

Party Fowl

Morning broke over the horizon; this was clear to a feline who was stuck within the comfortable confines of his bed sheets. He was a common anthro cat with soft, dark blue fur that stood up on his head, shoulders and chest as he grumpily threw off the covers and fixed his fur accordingly. He showered the night before, and he still felt relatively clean, so he brushed and combed his hair and fur and walked out the dorm and to the University for his morning classes. After brushing his teeth and dressing in his average attire -- a white tee and black shorts -- the cat yawned and tried to blink the sleep from out of his big orange eyes. His first class was one of two classes that changed that semester, so he expected to be in an entirely different environment.

He arrived in the classroom and took a seat in the middle, as the entire back and the sides were practically taken up. The feline felt bummed out about the boring class until a row of beautiful girls filled out in front of him. He felt even more comfortable once several guys chose to sit on either side of him, some of which he'd had in previous classes. He'd grin and wave to the ones that waved at him, and once that was over with, he skipped over the guys and focused his attention on the beauties in front of him. They all must have been familiar with one another, since they were talking just before the professor began to speak. Once they hushed, one of them turned around.

"Hey. Can I grab a pencil? Forgot mine," one of the girls asked.

'Is she talking to me?' the cat asked himself, although she was looking straight at him. He was probably the "softest" of the bunch, so he wasn't surprised. She was a hot giraffe girl; there wasn't a lot of those he'd seen.

"Heh, yeah," he mewed and handed her his extra mechanical pencil.

"Thanks. I'm Clover. What's your name?" she whispered to him.

"I'm Mak-kuta," he stuttered.

She turned away from him. Makuta proposed that there'd be nothing left between them and gently sighed to himself. A few of the guys were looking sympathetically towards his direction, and once he caught their eye, they instantly looked down, or over towards the teacher. But to his surprise, the sexy giraffe girl turned that long neck of hers around to look at him briefly and whisper, "Drop by and meet me tonight." The whisper was so quiet and solemn that Makuta could hardly distinguish reality from fiction. He looked at the folded piece of paper before him and noticed a street address and time. The fortunate feline got shocked and jealous glances coming from his sides and from behind, and he just soaked it all in.

It felt great.

Makuta still couldn't believe what was happening, and he wasn't sure if he'd be able to be himself around the sexy giraffe girl. The feline began to feel hot around his shirt collar and he opened it up with his fingers as he padded up sidewalk, smelling sweet and feeling fresh and smooth. He was growing worried that he might flood out the streets with his nervous sweats! Nonetheless, at the written address, the dark blue cat traced the numbers on the doors a few times over in his head, just to be sure. He stepped up the one big cement step and he stepped towards the door; his big feet were on the mat that read 'Welcome to all' and he felt the smoothness on his foot-pads and heels as he nervously pattered on the solid door. Not even a moment had passed before that door was opened, which made Makuta blink his eyes in surprise up at the taller giraffe.

"Hey there, cutie! Thanks for coming!" she cooed to him and walked with him into her homey little set-up.

Makuta let out an embarrassed and startled laugh before he meowed with a hand scratching the back of his head, "I'm happy you invited me,"

"My pleasure -- hopefully," she exclaimed down to him with a wink. The dark blue feline easily understood the hint of her tone and he instantly felt red.

After Clover sat Makuta down on her bed inside of her room, she smiled and went to the front door. Looking behind her to make sure he wasn't peeking, the giraffe girl smirked and pulled out a key; with it, she jammed it into the door and twisted,

locking it for good. Once she snuck around the open-doored bedroom to lock the backdoor as well, she then hid the metallic key in a high-up cabinet in the kitchen before she poured the both of them some light liquor. Clover grabbed a little prescription bottle from a cabinet above the microwave and popped a chalky tan tablet into the drink and mixed it with a finger for a bit. As she was entering the room again, Makuta's mind was racing with the endless possibilities of what they'd do in the following hours to come. Whatever it was, he was sure glad it'd be with her. Clover took a seat next to him and handed him the glass with the dustier mixture.

"Alcohol? O-okay, if you insist," Makuta meowed with a puffed out bravely and began to sip it down.

