Blood stains aren’t easy to wash from one's fur. Between bagging contaminated clothes in garbage bags and disposing of all physical evidence connecting me to a hit, the hardest part is removing any traces of blood on my person. It's hard work making sure not a single drop of crimson DNA is left on my paws, or somewhere inconspicuous like under my chin. Even slicing a victim’s throat risks having their warm blood spray all over me, including in the small spaces between articles of clothing I wear for a job.

Such was the case on my last trip. My client for the following fortnight had been the bitter, high-ranking executive of a prominent retail chain, requesting me to ‘solve’ a few ‘problems’ for their company. Said ‘problems’ comprised of one union leader fox living in Manhattan City, an otter activist whose anti-corporate rhetoric was enough to make the likes of George Carlin jealous, and an ex-employee with incriminating information in Mountainburg.

Several days of social engineering and surveillance later, I had fulfilled the contracts without a single ounce of remorse in my heart. Or a trace of evidence for police or doctors to suspect preemptive murder. The union leader fox in Manhattan City had been the tragic victim of a gas leak in his apartment, having forgotten to turn off his stovetop after having a midnight snack of baked beans. The otter activist, overly paranoid she was as a New Age, anti-authoritarian, seemed difficult at first, considering how she vocally claimed the Feds or Corporate America were doing surveillance on her. She even kept a loaded gun in her bedroom in the event of an unconstitutional burglary. So, I decided to simply leave an anonymous tip to MCPD about highly illegal drugs being inside her apartment. After a SWAT team discovered actual drugs under the activist’s mattress, a slew of legal troubles and a ruined reputation would do the rest in keeping her off my client’s back. As for the ex-employee in Mountainburg, I discovered the college-aged wolf had been dealing with severe depression and mood swings. In the end, all that needed to be done was slice his wrists open.

The police did not find any evidence of me being there. They rarely did.

When I returned from my trip, a harsh glow was cast on Lakertown by a much harsher sunset, making me keen to the idea of spending time alone. Away from other furs in public after weeks pretending to be one of them. The thought of a rejuvenating night to gather strength sounded exciting to me, at first. I had slept restlessly the night before and desired nothing more than a dreamless sleep. If my mind refused, then a drugstore-brand bottle of sleeping pills would finally help.

Fortunately, or unfortunately, fate had other plans for me in the form of a certain ocelot.

“Hello, this is Cormic,” I picked up the ringing telephone to my ear, still dripping along with the rest of my naked body. “Who is it?”

“Mr. Cormic, this is Ann, downstairs,” the familiar, nasally voice of the ewe replied on the other end. “There is a young man looking to see you. He says his name is ‘Cherry’?”

I emitted a grumpy sigh, only for it to come out wrong. It sounded more…excited?

“Send him up.” I answered her. “Thank you, Ann.”

“Don’t mention it.” She promptly hung up.

Minutes later and a tentative knock at the door led to him surprising me. After dressing myself in some clean trunks that matched my darker fur, the instinctual part of me felt the need to snatch a knife from the kitchen. Instead, I managed to beat the old habit, then cautiously eyed through the peephole to find the feline (not a SWAT team) standing patiently outside. He looked to be wearing some loose denim shorts as well as a black t-shirt that seemed one size too big for him. It depicted a scruffy wolf pointing a gun.

“Fergus?” Cherry called out uncertainly, biting his lower lip. “It’s uh…It’s me. Are you in there?”

Unlocking the door led to a surprised smile flickering on his muzzle.

“What are you doing here, kid?” I partially pulled the door open with unlatching the measly chain lock. “Did the tiger start to bother you again?”

“No, he’s not a problem anymore, no thanks to you,” he waved it off, eyes struggling to keep focused on me instead of my bare waist. “A-Anyway, I uh, I was wondering if you’re free tonight?”

“Why?” I asked him.

“There’s this midnight showing for the newest Jacob Candle movie, and I wanted to know if you’re busy?”

“Why?” I asked again, my tail curling at the thought of interacting around naïve, plebian filmgoers. “What makes you assume I am into that garbage?”

The ocelot suddenly gasped, seemingly offended by my own words. “How dare you!” he jokingly pointed a clawed finger at me. Whiskers twitching with a layer of irritation, the feline huffed, “The Jacob Candle flicks are some of my favorites, you monster!”

“Yes, I am a complete monster,” I deadpanned.

“Wait, have you even seen any of them? At all?”

I shook my amused muzzle, “Thankfully not.”

