

Treetop Shorts Collection
What Harm Could It Do? - Part 1

By Smokescale Aquatos

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The music thumped loudly in Jess' ears as his body moved to the rhythm. His lithe form had no difficulty keeping up with the beat. His companion however seemed to enjoy himself less.

"Can we go now? I've had a couple of drinks just like you asked me to." A fox whined loudly at the tiger. He felt horribly uncomfortable. The alcohol in his system had helped, but not much.

"Just a bit longer, Jerry! I love this DJ! He's always playing great dance music!" The feline swung his hips this way and that, bumping against his vulpine as he did so. He had been wanting so very badly to drag his roommate to this club. He was curious to see if it would stir anything in him at all. More than once he'd caught a glimpse of the fox browsing over a few images online that didn't exactly seem like his usual fare, not for a straight guy.

"Five minutes! Then we go! Okay!? It's too loud in here!" Jerry practically screamed, trying to be heard over the noise of the club. He didn't want to admit it, but there was a certain allure to the place. So many people dancing and moving about, many of them either mostly naked or on their way to it. A few had removed key articles that revealed more than he thought he cared to see. And yet from time to time, he found himself leering at an uncovered crotch or two.

"Nah! Ten minutes at least! I gotta make sure you're good and tipsy! Have another drink!" Jess waved a hand to the bartender, clad in a mesh shirt, leather pants, and little else, requesting a refill. It was brought over shortly and the tiger downed it briskly. The fox meanwhile lightly sipped his. He was beginning to feel the effects and didn't want to push too much past that.

"Why'd you bring me here? This isn't my kind of scene." Jerry lowered his voice as the music died down between sets.

"You know why." Jess bumped his elbow against his roommate's side, waggling his eyebrows at him, "I've seen the stuff you look at."

The vulpine's cheeks flushed brightly, "I'm not gay! I have a girlfriend! And she's going to be furious with you if she finds out you brought me here! That or she'll think it's hilarious."

"Nah, you'll be fine. And you're at least bisexual. I know you're at least a little curious. Maybe you can be my wingman!"

Jerry rolled his eyes and sipped his drink again, "Like you need help with that. You bring guys home all the time."

The tiger wrapped an arm around his friend's shoulders, keeping him pressed close, "Yeah but they're just quickies, ya know, one-night-stands and the like. Maybe I need a little help finding someone who'll be a keeper."

"And how would I be able to know that well enough to help you out?" The fox had a valid point.

"Absorb and deflect! Anyone looking for a quick fling you can shoot down, or warn me about. You always seem to be able to sense that in the guys that come home with me," The tiger leaned in and dared to do something that might get him slapped. He planted a kiss on the fox's cheek, "Yer always lookin' out for me."

Again Jerry's cheeks turned bright red, not having expected such affection from another guy. Immediately, he began scanning the room to see if anyone had noticed the act. If anyone had, they didn't seem to care. Of course, something as chaste as a peck on the cheek was pretty tame compared to some of the egregiously explicit acts going on. Again, he found it hard to tear his eyes away from one couple, the smaller of the two boys keeping his head planted in the bigger one's lap, clearly 'busy' with something.

"I don't think I'd be too much use as a wingman. I just don't have a knack for this kind of thing."

Jess rolled his eyes again, "Yeah, you're too distracted watching other boys getting it on. If you're so horny, why don't you let me take care of that for you?" A palm found its way to the fox's groin, giving it a squeeze. The tiger had noticed the tell-tale swell in his friend's trousers since he finished the first drink.

Instantly, Jerry tensed up and squirmed, trying to get away from the hand groping him.

"What are you doing!?"

"Trying to help you loosen up a bit! I see you starin' at other guys around here! C'mon! Lemme help you out! You're so tense! I'll bet I'm better at it than Ginger!"

With deft skill, Jess began slipping his fingers in past the waistband of the fox's pants. It resulted in Jerry stiffening further, his back specifically. He wriggled further, trying to pull away but the tiger's arm around his back kept him from escaping.

