

"Come on," Tom said, "Cheer up."

Beau looked at his friend, who was walking backward before him. "I don't feel like it." Behind the tall man, Beau could see the neon sign of the club they were going to, the large 'TNT' glowing pink and yellow.

"I know you're pissed. She forced you to miss going to the game, but this is your night to relax and get your mind off that."

"I don't know how I can. I'd planned for weeks, and then she goes and gets her father to take her off the project that's running late and put me on it in her place. I'd even bought the ticket." He sighed. "I was really looking forward to watching him play live."

"Well, at least she got to see her team get trounced by yours."

Beau chuckled, there was that. He'd seen the highlight reel, since the project had stretched into the late hours of the night. The Jacksters, the local team, had been demolished.

"There, that's what I want to see. Now, put her behind you, and look forward to a night at a great club. We'll find you a buff Furren to take home."

Beau shook his head. "Look, I agreed to come because you weren't going to stop pestering me about it, but I don't have any illusions. No one wants to go home with someone like me." Beau was as average as it came. Five-six, brown hair, brown eyes, and on the pudgy side. He was the guy people forgot the instant after he'd been introduced.

"Stop that," Tom said. "How many time do I have to tell you that that," he waved a hand up and down Beau's body, "has nothing to do with that." He redid the gesture. "It's all about this." He tapped the side of his friend's head. "Just stand straight, and move with confidence. I know you can. You used to own the stage during those debates."

"That's not the same," Beau replied, pushing the hand away. "And you're talking like that because you're an Adonis." Tom was six foot six, with black hair that reflected light. Right now his eyes looked black, but Beau knew them to be a deep purple. On top of that he had Atlas's body. More than once Beau felt he should hate him for looking so good, but Tom was such a nice guy. He always went out of his way to make Beau feel good, even if it didn't always work out as planned.

Like tonight promised to.

"You've got it all wrong. People don't treat me like a god because I look like one. They do because I act like one. Everyone responds to confidence."

Tom turned a moment before the lip of the sidewalk, as if he'd sensed it was there. He was always doing that, catching

himself just before he did something that could be embarrassing.

"Paul!" Tom called to the club's bouncer then hugged him.
"How is it rocking?"

"It's rocking, Tom," the Furren bear replied, looking down at both of them. Beau craned his neck up. Paul had to be close to eight feet tall. "We reached capacity about ten minutes ago." The bear showed Tom the counter.

"I guess people have been bitching."

"Yeah, well, that's what I'm here for. To keep the line in check."

"Cool. Can we go in?"

"Of course. I look forward to catching your next show."

Tom grinned. "Tomorrow, ten PM. You should come on one of these days. You would send 'my' counter through the roof."

The bear looked away bashfully. "Nah. I'm not one for displaying myself like that."

The doors closed behind Beau. "We just cut in front of everyone."

"So we did."

"No one complained."

"Of course not. I told you, confidence. No one questioned us going before them, because I acted like it was expected. It helps that Paul's sweet on me."

"Everyone's sweet on you," Beau replied, but without rancour. It was just the truth.

They exited the corridor in an antechamber, where Tom took off the mesh shirt that had clung to his body.

"What are you doing?" Beau asked.

"Checking my clothes." He undid the belt. "Look at the sign, above the entrance."

Beau looked up. There was the 'TNT' logo, painted in pink and yellow, and under it was written 'The Nude Titan'. He looked back to Tom, not understanding, but caught sight of the crowd in the room beyond. Humans and Furrens, mixing in up...

"They're naked," Beau gasped.

"I said you were getting laid tonight, didn't I. This is the best club in the city for that to happen."

"Absolutely not." Beau turned to leave, but Tom caught his arm. The black haired man was one leg in and one out of his jeans, by all right he should fall over, but he looked calm and balanced.

"Beau, you need to let some steam out, among other things."

"Tom, look at me. I don't have a body that does being naked in front of strangers."

Tom rolled his eyes. "You look fine. What do you think?" He asked the man on the other side of the counter.

The man, more a boy, Beau thought, he couldn't be more than

twenty, very much on the slim side, looked him over. "He looks okay."

