

With the holiday coming up here in the States I was considering posting this early. As soon as I got a comment hinting that I was the slightest bit predictable I just had to prove them wrong. At least I chose to take their comment that way, I did need an excuse after all.

Jeremy easily avoided the rush of the wolf. The male's momentum made it impossible for him to actually have much chance of grabbing hold of his opponent. Jeremy turned to follow the wolf's progress away from him and watched as the male simply shifted targets. He accosted a male jaguar that had been watching the altercation from behind Jeremy. The smile on the feline's face let everyone know the other male was ready and willing to join the fray.

He was turning back to see what Priss and Sager were doing and caught sight of the wolf too late to avoid the oncoming punch. Jeremy took the shot to the face from the wolf before he could react.

"Fuck." Jeremy's temper flared at the blow.

The male was strong and had landed a solid blow on the side of his muzzle. Sager had disposed of Priss and had waited for Jeremy to turn before taking his swing. He'd also seen the wolf waiting, knew he had held his attack until the moment Jeremy was facing him. Even as he turned his head back Jeremy guessed the wolf was waiting with his follow up. He ducked under it and countered, sending the wolf staggering back.

As Sager stopped and looked at Jeremy his grin widened. The male was positively gleeful, causing Jeremy to reevaluate his intent. The wolves weren't intent on predation. They were just the stereotypical midwesterners out for their version of fun by engaging in a bar fight.

Sager came back at Jeremy with both arms up in a classic boxer's stance. In the second Jeremy had before the wolf stepped back within range he saw that half the bar had also joined in. Jeremy rolled his eyes at the absurdity. He couldn't believe he'd gotten pulled into a bar brawl.

The band had dropped the previous song and had shifted to something fast and hard. He couldn't recognize the piece even though he guessed it was being played at a much faster tempo than originally intended.

Sager sent a jab at him, one that he easily blocked. Jeremy stepped down his own aggressiveness, but pulled his punches only slightly. He landed two swift jabs on the wolf and backed away assessing his skill level. The male shook his head and grinned back at Jeremy. The expression on his face was one of happy respect. He stepped back to Jeremy with his arms up once again. The brawling wolf was no match for Jeremy's skill level. He was an untrained country slugger up against someone well over his head in all respects.

Still, Jeremy felt the music, the beers, and the tension of the past half year affecting him. He felt his own smile on his face and engaged Sager. He waited for the wolf to throw the obvious left and instead of blocking it grabbed his arm and pulled him. The added momentum sent the wolf into two others. Jeremy watched as all three fell in a tangle of flailing limbs and shouts of mock outrage.

He felt the push of a body from behind and turned to face the threat automatically. The two that had bumped into him were locked in a grappling match. The cougar and hyena were focused only on each other leaving Jeremy to Priss. That female had been lurking in the lee of their staggering and seeing the opportunity jumped at the weasel. He had time to half turn so that she landed against his side allowing the giggling female to practically climb atop him.

She wouldn't be shaken off. The female clung to him and wrapped her legs around his middle. Jeremy didn't feel threatened enough to employ any of the moves he knew that could easily dislodge her. In her state she might not be able to properly land without injury. Although the more she climbed over him the less he felt that impression accurate.

Priss even managed to stop squirming for a brief instant and whisper in his ear. "How about we take this outside. I'm parked right out back."

A second later one of her paws was feeling up his package. Not the inebriated or uncoordinated plunge one would expect, the female actually pulled off a highly skilled grope. Jeremy felt his own surging response despite the odd situation. Wrapping his arms around the female he turned to assess the crowd closest to them. Everyone else was engaged with a brawling partner. He quickly made his way to the female's restroom.

Inside he leaned over slightly and felt Priss take the cue. She landed on her feet lightly and rebounded staring up into his eyes. A second later she was kissing him and pulling at the buttons of his fly. He worked on her skirt opening it the same time she freed his responding member. He could feel her paw take hold of him and bring his length out of his shorts. She stepped back and glanced down eyes wide.

"Damn, you're bigger than I thought you'd be."

Jeremy looked at Priss. "Still want to feel a large male inside you?" he asked throwing foreplay and pretense to the winds.

"Fuck, yes." she said as she positioned him. He thrust into her, going slow and also letting her move toward him.

Jeremy found his rhythm quickly. The band still performing outside in the bar was playing at the perfect pace. He finally recognized the song they'd chosen and smiled at their humor. He listened to Priss as she lightly chanted her litany of profanity. With each of his thrusts she'd spew a single slang verb. Her course sense of encouragement only heightened Jeremy's raging drives. He knew he'd been manipulated but didn't care. Perhaps after all was said and done this was what he needed.

