularly but kept her arms wrapped around Ahmed. The way his body responded to her touches and the way it opened up for her when she added a second finger.

His display of stamina filled her with pride as his teacher, and with desire as his lover. He maintained a grip on his body even as she did everything in her power to break it, pressing firmly on his prostate even as a slippery feline cunny pulsed around his erection. When he

climaxed she could feel the force of it physically and spiritually as his ring flexed around her finger, his gasps audible even though his face was in the cleavage of the lioness purring under him. She admired the sight of Ahmed's glistening ring winking as she pulled her fingers out and helped the boy out of the embrace of the clingy feline.

“You did well, Ahmed-kun. Go and rest up in the bath, and I’ll join you later...” she said. She generally liked to keep the energy in her bath restful and calming but as she watched the naked boy leave she knew she would make an exception once she bid the still panting feline good-bye...

“Aligning his chakras? Fuck, I’ll have to remember that one if I ever want to dip my fingers under someone’s tail. Lil’ fucker believed you, too...”

“And you didn’t?” the vixen asked, still naked and seated in a lotus position. Her alabaster breast rose and fell with each perfectly controlled breath, her concentration unbroken by the quite familiar distraction of the brash lioness. “You’ve known me for some time. Have you ever known me to lie?”

“No, I’ll give you that. You’re inconveniently honest, most of the time. Fuck, I’m a top-notch getaway driver and a courier for stuff you wouldn’t believe, and you’ve still got more yakuza contacts than I do. They’re all fine with you being so upright and honest?” the feline conceded.

“My contacts are... as you would put it – old school. They prize honor and integrity in the people they put their trust in.”

“Like the kid’s putting his trust in you? Am I to assume you’ve told him about Alex?” the lioness asked, eyebrow arched in challenge. It had worked, too – one of Yuki’s ears had twitched just a fraction of an inch.

“Not yet. I am preparing him, as gently as I know how.”

“That was gentle, all right. Downright motherly...” she said, almost but not quite mentioning something the two females had been aware of for some time. Yuki chose not to take the bait.

“I do not doubt Alex’s plans for the boy are genuine, nor do I doubt his motivation. But I am aware of his... inclinations, and how attractive Ahmed seems to be to our kind. I thought it prudent to broaden his horizons and prepare him for other forms of physical intimacy.”

“And preparing those fine snowy tits of yours while you’re at it?” the lioness asked, dangling the bait again. Yuki took a deep breath with her eyes closed before taking it.

“Perceptive as always. I did not make the decision lightly. I meditated on it, consulted the I-Ching and several other sources. Deliberation and divination have both led me to the conclusion that this is an opportunity not to be missed. My heat was well-timed and Ahmed is of course... compatible.”

“What? You didn’t check your tea-leaves, just to make sure?” the lioness asked with a smirk.

“And am I to assume you approached motherhood with as much forethought?” the fox asked, getting a chortle from the lioness.

“Yeah, figured your nose would be as good as mine.” She said, referring to the subtle changes in their respective body chemistries that each of them had detected. “I dunno, it was just a gut feeling. Or... fuck, I took his cherry, you know that? And I don’t mean like seducing him, like ‘Here boy, want some tight steamy pussy?’. I fuckin’ *took* it, and I’d do it again. So no regrets, but I figured I owed him something for letting him make me a man, so I let our little fucker make me a momma. So when is Alexander getting here.”

“In about a week.” Yuki said, as both females contemplated how to best spend their time with the boy before more demands are put on his time...

The lessons in self-control were serving Ahmed well as he stood still and composed, trying to resist the urge to twist his neck to follow the movements of the feline figure circling him. He tried instead to study the room - an office of some sort, high enough that the glass-paned wall opposite him showed nothing but blue sky. A statement of power in a city where towering buildings obstructed almost every view, bar a few from the very peaks.

