

The Weekend Event (Draft)

By Jester Laughie

Hibiscus worked the early shift today. These were her favorite shifts, one because there was barely anyone in the whole neighborhood that woke up that early and two the menu really only consisted of eggs, omelets, bacon and pancakes, easy stuff. You could say that her tasks had really diversified over the years at the local Grub n' Stuff Diner, first it was greeting people at the door, then waiting tables, then opening, then closing, then the janitorial work, then eventually, even some of the cooking. Billy Joe owned the shop, you hardly saw him around, so the cooks mainly ran the show, of which there were two. A large Raccoon named Ricardo and a smaller yappy Squirrel named Raymond.

The two of them had been working there far longer than she had and Hibiscus had been working there since she was 16 years old. As far as she knew there was only one other cook that used to work there, a spider monkey, he got taken out in handcuffs after the local cops tracked him down after a drug bust in his trailer. They caught him in the employee only bathroom with Aniee, Ricardo's daughter, one of the waitresses. The guy was trying to squeeze through that tiny little window above the toilet. His shirt got caught on one of the hinges and left him hanging just outside the building facing the parking lot where all the customers walking in could see him. Hibiscus couldn't help but giggle thinking about how ridiculous the situation must have been and how all the older customers would have reacted. Poor Aniee though . . .

Cops said that he was "one o' them ee-legals" as far as Hibiscus knew, people like that were mostly drifters, they were here for a little while, a few months maybe, then before you know it they're packing up shop and moving somewhere else. She stayed away from most folk like that anyhow, I mean, it's hard to make friends with the new Labrador on the block when he doesn't speak a lick of English, doesn't matter how good he looks with those big, strong, sweaty arms of his while he's smoothing out concrete in those tight, dusty denim jeans.

Hibiscus shook her head. Turning her attention away from the men on the other side of the window of the Grub N' Stuff. They were installing a new sidewalk. As she wiped down the tables she thought about this evening and grinned, it was Friday and she had the weekend off, she'd begged Ricardo to help take an extra shift so she could take a Saturday off for the first time in two months. She'd smiled at him with that big pearly white hyena grin of hers all day until he just couldn't tell her no. she had a couple teeth missing from her adventures while roller-skating and Hibiscus was always greatly embarrassed by her teeth, she brushed and flossed them zealously as a result. Little did she know, often times people felt it added to her charm.

This weekend was special because it was July 16th. It was the day she was born, all the way back in 2002. This weekend she had planned a campout just on the edge of town with all her friends. She'd known them most of her life since they were all very little. She had six very close friends, and several other people she was fond of or well acquainted with. But her best of all friends were:

Henry the wolf, a huge softy! Mikey mouse, a little guy with a great sense of humor. Bobbie the opossum, she's probably a bad influence, but Hibiscus didn't care, she's fun! Jade the skunk, she's a HUGE nerd. James the ocelot, he's the smart one. Lastly, Oscar the buck he's big and strong, but he's

also kind of awkward. They all had a few things in common, old video games, comic books and dungeons and dragons. Hibiscus was especially fond of Bobbie because the two of them would eat ice cream and roller-skate together quite often. The town they lived in was a small trailer park in the Ozarks in rural Arkansas, the town is named Red Berry Pines. It was carved out of a densely wooded landscape and is mostly disconnected from the rest of the country. There are marshy areas dotted around the outskirts of the town as they get closer to a number of smaller lakes that encircle the town, the location, is beautiful.

Its turned into somewhat of time capsule from being disconnected from the rest of the state, the town rarely gained access to the newest and best technology and many things are sold and resold throughout the park, the result it's a place that seems as if it still exists in the 90's. The camp for tonight was set to be on the north side of town, the south side being hardly any different from the north side, with the one exception being that the meth heads and moonshiners mostly inhabited the areas just outside of the south end of the park. The north side also happened to be the better location because it wasn't quite as densely packed with forest and the area opened up more to where you could see the surrounding lakes. In this town the major highways leading out of town extended from east to west, making it so those sides weren't always the most fun to hang out at.

So far the plan was a campfire, beer stashed and hidden away for the last few weeks, hot dogs and marshmallows and good old fashioned dungeons and dragons, and maybe if everyone was feeling up too it, a dip in the lake the following morning. The day seemed to drag on, but soon, her time came, she collected her tips and made ready to walk out the door.

"Ey you be back in on Monday yah hear? No callin hung ova, we got trucks in the mornin girly." Ricardo said, in a gruff, but also light hearted tone with his thick Jersey accent.

"I'll be back on Monday just for you my guy! Muuwaah!" Hibiscus blew him a kiss as she walked out the door.

"Aight, aight, happy birthday sweetheart." He called back shaking his head as he turned back toward the kitchen, his large fluffy tail dragging across the tile as he slinked away.

Hibiscus undid her bike from its chain, swinging her leg over with some difficulty from the tight restrictive work pants she was wearing. She stumbled, but caught her balance and rode toward home.

Once at her trailer, unsurprisingly, she found herself alone. No welcome party, no parents, no siblings to greet her and wish her a happy birthday. Her father, likely off somewhere pillaging dumpsters for treasure to sell. Mother working overtime as a nurse for the 4th night in a row. Her five siblings, two still in school, oldest sister off in college, eldest brother probably rolling joints with his dead beat friends, second eldest brother who knows where. Hibiscus walked up the sidewalk past the garbage drying in the sun on the front lawn. Likely "treasure" her father had accrued over the last few months. She could hear feral cats scurrying about her lawn alerted by her presence. She walked up the creaky wooden steps and up the porch and opened the door to the run down baby blue trailer that she called home. Inside was relatively clean until you got to the kitchen and the bedrooms.

Hibiscus entered her room, it used to be her older sisters before she moved away to college. There wasn't much too it. Hard wood floors, clothes strewn about. An old mattress on the floor, her dresser, two bean bags, a desk with a mirror attached where she did her makeup and hair, when she had any makeup that is. She had posters of her favorite video games and comic book characters. She

started to undress from her work clothes, unbuttoning her blouse, sliding the tight pants down her thighs exposing her sizeable rear and cream colored panties that were completely soaked with her sweat after riding across the park.

