

Bucking the System



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& Kadath*

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CHAPTER 1

“My day was bracketed by the two of them. The events went into motion when I saw her off and later met him.”

The rain that had swept through the previous night left a pleasant scent to the air that had drifted in through the open window of Patrick's London flat. The lean, muscular giraffe woke up before his lover, Nadia. She lay sprawled out beside him, her luxurious slate gray-furred body barely covered by a thin, silk sheet. The fabric was so smooth and sheer that it was able to cling to every rise, every dipping canyon, every curve of her luscious body. Pat spent a few moments simply marveling that he was in the same bed as this goddess, his cock getting harder and harder by the moment as the beauty breathed quietly, head turned against her pillow, tail twitching gently in her dreams.

Nadia was not the only name she went by, and was one she rarely preferred. A former dominatrix, she had gone under the moniker Mistress Nightshade, which she retained for her current job as an exotic dancer at the Safari club - one of the most popular gentlemen's clubs in London. They had met there over a year ago, and Pat was just as in awe of her grace and allure now as he had been when he first set eyes on her.

Night opened one eye and grinned at him. It was a fierce, predatory grin.

"Can we do it in the shower?" Pat asked, before Night suddenly sprang on him. She considered, then nodded casually, as if she were granting some great favor to a lowly peasant. And since this was her, she might as well be.

The pattering sound of the water slipping off Pat's balls was only the third loudest sound in the shower. His hands clenched Night's luscious hips as he ducked his head over her shoulder, grunting quietly as his cock slammed into her sex, the wet *slap slap slap* of their hips meeting together echoing throughout the room. That was the second sound. The loudest, however, was Night herself. Her claws dug between the linoleum tiles of the shower, her head tilting back as she moaned. "Fuck me! Fuck me *harder* ...ah!" Her tone was utterly dominant, and

Pat could feel the tightness of her sex as he thrust deep and fast. He panted, eyes closing, and tried to follow his mistress's orders.

Former dominatrix. Exotic dancer. Utter size queen. These were things that could describe Nightshade. Being uncommunicative wasn't one of them.

Pat reached forward and found her clit, rubbing it insistently with his fingers. Night shuddered, hanging her head forward. " *Fuck* ," she growled, her sex clenching . Pat tried to hold back, but couldn't. His cock twitched and balls clenched as he felt his seed rushing to fill Night's pussy. Some dripped from around Pat's cock, joining the water pattering down the drain. Night panted and laughed shakily.

"You fuck all right," she said, her voice casual, airy, for all the world sounding like she hadn't just been fucked. "For a *dork* ."

Pat laughed shakily. "You're never going to forgive me for quoting movies in bed..." He said, sticking his tongue out at her. Nightshade grinned, then reached up and turned the shower knob in a quick circle before moving out of the way. Pat squeaked as the water went from warm to freezing.

Once he was out of the shower, dried, and dressed, he kissed Night on the cheek. "So," he said. "I may be late today. No idea how long the interview is going to be."

"Who are you interviewing again?" she asked, sliding on the thick black coat she wore to get to the Safari, tucking her phone into her biggest pocket.

Pat grinned, puffing up his chest. "Ezra Maes!" he said, spreading out one hand in the air, as if he was gesturing to a marquee with the name in twelve foot high illuminated letters. He looked at Nightshade, ready for her to be shocked, excited and thrilled all at once. Instead, her expression was of mild confusion combined with tolerant amusement.

"Should I know him?" she asked.

"He's the guy who founded Transtar?" Pat offered.

Night slowly shook her head.

"He makes those wearable smartphone-glasses combos?" Pat said, sounding increasingly desperate. "He funds Titan Or Bust! He's on StarTalk with..." Seeing her continued lack of comprehension, he sighed and looked dejected. "He's a genius, and he's getting interviewed by yours truly. This is super cool!"

Night chortled, then reached out and ruffled Pat's brown hair. "I'm glad, Pat." She sighed, then drew herself up. "I can't wait to read all about it." She then focused, and Pat could see her professional mask slip on over her face. It wasn't a real mask. It was a subtle shift in her attitude, in her posture, in how she talked. Even her accent changed slightly. All of it turned her from his Nadia into Nightshade; into something different. Not something bad.

Not bad in the slightest.

She kissed Pat goodbye and he watched her go out the door. He sighed quietly. "How the hell did I find her?" he muttered to himself. Then he grabbed his phone, which he had recently loaded up with a dictation program. His eyes settled on the notepad and pencil he had used in the desperate, scrambling climb from 'wannabe writer' to 'struggling writer.' He grinned, shaking his head. "Don't wanna be a luddite, do I?"

He turned, leaving the pad and pencil on the table, as he exited the door.

"I was excited for what would happen that day. But life had additional plans for me."

The old ant eater didn't seem to know that there were other people on the sidewalk as she pattered by on a mobility scooter. Her eyes were covered by glasses so thick they made her seem to have no whites, and the small wireframe cart attached to the handlebars of the scooter was filled to overflowing by bags of groceries. The sidewalk provided a rattling progress for her, and that sound was what caused Pat looked up from checking his maps app for the location of the interview, just in time to see the scooter rush right at him. He yelped and sprang aside - but the side of the wire cart struck his elbow. His phone went flying through the air.

Pat opened his mouth, his entire body freezing, his tail sticking straight out behind him.

The phone spun through the air.

Landed.

Right on one of the grocery bags that had fallen from the cart, which cushioned it nicely.

Pat blew out an explosive sigh.

"Oh deary me," the anteater cooed, reaching down and groping around for the bag. "Who put a wall there?"

She grabbed the bag. The phone skittered off into the street, where it was promptly run over by a double-decker bus. Pat held it in his hands a few moments later, whimpering softly as he looked at the crumpled, ruined wreck. But the shock and horror was soon eclipsed by growing fear. He had to get to the interview. He had to *do* the interview!

"Fuck," Pat whispered, trying to pack away his feelings and think calmly. He turned and ran down the sidewalk, almost running into a lamp post, tripping on a crack in the street, hopping across a crosswalk while shaking his aching hoof, then finding himself near a collection of shops. He saw one was a stationary store - and his heart soared. He ran towards the store and smashed into the glass door with a loud *slap*. He grunted, staggered backwards, then rubbed his forehead. "What the-"

A mouse girl wearing the shop's uniform paused as she walked past the door. She saw his look of confusion and sighed, clearly completely done with giving a shit for the day. She pointed at the paper sign that had been taped to the door: *Door Broken - go around to the side*. Pat blinked, rubbing his sore muzzle. He turned and walked around to the side of the store. There, he found a propped open door that led right into the glitter and sparkle part of the store.

Pat squared his shoulders and strode through - trying to not get distracted by the bright colors. He quickly came to the stationary and found the rows of notepads. Most were huge, clearly made for people who were interested in drawing. Another giraffe stood there, wearing a self-knitted cap, tongue sticking from the corner of his mouth as he eyed the pads. Pat smiled.

"Uh, 'scuse me, need to get to the smaller pads," he said.

"Oh, they're out," the other giraffe said.

Pat froze. "What?"

"Yeah, apparently an entire class cleared them out. Something about the teachers being rather draconian about phones," the giraffe said, biting his lower lip as he looked at the pads. "Do you think I should go for the cream paper or the white paper?"

Pat looked at the two pieces of paper. They were both white.

You have, like, thirty minutes to get to the interview! His inner voice screeched. Pat grabbed the smallest drawing pad left - which was still big enough to take a portrait on - then grabbed a collection of drafting pencils. He turned and ran to the front of the store and slapped down the pad and pencils on the counter. He hurriedly swiped his card - then swiped it again when the scanner failed. The bored-looking mouse who was working the register slowly looked down at the reader, then frowned.

"Try it again?" he asked lazily.

Pat swiped the card, growing increasingly terrified. He didn't have paper money!

"Oh!" The mouse slapped the side of his head. "Use the chip reader."

Pat choked back a scream.

With the too-large notepad tucked under one arm and pencils held tightly in hand, Pat tried to remember the route to the interview location. He walked about a block, each step reminding him how little time he had to get there, before he finally stopped and closed his eyes. He gritted his teeth, turned, and asked the first person he saw: "Do you know where Royal Buck Golf Club is?"

An old-looking boar pointed and spoke in an accent so broad, thick and painfully English that Pat was barely able to understand it. Not for the first time, part of him regretted being raised in America until a happy chance brought him back to London a few years ago, and subsequently into Nightshade's life. His left ear twitched and he saw the area the man was pointing, and hoped it was the right way. He nodded his head in thanks and then started to jog off. He darted past other pedestrians, evaded getting doused in water by a bus splashing through a puddle, and finally came - panting, gasping and quivering - to the front door of the Royal Buck Golf Club. The broad expanse of green that had been claimed near the edge of the city was bounded by a short wall and high trees, but he could hear the faint *twock* of golf clubs.

Staggering into the club's main building, Pat looked around with wild eyes, sure that he wouldn't be on time.

But there, right above the mantelpiece behind the beautifully varnished, wooden front desk, was a clock that showed the time with a golden, filigreed arm, aimed right before 12. He was on time. Then his eyes fell on Ezra Maes, and he breathed in quickly, trying to stand up and look professional and not like a goofy giraffe who had walked into doors, sprinted down streets, tripped over

his own hooves, and generally been utterly disarrayed from the instant he stepped out of his flat. Yet he still felt utterly shabby next to Ezra.

Ezra Maes was a buck – a male deer. His antlers were pared down slightly to an elegant V, rather than sprawling in every direction like some bucks that Pat had seen. He was tall and broad-shouldered, his muscles straining against his sleek three-piece suit. He looked utterly put together and confident. He wasn't a man who had just surged out of bed and rushed about wildly; his buttons were polished, his suit perfectly creased. He even had a tie that tucked neatly into his suit vest. He was speaking to the woman behind the desk, his voice deep and rich - even if distance made his words indistinct. Whatever he said made the cute doe behind the desk go from bay-colored to pure red. She started to titter as Ezra looked at Pat.

He grinned brightly, holding out a single nimble-looking hand to Pat.

"Patrick, right?" he asked.

"That's the name," Pat said, trying to match his casual coolness. "It's a pleasure...an honor...um, it's *good* to meet you, Mr. Maes!" he beamed. "I saw the last ToB launch! Those gyrojets are freaking - like, wow." He shook his head, then stopped himself - realizing that he was supposed to be interviewing this guy, not nerding out about his privately-funded space program. But with that, Ezra's face brightened, his golden eyes practically glowing. He drew Pat closer, squeezing his hand and reaching back to slap Pat's shoulder.

"I think," he said. "We're going to get along *famously*."

CHAPTER 2

“The first thing anyone notices about him was that he did nothing by half measure - not in his personal life, nor in his public attitude.”

Twock!

The golf ball went sailing away at near escape velocity, vanishing among a copse of trees that seemed to be clustered around hole three. As it flew off, Ezra – he had immediately asked for Pat to call him nothing else – set his golf club against his shoulder like some kind of cocky big game hunter. He grinned and looked at Pat.

"No, see," he said. "Enterprise wasn't a *bad* show. It was a *tragedy* of a show. Like Voyager."

Pat scribbled a few more notes. The huge notepad he had bought was awkward to hold, doubly so when Ezra's topics ranged far and wide. Since hole one, he had talked about Star Trek, the future of genetic engineering, the extinction of the lizard kind, lab-grown meat, more Star Trek, combating climate change with a very large mirror ("It would, of course, be in space!"), the dangers of technocratic oligarchies ("Yes, I know, guilty as charged!"), and, when he had time, even more Star Trek.

Pat took one of the draft pencils away from his notes. He had written in short hand for years, and using dictation software had almost chased every last memory of how to do it from his head. But the stress of both asking questions and keeping up with Ezra's excited stream of responses, tangents and at least three entirely new ideas for corporations that would usher in some new innovation to the world, had brought back his old instincts. He was surprised that he could actually read the tiny scribbles he had left behind.

"But the essential concept is sound. I've been thinking of putting my finding to the Light Seed project. Ever heard of that?" Ezra said, walking purposefully across the grass. He moved with quick, bounding strides, his golf clubs bouncing against his back. He disdained a caddie and a golf cart, having dismissed the very idea as being utterly beneath him. Thankfully it wasn't a terribly long walk. When Pat scribbled down the last few notes, he looked up at Ezra and started to follow.

"It's that project to launch a small drone with a solar sail, right?" he asked.

"Should reach Alpha Centauri by the end of my lifetime," Ezra said. "If it's launched within the month. Accelerated by laser light up to, eh, point-oh-four C? It'd be the fastest thing that we've ever launched from this globe," he beamed. "That alone almost makes it worth the money spent. But I'm not exactly about *speed*."

Pat laughed. "More of an endurance man?" he asked, tail swishing behind him.

"Exactly!" Ezra said. "It's no sense getting there first if you can't do much afterwards." He licked his muzzle, then grinned as they came to the copse of trees. The golf ball was nestled in the grass, about twenty feet away from the hole. The cervine's eyes glowed with delight as he looked at the ball, kneeling down and drawing a line with his eyes from it to the hole. "It was Voyager-" It took Pat a few moments to realize he was back on Star Trek. "-that gave me the idea for the solar sail. One of their episodes had them building a solar sail capable craft. I saw it when I was quite young, and I became fascinated with the concept. I always loved tall ships. Ever read Patrick O'Brian?"

Pat shrugged one shoulder. "No..."

"And you call yourself a Briton!" Ezra sprang to his feet. "It's all about the time our fair isles stood up to Napoleon's tyrannical influence."

"Well, I was raised in America for the most part," Pat said, then shook his head. He had gotten so used to Ezra's bounding topic shifts that he had almost forgotten he was here to interview him. "But, sir, two questions. If it was solar sails that got you interested in space, why didn't you fund a solar sail from the start?"

"Hah!" Ezra grinned. "I did the math, and I realized Mars was a better choice for the first step. Then I did more math, and it turns out Mars is bloody *awful*. There's no magnetosphere and the iron core is dead. Do you know what happens to an atmosphere without a magnetosphere?" He clucked his tongue. "Nothing good. So, I did more research, and it turns out the most Earth-like planet? It's Venus." He paused. "If you ignore the atmosphere. After *that*, though? Titan, one of the moons of Saturn. Hence, Titan or Bust. But your second question?" He stood, then placed the club against the ground, readying to take his swing. As he pulled back, Pat scribbled some notes, then grinned shyly.

"That episode with the solar sail..." he said. "Did you know it was actually in Deep Space 9?"

The golf ball landed five feet from the hole.

"Well, bugger me," Ezra said, his voice bemused. "That leads me to think – did you know there's a psychological quirk in most species that makes people become more convinced of a fact that is incorrect *after* it is pointed out it's incorrect? Essentially, correcting people makes them more entrenched?" He shook his head. "Which is a big reason why..."

And with that, Ezra was off, bounding across more topics and ideas. Pat's wrist was starting to cramp.

"The interview was a complete success. Everything he did was a success, so it wasn't a surprise, really. But it was the meeting afterwards that shocked everyone."

"And then," Pat said, grinning as he leaned back in the comfortable chair in Ezra's office. "Vicky set us up and, well, we hit it off."

"With a *predator* of all things?" Ezra asked, holding a small, crystalline glass that he had filled with something that looked like whiskey but fizzled like soda. "Very brave." He grinned wickedly as he tilted his head back and downed the drink.

"It was a fight between her hotness and my terror, and... well..." Pat shook his head, feeling slightly chagrined at sharing the story, even while leaving out the clothes-ripping details.

The interview had ended with Ezra showing off a few gizmos and gadgets. Now, the pad was filled with notes for half a biography, and Pat was already starting to dread the future task of taking the wild rambles and condensing it into something readable and entertaining. But that was a job for future Pat.

For right now, Ezra had offered to give him a chance to sit and enjoy some drinks. The conversation had slipped almost immediately to the thing most often on the minds of the moderately young and ambitious - levels of wealth non-withstanding.

Girls.

"You ever had a girlfriend?" Pat asked.

Ezra set down the glass. "No," he said. "Too busy!" he beamed. "But I've had a few friends over time. There was secondary school - ah, high school for you." He nodded to Pat. "There was Shelia in college. And her room-mate, Morgan. And Tracy, Yolanda, Samantha..." He leaned back, his voice so confident and assured that Pat couldn't even imagine he was lying. "And then after graduation, when I was working at my first company, there was that CEO of a rival company, Marisa, oh she was *amazing*. Married, but amazing..." Ezra grinned at Pat. "We're off the record, right?"

Pat stood there, his face feeling oddly hot. He nodded meekly.

"Good!" Ezra said, chuckling. "I mean, she divorced her husband a week later, so I'm *fairly* certain their relationship was already on the rocks. But..." He paused. "I was kind of young and stupid. So, I told myself, no more taken girls. But after Marisa, there was another girl named Tracy. But see, the first one was this cute mare - she had a white star around her left eye, just *adorable*. The other Tracy I mentioned earlier was a mouse, the most flexible mouse you could imagine. Kinda had to be. If you know what I mean..."

Pat was not entirely sure he did. He shifted slightly in his chair, trying to find his voice.

A knock came at the door, saving him. The petite doe from before stuck her muzzle in. "Mr. Maes, a Miss Armitage is at the front door, asking where her boyfriend has gotten too." She sounded faintly amused.

Ezra blinked. "Oh! I'm a complete fool!" He sprang to his feet. "I've been keeping you."

"How long has it been?" Pat asked, then started. "My phone! It got-"

"Crushed, I remember," Ezra said, nodding as they walked out together. As they entered the lobby, Pat saw Nightshade standing beside the counter, her workplace mien still settled on her face. Everything about her screamed *worship me*, even with the thick black coat she wore while commuting. She looked down at the deer lass who was working at the desk and the doe looked somewhere between terrified and aroused as she stammered.

"M-Mr. Maes is-"

"Right here," Ezra said, stepping forward. "Miss Armitage, please forgive me for so occupying your paramour's time." He smiled, holding out one of his hands

to her.

Nightshade turned and her eyes almost glowed as she looked at him. Pat tried to imagine what she saw - or more accurately, how she saw. Ezra's boundless energy became a confident, almost dominant force of personality. His sleek yet muscled form became something fast and graceful and appealing. From the look that she sent - eyes flicking from antlers to hooves - everything was appealing to her.

"I was wondering where he'd got too. He wasn't answering his phone," she murmured.

"It was crushed by a bus, I hear," Ezra said, grinning broadly. "And I suppose I must take it as a compliment that I was so diverting that he could spend a moment away from you." His eyes did the same to Nightshade as hers had done to him. Night shifted her shoulders slightly, letting her coat fall ever so slightly open, teasing the buck with the ample swell of her breasts. And yet, unlike so many things she did, the faintly uncertain air on her face made it clear that it had been more instinct and whim than calculation.

And that only got Patrick more...

More...

He wasn't sure what he felt. A combination of sick fascination and intense need. A need all the more ferocious for the fact he had to restrain himself. Though every nerve in his body wanted to grab Nightshade and just... fuck her right there on the desk, he had to hold back.

"Well, I'm glad he's had a good time," Nightshade said, her voice a purr. She took Pat by the arm. "See you later, *Mister Maes*."

She put a definite emphasis on the 'mister' and laughed as she took Pat to the door.

"Needless to say, there were repercussions."

"Ah! Ah! *Hnnn* -" Night's quiet, eager vocalizations broke off in a growl, her claws digging into Pat's muscular shoulders, her hips slamming against his as she rode him, the bed squeaking and creaking under them. She gasped and hung her head forward, her long, straight hair spilling down around her face, shrouding it slightly. Pat had been expecting sex, but hadn't been quite expecting

this ferocity. It reminded him of their first time. Night leaned over him and bit down on Pat's neck as her claws tightened on his chest. Patrick tried to summon up the...

He couldn't find the right word. His mind felt muddled and confused as his dick plunged into her pussy, his voice coming out in soft, gasping pants. He clenched his hands, his wrists restrained by bondage cuffs attached to the bed's headboard. While Pat wasn't into the whips and chains aspect of BDSM, he enjoyed a little restraint play, especially since it let Night indulge in her dominant instincts. He was like a captured prey, and it drove her wild. It pleased him to see her indulge.

He tugged at the restraints as his body flexed from his lover's love bites. This seemed to excite her more, seeing her prey struggle. Night shuddered atop him, her sex clenching on his member as her teeth tightened. But while she didn't quite draw blood, the pressure was still enough to send Pat over the edge. He grunted and felt his cock spurting inside her again and again.

Then he went limp. His eyes closed and he panted quietly. "Jesus, Nadia..."

"Mmm..." She growled softly as she slowly laid down on top of him. She undid his binds and licked his sore wrists before settling into a comfy position on his chest, her head crooked underneath his chin. Pat wondered if he had detected a faint tone of dissatisfaction in her voice. Her ferocity had seemed different this time, regardless of the bondage play. She was coaxed on by something else, and he had a feeling he knew what it was.

And that was when the idea occurred to him.

"So, uh," Pat said, feeling a hot, creeping feeling crawl along his scalp. His ossicones tingled and he felt his stomach do slow, casual flip flops. "Ezra and I hit it off pretty well. He actually invited me to chill with him again in the future."

Night nodded quietly, her nose rubbing against his spotted collarbone. She smirked. "Should I be jealous?"

"No," Pat said, sounding wryly amused. His hand reached up, caressing her straight, raven-black hair. Normally so neat, it was knocked askew by their lovemaking. His fingers drew straight lines through the strands, undoing tangles and producing a quiet, happy purr from Night. Quietly, Pat continued. "He, uh, was actually a bit of a player."

"Player?" Night asked, chuckling. Pat grinned, feeling like a total dork.

"Y-Yeah. He rattled off a list as long as my arm when I asked him if he had a girlfriend," Pat said, shaking his head. "And, well... you two seemed to..." He coughed as Night turned her head up, looking at him square on. Her brow furrowed and her tail twitched ever so slightly, lifting upwards, revealing some of her rump. Pat forced himself onward. "Well, I was thinking maybe that we'd like to try... stuff with him."

Night arched an eyebrow. "Stuff?"

"And things," Pat squeaked.

