

The travelling zoo came around to my town yesterday. I'd never heard of this place before, and - hey, I like zoos - so of course I looked it up, I did some research, and then quickly decided that I'd go to check it out at least once, not only because, again, zoos, but because the website opened up with one of those warnings that porn sites give you: 'if you are younger than 18 or the age of majority in your area', blah blah blah. So that was point number one. Then, after clicking 'OK' (after checking behind myself), the banner at the top of the page read: *Khari's Travelling Menagerie*.

Huh. Okay. The 'about' page cleared things up considerably: instead of naked feral animals doing naughty things like I'd first suspected, this 'Travelling Menagerie' was a sort of... sexual exhibition series, with each month featuring a different species. It's free to enter (with proof of identification) and relies on donations and purchases of merchandise, mainly video recordings, to run - and, just my luck that this month's feature was otters. Hell, maybe I could sign up, right?

So I drove over on a Tuesday morning to the 'Current Address' listed, which led to a peculiar warehouse-type building on the edge of town, the same general idea of the places where those seasonal haunted houses set up. That seemed a little sketchy, but I was much reassured upon entering the place to feel actual quality air condition and seeing the furniture and setup of the entry room. One of the employees must have noticed me looking around a bit bemusedly, because he - a slender, cute African wild dog fellow in a graphite-colored suit with a whitish-pinkish flower pinned, probably a cherry blossom or something.

"Are you here for the exhibition?" he asked, in a smooth, sweet tenor. I looked him up and down; damn, if there was a wild dog feature... the silver nametag on the side of his suit opposite the flower read, in small black font, Khari.

"Uh. Yeah. I'm - new to all of this, this is my first time coming..."

"Ah! Of course. You're just about in time for the second tour of the day - if I may ask you to first sign this waiver..."

It was a simple 'we are not responsible for blah blah blah' thing, so I signed it and handed it back; then he gave me a separate clipboard taken from the desk behind him. I looked it over: *Khari's Travelling Menagerie Survey and Application Form*. "What's this?"

"Every month we change our featured species - I assume you know that? Yes? Well, while we're featuring one species, we politely ask our audience members of the same species to fill out this form - though they can decline if they so choose; just check the 'I do not wish to participate' box - so we can possibly gain new employees. Different kinks are always popping up: we have the non-featured species audience members fill out a different form so that we can gauge interest and if we should change our program. If you would, please, just... fill in your name there... and phone number there..."

I could still decline if I decided I didn't want to join after seeing the tour, right? So, I did as asked, and again looked up at him.

"Ah. Yes. Thank you, Mr... Kawika, is it?"

"Lukas."

"Yes. If you'll follow me, please - we will begin..."

He led me into the adjacent room which held a small collection of other people - the rest of the 'audience', I assume. I counted three other otters in the group, a male, a female, and one I couldn't really identify by appearance, where two of them had clipboards similar to my own (nobody else held one, so I guess the guide hadn't gotten to them yet). He wove through the group, agile in his movements, then lifted his splotchy-furred paws into the air and called for quiet. Then:

"Hello, everyone! I am Khari, your guide as well as the owner of this menagerie. This month's feature is otters; last month's was lion's; and next month's will be wolves, again. I trust you all know what you're getting into - I had you all sign a waiver saying that it's very possible you'll see something you don't particularly like, and you can't sue us for any emotional and-slash-or mental damages incurred - but, if the depravity gets too much for you, you are free to leave at any time. Is everyone ready?"

Someone in the audience, a horse, raised his hand. "Where's the bathroom?"

"The watersports exhibit will be near the end of the tour." Khari grinned and wagged his tail. "No, I'd have to ask you to leave and not return if you do anything to the features without express permission. Seriously, though, there's three back in the main room - if you have to go, you can leave the group at any time and then return when you're done. Any other questions? No? Then, if all of the non-otters in the group would please take a clipboard and follow me..."

