

The Black and White Cafe
for Bravo
by Tredain

"Quite the nice operation you've got going here Cyril," the wolf complimented as he sat back and admired the dining room. The tiger had spared no expense. Crystal chandeliers, white marble, authentic silverware and cutlery. Big, round, black and white bodies bustled about, thick bushy striped tails bobbing behind them, thick curvy cheeks just beneath. Cyril beamed.

"I know, I was a bit worried, you'd be surprised how fast we hired everyone on. I thought there'd be a little more hesitation but the boys are eager. We're paying them well, quite above the minimum wage, and they still earn tips."

Carter grinned and stroked a couple fingers through his bushy beard.

"Yes, I can see they get quite a few tips," he observed, one plump butler reading off desserts as an older otter carefully nursed his fat cock. Another was getting shagged against the wall by a very well endowed beaver, a tray with a tea kettle and cups set neatly beside them.

"Of all kinds!" the big cat chuckled. "Would you uh, care to sample the goods?"

"Thought you'd never ask," the wolf answered and smiled with one paw below, already stroking himself out of his pants.

"Certainly. I'll nab a good one. Oh, Olly, come here dear," Cyril flagged one chubby skunk down. The fellow perked up, halfway across the room, and power walked, navigating around tables and bodies, every one of them looking prim and proper above the waistline. Aside from the jacket and immaculate undershirt, Ollie wore a pair of small rounded spectacles.

"Would you like to order something, Sir?" he asked politely. Thaddeus glanced at the menu, then set it down before him.

"I think I'd like a slice of the strawberry shortcake. After I have your ass on the table," he said plainly. The skunk blushed, but clearly wasn't surprised.

"Certainly Sir, we have a wide selection of lubricants available."

"I've got this, he prefers oil," Cyril grinned and produced a bottle. "I'll apply it."

This got Olly a little more red faced and his ears turned back.

"Oh, yes, thank you Mr. DeFleur." He scooted up to the edge of the table, resting his soft sheath and belly against it, before he hiked his big bushy tail up.

"Olly here was one of our first hires. He's very professional. Was exactly what I was looking for," the cat explained, scooting his chair back and stepping behind the skunk. The coattails settled to either side of the round, black buttocks, framing them perfectly with Olly's tail. Cyril took both cheeks in his paws and squeezed them thoroughly until he was kneading them around in his palms. Olly grabbed the edge of the table and let out a little moan, with his sheath quickly plumping up.

"You see? So sensitive, so responsive. And he's very fine polisher, did half the silver by himself," the cat kept on, pouring some of the lube into his striped paw before it was pressed under Olly's tail and worked up and down the skunk's crack. The butler gave another little squeak when the tiger dug deeper, smearing lube up inside him with one thick digit. He pulled his paw free and presented the lubed bottom to Horace. The older wolf grinned widely and stood up, stepping out of his pants as he did, and settled up behind the plump skunk.

"So you like the work here Olly?" he asked casually while he took the bottle of lube from the tiger and greased his own member up.

"Oh y-yes Sir, it's very... stimulating work. Everyone is very polite, nothing like my last serving job. And I get to dress up and... ooohh," the skunk bit his lip as the wolf slid his wet dick up and down the plump crack, thumbs spreading his cheeks wide apart for it.

"I can see that," Horace chuckled a bit before he took one paw to the base of his cock and guided it in. The skunk's crack was deep, both plump black cheeks sliding up either side before his

thick tip kissed at the wet hole. He settled one paw on the skunk's shoulder and gently bent him forward until his soft belly pressed down into the table.

"There we go, just like that," he said, then pressed inside. Olly gave a low groan but held still, Cyril watching with an approving smile as the wolf quickly began pumping the thick skunk.

"Ohh, yessss," the wolf hissed, rolling his hips and letting himself slide in and out of Olly's ass with long, full strokes. He pressed in to the hilt, letting the thick cheeks settled into his lap, and held a moment, enjoying the feel of the warm ass wrapped around his cock, before he withdrew nearly to the hilt and thrust in. Both paws pinned the skunk's shoulders down to the table and the older wolf made it shake as he rutted into the fat skunk ass again and again, making his nuts slap the padded cheeks as he quickly got into a fast tempo.

Olly groaned loudly and gripped to the table, rocking in time with the heavy thrusting and trying not to let the silverware rattle off the table. Cyril just watched, settling into his seat again and clasp his hands over his own broad belly. His striped tail flicked playfully back and forth.

Horace snarled and bucked into the skunk several more times before he thrust in to the hilt and pulled back on Olly's shoulders, pinning him to his lap as his cock shuddered and jumped inside the fat ass.

"OOooooohhhhh," the wolf held back a full howl but hunched over the well dressed skunk and emptied his load deep inside. He withdrew with a wet slurp, pausing only to admire the gaping pink hole until his seed began to ooze out of it. Olly panted a little, but stood up slowly and offered a small towel.

"May I, Sir?" he asked, one finger pressing his spectacles back up his muzzle.

"Kindly," the wolf smiled and groaned a little when the towel wiped across his wet groin, his still rigid cock bobbing in the air and leaking seed. The skunk worked meticulously to catch every drop of sticky slime, giving the emptied nuts a good fondling even as seed dribbled down his thigh.

"If you'll excuse me Sir, I'll go fetch your shortcake," the skunk said with a little bob of his head. Horace smirked.

"Thank you Olly," he replied, then delivered an open palmed smack to the thick butt. Olly didn't yelp, merely sucked in a deep breath, that came out in a ragged little half moan, and proceeded to the kitchen, bushy tail flagged high even as seed dribbled down. The wolf sat back in his seat, not bothering with his pants, and smiled widely.

"Damn nice operation Cyril," he chuckled. The tiger beamed.

(The end, for now! Hope you enjoyed.)

If you enjoy my work, please consider checking out my galleries here:

<http://www.furaffinity.net/user/tredain/>

<https://www.weasyl.com/~tredain>

<https://tredain.sofurry.com/>

<https://inkbunny.net/Tredain>

I also maintain accounts on Twitter and Tumblr where I post and advertise a few odds and ends

<https://twitter.com/Tredain>

<http://tredain.tumblr.com/>

And if you'd like to support my work with a tip, consider submitting to my Ko-Fi

<https://ko-fi.com/tredain>

Every little bit helps support me and my work! Thank you!