"See?" Beau exclaimed, like the comment validated his opinion.

Tom chuckled. "Just take it off. I'm not letting you leave."

"I am not getting naked."

"Then keep your undies on. You look cute in your whitey tightys."

Beau glared at his friend, then unbuttoned his shirt. Tom had told him to dress casual, so he'd pulled out an old set of work clothes, a white shirt, slacks, and running shoes. Now he figured he could have worn ripped clothes and it wouldn't have mattered.

He handed all except for his underwear and shoes, he wasn't going barefoot in there. The clerk put them in a bag and clasped a wristband on Beau's wrist.

"What's this for?" He asked. He saw Tom had one too.

"It's your baggage check, as well as the tabulator for you tab. When you order a drink they'll scan it, so you don't have to worry about carrying money. You'll pay me when you leave."

Beau nodded and faced Tom, who was grinning at him, hands on hips, arms bulging, and his cock at half mast. Beau was too damn embarrassed to be excited.

"Welcome to TNT," Tom said, as he turned and entered the room.

It wasn't what Beau had expected, not once Tom had said it was a sex club. For one thing there was enough light to see what was going on, and he didn't see anyone having sex. Most were standing around tall tables, talking and touching. Okay, now he saw a couple in a booth by the wall going at it. The mix looked to be two third Furren, of various species. The music was loud enough to be heard, but not so loud to prevent conversation.

Tom grabbed the closest guy, a fox, kissed him hard, then swatted his ass as he kept moving. Beau followed and watched as guys waved to him, one came and kissed him, another one groped him. Tom exchanged a few words and kept going.

Beau would love for someone to do that to him, but as usual they didn't notice him. He couldn't blame it on Tom, even when he was alone, Beau wasn't noticed.

His tall friend stopped at a table, the right height for them to stand by it, and drummed his hand on it. "That'll be ours," he announced. "Why don't you go get us drinks? Don't worry about the price, I'm paying."

Beau nodded and headed for the bar, keeping his head down to watch where he was going, he didn't want to slip on one of he wet spots. And he didn't want to see the gazes glide over him.

He side stepped someone coming in his direction, only to bump into someone else.

"Sorry about that," a deep voice said before Beau could apologize.

By the time the golden fur registered and Beau looked up, the gorilla had moved away. He stared at the wide back, those muscular arms and legs. He couldn't believe it, there was no way, but he'd recognize that fur and those arms anywhere.

That was the star player of the Columbus Intrepids – The Golden Beast. He was the reason he'd gotten into watching rugby, accidentally catching sight of him while channel surfing. That pale blond fur was distinctive, and the way he could run around the other players was almost like a dance.

Beau sighed as the gorilla of his dream vanished in the crowd. And then blushed as he realized he'd been able to see the golden fur on his ass. He'd been naked.

He turned and headed for the bar, uncaring if he got stares. It was either pressing himself against it, or cover his groin with his hands. At least being pressed against the bar was a normal position when ordering drinks.

He ordered a rum and coke for himself, and Tom's usual long island ice tea. The barman, a human of Latin descent, indicated his wrist and it took a moment for Beau to remember what the clothes check attendant had said. He presented the wrist band and the man waved his iPhone over it.

A moment later he returned with Beau's drinks and he headed back to Tom's table, this time looking around to avoid bumping into anyone and spilling the drinks.

Beau's heart sped up as he saw the golden back in the area where Tom had taken residence; then, he almost dropped the two glasses. Tom was talking with the gorilla. It took an effort of will for Beau not to trip over his feet and he crossed what was left of the distance.

"Hey Beau, I want you to meet a guy I know," Tom said, taking his glass. "This is Brutus Carpenter. You might have seen him on TV, he a centre for the Intrepids."

"It's a pleasure to meet you." The gorilla extended his hand.

Beau looked at him. It was him, really him. Not someone who'd dyed his fur, but actually him. Beau couldn't believe it. He was actually meeting him.

Brutus frowned, then lowered his hand.

"You have to excused my friend," Tom said forcefully, and Beau looked at him. "He might be a little star struck. He's a big fan, aren't you?"

