

A Night at the Tavern Alternate Version

By Tallyhawk

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The lion didn't quite look like he belonged. True, like most of those around him, his six-foot frame was well muscled. But his physique was less bulky and more defined. His clothes set him apart, too. It's not that they were flashy or gaudy. They were the same basic style as the other patrons of the tavern, a simple tunic, which was belted at the waist and came down to just above the knees. But the fabric was of a slightly finer quality and was less well worn. Yet, he looked at ease sitting at the table, drinking and laughing with his friend.

The tavern itself was typical. The bar took up the entire far-left wall. It was tended by the owner, a middle-aged Clydesdale stallion. While past his prime, he was still in good shape and, typical of his species, quite massive. The right wall was lined with small curtained alcoves where the patrons could get to know each other or, for a fee, a server better. They were small, about the size of two queen-sized beds put side by side. The floors were essentially mattresses covered in sheets and light blankets. The lighting was subdued. The main part of the tavern was just a large room with tables and chairs scattered about. In keeping with the theme, they were rough-hewn wood. In the center of the room was a padded area ten to twelve feet square. It was used by the patrons to solve disagreements in the time-honored method, one on one. A large chandelier over the arena made sure it was well lit and provided most of the light for the rest of the tavern. Patrons were served by several males of various species who were naked save for a small pendant worn on a silver chain. This night, the servers included a leopard, a cheetah, a collie, and a couple of foxes.

The lion looked at their empty mugs and asked, "Another round, Tallyhawk?" as he began looking for a server.

"Yep," said the tiger sitting next to him, a friend for many years. "I bet I know which one you're looking for."

"Hmm?"

“That cute leopard you’ve been watching all evening. Nice, for a male, but just not my type.”

“And what would be your type this evening? As if I didn’t know.”

Tallyhawk indicated a table on the far side of the tavern. “The cougar over at the far table has my attention.”

The lion glanced in the indicated direction and sighed. “God you’re hopeless. She’s definitely got a nice body but we both know she has absolutely no use for males.”

“Maybe it’s just an act. Besides, I can always hope,” said Tallyhawk with a grin.

The lion looked over at his friend and just rolled his eyes, trying to remember how many times they’d had this conversation. When he looked back around, there was the server they had been discussing, his bare chest just inches from Krugar’s face and the small pendant he wore dangling even closer.

“Can I get you gentlemen anything from the bar?” he asked while looking at the lion.

“Another couple of pints of ale, please, on my tab. I see you are available for other services as well, Adusta,” he said as he reached out and turned the pendant around to read the back. “And at a very reasonable price. Will you make the necessary arrangements when you fetch the ale?”

Adusta’s face broke out into a smile. “Yes, sir” he said as he hurried in the direction of the bar, the tiger’s chuckling unheard.

“What!? I’m single. I live alone. I don’t have a regular boy friend. He’s really cute and there is only so much fun a guy can have with his own paw.”

“It’s not that, Krugar,” said the still chuckling tiger. “Could you not see how excited he was? He has been watching you longer than you have been watching him. You have quite a reputation with the servers in this tavern, you know.”

“Reputation? What reputation?”

“Please! Every server in this place talks about you. They all want to ‘serve’ you. Apparently, you are one of their favorite regulars. God only knows what they see in you.”

“And how would you know? You have a second job I don’t know about?”

“No but one of my coworkers works in the kitchen on weekends for some extra cash.”

Krugar just shook his head and looked over at the bar where Adusta was talking to the bartender as he filled two mugs. In response to a question, Adusta pointed to the table where the lion and his friend sat. The bartender looked at the table and then back to the server and nodded his head. The server smiled, took off the pendant and handed it to the bartender, picked up the mugs, and headed back toward the table in question.

As he passed the table next to his destination, a rather rough looking gray wolf reached out and grabbed him around the waist. “Where are you going in such a hurry little one? I’m thirsty. And hungry ... for a little personal attention.”

“I’m sorry, sir, but another patron has arranged for my services.”

“That dandy of a lion? He can wait. Probably wouldn’t know what to do with you, anyway,” said the wolf with a sneer as he reached up with his free paw to fondle the leopard’s chest only to find his wrist locked in a tan paw before it reached its destination.

“Excuse me,” said Krugar pleasantly, “but you are delaying the delivery of my ale.”

“Bah. Take your ale. As for the other, you can wait until I’m finished with him. I’ll warm him up for you.”