She danced as she gathered her belongings for the evening with her friends. Stopping briefly to strategically choose an outfit for the night, but ended up settling on the usual, the torn up denim jean shorts she'd had as long as she could remember, her studded wrist bands, and an old white V-Neck T-shirt. She took her gold colored metal piercings out from her jewelry box in her bedroom and sat down in front of the mirror to insert them. Still mostly naked she walked into the bathroom turning on the shower and examined herself, she grinned at the mirror checking her pearly white fangs pushing her tongue through the three slots where her teeth should have been. One in front, two on her right, she pulled her cheeks back checking her back teeth. Proceeded to brush and floss all of them vigorously. She placed her hand under the shower head. Stone cold, as per usual. She sniffed the patches of thick red hair under her pits.

"Ripe, but not offensive." She thought as, she threw on her clothes. Grabbed the beer hidden in the closet, her prepacked backpack with all of her DND books and extra clothes. She grabbed the food from the fridge and headed north on her bike.

It was getting late, by the time she arrived, it was about six. She came to a patch of woods just off the side of the road that had a deer trail leading off toward the outskirts of town. She dumped her bike in the ditch next to the path, alongside two of her friend's bikes that were already partially covered with fallen branches. The path had a steep incline and she stumbled up it having to get on her hands and knees part of the way. She eventually made it through the bramble and it opened up into a clearing. It was a beautiful day, the birds were chirping all around, flapping from tree to tree in the surrounding woodwork, the trees seemed to form a V like shape as it opened up into the campsite with small lakes on the far side of the clearing. The golden warmth of the sun's rays just peeking through the tops of the tree line, filling the campsite with light. She spotted, Henry in the distance setting up his tent near the primitive stone fire pit. The tall and chubby grey wolf was struggling to string the metal poles through the tent canvas, the fur on his head glistening from the summer heat.

She could also see Mikey sitting on one of the wooden logs surrounding the fire-pit fiddling with the flint and steel as he attempted to get some sort of fire going. Hibiscus softened her footsteps as she approached until she was close enough to just be in sight, creeping up on her friends. Then she shouted toward Henry:

"Oh goodness me! If it isn't the BIG-BAD-WOLF out here in the woods with no one else but my li ol lonesome self! Oh whatever will I do!" Hibiscus threw the back of her hand up on her forehead in an exaggerating damsel in distress play. Both Henry and Mikey jumped a little bit from her voice. Henry dropping his tent poles to look up at her with a slightly agape expression before realization and a smile came across his face. Henry laughed as he stood up brushing his hands on his cargo shorts and came toward her with a mock growl, his arms and claws up over his head. Hibiscus let out a yell.

"Oh nooooo! Help me!" She said laughing as Henry enclosed her in a big warm fluffy wolf hug. He made nomming noises as he pushed his muzzle into her neck.

“Get off me you beast!” She said laughing as she shoved him away. Henry disengaged with a huff.

“Fine! Hyena meat is too stringy anyway.” He said dismissively as he walked back to his task. Mikey stepped out from behind him as he turned, his hands in his pockets.

“Happy birthday Hibiscus!” He said as he approached, he seemed less of his usual high energy self from Hibi’s perspective. She gave the mouse a hug, he was much smaller and lighter than Henry, she was almost a foot taller than him and his face ended up between her breasts when she hugged him, but she didn’t seem to care. Mikey couldn’t help but feel a bit of a rush as he felt his cheek press against her breasts, he could feel her heart beat and smell the stink mixed with perfume from her armpits after she’d been working all day. He stumbled backwards a bit after she had finished hugging him, he had almost forgotten what he was going to say to her before she asked. She walked past Mikey.

“Where is everyone else?” She asked quietly, there was a hint of disappointment in her voice. Her tone slightly more feminine outside of her normal tomboyish demeanor. She had been fantasizing about this event over the course of the week. Planning how she would hug and talk to all of her friends and see all their faces, she could tell that maybe that was starting to melt away. Her friends were hardly ever late, especially on her special day. Mikey turned toward her scratching the back of his head, looking down at the grass, he shuffled his feet uncomfortably.

Henry spoke first.

“Oscar had to pull a double at work. James’s mom is in the hospital again. Bobbie is visiting her dad before he leaves for emergency deployment and Jade caught the flu.” Henry said this as if attempting to rip off a band aid but with some sympathy. Hibiscus’s shoulders slumped and she walked over to the fire pit dropping her things next to it, sitting down on one of the logs near the fire-pit. She said nothing, there was an intense silence for a moment before Mikey decided to break the silence. He snuck over to his back pack carefully lifting something out of it. Hibiscus could feel tears starting to well up. She’d been waiting months for this and her emotions seemed to be crashing in around her. Then she smelled something sweet. Mikey was standing in-front of her. Holding a box, she sniffled and rubbed her eyes and choked a little bit.

“W-what’s that?”

“Oh nothing.” Mikey responded in a matter of fact tone of voice. He started moving the box away. Hibiscus eyed him curiously, her eyes still watering a bit. Mikey now cradled the box, turned away from her, side eyeing her.

“Come on dude what is that?” She sniffled a bit.

“Oh Jeeze man, I dunno if you really even want something like this anyway.” She was now standing up behind him. Mikey opened the box carefully and reached inside, still hiding it from view. He looked back at her. She stared back at him.

“Okay fine, but you gotta sit back down.” Hibiscus plopped her butt back down almost immediately. Mikey paused for a moment, then revealed his gift in all of its spectacular glory. Hibiscus’s eyes widened as he revealed beautiful strawberry shortcake cupcakes. White and pink marbled

strawberry cakes with sugary creamy white frosting and strawberry jelly oozing down the sides with sugar coated strawberries poking out of the frosting. Her mouth started salivating instantly.

“They’re strawberry shortcake cupcakes . . . I made them myself. Almost as pretty as you he said.” He placed one gently in the palm of her hand. Sniffing she said.

“These are gonna make my ass so fuckin fat bro.” She held the cupcake with both hands and a stupid little grin came over her face exposing her teeth. “Pretty” she thought. The three of them laughed. As they ate, they spoke about work, games, reminisced about past memories they shared together. They talked about the places they wanted to go, things they wanted to do. Before long it was time to play Dungeons and Dragons, unfortunately since the rest of the party was missing they couldn’t really proceed in the main story so they did their best to make up a one off quest that they decided wouldn’t add to their progression.

