Sebastian Adalbert Drakos usually woke up near the crack of dawn with a pair of soft, eager lips curled around his morning wood.

 Most of the time, those lips belonged to his most talented of Diamandis Boys, Jaime, a foxy twink who could make any straight fur question their sexuality the moment his tongue licked the underside of their cock. However, the lad to grace his moist mouth on his doghood happened to be none other than one handsome bat.

 “Hmhmhm, good morning to you too, Rafael.”

 The slim, violet-eyed, Cuban fruit bat wore just a singular pair of his favorite white speedos, which contrasted against his earth-colored bodyfur running along each inch. He had the beautiful limbs of a limber swimmer with a pair of razor-thin wings able to fold inside of his toned arms. Thanks to past experience, Rafael’s strong legs allowed the lad to hang from the ceiling and his experience focused primarily on edging male customers to a long, enduring yet satisfying orgasm. In the morning though, he certainly knew how to suck Sebastian’s cock of all the sweet juice he could produce.

 He chirped, his lips still surrounding the Doberdane’s dick.

 “Mmmm, good morning to you too, Mr. Drakos.”

 Multiple times, Sebastian told Rafael he did not have to call him that, but he quite enjoyed reminding themselves how the older canine happened to be his employer. According to Rafael, it spiced the taboo up a little more. It made the act of fellatio seem as immoral as it felt so right to themselves, especially as Sebastian’s seed pulsed with joy into his awaiting maw. The handsome bat did not forget to clean up, then coax the older canine from his comfortable bed.

 “You have a long and busy day ahead of yourself, Birthday Boy.” Rafael giggled as he nuzzled underneath his employer’s strong chin. “I also need to get started on my errands and cannot do them while cuddling with you.”

 “Can I add that to your list?” Sebastian coyly asked as he stood up.

 Rafael winked up to him, considering their height difference.

 “Only if it is on the bottom. Only if it is later tonight, after the party.”

 Within the spacious shower, Sebastian Drakos shampooed and washed his dark, enriching fur while watching a TV display embedded into the tiling of the wall. Sudding and cleansing his coat of greying fur, the hybrid dog actively watched the 8:00 morning news for a sense of what the stock market felt like that day. If there were any things such as scandals, natural disasters, terrorist attacks or an uncertainty of the future that might affect certain stocks he held in certain companies. Even on a day like his birthday, the dog needed to know if anything could go wrong into the afternoon or evening.

 So far, nothing seemed to indicate changes in the status quo; the American President faced backlash from his opponents over a minimal gaffe, a celebrity passed away or celebrated their birthday, a new trailer for an upcoming movie had been released. By the time Sebastian already dried his dark fur and dressed himself in a silky red bathrobe, the newscasters started discussing various ways to cook a traditional Greek breakfast.

 He wandered downstairs into the kitchen, where Jaime the fox stood in nothing but a beautiful white thong behind the granite stovetop, midway through cooking a batch of German sausages and what smelled of soft-boiled eggs mixed with light spices. Another lad in his mid-to-late twenties sat on a highchair eating some cereal, a slim buck dressed in a t-shirt, blue-and-white swim trunks, and sandals. If it weren’t for the post-orgasm and the older canine’s literal need for dark coffee at the moment, it would have been likely for Sebastian to immediately think about inviting Cypress to bend over the countertop, lift his brown teardrop tail, and peel down that sexy pair of swimming trunks.

 “Good morning, boys.” Sebastian waved semi-tiredly at the foot of the stairs, immediately making his way to the brewing coffee machine. “I hope you two are doing well?”

 “Happy Birthday, Mr. Drakos!” Cypress murmured in Greek as he chewed.

 “Happy Birthday, sir!” Jaime chirped with a fresh smile, one paw holding a spatula as he continued cooking. “I think the last of the creamer is in the fridge, but Raf made sure to add it to the list for you.”

 “Good man.” I nodded before my first sip, then turned facing them. “How did you sleep last night, Cy? Did you pass the exam? And please, don’t talk with a mouthful.”

