

## Making Afterlife

“What are ya doin ye chowder head!” Ari wrinkled his nose at the music that started playing on the car’s stereo.

“I’m shotgun so I’m your DJ, and I think you need to broaden your horizons,” Amoreena smirked as she shifted the Spotify queue to a different genera.

“Come on now babe! That was our song that was playin’!” Ari’s thick Bostin accent rang out true as he gestured with one hand while keeping his other on the wheel. “It was the openin’ number of the first concert we went to. I love that song.”

“I know,” Amoreena smiled and set up a new queue. “But metal isn’t the only thing that’s meta in our relationship.”

The music quickly switched to some R&B, some low and sultry notes humming over the speakers as a soft voice played through the melody.

“This song, really?” Ari cocked a brow. “You putting on our smash tape right now?”

“What?” Amoreena shirked her shoulder up to make herself look coy. “Maybe I like to listen to something where the only one who I know is screaming is my man.”

“I don’t yell about your music choice,” Ari rolled his dark eyes.

“I wasn’t talking about yelling,” Amoreena ran her hand over Ari’s thigh.

“Oh,” Ari smirked, his pink lips cracking into a cocky grin, his dark tawny skin hiding the blush on his cheeks. “You excited?”

“Maybe a little,” Amoreena kept rolling her hand up and down Ari’s thigh, her nails gleamed against her ivory skin. Normally her nails weren’t as pristine, but Ari had just treated his tom boy girl to a full spa day before their trip. “You know, my grandparents were talking about how much they wanted to see our grandchildren.”

“Yeah, I’m sure it was followed up with some racist comment too,” Ari huffed. “I’ve never had anyone say stuff like that to me so brazenly.”

“Well, next time you tell me and I’ll beat them for you,” Amoreena smirked.

“Really? You want me to come to you next time so you can set them straight?” Ari grumbled.

“Yeah,” Amoreena cocked her head, her beany tight against her short hair, a few locks of her dark pixy cut sticking out its hem. “I appreciate you putting on a strong face and shaking their hand, but no one fucks with my man but me.”

“Well, even my pride has a price,” Ari rolled his eyes. “But I can swallow it for you.”

“Yeah, my man don’t come cheap,” Amoreena smiled, her hand rolling to the inner part of Ari’s thigh. “How does a blowjob sound?”

“I...how? I’m drivin’ babe,” Ari huffed through a crooked grin.

“I guess you’ll have to settle for some road head,” Amoreena smiled.

“Uh...wha’ now?” Ari’s dark eyes went wide as his girl, not so subtly, offered him head.

“You heard me, baby,” Amoreena smirked. “I may be your girl with some stuck up extended family, but I ain’t no prude. I’m not going to be some domesticated house pet you get to just pump babies into.”

"I...of course not babe..." Ari kept his eyes on the road as best he could, but he stole glances of his wife's hand on his leg and the sly grin on her face.

"Did I feel you twitch when I said that comment about babies?" Amoreena cocked a brow.

"I mean...I can't say I'm not excited," Ari chuckled nervously, his big husky frame making it look almost more adorable for such a cute reaction on such a big guy. "Can't say I'll miss the condoms if we start trying, but shouldn't I get you a ring first?"

"We've been together long enough, haven't we? What more would a ring prove?" Amoreena smiled. "I can't wait to start a family with you." Amoreena's hand rubbed over Ari's bulge, her fingers sliding over it, the back of her hand brushing against Ari's flannel shirt.

"Me neither baby doll," Ari smiled, his blush deepening as his girl's fingers played with his thickening bulge. "I mean...when we're ready."

"What if I'm ready now?" Amoreena pressed forward, her hand finding the length of her man's thick hog of a cock and rolling her fingers up and down it, his foreskin rolling in the tightening confines of his pants. "Ready for my big strongman to raw me like he wants a family."

"Oh fuck baby, are you really teasing me right now?" Ari sighed. "I'm trying to focus on the road."

"I know what you're doing. You're taking me to a nice secluded little place out in the country to have me all to yourself. You not excited for a roll with me in the sheets?" Amoreena bit her lip to hold back her grin, her teeth glinting against her ruby lips.

"I mean, hell yeah babe," Ari chuckled out nervously. "I mean, I'll rock your headboard and curl your toes--"

“Yeah? You definitely know how to make my toes curl,” Amoreena was not playing fair now. She knew exactly what affect her feet had on Ari.

“But...” Ari’s cock throbbed at the thought of knocking up his girl, but it was soured by something that could even quash his own prestigious boner. “I don’t think we’re ready for a family...like...*financially*.”

“You sure about that big guy?” Amoreena continued to poke and prod at Ari, her hand still rolling over his hard cock in his pants. “You sure you don’t want to go bare back and hard? Just the two of us and nothing between. Just the passion and potential.”

“I...but seriously, we have so many expenses...”

“Ugh,” Amoreena retracted her hand and crossed her arms, her toned muscles showing up against her ivory skin. “You really know how to kill a mood Ari.”

“Oh come on babe,” Ari stole a few glances at his girl, her lips creased into a fine line as she sat with her arms crossed. “I’m just being realistic here.”

“Yeah, and I’m still on my birth control you dork,” Amoreena rolled her eyes. “You think I’m going to really trick you into having a kid before we’re ready?”

“Well, you know what they say,” Ari smirked, putting his large mitt of a hand on her thigh, the toned muscles showing through her ripped jeans.

“What’s that?” Amoreena cocked a brow.

“Well,” Ari started. “Rings *catch* girls, but babies *trap* boys.” Ari bounced his brows.

“Ari, really? Did you get that one from my grandparents?” Amoreena frowned.

“Nah,” Ari chuckled. “Just saying that if I were to be trapped with anyone, I’d want it to be you out of all the other peeps in the world. You’re my girl, baby doll, and I want to be stuck with you forever. I just don’t have the scratch for the cute little scamps we would make. I want everything to be perfect for them...even if it’s just a fantasy for now.”

“Shut up you fool,” Amoreena punched Ari’s arm, but there was a smile on her lips as she did so.

“Only a fool for you baby,” Ari smirked.

“I know babe,” Amoreena smiled and rested her arm on his thigh again.

“So...” Ari trailed out that word and lowered his voice. “Someone said somethin’ about road head earlier?”

Amoreena just punched him in the side again, Ari didn’t even flinch as he chuckled.

“I think you can wait until we get to the bed and breakfast,” Amoreena sighed. “Do you think the stories are true?”

“What? About how expensive kids are? Of course,” Ari shrugged, knowing he missed his chance at some quality road head.

“Not that, get babies off the brain you big dolt,” Amoreena waived his comment off. “I meant about the bed and breakfast being haunted?”

“That? Really? I wouldn’t believe that shit in a million years, but I’m more than happy to play along if you want to go ghost hunting.”

