

Dav had his tail fluffed out and his fur smoothed down. It was the night of the big Parkinson's Foundation benefit. Dav had always hated going to these things. The cause is great and he understood his wife's passion for it since her grandfather suffered from it until he died. He just hates going to these benefit events. Sitting around a table with people his wife knows but he wouldn't recognize if they walked up and bit him, trying to make conversation. Everyone is talking about their latest big project, either at work or with their current favorite charity (usually the one most recently on the news). These conversations are always tedious for him. He's never been the type to brag about what he's been doing; partly from modesty and partly because he just doesn't think that what he's doing is that interesting to anyone else. Sure he owns a couple restaurants, and while they are successful, it's not like they're nationally known. Shifts there have managed to get him out of quite a few of these things over the years, ("Sorry, it's a Saturday night and we're overbooked. I just can't leave them short-handed as well.") This time, it's the restaurants that essentially stuck him with showing up to this one.

Last year, Inci was in charge of organizing the annual benefit. She always loves a good project to plan in extreme detail. About a week before hand, Dav came home to her on the verge of a nervous breakdown. The catering business booked to do the event suddenly imploded. Apparently their bookkeeper had been not only embezzling, but failing to pay any of the bills. The staff all quit because paychecks were bouncing, suppliers refused to deliver product, and everything else was seized by the state for failure to pay taxes. The biggest benefit dinner of the year suddenly was going to have no food. If his years in the restaurant business had taught him anything, they taught Dav how to deal with a crisis. He hit the phones. Called his suppliers to arrange delivery of food for the menu. Personally

called every one of his staff who wasn't already scheduled to work that night and convinced most of them to pitch in. Talked to every person he knew at a restaurant within 25 miles to beg and borrow any piece of equipment and any employee they could spare, even if it was just a couple stock pots. That week he averaged around three hours of sleep a night as he personally made sure everything was going to be in place. The night came and everything went off without a hitch. Staff from over a dozen different restaurants melded together like they had been working together for years. Everyone was raving about the food. Not a single hiccup the entire night.

That is why Dav was stuck going to this year's event. Afterwards, when people commented that they had heard the caterer had gone out of business so how did she manage to make this happen, she told them what Dav had done. Now they wanted to give him an award of recognition. He would have been happier with a simple thank you card. Seeing everyone leaving with smiles on their faces, talking about the fantastic meal they had just had was plenty of recognition for him. And he knew that there were dozens of people besides him that had to come together to make it happen, so only his name on a plaque just didn't seem right.

"What? I'm sorry, what did you say?" Dav suddenly realized the tiger across the table had asked him a question.

"I asked what you did for a living."

"Oh, sorry. I own Sionnach's Irish Pub over on 15th Street."

"Hmmm. Can't say we've ever been there. A bit too common for my taste."

Dav felt Inci grab his knee as a warning to not get upset. This tiger was one of their biggest donors. He continued.

"I tend to go to Callahan's downtown. Much more refined."

That made Dav smile a little inside. He owned Callahan's as well. But whenever the subject of what he does comes up, he only mentions Sionnach's. Not that he isn't proud of Callahan's, but the pub was his first place and felt more like home. Fewer snobs like this tiger who think they know everything.

"But they've declined a bit lately. Not keeping up with the trends. So we've started frequenting Anderson's."

That made the fur on Dav's neck bristle. Anderson's was all style, no substance. A national chain with a lot of marketing. For all the white tablecloths, glasses and silverware galore, the kitchen staff is little more than microwave jockeys. Almost everything in the kitchen comes in pre-made and frozen.

"Be nice," Inci whispered in his ear. Dav calmed down instantly. Her soft voice and warm breath in his ear was immediately soothing. And then her hand under the table sliding from his knee up along his leg under his kilt... Dav tried to refocus on the conversation.

"Anderson's is fine for what they are," he said. "They certainly are great at consistency."

"Consistently mediocre," he thought. The tiger had apparently lost interest in Dav and turned to Inci starting to relate all the issues he saw with the Affordable Care Act and demanding her opinion on the matter. While

trying to patiently explain to the tiger that, no, there still were no death panels to kill Granny being organized and there never would be, Inci's hand had now found Dav's cock and was gently squeezing it.

"Careful," Dav whispered in her ear. "You know I'm going to have to stand up in front of everyone in just a little while." She nodded slightly, and while continuing to make her point to the tiger, she shifted her hand's attention to fondling Dav's balls. Much as he appreciated her ability to focus on two such vastly differing things at the same time, he felt the need to put a stop to this before his mind wandered too far--or before he starting moaning as she began to gently squeeze his growing knot.

"Excuse me," he said. "I'll be back in a few minutes." As he stood up he made sure to adjust his sporran to hide his very erect cock and made his way to the men's room. When he got there he ran some cold water in the sink and splashed it on his face, eyes closed, trying to will the swelling in his groin to subside. After a minute a hand grabbed his buttock and a soft voice whispered in his ear.

"Didn't I promise you would have a good time tonight?"

Dav spun around to Inci standing there with an impish grin on her face. She sank to her knees, moving his sporran from in front of his still stiff cock, then ducked her head under his kilt. Dav started going weak at the knees and had to lean against the sink as he felt her warm mouth close around his head, one hand switching between fondling his balls and squeezing his knot, the other on his ass pulling him deeper into her.

"Maybe," Dav thought, "these things aren't so bad after all."