Of course he was. Why was Tom making it sound like it wasn't obvious? Tom turned his eyes from Beau to the gorilla and

few times. Oh. Oh! He blushed.

"Yeah, I am," Beau said, then realized Brutus had offered his hand to him, and he hadn't done anything. Oh God. Had he just slighted the Golden Beast? How much of an idiot could he be? He looked down at his drink, but found he could see the gorilla's cock and large balls.

Fuck, now he was ogling at his privates. Could this night get any worse? He looked away and now he was seeing his friend's hard cock. Well, at least that wasn't a new sight.

Tom said something that sounded like it was directed at Beau, so he nodded. He drank half his coke in one swallow and gasped. He'd forgotten about the rum. When he looked down again, he looked at Brutus' crotch once more. He was naked in a sex club, he couldn't really complain for being stared at.

He was soft, maybe the size of Beau's palm? He would love to do a hands on verification. His balls looked heavy, probably full and ready to fill someone. He'd never seen pictures of him naked, so he didn't know if he was a shower or a grower. Sure there were tons of pictures floating on the net, all claiming to be of him, but they were obviously photoshopped.

Tom said something again, sharply, and Beau mumbled his agreement. Then he winced at the kick he received to the shin. Tom glared at him and nodded to Brutus, who was looking over to the table next to them, listening to their conversation.

Right, he could contribute something.

"So," Beau said, then stammered. "Hmm, so you two know each other?"

"Yes," Brutus answered, focusing on them again. "I've been watching his webcast for about a year now. I'm a big fan. They're very exciting."

Of course he was a fan, Beau thought, who wasn't?

"He contacted me after one of the shows where I had a surprise guest. He'd been particularly turned on and he wanted some details."

"You never told me you were talking with him."

"It was only that one time, and knowing how you felt about him, I didn't want you to feel bad about not having been there."

This was why he couldn't hate him. He had thought about his feeling instead of bragging about having talked to a star; and, he was right, Beau would have been miserable.

Now he was starting to feel that way for not having been there. If Tom had had a partner for that webcast, Beau had been out. Since Tom put on a show for his viewers, he got loud. Beau didn't stick around. Even if it had been that one where Tom convinced Beau to top him on camera, not that it had been, Beau had had to leave right after because of a client throwing a tantrum. He never had any luck.

"What's wrong with you?" Tom asked, some anger in his tone. Beau looked up. "What?" Brutus was now seated at the other table talking with two humans.

"He was right here. The Golden Beast, the Furren you've been fantasizing about for a year, and you moped in your glass."

Beau shrugged. "What did it matter? It isn't like he'd have been interested in me."

"He could have," Tom said, a little sharply.

Beau rolled his eyes. "Look at me Tom. I'm an average, overweight, guy who's approaching middle age. Guy don't look at me and go: 'Man I wish I could go home with him.' They do that with you."

"I told you, it isn't what you look like that's important."

"Yes it is. I get that you're trying to make me feel better, but feeding me bullshit isn't helping."

Tom sighed. "It isn't bullshit. Look around Beau. I mean it, look around. Furrens, they all look different, they even think differently from one another on some level. No two species look for exactly the same things when determining who looks good. So they don't rely on looks all that much. For them it's all about attitude. If you'd shown him some of that confidence and determination I've seen you exude when debating an opponent, you could have gotten his interest."

"Are you telling me there aren't any shy Furrens?"

"Of course there are, but you won't find them here."

"Then maybe I should go find them. I'd fit better in their sex club I'm guessing." Beau stepped away from the table, but Tom grabbed his arm.

"You can be so stubborn sometime, you know that? And this isn't a sex club."

Beau snorted. "What about them then?" He pointed to two guys, a human fucking a Furren zebra against the wall.

Tom watched them for a long moment, clearly appreciating the sight. "Furren think differently, I told you that. They're much more at ease with being naked and having sex. Any Furren owned club will have sex happening in it."

Tom looked at the couple and envied them. He looked around and saw that most pairing were of humans and Furren and sighed. "Let go of my arm Tom," he said, "I appreciate that you wanted me to have a fun time, and I'm sorry I made a mess of it. I'm just going to head home. You have a fun night."