 The buck proceeded to swallow his maw full of cereal and milk whole. It frankly didn’t surprise me, given his talents with that as well. “I think I passed, but we shall see…”

 The poor buck did not know how to handle his anxiety, on some days. Ever since he started taking online classes for university, Cypress had slowly started to come out of his protective shell, yet he still needed more time. More time to learn how it was okay to be vulnerable not just inside of the bedroom, but outside it too.

 Sebastian casually sat down at the island countertop instead of the dining room table, wanting to be beside the two as they discussed the night’s plans.

 “So, Sebby, who do you have planned to come to tonight’s party,” Jaime asked midway through serving their breakfasts, then wryly joked, “and cum at tonight’s party?”

 Sebastian chuckled after sipping more of his cup of black sugar. “I believe you remember Mr. and Mrs.

 “I just remembered that Kurt Magnus answered the RSVP last night. He can make it—”

 “Kurt Magnus, that foxy porn star from Bosnia?” Cypress perked up with wide eyes, then froze when Jaime started to laugh. Of course, the deer had interests in online porn. We all did. Anyway, the semi-embarrassed buck went finishing his cereal and downing a slice of eggs benedict, until curiosity struck him. “How do you convince him to fly all the way over here?”

 “As I was about to say,” I shook my amused muzzle, “He can make it to the ‘after dark party’, but some shoots in Rome will keep him from arriving until around midnight or so. As for your question, Cy, I got him to come over as a surprise for you.”

 The reserved buck widened his eyes even further, comically.

 “For me?” he stammered. “Why me?”

 “To celebrate passing your exams, of course.” The Doberdane laughed boisterously. “We know you did well, and you should know that too. So, I thought I’d contact Mr. Magnus and tell him how much you’re his biggest fan. Who knows?” He winked at the excited deer, “Maybe you and he could get lucky later tonight?”

 “Isn’t today supposed to be your birthday, not mine?” Cypress asked with a quizzically raised eyebrow, masking the surprised, welcoming joy on his muzzle. “I should be the one getting you an amazing present, not the other way around.”

 “Should I be concerned if my present isn’t gonna be as good as that?” Jaime interjected the conversation. “I mean, it isn’t a hot twink porn star or anything like that but…”

 Sebastian’s tail wagged softly, pondering how lucky he could be with such considerate and kind-hearted men like Jaime, Rafael and Cypress. Maybe it was fate that he met them over the years?

 “Not at all. I know I’ll still love it.” The Doberdane smiled shortly to the swift fox, then refocused his attention to Cypress for the moment. “I’ve been wanting to do this for some time now, Cy. Jaime and Rafael have told me how much you’d stay up all night studying, get little time to relax…now that the tests are over, I thought it’d be a good idea to check your internet history and see what to get you. Or, in this case, who to get you.”

 Traces of tears began to well in Cypress’ eyes. “Can I marry you?”

 Sebastian and Cypress laughed as they grasped paws with a contented Jaime, then they continued eating their meals as all three reflected on the morning news, a video or film they watched the night beforehand. Life was good.

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 Diamandis Isle. A small, charming island somewhere in the Aegean Sea, composed of sixty-nine beautiful acres of lush green foliage with an impressive Greek-style villa at the top of the hill. Besides the villa, Diamandis’ other luxuries included a small harbor for boats to dock, a nearby sandy beach overlooking the Western horizon (a perfect spot for, among other things, a romantic picnic for two. Or three. Or more. Sebastian rarely judged.), as well as a small airport with a single runway. It served as a paradise for stockbroker and self-proclaimed ‘femboy connoisseur’, Sebastian Drakos.

 As the Great Dane/Doberman hybrid walked between the villa and down the scenic hill towards the small marina, he reflected on how lucky he’d been to purchase the Isle. Its previous owner had only built the docks, preferring to use Diamandis as a private fishing island, far from the jurisdiction of rival fishing companies throughout the Aegean. The Greek government-debt crisis, however, led to the previous owner falling on hard financial times, to the point he sold it to Mr. Drakos for a discounted deal. Of course, on the condition he never allowed those rival fishing companies to use its beautiful waters. The elderly lion never seemed so relieved when the purchase went through, but at the same time, he never realized what the hybrid dog worth over $1 billion planned to do with the island, beyond making it his new permanent residence.