“Dude, for real though,” Amoreena pulled her legs up to her chest, her torn jeans flexing around her powerful legs and her feet in mismatched socks, her sneakers abandoned on the floor of the

passenger side. "I read the reviews and it sounds totally legit! I think that it's going to be so cool to spend the night in an old Victorian home."

"Yeah, I just hope the mattress isn't old and squeaky. We don't need to keep the other residents up."

"Yeah, about that," Amoreena smirked mischievously. "I kind of booked the entire place for us."

"You what? How much did that cost?"

"Don't sweat it, I had my grandparents pay for most of it," she waved off her man's concerns. "I just wanted to be able to look at all the rooms and search the house at my own pace. The last people who had a paranormal event said they could hear the foot paws of the original owner's lion pacing the attic!"

"Or it could have been a raccoon," Ari rolled his eyes. "You're really invested in this, huh?"

"You bet your ass I'm invested," Amoreena bounced in her seat, her excitement making her practically vibrate. "The people before that heard scratching in the walls, and the people before that were real ghost chasers that found the fur of some animals in their beds as though the old pets had come to sleep with them. They even got a ton of crazy EMF readings."

"EMF?" Ari cocked a brow. "What, we talking ET and FBI now?"

"EMF stands for electromagnetic field. The EMF detects ghosts based off their energy instead of a physical property. I even got an app on my phone for reading them!"

"How the heck would your phone be able to read that?"

“Don’t piss on my dream here Ari,” Amoreena pulled up her phone a little gage like a Geiger counter was displayed. “Let me show you.” She put it up to the radio print on the roof of the car, the needle fluctuating. “I tested it before to be sure it works.”

“Sorry babe, I’m excited too, but I think we should focus more on the life we make like instead of what happens after.”

“I’m a talented girl, I can do both.” Amoreena winked. “Besides, we’re going to have the whole place to ourselves overnight. The owners are out of town and the staff leaves at ten. Haven’t you ever wanted to fuck in fancy parlor? Fireplace roaring, cock deep inside your girl as she bounces on ya?”

“Shit babe, you’re really horny, huh,” Ari chuckled.

“What can I say,” Amoreena shrugged her shoulders as her toes flapped in her socks in excitement. “A new place and an adventure all in one? Makes me hot.”

“I can tell,” Ari smirked, putting his one hand on Amoreena’s knee. He rubbed over it with his thick fingers, his sleeves pulled up to expose his hairy forearms and the watch he kept on his wrist.

“Did someone say something about road head earlier?” Amoreena smirked as she let her legs go back down again.

“I thought I turned you off of that before?” Ari gave a little cocky grin.

“Yeah, don’t do it again and maybe you’ll get lucky this time,” Amoreena’s hand slid to interlock with her man’s big fingers.

“Yes mam,” Ari smirked and kept his eyes on the road as Amoreena’s free hand came down to her man’s crotch, her toned body leaning over the center console. She was wearing an old cutoff band shirt with one of Ari’s flannel shirts tied around her waist. The muscles on her back could be seen on

that shirt as it clung to her and wrinkled perfectly to show off the rewards of her powerlifting with her big strongman.

“Need me to undo my belt?” Ari asked, his cock a throbbing long in his jeans.

“And take away the joy of doing it myself? I don’t think so.” Amoreena’s fingers struggled with the buckle. Her powerful hands were fully capable of doing it, hell, she had done it a hundred times before to get her man in the mood, but the position and angle made it a challenge.

One she full heartedly accepted.

With a resounding jingle, the belt buckle clanked in relief as the burning desire behind the man’s jeans throbbled its protest in its denim prison.

“So we’re really doin’ this?” Ari asked as he brushed his free hand down his girl’s back, his thick fingers feeling the powerful muscles hidden behind her shirt.

“You can bet *my* ass we are,” Amoreena smirked and popped the button of her man’s jeans, his boxers forcing their way out with a particularly dark spot forming on the side. Amoreena slid her hand into the tight space between Ari’s legs and cupped his balls while her other hand fished out his dick through the hole in the front of his boxers.

Ari’s cock extended with relief into the air, his foreskin rolling back as it was able to freely extend outward. That cock’s pink head broke through that glistening foreskin and released it musky aroma. Amoreena did love her man’s smell. Ari was a clean guy, but when you have nuts as productive as Amoreena’s hot blooded Latin man, there was little that could be done about that perminant air of manly musk he exuded. He would leak just thinking about his girl without sex ever crossing his mind. So when his girl pushed his buttons, it wasn’t a surprise to find a slick mess already making that pink head glisten.



Amoreena closed in and pressed her lips against Ari's dick, her lips being graced with the salty slick of Ari's growing need. She decided not to tease him anymore as she slurped his head down, her lips diving until she felt the cold metal of his zipper. Her tongue lulling over that cock as she gave a tender grope on those nuts.

"Holy shit..." Ari gave a gasp as his cock was surrounded with the warm and inviting mouth of his girl. He couldn't hardly hold himself together as she slowly bobbed up and down on his shaft, that cock slicking and schlorking in and out of her talented mouth.

"Focus on the road babe," Amoreena said while popping her lips off that foreskin. "Let me take care of this."

"Oh fuck..." Ari gasped as Amoreena continued to slob on his knob, her lips sliding up and down and her tongue lapping around it, her throat gripping around that head as she continued to suck and slurp at that shaft.

"Amoreena...babe..." Ari kept his focus on the road, but he was already worked up from the whole dirty talking his girl was doing, even if it was half a joke.

"Mmmhmmmm?" Amoreena hummed around Ari's cock and the big guy curled his toes in his shoes as he tried to hold back.

"I'm already so close, could you...umm-Oh Fuck!" Ari knew he shouldn't have said that as Amoreena started to go double time. Her head became a blur as she slurped and sucked at that cock, fondling those balls as she bobbed. Ari couldn't hold back and it took everything in him to keep his eyes on the road as he busted in his girl's eager mouth. Amoreena moved her head back and stroked that cock and slurped on that head while Ari came.

“Holy shit babe,” Ari could hardly see, his mind a blur as he came down from the high of that road nut. “I...um...fuck...”

“Yeah, I wanted to get the easy load out of you, not suck the tank dry,” Amoreena gave a little wink at her man as she sat back up, but not before tucking Ari’s dick back into his pants and zipping him up.

“You’re a little freak tonight, huh?” Ari chuckled.

“Well, nothing gets me hotter than the idea of fucking in a new place, and also the excitement of finding something cool and otherworldly. Do you think we’ll actually see some ghosts?”

“Shit babe, you still have my cum on your breath and you’re already going back to ghosts?”

“No different than when you watch those anime shows,” Amoreena gave Ari a little play punch on his shoulder.

“I thought you liked those shows?” Ari furrowed his brow and cocked a sly grin. “You been sucking me off when you’re bored?”