"Jess! No! I can't!" He whined. The tone of his voice was more of shock than strength of conviction. The alcohol was certainly making his head swim a bit.

"Sure you can. Ginger will never know. It'll be our little secret!" The feline paused then looked around, "You guys can't tell his girlfriend, okay?"

A number of laughs rose up from the crowd watching the pair. Jerry was blushing so heavily by now the white tufts of his cheeks were a deeper hue than the rest of his face. He couldn't bring his body to comply and push his roommate away. In the back of his mind, he had been curious for quite some time, but this wasn't exactly how expected such a scenario to play out.

The tiger quickly removed his vulpine companion's pants, sliding them off completely rather than just unfastening them and tugging them down just enough. All Jerry had on now was his shirt. He trembled terribly as he felt Jess' lips make their way to his flat stomach, kissing his navel. All he could do was squeeze his eyes shut while someone welled up behind him, offering him some support. A pair of hands began stroking over his chest while his feline roommate dipped lower. Jerry had not counted on the attention of anyone else, and it certainly kept him from fending off the affection below.

A short, swift lick traced up over his sheath, already swollen and a portion of his fleshy length protruding. It wasn't enough for the tiger, he wanted all of it. And so he continued to lap away, dragging that rough tongue up along Jerry's spire, slowing down once he reached that musky rod. The fox moaned and shivered, unable to find words to voice his mind. He had to get Jess to stop, didn't he? Did he really have to?

It was difficult making an argument to stop.

A pair of warm, moist lips slipped down over the exposed portion of the throbbing length. Oh how glorious it felt. A few hoots and hollers from the spectators spurred the tiger on. He rumbled deep in his throat as he suckled, drawing more of his roommate's shaft into his mouth. Under such expertise, Jerry didn't last long. He came to full size swiftly and continued to writhe, right up until he filled his feline friend's throat with several musky jets of vulpine essence.

The fox was left panting, sprawled in the arms of a sizable black leopard who had been holding him. Jess licked his lips, drawing away a few drops of creamy release from his whiskers and stood up. Without much ado, he pressed in against the spent fox and mashed their lips together.

Jerry was taken completely by surprise at the sudden affection. The fact that there were hints of his taste in the cat's mouth left him ambivalent on the point. On the face of it, it was a little repellant, but deeper down, he found it rather arousing. It wasn't the first time something like this had happened. Ginger would do that to him from time to time. But the fact that it was Jess, his roommate, just seemed to make it so very wrong.

Eventually, he was allowed to surface for breath as the tiger slipped down to nuzzle up under his chin, purring loudly.

"So, would you say I'm better at it than Ginger? It sure didn't take near as long as it normally does with her." He grinned up at the fox.

Jerry cleared his throat and averted his gaze. He didn't want to admit that the tiger had just given him the best blowjob of his life.

"It... it was... not bad." That was all the fox could muster.

Jess snickered and licked up under his chin, "I'll take that as a yes. Now, why don't you return the favor?"

The vulpine's eyes widened almost cartoonishly. He couldn't!

"I don't think that's a good idea!" He began to stammer.

The feline rolled his eyes a little, "I don't mean you sucking me off, honey. I figured you're not quite up to that just yet. I've got something else in mind."

Reluctantly, Jess pulled away from his impromptu lover and began shaking his hips back and forth. With his fingers delving under the waistband of his own pants, he began sliding them down. In seconds, both boys were nude from the waste down. Anywhere else it might have caused an uproar. Here, it was just par for the course.

A few catcalls came from onlookers, but they were mostly harmless. Already the tiger was standing at attention, having relished drinking from his friend's 'spigot', even if it wasn't entirely consensual. The feline turned around and strolled the short distance to a nearby wall and leaned forward against it. Immediately, he lifted his tail and spread his legs, moaning softly as he felt an intense need welling up inside him.

