

A few weeks after my first date with Tom (yes, there have been others; he's a really nice guy, and tremendously...gifted), he gave me a call. One of the rookies at his precinct was getting married, and as his best friend, Tom had been tasked with the bachelor party.

"And you naturally thought of me. Should I be flattered?" I asked.

"I...well, I think you're really beautiful, and, um..." Gods, he's cute when he's flustered.

"Relax. Kidding. You can pay me back in orgasms later."

By the time I got to the meeting room he'd rented for the party, I had a plan. I got a surprisingly enthusiastic buy-in from the caterer, who had decided to use a different baker than usual for the cake.

Hey, strippers popping out of cakes may be an old gag, but it stayed popular for a reason. I just gave it my own special Belinda Airheart twist.

I liked the baker on sight. She stood maybe a foot shorter than me at my "regular" height, but then, a lot of people did. An anthro squirrel, she had the normal big dark eyes, twitching ears, and bushy tail one would expect, but a much more focused form of energy. She was a smart girl who just happened to look cute.

"Can I help you?" She asked, not looking up from her mixer.

"I'm Belinda, the..."

"Exotic dancer." She said it in a tone that meant "stripper." I'd heard it all before.

"I usually go for 'good time had by all,' but you can just call me Belinda.

"Sorry. Natalie," she said, still not looking up. When she finished mixing, she finally regarded me. "Wow. Not what I was expecting." I had worn my blue wool skirt suit, in order to avoid both attracting attention, and being mistaken for a caterer. I like creating a good first impression and saving time.

I smirked. "My dirty tank top and painted-on jeans are at the dry cleaners."

This got a giggle. "I'm sorry, Belinda. It's just that...this is all for a cop, and it's a whole boy's club culture thing, and I pre-judged you, and..."

The oven *ding!*ed, and she darted for it without breaking her train of thought, easily whipping out a heavenly smelling layer of cake. "...and this whole thing is probably stressing me out way more than it should for just a basic pop-out."

I knew the basics of a pop-out cake; normally only the top few layers are even made of cake. If they were edible at all, the layers that hid the stripper were made of crisped rice treats for structural stability. So what was the problem?

"Well, clearly you're a great baker," I said, eliciting a sweet expression from her as she measured ingredients. "What is the big deal? This is just another job, right?"

"Sort of. See, with this one, the groom is marrying the Chief's daughter, so the Chief is going to be there," she said, worried.

"And he's okay with the whole stripper thing?"

"Please. He's old-school. As long as he doesn't see anything illegal take place, it didn't happen."

I frowned, still not getting the connection. "So you're worried about possibly not getting new clients out of the deal if he's not happy?"

She stopped. "Not...exactly," she said, a bit reticent. "It's just..."

I waited for her to finish.

"I think he would rather have put his only kid through criminal justice school than culinary school." She started laying fondant on a sheet of cake as the silence filled the room.

"And...you're okay with me dancing for..."

"Please. Dad's the old-fashioned one, and he doesn't really care. Me? Look, Andy and I are both still virgins. He's marvelously passionate and I have no problem saving myself for marriage...it's just...two virgins in one bed is one too many, you know?"

I almost said that it really depends on how many people were there in all, but this didn't seem like the time.

"I do," I said instead. "So...I have a plan."

After I convinced her that it was okay to let the air out of me, I fit quite easily in the much smaller space she had made in the somewhat smaller cake. She later told me that doing it this way was much more satisfying, since she hated making rice bricks to pull this stunt off. She also told me that the expression on Tom's face was priceless; she didn't know I hadn't told him about this phase of the plan. The other guests also seemed a bit surprised that the confection wasn't bigger, but not for the same reason. Tom had extensive personal knowledge.

Fortunately, I didn't have long to wonder at their reactions when the music started, and Tom, still a little bemused, announced, "Andy Gianalli, this is your bachelor party. Your last night as a free man before being chained to..."

"Dahlgren," said a voice undoubtedly belonging to the chief, "I suggest you skip forward just a little bit."

I enjoyed the laughter, but really wanted to get this party started. "Ahem. Yes," Tom continued, "so we sprung for the big meal, the drinks, and of course, the traditional bachelor cake. We also wanted to hire a dancer, but on such short notice..."

My sharp ears immediately picked up the start of the music, "we had to pull out all the stops."

Appropriate. I had feared that he was going to say, "this was the best we could do," which would definitely have come up in conversation later. As it was, it was time for me to pop up, which I did, activating the microscopic

vacuum pump mechanisms in my valves that drew air rapidly into my deflated form--delicious, sugary, cake-scented air.

