

"Oh my God. You saw him *again*?"

"Yeah..." The wolf shifted his phone to his other ear, trying to adjust the shopping bags over his other arm. "Looked like he was trying not be seen."

"Like fucking *usual*. God, what a creep. Can't believe I dated him..." On the other end of the line, she breathed an exasperated sigh. "How are you? Are *you* alright, Wolffy?"

"Huh? Yeah, yeah. I'm fine. Didn't talk to me this time, at least. Lemme just-" He had to squeeze his phone between the side of his head and his shoulder, then, so he could fish around in his pocket for his car keys. "Okay. Here we go. I remembered the milk. Oh, and your donuts, too."

"At least we have that. Two sides to every coin. You'll be headed home after?"

"Yeah. Gotta pick up gas, but..." Yet again, Wolffy moved his phone to his other ear, this time so he could reach up and open the trunk of his car. "After that I'll be coming right back. Want me to call you again then?"

"Text would be fine. Usin' up all my minutes on you."

"I mean, I *am* your boyfriend. Have been for the past couple a' months."

"Yeah, so you should know by now that my mom calls me every night. And you should also know that once she *starts* talking..."

"Phew." After setting all the bags down in the trunk, he tugged the door back down with a solid *thump*. "Do I ever. Who knew that there was just so *much* to know about goddamn *garlic*?"

"Oh God, she did her garlic thing with you?"

"Yes! You were in the shower. It was, like, last week, when you passed the phone to me."

"I am so sorry. Anyway - see you in like fifteen minutes, 'kay?"

"Yes ma'am." Wolffy pursed his lips and kissed into the receiver; a second later, his girlfriend on the other end of the line returned it, and he could feel his tail start to wag. That was something that had just sort of become a habit after a while. "See you in like fifteen minutes."

On his way back from work, the wolf had remembered that the two of them had some shopping that needed doing, so he'd just figured - might as well get it done while he was already out. Besides, going today on just some regular Thursday afternoon as opposed to their usual shopping day would change up their schedule, and hopefully - *hopefully* - throw that damn fox off for a bit.

Wolffy unconsciously gripped the shopping cart handle a bit tighter once the thought of him had forced its way back into his mind. Some number of months ago, he'd started talking to and then swiftly fell in with that same girl he'd just gotten off the phone with, a damn funny and pretty she-wolf named Julie... but he hadn't known that she'd just gotten out of a less-than-perfect relationship with a certain not-entirely-mentally-stable fox.

Not that that was Wolffy's fault, of course. Nor was it Julie's. Her past boyfriends were of no consequence or importance to him - at least, not until *this* one started showing up in his weekly life, absolutely convinced that he'd stolen his girlfriend away from him. Not even half a year together and this had already resulted in three calls to the police, and at least two threats from Wolffy of *I better not see you around here again*.

Rick - that fox - wasn't really *dangerous*. Just like Julie said, he liked to talk big, but would sooner turn tail and run than actually get himself into a fight. Of course the first few times their paths had crossed, Wolffy had been more than a little uneasy, but once it had become a semi-regular thing to turn and find Rick staring him down from all of two feet away...

Well. It didn't even make him jump anymore. Besides, today, he'd thought he'd heard footsteps behind him as he pushed the cart into the corral, so the smallish vulpine standing behind him came as even less of a surprise.

"Oh, my God." Wolffy rolled his eyes. Really, it was kind of hard to stay afraid of someone a good foot and a half shorter than himself. "What do you want this time? And I swear - if you say *my girlfriend back* one more time..."

Green eyes squinted at him as he pushed past, though the fox made no effort to stop him. "That isn't it this time, Wolf. I'm done with her."

"Ah, yes, of course. 'Done' in the same sense as Shrek with the release of the second movie, right? Hey - don't come too close. If *you* don't remember the court order, your wallet sure as hell will."

"Look at me. Wolf - *dammit* - look at me-"

Wolffy's first response to the paw clamped down his shoulder from behind was to spin around with his own fist raised, but - for someone reason, his body stopped upon seeing Rick standing there, one paw raised with his eyes wide and ears folded back. His gaze held steady on the wolf's eyes, green catching the light of the middle-afternoon sun through the clouds... and though that anger and frustration still bubbled in his chest, Wolffy just couldn't really bring himself to continue the swing.

