

Innita sighed and massaged the bridge of her nose beneath the nearly invisible rims of her glasses, adjusting them for the hundredth time this hour, and started scanning the ledgers *again*. It was turning into one of those days where the shapely young ocelot wondered why she'd ever taken this job. The money was good, of course, but she *hated* math, and the numbers never seemed to work out right for her.

She jumped when a strong paw thumped down on top of the balance sheet she was working on, her tail bristling out in momentary panic. Her green eyes quickly found the smiling face of Doran looming over her desk, and Innita swallowed the sudden lump in her throat and forced herself to take a relaxing breath. Her boss was the Chief Financial Officer for a world-class investing firm (which was a fancy way of saying "a really busy accountant"), and a real magician with numbers, but remarkably understanding of the fact that his employees were mostly very mundane furs. Usually. Sometimes he could be a cold-hearted s.o.b., too.

"You're working too hard," the clean-cut genet chuckled as she collected herself. Plucking a red pen from his shirt pocket, he quickly circled three items on the ledger...all of which she'd managed to skim right over while reading the sheets...and corrected the tally at the bottom line to a perfect balance. She couldn't even tell if he'd actually looked at the sheet. "It pays to take a break sometimes, and come back to it with fresh eyes."

"You're telling me," she nodded, pretending to study the corrections she'd made to her work but secretly studying the hand still resting on the page instead. It looked strong, for the hand of an accountant. She'd often wondered how much time he had to spend keeping that earthy blue hue in his fur, and how much dye he had to go through.

"Did you even know it's an hour past close-of-business?" he asked, tucking his hand back into his pocket. The surprised look she gave to the tiny clock at the edge of her desk told him she didn't. "Give it a rest. The books will still be here in the morning. Why don't you come have a drink with me?"

Innita stopped sorting out her desk, like she always did at the end of the day, and gave him an incredulous look. "Me?"

Doran took a quick look around the large office mostly full of half-height cubicles. "Do you see anyone else around? Or would I be interrupting other plans?"

She actually frowned at him, though it was more a thoughtful look than one of displeasure. "I'm sorry, that just came out of left field. No, I don't have other plans, but why...?"

"Seriously? I need to tally it up?" he laughed. Then he pulled one hand back out of his pocket and counted off each point as he stated it. "One, you're really pretty. Two, you're the newest accountant here and still terrified of me. That's probably because: three, I haven't gotten to know you outside the office yet, and I do try to do that with my staff. And most importantly: four, I don't like drinking alone."

"I...well..." she blinked at him a couple of times, then finally laughed and shrugged before reaching for her purse. "Okay, then. What's on the venue?"

Doran smiled and offered her his arm as they turned toward the door. "Well, I know a classy little bar just around the corner and over a couple of streets. Soft music, comfortable chairs, and none of the usual riff-raff that give bars a bad name. Plus, it's conveniently on my way home," he added with a grin. Always a dual motive...

The stars were dancing like witches in the sky by the time the taxi dropped them off at the curb. "I don't know how I let you talk me into this," Innita sighed, circling around the vehicle to join him on the sidewalk.

"I'm pretty sure it was the prospect of choosing between walking all the way back to your own place across town or paying the taxi fare to get there *and* back to work in the morning that made my offer so appealing," Doran admitted with a shrug and a smile. Neither of them was having trouble with keeping their feet, but prudence said they'd both enjoyed a little too much to be trusted with driving. Admittedly, if he'd been as much a gentleman as he'd been pretending this evening, he could have offered to pay for the taxi to take her home, at the least. But she hadn't argued too much against his proposal.

Innita's eyes widened as he started up the walkway toward the house ahead of them. "Wait...*this* is your house?" she asked, staring at the illuminated lawn, pebbled walkway, and front porch wide enough to hold her living room and kitchen combined.

"Yep," came the short, amused answer.

