

September 28, 2031, Edinburgh

It was five in the evening and the curtains were still drawn.

Cali woke up in a mess of a bedroom. If the bedroom was in a mess, then it was her bedroom. Her living space was her dresser, the latter having spilled into the former, pieces of fine and expensive lingerie strewn about with a high concentration of them around her laptop.

She was warm enough that she wanted to keep at least some part of her body in the bed and under the blankets. She had tossed and turned as usual: she'd made a burrito out of herself in her sleep and lost one of her pillows God knew where. Glancing around, she found it had somehow been thrown across the room. That meant at some point she had done a full one-eighty and caught the poor thing with one of her feet.

She freed herself and sat up. Pulling one of the curtains open with a foot, she let the light embrace her naked body from across the room.

In the bed sat a slender laquaine hare. Her body exhibited just the barest amount of femininity, leaving her as an athletic tomboy. She was devoid of headfur, given only the same light tan coat as the remainder of her body, and it was all short enough to leave little to the imagination. Clothes were absolutely permissible on her, making for prized and fetishized items that fluffier girls couldn't have hoped to wear without taking a shower of their own sweat. Everything had to be done in moderation of course: to keep things fresh, she had to strike the right balance between the concealed and the indecent.

Beneath and after her hips were the traditional, strikingly long legs of her kin. Even for someone of her sort, they were of exceptional quality by modern standards. They contributed a solid three-quarters of her height, the limbs gifted with a natural hidden strength and a designer's shape that only years ago would have been in the realm of fantasy. It was only nowadays that such perfect legs were becoming even remotely commonplace.

*I should work up a clip*, she thought. If she was going to get dressed, might as well do it for her fans and pocket some money over it.

The entire world's population might be oversexed by last generation's standards; it hadn't diminished the importance and the relevance of the adult entertainment industry. Many had assets that could make for an unforgettable night, but few could use those assets with skill. With casual sex becoming commonplace, open relationships were the norm now more than ever, and it was so easy to jump the fence for a while that the words 'boyfriend' and 'girlfriend' were no longer in use as people knew them. You spoke of whoever you screwed these days. People around the coffee table asked you if you found a new fuck-friend this week. She'd known only this way of life and nothing else, just like any normal person.

Sometimes, someone was in the mood for a lovely bunny and he couldn't find one to go to bed with. Sometimes, someone wanted a bunny with a fat horsedick. She was exceptionally good at being who she was. Among the dreamy bodies of the world, she was among the dreamier. She portrayed herself like a goddess walking among mortals, the cream of the crop, the most perfect among perfections. She combined a natural feminine grace with an expertise in sexual dancing and enough sets of legs to make a fetishist of anything below the waist drool with envy and desire. It was a show-business cocktail that reached a staggeringly wide audience. It tickled the fancies of the down-to-earth and the fantastics. Her blog was full of photo shoots and clips of herself doing the most mundane of daily tasks in a body reserved often for the imagination. With her, boys and girls forgot their fuck-friends and imagined themselves in her company for a while.

She dragged herself out to her laptop, slumping into a gigantic pile of cushions set in front of the desk. She refreshed her makeup and combed her fur. She made sure nothing was out of place. Even when filming candidly, it paid to prepare for the occasion. Everything had to seem spontaneous, but everything was really planned well in advance and faked the whole way through. The trick was to be made up without looking made up.

She pulled an incredibly tight-fitting black sleeveless shirt on her body and turned the camera on. The first thing her viewers would see would be the four sets of perky and puffy nipples making little tents in the fabric, compensating for what most thought was a hopelessly flat chest. Only the first subscribers would have known she once entertained C-cups before realizing that flattening herself somehow was more profitable. People wanted to play with an androgynous laquaine. The look suited her lean form rather well... it had grown on her. She couldn't remember when she stopped missing the jiggy bounce

that accompanied each of her steps. She mustn't have let out her true size even once in the past three months...

She kept a straight, detached expression all throughout her dressing-up routine. Today, she would put boots on, go out on the street and have a few drinks out at a pub before crawling back to bed and sleeping for a few more hours. She could afford the hedonistic lifestyle: her tuition was all paid for and she had enough to live in complete luxury for five years if she wanted, longer if she was in any way sensible about her money. All because she put herself up on a website.