## 1. Anal

The tour got off to a quick start: the wild dog led us down a dimly lit hallway and then out into the main of the building, a high-ceilinged place with what looked to be several mid-size stages set up along a course. As we drew closer to the first one, the sounds of breathy moans and quiet grunts filled the air; Khari brought us to a stop in front. Up on the stage were three otters, all male, each one with a progressively larger guy behind him pounding him: the first otter on the far left had been paired with a German shepherd about the same size as him, and had a sweet expression of pleasure across his muzzle with his mouth half-open. The second otter had his paws out on the railing at the edge of the stage while a bigger wolf, maybe half a foot taller than him; his legs were spread further apart than the first, and he looked to be in mild discomfort as the wolf drilled into him, though the otter's very hard cock drooled little drips of pre down onto the stage. The third, however... behind him was a bull, tall, wide, probably was the guy whose

job it is to knock down all of the other guys on the football team. Due to the subjects' elevation above the audience, I could see a bit of the bull's shaft as it pumped in and out of the otter, and - God, it looked to be about as wide around as my leg just above my knee. *That* otter looked like he'd already had an orgasm or two based on the thick, cloudy liquid that streaked the stage (and concrete floor below that) in front of him, and now had his eyes closed and mouth limply open.

"Here," Khari began, "we see the otter in his natural position. While the spread of exclusive tops and exclusive bottoms among otters is exactly the same as that found in other species, for whatever reason they are generally known to prefer bottoming - and, at that," here he leaned in close to one of the other otters in the audience, who looked up at him, "rather *fantastic* bottoms, if I do say so myself." The otter gave him a courtesy chuckle. "This exhibit is probably the most tame of the entire tour - start out small, start out slow, you know. I'll allow you a few more minutes to observe the exhibit and fill out your forms - in the meantime, does anyone have any questions?"

"Yes..." This time it was a she-wolf who raised her paw. "Does this tour feature only males? I tried to find info on your website, but couldn't."

"A good question. We cycle the genders of the features and the workers - where the Features are, of course, those that are being featured, usually short-term and part-time employees, though some are retained to become Workers, which are the usually bigger ones who are receiving the attentions of our Features. As for your question, the first week has only male features, the second has only females, the third has those who do not fit under those previous classifications, either by nature or by request, and the fourth week is a mix of everything, changing every day to keep things as balanced as possible. As for the workers, we try to keep them fairly in line with the scheduled gender of the features, but sometimes you'll find a female during a male week or vice-versa. Also, we are actually planning to update the website tonight to make that information more easily available."

While all this was going on, I read the little section of the application form for *Anal: How would you rate this exhibit? Please check one*. Out of the four options, all informal, I checked 'Couldn't be better!'. *Would you be interested in being a volunteer feature?* Of course I wrote "Yes please". *Anything else you would like to say about the exhibit?* I left that field blank.

"Okay..." Khari clapped his paws. "If everyone is done, may I lead you to the next exhibit?"

## 2. Feet

The next exhibit was less raw, powerful sex and more... I don't know. Quiet pleasure, I guess. Two otters were on stage, both naked, one leaning back in a chair with his left leg extended, the other sitting cross-legged on the floor in front of him. The second otter held the first one's foot in his paws, gently drawing his muzzle up along the bottom, kissing the individual toes, slipping his tongue in between each one; meanwhile, the other foot of the otter in the chair reached forward

and slowly stroked the second otter's hard length between two toes, keeping his cock pressed between his belly and the pad of his foot. I heard a little intake of breath from the cheetah beside me.

"This next one is arguably tame as well," explained Khari, "though we chose to include it because it seems to be a rather popular kink among our audience. Notice how, with otters, the feet have special webbed toes... I'm told that this provides a rather unique feeling when... *graced* by the tongue..."

