

Soft mewls and gasps interlaced with the rustle of bedsheets. The mattress creaked under the ever-shifting weight of two bodies. A rhythmic *shlick, shlicking* seemed the loudest sound of all.

Lying back at the top of the bed, an anthropomorphic bat shuddered against the pillow, her curls even wilder than usual around her twitching ears. Her legs were spread wide, leaving her at the mercy of the woman between them, sliding three fingers in and out of her pussy.

The warm haze of sex had full hold of Anna's mind too. Enough of her at least remained on earth to keep working her way through Sylvanna's depths. Every few seconds or so, she glanced up, over the white-furred expanse of bat.

Her hand was clenched at her side, claws still scrabbling aimlessly at the duvet despite Anna having assured her, several times, that she could hold onto her hair if she wanted. The senseless slapping of her single wing at the air left Anna grateful that nothing valuable stood on the shelves on that side of the room.

These glances instilled a powerful picture on Anna's mind; she ground herself against the bed in search of friction she knew wasn't there. Feeling Sylvanna's inner walls clench around her fingers, listening to those quiet cries...she would be proud of the state she was putting her in, if it wasn't working her up so much as well. She only had so many hands, after all, and her other one was preoccupied keeping the bat's twitching leg from bumping into her face.

They hadn't *planned* on doing this. They didn't plan on doing it a *lot* of times. Today was a time when, on their way into the bedroom, they really hadn't had anything but a simple relaxing evening on their minds. But, well...one thing had led to another, and now here they were again.

Anna pumped away at her counterpart's cunt, keeping her movements measured. A careful push in, burying her fingers to the knuckle, followed by a light twist of said fingers and then a partial retreat. Sylvanna was never left completely empty. In her current state, she wouldn't have been able to cope.

The furry leg next to her had stilled; with this brief relief from guard duty, she took the opportunity to reach up. The bat's breasts rested above her vagina, in a less common configuration for anthros, and were in range of Anna's wandering hand. Cupping one, she gave it a few light squeezes and rubs, varying in angles, before catching and rolling her nipple between finger and thumb.

"Hh-ah...*haah*—"

Eyes wild, lips pulled back around sharp fangs, the bat shook in the throes of pleasure. Her chest heaved as ragged breaths ripped free without rhythm.

She knew herself well; Sylvanna was getting close. Anna shifted her weight, forcing her hips to still. She leaned in, closing her lips around the throbbing clit before her, the hood long since having pulled back around it, then gave the glans a merciless *suck*.

The bat's cries halted, her eyes wild, right before she arched off of the bed with a strangled noise. There was no exact way to classify what came out of her mouth, and she would likely feel embarrassed about it if she were in the frame of mind to even register it. Ripples of pleasure shot through her quivering walls, at the same time as several spurts of white shot free of them.

Anna took it on the chin. As well as a good amount of it across her hand. Some of it darkened the duvet. All of it half-acknowledged as her attention remained on Sylvanna's clit, and only letting up once her muscles started squeezing her fingers less savagely. Pulling them out revealed sticky strands stretching between each one like the membranes on her counterpart's right limb.

Said wing was draped over the side of the bed, twitching. Its owner lay flat on the ruffled covers, her moans winding down to spacy sighs.

Lifting her cum-slickened hand, Anna stuck out her tongue, sampling the sticky fruits of her labour before sliding a finger into her mouth. As she worked over one glistening digit at a time, her gaze wandered back up to the main benefactor of her handiwork.

Sylvanna's every breath was loud, and open-mouthed. Her eyes darted about in her skull like flies. Her reedy exclamation of "Oh, jeez..." came out closer to a hiss than actual words.

One or two half-formed quips swam about in Anna's mind before she let them dissipate: given the state that her chiropteran counterpart was in, she likely wouldn't even register them.

So she stayed quiet, except for her wet suckling of her own fingers, feeling sensitive, sweaty skin shudder under the absently roaming touches from her other hand. She wondered how similar their afterglows were. They ran the range of a gentle descent from soaring heights to feeling like she'd been snapped apart and then rewired bit by bit, second by second.

Maybe one of those were what Sylvanna had been through, once she came to. Nothing she felt like giving away, currently: after a careful breath, she straightened her shoulders, set her jaw, and stammered out a quiet "Y-your turn."

Anna froze, mid-slurp. "Huh?"

"Uh, your turn, I said. Let me pay you back."

"Oh. Hey, you don't have to," Anna muttered, even as several parts of her perked up in interest.

"I know! I know." Sylvanna rubbed the back of her hand with a black thumb. "But I want to."

"Thanks, but...I'm fine. Honestly."

"...Come on."

Anna wrinkled her nose.

“Come *on*. The way you kept moving around, like, the whole time, I could just...I could feel how much you wanted it, too. I can sense it, really! Just—just let me do this, alright?” she said, already starting to shuffle aside.

Anna’s gaze lingered on her hands as they moved to push her from her crouch. It was more due to self-consciousness that she was arguing, and this of all times didn’t seem like the place for it. She sighed in faux exasperation at the bat’s also-scrunched nose and the way she flicked her gaseous hand in a shooing gesture.

“Fiiine,” she said, making her way towards the vacated space. “Just mind the claws.”

Now the one at the top of the bed—while not missing the opportunity to ogle Sylvanna’s rear as they’d switched positions—Anna felt her heart starting to beat faster. For a moment, she wondered what kind of view she was giving her counterpart. She spread her legs, and then, after a brief pause, began to pull down her leggings.