 And boy, did Mr. Drakos enjoy his residence. Sure, he owned a couple of other places, but they were nothing compared to the Isle in the Aegean Sea. A townhouse in London felt like nothing compared to waking up in the morning, waltzing through the native hiking trail encircling the villa, enjoying the sounds of nature and an occasional glimpse of dolphins, seals, or a rare Mediterranean whale breaching the surface of the surrounding water. Not only that, but Sebastian considered Diamandis not just his official residence and personal home, but a haven for the various young men in his employment, such as Rafael or Jamie.

 “Happy Birthday, Mr. Drakos!”

 Sebastian waved back to the middle-aged mountain lion who operated his thirty-meter-long yacht, currently anchored next to the boathouse, as the feline smoked a cigar against the railing. Had he preferred older furs with Daddy-like bodies, greying hides, plus a round yet muscular stomach, Sebastian would have ogled at the older fur’s shirtless physique, dressed in only greased shorts and work boots. No doubt, the boys enjoyed seeing an infrequent peek at Luka whenever he worked.

 “Morning, Luka,” he spoke up. “How is the Velvet Morning’s engine looking?”

 “Ah, it is doing just fine, sir.” Luka nodded to his employer, midway through a deep huff. “Before you ask, I’ll answer it: the problem came down to an unfastened nut. That’s what was making that noise this past week. Luckily, I tightened it up, so the clacking won’t happen again.”

 “Good man, good man.” Sebastian nodded back with a broad smile. “So, have you thought of my invitation? It’s open, regardless of if you say no right now.”

 The Greek cougar’s ears folded downward, and he sighed. “Told you once,” he murmured more to himself than to the Doberdane, “and I’ll tell you again: these kinds of parties aren’t for an old fart.”

 Sebastian groaned at his excuse. “For God’s sake, you’re five years older than me, Luka.”

 He countered, “But I don’t have the money you do, let alone the attractive body.”

 “You actually believe you’re unattractive?” Sebastian couldn’t stop guffawing at the feline’s next excuse. “If my memory serves correct, Rafael joked to my other boy, Cypress, that he couldn’t stop wondering what you looked like in nothing but those greasy boots of yours.” As Luka stared at him, Sebastian finished, “Listen, the invitation is always welcome. It will always be welcome. Okay?”

 In the end, Luka groaned and huffed out a thick smoke of his cigar. “Okay.”

 A small rain shower approached the region mid-afternoon, causing Sebastian to spend some time in his personal office, looking over paperwork between phone calls. One caught his attention fast, particularly when the caller identification read ‘Stimme der Gerechtigkeit’. It translated to ‘Voice of Justice’ in the Doberdane’s native German. A bad language joke, certainly, but it certainly served a better cover than aptly titling the contact as ‘Interpol Liaison’.

 “Good afternoon, Detective.” Sebastian greeted the French vixen on the other end. “I hope you’re enjoying Athens right now?”

 “I’ve been to Athens before, dummy.” She chuckled, then sighed deeply before the ‘serious side’ of Detective Inspector Simone Archambeau reared its head. “So, happy birthday to you, Mr. Drakos. Do you have the preparations ready?”

 Sebastian held the smartphone closer to his ears, eyes wandering to the window and relaxing into his office chair. “I do. Tonight’s operation is ready when you are.”

 “Did Kuznetsov accepted your invitation?”

 Sebastian pinched the brow of his nose.

 “He has. He doesn’t seem to suspect anything yet.”

 Ivan Kuznetsov. Born in a wealthy oil family of bison within the Byelorussian Soviet Socialist Republic until its independence, the middle-aged fur could often be found in certain circles throughout Eastern Europe, sometimes in less-than-legal avenues that could never lead to his convictions. The kind of dark, illegal avenues Sebastian never glanced at or wanted to ever gravitate towards. However, his secret part-time job required befriending those who regularly ventured to and from such demented areas of the criminal underworld.

 “How old are you turning anyway?”

