

Sexual Security

© 2018 Jack Doe. Maliki and Duchess belong to their creator. Do not distribute without all copyright notices and disclaimers intact.

"This is unacceptable!" Maliki slammed his fist down on the desk. "I have been telling the board for two years that we needed to get some additional security, and they have refused, claiming that the shareholders wouldn't like the extra cost dropping our bottom line. *Now* look where it's gotten us!"

The 35-year-old CEO stood and paced angrily.

"My parents did *not* start Odd Furr to give away its intellectual property to competitors!" the rat stormed. He sighed and ran his hand through his jet-black hair.

"I'm sorry," he said to his secretary. "It's not your fault. I'm just annoyed that I've been warning them for *this long*, and now some jerk has a big stack of our drawings that we can't get back. Call an emergency meeting with the board so that I can *finally* get this gaping hole in our security filled."

The meeting was scheduled for that very evening, and after explaining the situation and calling for a vote to hire a security guard, Maliki was relieved to see it *finally* unanimously passed. He agreed to begin interviewing the next day.

With all this frustration, I ought to get something out of this, too, he thought to himself as he drove home. He grinned suddenly. That wasn't a bad idea...

The job ad his secretary wrote attracted a lot of candidates in very short order, and true to his word, Maliki cleared his schedule and began interviewing at 8:30 the next morning. He liked it when there were eager ones who could show up at a moment's notice.

The first candidate was a grizzled, old bear who had been doing security for twenty years before being laid off. Maliki felt bad for him, but the old guy didn't seem to get around too well. Still, Maliki dog-eared his resume—sometimes the older ones were experts at working smarter, not harder.

The second candidate was a mouse of a fur—he was actually a goat, but his personality was so timid that Maliki thought a stiff breeze would blow him over, and he wondered if the fur was one of those fainting goats that would pass out if he saw an actual intruder.

The third candidate was literally a mouse. Maliki sighed; the mouse had spunk but wasn't very intimidating or experienced.

But the fourth candidate got Maliki's attention. He practically cat-called when the lioness walked in. The first thing he noticed about her was how tall and muscular she was; she towered over him at twice his respectable four-foot height, and the outline of her muscles showed beneath her well-pressed clothes. If it weren't for her very large breasts, he would have thought she was a male. Her long, black hair was pulled into a tight braid that went down to her knees, and her large, brown eyes looked at him with a combination of eagerness and intensity as she introduced herself as "Duchess." Still, she seemed awfully young...

"So, how long have you been in security?" Maliki asked.

"About a year," she replied. "I started as soon as I got out of high school."

Maliki nodded. "I see. Why do you want to do security?"

"I like to protect people," she said, her eyes shining with enthusiasm. "I'm good at it, and I figured I ought to get paid for it."

Maliki pursed his lips thoughtfully. Based on her resume, she seemed qualified for the position, but her eyes seemed *too* eager, and a question popped into his head.

"What else are you good at?" he asked abruptly, stepping out from around his desk.

Duchess frowned slightly—the question caught her off-guard.

"Oh, um, what do you mean?" she asked.

Maliki shrugged, leaning against the front of his desk. "Hobbies, interests...what's your passion?"

Duchess's eyes darted to his crotch, but though she intended to take only a passing glance, she found herself staring. Either he had four huge flashlights arranged in a row going from his crotch to his chest, or

he was the most well-endowed fur she'd ever met. Her jaw went slack as she finally turned her attention to his face. He looked at her expectantly. She suddenly realized that he was waiting for an answer.

"Uh...I'm sorry, what was the question?" she asked, blushing with embarrassment.

Maliki gave a faint smile and cocked his head. It was a dangerous question he was about to ask, but he was pretty confident of the answer.

"Do you like what you see?" he asked quietly.

"Yes," Duchess whispered automatically.

"I have a hunch you might have some talents where that's concerned?" the rat probed.

Duchess swallowed and glanced up at him. She nodded.

"What are your interests?" he asked again. With this new context, his question was far more pointed than it had been the last time.

Duchess licked her lips. "I like oral," she said, glancing over her shoulder to make sure the door was closed. "Bondage...and taking really big dicks...in all five of my holes."

Maliki frowned, counting mentally in his head. "Five?" he asked. "What do you mean?"

