

August 11, 1989, Los Angeles

Night had just begun and already the bouncers could barely handle the incoming flood of people lining outside the club. Boys and girls of all sorts had made a beeline straight out of work without bothering to change, just so they could call dibs on the most assuredly few remaining available chairs they'd find once they got inside. Business was amazing: the club could afford to turn some patrons away in favor of more respectable ones, more beautiful ones, knowing it would still make for great profit at the end of the night.

The big bear smiled to the next in line.

"Carol! Long time no see. So, when are the girls due?"

The fennec girl patted on the immense bulge in her dress. "Next week-end. Saturday before lunch if all goes according to plan."

"That's wonderful! I'm happy for you. Alright, you have a good time in there. The boys will be in the lobby, you know the drill."

The pat-down had to be the most invasive concept the world had ever thought of. She sighed, spreading her limbs, feeling no pleasure over gloved arms shoving elbow-deep into every orifice she had to look for any sign of drugs or concealed weapons. The boys were satisfied only once they'd explored down her throat, feeling around in her stomach and declaring her all clear to go.

She adjusted her dress and went on the quest for a seat. Lucky her, the club was only half-full and a bunch of ladies were dancing to a music still within a tolerable amount of decibels. Claiming a small table for herself had been the easiest part of her week! She celebrated by ordering a Screwdriver.

Clearing her mind through the wonderful alcohol, she took in the glances and the double-takes other patrons gave her body. For someone who hadn't even gone home to change after work, she couldn't help but feel a certain pride over how she was such an attention getter. Apparently all a person needed to stand out in the crowd here was a petite body, a big pair of ears, a shock of strawberry blonde hair, tawny fur, and a royal blue cocktail dress thrown over a midriff that bumped out no less than four feet ahead of her.

"Watch for the FAS, your kids'll be born drunk!"

Taking up the seat opposing her all of a sudden was a tall giraffe. He gave her a chuckle, raising his glass and downing whatever little drink remained.

"I'll have you know I only drink four glasses on Fridays, nothing more." she told him with comically exaggerated offense. "Syndrome babies are for the drunkards who down a case of fortified wine on a daily basis. We girls are built strong, scientific proof at hand."

The 'raffe leaned over the table, smirking at her. "Oh? Why, do you work in a lab?"

"Executive secretary in an electronic components business, actually. You?"

"Flight attendant, based in LA. I'm off this week. Otherwise I do the Tokyo flights."

Carol gave him a mischievous grin. "You know what they say about the flight attendants. They're the people who were too smart to be a hair stylist but not enough to be a secretary."

She hid behind her glass in an effort not to giggle at her own horrible joke. The gesture wasn't necessary: he broke out in fits of laughter that got surrounding pairs of eyes staring at him.

It turns out that she wasn't the only one who had been looking him up and down. The boy had a certain presence to him that she didn't recall seeing in other giraffes. But then it hit her: he was not lanky, he

was fit. He had broad shoulders and a way-too-tight shirt that married every one of his contours. His neck was so long she was certain he'd have brushed the ceiling from standing straight up. And it was only just a little shorter than his incredible legs. With no feet to speak of, he wore three-quarter Hammer pants that left a large set of black hooves in plain view.

She looked at his legs long enough for him to catch the message. People didn't wear these pants without reason. They were ill-fitting with most of modern fashion, and their use had become purely utilitarian. So, they had become the choice of wear for whoever was looking to get it on and, much more importantly, had some serious heat to bring up to the table.

He broke the silence by ordering another drink, and she followed along. The two raised cheers, and swallowed a shot of vodka.

"Wanna fuck? And then we'll have a dance if there's space left on the floor?" she proposed.

"Works for me. Which way? I've never been here before."

"Right out the back."

"You're kidding!" He'd followed her quick steps to an emergency door whose alarm bell no longer worked, and in the alley behind the club, he discovered a beautiful carpet laid out on the asphalt, a few plush sofas around a table, and a full-sized bed with just a mattress cover on. Above, a gigantic awning shielded the barely-secret hangout from a rain that would surely not happen tonight.

Carol jammed a loose brick between the door and its frame. "Some others might pop in. Usually they leave us alone. You okay with that anyhow?"

He grinned, shrugging at her. Already he had claimed a sofa for himself, pulling it over near the bed, keeping his legs spread wide. With his large hooves, it looked as if he was always on the tip of his toes.

A louder song had begun inside of the club, its lowest frequencies reaching far enough that Carol felt a certain twitch into her being. She stopped on the way to the bed, shuddering and having to take a deep breath before sitting on the edge of the mattress, smoothing her dress over her massive pregnancy. She had her legs spread nearly as wide as he did.

