

INSPECTION

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It was a busy day in Furrville Airport. Kel looked around as he waited his turn to go through Customs. Hundreds of people stood in line, like him. Some showed impatience, others resignation, at having to be subjected to a Customs check. "Next, please."

Kel blinked, realising that the officer was talking to him. "Oh, sorry." He stepped forwards and placed his luggage on the table to be inspected. "Anything to declare?" the officer asked in a bored voice.

The young cheetah shook his head. "Not at all." As the lupine officer opened his suitcase and rummaged through it, Kel studied him with a practised eye. *About my height, probably twenty kilos heavier.* He stood on tiptoe briefly and glanced down at the wolf's crotch, partly hidden behind the table. *Hmm...I'd say he'd make a lot of women happy too.* He swept his gaze over the people milling around beyond the Customs area as he waited for the inspection to finish.

"Would you come with me for a moment?" the officer asked quietly, breaking Kel's idle visual wandering.

"Hmm? What for?" He knew that he didn't have anything illegal in his suitcase; he was always careful about such details. With a worried expression on his face he followed the wolf, who had picked up his suitcase, out of Customs and into one of the infamous back rooms. Kel knew what went on here, and he didn't particularly want to be a party to it.

The officer's tone was calm and assuring, but it held a note of sadistic pleasure that Kel didn't like. "Don't worry. Now and again we like to take a random person and subject them to a more...thorough investigation." He gestured the confused cheetah through a door marked **INSPECTION ROOM 2**.

The room was relatively large, with shelves on the far wall. By the left wall were a couple of chairs, and in the centre of the room was a table. The right wall held an examining table. The officer put the suitcase on the latter. "Please undress, while I get one of my colleagues in here to help with the...extended inspection." The way the wolf paused made Kel even more uncomfortable, but he wasn't about to argue with security. He shot an accusatory glance at the officer as he went out the door and slowly began to remove his shirt.

Kel shivered in the unheated room while he waited for the officer to return. A couple of possibilities for why he was in this situation ran through his mind, but he didn't particularly want to dwell on those right now. Unless it was the adult magazines he had bought.... Surely they weren't illegal to bring into the country...were they? It was just your average gay porn, bought from a reputable adult store.

"Still here are we? Good." The officer had returned, with an even bigger wolf behind him. The second one closed the door, and looked at Kel like a predator might his next meal, while the other went to one of the shelves and took down a large tube. "Oh, by the way," he said, waving the tube about, "I'm Allen, and the big boy over there is Jess."

Allen looked Kel over carefully. "Turn around and bend over the table, please?" He watched the cheetah move, unconsciously licking his muzzle. Yes, this was a nice one all right. He stepped over and, putting the tube on the table, took a firm hold on Kel's buttocks, pulling them apart to get a good look at his pink pucker. The cheetah raised his tail, not seeing much point in resisting. "Jess, could you get me a rubber glove, please? Thank you."

The bigger wolf nodded and went to the shelves, reaching up to a higher shelf to pull down a large box. On the side of it Kel could read **100 Latex Gloves: Large**. *I get the feeling that there's more to this*, Kel thought privately. He turned his head to regard Allen. "This isn't just an inspection, is it?"

Allen laughed, a deep throaty sound that grated on Kel's ears. "Of course not. It's only a one person task to rectally probe someone. We're going to probe you all right, but in more *depth*." He took the glove from Jess and put it on, flexing his fingers. "Right. Now we'll just lube you up, like so..." The wolf took the tube and opened it, squirting some of the contents out onto his fingers.

Kel jerked forward against the table when Allen's fingers touched his tailhole. The lube, as usual, was cold and sticky. He felt a finger pushing against him, and relaxed, letting it slide in easily up to the third knuckle. "Taken much up your butt?" Allen asked in a conversational tone as he slipped another finger in. "You're rather loose."

"You'd be loose too if you'd been fucked hard out every night for a week," muttered Kel. He hated giving out private information like that, but he was hardly going to stop them prying. He suddenly gasped as his anus was widened further by the inclusion of a third finger. "Gods, that's good," he murmured without thinking, pushing back to embed the fingers totally within him.

"Hear that, Jess? He likes it. Well, then. Let's see how he likes this!" With that Allen withdrew his fingers, pulling off the glove and throwing it at a large blue bin. He unbuckled his belt and pulled down his trousers and underwear, revealing to Kel's startled eyes a massive cock, already dripping with precum. "Look at it, kitty. Nine inches of hard wolfcock. And it's going to go right up your..." The wolf positioned himself and pressed forward, moaning softly as his cock was engulfed by the cheetah's warm tailhole.

