

One Night Stand..

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Alex sighed, her tired eyes peering down at the now-undrinkable remainder of a bottle of beer she'd ordered some time ago. She wasn't sure how long she'd been sitting at the bar thinking and neglecting her beer, but considering the piss-warm nature of the beer it had been quite some time. It had been one of those days - weeks, really. One of those times you just wish hadn't happened, or else had happened long enough ago to no longer be fresh in your memory. But there was last week, staring at her like a pile of dogshit on a fresh, new carpet.

The young, red-orange vixen plinked her finger lightly against the side of the bottle, trying not to think but failing. Ken weighed heavily on her mind. Yes, they'd finally broken up last week; at least as far as she was concerned, but she knew it would be months or years before she finally shoved him out of her memory.

Their relationship had been on the rocks for months, and it was inevitable that it would end in a quiet parting of ways. Although she loved him and he loved her, they just weren't the sort of people who could get along as lovers. Friends maybe, if all the love and sex had never happened, but any sort of lover relationship between the two of them was doomed to be temporary at best.

Ken was happy with Liz now, the girl who finally leaned on the wedge sliding between Ken and Alex and set them both adrift. Liz was a good girl, and Alex didn't really hold any resentment for Liz. She just wished that the bitch had never come along. Not that such would have kept her and Ken together much longer, but still. It would have been nice, too, if Ken had dumped Alex or Alex had dumped Ken, but neither one of them had mustered up the courage. Alex just stopped seeing him one day, and he never made any effort to get in touch.

She checked her watch and, shocked and disappointed to see that it was past midnight on Friday and she was still depressingly sober, she ordered another beer and had the one she'd let spoil removed. She still couldn't get herself to do more than take a few sips, though. She looked at the flashy brown bottle with frustration. She wanted to get drunk, to momentarily escape pain and suffering through stupor, but she couldn't muster the drive to punish herself like that. Not now. She put her arm up on the bar and buried her vulpine muzzle into the crook of the elbow. She shut her eyes tight and sighed deeply into her arm, doing her best to cover her face from the world. She let her tail droop down over the back of the stool towards the floor, letting its bushy form lay dead and lifeless.

Alex started suddenly. There was a hand on her shoulder. She wondered if she'd dozed off, and if the bartender was about to shake her awake. The hand she saw on her shoulder, though, was not the hand of a gruff bartender but of a clearly beautiful femme about her age. She looked for the arm and face attached to the hand on her shoulder, and this search led her eyes to the pretty face of a skunkette. She had on a tasteful black cap and delicate black eyes poked out from behind a pair of glasses. There was a look of concern on her muzzle.

"You okay baby?" She asked. Alex sighed, her eyes darting away.

"No, not really," Alex replied. The skunkette set down an empty martini glass on the bar, but did not order it refilled. She gently reached around Alex, taking the stool next to the vixen, her hands gently gracing across every bit of exposed fur they managed to touch. Alex couldn't help but notice that the skunkette had downright beautiful hands, even noting how carefully and lovingly the claws had been manicured. Alex's large, supple breasts heaved slightly against her top at the skunk's gentle, erotic touching. This attractive femme was clearly going to be very friendly to Alex tonight.

"Now why doncha just tell Gen here what's wrong, baby? What's yo' name?" asked Gen. Alex smiled slightly and made eye contact, brushing a few stray strands of blonde hair out of her blue eyes.

"Alex, and what's wrong is that love sucks." This made Gen laugh.

"I hear that, sister," said Gen. But is there anything particular that makes it suck that you'd like to talk about? Alex sighed and looked away again.

"Not like to, but ought to, said Alex. Me and a lover of mine just went our separate ways is all. He got a new girl, they get along fine, and I tell you... Alex stared down at her feet. Both she and the skunkette were wearing open-toed shoes, but Gen's feet were much more closely attended to. Not to knock Alex's own feet, but Gen clearly took more pride in hers. Alex's libido also ensured she took a damn good look at both of the girls' legs, comparing them right up to the dress line. Soft, smooth, elegant legs...the kind you want to touch, and let your hands ride all the way to the top of.

