

THE SHOW MUST GO ON

by
Dekafox

"Yo."

"Yo," I tossed back a lazy wave to Rob as the male tiger turned to hang up his coat. "Real nasty weather out there, eh?"

He nodded, running his fingers through his wetted-down black hair. "Yeah, doubt there's gonna be many customers tonight. Did Sasha make it in at all?"

I shrugged as I grabbed the daily checklist off the nail it was hanging on, using it to hide the grin I felt creeping up on me. Hopefully, the kid was going to finally make his move. Half the club could tell they wanted each other, but neither of them seemed willing to take the first step. A few of us even had a betting pool going on how long it'd take for them to wise up, but so far there hadn't been any winners.

"Haven't seen her yet, but she might have come in the other entrance. It's early anyways." I pointed at the clock with the pen from the clipboard. "Got another hour before we open."

I felt that grin creeping up again as he tried to stifle a sigh, and didn't do so hot a job of it. "Thanks, Mark. I'll catch you later then."

Yup, definitely was going to be some gryphon poon in his future, I thought, smiling openly as he wandered out on his pre-opening rounds.

"And what are you so happy about?"

I perked my golden-furred ears at the soft voice, turning my head as a pair of brown arms wrapped around my middle, a set of large breasts squishing against my back as my smile turned into a smirk. "Why hello there, Jeannie, fancy meeting you here."

Jeannie was one of my favorite "playmates" at the club. She also happens to be one of the more popular performers, with her long brown hair framing gentle brown eyes, large round breasts that jiggled with her every movement, a thin waist that gives way to what most would call childbearing hips, and her little deertail that accentuates her cute rump. However, I could sum up what I loved about her in one sentence: big breasts, tight pussy, and moans that were like music to my ears. She also knows I sleep around of course, but they should expect that from a smoking hot lion like myself.

To start with, I happen to think I've got a nice face, between sporting a well-groomed golden mane and the lighter gold facefur surrounding my dark blue eyes. The on top of that, as you get lower, you'd see the cream-colored fur that covers my well-defined pecs and sixpack. Between working out at the gym and hefting equipment around back here, I figure I'm built like most ladies' wet dreams. And of course, I'm certain that the thick lioncock I sport between my legs makes it one that they'd never forget.

"Got time for a little 'play' before the show?" Her voice was like velvet as she slid a hand under my shirt to stroke my firm stomach, though I knew where she really wanted to slip that hand. Teasingly, I flicked my tufted tail against her crotch, noting her gasp as it brushed against her apparently bare femsex, confirming what I'd already figured.

Giving her a purrowl, I ground back against her, pushing my tail firmly against her pink folds. "Go hit your room, babe, and I'll be with you shortly. Just gotta finish the checklist."

The pout she gave me would have melted lesser males, but not this lion. After she saw it wasn't going to work, she flounced away, blowing me a kiss. "I'll be waiting, big boy~" she cooed as she disappeared around the corner, towards the main hallway. Licking my lips, I turned my attention back to the clipboard, and almost ran right into a certain snowy gryphon who was very clearly not watching where she was going.

"Hey Sasha," I purred, my own mind on the doe waiting for me. "Might want to keep an eye on what's in front of you."

"I'm soo sorry," she said as she hastily worked on unbuttoning her coat. "Car friggin broke down and I thought I was going to be late. That's one hell of a storm out there."

I rolled my shoulders in a lazy shrug. "Your show is last on the rotation tonight anyways, so it wouldn't have been that big a deal."

"I know, but I... had some things to take care of first." With the way she looked off to the side, and the slight blush showing through her white feathers, I had a feeling what the next question would be. "Have you seen Rob?" Yup, nailed it in one.

"He's off making the rounds. If you wanna catch him, best time is probably around the first show, since Hank is supposed to be working backstage security for that one tonight... assuming he makes it in anyways," I added as I heard the rain pick up again, pounding hard against the metal door.