All too soon he erupted thrusting himself harder inside Priss. The female too clamped her inner muscles onto him in her own orgasm and thrust back at him just as fervently. She did scream too, as promised.

Coming down from the heights Jeremy looked down at the female. She was hanging onto him by his shoulders. His paws held her sides taking half the weight of her. Priss turned her head and tilted back to look up at him. She panted as she continued clinging to him.

"Fuck, that was awesome. Honestly, that was stunning." she said staring up at him.

Jeremy smiled. His coyote sense of smell was telling him more than his weasel senses could have. Her climax had been real, and even her statement lacked the deception any male could suspect considering the timing.

"Thanks, you were fantastic yourself." He replied as he slowly pulled away from her.

She stepped up with him saying "Wait, take it slow. Oh, right. Sorry I forgot you don't have a knot." she corrected as she finally stepped away.

"Knot?" Jeremy asked before understanding what she meant.

"Yeah, fuck me, I felt knotted the whole time."

Jeremy refrained from asking. He looked at himself understanding she meant his thickness was equal to the knot of a canine male. While their sex had been satisfying he had still been disappointed in not being able to drive his full length into her. He hadn't really understood until now he'd grown to that impressive of a size.

Priss looked down at him and took his slack length in her paw, examining him. His cock still glistened under her fingers with her abundant fluids coating him. He was now receding into his sheath but still had enough length for her to take him in both paws. Even soft she couldn't wrap her fingers all the way around him. "That's impressive." She looked up. "You really are a dominant, aren't you."

"Yes." He admitted stepping back from her and stuffing himself back into his shorts. "So, Priss is short for, what?" From the noise out in the bar the fight was still raging. Even though he felt somewhat satisfied the music and noise of the continuing brawl pulled at him.

Priss smiled at him. "Pricilla. You can go. I know my brother would love a rematch before they break it up."

"Wait, Sager is your brother?" Jeremy asked.

"Yeah, well, we all have our roles. It's my own way of having fun, and giving him a reason to kick up some shit."

"I'm not sure I want to antagonize him any more than I already have. He's got a hell of a right hook." Jeremy said feeling the still numb area on his jaw.

"He'll be pleased to hear that a dominant said that of him, when he sobers up." Priss said as she finished buttoning up her skirt. "Come on, before we miss the rest of the fun."

She pulled him to the door and out to the still out of control bar. When she had led him a third of the way into the bar area she stopped staring off to her right. Jeremy followed her gaze searching for her brother. Jeremy felt her paw leave his and turning could not see the female anywhere. The lizards he'd recently trained with would have been proud of her successful fadeaway. Shaking his head at being led into the fray Jeremy assumed a guard stance and slowly turned for whatever trap Priss had led him into.

He was beginning to understand the people in this bar. Unlike what he'd seen portrayed in movies and on television, this was actually rather rational for a brawl. None of the furniture had been brought into play, and not a scrap of shattered glass was anywhere to be found on the floor. In fact, the more he scanned the room the more it looked that the tables and chairs had all been pushed to the sides of the room leaving the center area clear for the struggling participants. For all the chaos of the moment it seemed as organized as any community event.

Turning half way around Jeremy saw Sager trading blows with an overweight jackal. He heard someone come up to him on his left and pivoted bracing for an attack. Instead Priss was there with a knowing smile.

"He'd love to be able to brag about the night he took on a dominant, even if he were to embellish just a bit." She stated even as her eyes sought around her. With a final grin at Jeremy she took three steps and launched herself at a cougar that was just finishing off one of Sager's wolf companions.

Jeremy focused on Priss's brother, assessing his condition. The male had a toughness to him that he had to respect. Even though he looked to be all but spent he fought hard against the jackal. He was bleeding from his nose and had one eye swollen half shut but he still battled on.

Sager managed to down the jackal and turned searching for another opponent. When he caught sight of Jeremy waiting his ears lifted and he started grinning widely. The sight of his original adversary waiting seemed to reinvigorate him. Stepping up to the weasel he muttered an audible "Yeah, bring it, big guy."

Jeremy ducked the wolf's first right and countered with a jab of his own that landed square on Sager's chest. He staggered back coughing and hacking but also laughing while shaking his head. He came back at Jeremy still trying to draw breath after the heart-check to his chest. The look of determination on the wolf's face held no malice, instead it reminded Jeremy of his own sense of determination in some of Alex's training sessions.

