

The Interview Part 3...Interlude & Job Description

The lion moaned as the two pairs of arms lifted him up and down, traveling some unknown. The tiger set the lion down on the cot and smiled at the sleeping lord of the jungle before beckoning to the collie, "So what did you think, hmm pup?"

The collie walked closer to the tiger, his head bowed and remaining so as he spoke, "I like him, sir. I think he'll make a good dancer."

"You think he'll make a good boy too?" the tiger rumbled, sending a slight shiver of pleasure down the collie's spine.

"Y-yes sir."

The tiger stroked the back of the collie's neck, "That's my pup." His other paw moved to his belt, "I think the lion's performance got us both a little excited, and believe it's time to relieve that excitement, don't you?" Without waiting for the collie's response he pulled him out of the room and into the hallway, embracing his pup in a deep kiss as the tiger continued back towards one of the bar's many upstairs bedrooms.

The pair fell in, still kissing as the collie fumbled with the door. Finally breaking the kiss, the collie looked up into his tiger's eyes for the first time of the night. A slight smile broke over his face as he knelt down, pushing his eyes ground-ward again, knowing with some certainty what was to come.

"Mmm, you are eager for it, aren't ya pup," his feline body moved gracefully around, gathering a couple of things before leaning down, the whiskers of his muzzle tickling the collie's ear, "Raise you tail, pup," he whispered as he grabbed a bit of lube from a nearby counter. Dabbing a substantial amount of the slippery liquid onto one finger, taking great care to retract his claws the tiger gently inserted it into the collie's waiting tailhole. The canine winced slightly then moaned as a second finger, slick with lubricant entered him, poking in far enough to actually nudge his prostate.

"There pup, all ready for me, aren't you?" The tiger mused aloud, not needing a response as he placed the head of his large, barbed member against the opening. Thrusting in gently at first the large feline reached around to grasp the collie's member, poking out from its protective sheath just slightly. After a moment or two of the tiger's attentions the collie's member stood out proudly against the canine's fur, glistening with a dot of precum as the tiger pushed further into him.

"Mmmrowl," the tiger rumbled as he paused to let the canine beneath him relax a little more, "You are always so tight, pup..." he grinned and leaned in to nibble the collie's neck, "How on earth do you do that?"

The collie blushed slightly, "Practice I suppose, sir." He leaned back into the tiger's grasp, moaning a little as the tiger pulled out only to push right back into him, the barbs

on the base of the tiger's cock scraping his anus and pushing the collie to further heights of pleasure.

The collie turned back to his boss and master, "You're v-very good yourself," he stuttered and tried to keep his thoughts coherent. The tiger only grinned and kept going, only pausing to growl occasionally into the collie's ear and nip his neck. Their mating continued long into the remains of the night, and it was not long until rays of daylight began peeking in through the cracks in the blinds, making their way onto the three sleeping, exhausted furs.

The lion awoke gradually, as if from a long waking dream. He sat up slowly, rubbing his eyes and wondered how long he'd truly been asleep. To him it felt like an eternity since he'd gone into that bar to apply for a job. He remembered the tiger who showed him the crystal, and the peace that it seemed to hold within its facets. He sat there for a few more moments before a hand placed gently on his shoulder broke him from his reverie. Turning with a start, the lion did not even register that he had stood up until he looked up at the tiger that towered about a head over him.

"Ah good, you're awake," he rumbled, "Come on then, follow me and we'll get you started with your paperwork for the job." The tiger turned and beckoned for the lion to come hither, sliding out of the room with an almost unnatural feline grace.

Confused, the lion followed him, still not remembering much about the previous night, "Paperwork?" he asked curiously, "Did I get the job then?" He shook his head, trying to clear the cobwebs as the tiger walked back to him carrying a small stack of papers and a very amused smile.

"You could say that," he rumbled with a bit of a chuckle mixed in, "But you say you don't remember what happened last night?" The gaze of the tiger turned to the lion's eyes, watching for any movement that might betray his true thoughts to the larger feline, "Nothing?"

The lion closed his eyes and tried to remember something, anything, "No." he said, opening his eyes, "Musta had more to drink than I thought." The tiger only smiled and held up a small crystal in reply. The lion let out a small gasp: it was the crystal from his dream.

"You mean you don't remember this?" the tiger said, putting a particular emphasis on the word remember. The lion closed his eyes and almost fell over as the memories of his performance last night washed over him in a flood. He opened them to find the larger tiger's face intently staring at him eye to eye, "You remember everything now," the words were velvety smooth, almost caressing the lion's mind, "Don't you?"

The lion nodded mutely while the tiger started to explain the situation. “You’ve been hired for a very special position,” he said quietly. The lion looked down as a sheet of paper was handed to him, “Look these over please, and tell me if there’s anything that you absolutely abhor,” the feline’s voice was whispering over his neck, sending shivers down his spine, “So we can work around that.”

Still a bit confused, the lion looked down at the paper to discover it was a list. Some of the entries he recognized but there were several terms he did not understand. Despite his lack of understanding of a few terms, the overall intent of the paper was unfolding before him: it was a list of fetishes. He looked up at the tiger standing in the doorway, watching him expectantly, then down at the list again. It had a box next to each fetish labeled “No,” one labeled, “Not Sure,” another labeled, “No Problems.” The lion stared at the paper for several long moments before setting his pen to the paper and scribbling away.