"Aw, c'mon, Tom, what'd you do, stuff a blow-up doll into the--Holy Moses!" The fat detective's eyes grew wide as he caught my hips--currently bright red, along with the rest of my skin--swelled, shone, and began to sway. Every single other guest had the same stunned look on their muzzles, and I couldn't help feeling a bit smug as I began to dance to the jazzy number on the music player, clad in nothing but yellow cake, white fondant, blue frosting, and a self-satisfied smile. Oh, and the stunned adoration of the audience.

I did, after a fashion, ensure that at least some of Natalie's cake made it to the boys' plates; it was simply too good to waste, as the occasional teasing taste with my finger confirmed. I soaked up the excitement of the guests for a few songs, occasionally perching in a middle-aged lap or giving a toss of my raven-colored hair (and setting my bosom jiggling) to confirm that my appeal had not faded. That and I wanted to imagine how they would explain the frosting to their spouses and partners. Finally, though, the "gentlemen" gradually excused themselves one by one to stagger off into the night (sometimes with a quick stop by the restroom, either to try to clean frosting off clothing, or...other reasons; I may have mentioned that I have very sharp hearing), until only the guest of honor remained.

"Dammit!" he muttered.

"Not the response I usually get, but it's a start. So...it's just you, and just little ol' me," I said. What do you say we have a little fun?" I sat in his lap and wrapped my arms around his shoulders. I wouldn't have to fib to compliment his looks. He was younger than Tom, and a wiry anthro-ocelot of average height, but he had cute eyes and powerful muscles under his silk shirt.

"No, I mean...I really don't want to do this. I...look, it's nothing against you, really. It's just that this kind of thing isn't me," he said.

I pulled back a little bit. "Okay. I can understand that. Some people have sort of a Madonna-whore complex, and clearly I'm no Madonna..." Well, given

that I had gone for a shiny crimson color for my skin today, that was an understatement.

He stared at me, shocked. "Well, I never said that," he said. "I just don't want to..."

"Cheat on Natalie?" I asked.

"Oh. So Tom told you about her," Andy said.

"He also said that you were saving yourself for marriage," I answered.

"And yet you still went through with this?" he asked. "That just seems a bit...twisted."

I stood up and sat in another chair. "Andy, I would never try to get you to do anything you don't want. Frankly, I admire your dedication to Natalie. She's a lucky gal."

Finally--finally!--he smiled, blushing. "Aw...sometimes I worry she thinks I'm a stick in the mud. I just...I don't want to do anything that would make her think less of me. That would make me doubt her faith in me. I mean, I wouldn't even be here if Tom hadn't cuffed me to the damn chair."

"You don't have a key on you?"

"It never occurred to me that he'd pull anything like that."

I had a very different take on Tom's propensity for cuffs, but again, the timing was totally wrong, so I let it go. Instead, I smiled at Andy, and moved in as close as I could without making him uncomfortable again. This turned out to be a little closer than last time. "Andy, you really are a sweet guy. You're going to make Natalie very happy. Oh, and I should probably confess something to you: I got paid in advance. I'm here right now because it's where I want to be."

"Seriously?"

"Seriously. I'm not just a professional naughty girl, Andy," I said. "I'm someone who likes to help people feel happier. Now, I happen to believe

that Natalie has plans to make you happy beyond your wildest dreams from your wedding day onward."

I actually felt his heart beat faster. Why wasn't every single living thing this romantic?

"For tonight, though...well, if you don't want to have one last fling, then I suppose I can see if I can find a key. But first..." I picked up a plate and a fork.

"Perhaps you would like to try a bite of cake?"

Andy gave me a sidewise look. "Look, I can see where that's kinda sexy, but I really don't see how having you feed me cake is going to..."

I couldn't resist. I took a small bit of cake between two dainty fingers and popped it into his mouth when it was open.

"Mf...well, it is really good..." he admitted.

"More?"

"I suppose it can't do that much harm. It's just cake..." I offered a forkful and he accepted. "Being fed to me by a gorgeous inflatable female, but if we're just having cake..."

"Exactly. And we won't do anything else you don't want to do," I said, feeding him some more. I could not believe he wasn't getting it. "But have you ever had cake this good before?" I asked.

"Well, occasionally, I mean, Natalie is a world-class pastry ch.." Andy stopped cold. "The cake...this is hers!"

Just then, she appeared in the doorway, grinning like she'd just hit the lottery. "You remembered," she said, stepping in. "Andy, this is Belinda. Belinda, Andy. But then, you've met. And I'm sure your keen detective skills are close to figuring out that she and I have conspired just a little bit to put this all together."

She leaned in and kissed him on the cheek. "Unfortunately, I just can't seem to find that darn handcuff key," she whispered, to both of us. "So that leaves

us in a real fix. I mean, Belinda and I could go off and scare one up, but that would leave you all alone during your bachelor party. Now, how fair would that be?