Duchess lowered her voice. "My breasts," she replied. "The nipples are inverted until I get aroused."

Maliki started., Duchess's sharp eyes caught how the tip of the bulge on his chest bobbed, and she grinned involuntarily.

"I think," Maliki said slowly, "That I want you to apply for a different position."

Duchess frowned, her smile fading.

"There's another position open," Maliki explained. "It's not posted because it's at my discretion. I think you'd be perfect for it."

Duchess pursed her lips, disappointed that he'd changed the subject. Maybe he wasn't interested, after all. Or maybe she wasn't good enough to be a security guard...

"Well, I mean, I'm good at security, but what does it entail?" she asked reluctantly.

"It's similar to a personal assistant," Maliki replied carefully, "but it involves tasks that most personal assistants won't perform."

Duchess narrowed her eyes suspiciously. "What kind of tasks?"

"Stress relief," Maliki said with a coy smile. "This can be a frustrating job, and I'm seeking someone to have on hand to"—he fished for an expression—"help me blow off steam."

The lioness nodded slowly. "And how would this person do that?"

Maliki raised an eyebrow. "You said you had talents," he said, smirking.

The grin returned to Duchess's face. "Oh!" she chuckled. "You mean, like, um..." she trailed off, not wanting to say it out loud.

Maliki nodded. "I assure you, you'll have plenty of work to do, and the pay is a little better than that of a security guard."

"I'll do it!" Duchess replied, standing and extending her hand to shake on it. "When do I start?"

Maliki stepped forward, pressing his bulge against her extended hand. "Right now," he said.

Duchess's eyes lit up, and she instinctively pressed her hand around the bulge, eliciting a soft snort from her new employer.

"I have a full day of interviews scheduled," Maliki said, returning to his desk and gesturing underneath. "Your job will be to keep it interesting," he said with a wry smile.

Duchess glanced at him curiously, but seeing that he was unwavering in pointing under the desk, she got down on all fours, crawled under it, and turned to face him while the rat unbuttoned his tented shirt.

His cock jerked forward the second the top button was undone, stopped only by the next button. Duchess gasped in surprise at its eagerness. Maliki chuckled.

"Yes, it's been a while," he explained, undoing the next button. "Since I took over the family business, I haven't had much time. And with the board constantly making things unnecessarily difficult, I'm ready to take matters into my own hands."

His shirt finally loose, his cock strained against his waistband. The rat undid his zipper and unbuttoned his pants, and his cock fell down into the opening of his fly. He nodded to Duchess.

"Go ahead," he said as he began redoing all of his buttons. "He won't bite—and I trust you won't, either," he added, giving her a significant look.

Duchess grinned as the rat sat down, bending over to guide his enormous prick under the desk. She felt her mouth watering and eagerly took the long, warm, hard member between her paws and guided the tip into her mouth, opening her jaw wide to accommodate his soda can-diameter cock. Maliki blew out a breath forcefully, and she grinned as she lightly bobbed on the tip, teasing out a blob of precum.

"Ooh," Maliki said appreciatively, "That's good. You just keep doing that."

He pressed a button on his phone. "Send in the next one, please," he said.

A moment later, a possum walked in.

What is it with all these weak prey furs wanting to be security guards? Maliki mused, but his thought was interrupted as Duchess's tongue wrapped around his cock and stroked halfway down his shaft. His eyes crossed slightly.

Suddenly remembering that he did actually have to introduce himself, he gestured to the seat in front of him. "Hello, Mr.—?"

"Hopper," the possum replied. "Ben Hopper."

"Pleased to meet you, Mr. Hopper," Maliki replied, his voice a little pinched-sounding. Duchess's tongue had made it to his balls and was fondling the gray orbs tenderly.

"So, um," Maliki tried to continue. "Uh, how—how long have you been a security guard?"

"Well, I've never been a security guard," Ben replied, "but I figured it was probably easy enough that anybody could do it."

An indignant growl from Duchess under the desk that rumbled through his cock made Maliki jump.

Ben frowned. "Is...everything all right?" he asked.

"Yes, quite," Maliki replied, trying to maintain his composure, which was hard to do with Duchess's head sliding down his cock—the feeling made his toes curl. "However, I believe we are done here."

The possum blinked in surprise. "But we just got started!" he protested.

