Sex is a form of power.

 Whether somebody lived as a common street whore offering their services to survive, a limp-dicked slob too afraid to leave their room and fuck a real person, or a demented soul believing the next fur to take your virginity had to be another soul mate, sex did more than give you euphoria for an hour (or two). Everyone craved it. Everybody wanted to experience it, be they dominant or submissive in the act. Or both, because of how addicting it was. For dominant ones like me, it gave them the incredible high, the thrill of being inside somebody and taking control.

 Remembering this, I entered Cherry causing him to squeal in approval.

 Gruff moans escaped the back of my throat while his supple warmth enveloped my thick, pulsing cock. Thrusting once, careful as can be, I pounded even deeper into that sweet feline ass. We were in the bedroom of my penthouse apartment, the lithe ocelot gripping the sheets under him as I fucked the ocelot silly. Checking into a motel would take too long and I needed to relish my manhood into the nearest willing ass.

 A police siren blared down below on the street, but neither of us would have cared if the cops broke down the door. We would not have acknowledged if distant yells or the noise of a cocking shotgun vibrated into the master bedroom, making through the penthouse like predators to snatch two of the worst criminals: a prostitute and a freelance hitman. Two souls of society’s seedy side they refused to acknowledge anywhere other than politics or fiction.

 We were in our own little worlds though, lost to our inner desires.

 A piece of ass was the perfect way to unwind after contracted murder. On the days that my libido did get the best of me and simple masturbation were not enough, I usually handled it accordingly. Mostly by hiring the nearest male prostitute I could find after a quick peruse on any of the hookup apps. Their coded language was not as hard to notice as some guessed. Those who knew the key words and what their prices usually were often got lucky. The ones pulled into the obvious traps instead got booked by undercover law enforcement. Not that night.

 I roughly caressed his soft torso, satisfied the cute feline with my rough paws and experienced tongue, then relished in hearing his purring moans underneath me. They were like wind chimes to my ears each time I thrusted in and out of his silky, wet tailhole.

 “Oh God, oh God!” he whined repeatedly into my musky neck. The ocelot’s wincing, pleasured expressions embedded into my shoulder barely camouflaged how much he was relishing the moment. “Yes, oh…fuck yes! M-My God, that’s it! Uh, uh, uh!”

 “Mfh, ngh, good bitch!” I grunted, panting and snarling. “Mfh, grah! Take it all for me!”

 My left paw lowered until it started caressing his slim stomach, fingers touching his erect nipples and eliciting further purrs from the feline. They traveled like echoes from his thorax and down his spine to the skilled cock stroking at his well-used prostate. My right paw started cupping and spreading his pert cheeks each time he clenched harder on the wolf dick pounding inside him. Cherry once casually mentioned taking a stallion for a joyride in his teens, but nobody could ever tell based on how tightly the feline twink felt around my slick shaft.

 I was close. In aching want, I bit down on his trembling neck without drawing blood underneath the golden-and-black fur. He gasped, arching his lithe torso into my chiseled, black-furred stomach. My nipples brushed against his arched back in a single pleasuring second. My knot soon throbbed against the loosened ring, until it finally tied itself under Cherry’s wild tail. His cries and my guttural moans united in an orchestra of lust.

 Growling and lost in pleasure, I thrust my hips into him one final time, collapsing in a heap beside the small feline without dislodging my knot. My nose then savored in the smell of our afterglow as I pulled him closer to me.

 “…are you hurt?” I lowly murmured, inhaling his scent.

 Yawning tiredly for a moment, Cherry curled tighter to me for warmth, visibly compelling himself to stay awake by continuously blinking. Something he likely did plenty of times in the earlier hours of the morning after servicing a john, only to be near complete exhaustion from the work afterwards. He seemed to always be careful about not falling asleep in the den of a client.

 “Mmm, nope,” he giggled with a sly smirk, swishing his tickling tail against my ankles until it drew a low chuckle from me, “It is cute you care though.”

 I scoffed down at him.

 “So…how long until…?”

 “Twenty minutes I believe,” came my reply. “Don’t pull on it.”

 “Heh, okay then. You canines and your knots…” he muttered in slight amusement.

 Since it usually hurt me for the ocelot to wriggle his knotted rear from my cock, sending small jolts of hot lightning to its sensitive base if he so much as pulled off it, we waited. Deep down though, in spite of the predicament a knot place us in like sitting ducks, I liked our position. I liked placing my larger paws around his torso and running my fingers through the fur on Cherry’s stomach as we waited for it to go down.

 From how he relaxed against me and propped an elbow onto the sheets, still staying awake by repeatedly opening and closing his eyes, I could barely tell what the lad was thinking. Part of me wondered if it’d be a good idea to suggest keeping our phones out of our pants pockets for next time, instead placing them nearby on the bedside.

 “So…what do you do for a living?”

 “…”

 “Are you a businessman?”

 “I am not.”

 “Do you do something illegal then?”

 “…”

 “Heh, you don’t have to be stoic about it. What we’re doing is hardly legal, ya know.”

 Fair point, but I traded blood for money. He traded his body for money. It would be an incredible stretch to claim one illegal career equaled another.