Night leaned her head downward. Her nose pressed against one of Pat's nipples, rubbing a slow circle against the hard nub. Her tongue darted out and she licked him casually, as if she was tasting his flavor. Then she grinned.

"So, you want him to fuck me, then?" she asked, shifting herself forward. Her wet sex glided along his belly, her paws pressing to his shoulders. She reared backwards, looking down her elegant nose at him. Her eyes flickered with a delightful glow that didn't seem to entirely be caused by the lamp light in the room. Her claws teased Pat with their sharpness. "You want me to get fucked by a rich, *powerful* man?"

Pat gulped slowly, his mouth feeling dry as a bone. His cock - so recently spent inside of her - was hard as iron.

"Yes..." he whispered.

Night smiled slightly. "Well, he must have made quite the impression. We can at least see where a conversation takes us."

Pat nodded quickly. And, with almost deliberate wickedness, Night slipped off him and pressed to his side. Her thigh hooked over his legs as her paw slipped along his chest, caressing his short, bristling fur. Then she closed her eyes and quickly fell asleep. Pat remained awake, reveling in a sensation that was as horrible as it was positively tantalizing. He wanted to reach down and cup his cock and stroke it and cum. But he didn't. Instead, he felt a melange of frustration and arousal; fear and excitement. It left him short of breath and aching hard for what felt like an eternity.

Eventually, he too slipped off to sleep.

CHAPTER 3

“I had expected our first conversation to be awkward. The only awkwardness was how quickly things progressed.”

Ezra stabbed a fork into the salad, then popped it into his muzzle. He chewed contemplatively as he looked from Patrick to Nightshade. Nightshade was dressed in something between her work clothes and something more casual: A clinging shirt with a low-cut that dipped between her breasts, making it quite clear that she wasn't wearing a bra, with a sleek skirt that suited the sudden heat wave that had rolled into London. Pat, meanwhile, was wearing essentially the same thing he had when they had last met - though less shabby and rumpled.

Ezra, meanwhile, was dressed in a white, button-down shirt and khaki pants that was nearly the same shade as his dark brown fur, giving Patrick a faint sense of sitting with a man who was going completely pants-less. His hoof clicked as he listened to Nightshade finish the story.

"And by the time I was done," she said, smiling. "We were both completely late for the party and Pat had discovered a new... kink." Her eyes glittered.

Ezra grinned slowly. "You know," he said, drumming his darkly-furred fingertips on the tabletop. "When I was in high school, I was always picked on. One of the downsides of going to Wolfside Preparatory Academy?" He grinned. "Well, it was called Wolfside *Predatory* Academy for a reason. Lots of wolves, for some reason." He shook his head. "But it didn't help that I was a fat nerd with goofy antlers." He gestured to his finely-manicured antlers. "It wasn't until my third year there that I found my perfect means of revenge."

"And what was that?" Night purred.

Ezra picked up a glass. "My cock," he said, utterly casual. They were in a restaurant; a fancy place that Pat could have never afforded, but Ezra had insisted on paying for all of them. Since Pat was too nervous to eat, he had waved off a salad. Nightshade was simply waiting with a predator's patience for her steak. Pat looked around with wide eyes, terrified one of the daintily dressed

waiters or waitresses would have walked by to hear Ezra's comment. He could already imagine the looks. Nightshade leaned forward.

"Go on," she said.

A faint rustling sound drew Pat's attention. He subtly turned his head to the side and could see that one of Night's shoes had slipped from her foot. The foot in question was nowhere to be seen. Ezra grinned broadly - cockily, even.

"Well, I kept myself covered in the locker. I was a teenager. You know how self-conscience teenagers can be." He sighed, but the tone was happy. The faint rustling sound came to Pat's ears again and he felt himself go almost beet red. Even though own cock wasn't being caressed by Night's foot, it was still hard enough that he was worried the zipper might break. Then Night's eyes widened and her jaw opened in shock.

Ezra, seeing that, smirked with the utter assurance of an alpha male.

"It took a bully to yank my shorts down for me to realize that I had *nothing* to be ashamed of."

Night's foot thumped against the ground, her leg clearly going completely nerveless.

"W-Well," she said, quietly.

"I fucked three of the worst bully's girlfriends by the end of the week," Ezra said, shrugging one shoulder. Pat gulped loudly as Night looked on, her breath coming in short, soft pants. Her nipples were peeking through her low-cut shirt and she shifted her arms. Not to cover them, oh no. She was moving to make sure Ezra could see the impact he was having on her. "It was one part confidence, one part rumor about my equipment, and... well, one part that they were dating total arseholes."

"And then you went to college and-"

"Got buff, then got rich," Ezra said, as if it were that easy. "The only thing I didn't do myself was the acne - that just happened to clear out once puberty was done using me as a punching bag. Oh, and I started manicuring my antlers." He grinned. "I've managed to avoid fucking other men's wives... *most* of the time." He purred that last bit, his eyes glittering.

Night breathed out.

The waiter arrived with the steak and as Night started to pick up her silverware, Ezra looked at Pat. He smiled. "But, of course, they were arseholes

and I was an asshole. Everyone's an asshole when they're a teenager. It is a sad fact of life. But you're a good guy, Pat. I don't want to do anything that makes you uncomfortable."

Pat coughed. "W-Well, I won't lie," he said, picking up a chunk of bread from the platter that the waiters had brought earlier. Rather than eating it, he tore it in half, as if he was going to butter it. It was just something for his hands to do. "I am... kinda..." He coughed.

"Turned on?" Ezra asked.

Even while being kind and forthright, he still managed to show up Pat.

The worst part was it made Pat's member pulse with eagerness at the thought of Ezra taking Night. And from the way she had reacted to touching his bulge, he had to be... he couldn't have been exaggerating. Pat had seen Night's toys – including that monstrous dildo she sometimes playfully threatened his ass with.

Pat nodded shyly.

Ezra smiled as Nightshade popped some steak into her mouth and chewed happily.

"So, we'll need boundaries. Do you have any?" Ezra asked.

Nightshade swallowed. For just a moment, Pat saw a flicker of hesitation in her eyes. But Pat felt decision solidify in his gut. He slammed his fist decisively into the table and said: "None!"

Ezra looked amused. "None?"

Nightshade's paw landed gently on Pat's thigh. "You sure, Pat?" Her fingers caressed him in slow, eager circles. He could feel her excitement through that touch, even if her voice was calm. But how much of that excitement was nerves? How much of this was scary to her? Pat felt slightly comforted by the thought that Nightshade could have some nerves too.

Pat squared his shoulders and nodded, looking confidently at Ezra. But the instant he saw Ezra's wry smirk, he quickly scrambled to add: "W-Well, I mean," he stammered nervously. "We should have a, uh, a way to stop it. If it gets to be too much."

"A safe word," Nightshade and Ezra said at the same time. They both laughed and Ezra nodded, slowly rubbing his chin as he leaned back in his chair.

"How about *puzzle*?" he suggested. "That almost never comes up in sex, at least so far as I've noticed."

Pat and Nightshade's eyes met. She looked amused.

"*Rutabaga*," Night and Pat said at the same time.

"Rutabaga is a lot better," Pat added quickly, nodding.

Ezra smiled. "All right then," he said, putting his napkin aside and standing up. He paused and reached into his pocket, pulling out a brand new smartphone and setting it on the table. He grinned at Pat. "That's for you, since you lost yours." He looked over. "Nightshade." He nodded to her. "Patrick."

He turned and left. As he walked out, Pat breathed out a quiet sigh.

Night cut another piece of steak free. "I'm... soaked," she said, quietly.

Pat perked up, but before he could place his palm on Night's thigh, the new phone buzzed and a text arrived from a number that had already been saved to the contact list. The name was BIG BUCK. And the caller ID image was that of a dick. Even soft, it was the biggest that Pat had ever seen, laying across a pair of furred, white balls. Pat's mouth went dry as he read the words, and he could practically hear Ezra's voice purring them into his ear.

The bitch's mine all month. Don't touch her, limp dick.

Pat whimpered, but he wasn't sure if it was in purest pleasure or utter despair.

Night's fork stabbed into the steak again and she popped a chunk of meat into her mouth. She chewed as she watched him squirm, her eyes glittering.

The only thing that crossed Pat's mind at that moment was a simple, groaning thought: *It's going to be a long month, isn't it?*

"I might have complained out loud. Who wouldn't have? That's what would be expected. But deep in my heart, I was excited. More excited than I had ever been in my life. A wise man once said that hunger is the finest spice. The same is true of sex."

Nightshade lay with her head on Pat's thigh, her eyes narrowing as she focused on the screen. Pat sat there, his thumb twitching on the controller, moving the dialog choice between the *goody two shoes* option and the *being a dick for no good reason* option. They were on hour four of the latest RPG that he

had picked up; a sequel to a fantastic game that he had played last year. Pat held the controller with one hand, while the other rested on Night's head. He badly wanted to stroke her ears, to pet her.

He loved petting Nightshade. And more, Nightshade loved getting petted. But the idea of touching her and then not sliding straight into fucking her was agonizing.

"You going to airlock him or not?" Night asked, her voice wry as she nuzzled against his thigh again. Pat laughed, shaking his head as he tried to focus on the game, his hand slowly settling down on the side of Night's head. He stroked her ear gently, his thumb caressing along the tip. Night made a quiet *shurr* noise in her throat. It was the sound of a very happy Nightshade. That should have made Pat a very happy giraffe. And on one level it did.

"Should I?" he asked, flicking the choice back and forth, back and forth.

Night chuckled. "Well, he gave the drugs to those space pirates, but it was so that he could pay for his kid's space medicine. Now, I don't know about you, but I don't *exactly* want to kill someone just for being desperate enough to buy space medicine to stop space sickness from killing my space child." She smirked, rolling onto her back so she could look up at Pat from his lap. Her ears rumbled as they pressed against his left thigh, and she shifted and settled herself in place.

Pat looked down at her. He felt so many things at once, it was hard to keep track of them all, but at the moment, it was a simple happiness that she had actually been paying attention to the plot. He pressed the nobler option. As the characters moved through the next part of their dialogue, Pat leaned backwards and pressed his fingertip to Night's nose, rubbing it gently. She nipped at his fingertip. That made him think about sex. Again. Most things seemed to make him think about sex this week. His alarm clock awoke him with morning wood, Nightshade waltzed past him to the shower and sex reeked from her body - not an actual smell, but a thought, a crackling energy.

He had been obedient and hadn't touched her.

Well, okay, he had totally touched her. Their lives weren't entirely consumed by rampant, wild fucking. At least, not after the first two months of their relationship, where Pat hadn't gone more than five minutes wearing pants. The casual times spent between work were filled by quiet moments like this. If they weren't playing games together - or, more accurately, having Night watch while

Pat played – they were reading books, watching shows, or seeing the sights around London.

Over the past three days, even the most innocent hug, caress or snuggle session had that undercurrent. Knowledge that letting his hands dip lower, that cupping her breasts, or even kissing her deeply would be going against what Big Buck had said. *Big Buck*. Pat's throat dried as he remembered the image that had filled the screen of his new phone. He had occasionally glanced at it when alone, imagining lurid scenarios.

Night nuzzled his thigh as the scene on the game went from conversation to combat. Goons were rushing into the screen, giving the lead what the pros called a target rich environment.

"So, why are they bad again?" Pat asked after he realized that he had been completely zoned out during one of the cutscenes.

Night chuckled. "They're thinly-veiled Nazi stand-ins," she said, quietly. "Not very well done, mind. Wolfenstein did it better."

"Duh-doy," Pat said, sticking his tongue out at her. "But Wolfenstein isn't an RPG."

"Sure it was!" Night said, turning her head and chomping down on his thigh with a vicious growl, her teeth pushing against his jeans. She grinned up at the noise that produced and purred against his leg. "If you kill five Nazis with a knife, you get a *better* knife. That's like leveling up."

Pat scoffed. Nightshade chomped down again. Harder this time. Pat squeaked and stammered: "O-Of course, Mistress!"

Night grinned, letting go of his thigh. "Good giraffe." She closed her eyes, not being particularly interested in the combat scene. Instead, she shifted so that she was mostly laying on his lap and curled slightly in on herself, enjoying the closeness. "Because you are good, you are allowed to pet me more."

Pat stuck his tongue out of the corner of his mouth as he tried to hold down the fire button, use the left analog stick, and pet Nightshade all at the same time. Eventually, though, Pat got sick of dying. So instead, he paused the game indefinitely and went on to petting and caressing Nightshade. She sighed happily as his fingers slipped along her cheeks, to her neck, her shoulders. Pat closed his eyes and felt the tiny nip of her teeth against his fingertips for a moment. But the quiet happiness got interrupted by a low gurgle from Pat's belly. He blinked, then smiled ruefully. "Think we should go out for dinner? I was thinking we could go

somewhere nice. The editor loved the first half of the article I sent her. That's worth celebrating, right?"

"Mmmmaybe," Nightshade drawled, rolling her head back as she thought. "I might want to be lazy and eat in today. Just cuddle up on your lap and let you pet me more."

"That sounds good too," Pat said. "Though, will you ever let me stand up to finish the rest of the article?"

Nightshade laughed heartily. "Of course not."

"I thought you were a jackal, not a *cat*," Pat said. Nightshade smiled at him, and looked for all the world like a cat who had gotten cream, canaries, boots and a dragon's horde to finish.

Then Pat's new phone buzzed. Barely thinking, he pulled it out, expecting a text from the editor of the magazine, or maybe a text from a friend. Maybe even a call from his sister. Instead, he found himself nose to cock with Big Buck's member. Ezra's *nom de guerre* was bold and fierce above the picture of his dick, and the words that filled the screen made Pat's mouth drier than the Sahara and his cock harder than steel.

Be there in an hour to take Night out for dinner. Be ready.

"So, if we're eating in-" Night started, standing up for the first time in hours.

"E-Ez... Buck is coming," Pat said, his voice soft.

Night paused. "Buck?" She turned.

Pat showed her the phone. Her eyes widened and her mouth opened in a quiet O of shock, seeing the cock for the first time. Even feeling his member was different from having a picture of it, right there. Her eyes glittered and she bit her lip, and stammered. "W-What should I wear?" She put her hands to her casual clothes. Nightshade would not be caught dead outside in an oversized tee.

"T-The d-" Pat stammered.

"You're right," Night said, nodding, her eyes glittering with delight. " *The dress.*"

Not just any dress.

It was a dress that she had worn when they had been getting ready to go to a dinner party. Playful dirty talk had led into an eager and frank narration by Nightshade of her publicly humiliating Pat by fucking a guest in front of the

party attendees. She had explained to him afterwards that it was a kink called cuckolding, where a man enjoys seeing other men have sex with his woman. Pat had grown curious of the notion, but had ashamedly kept it to himself. That was, until Ezra came along. Now, Nightshade would wear that dress to this dinner date. The dress that started it all to the date where it was becoming real.

She turned and hurried off, leaving Pat holding the phone. For the life of him, Pat couldn't stop looking at that thick, slightly pink dick. It was lighter than his in color, but... well, it was hard to tell scale when it came to a photograph. Maybe it just looked bigger, but Pat knew he was lying to himself. Buck was definitely much bigger than him, that was the whole point. The question that Pat was struggling with was how... why...

Why did it feel so good to know that right now, Night was taking off her casual clothes and sliding on a pair of maroon panties, the lace frill tight around her rump - but she wasn't doing it for his sake. Her could practically see the light curl of her short fur peeking around the tightness of that pair of panties. He could imagine the feel of his fingers, caressing the place where silk and fur met, the difference becoming almost immaterial. He closed his eyes and when he pictured it, it wasn't his own tan and brown fingers tugging those panties down.

It was the dark, slender fingers of that alpha of a buck.

Pat whimpered low in his throat. A tiny, screaming voice in his brain told him to tap out *Rutabaga*, to end this now. But a bigger, more intense part of him, was aching as it strained against his pants. And so he passed the time it took Ezra to drive to their flat, waiting.

Waiting.

CHAPTER 4

“ There was no turning back. Had I opened Pandora’s box? Let the genie out of the bottle? I was about to find out.”

Buck opened the door without so much as a knock or a ring of the bell. He strode in, looking like he fucking owned the place. His suit was perfectly creased, a dark red tie wrapped around his broad neck, and his antlers only adding to the effect as he stepped next to the sofa that was laid out before the TV. He looked down at Pat, and Pat saw his rich green eyes flick from Pat's ossicones to his crotch. A sneer crossed Buck's face and he shook his head, muttering under his breath. "Pathetic..."

The door to the back opened and Nightshade emerged, looking utterly divine in that slinky black dress, her breasts sagging slightly against the filmy black fabric that clung to her – making her look both clothed and nude all at once. A purse was looped around one shoulder, and she had even gone all out adorned herself in jewelry. A gold-chained necklace with a green emerald rested just above her ample cleavage, and a trio of golden bangles rested on both wrists, jangling softly as she reached up to caress her earrings. Her ears flipped up excitedly as she looked at Buck, who walked over to her, grabbed her by the hips, and kissed her.

The kiss had everything Pat would have wanted to give her - a fierce, rough masculinity, Buck's hands cupping and squeezing Night's ass, assured that she'd let him. And she did more than let him. She ground back against him, her eyes going hooded, then closing as their tongues played together. When he broke the kiss, she was left gasping quietly.

"Ready to have some dinner, my lovely Nightshade?" Buck murmured, cupping her cheek, his thumb caressing her muzzle gently. Her tongue darted out, licking the tip of his thumb. But she wasn't tasting him, as she often did with Pat. That implied a kind of dominant, predatory edge. Rather, she was licking his thumb as if it was the tip of his dick, her eyes shining with a submissive glow that Pat had never seen before.

"You can't believe how much," she said.

"Now, I believe you said the Rose Garden was a favorite of yours," Buck said, grinning. "Lets ditch this little pussy."

"W-Wait, you're going alo-" Pat started, but Buck cut him off by shooting a direct look. Their eyes met. Then, as Pat watched, unable to look away, Buck took Night's hand. Those emerald green eyes didn't waver, didn't hesitate, didn't look away as he guided Night's palm to his crotch, forcing her to grope him. Night needed absolutely no encouragement to cup and fondle Buck's cock through his pants. She didn't even look at Pat. But Buck didn't break eye contact with the giraffe. He smirked, then turned to the door, slapping Night's rump with one hand as they walked out. Pat gasped as they left, stunned to his very core.

He...

He had kind of expected that the scene would be played out at the flat. In their bed. But no, Night was out, and he had no idea what was going to happen. His stomach churned and his cock ached and Pat couldn't help himself. He grabbed his pants, yanked the zipper down, and grabbed his average-sized dick. His hand clenched tightly and he pumped himself once, twice, hissing. "F-Fucking pussy!"

He breathed out the words, shame and eagerness burning in his muzzle as he shuddered and spent himself immediately. There was no build up – save for the three days of exquisite torture. But that didn't stop him from seeing white and going slack against the sofa, cum soaking his chest, dripping down his thighs, puddling underneath him as he gasped and panted.

"Whoa..." Pat whispered.

Pat had once tried writing fiction. Never quite had the knack for it. He needed real things and real people to anchor what he wrote, even when he was doing a narrative. But as he worked hard on cleaning himself up and wiping down the sofa, his brain managed to picture a vivid narrative. But then again, he knew Nightshade amazingly well. He could see her and Buck walking into the Rose Garden. He could see them taking their seat. He could see them chatting, laughing. Buck would control the conversation - subtly, of course. He'd guide Nightshade to amusing topics.

Maybe he'd even start talking about Pat. A weakling. Not much of a man, huh?

Pat put one hand on his ossicones. He always thought they were cute. But there was something about how Buck had looked at his ossicones, and then tilted

his head, drawing attention to his antlers.

That all you got? That look had said.

Pat was hard again, even as he tried to sit down at his computer and get to work. He tapped a few desultory sentences, trying to distill what he had learned about Titan and the difficulties of reaching the distant moon into something the only vaguely scientifically literate might understand. But his brain kept going back to that image. He could hear Buck's cool tones, talking about the women he'd fucked. Talking about Nightshade's beauty. God, she was beautiful. And he hadn't been inside her for what felt like years. Pat half-closed his eyes, leaning on his elbows, his tongue sticking out of the corner of his mouth.

He was aroused. But he was also scared. What if it stopped being a game? What if she started actually preferring Buck? Er, Ezra. Er. Whatever. He shook his head slightly, looking at the screen. His brow furrowed as he saw the last sentence he had written: *The moon Titan, discovered by Cuck astronomers in the 16th century...*

"You are *such* a fucking dork, Patrick," he muttered, deleting the sentence.

But what if she does? A quiet, screaming voice screeched from the depths of his brain. It came from the same place that kept him up at night, wondering how the fuck he had managed to keep Nightshade this long.

"It's just a game," Pat whispered. "Just a sexy game. It turns me on. Like, I mean, I get all the *fun* of knowing Nightshade is having fun without..." He paused. "Without... actually fucking her, geez, Pat, *great* pep talk."

He's you, the screaming voice said. *He's you, only he has a real dick, billions of dollars, a mega corporation or two to his name, and actual fucking antlers.*

Pat opened his mouth to respond to that; to scream to himself that he didn't care about antlers, he had *never* cared about antlers until Buck had made it a point of comparison. Then his phone started to rattle. He had set it beside his keyboard and the screen was face down. He reached towards it, feeling almost like he couldn't bear to turn it over, but his lust overrode him. He flipped it and felt that delicious and terrible spike of eagerness return as he saw the name.

Big Buck.

And the dick.

That... massive fucking cock.

But there was no text message. It was an actual *call*, with the green button appearing on the bottom of the touchscreen, begging for him to swipe and accept. Pat gulped, then slowly lifted the phone to his ear while looking at his computer screen, gazing at the few hundred words he had written since Night and Buck had left.

He tapped on the phone and the first thing he heard was a quiet, masculine breathing. It sounded like someone was jogging, but trying to not let the person on the other phone get drowned out by the panting. He also heard a low, faint *burr*.

And quietly.

Underneath both.

A soft, familiar...

Pap. Pap. Pap. Pap.

The sound of a pair of thick, furred balls slapping against Nightshade.