Jeremy sidestepped to his right as Sager crouched lower and started circling him. The wolf made several feints with his right but was too slow to dodge Jeremy's left. He was sent backing again from the force of the blow to his gut.

Jeremy followed him as he backed away. If the wolf was going to brag about taking on a dominant Jeremy intended to put the wolf on the floor. Let him brag then, if everyone still upright in the bar let him. He waited for the wolf to regain his stance and closed on him.

Sager saw him closing and stood his ground grinning his determination. The wolf threw a left that Jeremy dodged, bringing him even closer for the male's right that followed. Jeremy managed to turn away from most of the blow but he was forced to back from the determined wolf. He was now throwing countless punches barely hoping to see any of them land. Sager was clearly trying to keep Jeremy from closing on him again.

Several seconds of the wolf's furious attack went by before Jeremy anticipated a right that left the wolf just a bit overextended. Grabbing the male's wrist he pulled him off balance prepared to bring him close for a choke hold.

Sager instead pivoted and threw his weight into Jeremy's body. Sager managed to take hold of his shirt with his free arm and pulled at him. The unexpected force was enough to counter Jeremy's plan and force his balance off center and out of his control. Jeremy turned into the spin Sager was forcing him into and leaned back into the wolf, forced to release the male's wrist as he did. With his arm freed the wolf managed to land two blows to Jeremy's gut before he could spin out from the male's proximity.

Jeremy turned back to Sager to see him grinning. Jeremy smiled back. The wolf had an unorthodox style of fighting but was competent enough to make it at least somewhat of a challenge. He had to admit he'd at least earned some bragging rights. They circled each other for a few seconds.

Sager stepped left and came at Jeremy leading with another right. Thinking it a trap Jeremy sidestepped it ready for the left to follow. The wolf instead landed a knee to his side and grabbed him with his right arm that now crossed to his back. As another knee landed Jeremy twisted and spun in a move intended to throw the wolf to the floor. Sager brought his other arm in and wrapped Jeremy in a hug and pulled him to the floor with the wolf.

They grappled for a few seconds until Jeremy felt something sting his back followed almost instantly by a massive shock throughout his body. He heard his own shout of pained surprise echoed by the wolf.

He was still trying to shake off the effects of the shock when he felt himself pulled from the wolf. Jeremy was barely able to control his flailing limbs. His mind barely focused but he could piece things

together. He'd never been tasered before but he could clearly make that claim now. He was rolled over to the sight of a rabbit standing over him with a vest that was adorned with a badge. He held the working end of a taser in his left paw.

Jeremy stopped trying to protect himself through the shattered reflexes at the sight of the badge. He let his limbs fall to the floor and twitch uselessly in the aftereffects of the stun gun.

Sager, somewhere to Jeremy's left and probably still on the floor, moaned and stated "Damn, Whisker, you didn't have to taser us. We'd have stopped."

Another rabbit stepped up looking at Jeremy. He looked younger than Jeremy. He too had a vest with a badge on it. Looking at the two rabbits side by side it looked like father and son. The younger one held an odd looking weapon. It seemed more a toy than part of a police arsenal. The odd looking weapon completed the first impression of the rabbit being far younger than him. He couldn't help the guffaw from escaping as he looked up at the young rabbit.

The young officer frowned at the explosion of mirth and aimed the odd weapon at Jeremy.

"Don't," the male Jeremy assumed was Whisker started.

With a subdued 'phfout' sound the thing in the young rabbit's hands went off. Jeremy felt another sting on this leg and managed to look. There was a small two inch long dart with blue fluff at the end sticking up from the fur of his thigh.

Sager stated "I'm good, Flake." followed by a groan before he continued "I'm done for the night."

Whisker turned to the wolf and started speaking but the world was fading away from Jeremy. The last thing he remembered seeing was the young rabbit standing over him with the odd weapon aimed at the ceiling in one arm and his satisfied smile aimed down at him.

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Someone was curious whether everyone spoke the same language in Jeremy's world. Considering many of you seemed to have read the little aside about how the different species rose I can point to that as a starting off point. I made note that otters were among the first to have risen and they were widely distributed across the world when they did. That would obviously be largely due them being naturals in the water. So of course they would be seafaring and quickly spread everywhere once they had gained intelligence. With them also being a strong influence with other species as they too rose up it seemed likely that a single language had a very good argument.

There certainly could have been species specific languages but with otters dominating worldwide trade in the early history by their very seafaring nature it wouldn't take long for any other species specific language to become a second language. Damn, a lot of repeated words there. Sure, many could still learn species specific languages but there seems a very good case for what could be considered a Common Tongue to be the most widely used.

Keep the questions coming.