“Nah,” Amoreena waved off Ari’s concerns as she snagged a piece of gum from the glove compartment. “I like the shows, but when it starts to get too harem-y I just lose interest. Why does every attractive person in the show have such a wide-on for the main guy? He never says anything except killing goblins and keeps a damn helmet on.”

“Really? That’s the part you have a problem with? Not the first episode and how gruesome it was?”

“Meh,” Amoreena shrugged. “When it’s a story I can detach myself from it. Given, if that little priestess was a friend of mine, that cave would have been burned to the ground.”

“There’s my girl,” Ari chuckled and patted Amoreena’s thigh. “So, how about you keep telling me about this ghost stuff and I’ll keep pretending I’m listening.”

“You dork,” Amoreena rolled her eyes. “But if you insist. So the original owner was some crazy animal collector-“

“Oh my god, I was joking,” Ari chuckled.

“And I gave you road head when I was joking about it,” Amoreena shot back.

“Yeah, you were joking, *sure*,” Ari laid the sarcasm on thick.

“Okay, fine, I was only half joking,” Amoreena crossed her arms and gave her man a sly smirk. “So, the original owner.”

“I’m not going to get out of this, huh?”

“He got strange animals from all over the world,” Amoreena ignored Ari’s protests.

“I’ll take that as a no?”

“And he cared for them in strange ways. Like, he kept his lion in the attic and sent up food for it by the dumbwaiter.”

“Yup, that’s a no,” Ari shook his head.

“And he had a strange collection of ferrets in his basement.”

“Wait, ferrets?”

“That got your attention you goof?” Amoreena elbowed her man lightly. “Yeah, he had a prized collection of ferrets in his basement where he bread them to be sold to socialites and special collectors.”

“Do they still have any there?” Ari was pretending to be uninterested, but Amoreena saw right through it. Ferrets were Ari’s secret obsession. He loved the little wiggly noodle boys.

“The only ones on the grounds are stuffed.” Amoreena shrugged. “It was the first thing I looked up once I found out about him breeding them there.”

“Aww, that’s kind of sad.”

“The dude was weird!” Amoreena did a vague gesture with her hands. “If any place is haunted by the ghosts of its previous animals, this is one. So you don’t need to get all bent out of shape about some real ghosts or whatever.”

“Yeah, so instead of ghosts that would possess me, it’s the spirits of animals that could shred me to pieces or cuddle me to death? Sounds like a fun duality.”

“I mean, yeah, doesn’t that excite you?”

“Well, whatever we’re going to be doing, I think the whole breeding thing would be hella fun.”

“Is that all you heard after I said the ferrets were stuffed?”

“The only thing that stuck,” Ari gave his girl a wink. “Don’t get me wrong babe. I’m so happy you get to go ghost hunting. It’s just not my thing. I’ll be your loyal assistant in the whole expedition, but don’t expect me to go above and beyond.”

“I’ll let you ditch the condoms,” Amoreena smirked.

“Those condoms are to keep our finances from becoming ghosts,” Ari smirked. “Though...”

“I mean, how about this,” Amoreena smirked. “If we actually see a ghost. Like a real, live, undead ghost, we ditch the condoms and you get to raw me until my birth control gives out.”

“You really do have babies on the brain, don’t you,” Ari rolled his eyes, but his cock in his pants throbbing to attention gave away his thoughts on the matter. “Fine. I’ll make you a deal. If we see a real ghost, then and only then I’ll tear the condoms off and put a baby in you. Sound good?”

“You have no idea how wet I am right now,” Amoreena joked. “But for real though. If we see a ghost, I’m going to need my big strongman to keep me safe.”

“I have a feeling that if we actually see one I’ll need my big strong woman to take care of her big scaredy-cat man.”

“Yeah, sure,” Amoreena rolled her eyes. “You crush spiders for me all the time. What’s the difference?”

“And you catch mice for me,” Ari shot back. “We each have our own odd fears. You get the mammals and I get the creepy crawlies.”

“Would ghosts still be considered mammals?” Amoreena went off on her tangent thinking about what makes a mammal a mammal.

“I mean, is ghost fur still fur?” Ari was also dragged off onto the tangent with his girl.

The rest of their ride was a spiraling conversation between does being a mammal in life make you mammal in death. The general consensus was no simply because when humans die they become angels and get wings so they are no longer mammals if they have feathers. It was the two’s ability to go from cute conversation, to steamy hot sex talk, to random ideas like the ghost mammal conversation that really made the two work. Neither of them were ever too tied to one particular idea or another and usually just went with the flow.

It was that flexibility, and the couples love, that really made the end of their little journey so inevitable.

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The bed and breakfast was an old Victorian mansion built by a lumber baron back when owning land made you a king by default. It was designed for a man who was going to have generations of wealth, but when the second generation grew up wealthy, they squandered the business and had to sell the home. It passed through several hands until it landed with the great grandchildren of one of the ancestors. They converted it to a haunted bed and breakfast that was quite gimmicky.

Ari carried in the luggage like the man he was and let Amoreena check them in. The walls were a strange mix of mauve and Bordeaux that accented the mounted heads and stuffed animals across the walls. Each of their beady eyes followed whoever walked around the room. The main desk was a large built in bar in the foyer where a large painting of the original owner sat. It reminded Ari of one of those civil war generals crossed with the monopoly guy. He wore a fancy suit, had a monocle and his silvery hair was balding. He was that kind of fat and old where he had no neck, but just sagging skin that drooped down and spilled over the collar of his shirt. The only redeeming quality was that in his lap was his prized ferret. It had beautiful mottled fur and rested atop his other hand that was atop what Ari was assuming was a stuffed lion.

“Again, sorry we were so late,” Amoreena apologized. “We tried to get her sooner, but we hit traffic on our way out of town.”

“Don’t sweat it darling,” the old man behind the desk waived off Amoreena’s concerns. “You’re only ten minutes late and you called ahead of time to let us know. We keep around a bit after closing things up anyway.”

The old man was supposed to be the descendant of the man in the painting, but when they arrived he cracked a joke about how he looked like him when he clearly didn't. The man was thin, almost gaunt. He was bony and tight skinned. The only wrinkles on his body were the ones around his eyes and mouth from smiling so much. He wasn't creepy, but if he wasn't so tan from working in the garden at his home that he so proudly talked about, he would look almost like a skeleton.

"But we'll still have access to all the rooms, right?" Amoreena leaned into the desk with her question.

"Of course," the old man continued to wave off Amoreena's concerns. "You wanted the ghost hunting package and we'll leave everything open except for the basement and the attic. Oh, and the back office. We promise we're not hiding ghosts back there, just our tax information." The man chuckled lightly at his little joke.

"So you're hiding ghosts somewhere?" Amoreena smirked.

