For the third day in a row, I had a gut feeling something bad was about to happen.

 Some called it feline intuition. Others, mainly the superstitious lots, claimed they were premonitions. Either by our Lord’s angels or a Romani fortuneteller’s word. The smart furs trying to teach a new theory in schools east of the Mississippi termed it, and I quote, ‘the instincts inherited to us from our feral ancestors’. It latched into the pit of my stomach like a nasty bug, nearly making it impossible for me to crawl out of my bunk and wait until the girls were finished using the brothel’s private bath.

 “All yers, Cherry!” Pearl hollered down the short corridor, hurrying into the backrooms as her bare breasts bounced for my unenjoyment. “Snap outta yer dreams, boy!”

“Sorry, Pearl!” I jumped past the older vixen and went straight the bath.

As I closed the door behind me, Pearl mentioned, “Madam Vale wants us ready before nine o’clock! Don’t take too long now!”

When Madam Vale promised to build us working girls (and boy) an improved bath, nobody expected her to use every cent. Three large porcelain bathtubs replaced the line of stalls out back, giving everyone privacy as well as newer shampoos and soaps to allure more clientele passing through from Kaspar or Frontier straight into Utah. After three years working in the Soiled Dove Saloon, hot water baths were a welcomed luxury.

Scrubbing away the grime and dried seed and sweat I’d missed washing away the previous night, I felt my tail still curl at the gut feeling.

Three days. Three days, and I still couldn’t stop worrying if a rough client would be too rough, or the Madam finally decided to tear apart my contract. Whichever way the reasons went, it likely required a nice breakfast downstairs, allowing me to drown out the dread and prepare for the day. Yeah, a hot meal might do the trick. A hot meal followed by a hard man’s cock.

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 Valetown, Wyoming. My home since the Incident.

The dustbowl town existed in a shallow valley somewhere between Utah and Colorado, before a ‘clueless Yankee mapper’ labeled it as being under Wyoming’s borders. At least, that was what some bitter townsfolk claimed. Me? I’d been born and raised in Lakertown before a little misunderstanding led me to taking a train out West. Father likely didn’t know where I was or what I was doing, otherwise, he'd likely have a heart attack. Though not before furiously lecturing how much shame I’d given my family name.

 Then again, he was the one who gave me the train ticket to nowhere.

At eighteen years of age and with nothing but the clothes on my back, the Soiled Dove had been my anchor. The owner saw my effeminate features, then figured I could do more than just tend tables or sweep floors. I figured her decision had something to do with the scent of a perverted stagecoach driver’s musk glued to my spotted fur, poorly hidden under dirt and shame.

I stretched my arms above me, looking back into the mirror. Madam Vale suggested wearing the white-and-blue dress, but when I revealed to her it still needed stitching thanks to a rather impatient client from two days past, the old vixen ordered. “Then go for the blue skirt. The one with cherry red bows in it. Today’s theme is blue, Cherry dear.”

“Yes, ma’am!” I nodded, then rifled through the wardrobe as she exited into the hallway.

I easily passed as a female at first glance. The neck-length headfur helped plenty. Give me a dab of makeup and the pretty dress from a general store, and the average miner or gunslinger with an itch under the belt buckle would drop his trousers. Unfortunately for them, after a lesson was learned involving a drunken bear and his attempts to expose my gender to the town after trying to get under my tail, I stopped providing bareback pleasure.

Luckily for any gents who entered the Soiled Dove, my skilled lips happened to be legendary along the Rockies. Together with my lascivious ocelot tongue, they could blur the border between oral and anal expertise.

It’d begun as a meandering shift that day. Whenever me or the other girls had nothing better to do, be it a Sunday or any other day of the week, we mostly cleaned up the place or catered to customers who came for the alcohol rather than the expensive women. Valetown might have not been San Francisco or even Crossroads City, but it had a sizable enough population of drunkards and losers and heathens to keep the saloon its most popular business.

Most of the time, I preferred sweeping the floors over serving drinks. Whatever kept me from continuously having to smell the horrid scent of unwashed fangs and belching on their breaths. Don’t forget the lecherous grins directed my way, too.

I’d just gotten to the second-floor balcony overlooking the lobby and ground floor, which also led to the more V.I.P. rooms. Creeping through the paper-thin walls were the unmistakable sound of a squeaking bedframe and male grunting mixed with exaggerated moans. The male customer’s stallion voice, huffing and wheezing akin to a locomotive, had to be none other than Sheriff Barnaby hard at work.

