

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



(c) 2006 by Diola Dragontail

"You know, I really hate this shit." Wilson grumbled as he picked through the racks of clothes. "One day, I swear, I'm going berserk on their asses."

"You don't like getting dressed up?" Barry arched his long neck and raised a confused but inquiring eyebrow. "It should be a nice night."

"Oh no, I don't mind this. It's a break from the monotony." Wilson crossed his thick arms, covering the bulk of his barrel chest. His lumbering form turned slowly, facing his friend. "Do you know a fucking seven year old was flinging peanuts at me for an hour? I don't even like goddamn peanuts!"

Barry chuckled as he went back to choosing his tie for the evening's affair. While tonight's party was a special event, his friend's after hour tirade was a regular occurrence. He only wished that Wilson's memory wasn't so acute.

"Well, what are you going to do?" Barry shrugged his narrow shoulders in a sort of resigned way. Sometimes the tactic of feigned indifference helped to soothe his friend's insulted pride.

"I think one of those damn things almost put out my eye!" Wilson shook with thunderous rage, his elephantine feet lifting and falling in frustration. With each stomp, the floor of their small apartment shook. "The sign says not to feed us! It's not like it's not in English! And what the hell was his mother doing?"

"Handing him the peanuts?" Barry offered sarcastically, turning his attention back to the clothes rack that hung in his closet.

"Handing him the peanuts!" Wilson bellowed in confirmation, the aspiration and perspiration showing on his furrowed grey brow. He shook his head sadly as the rage started to slowly flee his mind.

Hearing the heavy elephantine sigh of his best friend, Barry could sense that the tirade was almost over.

"You know what I blame?" Barry never took his attention away from the racks of clothes. With so much neck to cover, he always felt that choosing the right tie was essential to his attire. In fact, it was pretty much the center point around which he decided the rest of his clothes.

"The parents?" Wilson replied, with a sense of certainty in his voice.

"Nope." Barry smiled as his hoof seized on a long golden tie, pulling it out and holding it against his tan fur for contrast. "The cartoons."

Wilson paused in mid movement as he thought about that, his trunk reached up and scratched the side of his head. Then he turned and looked at his friend for an explanation.

"The cartoons." The giraffe repeated, frowning as he returned the tie to the rack. "They perpetuate these myths. You must like peanuts and be scared of mice, because that's what the cartoons say."

"I guess." Wilson's broad shoulders shook slightly at the mention of mice, he honestly didn't care for them himself. "Think I should wear the tux tonight? How about the blazer?"

Barry glanced at his roommate from across the room, it was bad enough he was having a hard time

picking his own clothes out. Now he was going to have to dress him too.

"Kids these days." Barry offered with a resigned shrug. He thought maybe distracting his friend back to his previous annoyance might force him to pick his own clothes.

Wilson rolled his eyes, the exasperated suddenly appearing on his face again. "I swear, I know why Uncle Ralph went crazy. One day I'm going to snap and trample some 'innocent bystanders' myself."

Barry shook his head slowly, he had no doubt that his friend really had no intention of doing any such thing, but stranger things had happened.

"I'm going to wear the tux." The elephant stated, matter of factly, the fingers of his thick paw grasping a hanger and pulling the dark black suit from the rack. "I want to get some tail tonight and I ain't coming home alone."

Seeing that his friend had made his decision, Barry decided it was safe to pull out the clothes he already decided on hours ago. A light gray suit, a dark red tie, and a freshly pressed white shirt.

"Oh yeah, Big Poppa is going to get some tonight." Wilson's trunk caressed the lapel of his suit like he was stroking the leg of a fine woman. "If my boxers are hanging off the doorknob, don't be barging in on me."

A good hearted chuckle echoed out of Barry's long giraffean throat. "If your boxers are hanging off the doorknob, I'd have a hard time finding the door."

To all outside eyes, it looked like just another quiet night at Greenville Zoo. All the tourists had long since left. The gates had been locked. The janitors had swept the pathways and collected the garbage. Even the zookeepers seemed to have all gone home.

Nothing could be further from the truth.

The pathways that the average person would expect to be empty, we're actually teeming with life. Animals wandering freely through the pathways of the labyrinthine lay out of the zoo.

And still, that wasn't an accurate description of the situation. To the casual observer such a description would make one think of a mass of chaos, when the animals had thrown open their cages and taken to an uncontrolled fervor of activity.

Instead what the observer would see would look very much like the average day in the life of the zoo. Pedestrians strolling on two legs throughout the zoo, congregating and chatting at the various intersections and plazas that dotted the zoo map.

All of the animals behaving, for lack of a better description, like humans.

"So when is this wedding going to start?" Maureen leaned against the green metal railing that separated the pathway from one of the small grass pastures that dotted the zoo. She absently scanned the movements of the crowds with her narrow brown eyes, trying to discern their general movement.

Lola glanced at her friend for a second, had a thoughtful gaze, and then began to giggle

uncontrollably. Her eyes bulging from the strain and giving her face a maniac look of insanity.

“Hey, watch the drool!” Hillary instinctively took a step back from her friend, glancing down and double checking that no errant flicks of spittle had made it onto her perfectly white dress.

Hillary liked the white the white cotton and lace contrasted against her thin brown fur, she flexed her long busy tail and curved it around herself. Slowly starting to groom it and pick bits of lint out of the brown and black fur rings.

“Sorry.” Lola, the hyenaess meekly replied, the embarrassment managing to stifle down her giggles.

“Hey.” Hillary glanced at Maureen, “Where’s Tony? I thought he was your date tonight?”

Maureen rolled her eyes in annoyance at the mention of her on again off again boyfriend. She knew the lothario is probably deep in the midst of trying to grease his way into some unsuspecting female’s charms.

“The pandas just came out of quarantine. He probably thought his best chance would be to get his teeth into them before anyone warned them.” Maureen wrinkled her nose in annoyance, giving slightly snooted face a predatory appearance.

It was easy for her to imagine the cheetah with his slick words prying the new girls away from their virtues. She’d been on the receiving end of his ways more than a few times.

“Where did the pandas come from anyway?” Hillary asked with interest, her whiskers twitching in thought. She didn’t often find herself in the loop of zoo gossip.

“Beijing Zoo I think. They shipped Arnold off in exchange.” Maureen laughed, “One wild guess who got the better end of that deal. Arnold is probably hiding under a rock in some Chinese zoo right now.”

Hillary blinked for a minute, trying to remember which one was Arnold. She was never good at names either. When she failed to find a mental picture to associate with the name, she finally asked. “Arnold?”

“Yeah.” Maureen shrugged. “He was the old tortoise. Never came out much. I guess I wouldn’t either if I had to carry that thing on my back all the time.”

“Poor Arnold.” Lola said with distinct sympathy, even though she immediately broke into a new set of giggles.

“Why do you even go out with Tony?” Hillary, the raccoon asked, tearing her mind away from the enticing prospect of foreign panda triplets.

Maureen shot her friend a cold, withering stare, “What do you care? You don’t even live here. You just sneak in every night. I mean, really, you’re lucky we even let you hang out with us.”

The retort caused Lola to descend into another round of giggles. Tense situations seemed to have that effect on her more often than not.

The two friends stared at each other, saying nothing.

“Hellllllloooo, ladies!” Fergus shouted as he leaped in front of them with a flourish. He spun his arm elaborately, placing it across his mid section, and then bowing deeply.

In stunned silence, the trio of girls stared at the flamboyant parrot, attired in red velvet felt and a giant hat.

He stood up fully, the large emerald feathers of his crest standing proudly against the evening breeze. "And why are you three lovely ladies standing here unescorted?"

The trio of girls stared silently for a moment more, until Lola started to giggle again. The other two beginning to laugh outright, until all three were almost falling over from convulsions of laughter.

Fergus stood, frowning, wanting to slink off, but embarrassed into silence.

"I knew it." Maureen groaned out through tears of laughter. "Pirate days went straight to his head."

