The first time I ever knew Kansas existed as a U.S. state was when I first read a Russian translation of ‘The Wizard of Oz’ by L. Frank Baum in the East Berlin orphanage’s library, followed by an allowed screening of the American film from 1939 at a local movie theater. I remembered being enthralled by Judy Garland, laughing at the antics of her friends, being scared of the Wicked Witch, and being mesmerized by the change of black-and-white into vibrant colors on the screen.

If only the makers of the adaptations knew how…corrupted it would go.

Before entering Kansas in my Fjord truck, I certainly didn’t expect to find out a gay BDSM nightclub existed on the middle of nowhere. Care to guess what they named it? That was right, ‘Friends of Dorothy’, and it did a damn fine job of parodying the children’s film. Almost to an impressive degree. The exterior was an unassuming warehouse surrounded by hilly fields and an occasional tiny town, its residents no doubt scrutinizing the gay establishment and its flocking patrons from across the state. Past an interior monochrome lobby, a colorful world waited. Waiters and staff dressed up in sexy, homosexually oriented costumes of the various characters, with some outright cosplaying as them or simply customizing their harnesses, pup hoods, and other gear to fit the aesthetic of Oz. Some dressed like slutty femboi versions of Dorothy, others played the part of horny flying monkeys, but whichever they choose, there was no doubt the original author had to be tossing and turning in his own grave. Even if the phrase ‘a friend of Dorothy’ did originate from the American’s own writing.

Within ‘Friends of Dorothy’, the scent of sex and electric excitement filled the air. I’d decided to be subtle in my approach by going into the locker rooms with casual clothing, then pulled a green harness from my duffle bag and rationalized by red thong as being ‘ruby red’ for whoever asked. Otherwise, I only wore my shoes and a massive, massive grin.

Quite a few eyes made notice. However, my first destination was the bar in the corner of the room, modeled after Emerald City. Bottles, the stools, the bartender’s jockstrap, vest, and harness all shone green. Among the offered drinks were a ‘Friend of Dorothy Special’, the ‘Munchkin Martini’, the ‘Wicked White Russian of the East’, the ‘Wicked White Russian of the West’ (which included whiskey mixed in), a ‘Scarecrow Screwdriver’, the ‘Cowardly Lorraine’, a ‘Tin-Man Tequilla’, and (my favorite out of all the concoctions) a ‘Yellow-Dicked Rum’.

“I’ll have a glass of the rum, please!” I informed the white-tailed buck bartending behind the emerald counter. “Can I make a tab?”

“The Wizard says right away!” He chirped in a triumphant voice, only to sigh when I offered a quizzical eyebrow raised. “Sorry, but management requires me to say it…”

“No worries,” I chuckled, winking at the deer.

“And no, you can’t solicit the bartender,” he scoffed playfully.

Giving an understanding nod, my ears partly folded. “A shame, really,” I sighed.

I didn’t stay down for long. Overall, I had absolutely no idea why ‘Friends of Dorothy’ never crossed my radar. It contained everything I enjoyed about gay nightclubs; a mixture of talented musicians on the stage, some enthusiasm on the dance floor, a wide menu of drinks that didn’t taste as bad as the names sounded, plus a plethora of Kansans to pick from. I flirty with plenty, from a collared caracal leashed by his jealous Great Dane boyfriend to a vulpine in a miniskirt, who played a little too hard-to-get for my tastes. The latter also felt more interested in discussing an ex than actually learning more about me.

A couple of Yellow-Dicked Rum shots later, a shorter mammal sat in the empty seat to my left. I’d hardly noticed him, having listened to a band play some jazz onstage. After feeling a rubber tail tap at my thigh though, the stranger caught my attention, and I glanced left to discover a koala in a pup hood. A black pup hood, to be specific, like a terrier or Yorkie. He wore only a rainbow-colored harness and an obsidian thong cupping his package and cheeks together. A quick glimpse down at his terrier-like tail made me realize it happened to really be a butt plug. It lay nestled comfortably under his cotton-shaped tail.