"Clever girl," the old man crossed his arms. "If you need anything you have my cellphone and you can have your pick of the rooms. The one on the top floor before the attic is the Barron's Suite, so I suggest that one. Has a lovely tub, stained glass, and plenty of ambiance for such a lovely couple."

"I see what you did there," Amoreena smirked. "Trying to change the subject much?"

"Why, I have no idea what you mean, young lady," the man smirked, his dark eyes glittering with mischief. "The Baroness's Suite is one floor down if the Barron's makes you feel too exposed."

"Exposed? I thought the windows were stained glass?" Ari chimed in after being pulled away from a particularly impressive elk mount.

“I’ll let you be the ones to figure that out. As for me, I’m off and I’ll be back in the morning. Treat the other staff nice while I’m out.”

“Other staff?” Amoreena cocked her head. “I thought you were the only one manning the place.”

“I am the only man here, but our furry friends will try to keep you entertained until morning, or, more appropriately, they’ll try to make you their entertainment. Please do forgive Apollo, he gets the zoomies around midnight.” The man made his way to the front door. “Oh, and like I said before, the attic and basement are locked, so try not to get in there. We’ve had issues with broken locks before, so please don’t make us charge you for a security upgrade.”

“Of course!” Amoreena was practically jumping from one foot to the other, her sneakers making the old floor boards creek.

“Good,” the old man was just a few inches shorter than Ari as he passed by the six foot two strongman. “I’d help you with those bags, but it looks like you’ve got it handled big guy.”

“Yeah, no problem,” Ari winked at the guy as he gave Ari a pat on the shoulder. “You’ve done enough getting the place ready for us. I got the bags.”

“Such a gentleman,” the old man gave a cute little chuckle. “He’s a keeper, isn’t he.”

“Of course,” Amoreena gave him a wink. “Come on Ari! Let’s get settled in. I want to scour the place.”

“If you use the kitchen, just clean up afterwards,” the old man made his way to the door. “Oh, and do be careful about the rocking chair in the Baroness’s chambers. It has a nasty habit of hitting the tails of some of our furry friends.”



“Yeah! No problem!” Amoreena shouted from the staircase as the two made their way up. The thick carpet that was tacked to the old wood was worn and faded, but yet somehow still inviting in its own way. Like that of a grandmother’s cottage.

The old man just nodded as he went to the door and furrowed his brow. In the entry way was an old plastic ball with a bell in it. The old man smiled and picked it up before tossing it into the living room, the bell jingling to a stop.

“Sorry Nix,” the old man smiled. “Can’t play with you tonight. But I’m sure you’re going to make some new friends.”

The man closed the door and made his way home, the eerie stillness of the foyer broken by the occasional jingle of that cat toy.

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“I see why someone might not want to be in the Barron Suite,” Amoreena announced as she came into the room ahead of Ari who was hauling their bags upstairs. Ari was a one trip man, his fingers and shoulders screaming from the straps and handles cutting off his blood flow.

“Why is thaaaaa-oh...” Ari found the doorway to the suite and dropped their accumulative bags.

It wasn’t from awe mind you. It wasn’t because of the large bath that had been built into the wall next to the fireplace, nor the four poster bed or the stained glass windows of forests and animals, and it sure wasn’t the bust of the original owner that loomed over the bed itself. No, it was the dozens of mounted animal heads and stuffed ferrets that covered the same merlot colored walls as the foyer. From beasts of the savanna to the little rodents the house cats used to catch, there wasn’t a single surface that wasn’t just covered in some sort of fur, or rug, or stuffed creature. Ari had never seen more fur in his life, and he had never seen more glassy eyes stare him down than he did in that moment.

“What do you think?” Amoreena chuckled as she flopped herself onto the bed. “You think you can perform with an audience?”

“I know you’re joking, but fuck this room. I’m not going to be caught dead in a place like this,” Ari chuckled and started scooping up their bags. “I’m going to the next room down.”

“What? Didn’t you say you always wanted something more rustic at home? What’s more rustic than bear skin rugs and every piece of furniture being made of antlers?”

“What are you? The female Gaston?” Ari rolled his shoulders as he saddled himself with their things and got ready to go to a different room. “I like the looks of that bath and the fire place, but if any other room has that, we’re going to stay there.”

“Yeah, yeah,” Amoreena chuckled. “You go find a room not covered in fur and I’m going to start my-” Amoreena pulled out her phone, her EMF app already on as she used a deep detective voice. “- investigation!”

Amoreena proceeded to move her phone around the room to any particularly gnarly looking stuffed animals, her phone case clacking against tooth and nail as she hummed the mission impossible theme song.

“You’re going to scare all the ghosts away if you keep singing,” Ari warned from down the hall.

“Then you better start singing scaredy-cat!” Amoreena shot back and continued her little excited scan of the room.

Amoreena was about to scan a particularly rugged stuffed rabbit when her EMF needle swung up. She cocked a brow and turned back in the direction that it had happened. She smiled and pointed

her phone at the door, the hallway outside the room only faintly lit from the lights coming up from the stairwell. The needle twitched and Amoreena's grin grew wider.

Amoreena walked out into the hall, the needle flicking upwards as she was getting closer to something.

"Oh my god, is this it?" Amoreena felt giddy looking at the needle twitching, but then her phone got something on it. A bit of dust was coming down from above. She looked up and sure enough there was dust raining down from the ceiling. At first she was going to dismiss it, but then it happened again a few paces down. Then again! Over and over a rhythmic creaking came from the ceiling and caused dust to flutter down.

Something was walking in the attic.

Amoreena smirked and lifted her phone up to the ceiling and the needle swung further as it picked up more signals. The rhythmic shaking and creaking kept going down the hall, creaking and groaning with the weight of something large.

"Ari! I think I got one!"

"Yeah, sure babe, whatever you say. I ain't coming back up there for you to jump scare me with some stupid stuffed head or rug."

"No really, I think I found something-" Amoreena was cut off by the sound of something clanking to the floor. It clattered from the far side of the hall and skidded to a stop half way to Amoreena. The other end of the hall was pitch dark and this lump of something came to a stop just close enough for the light to make out that something was there. Amoreena, being the fearless ghost hunter that she was, flipped on the flashlight on her phone. The hall was completely empty except for something there on the ground.

Amoreena's heart fluttered and she went over to the object and picked it up. It was an old, rusted padlock. It was busted, the metal bar having been severed rendering the lock useless. The thing that made Amoreena's spine tingle though was the fact that there were dozens of scratch marks dug into the rust showing the metal beneath.

"Holy shit, that's so fucking cool!"

BANG!

Amoreena screamed and lurched backwards as a ladder rolled out from the ceiling and slammed against the floor.

"What the hell are you doing up there?!" Ari shouted from down below.

"Nothing!" Amoreena shouted back. "It just...sort of happened."

"I'm coming back up!" Ari's muffled voice was accompanied by the sound of their luggage smacking the floor.