He had a confident smile on his face. Leaning back on the sofa, he glanced at his crotch and repeated his smile, inviting her to discover him at her own pace. And so, in barely a second, Carol had her hands at the waist of his pants, biting her lip with anticipation as she pulled on the outfit to get it below his thighs. He wouldn't move; she had to reach down and pull his manhood up and out, having to reach in again and again to get everything out while her expression grew more and more shocked.

"Oh. My. God."

She was staring at four of the biggest, meanest dicks she had ever seen in her life. He was bigger in one than two of her biggest toys had ever been, together. Curiously, the tan fur of his body continued onto the shafts, covering the entire lengths and ending... in a plump set of lips.

"Can I...?"

"Knock yourself out."

She kissed him. On his dick. On the lips that shaped the end of his foreskin. The strange boy had even put lip gloss on them, coloring them with a bright arrest-me red that was impossible to miss. When she pulled back, she saw those lips retract, stretching open around the full expanse of his cock, slowly revealing inch after inch of a rich and daresay creamy black. The others followed suit. Four giant members with their own strange foreskins slipping and sliding, sometimes even back and forth. It was all a tease: he grinned more and more as he followed her gaze upon him.

"Those are my sheathes." he explained. "I can get them over my dicks completely. I don't retract into them so much as I just pull the sheathes over them."

He demonstrated. She saw him slide those plush lips right back onto his cocks, until they puckered up at the end and only let her see the faintest of his black wonders.

She admitted she'd never seen anything like this before. Neither had the giraffe's friends and family. Neither had the doctor when he was born. He was truly a one-of-a-kind, a lucky evolution she was hoping would spread to the rest of the world now that she knew this sort of thing existed. She blushed, finding her own specialties a parlor trick in comparison to his blessings.

What's more, he'd gotten his cocks in a perfect arrangement: two vertically, above two others side by side, forming an upside-down T formation.

Really, it was as if he had been built to empty all eight of his nuts into girls as often as possible, with nothing more than smooth talk and a glance at his breathtaking hot bod.

She didn't give him the opportunity to discover her in turn. The fennec slowly lifted her dress up, up and over her bellies, leaving the fabric to rest atop the abundant pregnancies.

"Oh. My. God."

Now it was his turn to stare in disbelief. He didn't even have the thought to ask for permission. Right away, his hands were on her, touching the round bumps, slipping down to both of her bright red cocks... He looked into her eyes. "What happened to you, of all things?" he asked.

She grinned at him. "I was supposed to be a set of twins, apparently. My body had begun splitting in the middle, but it never really finished. My sister and I should've been just plain herm fennecs but apparently... that wasn't enough for the powers that be. I'm really grateful for that. I don't know how I'd have even lived with just one of each."

She had small breasts, as all fennecs had. Even if they had been preparing milk for weeks, they still were hardly a point of attention on her little body. The centerstage was occupied by what marked her as an envy-inducing breeder: her own lucky evolution. Her body bulged out in two places, two pregnancies,

two wombs stretching before her side by side, going so far as to make up cleavage between them. Two navels poked out from among the short fur, leading down into her two sheathes, her two canine dicks, her two impressively oversized pussies fighting for space between her legs.

He was slack-jawed at the sight. He'd become erect in mere seconds, and he was taking his pants off in a hurry. It was only when he got himself looming over her that he realized he ought to remain civilized.

"Lay down. I'm going to jerk off while looking at you."

She smirked. "And the three others?"

"I'll figure something out. Just go!"

He was already on the move. It was in her interest to back away and make herself comfortable before the inevitable happened. "Careful, that thing doesn't have a headboard."

He wasn't listening. Hooking his legs around hers, he got his hands on her bellies and shoved forward. He moved her balls out of the way, pressed himself up against both sweet, juicy cunnies, and without any ceremony dove as far as he could, gasping in surprise when he hilted himself into her. He did not expect that, especially not from a pregnant girl. By all accounts, she should have bulged out even more, she should have blocked or stopped him somehow, but no... two and a half feet of thick cock had buried into her twice rather than once.

He shuddered, almost forgetting what to do with his other shafts. She gave a small thrust of her hips to remind him of where he was, and he caught on straight away. With every jerk of his body, he poured thick drops of his pre onto her, soon soaking the fur between her wombs. If that was just the introduction, then she'd have a lot of seed to please herself with at this rate...

Reaching up, she allowed herself a liberty. Taking his middle cock, she jammed it between her bellies. Pressing the both of them together, she captured his dick, making him thrust into this improvised space, she compensated for her small breasts by giving him the next best thing for the situation: a wombjob.