"Your girlfriend is *virgin* tight, pussy," Buck drawled, his voice growing slightly tight. "Holy fuck... don't tell me you've never fucked her before." He laughed quietly, each 'hah' spiking adrenaline through Pat. He tried to respond, but found he couldn't get his tongue to work. It lolled out of the side of his mouth and his hand instinctively went to his crotch. "You're already touching yourself, aren't you?" came the wry voice over the line.

Buck's voice made him sit up and try to defend himself. "I-I've fucked her!"

"Even worse..." Buck said, his voice full of a sneer. "Hey, Night, tell him how it feels."

Pat could see them. Not on the phone, which was growing slowly hotter and hotter against his ear, as if he was pressing his cheek against Hell and smelling the lust and sulfur. But rather in his mind. They were in a bathroom - that was what that whirring sound was. Maybe at the Rose Garden. No, definitely. At some point during the dinner, Buck had driven Night so wild that she had insisted-

"Oh God!" Night whimpered, her voice sounding as if her eyes were unfocused, her mouth opening in a quiet, hanging gasp. She didn't sound dominant. She didn't sound on top. She sounded like she was barely holding on. "Oh Buck! *Buck* ..." she didn't growl. She never didn't growl. Pat's hand stroked his own cock and shame boiled in his belly as he clenched his jaw.

"She begged me," Buck said, the phone clearly back against his head. Or... no... Pat could hear Night's eager, desperate moans, the slight echo of a voice speaking in a tiled room. He was on speaker phone. Pat's teeth ground against one another. Buck continued, his voice so fucking casual. He wasn't even trying, and Nightshade sounded like she had been reduced to a simpering wreck. Pat bet that she was supporting almost all of her weight on the sink, her breasts mashed against the ceramic, her nipples grinding slow circles against the cool, smooth surface. Her ass had to be jiggling. Buck's other hand was gripping the base of the tail, holding her up by it. It had to hurt a little.

But from all the times that Night's teeth had chased a climax out of Pat, he knew that a little hurt only made the pleasure better.

"I was gonna just work her up and dump her on you. But then she broke down after the appetizers. She had ordered the steak and... mmm... what did you say, dear?" He grunted slightly, the soft *pap pap* of his balls accelerating as Night tried to speak around the pleasure coursing through her.

"I need *real* meat! Ah! Ah!" She cried out, then became muffled.

"Chew on those," Buck said, his voice sneering.

"Mmmph!"

"I'll buy you new ones. Fuck!" Buck grunted, then paused, trying to get his voice under control - but it took him less than a second. "I'll get you a whole new fucking *ensemble*."

Pat whimpered - his voice nearly exactly the same tone as Nightshade's.

Buck...

Buck had just shoved Nightshade's panties into her mouth. He was using her panties - the panties that Pat had bought for her - as a makeshift gag. And from the muffled groaning that came over the phone and Buck's faint *hiss*, she was cumming. She was cumming with her muzzle full of Pat's birthday present to her, while another man's dick plunged into her tight, ebony sex again and again and again. And with every *again*, Pat's hand pumped from the tip of his dick to the base. He gasped raggedly.

"Y-You asshole," he whispered.

"You're the one there," Buck said, his voice darkly amused. "I'm the one here. And, pussy, Night told me about the strap on. The one with your name on it." He sounded amused. "Think she might like watching as I stretch *you* out?"

Pat squeaked, the phone almost dropping from his hand, but as he caught it again, his thumb slapped the speaker button. Buck's laughter filled his ears. Deep, boisterous, and utterly contemptuous. As Pat looked down at the caller ID image - seeing the very dick that was fucking Night silly - Buck said: "Nah, Night's right. You're a bit too much of a pussy for me."

Pat gulped.

"Are you touching yourself?" Buck's voice had grown insistent and urgent. He was thrusting faster now. Pat's mind filled in the image. Those panties had to be shreds of silk, filling Night's mouth, her teeth having torn them to pieces. Her eyes were rolling back into her head, her ears shooting straight back along her head, quivering as her tail twitched in Buck's steel hard grip. Her toenails had to be gouging marks on the tile with how hard she was curling her toes in orgasm after orgasm.

"Y-Yes..." Pat whispered.

"Louder, I can't hear you over the sound of your girlfriend's *fifteenth* climax!" Buck snarled, his voice tightening more. He had to be getting close. Pat whimpered and then said, louder:

"Yes!"

"You don't get to cum until you say it," Buck snarled.

"S-say what?" Pat asked, desperate, his hand letting go of his dick as if it had become red hot. A thick dollop of pre cum spurted from his member, sliding down his shaft. His balls ached. They were nearly going blue. Pat closed his eyes tightly.

"You *know* what."

The words were final. Pat knew. Feeling both the pleasure and the pain, he grabbed his dick and groaned. "I'm a limp-dicked little pussy," he whispered.

Then he came. He had thought, earlier, that he could never cum harder than when he was on the sofa. He had been wrong. Utterly, utterly wrong. The receding pressure that had come after he had given himself a short break crashed against his body as his whole spine seemed to curve into a C. A groan emerged from his mouth, so intense that it was nearly pained. His ossicones buzzed and his bones ached as he trembled and shuddered, spunk splashing against the screen of his computer, draping across his keyboard, splashing his chest, flecking his thighs. His balls twitched and spurted again and again, as if they knew they

weren't going to be cumming inside of Nightshade for a long while and needed to get as much out as they could. Pat felt all conscious thought fade and merely wallowed in the moment.

He panted, heavily, his chest rising, falling, rising, falling.

The phone was quiet. Buck had hung up.

A moment later, a chime rang from the phone. He had gotten a text from Nightshade. Her sultry smile greeted him from the contact ID photo he had taken of her. Pat languidly lifted up his arm, then let it fall back to the armrest. Part of his brain knew that he'd have to clean up. A lot. He had cum on his screen of all places. And his keyboard. That was going to be a pain in the ass. But for the moment, he was so spent, so utterly tuckered out, that the thought of doing anything - even something as simple as picking up his phone - struck him as far...

Far too much work.

But slowly, he felt strength return to him. He picked up the phone.

And there, just as he had halfway expected, he found a picture. It was of Nightshade's perfect ass, propped up from her bending over a sink. The view was low, so he could see the pipes under the sink past her thighs and calves. Her thighs were pressed together, forcing thick streams of white cum from her pussy to drip down her dark thighs. It was clear that, even after he had cum harder than he ever had before in his life...

Buck had cum more.

CHAPTER 5

"If you're reading this and wondering, 'How could he stand it?' Well, I'll be honest. I stood it because I loved her. That's all you really need to remember in times like this. But it got harder and harder as things got more intense. Yes. More intense."

Night showered Pat with kisses as he sat down at the table, his belly rumbling. Her muzzle bumped against his nose, his cheek and lips, making Pat want to blink a few times. His tongue met hers and they kissed and kissed. And kissed. Then Night broke away, gasping quietly. She closed her eyes, leaning her forehead against his for a moment. Pat, not wanting to question a good thing, enjoyed her closeness. And this was after she had offered to cook, which was rare.

Though, fortunately, she was getting... better at it. Kind of.

It had been four days since the first date and Pat was not entirely sure what to make of the new normal. Buck had relented on the 'no touchy' rules, and Night and Pat had returned to their normal life. Which was ball-emptying sex followed by their day jobs, talking about their day jobs, relaxation time with movies, games and reading, and joking about the kinks they hadn't touched yet, like anal and... well, actually, anal, now that he thought about where Night's strap on would have to go.

The fact it wasn't weird was what was weirding Pat out.

Night had gone and fucked the uber-version of him, come home spent and happy as a clam, and they had cuddled, and then she had woken him up with a blowjob. Normal stuff.

But...

But shouldn't something have changed? Pat felt that gnawing worry in the pit of his stomach even as he watched Night come back with the food she had prepared. She set it down with a flourish, grinning at him.

"See? You can teach an old jackal new tricks," she said, playfully. Pat licked his lips - the seasoned, steamed carrots smelled divine. He picked one up with his fingers, hissing as he tossed it from palm to palm before popping it into his mouth, freshly hot. Nightshade put her hand over her muzzle, sighing loudly as she flicked her ears back. "Pat. We use silverware at the table."

Pat grinned at her. "It smelled too good to wait!"

She sat down across from him and started to tuck into her meal. As she did so, she told him some stories of her day at the Safari. She told him about the other dancers, including her continuing rivalry with the insurgent star performer, Diamond. She was a zebra, and was dating Pat's sister. She and Nightshade never got along. Night's eyes glowed brightly as she said: "And then I slid in after she fell on her stupid striped *bum*. I took over the whole routine while she was being checked over."

"Oh gosh," Pat said. "Is she o-"

Nightshade scowled at him.

"...out for... long?" Pat asked. "Cause if she is, that's good, cause you can continue to be better than... her."

Nightshade smirked. "Nice save. But no, she didn't actually get hurt. Unfortunately." She looked down at her plate and her voice became soft. "I, uh, also got a package today."

"Oh?" Pat asked, sipping from his cup of lemonade. He wanted soda, but he had noticed a few extra pounds when he had gotten onto the scale. As he had said to Nightshade at the time, the only thing he wanted to over-indulge in was her pussy, which had gotten her to leap out of the shower with the shower head in hand and the water set to maximum cold.

Nightshade held up her left hand. A golden ring with the eye of Ra on it glittered on her index finger. The symbol was tastefully done and not ostentatious. She bit her lip slightly. "Buck said he was looking for a cock ring for you, and wanted to see if it'd fit..." she whispered. "Then when he saw how good it looked on me, he said I could keep it."

Pat flushed. Then, quietly, he whispered, his voice husky. "W-Well, ah... I'd rather it stay there."

Nightshade smiled at him, then tucked back into her meal. She chewed for a bit more. "Nothing to say beyond that?"

Pat tensed. His tail froze and his throat dried. He picked up a cup, starting to sip from it - the water feeling less like a relief and more like him desperately trying to find a way to squirm out of having to respond to Night's statement of fact. Even here, even at their table, Buck could reach in and smack Pat across the face with his dick. Pat's eyes flicked to the ring as Night's thumb caressed along the golden edge. Her eyes glittered with a pleased cruelty as she murmured. "I'm kind of curious if it *would* fit."

Pat stammered. "I-I-"

"Mmm, I *did* cook. I should get a show..." Night crooned. She crooked her finger. "Up. Up. On those hooves, giraffe boy."

Pat sat there, frozen.

"Stand up," Night purred. "Or else I'll tell Buck you aren't following his orders." Her eyes glittered and Pat knew that Night could have - and would have - used her own presence to get him on his feet. But she knew that using Buck's name to goad him to stand was infinitely more delicious. Pat stood, feeling dizzy, his cock straining against his pants hard enough to hurt. He walked slowly around the table and Night caressed his pants, her hand soft, her eyes predatory. "Look at this *little* guy." She paused. "Do you know how long it took for Buck to *fit* in me?"

Pat shook his head.

"Five. Thrusts." She grinned. "Not gentle ones. Not 'oh, are you sure I'm not hurting you' thrusts." She cooed that last bit. Cooed it like she was talking to a baby. Pat squirmed. "No, he fucked me like a man. Hard. And fast. And he was so thick it was a fucking *struggle*." Her paw pressed to Pat's crotch and she tugged his pants down with a quick, efficient jerk of her fingers. Pat stood there, half naked and his food cooling, a good little cuck as Night breathed in his musk, her nose soft and wet against the base of his six inches of hard cock. She laughed, low and haughty, then drew her nose back. She held up her hand, as if comparing ring to dick.

"It'd fall right off," she said, sneering.

Pat knew it was utterly goddamn ridiculous. It was a tiny, screaming part of him that was trying to grab the reins back. It was that tiny part of him that had briefly interrupted Night's roleplay fantasy, where after she suggested a stranger at a party would fuck her, Pat suggested in insecure bravado he'd punch the guy in the face, much to her chagrin. But Night and Buck had their hooks in him

now. He didn't open his mouth. He didn't even breathe. Night casually held his dick, pumping him - but with a bored, disappointed attitude.

She sighed as her paw worked him up and down, looking down at her meal. "It is lacking salt. That, at least, is something you're good for." She shook her head. "Salting meals. Cooking for me." She smirked. "Buck would never let me cook for him, you know?"

Pat whimpered, his balls twitching as Night angled his cock down slightly towards her meat. Pat's mind reeled. She couldn't possibly. Not. That. Right? Night's teeth flashed as she smirked up at him, those rich green eyes of hers flashing. "Buck has *servants* for that."

Pat shuddered and felt his climax strike him with enough force to almost bring him to his knees. He had to grab onto the edge of the table, which creaked alarmingly as his balls clenched and thick, hot cum spurted from the tip of his dick. With the casual expertise of a professional, Night aimed him and laid thick dollops of seed onto her meat, which glistened faintly with the warm, salty liquid. She licked her muzzle happily, letting go of his cock. She let Pat collapse to his knees as she sank her fork into the steak. She chewed happily, swallowed, then hummed quietly.

"I think Buck's would be better seasoning," she said, quietly. "But then again, he's more of a main course."

Pat gulped.

Night looked down at him. She waited, as if she expected him to speak. But Pat couldn't think of a single thing to say. He had cum harder, but not much harder, and the pang of humiliation mixed delightfully with the sheer joy in Night's eyes as she chewed on the steak she was eating. She licked her fork clean of some of his cum, then set it down. She had cleaned off the plate, and Pat's food had gone cold. At the moment, he was only hungry for one thing. But when he leaned forward, Night put her finger on his face, grinning quietly.

"Do you *really* think you'll eat me out better than Buck?" she asked.

"N-No..." Pat whispered, his voice husky.

Night sighed quietly, then shook her head. "What ever am I going to *do* with you, my limp-dicked little boyfriend?" She grinned. "I could get the strap-on..." But at the look on his face, she chortled. "No. You'd like that too much, I think." Her eyes glittered. "Do you think you can try and fuck me a tenth as hard as Buck can?"

Pat's cock, which had hung half-hard between his legs, sprang to full attention. There were some advantages to being in his early twenties. He leapt to his feet - but Night put her finger on his nose and shoved him back down with sheer force of personality. She stood, her eyes haughty, and looked down at him.

"First." She said. "Clean."

Pat looked at the dishes, then groaned quietly.

Later that evening, Night was on her hands and knees, her head resting against the backboard of their bed. Pat's hands clenched on her hips and he slammed into her as hard and fast as he could. He almost worried about causing bruises, but Night growled with every thrust, grunting and gasping and whimpering quietly, her sex clenching on his shaft. She felt as tight and as eager as ever, and he felt her shuddering climax before his own slammed into him. Her voice was pitched low and vicious, a growl that made her words barely understandable. But Pat was good at grasping her when she got ferocious, and that just made it all the harder to keep himself from cumming right then and there.

"Come on, you call that a dick, bitch?" She snarled, her claws digging into backboard, drawing thin lines of white. "Fuck me. No, *actually* fuck me!" She grunted as his balls slapped her clit for the third time in the space of a sentence, the loud slapping of their hips meeting almost giving lie to her words. "Ah! Ah!" She gasped. "You love that, huh?"

"S-Shut up," Pat groaned, almost under his breath.

"Fuck you, you love it," Night said, managing to speak through the laughter and the moans of pleasure that burst from her mouth. Her tail writhed against Pat's chest as she bucked her hips back hard, the whole bed creaking. "You *love* that a better man was fucking me. That I was *begging* for him. The only thing I want from you is a cock, and you *barely* give that to me."

Pat shuddered. He couldn't help himself. His hands squeezed Night's hips as hard as possible and she hissed with pleasure as his balls clenched and he spent himself inside her. Seed spurted into her sex, filling her womb. It dripped past Pat's cock, slipping along his balls, puddling on the bed underneath him. He panted heavily, almost collapsing into Nightshade as she sprawled underneath him, twitching. She had cum, and cum hard. Quietly, she breathed out.

"Oh *Buck* ..."

Pat felt another twitching, shuddering wave of pleasure pulse through his body. It wasn't enough to set off another spurt of cum, but it was enough to make him groan in the base of his throat. His cock softened only slowly as Night panted underneath him. She let herself lay down on the bed, her breasts pressing against the sheets. Her head rested against her arms and she closed her eyes, moaning happily. She seemed even happier when Pat slid to the side and laid beside her. Pat hesitated - but the stream of insults and humiliation had faded. He reached out tentatively, then slid his arms around her. He drew her close for a cuddle and Night let him. Their bodies pressed together in so many places - and despite several of them being the elbow and the small of the back - every contact point felt like an erogenous zone to Pat. He nuzzled her hair and Night whispered.

"He's bigger. He's better. And I'm fucking him again as soon as he lets me..."

Pat breathed in quietly and laid there while Night nuzzled his neck as she fell asleep. Her words rang in his ears - and his cock was hard as a rock again. He knew that even trying to jerk off again would be pushing his body past its endurance. But the desire kept him awake long into the night, thinking... thinking...

It was all just a game. Night loved him. She knew this got him off.

Did she?

Well, of course she did. She used to be a dominatrix. She knew how these things work. And most of all, she knew him. She loved him.

How?

She was wearing another man's ring, after all.

Pat couldn't stop thinking of that - of how it made him feel. The faint buzz of the ceiling fan provided a soft white noise. He eventually did fall asleep. But sleeping didn't help. He tumbled into a dream where the world was larger and scarier than it had ever been, and the upper torso of an impossibly large, antlered creature hovered in the sky above him. Pat shrank smaller and smaller in the dream as a booming voice filled his ears.

Sick. Pervert. I can't believe you. You're into this? You pathetic little shit. If she leaves you, it's your own fucking fault.

Pat sat up, gasping, his eyes wide. Night mumbled under her breath, looking around, sitting up as well. The sun hadn't even started peeking through the

window, but Night had rolled in her sleep to sprawl against Pat. She now nuzzled against him, sleepy and confused.

"Whazwrong?" she mumbled.

Pat, his heart racing a mile a minute, stammered.

"Nothing. N-Nothing at all."

They laid back down and Night snuggled him and fell back asleep. Pat lay there and watched as the light grew brighter and brighter. When Night woke again, she still laid beside him, nuzzling his chest gently. Silence remained hanging in the air, broken only by the distant city sounds and the buzz of their fan.

"You okay, Pat?" Night asked.

"Yeah," he said, softly.

She grunted, pushing herself so that her breasts mashed against his belly and her arms sprawled across his shoulders. Her golden eyes met his in the early morning darkness and she flicked her ears back ever so slightly.

"Don't lie to me, Patrick," she said.

Pat gulped, then grinned. "Being cucked is... intense."

Night nodded.

"But I don't want to give it up. I... I really like it," Pat said - and he wasn't lying. He had never cum that hard before. But that screaming voice remained. He squashed it down.

"Well, tell me if it ever gets to be *too* much," Nightshade said. She ducked her head forward, nosing at his nipple gently. "There are some people who abuse safe words. They ignore them. Pretend to not hear them. They keep playing the scene when the other person doesn't." She shook her head. "Those *fuckers* ..." Her growl was accompanied by her claws digging into the sheets. "They don't deserve to hold a *crop* ." She looked up at Pat, her eyes shining with anger - anger that softened to concern. "Whatever happens, don't let me become one of those, Pat."

Pat put his hand on hers. "I never will," he said. "I..." he tried to find the words for it. But he worked better with pencil and paper, with keyboard and word processor. So, instead, he finished: "I like it. Honestly, I do."

Night nodded. "I trust you." She laid her head down on his chest. "I trust you enough to get me out of bed on time," she murmured, nuzzling against him. Then, quietly, she started to softly snore. Pat looked at the clock and watched the time click forward second by second, minute by minute. He was fine with it taking as long as it needed. But, eventually, the sun rose and Night had to get out of bed. As she showered, Pat brushed his teeth, and then went to make breakfast. Once they had eaten, Night kissed Pat's cheek, slapped his butt, and was off.

Pat spent the next few hours wiling away at his computer. His work pattern was fairly simple: Write a few words, check Twitter, write a few more words, watch Youtube videos, write a few more words, check Twitter again. In the background, he had put on some music. The playlist ground through his songs and Nightshade's songs with equal abandon, cycling into and out of the 70s and 80s and 90s and 'oughts. Pat grinned to himself as he thought: *They ought-ah come up with a better name than that!*

His mind filled with an image of Nightshade putting her hand over her face and sighing. But she would be hiding amusement when she did it.

Would she? that quiet, screaming voice was back. *Would she when she has Buck?*

Pat scowled. "Shut up," he said, then typed a few more words. But that fear wouldn't go away, no matter how much Pat tried to get it out of his head. Then his phone buzzed. Nightshade was calling. Pat picked up the phone, casually tossed it to his other hand, then put it to his ear, grinning. "Suuuuuup!"

"Hey Patty-Cakes," she said, her voice wry. "Did you toss your phone around like a total dork?"

"Maaaybe," Pat admitted.

Night chuckled. "So, I got a call from Buck." She paused. "He wants me to visit him at his office once I'm done at the Safari."

Pat's face tingled. "Sounds good," he said, his voice brightening. He would not ruin this for Night. Mostly because she obviously loved it. His cock had surged immediately from soft to iron hard at the thought of how Buck had to have called her. He could practically hear the tones of that fucking deer. So cocky. So assured. And now Night was already thinking of him, he could tell. His tongue darted out, licking his lips. "Should I expect you?"

"He, um, he said it wouldn't take long," Night said, her voice husky. "I... thanks. For finding him, Pat."

Pat felt that tiny, screaming voice fade into the background. He smiled and leaned on his elbows. "Hey, I'm a serious journalist. I do investigations. I find stuff. That's my *jobbo*."

"Jobbo is never going to be a thing, Pat," Night said, her amusement coming through despite a sudden burst of wind noise. She had to be walking outside. Pat grinned broadly.

"It will one day. Jobbo *will* be slang, it will-"

Nightshade hung up. Pat leaned back and smiled at the ceiling. His hand dipped down and caressed his crotch for a moment, his cock slowly subsiding. He shook his head and went back to typing. The words flew off the keyboard, filling up the page. Soon, he had the third quarter of the interview typed up. He referred to some of his shorthands, and started to wonder about going into some of the tangents that Ezra had brought up. He paused, his finger resting near the shorthand about the giant space mirror that would help cool the planet.