"Oh yes, I do," and Clover joined him in drinking that mostly tasty alcoholic beverage.

Makuta began to already feel a bit looser, but frowned as he began to instantly feel incredibly drowsy. The dark blue feline looked over to the giraffe who had finished her drink and she took both of their drinks in her hands and set them atop the drawers without leaving his side. Before he could ask her how she was feeling -- in case she was feeling the same way -- his head was slowly falling onto Clover's lap. Those eyes of his became heavy: too heavy for him to lift back open. Her lap felt incredibly warm against Makuta's head and neck and he forgot about all of the sexy thoughts in his head as he drifted off into the clouds of sleep.

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Once the dreary cat finished a dream of his, he slowly blinked his eyes open and tried to adjust to the light in the room. The surface he laid upon was strange and unfamiliar, and when he sat up and looked down, Makuta's orange eyes shot wide open and he shook his head in disbelief. He sat in a familiar, warm hand, that held him, steadily and relaxed. Upon looking up, a video camera was shoved into his personal bubble, the huge lens staring straight at him. Makuta re-adjusted his position, as Clover was beginning to do the same.

"W-wha- Clover, what's going on?" the dark blue feline cried out, worried as to why he was so small.

“Why, I shrunk you, sweetie. I do that to all of the boys that come over here. Makuta, trust me, this’ll be a lot of fun,” she murred with a fun smirk.

Makuta frowned and stared at the camera once again, blushing hot. “Is the video-camera necessary?”

“These are gonna be great videos. Just go with it,” she easily replied.

Makuta nodded and grasped her finger for balance as she brought him to see her body, which was completely bare. She had large, voluptuous breasts and a very nice, slick figure. Clover brought him even lower than that though; a striking warmth swelled all over him and he was practically laid on top of her slightly moist slit. Her pussy was thick and protruded upwards, the heat and the light liquid on his hands made Makuta blush extra hard. He carefully balanced himself on top of the slit so that he didn’t accidentally slip in. Clover’s sex was hot and inviting, and smelt of her wonderful scent.

The hot giraffe was holding up the camera when she gently grabbed Makuta with a thumb and an index finger. When he looked up at her, she was blushing lightly and grinning excitedly.

“Time for some fun, my little toy,” she steadily moaned. Makuta knew what was going down.

That was him.

Clover was breathing heavily above him, zoomed in on Makuta’s helpless body as she held him above her pussy. The cat smirked nervously as she slowly and sexily brought him down. Her grip changed and her fingers flipped him like a pencil so that his head faced the beauty of a slit. “Hnnngg...meow...” Makuta murred. His arms hung lazily against her body as he looked down and watched as his head was easily pressed into the slit. He was struck with unimaginable warmth and he whined lustfully as Clover used him for her own purposes. She panted aloud, sending him in and out of her flesh. Makuta released a few horny mews as he felt the slick walls hold him snugly and relax as he was pushed in. The dark-blue feline felt the sexy fellow college student grab around his ankles. He cried with joy when all of him was shoved inside of her, Clover’s hand reaching into her pussy and pushing him all of the way in. Makuta shivered and jittered at the intense scent and heat in there while the Giraffe pulled him in and out.

The pace quickened and Makuta was meowling with lust as he felt her already moist insides become slicker with her sex juices. Once the Giraffe was twitching and moaning in heat, ready for an orgasm to occur any second, she zoomed in on her camera as she stuck her fingers against his feet and pushed his entirety deep into her. Her hand was entirely inside of that luscious pussy and Makuta was lost in the darkness of her hot sex. Clover pulled out that same hand, silky strands of liquid leaving the sexy dome with it, and placed it below her mid-section and just above her toy was being kept. She began to moan and twitch violently, her legs wobbling in place. She pressed her hand into her body, causing Makuta to feel the walls around him squish him tighter. She panted hotly for the camera and then zoomed in between her legs as she began to orgasm hard all over the bed.

Makuta felt a pressure build up and heard thick liquid sloshing from somewhere deeper inside of the hot giraffe. "Oh shit..." he panted and blushed as he was attacked by her thick orgasm juices. There was so much that it practically carried him outside of the giraffe's fleshy sex walls. He laid in a thick puddle that leaked freely around the bed.

