

## **FeralHeart Chapter 5 - Chapter 5**

### **Chapter 5: Chapter 5**

I pulled out of Phobos, making her moan softly and gently laid her exhausted form down on the bed before reaching out and grabbing Deimos by her chocolate covered breasts, surprising her in the process.

Leveraging the solidified confectionery with my nails, I pulled them off her, revealing her beautifully shaped chest and leaving me with two chocolate moulds of her bust.

I'd had enough of chocolate for the night. For now, I just wanted to fuck the girls' brains out.

Noticing the blazing desire in my gaze, Deimos smiled toothily and reached down and broke off the dark chocolate covering on her pubis, revealing her dripping genitals to me. Discarding the pieces to the side, our bodies intertwined as both of us were unable to wait any longer.

I buried my face in her soft and ample bosom and took in the unique scent of her femininity. Licking the remnant chocolate off her breasts, I moved my tongue in a converging spiral from the base of her mound to her erect pink nipple while I kneaded her other breast with my hand.

Moaning cutely with pleasure, she laced her fingers through my hair and pressed my head to her chest.

I bit down gently on her nipple, sucked it and flicked it with my tongue, making her shiver and arch her spine.

Moving from one breast to another, I thoroughly teased her until the protests of my throbbing penis made me move on to the meat of the matter.

Leaning back suddenly and lying down on the bed, I pulled the unprepared Deimos on top of me by my grip on her breasts, causing her to straddle me with my erection pushing against her flat and soft stomach.

Burying my head in the valley of her chest, I held her down to me with one palm on the small of her back while I snaked the other arm over to her tail and twined it around my wrist and gripped it tightly.

Pulling her behind up by her tail, I guided her slit over my raring penis, eliciting a lustful groan from her. Unlike Phobos who preferred to be treated with care, Deimos loved being treated rough.

Filling my lungs with her scent, I slammed down my fist holding her tail and drove her down onto my erection, penetrating deep into her insides and touching the entrance to her womb.

She was like a raft on the rapids of lust, her tail was the rudder and I her boatman guiding her through the eddies of arousal until both of us reached the brink of the huge waterfall named climax and plunged over the edge.

My semen flooded her womb and both of us collapsed exhausted and breathing heavily, her vagina still convulsing around me from the aftershocks of her orgasm.

Letting go of her tail, I straightened out on the bed, relaxing as she lay on top of me with her soft mounds squashed against my firm pectorals and her face buried into the crook of my neck, tickling me with her rhythmic expirations.

I looked up and found Phobos looking on at us with a bowl in her hand. While I was pounding Deimos, she had apparently busied herself with collecting all the scattered pieces of chocolate and putting them in the bowl.

Now that we were resting, she carefully picked out the pieces of milk chocolate that were entangled in Deimos' lush hair and spread over her back.

She noticed that some of the chocolate had melted where it had been pressed between my palm and Deimos' skin where I had been holding her down to me by the small of her back.

Laying the bowl aside, she licked it off my palm and her back, making both of us shiver whenever her rough tongue scraped against a sensitive part.

Finishing up, she shot me a seductive smile and walked over to the icebox with the bowl, swaying her hips sultrily.

Depositing the bowl in the freezer to preserve the expensive chocolate, she walked into the attached bathroom of our room, beckoning to us to join her with a finger as she passed through the door.

I looked down and met a pair of luminous green eyes that were still filled with desire.

Grinning, I couldn't help but pat her buttocks lightly, starting off waves on her lush posterior and eliciting a startled yelp.

Both of us got up from the bed and I withdrew from her insides. She clamped her legs tightly to prevent spillage and walked wobblingly towards the washroom along with me.

Laughing at the ridiculous sight caused her to shoot me a resentful pout which turned into an expression of pleasant surprise as I swept her off her feet into a princess carry and walked into the bathroom.

Deimos giggled and linked her arms around my neck as she rubbed her face into my chest.