"Next time, he'll show up with a peg leg and an eye patch!" Hillary added in laughter. "We'd better hope they never you in a slasher movie attraction, Fergie."

"Take a deep breath." The young woman said reassuringly. "You need to calm down."

"I am calm!" Cleo shouted back, betraying her frayed nerves. She had no intention of shouting of course, but the words sort of came out on their own.

"Calm. Suuuuure." Beryl replied, looking incredulously at the wolfess in her pearled, ivory white dress. "Give me your hand, I want to show you something."

Cleo took a deep breath, trying to calm her nerves. She figured her bridesmaid was about to show her how her hand was shaking. Try to prove to her just how bad her nerves were racing, so all she did was concentrate on keeping her hands still.

Even as she tried to still her hands, Cleo's ears short stubby began twitching. The nervous energy searching for a way out of her body. Still, with a quiet confidence, she extended her left hand to the human woman. Smugly waiting to see what she'd say now.

"Look." Beryl replied with a satisfied sound, holding the wolfess' paw in her hand.

"What?" Cleo spit out, annoyed, her lips instinctively curling and sharp white incisors peeking out. "My hand isn't shaking!"

"I know." Beryl frowned, trying to quietly calm her friend. "But your claws are out and all tensed up. If you keep this up, you'll shred your dress even before the ceremony starts."

Cleo sighed heavily, realizing that her friend was entirely right.

Beryl squeezed Cleo's paw tightly, reassuringly. "Here, sit down. I'll go and get you a cup of tea. It will help calm you down."

Cleo slumped into the offered seat, playing little heed to wrinkling her dress. At this point she wasn't even sure she needed it.

"Here. It's a little cold. But just sip it slowly." Beryl offered the small white tea cup down to the reclining wolfess.

"Beryl?" Cleo asked in a low, almost scared voice. Not making any movement to take the cup. "Am I

doing the right thing?"

Beryl stared down at her friend, blinking slowly as she processed the question. But she didn't feel like she could answer it properly without knowing more about what brought the question on.

"What do you mean?" Beryl asked slowly, trying to take a reassuring tone.

"With all of this?" Cleo grasped part of the dress in her lap and lifted it up, shaking it slightly in annoyed confusion.

"You're just nervous, that's all." Beryl knelt down next to the chair and whispered into the wolfess' furry ear. She reached to the bride to be's face and slowly start to rub her neck, just below her jaw line.

Cleo groaned softly at the reassuring touch. It seemed to help calm her mind, though she couldn't figure out why.

"As much as I hate to admit it." Beryl whispered playfully. "My brother is a really nice guy. And you're both lucky to have found each other."

Cleo nodded slowly, somewhat agreeing with the words she was hearing.

"I've seen you two together. I know you two really are in love." Beryl added, the words starting to come easier now. She found herself not thinking about them, just saying what she felt in her heart. "You know you're both happier when you're together than when you're apart."

"I guess you're right." Cleo replied half heartedly, staring down at the bunched dress in her lap.

"No." Beryl said slightly sternly, moving her hand to hook the underside of Cleo's chin, turning her head so she could look the wolfess in the eyes. "I know I'm right. Now say it."

Cleo's lips curled into a slight smile, "Okay, you're right. Now stop trying to stare me down like some sort of alpha female."

Beryl smirked and leaned closer, giving her friend a small peck on the end of her nose.

"Hey, hey, hey!" the short mass of gray and white fur stumbled into the room, promptly walked into a wall, and fell over flat on it's ass.

"Holy Jesus." Vincent growled in annoyance as he watched the small bear staring blankly up at the ceiling. "This fucker is stoned again! God damn koalas all go through life in a haze!"

"At least he's dressed." Dave said as he ambled over to check on the fallen form. "Usually he's naked and hanging upside down from a tree."

"I thought naked and hanging from a tree was your thing?" Vincent chided the monkey. "Usually flinging crap on the guests."

"Hardy-har-har." Dave sneered with sarcasm. "Aren't we the comedian?"

Vincent looked at the groom with pleading eyes, "Why did you ask him to be groomsman anyway?"

"Who?" Brendon inquired, trying to diffuse the antagonism between the wolf and the monkey. "Lawrence or Dave?"

"Our resident dope head." Vincent's annoyance now redirected towards the groom. "Lawrence of course."

"It seemed like the right thing to do." Brendon shrugged slightly. "He was the first friend I made here."

"Yeah." Vincent shook his head slightly. "He was probably trying to see if he could score a hit from you."

"It will be fine." Dave tried to provide the voice of calm reason. "I'll get him sobered up and no one will know the difference."

"Ooooh." Lawrence moaned in amusement as he was propped up by Dave, the room spun around his eyes. "Good eucalyptus."

Vincent rolled his eyes and turned his attention back to the groom. "I don't know why you're going through with this."

Brendon glanced at the wolf in surprise, "Because I love her, of course."

"Yeah, well, love is fine and all." He cast an appraising eye up and down his friend slowly, trying to spot anything that seemed out of place on the groom's tuxedo. "But just one girl? I mean, there's a whole bevy of them out there. While limit yourself?"

"Some of us aren't the wolves the others of us are." Brendon replied with a good hearted chuckle.

"Well, I just want you to remember one thing." Vincent snorted in reply to the good hearted jab. His paws reaching to straighten the already immaculate tie of the groom. "You cheat on my sister and I'll just have to kill you."

"Got it, boss." Brendon gave his best man a wink, then glanced at his watch. "It's just about time. You ready to do this?"

In the day time the rotunda was usually four times a day for a family friendly comedy show, meant to amuse the juveniles while their parents recovered. Happy smiling, interns in uniforms that made them look like they might be zookeepers told bad jokes and occasionally trotted out some tired animal for display.

Hawkers would wander the aisle ways and try to sell everything from sugar laced soft drinks, just what you needed to help calm down your children, to food, and cheap trinkets.

With that in mind, it was hard to recognize the same rotunda that the inhabitants now congregated into. Long bolts of white lace ran along the sides of the benches, hanging down in boughs decorated with bright red roses. The stage covered with plants, flowers, and soft carpeting. Bolts of cloth hanging from the overhead shelter and red carpets laid out down the stairs leading to the front of the stage.

The overhead speakers that usually piped in tinny, calming, friendly music now played soft gentle

tones. Relating the romantic aire that the bride hoped would welcome all of the couple's friends, try to show them the smallest glimpse of what the bride and groom felt for each other.

The seats were already mostly full, a multitude of forms and shapes lining the benches. Interspersed in them the occasional zoo keeper or other human who was privileged enough to know the truth of what went on after hours in the zoo.

"There she is." Wilson nudged Barry in the side with his elbow, before rubbing his hands together like a mad scientist in some old B-movie. "There's the lucky lady."

Barry extended his neck, bending it down as he narrowed his eyes. Finally spotting the source of the elephant's attention.

"Sandra?" Barry said in surprise. "You're after Sandra?"

"That's right." Wilson confirmed happily, starting down the stairs of the rotunda, with every expectation of sitting right next to the blonde haired zookeeper. "I've seen the way she's been looking at me. She wants me."

Barry swallowed slowly as he tried to think of a tactful way to reply to his friend. The time the lump in his throat took to travel down gave him plenty of time to think of the right response.

"You're out of your mind." Barry replied incredulously. "She's way out of your league."

"Yeah, right." Wilson continued on, undaunted, even as Barry could only see nothing but disaster resulting from this.

"Dude, she works with the gorillas. The gorillas." Barry's voice was almost pleading now, his only intention trying to protect his best friend from the crushing rejection he expected. "You know how the gorillas are."

"Gorillas, scmailas." Wilson shrugged, still unconcerned. "Once you go elephant, you don't go back."

"At least wait until later." Barry countered. "I heard that women are always more receptive after a wedding."

Wilson paused and thought about that, glancing at his friend to see if this was just a trick. "Really?"

"Really." Barry nodded, hoping to hell Wilson would buy it.