"No, no need...really I'm fine," Amoreena shouted back, but she knew she was on the clock. If Ari got up to the landing and saw the attic open, he would put an end to their vacation right away. She wasn't going to let that happen when she was so close to seeing a real live ghost! Or...not live? A real dead ghost? Whatever, the point was that she wasn't going to let this opportunity pass her by.

And she could get a good scare on Ari too if she did it right.

A mischievous grin played across Amoreena's face as she went for the ladder and started climbing up into the attic. She quickly got up, ignoring any dust or cobwebs and spun around and pulled on the rope that made the ladder retract up.

“Babe!” Ari shouted from the stairs. “What are you doin’? You’re doin’ somethin!”

Amoreena had to stifle a giggle as she closed the door to the attic. She sat and listened for Ari to say something, to hear him call out for her again, but he never did. Amoreena gave a little sigh. She was hoping to milk it and even maybe drop the ladder on him for a good scare, but he must have gone back downstairs to look for her. The idea did give her a little giddy tingle up her spine at him searching all over the place and not finding her only to “rea appear” in their bedroom or something.

In the meantime though, she had a ghost to track. She whipped out her phone and scanned the room. There wasn’t much besides old paneling and wood. Dusty boxes and furniture that had been abandoned in the attic. One thing in particular though was a lumpy figure draped in cloth. The yellowed fabric flittered in a draft on the far end of the attic. She couldn’t help it and got up to go to the sheet. She made sure to do quiet roll steps as she approached so as to not alert Ari down below to her little deception.

She didn’t understand where the draft was coming from. It was methodical and even, as though it were the bellows of some old forge, but instead of going one direction, it would evenly switch the other way. Push and pull...push and pull...

In and out...in and out...

A chill ran down Amoreena’s spine and a high pitched wine came from her phone as the EMF was going crazy, the readings going off the charts and keeping everything in the red.

The movements under the sheet were specific rise and fall, lifting and then going down again. It was...

Breathing.

She gripped the sheet and yanked it back and had to stifle a scream as a lion was lying in wait. But just like every other animal, every other creature in the house, it was motionless and dead. Stuffed.

“Holy fuck,” Amoreena breathed the musty air as best she could, her heart racing. She pulled up her phone, the EMF dead and showing no activity. She sighed.

“If there was something here, then it’s gone,” Amoreena sighed and angled her light again at the lion, her hand looking over the name plate. It was old brass polished into a shimmery gold that read the name and dates of the lion’s life.

“Apollo? Well, what a creative name,” Amoreena’s breath caught fog as she said that, the attic growing cold. Then she felt a warm huff on the back of her neck. She shot up and spun around. There wasn’t anything there, at least not that she could see, but something was shifting in the shadows...no...

The light from her phone was casting a shadow that wasn’t there...

The proud image of a lion pacing back and forth on the floorboards was clear as day as she lined the phone up, the shadow going back and forth, the creaking floor boards and groaning support beams mimicking the lions rumbling and purrs.

“Apollo?” Amoreena let the name out and the shadow paused.

All the floorboards and rafters shook with a rumbling like a wind had hit the building. Then the shadow rapidly grew larger and Amoreena was knocked down to the ground. She gave a little scream, but was silenced as a powerful ghostly tongue lapped at her face.

“Don’t worry...I firend...we...friends...” A voice echoed inside Amoreena’s mind over and over.

“Holy shit...” Amoreena’s eyes went wide as the shadows melded into the image of a lion.

“You’re friend...you...you know love...you love another friend...”

“I...holy shit, you’re just a really big kitten-OOF!” Amoreena huffed as the weight of that lion laid down on top of her, but more than that, it sank in.

“You want to love friend...you want to make more friends...”

“What are...Apollo...are you...” Amoreena could hardly understand what was going on as she felt like that ghost lion was filling from every corner of her being. It was like a warm fur coat was slowly rolling over her body and sinking into her bones.

“Lets...make more friends...”

“Apollo, I don’t know what you’re...oh my...” Amoreena could suddenly see everything clear as day, her dark brown eyes glowing golden and her pupils slitting down the center to give her a pair of yellow cat eyes. Tearing filled the room and Amoreena shot up into a sitting position as she noticed her shirt and pants were being torn off her body, the clothes getting claw marks on them before shredding to ribbons.

Amoreena knew she should be afraid, but something inside her calmed her heart. She knew this wasn’t normal, but for some reason it felt as natural as breathing.

As those invisible claws shore away her clothes, a cooling sting rolled down her flesh. Pinpricks of fur rippled across her skin as it was exposed. At first Amoreena was taken aback, but that weighted blanket of ghostly fur was still holding her emotions down and quashing her panic at the same time. Amoreena opened her mouth and gave a rolling sigh and moan. It was so potent and deep as every nerve ending came alive.

As her clothes lay in ribbons around her, her beautiful ivory skin exposed and tainted pink by her blush, the fur started to roll over her body. Small gasps of pleasure and pain cracking out of her throat as her jaw cracked, her bones expanding. As the fur swept over her abdomen, her stomach rippled with power. Abs bled into existence, forming a powerful six pack as that fur crept further down, her powerful thighs expanding and extending as her calves plumped up. Her toes cracked, extending out further, her pristine toe nails going white as they extended out into claws. Her breasts, her little A cups, jostled and rippled as they expanded outward, ballooning out as glossy golden fur rolled over them, her nipples still a bright pink. Amoreena was having trouble keeping her tongue in her mouth as it reeled out, a rough texture forming on her tongue as it became malleable.

“Oh my god...” Amoreena’s voice was deeper, yet still distinctly feminine. Her hair stayed tight against her head like a pixy cut, but her ears rolled up and twitched into rounded feline ones. Her nose grew darker and pinker before becoming blunt and pushing forward to make her muzzle. Her arms flexed, her nails extending out into vicious claws while powerful cords of muscle formed along her arms. Her biceps rivaling that even of her big strongman’s as she continued to expand and extend. Her feet cracked and grew larger, longer, thicker, powerful and corded with muscle and tendons. Then, deep inside her something was undone. It was something she had been doing for years, and years...but was neutralized in her transformation.

“I...I feel warm...” She purred. Her spine extending out into a proud tail as her ass cheeks plumped up and sculpted into two round bulbs of muscle. Under her fur, her flesh tinted pink, giving the newly realized lioness a pink glow to her.

Amoreena purred deeply, her hand rolling over her now melon sized breasts while the other slipped down her powerful abdominal brick wall to find her pussy. She gasped as her fingers brushed her sensitive lips, wafting waves of warmth came from those pussy lips as they swelled with need, her clit



forming into a powerful little bullet. Each beat of her heart sent waves of that warmth over her fingers as her honey started to well up around her fingers. This was a need...a deep need...this was...

