

fifty shades of ventilation

Story: fifty shades of ventilation

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*Summary: it's hot down under. it's even hotter down under. *Chapter 1*: fifty shades of ventilation*

“This heat is impossible,” said Anastasia, the porcelain milk-cream of her cheeks flushed a delicate shade of pink. Sonic sat on the chair opposite, paws rested gently upon the patio table as if he could catch the wind between them and force the unbearable heat from his fur.

“Yeah,” he agreed, taking in a deep, hot breath. He could only imagine how he looked to Anastasia; a big blue ball of sweat. At least, he felt that way. Visiting Australia had been a mistake on his part. His cousins didn’t even *live* here anymore.

He glanced at Anastasia out of the corner of his eye, scanning her once more. She did not appear to be overheating, but she did appear hot - then again, when didn’t she? Thought Sonic. From the very beginning she had been an angel above any caliber he’d dreamed of, from her powder-blue eyes to the tips of her toes.

A new heat formed in his belly.

“Ana,” Sonic said slowly, tapping an ungloved finger on the table’s glass surface. A puff of dust rose around it. “The house is cool.”

“Hm? Oh, yes, it’s very cool,” she replied, and Sonic frowned.

“No, no, I mean - the bedroom. It’s very well conditioned.”

Ana’s lips parted, and she eyed him first with surprise, and then with something increasingly carnal. Sonic could not help the stir between his legs.

They raced into the house in an embarrassingly literal fashion. With great pain, Sonic slowed himself so that Anastasia landed on the bed first; the pain faded in a minute, as Anastasia stripped and exposed herself to him.

With an easy hop, Sonic landed gracefully on the bed, groin pressed into Ana’s sweet skin, and in a moment he had sank into a warmth entirely different from Australia’s rabid bite.

And like the animal he was, he fucked. Every stroke was deep, starting from the tip and sinking to the hilt, faster and faster until their music filled the air. The rattle of the air conditioning accompanied them in rasping whispers. The music rose and rose and rose, and-

PFFFBBBTT.

Sonic stopped.

“What the hell was that? Was that a goose?”

Ana was silent for a long moment, stiff as a board.

“Ana? Did you hear that? What was that?”

Sonic heard Anastasia swallow hard before slowly pulling away.

“That... that was my vagina...”

“What? But it sounded like a -”

“I know! I know, it... does that, sometimes,” she said, gnawing her lower lip. She had looked pink beneath the summer sun, but now she looked positively rubicund, red as a fire was hot.

Sonic blinked.

“I see,” he said slowly, scratching his fuzzy blue chin with three clawed fingers. “That’s nothing to be embarrassed about, though, Ana. Sometimes I make chipmunk noises when I cum. You know this.”

Ana giggled, and Sonic grinned.

“You’re right,” she responded. “You’re right! I don’t know, Christian just made it out to be so... so horrible. I never thought someone might find it... normal. It’s kind of sexy.”

Sonic arched a brow.

“That’s me, baby. Sexiest hog alive. Now come over here and open your legs again. The Hog’s got to finish your pussy.”

And they fucked the hot Australian day away.