Up on stage, the otter on the floor dragged his tongue up between each two before his muzzle, flicking it over the other otter's webbing. Each time this happened caused a little shiver to ripple through the body of the otter in the chair, as well as a little twitch along his hard length, which he stroked idly. It was as if they didn't even care that there was a mass of maybe fifteen or twenty people watching what they were doing. Hell - just as I thought that, the otter on the floor with his tongue between the toes of the other one shifted his green eyes over to me and locked them with mine; then, a moment later, he closed his eyes and went back to his 'work'.

"Are there any questions for this one, then?"

"Ah - yes - um... how *clean* are the workers' feet kept?" That was the cheetah beside me who'd gasped upon seeing this exhibit. Odd; he didn't look like the type who enjoyed having someone's foot in his face, but hey. I wasn't one to judge. I bet cat tongues felt wonderful.

"Oh, another good question! Since everyone's preferences are different, it's up to the discretion of the one doing the licking. I try not to lead a strict business - everything in sex relies on comfort, so I try to fit the comfort levels of my employees. Any other questions?..."

Now, I've never really been one for stuff involving feet, but... it doesn't *repulse* me or anything. For the application interest field I wrote a simple 'sure, why not', checked 'good enough' for the quality of the exhibit, left the notes field blank again. On the way to the next exhibit, I could have sworn I saw the cheetah try to discreetly adjust his pants; this made me wonder - since I have a bit of a thing for cheetahs - if I could flag him down once the tour ended... I'm in the prime of my youth; now's the time to experiment, isn't it?

### **3. Chastity and Bondage**

"Now," said Khari as we came up to the next exhibit, "these two are combined in one because they simply go so damn *well* together..."

There were three people onstage this time: two otters and another wolf. One of the otters wore a cage around his length with a shiny brass padlock at the end, with his arms bound behind his back, intricate ropework latticing up the cream fur of his chest; not only this, but he was collared and leashed as well, the end of that leash being held by the other otter, whom the bound-and-caged one gently pleased with his tongue and lips. It was the wolf's job to lie beneath the

caged otter and slowly hump upwards into him, while the recipient of this lifted himself up and down, up and down with gentle urgings in the form of tugs on his leash. Out of the end of his cage, a considerable amount of pre dripped down and out over the lock.

“Normally we try to keep the species of our workers in line with the featured species, but we’ve always been a bit short on otters - and always a bit full when it comes to wolves. However, that’s irrelevant; also, you may consider this exhibit to focus on dom-sub play as well. It all goes together, see.”

A paw went up near the front. “What if people want to see these kinks featured separately?”

“Then please mark that on your surveys. Oh, which reminds me - flash photography is *not* permitted, but all other forms of photography and video recording, especially, are both allowed and encouraged. We have a weekly contest where the person who submits the best footage to our website will receive a free copy of the monthly DVD of that species featured...”

Being bound up and used? Sure; it was the chastity part I wasn’t quite sure about, but again - now’s the time to try new things. *I’d be happy to try*, I wrote down, checked *Couldn’t be better*, and then for the notes wrote down *Can we request a certain species of worker to be assigned to us?* because, hey - if I wanted to be dominated, I’d want it to be for someone like a big wolf, a horse, a dragon, a German shepherd. I don’t know.

#### 4. Bestiality

“Now, this one is... a bit controversial...” Khari led us in front of a stage that actually had a curtain drawn in front of it, velvet midnight blue in color. From behind it could be heard soft sounds of commotion and gentle moans of exertion and pleasure. “...and we can’t show it everywhere we go due to varying laws on the subject. Here, however, I’m glad to say it’s totally and perfectly legal - with minor restrictions - though, it is for that reason of controversy that I must ask you not to photograph or record any part of *this* particular exhibit - or, if you do, we cannot add it to the DVD if you were to submit it, so...”

