

## **FeralHeart Chapter 3 - Chapter 3**

### **Chapter 3: Chapter 3**

The sight within the room had me narrowing my eyes. There was a red muslin cloth surrounding the smokeless torch in our room, tinting the room a sultry red with its radiance.

On my queen-sized bed, Deimos and Phobos sat leaning against the headboard, with a game of cards spread out between them.

Seeing me come in, they both looked up and Deimos leapt up delightedly from the bed, discarding her hand of cards and ran up to me and grabbed onto my arm and started pulling me to the bed after locking the door behind us.

"Hey! I was going to win on my next turn, come back and lose like a good sport." Phobos said indignantly in her husky voice.

She was a tall, slender girl with pitch black flowing long hair and bright yellow irises set in eyes with naturally pigmented shadows lining them, setting them off in her perfectly symmetrical face. Her ears resembled those of a panther, the source of her bloodline, with soft white fur covering their insides.

Deimos poked her head out from behind me and stuck out her tongue.

"Master's more important now, ya? We can always play later... and the cards are now mixed up so you can't say that I would have surely lost." she said in her sweet girly voice.

She was a petite girl, barely five feet four inches tall and had white hair that she kept shoulder-length and swept to one side. The most distinctive feature of her face was the tear shaped markings below her eyes that she got from her bloodline origin, the cheetah. Her ears too were similar to those sleek beasts.

The markings and her huge green eyes made her look like a vulnerable little girl and she was extremely shy with strangers. But with those she trusted and was familiar with, she revealed her hyperactive side, a laughing and giggling bundle of cheer.

Phobos huffed, "Shameless!"

Suddenly a frown marred Deimos' pretty face as she squeezed my biceps with her fingers. "Master, you should cool down properly after your exercise, ya. All your muscles are knotted up. If you go to sleep like this it'll really hurt the next day. Scold him, Phi-Phi."

Phobos' eyes flashed, "It was Bruno again, wasn't it?"

"Shhh," Deimos hissed, "That bastard... see if I don't show him his place tomorrow." I could feel her hackles on her arms rising and tickling my skin where she was embracing my arm. Any mention of Bruno would always elicit the same reaction from her.

I used my free right hand to scratch the back of her ear and soothe her. "Don't worry... leave it to me. The year end competitions are coming and I'll beat the living daylights out of him on the competition stage and not a moment before. If I lose to my impulsions, I'll make a really bad impression on the elders."

Deimos began to make a rumbling sound deep within her chest at my ministrations. "Master is the best, ya." she said dreamily as she rubbed her cheek against my shoulder.

I relaxed. She might look vulnerable and innocent but she is the strongest among my generation of juniors in the clan. If she really put her mind to it, at her speed, I wouldn't even be able to touch her. If she beat up Bruno in my stead, I would forever be saddled with the title of a pimp.

Sadly, with what my heritage as a pure-born Hominum and future occupation as a Tamer entailed, I was being called that anyway.

Phobos gathered up the scattered cards on the bed and with a flick of her hand, shuffled them into a neat deck and put it on the bed side table. She patted the empty bed and said, "Come, Husband, take of your shirt and lie down here. I'll massage the knots out of your muscles."

Deimos pouted, "No fair, Phi-Phi. I'll help too. Lie down ya, Master."

She helped me undress and tossed my shirt onto a chair as I lay down face first onto the bed with my chin propped up on the pillow.

Phobos' voice grew stern, "Demi! Fold it neatly and put it where it belongs."

Deimos shrank her neck resentfully and ran to fold the shirt neatly and put it in the bin in the corner that held discarded laundry.

I chuckled, "You're just like her elder sister. If I didn't know that you are the daughter of the third elder and she the granddaughter of the first, I would have thought you were related by blood."

Phobos smiled as she dug the balls of her thumbs into the stiff muscles of my back, loosening them and eliciting a comfortable moan from me. "Why, thank you dear. I love to think of her as my little sister as I make love to her. The feeling of violating a taboo makes everything so much more exciting." Her smile turned a bit feral.

I kept forgetting that Phobos and Deimos were in a relationship before I joined in and took their virginity, turning it into a triangle of sorts.

I felt a pair of dainty hands join in the massage and start working on my calves and I knew that Deimos had returned from her little errand.

I swear that Phobos' hands are some sort of magical instrument with how they manage to elicit so much pleasure with the smallest of movements.