“Hehe,” I muttered amusedly, still sweeping with a firm grip on the broom handle, “seems like one of ya’ll couldn’t wait ‘til evening to stick your dick somewhere warm. Huh?” Pausing at the window staring down at Main Street, my eyes fell on a stranger. “Well, lookie here…a newcomer?”

Nobody arrived in Valetown on horseback without getting the townsfolks’ attention.

The stranger wolf’s dark fur matched his clothes. His hat, his shirt, his trousers, his boots, his duster coat, and bushy tail. His mustang was a real, black-furred beauty too. From the window, I could almost spot an empty holster on his belt, one paw gripping the reigns as the other lowered to his hip. It was wise for the dark-furred stranger to not wield a pistol in public, lest the, uh…occupied Sheriff sniffed him out.

A few nosey townspeople made quick notice of his presence before returning to their business. Mr. Galahad went back inside his tailor shop, Ms. Pauley carried on her way to begin teaching for the day at the schoolhouse, and a cub playing hooky stared wide-eyed from behind a parked wagon. They all acted like this stranger was the President himself, from how stoic and majestic he and his mustang were, to the fact he clearly stood out like a sore thumb.

“Don’t forget the runway when ya get to it, Cherry!” Madam Vale’s voice carried upstairs, and I got to work sweeping to the catwalk directly above the Soiled Dove’s entrance.

I did not get to see the stranger tie his mustang to a post outside, or see him trudge indoors, but it did enter my mind when I spotted the tall, dark-furred wolf stand in front of the lobby desk. The secretary, a plainly dressed doe named Maria, asked him what he wanted.

His black tail twitched against the floorboards.

“A companion, and a room for the entire night.” The wolf spoke, unaware his baritone voice echoed upwards to the narrow walkway I stood on. My ears easily caught any whisper. “I trust you employ felines such as tigers, lions, and ocelots?”

“We sure do, sir!” Maria chirped. “Which would you prefer, specifically?”

“Hm…ocelot.” He replied after a moment.

My heart fluttered. The handsome stranger desired me.

“We do have a queen in employment,” Maria smiled behind the desk, “but I’m afraid that due to an injury, she cannot bed with men, but she can still provide other forms of—”

The canine stranger cleared his throat, interrupting her. He learned forward, reaching into a pocket within his duster coat and murmuring, “I never said anything about wanting a queen.”

***(Author’s Note: the term for a female ocelot is ‘queen’ while male ocelots are referred to as ‘torns’. The more you know.)***

I blinked, as did Maria, when he produced a large pouch and carefully placed it on the desk. A short jangling noise reached all the way from down there, up to my ears. It even somehow caught the ears of the old vixen herself, who curiously asked what the fuss was about.

“Confirmed bachelors like myself prefer king-sized beds over queens.” The dark-furred wolf explained to both her and Maria, his voice low enough for only them to hear while I caught wind of everything he said. “It’s been a long journey, and I need to gather my strength for the long trek back to Frontier the day after tomorrow. As the madam of this fine establishment, I trust you wouldn’t mind providing such a request?”

Staring at the stranger, then mindfully glancing up at me as I stood petrified, Madam Vale’s thoughts were more elusive than snow in summertime. Finally, she whispered something directly into Maria’s twitching ear.

I could not hear it but didn’t need to.

“Madam Vale will be more than happy to accommodate such a request, kind sir!” Maria beamed happily, taking the pouch to count each coin inside. Her free paw offered a pen and familiar paper. “Just sign your name onto this document here, and the time you wish for hi—her—to arrive at your room.”

I sensed the wolf smirking, despite only being able to see his back and sharp ears.

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By the time noon rolled around, I found myself in one of the V.I.P. rooms waiting for the stranger to arrive (he insisted that Maria kept the additional quarter), and still dressed in the blue dress Madam Vale requested I wore.

Each V.I.P. room was identical, no matter what. No windows, a single twin-sized bed (alongside a knife hidden behind the headboard) in the corner, a lantern lit atop a dingy nightstand, a mirror hanging across the room, and a dozen or so visible dents and holes on the abused wall. Rumor had it that Madam Vale only bothered purchasing new wallpaper if there were ever any bloodstains, though such a thing had never happened during my time working for the Soiled Dove.

At last, a knock on the door led to the stranger entering.

“Hello there, sir.” I said with my effeminate voice in full swing.

He grunted out a greeting, closing the door behind him. With his hat and duster coat discarded on the nearby coat rack, I got a good look at the wolf.