"And you live by yourself?" she prodded, thinking that, just based on the size of the house's face, he could easily have two or three small apartments for rent in there.

"What? I like space," Doran chuckled, motioning for her to catch up. She was dragging her feet a little while she stared.

Instead of picking up the pace, she stopped entirely. Doran also stopped, and turned around to give her a quizzical look. "So...is this the part where you rape, strangle, and stuff me in a freezer, or the part where I wake up from the most ludicrous dream ever?" she sighed, half expecting the latter and half afraid of the former.

The genet just grinned, and casually strolled the couple of paces back to her. For just an instant, she had visions of him doing the strangling part right here in the yard. Instead he stopped a couple of feet from her and kept his hands on his pockets. "I admit, I have every intention of trying to coax you out of those clothes and into my bed before the night is through," he told her as plainly and unashamedly as if he were complimenting the shade of her lipstick, "And I'm sorry for not being more explicit about that earlier. Usually the ladies pick up on that about the time I ask them to come home with me. Actually, I think you're the first who didn't immediately take that as my intentions," he added with a chuckle, though he did not seem the least offended about it. "And I promise you are going to have one fantastic night if you stay. But if you're really not comfortable with that kind of attention, of course you may to go home." He pulled a large-value bill out of one pocket and offered it to her. The taxi was still idling at the curb. She remembered him asking the driver to stay until they were both inside the door, and she only just now realized why: he was giving her an easy way out.

She thought about it for a long minute. On the one hand, as much as she appreciated the honesty at just this moment, it was also just a touch unnerving. She wondered exactly how much "coaxing" he had intended on doing before he took "no" for an answer. On the other, she rarely got attention from *anyone*, at work or otherwise, probably due in large part to her shy and conservative nature. And she couldn't deny she'd felt a longing for exactly that kind of attention for some time now.

“...Oh, screw it,” she sighed at last, pushing the bill back into his hand and gesturing for him to lead on into the house, “Coax away. At least you told me upfront what I can expect.” And it wasn't like she had a boyfriend to get jealous or anything.

Doran smiled, as friendly and confident as ever, and put the bill back in his pocket. “Oh, I haven't told you the half of it,” he promised, turning back toward the house, “But that's the fun part: discovering!”

The inside of the house was no less impressive than the outside. The young ocelot was almost afraid to walk on the imported carpet at the entryway, much less sit in the fancy, hand-carved chairs or sofas she could clearly see in the dining and living room. But Doran casually dropped his keys on the little table by the door, kicked his shoes into the nearest corner without a thought, and slung his tie over the banister of the stairs as he passed them. “Make yourself at home,” he invited her, “Would you like a drink?”

“I think I had plenty before we got here,” she remarked, setting her purse down beside his keys and neatly placing her shoes next to his.

He returned almost instantly with a soda in each hand and a gave her a wink. “I meant the soft kind. I never drink at home. There's no fun in it. Water? Juice?”

“Oh, no!” she refused, “Honestly, I'm a little scared just to *walk* in here! I couldn't imagine spilling some...!”

He turned one of the soda cans upside down, dropping at least half the contents straight onto the carpet. “I'm pretty sure I can forgive you if you do,” he assured her, “I know it's big, and fancy, and more expensive than anything should sensibly be, but this is my home. It is *not* a museum, not a collection, and not a temple. I track mud here, drop greasy food, and occasionally even lose my lunch when I catch a stomach bug. Now please, knock over a lamp if you must. You're going to notice pretty soon after you finally sit on something that the one thing I hate for guests to be is uncomfortable.”

He waited patiently for her to gather her nerve. When she finally did, she punctuated it by shrugging off her jacket and dropping it in the floor, right in the middle of the hall, just to prove to herself that she could do it. Doran laughed. “That wasn't so bad, now was it?”

