The City of Great Plains City lived up to its name as a towering herd of skyscrapers in the middle of a vast prairie. It almost felt out of place in Oklahoma. Like a blemish made of rock and steel on a golden tile. Still, I couldn’t deny that the nightlife of GPC knew how to party. No sooner did the sun go down did the bars open, the nightclubs turn up their music, and the drag racers rev their engines outside my motel room’s window. By day, Oklahoma’s capital city seemed no different than an average urban and administrative center for a politically and socially conservative state. By nightfall though, the town’s repressed ne’er-do-wells came out to have some fun. 

Having spent the earlier afternoon recovering from the long drive down from Missouri, I’d caught up on all my needed sleep and woke up to a lively city. Hearing and noticing it left me aching to explore. It almost reminded me of nightlife in Berlin, at least in terms of the mood and atmosphere. Driving around downtown and near the establishments staying open well past midnight, I searched for entertainment that didn’t just involve the history museums or shopping centers I definitely wanted to visit the next day. After all, one could only go to the places so many times without seeing trends. Instead, I wanted to see the underbelly of Great Plains City.

I had missed both lunch and dinner by the time I made it to my motel room. Having crashed for several hours, it left my stomach in desperate need of something to eat. The lack of room service or an open convenience store led me to go beyond the motel’s property. Fortunately, while some of the more upscale restaurants weren’t open while past ten or eleven o’clock, quite a few of the sketchiest bars certainly were. Named the Jekyll & Hideaway, the decently sized establishment lay nestled between an intersection and a row of closed shops along the north and west cardinal directions. It also happened to contain a few Howlr and Pred8r users inside, based on how many profiles said their location was close. Less than a dozen or so among the three and a half dozen wasted patrons. The sight of a pride flag hanging from the low ceiling certainly explained things, but my stomach at the moment was merely focused on the food being served. At that point, I would’ve eaten a well-done rubber burger. However, it didn’t stop me from glancing at the Howlr app for a bit as I waited for some service, and I already noticed a certain lion pinging in my notifications as one of the available profiles nearby.

After picking up the menu, at an open bar seat, I asked for the following: a grilled cheese sandwich with extra ham, some chips on the side, and a bottle of cider.

“Will that be all for your order, sir?” The bartender, a slender lion with a shaved mane and growing pair of muscles underneath his punk t-shirt, asked me.

“Well, for now,” I rested an elbow on the bar’s counter, leaning closer to him as I said, “Unless a cutie like you is on the menu as well?”

A couple of neighboring drunken losers not already engaged in their separate conversations likely heard me. In the corner of my right eye, a shell-shocked timber wolf dressed in what looked to be factory worker’s clothes rolled his eyes before shifting away one seat. Neither me nor the punk lion blinked in his direction.

“It depends,” the lion quipped with a sly smirk. His eyes drifted quickly between me and his open phone by the register, where he’d have gotten a DM from a certain Doberdane sitting across the aged bar. “Do you enjoy spice in your food?”

“I most certainly do.”

He left for the back-room kitchen to place my order, grabbing his phone to send me a message: “Alleyway behind the building, one hour from now. I have a thirty-minute break. I’ll show you just how spicy I can be.”

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The alleyway behind Jekyll & Hideaway didn’t feel like an alley. It felt more like a narrow fissure made of ancient, stained brick. Broken bottles, grimy cigarette butts, and condom wrappers littered parts of the cobblestone, mostly around the trash cans.

Not the most romantic place, but it made do. Plus, the alleyway made a hard right onto a fenced sidewalk dividing us from the mammals smoking outside, with the gate being locked until trash collection day. I didn’t hold back once I got my paws on the feisty little lion punk. As he peeled down those torn jeans and pulled up his shirt to reveal some pierced nipples my tongue happily began licking, I unabashedly groped at each butt cheek behind him. I expertly multitasked between using my canine teeth to tug at those metal loops and running my fingers through his backside’s fur. Wordlessly, the lion went limp in my arms. His tail thrashed like a whip behind him. His back arched further backwards from each graze, kiss, pull, or tug my teeth made to his piercings and sweating neck. I literally and figuratively lapped up his feline musk.

“Sh-sh-shit, I…” he purred like a steam locomotive. “I’m already so fuckin’ hard.”

“Heh, I did promise you I liked spicy foods,” I murmured into one of his ears. “And you’re one tasty meal.”

We’d shifted closer to a part of the alleyway that didn’t look greasy or moldy. Right beside the back door, in fact, a wall drenched in vintage graffiti art and sex jokes like medieval tapestry.

“Hahh…” he whimpered submissively against the brick wall. “G-Got any l-lube?”

My heated ears fell immediately down. Sex in an alleyway wasn’t unfamiliar to me. All those previous times though, I’d been smart enough to bring a small bottle of lubrication channel when I felt a) I was bound to get lucky, b) I possessed knowledge that my lover-to-be already owned some, or c) it would be best to have some extra in case we ran out and wanted to go another few rounds. Unfortunately, I’d been so hungry for food and engrossed in a conversation (the factory worker wolf sitting next to me happened to be knowledgeable in the stock market, it turned out, and we had an engaging debate about currency exchanges) to even consider going back to my truck for the blueberry-scented lube.

The option of a dry fuck did exist, but I determined that the lion didn’t want to return to his shift feeling like the area under his tail was lit on fire.

“If not, that’s okay,” the lion saved our encounter with a spin around and a skillful drop of his denim pants to reveal a raised tail. As well as two very muscular globes separated by a snug ass crack. He then leaned forward to press his paws to the brick wall, telling me in a sultry voice, “You can still use my ass to get off. Just don’t push in, Daddy. I’m still a virgin.”

A crescent moon-shaped grin grew across my dark-furred muzzle. Stroking and down those feline hips, I then unzipped my fly to fish out my fully swollen dogcock into the open alley air. It throbbed warmly against the night wind blowing through the narrow corridor. After admiring his naked form for several seconds and using one pair of fingers to grip the base of his rope-like tail and the other to spread apart his right cheek, I didn’t waste the opportunity. Not only because we had precious little time, but do you do the other rising hunger I needed to sate. It was the need to breed tight little Twinks like my unnamed lion bartender.

I eagerly dry humped my emerged cock between those muscled mounds. While plenty of submitting asses I’d ravaged it before (or hotdogged, in this case) had been peach-shaped, the lion I had clearly been working out lately. It felt and looked more like a bell pepper than a round fruit. The tight muscles and flexing glutes certainly proved it as my large shaft thrusted between them, my cock’s tip leaving White drool at the tail’s base as I admired the results. All over his body. In turn, he happily accepting my ‘compliments’ by purring and moaning louder as I thrusted more rapidly along his enticing cleft.

Minutes later, I unloaded all over the alley’s walls. As much as we both wanted to get dirtier, he had a job to get back to. The lion did promise to buy me a free drink for the evening, if I were up for it. I politely accepted, but not before finally getting his name and number.

No joke, the lion was also named Sebastian. Oh, what a weird world we lived in.