Eyes as green as emeralds. A strong, older jawline drenched in tan fur, while the upper portion of his head was covered in rich, dark fur matching his tailored vest. Beneath that, he wore a white tuxedo shirt with the sleeves rolled up and splotches of dirt on the hem, with the black trousers held up by a silvery belt buckle and fine leather belt. It didn’t require a fancy-schmancy teaching from east of the Mississippi River to figure out how handsome the stranger was, nor how muscular he appeared to be beneath those clothes of his.

“You are Cherry.” He said instead of questioned, stepping towards the bed as he unbuttoned his shirt. Beneath his baritone voice, I heard traces of an unknown accent. European, at best. “I heard you are quite the talented one in this place. A rumor in Kaspar claims an ocelot prostitute in this here town could make the sorest of cocks hard again.”

I nodded and gave him the room to sit with his back against the headboard, kicking off his boots and stretching those powerful legs, and bushy wolf tail.

>>>>>>kiss

“Mm, that’s right. You’re a real beautiful lad.”

I blinked at the compliment. In the years I’d worked, Madam Vale had been kind to me while the other girls tolerated me at best, but as far as Valetown’s male population was concerned, I was just another girly hole to please ‘em. Even the ones who secretly knew didn’t care so long as I continued wearing a corset or lacey skirt. My newest client though…he wanted a boy. He’d asked for not a woman in the lobby, but a man.

“What would you like to do next, sir?” I giggled as his calloused paws tickled their way up my flat chest, feeling my perky nipples while at the same time, I moaned my hips against his trousers’ sturdy tent. “Oh, goodness me!”

He half-thrust against my rear through his trousers. He clearly wanted something.

“Wet my whistle first, boy.”

His half-hardened member easily emerged from that heavy sheath the moment I inhaled his musky tip, which began leaking into my nose when I went about kissing it. The noises escaping the back of his throat were welcoming. I especially got a response from the stranger when my lips finally enveloped down his shaft, nearly to the hilt. The wolf was that enormous, and I’d taken plenty of Johnsons before.

He didn’t care though. He was lost in the bliss.

“Ha! Ngh, fuck!” He groaned with a grin on his muzzle. “Good God, boy, that’s the—nnnngh!”

Licking and lapping at the man’s pole, the little feline spines along my tongue were driving him wild enough to harden at full mast.

One mighty paw rested between my heated ears, ruffling the long headfur. The other paw occupied itself by trailing down my side, until it finally reached the raised hem of my dress. His thick fingers kneaded past my girdle’s straps until they felt what they’d been searching for: my ass. He especially wanted to caress his way into the crack between my toned cheeks, beneath the tail shuddering at his touch.

His meat tasted of unwashed earth and delicious wolf musk. My vision blurred as I inhaled it like cigar smoke, making my fur prickle on edge and moaning around the tapered tip when it teased against the roof of my maw, leaking out its sweet substance. The wolf’s Johnson hadn’t been the longest one I ever swallowed, but it certainly compared to the Sheriff and even a teacher of mine back in Lakertown, whose sheer length almost raised the question if I even had internal organs beneath my skin and spotted fur.

The exploration suddenly stilled. A finger froze the instant it touched the winking entrance, likely thanks to feeling the slick wetness beneath my tail. He pressed against it, then pulled back to sniff it.

“Olive oil.”

I pulled my lips away, and quipped, “The madam insisted. Spit is not the best lubricant, and she considers me expensive.”

The wolf stranger gave a dark chuckle.

“Expensive, you say?” He lifted my chin and glared lustful daggers at my heaving, chest, then over my shoulder and at my tail. “If that’s the case, then I want you to make every penny I spent count.”

“Yessir!” I affirmed without bothering to hide my male voice. “Ah, uh, I mean—“

“And quit it with the girly pitch, Cherry.” He said offhandedly, then grinned a lecherous grin. “The only girly sounds I want you to make are after I’m finished knotting ya.”

And knot me, he did.

https://www.furaffinity.net/view/35220467/

>>>>Cherry has birthmark.

“My mark?” I murmured to the deep voice.

Forgotten all about it.

Our kind had no place in the natural world, according to esteemed professors. Our kind was an abomination of the Lord’s creation, according to preachers. Our kind needed to either be killed or driven from town, according to leaders unbound by a madam’s influence. Our kind didn’t deserve to exist, according to the ignorant followers. Whatever the case or the ‘respectable’ fur’s occupation, I’d slept with all of them.

Well, I also had no place in my family, according to Father. Nothing would change it.

“He asked me to find you, on the condition that nobody else learned about your real identity,

LINKS: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=wKo-wY0YebE&ab_channel=RyanIke>