What Deimos lacked in technique, she made up in enthusiasm, working out the knots in my calf and slowly reaching the base of my foot where she dug her thumbs into the middle of the flesh, sending a tingle up my leg, through my spine and right to my brain.

I felt my blood rushing to my penis, bringing it to life.

I shivered with pleasure as Phobos' deft fingers worked on the nape of my neck and kneaded out the stiffness and tension, sending jolts of electricity throughout my nervous system, bringing my member to full mast.

Feeling the constraining discomfort of lying face down, I flipped myself around, startling Deimos who was working on my other foot now. Both of the girls' eyes fell on the conspicuous bulge in my pants and Deimos gave a delighted chuckle and with one smooth motion, divested me of the last piece of clothing, revealing me in all my naked glory.

Deimos' eyes gain a predatory cast as she stalked towards the engorged organ on all fours in a sinuous and sultry manner. Her white tail slipped out of her loose night gown and lashed about, hiking up her thin garment and exposing her firm behind.

A sudden influx of pleasure from my palm drew my attention to Phobos who had my palm in her lap and was pressing her slender fingers into the pads of muscle between two fingers at their base. She seemed to have found some pressure point because the levels of pleasure otherwise are just absurd.

Her figure was back-lit by the torch, revealing the beautiful curve of her body line through her translucent night gown.

My crimson eyes locked onto her yellow ones that were glittering in the soft red radiance of the muslin covered torch. The lust in them sparked mine and I freed my palm from her grasp and grabbed onto her wrist.

Sitting up, I pulled her into my embrace and locked my lips with hers. The heady fragrance of her pheromones filled up my lungs with each breath, driving my arousal to higher realms as I explored her mouth with my tongue, chasing down hers.

Suddenly I felt soft, smooth skin rubbing against my penis. I shivered as exquisite hands massaged my balls and a rough tongue moistened by saliva licked my glans.

In my excitement, I nearly forgot Deimos.

In that moment of my stagnation, Phobos took over the offensive and pushed her tongue into my mouth. Like Deimos and almost all other members of the Felidae family, her tongue too was rough, designed to lick the meat off the bones of her prey. She scoured every inch of my mouth and teeth, sending jolts of pleasure into my skull as she licked my palate. Her hands twined my hair at the back of my head as she pressed her mouth into mine.

Not to be overshadowed, Deimos continued to knead my balls gently and included my member into her small mouth, every warm and moist breath sending a tingle up my spine. She bobbed her head up and down in slow, long strokes, taking me deep into her throat with each movement.

Her throat convulsed around my glans whenever she took me in deep and her tongue went to work on it whenever she drew her head back, carrying me onto an ascending spiral of pleasure.

Unable to endure, I hugged Phobos tightly and moaned into her mouth as I released my lust deep into Deimos' throat.

Deimos swallowed the white liquid as it came out of me and her throat convulsed over my penis, increasing the pleasure and further prolonging the ejaculation.

Finally, unable to endure the amount, she choked on it a bit and hurriedly drew out the penis from her mouth.

A string of saliva and cum remained connecting her lips to my urethra. It shone a silvery red in the light of the room.

Phobos drew back from our kiss, her pale white skin flushed red from arousal.

During our embrace, I felt something hard covering her ample chest. Feeling curious about why she was wearing a hard bra, when she was preoccupied by the aftershocks of our kiss, in one smooth stroke I divested her of her thin nightgown, revealing her body in her undergarments...

Except that there were no undergarments. Just a white coloured hardened material which I recognized as chocolate. Freed from its constraints, her black tail lashed about displaying her embarrassment as I stared at her dumbfounded.

Looking downwards, even her vaginal area was coated with white chocolate.

Chocolate was the ultimate of luxuries. The cocoa tree grew only in the lush soils of the equatorial area in the central part of the continent.

Transportation across such vast distances was extremely expensive to the point where the price turned time for every trade point along the pre-determined route.

Thus, in my area, which was near the south eastern part of the continent, the price of chocolate was sky high.

Looking at my surprised face, Deimos licked her lips, swallowed the last bit of cum and chuckled. "Master, tomorrow is your name-day and we wanted to surprise you with a gift so Phi-Phi and I pooled our money together to buy two bowls of chocolate. One dark and one white," she discarded her thin shift and tossed it away, revealing that she too had underwear painted on her with the foodstuff, just in dark chocolate. "Like it ya?"

I could only nod.