 We lay there for what felt like a blissful, awkward eternity until Cherry could finally dislodge himself off my knot. The drooling, condom-covered wolfcock became flaccid enough for him to wiggle free, but a small bit of uncomfortable pain slowly disappeared from the bulbous knot receding back into my canine sheath.

 “Mmm, see you soon, big guy!” he patted my thigh. “I’ll be right back.”

 I watched the ocelot waddle to the open doorway connected to the master room, flicking a switch on the wall. The linoleum bathroom suddenly became bathed in light, which seeped across the room and made us wince.

 Cherry’s glazed eyes—his right one still bruised, though not as badly as I thought it would—turned to me, then awkwardly smiled. “If I fall asleep, please don’t kill me.”

 I simply grinned, “Only if you don’t bruise your forehead again.”

 Once the door closed shut, my eyes traveled up to the chipped ceiling just as an ear picked up the sound of another running faucet. Apparently, Cherry once again wanted to use the jets in the showerhead. With a bored sigh, I shifted onto my back and mindlessly yanked off the used condom off my member, which now spilt some of my musky seed all over my left side. I could’ve cared less if some of it stained the sheets though.

 The penthouse once belonged to a porn star whose name I did not remember. A straight porn star who eventually made enough money to successfully retire to a swinging condo in a Cape Fiesta suburb. To him, the urge to procreate probably ranged between raw and passionate or yet another shift in a nine-to-five schedule. To him, he either loved his job or simply found it as an occupation that so-called upstanding furs frowned upon, yet he neither cared nor had a choice. Did he ever stare up at the same ceiling following another hookup and wonder, “Where will this place be after I’m gone? Where will I be?”

 *Where did I become so philosophical after sex?* I wondered.

 Sighing to myself, I stood up from the bed and tiredly walked out onto the nearby balcony. Traces of an ambulance siren and the occasional honking horn or shout could be heard over the wind. Overlooking some of Lakertown’s west side and a sliver of downtown leading to the international airport, the cool early morning air did not bother me as it lightly swept against my naked body.

 I absentmindedly checked my digital watch. At half past two in the morning, looking out at the concrete veins spreading throughout the urban sprawl, bringing life to the city’s center while ignoring the rest of its decaying body, I couldn’t help but wonder why I chose Lakertown of all places to live in. After distancing myself as an associate of the stagnating Outfit years prior, I had considered relocated to towns like Las Estrellas, perhaps Oasis or maybe up north to Alaska City. The extreme hot and the extreme cold didn’t suit me though, plus, the Midwest still held its charm that reminded me of home. The locals seemed nice to your face if pointless politics didn’t come into play.

 Suddenly two spotted and tan-furred arms wrapped themselves around me, followed by a cold nose that buried itself into my musky back. “Mmm, what’s on your mind?” Cherry asked coyly. “And can you please give me an answer that isn’t a grunt?”

 I smirked, placing my paw next to his on my midriff. “Maybe. It depends on how complex the question is.”

 He giggled, then stepped to my right beside me to watch the view.

 “Wow…I’ve never seen Lakertown from this height before,” he murmured, the ocelot’s drying tail swaying against my legs. “I mean, I’ve been inside my fair share of hotel rooms and the like, but none of my clients ever had a view like this…”

 “Hmmm,” I grunted, shivering slightly as a gust of cold wind blew against the side of the apartment complex. “It is not Paris though.”

 Cherry shook his muzzle, shivering slightly. “Oh, Hell no! I mean, I hope not…Anyway, I’m gonna scamper back inside and get dressed, big guy.”

 He bravely patted my left butt cheek, momentarily keeping it there to feel the firm glute until I swatted him away. Sticking his playful tongue out at me, he held his thin arms close before hurrying inside off the balcony. I decided to join him sooner than later.

 “I like you. You don’t treat me like the other johns I’ve serviced,” he commented as he started buttoning his denim shorts. Quietly, I raised an eyebrow down at him, which the ocelot noticed and explained, “…to an extent. You don’t just fuck me and then toss me out the door after. Or force me to do things I’m uncomfortable to do—I mean, it’s a job, but I’ve got limits—and you never hurt me. You…always ask if I’m okay, unlike the other perverts who just fuck me in two pumps.”

 I perked my ears in initial confusion, “Two pumps?”

 “Believe it or not, it’s more common among frat kids,” he laughed. “They’re all either too scared of losing their masculinity and are desperate to get it over with quickly, or they haven’t been getting action from their girlfriends.”

 A deep chuckle rumbled in the back of my throat, yet another uncharacteristic noise I made that night. “So, you said this one’s on the house, correct?” The feline casually nodded, except it didn’t prevent me from pulling two twenty-dollar bills from my dresser drawer. “Consider this a tip then.”

 “Thanks!” he beamed, snatching the money and laughing. “Anyway, I think I need to catch a cab anyway. My place is a little far. Don’t worry about me though; I’ll be fine.”

 “If you say so…” I shrugged.

 “So…see you around, I guess,” Cherry plucked his t-shirt on and stuffed the bills into his pocket, “Got a name for me to call you then?”

 “Fergus,” I lied without so much as thinking. “You can call me ‘Fergus’.”

 “Thanks for the fun night, Fergus. You take care, okay?”

 My tail curled slightly as he started to walk towards the apartment entrance, “I will.”