

THE FURRY CLUB



TRYSTANA TOWERS & JUSTIN CULKIN

[LOOK INSIDE]

... A couple of moments later a dog walked in. Well, not an actual dog, actually. A person in a dog costume. It just waved its hand to me as if saying “hi”, turned around, spread its ass cheeks and waited for me to ram it in there.

I paused. I was so hard now, so needing to release my load. But the preacher was gonna be so pissed at me when I confessed this to him... On the other hand, it would be so “pure” and “clean”... No dirty, smelly sweat, no bad breath, no oily skin touching my body, no “anal accidents”, no talking, only that silky soft fur against mine, only the best parts of sex...

I grabbed a condom and entered the... the dog. Let its cotton tail massage my belly as I held its paws and had some good, perverted, animal, anonymous, furry fun. No worries about any STDs, no risk of losing my erection due to saggy boobs or an ugly face that might be underneath that suit... Only satisfaction and joy. It was a cold, awful day but I didn't feel it. I was feeling warm and protected inside my costume, my “armor”. Could focus the whole of me on my cock and the wild, great pleasure it was giving me...

[END OF SAMPLE]

Copyright 2016 – Trystana Towers and Justin Culkin

Kindle Edition

*All characters in this story are 18 and over.

The Furry Club

By Trystana Towers and Justin Culkin

I did that same route every day. Left Nashville in the morning, heading North, came back late at night when, thank God, my wife was already asleep. Being a trucker is hard enough, I didn't need her constant bitching on top of it. Anyways, I didn't even know what I carried in the back of my 18-wheeler, I didn't care. Just wanted to listen to Limbaugh on the radio and do my driving. This Rush fella is very talented, knows everything about politics and that song of his, "Fly by Night", is also great!

Every day I stopped at a different place to eat, rest for a while and have my beer... well, my beers. I wanted to try and find the biggest tacos in the area for the smallest price. Need to save money for the future, damn Mexicans are bringing this country to ruins!

When I found this place, though... Everything changed.

"Furry Club", it said on the door. It was winter, I was cold, why not buy a fur cap to keep my head warm, right? I'd rather do the hunting myself, but these damn liberals... When I think about how many good shots I lost only because they will all get mad if you drive with a shotgun in your hand. Well, if I have it in my lap there's no time to grab it, aim and shoot, all while paying some attention to the road.

Anyways, I ended up at this place. Didn't find my fur hat. Apparently, all they had for sale were "fursuits". Now, why would anyone buy a fur suit? Rich fellas who wear suits work in offices with air conditioning, they don't need no fur. I said "Thank you but no, thanks!" crossed the road and went to have my lunch. Five dollars they charged you for a beer there. Still, I bought two. I may not have fancy clothes like these people but, hell, I was spending like a millionaire too, that's for sure!

"-Which way to the can?"

"-Sorry bud, out of order. You can use the one in the club, though."

So, there I was again. Folks were kind enough to let me use theirs, even though I didn't buy nothing. One of the Japanese girls working at the place said she liked me, I made a nice bear even without the costume. What the fuck!? That's why I drink, things people say don't make any sense most of the time, anyway. What was that supposed to mean?

Be that as it may, I said thanks and took my way to the urinal – half a gallon of whizz that I needed to get rid of. I was holding it for half an hour, felt so good when I started releasing all that water that I even got kind of half-hard while I peed.

“–Howdy?” – that's all I told the guy that walked in and started using the urinal next to me, I felt kind of embarrassed at this moment. I know I shouldn't be, having a big dick is no reason for crying, right? But still... The man is going about his business, needs to take a leak and when he enters the restroom there's a 10-inch schlong, full of veins, staring him in the face like a hairy rattlesnake waiting to strike... To make things worse, he was also wearing some crazy duck costume that went from head to toe. I felt even richer when I saw it. The things people have to do to make a living...

“–Nice indeed!” – He said.

“–Yeah, peeing is great! What a sense of relief!” – I replied, confused.

That's when I noticed he wasn't pissing. Maybe the costume was getting in the way but he just stood there right next to me looking down.

“–Everything alright, man?” – I asked him. My mother didn't raise no unpolite children. Maybe he needed to puke and couldn't do it with that thing in front of his face...

That's when I noticed something else. I could see through the holes in his mask that he was looking at me, he was looking at my cock! Way worse than that, I could see he was drooling!

“–Well, if hellfire saves matches, fuck a duck and see what hatches! Are you one of these gay queers!?” – I asked him.