“Heat...” She purred out, a voice in her head also telling her it was a deep need. Amoreena rolled onto all fours and bounded for the ladder. Her claws practically slashing the latches and ropes holding it up and causing it to roll down. She could smell her man, she could smell Ari...and he was all man.

She bounded down the stairs, her nostrils flaring as she tore up carpet and ran, her body lurching in different directions as she grew along the way. Her muscles bulging and bunching, her toe claws tearing up carpet and wood alike, her breasts jostling and then framing out larger with each bound until she came to the kitchen on the ground floor. There the door to the basement was left open, the lock on the floor busted much like hers was.

She tore down the stairs and ran into a wall of powerful muscle.

“Hey there baby doll,” a deep and powerful voice rumbled.

“Ari?”

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“Amoreena, I know you’re doing something,” Ari shouted as he got up to the landing, but when he reached the hall no one was there.

“Amoreena?” Ari called out again, but instead of hearing a response, he heard a little jingle. Ari frowned and looked into the creepy bedroom. Sure enough, no one was there, just all the creepy heads. That’s when he heard that jingle again and leapt from surprise. There on the ground was a little plastic

cat toy with a bell in it. Ari sighed and kicked it down the stairs, the little plastic ball jingling as it rattled down to the lower floor.

“Amoreena? What’s going on? Where are you?” Ari went into the bedroom, all those glassy eyes staring him down. “Come on it’s not funny.”

Then Ari felt something hit his shoe. He paused and looked back to see that same cat toy. He paused and picked it up, the little bell jingling in the pink and blue plastic cage.

“Babe? Is this you? Seriously, where the hell are you?” Ari tossed the toy onto the bed and turned to keep looking when the plastic ball came back and smacked him against the head. “What the fuck,” Ari spun to see the toy was jostling in the air like it was some possessed ball of yarn.

Ari was about to bend over and grab it when it suddenly stopped, then shot out of the room.

“Amoreena, stop it!” Ari ran after the ball, clearly it was some sort of ball and string she was pulling on. Though the ball ran downstairs and to the ground floor, but not before he was forced to follow it through a series of bedrooms. Ari quickly made chase and found himself dancing around a room trying to catch the ball only for it to spin around a bed and their luggage, then shot down to the staircase again.

How the hell did she know when he was about to grab it?!

He found his way into the kitchen and was almost about to catch the damned thing when it rolled down into a door. Ari grabbed the door and forced it open only to see the little plastic ball disappear into the darkness of the basement.

“Oh come the fuck on Amoreena!” Ari shouted. “You’re not going to trick me into going into some scary haunted basement.”

His protests were only met with a little jingle of that toy.

“I swear Amoreena, if you try to mess with me I’m going to pack up and head out right now.”

Again, nothing but the jingling of that bell.

“You’re not going to let this go, huh?” Ari rolled his eyes. “How did you even get into the basement? It was supposed to be locked?”

Jingle!

“Fine,” Ari rolled his eyes and took his first step into the basement. The floor boards creaked and groaned with Ari’s weight. He pulled out his phone and turned on the light to be sure to see. The basement was actually quite nice. It was finished, but had some exposed piping. The floor an old cracked linoleum with a few rugs rolled out. There was a small area roped off like a puppy cage filled with dog toys and dog beds. There was also an old operating table on the far side of the room with a wall of cages.

“So this is where the old man must have bread his famed ferrets,” Ari looked for a light switch, but there wasn’t one. There was a light hanging from the room with a pull cord, but before Ari could reach it, he heard that little jingle.

Ari’s head snapped to the center of the room where the toy was bouncing in place. Ari’s brow furrowed and shined the light on it. Sure enough it was jostling about and jingling.

“Really babe?” Ari shook his head. “I’m not coming over there. But props on getting it strung up so fast.” Ari lifted his light up to try and see a string it was attached to, only to scream as the glare of hundreds of eyes looked back at him.

The ceiling glinted with little angry eyes, all staring at him, reflecting in the light of his phone.

“No worry friend...”

“Who said that?” Ari spun around ready to run up the stairs, but the steps leading up to the kitchen were gone.

“No go, we play,” the voice said again. “Me and my children want to play...we don’t get to play with new people that often.”

“What are you talking about? Let me out of here! Right now!” Ari shouted.

“Calm, friend,” the voice was high and squeaky, but distinctly male. “No harm, just play.”

Ari heard the jingle of that toy as it came flying and smacked him in the chest before rolling to the floor harmlessly. As soon as it struck him though his mind’s eye was forced back to the painting in the foyer with a focus on the owners prized ferret.

“You’re the old man’s ferret, aren’t you?”

“House man very kind to Nix, but he left for bigger things and left Nix with his family,” Nix’s ghost chirped. “Now we play,” Nix finished and the room filled with hundreds of little yips and squeaks as Ari was pushed to the ground by a wave of ghostly fur.

Ari tried to shout and thrash, but he still couldn’t get up. No matter how many of the ghostly little guys he managed to bat away, there were simply too many more to do anything about it.

“Calm, friend,” Nix’s voice echoed in his head. “We just want to play.”

Somehow, deep in Ari’s bones he knew that statement to be true. It was like that little ferret was speaking directly into his heart. Ari’s muscles relaxed, but not for long as those spirits sank into him, melding with his body and mind.

Ari felt warm, his entire body pulsing with heat as his shirt grew tight, his pants rolling up his shins as he grew. Ari's arm lurched to the side, angry veins rolling across his forearm and fingers as Ari snarled. The sleeve on his shirt tore, splitting up to his shoulder as his bulging bicep came into stark relief. His finger nails extended out into powerful claws. Ari looked up at his arm and flexed it, a crooked grin on his face, his teeth growing sharper and more vicious as one of his eyes grew larger. Ari's other arm quickly followed suit, his growth far more violet and uneven than Amoreena's as countless little ferret spirits pounced on Ari's body and fused in, finding purchase in his form and augmenting it.

Ari's face cracked as he groaned, his voice distorting deeper as his throat muscles swelled and lashed his head to his shoulders with powerful cords of muscle. His shirt split down the center as his pecs lurched forward as massive mounds of powerful muscle. The healthy layer of fat that covered his abs was lost as that cobble stone path came into stark relief. Ari's back snapped, forcing him to arch it as he became more flexible, his spine extending out his back and becoming malleable. His jeans split, the denim threads screeching their protest as they snapped one by one, split in their seams and revealed the sculpted thighs and powerful glutes of a muscled monster. Ari's shoes burst open, his feet extending out the end as his toe claws tore through his socks revealing the mottled fur growing on them. Ari's ears rounded out, rolling up his head to fit firmly on his skull as cute rounded ferret hearing pieces that twitched as his body continued to change.