Clover giggled and zoomed in on the slimy cat. "Here I have a very wet kitty. And a very yummy looking one," she teased.

The feline still wasn't comfortable with that camera looking down at him, but he was very much enjoying the strange antics of his classmate, so he tried to ignore it and focused on Clover, a smirk on her face and her tongue smacking her lips.

"Uh... Clover?" he mewed. He didn't know what he was able to say in his condition; she was in total control of him, and he didn't want to do anything to tick her off.

She just chuckled, her camera focused on Makuta as she bent her neck down towards him. Her tongue stuck slightly out.

"Time to clean up the mess," The giraffe taunted him.

Makuta was busy trying to get the thick, rich paste off of his face, and his ears flew back at her words. By the time he could ask were what was going on, it was too late.

Clover hummed as her tongue came down on top of the feline. After a bit more slurping at the covers of the bed to clear away that sex cream, the giraffe had collected most of it along with the shocked blue-furred cat and lifted her neck back up to where her camera aimed into her the gaping orifice. Clover moaned with the saliva, spunk covered Makuta struggling to balance himself on the middle of her tongue. She breathed warmly with each sexy moan, making Makuta's face crimson, his tail lashing nervously under his crawling position. When the giraffe girl took in a breath of air, the slightly younger college student felt like he was being pushed back by a cold gust. Just before he could try to crawl forwards on the restless, slippery muscle, Clover pressed him suddenly up against her pallet, slurping and moaning around his flavor and the taste of her own sex stuff.

"OOOOFH!" Makuta hacked as he was pressed on hard by the forever moving tongue. "Stop! I don't want this!"

Clover's tongue danced madly around him as she warmly replied, "Well I sure do."

The video camera gazed closely at the helpless Makuta as Clover briefly grinned with her open maw and slightly lifted her tongue, only enough so that the camera could still see her toy slowly but surely gravitate towards the back of her mouth. Makuta reached upwards and tried to move up the tongue, but Clover just giggled from her ticklishness and informally winked at the camera before closing her muzzle and gulping down hard. Makuta's heart dropped, as did his entire body; he was grabbed by the top of her throat and squeezed tightly and quickly downwards, everything growing humid and very dark. Clover had her eyes closed and she smiled with the camera angled towards a certain bulge slickly coursing down her thick neck. Her powerful throat muscles made quick work of the fearful Makuta, and the camera faded out once it got a quick glimpse of her slightly distended belly.

She had him inside of her gut, where she wanted him all along. Clover had made a toy out of her food as well, so it was inevitably a win-win. Makuta was belly deep in her acids and he wiggled and kicked and flailed his arms against her walls blindly. Clover simply groaned from the kitty's stubbornness and rubbed her belly, sitting lazily back in the bed with her legs wide open.

"Good knowing you... Makuta," Clover cooed and followed up with an ambitious belch. The hot giraffe panted and rubbed a finger against her bulged midsection while she busied herself by pulling out the covers and eagerly wrapping herself inside of them.

Once tightly crammed in the layers, Clover murred and giggled at the sight of her belly protruding through the tight covers. She patted it and she enjoyed the sloshy noises it made.

“Goodnight, my gurgling feline friend. See you in the morning.... heh...” she wickedly purred with a mimicking cat/like tone.

“Ahh... that was a perfect sleep...” she drifted sleepily as she woke up, slowly getting up out of the covers and blinking her eyes back into life, “...thanks to that cute cat. He was certainly a favorite of mine so far.” The giraffe had a hand held on her softened belly as she stirred into the restroom with a bubbly expression.

She rested her ass on top of the seat and grunted for a while, moaning at the fulfilling feeling of pushing her ass muscles out. Soon enough, a thick, steamy turd squeezed easily out of her and plopped wetly into the toilet underneath. She didn't wipe until she looked down to admire what she'd created; Clover groaned at the sight of a small feline-shaped skull sticking out of the feces within the dirty water. She wiped her tender ass and took one last look before flushing that toilet and starting off the day in the hot, steaming shower.