Innita giggled a little. “No, it's just...you know, I have never been anywhere like this before,” she observed, finally reaching out to accept the drink he'd offered, “Not when I was allowed to touch anything, anyway. This...you are amazing. And I have no idea what I'm doing here,” she finally admitted, clutching the can in her hands like a lucky charm. “I mean, I don't think we've ever spoken a real word to each other before this afternoon, even at work. I'm not--”

“Stop right there,” he interrupted, “I'm pretty sure we already had this part of the conversation. You *are* intelligent, or you would never have made it past the interview for the job. You *are* very pretty, or I certainly would not have the intentions I do for this evening. The only thing you are *not*, so far as I can tell, is certain about either of those qualities. Heh...but I'm going to make it my mission to convince you of the second one, at least, before the night is through.”

The ocelot laughed. She couldn't help it. He sounded ridiculous, like something out of a romance novel...not necessarily a classy one, either. But there was something so sincere about it...it was endearing. So she set her drink down on the same table as her purse and his

keys, and tried her best to swallow her fears along with the last sip. "I'm no good at flattery, and I clearly can't banter on your level. If it wouldn't deprive you of too much pleasure, can we just say I'm seduced, skip the part where I humiliate myself trying to flirt back with you, and move straight to taking off my clothes while I still think I've got the nerve? I'd be okay with that if you are."

Doran smiled, set his own soda down on the floor, and offered her his arm. She took it with a rising warmth in her cheeks and let him lead her up the curved staircase behind him to the second floor. Seven doors lead off from the landing, and she could only imagine where each of them lead, but two were standing open as if waiting for them: one to a spacious bathroom, the other to a lavish bedroom. It was the second that he lead her toward.

The interior was decorated in the color of light wine. On her left was an antique vanity beside a full-length mirror. The right wall was dominated by a king-size four-post bed, complete with privacy curtains, and matching nightstands on either side. The room was presently lit by the soft glow of a pair of lamps on the stands, and across the room she could see the entrance to a second, private bath.

The heat in her cheeks increased as he pulled her over to the foot of the bed, leaving the door wide open. For a moment she wanted to remind him that someone could walk by and see them. But then she remembered that he lived by himself, and figured he was just really comfortable in his own home.

Doran stationed himself between her and the plush mattress and turned her to face the mirror. The ocelot was glad at this point that he seemed to have dispensed with words entirely, not even speaking to direct her. She wasn't sure she could trust her voice to get passed the nervous tightness in her throat, and she worried that any kind of remark he might make about her body once...they were a little further along...might shatter her fragile nerve.

Silently he reached around her to unbutton her blouse, sliding it backward and down her arms. He briefly trapped her hands behind her in the sleeves, leaving her standing with her small but shapely breasts pushed forward with nothing to cover them except the thin, strawberry-patterned bra she'd chosen that morning. But the genet wasn't staring at her in the mirror from behind, like she expected. Instead his eyes were closed as he bent his head to lay a light kiss on the side of her neck. The feathery touch sent a fiery desire through her skin, and suddenly her anxiety was thankfully broken. By the time he dropped her blouse to the floor and moved his hands to the button of her skirt, just above her tail, she only wanted to be out of these clothes and into that bed.

But her lover was taking his time. After the skirt fell, he didn't go straight for her underwear. Instead he paused, slowly circling his arms around her tummy without touching anything inappropriate, and pulled her back against him in a tender hug. His lips rested against the side of her neck again, and this time he did open his eyes to gaze at her lean, curvacious figure in the mirror with open desire. The clothes he was still wearing felt loose and slightly scratchy against her fur, made sensitive by want, but the embrace had her melting against him, loving both his patience and the unabashed lust in his eyes.

Innita reached up with one arm to caress the side of his face, giving silent permission for him to continue, and he took the cue like it was part of a well-rehearsed play. The hands on her belly moved up and lightly over the swell of her breasts, barely touching but promising

further attention to come, then hooked fingers under the straps just where they joined the cups and pulled them over her shoulders and onto her arms. Then those hands circled quickly around behind her and unhooked the back with a single, deft twist. The ocelot giggled as the supportive garment popped free and drifted to the floor in front of her. He had to have given that little move a *lot* of practice.

