The store didn’t appear indistinguishable from the other neighboring shops. Unlike the others within the Red District, it didn’t appear as old as the cracked sidewalk or utilize vintage neon signs. Rather, it pulled no stops in architecture and modern lighting. Rather than have a façade of grimy red bricks or display glass windows draped in protective metal bars, the structure looked like a boxed cube with a hologram display in an indented alcove atop the revolving doors, switching between crude emojis, the company’s name, and its slogan.

 “R.A.W.R. Services: Why date or even get married anymore?”

 As the rest of the general populous walked on by or found themselves too distracted by their devices to care, I stood outside the building in awe. Unlike the others too afraid or too young though, I easily entered. Though not without providing my thumbprint first to a tablet held by entrance’s guard, a broad-shoulder tigress wearing a permanent scowl. Surprisingly, she didn’t look like a synth to me. Whatever.

“Welcome to R.A.W.R. Services,” she attempted a smile.

“T-Thank you,” I eagerly nodded back, then entered into my own Wonderland.

I found myself walking inside a capitalist menagerie of sex. Naked synths of almost every size or species were displayed behind glass dividers, being gawked at or observed by R.A.W.R. customers of every stripe; rich, poor, blue-collar, white-collar, closeted, flamboyantly open, moralists pretending not to be hypocrites, addicts trying not to cream their pants, university students, the elderly, parents and their adult children celebrating a milestone. While most of the eye candy couldn’t be touched, let alone tasted, some displays involving new merchandise did allow interaction. Near the back of the store, a try-it-out synth in the unclothed form of a muscular, middle-aged Dalmatian lay atop of a velvet mattress, its legs spread open as a young rottweiler not a day over eighteen wildly thrust inside the synthetic canine. A group of young mammals I assumed to be his friends cheered him on close by. One or two of them unapologetically jerked off at the undeniably hot sight, modesty or store rules be damned. He didn’t even care if others watched on the sidelines, or that his jeans had fallen down to his ankles. He just fucked like a blushing virgin trying his first flesh light.

“Hehe, sure looks like he’s having fun,” I commented to myself, wolfish tail wagging behind me. A check at my wrist showed a holographic display of the time. “No time for trying out the new model…”

As much as I liked enjoying certain views or appreciating the merchandise, I didn’t have long until Mike would get home.

As I eventually found the line for the pickup center, a half-naked sales representative described the company’s history on a nearby wallscreen. Some like me had already watched it countless times but listened anyway to pass the time. Everyone already knew how Rent A Whore’s Replication had been one of the very first corporations to take advantage of synthetic life forms becoming legalized alongside prostitution. Unlike the latter, which required strict regulation and considerable benefits for the employees, the former didn’t cost as much yet arguably made just as much profit if not more. While cloning a sexual partner for yourself did have some serious rules to follow (no reproductive capabilities and no cloning public figures—only those in the database), having or even being a synth itself wasn’t all bad. Plenty treated theirs with enough care so not to be blacklisted or fined. Mostly, those who purchased or rented a synth were lonely individuals. Some just wanted a way to work relieve their sexual urges without their left paw or an expensive hooker, but also didn’t like dating either.

Me? My husband and I liked to spice things up by having a third partner to play with on occasion. A submissive, pretty little thing for two beer-bellied timber wolves to both fuck senseless until their balls hurt. I especially wanted to make this evening memorable due to it being our wedding anniversary. We were going ten years strong.

Finally, I got to the front of the line. A bored panda in his late sixties sat behind a computer screen, then asked for my name, product number, as well as confirmed what I had purchased.

Not like I didn’t make an impulse buy. No, no, no. I did my research on specifications. I bought a black panther-class synthetic life form that comprised of male genitals. Midnight black fur, violet eyes, a slender frame, charming smile, experienced cocksucking abilities and high pain tolerance against rough sex as well as a tailhole capable of taking more than one wolfcock at once.

Yes, I did read the warranty. No, I didn’t plan to keep the requested synth for longer than a single night. Yes, I did have a way of transporting it to my home.

Minutes later, I brought the anniversary present with me to a hovering taxicab outside. Half an hour later, after paying the hefty fare, I brought the almost-naked panther synth inside our apartment and ordered it to be in a certain position. Laid back against the headframe, lithe arms raised over the perked ears, chest bare, smiling seductively at the door, both nipples hard, bulge barely tented in the rose-red jockstrap contrasting against the black fur. both legs slightly widened to show the puckered tailhole, said tail softly swishing between the ankles. By the time that Mike returned from work and entered our bedroom to find both myself and our panther synth on the bed, it would be a while until we went out for dinner.

“Do you think he will enjoy this present for him?” I absentmindedly asked the synthetic life form as it patiently kept the instructed composure on the master bed. “We’ve never tried it with a panther before, and I wanted to make it special.”

“I am certain he will love this gift, master,” replied the synth in a luscious voice. “I’m a present from you, after all. And R.A.W.R. Services always provides the best.”

“You’re probably right,” I sighed with a smile.

If anything, I didn’t need the perfect synth to make it a perfect night for me and Mike. We had each other. We loved each other. We made love to each other quite often, but we also loved to have fun together.

The sound of the front door opening pulled me back to reality, and after hugging my mate hard after asking about his day, I followed him inside the bedroom. He fell silent upon seeing the smiling, almost-naked panther lying on our bed.

“Happy anniversary, from R.A.W.R. Services,” it purred across the small room.

Mike looked to me, back to the synth, then back to me, his face positively beaming.

“I fucking love you, honey.”

Neither of us could get out of our clothes fast enough. However, per the contract of renting the synthetic panther, we had all night to greatly enjoy ourselves.