“Thank you but I prefer to do my own ‘warming up,’ as you so crudely put it.”

The wolf grunted in reply. “Perhaps I should warm you up a little in the arena.”

“You know what they say: ‘Be careful what you ask for because you just might get it.’ Now, release him,” Krugar said, a steely tone entering his voice.

In response, the wolf released the server and stood up. He was a few inches taller than the lion and several pounds heavier. “There is only one response to that.”

“As you wish” Krugar said as he slipped nimbly out of his tunic, which he handed to Tallyawk who had come to back up his friend in case of trouble. “Watch my pouch and the lovely little leopard, if you will, while I teach this wolf some manners.”

“You just be careful. He’s notorious and virtually undefeated.”

“Oh come on. We’ve both seen him fight. His style, like just about everything else about him, is crude. The only reason he wins so often is that he only picks on furs he’s sure he can beat.”

“True. And I suspect he doesn’t know that you have been taught by a state champion in both high school and college?” asked the tiger with a grin.

“Perhaps not. But he’ll know shortly,” said Krugar as he grinned back at his friend.

Getting serious, Tallyhawk said “Just be careful. He has a height and weight advantage over you but you have the edge in training so it should be a pretty even match. It will come down to stamina and you’re in better overall shape than he is. Just remember what I’ve taught you and you’ll be fine.”

The now naked wolf was standing in the center of the arena next to the waiting bartender. “I’m ready. What are you doing? Trying to figure a way out of this without looking like a coward?”

Krugar stretched and then sprinted into the arena where he stopped with the bartender between him and the wolf. “Okay,” said the bartender in his deep voice. “You both know the rules. This is a submission-wrestling match. One fall. The first to submit or lose consciousness loses. No blows to the head, face, throat, or groin. And, no claws or teeth. Otherwise, anything goes.”

As the bartender exited the arena, the wolf lunged at the lion. Krugar nimbly turned to dodge the wolf and stuck out a foot to trip him. The wolf landed on his face with a thud and a curse. A ripple of laughter went around the tavern. As the wolf rolled over and hopped up, Krugar cocked his head and smiled. “Another piece of ancient wisdom: ‘Never underestimate an opponent.’”

The wolf’s eyes grew wide, perhaps finally realizing that there was more to this lion than there appeared at first glance. Becoming a little more cautious, he assumed the traditional wrestler’s crouch. Krugar did the same. They began to circle each other. Looking for an opening and judging their opponent, they each feinted at the other a few times. Suddenly, the wolf saw what appeared to be an opening. He lunged at Krugar and grabbed his left wrist. He started to twist the arm around behind the lion’s back. But, before the wolf could take advantage of the situation, Krugar elbowed the wolf in the gut with his free arm. The wolf used a foot to kick the lion’s legs out from under him. They landed face down with a thud and a grunt from the lion who took the brunt of both of their weights hitting the padded floor. But, the landing had jarred the wolf a bit, too. His

grip on his opponent's wrist loosened. Lightning fast, Krugar used the opportunity to free his arm. He bucked the wolf off of him, and bounded to his feet. While the wolf tried to orient himself, Krugar pounced. But the wolf was not as rattled as he appeared. He hopped up and intercepted the lion, grabbing each of Krugar's paws in his. They grappled and struggled like this trying to gain an advantage. Getting nowhere, the wolf decided to try something. He collapsed into a sitting position pulling Krugar down with him. When his butt reached the floor, he rolled backward onto his back. With Krugar still at arms length, he planted a foot in the lion's stomach and, using the momentum of his backward roll, threw the lion over his head. Krugar landed heavily on his back with a thud and a groan. Taking advantage of Krugar's rattled state, the wolf hopped up on him. He straddled Krugar with both legs and executed a "school boy" pin, the lion flat on his back with both of his front paws pinned to the floor by the wolf. The wolf leaned over and sneered. "So you thought you could beat me. Maybe I should forget about the little leopard and take you into one of the alcoves for some 'fun.'" To embarrass the lion further, the wolf roughly kissed him and laughed. As the wolf straightened up to think about what he wanted to do next, Krugar rolled at the waist to bring his legs up and over the wolf. He grabbed the wolf's head between his legs and locked his ankles. He didn't have a very good hold and the wolf squirmed loose. But it gave him the chance to scramble up onto his knees. From a kneeling position, they both lunged at each other. They grabbed each other in bear hugs and fell to one side, rolling back and forth. Their chests pressed tightly together and their crotches rubbed against one another as they fought for position. As they struggled, Tallyhawk's prediction came true. The wolf was tiring more quickly than the lion was. The wolf's strength began to fade and his grip began to loosen. The wolf was amazed by the lion since he had never had an opponent last this long in his bear hug. The next time he was on the bottom, the wolf released his grip and began punching the lion in the sides and back. This was a mistake because Krugar used the opportunity to grab one of the wolf's wrists. He rolled nimbly out from under the wolf. Suddenly, he had the wolf's left arm in a painful arm bar. He applied pressure. The wolf yelped and squirmed but he was unable to free himself.