Hibiscus was a knight class, Mikey a thief and Henry a cleric. It really didn’t take long for it to devolve into sarcastic roleplaying between the three of them as they sat around the fire drinking. Eventually it lead to an interaction where Mikey was acting out as two characters at the same time, his lowly thief and a terrifyingly powerful sorcerer. Henry was meant to be a Cleric who needed to be escorted to a local village to perform an exorcism while Hibiscus performed her knightly duties escorting him to his destination.

“Mawahahaha! The three of you fools have fallen right into my trap!” Mikey said, hunched over in a shrill voice, just a short distance away from the campfire. It was dark now and Mikey held a flashlight under his face, creating deep shadows outlining the details of his small face, making him look menacing. Mikey continued.

“You will not be able to resist the temptation of power that I will grant to you knight. Know this, that your courage and honor will not protect you from the awesome power of my spells. I will corrupt your mind with my . . .” Mikey thought for a second. He changed his voice to a lustful longing voice.

“Arcane spell of *dark seduction!*” Mikey slid his hands up his body in a feminine and seductive manner. Hibiscus stood up laughing, half stumbling as she rose in a mock defensive position, standing in front of Henry who was still sitting behind her pretending to clutch his religious talisman in fear. Hibiscus stood with her legs apart, knees bent with her hands open and slightly raised as if to block the sorcerer from getting to him. Henry laughed with them. He couldn’t help but look at Hibiscus’s rear end, it was so close to him it was blocking almost his entire vision. He glanced uneasily from side to side. Then his eyes rested on her, giving in to the view. Perhaps it was the alcohol getting to him. Maybe it was something else. Henry was actually one of the younger members of the group. He was eighteen, he never really drank that much before. He’d supposed he had never really looked at Hibiscus in this kind of a manner before either. They’d been friends for years, but they were getting older now.

He looked at her backside, then looked away, he thought of her smiling face, her pearly white teeth with the few missing. He thought about her stupid silly laugh. Then he looked back at her rear end. Her tail bouncing, flared out as she pretended to protect him. Her dark denim jean shorts were torn and frayed at the legs where a full pair of pants used to be. Her shorts were beginning to ride up, the bottoms of her cheeks becoming visible. Perhaps the part that made this more distracting was that he could smell her, or again maybe it was the beer. Hibiscus lurched.

“Ahhhhh!” Clutching her head as if becoming possessed she thrashed around wildly.

“Hurry Henry! You must perform your sacred rites to banish these monstrously *seductive* thoughts of power from my mind.” Henry jumped into action as Hibiscus fell backwards, his large arms outstretched ready to catch her. His movements were a bit delayed, he caught her awkwardly and let out an odd: “Right aWay fair knight!” His voice cracking. As her weight fell into his arms, he was surprised to find her a bit heavier than he expected. He doubled backward in an attempt to catch his balance, but the heel of his boot caught on his back foot. Henry toppled to the ground with Hibiscus on top of him.

Hibiscus let out a sharp yelp of pain. Mikey looked at them both laying in the dirt, dumbfounded. She raised her left hand that she had used to brace her fall. She eyed a scrape on one of her paw pads reddened from being roughed up by the large gravel around the fire-pit.

“Awh! Ow.” She said exasperatedly, sucking air through her teeth. She cupped her left with her right, applying pressure to the wound.

“I’m sorry Hibi!” Henry exclaimed.

“It’s nothing man, relax.” She said.

“Come over to tent I’ve got some band aids and alcohol.”

“I’m fine.” She finished.

“Then I’ll go get them.” Henry turned and quickly made his way toward his tent. The tent was some distance away from the fire pit. Hibiscus looked at him for a moment from across the field as he began rummaging through his things. She looked at her hand, then looked at Henry, her hand, then Henry again. The clearing was spinning around her. She was a little drunk, she knew this, but she didn’t know how drunk exactly. She was pretty sure she’d only had about three or four drinks. Normally she didn’t get drunk this fast, then again she hadn’t had much to eat today besides Strawberry shortcake. Hibiscus felt hot, she tugged on her shirt as she looked at Henry looking through his things. She stood up, and slowly walked across toward Henry, entering the tent. She sat on her hands and knees, and looked outside of the tent at Mikey, who was still looking at them.

“Do you have any water?” She said to Henry.

“Yeah, I think so.” He said. Hibiscus looked at him as he went through his pack. He was handsome and nice. He was always trying to help. Henry was tall, his body was thick with layers of both fat and muscle. He probably weighed about two hundred and eighty pounds, he had a belly. Hibiscus could see it poking out from under his shirt. She looked at him softly, she could just make out his facial features from the flashlight he was using to illuminate the tent. He had young, boyish features. They’d been friends for four years. She’d met him in the diner when she first started working, he was reading comic books at one of the tables. Hibiscus grabbed her shirt, fanning it in and out siphoning cool night air over her body. She could smell herself, maybe she should have showered after all. She looked at Mikey outside of the tent, he was sitting by the fire-pit, turned away from them.

“I think I need to change.” Hibiscus whispered. In her mind, she asked herself. *What are you thinking? What are you even doing right now? Her heart picked up the pace a little bit. Are you stupid?*

The truth of it was she wasn't really thinking at much at all, she felt hot. Henry was cute, so what if he saw a little bit, they were friends. Hibiscus moved to zip up the tent. Mikey's ears perked upward as he turned curiously, a concerned look came to his face and his ears flattened when he saw the tent was now closed.

"I found the water . . . wait *what?*" Henry said quietly. Hibiscus crawled over to him and took the bottle of water from him and uncapped it. She drank from it greedily, some of it dripping down her chin and down her neck, slipping between her breasts. She was on her hands and knees as she drank, as her thirst quenched she relaxed her lower back. Her hips turned upward seductively. Henry swallowed as he watched her. Hibiscus ignored him, tossing the now empty water bottle to the side of the tent. She crawled over to her back pack and unzipped it pulling out a thin spaghetti strapped nightie. She began to take off her shirt. Henry could feel his heart pounding and blood beginning to rush toward his penis. Hibiscus continued to ignore him. Henry said nothing.

