

Your name is Andrew Nonymous, though you go by Anon. And sitting next to you, in the passenger's seat of your car, is Annie.

Yourself being human, it's perhaps a little unconventional that your girlfriend's an anthro. Despite all the big talk from corporations and the terminally online, they still have just a little taboo attached. Not that you care though; the woman next to you is a wonderful person with a beautiful soul. It also helps that she's smoking hot.

Annie's a raccoon anthro, one with shapely legs and a pear-shaped figure. Her coat's gray, darkening to black at her wrists and ankles. She has the characteristic mask marking around her eyes, the black ringed with a little bit of white, as well as those trademark rings on her fluffy tail. Her face is round, full of life, and those blue eyes of hers practically sparkle with mirth at all times. The set of her face makes her look perpetually smug, as though she's in on a joke you don't understand.

As she sits by you, she's wearing her usual outfit; a pair of jean-shorts, a white tank top, and a black zip-up jacket, one which is a solid size too big. Her eyes are on the road, but she's totally at ease, nodding along with the music on your playlist as it blasts out of the car's sound system.

You're jarred from your reverie by the jarring first few notes of "Break My Stride" by Matthew Wilder, as one song fades to an end and the next begins. Her eyes immediately light up even more than they already were, as she starts to sing along with the opening lines.

*"Last night I had the strangest dream."* She sings, forming an interesting duet with the recording seeing as how she's singing off-key. *"I sailed all the way to China, in a little rowboat to find ya'; but you said you to get your laundry cleaned"* She taps along with the beat on her armrest. *"Didn't want no one to hold you, what does that mean? And you said:"* She takes in another breath, in preparation to sing the chorus.

*"Ain't nothing gonna break my stride! Nobody gonna slow me down, oh no! I got to keep on moving!"* By this point, she's done drumming the rhythm onto the armrest, instead bobbing her head side to side with the beat. *"Ain't nothing gonna break my stride! I'm running and I won't touch ground! Oh no, I've got to keep on moving!"*

She continues to sing past the chorus, and you can't help but smile at the display.

You eventually arrive at your first destination of the evening; a quaint little diner-style café, called the Roadkill Junction. They're everywhere there in Texas, but this one in particular is a favorite of the both of you. It's the first place either you had ever been that had nothing bad on the menu; quite literally everything they served there was to die for. And to top that, they had an in-house sarsaparilla too.

You turn off the engine, and the both of you exit the car. After "Break My Stride", it'd just been favorite after favorite on the shuffled playlist. At the moment, she's humming the chorus to "Take On Me." You freeze as you look at her, her content smirk and her shining eyes, illuminated in the setting sun. When she sees you locked up like a deer in the headlights, she smiles widely, a full toothy grin. A playful nudge from her breaks you from your trance.

As the both of you enter the building, the cool air hits you like a wall. The diner within is styled like an old school 1950s establishment, with its rounded furniture, red upholstery, and chrome wherever there's metal. You and Annie make your way towards the far wall, and take a booth, bantering back and forth as you wait for your waiter.

It's not long at all before one comes to your table. A cheetah anthro woman stalks over to the table with a notepad in hand, dressed in the t-shirt and jeans uniform of the diner's employees.

"Hey, my name's Cheryl and I'll be your waitress tonight!" She said with an unusually genuine enthusiasm for a server at any restaurant. "What'll it be for you two tonight?"

"Just a burger please! Hold the pickles though." Annie says with a smile.

You tell the server that you're good with just a glass of coke. The waitress nods as she jots it down, and then walks back towards the doors to the kitchen. You both wait, heads swiveling about to

take in the establishment's interior, for all of a half minute before you begin to chatter back and forth. Of what, wasn't of much consequence. You could be content to sit there and listen to her talk about anything, and you'd be fine with it; just so long as it was her. The half-minute stretches to two minutes, then four, and finally, you hear the door to the kitchen swing open. The same server comes toward you and Annie, bearing a plate and a bottle of Coke. She sets them on the table, with a cheery "Enjoy!" before walking off to wait a party of three who just sat down across the dining area.

You crack open your soda as Annie inspects her burger for pickles. It was a ritual for her; one you'd found rather endearing since the first you'd seen it. Cute, even, though such a descriptor would be much to Annie's exasperation. You watch her first give the burger a tentative sniff, eyes narrowed at it and nose twitching with focus. Having passed the sniff test, she lifts the top bun to find all the fixings she ordered, and most importantly, *not* the specific one she hadn't. With a self-satisfied '*mhm*', she replaces the top bun and digs in.