Rick brought his other paw up, too, just in case that fist *did* continue on its path. His eyes flicked back and forth between that and Wolffy's. "You done?" he ventured, voice tepid and timid at first, but quickly warming up. "You finished? You know - I'll be going in next week to get the stitches removed from *last* time you hit me."

"So you're-" For some reason, it was hard to speak. Wolffy had to force the words through clenched teeth. "-stupid as well as crazy, huh? Mentally incapacitated in more 'n one way."

"Stop it. Drop that grimy hand of yours and look at me."

Before he knew what he was doing, the wolf's paw fell back down and remained at his side. That... that wasn't right. There was something in those green eyes today, something... *different* from the usual mischievous, angry glimmer that they held. A hint of blue, a hint of violet, a hint of white, always changing and swirling.

Or - or maybe that was just his imagination. He couldn't really tell.

The fox tilted his muzzle down, and raised his eyebrows. Wolffy had no choice but to look directly into those eyes. "You listening?"

"Yeah. Yeah, I'm... I'm listening."

"Good. Can you tell me where you were planning to go?"

Why in the *hell* was he listening to this five-foot-three fucko? Wolffy could quite acutely feel the want and desire to break away and just *leave*, but... it was like trying to roll out of bed in the morning. Sure, the want *was* there, but something else pushed it down and kept him in place, so that the action showed itself as little more than a slight increase in his heart rate.

"I was..." He swallowed. "I was going home."

"*Straight* home?"

Now there was the feeling of realizing he'd been caught lying. Again: *why* was he getting this with this fox? "I - might stop off at the gas station on the way back..."

Rick crossed his arms. He kept those eyes of his focused on Wolffy's muzzle, piercing through him and into his mind. "Thought I heard you say that. Would'ja mind, I dunno... making another detour? For little ol' Rick here?"

*No*, his mind shouted. *Fuck right off, buddy. Turn tail and leave before I... before I...* but the longer he looked into this eyes (and he couldn't look away, for some reason), the less... *rebellious* his thoughts became. They started to come more in line with his actual speech and actions, which felt almost entirely out of his own conscious control.

"I..." *...don't want to, would rather run you over, wish you'd just back the fuck up and leave us alone-* "...guess I could, yeah... what would you - you have me do?"

"Hmm." Rick lifted one of his paws up to his muzzle as if to inspect the claws on that paw, but kept his eyes straight forward. "Y'ever... oh, how do I put this... you ever had any, ah - *homosexual feelings or tendencies*, Wolf?"

"No." That was an easy one.

"Never considered it? Not even once."

Just as flat as his first response: "No." Where was he going with this?"

"Ah! There we go, then. There's this club down on 16th, run by... well, not exactly a *friend* of mine. But I know her. Know *of* her. Anyway - you'll go there, find a nice guy, oh... let's say otter or bat, I don't know. Just pullin' out of a hat here."

Here, Rick took a couple of steps closer - and Wolffy remained in place, not moving back like he would on literally any other day. The fox had to stand up on his tiptoes, and even then, his muzzle still had to tilt back for him to make eye contact. At this distance, close enough so he could smell his breath - he'd had some kind of fruit for lunch - Wolffy could *definitely* see something odd in the swirling, uneven color of those eyes. Whatever it was, though, he couldn't look away.

"You go find a guy at that club. Talk to him some, get 'im nice and warmed up. Shouldn't be hard to get into someone's pants there. Once you do that, drop down to your knees for him, offer him your muzzle... and then when he's had enough of that, turn around and hike your tail for him. Okay? You fucked me in one way; I'm having you fucked in another. Sound good?"

Of course not. Wolffy gritted his teeth and swallowed, ready to slash his claws across this fox's muzzle... but had to fight against the slight tightening in the front of his pants. "Yes," he hissed, between his teeth. Why? "Yes, sir."

"Good." Rick patted the side of Wolffy's muzzle. "That should be... oh! I almost forgot! Wait, wait, this'll be perfect - you're straight. Go on. Say the words."

"I - I'm straight."

Yellow-white teeth glimmering in a wide, bright grin, not the most benevolent of smiles. "Not tonight, you aren't. And that reminds me! Whoever ends up on your tongue and under your tail, if they tell you... oh, let's see..." Rick tapped a finger against his chin for a moment, only breaking eye contact for a fraction of a second. "If they tell you that you're a good breeding bitch, then that thing you just said - say it again."

