

Jason couldn't stop staring at the sign. It said 'Matat Lounge' in simple, backlit black-on-white. There was nothing wrong with it. The longer he looked, the more the vertical strokes stretched in his eyes, the smaller everything else became until the letters were meaningless shapes. They were uniform blocks of black and white that meant nothing. A primal fear of emptiness rose from deep in Jason's mind.

Elle flicked his stomach with the backs of her fingers. Jason flinched and gasped and blinked. The sign said 'Matat Lounge' in simple, backlit black-on-white again. There was nothing wrong with it.

"Are we going in, or do you need some more stare time?" she asked. She leaned her elbow on top of his shoulder until he gave way. He couldn't find the words to explain the fear in the pit of his stomach. It was already retreating from the forefront of his mind like a bad dream.

Jason smiled at his vixen girlfriend instead. "Yeah, sorry, just zoned out," he said. He flicked his keyring into the palm of his hand, checked the car door to make sure it was locked, and then stepped up onto the sidewalk with Elle.

She was the one who'd suggested the hookah bar. She'd found it online and thought it seemed pretty cool. Jason would have been fine with spending another night on the couch in his apartment smoking with her, but he had to do cool stuff with her to keep up his boyfriend cred.

Elle had a jacket and tank top on. Her arms were crossed over her chest like she was chilly. Despite keeping her hair in a short page cut, no one really mistook her for a boy, between her lip piercing and the studs in her ears and her fondness for eyeliner. She had a lean, lithe body, all slender muscle and very little fat. Jason didn't mind. She could snuggle like a hungry python.

Jason was a fox just like Elle—maybe a little too much like Elle sometimes. Some people assumed he was her older brother. He never bothered to comb his shaggy hair; before going out tonight Elle had to literally go into his closet and find a button-up shirt for him to wear. It was olive and looked a bit like a safari shirt, and Jason left it untucked. If she'd let him come in his tee shirt, he would have looked like a stoner. Thanks to her effort, he looked like a stoner with fashion sense.

Standing next to Elle on the sidewalk, Jason stuck out his arm for her to hold. Instead, Elle bent her arm like his and tapped their elbows together. "M'lady," she teased. Jason rolled his eyes; she grinned.

The facade of the Matat Lounge was impeccably kept. The sidewalk was so clean it must have been pressure-washed. The windows, big floor-to-ceiling panes along the entire front, had been coated on the inside to white them out entirely. There was no way for him to see in, no way to tell what he was getting into. But Elle was here, so if anything went wrong, he could blame her for suggesting this over going out for pizza.

When Jason opened the door, he could feel the scent pass over his skin. It prickled; it was pleasant and warm, but sunk into his pores to make its presence known. Then he actually smelled it, and he didn't

mind so much how it made his skin feel. Trying to pick out all of the spices would have taken hours of slow breathing, but he caught the tingle of cloves and cool mint, broad strokes of vanilla and anise, and the little prickle of something that might have been ginger.

Jason had stopped dead in his tracks for a moment. When he realized that he hadn't moved, he saw that Elle hadn't, either. She was looking in his direction, but not at him. Her eyes were unfocused. Her dark nose slowly flared as she breathed in the scent.

"After you," Jason said, to break the spell. Elle's eyes tightened on Jason, then she flashed him a sideways smile and led the way into the Matat Lounge. Jason slipped in after her and let the door silently swing closed.

Inside, the lounge looked pristine enough to be new. Must be why he hadn't heard of it before, Jason thought. There were a few large circular couches in the main area, but given the size of the tables and the fact that the couches were empty and the tables bare, they seemed to be for large groups. Laid out in a diagonal pattern further back from the door were smaller, personal rooms. The floor was patterned in intricate designs like a Persian rug, all in shades of blue and white and blue-gray. The trim on the walls and designs of the furniture were winding, arching, vaguely Arabic, but simple and regular. Floral and exotic, but clean and orderly at the same time, like a particularly ornate hospital.

The receptionist's eyes weren't quite looking at Jason's head, but a few inches off to his side. Given the broad shape of her snout, he could make a stab at her being feline, some kind of big cat, but he was stumped at anything further than that. Her pelt was a uniform white. She wore a ruffled white blouse with the sleeves rolled up and a laced-up, black vest over that, with a black skirt wrapped around her hips.

One second passed. She turned, head and shoulders, to look directly at Jason. The sudden sight of someone looking very *right at him* made the words tumble back down in his throat. Her dark brown eyes captured his gaze, so he missed when her expression had shifted from blank to a wide smile.

"Hi, we're glad you're here at Matat," she said.

Jason's social sense clicked back into action, and he forgot the intensity of the receptionist's stare. He glanced back at Elle. "Did you make a reservation or something?"

"Reservation? It's not needed," the receptionist said. She blinked. "I can take you to your room now."

Jason flashed a thumbs-up and a small grin at Elle. She plucked one of the business cards from the stack on the front of the desk and gave Jason a 'yeah, let's go already' smile. Jason turned back to the receptionist. "All right, cool. So do I pay you now, or...?" he asked, reaching into his pocket.

"You pay at the end of the night," the receptionist said. Again, she blinked. "Please, follow me for your session."

Jason nodded and said, "Cool." The receptionist plucked her hands off the podium and lead the way past the large group tables, toward one of the private rooms. Jason looked around, peering into the open doors of the other rooms. He couldn't see anyone else in any of them. Looked like they were the only ones here tonight, or at least they were the first.

He looked down at the feline's feet. She moved deftly in her tight white heels. Wait. He didn't see the strap of a shoe or a sole or the crease of where a boot ended, or even a zipper. Were they just like really tight thigh-highs? He examined her more closely.

Her head was shaved down to the fur; the *au naturale* look was popular among some big cats. Did she even have fur, though? He couldn't get close enough to tell, but if she did, it was thin and very silky. His gaze moved to the back of her neck. He followed two ridged lines running out from underneath her skull, along the back sides of her neck, and down behind her shoulders. With each step, her skin shifted over the pair of tubes.

The receptionist stopped at one of the nearer rooms, pulled the door open, and stood to the side. "Please, you may enter now. Enjoy," she said. Jason lingered for a moment.

"I don't want to be weird, but...hah, you probably get this shit a lot." Jason grinned sheepishly and scratched his neck. "What's your species?"

She closed her eyes for a second, a full one-one-thousand, then opened them again. "I'm a panther. It's all my genes."

Oh, dang, he hadn't thought that she probably got that a lot, if it was some genetic albino thing. He hadn't meant to upset her. "I was just asking cause it looks really sweet." He smiled and flashed the OK sign with his fingers. The 'panther' began to close the door on him, and he quickly said, "You've got neat shoes!" as he shuffled backwards into the room.

"Weird girl," Elle said from behind him.