"Yes, and I can tell already that you lack the qualifications for the job," Maliki replied simply through gritted teeth. He gestured toward the door. "Thank you for stopping by."

The possum frowned, rose, and left. As soon as the door was closed, Maliki gasped and leaned forward to grab Duchess's head and push it down on his throbbing cock. The lioness relaxed her throat and let him press his rod all the way down her throat.

"Whoo, that's nice," Maliki gasped, feeling her warm throat rhythmically swallowing against his cock: it felt like she was milking him, even though she was holding still.

Deciding it had been long enough since his last orgasm, the rat began to slowly thrust into the lioness's mouth, taking long strokes that drew his cock completely out save for the tip and then drove it in until his balls touched her chin. For her part, Duchess didn't show any signs of wanting to gag or being out of

breath; it seemed her body was used to this kind of exercise, and she masterfully worked her tongue along his shaft as it slid in and out of her.

It didn't take long before Maliki felt his sack grow heavy. With a few more smooth thrusts, he gripped the side of Duchess's face, drove himself all the way in, and began spurting down her throat. His cock pressed in so deeply that she couldn't actually taste his cum; she could only feel his throbbing rod pulsing against the walls of her throat and his cum filling her stomach.

But Maliki's orgasm wasn't over and done in an instant like most furs. The first few spurts were only the beginning, and sensing that Duchess might need to breathe, the rat pulled his length out, keeping his spurting tip inside so that he could paint the inside of her mouth and she could take a breath before he pushed in again to continue filling her belly. Duchess felt herself getting *very* full. How could one rat cum so much? How could *any* fur?

Maliki repeated the process of withdrawing his cock, coating Duchess's mouth, and pressing in twice more before he finally shuddered and groaned in relief, his cock finally slipping from her mouth and quickly withdrawing into his pants.

Duchess belched loudly and covered her mouth in embarrassment. Maliki laughed.

"Don't worry; that tends to happen," he chuckled.

The lioness started to crawl out from under the desk, but Maliki put his hand on her shoulder, shaking his head. She looked up at him curiously.

"I'm not finished with interviews, yet," the rat explained. "That was just to let me keep my concentration a bit better on the rest.

As if on cue, his prick re-emerged from his pants, poking out inquisitively. Maliki gestured towards it as he called for his secretary to send in the next candidate.

A rhino walked in, his demeanor cool but confident, his build muscular and strong. Maliki couldn't help nodding to himself as he thought that this guy at least had the right build and bearing for a security guard. He gestured for the rhino to sit down.

"So, tell me about yourself," Maliki said as Duchess began to coax his cock further out of his pants.

"I've been in law enforcement for fifteen years," the rhino replied. "I'm looking to change careers into something with better hours."

Maliki nodded and looked at the papers in front of him, letting out a quiet sigh as his cock pushed itself down Duchess's throat.

"I see you have some excellent recommendations," Maliki said. "This one's from your current employer. He knows you're looking to change jobs?"

"I'm honest in my intentions, and my sergeant respects that," the rhino replied. He narrowed his eyes. "I hope I'm not interrupting anything," he said pointedly.

Maliki frowned. "No, why?" he asked.

"This is the first job interview I've ever had where my employer was getting a blowjob while interviewing," the rhino replied, smirking.

Duchess hesitated, and Maliki tapped her shoulder to encourage her to keep going. He raised his eyebrows in surprise.

"That's quite the observation," he said.

"Nothing gets past me," the rhino replied. "If you need someone to keep a sharp eye on things, I'm your guy. And don't worry; what you do under your desk is your business, not mine," he added, seeing Maliki about to offer an explanation.

Maliki sat back thoughtfully. Duchess followed his movements and stroked his length with her throat.

The rat smiled. "I'm satisfied," he said, leaning forward and extending his hand. "Welcome aboard."

The rhino smiled faintly and shook Maliki's hand.

"We'll have your onboarding tomorrow morning at 9:00 AM," the rat said.

The rhino thanked him and left, and Maliki told his secretary to tell the other candidates that the position had been filled.

He sat back to enjoy Duchess's attentions a bit more and then scooted his chair back and gestured for her to come out from under the desk.

"I've got some positions I'd like to fill *you* in," he said with a lascivious grin.

Duchess laughed and rose.