"No, I think the most...sensible thing to do," she continued, sitting on one of Andy's legs and pulling me on to the other, "is to stay with you and make sure nothing bad happens to you until someone comes and unlocks you."

I grinned. "Maybe we should check and make sure he doesn't have a key he forgot about."

She smiled at me wickedly. "That is a good idea." She started rooting around in his pockets, paying particular attention to those in his pants. "Hm. Well, there's certainly something in here, but it's not a key..."

I ran a red finger along Andy's nose, and he blushed, but he was smiling sweetly.

The unmistakable sound of a zipper ended Natalie's thought and began a brand new one. "Oh, my," she said. "Hello there. Andy, honey, you've been holding out on me."

I looked down, and she wasn't kidding. The fact that he'd stayed a virgin this long was clearly not due to any physiology issues. I inflated my already prominent breasts even bigger just to see what he'd do, and wasn't disappointed. His member twitched, and Natalie giggled nervously.

"Natalie, please don't think any less of me..." Andy pleaded.

The squirrel girl leaned in and kissed him soundly. "Andy, I think the world of you. You're totally turned on in a situation where two women are trying to cause just that response. That's how this is supposed to go. Now, as it happens, Ms. Airheart here and I both agree that we would very much like to see the prospective bridegroom...not just enjoy one last night of debauchery, or in your case, one first night of debauchery, but perhaps show the bride just a little of what she can expect from her mate from here on. Isn't that right, Belinda?"

I nodded, and wrapped his shaft gently in a practiced plastic paw. "Quite right, Natalie. And we can stop at any time, just tell me what you would like. This is your night, Andy. I wrapped my other arm around him, not coincidentally pressing his muzzle into my décolletage. This merely elicited a happy "Mrrf" from him, which I took as a cue to continue, and I started to stroke him. Natalie winked at me and took a chair next to us, and seemed content to quietly watch me seduce her husband-to-be. I resolved to put on a show for her, and as I helped Andy through his first pawjob with generous amounts of licking and kissing, my audience rewarded me with the soft rustle of clothing dropping to the floor, and the smells and sounds of delicate female arousal.

Andy picked up on it too, and even if he hadn't been close already, that sent him over the edge. I aimed his long shaft up at my cleavage and let him splatter my shiny round breasts and taut belly with thick sticky seed, which quickly dribbled down atop the frosting and crumbs of cake to make an utter mess of me. I was about to say something when a whimper drew our attention back to Natalie who was down to her very fetching silver undies, which currently contained a petite rump, her talented left paw, and her dripping pussy. Her eyes smiled at us almost guiltily, but then closed of their own accord as she passed the point of no return.

When her panting--and of course, Andy's--finally subsided, we giggled a little bit. It was a unique situation, even for me. I mean, I'd fooled around with couples, threesomes, and more of varying species and genders, but I'd never broken a couple in before--at least not both at the same time. I looked at Natalie, then back at Andy, and asked him. "Would you be interested in doing requests?"

He shrugged. "I'd say I'm in no position to complain...and I'm in very capable hands."

I rolled my eyes, but stroked his cheek. "So, Natalie...anything you'd like to see your man do to me? Or me to him?"

Her totally relaxed face showed she was still in full afterglow. "Oh, it's gotta be a lap dance," she sighed happily. "I mean, it's the classic move at any

bachelor party, right? Um, if you can put enough pressure on him to make it work, that is..."

I gave her a devilish wink and tossed my thick head of black curly hair. Pressure, indeed. "I think I might be able to work something out..."

Now, giving a male a lap dance is easy for most non-inflatable people, since they usually weigh 100 pounds or more, and can press their rumps down where it counts. It's normally easy for me, too, since usually guys are pretty eager to wrap their arms around my waist, or grab my hips, to help out.

But I have a lot more flexibility than most, so it was very easy for me to get leverage by wrapping my ankles around the back legs of the chair, and then letting my nice round butt press down right where we all wanted it to. Andy, all apprehension now happily melted away, was all too eager to press back--and for that matter, thrust--quite enthusiastically, and Natalie once again rewarded our performance with one of her own. Frankly, the feel of Andy's thick member between my buttocks had turned me on something fierce as well, and I took particular delight in carefully squeezing and milking him with my pumped-up plastic body until I heard him growl and felt the familiar sensation of wet warm fluid decorating my shapely backside.

It turns out there are quite a few naughty things three like-minded people can do together while one of them is handcuffed to a chair, and we would have needed far more than the few hours we had to explore them all--as it was, we had to sneak around and hide very hastily at 2 am when the cleaning crew came in, and stifle our giggling at their reaction to our hijinks. However, to his credit, Andy still (technically) remained a virgin until his wedding night, as did Natalie, though the thank-you note they sent after they returned from the honeymoon came with a series of videos that showed them making up for lost time with gusto.

I love my job.