As you sip on your Coke, you can't help but marvel at how much of a character she is. You, boring old Anon who never made waves in his entire life, had ended up with someone like Annie. She's everything you're not; She's spontaneous while you're calculated; She's outgoing while you're reserved; She's retained her sense of awe and wonder which you haven't ever had at all. She completes you in a way you can't put to words. In a way that some other woman who melts down when so much as a single hair is out of place, you feel could not.

Your last sip of Coke disappears and Annie finishes her burger around the same time. You set the bottle on the table as she wipes at a bit of mustard on the corner of her lip. The waitress comes in short order, so soon that you didn't even need to flag her down for the bill.

Before long, you and Annie are back on the road. Once again, she's humming along with your music. This time, it's "I Ran (So Far Away)" by A Flock of Seagulls. Your thoughts drift back again to her as you drive. Not only is she complimentary to you, but she's so incredibly kind.

The time first the two of you had met, for instance. You, being without a car at the time, had to take the subway to work every day. God, it was miserable, an hour or more of stop-hopping and city subway denizens to really get you in a good mood for eight straight hours of moving boxes. And on a muggy Tuesday afternoon, your run of bad luck had lost you your lunch for the day. As you waited for the train, the endless minutes stretching on into eternity, you were jostled by someone else on the platform; your lunchbox, ham sandwich and chips there-within, were bumped from your hands and onto the rails... just in time for your train to crush it.

It was rough. Very rough, in fact; you'd just gotten the financial comfort for lunch meat, and your first sandwich for work gets flattened by a train; and the insulated lunchbox your parents had gifted you on your last Christmas visit as well! As you stood there looking at the corpse of your lunch, trying not to cry, you felt a nudge on your left. You looked down, and you saw a short-statured raccoon woman, wearing a hoodie that's a size too large. In her hand, offered to you, was half of a lunch meat sandwich in a plastic sandwich baggie. You were stunned at first, not knowing how to take the circumstance in front of you. Gingerly, you reached for it, taking the proverbial peace pipe from her grasp as she let go of it. With eyes full of boundless mirth and generosity, she spoke the first words you'd heard from her.

"Name's Annie. Rough day, huh?"

You'd stumbled for the whole conversation, endlessly spilling your spaghetti as you tried to speak with one, not only of the other sex, but of another species. She seemed not to notice you conversationally falling on your metaphorical ass. You and her exchanged current events, general musings, and gripes with your present lives, for the entire subway ride. When the final stop came, which it turned out the two of you shared on your respective commutes, you exchanged numbers and resolved to hang out sometime. The rest, is history.

You and Annie find yourselves once again parked, and getting out of the car. Before you, is the sort of dive bar one might expect to only ever see in a noir flick; a run down hole in the wall with no signage, save for a green OPEN sign that's hung from the door. You both enter together, pushing open the door to the scent of tobacco smoke and beer. The sound of the local radio's classic rock station thinly belting out early 70s riffs from the aged speakers of an old radio on the top shelf behind the bar is audible over the drone of conversation.

The ambiance is cozy, if a little battered and well-worn. Patrons talk amongst one another, discussing topics such as their days, their lives, the state of the nation. As you and Annie walk to the nearest unoccupied table, you can hear snippets of the conversations; something about the midterms, something about angering the wife. A couple of words about the outcome of a college football game, followed by a jab about collecting on a bet. A bear at the bar who's obviously gone hard on the liquor blubbering about how he can't believe his boy's grown already to the tender.

You and Annie take your seats, taking the atmosphere in. Sure, the two of you have been here more times than you'd care to count, but there's always something sacred about it; maybe Annie's sense of wonder rubbed off on you somewhere along the way? Regardless, you know what the two of you are here for; every first Friday of the month, is comedy night.

As the first stand-up takes to the little ramshackle stage in the back of the bar, a creaky little thing no more than fifteen feet across, you hear the bar quiet down a little. You can hear a tinny "*Lord, help me! I can't cha-a-a-a-a-a-ange!*" from the radio before the solo gets turned down by the bartender. As the nondescript middle-aged man on stage is getting the stool in a good spot, checking the mic, and making sure his material is in order, Annie gets up and makes for the bar. By the time she gets back with her shot Jaeger, the first of the night is about to begin his routine. He clears his throat, the sound amplified by the microphone that's five inches from his face.

"So..." He says, the setup to his act's first bit booming across the bar. "What's the deal with airline food?"