She visibly slumped a moment before catching herself and perking herself up. "Ah, thanks anyways." As I returned my attention to the cheklist, she hung her coat up and shook the water out

of her wings, sending droplets flying every which way.

"Good luck tonight," I called as she headed down the corridor. She wasn't exactly my type... not quite busty enough, or submissive enough, but mentally I wished Rob luck too. Especially since I think I'd specified this week, the last time I'd tossed some money in the betting pool.

The lights flickered a moment as thunder rumbled distantly, and I sighed, running my fingers through my mane. Hopefully one of the lights wouldn't blow, but the surge protector on this place wasn't exactly the best you could buy.

Thankfully the checklist went smoothly, and several minutes later I found myself at Jeannie's door. I didn't even bother to knock, letting myself in and kicking it closed behind me. I felt a purr coming on as I got a good eyeful of the busty deer, wearing only a smile as she lay on the couch, idly making making patterns in the vinyl with a finger.

Giving her a playful growl, I stripped my shirt off in one smooth motion, then leapt onto the couch, planting a warm kiss right on her lips. As she pushed her muzzle into the kiss, her hands sought out the fastenings on my jeans, opening them with practiced motions and pushing down the cloth to rub her hands over my cream-furred sheath and hanging leonine balls.

I pulled back from the kiss as I felt my growing cock sliding from the confines of my feline sheath. Giving her a feral grin, I ground that swelling flesh against her stroking hands, my own seeking out those large tits of hers, and giving them firm squeezes that made her gasp softly.

"What a lovely snack," I purred as I lowered my muzzle to those huge mounds of pillowy titflesh, teasingly nipping at the skin beneath her soft brown fur and causing her to quietly moan. As she shivered at my attentions, her nipples growing stiff and poking out from the half-dollar size aerola capping each large breast, she curled her slender hands around my swelling shaft and stroked along the firming length, my little barbs dragging gently against her palms.

My tufted tail lashed as I pushed my hips into those soft strokes, nuzzling and nibbling at the doe's wonderful tits. Her soft gasps and moans filled my ears while I worked the full orbs over, my thick shaft throbbing in her grasp as the sweet scent of her arousal reached my nose.

Smelling how ready she was, I took just a bit longer in my teasing, running my rough tongue over those stiff nubs before lifting my head and making sure she was watching as I licked my lips. "Mmm... now I think it's time for the main course."

Reluctantly, she released my thick shaft as I pulled away. Adjusting herself on the couch, muzzle parted in soft pants, she spread her legs wide while her fingers slid down to her pouting folds, spreading the slickened cuntlips to show off the juices within. "Please," she gasped, "fuck me..."

Giving her a feral grin, I took my large cock in hand and pressed the wide head against that widespread entrance. "I thought you'd never ask," I purred as I leaned forward, thrusting that barbed cock deep into her tight deercunt as she let out a happy moan.

"Mmm... nice and tight, just the way I like my dinner," I purred as I braced myself on the couch and started to relentlessly pound that fat cocklength into her tight, gasping cunny, the barbs dragging against her inner walls making her gasp as she rocked her hips into every stroke.

"Oooh.. fuck me nice and hard," she cooed between moans as I gave her every thick inch, spreading her tight deer pussy wide, her large breasts jiggling as I hilted myself within her slick passage again and again, rocking her body with the force of my thrusts.

"Fuck yeah," I purrmoaned out as my throbbing lionmeat began to drool hot pre into her heated body, my pleasure growing as her inner walls squeezed and massaged my large lioncock so wonderfully. "Gonna pound you until you're oozing with cum."

"Please doooOOOooo..." the horny, busty doe panted as I continued to plow her needy deercunt with that massive, barbed shaft, slurping sounds filling the air as her tight tunnel coated me with her slick honey, grasping at the thick shaft filling her so full. "Give me your cummmm... make me overflow...."

Baring my teeth at her, I slammed that drooling dick deep into her grasping cunny once, twice, three times; then, drawing back, I thrust deep one final time as I let out a roar of victory. I could feel my barbed leonine cock pulsing heatedly as I shot my hot feline seed deep into her hungry body, the thick spurts splashing heatedly against the inner walls of her already full deer pussy.

