

My pen mug met the floor at the same time my head hit my desk, which was also at the same time I realized that my case had come to a full stop.

I've been working my ass off for six months. All witnesses had either disappeared or died in front of me while clues seemed to keep falling during transportation to the labs... the only things missing to call it a Max Payne case would have been a beautiful «Femme Fatale» and a frame that would have sent the NYPD running after me.

My head hit the desk a second then a third time as I tried to find a way to avoid resorting to the easiest solution I had... again. It took me about fifty more hits to accept that I was out of options. I dragged my overused trenchcoat over my shoulders and my hat on my head and left.

I sighed as I entered the Ragnarok, the seediest SM gay club of this Moonsaken town. Notorious for its «poppers spiked drinks» and its backroom orgy rapes. Many males end up in slings or corners with too many muscle around them to protest. Many consider themselves lucky if they're shared by less than ten guys. The worse part is that some do come back. And ask for more... At least they check IDs.

As the doors grinded behind me, I waited for my eyesight to adapt to the darkness and then I started looking for the Kats.

They aren't twins but they look so much the same it awakens fantasies in many Furs' minds. Them finishing each other's sentences doesn't help ending the rumours either. They love the attention it gives them. A lot.

No one ever managed to know how they could get intel this good and yet no one running after them. But everyone knew their price. I knew it far too well...

Wincing at the sight of two soon-to-be-targets, that were already being dragged from into « private » rooms by their one-night pals and not seeing the Kats I went straight to the bar. It was called the « ground zero » since it was the only place lighted enough to see the color of your drink and therefore the only safe zone. Mitch, the cuntboy Gorilla barman and owner of the joint, pointed the bathroom. Of course...

I pushed the filth-sticky door and found the first Kats, pissing in a cracked yellow-ish urinal. The other one was readjusting his bandana, his back facing me. Other than not having the same body type, one was more tall and slender while the other was more thick and short, they were the same muscle oaks forty-ish years old and well over 6 foot cats, they wore the same worn-out blue jeans, the same shiny black bandana with those goggles that always made their eyes glisten, the same chest-opened shirt that let you glimpse a Y-leather chest strap and Tomb Raider-like mittens. I went right next to the one that was pissing, unzipped my pants and started pissing too. The thick Kats next to me turned his head to stare at me and smirked. Saying that I felt tiny would be an understatement. He had stopped pissing and his tail flickered.

-Back so soon? He asked.

-You know why I'm here... I answered.

-Of course... you can't...

-... get enough of us. Said the other one who was still readjusting his bandana.

I sighed. They thought themselves irresistible. They weren't bad but it was mostly due to the magnetic duo than their scarred faces. The huge cat on my left was done pissing and turned by a quarter of an inch toward me, waving his thick nine inch barbed soft dick. Drops of piss fell on the floor. My tailhole screamed of pain from the memories it brought back. He smirked, his eyes glistening under the yellow-ish neon lit bathroom.

The other one unzipped and stood in front of the urinal on my right.

I grabbed the hardening cocks. They seem to get bigger each time...

After the warm-up in the bathroom during which I cleaned them both, drank a whiff of their piss before they undressed me and, one after another, inserted just their cockheads and emptied their bladders in my hole, they paraded me around the club. I was fully naked, on all four while their piss leaked down my legs. Once they were satisfied and I was empty enough, they went to their private backroom and locked the door...

It's only after using my ass and throat until cum became one of my body fluid that they finally agreed to tell me what I wanted to know. I sighed in relief. I took a deep breath and tried to get out of the bounds they had put me in but to no avail.

Before I could breathe, I watched in horror as the Kats unlocked the door and let inside all those who had been listening at the door...

When I went back home, it took me three hours to scrub it off all and 30 minutes to empty my bowels. It felt like pushing out three pounds of broken glass but, at least, I had gotten what I wanted. I could end the case...