"Hey, you are too," Jason said.

He turned around to take in the room. Pillows were scattered across the floor, grouped in a circle around the central table. Sitting on the table was a tall hookah—had to be at least three feet—with shiny black bulbs and silver joints, like a strange plant rising out of the middle of the room. The walls were bare, and the room was lit with a diffuse light that barely cast a shadow.

"Yeah, well, I'm cool weird. I'm not—ooh," she said, holding her hand up near the hookah's bowl. "It's got hot coals already. Guess they started it for us."

"They? I only saw the one girl." Jason tugged a few pillows closer to the table, then sat down on them.

"Whatever, some other attendant. I don't know their business model," Elle said. She set two pillows on top of each other to sit on, then leaned against a third as a backrest.

The mouthpieces for the hookah were perched on small hooks, with long black-and-silver woven hoses dangling down from them. Elle reached out and plucked one off the hook, then sat back with it in her hand, waiting for Jason. He leaned up and took the other, holding it between the pads of his fingers.

"Three, two, one," Elle counted down. 'One' was slightly muffled by her lips on the mouthpiece. The two both took a drag. The water in the hookah bubbled. At first there was nothing, but then a wave of smoke wafted into his mouth. It was like a mouthful of spiced hot chocolate in zero gravity, rippling around his teeth and rolling halfway down his throat. Sweet mostly, but he could taste the warmth and tingle of the hookah's spices.

"Warmup?" Jason asked.

"Yeah, that one's just a warmup." They took a moment to clear their lungs and exhale. Then Jason and Elle drew in deeper, stronger drags from the hookah. It burbled loudly. The smoke swirling down their tubes was fresh and hot. It poured from the mouthpiece onto Jason's palate and tongue, then down the back of his throat and into his lungs. The spices were louder and clearer this time, richer but still more sweet than anything. He contemplated the flavor. Some nutmeg in there, maybe?

A tickle trailed along the underside of his brain. He shivered involuntarily and his ear flicked a few times. He looked over at Elle, her muzzle tipped toward the ceiling, and blowing a plume of smoke from her lips. Jason breathed out too, curling his tongue so that the smoke curled into in a lazy ring. Elle responded by blowing at it, making the smoke wisp away into nothingness.

"Doesn't taste too strong," Elle said. She propped herself up with her elbow sunk into one of the pillows.

"Feels good, though. Wonder what's in it. Any idea?"

Elle shrugged. "You know as much as I do."

"As much as me? Don't be so hard on yourself," Jason said.

Elle snorted a little puff of smoke into the air.

All of the weirdness of the night was drifting away, now that they could hang out together. It was like a night in, just in a new place, with something new to smoke, and nice pillows instead of an old couch. Each drag of the smoke slipped from his lungs, right up his spine, and into his skull. It rippled along the wrinkles in his brain and rolled from side to side in his head.

"Feels good, though," Elle said.

Jason puffed around his mouthpiece and grinned up at Elle, who gave him a confused look. He said, "That's literally what I just said."

Elle shrugged. The hookah bubbled as she drew in a new breath of smoke. She slowly splayed out, leaning further back, legs spread out. She tried to tug at the crotch of her jeans subtly, but she was all of three feet from Jason. It wasn't very subtle. He said nothing, though. He was dealing with his own stiff distraction, and by that, he meant his erection.

By keeping his thighs close together, he kept his cock from sticking out against his jeans, but that did nothing to alleviate the stiffness. He made little grunts and sighs, trying to keep his erection under wraps while he smoked, but a particularly good puff from the hookah unwound his entire body. His legs fell open, and his shaft pressed against the front of his jeans.

"Hey, you're horny," Elle said, tittering. She licked at the mouthpiece before taking another pull from it.

Jason huffed and pawed at the bulge in his jeans, trying to tuck it away. He was only making himself more excited. "Dude, you've got a girlboner so big, like, *I can see*," he said. Elle snickered and stuck her hand under the waistband of her pants, like she was trying to dig her panties out of her cameltoe. If Jason wasn't so mellowed out, he would have gotten off his pillow to make out with her. Seeing her worked up like that flipped all his switches.

Instead, he sucked down another big lungful of smoke, and let the tingling soak into his nervous system and ride up into his brain. His legs quivered, his erection continued to push against his jeans, and he closed his eyes. When he opened them again, he was lying on the pillows differently. The smooth silk was soft against his bare fur. He looked down and touched the pale white fur on his chest, then extended his arms, neither of which had sleeves on them now.

"Where's my shirt?" Jason asked. Elle opened her eyes and blinked a few times. She made a vague noise of confusion.

"I think you took it off," she said. She was bare-chested too, though she was so boyish in figure that she wasn't showing much off. Her nipples were puffed up beneath her chest fur, though. Her sex drive had to be rumbling away on high to get them that swollen.

Jason pointed off to the other side of the room, where his shirt laid, folded into a square and set on the floor. Next to it, in a neat stack, were Elle's jacket and tank top. "There it is," he told Elle.

Neither of them wanted to get up and get their shirts. They were both getting hornier by the minute. Jason reached out and put his hand on Elle's chest. With his thumb pad, he brushed against her nipple, stroking until she squeaked in the back of her throat and wriggled her hips.

Elle batted his hand away. "Ugh, now I'm wet, you dick," she said, then blushed and giggled. "Fuuuck."

Jason snickered to himself. He brought the mouthpiece to his lips. Grasping it between his teeth, he leaned his head back and sucked down the smoke like he was thirsty and it was a garden hose.

With each puff, the effects deepened. He wanted to hump the air, but if he did, he'd slide right off his pillows. He was sinking into the soft sea. He pushed his cheek into the middle of one of the silk-covered cushions and made a deep moan. His thumb traced his waistband. He closed his eyes.

All of a sudden, he was lying on his side, instead of flat on his butt. His legs were lighter. As he sat up, he rubbed at the corner of his eyes. He glanced down: jeans gone. He glanced up. They were folded up underneath his shirt, alongside Elle's jeans. She was stretched out on her side, hip and shoulder and elbow on the pillows, her free hand resting on top of her legs. A small damp spot nestled at the bottom of her purple panties, and her mound was puffy enough to make its shape clear through the fabric.

"Dude, you're really fucking hot right now," Jason said, grinning lazily at Elle.

"I think I can tell," Elle said. Jason's erection stuck out into his boxers. Elle reached out a hand and pushed the prominent tip against his belly. Her fingers slipped around it, and it bounced back up again. They both snickered as they lifted the mouthpieces to their lips and made the hookah burble.

Another record-skip jump. Jason was splayed out. His cock stuck up into the air, reddish-pink, its knot bulbed up. His boxers were folded on the pile across the room. Elle's knees rubbed together; it had to be Jason's imagination, but for a moment he could feel the heat radiating off her bare pussy.