Sharp teeth formed in his mouth as Ari grit them together, his jaw snapping and becoming squarer and extending outwards into a powerful muzzle. He could feel his back sliding across the linoleum as he grew taller, his spine not just extending out into a powerful tail but also to augment his height. His legs grew out, his powerful thighs taking up so much space it forced his new pride forward. That massive dick tore right through his pants, the barbs on his cock catching on strands of torn denim

and boxers as he literally grew out of them. Ari rumbled, feeling all those spirits swirling inside of him, augmenting him and evolving him into the perfect breeding machine!

That's all the ferrets knew in their lives. Unending fun and breeding. It was paradise and they never stopped having that fun well into the afterlife.

Ari stood up and up and UP! He had to hunch forward so as to not break through the low ceiling. He gave a low rumble, his breath hot and steaming as he took assessment of his body. He lifted his massive hands up to his chest, his fingers brushing against his pecs, messaging them and working them over. He gave a low moan as his nipples bloomed with pleasure, a sensitivity tingling over them as they continued to swell. He flexed his pecks, but they didn't get fully hard. Instead, they just jostled forward into two massive love pillows. He rumbled as he gripped his own tits, his thick fingers and claws gripping onto them, that soft flesh was so supple and sweet it made his wrists tingle. He gripped them harder, his tits welling up between his fingers as he moaned softly.

He moved one hand down over his powerful abs and then to his throbbing foot and a half stick of breeding meat. His cock was already at full mass, throbbing with vigor and need.

"Holy shit..." Ari groaned as his fur grew in thicker, softening the shredded definition of his muscles. A warmth bloomed in his abdomen as he continued to tweak and play with his massive body, his spine tingling with every little movement and brush of his own hands.

Ari was pulled from his mental reprieve as someone smacked into his chest. It was hardly a tickle against his wall of abs. He gave a deep breath and smelled something that made his cock throb.

"Hey there baby doll," Ari rumbled, his voice deep and powerful.

"Ari?"

“In the flesh babe,” Ari rumbled and leaned forward, his eyes adjusting to the dark and the image of his lioness coming into view. He didn’t need any explanation. He didn’t care. In that moment he could smell his girl’s need and he wasn’t going to leave her hanging.

“Holy shit, Ari,” Amoreena tried to take a step back, but Ari took a gentle hand to her back and pulled her closer.

“Don’t worry babe, I got you,” Ari murred and leaned forward as their muzzles met, his tongue slipping into hers. Their tongues mingled, their flesh burned with desire as everything felt aflame. How could they be filled with so much death and feel more alive than ever?

Amoreena purred, her body vibrating as Ari brought his girl into his arms. They both had to hunch over a little, making the positioning a little odd, but Ari brought them down to the ground, laying his woman atop him as they made out.

Bestial rumbles and murrns filled the air as Ari gripped both of Amoreenas ass cheeks, his powerful claws digging into those mounds of muscle and working them over before slipping a hand down lower. Ari’s cock rubbed and lightly brushed over Amoreena’s powerful abs, oozing his pre and making them slick as Ari’s hand moved down between her cheeks and found what he was looking for.

“Fuck! Ari...” Amoreena purred as her pussy was petted, those powerful fingers from her big strongman played with her hyper sensitive folds.

“Damn baby,” Ari smirked, his Bostin accent curling around that crooked grin. “You already wet for me? I can feel how hot you are.”

Ari didn’t say much else as Amoreena pressed her lips against his again, their tongues locked in a feverish dance. Her rough feline tongue with his ferret one circled each other like twisting vines as Ari’s fingers slipped further into his girl, his claws already glistening in her need. Her pussy quivered around

Ari's fingers, Amoreena's hot breath coming out in heated gasps and being greedily gulped down by Ari as they kissed. Each whimper and moan Amoreena gave only encouraged Ari to move further on, to keep playing with that pussy. Amoreena gripped Ari's tits, her fingers rolling over those love pillows and playing with those sensitive nubs of flesh. Ari's cock throbbed, a thick wad of pre squelching between them and matting their fur.

There was nothing but the deep rumbling of their murrms mixed with the heightening whimpers of Ari's tigress as he continued to slick his fingers in and out of her needy hole.

"That's my girl," Ari rumbled, his heart beating and his cock throbbing. "I can feel your need dripping off my knuckles. You're a needy girl huh?"

"Fuck Ari," Amoreena continued to grip Ari's breasts and work them over and grind her hips down on that cock trapped between them, loving how it made their fur slick and brushed it in mats with its barbs.

"I'll take that as a yes," Ari rumbled. "You know I'm going to raw that neat little pussy, huh?"

"Oh fuck Ari! YESSS!" Amoreena hissed through her clenched teeth as Ari continued to toy with her sensitive folds.

Ari chuckled and slipped his fingers out of her needy cunny and gave a light slurp on those digits, licking the sweet juices from his fingers and causing his teeth to chatter from the thick heat that laced them.

"Fuck babe, we're going to enjoy this if it kills us," Ari rumbled, holding back his need to rut his mate and bust a litter in her right then and there. "No, I'm going to make you work for it."



“Of course big guy,” Amoreena purred, her spine tingling in submissiveness at the smell of her man.

“Good girl,” Ari rumbled and sat up and put Amoreena on the floor. He got up and sat on the operating table and spread his legs wide, his thick sack flopping forward as his cock smacked up between his abs, the barbs already glistening with his need as it oozed from his angry cock head. “Now come over here and show your man how bad you want him to bust his brats inside that sweet little pussy.”

Amoreena shuddered and crawled over, her tail swishing back and forth as she came between his legs and lapped up under his nut sack. Her rough feline tongue lulled over those nuts, itching them before sliding up along that angry shaft, her hands coming to massage those balls, each the size of an orange as she sucked that massive cock head into her maw. Her muzzle could easily accommodate that cock head and suck it down, but she couldn't quite take the whole thing just yet.

“That's a good girl,” Ari put his hands behind his head, his musk filling the room as his pits were exposed. The smell of man filling the air as he slid one of his massive feet under Amoreena and found what he was looking for. Or rather, it found him. A thick drop of need dribbled from Amoreena's pussy, her lips drooling with her heat, but as soon as that smack of juices didn't join the forming puddle between her legs, but instead landed on Ari's foot, she spread her powerful thighs and sank down, her cunt pressing against the top of Ari's foot. The big strongman rumbled his approval and slowly shifted his foot back and forth, his fur running over that sensitive bullet as he used his wide foot to prep and pet that pussy.

Amoreena gave a deep rumbling moan on that cock, the vibrations rolling down that rod as she slurped and suckled on that dick. Her purrs shot down deep into those nuts and into Ari's taint where he felt a new bloom of pleasure.

“Holy shit! Rub my taint babe. Do it now!” Ari lost a little of his control, his foot flexing and rubbing over Amoreena’s sensitive folds harder as the powerful tendons flexed and twitched with Ari’s pleasure. Amoreena didn’t have to be told twice when he pussy was being played with so well. One of her hands slipped underneath those nuts and found what Ari was so surprised about.