"Ahhh AHHH CUMMIINNNGGGG...." she moaned out as the blasts of rich lioncum shooting so heavily into her set her off as well, her tight cunny squeezing and milking firmly at that squirting shaft as she shivered in pleasure, absolutely coating it with her honey.

All too soon, it was over, both of us breathing heavily as we came down from our climaxes. Gingerly, I unplugged myself from her heated passage, a gasp slipping out of the well-pleasured doe's muzzle as my small barbs dragged one last time over those sensitive walls, still quivering with the aftereffects of her orgasm.

As she lay there panting on the couch, a little bit of our mixed juices dribbling out of her well-fucked pussy, I walked around to pick up my clothes, my glistening shaft slowly beginning to soften and retreat back into my sheath.

"Do you have to go?" Jeannie asked, giving me that pout again. "I still have places I want that

sweet cock of yours..."

I pulled up my pants over my shrinking shaft, zipping and fastening it, before turning back and leaning down to give her a heated kiss and to give one of her large breasts a nice squeeze and roll. "Later tonight, maybe," I said with a purr, thumbing back at the clock over her dresser mirror. "Got a half-hour before show now."

"But I don't go on until 3rd slot tonight," she said, her velvet voice somehow keeping it from sounding like a whine.

I gave her a leonine grin and slapped her cum-drooling folds, making her gasp and grind down against my palm. "Which means you got plenty of time to get yourself cleaned up." Heading back towards the door, I slipped on my shirt, then turned around to make a quick "bang" motion with thumb and forefinger. "I'll catch you after we close, if you want some more of this."

She nodded quickly while licking her lips, her eyes glued to my crotch until I turned away and slipped out the door. As it clicked shut behind me, I sauntered down to the backstage area, feeling pretty good about tonight. A nice quickie with Jeannie for an opener, probably one with that lioness Marigold after her show, then back to Jeannie for another good fucking to wrap it up. It was good to be me.

The lights flickered as a quick crack of lightning struck somewhere nearby, the deep roll of thunder following close on its heels, and I gave the hallway lights a glare. This better not mess with the stagelights, I thought as I padded down and hung a left just before the actual backstage, jogging up the stairs and entering the control room.

"Yo," Bill, our sounds and backup lights operator, and all around great bear, tossed me a thumbs up. "Everything checks out so far." His brow furrowed a moment as he sniffed at the air, then gave me a leering grin. "So, got a little early playtime in already?"

"Don't you know it," I said with a laugh as I dropped into the other seat and began running through the final systems checks. "Jeannie needed some of my special brand of magic to get ready for her show tonight."

Bill just shook his head as he rolled his chair back to lean against the wall. "Her again? Careful, man. You keep it up and she might try to tie you down, and I don't mean in the fun way."

I tossed off a shrug as I ran the computer that controlled the lights through it's paces. "Eh, she knows I've got the other three as well, and she doesn't care as long as I give her a nice pounding when she asks. Ain't no one gonna tie this lion down."

"Well-" he started to say, but was drowned out by an extremely loud KRAKOOOM, the entire room going dark.

The lights came back on a moment later to the sounds of several voices cursing, including my own as I booted the control computer back up. Figures, it just HAD to knock out the power right before we opened. Our conversation was momentarily forgotten as Bill did the same thing on his desk, bringing the sounds subsystem online while I waited for my system to finish a quick self-diagnostic. As it came back up fully, blinking a warning, I let out a deep sigh. And of COURSE one of the stagelights just had to blow from that lightning strike too. At least I had enough time to take care of it still.

"You'll have to handle the lights for first show," I said as I went over to the supply closet in the back of the control room and began to dig around. "Dammit, I know we've got spares around here somewhere."

"Anything special?" Bill asked as he rolled his chair over to my computer, tapping in a few commands to bring up the configuration window.