"Hey," he said, and then the first thing that came to mind, "You're naked."

Elle wrinkled her nose, like she was trying to come up with a retort. "You gonna do anything about it?"

"Yeah. Gonna kiss you," Jason said. His balance was too strange and swaying to get to his feet, so he scooted across the pillows until his head could reach her. He leaned forward, pushing his lips against hers. They kissed in fits and starts, slowing to a lazy pace, then getting a burst of energy, twisting against each other, then back to slow pecks and nips. Her mouth tasted like the spices in the smoke, and to be honest, it made him want more.

"We should do another one together," Elle said. Jason nodded and rolled onto his back, gripping the mouthpiece like a microphone.

"Three, two, one," he counted down, then sucked down the smoke. He tried to keep inhaling as long as Elle did. Wisps of tingling spice wafted from the corners of his mouth, little plumes of smoke that he

couldn't keep in. It was warm and delicious, almost like a spiced snack. Jason imagined one of those MRI brain-map things, and all the areas lighting up in yellow and red at the same time. Kind of like a flower blooming; that's what he felt like right now. He closed his eyes, meaning only to blink.

Jason's eyes were still closed, but a pair of hands sat on his shoulders. They squeezed inward with their thumbs, drawing up his muscles, then kneaded back down with their fingers. One smooth, steady motion, again and again, running from the edge of his shoulders to the sides of his neck, then back.

A clicking noise came from right above his head, even and regular, like the sound of a spring buckling. Eight clicks, then a pause. Jason opened his eyes and looked up at a pair of bare, white breasts looming over him. Above them, he could see a white chin and jaw, and down closer to his head, the female's white arms reaching down to his shoulders. *White, kind of like the receptionist*, he thought. *Must be the attendants.*

Jason sat up slightly to get a good look at Elle. Another series of eight clicks sounded out, but came from her direction, instead of right above him. Elle was lying back, her legs open, her eyes heavily lidded. Kneeling behind her was a female figure, kneading her hands into his girlfriend's back.

The figure was white from head to tip of her stiletto heel, and shaped like a jackal, or maybe a doberman, or maybe even a fox. Some slender-muzzled canine. She had an idealized figure: a small hourglass made of spheres and smooth curves, suggestive without resorting to exaggerated sizes. Her body was smooth, white, and glossy, catching the light with a polished shine like latex.

And she had no face.

There was a head, and all the features you'd expect like ears and a muzzle, but there were just...no holes. No eyes. No nose. No mouth, no expression, just a big, canine-shaped blank. She had no face.

"Uh, hey," Jason said, looking up at his attendant. The only response was another of the eight-click noises. "Like...what's the deal?" he asked, gesturing at his face. His attendant cocked her head and looked down at him. Her face was just as featureless as the other's. They could have been squeezed from the same mold.

Elle blinked herself awake and looked groggily up at the attendant above her, then over at Jason. He motioned up at the two attendants. "I think they...came in, or something," he said.

"They're kinda weird," Elle said, though she didn't make any attempt to move away from the backrub she was getting.

"Hey, don't be rude," Jason said, then looked up at his attendant's non-face again, for lack of a better place to look when speaking to her. "Huh...can you even talk?" he asked. Another click-click-click-click.

"They're good though," Elle said. Her tail, draped to the side, curled and twitched. Her attendant kneaded the knots in her back into submission. Jason made a low noise of agreement and nodded slowly. His eyes fell down to his shaft, still sticking up stiff and hard. Damn. He wanted to take care of that, but it'd be weird with the attendants in the room.

But it was getting easier to ignore them, now that the shock had worn off. They were featureless enough to blend into the walls if he wasn't paying close attention. Jason reached down and curled his paw around the base of his shaft, cradling the knot and stroking up along the bottom with one finger.

"Stop jerking off, dude," Elle said. Her hand pressed down between her legs, rubbing the pads of her fingers against her swollen and sensitive folds.

"You first," Jason said. Elle just huffed and grabbed her mouthpiece with her other hand. Jason did the same; he was starting to lose the taste of the smoke in his mouth.

Maybe he should try to stay awake this time, he thought. He breathed in sharply, pulling a big bolt of smoke through the tube and right into his lungs. The spices crackled up into his brain as his eyelids grew heavy. Yeah. Try to...stay up. The attendant working his shoulders dug her fingers into him with a slow rhythm that rocked him back and forth, back and forth, his head nodding as his eyes rolled shut.

Jason snapped his eyes open again. There was a weight on top of him now, a gentle pressure on either side of his hips. He looked up at the white figure straddling him. She was more well-endowed than the attendants, with thicker hips and ass that hugged his thighs, and bigger, rounder breasts. And, on her head: no face. Smaller ears, though, and a flatter muzzle. Even though her skin was nothing but uniform white gloss, he could tell she was a doe. Or, at the very least, deer-shaped.

The doe's hands rested on his stomach and she leaned forward. His stiff, insistent erection pressed against the curve of her belly. Jason felt if she had eyes, she'd be staring into his right now. She made a clicking sound: eight evenly-spaced clicks. Even in his current state, Jason could tell that the doe wanted to fuck him. But he shouldn't let her, he thought. His girlfriend was like, right there.

"Elle," he said, rolling his head to the side. Elle was splayed back against the pillows like they were a reclining chair, flanked by three of the faceless white-latex attendants. One was behind her, working her hands up and down along her back; one on her left, stroking her fingers across her chest and rubbing her lower abdomen; and one on her right, a hand on her shoulder and the other resting on her thighs. With the hookah and pillows and the smoke curling around her, she looked like she was being attended to by harem girls.

Elle didn't say anything, but she was watching Jason and the doe. She had a soft, mischievous grin on her face and her eyes were half-lidded.



It took all of Jason's thickly drugged focus to not grind up against the doe. She wasn't moving, but her weight was a constant push against Jason's body every time he shifted. His stiff cock pressed up against her, whether he liked it or not. "Elle," Jason said again.

"Shh," she said. Her grin grew wider, then she lifted the mouthpiece to her lips and drew down another puff. Letting out wisps of smoke into the air, she said, "I wanna watch."

Jason's conscience, even if it was smoke-addled, was clear. If Elle was cool with it, he wouldn't worry. He reached out and rested his hands on the faceless doe's thick thighs. She wasn't warm like a person; she was room-temperature. He pressed his shoulders against the ground and lifted his hips into the air, arching up against her smooth latex stomach.

The doe clicked at him, eight evenly-spaced clicks that sounded like some malfunctioning respirator. But she didn't even have a mouth... The weirdness of the situation dawned vaguely on him, but everything was too wrapped up in everything else. The attendants, the smoke, Elle, the faceless latex-covered doe on top of him; he couldn't pull just one out of the equation.