Ezra. Buck.

The same person. Right?

Not... really. Pat couldn't imagine Buck ever talking about using a giant mirror to reflect sunlight and cool the Earth. But he also couldn't imagine Ezra snapping a shot of his own dick and rubbing it in his face.

"There's a story there..." Pat murmured to himself. He tapped his pencil against his paper, looking off into space, then started to scribble down titles. *What the Cuck?* he wrote. No. Too crude. His eraser squeaked as he rubbed it away, and he brushed off the shavings. He tapped the eraser against the paper again and again. He spun his chair around and looked at the room as it swirled around and around him, then stopped. His eyes came to rest on the door back to the bedroom and - thinking of Buck and Nightshade - he stood and walked back there.

There was the drawer full of her panties. There was the closet full of her dresses. And there was the place she kept the jewelry she wasn't wearing at the moment. Pat rubbed his chin as he turned, walking away, then walking back. He grabbed and opened a drawer with a quick jerk. There was the *Stomach Pounder*, the immense dildo/strap-on combo that Nightshade loved to threaten his virgin ass with. Next to it, he saw one of her riding crops. He picked it up, brushing it through the air.

I use this, Nightshade had said. *To fuck the system.*

Pat stuck his tongue out of the corner of his mouth, remembering the conversation. He hadn't known that Nightshade was a dominatrix at first - but she had taught him quickly. Not just that she had been. But why. He smiled slightly.

"Fuck the system," he said, echoing her. Then slowly, his eyes widened. He charged back to his seat and sat down, cracking his knuckles, and pounded out a five hundred word introduction in a blur. As he finished up the last line, he glanced up and noticed that the time had gone from early afternoon to late. His brow furrowed and he picked up the phone to check and make sure he hadn't gotten any calls. He hadn't. Pat chewed his lower lips. Disturbing Nightshade wasn't a good idea...

But his whole body tingled, from the tips of his ossicones to the tips of his hooves, at the idea of calling her and having Buck pick up. He tapped through his contacts, but Night's phone dumped him straight to voice mail. It was off. His thumb hovered over Buck's number and he pressed it down a moment later. The massive dick filled the screen's interface as it started to ring and Pat quivered with exquisite discomfort as he put it to his ear.

"Yeah, what's up limp dick?" Buck asked, his voice slightly tight.

"Just, um, wondering when N-Night was getting home," Pat said, his voice already softer than he expected.

"Once she's done blowing me," Buck said. "She's been going to *town* on me, since she's so starved for real meat." He chuckled. "She told me that you tried fucking her yesterday and it was like getting finger banged. Apparently, she had to imagine I was there to even get off."

Pat gulped.

"Hey, you know what?" Buck laughed. "Get your pussy ass over here. I want you to watch."

"W-Watch?" Pat whimpered.

"Watch me cum on your girl's face," Buck purred.

And without a second thought, Pat was on his feet and out the door - the computer screen going black behind him, the file saved and backed up automatically. Pat was a writer. He knew to never leave that kind of thing to his own habit.

CHAPTER 6

"That's the thing about exploring. It always leads you to unexpected places. Not always pleasant ones. But, if you're lucky, you can find paradise."

"You want to talk to Mr. Maes?"

The girl sitting behind the desk set off tiny bells in Pat's head - bells he wanted to ignore. He didn't want to sit here and wonder why she looked so freaking familiar. He just wanted to rush up the stairs, get to Buck's office, and get his nose rubbed in about what a little cuck he was. The excitement of actually getting to watch was too much to bear. But Pat forced himself to deal as the girl behind the desk looked at her computer. She was an utterly adorable doe, shorter than Nightshade, with a faux hawk of bleached blond hair and a pair of glasses that came to tiny points. Hoop earrings hung from her ears, and-

"Wait, I know you!" Pat blurted out.

"What?" The girl looked at him.

"You were at the golf club!" he said. "What are you doing here?"

"Oh, I'm Ez...I'm Mr. Maes' secretary," she said, nodding. "My name is Lily, and that was his golf club."

Pat blinked. "He *owned* that golf club?"

"He, uh, bought it, yes," Lily said, nodding pertly. "Mr. Maes told me that he wasn't to be disturbed. He has a very important video call today with Mr. Moench. He's from NASA ." Her eyes shone with a familiar light. Pat recognized it. It was the exact same expression he wore when he thought about Ezra Maes' work. Before Ezra had become Buck, and dominated his life, that is. Pat gulped.

"Well, he told me to come right over," he said, knowing he sounded pitiful.

Lily sighed. "Well, we can at least check on him." She stood up, brushing her hand along her sky blue shirt. She turned and walked out from behind the desk, picking up a tablet computer and holding it to her chest. "Come along." She

turned and started for the stairs that led to the next level. Pat walked with her, his stomach roiling. He was so nervous and so excited that he barely noticed the fetching tightness of Lily's ass, or the way her teardrop-shaped tail flicked from side to side. Pat slowed down for a moment when he realized that his shoe was untied.

He knelt down, looking up to make sure Lily wasn't getting annoyed with him.

She hadn't noticed he had knelt. That was why she had taken another two steps, and why Pat could see right under her skirt to behold the soft, light brown fold of her sex, surrounded with pale white fur. Pat's mouth opened in shock and his tongue almost hit the stairs, before he surged to his feet and tried to not show anything on his face. Fortunately, Lily didn't look back until she came to the second level, where she gestured Pat forward.

"Mr. Maes' office is right here," she said, cheerily. "Let me just knock."

She knocked on the door and it swung open – clearly not latched.

Ezra Maes wasn't in.

Buck was.

Buck, the arrogant motherfucker, was sprawled in a comfortable office chair, his fingers laced behind his neck. His shirt was unbuttoned but still hung from his shoulders, showing his pale belly and dark shoulders. His muscles were firm enough that one could trace them with a tongue, and his pants were down around his ankles. And there, underneath his desk, was Nightshade. She was mostly dressed, as if she hadn't had time to get naked. She had wanted this so badly she had gotten on her knees. Her muzzle closed around the massive thickness of Buck's cock, his member half in her throat, half out in the open - but all of it glistened with her spittle. Her tongue lolled out of her mouth, sliding along the underside of his dick. Her straight bangs hung low over her eyes.

But even under a desk, and even with those bangs, Pat could see the wanton submissiveness in those eyes. When Night sucked him off, it was with a kind of arrogant assurance. She knew that she had her teeth near his most precious body part, and was utterly in control. But right now, her every thought was for bringing Buck pleasure. Pat breathed in raggedly, while Lily stood beside him, her ears perked up in shock, her mouth wide.

"Well?" Buck asserted. "Get in and shut the door."

Pat stepped forward.

Lily reached for the door.

"You too," Buck purred.

Lily whimpered and stepped in, clasping the tablet to her chest, her cheeks dark red, shining through her fur. As she stood there, Night bobbed her head forward, then back, moving slowly, carefully. She was a pro at sucking cock, but it was clear that every bit of her skill was needed for this monster. And now that fact wasn't something Pat could avoid. He couldn't pretend that it was dirty talk and trick photography. Standing there, in the room, Pat couldn't escape from the fact that Buck was far bigger as he was. Twice as big, twice as thick. It was breathtaking. Pat hadn't realized how intense it would be, standing here, looking at the two of them. His cock strained against his pants as Buck smirked slowly, his hand cupping the back of Night's head, rumpling her perfect hairdo.

"So, pencil dick," Buck said, his voice casual, as if he actually was in a video call. "Lily here has wanted my cock ever since she met me. Right, Lily?"

Lily's head bobbed like she was a bobble head, the reaction utterly instinctive. But to be fair, Pat figured that if Buck said anything to him in that tone of voice, he'd nod. Hell, he knew that he would, because, well... His eyes settled on Night. She was struggling slightly, her muzzle opening wider. There was a tiny choking noise coming from her, a faint gag as she pushed forward. But what was remarkable, and alarming, was the look in her eyes. Gone was the sharp focus. Gone was the intent, predatory angle that she always wore with Pat. Instead, her eyes had softened and hazed. She looked cock-drunk and utterly submissive, her tongue lolling along the underside of Buck's dick. Her nose flared as she breathed through it, and quiet whimpers sounded from her as Buck caressed the back of her head.

And he didn't.

Even.

Look at her.

His eyes were settled on Pat's, and he spoke about other people. He was getting his cock sucked by a goddess, and he was treating her like a bitch - and she was liking it more than Pat hammering away at her as hard as he could.

"Lily still goes knickers-free. She hopes that I might bend her over one day and try again," Buck said, smirking. "But, heh, tell him what happened when I tried to actually fuck you?"

Lily blushed and giggled, holding up her tablet to cover her face, as if it would hide her embarrassment. Her voice was soft, coy. "I-It wouldn't fit."

Pat's eyes flicked from Lily to Nightshade. He could see it. Nightshade was bigger. Curvier. And she had worked her way up from, well, people like him to people like Buck. He could see through the underside of the desk as Night's paw cupped her own sex, rumpling her skirt. The slick sounds of her fingers burying themselves in her own pussy only added to the music of sex.

"So, I'm thinking..." Buck purred, brushing one hand along his antler, as if he could get it to be smoother and more elegant by touching it. "You fuck Lily. Your dick is small enough." He shrugged one shoulder. "And Lily can spend the whole time imagining it's me."

Lily squeaked. Pat stammered.

"I can't!" he managed to get the words out after more than a few attempts.

"Did that sound like a request?" Buck asked, his voice serious.

Pat shook his head, mutely. But then he tried to speak again.

"Listen," Buck said, his hand grabbing onto Night's hair, squeezing tightly, then pulling her towards him. His cock slurped further into her throat, making her eyes roll backwards. Pat could only see her whites. She trembled as she came. Pat wasn't sure if it was the effortless domination, or the feeling of a real cock in her throat. He just knew that his resistance was crumbling watching her as Buck continued to speak. "I own your girlfriend right now. She wouldn't complain if I kicked you down the street and sent you home with your tail between your legs." He chuckled. "But right now, you can fulfill my employee's fantasy. I can use that pathetic little prick of yours to some end. And you can, for *once* in your pathetic life, taste some strange." He grinned slowly. "Don't make me kick your ass out of here, bitch."

Lily's hands shook as she set her tablet down. She didn't look at Pat - she couldn't tear her eyes from Buck - but her fingers were deft enough as they undid the buttons on her blouse. Pat felt like he was in a dream. There was no way this was real. But as he looked at Buck, he couldn't look away from those eyes either. Buck was smirking ever so slightly, his hand caressing one of Night's ears, stroking it in that way she loved. The very idea of saying no felt impossible. Pat's fingers went to the hem of his shirt. He hesitated again, then tugged it up, trying to act confident. Sexy.

Instead, his shirt snagged on his ossicones. Pat breathed into the fabric and felt a flush of utter embarrassment filling his body. His ears heightened the sensation of being blinded - he could hear the faint *glug* of Nightshade's muzzle as she bobbed her head up and down on Buck's dick. But mostly, he could hear Lily's soft voice. She was whispering: "Come on, come on!"

Pat spent a few moments tugging frantically, almost tearing the shirt. Finally, it sprang free and he blinked slowly as he saw that Lily was completely naked. The teardrop shape of her tail had lifted up, showing the soft, moist petals of her pale, white pussy lips. Her rump was round and tight. His eyes traveled slowly up along her back, looking at the pale brown fur that crested on her shoulders, at her cute, swept back ears. And then... at her face, at her muzzle and her pale eyes, both of them focused entirely on Buck.

Lily wasn't whispering for Pat.

She barely knew he was there. She looked from Buck to Nightshade, who had gotten her mouth down to the base of Buck's dick with a quiet slurp. Night was pulling her head back and forth, bobbing faster and faster. Buck panted softly, his nostrils flaring as he squeezed Night's ear to show her just how much he was liking this. But his eyes were on Lily's. He grinned slowly as Lily wiggled her butt from side to side - the faint jiggle in her cheeks as inviting as anything that Pat had ever seen. His nose flared and his worries about what Nightshade might think were fading by the moment.

After all, Buck had told him.

"You ready for me?" Buck asked, his voice pitched for Lily.

"Yes, oh yes," Lily whimpered, her thighs spreading ever so slightly.

Night bobbed her head up, down, up, down. Her fingers *schlicked* into her sex again and again. She was growing more and more eager, her eyes closing when she slipped forward, then opening to look up at Buck when she slid her mouth back to the tip of his dick. The look in her eyes was still soft and submissive. Pat, meanwhile, had gotten his feet tangled in his pants. He managed to kick off his shoes and then his pants before staggering forward, cock bobbing in the open air. The only thing that shocked him was that he wasn't wilting at the sight of Buck's member.

Buck chuckled and pushed Night's head back and away from his member, which rested against her nose for a moment. Night breathed in, inhaling his scent like a drug addict. Her body quivered as she moaned, reaching up and cupping

her breasts together. She was putting on a show for Buck, Pat realized. His cock ached as it grew even harder. Buck grinned down at her.

"You're addicted, huh?" he murmured.

"Oh yes..." Night purred.

"So, you don't mind if your boyfriend slips his tiny little pencil dick into someone else?" Buck asked.

"Can I keep sucking your cock?" Night asked, her voice desperate. "Please just... let me keep sucking that *amazing* cock."

Pat trembled, his hands grabbing onto Lily's hips. He couldn't stop himself. It wasn't even a dominant move, not really. He was holding her just to keep himself from collapsing to his knees, which quivered and shook as he heard Nightshade beg for more cock. Buck laughed, low and even.

"Well, since you said please," he said, casually. "I'll let you beg."

Night purred. Her soft, pink tongue darted out and she whispered hotly: "Please, let me fill my muzzle with your cock. I want to taste your cum. Fuck, I want to *live* on your cum. Let me suck you, let me be your little cock slut..." Her voice came in soft, eager pants and Buck laughed quietly. He looked at Pat, as if to say: *Look at what she does. What she's become.* With his eyes still locked on Pat's eyes, Buck's palm cupped the back of Night's head and pushed her forward. Her mouth opened wide and she sucked Buck right back into her mouth with a low, eager moan.

"Mmm," Buck growled, low in his throat. "Pencil dick. Put your pecker against my secretary."

Pat's cock pressed against the cleft of Lily's ass. The doe whimpered softly as Buck leaned forward. His hands grabbed onto Nightshade's ears like they were handlebars. His thumbs caressed her ear tips and Night trembled all over, her thighs spreading wide as she bucked her hips and her mouth in equal measures. She was now fingering herself with the wild abandon of a total whore.

Buck smirked. "Good. Now, Lily... you're thinking of me, huh?"

Lily nodded, desperately. "Yes! Fuck me Buck! Fuck me, please fuck me!"

"Well, bitch," Buck purred, addressing Pat. "Grind against her. Let her live out her fantasy."

Pat slipped his hips back, pressing the tip of his member against Lily's sex - following orders without a thought. She was radiating heat, and her dripping cunt soon made his member soon more than slick enough. As her juices dripped from his cock, he remained stiller than he had ever been in his life. Even his tail didn't move. He felt as if he was hanging between heart beats. For a brief moment, Pat wondered if she'd let him fuck her in the ass, since Nightshade never allowed it. But he pushed the thought from his mind. He wasn't in a position to decide anything, much less be opportunistic.

Buck purred. "Lily..."

The single word seemed to be enough for Lily to moan. "Please. Slide your big, fat dick into my tight, little pussy. Please, Buck, make me your *bitch*."

Pat still hesitated. He couldn't move. Not until Buck inclined his head - ever so slightly. Even with a girl writhing and begging for him, even with her juices literally slipping along his dick and dripping from his balls, Pat needed to see that tiny nod; that tiny indication that Buck wanted him to do it. That he, the pathetic little cuck in the room, could actually do something. With that nod, Pat drove himself forward as hard as he did while with Nightshade, with the same desperate energy. He hadn't been in another girl in ages. He would have thought, before hilding himself in Lily, that being balls deep in a girl other than Night would be...

Masculine. Powerful.

Look at me, he'd have said. *I'm Patrick, and I'm a player!*

That wasn't what it was like at all.

As his balls slammed the doe's hard, little clit, her mouth opened and she moaned, her voice as sweet as music. "Ohhh *Buuuuuuck!*"

Pat's balls clenched and he nearly came from the intoxicating wrongness of it. That was the nightmare of nearly every red-blooded man that he knew. But he embraced this nightmare, and he grew to love it as he drew his cock back and slammed into Lily again. She was tighter than Nightshade, but she was clearly enjoying the hard, rough fucking as she bucked her hips against his. Nightshade, meanwhile, was being dragged off Buck's cock by the ears, her mouth hanging open, her tongue lolling out. She panted like a bitch in heat, her eyes unfocused and hooded as she whimpered up at Buck.

"You want my cock in you, don't you bitch?" Buck purred.

" *Fuck me, Buck!*" Lily gasped, her fingernails digging into the varnished wood of the desk. "Fuck me! Fuck my slutty brains out!"

"Yesssss," Night breathed. "Make me yours, Buck..."

Buck grinned. "Not yet... now's not the time." He instead surged to his feet. Night whimpered, and then she gasped as Buck gripped his own cock in his hands. He started to pump his thick, massive member with slow, steady strokes. Night planted her paws on the ground, arching her back so that her chest thrust outward. Her amazing, plump breasts jiggled as she opened her mouth wide. Her entire posture said, as clear as day: *Do anything you want to me. Use me .*

Buck laughed. "Good bitch. Good little, slutty bitch. You need this, don't you?" His hand pumped and a single spurt of pre escaped from his cock. Night managed to catch it in her mouth as if it was choreographed. Pat watched the scene unfolding with wide eyes, his balls continuing to slap against Lily's clit with the familiar and intoxicating *pap pap pap* sound he had long associated with Nightshade when she was wild.

"Yes," Night whispered.

"What do you need, huh?" Buck asked, his voice tight.

"Your cum. Please, cum on me," Night moaned, softly.

"It's better than Pat's, isn't it?"

"Yesssss," Night hissed.

"You don't need his cum, do you?" Buck gasped out. He was barely holding back.

Pat felt himself driving faster and faster towards his own climax. Lily had already stopped moaning coherently. Instead, she was merely bucking back against him, her hips meeting his tempo. Her eyes were closed and she had turned her head, pressing her muzzle and cheek against the desk. Her body trembled as she came again and again, her cunt tightening around Pat's dick. Pat, though, was too good a cuck to cum. His body had been trained, and in that moment, his mind was yoked utterly to Buck as the muscular cervine jerked his dick at Nightshade.

Buck hadn't let him cum.

"No, no," Night spoke, her voice coming out in a tumbling gasp. "Every time I drink cum, anyone's cum, I'll be thinking of yours. Pleeese, just... *paint me.*"

" *Buck!*" Lily shuddered and came for the last in a string of climaxes, harder than the previous, as if she had hit a new level of pure pleasure. Her sex clenched on Pat's dick and Pat watched as Buck groaned quietly and loosed himself. Thick strands of hot, white cum splashed against Nightshade's breasts, soaking her fur. Some splashed her muzzle, but she caught it expertly, her tongue darting out to lick it all up. Nightshade didn't do facials, but she seemed to be content with the seed that painted along the side of her muzzle, dripping down to her breasts. More splashed her belly, her shoulders, and some even dribbled down her rapidly shifting forearm. Night, whose hand was still between her legs, moaned and came as well.

She panted softly as Buck remained poised over her. He grinned, and rather than falling limp, as anyone would in that situation, he remained standing. Erect and proud. He looked at Pat, smirking slightly.

"She's mine," he purred. "You can cum, if you think Lily will even notice."

Pat lost all control. He slammed into Lily like she was an animal, feeling himself utterly given over to Buck. It was like being possessed, and Lily did not help that feeling. Every thrust brought a new moan for Buck. Pat's hands went from her hips to her shoulders and he pinned her to the desk, the fierceness of their fucking knocking the screen down on the keyboard with a clatter all four of them ignored.

It was enough to send Pat over an edge he had been clinging to by the tips of his fingers. And the fall was as dark and deep and amazing as few others in his life. His balls surged and the same amount of spunk that had once taken twenty minutes of cleaning to get out of his keyboard splashed directly into Lily. Into another woman.

She shuddered from ears to hooves. Her tail twitched against Pat's belly as his cum filled her.

Quiet descended on the office, with only the faint *click* of the settling room. Buck slowly sat down in his chair, sighing softly as Nightshade started to lick the cum from her body, whining softly.

Then a loud call-incoming sound filled the office. Ezra - and it was Ezra right now, not Buck - sat up, slapping his half-hard dick against a very surprised Night's face. She yelped and jerked away as Ezra grabbed the screen, trying to right the monitor from where it had been knocked over.

"Bugger!" he said. "It's Mr. Moench!"

"What?" Pat managed to say that one word. It was weird how hard it was to articulate even that. But Ezra was busy helping Nighshade to her feet. She stood, her knees shaking visibly. Ezra rubbed her shoulder with a smile while he whispered something in her ear. She giggled softly, slapping at his chest - and a feeling that was most unwelcome and unsettling came over Pat. That wasn't Buck. That was Ezra being playful with his girlfriend. It was one thing for Buck to 'claim' Nighshade.

It...

It was another when-

"Out! Now! It's Mr. Moench from NASA!" Ezra said, pointing to the door, his voice startling Pat from his reverie.

Pat, Lily and Night managed to get out before the door was shut right in their faces in the blink of an eye. Pat opened his mouth, then looked down. His pants, shirt and shoes were still in the room, but safely out of view of the webcam. He could hear the sound of Ezra's voice - light, cheery, and only slightly out of breath.

"Douuug, how's it hanging? Still growing that mustache I see? So, I need to ask you about the Hohmann Transfers your team worked out for the Titan mission..."

Pat looked at Lily. Somehow, she had managed to get her clothes in her hands before she had been booted out of the room. She grinned at him, shyly. "S-So, my number is-"

"Not needed, lassie," Nighshade said, the Scottish tones of her upbringing filtering out more than usual. Her voice was light, cheerful and lethal all at the same time. Her hands cradled Pat's chest, her nails pressing lightly to his fur. She circled one of his nipples.

