

Treetop Shorts Collection
Librarian's Night Out
For Czar Reynard

By Smokescale Aquatos

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The music thumped away powerfully in the german shepherd's ears. He winced and whimpered almost inaudibly amidst the noise of the club. He wasn't usually fond of this sort of place, if only for his sense of hearing and how it left his head ringing after the fact. He adjusted his glasses and peered over at the rest of his group, the group that had coaxed him out of his comfort zone tonight.

"Is there any chance they'll be playing something a bit less... vociferant!?"

A feline striped in orange and white, as many tabbies were, furrowed her brow and leaned in, shouting back at the canine, careful not to spill her drink, "What!?"

Cohen frowned and raised his voice a bit further, trying his best to be heard over the deafening beat, "I said will they be playing something less vociferant!"

"No, I heard that! I don't know what vociferant means!" Immediately, she took a sip of her iridescent green beverage, no doubt tasting strongly of the very flavors the dog preferred to stay away from.

"Oh! It means, boisterous! Overly voluminous in an audile capacity! Scurrilous!" He paused as the cat stared blankly at him. He sighed and aimed lower, "Loud!"

Instantly the feline's face lit up with comprehension, "Oh! Well why didn't you just say so in the first place!? No, I don't think they will! Not their style to play the music quietly! This isn't a tea house, it's a night club! People come here to dance and get drunk! Not discuss the finer points of post-industrial literature!" The cat turned to face the misty-hued equine lady standing just between them, sipping her own drink, "Hey Mirage! Why don't you two go cut a rug on the dance floor!?"

Before the mare could respond, Cohen chimed in, "I'm not one who cares much for the involuntary or voluntary perambulation of one's extremities in time with a rhythmic vibration!" Both feline and equine gazed at him, completely mystified and he grumbled to himself, "I don't care for dancing!"

"I don't really like ta dance myself! I always worry I'm gonna step on someone's toes, and when you've got hooves, that hurts a hell of a lot more, trust me!" She gave the canine's shoulder a pat in agreement, "I think we're fine right where we are!"

"Maybe it would be better if we went somewhere a little more private!" The music had grown especially obnoxiously loud by this point and the ladies gazed at him with furrowed brows having seen him speak but not actually heard. He took a breath to shout even louder, "I said maybe it would be better if we went somewhere more private!" and the music died away quickly, making the crowd within a wide radius part of the conversation inadvertently. A series of whoops and hollers of approval brought Cohen to shrink into his clothing and his ears to splay flat. Clearly the masses had assumed he was interested in something more than just dancing and drinks. The mare laughed and gave the canine a firm pat on the back, leaning away from the bar to stand up properly.

"I think that would be just fine. You two g'head and go dance. Cohen and I will head somewhere a bit quieter. The music's starting to give me a headache anyway," She slipped a hand around the Alsatian's back, tugging him close to her side, "Nothin' wrong with a couple of friends looking to find a quiet place to relax right?"

The poor, stiffly conducted canine swallowed hard as he was brought so close to the slightly taller lady's chest, bountiful in its expanse and scope. He blushed brightly as he attempted to avert his gaze and maintain some level of gentlemanly emotional distance, "Yes, nothing wrong at all."

"Right! Well, could you at least get him ta stop spewing the dictionary at us!? This isn't the library! He's not at work! He doesn't hafta be Mr. Egghead right now!" The feline's annoyance brought a blush to the Alsatian's cheeks. She didn't show any remorse for embarrassing the dog, even as he began to kick himself for not reigning in his nervously intellectual behavior. It was a defense mechanism.

Before he could offer another protest, he felt himself being dragged along by the lovely mare, thankful that he was finally able to get away from the blaring noise some referred to as 'music'. He looked back at the two girls still at the bar. The cat was giving him a thumbs up gesture followed by some sort of lewd display he could only assume was her attempt to signify making out. It was soon lost to the masses of the club as Mirage navigated her way through, tugging Cohen along with her. Stairs were climbed, a balcony was traversed, and a hallway explored. One of the doors found there was selected and opened, leading into an empty room lined with luxurious seating. As the door closed, the music that had begun to play once more dulled and softened to a far more manageable volume, muffled by the walls of their private lounge.