The man had been introduced to him simply as Alexander, and although he’d traveled here from Old Nihhon he did not insist on honorifics the way Yuki-sensei did. The vixen had arranged for this meeting, telling Ahmed that if all went well he’d be spending some time with Alexander for now. He’d been reluctant to leave both her and Sarah, but had no intent of disappointing his teacher by contesting her decision.

“What did Yuki-san tell you about me?” he asked.

“She said you’d be taking over my... education. That I am to trust you.” he said. Yuki-sensei had stressed that he was to keep nothing from Alexander, secrets included. She wasn’t explicit about what would be expected from him, but the way the snow leopard was examining him hinted at a certain hunger, kept very well in check.

“Your education... and the possible role you might play for our side.”

“Your... side?”

“You have emerged into a world where my kind is almost fully emancipated. There is still a struggle - some humans see that they have lost control of us and want to build a society of equals, accepting it as a new reality. Some among my kind are weary of that, and would see us in control, arguing that the human’s abuse of power disqualifies them from weilding any of it. And some humans believe our freedom is merely a temporary setback, a mistake to be corrected...” Alex said, watching the boy closely as if gagueing some tell-tale reaction.

Now that he was in front of him again, Ahmed found his eyes drawn to the gray feline. His shirt and trousers were black and tailored perfectly for his lihe feline frame, allowing for

graceful, fluid movements. His bearing brought to mind Sarah, even though his demeanor was more in line with Yuki-sensei's - composed and in control. His slender build and long silvery hair tied in a pony-tail might have made him look androgynous, if not for the narrowness of his hips and the width of his shoulders. The eyes were a blue paler even than the sky behind him, and distinctly penetrative.

"I hear you firmly believe that we have a soul? Would it surprise you to learn there are those of my own kind who wonder if we do?"

"Not really. Humans have done the same through the ages. Any sentient creature will ponder and question the nature of its own existence."

"*Cogito, ergo sum.*" the leopard air, or rather finished Ahmed's thought uncannily. "Yuki-san mentioned you are somewhat of a prodigy, and is wondering at the limits of your talents, the ones that had pushed you from one world into this one. You have by no means reached the limits of what she has to teach you, but she wanted to find out if there was anything I could contribute, given my background."

"Y-your background?" he asked. Yuki-sensei hadn't shared much about Alexander's past, but Sarah had hinted quite strongly of his ties to the Yakuza, and other clandestine organizations. The leopard reached for his desk, and a tray where nine polished silver balls rested in a neat square. The ball was two inches in diameter and looked heavy as he threw it in a straight line towards one of the windows.

Ahmed expected the noise of shattering glass, but the metal sphere never reached the window. It curved clockwise and started orbiting around them, completing its circuit of the room every few seconds.

"Like Sarah and Yuki-san, I was made rather than being born. We were all made with some purpose in mind - driver, bodyguard...and research subject." he said.

"Research... you mean... you're..."

"Telekinesis. I'm also telepathic - I can sense surface thoughts, but can't dig much deeper into someone's psyche without cooperation. I was subject to more intense genetic alterations than most splices, and very invasive experimentation once I was released from my vat. The facility that created me was raided well before Emancipation and I was liberated along with several surviving research subjects. I owe my life to that raid. The facility was a black-lab and if I had still been there when my kind was freed I would have been purged along with any other 'research material'." he said, watching the boy for reactions to this revelation.

"To this day, my early life has soured my view of humanity. I bear mankind no true ill will, and am open to the idea of coexistence. But I know firsthand how important it is to keep humans from ever gaining any power over us."

"But... if I'm human... why did you..."

"You are a bit of an enigma, and also quite safe." he said, obviously reading the boy's fear.

"You are a unique outsider - from a world beyond the current conflict. And genuinely

sympathetic so far. A traitor to your kind, in the eyes of some.”

“Why? I haven’t done anything against my own... well, against the humans of this world.”

“But you’ve mated with Yuki-san and Sarah with some regularity. I see that you aren’t aware that they are both pregnant?”