"Oh, uh, well-" Lily stammered. "Thanks for, uh... the orgasms?" She sounded like she wasn't quite sure if that was the right way to thank Pat. Pat smiled back shyly.

"I taught him *all* of that," Night said, her grin definitely malevolent. "Now, why don't you toddle off and get Patty-Cakes here a bathrobe or something?"

Lily paled, then turned and ran down the stairs, not even bothering to get dressed.

Pat felt extremely exposed. He coughed. "S-So, uh..." he looked back at Night. "Feeling possessive?"

"I don't have to," Night said, smirking slightly. She kissed Pat's cheek.

Pat tried to be comforted by that. But part of him - a growing part, dark and deep like the waters of the ocean - wasn't so sure how she meant it. She didn't have to be worried because she was confident in his affections?

Or was it because she didn't need only his anymore?

CHAPTER 7

" *Getting home was its own adventure, but lets just say that Londoners are jaded folk. They've seen odder things than a giraffe in a bathrobe. I didn't even think to ask for my clothes back. I was pretty sure Buck wouldn't have let me have them anyway.*"

Pat laid back into the sofa with Night sprawled across his chest in the least dignified way imaginable. Her head lolled to the side, her thigh pressed to his crotch, her breasts to his chest. She let one arm dangle and another was propped up near Pat's head, her finger tracing a slow, steady line around one of his ears. Pat felt completely and utterly drained. He could barely get his hand to pat the back of Night's head.

"That was nice," he mumbled.

"Mmhmm," Night said, her voice soft.

"I can't believe..." Pat said, letting his head rest back against the armrest of the sofa. "That you sucked Ezra, er, Buck off for, um, what?" He paused, thinking of the time he spent working, trying to match it up against Nightshade's shifts at the Safari, and when she'd had to have arrived at Ezra's office, then combined the amount of time that he had spent waiting before calling them. "Two hours?"

Night giggled. "Pat, I'm good. But I'm not a *goddess*-"

"Who said these filthy lies?" Pat asked, faux-outraged, managing to actually sit up for a few seconds before he lounged back against the sofa again.

Night nipped at his belly with her teeth. Once he had settled, she continued. "I'm not *magical*. There." She grinned and Pat made a hand-waving gesture, as if he wasn't entirely sure if that was the case. Night stuck her tongue out at him. "I can't suck anyone off for two hours, because I *didn't* suck him off for two hours. Those two hours were spent with him teasing me, finger fucking me, talking dirty, showing off his status and his muscles..." She sighed. "I could nuzzle his tummy for *hours*."

Pat blinked. "H-Hours, huh?"

"Pat, you dork," Night said, her voice rich with amusement. "I saw you admiring those muscles of his."

Pat felt a flush covering his face from his ossicones to his nose tip. He coughed and stammered. "A-Admired is not exactly the right word, I think." He was trying to sound confident and breezy. Instead, he was pretty sure that a lot of his fear slipped into his words. That fear triggered the 'hunt, stalk, pounce' instinct in Night. He could see it, glinting in her emerald eyes.

"Patty-Cakes, Patty-Cakes, Patty-Cakes," Night purred, airily. "Everything about Buck intimidates you. That's what I *like* about it." She grinned. "About him. About you. My sweet little giraffe." She stuck her nose against the base of the bathrobe he got from Lily, pushing it aside ever so slightly, revealing his own belly muscles. Her nose pressed against him and she sighed and breathed in. Then she sighed again - a soft puff of faint... disappointment? Pat didn't know if he was projecting or if she was thinking about Buck right then and there. Nightshade grinned and continued. "You're getting kind of hard just thinking about him, aren't you?"

Pat blushed furiously. "N-No, I..." He trailed off at Night's look.

Her ears flicked, and her mischievous grin widened. "So tell me instead... what was it like fucking another woman?"

Pat gulped. His exhausted body became suddenly rigid like steel, and a cold shiver began to spread through him. Night laughed. "It's not a 'gotcha' question, Pat. You can be honest."

"W-Well, I wasn't sure if it would be okay. But Buck insisted."

"I know he did," Night said, her tone slightly impatient. "But what did you think of *her*?"

Pat swallowed. What did he think? He hadn't expected to be fucking another woman when he agreed to all of this. Not that he disliked it, but it was odd for him, like a betrayal of sorts, though Night could have used the safe word if she wanted to stop it. If she could have pulled her mouth off Buck's cock long enough, that is.

"I don't really know. It was weird. I enjoyed it, but I felt... out of my element?" Pat finally said after a pause.

Night's green eyes flickered. Her intense gaze studied Pat, her eyes moving from his mouth to his ears, to his eyes. Finally she smiled warmly. "Thought so," she said, and then laid her head down against his chest, her eyes closing as she settled in for a long and comfortable sprawl. Pat glanced down at the glint of Buck's golden ring adorning her finger. A feeling swelled through him but he pushed it away as he relaxed with her.

"And then I immediately found an excuse to slip off, find the shower, and jerk myself raw . I swear that if I hadn't used lube, my poor cock would have been red by this point. That melange of insecurity, happiness and fear was intoxicating. But my inner demons hadn't gone silent. If I had thought they had at the time, it was only because they were trying to lull me into a false sense of security. A sense of security that only lasted until the gym. Oh... the gym."

Pat was on the treadmill, a week and a half after the office. That was how he would always think about it - as the office. Every other office would be compared to that sex-scented, hazy, dreamlike time inside of Ezra's keep. Buck filling Night's throat. Lily's sex tight around his own dick, Buck's voice wrung from her throat. Pat forced his brain away from the office, as he was wearing tight shorts for working out. The last thing he wanted to do was try jogging on the treadmill, next to an older-looking rhino who could notice him popping a stiffy.

The rhino was running about half as fast as him and was a curious mixture of age, muscle and fat. He also had stuck earbuds into his tiny ears and turned on what sounded like classical music from the few strains of strings and trumpets that came to Pat's ears. Since he wasn't interested in talking - and thus distracting Pat from his imagination - Pat looked around the rest of the gym. A few of the other treadmills to his left were unused. But then, at the edge of the room, was a lioness whose ass and tail were having exactly the wrong impact on Pat's brain if he wanted to cool down. Pat swung his head back, thinking maybe he could at least talk to the rhino. But he was already off, heading back to the locker room.

And so, he looked straight forward, clenched his jaw, and tried to watch the people walking by the front windows at the far end of the Muscle Bros Heavy Lifting Gym for Cool Guys, as Pat jokingly referred to it.

It was open to all comers and was cheaper than the 24-hour gym that was slightly closer to the flat. Since he was coming to the gym to maintain his physique, Pat didn't mind the extra walk. Nightshade herself loved the gym, mostly because she loved showing up men who thought they could hit on her. Pat looked over and saw that a husky who clearly skipped leg days was flexing in a none-too-subtle way before her as he lifted up a pair of dumbbells.

Night was on an incline bench press, spreading herself wide, her breasts filling her workout clothes in the most fetching way imaginable. She simply smirked at the husky. Pat grinned - then started as a familiar, burly-looking deer walked up behind the husky and slid an arm around his shoulder. The husky froze, then stepped away, practically running as Night looked at Buck with clear admiration.

And that was the moment.

The moment where Pat's screaming voice - that tiny, whispering voice that his lust and kink had gagged and bound and tossed down a flight of stairs from the moment they decided on a safe word - came back. And it came back with a vengeance, bursting up the flight of stairs that was his spine and grabbing his ossicones, yanking them hard and shrieking.

That should be you!

And Pat realized it was right.

But before Pat could get his head back on straight, Buck had already moved behind Night to seemingly spot her. The two talked and laughed. Was it Buck? Maybe it was Ezra? It was hard to tell at a distance without hearing his tone of voice. And that confusion only made the screaming voice get louder and more insistent. Buck was a character. Ezra was the man. The bigger, richer, smarter man. The man planning to colonize the solar system. The man who could buy Nightshade a gold ring with his pocket change. The man she thought of every time Pat fucked her.

The man whose name she moaned in bed when he thrust into her.

Pat slapped down on the cancel track button and the treadmill started to slow. He puffed and panted and hopped off, then walked over.

"So, I thought I had carried it off fine, when suddenly, Doug says: Ezzy, where's your trousers?" Ezra was saying jovially as Pat walked over.

"Hey," Pat said, his voice low.

The two of them looked up at him. Night looked quizzical, flicking her ears in an almost questioning way. Ezra looked faintly uncertain - but then Pat pointed at him.

"She's *my* girlfriend," he said, his voice tight.

The screaming voice was mumbling something. Pat couldn't hear it over the thundering sound of his own heart, the quickness of his breath. It wasn't all from running, not even close. Ezra cocked his head. And slowly, like Dr. Jekyll becoming Mr. Hyde, Buck settled onto Ezra's features. His hands went to Nightshade's shoulders, and he smirked.

"I don't know," he said. "I seem to be doing all the boyfriend work. You even fuck her this past week?"

Pat had. He knew he had. He opened his mouth to say he had, but Buck cut him off.

"With a real dick? Without her moaning *my* name" Buck's voice was chocolate laced with razor blades. Pat squirmed and felt his cock hardening despite himself. The screaming voice tried to say something, but Buck was already helping Night to her feet. He jerked his head. "Come on."

And like a meek little cuck, Pat followed.

The doors to the locker room opened to reveal two older gentlemen looking over at them. One of them was the rhino that Pat had been jogging beside. The other was an otter with gray in his fur and whiskers. The two were really polar opposites. The rhino big and chunky, the otter sleek and lithe, but both wore their age on their sleeve, easily twenty years older than Buck. Despite that, Buck sent them a look that made the two of them shut up and go back to their conversation. Soon, the trio arrived in the shower stalls near the back of the room. Pat was set at the door, stopped and rooted in place by a single glance from Buck. As Pat stood there, Buck grinned and nodded.

"You can keep watch. It's all your bitch ass is good for."

Night shivered excitedly, her ears alert. Buck grabbed the hem of her shirt and tugged it up over her head. She moaned as her shirt hit the ground and Buck's hands grasped her sports bra before discarding it as easily as her shirt. Her ample breasts briefly swayed in the free air before Buck's hands cupped them. His fingers were merciless, pinching and tweaking and twisting. Night only hissed softly; she didn't mind the hurt, it seemed. Her knees quivered and she let loose with a low keen.

Buck grinned. "Get her knickers in her mouth, bitch," he said.

Pat stepped forward. He knelt behind Nightshade and removed her shoes and socks, setting them aside. He shakily reached up and tugged her tight workout pants down. Her delicious, heart shaped rear jiggled as he took a hold of her functional, simple panties and pulled them down. Her feet lifted off the ground and set back down with soft clicks of toenails on tiles, and she gasped again as Buck leaned forward and took a dark nipple in his mouth. He sucked, slurped, then drew back with a smack of his chops. Night opened her mouth to moan loudly. She couldn't help herself.

Meek and gentle, Pat balled up her panties and jammed them in her mouth. She gurgled happily, softly, her mouth closing tightly around the fabric. Buck then pushed Pat backwards, hard enough that he almost fell on his spotted ass. He stood in the doorway, his cock aching, his heart hammering. He looked over his shoulder once, twice, three times. Each time, he didn't see anyone coming. Each time, he looked back and saw the love of his life moving closer and closer to fucking around on him again.

But this time, he didn't want it.

He...

Oh...

His eyes softened as he watched that massive cock slap between her ass cheeks. Buck smirked and then ground the tip of his cock against Night's asshole. Night had never done anal with Pat, ever, despite his frequent requests. She had always said she didn't enjoy it.

Pat's heart froze as Night whimpered happily, pushing and grinding her asshole against Buck's cock head. But Buck clicked his tongue and whispered quietly. "Nah... didn't bring lube." Night's mouth swung open and her panties fell partially out of her mouth, her moan growing slightly louder. She actually seemed to be a few moments away from offering her ass, offering that ass she refused to let Pat fuck... to Buck.

Pat was so thrown by that, he barely noticed the footsteps behind him until it was too late.

"What the-"

The voice was deep and rich and made Pat freeze. His head snapped around and he saw that the rhino and the otter had arrived. The two of them gasped,

their eyes wide as saucers, their mouths hanging open. The rhino's horn bobbed forward as he blinked slowly, his mouth closing again, then opening.

"What the devil is going on here?"

"Why, a very good time, sir," Buck said, his voice arrogance incarnate. He flicked his bushy tail and jerked his head. His fingers darted forward, tugging the panties from Night's mouth, now that the gag was no longer needed. Or wanted. "Why don't you two join us. We could use some real cocks. Our giraffe here isn't packing enough for his girlfriend."

The two older men looked at Pat, dumbfounded. Pat saw the look in their eyes; initial shock slowly turning into comprehension. The rhino was growing slowly more and more eager, his eyes glinting. The otter remained confused for a few moments longer. Then a light flicked on across his entire expression and he reminded Pat that otters were predators. Hunters. The otter stepped up behind Pat, slapping his back with a toothy grin.

"Bringing a pop gun to an artillery duel, huh?" he asked.

The rhino stepped forward and put his hands on his shirt, tugging it up and off. As he stripped, Buck did the same and maneuvered Night to the linoleum floor with him. The large deer sat down, spreading his legs, and took Night by the wrist - his fingers briefly touching the gold ring adorning her hand - and motioned for her to straddle him. She did so without pause, sitting with her ass to him, allowing his rigid cock to tower before her belly. It reached her pierced navel.

Buck instructed Night to guide him, and she eagerly caressed his throbbing member and arched herself to slip his cocktip against her pussy. She whined, her voice growing louder. It occurred to Pat that despite everything that had happened since Buck entered their lives, he had yet to see him actually fuck Nightshade. The sick thrill of seeing the act pulled at him, and yet, he felt something was distracting him.

Pat looked from Night to Buck, and found the deer was looking square into his eyes. Pat shriveled under that dominant look. Then he felt movement to his side, and looked to see that the two older men were naked now, while Pat was still squirming in his gym clothes.

Curiosity drove him to observe their nakedness. The otter had something of a pot belly and a noticeable tuft of chest fur. His cock wasn't as thick as Pat's, but was a bit longer. The rhino was about an inch or two smaller than Buck, but

made up for it with immense thickness. His gray shaft filled his hand, his wrist nestling against the curve of his broad belly. He had enough muscle to make him more of a bruiser than a blubberer, but there was still plenty of fat. The fat of someone who enjoyed their life a great deal. And now, he was rubbing the tip of his thick cock against Night's nose.

Night made a quiet, curious *hmm* sound. But Buck squeezed her shoulders encouragingly. The squeeze made her perk up and her ears flattened back against her head as she breathed, her whole body shuddering as she drew in the rhino's musk.

"You're an eager little minx, aren't you?" the rhino murmured.

"She's a total slut for real men," Buck purred. "This little wimp can't even get her to beg."

Night's hand closed around the rhino's cock and squeezed. He sighed, and the otter moved around to Night's other side. Night rocked against Buck's cock - Buck taking his time, slipping his tip in and out, adding a delicious counterpoint to the movement of Night's hips. Buck caught Pat's eyes again. Pat didn't break eye contact, even though he desperately wanted to watch, to see. And then Pat's will snapped and he looked down at the spreading folds of Night's cunt as Buck stopped teasing and began sliding home. He made it halfway before Night shuddered and squirmed. He ran his hands comfortingly along her hips, and Night breathed and dropped her weight, taking more of his length.

Gravity did the trick and the last of Buck's member slipped into her. His balls nestled themselves against Night's clit. He was completely inside her. That monstrously large cock was nestled snugly in her to the hilt. It seemed impossible, but she somehow managed it, and this was only the second time she'd had taken him vaginally. That Pat knew of.

Pat felt his mind fracture at the thought that Night was permanently ruined by Buck, unable to enjoy anything less than his monster member that she had adjusted her body to accept. As if to confirm, Night's thighs trembled in a deep orgasm, her hands closing tightly around the two older men's cocks. She groaned low, desperately, her tail lifting upwards. The otter hissed, ducking his head forward.

"See that?" Buck whispered.

Pat nodded.

"What's that?" Buck purred, sliding his cock nearly all the way out of her.

The screaming voice was trying to say something. It felt like it was coming through a thick cloth wrapped around Pat's head. He barely could hear his own voice as he whispered.

"A... a real man..."

"*Her* real man," Buck said, sliding himself all the way inside Night again. As he spoke, Night began rocking her hips forward. The rhino reached down to squeeze one shoulder, keeping her rooted in place. Her breasts jiggled as the otter breathed in slow, quick gasps. Her paws slicked up and down their dicks, both of them aimed at her face, her chest. Night's face was slack with pleasure and decadent delight. Her eyes were half closed and hazy. "She's *mine* now. She'll do anything I want. Even jerk off strangers in a fucking shower. Huh, dear? Isn't that right?"

Buck slightly spread his legs, giving Pat a better view, and then started to thrust into Nightshade. Every thrust made Pat want to run forward, to grab him, to stop him. But he was right. Night shuddered in orgasmic bliss after his cock had plunged home just two times. Her hands, though, didn't squeeze any tighter. Even now, she worked the two cocks like a pro.

This wasn't her first time in this kind of situation. Memories of late night conversations plagued Pat at that moment. Stories of Night's wild twenties. Of her dominatrix days as a queen, of wild parties, being worshipped and catered to by countless men. Of indulging in her every desire, exploring every kink and deviance. Of sucking and fucking strangers. Buck was dragging her back to that, and...

And she looked like she loved it. As Pat watched, her head turned and she sucked the rhino's cock tip into her muzzle, her tongue drawing slow circles around his lengthy foreskin before taking him into her. As her head bobbed, Buck started to pick up speed. He moved faster and faster, his hips driving into her. Like a steam locomotive. His balls slapped against her pussy loud enough to almost ride roughshod over the rhino's low, eager moan. Night's breasts transcribed perfect circles, some of Buck's spittle still dripping from the nipple he had slathered attention on earlier.

Spittle, too, dripped from the cock she was sucking. She released it, then turned and took the otter into her mouth. The otter leaned his head back and hissed eagerly. "F-Fuck, you blow me better than my students," he laughed

roughly, his paw caressing the back of Night's head. Night slurped her muzzle back, grinning shyly at him.

Pat winced. These men were old; way past their prime. These were the kind of men Night would often complain about when she would come home from work. With her beauty and presence, she could have any man she wanted. She had standards. But now she was so hungry for cock she would take any presented before her. Pat looked pitifully on as Night switched between the cocks, trails of drool and pre connecting them to her like spiderwebs. If only these men knew who she was; how lucky they were to have her service them like this.

Suddenly, Night's eyes widened and she shuddered, her paws tightening enough to cause both of the older men to hiss. Pat, his belly roiling with nerves and horror and excitement, saw why.

Buck had reached forward and planted his palm right on her deliciously firm belly. His middle finger - long and broad and oh so skilled - had landed right on her clit and was slowly circling it, using just enough pressure to set off fireworks behind Night's eyes. Her paws started to work faster and faster as she hung her head forward and shuddered around the cock filling her. Buck thrust roughly, clearly not trying to control himself. This was in public so it had to be quick. Even though it was nowhere near the length of the time in the office, it still dragged on like a hideous scene in a torture dungeon for Pat. Still, he was fairly certain he'd never been this close to cumming without touching himself before. Because, screaming voice or no...

Night was still beautiful.

And there was still an intense pleasure in seeing her joy. Even if it was at such a cost.

Buck's thrusts rapidly arched into a climax. He shuddered and came hard as he thrust into her one last time, burying himself deep inside her. His head ducked forward and his antlers clacked against the wall. His balls twitched. Pat could see them jiggle with every blast of cum. As he came, Night's paws brought the two older men off as well. The rhino came just after she clamped her muzzle around the tip of his member. She sucked and swallowed, a jet of cum escaping from around the seal of her lips. The otter, meanwhile, she angled forward before pulling her mouth back from the rhino.

The rhino let out a second blast and joined the otter. Thick strands of cum splashed across Night's full breasts, white against her dark fur. She closed her

eyes and moaned happily as more strings of thick cum spurted over her body. Some splashed her shoulders, others dripped as low as her belly. It left her glistening, her eyes closed, her face split with a wide, beatific grin. With a slow, explosive sigh, Buck pulled out of her cunt, letting his cum pour out of her onto the ground.

Buck smirked at Pat, then slid his arm around Nightshade as she panted. He drew her into his embrace, leaning forward and kissing her over her shoulder. She tilted her head to kiss him lovingly back. If he cared she had just been sucking off other men, he didn't show it. Their tongues played together as Pat squirmed and writhed inside. Night broke the kiss, gasping and panting something faintly incoherent, her eyes out of focus.

"Come on, love," Buck said, then sneered at Pat. "Let's leave this bitch to clean up. Nice work, gents." He nodded to the two older men as he gathered his and Night's belongings.

Night, barely able to stand, laughed huskily. She stood and then leaned on Buck as he cupped her ass and walked away with her. A few moments later, the shower a few stalls over started. Night's laughter came clear and piercingly, stabbing into Pat's heart. He had heard that kind of laughter before, at the office. Standing there, he could picture Buck scrubbing Night down, wiping her clean. Petting her. Taking his place. The two older men left, clearly not interested in talking to him. Pat heard Buck and Night leave the shower. He was still standing there, still utterly stunned.

It occurred to him that the whole time, there had been a chance to stop this. All he had to do was use the safe word. He could use it even now. Stop everything. But instead, he stood there and listened to the sounds of muffled chatting and clothes being slipped on. He could hear the faint sound of Buck's voice, confidence dripping from every half-heard word. Night laughed. Pat shook his head, trying to drive out that mental image of an utterly self-assured Buck, walking out, confident that no one would dare question why he reeked of maleness and sex, leading a clearly well-fucked female out of the men's locker room. That arrogance left Pat breathless. Then they were gone. She was gone. He was alone.

Pat sagged against the shower wall. His head hung forward as he panted.

And, deep in shame, he shoved his pants down and he grabbed his dick. He had to touch himself. He closed his eyes and wallowed in that shame. In that

humiliation. This was exactly what he fucking deserved. He grunted quietly as he jerked himself off, shuddering.