Slowly, she raised a leg. She considered it as if she was discovering it anew. Beneath her coat of fur were her color implants: organic additions that overtook natural pigmentation and changed the color of her fur in places. The tan was made to become black, the patterns shaped to form vines, flowers and leaves. Every implant had been set in by way of electric needle, fused to her body in a painstaking process. It wasn't new, but she was part of a rare breed of people who made such things visible to the wide world. Most others concealed a simple butterfly or a dolphin shape somewhere under a shirt.

She stroked her leg, drew it closer, and hugged it. She demonstrated her flexibility by keeping that limb close to her chest, rubbing her cheek to it before folding her leg and placing its foot on her opposite knee. Reaching under the camera's view, she produced an off-white thigh-high lace-up boot. It was a proper high-heel fuck-me boot, studded with a little silver hardware here and there to make glimmers catch the eye. The lace was set at the back, making it that much harder to get a good angle on tying it together. At least it had been threaded, leaving her to just tighten it and tie a knot.

She puckered her lips slightly, staring at her foot as if hypnotized by it. She slipped that boot on with an extreme amount of care, teasing by way of her fluid movements and turtle-slow pace. She made it look like it was a pleasant dream.

Tying the laces was a swifter process, one where her face became determined. In that moment, she seemed ready to conquer the world, stomp it, destroy it, leave no trace behind of those who would dare to oppose her supremacy. With the pull that tightens her boot around her leg, she lidded her eyes and frowned, her hands immediately putting the knot together with enough length left over to make the excess feet of lace go down to almost her knees. The moment she let go, she was back to the personality of the serene goddess.

She repeated it all with her other leg. She had time to spare. She would put on boot after boot and make a show out of every single one of them.

Getting to the second set of legs, she bent forward sharply and kept herself in place by hooking her forelegs around her upper body. Once at the tenth pair, she could turn around and look at herself from aside, kneeling before her own hips and acting as if she was helping someone else get dressed. At the fifteenth pair, she hugged herself from behind. At the fiftieth, she was straddling her body. At the fifty-first and after much maneuvering around, she was doing the same while facing the other way. For each pair of boots, she adopted a different posture, portraying a different situation. A few times, she tied her laces together with the bare feet of some legs she had yet to dress. She showed every angle of her body, displaying her assets with nonchalance, heavy sheathes and balls jostling between her thighs. She replaced that vision of black vines and leaves on her legs with that of footwear meant for much more than walking. She'd bought those boots to *show* them off.

At the two hundredth and last pair of legs, she spent an entire fifteen minutes just looking at them. Her expression was thoughtful... how would she get this pair on, her face seemed to ask. She tapped her chin, she tucked it into the palm of a hand, she glanced elsewhere, she stared at the ceiling and she sometimes laid still. She looked at her toes and she wiggled them. She folded and unfolded her legs. She rubbed them together. O world, heed the pretty picture. The great and lovely Cali was getting dressed and she wanted to make the last chapter be a special one. She could already imagine the viewers upon that moment, drooling at the sight of her, losing patience and yelling at the screen, demanding for her to put something on already.

She reached... for panties. Amazing and adorable pink lace panties. It felt anticlimactic, the way she put those on without trying to eroticize it at all. Then she got up, up on all four hundred legs, moving so as to stand before her own bent-over rump. That was the way she did the last pair: by silently worshipping her own behind as she got to her knees and helped the last of those feet into their confines, tying the laces together as carefully as she'd done all those other times around.

With all this done, she closed her eyes, kissed one of her asscheeks, and stood up.

She passed before the camera on the way to the exit door of her flat. Her laptop caught this endless forest of long legs clip-clopping their high heels away, giving onlookers a last little flash to her bulky undercarriage as one of her hind legs lifted itself to pull the laptop's screen down.

Quickly, she re-opened the laptop, stopped the recording, and chopped away the beginning and the end of her clip. She gave it a spot-check to make sure nothing was strikingly out of place, and uploaded it to her account under the platinum membership folder.

There we go. That was ten thousand Great British Pounds guaranteed to land in her wallet. She'd just done a job that paid five thousand per hour.

She hadn't bothered with covering anything else on her lower body. It only drove in the point that her lonesome panties were just as much fetish wear as the rest of her getup.

