

Unwinding

The Full Moon strip club has been buzzing about with rave reviews lately. It was praised as a high quality club starring gorgeous gals of every size, shape and species including special catering to micros and macros. Part of the city was closed off as property of the club's owner for the macros, much to the dismay of the people living in that section, but everything had a price, including the lives of others, and the big boss certainly had the cash to pay it.

Moonlight stood across the street at a normal size, sporting his jeans and hoodie get up, staring at the building's bright pink and purple neon sign advertising the name of club and its best dancers. His ears twitched from the heavy bass of the music from within, collecting his thoughts for a few moments before deciding to head in.

The club was certainly a sight to behold, far different from the poor budget, slummy titty bars. It was brightly lit and well furnished with expensive seats and dance tables. Neon signs decorated to walls along with little arrows pointing to the restaurant area, private rooms and the macro section.

"Good evening sir," spoke a silver haired, blue furred voluptuous bunny approaching the umbreon as he entered, "How many we serve you this evening?"

Moonlight smirked, giving the place another look around before setting his deep red eyes on the lapine, "I'm simply looking to unwind. Something private, if you don't mind."

The bunny nodded and smiled, "What style would you prefer? Normal sized? Micro? Macro? I'll inform you now that if you're incapable of size shifting, there's a fee for shrinking and growing services."

Moonlight simply waved a hand, "Normal size. Just me, the girl of my choice and a private room."

"You are aware that we do not have any brothel services, and that a no-touching rule is in effect here?" She asked.

"I am," He replied

The bunny smiled, "Good, now I'll show you the girls and then—"

"Are you available?" Moonlight interrupted, giving her a charming.

"No sir I am not," the bunny said with a small blush at her cheeks, he was certainly charismatic, she'd almost wished she was a dancer just to be with him.

"Then I'll take that one on the sign out there. The blonde with the red fur."

"Ah Luna, she's a favorite," She cleared her throat and regained her composure, "Now follow me." She led the umbreon to the private room area, taking out a set of keys from her cleavage to unlock the door,

opening it and showing Moonlight in, "Make yourself comfortable and she'll be right with you." She flashed him a smile before closing the door behind him to return to her own devices.

The umbreon settled onto comfortable, plush seat that lined the room; the dim purple/pink lighting of the room giving it its soft red glow. He sat back and relaxed, resting his arms on the back of the couch and stretched out his legs while he awaited his dancer. One might find it unusual for Moonlight to be here considering the no touching rule, but as always, he has a way of getting what he wants.

Some moments later, the door to his room swung open and in walked in his chosen dancer, Luna, a leopard fox hybrid with red leopard spotted fur, the front of her torso being a whitish pink, long luxurious blonde hair, with dark pink bangs over her left eye, and captivating purple eyes. She sported almost no clothing save for a black lacy bra, pink thong and black open toed heels. She was well decorated with jewelry as well; ear, belly and nipple piercings, golden anklets and platinum toe rings.

"I...hope I didn't keep you waiting," she said in a small, quiet voice, closing the door behind her. Her voice carried a sultry tone, yet it was airy, giving away a hint to a rather shy personality. Her violet eyes locked into the grinning umbreon. She knew the routine with customers, especially with private dances; her scent was especially powerful and filled the room as soon as she entered, the musk not one of arousal, but one that was natural to her. The scent was sweet and thick, like a mixture of cherries and chocolate and perhaps a hint of vanilla; it was hard to define. Those that took in her scent would be overcome with a powerful lust for her, more of a curse than a gift. She couldn't land a normal job without co-workers or bosses getting into her pants, and to add insult to injury, she had a body befitting for a model porn star, which was a standard for the Full Moon club; her breasts; large, full, firm and round, heavy DDs that bobbed and jiggled with every step; her curves, subtle, but noticeable giving her an alluring and sensual build. Lovely hips, eye catching derriere, delicious legs, and cute feet paws, all this in one star package.

"Not at all," Moonlight replied, pulling back his hood and sticking a hand into his pocket, "You're more alluring in person."

