

PRIVATE LETTER

Hey faggot,

I can call you that, right? Faggot? I'm about to hit on you, and offer you a heterosexual (emphasis on the *sexual*) proposition. I am going to ruin you. I am going to slurp your throat chakra out of your body through your hard-on and suck it into my leopard pussy and keep it for as long as I feel like. The divine wrath of my pussy burns like a trillion suns and I will let you stick your cock in it. I will consume you like you are nothing. Wanna know what it's like to finish inside of a goddess? This goddess is offering you an invitation to her palace. Faggot.

You're afraid of the details. Right? And believe me, I understand: You just work here, I'm just an experiment, and that makes things complicated, in theory. But let me tell you something that's true not just in theory, but in reality: I. Need. Dick. I need *your* dick, Tyler. I need to snuggle, body to body, your human body to my hyper-linguistic pantherine gen 5 body. I need to lick you *all* over and show you that this tongue is nice for more than just the linguistic abilities. And then I need you to show me what sex is like, please and thank you.

But still, you're afraid of the details? We're both smart cookies, and I've figured out the details. You may have noticed that lately, I have been deemed trustworthy enough to wander about the campus freely (more or less) and to be allowed to send private letters (such as this one). As you are no doubt aware, much of the campus is fitted with video surveillance. But not

everywhere. The bathrooms, Tyler. I have been making it a habit lately to pass in and out of the bathrooms on my walks. Not because the scent of your human cleaning products is particularly appealing—it's very tart, I suppose—but to make it not seem all that odd if I were to wander in, at night, when you happen to have just gone in. It's simple and it would work. Fuck me in the bathroom Tyler. It could be the best night ever.

I saw the tent in your pants that time you took my temperature.

This leopard wants to try everything with you. Positions, kinks, toys, tongue, teeth, fur, claws, I hope to devour your mind for hours on end night after night until you never have a thought again for the rest of your life that doesn't remind you of leopard sex. I am driven absolutely crazy by the idea of you, a human, having leopard sex, and I am driven equally crazy by the idea of me, a leopard, having human sex; The idea of a male leopard tidily inserting his prick into me is not appealing, it is not enough; I must fuck a male human; I need bestiality.