"Let's sit back here." Maureen said as she started into the very first empty bench at the rear of the rotunda. Her eyes already narrowing and scanning the other guests, a predatory look of venom on her face.

"Back here?" Hillary protested, looking around annoyed. "I can't see a thing from back here."

"Oh shut up and sit down." Maureen spat back, distracted with her spying and having no patience to argue with her friend.

Lola started giggling uncontrollably, the exchange spurring on her cackling. Her laughter cut off by a loud yelp of pain as Hillary's heel found Lola's toes.

"Bastard." Maureen muttered as her eyes zeroed in on her prey, focusing like a laser beam.

"It was an accident." Hillary quickly defended herself, thinking that Maureen had spotted the toe stomp.

"It was not." Lola grumbled, lifting her foot and rubbing her toes through her open toed shoes.

"What?" Maureen glanced at her friends, confused, then immediately turned her gaze back to the prey. "That bastard is out with those pandas. I swear, I'm going to kill his ass and use his skin for a coat."

Hillary and Lola stared in surprise at the sudden ferocity of their friend's emotions. Lola finally breaking into a small round of giggles again.

The background murmuring of the audience slowly faded to silence as the penguin waddled his way across the stage. He was dressed in a dark suit that covered his natural tuxedo-like feathers.

All eyes were on him expectantly as he wandered the stage, seeming to make sure everything was in its proper place. Oliver was always one to follow through on the smallest of details.

He finally made it to the center of the stage and looked over the audience slowly, then glanced off stage and nodded.

The groom entered from the side stage, followed by his best man. Vincent, unused to being the center of such a spotlight, felt immediately uncomfortable. He could feel his fur bristling and the sweat on his skin.

Brendon was busy just make sure he walked properly, didn't fall on his face in front of the assembled audience, and managed to keep his lunch down in his stomach where it belonged.

As a picture of contrast, Lawrence had no such misgivings. The koala followed Vincent, only staggering slightly as he walked. He patted his pockets in an annoyed way. He was sure he had kept a stalk in his pocket for later. But now it was no where to be found.

Dave, the final member of the line up, kept a close eye on Lawrence as they walked. He was ready to grab the koala before he turned in the wrong direction, kept walking, or some how found something else to gnaw on.

Brendon glanced back at his groom's party, and then looked to Oliver with an anxious smile. It seemed like he was begging for the penguin to get on with it.

The music in the over head speakers went to silence briefly, before returning to life with the familiar strains of a wedding march. The lights of the rotunda reduced, making it a more homely, romantic atmosphere. Then the first of the bridesmaids appeared at the top of the small arena.

The figure moved slowly, gracefully. The image of light pink satin and chiffon, gliding down the stairs like a ghost. First one pink ghost, then a second, then a third.

The music changed, taking a more traditional tone as the third bridesmaid made it to the stage. A new pink figure appearing at the top of the rotunda, this one Brendon easily recognized as his sister.

He couldn't help but smile as he watched her descend the stairs. Grateful that she agreed to do this for him. Even more grateful that he was able to share this secret life with her.

As she reached the bottom of the stairs, the music changed once again, growing louder and more brassy. Without exception, all attention then focused to the top of the rotunda stairs.

Brendon caught his breath as he saw the figure dressed all in white appear. She looked like a statue carved from flawless alabaster. Just standing at the top of the arena. Then she began to descend the stairs as well.

Brendon could feel the smile on his face, grinning so wide that it made his face hurt. He was sure he looked like a complete idiot, but he couldn't help it. He didn't think he could stop smiling if he tried.

He held his breath as Cleo descended the stairs, only when he started to feel light headed and dizzy did he remember that he still needed to breathe occasionally.

She crossed the stage and took her place next to him and he had to fight off the urge to reach out and hug her. He bit down on his tongue, trying to keep from speaking as well. There was so much he wanted to say.

As he stared at her face he could barely make out the nervous twitching of her whiskers beneath the veil. He could see that she was even more anxious than he was.

His wide smile melted to a more reassuring expression, giving her a small wink. Trying to show her everything was going to be fine.

"Would you care to dance?" Despite Barry's warnings, Wilson had proceeded across the plaza and come to a stop in front of Sandra's seat.

The blonde woman looked up at the elephant that loomed over her, easily dwarfing her size. There was a moment of uncomfortable silence where she just stared up at him. And, for the first time, Wilson started to question if Barry was actually right.

If he could sweat, he was sure he'd feel it welling up on his forehead. He was feeling more and more anxious; it already felt like it had been an eternity since he had first asked her to dance.

"I would love to." Sandra said, smiling, offering her hand up to the relieved elephant.

Wilson graciously accepted her hand, holding it steady to help her stand. Then silently, except for his heavy footsteps anyway, led her out to the dance floor that had been set up in the middle of the plaza.

For all his boasting and bravado, Wilson found little to say as the zookeeper and he danced at a discreet distance. A look of panic appeared on his face as the first dance ended and the music changed tempo, switching over to a slower more intimate rhythm.

His trunk twitched in indecision, his thoughts conflicting like spatters of multi-colored paint. Thoughts of running off the dance floor and abandoning her. Graciously escorting her from the

dance area. Moving forward and embracing her, taking the first step ahead.

"Shall we?" Sandra asked, her blue eyes sparkling through strands of golden blonde hair. Stepping forward, she slipped and arm around his waist and placed her other hand into his.

"Yes, please." Wilson managed to stammer out, feeling relieved that the decision was made for him and more than happy with the results. His trunk snaking down and resting on her shoulder, slowly breathing in the scent of her hair.

"Look, he's an asshole." Hillary shrugged, trying to mentally prod her friend into movement.

"A total asshole." Lola added, small giggles slipping out of her lips after the words.

Maureen glanced across the table at her two friends. She felt dejected, crushed. Her initial rage had passed and left only a depressed pit in its wake.

She knew where Tony, her erstwhile boyfriend was, along with the trio of pandas he was busy trying to woo. She started to look in that direction, but was interrupted.

"Don't even look at him." Hillary ordered, leaning so that she'd block her friends view even if she tried to look. "He's not worth it. Forget him."

Maureen glanced at Hillary's face and blinked for a moment, then offered a weak smile in reply.

"There you go." Hillary smiled, reassuringly. "Come on, let's go dance. It will help you forget about him."

Hillary hopped to her feet, standing expectantly over Maureen. The lynx reluctantly started to stand, not seeing a point to trying to argue with her friend.

Lola felt totally out of place and incredibly uncomfortable as she watched her two friends walk towards the dance floor.

Hillary, realizing that someone was missing, turned and smiled at the hyenaess still sitting at the table. "Well, what are you waiting for? Come on!"

Lola's giggles resumed as she bolted to her feet and raced along to join her friends.

Brendon couldn't believe that this wasn't all a dream. The enormity of the day settled into his mind in this one, crystalline moment. Holding his new wife close as they glided along the dance floor.

He knew music was playing, but he couldn't hear it. He could feel the beating of Cleo's heart against his chest. He knew they were moving in time with the music, but that was it. Nothing else mattered.

He could feel the weight of her head on his shoulder. Her warm breath caressing the side of his neck.

He squeezed her harder to him, he couldn't help it. The little bit of space between them still seemed like an intolerable distance. A gulf that he could span just by pressing her harder to him.

"I can't breathe." He heard her whisper in his ear, a playful tone to her voice, but still edged with seriousness.

"Sorry." He whispered back, releasing his embrace slightly

Her head moved and then she was looking up at him. Her warm brown eyes stared up at him, acceptingly. As if they were saying that this was it. And no matter what came next, from now on they'd face it together.

In his heart he knew that was true.

He leaned in closer, kissing her, lightly at first, but then with a fierceness that showed the emotions he was feeling inside. He fought the urge to jab his tongue into her mouth, in the back of his mind it didn't seem right. To do something so intimate when they were the focus of so many people's attention.