Kel moaned as well, sagging against the table as he felt every delicious inch sink into his body. Despite the wrongness of being violated by two total strangers, he almost joyfully welcomed the cock invading his bowels. He winced and gasped as the last couple of inches worked their way in – he was really only used to seven inches.

Allen pulled out almost all the way, then slowly pushed back in again, revelling in the silkiness of the cheetah's butt. "Ohh, yes, kitty. You *are* a good fuck," he murmured, gradually establishing a rhythm for himself. He reached under the table and rubbed at Kel's sheath. "And you're hard," he said with a note of surprise. "Say, Jess. Get under the table and take care of him, will you?"

Some part of Kel's brain told him that Allen had just insulted him, but the rest of his brain ignored it, concentrating on processing the pleasurable sensations coming from his rump and crotch. He watched Jess slowly strip off then crawl under the table. A moment later his cock was feeling the familiar warm wetness of a mouth around it. Oddly happy he began to purr, the sound blending with the soft moans of the wolf behind him.

Over the next few minutes Allen pounded Kel's tailhole with variety of short and long strokes, sometimes going deep, other times only going in a couple of inches. Kel was actually enjoying himself, and the continual sucking and licking on his cock was making the experience even better.

Finally it was too much for him to handle any longer. A loud mewl of pleasure announced his climax into Jess' mouth. It had been a couple of days since he had last come, and he had plenty to give out. His cock was gently massaged as Jess swallowed his load. A strong hand cupped his balls, squeezing softly, coaxing another few spurts out of the happy cheetah.

A series of grunts heralded the arrival of Allen's orgasm; it wouldn't do to have someone investigate a loud howl from this room. Kel felt the warm sticky feeling in his rectum that told him louder than words that his partner had just come. The wolf draped himself over the cheetah's back, resting from the amount of effort he had put into fucking.

Eventually Allen pulled out, leaving Kel's tailhole gaping open. "He's all yours, Jess," he said, moving over to the shelves again to get some paper towels to clean up with.

Jess moved out from under the table, and stood in front of Kel, holding his semi-erect cock. "Suck on this for a bit, please," he said, scritching behind the cheetah's ears.

I've got to say, they really are quite polite, despite what they're doing to me, Kel thought wryly. He opened his mouth and took a few inches of wolf meat into his mouth, suckling on it as if it was a really big nipple. It began to harden almost immediately, and very soon it was fully hard and ready for action. "Please...fuck me," he murmured to Jess.

The large wolf nodded and stepped around the table to stand behind Kel. "Here I go," he said quietly, touching his cockhead to the cheetah's anus and pushing in slowly. His member slid in effortlessly, thanks to the copious amounts of semen Allen had deposited there.

Jess' cock was slightly shorter than Allen's had been, but it definitely felt thicker, Kel mused as the wolf fucked him with a little less roughness than Allen had. He was feeling sore, but it wasn't so bad that he didn't enjoy it.

It took Jess only a couple of minutes to reach his peak. Just before he did he leaned over Kel and gripped his neck fur in his teeth, growling loudly as he shot his cream into his abused butt, soothing it a little. Jess pulled out then, to finish off, he crouched down and lapped at Kel's wide open anus, slipping his tongue inside to clean out as much cum as he could.

The three of them rested for a few minutes, the wolves in the chairs, and Kel on the table. "You may put your clothes back on now," Allen murmured as he got up and began doing the same. "The inspection's finished, so you're free to go."

"I actually enjoyed that, you know," Kel said as he pulled on his underwear, wincing as cramped muscles protested. "I know that performing such a service is definitely *not* in your job description." He pulled his trousers up and fastened them, then reached for his belt. "Do you do this often?"

"Well, not really. Maybe once or twice a month, perhaps? Only one guy's complained, and that was because we didn't use enough lube." Jess grinned at Kel and put on his officer's shirt.

Kel thought for a moment. "You know...you're pretty good guys. What say I give you my phone number, and we can get together for a drink later, hmm? My shout."

Allen and Jess glanced at each other, then at Kel. "Sure, if you want. Just leave it at the information counter, and we'll get it from there," Allen said with a wry chuckle. "I'm glad you enjoyed that."

"It's still wrong, you understand, but so long as no-one complains...." Kel trailed off, fixing up the last button on his shirt. He grabbed his suitcase and gestured to the door. "After you."

Kel had a big smile on his face as he walked out of Customs. "I'm sure they'd be interested to meet my partner – especially when they find out what he likes to play with...."