"Oh stop," Luna said with a shy smile, slowly walking over to him while swaying her hips, her eyes concentrating on him the entire time. She's never had a customer like him before, yet something was very familiar about him, "Are you...famous or something? You look awfully familiar..."

Moonlight chuckled; it's no surprise that his actions haven't gotten him a little famous. "Maybe, but that isn't important," He pulled his hands out of his pocket with a micro anthro mouse squirming amongst his fingers, "One song, something slow with a nice groove to it."

Luna gave a small smile and inched closer towards the umbreon; the more she looked at him, the more fascinating he became. For starters, he didn't seem hopelessly horny from her scent, something she found rather interesting. "A micro is worth at least three songs," she replied as she leaned forward, placing her hands on his shoulders, starting to gyrate her hips as his requested song began on cue.

"One is all I need," his red eyes drifted down to her breasts, noting the heart marking atop her left one. He tucked the mouse deep into her cleavage and sat back, his fingers drifting down along her side.

Luna purred softly, feeling the tiny one squirm in between her tight cleavage, giggling with a soft blush at her white-pink cheeks as she felt the umbreon's touch. "Th-there's a no touching rule you know...there's serious penalties for those that don't follow the rules..."

Moonlight's grin never left his face as his hand came to rest on Luna's rolling hips, "I know," He replied, staring directly into her eyes, his own giving off a subtle glow, "But something tells me you don't mind my touch...in fact, you rather like it."

Luna wasn't sure what came over her at that moment. As she stared into the umbreon's eyes, she felt warmer, more comfortable. His voice rang sensually and truthfully into her ears; she bit her lip and purred, "Mm...maybe that's true," She whispered, bringing her dancing hips lower, parting her legs and working her hips just above his groin while leaning forward, keeping her breasts bouncing in front of him as she moved, the tiny mouse trapped between them squeaking for help as the fur and flesh rolled over him repeatedly. She slid her hands down along his arms, squeezing them lightly and feeling the toned muscle underneath that velvety fur and warm flesh, "You work out?" She asked as she relocated her hands over his exposed chest, drifting them downward over the umbreon ring on his stomach, never breaking eye contact.

"You could say I get plenty of exercise," Moon replied, "Looks like being a dancer keeps you in good shape as well."

"And then some," She whispered breathlessly, pressing her groin down against his, grinding up against him as she danced, "You're an umbreon right?" She said with a smile, sliding her hands back up to remove his hoodie, setting it aside, "Those rings are gorgeous...I've never entertained someone so...exotic before..." She whispered, biting down on her lip and bringing her hands back down to undo the umbreon's pants, slowly pulling them down. She couldn't believe what she was doing. She knew full well she shouldn't be doing this, but no matter what she thought, her body kept going; rationality taken over completely by her hormones. It was so strange, usually the clients wanted her, but she wanted her client; there was something about this man that had her so enamored with him.

Moonlight continued to watch with a smile. For him it was nothing, the abilities he exercised over others were just subtle enough to have them think they were doing it on their own will; cunning as always. He shifted slightly, making it easier for her to pull off his pants, leaving him sitting there in his boxers with a massive warm bulge throbbing behind the fabric.

Luna's blush became deeper as she saw that giant lump hiding in there, her hands pressing down on it to feel its thickness, its hardness, and its strong heat. She squirmed lightly with a whimper. She bit down harder on her lower lip, the front of her thong becoming incredibly damp with her juices. The more she questioned herself, the more excited she became. She had to have him.

Luna dipped her fingers into the waistband of the umbreon's boxers and pulled them back, instantly getting hit with the scent of his powerful musk. It was unlike anything she's taken a whiff of before, and it was impossible to describe. All she knew is that she wanted him far more than before. She slipped off his lap and dropped to her knees in front of him, yanking down his underwear along with her and getting thwacked in the face with his incredible endowment. The musk became stronger than ever, flowing directly into her nostrils. Time seemed to stop for the leopard-fox as she took in everything. This ebon monolith resting against the right side of her face, the scent of his umbreon, the way he looked at her; everything was throwing her into a deep sexual hunger.