"Come this way," Maliki said, stepping through a door at the back of his office.

Duchess shook her head in amusement when she saw what lay behind the door.

"I spend a lot of time at work," Maliki explained. "It got to the point that I didn't have time to go home, so I bought some furniture and had it brought here."

It was a large room. A tall four-poster bed with a thick metal frame that looked both comfortable and sturdy sat to the right, and to the left sat a large conference room table.

"I'm a bit on the kinky side," Maliki said as he doffed his shirt and gestured for Duchess to begin undressing.

As she removed her blouse, Duchess chuckled. "That doesn't frighten me," she said. "I am, too!"

Maliki grinned. "Yes, I suspect so," he replied.

His shirt off, the rat stopped to watch the lioness undress. Beneath her blouse was a chiseled upper body, complete with six-pack. Now Maliki *did* cat-call, and Duchess smiled and blushed. As she removed her bra, the rat did a double-take: her nipples pointed inward. Instantly curious, he got her to sit down on the bed and ran his finger over one of them.

"How interesting!" he said.

"I *told* you," Duchess replied with a smile. "I don't know anybody else who has them."

An intriguing idea popped into the rat's head, and a grin crept over his face.

"I wonder," he said, undoing his pants, letting them fall to the floor, and pushing his underwear down to follow them, "Whether they're warm inside."

Duchess cocked her head curiously but instantly understood what he meant when he guided his already-hard prick towards one of them. But even sitting on the bed, she was far too tall. Maliki pursed his lips and then gestured to the table with his head.

"How about lie down on your stomach with your breasts facing me," he said.

The lioness did as told, and her ample breasts were suddenly right at crotch-height.

"Perfect," Maliki murmured, once again guiding his thick cock towards her right breast.

The tip of his cock oozed with anticipation, and the lubrication helped him slide right inside.

"Oh!" he gasped. "Wow, that *does* feel good."

He pressed in a little further, until he felt the tip of his cock bottom out several inches deep into her. Letting his tongue hang out and his eyes roll back in their head, he thrust in a few times, savoring her soft skin against his sensitive flesh.

But suddenly he felt her breast pushing back, as if it were shoving him out from the back where he had bottomed out. It did so with such force that he had to take a step back to avoid being pushed over. His cock pulled out, and her nipple everted, sticking out a solid five inches.

Maliki gaped. "Whoa!" he said, stepping up close to examine the enormous nipple. "That looks good enough to eat!"

Duchess blushed. "It, um...does that when I'm aroused," she said.

The rat put his hands on it. It took both hands to encircle the nipple, and he raised his eyebrows appreciatively. His mouth watered.

"May I?" he asked.

The lioness nodded. "You're the boss," she said huskily, her other nipple everted and making Maliki's eyes bulge.

He pressed his mouth to the enormous nipple in front of him and licked inside the opening.

"Ohh!" Duchess gasped, jerking slightly.

Maliki grinned. "I think I'm going to enjoy myself," he said, letting her nipple go. "Roll over on your back," he instructed her.

Disappointed that he seemed to lose interest so quickly, Duchess reluctantly did as told.

Before she could react, she felt a leather cuff go on her right wrist. She gasped and looked over her head.

Maliki smiled at her as he went to her other arm. "I can't have you squirming all over the place as I'm having my fun with you," he said. "But what I want to do might be intense, and I don't expect you to hold still on your own." He grinned ear-to-ear. "So, I'm going to help you!"

Despite the slight draft in the room that went right across her groin, the lioness felt her crotch catch fire as she realized that her new employer meant to immobilize her so that she couldn't escape his touch. Just the thought excited her.

Maliki made short work of cuffing her legs and even pulled her tail off to the side and cuffed it, too. Duchess hadn't noticed where the cuffs were attached, but testing the restraints, she found that whatever held them was stronger than she was. She felt a shiver of anticipation go down her spine as Maliki stood over her.

"Now, then," he chortled at her obvious arousal, "Where were we?"

He climbed up on top of her and buried his head in her cleavage before turning to her left breast, bringing it to his lips, and sticking his tongue down into it.

"Ohh," Duchess whimpered, straining against the restraints. "I, um—"

"Shh," Maliki told her. "Just feel; don't talk."

"But—" the lioness protested.