Amoreena wasn’t surprised to find a pussy. Nothing made sense in that moment, so she was going to go along with it if it felt this fucking good. She simply started playing with Ari’s clit before sinking her fingers into his warm cunt. Her thumb flicked over that love button while she drew swirling hearts over that sweet spot in Ari’s pussy.

Ari snarled, his claws coming down on the table and making the steel screech as his claws dug into it.

“Fuck!” Ari shouted, his tail slamming against the ground as his cock throbbed a thick wad of pre into Amoreena’s throat. He couldn’t hold back much longer, but he pulled his foot back and arched it up. A few of his toes were quickly surrounded in the velvety slick folds of Amoreena’s pussy, dripping down her need around his toes and ankle.

“Holy shit babe! FUCK!” Ari grit his fangs together as his cock throbbed and pussy quivered, his toes twitched in warm pussy flesh, but then something happened that caught him off guard. The entirety of his shaft was suddenly surrounded by soft flesh. Ari cracked an eye open to see that his girl’s breasts had grown.

Ari’s eyes bugged out of his skull as he saw his girl’s golden eyes lock with his as her muzzle bobbed down, her one arm holding her tits together as best she could as they jostled and swelled with each stroke of her lips on that shaft. Her breasts heaved and gripped on those barbs before sliding back

down and causing those balls to smack against them, rippling with waves and jostling larger with each smack.

“Fuck, such a good girl,” Ari rumbled, his toes flexing as pleasure shot into his nuts and rattled up his spine.

Amoreena was used to being the one in charge and prodding Ari, but this was a total roll reversal. She had never felt the power of heat before and it was driving her insane with the need to submit and...and...

A thick wad of salty pre smacked the back of her throat as Ari snarled, his cock pulsing a little larger. Amoreena was a mess, her face a web work of saliva and pre connecting her to her own breasts as she bobbed up and down, her tits already leaking milk in preparation for the...the...

“FUCK!” Ari leapt forward and pinned Amoreena on her back, her breasts jostling. “Hey there baby, I’m not about to waist my nut on your pretty mouth.”

Amoreena was going to say something when Ari pressed his lips against his girl, their tongues lulling around one another as he ground his cock over Amoreena’s pussy, his barbs like soft fingers against her sensitive folds, each stimulating her further like a little lick or kiss.

“You ready baby?”

“Ari...” Amoreena came to her senses for a moment, her eyes still hazy with lust. “I...I don’t know why, but I think...I think my birth control isn’t working while I’m like this. I...I don’t know if we should Ah!”

Ari’s cock started to slide into those folds. The already glazed lips dripping with need and that honey glazing that angry member as it pressed against every one of her most sensitive spots.

“OH fuck Ari!” Amoreena’s back arched as her legs shook wider, her cunt dribbling it’s juices over Ari’s massive nuts once he bottomed out, his cock head just barely kissing her cervix.

“How’s about I just go ahead and roll the dice?” Ari bounced his brows as he looked deep into his girl’s eyes. “And if you get all knocked up with my litter, I’ll have to go and put a rock on that finger, huh?”

Ari pulled his hips back barely an inch and Amoreena saw stars, her walls gripping at those barbs as he gently rolled his hips, never wanting to be any further out than he had to.

“Was...was that a proposal?” Amoreena wrapped her arms around Ari’s neck as he continued to gently and deeply fuck his girl.

“I love you kitten, and I ain’t ever gunna let you go,” Ari leaned in for a tender kiss against her nose. “If that means catching you or trapping me, why not do both and get our family started?”

“I don’t want to trap you...”

“And what if I *want* to be trapped with you?” Ari rolled his hips in deep, his cock head warming that cervix with a nice splat of pre. “Stuck wit’ ya for all time. Glued together with a family that we both love and care for? Don’t sound so bad to me.”

“I want you to, Ah, say it,” Amoreena purred, her claws raking Ari’s back, his powerful hide not even scratched.

“Aww, so you won’t let me play the tease with you for a little bit more?”

“Are you seriously teasing me right now?”

“Well, I haven’t started fucking you yet, if that’s what you mean.”

“Stop changing the subject and just say-”

“Amoreena, baby girl, will you make me the happiest man in the world and marry me?”

Amoreena’s eyes glittered as she wrapped her legs around his waist.

“Yes,” Amoreena smiled, rocking her hips back against his thrusts. “A thousand times yes.”

“That’s my baby girl,” Ari nuzzled her nose and they kissed, their tongues lulling around each other hungrily as their loins burned for the release of nature.

“Now, I ain’t got no ring right now, but...how does a nice big litter sound?”

“I’d say you can rail me till the damn sun comes up and you better douse this heat while you do.” Amoreena purred, her entire body vibrating and causing Ari’s cock to throb.

“Shit, a pussy that vibrates, I’ll be sure to keep you purring, kitten,” Ari smirked and pulled back further before thrusting in, his cock lurching deep inside and spewing thick wads of pre while Amoreena screamed in pleasure.

Thick wet slapping filled the air as they pounded away, Ari’s cock digging deep as Amroeena’s pussy clenched and gripped at that rod, their mating accompanied by bestial snarls and purrs. It didn’t take long for Ari to get close, his balls already rising higher as they smacked Amoreena’s muscled ass.

“Fuck, I’m getting close. Looks like the kids are eager to meet their parents.” Ari chuckled.

“Fuck Ari! Do it! Fucking breed me full! Let’s start our family right now. I want you to start one over and over again with me all night. Please...I need it.”

“I do to baby, I’m getting close, Fuck!” Ari growled, his hips becoming a blur as he slammed his dick into his girl, his cock throbbing like crazy and an angry red with how close he was. Ari’s toes tingled, the fur on his hide stood on end as he grit is teeth.

“Fuck! I’m gunna cum! I’m gunna fucking bust!”

“Fuck yeah Ari! Cum in me! No condom! No birth control! Fucking raw me! Make me your baby mamma!”

“I’m going to make you my fucking WIFE!” Ari shouted, his cock thrusting forward and pressing right against that cervix. Ari and Amoreena let out a roar, that pussy clenching down in that cock as it throbbed hard. Ari’s prostate snapped into action as thick wads of virile seed rushed down that fuck log and warmed that cervix.

“Fuck...I’m gunna have to put a rock on that finger as soon as I can,” Ari snarled as he fucked through his orgasm. “I want the fucking world to know this is my wife!”

“Fuck yeah Ari!” Amoreena squealed as her cunt quivered in orgasm, her juices squirting all over between them and rolling down Ari’s nuts and adding itself to the puddle of their love making.

Their orgasm lasted for what felt like minutes, and when they finally came to, Ari picked up his bride to be and carried her up into the Baroness’s suite and made sure to continue taking care of her heat all night.