His cum splashed the wall, a lonely flare of whiteness against the pale beige of the shower stall.

Pat showered in cold water and walked home alone. But when he walked past the flat, he could see the shadows of antlers in the window, so he kept on walking. Storm clouds were brewing, and for the first time since he had arrived in London, Pat realized that the murky English weather was exactly what he needed. He pulled up the hood on his hoodie and ducked his head forward, walking faster and faster as the rain came down.

CHAPTER 8

"I'm sure some of you are already wanting to reach into the past and smack me. Don't worry. Someone did."

The door to the flat opened and Pat found himself nose-to-nose with weaponized adorability. He blinked slowly as he looked into the wide, green eyes of an incredibly short red panda. Her tail was almost as long as she was, and she demonstrated it by bundling it against her flat, petite chest and burying her nose against its soft bushiness. Her hair was dark amber and framed her face perfectly. Something that could have marred her cuteness - a pair of bulky, yellow work gloves - nestled between the fur. They were caked with signs of hard work and love; thick mud and bits of dirt that mixed with the fur.

"Hey Ruby," Pat said, trying to sound his normally goofy, cheery self. He knew that Ruby was shy, after all.

Ruby inclined her head, then stepped backwards. She buzzed around the corner of the entrance corridor so fast that she almost left behind a blur in the air.

A clattering of hooves and a skidding sound presaged the arrival of Glitter. Nightshade's boss did not look how she normally did. Most of the time when Pat had seen her, Glitter was the picture of a professional. She had been the one to set him up on a blind date with Night, back when Pat had thought of the jackal as an unapproachable bitch-slash-ice-queen-slash- *oh-my-god-that-amazing-ass* type of girl. Glitter's normal ensemble was a sharp suit, nice skirt, and professional little eyeglasses - a look somewhere between mob boss and high school principal. And yet she exuded a kind of sensual allure that made her seem more exotic than either of those things.

Her horns didn't exactly hurt. She was a gazelle; orange-gold fur along her edges, with a pearl white color for her hands, belly. Breasts. Pat tried to not think about those as he looked at Glitter... well... at Vicky. Her real name was Victoria, and it was easier to think of her as a Vicky here at her home. She was dressed in a low-hanging t-shirt that left what seemed like an acre-and-a-half of

her chest and shoulders exposed. It hung down around her thighs, making it hard to tell if she was even wearing shorts. Long, lean calves were on display, and her hooves clicked on the ground softly.

“Hey, Patrick,” she said, sounding slightly confused. “What brings you here, in this weather?”

Pat opened his mouth, then saw Ruby. She was hiding around the corner, her eyes gleaming with clear curiosity. She might not have been asking questions, but she definitely wanted to have them answered. If she noticed him noticing her, she gave no sign of it. Vicky, though, seemed to know her girlfriend’s mind better than Pat knew his own. She grinned.

"Let's head to my room. And get that soaking hoodie off before you flood the place."

The door to her room shut and Pat rubbed his hands along his snout. The hoodie was heavy with moisture. Taking it off felt great, though he noticed that some of the dampness had gotten through to soak his undershirt as well. He was already glad to be in a heated room. The white fabric of his undershirt clung to his chest. Vicky looked at him with concern, her hands clasping together as she regarded him.

“You must have almost caught your death out there,” she said, shaking her head. “I would’ve thought by now you would be prepared for handling London weather.”

Pat brushed his hands through his wet hair as Vicky sat on her bed and crossed her legs underneath her, folding them taut and adjusting her shirt to reach out over her knees. It created a tent that made her look almost shapeless, like a pretty gazelle head set on top a trapezoidal tank.

"Well, um..." Pat rubbed his shoulder, not sure where to begin.

Vicky was like a mother hen to the girls at the Safari, and ran a clean, tight ship. She was more than a boss, she was their confidant, and she had been Nightshade’s best friend for many years. It was her wisdom and knowledge that drew Pat here. She had often advised him in the past, but now he needed it more than ever.

"Is it something between you and Nadia?" Vicky asked, her voice serious.

"No!" Pat said, quickly. "Nadia and I are..." Were they fine? He looked down at his hands.

Vicky's eyes widened. "You didn't..." she paused, then shook her head. "You didn't ruin all my hard work, did you?"

"What?" Pat asked, baffled.

"I set you two up, silly," Vicky said, snickering. "I don't want to see my matchmaking go up in flames or anything."

Pat shook his head. "No, it's not *that*. We're not... well... maybe it is." He sighed, rubbing his hands through his hair. "I... I don't even know where to begin."

"At the beginning?" Vicky suggested, her brow furrowing slightly.

Pat chuckled. "That would be the place to start. Okay. Um. How frank should I get?"

"Well, I run the Safari, I think I can handle PG-13 at least," Vicky said.

Pat tried to lighten his mood: "Don't you mean 12A?" he asked.

Vicky giggled. "I was translating for you, Yank," she said, shaking her head. "Come on. Spill." She slipped her hand out from under the hem of her shirt to pat the bed next to her. Pat stood and then walked over and sat next to her.

Pat sighed as he felt the warmth of the room and the concern in her voice fill him. It made him feel comforted. Wanted. Something that he wasn't sure he'd ever feel with Nightshade again. Not after the gym. That was the final nail in the coffin, wasn't it? And he couldn't even say he hated every second of it. Because he was a sick, sick freak.

Pat shook his head, trying to get his brain on a single track. "Have you ever heard of cuckolding?"

"Yes," Vicky said, seriously. "Nadia knows it too - and she's good. That's why I hired her, after all. And I'm not *entirely* shocked you're into it, Pat. No offense."

Rain pattered against the window, and in the distance, thunder rumbled. Pat gulped.

"Yeah," he said. "B-But... I didn't *want* it. Not there. Not at that time. I wasn't comfortable with it, a-and they did it anyway." He hung his head forward. "But that's because I didn't say the safe word. Nadia *told* me that the thing she hated most in the world was a domme who failed to live up to a safe word. And I put her in that position."

He thought for a second, as the sound of rain echoed in the room. "I mean, can you *blame* her for not noticing me? It wasn't like I made it obvious or anything." He shook his head, his hair flipping out, splashing Vicky with some flecks of rain. "But even if I had said the safe word... " He sighed, hanging his head forward. "T-There's a reason I didn't say it, Vicky. He's bigger than me. A lot bigger. And insanely confident and masculine a-and he even has real antlers!"

Vicky shook her head. "Have you *talked* to Nadia about this?" She asked.

Pat rubbed his palms along his face. He felt his muzzle start to burn as his hands caressed along his head, catching on his ossicones. He worked his memory back through the last evening, and felt his stomach turn slowly over and thump into the bottom of his guts. He felt himself dragging forward, until he was almost curled up over himself. He groaned quietly.

"N-No," Pat admitted. He could already see that he had made the biggest mistake of his life. Or, at the very least, one of them.

"Patrick Patel!" Vicky said, her voice firm, rolling out his full name like a school marm. "You're telling me that you didn't *talk* to her before coming here?"

Pat stood up quickly. He flushed hard, trying to stammer out a few excuses. They stumbled out of his mouth, but he stopped himself before he even got past the first word. Sometimes, the first syllable.

"B-But what if- that is, I... uh, no, that is, um, I... well... " Pat started again and again. "I... Ezra Maes is-"

Vicky shook her head and jerked back, almost slamming her horns into the wall. "Wait, *you're* being cucked by Ezra *Maes*? The guy on Star Talk!? The *billionaire*?"

"M-Multibillionaire, actually," Pat said, remembering having his nose ground into that fact. "That's just it, though! He's like me! But unlike me, he's rich and he's hung and he's insanely confident. H-He makes Nadia *submissive*! Her! How the fuck could she ever want me again after him?"

Vicky scowled. "Patrick. Patrick. *Patrick*. Don't you dare... I... " She clenched her fists, as if he had insulted her. Then she breathed out all her anger, her hands unwinding as she sat up. Her eyes closed and she spoke like a drill instructor: "What's Nadia's most sensitive erogenous zone?"

"Ears," Pat said, without thinking.

"Favorite video game?"

"Doesn't have one, she reads instead," Pat said, his tail swishing back and forth.

"Favorite author?"

"Clive Barker," Pat said, nodding.

"Place to visit?" Vicky cocked an eyebrow as she opened one eye.

"Castles and cemeteries," he said. "She likes gothic, historical sites. Her favorite chocolate is darker than her fur. She takes her steak rare, her back rubs hard, and... holy shit, I know a lot..." He blinked slowly.

"That's because she *lets* you know that stuff," Vicky said. "You two got set up for a reason! I'm not bad at this matchmaking stuff, you know, and I'm fucking insulted that you doubted me, honestly." She stuck her tongue out at him. "You're the kind of person who would automatically know her... her favorite sex toy!"

"The stomach pounder," Pat said, still in answering mode.

Vicky smiled, then pointed at the door.

"Go," she said. "Go to her and talk to her and figure this *out*."

Pat nodded, then turned for the door. He opened it and found Ruby trying to sneak away from the keyhole she had been listening through. Pat frowned at her. She grinned, shyly, then held up her gloved hands. Pat's frown lightened and then he smiled, leaned forward and kissed her at the top of her head.

"You have a good girlfriend," he said.

Ruby nearly fainted.

CHAPTER 9

"So, advice for anyone in a similar position as mine. If you don't remember the exact safe word, just start saying any random, silly jargon you can. For example, I'm pretty sure if I had just screeched 'Anteaters!' at the top of my lungs for a few minutes, I think that they'd have gotten the idea something was wrong. But I digress."

The door opened and a drenched Patrick was suddenly holding a lot of Nightshade. She clung to him, then drew back, her voice holding a touch of Scottish brogue that she normally kept under her cosmopolitan persona. "Where the *bloody* hell have you been, you clod?" She nuzzled his neck, licking him fiercely. "I thought you got mugged! Your phone was off and-"

"It was off?" Pat blinked, then pulled the phone from his hoodie's pocket.

Turns out that his hoodie didn't protect from water nearly enough. The phone was bricked. Pat looked at it, feeling like he had gone full circle for some reason. He tossed it aside casually, not caring about it one iota.

"Nightshade..." he paused. The conversation he had with Vicky made him think that maybe it was time for real names. Not nicknames. Not even ones that he loved so dearly. "Nadia... I..." he hung his head forward. "I'm sorry."

"You better be sorry, or have a bloody good reason..." Nadia shook her head, then dragged him across the room. She set him down on the sofa, stripped him naked, and had him covered in a blanket before Pat could get a single word out. She made him stay and warm up while she used an electric kettle to make him a cup of piping hot tea with a spoonful of honey and a single mint leaf, just how he liked it. She had it in his hands moments later. With her giraffe properly tended to, she finally sat down beside him and looked straight into his eyes.

"So," she began. "What happened?"

Pat paused. "I... I wanted to but... didn't use the safe word. I froze."

Nadia blinked, and slowly drew in her breath. "Oh... shit."

Pat shook his head. "And, rather than talking to you about it, I went for a big, sulky walk in the rain."

Nadia looked harrowed. She lowered her head, ears pinned back as her bangs covered her eyes. "This is my fault. I figured you'd use the safe word if things got out of hand. I let Buck take the dominant role, but he doesn't know your body language as well as I do. I shouldn't have let someone so inexperienced keep an eye on you while I was... preoccupied."

She looked up. Her eyes were pained, glistening. Her lips trembled slightly as she whispered, "I'm so, so sorry, Pat. I let you down."

Pat shook his head. "Don't blame yourself. I'm the one who didn't use the safe word."

"A domme should always keep an eye on their submissive," Nadia said, more to herself than to him.

Pat sighed. "I don't want anyone to be blamed for this. I mostly wanted to let you know that I realized... I never really told you. Like, *really* told you, that I love you, Nadia. I love you so... so much." he shook his head. "A-And I'm scared, and I know I shouldn't be."

Nadia looked on quizzically as Pat continued. "I want you to be happy, and I love seeing you enjoy yourself. I think of how lucky I am to be with you. I still don't know why you're with a guy like me." He ran his fingers along the rim of the cup.

"I can't offer you the things someone like Ezra can." He sighed, gazing down at the steam drifting from the cup in his hands. "This evening, I felt like I saw the *old* Nightshade, the one who lived like a queen, with men at her beck and call. I wanted to see that side of you, but then I wondered, what could I *possibly* bring to the relationship at this point? What started off as roleplay has really made me fear that I may lose you, Nadia. And maybe I deserve to.'

They both sat motionless for a time. The room was so silent, Pat could hear his own heartbeat. Finally, Nadia broke the silence.

"Do you know how many calories are in a quart of cum?" she asked.

Pat blinked. He had braced for everything from anger, to her admitting that she actually was interested in leaving him, to her asking him to marry her on the spot. He had not been prepped for that kind of a response. He opened his mouth, closed it, and then managed to say: "Buzhwaah?"

"A tenth of a percent of a single calorie," Nadia said, nodding seriously. "Don't ask me how I know that, but it's less nutritionally filling than cardboard. But do you know how many lasses and lads have this fantasy of *living* on cum?" She shook her head. "Even I've had my moments, when I would find someone with a really nice musk and a great taste." She smiled. "But a lass can't live on cum, Patrick."

Pat blushed. "But you're so... *submissive* with him." He hesitated to use that word, as if Nadia would scold him for it. "You act so differently with him."

"Drives you batty, doesn't it?" Nadia chuckled. "Remember I can play roles, too. It's fun to play the cock slut, especially with how much it makes you squirm. Part of my training as a *domme* was to get *dommed* by others. I couldn't be *submissive* all the time, though. It's just not in my nature."

"So that was all an act?" Pat asked. "It seemed really genuine."

Nadia's ears flicked and she seemed to blush. "Well, I can't say I don't get a *bit* into the role. Buck's rather... intoxicating. I can't help but indulge myself a little. But even so..."

Nadia bit her lip in thought.

"When I was a *domme*, I wore a mask," she said. "When I work at the Safari, I wear a mask. When I'm with Buck, or even Ezra, I wear a mask. We had a nice, polite conversation here while waiting for you to show up. Ezra was talking about possible future scenes, but I never stopped being calculating, aloof *Nightshade*." She lifted her chest, putting her hand above her breasts, mockingly imitating this version of her.

Pat blinked. "But you two seemed so... in tune after the sex. When he's Ezra, not Buck, that is."

Nadia shrugged. "Well... yeah? We do have some chemistry. I'm obviously not going to fuck a bloke I don't get along with. But us having a laugh doesn't mean I'm going to run off with him."

Pat looked ahead. He began to feel embarrassed that he had let jealousy make their casual afterglow banter into a legitimate threat in his mind.

"My point is, I'm not the real me when I'm at the Safari. I'm not the real me when I'm with Buck. The 'old *Nightshade*' isn't even truly me. Those are personas." Nadia leaned forward and her emerald eyes softened as she gazed into Pat's. "You're the only one who has ever really seen the person behind the

mask. You know Nadia, not just Nightshade. Ezra isn't allowed to know the real me."

Nadia took one of Pat's hands and kissed it. "I love you, Patty-Cakes. What we have is genuine. It's a feeling that doesn't happen with others. I'm not leaving you, I promise. Especially not for some hotshot businessman."

Pat relaxed into the sofa. "But... he's rich."

Nadia snorted, rolling her eyes. "Please. I'm not a gold digger, Pat."

"And he's going into space," Pat added, grinning. He felt weak with relief, like he had sprinted for miles.

Nadia chuckled. "I don't want to go to bloody *Mars*."

"He's not even going to Mars!" Pat laughed.

"Whatever." Nadia shrugged one shoulder, then parted the blanket to lay against his chest. She closed her eyes and murmured. "You take me further anyway, Patrick."

Pat reached over and gently caressed her head. His fingers stroked through her raven-black hair. "I'm sorry I let my insecurities get to me. I just think so highly of you, and I never got what you see in me."

"Ah," Nadia said, lifting a finger to make a point. "You can respect me, and admire me. You can even worship me to a degree, but don't put me on a pedestal. I'm not infallible, as we saw today." She snuggled tightly to Pat, breathing in his scent. "And don't worry about other men. You're my first 'normal' relationship, and you'd be surprised how adventurous that can be in its own way."

Pat silently stroked Nadia's hair for a while. A wry smile crossed his face. "So, uh, since we've been trying new stuff... can I put it in your butt?"

Nadia snorted. "Can I put mine in yours?"

Pat paused. Ever since they had started that little running gag, he had reacted with horror and fear - mostly exaggerated. But there was a core of real fear, at having his ass taken. Pat had always thought to himself: *Pff, I'm not homophobic! I just don't think I'd like it in the butt.* Still, he knew she wanted to peg him badly. But he wasn't ready to add more onto his quest list just yet.

"Maybe," he said, his voice soft. "If you get me *very* drunk."

"Mmm," Nadia purred. "Noted."

Pat sighed. He clicked his tongue, and then a lurking thought rushed back to him. "Wait, planning scenes?" he asked. Nadia laughed softly.

"What, did you think that I just *happened* to have sex with Ezra in a locker room that just *happened* to have two eager-to-please gentlemen waiting there and ready to go? Ezra found them. Even paid for their gym memberships." Her eyes glittered as she spread her hands along Pat's belly. "And Lily? Do you think any lass would go to work in a skirt that short, without knickers, not having *some* idea of what's coming? Or cumming, in your case." She nipped at him, gently.

Pat laughed. "Wow. So, *all* of that was planned?"

"Mmhm," Nadia murmured, nuzzling his belly with her nose. "That's half the work of a dominatrix, planning scenes."

Pat cleared his throat, feeling his cheeks flush. "I was so concerned about... doing it with Lily. I thought I was overstepping my bounds. Like I said before, it was fun but concerning."

Nadia looked up at Pat with a sly smile. "I figured if I was getting something extra, you should too. Lily didn't object." Her eyes glanced sideways and her brows furrowed. "Though, I was annoyed when she tried to hit on you afterwards. Lass needs to learn her boundaries." Her nails tightened ever so slightly against Pat's belly.

Pat thought for a moment. "Did it feel good to remember being the old, carefree Nightshade?"

"Yes and no," she whispered. "It's fun to indulge. To role play. That's what a lot of my *domme* days were like, you know. Discovering someone's kinks, thinking up a script. Acting out the scene in the safety of my planning, with the safe word as an emergency escape. I... admit I didn't realize how much I missed it." She bit her lip. "Plus, the sex is *really* amazing."

Pat gulped. He realized he hadn't drunk his tea yet. He took a sip, and the minty, honeyed warmth filled his senses. "That's a big reason why I wanted to explore this. I wanted to see you in your element."

Nadia chuckled, her tone becoming more sultry. "Oh, this is child's play compared to the things I used to do. But you're not into whips and knives and the like. No, my little giraffe bruises too easily," she said, playfully giving him another nip - this one much harder.

Pat nearly spilled his tea. He remembered when they first started dating, how Nadia's predatory side was more prominently on display. She had mellowed out since then, but their early explorations in the bedroom led to Pat discovering the limits of how deep her claws and fangs could go. "Y-Yeah, I'm not as into the pain stuff," Pat said. "At least, not physically."

Nadia softly licked the area she had nipped. "No, you like to be put into dilemmas. Scenarios. I've found your interests lie in psychological torture, not physical." She sat up, brushing her hair over her shoulder. "It's your way of working through your insecurities."

She looked off at nowhere in particular. "I have mine, too, of course. Back when I was a *domme*, I tried everything. I didn't really know where I was going. What I'd be doing in my thirties." She settled back against Pat. "I think I've got it figured out now."

Pat closed his eyes, his fingers slipping once again through Nadia's beautiful hair. They remained there for a few moments - heartbeats that seemed to last forever.

"So, shall I put on something romantic?" Pat asked, reveling in the lightness of being that had come over him. This past week had been a steady, painful crawl through delights and nightmares, and finding that the ending was a happy one had left him almost noodle-limp. Nadia murmured something that could have been a yes, her snout pressed against the side of Pat's chest. Her nose rubbed against his arm, then found his armpit, and she breathed him in. Pat blinked slowly.

"Are you smelling my armpit?"

"Nope," she drawled.

Pat shrugged, then groped around for the correct member of the family of remote controls that they had collected over the years. Each sound system and TV came with a new one, and they all worked together in arcane ways. Pat found the one he thought was right as Nadia continued to rub against him. His free hand caressed her hair, petting her gently. Then he tapped down on the control and turned on the music with a wicked grin. A dance track started to thump from the speakers: *The Bad Touch* by the Bloodhound Gang filled the room with its goofy lyrics.

Nadia drew her head back. Her ears flicked back against her head and she gave Pat a dark, complex look; a look that reminded Pat of her preferred choice

in coffee - blacker than midnight on a moonless night. Pat started to bob his head along with the music, grinning impishly at her. The verse for the song came on and he started to make tiny circles with his arms, dancing on the sofa in the most herbivore-ish way imaginable. Nadia, trying to keep the growing smile off her face, stood up and slowly began to roll her hips from side to side while watching him.

"Yeah!" Pat snapped his fingers in time with the music and stood as well. He felt three times dorkier when dancing next to Nadia, especially since he was naked. She was a trained exotic dancer. Pole, strip, burlesque, ballroom. She could do all of them, though she was better at some than others. But rather than going into any of those patterns, she instead lifted her hands up, drawing her hands across her face as she rocked her hips from side to side. She went straight into *Walk Like an Egyptian* - a style as out of fashion as it was utterly dorky.

The verse started again as Pat did the robot, mechanically bumping his hip against Nadia's. She laughed, then grabbed his wrists and dragged him close. Her nose and his bumped as the song slowly came to an end, the outro music repeating again and again, softer and softer each time.

"You are such a bad person, Pat," Nadia said.

"Just wait for the rest of the playlist," Pat whispered back.

The next song game on.

"*What is love!*" The speakers wailed.

Nadia growled, laughed, and shoved Pat back onto the sofa all at the same time. A moment later, she had pinned her rump down onto his thighs and had her hands on his shoulders. She leaned forward and hissed softly. "Just for that, I'm going to be *extra* cruel later."