 “I do not kiss and tell, Detective.” He sighed and checked the time, remembering that he needed to finish some other paperwork before the festivities began. “Now then, there’s no need to worry about me. The plan will go off without a hitch, so long as your operatives don’t make a fuss and get in position before Kutznetsov arrives.”

 “My agents are waiting until the party starts, Mr. Drakos.”

 They exchanged some pleasantries before she finally hanged up, leaving Sebastian to sigh and decide on going on a short walk. Have some fresh air. On his way winding through the upstairs corridor though, something caught the attention of his experienced ears; muffled moaning, plus the all-too-familiar sound of a creaking bed.

 It wouldn’t be the first or last time Sebastian caught his lads having midday sex. In particular, it wasn’t the first time he watched it occur through a cracked open door leading into one of their bedrooms. In this instance, he peeked in to find a fox and a buck, beautifully conducting an orchestra of lust transforming into a climactic orgasm.

 Cypress clearly preferred the minimalist lifestyle, decorating his bedroom with few posters on the walls, one small shelf mostly filled to the brim of textbooks, plus wooden dresser he’d personally purchased for a discount and the warranted framed photos on top of said dresser. However, the title of the buck’s most extravagant property belonged to the king-sized bed where he laid on, letting Jaime ride his dick with legs spread and tail curled upward.

 Jaime’s firm, rounded cheeks flexed around the buck’s cock. It clenched on the shaft with clear delight. Stroking himself and biting his lower lip between repressed pants, Sebastian could tell from the short distance how much the fox was enjoyed it. Cypress more so, based on the sound of his antlers lightly tapping against the headboard. His eyes were fully trained on the fox though as opposed to the door.

 Cypress always claimed to be an absolute sub whenever he had the chance to tuck his dogmeat underneath the buck’s tail, but Sebastian fully knew how much the lad also liked to switch into a more dominant role. Seeing him in the position was a rare thing to witness, of all things considered. So, Sebastian secretly, absentmindedly rubbed his member through his trousers to the beautiful sight, yet as he started to feel his shaft harden underneath, their orgasms arrived abruptly, leaving Cypress and Jaime lying together under a thin layer of cum.

 He was pretty sure Cypress noticed, but he did not stay. He went to the bathroom across the hall and carefully shut the door.

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 Sebastian had been in the middle of a speculative fiction book, listening to the seaside ambience when the first guests arrived. Rafael managed to return with the supplies beforehand (“Grandma is doing well, and wishes you a happy birthday, Sebastian!”) as more and more furs and the older dog’s various friends, colleagues, business associates from across the world trickled towards the villa. Some arrived by boat, others on the private runway where Sebastian’s longtime pilot/friend Aleksander (one of the straightest, most stoic yet open-minded of Russian wolverines in existence) greeted them, right as the waiters began providing. No souls in sight were bored by what Diamandis Isle provided, not with waiters already providing refreshments, the bartender mixing drinks at the outdoor bar, and the snack bar open to all.

 Billionaires, male models, a couple of friendly journalists, several past lovers with their partners (one of whom married months prior) as well as one composer fresh from the closet, eagerly playing the piano to some guests in the villa’s living room. Good friends and devoted colleagues aplenty wished Sebastian a happy birthday. He eagerly listened to what had been occurring in their lives, while doing his best not to frown the moment he noticed one of the final guests arrive.

 “Mr. Kutznetsov! It is wonderful for you to arrive!”

 Never had Sebastian Drakos, self-proclaimed ‘femboy connoisseur’, wanted to punch somebody so desperately. He imagined it one minute, then suppressed the thought and forced a charismatic, like-minded smile to the Belarusian bison.

 “Mr. Drakos,” he returned the handshake, albeit in a much less forced manner than the scheming Doberdane standing in front of him, “I am sorry for the late arrival. My guest for the evening insisted she find the…appropriate dress for such an occasion.”

 The bison’s ‘guest’ stepped forward and stood as stiff as a wooden board beside him, the frail Siberian husky dressed in a silky red dress and having long headfur in curls. A bow around the husky’s neck, as well as the sandals, made her seem like a beautiful girl out of high school. Except she wasn’t a girl, and clearly wished to be wearing anything else but such. Yet, the timid underage lad dared not say anything to upset Mr. Kutznetsov.