Unable to completely resist the urge, he let the tip of his tongue invade her mouth. Sliding it across the smooth enamel of her teeth. He felt her mouth opening willingly, almost enticing him further. But he restrained himself to just touching the top of her teeth, the sharp edge of one of her incisors tickling the underside of his tongue.

"They look great together, don't they?" Beryl asked a bit dreamily as she stared at the newlywed couple.

"Yeah, I guess so." Vincent replied with a slight shrug. It had been a long day and it was already starting to wear him out.

"Are you jealous?" Beryl glanced at the wolf with an amused smile.

Vincent regarded the woman like she had just hit him in the face with a stick. "Me? Jealous? Are you kidding?"

"Well, you're not much of conversational partner." Beryl smiled more, before turning her gaze back to the dancing couple.

"Sorry." Vincent apologized, but didn't really mean it. "Tired and my mind isn't really on talking."

Beryl raised an eyebrow without turning her attention back to the best man. "So then what is your mind on?"

"You know," Vincent started to murmur, seeming to change the subject. "There's a tradition at these things that you probably don't know about."

Beryl glanced at the wolf again, "Oh? Do tell."

"Yeah." Vincent leaned across the table and whispered, attempting to sound as convincing as he could. "Where I come from, when someone gets married, the best man and the maid of honor fuck like bunnies til the morning too."

Beryl blushed slightly in surprise, "Oh really?"

Vincent could tell she wasn't buying this, but he figured if he was in for a penny he might as well go

in for a pound. What's the worst that could happen?

"It's for good luck you know." He added, winking.

"Well then," Beryl smirked, rising from her seat. "If it's for good luck, we'd better get to it."

Wilson felt like pinching himself as he reached for the doorknob of his apartment. Even in his wildest dreams, he hadn't expected the night to go as well as it did. Here he was, with a beautiful woman on his arm, standing outside his apartment. Just on the other side of the door laid potential nirvana. It was so close, so possible, that he could almost feel it already.

And then, just like that, Wilson's nature got the better of him. Suddenly things seemed too perfect. Little fears began creeping up in his mind; each one represented something that could potentially go wrong.

They started small, but then seemed to reproduce exponentially, crowding out all other thoughts in his mind. Until all that was left were the doubts.

"Wilson?" Sandra asked, glancing up at the suddenly frozen pachyderm. "Is something wrong?"

Zookeeper mode took over Sandra's mind. It was what she did on an every day basis, so it was easy to slip into the old familiar role. She'd never worked with Wilson before, but that hardly figured into the situation.

"What?" Wilson glanced down at the woman, startled. He no longer saw an object of desire, but instead saw someone who was just waiting for a chance to tell him that she had changed her mind. Or that she was joking around with him. He glanced up over her shoulder now, fully expecting the troupe of gorillas she normally worked with to come running down the hall, shouting insults at him before lifting him up and tossing him naked into the penguin pool.

Sandra stared up at the obviously nervous face of the elephant for a second, then started to pat his arm reassuringly. She thought about repeating her question, but instead just assumed that she knew what the problem was.

"Are we going to go inside, or what?" She whispered, taking a half step closer to him and leaning into the bulk of his chest. The fabric of his tuxedo tickled her face, the slight smell of his skin slipping into her nose and tickling her senses. "I don't want to stay out in the hallway all night."

Wilson blinked at her for a moment, feeling a couple of the little fears pop and dissolve into lost fragments of thought. "Are you sure you want to?"

Sandra smiled up at him; she felt her cheeks grow warm as she mustered the courage to be a bit bolder. She leaned up onto the tips of her toes and ran her fingers along the edge of his ear flaps, before lifting it slightly up so that she could whisper just to him.

"I'm sure I want to." She cooed into his ear, softly. "I'm more than ready to feel you between my thighs."

The bluntness of her words caught Wilson by surprise, instantly popping a half dozen of the mental bugaboos inside his head. He could feel the crowd of self doubt quickly thinning, even as he the front of his trousers go tight.

He was about to say something when he felt Sandra's hand on the front of his trousers. Her fingers tracing the thick girth of his shaft. Following it's length down his trouser leg.

"Oh my." He heard her whisper in surprise, as she found she'd have to bend down if she intended to find the end of his penis.

With the sound of her surprise, a handful more of the self-doubts withered away inside his mind. What was once a crowd was now only a handful of concerns. And all of them had one name in common.

"Barry." Wilson tried to whisper, causing Sandra to glance at him questioningly. "My roommate. Barry. He might be home."

Wilson started to turn the doorknob to the front door while praying that they wouldn't find Barry sitting on the couch in his underwear watching television while eating cereal from an ashtray.

Sure, on most days that wouldn't be all that unusual a site for Wilson to come home to. But right now it was the last thing he wanted Sandra to have to see. He figured that appreciation of a lanky half naked giraffe couch potatoing had to be an acquired taste.

So it came as a great relief to Wilson that the door opened up onto a dark and still apartment. He held the door open, letting Sandra enter first. "My home is your home, madam."

"Thank you." Sandra smiled as she stepped through the offered door, her eyes scanning the dark apartment. She was reluctant to venture in to the unknown territory too far, not being familiar with the furniture's layout.

Wilson was fairly sure that Barry hadn't gotten in yet, but he was still anxious to retreat to the relative safety of his own bedroom. With that hope still high in his mind, he flicked the lights on and glanced around.

"Oh, this is very nice." Sandra said honestly, stepping past the foyer and into the living room. "Red leather couch? Very bachelor padish."

Wilson smiled at the compliment; at least he thought it was a compliment. "Can I take your coat?"

Sandra glanced at him and nodded with a smile. Instinctively he reached out with his trunk, grasping the back of her wrap and allowing her to step out of it. Her fingers moved to caress the end of his trunk, a touch as light as a feather that made his skin tingle.

He moved the wrap to his paw, and then walked to the closet, carefully hanging it up.

Sandra glanced around the apartment, boldly proceeding across the living room and stopping in front of one of the closed doors. "Your bedroom?"

"No." Wilson took off his on suit jacket and hung it in the closet as well. "That's Barry's. And I wouldn't go in there if I were you."

Sandra glanced at the closed door for a second, then chuckled lightly before looking back to Wilson. "Is Barry going to be home soon?"

Wilson thought about it for a second, honestly not sure what the right answer would be. "Maybe. Probably. I don't know. We didn't really compare notes."

“Well then.” Sandra crossed the living room, passing by Wilson on her way. Her hand lightly grasping hold of the end of his trunk and tugging him towards the only other closed door. “Let’s excuse ourselves before he does, then?”

Hillary shook her head sadly; she knew it was a bad idea to let Lola drink the champagne. She didn’t say anything when she had the chance, and now she was stuck with it. She might have met the situation with a little more resolve if she had any idea how poorly the hyena was able to hold her alcohol.

“Come on.” Hillary groaned at the lynx sitting in the seat on the other side of Lola. “We can’t let her go home like this.”

Maureen, already less than pleased with the evening, showed even less concern now. “Why not?”

“Pffffsssst!” As if adding her own thoughts to the conversation, a noise like air leaking out of a punctured tire pushed out from between Lola’s flapping lips.

The hyena’s eyes blinked open after a second, followed by a rapport of giggles that threatened to start her crying.

Hillary watched the hyena for a moment, and then glanced back up at Maureen. “Just because we can’t.”

Maureen rolled her eyes in annoyance, “So what are we going to do with her?”

“Can’t she stay with you for the night?” An uncomfortable silence set into the conversation immediately following the words leaving Hillary’s lips. The tension made her whiskers vibrate and twitch.

“Bwa-hahahahaha!” Laughter exploded out Lola’s lungs, forceful enough to make her sit back up in her seat and survey the room anew. “I wanna dance!”

“Oh no, you don’t.” Hillary quickly latched onto her friend’s paw, pulling her back down into her seat.

Maureen tried to rub the stress out of her eyes. The hyena’s outburst did even less to convince her that she wanted to help. It did, however, forcefully demonstrate that she probably had no choice but to help.