"Look, neither of us is going to do any more drinkin' tonight," said Gen. "It's late. You wanna go back to my place? We'll relax in some place that doesn't reek of sweaty men and stale beer and have a chat for a while without having to shout. Alex nodded, not really caring all that much where she was, but liking Gen.

"Have you got a car?" Alex asked. "I don't own one, I walked here." Gen shook her head.

"It's only a block or so away. We can just walk." Alex nodded and smiled slightly. The idea of getting out and taking a walk always had a slight appeal to her.

Gen fumbled in her purse for her keys for a moment before finding them. After a short jangling of keys, the old green door opened to reveal a small but well-kept three room apartment. There was enough property and clutter to indicate that the apartment had two inhabitants, one clearly male and also not at home. The occupants must be rather intimate as well, as there was only one bed in the bedroom. Alex noticed that the apartment was clean, the kitchenette not even having dirty dishes in the sink, and that it was also home to an elegant stereo system and large television. But the main room was mostly dominated by an upright piano, which was also the only source of mess for the entire room. On its front a number of semi-blank pages of music paper were strewn about the stand, various penciled notes scribbled over them here and there. Proper, finished selections were bound up top. A good number of them seemed to be simply things Gen had written herself and then stapled together.

"Can I get you anything to eat or drink?" asked Gen. "To relax you, or..."

"Can you mix drinks?" Asked Alex. "I haven't had a decent martini in a long time. The damned bartender can't mix one; he just buys that pre-mixed crap in bags." Gen nodded, and Alex moved over to the couch in front of the television. Behind the television was a glass door out to a small balcony, and Alex noted that the view was incredible. "Can I smoke?" asked Alex.

"Use an ashtray. Steve always gets ashes on the carpet when he comes back home from work in the morning. Such a hassle to clean up, replied Gen." Clearly, this Steve fellow was Gen's boyfriend, but Alex was in no mood to talk about such things right now.

Alex found an ashtray on the piano. It had several butts in it already and would need emptying soon. Gen sat down and placed a martini on the coffee table in front of Alex, and Alex lit up. The nicotine provided a relaxing rush to her system, waking her up and calming her down as soon as it got into her. It was nice not to have Ken hassle her about smoking, too.

Gen went over to a bookshelf next to the widescreen TV. It was not filled with books, but a number of movies, most on DVD but a number of well-loved VHS tapes were also present. While Alex caught the title of a few recent titles, a majority by far were classics. Gen thumbed through them, her soft silky hands touching and gracing the various cases.

"Lucky cases," thought Alex. Alex couldn't help but notice the smooth and shapely nature of Gen's ass. Alex's eyes slid over the cheeks with a slight hunger. Were she to start salivating, she would not be surprised. It was very easy on the eyes. It's the big bushy skunk tail, she thought, that keeps pulling my eyes towards it.

"Anything in particular you might want to watch while we sip our martinis?" asked Gen. It was only now that Alex noticed there were two martinis on the coffee table in front of her. Gen's ass had been rather distracting. Before answering Gen's question, Alex delicately

picked up the martini closest to her and sipped it. It was a hell of a lot better than a goddamned pre-mixed one.

"I'm not much in the mood for movies," said Alex. Her eyes strayed to the piano. "Do you play?" she asked. Gen smiled brightly.

"Do I play? Do I play? You look at all that music paper on the piano and you ask, do you play?" Alex chuckled a little. Gen gracefully maneuvered over to the piano, her beautiful and elegant legs and feet moving her quickly to the stool. Her breasts, large and supple like Alex's, bounced slightly as she walked. This time Alex did drool a little, taking care to lick her lips when she was confident that Gen was looking. This skunkette was certainly the sort to take kindly to subtlety. Gen sat down quickly and, grabbing a small remote from underneath the pile of music paper in front of her, and pointed it at the sound system behind her. She grinned. I like to have an accompaniment with me when I play, even if it does have to come from a can.