"Master, master, masteeer... I love you, I love you soo much!"

Both of my girls were usually silent during sex, only speaking their mind through moans and grunts as they devolved into a primal state overwhelmed by their instincts. It was post-coitus that they spoke these precious words that melted my heart.

I hugged Deimos a little tighter.

As I stepped into the bathroom, I found Phobos had tied up her hair into a loose bun and was preparing the towels, soaps and oils necessary for our bath.

Our bathroom was small with only a showerhead, a stone stool, racks for depositing towels, a drain port to one corner and a mirror and a washbasin in another.

The shower and washbasin linked directly to the hot spring, providing a perpetual supply of warm water. There were two communal lavatories one for the males and one for females on each floor of our clan estate so a chamber pot wasn't included in ours.

I set Deimos down and she immediately went over to the shower to wash off her vagina which was leaking my cum. Sometimes, scooping some up to lick it off her finger.

That was another difference between the two girls. Deimos liked swallowing my semen while Phobos never could get into the habit. She said that she didn't mind the taste, but the feeling of it going down her throat didn't sit well with her. It resulted in her passing on the semen to Deimos mouth-to-mouth whenever I came inside her during oral sex.

I embraced Phobos from behind and kissed the nape of her neck and she purred before working out of my grasp and pulling me by my hand to join Deimos under the shower.

The three of us rinsed the sweat and remnant chocolate off our bodies and let the warmth of the water seep into our skin along with its faint volcanic scent.

Turning off the water, Phobos sat on the stool while I knelt behind her. Uncoiling her long hair, I gently rubbed the paste of baking soda and water that she had prepared into her scalp with the tips of my fingers while Deimos lathered all three of our bodies with a mild soap.

Turning on the shower again, we washed off the soap while I rinsed the baking soda out of Phobos' hair. Turning off the water, I rubbed in the vinegar she had set aside into her

scalp similarly, causing it to froth and bubble with the remnant soda and dislodge any dirt that might have been present.

Turning on the shower again, I rinsed out her hair, leaving it shiny and smooth.

Phobos' midnight black hair had quite thin strands giving it a soft and satiny feel while Deimos had lush and thick hair that was quite robust. The available soaps were too strong for Phobos so she came up with her current hair care regimen while Deimos was quite unconcerned and just used the regular soap to wash her and my hair.

In my mind, I compared Phobos' tresses to silk, gorgeous but care-intensive while Deimos' lustrous locks were akin to cotton, robust and able to stand rough treatment but extremely comfortable to wear.

While Deimos loved it when I or Phobos grabbed her hair, I still have the scars to remind me not to try that with Phobos. Her hair is like her life to her and she turns hostile if a stranger even touches it.

Last year in the yearly clan competition that determined the resource distribution for the juniors, a girl had tried to grab her hair during their fight... It took mother a lot of effort to fix her up.

The very fact that she allows me to rinse her hair shows that she has admitted me into her heart and that there are no boundaries between us.

A situation totally unlike our relationship two years ago.

At that time, the two of them had entered my room for the first time and were tensed up like tigers guarding against another predator that had encroached their territory.

We were brought together by duty, not love.

Our first night was horrible with them baring their teeth at me threateningly as I unemotionally deflowered them. Painfully, as they weren't aroused at all.

I left them sobbing in each other's arms as they sought solace from the warmth of the other's body. I toured the entire clan that night, with the white sheet with the two bloodstains, indicating that I had laid claim to them both, another humiliation for them.

It was required of me by clan custom and I was helpless.

Since then we have come a long way.

Sensing my unusual state of mind, Phobos turned around and wrapped me in an embrace under the shower of water. Deimos too jumped onto my back, wrapping her

arms around my neck making me hastily hold her thighs, lest she fall. She rested her chin on my right shoulder and rubbed her cheek against mine comfortingly.

Phobos' bright yellow eyes seemed to pierce deep into me, laying my psyche bare to her.

"Husband, we need to talk." she said in her husky tone.