 “I’d like for you to meet Sasha.” The bison introduced them as they went inside, the party too loud for anyone else to hear them. “She insisted on wanting to meet you, Mr. Drakos.”

 Sebastian gritted his canine teeth and smiled as he shook paws with Sasha, the husky’s gestures more resistance until Kutznetsov hurriedly gripped the thin wrist to his side, holding it possessively. The bison forced his own smile directed at the Doberdane, then at Sasha. She stiffly nodded in agreement, silently apologizing to her momentary master.

 Sebastian Drakos sharply dug his fingernails into the palms of his paws. The pain came with remembrance and clarity. Then, he relaxed them as he continued their small conversation.

 Months of planning went into that night. Well, planning aside from his birthday celebration. Sebastian had been in friendly contact with the Kutznetsov long enough for the friendship to open up other avenues. He lured the Belarusian in with his charms and inability to hide his sexuality, which benefited the closeted bison. Unaware of any ulterior motives, he opened up further to the Doberdane in hotel rooms, having drunken, honest opinions about homosexuality, bisexuality, the benefits of dates being crossdressers, as well as how…ugh, younger he liked them to be. The bison wouldn’t stop describing them as if they were objects, or disposable merchandise. Sickening, to say the least.

 It wasn’t until a couple of months earlier that Sebastian, per his script, asked the inebriated Kutznetsov if he knew how to acquire such ‘merchandise’. Maybe make it a present for his birthday party on Diamandis. Safe to say, the deal went through.

 “The fireworks are in an hour,” Sebastian mentioned to his ‘colleague’, then glanced between him and the uncertain, lost husky staring back at him. He stomached his rage and remembered the code, “Would it be appropriate if I ask to invite her to see my study?”

 “Wouldn’t you want to wait until later tonight to try out your present?” Kutznetsov replied with a smug, lecherous smile.

 “I would rather unwrap it in privacy,” Sebastian forced a smile hiding rage and disgust at their deal, “and it’s hardly appropriate unless it is somewhere safe.”

 “Ah, right you are.” He muttered, “We better hurry on then.”

 Without batting an eye, Kutznetsov, his bodyguards and Sasha followed closely behind the Doberdane, weaving through a small crowd of partygoers either too engrossed in the festivities or too distracted by food, music, and wine to notice their departure. Very good.

 Sebastian guided them to the back of the villa, then down a flight of stairs to the basement. The music became muffled as they all entered a private door leading into a corridor of seemingly locked rooms, until they finally arrived at a wooden door leading to a large lounge room. It held little furniture aside from ottomans, a comfortable leather recliner, some hanging pictures, a wall tapestry (Sebastian used all his willpower not to stare at it, even as one of Kutznetsov’s bodyguards glanced curiously at the weaved design) gifted from a friend in America, as well as a metal door.

 The entrance to a panic room. Sebastian Drakos’ panic room, which also served as an extremely private place for the sale to go through.

 Sebastian calmly looked from Sasha to Kutznetsov. “Has the money appear in your account yet? I’m uh, quite eager to see this fine ass without the dress on...”

 “Give it a minute. The reception out here is terrible…” Kutznetsov smirked while glancing down to his smartphone. “So, is the room of your own design?”

 More small talk. Great. As if it couldn’t go on any further.

 “Soundproofed.” He replied bluntly.

 “Impressive,” the bored bison hummed. “Quite impressive. Do you use it often?”

 Sebastian convincingly faked a short laugh. “It helps make things more private during parties. Cannot have the new products make enough noise now, can they?”

 They were so close. All he needed to do was bring the trembling, silent husky, then close the door. He only needed to do that to seal the depraved Belarusian’s fate. He only needed him to let the transaction go through, and eventually…it did. He unlocked the entrance to the panic room, then held the door open as Ivan Kutznetsov roughly pushed Sasha inside with the middle-aged Doberdane. The husky yelped and stumbled a bit, and Sebastian frowned.

