

A Night at the Tavern

By Tallyhawk

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The tiger 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, blue in his case, 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 females 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 tiger looked at their empty mugs and asked, "Another round, Krugar?" as he began looking for a server.

"Yep," said the lion 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 female, but just not my type."

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

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

The tiger glanced in the indicated direction and sighed. “God you’re hopeless. He’s definitely got a nice body but we both know he’s painfully straight.”

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

The tiger 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, her bare breasts just inches from his face and the small pendant she wore dangling even closer.

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

“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” she said as she hurried in the direction of the bar, the lion’s chuckling unheard by her.

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

“It’s not that, Tallyhawk,” said the still chuckling lion. “Could you not see how excited she was? She has been watching you longer than you have been watching her. 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 and there can’t be that many tigers with a scar like yours.”

Tallyhawk 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, she pointed to the table where the tiger 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 she passed the table next to her destination, a rather rough looking gray wolf reached out and grabbed her 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 tiger? 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 a breast only to find his wrist locked in a striped paw before it reached its destination.

“Excuse me,” said Tallyhawk 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 her. I’ll warm her 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 her,” Tallyhawk 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 tiger and several pounds heavier. “There is only one response to that.”

“As you wish” Tallhawk said as he slipped nimbly out of his tunic, which he handed to Krugar 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.”

“So you’re saying he doesn’t know you were state champion in both high school and college?” asked the lion with a grin.

“Perhaps not. But he’ll know shortly,” said Tallyhawk as he grinned back at his friend before becoming serious. “True, he has a height and weight advantage over me but I have the edge in training and experience so it should be a pretty even match. It will come down to stamina and I’m in better overall shape than he is.”

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?”

Tallyhawk 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 tiger. Tallyhawk 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, Tallyhawk 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 tiger than there appeared at first glance. Becoming a little more cautious, he assumed the traditional wrestler’s crouch. Tallyhawk 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 Tallyhawk and grabbed his left wrist. He started to twist the arm around behind the tiger’s back. But, before the wolf could take advantage of the situation, Tallyhawk elbowed the wolf in the gut with his free arm. The wolf used a foot to kick the tiger’s legs out from under him. They landed face down with a thud and a grunt from the tiger 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, Tallyhawk 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, Tallyhawk pounced. But the wolf was not as rattled as he appeared. He hopped up and intercepted the tiger, grabbing each of the Tallyhawk'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 Tallyhawk down with him. When his butt reached the floor, he rolled backward onto his back. With Tallyhawk still at arms length, he planted a foot in the tiger's stomach and, using the momentum of his backward roll, threw the tiger over his head. Tallyhawk landed heavily on his back with a thud and a groan. Taking advantage of Tallyhawk's rattled state, the wolf hopped up on him. He straddled Tallyhawk with both legs and executed a "school boy" pin, the tiger 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 tiger further, the wolf roughly kissed him and laughed. As the wolf straightened up to think about what he wanted to do next, Tallyhawk 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 tiger was. The wolf's strength began to fade and his grip began to loosen. The wolf was amazed by the tiger 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 tiger in the sides and back. This was a mistake because Tallyhawk 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!"

Tallyhawk 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, Tallyhawk immediately released his moaning opponent and stood up. Breathing heavily, he looked around to see money changing paws and Krugar sitting at the table with a big smile on his face and a growing pile of cash in front of him. More importantly, the obviously relieved Adusta was standing next to the lion. Tallyhawk strode over to the server, picked her up, threw her over his sweaty shoulder, and headed for the nearest empty alcove.

Upon entering, he set her gently on her feet, wrapped his arms around her, and pressed his muzzle to hers. She opened her muzzle and their tongues met and wrestled as his 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 lying on her back on the cushioned floor with her legs spread and her arms outstretched. Kneeling down between her legs, he entered her completely with one quick, powerful thrust, wrapped his arms around her 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 of her. She wrapped her arms around him and held on for the ride. The fight had brought out Tallyhawk'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 her. As his climax subsided, he rolled off of her and onto his back, panting heavily.

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

licked and kissed her way around his neck and throat until she reached the point where his throat entered his chest. After pausing to kiss and lick this sensitive area, she began licking her way slowly onto his chest and over to his left breast. She paused to examine an oddly shaped scar there. It was all straight lines and they seemed to form a pattern that she traced gently, first with a claw and then with her tongue. While her tongue traced the scar, her paws worked their way down and began massaging his upper abdomen, feeling the firm muscles that formed the top of his six-pack. Finishing the examination of the scar, she kissed her way down to his nipple, which she took into her mouth. She suckled it with her lips while gently chewing on it with her teeth and teasing the tip with her tongue. Tallyhawk, 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, she released the nipple and began licking and kissing her way across his chest. She stopped in the center and inhaled deeply, savoring his sweaty scent and the lingering scent of his vanquished foe, and then moved on to his right nipple, treating it as she had the other, generating much the same response, before she began to work her way down his belly. She licked and kissed her way back and forth and down, examining every square inch of his magnificent abs. By now, her paws had worked their way down his belly and onto his hips. She followed the curve of his hips around and back until she could massage his muscular butt. When her mouth had worked all the way down his belly, she skipped his swelling sheath and worked her way across to his hip and down his left leg. With her paws, lips, and tongue, she examined the muscular leg that she found, paying particular attention to his inner thigh. Just before reaching the knee, she switched to his right leg and began to work her way up it toward his groin. When she found his balls dangling directly in front of her face, she smiled and gently kissed and licked each one before taking each into her mouth and sucking gently. Her paws massaged his lower abdomen around his now swollen sheath. In response, his cock peeked out of its furry covering and she teased the tip with her tongue, causing it to grow quickly toward its full length and girth. As it grew, she took it into her mouth and began to suck it. She started bobbing her head up and down as she worked her mouth up and down his shaft, licking it with her tongue. Randomly, as she went up or down, she would close her jaw just

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

After lying quietly for several minutes to regain his strength, Tallyhawk 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 Adustra, who barely stirred, before using some of the bedding to cover her sleeping form. As he tucked it in around

her, he kissed her gently on the cheek and whispered into her 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 lion, Krugar tossed Tallyhawk his tunic and pouch. He slipped into the tunic and hefted the pouch.

“It’s rather lighter than it was earlier,” Tallyhawk 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 she had earned it.”

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

The lion 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. Why not spend the night, what’s left of it, at my place? 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