"I'm straight."

"Yeah. That. You won't be able to say that, ever again. Y'hear? That'll make this little one-night interest into something that you'll never be able to shake. Sure, you can still fuck Julie like you do, but you'll be thinking of that one cute guy from high school underneath you while you do it, and you'll be a little less eager to go down on her..."

*That one cute guy...* funny thing was, Wolffy knew *exactly* who Rick was talking about when he said that. In his physics class his junior year, he sat next to this otter with the *prettiest* blue eyes he'd ever seen... and then now he woke up every morning next to Julie and looked into her bland milk-chocolate brown. Not that brown itself was bad. It was just... *hers*.

Rick's smile had faded during this last little spiel of his, but - that done, the corners of his lips suddenly twitched upward again. He leaned over against the railing of the cart corral, and half-curved his bushy tail around his legs. "You understand me?"

"Yeah." This time, it came without effort or resistance. "I do."

"Good boy. Ah - expect to hear a lot of that in your ear later tonight, from whoever you've got pounding into you from behind." The fox reached forward and patted Wolffy's arm, causing him to lurch slightly to the side. For some reason, everything felt a bit... off-balance. He felt heavy, as if he'd gotten either too much or too little sleep, and felt the same weight on his eyelids. "Off you go, now."

The rest came in a sort of daze, which honestly didn't surprise Wolffy. Hard to tell just what it was about that damn fox, but after that conversation, he felt like he didn't belong in his own head, like something had changed. About halfway to his destination, which he knew the location of without knowing *how*, the wolf realized that he could recall getting into his car, turning it on, pulling out of the space, driving down the road... but couldn't remember consciously choosing to do these things. Instead, it was more like he'd just watched a video where it had happened, instead of doing it himself.

*There's this club down on 16th*, Rick had told him. Wolffy lifted his eyes as he drew to a stop at an intersection; Maarloeve and 20th. Shouldn't be much further now. He knew the street, sure, but not this club he'd mentioned - until, of course, he actually turned onto 16th and saw the big, charming wooden sign hanging out above the sidewalk. *Parking in back*, a little posted sign said. Funny that it hadn't been vandalized yet, given the surroundings.

It's not that he *wanted* to do these things. In fact, Wolffy still felt an active hatred for Rick and his face and his voice and everything about him, and wanted to turn right around and go home - but instead still found himself pulling into the parking lot, finding a space, sliding into it. His body wouldn't obey his actions, and that angered him even more, but there was no way he could show it. Instead, his feet just continued plodding along towards the front entrance.

All the times he'd said that he'd never be caught dead in a gay bar... and the first thing to assault his senses other than the heavy scent of fruity alcohol was the rainbow-colored lights illuminating the bar, right in front of the door. And the pounding bass-heavy music, just barely recognizable as the most recent hit of whatever pop queen remained in the public favor today. And all the guys standing around, all different species and body types, several wearing outfits that they probably *thought* they looked good in, others looking shy... and then even others straight up groping and grinding where they sat.

It felt like his body knew exactly where to go, too. Around the bar, past the dance floor, towards the booths in the back. His heart pounded in his chest, his tail flicked and swung in aggravation behind him, he wondered *why the hell* anyone would be okay with doing anything like this... but still he had to slide his paws into his pockets to adjust his pants, especially after seeing another slim otter over on the dance floor nearby.

Hard to tell in this light with the colors changing with the beat, but those eyes certainly *looked* blue. Slim, sleek form as you'd expect of an otter, long rudder smoothly following his curving body; he wore tight jeans a little bit too long for him, coming halfway down along his bare footpaws. Wolffy's pace actually slowed to a stop as he watched him, just... dancing, swaying like moss stirred by a river current, paws up above his head and muzzle bearing the slightest, sweetest of smiles. At one point those eyes of his fell upon Wolffy, his silent observer - and he gave him a single quick wink, before turning back to the rest of the dance floor.

That otter wouldn't be the one, though. Not tonight. There could be no denying that watching him *had* turned Wolffy on, as much as he hated to admit it: he'd been fully aware of those thoughts flowing through the back of his mind, thoughts of having that otter's muzzle down between his legs, or his own muzzle up underneath that rudder; thoughts of feeling his weight on his back, of having his length buried beneath his tail - which Wolffy could only guess at, since as of yet that was something he hadn't yet experienced. According to Rick, though, that would change tonight.