With that, he pulled the curtain to the side; a few noises of surprise as well as a soft “oh my” floated up from the audience. Onstage one otter was on his paws and knees, parallel with the front of the stage; a big feral black labrador was on top of him, paws about his shoulders, head low, fucking him like just another bitch, while the otter jerked forward and back with the energy of his thrusts and panted softly. Beside that was another dog-otter pair, though the dog lay on his back with his legs raised up in the air while the otter slowly bobbed his muzzle up and down on him, fingers wrapped beneath the dog’s revealed knot, keeping his lips close to the contoured surface of his reddish-pink flesh. This time, *I* had to adjust my pants. I knew full well what it was like to be in both of those positions.

Someone had a question, but I wasn’t listening: I was busy marking the ‘Couldn’t be better’ box, writing *hell yes!* for the interest field, and then adding *bigger dogs!* for the Notes section.

Perhaps I had been a little eager in doing that, as when I clipped the pencil to the board and looked back up, Khari had his bright amber eyes on me and an amused smile on his pretty face.

## 5. Harem

“This one’s popular as well, and there’s little more than that I have to say...”

Good lord. On stage for *this* exhibit was one wolf and... well, quite a large number of otters, all slowly writhing and moving in their own rhythms. The wolf, totally naked (of course) sat in one big chair facing the audience, with two otters on him - one with his lips closed around the end of the wolf’s cock and the other nuzzling into the side of his sack. The first otter was in turn being slowly fucked by another, who was in turn receiving gentle attention from the otter who had his nose buried in the wolf’s crotch; *this* otter had the muzzle of another under his tail who was pawing both himself and another, who had *another* otter’s cock six inches down his throat, who was at the same time riding another otter and sucking off another... I had to take out my phone (damn, if only I’d thought to bring my nice camera) and take a picture, because, just... *God*. I wish I could show you.

My response for this exhibit on the form was pretty much the same as the last one. One paw went up when I was halfway through with my answer - “Is this the reason why you’re short on otters?”

“Ha! Yes, that is correct. For all of the other exhibits we have a ‘maximum features’ we must stick to, while for the Harem exhibit, we have a *minimum* - so we try to always hit that number and then exceed it a little, so that we can lend features to other exhibits that need them.”

“Where do I sign up if I want to be the one in the chair?” asked a white-furred she-wolf. Khari just laughed.

## 6. Watersports

“This one also may not be suitable for all viewers, but in past tours we’ve found that it has a remarkably positive underground following. I just pass it off as the one thing that lots of people enjoy but are too nervous or ashamed to admit. I, thank God, was raised in a very sex-positive household, so I can just say... if you have to go - speaking of which, where’s that horse who asked about the bathroom before the tour? Did he- did you ever handle that? - if you have to go, and your partner offers an open mouth... well, why waste the energy to walk all the way to the bathroom, right? Presenting: watersports...”

Three otters, another wolf, and a fox. One of the otters was on his knees in the middle of the stage, cock as hard as any I’ve seen, muzzle lifted and mouth open; one of the other otters was relieving himself onto his tongue, which he let fill his mouth before swallowing down, to be repeated again and again; the fox emptied his bladder into the cream fur of the feature’s chest and belly; the wolf did so to his back, moving his stream side to side to mark each open inch of

fur; and the third otter knelt close by, the stray spatters from the others catching on his fur, face, and tongue, while he directed his own piss at his comrade's throbbing length. This time I *really* had to adjust my pants, which the cheetah, still beside me, definitely noticed. He gave me a sly grin.

"Isn't that unsanitary?" asked someone else in the audience.

"No, actually. I mean, it's not exactly *nutritious*, and I've heard that it tears up some people's stomachs, but - really, it's not dangerous. I wouldn't be able to give you a firsthand testimony, though, as I myself prefer to be the one doing the marking rather than the one receiving it." I could feel Khari's gaze flit over to me while I was busily writing in *yes, a thousand times yes please!* for the interest box. "Perhaps someone in the audience would be more qualified to answer your question..."

I felt like he was disappointed in me when I kept my mouth shut, ears burning bright red with the blush that quickly spread across my face. Everyone looked at me for one moment and then turned away when the African wild dog led the group to the next room; while they were doing that, the cheetah beside me scrawled something on a corner of his form, tore it off, and then - when I was busy adjusting my pants again - hooked his finger around one of my beltloops, tugged my pants forward, and then dropped the paper into there. This did nothing to cool my blush, especially when I checked a moment later to see a phone number inside the folded paper.