Maliki raised his head up and gave her a warning look. She whimpered again.

The rat began to knead her nipple with both hands as he licked and tongued the tip all over. He felt her writhing under him and smirked to himself. *It's been way too long since I—*

His thought was interrupted by a geyser of white milk spraying onto his face.

"Ack!" he cried, ducking out of the way.

Duchess panted and shuddered in ecstasy.

"Sorry," she gasped. "I tried to warn you..."

It took a few seconds for Maliki to close his mouth and begin laughing.

"All right, I guess I deserved that," he said, licking some of the milk off her teat and eliciting another gasp from her. "You didn't say you had a cub," he said as he licked her clean.

"I don't," she replied, blushing. "I over-lactate. I have since I hit puberty."

Maliki raised his eyebrows. “I, uh, happen to be a connoisseur of breast milk,” he said, giving her a significant look. “It seems like we may be compatible in even more ways than I imagined.”

He squeezed her teat to illustrate his point, and as another splash of milk burst from her nipple, he quickly put his mouth over the orifice and swallowed it.

“You *do* have delicious milk,” he said, licking his lips.

The lioness gave him a dreamy look and lay back to enjoy his ministrations. He went back and forth between her nipples, squeezing, licking and sucking on them until they erupted, drank their contents, and then changed nipples and went back for more. This he did several times—Duchess quivering and shuddering all the while—before he came to a stop.

“I’d better quit, or I’ll be too full to take care of myself!” he grinned. “Besides, you’ve filled *me* up, and now I want to fill *you* up.”

Duchess gasped as his lips caressed her nipple one last time before his whiskers tickled their way down her rippling abs, over her navel, and down to her crotch. He sat up, his cock throbbing in anticipation, and backed up to press the tip to her vaginal lips, the folds slick with her arousal.

“Oh, damn!” he gasped. “You’re like an oven down there!”

Duchess could only sigh in response. The feel of the rat’s prick against her burning skin made her shiver. Rather than make them both endure the anticipation they both felt, Maliki pressed his member harder against her. They both felt his head poke inside and chorused out a moan of pleasure. She felt him spread her lips and determinedly hold her open, and he felt her grasp and wistfully stroke him.

He pressed in further, and her mouth parted, gasping as his girth widened her even more. She let out a squeak as his tip brushed against her g-spot, and her eyes bulged as his thick member pressed firmly against it and began to rub it persistently as he pressed in deeper and deeper.

The lioness’s wet, velvety lips slid along Maliki’s length as he continued to drive into her. He only *thought* her mouth felt good before! The heat on his shaft and her folds parting around his head deep inside of her nearly made him cum, but as let out a shuddering sigh of ecstasy, he willed himself to take a step back from the brink of orgasm.

They both started as he pressed against her cervix. His cock was now three-quarters inside of her, and he had a good six inches to go before he bottomed out.

“You know, I’d really like my balls to feel the heat of your crotch, too,” he breathed pointedly.

She shuddered, gasped, and vigorously nodded her agreement, and the rat began to stroke in and out of her with very short strokes, each one lightly pressing the tip of his cock against her forbidden entrance. She squeezed her eyes closed, her entire body trying to wrap around his cock and pull him in deeper.

He felt her eagerness and pressed in harder, both relaxing her and making the feelings more intense for both of them all at once. He felt her cervix dilate ever-so-slightly and smirked to himself between shivers of pleasure as her pussy gripped him and rubbed itself up and down his length. He pressed himself in a little more, the tip of his prick now holding her open deep inside.

Duchess felt him breach her inner sanctum, and her toes curled tightly, her back arching and her hips pressing against him to drive him deeper inside. His body played in harmony with hers, and with a light thrust, he pressed all the way in, his balls coming to rest against her dripping pussy and his shaft completely buried inside of her.

Maliki quivered on the edge of orgasm. His cock throbbed inside of Duchess, and her cervix squeezed sympathetically. Taking a deep breath, he steadied himself and pulled almost all the way out in one fluid motion. Duchess orgasmed on the spot, screaming in bliss as her sex squeezed him tightly.

But Maliki wasn’t ready to cum—not just yet!—and he gritted his teeth and began quickly stroking his whole length into and out of her, heightening her orgasm until another one rolled over the top of the first, and a third rolled over the second. The pitch of her voice rose to a shriek, and she began sobbing from the intensity as her body convulsed over and over with uncontrollable waves of pleasure.