Hibiscus slowly removed her bra, she was turned away from Henry. *It's so hot* she thought, her mind in a haze, acutely aware that Henry was watching her from behind, her nipples became erect, she could feel them tightening around the thick rectangular piercings she had. She'd gotten them on her 18th birthday after her and Bobbie met that boy who worked at the tattoo shop. She slipped the shirt over herself and turned toward Henry who was staring at her like a dog eyeing a fat ribeye steak. Hibiscus looked away from him side eyeing him, a serious expression on her face. Henry could clearly see her gold nipple piercings through her white shirt. Hibiscus slowly reached down toward her shorts.

"What's up fatty?" She said, with complete seriousness. "I'm just cooling off." She said this quietly. She unbuttoned her shorts with a snap, then slowly parted and flexed her thighs, unzipping them partially. She looked at him tensely, challenging him. She wasn't wearing underwear. Henry could see her thick sweaty pubic hair peeking out from the zipper of her shorts. Henry frowned anxiously, but said nothing. There was silence between the two of them. She could hear the crickets chirping, an owl hooting in the distance.

"Watch your step next time asshole." She didn't even know why she said it, a little taken aback by her own words. She'd changed her mind, she was drunk. She zipped up her shorts hastily, she crawled way toward the exit behind Henry. He didn't move, blocking her. They were both on their knees face to face, Hibiscus's hand was on the zipper to the tent. Hibiscus frowned at him, Henry looked back at her, a blank expression on his face. Suddenly he grabbed her wrist that was holding the tent zipper. Hibiscus looked at his hand on her, she didn't pull away, and she just stared at him.

"Excuse me." She said. Henry pulled her hand way from the zipper. He growled quietly, swinging his hand under her and squeezing her crotch aggressively with a *clap*. Hibiscus jolted with the sudden impact of his thick meaty hand grabbing her vagina. Her body tensed, the haze beginning to fade away as she began to realize the situation she was now in. Perhaps she had pushed Henry too far. She knew Mikey was outside, but she stayed quiet, staring at Henry, she refused to let him know how she was feeling. Henry grabbed her around her waist pulling her close, she could feel his penis through his shorts, it was thick and she could feel it radiating heat against her.

Hibiscus grunted and attempted to pull back from his thick chubby body, it was radiating with heat and sweat, she felt like it was boiling her and she struggled to get away from his embrace. Henry pulled his hand away from her crotch and unzipped his own pants and pulled down his underwear. His

thick, red, knotted, canine penis sprung out. Hibiscus looked down in shock her mouth agape. He was huge. Her heart lurched up into her throat and she looked away.

“Dude you know I was just joking right? Seriously let me out.” She whispered nervously, attempting to move past him. He shoved her backward and she fell onto his sleeping bag. He was on top of her now, his huge girth holding her down, unable to escape.

“Hey! Back off asshat! I said don’t!” She whispered aggressively. He clasped her hand around her muzzle preventing her from speaking any further. Hibiscus could feel her heart pounding, the haze starting to comeback. But it was different this time. She had had sex before, only a few times, but had never been in a situation like this before. With a close friend, pinning her down, she didn’t know what he was going to do to her. But she had an idea. She began pushing his face away, but their bodies only became closer. Henry was taking off her shorts. He slid them off with one hand. Hibiscus reluctantly let them go, her eyes rolling back a bit as the slightly cool air graced her inner thighs, her vagina was completely soaked, her clitoris swelling, it felt like her insides were on fire. Henry could smell her fully now, her musk radiated from between her legs. He could see the sweat and lubrication dripping down from her inner thighs, seeping between her buttocks. She stunk, but it wasn’t a bad smell. It was utterly intoxicating.

Hibiscus squirmed as he slid his hands between her legs and found her entrance. Her hips were gyrating either trying to get away or urge him on. Maybe both, he wasn’t sure if what he was doing was right. All he knew is he wanted it, he needed it and he thought that just maybe, she did too. She was so hurt today when her friends hadn’t come, maybe if he could make love to her, he could make the pain go away. The way she’d teased him, that wasn’t nothing. He inserted his thick fingers into her. Hibiscus let out a stifled squeal, as she felt him enter her. Her body tensed, she tried to lift her hips away but his hand followed. He could feel her insides, the wet rough patch on the top side of her entrance. He rubbed her gently and rhythmically. She tried to buck him out, once, twice, three times. Then she started to moan, gently. He could feel her hot breath through his fingers as she began panting.

“Fuck you man . . . Mikey is outside.” She whispered irritably. She attempted to pull away again but Henry held her in place. He moved lower bringing his snout closer to her smelly crotch. Realization of what he was intending to do seemed to slap her across the face. Then she felt his ice cold nose press against her clitoris, and his hot tongue dragging all the way from the crack of her anus up to her entrance. She through her head back and Henry grabbed her by her hips burying his snout against her crotch. He could smell everything, the bite of her sweat, the damp musty odor of her pubic hair, the salt and metallic smell of her fresh lubrication, the smell of her swamp ass from a long day at work, her heat. It was all there, melding together in an amalgamation of pure sex.

His cock was throbbing, and leaking from the excitement. He licked her, inside and out, he kept licking until the only thing left to taste was his own drool. Hibiscus clasped her hands over her mouth her body tensing, her vagina and anus flexing each time his tongue grazed her clitoris, she could feel it beginning to swell more, almost like it was *expanding*. A sudden wide eyed expression of realization and slight panic came over her as she realized what was about to happen. Desperate not to make a noise from the onslaught of pleasure, she pushed on his forehead with her palm, forcing him back, until finally he ceased. She let out an exasperated sigh, her legs were quivering. Hibiscus struggled.

"I-I you – I haven't even – you didn't have too. I mean – I'm not even." She was stuttering, she couldn't remember the last time she had sex. How long had it been? *Almost a year* she thought. Henry raised himself over her, his throbbing penis and furry testicles dangling over her, he was leaking onto her inner thigh.

"I – I I'm not on birth control." She blurted out. "I – I mean I used to be, I'm not anymore because I didn't think – I mean I wasn't planning on something like this. But that, I mean what you did . . . it felt really good . . . I really want too." She trailed off. Looking up at him, and looking between his legs. Henry looked at her.

"You're really pretty." He whispered.

"Shut up." A smile flashed across her face, briefly exposing her teeth with the few missing, she looked down at herself. She thought for a moment, about her body, and how it was *different* than most girls.

"You can put it in my butt." She said with an awkward smile, her teeth showing. Henry's jaw dropped.