Once again, Cherry imitated an offended gasp as I struggled not to laugh. There stood a late teenager in an oversized Jacob Candle t-shirt, asking one of Interpol’s most wanted unknown killers out on a date to see (what I always assumed to be) a bad action movie. The only factor missing in the bad joke was either a priest or a doctor.

“I can pay for my own food and ticket!” he bargained. As I almost rebuked his offer and closed the door between us, the sly feline seemed to have read my perverted old mind. “If you’re not too tired, I can uh…give you a surprise during the trailers. If you know what I mean, heh.”

Already my neglected cock stirred to life in the bulge of my boxers, but the left side of the brain reminded me of how easily things could go wrong.

“The theater will ban us if we’re caught,” I reminded Cherry. “I do not know about you, but I’m not keen on police questioning either of—”

“Ah, don’t you worry, Fergus,” he interrupted, using my fake name. “The theater having the midnight showing is next to the Westtown Mall. I’ve brought johns there plenty of times when things got late.”

I raised an eyebrow. “Are you certain?”

Smiling up at me, the lad wagged his feline tail. “You’d be pretty surprised how lazy the staff are. You doubt we’re safe in there and I’ll add a twenty-percent discount.”

Oh, what the hell? Who could argue against discounted blowjobs from a rentboy?

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Westtown Mall technically did not count as a mall. It was more of a series of mini malls connected by glass roofs and a food court in the center.

I grimaced at first in visible disgust over the intense noise, blurred by teenagers whining about schoolwork or gaining greater independence from parents, which didn’t seem to bother Cherry as much. He simply stared ahead of us while glancing an occasional, friendly smile in my direction as I followed. When my eyes were momentarily distracted by the tail swishing over his curved denim rear, I tried to stare at something else. The interior hallways were constantly drenched in technicolor advertisements, begging the shoppers to either remember an upcoming superhero film I knew nothing about, and the latest summer sales for the new smartphone or first-person shooter. The kind that glorified killers. Glorified assassins to the world of fiction. Seeing the mad-grinning, muscled tiger in the large gritty poster while standing on top of a pile of corpses, it unnerved me for an odd reason.

Thankfully, a series of shortcuts led us to the mall’s Economy Cinemas, an Art Deco-themed shopfront somewhere near the food court. I could tell from the amount of hapless young furs or overweight families bustling towards the smells like cattle.

After purchasing the movie tickets and letting Cherry buy a large soda and buttery popcorn (I settled on a slice of pizza, being wary of my weight), we ventured to one of the cinema rooms alongside another fur. He was a twenty-something crow dressed in a sweatshirt with blue roses, a pair of bright khakis and a black pork pie hat sitting atop his head. Between the small lobby and going to the room on the far end of a corridor, Cherry and the crow had a short, fan-based conversation. While I stood quietly on the sidelines.

“I heard a rumor that there’s gonna be a big twist at the end of this,” he mentioned to us, mostly the ocelot. “Something to do with a big character coming back.”

“Whoever it is I don’t want it spoiled,” the animated ocelot insisted, laughing and twitching his whiskers at the overabundance of butter in his popcorn. “Anyway, you enjoy the film.”

“You too!” he cawed, and we finally entered.

By lucky chance, the nameless crow preferred being in the front row, which provided a wide berth of seats between me and Cherry in the far back.

When was the last time I had done something so absurdly risky? Granted, while the legal consequences of my line of work are far grave than any charges of indecent exposure or prostitution, so is leaving a string of evidence. In the back of my distracted skull, I envisioned a nosy member of staff noticing one less fur in the lukewarm audience before finally spotting the ears of a certain ocelot poke above the seats, his head bobbing up and down while servicing my length. Then, at best, we would be kicked out and at worst, a police officer would be called to report a dark wolf being blown in a theater by some ocelot.

A series of Hollywood trivia quizzes played to game show music on the big screen, which partially cast the already dim room in a glare as we sat down. Well, I sat down. Cherry momentarily held his popcorn and large soda while curiously staring at the screen.

“Do you have any idea who that lead actor in BRITTANIC married?” He asked, to which I scoffed.

“Who knows?” I impatiently swished my tail between my legs. Already, the implications of what the lad had convinced me to let him do was causing my cock to strain against the tight fabric in my jeans. “I did not watch it when it first came out. I was...”

“My age?” I nodded. Cherry laughed shortly, shaking his head in slight disbelief as an ad for new trucks appeared onscreen. “Wow, you were actually a teenager once?”