"You don't have to go."

"It's best that I do."

Tom pulled him closer and kissed his cheek. "You're a good guy Beau. I really wish you could see that, because the day you do, everyone around you will too." He let go of him.

Beau thought about staying, going to the dance floor and

mixing it with those there. He looked at the Golden Beast's back. No, he'd already screwed up enough tonight. Staying would just be asking for more.

He headed for the clothes check. He'd have to pay, but that wasn't a problem, and Tom would insist on paying him back tomorrow. Just before he reached the counter a group of a dozen guys, human and Furren mobbed it, and he had to wait by the entrance to the vestibule while they got their things and paid their bills.

Motion and light caught his attention and he looked at the television screen on the wall behind the bar. He hadn't paid attention to it on the way in and was surprised it didn't show porn. Instead he watched as the Golden beast, the Intrepids number seventeen, launched himself high over an opposing player. He landed head first, rolled, went up on an arm, caught the ball with his foot, tucked in and then he was back on his feet. With the ball under his arm, he ran to the goal unobstructed.

The crowd stood and Beau could imagine how loud they had been. This was the kind of moves that made him a star, that made Beau admire him so much. Brutus wasn't just a rugby player, he was a dancer. He moved with such fluidity, his opponents couldn't catch him. The few that managed discovered the gorilla could also be a wall for them to crash on.

Beau looked back. He couldn't see the table from here, but he expected Tom had moved on and found himself someone to have fun with. Brutus was probably still talking with those two guys. He hadn't even told him how much he loved watching him move on the field. How much meeting him meant, even if he'd screwed that up.

Could he leave without at least telling him that? He looked at the exit, then back toward the tables. No, he couldn't. He made his way back through the crowd until he saw the beautiful golden back.

As he'd expected Tom wasn't at the table anymore.

He stood a respectful distance behind Brutus and called, "Excuse me?" He barely heard his voice, so he called again, louder.

One of the humans, a thin man with dirty blond hair looked at him with a 'you have got to be kidding' expression. "What do you want?"

"I need to talk with Brutus."

"Go away," the other man responded. He was also thin, with red hair. "We're busy talking."

"I just have to..."

"Didn't you hear me?" The red head said. "We're busy. And there's no way a man like him would be interested in going with a fatso like you."

The gorilla looked at Beau, his face neutral.

Beau raised an eyebrow at the man. He should have been cowed by having his weight pointed out; but his brain said, 'He made an argument. Arguments I can handle.'

When debating, there was two avenues he could use: Logic or emotions. This was definitely not a logic situation.

"I think," Beau started, perfectly calm, "That Brutus can make his own decisions as to whom he wants to leave with. As for this." He slapped his stomach. "This is a sign I'm healthy. That I make enough money, I'm able to afford splurging on the good things in life. The two of you look like rakes. Is a cracker every other day all you can afford to eat? I'm not going to say if Brutus would, or wouldn't go out with either of you; but, I for one would be terrified of breaking you in half."

"Listen here," the dirty blond said. "I'm not going to stand here listening to you insult me in front of a star. You had your chance at him, you blew it. Now scram."

Beau smiled. "You're right, I did screw it up. And all I was going to do, before you threw the first insult, was apologize for having been an ass. I would have told him that not only is he a star, but he's an artist on the field, a dancer who I could watch move day in and day out. But you made this a competition. So you're going to stand there and listen to me. I made an ass of myself, but you, you aren't worthy to even look at him. You look at him and all you want is to be in his bed. I can see the lust in your eyes, so can he. You don't know anything about what he really loves. I bet you can't even describe how he side stepped the defence in his game against the Raptors last week. You want to impress him? Don't talk about how you can make him cum, talk about how awed you were when he rolled under the barely disguised kick that was aimed at him by Rutherford last month and how pissed you were the referee didn't even..."

He didn't get to finish his tirade. Brutus had him over his shoulder and carrying him to the back of the club. Beau lost his breath when he was dumped on his back on the couch. He just got a chance to see the table had been tipped on the other couch before Brutus took over his field of vision.