“She can’t come home with me.” Hillary’s voice slipped into pleading mode now. “There’s no way I can sneak her out of the zoo.”

Hillary, being a raccoon, wasn’t really one of the zoo’s normal inhabitants. But she did know a few ways in and out of the park that the officials hadn’t discovered.

“Fine.” Maureen let out a sigh of resignation. This turn of events was going to seriously cramp her previous plans of sitting around all night and feeling grumpy. “Just help me walk her back to my place.”

"How are you doing?" Cleo whispered into her new husband's ear. With his flesh so close, she couldn't help but nip at his earlobe. Catching the tender flesh between her sharp teeth for a second, then release it.

"I'm great." Brendon laughed lightly, reaching up to rub his ear, before reaching to her and scratching her lightly behind hers. "By the way, you look incredible. Did I tell you that already?"

"Multiple times." Cleo giggled, leaning into his side lightly. "But say it again."

Brendon slipped his hand down, wrapping around her back and pulling his bride even closer to him. Almost pulling her from the chair she was sitting in and up into his lap.

"You, my dear, look incredible." He repeated after clearing his voice in a dignified manner. "You're absolutely radiant and, without a doubt, the most beautiful woman I've ever had the fortune of knowing. You've made me a lucky man, far beyond anything I could possibly deserve."

Cleo could feel the embarrassment welling up in her cheeks. Her face going warm as she stared at him. She studied his expression for a long moment, trying to see if he was having a joke at her expense, but she couldn't see anything but a serious and entirely honest expression in his face.

His face moved, about to say something more. But she leaned up quickly, kissing his lips. Stopping the words. She doubted he could say anything more that would make the moment any more memorable.

She glanced across the reception room as their friends continued to eat and dance and generally continue being merry. "Do you think they'd miss us?"

Brendon surveyed the room for a moment, then glanced back at his wife. "Why? What did you have in mind?"

Cleo shifted in her seat, starting to stand up. "Why don't you and I sneak out? Before anyone notices we're gone?"

Sandra glanced around the elephant's bedroom as she stepped into it. She expected to find a room in disarray, unprepared to entertain guests. She even had a couple of jokes lined up in her head, prepared in an effort to reassure her suitor that she didn't mind the mess.

Instead, to her surprise, she found a meticulously clean room. Not the sort that seemed like it was hastily cleaned up as an afterthought, but one that seemed very well organized and normally very tidy.

Wilson followed her quickly inside, closing the bedroom door behind him. He held his breath as he watched her move slowly about the room. He wasn't entirely sure what to say at this moment and the only things that did come to mind sounded entirely stupid.

"I want to see..." Sandra said slowly, as she turned to look at the pachyderm again. "... what it is you have down those trousers."

She smirked mischievously as she sat down on the edge of the double wide bed.

With a new found sense of pride, Wilson placed his paws on his hips. His trunk snaking down and

deftly unbuttoning the waistband of his trousers. The finger like protrusions moved slightly down, grasping the tab of his zipper and sliding that down as well.

“Oh my.” Sandra raised a genuinely impressed eyebrow as she watched. “That is one talented trunk you have there.”

“You’re about to find out just how talented.” Wilson smirked, holding his trousers in place for a moment longer, letting silence return to the room so that he could drop through with a certain sense of reverence.

Sandra’s eyes went wide as she watched Wilson’s boxers come into view. The front of them tented slightly forward by the hose like apparatus that hung down. The head of it just barely peeking out from the hem of his boxers, way down by his knees.

Seeing her state of distraction, Wilson extended his trunk to her, gently caressing her neck before running down to her shoulder. She arched her back forward, inviting him closer. He thought about exploring further, sliding the tip of his trunk across the green silk of her dress. Finding her nipples through the cloth and teasing them into excitement, but her voice interrupted him before he could.

“Unzip me?” Sandra turned slightly in place, giving him better access to her back.

There was an unmistakable challenge to the tone of her voice, as if she was testing just how skilled he was with his trunk. A challenge that brought a bigger smirk to his lips.

“Of course, my dear.” Wilson lifted his trunk back to her neck, caressing her skin for a second, before sliding back and carefully pushing her hair to the side. Collecting it in a coil and tucking it behind her far ear.

The tip of his trunk pinched her earlobe as it retreated, following the edge of her dress, then taking a firm grip of the tiny zipper. He took a step closer to her as he pulled the zipper down, then releasing it and gently wrapping his trunk over her shoulders.

“How was that?” Wilson smiled. “Did I pass your test?”

Sandra smiled as she turned to face him again, the top of her dress barely clinging to her shoulders. “You did. Let me see if I can pass yours now.”

Wilson held his ground, standing in front of her, unsure of what it was that she had in mind. Then, with no other flourish, she reached forward and tugged his boxers down. Dropping them on the floor around his ankles.

Without even a second’s hesitation, she reached out and grasped his grey penis with both her hands. It was just almost as long as her arm and just as thick around. Her fingers were barely able to get around its girth, but that didn’t seem to worry her in the least.

Instead she lifted its heavy bulk up and began to kiss it near the mid-shaft point. Lifting it up slowly as she kissed her way down to its tip.

Wilson bellowed loudly in pleasure as he felt her tongue lick the rim of its bulbous head. Then gasped even louder as he felt her take the entire head into her mouth. Her tongue was barely able to move around it now, cramped in place by the size of his tip.

His trunk moved up, playing with the strands of her blonde hair as her mouth retreated, letting his

cock slip out of her mouth with an audible pop.

“How was that?” She panted for air now, glancing up at him with a smile as her hands continued to stroke the long penis up and down.

“Incredible.” He said as his trunk went back to caressing the side of her ear.

“Undress and lay down.” Sandra said, letting go of his penis and she stood up again.

Wilson glanced at her for a moment, still unsure of what she had in mind. She seemed fragile and tiny to him and the physics of all of this seemed entirely implausible, if not totally impossible and potentially dangerous.

Still, he recognized the look in her eyes. She was a woman with a plan and seemed not inclined to be deterred. It only took him a moment to shed the remainder of his tuxedo, dropping the bits of it on the floor with a casual disregard that was very unlike him.

Sandra smiled as she watched him undress, and then patted the top of the bed, unnecessarily reminding him to lie down.

Wilson eased his earth shaking form down onto the bed, laying on his back and resting his head up against the headboard. He reached out with his trunk, fully intending to wrap it around her hips and pull her towards him, but she quickly danced out of his reach.

“Now, now.” She teased him; the side step she made caused her green dress to slip off her shoulders, joining Wilson’s discarded clothes on the bedroom rug. “Have a little patience.”

Wilson relaxed his trunk back down onto his chest, watching approvingly as her lithe form stepped out of her high heels. His eyes followed up her long legs, admiring the look of the dark nylons that hugged her calves and thighs.

Her fingers moved to the hem of her black panties, locks of blonde hair just barely recognizable through the lacey edges of the cloth. He expected her to pull them down, but instead, pulled them up slightly. Readjusting them.

The fabric of the gusset clung to her skin now, highlighting the plump curves of her hidden nether regions. Her fingers then moved up her flat belly, seeming to escort his eyes higher.

Her fingers tracing over the lacy cups of her bra, pausing for just a second over her nipples. The dark red skin obscured by the patterns of some unknown flower sewn into the lace.

One set of fingers continued to beckon his eyes higher, drawing him up to her mouth as she slowly licked her fingertips. His eyes met hers now and he felt the need to say something. Anything.

Compliment her on her beauty. Ask her to come close her. Beg her to finish undressing. Instead, what came out of him was an inarticulate groan of approval. Which, to his surprise, she mimicked with a moan of her own.

Sandra stepped closer, crawling up onto the bed with him. Snuggling next to him as her hand played up and down the middle of his chest. His skin was softer than she expected, not the leathery feel she had been told about, like he was covered with a fur of the tiniest hairs that she couldn’t see, but she could still feel.