“Preg... you mean...”

“Yes. My kind can’t conceive outside of our subspecies. With any feline other than a leopard, my chances of siring a child drop dramatically. Humans are universally compatible, but our modified DNA is always dominant. When Sarah gives birth to her cub, and Yuki-san to her kit, they will look exactly as if the fathers had been a full-blooded lion and fox, respectively.” the leopard said, giving the boy no time to digest the fact that he was soon to become a father twice over.

“Even sympathetic humans recognize this threat to their kind - if barriers between us are broken down and we mix with each other, my kind would flourish while yours withered. Hence, my people are quite accepting of mixed-species couples, while humans would see your behavior as a deliberate betrayal of your own kind. It is also a good reason for me to trust you, human or not.”

“To trust me... and... train me?” Ahmed asked, gesturing with his eyes to the ball still spinning around the room, Alexander nodded, guiding the steel sphere to his paw and catching it in mid-air.

“I do not put as much faith in divination as Yuki-san does, but even I have to admit that the sequence of events that led you here is... uncanny. I have agreed to take over this phase of your training, under the same conditions that Yuki-san had.”

“S-same?”

“Yes. Yuki-san knows of my... tastes. Your tastes don’t factor much in this. I require only your cooperation, and your submission...” the tall feline said, closing the distance between them until Ahmed was forced to look up to meet his pale-blue eyes. It was a strange kind of fear that made his heart race, but the boy still nodded his head in assent, hoping he wouldn’t disappoint the albino vixen.

“I... I will obey you as I’ve obeyed Yuki-sensei...”

“Then you may start now. Disrobe.” The snow leopard said, and Ahmed wasted no more than a moment before reaching for the sash of the kimono Yuki-sensei had given him as a parting gift. Alexander’s fingers moved quickly down the row of buttons of his own shirt and by the time the boy had exposed his smooth-skinned body the feline male was standing as naked as he was.

In nothing but his fur, the feline male no longer looked androgynous. Even if Ahmed ignored the plump sheath and two heavy-looking testes covered in fine white fur, the muscles along Alexander’s body were hard and stuck out even under his thick coat. He knew for a fact

Yuki-sensei had mastered several martial arts and maintained herself in peak fighting form, but her feminine curves hid some of the muscles the vixen honed so carefully. Ahmed allowed his gaze to travel down the lithe feline body, his eyes catching sight of pink flesh emerging from Alex's snow-white sheath. The leopard seemed to approve of the boy's staring.

“In time you will become as familiar with my body as I become with yours. For now though, we will lay the foundation for our relationship - that of a master and a student...” he said. Ahmed had been expecting to be pushed to his knees in front of the dominant feline, but instead the leopard slipped behind him and guided him to the large polished desk. A paw pressed between his shoulder blades and gently but firmly pushed down until the boy's chest was resting against the smooth glossy surface of the desk, leaving him exposed to the feline behind him.

His heart began to race as two paws traveled down his sides, the sharp claws unsheathed only enough to tease bare skin as they traveled down stopping only when each paw was resting on one of the gasping boy's cheeks. The human boy had become used to sex, and more to the point used to being available to dominant and very demanding females, but the knowledge that he was about to lose his virginity all over again.

He forced himself to take a deep breath and had managed to lapse into the steady breathing rhythm Yuki-sensei had taught him. Hands kneaded his boyish behind, strong fingers sending strange heat through his muscles as they dug in. Without warning he found himself spread, his rosebud exposed a second before he felt a warm exhale against the winking pucker.

Ahmed's exhale turned into a gasp as a raspy tongue swiped across his pucker, the leopard applying just enough pressure to make the lick feel intense enough to make the boy's bare flesh break out in goosebumps. He felt his cheeks burning as the male behind him dug deeper in, whiskers tickling the boy's ass even while the tongue worked to loosen the virgin-tight ring. As the leopard worked, Ahmed had no illusions about who the dominant one was. Alexander wasn't servicing him like he'd done to Yuki-sensei and Sarah with his head caught between shapely thighs and his face pushed against a wet slit. His grip was strong, leaving the boy with no doubt what this was and what his body was being prepared for. And as his role demanded, Ahmed took deep breaths, arched his back and submitted fully to the male into who's care he'd been delivered.