"Run the 'Pink Sweets' pattern for Mari. I should be back up by the time it's done... Aha!" I lashed my tufted tail triumphantly as I finally pulled out one of the few spares we had left. Er, make that the only one we had left, I realized as I looked at the mess of parts in the closet. Well, shit. Tucking the bulb under an arm and making a mental note to put in an order for more, I left the room to Bill and padded over to the narrow stairs against the backstage wall, quickly climbing them to the catwalk up above.

It didn't take long to get to the busted bulb and swap it out, which was a good thing considering I could see Marigold over near the curtain, getting ready to go on stage. As I turned to go though, a hint of white caught my eye. Glancing down, I realized that Sasha was right below me, already in her skimpy "work clothes" for tonight, and she seemed to be waiting for something. Or, more likely, someone.

A moment later, Rob turned the corner, and I found myself laying back down along the scaffolding. Now this, I wanted to see!

"Um, hey," my tiger friend said, stopping in his tracks as he noticed who was waiting for him.

"Hi," Sasha tossed back a bit uncertainly, looking off towards the stage while folding her hands behind her. I'd seldom seen a girl look so enticing and still so shy at the same time, but she was pulling it off rather well, I thought. "How's things?"

"They're good," Rob murmured as he shoved his hands in his pockets, his head also turning to look towards the stage from what I could see. "How about you?"

I couldn't help but roll my eyes at how slow they were being. C'mon, if you both want to jump each others bones, then get to it, I mentally urged. Of course, if it had been me, she would have been in my bed several weeks ago.

"Okay, I guess," she said softly, my ears straining a bit to catch their voices over the rain hitting the roof above. "You never showed up for the pizza back on Saturday."

"I.. had some things to do." Suuure you did, I thought. Probably went home and rubbed one out thinking about her.

"Oh," was all she said in response. I found my eyes directed skyward again, as I resisted the urge to facepaw. It was hard to believe someone that put on the shows she did could be as scared about approaching one guy as she seemed to be.

After a moment of silence, Rob coughed, then asked uncertainly, "So, one of the guys was asking me if you had a boyfriend." As her head shot up, beak opening a little, he quickly raised his hands in a placating gesture. "I know, it's none of my business..."

She shook her head quickly as he trailed off, looking aside again as her white-furred ears folded back. Though I couldn't tell from this angle, I was sure she was blushing. "It's not that..." she started to say, her wings half-folding around her protectively before letting her words trail off. Grinning, I made a gun shape with my hand and mock-fired it at the couple. Bang, gotcha.

"I-" they both started to say in sync, then stopped and broke up laughing, and I could feel the tension draining away from them like a physical thing. "Let me start," the snow gryphon said as she stifled her giggles. "You can tell whomever was wondering that I do happen to be single at the moment. This job's pretty fun, but it doesn't exactly make for a great conversation piece when meeting new people."

"Ah," Rob said as he got himself under control. "I can totally understand that. So many people have the wrong idea about this place." He paused, gesturing at the stuff around him for emphasis. "Heck, I got dumped a month ago cause my girl at the time thought I was cheating on her with the girls here."

"Well, her loss, though I don't know what girl would think a great guy like you would do something like that," she said with a smile, then froze, her hands going to her black beak as she realized what she'd said.

"Do you really think I'm that great?" the tiger down there cautiously asked, his striped tail stilling as he perked his ears forward.

My own golden-furred ears perked at that moment too, but not because of the voices below. Was it my imagination, or had I just heard metal shifting up here? Eyes narrowing, I started to examine the nearby fixtures, the conversation below temporarily forgotten.

At that moment, another close lightning strike sent a loud burst of thunder rolling, making the fixtures sway, and my eyes widened as I caught sight of a load-bearing bolt twisting strangely. I started to crawl over to it, but it looked like it wouldn't hold much longer with the way the structure was still swaying.

As I moved, I visually traced the path it would fall, and cursed under my breath when I realized that Sasha was standing right underneath it. So much for giving the lovekittens their private time.