“–Why do you want to destroy our families!?” – I shouted at him, pushing the dude to the floor.

“–I'm sorry, I didn't mean to...” – his muffled voice told me, as I prepared my knuckles for some good ol' fighting.

“–The butt is no place for sex, now get up and...”

“–Listen, I said I’m sorry!” – *she* said, removing the mask. Yeah, turns out the yellow duck was a girl. The very same Japanese girl who worked at the front desk and let me use their restroom.

“–Are you a lesbian then?” – I asked her, a bit puzzled.

“–Chill, pal! I just thought you made a handsome bear and wanted to take a look at your dick. It was just a... a... joke...”

“–Well, if that’s the case, then let me help you up then.”

Problem is, bathroom floors are always slippery, janitors are constantly cleaning them up with water. As I helped her get up, I tripped and fell to my knees... So there we were, the girl in the duck costume lying down on her back and me sitting on her chest pointing my semi-erect wang to her face.

“–Wow, it’s even bigger up close!” – she said.

“–Thanks. Now, give me your hand again.” – I replied.

She sort of did. I mean, she went right for my cock with those plushy hands.

Now, don’t think I’m a prude. I’m the opposite of that. Back in the day, when I was a crazy, wild, eighteen-year old I even let a girl give me a handjob, once. But this was different, it was... much better. Hers weren’t cracked, dry hands like farm girls’ hands, used to hard work. They were so soft and tender and delicate...

“–Well, it seems you’re the one “getting up”, mister!” – she said as she masturbated me.

I thought about leaving, I thought about punching her in the nose... but in the end I gave in let her do it. After all, it wasn’t even her actual bare hand, she had a layer of velvet over it, it was less of a sin than if I used my own hands to do it.

“–You’re good at this, girl!”

“–Someone might walk in, they can’t see me doing this!” – she replied, putting the mask back on.

“–Whatever, keep working!” – I answered, completely focused on the good feelings I was feeling in my crotch.

“–Oh, yeah! Oh, yeah” – I murmured to the duck as she pleased me in a way I had never been pleased before. She was like a cartoon coming alive. So innocent but at the same time so erotic, so naive but at the same time so hot, so clumsy but at the same time so experienced...

“–I’m about to cum...”

“–No! Wait! Little duckie wants to drink some bear milk!” – she... it... told me, replacing her... its... hand with her... its... mouth.

Now I was too caught up to put an end to it, to stop that evil girl... that evil animal. I have to admit I shoved my pecker through the mouth hole of the costume and let her do her thing.

“–It’s huge! And it’s tasty too, big bear...”

It was awesome for me too. Her throat engulfed my mushroom as her lips reached all the way to the base of my shaft and the plushy fringes of the costume caressed my balls. It was unlike anything I had ever felt before!

“–Oh, little duckie, please don’t stop...”

She... it... didn’t. But I did; only a few minutes later. It was too much for me, I couldn’t hold it back anymore. I exploded into her mout... its mouth... screaming like a madman, gladly putting out her fire with the semen in my hose. Boy, oh boy... Was that nice or what...

“–That was amazin...” – I started saying as someone walked through the door.

It... She... was quick, just stood up and left, before they noticed what was going on and I was left with my dripping dick on my hand.

Granted, that is not so unusual for a man in the urinal, but the guy who entered the restroom made an ugly face and went back outside, probably thinking I was some kind of pervert who he’d rather not deal with, himself. So, before this fella called the police or did anything else, I opened one of the windows and jumped out; ran to my truck, started the engine and went my way.

I drank a lot that night. Trying to forget what I had done, hoping I

wouldn't go straight to hell when I died. It was not like I had voted for Bernie Sanders, but deep down I knew I had done something terrible and I just couldn't get over it.

Worse than that, actually! I had drunk to the point of forgetting the girl's face, her name, even my own, but I couldn't forget the yellow duck and how great my wiener felt thanks to it. I went to sleep, woke up and that image was still in my head. I drank again, went to sleep again, woke up again, and still... I couldn't forget it, no matter what!

Yeah, I was feeling very guilty and I knew I had to do something about it. I made an U-turn and went back. I needed to go to that club again and apologize for what I had done to the innocent girl who was just selling candies in that ridiculous costume, or something like it, and I lured into a restroom to abuse.

When I got there the Japanese girl recognized me right away. Told her co-worker: "–That's the big... the biiiigggggg bear!" and just laughed.