"Much better. I keep telling that silly cat I don't care for the loud music at places like this but... she keeps insisting I come and the only way to make her stop for a while is to just grit your teeth and get through it. How 'bout you? What brought you out tonight? You don't strike me as the sort that frequents these places." The well curved equine settled comfortably onto a sofa, patting the cushioning next to her to offer her canine companion a place to rest as well. Cohen wasn't about to offend by not accepting the offer and settled in next to her, his glass held protectively in both hands in his lap.

"No, no certainly not the manner in which I usually choose to spend my free time. I prefer quiet and serenity. I suppose that's all quite dull for... you said you were a journalist, yes?"

"Nothing wrong with that. There's something to be said for peace and quiet. Sometimes, some of the most interesting things can happen between two people in a closed room," She winked, bringing the dog to blush once more and all the more powerful, "I'm gonna get right down to it. Crazy kitty downstairs who likes going deaf wanted me to spend some alone time with you; thought it might help you loosen up. She says you're... if you'll forgive the vernacular... anal-retentive."

"I beg your pardon!?" His guffaw was bitten back sharply, not wanting to come across as insulting to the lovely woman, "I'm just fastidious!" He paused briefly, "Well, perhaps it could get a little trying for some."

"You also have a very formal way of talking. If you ask me, I think she thinks you're a little too uptight, and from what I've seen so far, I think she thinks I think she's right. The question now is, is what I think she thinks I think she thinks right. To put it plainly, she wants you to get laid."

The mare's circular logic baffled the canine for a moment before he shook his head and came back to earth, only to be suddenly shocked by the revelation. That sent Cohen's blush into overdrive, his hands gripping his glass slightly too lightly as it slipped out of his grasp, spilling across his pants. He yelped and jumped to his feet, trying to brush the excess drink from the fabric, already showing a sizable water mark.

"I had no idea she intended something like that! I might not have come had I known!"

"I think that was the idea honey... and I suppose we could go with the classic 'get you out of those wet clothes' cliché. I did say she wanted you to ease up and relax. I figured I'd go ahead and put it out there since boys like you don't take subtle dropping of hints too well when it comes to this sorta thing, and I like you. I think you're cute. I feel like I should be up front and honest about it with you. And in keeping with that, I have to ask, are you interested?"

She was indeed quite upfront. Would she be offended if he said no? Was this right? Was it a prank? Surely no, not when she was being so honest. After a brief yet quickly comprehensive war with himself, he quietly nodded, "Yes... if you are willing, I... I think could relax enough to... be interested."

"Good, I've been wanting to do this for a while and you really are adorable." She stood and began helping the canid out of his clothing, unbuttoning his shirt and trousers only to let them fall to the floor. In mere moments, his underwear was cast aside and he was moved to rest on the sofa again. While he rest there, the mare began to slip out of her own clothing, revealing a figure that, while not sleek, was well curved, supple, and strong. His cheeks turned a brilliant red as he bore witness to the unveiling of her chest, each round swell too great to be held by a single hand without excess spilling over the ends of her fingers. She nestled in close and pressed her ample breasts against his groin, capturing his sheath in their warm embrace.

Her hands squeezed the great lumps together around it, bringing a moan to his lips as she worked him over. The bulge she sought came quickly enough, his length extending from its hiding place

until only the tip of his fleshy extremity could be seen emerging from her cleavage. She smiled up at the dog, fluttering her eyes playfully at him. The Alsatian shuddered and gripped at the cushions of the sofa, unable to deny the sensation of so glorious a heat running over his groin.

She smirked and lowered her head, running her tongue across the end of his spire. A new shiver raced up his spine. The soft flesh wrapped in the horse's silky pelt brought a new range of sensations to his form, his legs forced apart by those marvelous swells. The addition of saliva and the slick movement of the lady's tongue only brought him higher. Quickly he began to produce a musky resin that she eager drank up, not letting even a drop land on her perfect bosom. He moaned and writhed softly, unable to resist the urge to grind into the horse.