"I mean . . . I like it in my butt." Henry stared at her wide eyed. She doubled back.

"I-I'm sorry dude, I know it's gross. I can just touch you instead if you want. Here let me-" She went to reach for him but Henry stopped her. Grabbing her by the wrist before she could touch his penis. He flipped her, leaving her sizable buttocks exposed. Instinctively Hibiscus pushed her butt further into the air. Her cheeks spreading slightly exposing her anus.

"Just don't tell anyone." She said, burying her face into the sleeping bag under her.

Mikey was still outside, he'd found a stick and was poking at the fire. He kept glancing nervously at the tent. He began to think to himself.

Just what the hell was going on in there? I mean the two of them aren't a couple! Not a chance! What happened? One minute we were playing, the next the two of them are having some alone time in the tent. Maybe they're talking about me? I can't hear a damn thing. What the fuck? I baked her those damn cakes. I messed up on them so many times. Do you have any idea how hard it is to make marbled strawberry cake like that? Maybe I should ask what's going on. Okay, Okay, maybe the scrape was worse than she thought. It hasn't been that long. What five minutes? Okay five more minutes and I'll ask what's up. No big deal.

Mikey could see their distorted shadows moving behind the screen of the tent. The flashlight dancing about and the tent shaking ever so slightly. But it was too far away to hear. Henry dragged his tongue across Hibiscus's anus up to the base of her tail to prep her. She smelled and he could taste her sweat, she tasted bitter, even slightly sweet, but it didn't faze him, he was too intoxicated by her aroma to think, much less say anything. Hibiscus bit her lip as she felt the tapered end of his penis pressing against her anus as he mounted her. She reached back spreading her buttocks. She relaxed with a deep breath and pushed outward, Henry pushing inward, slowly. He slid in with some effort. Lubricated by a mixture of his drool and her sweat. It was just enough. He could feel her engulfing him, sucking him in, tightening around him like a slippery vice grip. Suddenly she winced.

“Are you okay?” He asked.

“You’re really fuckin’ big Henry. You got to give a girl a minute.” She groaned as she pushed against him. She reached a hand under herself touching her clitoris. Allowing herself to relax around him. Her eyes rolled back when he finally hit that sweet spot, she could feel his penis throbbing inside her, pushing the inside of her rectum against her vagina internally, making her insides slide together in a fantastical feeling of pain, friction and absolute pleasure. She could feel his knot toward the base of his penis. It hadn’t fully expanded yet but she could feel it pulsing against the inside of her buttocks. She guessed she would have to take it somehow in the very near future.

“Fuck my stink-hole.” She said, gyrating her hips. Henry started to move. Hibiscus clenched her teeth on the sleeping bag beneath her. He groped one of her cheeks, digging his claws into it, the other hand on her hip as he guided her along the shaft of his penis. She milked him, clenching as she moved up and down his length. Henry was a virgin. *Am I still a virgin if I fuck a girl in the butt he thought?* Hibiscus was quiet, but her pace quickened as she bucked against him harder. She huffed in and out, basking in the pleasure of having such a large penis inside her all at once. She didn’t make a peep as she moved closer to her climax. She thought about Henry pinning her down earlier, how he forced himself upon her. How he had *grabbed* her. How he had *pushed* her. How he had *stifled* her cries. She could feel the pleasure within her growing as he pounded her. Her the walls of her insides sliding together sending waves of pleasure.

“I want – I want to drive.” She said exasperated. The two of them changed positions, his cock sliding out of her, air escaping from her gaping anus. Henry laid down, sweating, with Hibiscus crouching over him quivering slightly. She looked down at his heaving body and his throbbing cock.

“What you did earlier was not cool by the way. I should probably tear your eyes out.” She stopped. “But you’re lucky you got a fat dick. Just don’t fall in love with me. Promise?” Henry nodded eagerly. She turned around, straddling him and squatted. Lifting his penis in line with her anus once again. She eased onto him, engulfing him once more. She began moving her hips up and down at an even pace. Then riding deeper, and slower. Then she felt it, the knot, something slipped. Something larger was inside her, she felt her anus close around him as he had entered her fully. Hibiscus let out a gasp. Henry let out a moan.

“Oh my god, that’s . . . that feels so fuckin’ rad man.” She could feel her climax approaching, she could feel Henry throbbing inside her. She reached between her legs, teasing the entrance to her vagina with her fingers. She bared her teeth, holding her breath as Henry began to thrust inward, plunging deeper inside of her. They were almost there. She could feel the blood rushing to her head and the pressure welling up inside. She began to breathe in and out rapidly through her nostrils. She clenched her anus hard around the base of his penis, his knot was beginning to expand, and she could feel the veins around it pulsing against the soft inner walls of her rectum. She looked down at him, he seemed out of focus, in a haze, he seemed to be trying to speak, but just kept looking down between their legs as she tugged on him, his knot firmly stuck inside of her. He looked up at her and his eyes were starting to flutter.

He’s going to cum! I’m going to cum too! He’s going to shoot his wolf juice up my smelly asshole! He’s so hot! I’m such a dirty girl! I’m such a naughty, filthy -

Then they heard it. A twig snap, the rustling of the grass near the tent footsteps. Then a soft male voice. It was Mikey.

“Hey . . . is everything alright guys?”

The two of them froze and looked toward the entrance of the tent wide eyed. For a couple seconds no one said anything. Hibiscus attempted to lift her butt with a small grunt. But quickly realized that pulling out wasn't exactly an option at this point. Panic started to set in as she looked around frantically. She choked out an answer.

“E-everything's fine man! I – I just scraped up my knee pretty bad and H – Henry and I were talking about uh – uh – uh.” Mikey responded before she could finish.

“Ah damn! That sucks, here let me take a look.”

“Mikey w-wait!” Henry exclaimed. But it was far too late, Mikey was already unzipping the tent as he spoke. Both Hibiscus and Henry were pawing at the zipper but unable to reach, Hibiscus's butt tugging painfully on Henry's penis. Mikey and Hibiscus met eye to eye, with both her and Henry's arms outstretched awkwardly. The two of them stood there for a moment before the smell of the tent seemed to hit him like a ton of bricks. The smell of sex, sweat, pheromones and swampy hyena ass all in the same go. Hibiscus slowly covered her eyes as Mikey reeled. Henry looked away.

