

Prompt- During Roman Times Chicago , superheroes try to pick up dates at a luxury resort.

By Roland

"Wench, my toga, if you please!"

A number of heads turned to watch the chiseled Adonis of a coyote step out of the hot baths, showcasing his derriere for all to see. He stood, arms akimbo, out in the hall as maids rushed to grab the lupine's garments.

Many averted their eyes, while some passed by with their mouths agape.

The coyote merely licked his chops and raised his arms to the roof. "See anything you like, Ladies? I'll be here all night in the west wing. Ask for Titus," he added with a lusty growl to any girl that would look his way.

Many damsels covered their eyes once he caught sight of them, while other jealous suitors shielded their dates from the unsightly bits that were flopping around in the open air.

Titus showed no shame as he walked down the corridors, much to the protest of the maids than ran down the hall to catch up with him, white toga flapping flapping behind them.

Snow had begun to fall outside. It was the day of Dies Natalis Solis Invicti. The Birthday of the Unconquered Sun. Titus intended to make the most of it, first and foremost, by whetting his appetite with a taste of the local "merchandise."

Titus pushed the door to the great stone hotel wide open, standing proudly while people gasped in both awe and horror.

"What lovely weather this is!" He proclaimed, his tail giving a playful wag back and forth as he sniffed at the crisp, evening air. Lamp posts cast flickering shadows onto the street, giving everything a wonderful, mystical glow.

The two maids from down the hall had finally caught up with him, jumping onto Titus and trying to wrestle the toga onto the coyote.

Titus acted as though the two felines weighed nothing at all, by no means making their job any easier as they at last managed to fit the toga on Titus' frame.

Having done all they could, the maids trudged back to the hotel, leaving Titus to stare into the street.

While many wore coats and thicker layers to protect themselves from the cold, Titus laughed at the bitter winds as they tickled his fur.

Titus scanned the streets, looking for his next conquest, finally resting his eyes on a pretty dame standing next to a large bronze statue.

She didn't wear layers upon layers like many of the other passersby. Her thick winter coat seemed to make up for her lack of clothes. Her robe modestly covered her thick, snow-like fur from chest to heel, held up by a single strap of fabric that hung over her right shoulder. Her tail arched gracefully from her toes back up her legs. Though the fox's fur was white from head to toe, Titus was willing to bet she was still quite pink on the inside.

Of all the people that were still staring from having seen the coyote's bedroom bits, she wasn't one of them. She seemed not to have noticed at all, and that encouraged Titus to press the envelope even further with this mystery damsel.

Even as Titus drew closer, she didn't seem to notice him walk up to her side. Instead of the traditional hello, Titus reached down and gripped the bronze statue she was standing beside. With one arm, he dug his claws into the soft metal as he lifted it right off the ground, standing with one arm akimbo, while the other flexed, lifting the several-ton statue above his head.

It was then that the fox seemed to notice Titus standing beside her. She coughed and smiled, turning her head only slightly.

"My, you're strong," she whispered with a voice that sounded like a soft winter breeze.

"I get that quite a bit," he said with a widening grin. "I'm known throughout the lands as Titus the Strong. And you are?"

The gentle fox stifled a giggle behind her paw and gave her tail a twitch. "I can't say I've heard of you, Sir Titus the Strong. But perhaps we can get to know each other a little better over spirits and wine. I'm Aelia."

"Ah, I knew you'd ask," he said, dropping the statue with an earth-quaking thud.

"But first," she drew a finger up to his chin and leaned forward with her muzzle parted, "how about a kiss from my suitor for the night?"

"Of course, my dear Aelia." Titus could hardly believe his luck. Things never went so smoothly for him. He leaned down to kiss the slender vixen on the lips. Their tongues met for a brief moment, then they pulled away.

Aelia herself was grinning from ear to ear now.

"Ready, my dear lady?" Titus turned to offer her his hand.

Aelia laughed. "Dear Titus, if only you weren't as stupid as you are handsome."

"Whaat do you...?" Titus was about to question to slender fox, but his vision began to blur the world around him began to spin and go dark.

Titus opened his eyes to a blurry hotel room with one hourglass-like shape standing in front of him. As soon as his vision began to return, he could see that it was his room and that the person in front of him was Aelia.

"Aelia, what's going on? What happened?"

Titus tried to move his arms, but they were tied behind his back. His legs had been immobilized as well. For whatever reason, he couldn't use his strength to free himself.

"What have you done?" Titus barked, continuing to struggle against the bonds.

"Those ropes were designed to limit your powers for a short period. Long enough for what I want to do to you." Her lips curved upwards and she took a step towards the coyote.

Titus continued to struggle at his bonds.

"I'm famous too, you know." Aelia ran her finger up Titus' chest and towards his chin, drawing his muzzle upwards. "I roam from land to land in search of people like yourself... and take their powers. I hope it was a fun ride, because your time as Titus the Strong is over."

"No, no," Titus whined.

Aelia pressed her paws against Titus' shoulders and took a deep breath. Her body took on a supernatural glow and white wisps of smoke began to connect the coyote and the vixen at the muzzle. Titus felt the energy drain from his body, his life force being sucked out of him until it felt like there was nothing left.

The last remains of the wispy white smoke disappeared past the vixen's lips and Titus' body fell limp in his chair.

He could only hear the vixen cackle in his ear as she walked behind him, slipping the ropes from his arms and legs, allowing him to fall forward onto the floor.

He barely had the strength to look back as Aelia walked toward the door.

She turned back to smile at him. "Enjoy yourself on this day, The Birthday of the Unconquered Sun. I don't think we'll be seeing each other again..."