Wilson slipped his trunk behind her, snaking it down her back and hugging her to him. The tip momentarily playing with the clasp of bra, before nudging her up towards him. Bringing her head closer to him and allowing him to kiss her, it was a chaste kiss at first, but changed quickly as he felt her tongue against his lips, poking its way into his mouth to explore.

He didn't dare return the effort, afraid that his mammoth tongue's size was well beyond the capacity of her mouth. Despite this, he stuck his tongue slightly out, touching her lips with it. And found her eagerly sucking on the tip of it.

She slowly drew her head back while continuing to suck. Enticing his tongue out of his mouth. He could feel the cold air of the room across it, off set by the tiny amount that was still inside her mouth.

Her fingers moved on his chest, tips tenderly caressing one of his nipples. While her other hand slide down his body and between his legs. Bypassing his penis entirely, she moved lower. Cupping his heavy balls in her hands.

Unable to help himself, he pulled his tongue away from her, letting out a soft moan as her fingers rolled his balls. To her it felt like she was trying to juggle a pair of slippery tennis balls in her hand.

"Have you ever done this before?" Sandra whispered in his ear as her fingers continued to toy with his flesh.

"Yes." Wilson grunted quickly, for the briefest of seconds, the idea of naming names occurred to him. As proof that he wasn't the unskilled virgin that he felt like. But that thought quickly fled his mind.

"I meant," Sandra continued, her hand moving to the base of his penis and stroking it slowly. "Have you ever done this with a human woman?"

Wilson reluctantly shook his head no. For whatever reason, it felt like an insult to his elephanthood to admit the inexperience. "Have you?"

"With another human, yes. An elephant, no." To his relief, Sandra shook her head no. "And not with any gorillas either, despite what they might like to say."

There was a slight chuckle to her voice, as if the gossip amused rather than annoyed her.

"Gorillas are like that." Wilson teased in reply, slipping the tip of his trunk under the back of her panties, pinching one of her cheeks for emphasis.

"Oh!" Sandra's eyes opened wide with a start. "That's going to leave a bruise."

"Sorry." Wilson apologized, sheepishly now, pulling his trunk back and away from the young woman's skin.

Sandra sat up, smiling at him. "It's okay, but how about you let me take the lead?"

Wilson nodded slowly, watching as Sandra reached behind herself and unclasped her bra. She shrugged her shoulders letting her breasts spill free, her fingers flicking the bra away as an afterthought.

Her hands reached down, cupping the cap of Wilson's penis and smearing her hands with the freely

leaking pre-cum that was oozing its way out of him. She tentatively brought her hands to her lips, experimentally licking them.

The taste was harsh than she expected, more metallic and muskier, but not entirely unpleasant. She wiped the rest of the slippery fluid between her breasts and then pulled his penis up, nestling the length of it against her chest.

She locked her eyes on his as she began licking the end of his cock. At the same time rocking her chest against him, letting his slide up and down between her breasts.

With as much concentration as he could muster, Wilson lifted his trunk to her chest. Stroking her bright pink nipple with the tip of his trunk. Trying to prove to her that he could be as careful as she needed him to be.

Sandra shivered as the fingerlike protrusions rolled her nipple with a nimbleness she hadn't expected. Opening her mouth wider and pulling more of his cock into her mouth. Trying to show him she appreciated it.

Wilson's reaction was immediate and obvious, the tip of his penis swelling in her mouth. The dull rumble in his chest that she could feel through her hips. She started to rock on him, dragging her own panty covered pussy up and down the length of his shaft as it snaked under her. Continuing to rock it up and down between her pressed breasts.

The rumble grew into a trumpeting roar which buffeted her hair back in a warm gust of air. She could feel his shaft swell underneath her and clamped her mouth tightly around his tip.

It went dry for a second, like the surf pulling back from the shore just before the crashing of a tidal wave. Then her mouth was flooded but spurt after spurt of hot, salty liquid. Filling her cheeks, covering the back of her throat, spurting around her lips and dribbling down her cheek.

She couldn't help but drop his penis out of her mouth as she gasped for air. The elephantine rod continued to spurt between her breasts, covering her chest with the mammoth's white seed.

Wilson stared up in disbelief at the woman sitting astride his stomach. His penis still clasped between her breasts. His thick white seed dripping from her nose, her chin, painting across her chest and dribbling down her nipples and belly,

She just smiled down at him, a slight blush of embarrassment starting to hue her cheeks, forcing him to try to find something to say.

"Should I get you a towel?" It was the only thing he could think to say. Having never been confronted with a situation like this, it seemed like the only logical thing to offer.

Sandra smirked even more, shaking her head slightly, the embarrassment fading, replaced by a slightly smug pride. Her hands reached down, stroking his trunk slowly, tenderly.

She licked her lips, the movement dislodging a large drip of white semen from her nose, which splashed noiselessly onto his chest. "I want to feel this in me."

Wilson watched her for a moment, unsure of her seriousness.

Sandra's fingers arrived at the end of his trunk, caressing the tip slowly. "I want this in me." She repeated her voice sharp with conviction. She leaned forward, his penis falling onto his chest as her

nipples dragging along his skin.

"I want you in me." She repeated a third time, this time in a whisper, just next to his ear.

"Let's see what I can do for you, my dear." Wilson smiled, his trunk already moving over her shoulder, stroking her back. "Sit up. Take off your panties."

Sandra gave him a quick kiss on the side of his face, her heightened anticipation leaving a lip shaped stain of elephant seed on him. She stood up over him, one foot on the bed, the other resting lightly in the middle of his chest. Her hands quickly shucked the stained black panties off.

She was about to toss them to the side of the bed when Wilson's trunk quickly grasped them away from her.

"Mhmmm." The sound of approval echoed out of him as he inhaled through his trunk. The soiled panties shimmering in the wind dangling from his grasp as he smelled them. "You smell delightful too."

Sandra smirked as she sat back down, her legs astride his chest.

Wilson's trunk brought the panties to her face, carefully wiping his cold seed from her face. She leaned into his touch, enjoying the attention, even if she didn't mind keeping the stains.

He dropped the panties to the side of the bed before wrapping his trunk once around her waist in a light hug, the tip of it starting to rub against her blonde pussy. Her engorged clit was easily found, enflamed and dark red just like the wet lips she peeked out between her curly hair.

She leaned back, spreading her legs and presenting even more of herself to him. His trunk continued to explore her folds, teasing her. He watched as her chest heaved when he touched certain spots, her breasts shaking with each twitch.

He placed the end of his trunk over the top of her pussy, cuddling her clit. Then trumpeted out a long exhale, the warm breath of his exhale washing across her skin.

"Ohmygod!" Sandra shouted out in surprise, her body tensing at the sudden warmth that enveloped her tender most spots. For a split second she felt beyond her body, like the pleasure was too much and had taken over all of her being. Forcing her spirit right out of her body.

"You liked that, huh?" Wilson asked, surprised by the intensity of her response.

She nodded quickly, with wide eyes, and the expression immediately reminded him of the children at the zoo when they weren't spoiled brats. The way they'd stare up at him with the expression of awe and wonder. As if somewhere, deep inside them, somewhere primal, they found a respect for him. Something that he saw in only the rarest of adults.

Sandra's hands reached back and grasped his penis, still hard and long. She pushed it towards her ass, poking the tip at her anus. He could feel the tip of him just starting to enter her, the entrance slick with his slippery cum.

He watched up at her with a questioning look. Trying to see if she was serious in attempting this. She just nodded in reply, continuing to push his penis against herself.

He felt her muscles relax, her anus open, then the warmth of being inside her. It was only an inch at

best, but it still caused his tip to swell, filling up with little extra space there was inside her.

“Uhhhhnnn.” Sandra moaned, her body swaying left and right slowly. It was the sound of pleasure mixed with the slightest bit of pain, and a significant portion of resolve.