"Move it, Sasha!" I called as I made my way across the scaffolding, everything starting to go in slow motion. As I reached out to stabilize it, a mere fingers-breadth away from the fixture, the bolt finally sheared. Sasha and Rob both looked up at that moment, the horror in their gaze mirroring my own as the metal girders twisted around the other bolts still holding them in place, before tearing free with a sickening screech and a shower of sparks from snapping cables.

There was nothing I could do anymore, but Rob reacted faster than anyone I'd ever seen, diving at the frozen femgryph and shoving her aside as the tangled mass of metal came crashing down onto the backstage area below. A mere moment later it hit the wood with a loud crunch and a yowling yell of pain, and suddenly everything was back to normal speed.

"ROB!" Sasha's scream resounded alongside the sound of the wreckage settling on the stage. Quickly, I scrambled down the catwalk stairs, dashing over to the two as the various dancers who had been waiting nearby gathered around to see what had happened. Vaguely, I heard the announcer saying something over the PA to the early customers that'd actually made it in, but I tuned it out, not really caring how he was keeping the clubgoers from wondering what was happening. Once I got a good look at the aftermath however, I let out a breath I hadn't realized I was holding in.

Rob's shove had saved Sasha's life most likely, and he'd kept enough momentum to keep from getting completely trapped himself. Right now he was sitting up, muzzle clenched in pain while Sasha hugged his upper body to her with both wings and arms, bawling her eyes out. The source of his pain was obvious, as he hadn't escaped totally unscathed; a girder was laying across his left leg, and I was pretty sure from just looking at it that the bone was broken.

"Call an ambulance," I growled to no one in particular, but I heard a couple pairs of feet quickly pattering away in response. Slowly, I knelt next to them, looking at the mass of metal for a good place to get a handhold.

"Alright, when I lift it, pull him out," I said as I wrapped my hands around a couple poles in the tangle that looked likely to work. "Ready?"

"Ready," Sasha managed to get out between snuffles, and tensing my muscles, I heaved on the remains of the fixture, a pained moan tearing from Rob's throat as it lifted up those few inches needed.

"Pull!" I grunted out as I strained to keep the wreckage high enough, a couple of the other stagehands who had just arrived jumping in to help hold it as best they could. "Dammit Sasha, pull!"

The three of us barely managed to hold it long enough for him to be pulled free, but we managed. I leaned against it as we let the wreckage settle back down, panting as the faint wail of the ambulance's sirens reached our ears. Turning to look, I saw Jeannie had shown up with the first aid kit, and she was trying to do what little she could for the busted leg while Sasha held the wounded tiger in her embrace.

At that moment, the club's owner, a tall female dalmatian, finally showed up. She took one look at the gathered group, then started barking out commands, getting them moving back to their actual jobs. Shortly all that was left there was me, Sasha, Rob and the owner.

As the music started up for Marigold, who was already passing through the curtain as if nothing had happened, the dalmatian gal sighed, turning and looking down at us with her hands on her hips. "Alright, what actually happened here?"

"Bad bolt," I said as I held up the remains of it, the break through it visibly clean. "Frankly, I'm surprised it didn't go sooner than it did."

She nodded, turning her attention to the tearful gryphoness. "There's no way I'm sending you out there tonight after a shock like that. I'll have one of the other girls cover for you."

Sasha looked up at the dalmatian, blinking a few more tears from her eyes, and gave her a small nod. "I-if I can, I want to go with Rob to the hospital."

Rob at least seemed to be taking all this in stride, managing a pained chuckle as he looked up at Sasha. "When I- nng- suggested that maybe we could grab a dinner or something and get to know each other a bit better, I didn't quite have this in mind."

"Oh, you," the snowy gryphon said, smiling through her tears as she gently nuzzled his striped cheek.

The owner glanced to me, and I simply shrugged. Hell of a way to get a girl if you ask me, but at least they'd finally gotten over themselves. And best of all, I'd won the betting pool!