Alexander had been slow and deliberate and by the time the hot tongue was pulled out and cold lube touched his ring the boy could feel how much looser he was. The raspy surface had left his pucker twitching, the already sensitive skin tingling as nerve-endings reacted to even the slightest sensation. His ears caught the wet slurping noise of lube being slathered over the leopard's shaft and the boy struggled to calm himself.

“I want to see you present. Offer yourself to me...” Alexander said.

Ahmed could feel the leopard looming over him even though he didn't dare look back as he reached behind him, placing his own hands on his rear and spreading his cheeks wide. Something between a purr and a growl was the feline's only response before heat kissed the boy's pucker, hard and slippery. The tapered end of the leopard's cock easily caught against

the winking ring of lubed flesh, the boy's deep breathing serving to further dilate his rosebud as the cat drove in and claimed his last remaining virginity.

A shaky whimper left Ahmed's lips at the sensation of a male entering and claiming him. This was submission, complete and utter and somehow more profound than his experiences with Yuki or Sarah. Even when submissive, he'd performed for them as a male, but now his own cock was resting flaccid against the hard desk as a hard shaft slowly opened him up and pushed deeper in.

The feline cock slid deeper and spread the boy wider with every inch he took. He felt the leopard's hands grip his rear, lifting him and pushing him further along the surface of the desk until his toes were no longer touching the floor. Only then was Alexander able to truly sheathe himself in his new apprentice, mercifully staying still and giving Ahmed time to adjust to the intimate intrusion.

The warm girth of the leopard was pressing against the same spot Yuki-sensei's fingers had found and Ahmed could feel his shaft growing hard, sandwiched between his stomach and the desktop. Alex was purring constantly, his thumbs massaging the dimples at the top of the boy's cheeks. When the cat finally pulled out, Ahmed almost squealed, his hands scrabbling for purchase on the glass-smooth surface as the leopard's barbs rubbed against the ring wrapped taut around the feline erection.

The barbs meant that Alexander's pull-out brought no relief, but at least he didn't feel them when the feline member plunged back in to the hilt, reclaiming him for the dominant male. It wasn't pain, but it was overwhelmingly intense, like someone running an ice-cube down his spine. He wasn't sure if it was the noises he was making or the way he was pulsing around the leopard's cock, but either way Alex slipped into a steady and merciless rhythm, breeding the whimpering boy as if he was a cat in heat.

As the tempo increased in speed Ahmed could no longer tell when the cock was leaving his ass and when it was being shoved back in. He struggled to focus and maintain control as he was rutted, his mind losing itself in the intensity of this new experience. He couldn't recognize the noises he was making, plaintive and almost pathetic whimpers that seemed to plead for something. Noises that didn't abate even when a sharp thrust caught against his prostate and the boy's trapped erection started spewing warm white seed, the heat smearing across his stomach as his body was pushed back and forth.

His breath was labored and his voice almost hoarse by the time he was close to his second climax. How long it had taken for him to get there he had no idea. The seed under him still felt hot, as did the pucker now pulsing around the feline erection. When he began to spray his second load he felt the hard heat of Alexander's body as the leopard laid himself down on his new student, his weight pinning the boy as the big cat growled above him. While his cock spurted, Ahmed felt the leopard's erection spray deep inside him, strong jets of virile feline spunk claiming him and signaling his submission to the older male. After the rutting the heat blossoming inside him was soothing, seductive as it brought long awaited relief. With the warmth of his new master on top of him and the warmth of his cum spreading through his body, the boy let his eyes close and exhaustion claim him.

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