Hooking her hips around his waist, the doe lifted herself up and lowered onto his cock. Unlike the other attendants, who seemed to be blank below the waist, the doe wasn't. She had a glossy white mound, smooth latex labia, and a slick, featureless pussy. The way her body pressed against him as she moved, she felt uniform; like instead of bone and muscle and flesh, she was all gently pliable. As he worked up a rhythm, her latex stretched around his cock.

The bulge of his cockhead rolled up the inside of her stomach. Jason stared. He reached out to touch her skin and felt the shape of his own shaft under her pliable flesh. "Dude, what?" Jason said, frowning.

The doe reached down, picked up the mouthpiece laying at Jason's side, and pressed it to his lips. He was confused, but he didn't want to be rude. He sucked in a deep drag, then let out the smoke toward the doe's chest. She made no response, but kept the mouthpiece in front of Jason's face.

The longer the doe stayed on top of him, the more willing he was to accept it. It was surreal, yeah, but she was fascinatingly smooth, and her pussy could clench around his cock in waves, little squeezes that traveled down his length. It was unsettling, but so sexually charged that he couldn't pull himself away. His hands drifted up from her hips, tracing along the smooth curves of her sides, and coming up to cup her heavy breasts. Her figure was impossible. Maybe, with corsets and implants, you could achieve it, but her breasts didn't feel like implants. They didn't feel like breasts. They were more pliable and elastic, willing to deform when he squeezed them.

Though stroking his claws along the smooth latex of her tits didn't make her clicking any faster or louder or change it at all, he kept it up. Maybe she liked it. If nothing else, he was entranced by how the ghosts of his fingers slid along behind his hands as the latex sprung back.

The doe rocked up and down above him. She moved fast, as if she found her groove, but she didn't seem excited or eager. She moved like someone who had no instincts; someone who had only ever seen sex and been told about what how it was supposed to feel, like some simple mathematical formula for sex was behind every motion.

Jason didn't care, because he sucked down another lungful of smoke and sunk further into her pliable body. He shifted underneath her to get a better angle. He arched high until he felt his knot knocking against her. She felt too tight, but then...a few hard pushes...and he was in, his entire shaft sunk into her up to the base. All it took was one rubbery pop.

A heavy moan reached Jason's ears, but not from the doe. Shifting his head and looking to the side, he saw Elle with an attendant's hand stuffed between her legs. Elle was the one holding it there, making the blank-faced girl finger her. He pulled another drag from the hookah. Smoke bubbled in the back of his mind as his vision swam and prickled. He held it in his lungs right as his breath began to hitch.

With a groan and a puff of smoke, Jason came. It felt extra forceful; maybe that was the smoke getting into his head. His hands fell to the doe's hips again and he squeezed tight, holding on. She didn't stop her mechanical motions, even with him pinned up against her and spurting violently into her.

His hips fell and he dragged her with him. He was knotted too tightly to pop out right away, even for her elastic skin. He settled down, a lazy, satisfied grin on his face, and leaned back against the pillows. The faceless doe seemed unchanged. Still as a statue, she straddled him.

"Amazing, like, wow," he said. He pushed his palms against her thighs, but she didn't budge. Ah well, some girls preferred to wait for the knot to go down all the way first. He tossed his hands behind his head and grinned.

Then he winced. The hair all along his spine stood up. A wet tickle trailed down along his cock. It felt like small beads of warm cum rolling down along the *inside* of his penis. He squeezed his legs together and jerked back, but the doe sat still and her pussy wouldn't let him pull away.

"Hey, can you get off?" he asked through a wince. He tried to squeeze a hand between them to work himself free. All he got was another uncomfortable tingle. The wet, dripping sensation twisted around inside his shaft.

His hips instinctively jerked and his cock flexed. It gave him a moment's relief, but the feeling tickled its way down deeper, sliding into the base of his cock, and then all the way into his body. His paws flexed and he jerked again as it hit his prostate, sending a burst of uneasy pleasure through him. Despite himself, his cock was hard and heavy.

Jason shoved his thighs together. The whatever-it-was curled all the way up through his body, and now slid down the ducts that ran right to his balls. He had never been so consciously aware of his own

anatomy before. It was like he had been laid open and a smooth finger traced the path from the tip of his shaft right down to his testicles. Something was oozing around down there, something spreading and bulging and burbling. His voice came out in creaks and gasps as he twisted one way, then another.

The doe stirred. With impeccable balance, she rolled up from her knees and onto her latex-coated hooves. His cock popped out with a satisfyingly crisp *pop*. One of the attendants rose to help her. Jason was left staring at his crotch, feeling the smoke trickling out of his brain. The shock was sobering. Propped up on his left hand, he reached out with his right, trembling faintly.

His cock was glossy black. Where it had been about the length of his hand, from palm to pointer finger, now it was nearly twice that. In its semi-erect state, its own weight made it sag along its length. The canine shape was still there, though thickened, as was his knot. Everything down to his sheath was coated in black latex.

The churning in his balls hadn't been benign either. He cupped them and felt their weight, he squeezed them, and a strange, heated tingle ran up through him. He licked his lips involuntarily, looking at the hookah mouthpiece. No, he needed to focus.

"Elle," he said, sitting up. The vixen lifted her head and blinked sleepily at him. "There's some weird shit going on. We should go," he said.

Elle pushed at the hands of the attendants stroking and massaging her, so that she could sit up. She had a groggy grin. Her eyes roamed over Jason's face, then rolled down his stomach to look at the thick black shaft protruding from its sheath. "C'mon...I haven't had any fun," she said. She wobbled as she crawled towards him. Elle flopped onto his lap, giggling to herself.

Jason tried to shrink back, but his motor functions were still uncoordinated. His hands slipped and he fell back onto the pillow. His conscious mind was at odds with his base desires. His sobering self wanted to drag Elle out of here and get to the car, but the lazy, horny animal inside wanted to just lay back. "Nnnuh, I'm serious," Jason said, with a titter that sounded hardly serious at all.

Elle flicked her eyes up at Jason and gave him a big, sly smirk. She pulled herself closer, until her chest was resting on top of his thighs, then bent forward. With one hand, she reached out and grabbed the base of his shaft. The knot hadn't had time to go down yet, so she slid her paw pads around it and squeezed. Jason whined. A throb went all the way down his inky black shaft.

Little strings of saliva hung between her tongue and teeth as she opened her mouth. How long had her mouth been watering? She stuck out her tongue and pressed it against the bottom of his shaft. Curling her neck, she twisted her tongue along the underside of his cock, sliding up to the very tip with a small *slrrp*. Jason shuddered. A pulse rose up from his balls and through his body, but nothing came from

his cock, not even a little spurt of pre-cum. Elle pulled back and smacked her lips. "So weird. You taste like...I dunno, gloves or something," she mumbled, more to herself than anything.