He stood there, his short fur shimmering in the club's light, his grey eyes glimmering, and his erection tall and proud. He was a grower it turned out.

Beau opened his mouth to stupidly ask what Brutus was doing; but before a word came out, the gorilla mashed his lips against Beau's. The human eyes became circles for a moment, then half closed as he moaned, wrapped his arms around Brutus and kissed him back. There weren't any thoughts as their tongues explored each other's mouth in turn.

The human felt the hand caress his side, moving down. When it reached his hips he raised them and it slipped under them, where it squeezed Beau's ass. He ground his crotch against the gorilla's with a deep moan. Brutus responded in kind and in moments Beau's underwear was wet with precum.

When the gorilla unlocked his lips from Beau's, he moved off from on top of him and looked him up and down, licking his lips. He grabbed each side of Beau's underwear and pulled. It sounded loud in Beau's ears as they ripped, and now laid naked before the gorilla.

Brutus looked at the human's crotch and smiled. He got back on the couch and knelt between his legs. Beau noticed the couch was much larger than he expected, but the body leaning over him was far more interesting.

Brutus supported himself with his strong hands resting on each side of Beau's head, and gazing in his eyes. The human felt their cocks rub together. Brutus' was a little longer than Beau's six inch, and definitely thicker.

Beau couldn't believe this was happening. Here he was under his favourite rugby player, gazing in his eyes, seeing the hunger in them. He froze.

"Wait," Beau said, and Brutus stopped moving, tilting his head at him. "Before we go any further, I... I don't know what you want to do with me, but I need to tell you that I'm a top." Beau hoped that wouldn't ruin everything, but he didn't feel right continuing if the gorilla was expecting to fuck him.

Brutus' smile widened. "Oh, I know," he whispered.

He did?

The gorilla moved against his crotch again. "Trust me, you're going to fuck me, but first I want to enjoy that healthy body of yours." He didn't give Beau a chance to reply. He dove in and nibbled on his neck.

Beau gasped, then shivered in pleasure as the gorilla took the flesh between his teeth and sucked on it. Fuck, he couldn't believe Brutus was doing that, he'd always dreamed of getting a hickey from him. Beau had trouble breathing.

He remembered himself and ran his hands through the fur on Brutus' sides then down his back. He took hold of the gorilla's ass and dug his fingers in the strong muscles.

Brutus grunted and pressed his crotch harder against Beau's. He let go of his neck and gave the human a quick kiss before scooting down to nuzzle his chest, then lower again, to his belly, where the gorilla kissed the soft flesh, before nuzzling it. He rubbed his short muzzle against Beau's outie belly button.

He rubbed Beau's stomach, looking up at him with adoration. Beau looked down, blushing slightly. He'd never had anyone so

clearly enjoy his belly. He giggled as Brutus nibbled his flesh lightly.

Then Beau gasped as, without warning, Brutus moved down again and took the whole of his cock in his muzzle. Beau let out a string of curses as the gorilla bobbed up and down.

"Oh fuck! You're so fucking good." He dug his hands through Brutus' head fur, not to control what he did, but to feel like it was participating instead of just being serviced.

Beau gasped as Brutus pressed his muzzle in his crotch, and his throat tightening on the head of his cock. He stayed like that for a few moments, then pulled off and looked up at him grinning.

Beau was panting, hungry for more as he look at the golden gorilla. He stopped him when Brutus moved to swallow his cock again.

"We're done with that," Beau said, sitting up. "You're getting on your back now."

The gorilla obeyed.

Now it was Beau between Brutus' legs and he looked at him as he slowly ground his cock against the gorilla's large balls.

Brutus had a belly, but his was a layer of fat over solid abdominal muscles. The gorilla was pure muscle. his arm bulged as they moved, and the legs Beau lifted over his shoulders could crush him if this golden beast so decided.

He looked around the alcove and felt his hopes dashed a little.

"I don't have any lube."

Brutus dug a hand between the cushion and come out with a handful of small packets.

"There's usually a bowl filled with them, but tables get pushed and upended all the time so they end up in all the crannies." He nodded to the table resting on the other couch.

