

Morning Fantasy

By Iron-K, 2024

Illustration by @DrawsWeka: <https://x.com/DrawsWeka/status/1771751962796564523>

The morning light cast golden stripes across the rumpled covers of the king size bed, and there was a twitch from the black-tipped ear of the snow leopard beneath them as the handle on the bedroom door clicked downwards. As he lifted barely out of sleep, he pursed his lips and blew a strand of his light blue hair out of his face, keeping his eyes closed as he heard soft footsteps making their way in.

“Hey Kief, are you awake?” he heard a whisper.

The tall feline purred and wriggled slightly against the pillow before answering. “Kinda...”

“I completely forgot the girls were at mum’s this weekend,” Lesley’s voice continued. “I just went through to wake them up...”

“Well, I’m happy you’re back - come back in here...!” Kief murmured, snuggling back down as he flicked the covers aside. He opened his eyes after a few moments as he didn’t feel her getting back into the bed, and purred appreciatively as he saw the chipmunk girl shaking out her hair, the oversized T-shirt she used as a nightgown now tangled around her arms. His eyes flicked up and down her nude body - short and petite, with long straight blonde hair and a beautiful shade of dark honey fur accented with two thin lighter brown stripes from her neck down to the base of her tail.

“Oh, yeah - that’s a sight to wake up to,” he marveled, and smiled as Lesley climbed back under the covers next to him. He rolled on to his side and reached out to her, and they snuggled into a tight embrace.

“Anything you want to do with our morning with the kids gone?” he murmured. He slid one of his hands slowly down from her back to her bottom, giving her a gentle squeeze.

“This is good just now,” she said back through a yawn, wriggling appreciatively against his hand. “It’s still so early...”

He smiled contentedly and closed his eyes again. Usually Saturday mornings meant one of them taking their daughters to their music classes, so it was a rare treat to be able to lie in together. He purred and breathed slowly, taking in the feeling of Lesley’s short fur pressed against his.

“I was having a nice dream, as well...” she said softly after a few moments.

“Oh?” he reacted. “Relaxing nice? Fun nice?”

He felt Lesley twitch in a slightly bashful laugh. "Sexy nice..." she answered with a smile.

"Oh, tell me all about it!" he said, a glint in his eyes as his sleepiness suddenly fell away.

"Well..." she started, her cheeks reddening as she hesitated, and Kief looked lovingly at her embarrassed face. "We were on this game show and we were naked, and... they'd put me in a, uh, slime booth which was going to turn on if you didn't finish a race in time..."

"Oh, wow," he smiled. "How did I do?"

"You kept getting distracted 'cause you were looking for your clothes or something..." the chipmunk girl recalled, and smirked as she stroked his chest fur, staring at her fingers. "So the timer ran out and an alarm went off... except it wasn't the booth, it was the alarm clock waking me up..."

"Aw, that's a shame - you'd have loved that!" Kief smirked. "Hey, don't be embarrassed!" he added hastily as the chipmunk girl whimpered, squeezing her eyes closed with her cheeks even redder. "You know I love that this stuff turns you on, right? It's so... playful and colourful, and..."

He tailed off, shaking his head and stroking her back reassuringly. "It's a shame we didn't think of it before... I'd have ordered some stuff to pour on you from the Industrial Zone site again," he smiled.

"Heh." The chipmunk girl kissed his chest then moved her head away, distractedly tracing one finger in his chest fur. "Um, do you think you could..." she swallowed, turning her face down a little. "Could you roleplay it...?"

"Oh - yeah, sure!" He nodded, moving a hand up under her chin to gently turn her embarrassed smiling face to his. "Just let me think for a bit..." Kief closed his eyes again and stayed still for a few moments, stroking one hand up and down her hair and the fur on her back, thinking about some of the scenarios he'd played out with her before. With a smile, he pulled her slightly closer and raised his muzzle to her ear.

"We're back live on Friday Night Party, and our surprise audience participant is ready to join us..." he murmured. "Would you please all welcome Lesley Baxter to our gunge tank..."

He grinned to himself as he saw her ear twitch, and he felt her mouth curve into a smile as she squirmed closer to him. "Lesley's 32 years old, and she's a hot librarian from Rockhaven - how's it looking in there, Lesley?"

"Er..." Lesley quivered in a giggle, her hands grasping his fur a little more tightly. "I'm feeling fine so far..." She unburied her face from his chest fur and looked up at him.