Now Maliki was ready to cum! He stroked twice more and then buried his cock, howling out delightedly as his cock began to spurt deep inside of her. Her tightly-clamped cervix trapped his thick male-milk against his shaft, and she began to feel a new sensation: the stretch of her uterus as his cock continued to flood into her spurt by spurt.

“Oh—ohh!” she cried, pressing her head hard against the table. Her orgasms had not abated—*au contraire*, they had *intensified* as his cum inflated her uterus more and more. To her shock and disbelief, the fuller she got, the harder her orgasms came, until her body wracked so hard that it thumped across the table in time but out of phase to Maliki’s incessant spurts.

As for Maliki, he clutched the lioness’s sides desperately as his cock continued to drain itself. He thought he had been relieved before, but clearly not. By his twelfth full-force spurt, he was panting. Now on his twentieth, he clung to Duchess, wondering if he would ever quit. But his balls still felt as heavy as they had when he started cumming, and there was no end in sight. So antagonized was the lioness’s cervix that it clamped down harder than ever on his cock and wouldn’t even let him pull out. Exhausted and already floating high in the afterglow, he didn’t actually notice when his cock finally stopped spurting some thirty spurts later.

The two collapsed and lay there, Maliki’s cock stuck inside of Duchess as rat and lioness basked dreamily in the afterglow. They lay there for what seemed like a very long time.

Maliki stirred when he felt his cock spurt again. His cum took on a different consistency. Duchess felt it, too, and looked at him curiously. He blushed, a bit embarrassed, and quickly pulled out, but it was too late: that last spurt of cum quickly congealed inside of Duchess’s womb, sealing her closed and leaving her belly distended.

“What—what’s happening?” she gasped, a bit worried.

She contracted her muscles, trying to expel the plug, but it was lodged inside of her and not going anywhere. Her eyes widened.

“It’s stuck!” she cried.

“Heh, oops,” Maliki said, grinning and patting her hand. “You’ll be all right,” he said reassuringly, “but you’ll have to enjoy having me inside of you awhile longer.”

He slid off her, grinned, and put his hands on her swollen abdomen, jiggling it gently. The lioness felt his cum slosh around inside of her and shivered. It was so *wild* knowing that all of that cum was trapped inside of her—and very satisfying!

“I’m glad I hired you,” Maliki said, grinning, seeing how she enjoyed the new turn of events.

“Me, too,” Duchess panted. “I’ve never...” she trailed off dreamily.

“Me, either,” Maliki breathed, shaking his head. “That wasn’t planned, but it sure is hot!”

He undid the restraints that held Duchess down. The lioness tried to sit up, but with her stomach pooched out so much, she had to roll onto her side to climb off the table. They both took a breath and steadied themselves; they each had the afterglow shakes.

Maliki blinked abruptly and beckoned to Duchess. She frowned and leaned over, and the rat put both hands on her left nipple and sucked hard. She gasped and shot milk into his mouth.

“Uh!” she protested, looking at him incredulously.

Maliki grinned broadly. “I worked hard,” he said, shrugging, “I deserve a snack.”

Duchess chuckled and shook her head as Maliki walked toward a doorway, gesturing for her to follow.

She stood and followed him into a bathroom complete with a shower big enough even for her. Maliki turned on the water, and the two stepped in. Feeling the water cascading down their shoulders, they both sighed contentedly and took turns washing the sex off one another, both feeling giddy and light-headed. Maliki took every attempt to use his hands to wiggle Duchess’s belly and remind her that although he was standing next to her, he was still inside of her.

Sexual Security

© 2018 Jack Doe. Maliki and Duchess belong to their creator. Do not distribute without all copyright notices and disclaimers intact.

They got out, dried off, and Duchess began to get dressed. But to her dismay, she found that her stomach was so bloated with cum that she couldn't get her blouse on. She paused, blushing brightly.

"Problems?" Maliki asked.

"Erm, my clothes," Duchess replied, "They won't go on."

Maliki grinned ear-to-ear. "Well, I guess you'll have to stay the night, then," he said, rubbing her belly.

"You can feed me while my cum sloshes around inside of you."

"I'd like that," Duchess beamed.