With her eyes snapping to every newly revealed bit of skin, Sylvanna crouched between her legs like a cat waiting to pounce. Her nose twitched at the scent of sweat and musk. Leaning closer by the second, she looked caught in Anna’s thrall.

Watching the hints of gleaming teeth behind those lips nearing her nethers, Anna grabbed a fistful of blanket in each hand and let out an exhale as sharp as the fangs themselves. It wasn’t an unfamiliar sight, not at all, but something about those teeth, inches away from a very vulnerable spot indeed, just didn’t make it easy to relax, to put it plainly. Even if they kept disappearing behind nervously set lips, occasionally digging into them in concentration.

Until Sylvanna’s tongue wormed past them to make careful contact, and those worries evaporated into the heady air between them. Harshly bladed at first glance, the surface of her tongue was gentle, the long papillae soft against her quivering lower lips.

Her still-instinctive flinch away was halted, more from surprise than from any genuine display of force, by Sylvanna’s ghostly hand planting itself on her stomach. The shock of the bat’s cold palm on her exposed skin made her hiss, tensing against the probing tongue below.

Her head hit the pillow amid the mix of sensations. The gentle stroking of her thigh from a spindly thumb eased her further into that heady state of mind. She traced random patterns on the ceiling, occasionally seeing curly hair bobbing around from the corner of her eye.

Pushing herself as close as she could, Sylvanna nosed against Anna’s clit. A jolt shot through her reclined body from the accidental, brief contact. The thick scent of sex threaded its lazy way through both of their systems.

At the first breach of tongue, Anna hissed. Her thighs squeezed tightly around Sylvanna’s head, the bat’s squeak of surprise sending a hot puff of air across Anna’s flinching privates.

Both hands shot to the human's thighs, claws twitching as they tried to keep their touch at a light tickle.

With the limited room she'd been granted, Sylvanna tilted her head in search of the best angle. Delving deeper, her tongue wound its way along pulsing, slick walls, lingering on spots that made Anna's voice catch and toes curl. The drag of chilly fingers along her thigh left her shivering, the tiniest sensations felt so strongly.

A smooth thumb tip pressed against her clit. Anna flinched—both at the sudden contact and at the memory of sharp black claws—but felt her hasty assurance of not needing *total* payback lodge itself in her throat. A gasp escaped her in its stead at the spark of pleasure.

No digits tried to venture inside of her, much to the human's relief. The potential of their cool, ethereal touch aside, she didn't want the wrong parts jabbing anything in a place with so little room for error. Sylvanna was careful as anything—again, no-one knew her better than herself.

That, as well as the state she'd been in at Anna's hand beforehand, must have been working Anna up more than she'd realised; it didn't take nearly as long for her to reach her own release. It shot out less violently than Sylvanna's had, spurting over a tongue that moved to swallow it with haste. As flush with the twitching lips as possible, jammed in her prison of human limbs, she didn't let a drop go unclaimed.

The pressure on her clit continued, measured and precise, all the way through her vagina's spasms until she was a breathless, wide-eyed mess. With the circling of the bat's thumb only slowing as her orgasm tapered off, she was worked through it with the same precision and vigour she'd enacted on the instigator.

As it came to a close, Anna let out a long exhale through her nose. The tension seeped from her body like air from a popped balloon. Her legs lost their grip on Sylvanna's head, flopping to the sides.

Even after her other self had pulled away, Anna stayed unmoving for a while. She lay in a slight stupor, watching the room return from its hazy state. Her thoughts began to slow from their wild rush. Eventually, she managed to push herself up on her elbows, looking down the shuddering length of her own body.

Framed by her limp legs, Sylvanna glanced from her flushed face to the bedsheets and back again, tongue slapping at her lips and fingers drumming all the while, before focusing back on her and piping up.

"Was that okay?"

Anna blinked. Once, then twice, before falling back onto the pillow with a choked laugh.

"More than okay," she sighed, reaching down to stroke the back of Sylvanna's wing-hand. "Same for you?"

“Yeah.” Sylvanna grinned toothily. “I liked it,” she said, looking down at the hand covering hers.

“Good, good.” And then, “Sorry I squashed your head.”

A snort. “Sorry for, uh...being so good I made you do that.”

Anna huffed at that, saying nothing.

The bat shifted slightly, bumping into one of Anna’s legs. “So much for a chill time,” she joked.

“Ehh...whatever.” Anna shrugged, a smile twitching at her lips. “It was nice.”

“Yeah” Sylvanna looked away again. “So, second try at chilling, I guess?”

“For how long, I wonder.”

Anna stared at the ceiling in a contented daze, in no real hurry to pull her leggings back up. Her (drier) hand drifted over to the bat’s dark curls, petting gently.

Sylvanna’s instinctive stiffening was soon followed by a contented sigh as she leaned into the motions. She clenched a fist, unclenched it, then clenched it again, the motion almost like a cat kneading at the blanket. Her ears began to droop from the soothing gesture.

Languid fingers ventured through the black, fuzzy forest, stopping to give pats and scratches here and there. Anna relished in the solid feeling under her hands. It felt grounding. Reassuring. Real.

Both of them felt their heartbeats settling. Sylvanna had crawled back up the bed to rest her head on Anna’s chest, her eyes starting to close and her breathing evening out.

Moving to scratch behind her counterpart’s ears, Anna hummed quietly to herself, easing back into the atmosphere of companionship and calm.

It was never a bad time to enjoy some self-care.