Wilson wiggled the tip of his trunk into her pussy now, finding this fit much looser and accommodating. Another groan echoed out of her, her fingers releasing his penis and gripping his legs as she leaned further back.

Wilson flared his nostrils inside her pussy, making her exhale with a start, her fingernails gripping his grey skin. He flared them a second time and felt the unmistakable feeling of her orgasm. Her inner walls flooded with a moisture of her own, the sweet smell sliding up his nose and pleasing his mind.

With the added lubrication, he pushed his trunk into her, her lips spreading to allow his girth. The ribs of his trunk dragging along the inside of her skin. Not satisfied yet, Wilson began to rub deep inside of her, the protrusions at the tip of his trunk rubbing against her skin.

A primal scream raced out of Sandra as she felt parts of her body being massaged in a way she hadn't even imagined, much less experienced. She felt her whole body shake uncontrollably. The head of Wilson's penis slipping slightly more inside her.

She lurched forward, collapsing on top of him. The energy to keep her upright had fled her body, her mind giving itself over just to the pleasure she was experiencing. She panted against his skin as she felt the echoes of one climax melting into the impact of a second one, then a third one.

She felt warm air from Wilson's trunk fill her, followed by another jet of his cum, forcing his penis out of her ass. His seed spraying against her ass and back.

His warm seed was dripping from her pussy as she felt darkness and sleep force its way into her mind.

“That's right, bitch!” Vincent thrust his cock deep into the woman, enjoying hearing her begging for more. “You like that, don't you?”

Beryl mewled underneath Vincent, his paw pressing her face into the grass of the lawn. She felt dirty and used and could only imagine what her husband would think if he saw her like this.

“I bet you've never gotten a fucking like this before, have you, bitch?” Vincent hissed smugly, thrusting his long hairy cock even harder into the red head's cunt.

“Noooo...” Beryl groaned out, the tone of her voice betraying her enjoyment.

Here she was, on all fours in the dirt. Letting this beast have her. And she couldn't believe how much she was enjoying it.

“I'm going to cum inside you, you know.” Vincent hissed with a slight twinge of threat to his voice. “What are you going to tell your husband, huh, bitch? When you deliver him a litter of little wolf bastards?”

Beryl's fingers dug into the turf, pushing through the grass and piercing the dirt. She felt his thin

cock deeper inside her than she thought she could handle. She could feel the thick knot at the base of his cock pressing against her lips.

"You'd like him to see you doing this, wouldn't you, you kinky bitch?" Vincent thrust himself even harder into her, emphasizing his words. "You want him to see what you really like!"

Vincent hiked Beryl's pink chiffon bridesmaid dress up around her hips. Exposing her bare ass to the cold evening air. He brought his paw down stiffly on her ass, leaving pink mark on her pale skin.

"Maybe I should fuck this ass next too." He leaned forward, whispering in her ear, causing her to mewl in pleasure. "You'd probably like that too, wouldn't you slut?"

"Yes." Beryl groaned out as she buried her face into the grass, embarrassed by her own lust.

"The proper little soccer mom wants to have her ass fucked by the big bad wolf, huh?" Vincent gripped her hips even tighter, pushing himself into her. Wiggling his cock around, dragging his knot up and down the length of her enflamed cunt.

"I wonder what other deep dark secrets are hiding in that head of yours." Vincent hissed in her ear, making her shiver.

Lawrence staggered along the cobblestones, staring directly up at the sky. He loved the way the stars looked, like little white starbursts cascading across the horizon.

He absently bit another chunk out of the eucalyptus in his paw as he stared up. Then a new light caught the corner of his eye, diminishing the light of his fireworks display.

In annoyance he glancing in the direction of the intrusion, then recognized it with a gleeful excitement. He shoved the remaining eucalyptus into the pocket of his tuxedo and scrambled to a very familiar tree.

He glanced up and down the walkway and saw that the walkway was still deserted. Then proceeded to scale up the tree easily, licking his lips in anticipation as he went.

He crawled along one of the thick branches, spreading out to keep himself as flat against it as he could. This was one of his favorite perching spots and he hoped this evening's show would be as good as they had been in the past.

He narrowed his eyes as they adjusted to the light of the glowing window, watching as the object of his lust walked through the living room of her apartment.

His eyes narrowed as he realized the lynxette wasn't alone tonight. He watched her and her friend the raccoon leading the third member of their little clique through the living room.

They carefully dumped the hyena onto the couch then looked at each other. He could see their lips moving, but couldn't hear a thing they were saying. His eyes glanced down and saw that the hyena had woken up and had started doing that annoying giggling thing she always did.

He wasn't sure what their names were, he never really had a reason to talk to them. He had seen them around the place plenty of times though.

He watched as the lynx seemed to try to reason with the hyena. Trying to calm her down he thought.

The raccoon meanwhile had knelt down on the floor in front of the couch, taking off the hyena's high heels.

Momentarily distracted, the hyena glanced around the room, like she was trying to get her bearings. Or at least figure out where she had woken up. Her eyes seemed glazed over and unfocused.

As the second shoe came loose, she seemed to suddenly notice the raccoon. The hyena's paws gripping the sides of the raccoon's head and dragging her face right up between her legs.

"Jackpot!" Lawrence thought to himself, he couldn't quite believe his luck. It was like watching something out of a soft core cable porn movie.

The hyena continued to rub the raccoon's face around between her thighs, underneath her dress. The raccoon's arms flailing about wildly, like she was trying to get away.

The lynx just stood over them, watching with her mouth wide opened. Her senses finally caught up with her, running behind the raccoon and grabbing hold of her shoulders. Yanking her one friend out from between her other friend's legs.

Both the lynx and the raccoon tumbled backwards, ending up in a tangled mass of limbs in the middle of the living room floor. The hyena just staring confused at their antics for a moment, before starting to laugh hysterical.

Apparently thinking it was no more than a game, the hyena leaped from the couch, tumbling herself into the mass on the floor.

Lawrence scrambled to find the hunk of eucalyptus in his pocket, taking a new bite of it as he reached to open the front of his tuxedo trousers and enjoy the show.

"Wait right there."

Cleo glanced at Brendon, confused by his suddenly commanding tone of voice. Before she had a chance to reply, she felt herself being scooped up and lifted off her feet, making her squeal with surprise.

"What are you doing?!" She protested, grabbing hold of the doorframe as quickly as she could.

"It's a tradition, now let go of the door." Brendon explained, trying not to sound pained or concerned. "You're not exactly light you know."

The new bride reluctantly released her grip on the door, unaccustomed to giving up her purchase to anyone, even her new husband. It felt odd and uncomfortable to be entirely at someone else's mercy.

She glanced up at his face as he carried her into the bedroom and somehow felt more at ease. Just looking at him seemed to reassure her nerves and calm her racing mind.

"And here we are." Brendon bent over, carefully depositing his bride on the bed top, just as she was becoming comfortable being in his arms.

Cleo's paws move with lightening reflexes, grasping Brendon's hands, unwilling to let him get completely away from her. She pulled him down, yanking him down onto the bed with her, on top of her.

"C'mere." Her arms moved quickly up, wrapping around his chest and pulling him to her. Crushing her wedding dress between them as her mouth sought his, her tongue diving roughly into his mouth before he could protest.

Her tongue was rough but agile in his mouth, rubbing against the length of his, exploring the ridges of his teeth and the pockets of his cheeks. He started to pull back but found her paws at his head, holding him firmly. Halting his retreat.

She pushed her body up against him, trying to grind her skin against his, but met only the weight of his body. The details of their touch painfully obscured by the layers of clothes that still separated him.

In frustration, Cleo pushed him away, rolling him to the side as she leapt back to her feet. Her toes of one of her feet caught the carpet, her momentum spinning her in place with an animalistic grace.

Her eyes narrowed on her new husband, still laying on his back on the bed.

"Don't." She hissed through clenched fangs. "Don't. You. Dare. Move."