Coming down her sides and around the front again, Innita sighed as his fingers slipped unobtrusively beneath the waist of her panties and just into the soft fur above her sex. She expected him to continue on down and tease her a little before stripping away the cloth, but he pulled his hands to the side before getting that far, leaving her aching for the fondle she'd been expecting. Doran kissed the back of her neck, then lower, between her shoulders. He kept pressing light kisses all the way down her spine as he sank to his knees behind her, rolling her panties down her shapely legs as he went. They reached her ankles about the same time his lips reached the spot where her tail joined her back, and she obligingly stepped out of them. Instead of getting back to his feet, though, the genet caught her ankles and removed her socks, remained on his knees long enough to give an adoring kiss to each cheek of her rump while loosely hugging her thighs. Innita could see in the mirror the darker shade her fur had taken on around her sex, already moist and burning with the need to be filled by something thick and firm.

"Fuck, you are good," she whispered, earning a soft chuckle from behind her back.

She started to turn around, to help him similarly undress, but he caught her and held her facing the mirror. "Just enjoy that for another minute," he begged her, while he started to unbutton his shirt, "We shouldn't scare you again, now that you're comfortable."

For half a second she wondered what he thought could possibly scare her now that they'd come this far. The other half of that second was spent hoping he was every bit as terrifying as her imagination had suddenly suggested in one particular way, which was probably exactly what he had been hinting at. Slowly he disrobed behind her, teasing and enticing her with brief glimpses and flashes of his muscular figure, soft fur, and taunted tush as he leaned to one side and then the other, bending all the way over once to pull off his socks. The only thing he never gave her a peek of was the one part she was going to become most familiar with before the night was through.

She hummed appreciatively when he stood up behind her and wrapped her in his arms again. She could feel his excitement pressing against the left cheek of her bottom and the back of her thigh, where he was still carefully keeping it hidden from her. Just based on that little clue, she guessed that might be for the best still. He might be a genet, but she could already tell he was hung more like a horse!

Innita squealed a little when he tipped back suddenly, pulling her with him right over the footboard and onto the bed. She clapped a hand over her mouth to cut off the embarrassing sound, quirked a brow and smirked at the scene above them. "Okay, now I *know* you're a pervert," she teased, lifting one leg to point a toe at the mirror set in the ceiling.

"Hey, if you don't like the view, you can always face this way," he reminded her. The ocelot did roll onto her side at that point, looking down at him with a quizzical but grateful look.

"You...don't mind if I'm on top?" She had to admit, that struck a good chord in her. Innita liked the control, the freedom, and the idea in the back of her mind that she could quit and bolt at any second. "You really go out of your way for a girl, don't you?"

"Did I not promise it would be one fantastic night?" he grinned, cupping the side of her face and pulling her down into a brief, lip-on-lip kiss. "I have my own preferences, but we can get to those after you're good and satisfied."

The ocelot looked down at him and smiled, suddenly really looking forward to this entire night. She leaned down and initiated the next kiss herself, capturing his lips and spreading her knees around his thighs. She could already feel his rod nudging her belly, and reached down between them to guide the head to her entrance without opening her eyes. The way it spread her lips and began to stretch her before she even reached the rim warned her that she might want to wait until she'd actually taken it in once before she looked at it.

With that thought in mind, Innita reluctantly pushed up from Doran's chest, took a deep breath, and lowered herself onto him completely, sighing and moaning as she rocked gently back and forth, working her way down to his base. What followed were several long minutes of gentle groping, soft kisses, labored breathing, and enticing grinding.

Then the door opened.

She froze in mid-thrust, back arched and eyes on the mirrored ceiling. For a second she thought she might have imagined it. But then the unmistakable sound of the front door *closing* rolled up from downstairs. "There's someone in the house!!" she nearly screamed, but managed to choke it down to a harsh whisper as she flattened herself on top of Doran.