A quarter of the audience snickers, the rest groan loudly, with one "Go fuck yourself Jeff!" coming from somewhere within. Annie downs her shot.

It's a short parade of stand-up comedians coming from the crowd over the course of the night. The first guy, his act had been clever. It started with the classic Jerry Seinfeld 'Airplane Food' bit, followed by about fifteen minutes of critiquing the tendency of comedians to keep telling the same joke over and over again, with a witty crack thrown in at just about the right moment every now and again. What really made that routine in the end was the reveal that he's run it at five or six other bars. Just about the whole crowd erupted into laughter, Annie included. She heaved with laughter; the real, genuine kind that comes from deep within one's chest.

The next was a totally different kind of act altogether; joke, after joke, after joke, in a rapid ten-minute set, each flowing into the next, the punchline to the previous acting as the start of the next joke's setup. Mostly, they were jokes on the more questionable side, often puns about long-past tragedies; the sort you know you shouldn't be laughing at, because they're not funny, and yet they *are* funny, and you *are* laughing.

The one after that was an old-school type, a man with a bushy mustache and probably no less than fifty trips around the sun under his belt. He came on stage with a classic style routine consisting of funny anecdotes from his time; he talked about how he met his wife at a T-intersection, after she accidentally turned his beater sedan at the time into a compact car with her dad's lifted pickup. He talked about when his firstborn son was born, where he fell down forty steps of stairs in his haste to get from work to the hospital for the delivery, and how he burst into the delivery room bruised and bloody, with a broken cheek and such a concussion that his wife's first question was if he was drinking. Or, another time when his firstborn son got drunk at a family function and ended up getting his balls stuck in a plastic lawn chair. Each one was a riot, not one in his routine getting any less than a hearty chuckle

out of all present. After he ran out of material, about another hour all in all, he bowed off the stage to drunken, enthusiastic applause.

Then, the moment you'd both been waiting for rolls around at right about three-quarters past ten. Annie stands from her seat, strutting towards the stage with all the confidence of a twenty-something lightweight with a shot of Jaeger in her system. She clambers up onto the stage, rolling her neck and shoulders as she approaches the mic. She takes the microphone from its stand, holding it in her left hand with her right in her jacket pocket. The floor is quiet, all patrons present waiting with bated breath for the next act to start. She scans the crowd, and you can see the wheels in her head turn as she weighs the best opening bit for the crowd present. Then, you watch the light bulb light up. She directs her attention to a party in the back, a mischievous twinkle in her eye. With dawning horror as you realize which opener she's going with, you watch her take a breath to start her act.

Her act was something, that's for sure. It certainly started off bold, with a pun that played on her being a raccoon and on the race of a decent number of the audience's human attendees. You're not sure whether you're allowed repeat it given your species and race, it was so bold. This was followed by a pretty decent set of personal stories, embellished for comedic effect, to act as setups with a punchline in the end. It did look as though her act started with a bit of a stumble, having the first big joke not followed by a punchline. Fifteen minutes of great comedy ensued before she started on a long-winded one, a rambling and overly detailed story which would obviously set up a shaggy dog joke... only for the punchline to, of course be a shaggy dog punchline to the current joke, but to also be the boomerang gag line to the first joke of the set! Sure, most of the patrons laughed at the shaggy dog joke but everyone who was paying close attention roared with laughter, still sat in their seats wheezing by the time the rests' laughter had died off. Once her set was done, and she'd thanked her audience for being so wonderful, she strode back to your table with her head held high.

As the bar starts to thin out nearing midnight, you and Annie make your exit. The night air is noticeably cooler than it was earlier, the wind having picked up since. Annie is noticeably tipsy as you guide her by the hand to the car, no doubt due to the ensuing round of victory liquor she had after she finished her set. She wobbles over to the passenger side as you get into the driver's seat, turning the ignition and fastening your seat belt. With a shift into reverse, the two of you are off, home-bound.

You can't stop looking at her out of the corner of your eye on the drive home. She's beaming, her rosy face graced with a wide grin. Her demeanor's infectious, as you can feel yourself sharing in her reverie just from being in the car with her. It's as though merely being in her presence is beaming serotonin directly into your system. You can't help but feel yourself warm up on the inside, from basking the ray of sunshine in the passenger seat next to you.