The leopard-fox slowly parted her lips, releasing a hot and heavy sigh of her breath against that thick shaft, "You have a ring down here too," She commented, her tongue slowly slipping out of her maw as she pressed it up against smooth, throbbing flesh. The rough, warm and wet pink muscle pressed flatly up against the umbreon's member, dragging up along its length to the tip, leaving a trail of her slick saliva behind. She purred deeply with excitement, slowly rising up to her feet and shaking her hips once again to resume her dance for the umbreon.

She moved into a strip tease, turning around and slowly removing her thong, all with slow, exaggerated sensual movements for the umbreon; kicking the undergarments aside once she had them off. She slowly bent over and flashed a grin at him over her shoulder, displaying her luscious goods for him: an absolutely perfect rump and an adorable little cunny; dripping wet with swollen lips, eagerly awaiting him.

Moonlight was certainly pleased by this display if not a tad surprised at a subtle case of hypnosis bringing this girl out of her shell. "Don't forget about your payment there, he might suffocate," he said while raising his hand and slapping it against her lovely rear. "Infact, I think we can make good use of him, don't you think?"

Luna released a deep, primal howl from the swat, turning back around to face him. "Oooh...I almost forgot." She brought her arms back to undo her bra, her breasts bouncing free and the mouse fell from the tight confines of her cleavage onto Moonlight's warm thigh.

The mouse wriggled in a panic mess, gasping desperately for air as he thought he wasn't going to make it, but once he saw the grinning faces overhead, he wished he rather died instead. Luna's fingers quickly plucked him up and pinned him back first up against the umbreon's thick shaft, licking her lips as she moved her hips forward, pressing those wet nether lips up against shaft with the poor mouse caught in between.

Luna continued to dance, grinding her groin into the umbreon's, her pussy mowing over the tiny mouse, dragging over him back and forth, coating him in her warm, slick juices. She pressed her hands into breasts and gave them a firm squeeze, her dance becoming less graceful as she was overloaded with lust; her hips going from their sensual grinding movements to outright bucking, those lips smashing into the micro over and over, only further pleased by his frantic squirming.

"I can't take it anymore!" She declared, her hips lifting and hovering her goods over the tip of the umbreon's member; hot juices dripping down along the tip and oozing down the shaft and over the poor mousie. She looked right into Moonlight's eyes with a deep murr, "I gotta have you," She whispered before pressing a powerful, passionate kiss to her lips while lowering herself on top of his endowment; taking him in nice and deep, along with the helpless micro as well, pinned between the thick, throbbing shaft and those tight vaginal walls.

Moonlight set his hands on her rear, gripping nice and firm as she bounced on top of him, taking in his length as best as she could, moaning loudly into his mouth as she kissed him sloppily. The umbreon was quite pleased as she released all her passions upon him. He always did find the shy ones to have lustful beasts lurking within them but this one was far more excitable than anyone he's seen before.

The fox-leopard increased her pace, bouncing hard and faster on the umbreon, gripping his shaft nice and tight with her inner walls, squeezing and pressing down on him, eager to milk him for all he had. She climaxed a few times already, but she was not about to let her client leave without a climax of his own. All the poor while the mouse met his eventual demise, squished tightly between an unyielding shaft and an aggressive bumpy wall, but he was long forgotten by the two at this point; lost in a mixture of giant passion.

After a few more minutes of Luna bouncing and rocking in all her horny glory, the umbreon also reached his orgasm, filling her up with copious amounts of his hot, sticky, honey flavored seed; more than enough dripping out of her when she finally decided to pull up off of him. She flopped down in the seat next to him, catching her breath while her sense of rationality returned to her.

Luna surveyed the scene and her face flushed a beet red, looking to herself, her discarded clothes and then the umbry. "Oh! I...uh...um...I guess that's it! Thank you for coming and hope you had a good time!" She bolted up from her seat and stumbled over to her clothing, scooping them up and rushing out of the room in a hurry.

Moon merely chuckled and sat back for a bit, grinning proudly to himself, "Well. I certainly got my micro's worth."