And according to the fruit bat lounging back in the corner, that change would come very soon tonight. As soon as their eyes met, Wolffy felt his body focus and decide on *him* in particular, and he started making his way over. The bat didn't seem to mind, either: his short snout widened in an interested smile as the wolf approached, and he straightened up and turned his body so his legs hung out of the side of the booth.

*Is this how it always goes?* Wolffy found himself wondering. Those eyes remained fixed on his muzzle as he came up, and then leaned a paw against the table. *This feels like - like some kind of porno-*

"Hey," he said, without thinking about it. Yet again, his body did something entirely different from his mind. "I was just-

But the bat interrupted him. "Something tells me you're not here to talk, so why're you trying?"

That shut him up quick, but for some reason, the rudeness didn't bother him as much as it might on any other day. Wolffy straightened back up. "You're confident."

"And you're horny. My guess is this is your first time here, mm? Saw you came in from across the room." The bat reached over, slid his drink over with a few long-clawed fingers, and tilted it towards his lips to take a sip. He never once looked away from Wolffy, still standing in front of him. "Looked confused even as you were makin' a beeline over here. Also saw you ogling that otter. He's a good one, you know."

"A good one?"

"Good cocksucker. Bet you were thinking about that, too, huh? Saw you feel yourself up while watching him."

Wolffy's ears flicked, and he straightened up a little. When had he...?

"But, yeah. Had him on his knees for me a few times. Boy knows what he's doing with his tongue, and you can tell he enjoys it, too. I'd tell ya to go and try to pin him down, if he hadn't come in with that big German shepherd of his... he can get kind of protective. But, he's known to rent his boy out sometimes, so long as he can share. Always makes for a good time."

"Actually, I'd-" *Come on, stop, stop right there, you don't want this...* Wolffy strained against himself, but - goddamn Rick- "I would rather... well..."

"Look, man..." Finally the bat looked away, though only to peer into his drink and then down the rest in one gulp. He scooted a little bit closer to the edge of his seat. "If you wanna do somethin' with me, then say so. Those pants aren't exactly *hiding* your hard-on. Or - are you one of the ones that need to be told what to do?"

Wolffy remained silent, ears half-down. He couldn't deny the thing about his boner, though, and - the more he thought about, the more he enjoyed the thought of servicing this bat, just as Rick had said...

Fuck all of that, but - *God*.

The bat sighed, rolled his eyes, and leaned back a little bit. With one hand, he started undoing his fly. "Jeez. Get on your fuckin' knees and blow me."

Couldn't say no to that. Next thing he knew, he was doing as told, with the cold floor of the club against his legs and his nose pressing up against the bulge in the bat's underwear, through his opened pants fly. It was a scent like nothing he'd smelled before other than on himself, that kind of dry, masculine aroma, halfway between natural musk and excited arousal... the thought of doing this still kind of repulsed the wolf, but fuck if he couldn't stop. He curled his fingers up around the waistband of that underwear, tugged it right down, licked his lips - he'd never been *this* close to another guy's cock before, and it turned him on way more than he always thought it would - and then got right to work, body ignoring any inhibitions or reluctance from his quiet mind.

All that drove him now was Rick's words, for whatever irresistible reason, and the want to please this bat, this stranger he'd just met literally a handful of seconds ago. The whole thing felt almost like a dream, where he was trapped in his own head while his body did something out of his control and on its own: he leaned forward, nuzzled up at the underside of that slowly-stiffening length, breathed in that rich scent, and - and let his tongue out against it and dragged it up, base to tip.

"God, look at *you*..." the bat cooed, leaning back a little bit further. Wolffy angled that cock towards his muzzle and closed his lips around the head, tongue still working. All his time with Julie had ensured that he could use his tongue well enough, but - as for the strength of his jaw... "Sure are eager. What, do I have the pleasure of being your first time?"

Wolffy said nothing, instead diving slowly down. Then - of course, he went a little bit too far, gagged, and had to come up.

"Ah. First time with another guy, then. Oh, don't give me that look - your job is to get me off, not look at me. I can tell you haven't had much practice with this, but... if you hang around a bit, I'm sure you can find some other guys willing to spread their legs for ya..."