It was then Jerry noticed something about his roommate he didn't know about before. Resting neatly between those trim thighs, just above his sac, at least from this perspective, rest a pair of supple lips, glistening softly in the dynamic, prismatic light of the club. In that instant, the fox realized what he had been smelling all along. His friend was aroused, and not just as a male, but as a female as well.

"You're... you're a..." Jerry continued to stammer.

"I'm the best of both worlds, sweetie... so why don't you come over here and help me with my little problem. I could use a good licking." Again the cat moaned, mewling pitifully as he wiggled his rump in the air.

Jerry found himself oddly enticed. The feline's shapely bottom, trim and fit though it was, had a lovely curvature to it. No wonder so many of the guys wanted to get with him. He could play the submissive and fill the role quite well given what he was equipped with. For quite some time, the fox simply stared at his roommate's uncovered petals, unable to believe what he had just learned.

He took a bit too long for a few of the guys watching. Before he could respond, several hands had taken hold of him and began shoving him towards the needy tiger, moaning wantonly.

"Go on then! Don't leave him hurting for it!" Someone cried out as Jerry was pushed forward.

In but mere moments, he was there, nose to lip with his roommate. The scent was powerful and intoxicating. A light bump on the back of his head saw his nose brush along those heated folds. A thin film of feminine moisture coated the end of his muzzle. Immediately, Jerry felt compelled to lick his nose clean, which he did. What he found changed that compulsion to one that would get his nose even messier. The soft coo from above signaled that Jess enjoyed the brief contact.

Oh it wasn't a good idea to have that third drink.

The woozy fox finally gave in to his baser lusts and leaned forward, dragging his tongue across Jess' exposed flower. A sharp gasp rose from above, stealing the feline's breath away. Soon he melted again, pressing in against the fox's nose and tongue. Jerry's gradual acceptance drew a cheer from the crowd as they egged him on. It was all he could think about at this point. His fevered, drink-clouded mind allowed him only to focus on those supple lips before him, and how best to drink them dry.

His tongue lashed out again, dragging across those smooth folds before gradually trying to work its way between them. Jess' moans grew louder as he was parted, his passage begging to be explored and sampled. The tiger lifted a single leg as he dragged his claws harmlessly across the wall in front of him. The owners of the club had taken it upon themselves to ensure that every surface that could be scratched or dented with a kick was armored in a thick, durable plastic. Who knew spray-on truck-bed liner could have such a use?

Jerry closed his eyes and leaned forward further, sealing his lips with Jess'. In his mind, it wasn't his feline roommate, but his girlfriend, the beautiful wolf he shared his bed with, and she was wearing not her traditional nurse uniform, but the 'sexy' one she kept on hand for when they wanted to play around. They both tasted remarkably similar, though Jess had a certain musky quality to his that was no doubt from the throbbing shaft just nearby. Jerry pushed that notion out of his mind and simply carried on with his work.

The tiger yowled louder and louder as he was pushed closer towards climax. He wasn't about to let the fox get off so lightly. He'd have to pin him down and make him do this again some time. It wasn't often kitty got such a good licking. He pushed back against the fox behind him, gasping and moaning louder as he felt Jerry reach deeper inside him. It was impossible. No one could explore so far into him! He couldn't stand it, he had to see just how far this could go.

Jess, just as lost to the effects of alcohol as his roommate, let his clouded mind go blurry as the waves of pleasure washed up over him. He squirmed against the wall as he felt tremendous pressure between his legs. He felt like he was going to burst, and in the most marvelous way he could imagine. A sudden splash coated his roommate's face as he continued to push back against the fox.

The haze of orgasm claimed the tiger and he began rocking against Jerry firmly and swiftly. Each backward shove brought with it a new height to his experience. It just never seemed to stop. He didn't want it to. The feline let his body do as it might, guided by the more animal side of his will.

The experience grew more and more intense with every passing second, and the spectators all seemed to be loving it, clapping and shouting and cheering for him to keep going. Jess obliged, not sure what he was hoping to accomplish. From there, everything began to fade into a fog of lust, hormones, and alcohol induced amnesia.