“Not fazed at all by the thought of being gunged naked in front of everyone?” he asked, putting emphasis on the word he knew made her squirm. His grin got wider as her face visibly flushed.

“Okay - to save yourself, you’ve got to get all three questions right...” Kief paused, and he drew back a little, his eyes flicking around the room for inspiration. Lesley snuggled into his chest again and he stroked his hand down her hair, smiling as he felt her hand move between her legs.

“Question one: What’s... the brand of the TV on our dresser?” he asked. Lesley stayed silent for a moment.

“Is it... Voxel? Something like that?” she guessed. Kief stretched his neck and smiled over at the Coral logo below the screen, then settled back into the pillow again.

“How many people are in the photo on the wall behind this bed?”

“Um...” As the chipmunk girl hesitated, he brought his hand up to cup it above her face, blocking the framed photo from view.

“There’s... you and me, and Steph, and...” She tailed off and paused again.

“Come on, Lesley, I don’t want you to get gunge all over these cute little titties...” Kief slid his hand up from her bottom, tracing up her tummy and gently rubbed his thumb against the stiffened dark nipple on one of her small breasts.

“Nnnf...” Lesley wriggled back and whipped around quickly, then tugged the drawer at her side of the bed open and pulled a gently curved silver device out. Hurriedly she squirmed back into his grasp, one hand diving back between her legs as she turned the vibrator on.

Kief grinned to himself, squirming to adjust his erection at the sight and feeling of the aroused girl in his arms. “What’s your answer?” he encouraged, his hips twitching a little as he felt the buzz from the vibrator faintly in the mattress.

“Agh... eight,” she whimpered.

“Okay, and finally...” Kief glanced behind him then awkwardly stretched his arm backwards to lift his phone from the dock on his bedside table. He brought it up to his face and typed into the search bar as rapidly as he could with one hand.

“What two colours was soap actor Cleo Acorn painted on the first appearance of the gunge tank you’re sitting in?” he asked. He kept stroking his fingers up and down Lesley’s back as he found the video he’d been looking for, and skipped to the last few seconds.

Lesley let out a deep breath. “Was it blue and yellow? They always seemed to like those...”

“Okay!” Kief smiled at the glistening mass of orange and dark green slime pouring over the vague shape of the young woman in the booth on the screen, then flicked the video back to its beginning and turned the volume up. “You answered three questions and you got all three wrong - so you’re gonna get covered in gunge, Lesley... let’s turn it on!”

The chipmunk girl yipped and he let the video play again, tossing the phone on to the pillow behind Lesley. The sound of a cheering audience was audible for a moment before a klaxon hooted above the noise, warning of the onscreen gunge booth starting up.

“Here comes the foam!” He reached his hand down as far as he could and drummed his fingers against Lesley’s lower legs, crawling it up past her knees and on to her thighs. He grinned as the whimpering chipmunk girl trembled, flicking the vibrator into a fast pulsing pattern. He paused for a moment to take her squeaks and squirms in, his penis throbbing at the signs of her breathless arousal, before another long klaxon blare sounded from the phone.

“Spluuurrgeeee...” he murmured into her ear as he slapped his other hand gently on to the top of her head, then dragged it down over her face. He moved his fingers off her muzzle in a slow dripping motion, revealing her face again with her eyes squeezed shut and her mouth open as she let out a stuttering high pitched squeak, her body shuddering all over.

Kief smiled as she held her breath, her face flushed with her muscles tensed as her twitching went on for several seconds. Eventually she let out a sharp breath, her muscles unbunching all at once as she flopped downwards.

He looked lovingly at her for a few moments, watching her chest rise and fall as her breathing began to slow, then poked his own muzzle down next to her ear again. “Want me in you?” he whispered, and smiled at her rapid nod.

“Then get that pussy over here...” he encouraged, but looked up as she scooted backwards out of his arms. A horny smile regrew on his face as she quickly stood up facing away from the side of the bed, her hands on the mattress behind her as she swayed her bottom at him.

Kief budged himself forward and swung his legs around to sit on the side of the bed behind her. He reached forward and took hold of her waist then dragged his fingers down to her swaying hips. Gripping tightly, he lifted the petite chipmunk girl entirely off the floor and drew her towards him, lifting her up into a sitting position as he gripped the undersides of her thighs.

Ready!