“Oh . . . OH . . . OOOH.” Mikey stumbled backward tripping over his clumsy feet in the dew covered grass, landing on his hands and knees. After he steadied himself he faced away from them and paused and there was silence. The night air was cool, and it washed over the couple in the tent. Hibiscus could feel the knot beginning to loosen inside of her and she took the opportunity to hoist herself off of him. His penis slipped from her with a wet pop. Leaving her slightly agape. She swung around crawling from the tent. Henry laid his the back of his head down on the tent floor. He covered his face, unmoving, embarrassed beyond measure. As Hibiscus exited the tent, she stopped just outside, resting on her knees and she looked at Mikey. He was sitting up now, his back turned toward her, looking at the stars, his shoulders slumped. Hibiscus scratched behind her ear nervously, she had an uncomfortable unintentional grin across her face despite how mortified she was. She still had no pants on. One breast outside of her spaghetti strapped nightie, the square piercing gleaming in the moonlight. She adjusted her shirt to cover herself. After what seemed like at least five minutes or more, she opened her mouth to speak, but Mikey spoke first.

“I guess you like him a lot then . . .” He said. He sounded choked. Crushed. More silence. Hibiscus raised an eyebrow a confused at first, it took her about a minute before it started to dawn on her.

He sounds . . . sad . . . why is he sad? Wait . . . does Mikey . . . LIKE me?

Hibiscus looked down at herself. Thinking of what she should say. Mikey continued.

“I guess, you like him so much you couldn't even tell me, you had to hide it. L-Like I've been third wheeling this whole time and you guys couldn't even c-couldn't even . . .” He trailed off, then speaking erratically.

“I mean, I get it alright, he's big and strong. But I've known you, I know you! I know *you!*” Mikey was frantic, the memories began to flash by of her, his Hibiscus. The girl he'd been crushing on since grade

school. He thought of her silly looking smile, those stupid missing teeth. The way her orange mane danced like fire in the sunlight when she would run across the playground at recess. That weird way her eyebrows scrunched up when he would try and help her in math class in 8th grade. The last time she ditched class in 10th and didn't come back to school, how he'd stare at her empty seat in the classroom, just itching to see her after. He could hear the sound of the rocks hitting his window at night when she urged him to sneak out with her. He could hear the way she giggled while he acted out his DND character in the dead of night. He could see the two of them growing up together. The beautiful woman she had grown to be, how she was totally oblivious to it. Stunning. Mikey felt tears welling in his eyes, shutting them tightly. Then he felt her hand on his shoulder, he inhaled sharply. Her touch like an electric shock through his spine, causing the hair on the back of his neck to rise.

"You do know me. It's not like that Mikey. You know I ain't like that. You do know me." She said. Her voice was tender. It flowed over him. She was closer now. He could feel her hot breath on his ear. Hibiscus didn't exactly know how to tell him how she was feeling.

I love my friends, I love them both so much. Mikey is so sweet, he really cares.

She wanted him, she didn't want him to leave, the thoughts continued.

Mikey is my best friend. So is Henry. Can't we all just stay friends? Why does a little sex have to mess it all up? Why can't we all have fun together? Why does it all have to be so needlessly complicated? I like Mikey, and I like Henry. I've always liked them! Mikey is hurting and I like him, and it's still my birthday . . . maybe there's still something I can do . . .

Hibiscus, caressed Mikey's cheek, turning his face toward her gently. Tears had left trails down his face. Mikey was so small in her clawed hands. He felt so soft, she imagined that this must be what it felt like for Henry when he held her.

"I like you dude." She said, with a small laugh. Mikey looked up at her slightly taken aback and confused. Hibiscus smiled awkwardly, looking away, then back at him. His eyes were fixated on her. Henry was now sitting in the tent looking out at them, listening intently.

"I like Henry too. We're all friends." Hibiscus searched his eyes deeply hoping she could somehow communicate how she was feeling to him telepathically, if only he could understand. He continued to stare at her. She suddenly kissed him, quickly. Mikey looked at her wide eyed and shocked. Henry's jaw dropped yet again. But Mikey didn't pull away, he thought.

*Hibi had kissed him. **His Hibi had kissed him!***

His thoughts were racing.

But she's also been kissing Henry too, but do I really care? I don't think I do actually, she's so pretty, her lips were so soft! Her body is radiating, and that smell, what is that smell? But he's been inside of her . . . inside . . .

His thoughts began to trail off as he realized that she was kissing him again. But deeper this time, more passionately, more lovingly. Mikey had never kissed a girl before. Hibiscus was larger than he was and she penetrated his lips with her tongue filling his mouth almost completely. Licking the roof of his

mouth and his teeth. Her hot saliva filling his mouth. He drank it down. After some time she withdrew. Leaving Mikey in a haze. His gaze followed her as if under a spell.

“My body is still on fire Mikey.” She said, huffing. Hibiscus grasped one of his hands and placed underneath her shirt, onto her left breast.

“Can you feel it?” She said, Mikey could feel the soft weight of her breast in the palm of her hand. He could feel the intoxicating heat radiating from her body and the sweat building up under the sparse, silky fur, soaking his palm. She pushed his hand against her harder and he could feel her heart thumping underneath.

“I – I can feel you.” He said. Hibiscus pulled away, sliding her hand along the length of his arm as she left, turning her backside toward him and looking back over her shoulder, she crawled catlike toward the tent. Mikey naturally watched her butt as she moved, His neck craning downward as if on a gear shift to look. He was anxious. It was difficult to see, but he could just make out the gleaming wetness between her thighs, it was enough to arouse him completely.

“It’s getting a lil cold out here, what do you say the three of us curl up for the night, guy?” She said softly. She was close to Henry now her backside still facing Mikey. She had her arms wrapped around Henry’s sizable body. She was still swaying her hips back and forth urging him to follow. Henry placed his hand around her waist as he looked at Mikey a bit hesitant, but with a smile.

“Come on Mike . . . You just gonna sit out there all night?” Henry teased. Mikey, still on his knees, swallowed. He looked at the two of them, then around the clearing, then back at his friends. It took him about a minute to comprehend exactly what he was being offered at this moment. He chewed his lip. The girl of his dreams had just kissed him and now he was being invited to have sex with her. He ran his hands through his hair and looked at Henry, the huge intimidating wolf behind her, he could just make out the sizable girth between his legs, he looked away, but then thought of Hibiscus and the way she was moving her hips. He took a deep breath and reached up to undo the top button of his collared shirt.