 “Enjoy the faggot’s ass and mouth,” the bison chuckled as the steel door closed on shut between them, “My men certainly did on the journey here…Tell me how it feels after—”

 Silence. Pure silence, only to have it be undercut by nervous breathing behind Sebastian’s hunched form, leaning against the door. He turned to see Sasha on the verge of tears, arms close to his chest and tail curled tightly to her young form. They stared at each other for a few seconds, until the younger canine pulled down a dress strap, beginning to disrobe. Sebastian immediately stopped the fearful lad from doing so.

 He gently gripped the Siberian husky’s trembling shoulders, “Listen to me—”

 “P-Please, be gentle…sir…” He quavered in a soft voice, “Mr. Kutznetsov—”

 “—is being arrested as we speak.” The concerned Doberdane clarified. The smaller canine stared suspiciously at him, and Sebastian immediately went on to explain further, “Listen to me: you don’t have to worry about anything. I don’t want to have sex with you. My name’s Sebastian. I’m a secret informant for Interpol.” He glanced down at the left lapel on his suit, to a metal rainbow pin, “They heard everything. You’re…You’re free.”

 Slavery and sex trafficking were deplorable evils. The fact that finding freedom from it made an impressionable, jaded husky sob into his shoulder, one who belonged in high school, talking to friends, laughing at teachers, and doodling in his notebook, made Sebastian bristle with how much he wanted to kill the bison. However, guiding Sasha to the panic room’s bed, seeing his hired physician and psychiatrist—a vixen and calico respectively—appear from the bathroom to check the husky over…it reminded him.

 *This is why I do this*. He concluded.

 Comforting the husky and nodding to the physicians, Sebastian momentarily glanced down at his phone to find a text message sent by ‘Stimme der Gerechtigkeit’. It worked.

 As soon as the Doberdane had closed the steel door, Ivan Kutznetsov and his men found themselves in a trap. From a hidden alcove behind the decorative tapestry, six Interpol agents quickly outnumbered the men before a single shot could be fired, let alone give the old bison enough time to swallow a poison capsule hidden somewhere on his person. All of it went according to plan.

 The party guests upstairs never heard the surprised shouts, having been too distracted by the planned fireworks to notice the Interpol agents quickly haul the Belarusian and his bound bodyguards through the back, into a hidden passageway leading outside down a small trail to a seemingly innocuous boat that looked like it belonged to Mr. Drakos’ security detail. Certainly not a coast guard vessel hauling Interpol’s latest capture into custody.

 “He is never going to hurt you or anyone else ever again. I promise you that.”

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 Following that bittersweet ordeal, Sebastian thought it best to rejoin the party continuing without him outside and drown out his sorrows. Hopefully, with either a glass of scotch or whiskey in his paw. Luckily for the Doberdane, the guests did not manage to drain all the daquiri from the bartenders, not yet.

 The events that occurred earlier did not take its emotional toll on Sebastian, but it almost succeeded. Poor Sasha. At the very least, he would be given justice for the bastard bison’s crimes, and he could possibly be reunited with family members again. Compared to everything else that could have gone wrong, from a botched sale to it never occurring at all, the husky was fortunate. His boys were lucky too. So many of those terrible things could have happened to them had Sebastian not encountered them in his lifetime.

 He met Rafael during a vacation trip to Cuba, after purchasing the then-nineteen-year-old bat’s services in a brothel within downtown Havana. It had been one of the most scintillating evenings in the Doberdane’s life, and whether it be his bleeding heart or the fact the beautiful, sweet, bright bat worked as a gay prostitute to pay for his lonely grandmother’s well-being, it led to Sebastian ‘purchasing’ him. Of course, he simply tore up the lad’s contract the moment they exited the brothel, and he offered the incredulous bat a different job; to be his housekeeper, with perks such as free lodging, health benefits, and having his grandmother moved to a five-star nursing home in the town nearest to Diamandis Isle. They visited each other regularly, and the handsome bat’s salary has been more than enough to give him a greater sense of independence.