“Maybe I should have put you on Get Your Own Back so you’d be on a dunking seat...” he smirked, splaying Lesley’s legs as he pulled her back and hovered her over his huge erection. She whimpered as she felt his tip brush the plumped lips of her entrance, her hands fumbling behind her to grasp at his fur as he felt her trembling with anticipation.

“Three questions wrong, so you’re going down, Lesley!” he murmured with a smile. “Three... two... one...”

As he finished, he lowered her down quickly but smoothly, and she gave a small gasp as his length plunged easily inside her. He grinned as the chipmunk girl shuddered and wriggled on his lap.

“Wow... no lube at all...” he whispered, feeling her slippery walls tease and rub all over his length - their size difference meant sex was usually a careful experience, but her being as soaked as this was a sign he’d got her kink just right. Keeping his grasp on her legs, he thrust up into her, enjoying her gasps and squeaks at the bucking of his hips. “You’re so good from behind...”

“Hnnf...!” Lesley gasped at another thrust, and squirmed her hips around in his hands, making him moan passionately at the wriggling sensation. Letting go of her leg for a moment, he fumbled for the vibrator behind him and reached around to her front, but she grabbed his wrist, guiding his arm away and planting it on her nipple instead. He pinched her obligingly, feeling himself throb intensely inside her.

“You want me to come on your hair again?” Kief whispered into Lesley’s ear, cupping his hand over both her breasts and squeezing gently as he felt his climax building.

“No, finish inside...” she shook her head as she responded breathlessly.

“You got it...” Kief answered, and looked down to her twitching bottom with a horny grin. He moved his hand off her hip and grabbed her heart shaped tail, keeping her in place as he bucked his hips roughly up against her. He leaned over and brought his muzzle to the side of her face, giving her cheek a kiss and then whispering into her ear again.

“You just loved being gunged, didn’t you, Lesley?” he grinned. “Naughty girl...”

His length pulsed at the choked breathless noise from Lesley, her entire body shuddering on top of him and her entrance squeezing his length tight, pushing him over the edge as well. He pressed his toes against the floor, levering his lap upwards as he plunged deep up into her, once, twice, then a third time as he felt his orgasm fountain out of him.

After a few moments of holding their twitching, shuddering pose, Kief let his held breath out and lowered his feet to the floor again. The panting Lesley wriggled out of his grasp, her hand on the

wall in front of her to steady herself as she slipped off his still hard penis and stood up unsteadily. Retreating back to his side of the bed as he lay down, he eyed the tired chipmunk girl lovingly as she stumbled back toward him and wriggled back into his arms.

“You’re so gorgeous...” he murmured as he felt her soft fur again, feeling his length still twitching from the intense climax. He smiled, aware of her heart beating fast as she pressed herself up next to him.

“And you’re a good gunge master...” Lesley smiled back, picking a strand of hair out of her face and tucking it back behind her ear. Her cheeks were still red, but not from embarrassment this time. He gave a small contented laugh, and the two of them lay in each other’s arms for a while as their heavy breathing slowly returned to normal.

“So, uh...” the chipmunk girl said eventually. “Is it weird that I wasn’t so into getting semen on me?”

“Heh, no...” Kief smiled back, his eyes closed. “Although I thought it’d be the kind of thing you’d like! I didn’t really get how, uh, symbolic the gunge stuff could be until I met you...”

“Hee.” Lesley shuddered in a laugh. “I never thought of it that way either! It was just a weird, unreal... punishment thing...”

Kief nodded, staring at the ceiling as he stroked one hand up and down her back, then grinned as a thought came to him.

“Hey, you know that game you showed me at the end of Fright Night, where they were in the spinning cauldron under the dragon mouths that spewed all over them?” he asked.

“Uh-huh...” Lesley responded, her ears perking up despite her tiredness.

“Imagine you’re in that, but if you don’t escape in time, the last thing that happens is...” He paused as the chipmunk looked up at him, and whispered into her ear again. “You get turned to face a set of huge hard scaly dicks, and they just... gush white gunge all over you?”

“Oh my god...” The chipmunk girl twitched in another giggle at the thought, but nodded. “That...” She raised her head up from the bed, an embarrassed grin on her face again. “That could be fun...”

“Sounds like that needs to be our theme when we have another night alone!” The snow leopard smiled, and kissed Lesley’s forehead as he retrieved his phone from behind her. “Let’s see what the IZ site can do for us...”