Then she leaned forward and her tongue plunged into his mouth. Her hands grabbed his hair, tugging it hard until their lips broke contact. As Pat panted, Nadia leaned down, pushing his legs apart to expose his semi-hard cock that rested against his thigh. She snorted quietly as Nightshade mode returned. "You call *this* a dick?" she whispered, her voice hot as her hand closed around his member, which grew all the harder. She pumped him, her eyes glittering as she looked up at his face. "I won't even feel this, after getting so used to Buck. But maybe if you're willing to use your tongue, I *might* let you stick this tiny prick in me. Hows that sound, giraffe boy?"

Pat grinned, widely.

And never once, not during the whole night, did he think of the word *Rutabaga* .

CHAPTER 10

"That, I think, is the real test of trying a kink like this. It's not just will you enjoy it, because if you don't, it'll end reflexively. You will end it, in fact, before any of the risks or dangers come up. The real test is finding out how to keep your fantasy separate from your life. That takes frequent, open communication and commitment. And I was going to learn it takes effort from more than just one person."

"Oh, Buck wants to talk to you," Nightshade said, rubbing her finger along her muzzle, making sure her fur was laid perfectly. Her finger glinted with the ring that Buck had gotten her, and Night seemed to delight in drawing Pat's attention to it. Having her hands near her face did just that. Pat blushed and squirmed, and kept looking over his shoulder. The two of them were standing near the water fountain tucked into the corner of a large shopping center about ten minutes away from their flat.

Buck, making good on his promise to get Night some new panties after ruining two of her pairs, had invited them there. He had told Night to wear something nice, and so she was wearing a blouse with a skirt that was just short enough to make people imagine interesting things about her, while not being so short as to not seem impractical. Buck had told Pat - with a wicked smirk and knowing gleam in his eyes - to bring lots of tote bags. Pat held those bags, feeling more servant than boyfriend, as Nightshade forced him to check her eye makeup.

"It looks good, right?" she asked. "I want to be pretty for my lover."

Pat gulped. "I-I, uh, I like it!"

He knew it was the wrong answer, and in the same way a pain slut talks back to their domme, he didn't care. Night snorted quietly, and put her finger against his nose, the glinting ring on it shimmering in the sunlight that shone through the skylights that gave the shopping center its airy, open door character.

"Your opinion doesn't matter. Do you think *Buck* will like it," Night murmured, her voice chilly.

Pat's Adam's apple bobbed.

"Y-Yeah," he whispered, voice husky. "I think, um, I think Buck will love it."

Night nodded curtly. "Come along."

She led him to where Buck had asked to meet - the food court. There were a few garish fast food signs and a few more upscale places spread about. Buck, wearing a white polo shirt and khaki shorts that showed off his muscular form, was lounging beside a shady outcropping of greenery someone had put to separate the tables meant for the more upscale places. His finger plucked a leaf from the green and he popped it in his mouth, despite sitting within ten feet of a sign that said *Please Do Not Eat the Plants*. He chewed and watched as Pat and Nightshade walked forward.

Pat was already half hard.

They stepped up to the table and Buck nodded at Night as she sat down next to him. The two of them kissed, tongues meeting as their muzzles locked. Buck's hand cupped and squeezed Night's thigh under the table as Pat sat there, blushing hard. He looked away from them - the noises just as erotic and shameful as watching them - and saw that, a few seats over, a young armadillo sitting with his parents was watching, eyes wide as saucers. His mother slapped the back of his head, and the armadillo coiled up in shock.

"So, bitch," Buck said, and Pat realized that the buff deer was talking to him. He looked over and blushed as Buck sneered. "Night here says you tried to fuck her last night?"

Pat blushed. "I-"

"She said she had to ask if you had gotten it in her," Buck said, casually.

"Wh-" Pat started again.

"Twice," Buck said, tilting his head to angle his antlers slightly at him.

Pat flushed so hard that he was sure his spots were invisible. He closed his mouth, knowing that any more stammering would just make him look weaker. Of course, sitting here and taking Buck's abuse was also pretty weak. Both got him hard. His conscious mind drew backwards and he wallowed in the feeling of the moment; of powerlessness and humiliation, of knowing that if anyone walked by, they might hear and guess at what was going on.

"So, that true?" Buck asked.

Pat nodded, jerkily.

"Sorry, didn't hear that," Buck said, not looking at him; he was busy looking at Night. His eyes dipped and he casually, obviously ogled her tits. Night, rather than looking annoyed, giggled and shifted herself, pushing her chest out. "Mmm, your girl has a fine pair. Tell me Night, you ever going to let him see these again?"

"Only if you're the one tearing my clothes off me," Night whispered, her voice soft, but not soft enough. Pat heard it and tensed as she continued. "You're an *animal* in bed, Buck. You can fuck like an actual man."

"Fucking right I can," Buck said. "Pencil-dick, you still haven't answered my question."

Pat stammered. "I-I... s-she wasn't... sure if I was in her."

Buck sneered. "Because...?"

Pat hunched his shoulders, and under the table, his palm pressed against his cock in his pants. The pressure of clothes against him, restraining him, took his breath away. The fact that only a thin layer of fabric and his own posture hid his arousal from the people walking by made his heart pound. Buck leaned forward, cocking one ear, clearly wanting to hear the confession said louder. Pat leaned forward and huffed.

"B-Because my dick is so small," he said.

Buck nodded. "Right you are. I'm thinking, before we go on this shopping spree, I take Night and fuck her behind a shrub. You don't get to watch." He sneered at Pat, but Pat saw a flicker that flashed across his face. It was there for only a moment and left Pat uncertain, confused. But, then, he fell back into the role play.

"Please don't," Pat said, panic settling in. "A-At least let me watch. I-"

"Rutabaga."

The word, the word that Pat had heard rattling around in his head the past few weeks, came at last, bringing the whole scene to a grinding, squealing halt. But it didn't come from him. Or even Nightshade. It came from Buck - from Ezra. The deer was rubbing his dark palms along his face, hanging his head forward slightly. Night looked concerned, her hand going to his shoulder. Ezra chuckled, but it was with a short hitch, somewhat ragged.

"S-Sorry," he said, sliding his hands away from his face as he breathed in. "Just, uh, got a bit too real there." He paused. "I do love doing this to you, Pat. It feels great to be the arsehole, you know?"

Pat nodded. "A-And it feels good to be the sub," he said, quickly, wanting to cheer Ezra up. Ezra laughed softly.

"But it sometimes," Ezra began, pausing for a few moments, choosing his words carefully. "It sometimes reminds me of stuff the bullies that I had did in real life. To me." He looked down at his hands. "I had a flash, for just a moment there, of what happened back then. Took the fun out of being the big, swinging dick. For a bit, at least."

Night nodded. "Should we stop? Maybe have lunch instead?"

Ezra shook his head, breathing in. "No, I just needed a short break." He smiled. "And to be reminded that *you* really do like this too, Pat."

Pat blushed, looking down. "These past few weeks, I've never been more turned on in my life," he said, his voice soft and hurried, as if he was worried about being stopped before he could get all the words out. "And for that, um, I thank you."

Ezra smiled. "My pleasure."

Then, as suddenly as a gate crashing down to cover a doorway, Buck came back to the fore. He leaned forward and grinned at Pat, his eyes glittering. His hand caressed the table like a lover, touching the wood with his fingertips. His voice was husky. "So, how about you grab the bags. I think we need someone to tote our shit." He jerked his chin at the set of tote bags Pat had brought along.

Pat stood, grabbing the bags as Night rose to her feet. There was something endlessly elegant about Nightshade when she was trying her best to be alluring. She slipped her arm through Buck's, and the two walked off together with Pat trailing behind like. Pat could see half the men and a quarter of the women in the food court follow Night with their eyes.

A good chunk of those women were jealous, not lustful. But there was at least one - a tomboyish mare with dyed bright pink hair - who clearly wanted to take Buck's place. Pat felt a mingling sense of pride and humiliation as he saw more than a few glance at him. He could see confusion on some faces. But then he spotted a bulky, burly-looking rhino. A familiar one. He was watching the whole affair with the wide eyes of someone who clearly did not expect to see the trio

again. It was the rhino from the gym. He looked like he had parked himself at a table to get work done, a laptop swung open before him.

But after the shock faded, his eyes met Pat's. Night and Buck hadn't noticed him. Subtly, the rhino nodded to him.

Pat smiled and nodded back.

Then the trio were out of the food court and at the shopping center.

The first place that Buck took them to was, of course, a lingerie store. The poofy poodle who stood behind the front desk was a stereotype incarnate - clapping excitedly when Nightshade mentioned she was interested in something spicy for her 'Bucky.' She was even more thrilled at seeing Buck's black-plated credit card. And if she was baffled by Patrick meekly standing to the side with the bags, she didn't show it.

"You would *love* this line, ma'am," she said, walking around the corner to gesture to a collection of soft-looking undergarments. Nightshade picked up one, pursing her lips, while Buck eyed the others curiously. Seeing Night's slightly disdainful sniff, the poodle scuttled over to a slightly more expensive line of deep purple, lacy things that Pat was sure had a very specific name. To him, they looked like fairly typical bras and stockings and panties. Night cooed, putting her paw against one, checking not only how it felt but how it contrasted with her fur.

"I love it," she murmured.

"Well, lets see how you look in them," Buck said, grinning. He looked at Pat, then jerked his head at the poodle, who was looking around for more things to offer them. Pat realized Buck wanted him to distract her.

Pat gulped, then stammered. "S-So, uh, what about... those?" He pointed at a random part of the store.

"Those are socks," the poodle said plainly as Buck and Night slipped into the back room. Pat squirmed with delicious agony - the thought of Night's clothes slipping off, plopping onto the ground. Those delicious, soft breasts being cupped and squeezed. First by Buck, of course. Then, again, by her new lingerie. He noticed the poodle was looking at him, clearly waiting for a follow-up response. Pat shrugged.

"Well, of course," he said, loftily.

"You often carry bags for other people?" the poodle inquired.

Pat blushed. "Uh. Well. That's me! Super... uh... helpful guy I am."

A few moments later, Buck emerged, a smug look on his slender muzzle. He tapped his card against the countertop, holding up a tattered barcode torn from a ripped apart package. The poodle looked at him with wide eyes.

"Sir!" she said, walking forward. She tried several times to start her sentence, her poofy tail slapping from side to side as she glared at him. "Did you...under garments are in packaging! You're not supposed to open the packaging in the store!"

Buck smirked insolently. "I wanted to make sure they fit."

They hit several more stores after that. In each, Buck took delight in doing things to Nightshade that made Pat squirm. In the grocery that was tucked into one of those terrifyingly dystopian 'we got everything' discount stores built into the side of the center, Buck took malicious pleasure in watching Pat's eyes as he held a grape to Night's muzzle. The sweet taste of it made her eyes close and her lips quiver. Or maybe it was the way Pat watched and squirmed that did that.

At the electronics store, she got to try on watches. Several of them were fancier than anything Pat could have afforded. He overheard Buck's whispered comments, his arms already aching with the weight of other things that Buck had bought with careless ease.

"How long do you think it'd take dickless there to afford this?"

By the end of the shopping expedition, Night had gotten a new dress, new underwear, a new watch, and a new necklace - one that Buck had taken great pains to put around her neck, nearly grinding against her ass in public as he purred compliments in her ear. Pat was carrying all of it, the bags stuffed with other miscellaneous things that Buck had bought on a whim. As he jammed it into Buck's sleek car, Night grinned at Buck as she sprawled against the passenger seat door, her arm crooked over the roof.

"My place or yours?"

"I think the best way to end this is at yours," Buck said, grinning slightly. "That big, comfortable bed of yours..."

"Mmmm?" Night prompted, her tail almost sticking straight up in eagerness. Pat, meanwhile, was shoving his shoulder against the trunk door, trying to get it to wedge shut. While Buck's car was a sleek and fast EV, it had shit for cargo

space. Once Pat had gotten the door closed, Buck started up his sentence again. He had waited until Pat could hear it.

"You need a real cock to fuck you at *least* once in a while."

Pat was forced to share the back seat with the large windscreen shade that Buck used to keep the car cool while he was parked out under the sun. The seatbelt tugged at his neck and chest as he leaned his head against the felt-covered edge of the inner car. He watched as Night laughed gaily at something Buck had said. As she lounged back in her seat, Pat reached forward to squeeze her shoulder gently. She put her paw on his. Buck opened his mouth and Pat quickly said: "Rutabaga."

Ezra dropped the mask with an easy laugh. "Need a break?"

"Just..." Pat paused. "I love her a lot, you know?"

"I can see why," Ezra said, grinning at him. Then, blushing, he stammered. "T-That's not too, uh, forward, is it?"

Pat looked at Night.

Night looked back at him.

Both of them broke out laughing. Ezra joined in, his cheeks darkening further as he shook his head from side to side.

CHAPTER 11

" Really, the story ends there. We were comfortable, happy. The journey was over.
But lets be honest. You were waiting for this part."

Ezra was the one who opened the door to the flat. Buck was the one who closed it. He grinned insolently at Nightshade, his hand cupping her muzzle, lifting her eyes to meet his. "Go back to your room and get your pretty little slutty self ready to get a real cock inside you."

"Oh yes ," Night purred. She turned and hurried off, snatching the bags from Pat before he could object. As she walked, Buck turned to face Pat, who was looking down at his hands, shocked that the bag handles hadn't ripped the top layer of his skin off.

"So, bitch, I got one rule for you," Buck purred. "You need to get naked."

Pat gulped. His fingers went to his collar and he undid the first few buttons. his fingers moved mechanically, without thought. His own mind was whirling, thinking of when Night had playfully pointed out how interested he was in Ezra. There was an attraction there, but he wasn't even sure what it was. His shirt slipped off and he hesitated. Buck, his own small tail twitching with clear excitement, his thick shaft beginning to show against his khakis, smirked.

"All the way, pussy," he said. "I know you hate to compare your little pinkie prick with mine, but... well, lets be fair here. That's why Nightshade is stripping for *me* . That's why she's going to be begging for *me* . And that's why you're going to take those trousers off right *now* ." His voice was a husky purr, dark like chocolate.

Pat's throat felt drier than the Sahara. His hands shook as they undid the belt. His jeans hit the floor and his six inches of hardness sprang free. Buck shook his head with a slight smirk.

"You can touch yourself," he said casually, throwing a bone to a desperate dog. "But if you cum before I do, then you *will* be sorry. Understood?"

Pat nodded.

"I said..." Buck's voice was steady. His hand went to his ear, cupping it, as if Pat needed to be shown even the easiest instructions in the simplest ways. "Do you *understand*?"

Pat whimpered. His cock twitched and a thin line of his pre dripped to the floor, making him feel even more humiliated. Buck sneered at him and opened his mouth to continue the tirade, but Pat managed to gasp out. "Yes, I understand."

"Good," Buck said, grinning. "Come on, pussy."

The muscular deer strode through the flat as if he owned it. And considering how much money he had thrown away without thinking about it, it was entirely possible that he did. He came to the doorway that led into Pat and Night's bedroom. There, on the bed, was Nightshade in all of her glory. She was dressed in the filmy purple lingerie. The bra cupped her breasts lovingly, pushing them upward and together, the edges of the fabric just barely above her hard nipples, accentuating their eagerness like a painter accenting a portrait's highlights. The bottoms were somewhere between a pair of panties and a thong. The dark purple did nothing to hide just how soaked and eager Night was. The stockings covered her feet and calves and parts of her knees, hooked to the undersides of the panties with thin, black straps of fabric. The stockings were sheer enough that they crept between her toes and outlined the edges of her claws.

She had her hands hooked behind her neck to thrust her chest forward.

"Now that is a sight for sore eyes," Buck purred. He looked at Pat as he spread his arms. Pat blinked at him and understood what he needed to do without Buck having to say another word. Pat stepped forward, then started to undo the buttons on Buck's shirt. His fingers worked with nervous, twitching motions. His fingers couldn't help but brush against the deer's muscular chest. Buck shifted slightly, forcing himself against Pat's body as the giraffe drew his shirt back. He practically forced Pat to inhale the musk that Night loved so much.

And that was just his shirt. Kneeling down behind him, Pat gulped and took hold of the other man's pants. He slipped the belt free, then hooked his fingers between underwear and bare fur. His member twitched hard as a rock, his head swimming slightly as Buck murmured: "Well, bitch. Get me out, get me hard."

Pat dragged Buck's pants down and his member flopped free. He was half hard; nowhere near his full length. Or girth. Pat's eyes trailed from his balls to his

tip and he whimpered almost as softly as Night. Then he saw Buck looking at him past his own dick, his lips split into a wicked smirk. Pat remembered what he had said: *Get me out, get me hard*. Pat's hand shook and he slowly took hold of Buck's cock. His thick. Male. Cock. Pat's eyes closed as he focused only on the feel of him. Warm and silky smooth, and yet still hard as iron underneath and getting harder every moment. Pat started to stroke Buck up and down, up and down, and marveled at how far his hand could move before he felt the tip or the base. But then Buck slapped his hand away with a sneer.

"That's hard enough, bitch."

Buck stepped past Pat, who gazed at his hand. He had just stroked another man. The salty tang of Buck hit his nostrils and he felt like he had just taken a hit of a wicked, debauched drug. He'd never have done anything like this before. Part of him was still stunned he had. But a bigger part of him - the part of him that reveled in the raw masculinity of Buck's dominant personality - that part delighted at the sight of Buck stepping up to the bed.

Night started to nuzzle against Buck's belly, her tongue lapping out, tracing the lines of his muscles. Buck grinned at Pat, his hand caressing Night's long, straight hair. His fingers tugged her head back and, not breaking eye contact with Pat, he leaned forward, turning his head and catching her mouth with a deep, fierce kiss.

The stockings made it almost too easy to see Night's toes curl in delight. Her eyes rolled slightly back into her head and went soft and unfocused. When their kiss broke, tiny bits of spittle connected their lips and their tongues, catching the light shining from the lamps that lit the room in a warm, buttery glow. Gasping softly, Night whined softly as Buck cupped one of her breasts and squeezed. He grinned and murmured. "You want it bad, don't you bitch?"

"Yesss..." Night breathed.

"Louder," Buck purred. He leaned forward, kissing the side of her neck. His hand slipped down, fingers hooking on her panties.

"God yes," Night moaned. Then she squeaked loudly as Buck yanked. Her panties tore with a loud, rasping sound and his flat teeth caught and bit at her neck. She squirmed and thrust out one leg, her toes spreading as wide as they had once curled tightly. Her tail thumped against the bed and she grabbed onto Buck's shoulders, shuddering as the pink lips of her cunt surrounded by ebony

darkness were revealed. “Ohgodohgod...” she whispered, sounding stunned by the raw, masculine power of that one movement.

Pat, meanwhile, hadn't moved. In fact, the only reason why he hadn't dropped over dead was that part of him still remembered to breathe. His heart still beat, but he felt that if he moved, if he touched himself, that he wouldn't be able to stop the torrent of cum that wanted to burst from his cock. He wouldn't even reach the bed; he'd just jizz over the floor, and the very mental image of that humiliation was enough to nearly set him off. He watched as Buck grabbed and pushed the bra down just enough to free Night's nipples. He kissed and sucked, lovingly teasing each nipple as if Night was his wife and this was their honeymoon.

Night, for her part, wasn't idle. Her paw pumped once, twice, three times up and down Buck's titanic member, slicking it with his own pre as he nibbled on a nipple, gently enough to not cause pain, but with enough force to make Night croon and gasp eagerly. Her body writhed and squirmed – but then, before she could fall to her back or spread her legs, or do much of anything else, Buck shifted his mouth. A series of lightning fast kisses mussed up and slicked her fur, leaving shining spots on her sleek darkness. Then his mouth was on her ear. He sucked on the tip as Night's eyes widened and then started to go soft. Her mouth opened and a soft, whining sound came from her. It was the sound of Night in so much pleasure she was having a hard time processing it.

Pat gasped as he watched those strong hands, so obvious in their paleness against Night's color, cup and squeeze her breasts. Fondle. Tease. Then Buck went to her other ear and started to kiss and nuzzle it. His tongue caught and tugged gently on the earrings that graced her sleek ears, and his hands squeezed her tightly. Her breasts molded between his strong fingers. Buck's mouth twisted into a self-satisfied smirk as Night squealed and arched her back. Her quivering thighs spread wide and her juices dripped onto the bed, slicking her thighs. It was so...

Carnal.

Raw.

It caught Pat's breath.

“Ohgod... ohgod...” Night gasped, her voice utterly submissive as Buck drew his mouth away from her ear. A single thumb pressed against her chin, lifting her head so that she looked into his eyes. As she looked up at him, Buck turned his

head to look over one shoulder at Pat. He gave him the widest, cockiest, most shit-eating grin that Pat had ever seen. It made Pat's cock throb and his balls tingle. The urge to touch himself was overwhelming, but it was matched only by the power of Buck's glare. He looked at Pat with confidence, knowing that Pat would have remained perfectly still.

And Pat had.

Night's teeth nibbled at Buck's thumb tip, her crooning voice forming no words. Just desire. And so, Buck lazily looked back at her, tilted his head, and kissed her. The word kissed, though, felt so... weak. Paltry. It wasn't just a kiss, it was a conquest. It was an invasion and Night surrendered to it willingly. Her body molded to Buck's athletic chest, her back arching as his tongue slipped into her mouth, met her own, teased, played. His hands cupped her ass, squeezing her firmly as she moaned into his mouth. And it kept going. It was a kiss that wound on and on, pausing only when Night - and it was always Night - tugged away to gasp. Pant. Then get captured again. Her head turned back and Buck's muzzle fastened to hers.

By the time Buck finally withdrew, Night's eyes were so dazzled, so dazed, that Pat was sure she hadn't a coherent thought in her head.

"Spread your legs," Buck purred. An order. An order delivered to the most in control, dominate woman Pat had ever known. Before Pat knew it, Night had pulled her legs apart. Her whole body quivered with tiny jerks and twitches, as if she was primed and ready. And considering how sopping wet her cunt was, Pat couldn't blame her. Her hands spread her thighs slightly further apart, the lips of her sex making a slick, moist noise that made Pat's breath catch.