"That concludes today's tour," said Khari after ensuring the last door closed behind all of us. We ended up in a room quite similar to the first one, with the same general setup and decorations, though with more soft couches set up around the room. The faint aroma of sex lingered in the air, though that was probably because of what all we'd just trekked through - the six circles of heaven, I guess. After the box for the final exhibit was another 'general notes/what you want to see' section, so I quickly wrote something down. "I thank y-

"Seemed a little short," quipped the same white she-wolf from before. She looked like the kind of lady who knew where she was going in life and was taking all the shortcuts she could to get there. "On your website you talk a big game, but that was - what - six five-minute exhibits?"

"We cycle our exhibits every day." Khari clapped his paws in front of him. *Damn*, that suit fit him well. "Tomorrow will be oral, musk, incest - you'll have to trust us on that one, age difference, sheathplay, and... well, the final exhibit is picked at random at the start of every day, to keep that nice element of surprise. You wouldn't *believe* how excited that otter in the watersports exhibit was to learn that he'd be marked by four different guys at the same time today. Remember, it's free, though donations *are* encouraged... we have our weekly schedule posted on our website. Thank you for your concern. If everyone is done, then, I would ask..." He went around to the other side of the desk in the middle of the room. "...that the otters among you who elected to take the survey place your completed forms *here*, and then everyone else leave yours *here*... and, thank you!"

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Needless to say, I wasn't expecting the call I received the following morning - it was from the number of the 'travelling menagerie' place rather than from the cheetah like I'd expected, as he and I had been sharing... well, considerably more than energetic text messages over the night. At first I didn't recognize the number, but I figured - what the hell, might as well pick it up - and then, a smooth, sweet tenor greeted me...

"Khari?"

"Ah! Lukas! I was hoping I'd had the right number. You know who I am, so I can only assume you know what this call is about?"

"Did I do something wrong?"

"No - but I *did* happen to notice that you put positive and affirmative answers for each exhibit from yesterday on survey when asked if you'd like to participate. I'll admit, as much as people like sex around here - I rarely see anything like that."

I straightened up. "Yeah?"

"Yes indeed! And, your final answer - that's something we've been wanting to feature for a while. How would you like to be the... 'debut act' of it?"

"Damn, I'd - love to..."

## 7. Foreskin Play

Khari called me back over to the warehouse where I'd taken the tour, and then he brought me into a back room, had me sign a quick contract detailing hours and pay for this little 'trial session', as he called it, and then - God - and then brought in another African wild dog, one who looked like a perfect mirror image of Khari himself, though with yellowish-green eyes like polished serpentine.

"This is my twin Harori, and - if you're alright with it - I'd like to see what you can do for the exhibit you'd like to showcase. Is that alright?"

I looked this Harori over, just as I had for Khari when I first saw him. Tallish, slim, cute, attractive in face *and* body... I only kept myself from reaching forward to unbutton his pants because I hadn't received explicit permission yet. "Just... right here?"

"Yes."



“Go ahead,” murred Harori, in a slightly lower voice than his brother’s. He stood just in front and to the side of the chair in which I sat; with one paw he unbuttoned and unzipped his pants, keeping his eyes on me. He wore no underwear. “I’ll leave the rest up to you...”

What I’d written down was ‘foreskin and foreskin play’, so I couldn’t just suck him off like I wanted to - but, damn, I was more than okay with paying particular attention to that certain part of him. He had a bit of overhang while soft, enough for me to roll back, rest the tip of my tongue against the tip of his cock, and then roll forward over my tongue; enough for me to slip my tongue up into and around under (which made him shiver and harden a little in my mouth), enough for me to gently take between my lips and tug on, even enough after he’d gotten fully hard for me to still suckle on. In the corner of the room Khari watched, professional in his manner - he still wore that graphite suit - and self-control, as I could see the tent in his pants. I figured it’d be unprofessional to ask him to come over and ‘appraise’ me firsthand; if *one* brother is uncut, the other is likely uncut as well...