The thought forced its way into his head, even against his resistance. *Imagine that: one guy after another, lined up, each one pawing himself off until I get to him. Wearing several different scents on my muzzle, having load after load emptied across my tongue and into my belly... maybe there'll be one between my lips and one under my tail, too-*

The hand that settled on the back of his head brought him back out of his fantasies, though, and started to guide his rhythm. *Haven't had much practice*, sure - but this bat was still certainly enjoying this, as Wolffy could feel his little twitches and throbs, and could taste the sharp salty pre that oozed out onto the back of his tongue every time he pulled back. Funny; the wolf had never thought of himself as the kind of guy who would enjoy hookups like this, but when he lowered his own paw down between his legs, he could still feel himself *quite* hard.

"Aah. Don't look now - that'd be rude - but that otter you were eyeing? He's looking over here, now..." The bat occasionally had to stop and breathe a shuddering moan as he spoke, and now, he rhythmically lifted his hips up into Wolffy's muzzle. The wolf had brought his other paw up to feel and squeeze the sack hanging over the edge of the chair, something else on another guy he'd never even *thought* of touching before. "Bet if you'd asked nicely, he'd be willing to return

the favor for me. You on your knees here on me, him on his back beneath you offering a muzzle for you to hump into... what are you, straight guy looking to try out somethin' new? That hit the nail on the head? You've got the look.

Honestly, Wolffy had stopped paying attention. He already felt uncomfortable enough with how he couldn't control himself, and how doing this elicited such a reaction in his body - a reaction strong enough to where he couldn't stop himself from undoing his own pants and bringing himself out, to start pawing off as he worked. It was just - these scents, this taste, the *idea* of doing this, as much as he hated it...

"And - and the gagging, too..." A little shift from the bat above him, and then a tightening of that hand on the back of his head - that brought him up and off, a strand of slick saliva linking his lips and the twitching tip of the bat's length. "Actually, that's enough. I want something else from you."

Wolffy swallowed down that taste and licked his lips; of course he already knew. Rick had told him, after all. Without having to ask, without needing any confirmation or anything, he shifted back onto his ankles, tugged his pants and underwear down along his thighs, then turned around - made eye contact with that otter again for a brief second, wolf on all fours on the ground - and raised his tail towards the seat behind him, still occupied by the bat.

"Maybe..." His voice could hardly be heard over the pounding music and the other conversations in the place. Wolffy jumped a little when he felt that hand squeeze his rump and spread him, and then jumped again in response to the slickness of the bat's cock pressing up against his tailhole. "This isn't your first time. Or maybe you just *are* really eager. I don't know any other straight boy who would hike their tail so readily... I'll go slow, just for you."

Whether his heart now beat out of nervousness, hatred, or enjoyment, Wolffy honestly couldn't tell. He actually had to angle his front down a little bit further to keep his rump lifted at the right height for the bat (and lurched forward with the first pressure, hot and unfamiliar, already stinging a little bit), and as such couldn't see everyone else in the room watching him. Not that they actually *were*, of course; this must be a fairly common occurrence in this damn club, seeing how little attention they brought.

Still, though, he could see the legs of that same otter, spinning and twirling in place, consistently faced this way though whoever he'd just been grinding on tried to pull him away. Looked like Wolffy and this bat had found an audience in *someone*.

Then, suddenly - he dug his claws into the floor and tensed up, that slight stinging turning into a brighter, more urgent painful pressure, something that, for a brief moment, shocked him out of whatever daze Rick had put him under. Right as the wolf got a hold of himself, though, that freedom was gone, and instead what took its place was this strange deep pleasure growing in his abdomen, apparently in response to the bat's saliva-slickened girth sinking slowly into him. He could feel those hands on his rump, one thumb under his tail keeping it raised while the other ensured he remained spread for - for *easy entry*.

First, a tense huff of breath from above and behind him; then, the bat adjusted his position and pressed his arm down against Wolffy's lower back for support. And then, still barely audible above the music: "*There* we go... see, that isn't so bad, is it? Takin' it like a champ. Like a virgin-" And he started to tug back out, as slowly as he'd first pushed in. Relief came with that



lightened pressure, but just as Wolffy felt himself getting used to it, the bat reversed again and started to sink back in, this time just a little bit faster. "But also like a champ. You're feeling alright, aren't'cha, boy?"