"Wider," Buck drawled. Like she was an eager, submissive slut, Night spread her legs even further for him. He grinned. "Do you think you'll ever take Pat's cock again, after tonight?" he spoke as he lifted up his cock and then let it drop. It slapped against her sex and her belly, the tip almost teasing her belly button. He started to grind his thick member up and down, up and down. His hips rocked with the same gentle rhythm as a boat at sea, and with the same unstoppable momentum.

"Never..." Night moaned, her back arching slightly.

Buck drew his cock back and upwards. It hung above Night, already seeming to gleam as if it had been stroked with lube. It was as slick as Pat's mouth was dry. Buck let his cock drop and slap right against her clit. Then he ground against

her, teasing the folds of her sex with his member. He ground up, down, up, down, each motion accentuating just how huge he was by how wide Nightshade's pussy got just accepting the tip of his shaft. He drew it back slightly, looking amused at the way Night panted and moaned.

"You've gotten so used to taking me, I bet you can barely even feel him anymore," he purred.

"I-I know..." Night turned her head to the side. She looked ashamed. And eager.

"Mmm..." Buck chuckled. Then he bumped his cock against her sex. Night hissed softly in response. "Damn, I forgot how *tight* you are, love. Let the pencil dick fuck you a few times, and you get tight again, don't you?" Buck shook his head. "Fuck this." He looked at Pat. "Dickless, get your hands off your *clit* and come over here."

Pat, who had finally worked up the courage to grip his own dick at least a little, jerked forward, his hands releasing his own aching, throbbing member as if it had turned red hot. Standing near Buck reminded Pat of the crackling charge that seemed to surround the muscular deer. His musk and the sweet scent of Nightshade's arousal mixed together in Pat's nostrils, making his head swim. He didn't know if he could say no to anything right now. Buck grinned at him, and part of Pat wondered if he should be afraid.

And then Buck removed all doubt.

"Dock me," he said.

"W-What?" Pat asked.

"I don't feel like forcing my way in and grinding around..." Buck shook his head. "I figure, you're here. You can do the scut work. Fuck, you already got me hard enough. Dock my cock in your girl." As he spoke, he put his hands on the bed, taking his weight onto his knees as he crawled over Night. He leaned forward, kissing Night as deeply as he had before, while Night moaned in clear ecstasy. Her back arched and her thighs spread so wide that Pat was shocked that he didn't hear popping. Pat gulped and stepped forward. Hesitantly, he reached towards the cock that had been the center of his sex life for almost a month.

His hands closed around Buck's cock. He had held his member a mere few minutes ago, but that had felt like an eternity of exquisite agony, and so he felt a kind of shock as he took it up once again. He knew what it felt like, but it still awed him. Silkiness wrapped around a length of hardness that made him think

about touching molten iron. The tip of Buck's cock dribbled a line of pre-cum thicker than Pat's own ejaculations, soaking the sheets between Night's thighs. Pat moaned softly as he lifted Buck's cock upwards, slipping him against Nightshade.

"Hold me steady, bitch," Buck said, his voice a soft purr. As he spoke, his hips started to drive forward. Pat held him steady, his palms shaking as he felt the thickness of Buck's member sinking deeper and deeper into his lover. Night moaned and whimpered with each inch, her sex spreading wider and wider; Buck taking a few moments every two or so inches to shift and squirm, widening her further, until at last, every inch of that footlong prick was buried in her cunt.

Pat now had a pair of large, virile balls in his hands. He kept them there, too terrified of fucking it up to worry about his own heterosexuality.

"Mmm, that's just the perfect place for those hands of yours," Buck murmured. "Feel 'em?" He chuckled as Pat whimpered. The massive deer shifted himself slightly, settling himself deep inside Night, who looked as if she was having the next best thing to a religious experience. Pat's breath caught as he felt the slight shifting of Buck's balls in his palms. He couldn't help himself. He squeezed gently and Buck crooned, drawing his cock back. This pressed his cock against Pat's knuckles, slicking them with Night's juices.

"Like getting your hands on a real pair?" Buck hissed.

He slammed back home and his balls were drawn slightly taut against Pat's hand. Pat felt a jolt of fear, but Buck rolled his head back and groaned in what sounded like abject pleasure. Pat continued to squeeze and fondle the balls, his tongue darting out. He wasn't sure if he was going to lick his own lips or...

"Oh Buck! Oh *Buck!*" Night moaned loudly, her ears flattening back against her head. "Please, fuck me harder. I wanna have *bruises*, Buck!" She drove her hips back against the cock as if she needed it more than fucking oxygen.

Buck laughed, then started to redouble his efforts. His cock slammed into her again and again, his balls surging and twitching in Pat's palm. He started to get into a rhythm, squeezing him at just the right moment to wring a quiet grunt of happiness from Buck. He felt so utterly subservient, so utterly cucked, that it almost blew his mind. Pat felt depraved and degraded and so utterly joyful. The joy shocked him, but he felt it growing brighter and brighter in his belly as he watched Night writhe and gasp, buck and moan, and groan and whimper. Night's powerful orgasms would squeeze Buck out of her, making Pat quickly reinsert

the massive cock back into her, only to watch it pop out from another wave of pleasure hitting her. She was enraptured.

Then it clicked.

He felt joy because Nightshade was feeling joy. It was the utter happiness of complete abandonment of jealousy by embracing jealousy. He had earlier thought Night was having a religious experience, but what he felt now was hard to put into any other context. His breath caught and he squeezed Buck's balls at just the right moment. He felt it in that moment; felt it in his bones, in his soul.

The virile cervine pumped into Nightshade one last time, throwing his head back and roaring in pleasure. His antlers glinted in the light of the lamps, but Pat only had eyes for those firm balls in his palms. He could feel them clench and growing taut, tight as a drum. Pat would have called it a flood of cum, but that might have undersold it. Semen burst from around the tightness of Nightshade's pussy lips, shockingly white against her dark smoothness. It slicked against her thighs, soaking into her fur, puddling along the curve of her ass, and making her tail sticky and tacky. It dripped and flowed and surged, soaking into Pat's hand as he clutched onto Buck's balls just tightly enough to feel every surging pulse.

Because Buck didn't just spurt once. He kept spurting and spurting, and each and every throb seemed to force more of the cum out of Night's desperately full cunt. Soon, Pat's hand felt like it had been painted from fingertip to wrist in Buck's cum.

He pulled his hand back, wonderingly, looking at it. He felt the boiling heat of Buck's cum dripping along the inside of his wrist, following the curve of his spots.

Softly, Buck panted. In the silence of the moment, his voice rasped out the mocking question: "Gonna taste it?"

Pat's tongue lolled out of his mouth. His head seemed to spin and he wasn't sure what he was thinking, it came in incoherent spurts and wriggles as he heard Nightshade croon.

"Noooo, I wantt itttt..." Nightshade moaned, her voice desperately needy. Pat stood shakily, his rock hard cock bobbing as he walked over. Night took hold of his wrist and dragged his hand to her mouth. She started to lap and lick and suck at his fingers. Her nose bumped against his palm and she got a bit of white on it, as if she was drinking too greedily from a cup of milk. Her tongue flicked again and again as her muzzle pressed to Pat's fingers so desperately that her

teeth almost rasped against his flesh. Then, slowly, she drew her mouth back, panting quietly.

Buck drew out of her. Cum oozed from her sex. Night slowly sprawled herself back. She panted heavily as she looked at the ceiling. Her eyes were unfocused and she twitched with the aftershocks of a string of her own orgasms. Buck looked down at her with a slow smile. Then he looked back at Pat. Pat remained on the very edge - his cock twitched, his body quivered. Cum wanted to escape, but he was gripping the very base of his dick and holding his breath. Buck sneered at him.

“Ready for round two?”

“Round what?” Pat squeaked.

“Oh yessss...” Night breathed.

Buck jerked his head. “On your hands and knees, love. I wanna fuck you doggy style. Seems appropriate for a bitch like you, huh?” He chuckled and Night nodded, almost desperately eager. Pat’s eyes widened as he saw that Buck’s cock was still half hard, and he was stroking himself back to full hardness. But before Pat could draw back, Buck’s eyes transfixed him. His grin was malicious.

“And you. Under her.”

Pat laid back without a word of protest nor a moment's hesitation. Night swung a leg over him. As she moved, cum oozed and dripped from her well-fucked pussy. It flecked across Pat's belly and dribbled over his cock, hot as candle wax. Pat’s eyes fluttered and he shuddered as his lover’s warm breasts grazed his chest. She was swaying over him. But before she could speak, Buck was looming over both of them. His hand cupped her head, turning it to the side. His mouth pressed to hers for another one of those soul-devouring kisses.

Something Pat hadn’t realized was how... messy they were. Spittle dripped onto his face, sizzling hot and dragging whimpers from him as his tongue darted out, slicking along his lips. Then Buck shoved Night’s head away from his, growling as he did so. His fingers worked through her hair and he pushed her down to make her kiss Pat. He had never felt this before; it was as if it wasn’t Night kissing him, exactly. She only did it because her face was pressed to his. Because of...

Him.

Her tongue thrust into his mouth and Pat cupped her breasts, squeezing her, but only for a few seconds. That was because Buck, leaning back on his haunches, had his hands free to push his palms underneath Pat's. Even those were his. Pat's hands rested against Buck's palms and he felt the cervine's strength squeezing Nightshade. It was Buck that moaned through her mouth, it was Buck that made her kiss more wildly and frantically. It was Buck that let Nightshade pull back and allow Pat to gasp and pant for air.

Night's sex was right above Pat's cock – which was hard enough to pound down nails. But it was Buck's dick that was once again sliding into her, inch by glorious inch, pushing more oozing cum out of her drenched orifice, making it paint Pat's groin in hot stickiness.

And then Buck twisted the knife. “Mmm... room for one more,” he breathed. Pat's eyes bulged.

“She's a desperate bitch, our lovely Nightshade,” Buck purred. His antlers glinted as he lifted his head back. “She needs a bit more stretching. Don't cha, dear?”

Night didn't say yes so much as she threw her head back and screamed it. Not in words, but in the sound of another shattering orgasm. Her breasts molded to Pat's chest, her nipples grinding against his as she panted, hot and desperately, in his face. Pat grabbed his own dick and thrust upwards as Buck thrust onwards. Guided by instinct and his own palm, Pat slipped into Nightshade. His eyes widened as he felt the tight folds of her sex pushing him against the thick, silk-steel shaft of Buck. The closeness was so intense that their hearts beat as one, the throbbing of their sexes in perfect synch.

Night sucked in her breath, her eyes opening wide as she stared ahead in disbelief at the sensation of having both men inside her. Then, slowly, her eyes closed and her breathing came back in a soft whimper as she relaxed and shifted her hips to angle the dual cocks into optimum position.

Buck and Pat began to alternate, sawing in and out of Night. She moaned and writhed, her eyes closed, her ears firmly laid back against her skull as she drooled onto Pat's face, her eyes utterly mindless when they did manage to flutter open in thin slits. Her whole body quivered and Pat had no words for the feelings surging through him. Buck's enormous, silkened rod fucked Pat as much as Night, brushing against him, sending electricity through his body. The cock-

to-cock contact, enfolded by the woman he loved, was too intense. But Buck was the one who had been thrusting first. And he wasn't holding back.

He came.

This time, the amount of cum was merely impressive, rather than legendary. But the feeling was infinitely more personal now. It rushed around Pat's member, surging and enveloping his cock before spilling out of Night's pussy and dripping along his balls. He shuddered and writhed against this unfamiliar lubricant. Buck laughed and gasped as he drew himself out of Night. She, in turn, started to sit herself down on Pat's cock. Her eyes met his.

"Ruta... бага..." She breathed.

Ezra sagged. In relief? Merely because he was tired? Pat had no idea.

She only had eyes for Pat in this moment. And he had eyes only for her. Her eyes were unfocused and eager. The same kind of cock-drunk she got when nuzzling against Buck's cock. She leaned her head forward, and breathed her words on Pat's face. "I... I need... *you*."

Not your cum. Not your dick.

You.

Pat thrust into her with strength he didn't know he had. It wasn't the strength of muscles, it was the movement of passion. And he had never in his life loved Nightshade... no... Nadia more than this. The safe word had stripped away all pretense, all titles. The rest of the room fell away as his brown eyes met her beautiful, endless, green ones. He was drowning in her and he never wanted to breathe again. They couldn't kiss, they couldn't even speak. To do anything less than this... this perfect, beautiful moment, would feel like sacrilege.

Nadia quivered around him and Pat let himself go. This wasn't a moment that could be stretched or drawn out. To do anything but live it...

No.

Pat closed his eyes to slits. Tears brimmed in his eyes. Hot, salty droplets in turn slipped along Nadia's muzzle. She sobbed, the emotion too powerful for anything else. Then their bodies met one last time. Her breasts mashed to his chest, and her hands slipped under him to cling to his back. Her claws dug in and Pat welcomed the pain, for it was just more closeness. He shuddered and came. His balls clenched and his own arms crushed Nadia against him. He knew that it was too tight, but anything less than the whole of his being wasn't enough.

Then, slowly, the feeling of completeness receded.

And Pat became aware...

That he was bleeding on the sheets.

“Oh my God!” Nadia barked as Pat rolled a bit and revealed the blood.

Ezra started, then exclaimed. “I’ll get some disinfectant!” He turned and bounded out of the room, but Nadia was already pushing at Pat’s back. Pat sat forward, hissing softly while trying to say that he was fine at the same time. Nadia’s eyes brimmed with tears as she nuzzled against his shoulders.

“I’m so sorry,” she whispered.

“Heyyy,” Pat crooned. “Vicky said this was a risk before the first date.” He winced as her nose bumped against one of his cuts. Then he hissed – but not in pain – as her tongue darted out. She licked against his wounds in gentle, slow, cleansing laps. Pat shivered and remembered how when they first started dating, she had left similar wounds. He chuckled softly and whispered: “You left way smaller ones this time. Much better about your claws.”

Nadia snorted, but it was a wet snort.

“I love you, Pat,” she said. Her voice sounded thick and choked.

Pat reached back. He found her paw without needing to look, without needing to grope. He just held it. He squeezed.

“I love you, Nadia.”

Then Ezra bustled in, holding disinfectant, cotton balls, and bandages. Nadia drew back, and Ezra quickly daubed disinfectant onto the wounds as Pat stammered out that he didn’t need it. But it was too late. The disinfectant rushed in and burned, and Pat squirmed and hissed, while trying to not look like a total baby. Five bandages later and Pat was wincing as he leaned back against the pillow. “I don’t know if we needed to go this far. They were really tiny cuts!” He grinned as Ezra shook his head in response, looking quite stern about it all.

“Do you know how my reputation would look if I let the man writing an article about me get ill from an infection?” He said, his voice so serious that Pat wondered if he was joking. The moment of panicked realization had actually been something of a blessing. The intense sensations that had filled Patrick and Nadia in that moment had been unsustainable. But Pat hadn’t known how to navigate his way out of that headspace. Being punctured a bit helped, and now it felt as if a new mood had settled over him. It was somewhere between the high

after a good run, the delight after a long bath, and the joy of good sex. A melange of happiness.

Nadia crawled onto the bed next to him. Her voice was slightly raw from the number of times she had screamed her pleasure out. She nuzzled her nose against Pat's bicep, then pushed his arm up with her muzzle to get her nose against his armpit. Her ears flicked back and she whispered a quiet string of words that might have been apologies. Pat slipped his arm around her shoulders, tugging her in close.

Ezra sat down next to her on the bed, looking unsure.

He was still naked, and at this moment, Pat wasn't sure how he felt about the other man's body. He knew that he was well past discomfort, so he grinned and motioned with his head.

"Come on, Ezra. Get over here."

Ezra's big deer ears perked up, and then he crawled forward. Soon, a very happy Nadia was sandwiched between two excellent examples of the masculine form. She looked as happy as a bug in a rug, her eyes closed, tail lazily wagging, her whole body buzzing with contentment. Pat was happy too. His right hand caressed her belly, while his left was crooked up to caress one of her ear tips. Ezra nuzzled her other ear, and his palm worked along her scalp, fingers tugging against her hair.

"Iiiiiiii could get uuuuuused to this," Nadia cooed.

"Well, I'm sorry, Night," Ezra said.

"Nadia," she murmured, lazily.

"N-Nadia?" Ezra asked.

"Well, I wasn't born Nightshade, my parents weren't *mental*," Nadia mumbled with a smirk, her muzzle almost touching her chest as she let her head loll forward. Her eyes were closed.

"Are you heading somewhere?" Pat asked, feeling his heart skip a beat.

Ezra smiled, slightly. "Hopefully. We're in the crunch time to get the latest heavy launcher up. I plan to be upon the second one." He chuckled. "I'd be on the first, but my shareholders weren't happy about that."

"You're going to be on a rocket?" Pat asked, his brow furrowing.

“Well, it’ll have a small shuttle attached. These days, CEOs have to build the brand with our own faces, you know?”

Nadia snickered. “I dunno. Seems kinda gauche to me.”

Ezra looked faintly offended, then each of them laughed, but there was a tinge of sadness at the same time. They cuddled and kissed, but never quite worked up the energy to go for a round three. They felt drained and happy. Ezra chatted with Nadia about her day job. Pat showed Ezra some of his nerdiest books. Nadia demonstrated her newest dance moves once her knees started working again. And they spent what felt like hours petting her. Pat worried, sometimes, that she might get bored of just laying there while two men groomed her fur. She never did.

In the end, dawn came and Ezra had to get dressed to leave.

“Goodbye, Ezra,” Nadia said, sitting up. She moved to stand, but Ezra held up his hand, stopping her. He grinned at them.

“Don’t get up for me. The two of you... You’re too goddamn beautiful like that.” He paused. Then he kicked at the ground and clasped his hands behind his back. “Thank you.”

“Thank us? Thank *you*!” Pat laughed.

“No, I mean...” Ezra shook his head. “I’ve never felt this kind of connection before. It was intense and special and... just...” He sighed. “Thank you. Thank you for letting me get a glimpse into your relationship. Thank you for letting me see what you have. Even if it was only for this moment.” He smiled. “It almost makes me want to stay...”

“Almost?” Nadia asked, her voice soft.

Ezra paused, then breathed out a slow sigh. He nodded. “Almost.”

Nadia looked at Pat. Pat looked at her. He nodded slightly.

Nadia leaned forward and kissed Pat. It was a short, fierce kiss. Then she stood and, with her tongue still tasting like Pat, she kissed Ezra. He stood stock still, his eyes wide as saucers. He looked nothing like Buck in that moment. Instead, all Pat could see was the nerdy cervine who had been teased for his antlers and his size, shocked that anyone would want him. Nadia drew her mouth back and whispered something in his ear.

Pat never asked what she said. There was a place for privacy, even in this moment. Ezra looked punch drunk. He smiled, whispered back to Nadia. Then

he turned.

And left.

And they never saw him again. In person, at least.

He was on TV often enough, though. Usually waving at the camera in a spacesuit.

EPILOGUE

“And thus... we bucked the system”

Nadia leaned back and spun her chair way from the desk, tapping her pen against her muzzle. Pat, who had been watching her read the pages, grinned impishly.

"Too corny of an ending?"

"Definitely corny," she said, nodding. "And the title? *Bucking the System*? Kind of on-the-nose." She grinned slightly. "But no, I don't think you gave away too much of our personal lives. I kind of loved that you made me a vixen."

"Well, I couldn't use our real identities. Imagine if I wrote Ezra's role as a deer. A famous, rich deer businessman? There's only so many of those. So, that's why I made him a stallion, changed his profession and made him only modestly rich. And since I had changed him, I figured why not have fun changing all of us around?"

"Hence why you're a dog?" Nadia asked, grinning. Then, she said seriously: "But no. I think... I think the magazine will love this."

Pat smiled and stood, picking up the manuscript. He had printed it so that Nadia could write any notes she wanted on it. There were quite a few tiny editor mistakes and several sentences she had underlined. She had also doodled a few smiley faces around the bits she liked the most. Pat's eyes fell on the opening lines of first page, after the disclaimer that the names and species had been changed to protect privacy.

My day was bracketed by the two of them. The events went into motion when I saw her off and later met him.

Drawn underneath that was a trio of hearts and a great big smiley face.

With that, Pat winked at Nadia and gave her a kiss, then left to make the corrections on his computer. He'd later email it to Ezra for his own proofreading.

He enjoyed the day. A bright, sunny day. A day that seemed ready to go on forever. A day for lovers.

A day for Night.

THE END

About the Authors



Dragon Cobolt

A mysterious and powerful dragon dwelling in a large, possibly misty mountain, Dragon Cobolt has a massive pile of gold and a yen for writing. Writing and putting his/her (being a shapeshifter has its advantages) stories out in the marketplace since late 2016, Dragon Cobolt is just glad to entertain.

He sometimes masquerades as a humble human, and uses the facade that Dragon Cobolt is merely an internet persona to throw adventuring parties off his tail.



Kadath

Coffee, zombies, giraffes. These sum up the interests of Kadath, an artist specializing in erotic anthropomorphic comics. He's been illustrating stories set in his Londoners universe for over a decade. His online presence is that of a be-speckled giraffe, toiling away at smut for the masses.

Kadath currently lives in the rainy, coffee-abundant Seattle area, with his longtime girlfriend and artistic collaborator Kaylii, along with their cat, Niko.

About the Book

In 2017, Kadath made a comic called *Dirty Talk* which featured two of his most popular characters, Patrick and Nightshade, engaging in a fantasy cuckolding scenario. Inspired by this, Dragon Cobolt expressed interest in writing a follow-up where the fantasy became reality. The publisher Kadath worked with announced a cuckolding-themed anthology, and Kadath was preparing to ask Dragon Cobolt to write that follow-up story as a submission to the book. Unfortunately, the anthology was cancelled, but Kadath approached Dragon Cobolt with the proposal anyway, it was accepted, and the short story blossomed into a novella. While the characters and setting are based on Kadath's Londoners comics, the story and newly-introduced characters are Dragon Cobolt's own creations. Kadath provided character and cover art for the finished project, bringing Dragon Cobolt's ideas to life.

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Bucking the System

Nightshade & Patrick





Bu

Bucking the System

Otter & Rhino





