A few hotels still with them existed in California. A large reflective surface drilled into the ceiling like a lamp fixture above the bed, with tiny bulbs on the edges to provide neon lighting or to set a romantic or sleazy mood.

The hotel I found stood somewhere in the middle of nowhere on the outskirts of Las Estrellas. The walls were probably still made of asbestos and the furniture in the lobby hadn’t changed a single style since the late 70s. With a tired sway of my wolf tail and the desire to lie down, I checked into my luxury suite and brought my luggage up by myself to the top floor. I initially only wanted to get some rest as quickly as possible due to the jet lag. However, any thoughts about getting a power nap went out the window the minute I lay sprawled on the mattress and gazed up at the ceiling. At the ceiling mirror, to be exact.

I wasn’t the most attractive timber wolf. Approaching forty years old and deep in the closet, most of my coworkers back home or the colleagues I planned to meet at the business conference nearby wouldn’t suspect I was bisexual. My half-trimmed beard and beer belly suggested otherwise, as well as how I confidently carried myself during a speech in front of the CEO. None of them would ever suspect.

Staring into the mirror, it wasn’t a reflection that gazed back. It was a fun opportunity. Just because I was the only one brave enough to spend a whole week at another boring conference didn’t mean I couldn’t explore.

I decided to take a hot shower and peruse through a few hookup apps. As if my night somehow couldn’t get any better, I managed to hit the jackpot; two college-aged white tigers—one athletic male and a voluptuous female with identical green eyes—searching for an older man who could host. Probably the biggest red flag wasn’t just the fact they looked like brother and sister (whether or not they truly were related, I didn’t care), but how much they didn’t care about my portly, overweight belly. I wasn’t really thinking clearly, instead enamored by a pair of hot tiger ‘twins’.

I wasn’t wearing anything when I answered the door. Having faced rejection before, literally a minute after they showed up, I decided not to hide my age, belly, graying fur, or thick yet average penis. However, seeing them give me a lustful smile and beginning to strip from their own clothes admittedly made me grow a couple more inches that night. The nameless male tiger wore only a pair of sandals and swim trunks, discarding the wife beater shirt he had under his arm after I closed the door. Meanwhile, his female counterpart walked in with only a denim skirt to hide her bikini bottom. Feeling a little bolder as she sauntered to me after kicking away her skirt, I grasped her right breast, fondling it greedily as we shared a kiss and the male tiger stepped forward to lick at my exposed to the neck. I used my other paw to jerk him off while he jerked me off, our erections pressing against her thighs.

I leaned up against the bed as the two beautiful white tigers knelt down. They had the muscles of angels and the whiskers of silk, their rough feline tongues licking my throbbing member like a popsicle. They worshipped it. Tasted it. To feel not one but two slender pairs of younger lips squeeze around my dick’s sensitive head or lap at my shaft’s underside made me grunt in blissful ignorance. They barely even reacted when I admittedly pushed down one of their heads a little too hard on my wolfcock, making them gag. The nameless tigress was quick to glare up at me, and I sheepishly apologized while her male counterpart swallowed the rest of my leaking cock, and I delightedly moaned at the way his fingers caressed around my gray-furred balls.

Eventually we crawled onto the bed. I laid back along the mattress and let the tiger lay along my left while the tigress lay along my right. Her breasts pressed to my ribcage and his erection pulsed against mine. We exchanged deep tongue for several minutes as we rubbed against each other. Our tails thrashed between our trembling legs. Hitched breathing became gasps and euphoric moans as our fingers roamed, and I greedily examined every curve and toned muscle on their beautiful bodies. My eyes traveled between them and the mirror hanging above us, providing me a gorgeous view of their backs and backsides. I could see the sweat accumulate along their furred backs. I could see it throughout the night, during their feverish frottage and when I fucked each white tiger.

Oh boy did I fuck them. I fuck with them almost as if I were a man in my prime again. I relished each and every second I got to inhale every drop of their musky scents, feel their perfect bodies, and so on. I thought they felt the same. Whenever I wasn’t feeling my churning balls bounce against the lad’s clenching tailhole as he rode my dick, I rubbed my fingers against the lady’s heated folds. And whenever the roles were reversed, I teased his taint as I eagerly watched her boobs jiggle with each thrust made. She seemingly loved riding my cock, as did he.

The third red flag came not long after I fucked a load into each of them. As I lay panting on the bed and soaking in every second of the afterglow, my eyes lazily traveling between the mirror and my temporary lovers. I originally planned on taking a shower with the white tiger twins, then sending them on their way.

Except that didn’t happen. By some stroke of bad luck, I had fallen asleep. Hours later I woke up from one of the best nights of my life to an awful nightmare.

My clothes were stolen, my wallet missing, credit cards gone, and the tigers were nowhere to be found. They even took my smartphone for good measure.

The bastards.

The thieving bastards!

The thieving, sexy bastards!