 Jaime’s family were Spanish immigrants and raised the foxy lad in England. His flamboyant love for cooking earned him more than enough bullying for any young man to experience, so he went to hookup apps to find sexual comfort with older men well into university. Anytime Sebastian visited London, a few repeat hookups between them led to the Doberdane admiring his company and not just his lithe body. Long story short, Sebastian eventually needed a personal cook after the previous one continued making homophobic comments behind his back. To this day, Jaime’s parents insisted he marry their son.

 As for Cypress…the buck’s entire family disowned him after discovering his hidden history browser one fateful night. They confiscated all his electronics, kicked him out of the house, then stopped paying for his university classes. Homeless and starving on the streets, Cypress tried pickpocketing Sebastian Drakus during a business trip he made to Athens. The older canine almost called the police until he saw the desperation in his eyes. They eventually went to his hotel room, opened up to each other and…well, the rest is history.

 There had been many lovers before.

 >>>one of his past lovers, a bisexual French wolf currently in his mid-thirties, left for America to pursue a journalism degree along the East Coast. He visited from time-to-time, but they never initiated any physical love, on account of his wife.

 Aside from the music and seeing everybody else have a good time, what really brightened his mood was spotting a familiar cougar from earlier in the way, bashfully speaking to Rafael and one other finely dressed femboy on the villa’s living room couch.

 Luka seemed to be having the time of his life. In fact, the other sultry and friendly lad (Benji, a black-furred, feline college graduate who had one of the Doberdane’s colleagues as a sugar daddy) started to become more handsy with the old cougar, paws wandering up and down his khaki-covered chest to the point Sebastian nearly expected Luka to combust from lustful awe. Already, the poor cougar needed to a tissue to check for nosebleeds.

 Sebastian could not resist the urge to proudly smile, then approach the trio.

 “Luka, you old cat, you made it!” he cackled with glee, sitting across from him as Luka flustered while Rafael and Benji giggled at his flustering expression. Second later and the old cougar relaxed back in his seat. “I see you’ve already been talking to Raf, and you’ve met Benji, Mr. Yamamoto’s boy. How has post-graduate life treated you lately, Benji?”

 “Wonderfully, Mr. Drakos!” He beamed happily with a wagging tail. “I am starting a paid apprenticeship at a hospital soon, and there’s hope that it will be engaging for me.”

 “Let us get going. The Velvet Morning

 Minutes flew on by as almost everyone emptied the villa to board the harbored yacht waiting for the party near the shoreline. With Rafael holding his arm and Cypress holding the other, Sebastian began noticing a few of his guests—especially Benji and Luka—carry the same eagerness as a teenager about to ride his first roller coaster.

 “So, Mr. Luka,” Benji purred right beside the semi-flustered older man, “is it true that you’re this boat’s captain?”

 “Mechanic, actually.” Luka corrected the impressionable twink. “ but you can say I know I have to navigate this fine beauty. I know this is not more than I know the back of my own paw.”

 “Well then,” Benji giggled with the rest of us chuckling, “would you mind giving me an in-depth tour of this ‘fine beauty’?”

 “I would love to,” he smiled as he locked arms with the lithe jaguar. When he glanced over to Sebastian, the Doberdane’s singular smug look told Luka he was free for the night. “You have any rooms in mind you’d like to see?

 “Maybe save the engine room for last? I hear it’s super loud…” Benji leaned up to whisper something into the older cougar fur’s ear, making him stammer like a kitten to the prospect of catnip. “Heh, what do you say then?”

 “I-If you insist, Benji.”

 “You can call me Ben, if you like.” He giggled as they walked away into the crowd.

 Birthday cake and snacks

Fireworks

Presents

Relax

Cypress meets hunky Bosnian fox Kurt Magnus and they immediately hit it off. The buck would not quit fanboying.

Make out with Rafael until Cypress asks to have a foursome

Pornstar livestreams it to his fans, wishing his good friend Sebastian Drakos a happy birthday, and giving Cypress a good pounding.

 “Thanks, Kurt!”

 “Look at this cutie here. You’re gonna be famous on Porncore, boy!”>>>> “F-Fuck, that’s a tight ass boipussy there~”

 “Oh, Kurt! Oooh, Kurt, yes! Yes!”