Beau took two of the packets and lubed himself and Brutus' ass. He didn't ask for condoms, Furren and human biology was different enough no sexually transmitted disease carried over.

"Just fuck me," Brutus said, when Beau began loosening him up. Beau didn't argue, he wanted in that ass as badly as Brutus.

Still, he didn't rush it. He placed the tip of his cock against the hole and pressed lightly, getting a sense for the resistance, then harder, pushing it open, just to pull back as Brutus sighed. He pushed in again a little more and back again, slowly and gently getting more and more of his cock head in.

He and Brutus gasped in unison as the head popped in. He paused to enjoy the tightness and heat of the gorilla's rear for a moment before pressing in until he was fully hilted. A moment before that Brutus shuddered and his cock jumped, causing a string of precum to drip on his stomach.

Beau smiled. It looked like the gorilla's prostate was sensitive. This would be fun. He pulled out with a sigh and thrust back in. Fuck Brutus' ass was tight. He would have to be careful if he wanted to make him cum first.

He moved in and out slowly, varying his angle, but making sure at least every other one bumped his prostate. Beau moaned as the ass tightened around his cock.

Brutus grinned at him and tightened it again.

Oh, this was how he wanted to do it, was it? Beau thought. He fucked the gorilla harder, making him groan and moan, and forget his attempt to get the human to cum first.

Beau panted, even without the gorilla tightening his ass, it was still wonderfully hugging his cock as he moved in and out. He felt Brutus shudder under him, and he could see on his face he was trying to hold back his orgasm.

Beau watched him fight the inevitable and he fucked him, fast and hard. In and out his cock pumped, his own pleasure building at having such a powerful man losing this battle. Beau was going to make him cum.

He was going to be the...

He gasped as the ass tightened around his cock again. He squeezed his eyes shut. He didn't want to cum. Fuck that ass felt good.

He tried to pull out, but Brutus' legs were around his hips instead of over his shoulder and they pushed him back in. He pulled out, only to be forced back in again.

Beau's breathing became ragged, he couldn't deny it, the orgasm was coming, all he could do was fight it or embrace it.

He fucked Brutus as hard as he could. He no longer cared about making the other cum first. This felt so fucking good. He wanted this more than he'd ever wanted anything else.

With a scream he thrust as deep as he could and his entire body shuddered as pleasure flowed through him, to his balls which emptied themselves inside the gorilla.

When he was able to breathe again, he was sprawled over Brutus, who was breathing hard. Beau was surprised to feel the gorilla's stomach fur wet and sticky. Brutus had cum? At the same time? He moved, and tried to look between them, but almost fell off instead. Brutus caught at the last minute.

"That was amazing," Beau said, resettling on the gorilla.

Brutus nodded. "It was better than I imagined it would be."

"I'm glad... Wait, what do you mean, imagined?"

The gorilla chuckled, a finger tracing spirals on Beau's back. "I've been dreaming of being fucked by you ever since I saw you top Tom on his webcast."

"You saw me fuck him?" Beau exclaimed, blushing.

"Yeah, you were beautiful, you took him with such force and

authority. When he said he could arrange a meeting, I was ecstatic."

Wow, his crush had a crush on him. Beau rested his head on the gorilla's chest. "If you wanted this, why did you move to the other table then?"

Brutus shrugged. "You didn't seem interested in me, and you weren't the same in person, you didn't have that authority you exuded with Tom."

"So it wasn't the way I looked that made you move away?"

Brutus chuckles. "No, you look fine." He patted Beau's ass. "But until you showed those two who the boss was, there was something missing. I'm glad you did. You're a beautiful guy when you take charge."

Beau was silent for a moment, taking in the odd compliment. "You realize I'm not always like that, right?"

"I know. I know we're never the same all the time. I just hope you'll show me that side of you again."

Beau nodded, then raised his head.

"Wait, you want to see me again?"

Brutus smiled at him. "Oh, you're going to see me again. You're not the only one able to be assertive."

Beau was speechless.

Which seemed to suit Brutus fine as he used the stunned silence to kiss him passionately.