Like usual, he *hated* that he was. Every time this damn bat pressed forward into him, now until his hips and sack bumped against Wolffy's rump, a little wave of hot pleasure echoed through the wolf and left him as a tight, breathy moan... as well as a throb and little drip of pre. The longer it went on, the more he could feel the bat's weight bearing down on him from above and behind, his partner having leaned forward off of the seat and mounting over him, until his exhalations puffed out along Wolffy's ear and he could feel the warm leather of his wings wrapped around him, and the scraping of those claws along his chest, his lower belly, his upper thigh once the bat reached down to stroke him off in rhythm with his thrusting.

"Think about it-" he panted into Wolffy's ear, now fully on top of him. The wolf repeatedly jerked forward and back, forward and back with the pounding under his tail, maw hanging open and cock throbbing and leaking in that hand. "Whatever you do tonight, wherever you're going - you get to- to go there knowing you just got railed on the floor of a bar, by a guy you just met... oughtta pull out and empty all over your back, so you remember the scent of your first time, but-" The bat swallowed, and briefly adjusted his pace. "-goddamn, are ya tight... got anyone you're going home to, puppy?"

The first time he tried to reply, Wolffy's voice failed him. Thoughts of that otter had entirely left his head, except for one brief fantasy of him coming over, undoing his pants, and tugging the wolf's muzzle down between his legs; and other than that, all that vibrated in his mind was *I'm really doing this, I'm really enjoying this, I - goddammit it, I'm gonna cum soon...* "Girlfriend," was all he could make out, after he licked his lips and cleared his throat. A little bit of this bat's musk lingered on his upper lip beneath his nose.

"Aah..." The bat took the chance to slow down and catch his breath, his fast, urgent thrusts changing to slower, deeper breeding. Wolffy couldn't tell which one he - that is, his *body* - enjoyed more. "I shouldn't be surprised. Actually, I - I ain't surprised. *You* should be glad I didn't go ahead and finish all over that pretty muzzle of yours, boy... maybe bring 'er by sometime. I wouldn't mind getting to know *her*, too..."

...and then his voice trailed off, to give way to the same rhythmic panting and grunting, increasing with his pace again. Now the bat's thrusts forced Wolffy forward and up a little bit, lifting his rump further into the air and pressing his front down against the floor, so that all he could see was the feet of those on the dance floor in front of him - and the pressure and pleasure kept him from focusing his eyes to find those webbed toes, ankles covered by slightly-too-long tight jeans.

On top of him, the bat sucked in a gasp, shuddered, pounded into him a few more times - and then squeezed tight around him. Wolffy couldn't feel the spurts themselves, but he definitely *could* feel the throbbing in that cock, strong against the tight rim of his tailhole, and the heat of the bat's body against him. That added weight and pressure, the tense shivering of this other male on top of him buried a good six inches under his tail, the feeling of his sack against the back of his own as well as that hand still along his own length, bringing him closer and closer to his own edge...

Something flitted through his mind once Wolffy felt himself finish, shooting spurt after spurt out against the cold floor underneath him, entire body shuddering with the force and pleasure. A kind of orgasm he hadn't ever felt with Julie beneath him, or his cock on her tongue, or anything else; this left him breathless, left him tingling all over, left him with the strangest desire for more, for another good pounding.

Not that he'd voice that, of course. Now that he'd done what Rick had told him, he could feel some of that haziness depart, and he shook his head and lifted himself up to all fours. That otter was nowhere in sight.

The bat, however, remained over his back for a while longer before he, too, straightened up - and tugged out with a soft gasp from both of them. The seat creaked once he leaned back against it, and then right as Wolffy started to rise to his feet to leave-

"You know... you make a *damn* good breeding bitch, boy."

The wolf's tail flicked, his ears perked, his back straightened. His phone vibrated in his pocket in the long, slow bursts that it usually did whenever someone was calling him, but - he ignored it, and instead turned around to face the bat, dripping cock still hanging down with his pants around his thighs.

"Hey," Wolffy said, and wiped his paw across his muzzle. "I don't have to go home *just* yet. Do you - know anyone *else* that might... might want a go?"

The bat leaned sweetly back, not even caring to tug his pants up as well. Wolffy could feel the slick warmth of his load against his tailhole.

"Do I ever."