

I wished I could actually sing. Instead of, you know, mimic the wail of a colic-ridden child. But that sure as hell didn't stop me from doing so.

“And I would walk one thousand miles, and uhhh... he would walk one thousand more! Doo-doot-doo-Fuck, I don't know the rest.”

That's how it all started. As far as I remember it anyway. It was supposed to be a normal Friday like any other. And up until I completely botched that song, it was certainly headed that way. It was boring as hell, I was tired beyond belief, and, to cap it all off, no plans for the weekend. Fan-fucking-tastic.

But, as you have probably guessed, there was something amiss, something that made this oh-so-normal Friday, well... not oh-so-normal. I was so horny that, let's just say I probably should have remembered the words to that song, if I got blood to my brain today.

Now, this wouldn't ruin, or change, most people's days, oh no. Most would, you know, paw off in the bathroom or engage in those wonderful “inter-office sex romps”. Don't give me that look. They've gotta be real, or else where did the term come from? I'm pretty sure I didn't make it up.

So, where was I? Oh yes, so why was the shuttle constantly prepared to blast off? Well, when you get the small amount of action that I do, sometimes you just can't help it. I haven't been with a guy in years! And it doesn't help that that manager of sales is sporting a suit that makes it look like he's packing a hickory smoked sausage. I mean, I know he's big anyway (him working out at the YMCA the same days I do almost makes me think there's a higher power) but damn man, how does he pull off formal wear like that? Is he stuffing socks down his pants? What's a ringtail to do?

Oh, that's right, you don't know my name do you? Well, I'm Rory Rastborn. The raccoon. Yeah, my parents thought they were really fucking *brilliant*. So don't even start, I've heard it all.

So, anyway, back to business. I'm driving home, unable to keep my paw out of my pants for more than two seconds, trying to sing and failing, tired from the soul-crushing day of paperwork and pointless meetings, and I just got the middle digit from some lynx on the highway. Besides the jacking off while driving part, Friday was humming along just fine. Which meant I had one more thing to do before my Friday was complete.

Flipping off the cat right back, I turned on my blinker and headed down the exit, now exercising the need to not play with myself with a lot more discipline. When I'm on the highway or country roads, that's all well and good, no one can see me, but in town I don't want to be the one responsible for kids asking their parents “Mommy, why is that man putting his paw down his pants.” Yeah, *no*. I won't be responsible for that.

The stretch of road from the exit to the actual town main street was pretty long, so to try and banish my thought from my boss's dick (among other things), I began to think of my final ritual for the day. Ahhhh, that big scoop of ice cream, can't say the weekend actually started without it. Yup, that's how I end every Friday, that's even why I drive a bit out of the way just to pass by the place. This ice cream is almost orgasmic, I swear. I'm not one of those guys who likes to shove food down my fuckbuddy's throat when we're in bed, but I mean, damn, I could swear I get a hard-on while I'm eatin' the stuff. So, although that might have not been the best thing to think about to get my mind off of my little raccoon, uhhhh, well, “chubby”, it did help somewhat. Like, you know, what

kind of flavor did I want? Did I want a waffle cone, or a sugar cone? Or even a plain cone, those were good sometimes.

Yeah, I know, like that would be good enough to take my mind off of the horniest I think I could ever be in my life. Was it even physically possible to be this horny? I'm not a fucking female, I can't go into heat can I? I sure hope not. Though before I knew it, I was pulling into the parking lot, having completely forgotten about ice cream stuff. Luckily for me, that'd be harder to do so while I was actually here, since the whole ice cream motif was being shoved down my throat wherever I turned.

Getting out of my car and hitting the lock button (and not moving until the honk was heard, gotta be careful), I started up the big parking lot towards the door, of the one and only "Jimmy's Parlor". I don't know who this Jimmy guy is, 'cause I've known the owner since before it opened (his name is Carl), but he makes some fucking awesome ice cream. Maybe Jimmy is the name of the huge-ass plastic cow right above the entrance of the place, waving people in. So, steeling myself, I quickly went inside the relatively empty shop, hoping I could make a quick enough entrance and not bump into anyone.

And boy, was I lucky today too. The place was usually teeming with people, especially on Fridays, but today it was almost empty. Save for an old couple at a far table, and the usual kids behind the bar.

Dammit, listen to me calling them kids, I'm only 26 myself, and I already feel like a fucking old man next to these college hotshots. Worst part was, they all looked like teenagers in those uniforms too, with their little baseball caps and aprons.