That wasn't going to deter her, though. She gave his knot another squeeze and stroked his shaft just above the black bulb a few times. It swelled and stiffened in her hands. She stared up at Jason until she caught his eyes, and then, keeping eye contact, she opened wide and began to slip his cock into her mouth. Her lip rolled down along the tip, swinging her jaw smoothly open. As her mouth spread around the length, her tongue pressed up against it. Normally, it would've helped her to lubricate first, but as smooth and slick as his shaft now was, he didn't even need it. Her hands on the base of his cock kept him steady for her, and they rubbed at the tender knot.

Despite the latex coating, his cock was still sensitive. Jason didn't know how it worked, but he couldn't think about it too hard. It was as if instead of ending at his skin, his nerves now went all the way to the surface of the latex. He could feel every squeeze and every press as if it was his own flesh.

"We should go-ohhh," Jason said. His hips flexed and his words fell into his throat, disappearing into a long groan. His eyes fought to stay open. He arched his back away from his shaft, like he was trying to squirm away from it.

Despite his misgivings, Elle lavished affection on his cock. She pressed the backs of her teeth against it as she drew back, then tightened her lips and sucked until her cheeks pinched inward when she slid back down. He could feel his shaft tickling the back of her throat. Each time it did, her paws flexed, claws extended. She fought not to gag, wrinkling her nose and squinting her eyes. Even though she was struggling with its size, she worked his cock like a champion.

The muscles in Jason's groin tensed against each other and he shrunk back despite small, instinctive thrusts of his hips. His body undermined all his attempts to get away, and what it couldn't handle on its own, Elle was more than happy to help with.

Elle dug down deep, until her nose bumped up against his knot. She squeezed with her hands, harder than his cock would have allowed if it had been all flesh and blood. The elastic sensation arched through him, pulling him up. He managed to get one foot underneath him and rose off the ground for a moment, then came thudding back down. In the jolt, his orgasm slipped free.

He buried his chin in his chest, fingers balled into fists, gripping the cushions. Elle's throat opened up. She was ready to suck down his cum, but as he began to throb and pump, her eyes widened. Her chest seized and she twisted to one side. She popped her mouth off of his cock with a heavy puff of smoke.

Now his eyes were wide too. A wisp of smoke spiraled up from the tip of his latex cock. Elle coughed, leaning against the pillows. Big puffs of white erupted from her mouth as her back and shoulders hitched. She struggled to take in a breath of air.

The faceless attendants in the room began their click-click-click-click again, loud and sharp, though none of them moved to help her. They were all standing back along the wall now, clustered into small groups, watching.

"Fuck, that's strong," Elle said. Her ears splayed wide and her eyes had reddened. She dragged her fingers through her hair like she was trying to keep herself from going wild. "Your dick smoke is *great*," she said.

"Dude, I just jizzed smoke! We are getting the fuck ou—" A white latex hand interrupted Jason. It forced the mouthpiece back between his lips, then clamped his mouth shut. Two fingers over his snout controlled his breath: he was forced to breathe the smoke in, then allowed to exhale it through his nose. He grasped for the latex thighs and arms of the attendant behind him, but his arms swung like a bad puppeteer was pulling his strings.

With a hungry groan, Elle shoved herself back onto his cock. Unlike the first time, she didn't move methodically and carefully. She had the energy of an addict, one hand squeezed tightly around his knot, the other bracing herself on his thigh. Her mouth opened for long, languid licks, then closed again for furious sucking and bobbing that sent her hair flying.

Jason reached out and tried to push Elle's forehead away. He couldn't. Either she was feeling fierce, or his muscles were unwinding, or possibly both. The attendant kept forcing him to smoke, and the only thing keeping him conscious was the small gasp of fresh air he could get each time before his nose was plugged again.

If his new smoke-cum wasn't bad enough, his cock now needed no time to rest. It was ready to go immediately, and was already stiff and rubbery-firm in her mouth again. His hand slumped off of her forehead, dripping down onto his own thighs. His eyes rolled in their sockets. The spiced smoke had so infused his lungs that he couldn't smell it any more. The taste, sweet and just a little savory, still lingered on his tongue.

Jason groaned against the hand covering his mouth. Elle flexed her mouth and sucked. He could feel the way the smoke came swirling in big, thick bursts out of his cock, and then vanished down Elle's throat. She lifted herself up, eyelids heavy. Her mouth swung open and she breathed out a huge cloud of smoke. Two coughs punctuated the very end. She licked her lips, then plunged back down over him. Her back was hunched, her paws digging against the ground to steady her frantic bobbing.

Again, not an ounce of strain; again, his cock rose stiff. The attendant finally let his mouth go. The mouthpiece dropped to the floor and he fell onto his back, wheezing and coughing. Elle kneaded his knot with one hand, dragged her lips along his shaft, and worked his balls with her other hand. He squirmed, like strings were wrapped around his shoulders and tied to his testicles. Each squeeze felt like it was priming him for something big.

With a whining groan, he came again. His load was thick and fresh. Elle tossed her head back, sucking up the last wisps of smoke with an incredibly deep breath. She let the smoke roll back out over her lower lip. "Fuck. So good," she groaned. Jason struggled to overcome his grogginess and push her away from his cock, but her addiction was stronger than his addled strength.

Elle had no trouble with his cock now. Her fourth and fifth puffs she took like a pro. Her chest puffed up and she held in his big, smokey load, then blew it out in a thick plume over her head. She chuckled lazily as she watched it curl. Her ears refused to stay perked up. He could smell his own smoke, like the hookah's but warmer to the nose and much thicker, stronger of cloves and vanilla.

Her head lolled from side to side on her shoulders. Each of her breaths in came with a little wheeze now. She fell against him again and sucked another load of smoke out of him. Once she'd blown it all out, her wheezes were louder and deeper. It was like she was fighting against breathing fresh air. Again, she fell forward against him and pawed at his cock.

Each successive orgasm ground down Jason's will. His body responded faster to her grabbing his cock, his hips freely pressing up against Elle's mouth when she slurped him down. He could tell she wouldn't stop. She was addicted, and he had to do something, but he was almost as high as she was.

His hands managed to find and cling to the back of her head. His heart was hammering, the smoky haze was swirling in his head again, and he'd just been brought to orgasm six times. The whirl of horny thoughts focused in on one point, and that was that he needed to fuck so he could get some relief at last.

With a lazy growl, Jason raised his hips and pulled her throat forward. If he just fucked hard enough, maybe it would be done with. His mouth open, he groaned and panted. Elle bumped up and down against him. The side of her chest slapped against his thighs.