"Whoa! Take it easy, no need to panic," he quickly tried to reassure her, "It's just my brother, I'm sure."

"Your...brother?!" she hissed, "You said you lived alone!"

"No, if you'll remember, I said I like space," he grinned, for once looking just a little sheepish, "Kinda dodged the question, I admit."

"So you didn't wait for me to get home," came a voice from the open door of the bedroom...Doran's voice. "And I'll bet you didn't tell her a thing about me, either, did you?"

Innita was slack-jawed, too stunned to even be ashamed of the very compromising position she was in, with her back end mostly toward the door, tail up, and a very thick male almost fully buried inside her presented pussy. Standing in the door was...Doran. A second Doran. A second naked Doran.

The genet under her grinned and waved, "You're late."

"Traffic," came the curt explanation. The Doran in the doorway had a much more serious demeanor, almost to the point of being cold, and it suddenly occurred to her there might be a reason for the radical swings in personality that Doran was often observed to have at work.

"So...Innita, I guess I should explain..."

She put a finger over his lips. "You brought me home to have a threesome with your twin brother. That's it, right? The two of you share a girl?"

"Not unwillingly," answered the Doran by the door, "He's supposed to fill you in on that little detail before you get up here."

"Sorry, D, she was just too skittish. I thought I'd better--!"

He was interrupted by a sharp sting on his face and the sound of a hand clapping a cheek. "You are a *creep*, do you know that?!" Innita screamed at him.

"Uh...yes, I've been told that a time or three," he admitted.

"Good. Just so long as you know that," she sighed, hiding her face in his chest. The motion surprised him, as did the fact that she still hadn't so much as attempted to pull off of him.

"So...you're not leaving, then?" he asked hopefully.

Innita shook her head against him, then lifted her face, which was rosy pink beneath the fur all the way from the top of her head down to her collar bone. "It seems like I'm breaking all the rules tonight, so why not add a couple more? You're gonna owe me one heck of an explanation in the morning, though," she warned, before turning her attention to the genet still standing in the doorway, politely keeping his distance until she proved agreeable to his presence. He was definitely the colder one of the two, but not in a threatening or even disrespectful way. "Reserved" might be a better term, she thought. The ocelot gave her upraised rump an inviting wiggle. "All I want to know right now is the names of everyone I'm screwing tonight, and whether I get to stay on top."

"Doran," the one in the door nodded, finally stepping inside, "I'm Doran, actually. Zeek is the charming one."

"Oh, you are going to pay for that later," she promised the genet beneath her, as his brother laid both hands on her rump and began to massage it firmly. She closed her eyes and rested her cheek on his chest, half expecting her back-door to be invaded at any second. The hands on her posterior felt good enough, but she'd never had any real interest in more serious play in that area. She just hoped it wouldn't hurt...

And was pleasantly surprised that she wouldn't have to find out, as Doran laid himself out beside his brother, but facing the other way. He answered her quizzical look with the simple observation, "You wanted to stay on top," then gestured to the thick meat reaching up between his legs and very nearly touching his brother's cheek. Innita took the hint well enough, and resumed needily grinding against Zeek as she opened her mouth and lowered her head onto Doran's juicy rod...

The coffee was good. Mellow, not too bitter, unlike the dredge they brewed at the office most mornings. She took another sip from the steaming mug in her hands, sitting on the love-seat in the den with her feet tucked up beside her. Aside from her socks, Innita only wore her bra and panties. After the night she'd just spent with these two, modesty was a joke she would laugh to hear mentioned. The genets, sitting in a pair of recliners across the coffee table from her, looked comfortable enough in matching pairs of boxer shorts.

"I can't believe I forgot it was Friday night," she sighed, rubbing her eyes one more time, "Thank goodness. I couldn't dream of going to work this morning."