It worked. It more than worked. She heard him cry out in surprise more than in ecstasy, and his seed showered her inside and out, leaving her to hold her breath for a full minute before she sensed that he was all done and over with his climax.

"Again, again!" she begged.

He had already started anew. He hadn't gone soft at all. The rainfall of his pre returned with even more abundance than before, and the relentless pounding soon brought her to her first climax, her cries nearly lost among the club's rising music and his bellowing grunts.

The more he fucked her, the more she lost track of time. She could vaguely remember that moment when his sheath-lips let out a tongue and went on to tease her senseless while he refused to thrust in her, balls-deep and pinning her in place, making her scream, cry and beg for sweet release at last. She had clouded memories of when his sheathes sucked off her dicks, when he gave her a good old-fashioned handjob, when the two shared masturbation tricks, when they sat next to one another and jerked themselves and each other off at the same time.

And then, unexpectedly... he laid his lips upon hers, kissing her until she had swallowed his tongue a dozen times over. He shared the moment with her, never outstaying his welcome for she let him go on for as long as he wished. The parting was reluctant, done with a twinkle in the eyes and a tenderness that made the wild romp of before seem insignificant in comparison.

"Sorry," he whispered. "I guess you have a--"

"No."

"He left?"

"No."

"Then who...?"

"Me, myself and I." She rubbed fondly at her midriffs. "I don't go through the normal stages of pregnancies like everyone does. What happens is that I pick up some of the genes from whoever screws me, and my body keeps it in store. When I'm ready, I induce myself and I give birth to the best of what all my previous mates were together. You're my seventy-sixth. These are gonna be my first kids. They're going to look wonderful."

"A lot?"

"Docs couldn't even tell... it's either a huge set of identical siblings, or just two of the most amazing goddesses the world will see to date."

The emergency door peeked open, and a pair of dobermans stepped out, glancing curiously to the couple on the bed. Carol gave them a smile and a nod. "We were just leaving. It's all yours."

She gathered her dress, and he his pants. On the way back, the two stopped at the club's bathroom. It was a literal bathroom, just like all public facilities now. An industrial shower had been set up in the corner, and it made quick work of washing away the excess of jizz she'd been wearing almost like a robe upon herself. A good dose of hairdryer and she was right back to being fresh and dry, like nothing had ever happened. Her clothes, like all clothes, were hydrophobic: simply putting them through a quick rinse was enough to get rid of all the evidence.

It was dark inside when they joined the dance floor. The thumping music had changed into a slow. She spent it cuddled up against his crotch, her small body to his tall one, the fennec nuzzling and kissing his bulges. She could feel him struggling to retain his composure. Glancing up, she saw him thoroughly enjoying himself, having naught but smiles for her.

They went out as the music came to an end, the last call having been done moments ago. Outside, life had laid still, asleep. Only a few crickets chirped. Carol thought she had gone deaf anyway. The fresh breeze, the silence, the sudden arrival into the great outdoors was almost too much to take in.



"So, I thought we could go for coffee later today. The Dunkin', on the corner of Twelfth and Wiltshire?"

Today, today... She glanced at her watch and realized it was three thirty in the morning. "Yes, but not before two. I am going to sleep until noon!"

He laughed, nodding in understanding. "Tell me about it. All right then. So, uh... see you later?"

She looked up at him, expecting his muzzle upon hers, and her feeling had been right. She closed her eyes once more, accepting him, welcoming him... and even loving him.

She felt him slip inch after inch into her. She felt his kiss deep, oh so deep. She clung to him, groping his ass when she felt him deepen the exchange until he could no more. Her toes splayed, her voice let out a small whimper, the very fur of her cheeks suddenly blushing aglow as he rimmed her for just a moment.

She could have sworn she looked drunk when she looked into his eyes again. Giggly, bubbly, she nodded, said a million bye-byes, and skipped away to walk home, fanning herself and trying to air out her dress. She felt way too hot and bothered for her own good. Eventually, she gave up, stripped out of her clothes, and walked the rest of the way home naked.

She had a lingering worry in the back of her head. It wasn't the usual going-on-a-date heebie-jeebies; something else was off. Initially, she couldn't put her finger on it. The fucking had been divine, the drinks had been great, she had an amazing time with him... and yet there was something amiss. She had forgotten something very basic, very simple, but what was it already?

As she arrived into her apartment, setting her keys down in the kitchen, she stopped... and banged her fist on the counter.

"I forgot to ask for his name!"