"Do you submit?"

"No, you bastard," cried the wolf, breathing heavily. "Never!"

Krugar applied a little more pressure eliciting another yelp and a moan from the wolf. He waited a few seconds for the pain to sink in, applied still more pressure, and asked again, "Do you submit?"

The wolf squirmed weakly. Through clinched teeth whispered "yes" and slapped the mat three times with his free paw.

The good sportsman as always, Krugar immediately released his moaning opponent and stood up. Breathing heavily, he looked around to see money changing paws and Tallyhawk sitting at the table with a big smile on his face. More importantly, the obviously relieved Adusta was standing next to the tiger. Krugar strode over to the server, picked him up, threw him over his sweaty shoulder, and headed for the nearest empty alcove.

Upon entering, Krugar set the leopard gently on his feet, wrapped his arms around him, and pressed his muzzle to Adusta's. Adusta opened his muzzle and their tongues met and wrestled as Krugar's cock quickly hardened and emerged from his swollen sheath. He broke the kiss and the embrace and turned to close the alcove's curtain. When he turned back, his cock was already fully hard and he found Adusta kneeling on all fours on the cushioned floor with his tail raised invitingly out of the way. Kneeling down behind Adusta, Krugar entered the leopard completely with one quick, powerful thrust, wrapped his arms around him and began to thrust in and out of the little leopard. With each thrust, he sank himself to the hilt. With each rebound, he pulled almost out. The fight had brought out Krugar's primal instincts and it didn't take him long to climax. With one powerful thrust, he drove himself all the way in. He grunted his release while he fired his seed into Adusta. As his climax subsided, he rolled off of him and onto his back, panting heavily.

Adusta gave Krugar a few moments to recover and then climbed on top of the lion, his legs straddling Krugar's belly. He looked deeply into the lion's eyes and leaned over and kissed him gently on the nose. Then he began licking Krugar's muzzle, working his way slowly to the lion's cheek, down his jaw, and onto his neck. The whole time Adusta was doing this, his paws were massaging Krugar's deltoids and upper arms. When he reached the point where Krugar's neck merged into his muscular shoulders, he paused to kiss it and chew on it gently. He slowly ran his paws up Krugar's arms, onto,

and then down his chest while he licked and kissed his way around the lion's neck and throat until he reached the point where Krugar's throat entered his chest. After pausing to kiss and lick this sensitive area, he began licking his way slowly onto Krugar's chest and over to his left breast. His paws worked their way down and began massaging the lion's upper abdomen, feeling the firm muscles that formed the top of his six-pack. He kissed his way down to Krugar's nipple, which he took into his mouth. He suckled it with his lips while gently chewing on it with his teeth and teasing the tip with his tongue. Krugar, who had been lying quietly enjoying the attention, responded with a hiss of pleasure and grasped the bedding under each paw while arching his back. After what seemed like an eternity of this pleasant torture, Adusta released the nipple and began licking and kissing his way across the lion's chest. He stopped in the center and inhaled deeply, savoring Krugar's sweaty scent and the lingering scent of his vanquished foe. Then he moved on to Krugar's right nipple, treating it as he had the other, generating much the same response, before he began to work his way down the lion's belly. He licked and kissed his way back and forth and down, examining every square inch of the lion's magnificent abs. By now, his paws had worked their way down Krugar's belly and onto his hips. He followed the curve of Krugar's hips around and back until he could massage the lion's muscular butt. When his mouth had worked all the way down Krugar's belly, he skipped the lion's swelling sheath and worked his way across to the left hip and down the lion's left leg. With his paws, lips, and tongue, he examined the muscular leg that he found, paying particular attention to the inner thigh. Just before reaching the knee, he switched to the right leg and began to work his way up it toward Krugar's groin. When he found the lion's balls dangling directly in front of his face, he smiled and gently kissed and licked each one before taking each into his mouth and sucking gently. His paws massaged Krugar's lower abdomen around the lion's now swollen sheath. In response, Krugar's cock peeked out of its furry covering and Adusta teased the tip with his tongue, causing it to grow quickly toward its full length and girth. As it grew, he took it into his mouth and began to suck it. He started bobbing his head up and down as he worked his mouth up and down Krugar's shaft, licking it with his tongue. Randomly, as Adusta went up or down, he would close his jaw just enough so that the lion could feel the leopard's teeth running up or down his shaft sending a shiver up his spine. Before long, Krugar