Anyway, looking past my age complex, I'd have to say the layout of the place is pretty nice. There's the serving area almost immediately when you come in, and then another room for people to socialize and enjoy their frozen treats in the other, perfect for those days when there's lines to get this stuff. And like I said before, the employees, they seemed to fit the mold, bright-eyed college students and the like trying to make a few bucks here and there for their books and shit like that. At least all that got my mind off of my boner at that moment. Oh dammit, never mind.

Well, anyway, eager to keep myself from being found out, I moved myself close to the ice cream counter. Hopefully it would shield me from the people behind the counter right? If anyone was trying that hard to look when I was that close, I don't think I'd be the one to blame.

"Welcome to Jimmy's, can I help you sir?"

I swear it was like one of those fucking cartoon moments, my head double taking in every direction, thick ringtail poking out the back of my pants swishing back and forth. Where the hell did that come from? And then, looking down, I saw it. A little mouse kid, seemingly young (though his badge said 19 years old), big ol' ears poking out from that big baseball cap. The kid looked like he should still be in gradeschool or something, everything was almost grossly oversized for him, even his shirt.

"Umm, excuse me sir, could I please help you? You alright?"

That little squeaky voice piped up again, breaking my trance. Dammit Rory, gonna get a hard-on for this kid now? Fuck, I can't even believe I was thinking about that and not even realizing! So yeah, both paws in front of me, and almost pressing myself against the counter so no one would see me, that is when I must have lost some brain cells, cause my next words were:

"Uhhhh, sure, whatcha got kid?"

Brilliant, motherfucking brilliant. Whether I was asking the kid about ice cream, drugs, or sex, I sure couldn't tell. Just thank God we're actually in an ice cream parlor, so the chance for confusion was minimum.

"Err, well, we have many flavors here sir," he squeaked, pointing to a board behind him and indicating them. Was that a blush forming on his cheeks? Hell, I hope not, I had been pretty lucky today not being found out for a huge pervert yet. I was hoping to go the entire day without someone calling attention to my one track mind. The only thing that was saving me at that point was the fact that this must have been a new kid, because if it were any of the others who actually knew me, well, that'd suck. They know I was pretty much all business in here, just get my cone, pay, and get out.

"Hmmm, that's good, what's your personal favorite... flavor." Why did I put a pause in there? I know I didn't do it on purpose, I couldn't have. Oh gawd, please tell me I didn't do it on purpose.

"Well, one of my personal favorites is your cum."

"Wait, whoa, whoa, what did you say?" What, did this kid actually just say that to me? I couldn't believe what I had heard! What, did this kid now have the hots for me or somethin'? Like that wouldn't make things a thousand times worse, I was already ready to bust my pants open. Coulda swore I heard a seam begin to rip.

"I said that one of my personal favorites is Butter Rum. Are you alright sir? You look kinda of flushed." Oh great, so he did notice. Well, what do you say to that? *"Oh no, I'm alright little guy, I'm just imagining myself yanking those pants down, bending you over this counter, and fucking your little ass raw. I'm great."* That probably wasn't the right thing to say.

"No no, I'm cool," Did I just say "cool"? Am I trying to be extra lame in front of these youngst- I mean, teenagers?

"Uhhh, Butter Rum huh? Well, that's a good choice. What else?" Why was I trying to prolong this? Why didn't I just get chocolate like always?

"Well, I know a lot aren't a fan of it around here, but I'm always up for some bum raisin'." I must be going insane. Even if he did actually say that, I don't want to hear that, no way. That would be too awesome. Hey, don't give me that, I wouldn't actually do it! Probably. I mean, I was pretty horny, but still, he's almost a decade younger!

"Uhhh, beg your pardon, what'd you say exactly Sheen?" Yeah yeah, I used the name I saw in the badge, so sue me.

"I said I really like rum raisin, you know, the one with raisins in it?" That look he was giving me... I didn't notice at the time, but it was pretty shrewd, like he might actually know what I heard. I'm hoping he didn't.

"Ohhh, right right, rum raisin, yeah, don't like that. You know what, just get me some chocolate in a dish, small." Son of a bitch, I hadn't just said that! I had never before eaten ice cream here, ever. I always just got the cone, and drove home, trying not to get ice cream on my work suit. But this one time, this fateful time when I was actually rubbing myself on the counter without noticing, and *needed* to get home, I had chosen to stay. What the fuck was wrong with me? Did I do it just to gawk at this 19-year-old kid?

So apparently while I was cursing myself, the little rodent had gotten me my ice cream already, the brownish stuff plopped on the counter right in front of me. I was surprised the kid could even reach that high. Sure, I'm probably exaggerating a little, but

he was small. Taking my ice cream then and trying to just shuffle away shamelessly (too late), apparently I wasn't done making an ass of myself.