Further she mashed him into her clutches, rising and falling steadily around his throbbing, aching shaft. She didn't expect much from him, assuming this to be his first real sexual encounter. If he finished quickly, then that was all there was to it. Fortunately, she was delightfully surprised. Time and again it seemed as though he would lose his grip and spill over and yet he held fast, panting as he felt Mirage's lips wrap about the exposed portion and suckled away. How glorious it all felt, unlike anything he had ever experienced before. For a brief, fleeting moment, he thought it might remain so for some great, long time. And then he arched his back and howled quietly. A steady series of pulses saw Mirage given a healthy taste of her friend's essence. The creamy white stuff was quickly slurped down, a few quick squirts managing to land on the end of her nose and dribble down onto her chest. She giggled and lapped the mess up once she was sure her canine friend was finished, watching him pant away as he relaxed on the sofa.

"Not bad, huh? Feeling loosened up a bit?"

Cohen nodded slowly, but only slightly, his eyes glazed over as he brought them down from staring at the ceiling to the equine stationed between his thighs.

"Oh Mirage... beautiful, lovely Mirage... I am not worthy of such affection from a goddess such as you."

It was the mare's turn to blush, but nowhere near the brilliant fiery red the dog had mastered. She smiled and slowly stood, moving to press against the dog's side.

"You really are adorable, you know that? Now that you're 'warmed up' a bit, maybe you'd like to try something else?"

"Anything you would dare permit a mere mortal to experience." He was just running with the deity notion, regardless of its lack of accuracy.

"Then why don't we try something a little rougher. I've been aching for a good riding. Think you could oblige me?"

A tired smile spread across the canine's muzzle, eager to please the lady if she asked, "Whatever you wish, my dear."

As if possessed by an unearthly strength, Cohen recovered swiftly and climbed to his feet, pressing in close to the equine lady. He nuzzled into her chest for what brief a moment he could, Mirage pulling away to drop to her knees then lean forward onto her hands. With a swish of her tail, she exposed her shapely rump. The Alsatian sighed dreamily as he gazed over the lady's form, running a hand across the curve of her backside. A quiet nicker rose from the misty woman, her legs spread softly.

"Don't be shy. I'm thinking the back door."

The librarian dog found his tail begin to wag, his length bobbing softly in the open air as he shuffled in close behind the mare. His hips met hers as he dropped to his knees as well, leaning forward atop her back. With little warning, Mirage found the canine's presence between the supple cheeks of her rear. They spread easily as the invading spire wedged its way into the darkness of her warm embrace. She let a coo slip past her lips as she flexed the muscular ring around him, bringing a quiet growl from the dog. He sank in firmly as his hands felt along her sides, running up along her form until they found their way to the bountiful chest he had come to adore. Fingers kneaded the soft flesh so heavy and full in his palms as he worked his thighs, pumping slowly at first, but quickly gaining speed.

Moans filled the room as Cohen gradually found himself settling into the role comfortably, surprising himself with how much force he had come to use and how much force his lover seemed to long for. He did not leave her wanting, pounding away with all the strength he had. His teeth clenched tight as he bucked, giving the equine's form reason to jostle and shake each time he sank home. Mirage closed her eyes and arched her back, her jaws parted in a gentle, long bellow of desire. The heat within spread across the canine's rod over and over, his knot bulging and demanding it be permitted past the barrier so much of him had already explored. The mare, now beginning to pant, one of her own hands moving to cup against Cohen's to guide him across her breast, relaxed herself, the pucker of her star easing to permit him deeper.

With a very auspicious pop, the swell of the dog's knot lodged itself into the slick tunnel, a spasm taking him as he howled in unbridled delight. His length bucked about wildly in the equine beauty's innards, flooding her bowels with seed as she was rocked by a climax of her own. Her efforts to relax faded and her grip tightened on his mast, preventing him from retreating as they both lost themselves in the throes of passion.

In only a few moments, they found themselves on the floor, the horse having let herself drop from her hands and knees. The warmth of the russet canine's pelt against her back was quite lovely as she struggled to catch her breath.

"Ooo, thank you honey. I've been needing that for so damn long."

He smiled weakly, "I could never leave a lady as radiant and passionate as you in need of sating."

"Mmm, then perhaps we should make this a regular thing. Next Thursday sound good?"