"–Listen ma'am. I'm here to beg your forgivene..."

"–Not here, you're gonna have me fired!" – she said, interrupting me.

"–I'll meet you at that same place, put this on..."

So, there I found myself again, in that same ol' restroom. Except this time I was wearing a stupid bear costume from head to toe, kinda like the one she wore when we first met. Was that really necessary? Was she so afraid she was gonna get fired for letting someone who's not a member of that crazy club enter the premises? I was about to find out. Quick enough, the duck came in.

"–Listen ma'am. I'm here to beg your forgivene..."

"–Shut up, big bear!" – it said, going right for my cock again.

"–No, please! Little Japanese girl, let me go!" – I said.

Already undoing my pants, the duck just said: "–I'm not the Japanese girl!"

She wasn't. I could see two blue eyes through the holes of the costume, it was her co-worker. She wanted to have a piece of me too!

"–I'm sorry, I can't do this! I can't let you blow me." – I told her.

“–Who said anything about blowing, big bear?” – she insisted, turning around, getting on all fours and offering me a wet, young, tight, pink pussy – where she quickly shoved my fingers through a bigger hole in that same wretched, god-damned costume. Why was I so unlucky? Once again Satan was tempting me to cheat on my wife. I would be so fucked if she found out...

But the girl’s juices made my fingers so slippery and my not-so-little buddy so hard... I was such an old fart... And she sounded so young... My tool was so tired of my old woman’s smelly, dry tunnel... And her slit smelled so good and felt so narrow...

“–Okay, I’m gonna stick it in you, but it’s not really cheating, you know?” – I told her.

“–Of course not, handsome! I’m not some random bitch you are going out of your way to fuck. I’m just the little yellow duckie that you play with, sometimes.” – she confirmed.

“–Glad you know that, too!” – I stood my ground.

“–Whatever, big bear. Just put that huge thing in me and shut up!”

“–Well, there’s no need to get angry, miss!” – I told her, as I installed my plumbing on her hungry pipe.

“–Wow, you’re quite the bear, indeed!” – she moaned as my rod found its way to her cervix.

“–Yeah, like this, big bear! Pound your duckie’s pussy!”

Boy, was it nice or what... We fucked and fucked and fucked for what seemed to be hours; until it felt like I was an actual bear. Until it felt like we were two wild creatures. Until catching my breath was getting harder and harder and I was about to put some baby bears inside her duck womb.

“–Wait, don’t you dare do it!” – she warned me.

“–I know, little duckie wants to drink some bear milk, right?” – I asked the blue-eyed duck.

“–My friend needs to feel this!” – she said, running outside without saying another single word.

A couple of moments later a dog walked in. Well, not an actual dog,

actually. A person in a dog costume. It just waved its hand to me as if saying “hi”, turned around, spread its ass cheeks and waited for me to ram it in there.

I paused. I was so hard now, so needing to release my load. But, on the other hand, the preacher was gonna be so pissed at me when I confessed this to him... On the third hand, it would be so “pure” and “clean”... No dirty, smelly sweat, no bad breath, no oily skin touching my body, no “anal accidents”, no talking, only that silky soft fur against mine, only the best parts of sex...

I grabbed a condom and entered the... the dog. Let its cotton tail massage my belly as I held its paws and had some good, perverted, animal, anonymous, furry fun. No worries about any STDs, no risk of losing my erection due to saggy boobs or an ugly face that might be underneath that suit... Only satisfaction and joy. It was a cold, awful day but I didn’t feel it. I was feeling warm and protected inside my costume, my “armor”. Could focus the whole of me on my cock and the wild, great pleasure it was giving me.

“–Y’all want the big bear! Don’t you, tramps!?”

I thrust harder and harder when I realized the most exciting, hair-raising, creepy thing about that crazy adventure of mine, that crazy “lifestyle”: that bunghole could belong to anyone! The person under the costume could be my neighbor’s hot daughter, a model, a famous actress, or even my boss... I’d fuck my boss in the ass, just for the kicks of it!

It didn’t matter. I pushed my dick even deeper. For me, it was only a delicious dog. Wait, that sounded kind of gay... let me rephrase it: I pushed my dick even deeper. For me, it was only a delicious furry bitch.

The following week I became a member of the club. I was lucky, got a 3-months discount.

###

Did you enjoy this story? If so, please give it a review!

More of my work is available on [amazon.com](https://www.amazon.com), take a look at it!

Kisses,
Trystana.
Hugs, Justin.