She took her key and set it onto one of the many earrings she wore. For lack of pockets, this was her way to return to her shelter. In her other ear, she did the same with her credit card. In the other rings, she placed fine silver chains made to sound off a quiet, pleasant chime as they brushed to one another.

She set out into whatever remained of the day. Her front door, set onto spring-loaded hinges, closed itself behind her. A light rain had drizzled the stones making up the street, and only now were a few pedestrians walking out, still clutching to an umbrella in case any more weather presented itself. Cali looked up: the clouds were leaving behind a perfect sunset.

She considered her options as she walked aimlessly. The Brahaus was far too cramped. The Brass Monkeys was a possible candidate, if far away. The Auld Hoose was roomier and even further out of reach. Decisions, decisions...

She ended up diving into the first pub she saw, too thirsty and too out of patience to seek a more elegant solution. She saw the counter was set against one wall and tables had been lined up in two rows: one in the center, another at the opposite wall. It gave her two lanes of maneuvering space.

She began on the left side, going down one lane and up the other one closer to the counter so she could straddle one of the bar stools. "Pint of whatever's on the happy hour, please." she told the barkeep.

"Happy hour was over an hour ago but I'll make an exception for you. It's not like I'll get in trouble for it today anyway." He pumped and then placed an overfilled glass of Southern Cross India Pale on the counter. The pub was deserted, and the barkeep had been left to his devices without supervision. She gave the young man her ale's price once to pay, and once more as a tip.

Cali placed an order for a steak pie. In the meantime, she chugged her ale and asked for another. It was not like tipsiness was a danger to her. Actively trying for that would have required cases of hard liquor before she'd even feel a remote effect in the ocean of her bloodstream.

In the corner of her eye, she saw the door open. Hooves thundered into the place, a posse of muscular boys giving nods to the barkeep as he went on to prepare their drinks. *Regulars*, thought Cali.

She felt hands on her hips and flanks, silently instructing her to move out of the way so the men could have a seat along the far wall. Not one of them was dressed, she realized. She was in the presence of a group of big, buff equi-taurs with obviously nothing to hide. She couldn't help but give them a second glance. They'd wandered out in public with nuts that almost dragged on the floor, utterly dwarfing her own grapefruit-sized balls. She'd never made hers smaller, but she could tell the men were restrained: the skin was pulled tightly, the vast orbs trembling at times, as if to escape their sorry state of being and become one with their full glory once again.

One man stood next to her, his hand on the counter.

"Cali?... California Suicide?"

She turned and smiled at him. "That would be me. You alright?"

He nodded. Interestingly, he was less muscular than the other boys. He was a little taller, a little leaner, endowed with a certain grace that made him seem more careful in his movements than the others. More eye-catching was his coat: it was of a bright arrest-me red topped with a shock of straw-blonde hair.

"I'm Jeremy." he said. "I saw your clip before leaving. Wasn't aware you'd just filmed it." He let out a giggle. "I was surprised to find you here. Thought you'd gotten dressed just for the show."

She grinned. "I just do what I do." she answered, remaining enigmatic and in-character. "My life is interesting to a lot of people. You, you're with these boys over there?"

"Yeah. We're all in a relationship with each other, but I'm bisexual myself, I don't mind either sex." He glanced down, signifying his intent. "You'd give us a run for our money, I think."

"Maybe once I'm on a first-name basis with the others? Anyway I'm not staying out long tonight. Just a drink and a meal, and I'm going right back into bed."

"What, no masturbating?"

This broke her. She burst out in a melodious laughter that set all eyes upon her. She thought she could recover from it, but an unexpected snort among her giggles prompted laughs among the others too, finishing with a round of cheers and applause.

"Arseholes!" she yelled, stifling whatever laughter remained. "Really, laughing at a woman like that, you should all be ashamed of yourselves. You all deserve a good spanking, all lined up so I can kick you all at the same time."

Smooth. She was back in the zone, teasing in every moment of her life. Around her, the conversations resumed with more energy than before, her outburst having loosened the atmosphere. Even the barkeep was livelier.

Suddenly, a third pint of Southern Cross appeared before her.

"My treat." said Jeremy, giving Cali a warm smile. "If it's not too forward, I guess you're a Stable?"

"Yes. Not much hidden on me. I guess you, you're also a Stable, and in every sense of the word?"