I felt like I was in high school all over again. As I worked, rolling Harori’s foreskin forward and back over his head, slickening him up with my saliva, keeping my lips around his head - all of that, the dog in front of me looked over to his brother, or gave him a thumbs-up, or said something under his breath in a language I didn’t understand. When he came, I had his foreskin bunched up at the end of his cock with my tongue slipped in against his head; I tasted his seed and then rolled that skin back again so that I could get at it, all of which made his legs buckle to the point where he had to reach a paw out against the table to hold himself up.

“Ah...” Khari nodded while I wiped my mouth, and while his brother, panting, sat down in the chair opposite me and leaned his head back. “Oh, yeah, you’ll do very well, Lukas. Can you start in two days? I want you to go home and practice your ‘routine’, alright?”

“Will I have a worker assigned to me? You know - uncut boys are a little hard to find around here...”

“I’ll give you Harori’s number - he works here as a volunteer sometime. Judging by his...” He waved at his brother, who was just now fiddling with zipping his pants back up. “...*state*, I think he’d love to have a little more one-on-one time with you.”

“Am I allowed to practice on you, too?” I blinked. “Mr. Khari, sir.”

His ears perked, though he seemed to make an effort to keep his surprise hidden. He shoved his paws into his pockets. “...Well... *technically*, no, but... if we were to keep it off the record, if we were to call it ‘personal leisure’ instead of ‘business’, then... well, I don’t see why not...”

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The first day went fantastic, overall. Mine ended up being the final exhibit of the day, and it was just me on my back on a bed, stark naked, with Harori by my muzzle. I’m uncut, too, which

made Khari's eyes light up when I informed him; while I was pleasuring his brother I was to play with myself as well, sliding fingers in, rolling it up over my thumb, tugging it, the whole deal. At the end of each tour, Harori had to push me off of him - *if you make me cum now, we won't be ready for the next group* - but I'd accidentally made him cum during the third tour by swirling my tongue around over the underside of his head while I had his foreskin retracted. Khari heard the sharp intakes of breath followed by low moans and stopped his speech to look up at us, trying to hide his amusement. While he was recovering, we both spoke about how Khari *would* have substituted if he didn't have to host the thing - and then Harori just suggested that we switch positions, which I actually hadn't considered before.

Huge wonder why, too. At three different points during his second tour in I had to tersely whisper for him to stop doing whatever it was he was doing because he'd gotten me dangerously close to cumming myself.

After the last tour of the day, Khari walked up to our stage with a female otter behind him. I actually felt a little shy being naked in front of a lady, though I tried to justify that in my mind by telling myself I was just naked and tongue-deep under an African wild dog's foreskin for probably at least two or three hundred different people today alone.

"Lukas, Harori... this is Hayley. She toured with us two days ago and expressed a similar interest in your... 'field', so - if it's alright with you boys - she'll be joining you for week 4's series, since 'foreskin play' isn't something that you can limit to only females."

I sat up, looking her over. The most notable things about her were her bright, bright green eyes, the color of Harori's with the same color temperature as Khari's; her rather long tail; and the white mane of fur that sprang up around her head and coursed down around her neck, under her chin, to between her breasts. Maybe she was part arctic wolf or something, I don't know - but it was a damn good look.

"I'm told that, ah..." Khari flipped a page on the clipboard he held. "...her tongue is... as long as her tail. I don't think *that's* true, but-

"I mean proportionally," she said. "I can lick the underside of my own chin, if that makes more sense."

Harori and I shared a glance. "Week 4... three whole weeks from now?"

"Well, two, technically." Khari grinned. "You guys - and lady - have all that time to practice. Sound good?"

Well, goddamn.