“No, No I’m not.” Mikey said confidently. He stood and walked towards them. Hibiscus let out a hyena like laugh of excitement as the three of them made their way into the tent.

It all seemed like a dream to Mikey, the tent was warm and it smelled of old canvas but most of all the scent of her musk, Hibi’s smell. The tent was lit by the soothing yellow glow of the flashlight that had now been propped up to illuminate the tent. The light was just bright enough that the faint glow of red and orange emanated from her mane. Henry was still standing close to her, touching her. Hibiscus locked eyes with Mikey as he kneeled in the tent, her emerald eyes casting their own spell of *dark seduction* upon him. It was like they were the only two there in that single moment. He relished in that moment. She kissed him again. Running her hands up his small frame underneath his partially unbuttoned shirt, feeling the soft mouse fur of his chest. Running the tips of her fingers over his hard nipples. Hibiscus could feel his breath quickening and his heart rate increasing. Henry waited patiently for the two of them to become acquainted, stroking Hibi’s mane, shoulders and back as they kissed.

Mikey placed his hands on her bare hips and pulled her closer as she once again forced her tongue into his mouth. She was much taller than him, her hips were above his with her legs parted, his crotch just under hers at a slight vertical angle. Her soaking wet pussy mere inches away from the bulge leaking pre-ejaculate through his trousers. Mikey suddenly felt her hands fumbling for his belt. Mikey went to help,

undoing the metal clasp with a *clink*. Hibiscus found the button and zipper on her own nimbly with one hand, the other now caressing his face, still kissing him. He opened his eyes as he felt her hand slip under his boxers and he felt Hibiscus placing her delicate, soft fingers around his penis, he was uncircumcised. It was exhilarating feeling another person touch him like this for the first time. She held him gently, he was stiff and erect beyond measure, almost painfully so, he felt as if he might burst. Mikey pulled back from her mouth and inhaled and she began stroking his penis. The mouse was much smaller than Henry, but much *harder*. Hibiscus thought.

She looked at Mikey calmly, who was looking down at her hand stroking him. With the other hand she pulled down his trousers and boxers past his buttocks, exposing him. She angled the tip of his penis toward her, pulling back his foreskin and she drew near. Mikey watched as his penis became hidden behind her sweaty pubic hair. Then he felt it. The wet slippery folds of her outer vagina and the swollen bulb of her clitoris as she glided over the tip of his cock. She was grinding on him, rhythmically, while she gently stroked him. Soaking him in her stench. She did not allow him to enter her as she teased. She closed her eyes and turned her head toward Henry, kissing him as Mikey watched. Mikey tried desperately to keep his breathing under control as Hibiscus continued rub herself on him. He reached around her, grabbing a handful of her plump and firm backside. His fingers just barely touching her anus as he spread her ass. Pulling her closer to him, thrusting upward eagerly. His mouth found her soft dark nipples. He wrapped his lips around them. Suckling and licking them enthusiastically.

Hibiscus let out a gasp and a moan. She could feel Mikey attempting to penetrate her, but she angled her backside upward arching her back. Turning her entrance away from him, playing hard to get.

“Not so fast, little dude.” She teased, it only seemed to heighten his arousal, Mikey now gently bucking, desperate for more. With her back arched and her tail raised, her anus was now exposed to Henry who was slightly behind and to the right of her. He took the opportunity. Hibiscus obliged only after realizing that she had inadvertently signaled the wolf to penetrate her anally. A hyena like giggle escaped her nervously. Henry grasped the base of her tail preventing her hips from escaping. She felt his large hand push her between her shoulder blades. Before long she was on her hands and knees with Mikey’s smaller, hard, pulsating cock in front of her nose. Mikey’s hands fondled her cheeks and ears as she began to slide her long hot tongue up the underside of his penis. Tasting the salt of his sweat and her own stench on him.

Hibiscus’s heart was racing, utterly smitten with the two men handling her, they were both intoxicating. She engulfed Mikey’s rock hard penis in her mouth. Folding her tongue around it, soaking it in her saliva and bringing him deep into the safety of her throat away from her dangerous teeth. She began to suck on him, bobbing her head. She could feel him twitching against her tongue. Mikey let out a long exasperated groan of pleasure as he felt the inside of her mouth, milking him, urging him to cum, he resisted the temptation. Henry grabbed Hibiscus’s butt cheeks and spread them wide, her pheromones and stink still gently radiating from her. Her dark anus, slightly pink and more open than before, was still wet. Henry, gave her another deep lick out of courtesy. Penetrating her smelly asshole with his tongue soaking her. His tongue left her and was then replaced with the tapered end of his canine cock. Hibiscus let out a stifled moan as she felt him penetrate her once again. With every inch that entered her she let out a noise.

“Mm – Mmh! – MMMH!” With the last of them a slight growl as his cock fully entered her and he began thrusting inside of her. Her eyes rolled back.

*I've been teased so much tonight! I wanna cum! I wanna cum! Harder! Fuck my stinky butt harder!
My pussy is on fire!*

Henry could tell she was getting close by the way she began to straighten her back and close her legs. But he wasn't done yet. He slowed and Hibiscus started to let out a quiet growl of disappointment. She yipped when he hoisted her up from behind. She was now laying on top of him with her back leaning towards him, bracing herself up on his chest. With his cock firmly stuffed inside of her anus pushing against her insides. He spoke into her ear.

"Give Mikey a taste." Hibiscus blushed looking at Mikey, her legs splayed out in front of him. Mikey ogled the way Henry was lodged inside of her, the knot still exposed. He crawled too them. Hibiscus gave him a toothy grin as she placed her hand on his head. Forcing him downward burying his nose against her sweat soaked vagina. His lips clasped around her enlarged clitoris as she began to buck. This was it. She was going to cum, and nothing was going to stop her. She didn't care if the whole world was ending. She was going to fuck Mikey's face and shove Henry's knot so far up her ass it wouldn't come out till morning. Mikey smelled her, all of her as he sucked clumsily, the feeling of her pubic hair ticking his nose. Hibiscus grinded her clitoris aggressively, using his face to wipe herself, her clitoris popping in and out of his mouth. The combination of Henry's penis angled upward inside of her rectum, placing pressure on the inner walls of her vagina combined with the sensation gliding over her swelling clit was too much to bear. She could feel it.