"Uhhh, sir, I still need your big dick!"

Alright, at this point, I knew that my dirty, dirty, dirty mind must be playing tricks, it *must* be. So you'll understand when I sounded downright tired when I asked:

"Sorry, didn't hear you again, what was that?"

"I need \$2.46 from you sir, your money."

So without another word, I just put three bucks up there, and walked away. Oh, wait, I did say keep the change, must have. Because I didn't get my change back.

So as you can probably guess at this point, I was having a hard time enjoying my ice cream. That little mouse kid was now in my head, joining the fantasies I was already having about my boss. After the third daydream and getting halfway through my ice cream, I couldn't stand it any longer, and I did probably the dumbest thing I had done in my life thus far.

Yup, you guessed it; I was heading to the bathroom. I just couldn't stand it anymore, I needed to wank. I mean, I really don't think you understand. It was paw off in the bathroom and risk some stranger finding out, or cum my pants in front of everybody. I chose the former.

I hoped no one saw me go into the bathroom. Because even trying to shuffle in a way so the old codgers couldn't see me, it was not only written, but flashing in neon lights across my face what I was about to do. Hell, I could see the freaking writing reflecting off the wall tile. "I'M ABOUT TO PLEASURE MYSELF IN A PUBLIC BATHROOM STALL. IGNORE ME" Everyone must have known. But like I said, I didn't care. It was either that, or making some cream of my own for all to see. So I slipped in quick, opening the bathroom door just enough to slip in, before hiding in the restroom.

The bathroom was empty, that was a good sign. If only I could lock it though... Oh well. So, picking the stall farthest from the door, and making sure it wasn't stained with piss or crap or anything, I sat myself down, took one last look around, and dropped my trousers. Oh, and I closed the stall door too. Yup, didn't care about getting raccoon spunk on my front, didn't mind if anyone heard my grunts or groans, I just went right into it. Good thing too, my cock looked like it was actually on the verge of exploding. The thick thing was pulsing and hard, so much it almost hurt. My furry ballsac was the same, except not black and lubed with pre. Just sweat.

I had done this hundreds of times before, so I just went right into it, depositing my right paw under my balls and my left paw on my cock, rubbing furiously. And no, I'm not left pawed, that one just feels better. Wait, why am I telling you this? Whatever. I began to play my digits over my cock, fapping liked the old pro I am. This was no pleasurable thing, I just wanted to be done here. Every vein felt like I was giving it special attention, my meaty little balls were bouncing in rhythm as I cupped them. If this didn't feel so necessary, it would have been better than sex! Okay, not really. But it felt damn good. And man, I really was horny, because it took maybe twenty seconds or so before I was on the edge and drooling.

And that was when the stall door flew open.

I don't know how I forgot to lock it, how I didn't hear him enter, or why I chose that exact time to cum, but I blame fate. It's a good way to keep the blame off of me.

And yeah, you guessed it, the one person who had to walk in on me playing with myself was that damn mouse kid, disinfecting spray in one paw and paper towels in the other.

I know what you're thinking. It's not enough that I came the second he burst in, hearing me hiss like a rattler from the exertion. Well, you're right, because just as my raccoon spunk began to empty itself from those furry nuts of mine, where did I spray, but all over the kid. Yeah, not just barely on his pants or a spot on his shirt, but a lot, and all over him. I even got his muzzle, he looked like someone took silly string and went to town on him.

I couldn't believe it myself, I was frozen. I didn't hear either of us breathe for a long time, maybe a minute even, the mouse's muzzle still plastered with a look of sheer surprise and a bit of cum, me just staring at him.

And that wasn't even the worst part! After all that, I didn't even feel it! You know what I mean, when you orgasm, and you feel yourself really relax, let yourself go and shit? *Didn't happen*. I don't know if it was because I was really surprised, or because felt guilty for painting the new kid, or what, but it didn't happen. And that really wasn't fucking fair. I should have fainted after an orgasm like that, even should've had a heart attack or something! But nope, I just kind of panted, and then I was still hard even. Like I had just committed public exposure for nothing. Not fair.

Okay, that probably wasn't the *worst* part. The worst part was that after the kid just turned around and walked away flabbergasted, I left the place and haven't come back since.

Maybe the kid *didn't* out me, maybe I'd never even have to see him again. Hell, maybe he even enjoyed it, but I wasn't taking that kind of chance. Sure, I couldn't start my weekends with that signature chocolate waffle anymore, but seeing that cute mouse guy's face covered dripping with cum might almost be with it.

Wow I'm weird.