began to ooze precum and Adusta savored its salty taste while he continued working the lion's cock with his lips, teeth, and tongue. When Krugar's precum began to run freely, his breathing deepened, and his muscles tensed, Adusta sensed that the lion was nearing another climax. Not wanting him to cum too soon, Adusta reluctantly released his cock and began to kiss his way up the center of Krugar's belly, rather more quickly than he had worked his way down, his paws leading the way. As Adusta worked his way up, Krugar's throbbing cock slipped between the little leopard's furry pecs and he stopped long enough to rub it between them a few times. Then Adusta quickly worked the rest of the way up Krugar's belly and chest, the lion's cock rubbing down Adusta's belly and crotch leaving a trail of precum, until he was once again licking the lion's muzzle. He carefully positioned himself so that Krugar's throbbing, dripping cock was positioned against his tight tail hole and kissed the lion firmly, thrusting his tongue into Krugar's mouth as he slowly slid himself onto the lion's cock, moving back until he was all the way in. After pausing briefly, he started to slide up and down Krugar's shaft, while rubbing his chest on the lion's. Several times, he brought Krugar close to climax and then slowed down or stopped so that the lion could last a little longer. Finally, Krugar couldn't control himself and he began to thrust up to meet Adusta as he came down and withdraw as he went up. At this point, Adusta sat up and began to ride up and down with all of his might. Krugar reached up with both of his front paws, grabbed the leopard's throbbing, dripping cock and began to jerk off the leopard. After several thrusts like this, Krugar's paws dropped to his side and grasped the bedding with his claws as he roared out his climax and began pumping his seed into Adusta again, still thrusting himself in and out of the little leopard. His primal roar and final powerful thrusts drove Adusta over the edge and he came more powerfully than he had in a very long time, spurting his seed all over the lion's heaving, sweaty chest. As their climaxes subsided, Adusta collapsed onto Krugar and lay still, both of them breathing heavily.

After lying quietly for several minutes to regain his strength, Krugar gently moved his lover, who had fallen asleep, off of him. He picked up a clean towel from a pile in the corner and cleaned himself off. He tossed the towel into the basket provided for soiled towels and used a clean one to gently clean up Adusta, who barely stirred, before using some of the bedding to cover his sleeping form. As he tucked it in around

the leopard, he kissed him gently on the cheek and whispered into his ear “I’ll have to visit you again soon, my spotted beauty.”

Then, he slipped past the curtain back into the tavern. He stretched to his full height with his arms above him, generating a number of pops from protesting joints in the process. As he looked around the almost deserted tavern, he realized how late it must be. The wolf was no where to be seen. The only ones left were the bartender, who was cleaning up behind the bar, and a few patrons, including his friend, savoring their last drinks. As he walked over to the tiger, Tallyhawk tossed Krugar his tunic and pouch. Krugar slipped into the tunic and hefted the pouch.

“It’s rather lighter than it was earlier,” Krugar said with a smile.

“I paid your bar tab, including a rather generous tip for our ‘server.’ Judging by how long you were gone and the sounds coming from that alcove, I figured he had earned it.”

“He did, indeed,” he said and yawned mightily. “Sorry but, for some reason, I’m exhausted. I need to be heading home.”

The tiger grinned. “I can’t imagine why. Surely it wasn’t the fight with that wolf or the endless sex. You must just be getting old. But I have to agree. It’s late and I’m tired, too.”

“Why not spend the night, what’s left of it, at my place?” asked Krugar. “It’s much closer than yours and you’ve found the couch comfortable before. Tomorrow is Saturday and neither of us has to work. We can sleep late, have some breakfast, and then decide how we want to spend the day.”

“That sounds like a plan to me. I’m not sure I could make it all the way to my place before I fall asleep, anyway.”

With that, they headed out the door into the night.

The End