As the music started, Gen's fingers went into action. Alex was amazed at the sound that filled the air and her ears. Alex had never listened to a lot of jazz in her life, and the strength and vitality of the music soon dazzled her. The music flowed and jumped, dancing around with wild excitement. It was Bacchus in musical form. Alex began to smile wide, Gen turning her head over her shoulder and meeting Alex's beaming gaze. Gen's beautiful feet, which had now leapt out of her shoes, were carefully and quickly manipulating the pedals as Gen moved her fingers in perfect harmony with the recording. After about ten minutes of this superb performance, the CD stopped. Gen heaved, sucking in great gasps of air, sweat and a smile gracing her face. Slinking like a cat, the glistening Gen walked over to Alex, a bright white smile on her face. That's not all my fingers are good for, she said, moving ever closer towards the relaxing vixen on her couch.

Alex grinned, excited, her tail thumping and wagging up against the sofa. She took deep, heaving breaths, her ample chest moving up and down in eagerness. Alex blushed as she noticed her nipples were already hard and clearly visible against her top. Almost too eager, she thought. Gen leaned forward, slowly at first, then falling and catching herself on Alex's shoulders, pinning the vixen up against the soft sofa cushions. They kissed, their eyes closing, their lips pushed firmly together, their mouths exploring one another. Enthusiastic, Alex wrapped her arms around Gen, kissing back aggressively and pulling the skunkette to her. Gen's hands worked Alex's spaghetti-strap top down quickly, and soon they were teasing and pinching at her hard nipples. Alex groaned into Gen's mouth. Alex breasts were naturally large, her nipples eager and sensitive. And Gen definitely knew what to do with them. Alex moved her hands from Gen's back to her breasts, working them through the skunk's shirt.

They slowly undressed one another, hampered by an eagerness to touch, to feel, to let a caress linger.... Alex's black-furred hands and feet moved slowly against Gen, Gen's hands sliding across the soft white fur that coated Alex's front and breasts. Most of Alex was orange, though, and Gen was soon gripping patches of orange fur on Alex's back as the vixen began to work over Gen's nipples. Alex chuckled to herself as she bent forward. Her large pink tongue had always been her most useful tool in sex.

"Let's take it to the bedroom," said Gen. Alex nodded and they moved towards it, a clumsy fumble of still-undressing bodies attempting to get to the bed without letting go of one another. Soon they were in the bedroom at last, naked, except that Gen had left on her cap and glasses. Alex pointed this out with a comment and a kiss.

"I can't see much without my glasses, and I very much wanna get a good look at that fine body of yours," said Gen. "As for the cap, hell, that just looks damn good on me." Gen tipped the cap to Alex as if to make a point. Alex had to agree with that statement.

Alex tossed herself on the bed, throwing her legs lewdly wide as she did so, showing Gen the eager glistening wetness of her sex. Gen climbed into the bed a bit more delicately, clearly intending to maintain at least a little restraint. They embraced, kissing and tumbling around on the soft mattress this way and that. Soon though, Gen's hand began to probe around Alex's sex as they tumbled. Alex stayed still as Gen adjusted herself, laying herself opposite the vixen, leaving her feet against the headboard of the bed and in Alex's face. Alex closed her eyes, oohing lightly into Gen's feet as the skunkette's hand gently probed her depths. Gen traced over Alex's lower lips, gracing each delicate part, before sliding down across the clitoris and making it the center of her attention. Alex bit her lower lip, desperately trying not to cry out too loud. Gen's fingering sent Alex rolling with pleasure, the vixen grabbing and clutching at the sheets, her delicate fist clenching and unclenching. It wasn't long before Alex let out one final rising cry, moaning into the sheets as Gen drove her through orgasm. Alex closed her eyes tight, letting it flow up through her, letting it fill her, letting it tickle her all over. As she began to bask in the afterglow, she spun around to smile at Gen, who smiled back.

"Seeing how late it is, I think we'll leave it here for tonight," Gen said. Alex nodded.

"Can I stay here for the night, then?" asked Alex.

"Do you have to ask?" replied Gen with a slight chuckle. The skunkette slinked up the covers and Alex embraced her, giving her a deep and passionate "thank you" kiss. It was long in breaking.

"Great way to end a night, isn't it?" said Gen. Alex pulled some of the sheets up over her and nodded, looking at the ceiling. Great way to end it indeed.