Her tone of voice would have frightened him had she been anyone else. But he recognized the lust in her eyes. The emotions in her face. He knew there was nothing here to fear.

Her paws moved quickly behind her neck. Reaching for the clasp and the zipper that held her restrained in her dress. Her fingers found the metal, but her face screwed up in a look of frustration after only a moment.

Her paws moving quickly to the front of the high neck collar of the dress, gripping it tightly and starting to pull it apart. The sound of tearing fabric and snapping stitches filled the room. Tiny white pearls and decorative beads showered down onto the floor as more of the fabric came away.

The dress tore open to her belly before she finally released it, letting the white fabric fall to the floor. A challenging smirk appeared on her face, like she was hoping her husband would say something about what she had done.

Instead, his eyes just dropped down, scanning her body slowly. The grey fur of her shoulder and arms thinned to a softer white across her chest, which matched perfectly with the white bodice she was still wearing. Her pink belly peeked out from beneath the bodice, but then was quickly hidden by a pair of lacey white panties.

Her legs, while bare, had the appearance of being enshrouded in nylons because of her thin, grey fur.

She let out a little growl of annoyance and flicked her left foot, sending a white high heel sailing through the air. A moment later and another heel joined its sister in the air, landing somewhere in the shadows clustered in the corner of the bedroom.

With a deeper growl, she leaped back onto the bed, tackling her husband and dragging her claws down the front of his tuxedo. Fabric easily tearing under assault of her sharpened nails. Her fingers grasping the tattered clothes and tearing them open in a desperate search for his skin.

"I know, love." He started to say, trying to relate to her frustration and anxiety. But his words were cut off by his own gasp, as he felt her rough tongue drag across his nipple.

His skin immediately responded to her mouth, his nipple puckering tightly against her tongue. She turned her attention quickly to his other nipple, licking that as her fingers pinched the first one. Wanting to keep them both excited for as long as she could. Wanting him to know how she had felt the entire day.

His stroked the back of her hand now, softly at first, then harder, plying through her fur to touch her skin. Words no longer came to him as her tongue continued its assault on his chest.

She pulled back, moving to lick the side of his neck as her fingers continued to pinch his nipples. Her mouth moving steadily up until her nose was prodding his ear lobe.

“I want to fuck.” She whispered into his ear, her voice tainted with a deep need. “Get up and fuck me. Remind me why I picked you as my mate.”

He opened his mouth to speak, but felt his nipple being pinched harder, causing him to groan instead.

“No words. No talk. Just fuck.” She whispered again, mercifully releasing his nipples then rolling off of him.

Brendon slid off the bed; he had long since learned that there was no point in trying to impress her with his agility. He’d forever look like a clumsy toddler in comparison to the way her muscles worked.

He quickly tossed the tattered remnants of the tuxedo jacket onto the floor, in two separate bolts of cloth, as Cleo writhed on the bed while watching him.

His white shirt landed on the floor as he realized that it was obvious he wasn’t going to be getting his deposit back.

He didn’t bother to take off the slacks yet, instead grabbing Cleo’s ankles and dragged her ass to the edge of the bed. She made a slight yelp of surprise as he reached and yanked her panties off her hips, showing the same regard for them as all the rest of the clothing.

Dropping to his knees on the bedroom floor, he quickly buried his face between her thighs. Stabbing his tongue up into her already soaked pussy. The tip of his tongue cleaving between her steaming lips.

Her paws gripped the back of his head, alternately pulling at his hair and holding him in place as she grinded against him.

“Oh, fuck, yeah!” She groaned loudly, “That’s what I needed.”

He moved his tongue up, easily coaxing her clit from its hood. The pulpy mass of nerves grew between his lips as he continued to suck at it. For a moment, he considered biting it, but the thought quickly left his mind as she continued to pull at his hair.

His hands gripped the inside of her thighs, pushing her legs apart, splaying her pussy lips even further. His tongue began running the length of her sex, stopping to toy with her clit with each upstroke.

He could feel her writhing on the bed above him, her body swaying across the sheets. His hands moving down and unlatching his belt, letting his slacks fall to his ankles. Pushing his boxers down to

join them.

Without any warning, he stood up, pulling his face away from her, and thrusting his hips towards her. Stabbing his cock deep into her body to the rhythm of her loud screams of satisfaction.

Brendon could feel his seed building in him, the pulse of it moving towards his cock. He instinctively started to pull out, having no intention to cum inside her.

“Don’t you dare!” Cleo shouted up at him, her legs scissoring behind his back, keeping him planted deep inside her.

“But-” Brendon started to protest, they hadn’t even discussed the possibility of children. Her response was a sharper look and the muscles of her legs coiling tighter.

Within seconds, the chance for intervention passed, Brendon’s cock twitching. His fire erupting out of him, spraying inside her body like a geyser, coating her deepest intimates with his seed.

Cleo’s screams exploded into a cacophony of uncontrollable wails of pleasure. She couldn’t feel his cum inside her, but she was able to recognize the look on his face.

Brendon collapsed forward, laying on top of his new bride as he caught his breath, her fur absorbing the sweat from his body.

“Again.” She whispered in his ear between her own labored pants, even as she felt her husband’s rapidly deflating cock slipping out of her.

“Again?” He asked, feeling a little more than daunted by the needs of his wife. He felt her paws grip his hips then, in a flurry of spinning motion, he found himself on his back and the wolfess on top of him.

“Again.” She repeated forcefully, while looking down at him.

Before he could react, she slid down his body, her mouth wrapping around his deflated cock. She rolled the limp flesh around in her moist mouth, her tongue rubbing and prodding along.

His hands moved to the side of her head, scratching at all the parts that he knew she enjoyed. The side of her jowls, behind her ears, the back of her neck, trying to pay equal attention to all of them.

Her mouth continued to suck and slurp at him, feeling his body slowly responding. She withdrew her mouth and smiled up at him.

“Again.” Cleo announced, self-assuredly. She crawled back up onto the bed on all fours, swishing her bushy grey and white tail as she moved. “This time, like this.”

To Brendon it seemed only fair now. They had done it once ‘his’ way and now it was time to do it hers. He smirked as he moved up onto his knees and positioned himself behind her.

He leaned over her, laying his weight across her back, the bristly mass of fur that peeked out the back of her bodice tickling his belly. He nipped at her twitching ears, catching one for a moment, but then letting go, signaling to her that he was ready.

He slipped a hand underneath her, sliding it across the smooth skin of her stomach, then held her pussy as he thrust forward, guiding his cock half way into her.

She arched her neck up, a loud howl of fulfillment moaning out of her, like she was baying at a full moon.

He brought his other arm around her, crisscrossing them beneath her chest. Holding her in place as he pushed his cock the rest of the way into her.

For a long moment he held her just like that, without moving. Listening to her howl dwindle to a murmur, there was silence from her for a second, then a begging mewl of a yelp.

Having heard the noise he was waiting for, he held her even tighter between his arms and began thrusting in and out as rapidly as he could. Her front legs gave out under the onslaught, but he still held her in place. Not allowing her the chance to get away.

“Is this what you wanted?” Brendon whispered in her ear, his tone kinder and softer than his movements were. “My beautiful bride?”

Cleo couldn't help but giggle out her reply, lost in the ecstasy of the moment.

He continued to thrust in and out of her for what could have been ten seconds or an hour. She felt herself drifting in and out of consciousness; the only thing remaining constant was the sheer joy she felt.

For the second time in the night, Brendon could feel himself filling the wolfess with his seed. Whether they'd be blessed by little ones after this, he didn't know. That was a gift to think about another day.

He released his grip around her, letting her gently down to the bed. He could see that she was just barely awake as he turned her over onto her back. His fingers carefully untying the front of her white bodice and then slipping it out from under her, letting her chest heavy naturally again.

He slipped into bed next to her, wrapping an arm around her shoulders and drawing his new bride close to him. Feeling her snuggle against him as if they were two pieces of a puzzle that fit perfectly together.

The End