“How are you doing?” I asked him.

My only reply came in the form of a bark. The koala’s body shape and lack of white hairs on his otherwise naked body Rolling my eyes slightly, I decided to go with the roleplay a little bit.

“Do you have an owner?”

A whimpering shake of his muzzle-shaped hood. I’d not noticed his lack of a collar until he raised his head upward.

“Are you enjoying yourself?”

A nod amid an audible panting noise, which somehow carried over the music.

“Hehe, are you being a good boy?”

The koala knelt to the floor and stared up at me, paws raised in a begging position.

“Oh, not a good boy then?” I teased before sipping down the last of my rum shot, then stood up to stare down at ‘Toto’, presenting my tented, ruby-red thong a few feet from his snout. “Do you need me to discipline you?”

Another bark led me to a few minutes later, where I’d led the koala-pup around the dance floor and towards a corridor leading to the men’s bathroom. Already, I spotted the hard-to-get vulpine giving a half-assed handjob to some dragon by the water fountain, as well as the jealous Great Dane grinding with his leashed caracal boyfriend against a column near the edge of the crowd. Too bad for them, since I got something better.

Toto barked over the laughter beside me. I led the antsy koala-pup into an empty stall, the men’s bathroom loud already due to outside music and somebody getting a blowjob in the farthest stall. However, the noise immediately tuned out once I sat down on the porcelain toilet seat, then fished out my half-hard dogcock for the pup to see. His eyes bulged behind the dark leather, and Toto knelt back down to examine it.

Exhales of ecstasy escaped my lungs. His small tongue licked and caressed my tip, but those lips didn’t wrap completely around the shaft. The poor koala-pup’s muzzle was too small and my girth too big, yet he knew enough how to make up for it. Toto’s lack of oral bobbing was instead replaced by enthusiasm that could only be gained through experience. The twenty-something koala not only licked my dogcock up and down, back and forth, but worshipped it like an ice cream cone melting in the middle of July.

At some point, he’d removed the rubber-tailed butt plug, leaving it abandoned on the floor for him to slowly stand, then straddle my torso with his back facing me. I’d never fucked a koala either until that same night. It required plenty of lube and patience, couples alongside some restraint on my part, yet the results were worth it. I particularly enjoyed his tight little ass, as well as fondling his smaller, fluffy body as it descended on my dick. I reveled in making the slutty koala peep from every tweak to the cute nipples under that lush fur, the larger fingers of my free paw roaming across his soft, sweaty chest. He felt like a stuffed toy squeezing around my hard cock. He squeaked like one too. In fact, Toto’s squeaks grew louder and louder each time I thrust myself a little faster inside that virgin-like tailhole.

Somehow, it made him break from character near the end of our fun.

“Bow, ow, wow!” Toto gasped midway through bouncing back against my hips, his paws gripping the stall’s toilet paper dispenser. “Oh fuck, fuck, that’s the spot! Fuuuuuuuck meeee!”

“God pup,” I growled into my climax, “Good bitch!”

I filled him with enough Doberdane cum to stuff him like a turkey. The whole athletic experience for the koala-pup apparently left him feeling tuckered out. To the point he’d fallen asleep against me with my knot lodged deep inside him. His tired snores almost vibrated around my still-hard member. Having no way to pull out without making it painful for either of us, plus not wanting to leave the cute lad behind in the stall, I simply sat there on the toilet seat, holding him in my protective arms.

When he finally did wake half an hour later, my cock finally slipped free from his rear, and the gaping absence of dogcock was enough to stir him from his dreams.

Toto smiled, then licked up my chin before giving a playful bark.

“My name’s Randy,” he spoke in an Australian dialect. “What’s yours?”

“Sebastian,” I scratched between his hoodie’s ears. “You interested in going back to the bar? I could use a drink about now.”

“Same here,” Toto/Randy laughed bubbly, only to visibly wince. “Ah, Crickey. Once I can feel my legs again, that is…eheh.”

“No problem,” I smiled at the koala-pup. “Drink’s on me.”