She catches your eye in her own gaze for just a moment. The red in her face deepens as she holds your gaze from the corners of your respective eyes. In the time it takes for your eyes to flick back to the road, her beaming smile turns into a patently lascivious smirk. She slowly leans over the center console, trailing a hand over it and onto your right thigh. She runs her hand up and down it, slowly moving the tips of her fingers further and further towards the inside of your leg. You can smell the black licorice on breath as she comes in close, right up into your ear.

"You're gonna want to pull over babe." She says huskily. The feeling of her breath on your ear sends a shiver down your spine as you become acutely aware of everything about her; the way that the short fuzz of her hand feels through your jeans, her hot breath on the side of your face, even the smell of her shampoo. You let off the gas as she gets at the zipper of your jeans, and coast to a stop at the shoulder of the road as she finally manages to fish your stiffening erection out of your boxers.

She immediately begins to pump it, running her hand up and down your length unrelentingly, specifically targeting the underside of your head. You gasp at the zenith of each stroke, your head beginning to fog just as your dick is getting harder and harder with every merciless caress of her hand. Once at your hardest, she leans down and locks her lips around your head, assaulting the very tip of it

with her tongue. Your toes curl as her muscle sends jolts of electric pleasure up your spine, the warmth, and wetness of her mouth elevating the experience from merely great, to divine. This continues for a minute, then two minutes. At some point along the ride, you start to buck into her mouth on the downstroke. She moans around your length, her other hand now between her legs. Just as you can feel your peak approaching, she lifts off your cock with a lewd pop, and runs a hand across her mouth. Annie sits up, eyes locked with yours.

As she opens the passenger side door, she flashes you the kind of bedroom eyes to make a monastic monk follow along helplessly. You already know what she wants as she opens the rear passenger side, and you've already crawled over the center console and exited out the passenger side by the time she lays down the back bench, running a finger along either side of her slit invitingly. As your member is exposed to the cool night air, you realize just what you're doing. You aren't sure if it's the temperature or the exposure that sends a shudder down your spine. But then again, who's going to happen upon you and stop along a highway in the middle of the night? You begin to kneel, intending to eat her out right there on the side of the road. But she speaks as you get one knee on the ground.

"I'm wet enough. Just fuck me, hun!" She says, opening herself to you for emphasis. You don't need told twice. You take her by the hips, pulling towards you until you can stand on the gravel and bend over her, cock just teasing her slick entrance. You push, little by little until your head slips up and over, frotting against her clit. You lean into her, bringing you face close to hers and looking into her eyes. She leans up, making contact with your lips and bringing you into a kiss. You continue to frot against her, taking in those sweet muffled moans as you do. After a few thrusts, she breaks the kiss. "Fuck me properly!" She whines.

Her wish is your command. You realign yourself, and push in. She immediately stiffens, and a loud moan escapes her, drawn out until you hilt. Slowly, you pull out again, to be met with another rising moan of ecstasy. From there you pick up speed, her vocalizations alternating between earth-shattering moans, and adorable little whimpers. Just as she gets used to the tempo, you press the attack, lightly brushing her clit with your thumb. She practically jumps, back arching from the sensation of you both hiltng, and rubbing her clit at once. Her moans escalate to ecstatic screams, and whimpers to yelps, as you speed up fully, your respective sexes slapping together loudly in the confined space of the car, no doubt echoing into the night for a hundred yards, and her screams for another hundred after that. Your light brushes of her clit have become a constant circular motion around the edge of it, with real contact every couple of thrusts. You can feel your peak approaching as her moans shorten, and her breath begins come in shallow gasps. For the last time you hilt her, as she reaches her own peak. Annie screws her eyes shut, clinging to you as a single, near screaming moan comes from her. You feel your balls pull close to your body as you flood her with your seed, bucking just a little with each spurt of it.

As the flow finally stems, you pull out of her. She's panting, chest heaving as she comes down from the throes of her orgasm. Her fur is disheveled, her hair is tousled, and her crotch is soaked with your combined juices. A rivulet of cum runs its way between either cheek of her ass. You lean down one more time to kiss her, which she reciprocates gratefully. You tell her, quiet and tender, that the two of you can't stay here all night, that you need to go home.

"Mhm." She says, still half-dazed. But, she does begin to pull her pants up, standing on shaky legs as you guide her into the passenger seat. Once sat down once again, Annie closes her eyes. You close her door, and walk around the front of the car to the driver's side. By the time you slip into the seat, her chest-falls are even, and her breathing soft. Having never shut off the ignition, you shift the car into the drive and very carefully accelerate, for fear of waking her. What a wonderful Friday night.