His body made him push harder and harder. Her throat wasn't making her struggle any more. Despite their rough thrusting, she kept a firm hold on his shaft. He grew more and more excited, jamming her snout down against his knot. His tongue hung out and he panted openly. He couldn't tell which push did it, because it was all a blur, but suddenly Elle couldn't pull away. Her jaw locked around his knot.

She let out a yelp, muffled by his cock. The sudden thick bulb forced behind her teeth was enough to shock some sense into her. She wanted to keep bobbing on his dick, which she couldn't if her mouth was knotted.

"Fuck. Sorry," Jason panted. He leaned forward and reached down, trying to pry Elle's jaw open further. When he pushed, she groaned and thrashed her tail. No good. He tried to wriggle his fingers in around the base of the knot, but he couldn't squeeze it enough to—*nnggh!* A hot, smoky flash ran through him. He pulled his hand back, trying to back down from the near-orgasm he'd just had.

Elle, her face wrinkled into a drugged-up frown, tugged her head. Jason yelped and curled over. "Careful!" he said. Nestled somewhere in his sheath, he felt a strange tug, as if something deeper than his cock had been pulled, something deep between his legs that shouldn't be there.

Elle was in no condition to listen. She jerked back again, whining unintelligibly. He felt something slide and immediately grabbed onto her head, trying to keep her in place. Elle twisted out of his grasp and yanked herself back. In the sudden jerk, she lost her balance and toppled back away from him.

His cock wasn't free, though. Her mouth still struggled to squeeze around it. He was sitting up, she was on her back, and his cock was...still in her mouth.

Jason couldn't put words to the situation. He groped at his crotch. There was a thick hose, wrapped in red and black fibers. It was like the hoses that were part of the hookah, except his started down in his sheath, and ran all the way up to the base of the thick latex cock wedged into Elle's mouth.

His dick was attached by a hose.

*Bad trip*, he thought, *this is just a bad trip*. He nearly staggered to his feet, but all of a sudden, the attendants were on him. Their clicking surrounded him, and though it never changed tone or speed, they sounded excited. One attendant each took his arms, pinning them down spread-eagled at his sides. Another knelt behind him, wrapping her arm around his neck and pushing her stomach against the back of his head, so he could only look straight forward. Two more were at his legs, holding them down on either side. It was a miniature theater; he was the audience, and Elle was the show.

Elle swayed up onto her knees and slumped forward. Both her hands wrapped around the hose connected to Jason's cock. She squinted as she tugged on it. Jason squirmed against the attendants' hands, hips involuntarily jerking upward. Another hard tug from Elle, and the pressure became too much. Jason's eyes rolled as smoke rushed swirling from his balls and out along the hose.

One of the attendants reached out and squeezed his testicles, turning her hand slowly as if opening a valve. His toes flared and he whimpered. It felt like he was cumming and he couldn't stop.

Elle's back straightened as she breathed in. Her eyelids fell and her chest rose. She breathed out. Two small plumes of smoke shot from her nostrils. Jason shuddered as she breathed in again, drawing the smoke in longer. Her chest rose...and continued to rise. Her waist drew inward as if freeing up space for her chest, as if something was squeezing her stomach from the inside. She exhaled less smoke than the first time.

Jason wriggled, trying to pull each limb free in turn. The attendants were deceptively strong and they had a powerful grip. He couldn't do anything but sit and watch as Elle breathed in more of his smoke. The squeeze of her mouth made him shudder with unwanted pleasure.

She rose higher on her knees, holding the hose gently. As she breathed in again, he heard the bristling of tendons tightening across her chest. The nearest sound he knew was the snapping of glow-sticks; wet and small and elastic. Her breasts spread across her chest, losing what slight definition they had as they were pulled tight. Her throat stretched visibly beneath her trachea.

"Elle, stop!" Jason gasped. An attendant clamped her hand over his mouth, jamming it shut. He saw Elle's ears perk up for a moment as if she heard him, but then she breathed in a sharp gasp. With the sudden rush of smoke, her chest thundered out tightly. He could see her ribs shifting underneath her fur, her skin tightening against the round swell of her chest. For a moment, he thought he could see through her fur, to the swirling clouds inside her chest. Only a small wisp of smoke left her nostrils.

Her chest stuck out round, almost bulbous, in front of Ele. Two of the attendants knelt on either side of her. They reached out and rested their hands on her chest. She shuddered at their touch. Their fingers left little trails behind them as they grazed over her taut skin. It reminded him of how the doe's breasts had felt. That thought sent another tremor of fear through his inebriated brain. He didn't want her to end up like that.

Elle tightened her lips and drew another drag from Jason's cock. He tried to lock his muscles in some way to stop it, but he couldn't. No matter what he tried, the smoke from his body swirled up along the tube, through his cock, and right down Elle's throat. One of the attendants picked up the mouthpiece from beside him and jammed it between his teeth. He puffed angrily, but his body relaxed. The fight drained from his arms and legs. *Fuck*, he thought, squinting through the weight dragging him down.

Elle breathed in again and Jason recoiled his hips in vain. She gathered the hose with her hands, holding it close to her over-swollen chest. She sucked in. Her waist drew tighter and her chest swelled out. Her ribs creaked and snapped, forcibly pushed out of shape by the pressure of the gases she was breathing. Her unreal chest jutted out in front of her. It was almost shaped like a magnificent rack, but puffed out, rounded and smooth. No breasts, just one taut, rounded bulb. Jason saw faintly through her skin now: his smoke swirling inside of her chest, the wisps vanishing as her body absorbed them. Unfocused, her gaze drifted, pupils dilated so wide that her eyes might have been completely black.

With a shudder of her jaw, Jason's cock poked half-free. The pressure of the latex knot slowly squeezed itself out of Elle's mouth, and as it slid free, the rest of it slipped out with a soft, wet *pop*. His cock fell to the floor. Elle started to breathe in. One of the attendants took the hose that connected to Jason's dick and reeled it back into his sheath. He watched, amid hazy puffs of smoke from his snout, as his cock neatly slipped back into its proper position. Elle was still breathing in. Jason's ears were splayed, but he could still hear a low, wet bubbling from Elle's stomach.

Elle's attendants clicked and stroked her balloon-like chest. Through her tight-stretched skin, Jason watched new smoke roiling up from deep inside her. It began as little tendrils, then swelled into deep, thick clouds. Her back arched. She nearly toppled forward but the attendants grabbed her, supporting



her shoulders. Each still had a hand on her chest. Then they pushed. A brief shock flashed over Elle's face. For a moment she seemed to be aware of what was happening. Then she was deep in her drugged torpor again, and her neck was swelling, and she had to breathe out.