Oh no, I'm slipping . . . I'm slipping!

Her mind then went blank. She couldn't hold it. Her face tensed and contorted awkwardly and she grimaced, her eyes rolled and she let out a howl. It was her point of no return. She forced herself down on Henry's cock. The knot slipping deep within her, the added pressure inside forced her orgasm. Mikey followed her hips, still servicing her. The contractions were immense, sending waves of pleasure deep within her, coursing through her body. The release was finally here, and it was marvelous, she saw stars, and colors. She felt Henry pulsing inside her, filling her with hot cum, as she twitched and her legs shook. Henry's semen was like a hot ocean wave filling her, gracing her raw insides and causing them to relax and contract gently. She could feel the dopamine coursing through her veins and her mind. Relaxing her, her heart rate, slowing.

Henry's chest was heaving. His canine cock still pumping inside of her relentlessly. He was sensitive, her every movement causing him to jump, his orgasm persisted even as he was coming down from his high. As the Hibiscus slowly came to her senses. She looked down between her legs dizzily. Noticing something was slightly different about her body than before. Her eyes widened. Mikey had a surprised, dumbfounded look on his face as he looked between her legs. Her clitoris had somehow *extended?* Hibiscus slowly covered her eyes and let out a small, sad, and drawn out "Hawooo . . ."

Mikey sat in silence for a moment as he studied her. Little did Mikey know, Hibiscus had a unique anatomy passed down by her ancestors that few female hyena's had these days. She had told no one about this her entire life since her gynecologist had explained her condition. She hid it from friends, boyfriends and family for as long as she could remember. She had what researchers often referred to as a *pseudo-penis*. An external vaginal system, where the vagina could retract and expand similar to that of a male penis. When the pseudo-penis retracted it was open for penetration, in Hibiscus's case her retracted pseudo-penis looked very similar to that of normal vaginas with a sensitive clitoral bulb still

visible and inner lips. The one key difference being that her urethra and vaginal opening were still one in the same. Hibiscus had learned at a young age that overstimulation of her exposed clitoral nub would result in her pseudo-penis becoming visible. She frequently tried to avoid her partners touching this area during sex. But now while she had been overcome with pleasure from her two friends, it was now obvious that she was different.

Her pseudo-penis was only half-cocked. But her vaginal opening still visible, her clitoris was enlarged, swollen and pulsating. It stood about three and a half inches out and upward from its original position, dripping in her post-orgasmic juices. She quickly hid herself from Mikey with her hands to the best of her ability. Henry was still in a haze, he was locked in, not going anywhere anytime soon. She looked away from him. She blabbered.

“Mikey it’s not what it looks like, it’s okay, I’m still normal, I’m still normal, I’m still . . .” Mikey moved her hand away and looked at her eyes.

“I’ve had a pretty crazy night . . . what’s a little more crazy gonna do?” He said. He advanced on her, climbing over the two of them, positioning his penis against her semi-erect female hyena cock. She was just at the right height as she rested on Henry’s lap. Who was still slowly filling her, grunting, almost painfully. Hibiscus looked at Mikey wide eyed, tears welling up. She looked between his legs. His cock was still throbbing. She looked at herself, she hadn’t put anything inside of her vagina for quite some time. Year’s maybe . . . because of the shame she felt. She brought her hand back to him, gently stroking the tip of his penis. She guided his hips with the other hand as she looked into his eyes, still surprised that this was happening, that this was *going* to happen. As he entered her, she could feel her swollen clitoris pushing back inside of her, her vaginal opening deepening, allowing him to penetrate her. She winced, as he felt the pressure of both cocks inside her. Henry was beginning to deflate at last. His penis slowly began to slip out of her rectum.

Hibiscus’s breath quickened as this allowed for more of Mikey to slip inside her. She whimpered in pleasure.

“You have to pull out, man.” She said. Then reiterated again exasperated.

“You *have* too.”

Mikey nodded in agreement. Hibiscus let out a sigh of relief as she felt the base of his penis. He was small, and *very* comfortable. His cock was quivering inside of her. He was holding his breath. The sensation was intense. He was already close to orgasm, he could feel it welling up inside already. Mikey thrust. Air escaped from her anus as Henry fell out of her, cum forced out in a waterfall dripping between her ass cheeks. At first she didn’t really feel Mikey. But then he thrust again and she felt him a little more. Then again, a little deeper this time, her sweat soaked breasts bouncing with each thrust. Then she felt it, the pleasure, the *direct* stimulation. Again. She let out a whimper. Another thrust. Another whimper. Mentally she was like a teen pup again, when she discovered masturbation for the first time. Now he was pumping her faster. She could feel the pleasure welling up inside her quickly as the tip of his penis hammered her directly on her G-spot, her enlarged clit twitching.

“M – M – Mikey I – Imagonna.” Mikey went faster. Hibiscus whimpered louder her voice laughing that signature hyena wail. Then he hit it. Small orgasms popping inside her, different than before and less intense, she bucked, one, two, three times. Mikey could no longer stay inside her. His cock popped out,

reaching his climax, cum exploded out of him. Dousing her chest and belly, drops landing on her chin and her lips. She licked them greedily, her eyes in a daze. She laid there for a moment, on Henry's large, soft body. Her mind was empty. She rolled off of him onto her side till she was looking Henry in the eyes. They were droopy and relaxed. He was smiling. She smiled back at him. After looking at him for some time. Mikey laid down next to them on the tent floor. Their three heads aligned in a triangle facing inward toward one another. They exchanged glances. The crickets and owls were soon drowned out by the faint pitter patter of rain drops landing on the canvas of the tent, which had slowly begun to cool in the night air.

As her eyes began to close she thought to herself, these were her friends, and they had all just made love together in this same camping spot where they played as kids. Hibiscus felt loved, happy and cared for. She felt like this for the first time in a very long time. After being lonely for so long, trapped in mundane day to day tasks of life, with her family always far off doing other things. She let out a sigh of relief. Happy to be in her quiet little town with her friends, warm and safe.

"Happy birthday Hibiscus." Henry said. Mikey laughed and so did she.

I love my friends. She thought to herself.

Before drifting off to sleep.

End