It was Jeremy's turn to laugh. "I can't really deny that." No amount of clothes could've saved this handsome thing. The ends of his four sheathes were at his forelegs, squeezed between them. "But it's not all fun and games. I have to train a lot to keep my body weight down."

"Down? Aren't you supposed to bulk up?"

"No, that's the thing: if I just sit around, I become more muscular. But if I lift a lot of weights, I spend energy and it all comes from my muscles. I've got practically no fat. If I don't pump iron for a week, I look like these other guys. So, I lift an hour a day and I commute to work by running at full sprint. I like being buff, just not that buff. Everything in moderation."

"Everything in moderation, said the hoss with four giant penises."

"Oh, that was a low blow!"

"All's fair in the game of love and war. It's not like I'm afraid of them anyway. I'd be surprised if there's someone who can't take these in."

"Never been a problem for me. I hope it never will. I don't worry though..."

Before long, she was up to her sixth pint and her third steak pie. A meal for her meant thousands of calories packed in something as efficient as possible. On the go, she had pills. When she felt fancy, she got some real food. Eating was long and tiresome. She wanted to fall into a coma soon as she was done. She ate the minimum and called it a day. It explained much of her lean figure.

Jeremy was not a stupid guy. He'd done his studies all nice and proper and he had a life worth being interested in. He and Cali had gone to the same high school but they'd never come across one another: he had transferred in right after her graduation.

The men trickled out of the pub and wished Jeremy good night. Just like that, the pub was back to its former desolation.

The boy-taur set a bottle of whisky on the counter. He grinned.

"Let's move on to the serious stuff."

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She felt like her giggles were moving her forward. She leaned on him and he leaned on her. They thought the other was their support. Physics seemed to have bent just to keep the two up on their hooves and high heels.

"I told you! I said I want to fuck you!" yelled Jeremy at the top of his lungs. "I want to fuck you so bad I'll... debone your legs! What's the word for it again... Shit... I know it's not debone, I'm pretty damn sure of that..."

Cali answered with a hard slap on his lower back. "And I told you a million fuckin' times that I got a cartilage layer! Why do you think I can claim to take all of you into just one of my pussies?"

"One of your pussies? Oh my God. You have more than one?!"

"Hello?! My dicks?"

"Hey, gimme some slack! I'm fuckin' drunk!"

They stopped and howled in laughter right in the middle of the street. She couldn't tell what time it was, but she knew the barkeep had let them stay because she paid fat tips and they were entertaining to listen to. She must've given him God knew how much of her day's profits just because he'd served her beer without asking why she had tiny little tits.

"Stupid tits..." she mumbled.

"What?"

"Nothin'! Thinkin' to myself..."

"Aww. I wanted to know..."

There was silence for a while. Cali had a hard time believing she was always on the verge of falling over. She couldn't even trust four hundred legs to hold her up. It was ridiculous.

"At least jizz for me or something." Jeremy complained.

"Aw, fine! Watch, I'm only doing that once."

She turned left and reared up, facing the downward slope of Anchor Close. A tight alley and few doorways. This would be perfect. She raised herself all the way until fully half of her body was up in the air, her legs spread, her big black horsedicks aimed forward.

"*Gardez le jizz!!*" Yelled she, breaking out into another laugh as she exploded into the alley, her giggles turning into pleasant moans at the sight of what she was doing. Cumming out of a hundred cocks, flooding a street with rolling waves of her seed, all this while wearing fetish gear and doing it all just to watch the reaction of a boy-taur who turned out to be a lot more fun than he'd seemed.

Jeremy stared on in sheer awe. She had let out gallons by the hundreds, far in excess of what her body would've let on.

She got back on all four hundreds and hopped on his back. Resting her head on his shoulder, she pointed him forward. "Carry me home." ordered the empress California Suicide.

"Yes my queen!" he said, grinning from ear to ear.

"Tell you what. You're fucking me tonight but you're makin' it worth my while. For every cock you don't get in each of my cunnies, you're paying me a twenty. So, you stop short of the last one? Eighty pounds please. You're starting with a debt of sixteen thousand and you're working your way out of it by the sweat of your brow and the cum of your balls."

"What if I get all of 'em? What do I win?"

She grinned. "The chance to do it again."