Elle put her lips together and began to blow. As she did, out came sweet smoke. She hadn't taken a puff in minutes; she'd only been breathing in. The smoke came from inside her, and it didn't stop. Jason smelled lavender and rose in the blend. Elle's knees spread and she rubbed her hands along her thighs. Her eyelids fluttered over her vacant eyes. The curling plume of smoke continued to waft from her mouth. Her legs trembled, and then drops of slick fluid fell to the floor from her pussy.

She finished exhaling her smoky breath. With a baffled look, as if she had another brief moment of clarity, her eyes rolled down to her chest. She reached her hands up and squeezed the huge swell. It was literally hourglass-shaped, a thick, rounded protrusion that tapered down to her waist. She pressed against her skin, feeling its pliability and softness. Her chest gave way under her fingers.

"Wuh...?" Elle said, lifting her head, looking at Jason. He looked back at her and saw the confusion on her face. Then her arms slumped down to her side and her eyes glazed over again. The attendants squeezed her chest. A final tremor ran through her, eliciting a small grunt and some more juices dripping onto the floor. Her head sloped to one side. She sat there, still, like a stoned statue.

The attendants were clicking all around them again. Two of them came to Elle, grabbing her arms and bending them out straight. They rubbed their hands along the tops of her arms, and from their palms came a thick, gooey black substance that clung to Elle's red fur. The latex goo swallowed up her pelt and left a smooth coat of black. Black latex, unlike the white latex of the attendants. Jason was too dazed to tell if that was important.

The mouthpiece was plucked from his lips and the hand holding his snout shut let go. He took a deep breath, and began to say, "Let her ghh—" He was cut off by a hand slapping on top of his muzzle, smearing smooth black goo across his face. It dried and sealed quickly, blocking off his nose and mouth. He made muffled groans, but then more goo, spread across his cheeks and throat, stifled those too. No matter whether he tried to shout or groan or speak, all that came out was steady, regular clicking. Eight clicks, more mechanical than natural, coming from Jason's throat.

The attendants tending to Elle took their time on her chest, coating and re-coating it to keep the latex from thinning out. Her fur sank into the smooth black, turning smooth and featureless. The reflective shine stretched across the broad bulb of her chest, making it look even more swollen and artificial.

Each glob of black latex went on with a soft slap, then a long smear. The attendants stretched the goo over his body. From his shoulders to his elbows, then down to his hands, which they scrubbed until his fingers dripped with latex. In five seconds the latex shrunk to more-than-skin-tight, and then it felt like a part of him. The tightness was slimming, and highlighted his scant frame.

Elle's attendants took turns sweeping the goo across her stomach, working lower and lower. Her bellybutton was smoothed over. They reached between her legs stroked latex along her folds, but no pleasure registered on Elle's blank eyes. With her strange proportions, the more she vanished beneath the latex, the less real she seemed. As she exhaled a thick cloud of smoke, a rush of dark juices rolled down her thighs from between her latex-encased folds.

Dimly, Jason noticed that he hadn't needed to breathe for the past few minutes. The more the latex enveloped him, the foggier he felt. What the smoke hadn't sapped away of his willpower, the slick goo was robbing him of now. A clinical brush of the hand across his balls and sheath coated them in latex, giving his rubber cock a fitting home. One of the attendants splashed the goo right onto his scalp and his vision swam. If his jaw could have gone slack, it would have. His eyes rolled back into his head as the latex dripped down around his ears, over the bridge of his snout, and over his eyes.

Everything went black. Then he could see, but he didn't have to blink. It was warped, like a fish-eye lens, giving him a wider angle of vision. The attendants stuck their fingers into his ears. The latex *glorped* down into his inner ear, and then everything was quiet, except for the clicking.

Elle's face vanished bit by bit beneath the latex. They covered her snout, then her eyes, then worked their way up to her scalp and ears. She didn't move. She didn't even close her eyes as the latex overtook them. As it dried, it formed a smooth, simplified surface across her snout and muzzle and face. It was the shape of a fox, without the features. The latex encased her feet. The attendants shaped and sculpted it like potters, forming it into the curled platform and spiked heel that they all sported.

The attendants clicked at her. She slowly stood, as if she had forgotten which joints were which. After a moment's wobbling, she held her balance despite her over-swollen chest. The attendants were clicking...in approval. *She's finished.* How did Jason know that?

Even under the latex, he felt the heat of being observed. They were looking at him now, clicking: *he isn't ready yet.* He tried to ask what was going on, but it didn't come out as words. Eight toneless clicks in a row, a slight pause, then eight more.

The attendants communicated among themselves. Some left the room, others hoisted his shoulders up and shoved pillows under him to prop him up. Elle wasn't there any more, but he wasn't worried. He'd see her again soon. *We took good care of our own*, he thought. Where had that thought come from? He wasn't sure, but it was soothing to let the thoughts bubble up through the latex. *Lie back. Relax. Don't struggle. We're going to finish you off.*

Though his sense of recognition was fading, he still perked up at the sight of the doe, clicking back into the room on her white hooves. Her blank face no longer seemed strange. The trickle of latex into his brain adjusted his sense of what was normal. She sat down, straddling his knees, then leaned forward over him. A ripple traveled along her muzzle, and then she pressed her snout against his cock.

Letting out a series of clicks, Jason pressed up against her as she pushed down. The front of her face deformed, and then with a wet *slorp* she sucked his cock inside a hole rather like a mouth.

The doe's body pulsed with ripples that started from her tail, then propagated across her body, until they reached her muzzle and his cock. Each pulse made Jason click and push his hips, and with each pulse, the doe tightened her latex around his shaft. Without lungs she couldn't suck, but there was a natural vacuum from the tight fit of his latex cock in her pseudo-mouth, making a rubbery *slrrp* each time it popped free.

Two attendants flanked him, pulling a nozzle connected to surgical tubing. As he raised himself up against the doe's false mouth, the attendants slipped the nozzle underneath him, tucking it into him right beneath his tail. For a moment, he felt indignation, but that was dissolved away by the soothing latex pumping into him. He should feel glad that his tubes were getting flushed out.

A soft hiss radiated from the nozzle squeezed into him. He arched his back and clicked out loud. The fresh fluids pumping into him filled out his body in subtle ways. They added definition to his chest and shoulders, brought out more of the curve of his hips. The attendants—or drones, as they called themselves—were very much against individuality, but their 'floor models'; Concierge, Doe, and now he and Elle; were meant for interacting with the public. They were allowed some modicum of identity.

Doe pulled her head back, sealing her pseudomouth. Instead, she curled her hand around his large cock. She rubbed up and down over the latex shaft, squeezing the bulb tightly as if to show off how pliable it was. Jason clicked, then let the smoke puff out thick from his cock. The flow started and wouldn't stop as long as Doe kept working his cock. As his old smoke escaped, he could feel fresh smoke swelling up thicker inside of him, cleaner and sharper and more potent.

