

((This is a continuous story. If you want to be a part of it. You let me know what role you want to fit in, and send me your reference sheet, and give me like, a paragraph explaining your characters behaviors. Because this is NSFW, if you want any NSFW stuff with your character, you need to explain in detail your character...you know exactly what I mean :3))

Seriously though. Whenever I look over at him, my heart stops. There is really only one major problem, other than Jack, that is. I sigh as I lean against the bathroom counter, my sheath against the cold poured concrete counter top as I watch, the man I've been lusting after since he moved in next door. I watch, as part of my heart stops, every time a different women walks into his house. Every time this man kisses them, makes love to them. And then, two to three weeks later. Finds another woman.

Silly right? I mean, why am I falling for a man who is clearly a womanizer. A straight, womanizing man. It should be disgusting and appalling, but still. Something about this tiger. His white fur, black strips. His tall, skinny body. Almost so effeminate that if I didn't know any better. I'd say he was gay.

I shake my head, wow. How blatantly rude I'm being. I'm not one for applying stereotypes to people. Ugh, whatever. I need to start cleaning around the house. It has to be spotless for when Jack gets home. And I mean, spotless.

After letting my fur dry enough that it doesn't drip, I head over to the indoor swimming pool in the back of the house. The glass ceiling and walls allow immense light in. The sun, warming my fur, sending shivers up my spine, my hair standing on end. I love the sun. I just wish I could see more of it. But, I love Jack, and this is one thing I sacrificed for our relationship.

I stand there on the concrete, as the sun beats down on my fur. I take a deep breath, my body relaxing. I feel my sheath swell just slightly. I blush and leave the pool area. I'll clean it later, but I can't be getting distracted. The sexual tension in me is so much, almost all the time now. I think Jack might

have actually forgotten to let me relieve myself. If I can just get away from the house for a few minutes. That's all I would need at this point. I'm about to pop just thinking about it!

Maybe I can head out back and do some yard work. There is a shed out there. I just need to slip on some pants really fast. *Always look high fashion. Always look classy. Never look trashy or poor* as Jack would say. So, I run into my room and grab down a pair of Furnation jeans. These things are expensive. I couldn't even imagine spending \$300 on a pair, but, for Jack. It's nothing. No really. It's nothing...Except sexual favors for a month...

As soon as I finish pulling these jeans on, tucking my sheath away nicely, the doorbell rings. My eyes wide in shock. I mean, no one visits us. We live in a gated home.

The doorbell rings again, and again. I hurry over to the door, which, so you know. Is figuratively a mile away from my room. I'm nearly out of breath by the time I get too the door. I pull it open, "Yes, yes?" when I come face to chest with a white tiger. My heart jumps into my throat.

"Hi. You must be Constupro, right? I've seen you around. I'm Elusive." He offers me his paw.

I stand there, like a total dope. The man, I've been idolizing, is staring at me...and he wants me to touch him. Oh no...no not now. Stop that. "H-h-hi. Nice t-too meet you. Yes. How can I help?" I return the pawshake.

Shit shit. Please. Don't...My pants tighten. I feel myself swelling. And I DON'T have a shirt on. Oh god. Oh god. Why now!

"My car won't start, and my cell phone...isn't...working." Elusive looks awfully embarrassed.

But not nearly as embarrassed as I am now. I hide behind the door, the tip of my cock pushing its way out of my belt like. please go down, please go down.

"Can I use your phone. If it's not too much trouble? I mean I can go if it is..." Elusive says, his hands rubbing his sides nervously.

"s-sure. Just head down this hallway. I have to go to the bathroom really fast...Close the door when you're done!" I turn and run down the hallways, dashing into one of the guest bathrooms. Slamming the door just in time as I grab a hand towel and bite down on it hard. My cock throbs once..twice..pushing its way out of my sheath, fully and completely. I can't resist it. He's so hot, and I'm so horny. God please, not now!

I can hear him talking, but all I can imagine, is his slim body, against mine. I imagine his cock warm against my paw, his maw around my cock. I wonder if he's top or bot, maybe verse. Maybe we can do both. No, why. Stop the thoughts..but man. It feels so good. Oh fuck... I'm going to....Fuck..fuck fuck..

I bite down on the towel hard, as my cock throbs, knot swelling, releasing a large amount of pent up seed. Weeks worth of cum force its way, painfully I might add, out of my cock, landing on the bathroom sink, counter, and floor.

Elusive shouts from down the hallway, "Thank you, Pro. I'm leaving! See you around."

"Mhmmm" I moan. Oh my god. Did I really just moan at him....

I look down. Both of my paws, my jeans, and my fur, not too mention the bathroom. A mess. Joy. I bring my paw up to my maw and start to lick it clean. Might as well start cleaning this mess up. Hopefully Jack doesn't find out.