"I'd never invite anyone out on a work night," Zeek reassured her with a grin, "Although I did suggest you'd have to go to work this morning as part of getting you here, if you recall."

"I do," the ocelot admitted, a fresh blush rising in her cheeks. It didn't burn as hot this morning, though. More like a pleasant warmth. "I still can't believe you two live like this, though. Sharing...everything?"

"Well," Doran mused, sipping his coffee, "Why not? Before we took to posing as one person, we each made *more* than enough to support us both even at our old jobs. This way we essentially get a week's vacation every other week."

Zeek waved his own mug in the general direction of the room at large, "And I wouldn't say our standard of living has suffered much, would you? Besides, we got used to sharing everything way before we entered the workforce."

"Well, no, but..." It made sense as far as it went. While one of them could easily have quit work entirely and become something like a house-keeper for them both, that might not strike the one stuck holding a job as fair. It wasn't like either of them was lazy, after all, so far as she could tell. "What I don't get is...I'm not the first, am I?"

Zeek laughed. "No, but it's not like we pull this stunt weekly or anything. Can't have *too* many people knowing our secret. But we do get...lonely isn't quite the right word, but something like it. Sometimes, we just like company."

"And we have never taken an unwilling partner, or an uninformed one," Doran added with a meaningful stare at his brother. That record had nearly been broken the previous night. "Or an employee, most significantly. Z...*what* were you thinking when you picked her?"

"Uh...that she's hot as that mint cocoa you love and looked like she could use a reminder of it?"

Innita actually giggled at the observation. "I looked that ignored, did I?"

"No, you looked like the bookworm type who's always too busy to realize heads turn when she walks through the room."

"...They do?" she blinked, actually surprised.

"See? Nailed ya," Zeek beamed, then laughed along with Innita as they both caught the unintended double-entendre a second later.

"Yes, I believe you did. I'm just...I dunno. Flattered, I guess? I'm not sure I would have trusted me with a secret this big, if I'd been one of you."

"I do hope we won't regret it," nodded Doran, with just a hint of warning in his voice. Innita immediately didn't like where *that* branch of conversation was going, and quickly diverted to something a little more interesting, if not much less dangerous.

"So...um...I couldn't help noticing last night that you two are really...*really*...comfortable with each other." Specifically she recalled at one point Zeek licking her clit while Doran hammered her, and she was certain his tongue had to have met his brother's shaft several times in the process. "Have you two ever...uh..." Her face was growing brighter by the second, but curiosity was proving stronger than embarrassment just now. Getting it on with twin brothers could definitely change a girl's perspective on what was and was not appropriate conversation. And Zeek seemed more than happy to share all the juicy details.

"Are you kidding?" he laughed, making her feel very foolish for about half a second before he went on, "We *learned* on each other! Well, more like we decided we were *not* going to be clumsy, clueless little brutes on our first night with a girl. So we practiced together first. Hehe...honestly, I think Doran still prefers it. Guys, that is, not me specifically."

Innita was staring at him like he'd grown two extra heads: eyes wide, jaw slack, and grip on her coffee mug dangerously weak. Doran covered his eyes with one hand. "Brother,

have you ever heard of the expression 'TMI'? I know it's against your religion, but sometimes you should give a little consideration to the beliefs of others."

"What? She asked."

"Oookay," Innita said slowly, "On one hand, I think that was the most erotic mental picture I've ever been given. On the other, I think I'm finally sensibly scared now. So if you don't mind, I'm going to get my things, thank you both for the hottest night of my entire life, and take myself home. This is a one-night-stand I will *never* forget."

"Doesn't have to be just one night, you know," Zeek observed. Innita's mug hit the floor, and she was already at the top of the steps before the contents finished spilling out. The two genets both blinked at the suddenly empty sofa. "Sorry, D. Guess I'm losing my touch."

After a moment, Doran just shrugged. "Had to happen sometime."