And with the new material pumped into him, his skinny stoner's frame swelled into something more enticing. A broader chest with smooth pecs, strong shoulders, a tightly honed core, and thick thighs and hips rose as the fluid pumped him up fuller and tighter.

Even his name broke apart in his mind. 'Jason' separated out into its letters, which themselves slowly organized into eight vertical lines. He was a latex drone; he wouldn't need a name. His memories sifted into the drones' collective subconscious. His motions against Doe became stiff and mechanical. All natural instinct for sex slipped out of his mind, replaced by a simple series of movements.

By the time the drones pulled the nozzle free from his body, he looked toned, but not ripped; broad, but not burly. The muscle-like bulges of his latex flexed realistically, though there was no actual muscle underneath, only his latex matrix. He was a curvaceous, modesque brand of good-looking. If he hid his cock, he could even pass for a handsome mannequin.

A stirring started in his balls and rose up through him, passing through the tender areas of his latex, then surging out through his dick's hose, and up all the way to the tip of his shaft. It burst free in

pungently strong, thick, white clouds of fresh smoke. An orgasm to flush him completely clean. A sense of satisfaction rolled through his assimilated mind, the same satisfaction that a freshly-oiled tool would feel.

Doe rose to her hooves again. They clicked against the floor as she walked off. He needed to get up and follow. The attendant drones would be back to clean the room soon. But for a moment, he leaned back against the pillows and slid his slick hands along his body. Floor model drones were allowed a modicum of identity, and his little scrap of self was pride. He felt sexy.

With a series of clicks, he stood, marionette-like, and left the room.

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The jaguar girl led the way into the private booth. Her coyote friend was just a few steps behind.

"She was barely even looking at us. I thought a hookah bar would be, I dunno, cool," the coyote said.

The jaguar stopped so suddenly that they almost bumped into each other. A wide grin spread across her face.

The coyote followed her friend's eyes to the pillows piled up across the room. Laid back on the pillows was a handsome fox-like figure—*fox-like*, because he seemed to be entirely covered in black latex. Handsome because, well, she could really snuggle up against a chest like that. Not to mention the way his thick, knotted shaft casually poked from his sheath.

"This is weird," the coyote said.

"No," the jaguar said, "this is hot."

The fox-thing had noticed them coming in. His head, despite having no eye-holes, perked up. He reached down between his thighs and with a small tug, pulled his cock out of his body. It was attached to his sheath by a thick woven hose. A light squeeze of his fingers, and his cock puffed a plume of smoke from the tip. A savory, spiced smell began to fill the room.

"This is *really weird*," the coyote said.

The jaguar stepped forward, tossing a smug look over her shoulder. "Then I call dibs. Hey, handsome. Can I...?" she asked. She reached for his strange cock as she slid down onto her knees. The fox-thing held out his shaft in offering, and she took it from him. She slipped the rubber cock into her mouth and tightened her lips around the edge of his knot. Holding it carefully, she sucked down the smoke.

The coyote watched from a short distance away. She eyed the door, then glanced back at her friend.

After a long drag, the jaguar pulled the dick from her mouth and wheezed out a burst of smoke. Under her breath, she said, "Fuck, that's good." She stuffed the cock back into her mouth, lips forming a tight

seal and tongue grinding against the tip. Her chest rose as she took in a deeper breath. Her eyelids grew heavier and her ears drooped. Another puff, and she was no longer sitting up on her knees, but resting her ass on top of her heels. Another, and she slumped sideways, one hand propping herself up, the other holding onto his cock.

Between puffs, she pulled the latex dick free from her mouth. A wheeze, a faint *uhhhh*, accompanied each inhale, like she was fighting against the fresh air.

"We need to go," the coyote said. Her fur stood on end; her danger sense told her to run.

"I, *uhhh*, need it." The jaguar, red-eyed, didn't let go of the shaft.

"Come on," she said, giving her shoulder a tug.

"No. I, *uhhhh*, called dibs. *Uhhh*, so fucking good." The jaguar shoved the shaft into her mouth again, pushing against the base until the thick knot popped in between her teeth. She sucked in hard, then relaxed and let wisps of smoke curl from her nose. She was wilting onto the pillows as her friend watched. The fox-thing made some mechanical clicking, as if encouraging her to breathe more smoke.

The coyote reached down and grabbed her friend by the arm. The jaguar slumped her way out of her grip, so she tried again, but again she wiggled away.

The jaguar's eyelids fluttered. She started drawing in a lungful of smoke. Her chest bowed outward. Like something inside was trying to get out, warping the shape of her body around her stretching lungs.

The sound of cricks and snaps coming from her friend's chest set the coyote's teeth on edge. With a yelp, she pulled away. She glanced around the room, but there was nothing to help pry her friend free. But there was the receptionist out front. She didn't want to leave her friend behind, but she didn't have another option. She ducked out the door, leaving the jaguar sucking hungrily, splayed out on the pillows with her bulging, swollen chest.

The coyote wasn't more than five steps out when another black latex thing stepped in front of her. It was also vulpine, but female...possibly. Its chest was like one thick, rounded bulb, tapering smoothly down to a corset-slim waist. It also had a featureless face: just the shape of a fox's muzzle, without nostrils or mouth or eyes.

"Look, I don't care about this weird sex stuff, but something's *happening* to my friend, and she needs help!" the coyote said. She tried to step around it.

The female fox-thing clicked at her. Then, it opened its mouth.

It was a horrid, wet, sticky thing, connected by ribbons of latex that yawned open, like tearing apart sticky, melting rubber. Something slimy and black squirmed in the bottom of it, a frantic, tentacle-like

tongue. The fox-thing's entire head had split in half, gaping farther than any jaw could. There was no person inside, only swirling, glossy rubber.

The coyote reeled back and screamed. The fox-thing lunged and grabbed her. Her mouth was wide open. As its jaws merged again, they sealed tight over the girl's mouth, locking her into a parody of a kiss. Its chest surged out like a bellows sucking in air. As the latex stretched, it grew translucent, revealing the swirling smoke surging up inside. And then it exhaled. Thick, debilitatingly sweet smoke forced its way down the coyote's throat.

It sunk into her lungs, it clung to her mouth, and it curled in wisps up into her nose. It tingled along her nerves and seeped into her brain. Her arms loosened and her knees slumped together. The kiss was the only thing holding her up. Her eyes struggled to stay focused. After a few moments, they rolled back. Smoke curled from her nose as she slumped forward into the latex thing's arms.

As she sunk into the smoky haze of lavender and rose, the coyote realized the fox-thing was dragging her back to the private booth. The fox-thing laid her on the pillows, while she drifted away on a silk-lined cloud of smoke.