I stoically shrugged, “We all grow up, don’t we?”

“That we do...” he audibly gulped down some of his drink and smacked his lips in a playful manner.

Without looking away from the young feline as he tried guessing again at another pointless trivia question on the screen, my fingers quietly prepared. They unbuckled my belt and unzipped my pants while partially sliding them down to my thighs, causing my boner to immediately spring and strain through the boxers dividing it from the buttery-scented air. I could have simply unfastened myself and just slid my meat through the fly, but I’d have rather not cut myself with the zipper teeth.

Either Cherry had been teasing me to take the initiative or he genuinely got invested in the trivia. Whatever the case, it took me guiding his right paw to the base of my thick shaft to get him working. Then, once he offered a coy smile partially hidden in the dimming lights within theater room, I leaned back in my seat in order to give him room for his head.

Holding back a pent-up snarl, I huffed at feeling those pillowy, soft lips finally getting to work. His tongue lathered up and down the shaft as the roof of his smaller muzzle gagged around the girth. Yet he did not pull back or make enough of an audible sound for any of the few furs in the theater to hear us.

“No teeth, please...” I muttered to him. “And don’t make too much noise either.”

Cherry pulled back on my length. “Well duh,” he whispered back, his breaths brushing against the sensitive, leaking tip. “I’ll be quiet, just please tell me when the movie starts, okay?”

“Fine,” I silenced a grunt when he gulped down again. Though occupied between my legs, the ocelot did have enough self-awareness of our surroundings to snatch his tail with a free paw, so it did not wave wildly in the air. “Ah…Yeah…Good kitty…”

Beneath the experienced and yet hasty blowjob, I remained vigilant and listened for the slightest whispers or a shocked gasp. Anything that indicated we were compromised. Midnight screening or not, a small handful of moviegoers in the front rows or not, I watched for any pair of eyes that weren’t focused forward.

I felt a sense of surprise at how quickly and precisely Cherry sucked me off under twelve minutes. Occasionally, he’d pause the act to carefully listen to a trailer, only for the leaking contents of my throbbing dick (and my paw placed between his twitching ears) to insist he finish me off. The first two teasers included a comedy-drama sequel and a historical drama involving WWI did not catch his attention, yet by the third trailer of a high-budget superhero movie, the ocelot was furiously stroking and slurping at my wolfcock over the sounds of orchestral music, explosions, and witty one-liners. I had to pat his headfur, silently telling him to be careful about making too much noise around it.

Then again, I certainly did not help anything by letting loose the occasional huff. It reminded me where we were. However, I did manage to suppress a loud moan once the feline’s rough tongue hit the right nerves. Cherry enveloped my length with his tender lips, tongue teasing my cocktip and fingers caressing my delicate orbs in his palms. My repressed moans became gritted panting the further he wrapped my length in wet warmth. I bucked my hips, one paw resting between his heated ears and tail wagging against his stomach, my cock enraptured by him. The ocelot certainly knew how to pleasure and worship a male specimen with his devoted mouth. As I gripped his bobbing head and the armrests, one final thrust and Cherry’s talented tongue made me cum.

Luckily for him, it happened mere seconds after the opening credits started, compelling the feline to just slurp the remainder past his ticklish whiskers.

“Good kitty,” I murmured under my breath, still breathless as I watched Cherry wipe his chin and lick his lips, smiling at me.

“Let’s enjoy the movie then,” he suggested while leaning next to me. “Oh, and by the way, you might wanna buckle your pants.”

I did just that as the title card appeared onscreen and Cherry joined the crow in cheering to the beginning of the movie. With a disinterested shrug, I reached down for the tub of popcorn on the floor and shared it with the satisfied feline.

The crow in the front seats from earlier and especially a talkative family in the far-right corner were none the wiser. Not even the lone, sleepy film critic ten or so seats ahead had noted our behavior. Everybody was simply entranced by the artsy cinematography as the credits appeared and reappeared on the large screen.

“Now that that’s over, wanna watch the rest of it with me?”

Shrugging in the midst of my afterglow, I said, “Why not?”

“Great but keep it down!” he shushed me and pointed at the screen as we got a cinematographically detailed view of Manhattan City, tinted in murky blue.

I could feel my tail twitch under the seat. The rational side of me sincerely doubted Cherry planned to stare at anything else but the theater screen, meaning that once I gathered enough stamina, he wouldn’t be too keen on letting me fuck him over the next couple of hours.

Hopefully, the movie wouldn’t be too bad.