Pushing sixty, I looked pretty bloody good.

Granted, I did have the traditional potbelly most boars eventually got, but most of it wasn’t fat. The results of years of cardio and bench pressing were hidden underneath the expensive business suit. It made me look less like a friendly grandfather and more like a younger man in his late forties.

Sipping my complementary glass of red wine as I watched the Atlantic Ocean zip by below the airplane, I felt like a fucking king. I thanked the friendly stewardess vixen for the refill, told her to put it on my tab until the end of the flight, then secretly rolled my eyes when she tried her best to hide a blush. If only I were straight. Too bad for her, I was gayer than an Irish rainbow over Soho, London.

Not only was I a gay boar, but I had the greatest business in the world.

Naughty Twinks International, LLC. Established in the early 1990s with the rise of the Internet, I built it from the ground up and make it into one of the most popular gay pornography companies in Europe and North America.

Our three subsidiaries included up-and-coming adult companies like Dark Passion Animation (an adult animation studio specialized in emerging 2D/3D pornography), Wild Side Films (a studio for artsy directors focused on combining high-quality storytelling with high-quality gay pornography, often with a dark edge to it), as well as my personal favorite: Paddleboarding Academy for Wayward Lads (specialized in spanking scenarios, but also branching out into displaying lewd school fantasies, teacher-on-student relationships, students-on-students, bullies-on-nerds, popular-on-unpopular, and especially paddle-on-ass cheeks. By far the most well-funded and popular of the three subsidiaries, the number of loyal subscribers were more than the other two combined.

Of course, we had our detractors. Most of them were made up of conservative politicians and moralists who didn’t like how we contributed to pornography addiction. However, I liked to argue we did more for communities than they did. In fact, one of Naughty Twink International’s yearly traditions was to host a 72-hour livestream on June 9th, or 6/9, where the proceeds made by donating watchers went directly to anti-trafficking charities.

Another two hours went by. To pass the time on my flight, I watched an old movie as well as read over some scripts on my tablet. The largest one I needed to reread, then edit the shit out of, was the second rough draft for *Red Cheek Catholic Love H20*, the twentieth installment to series, and our biggest project yet. If I played my cards right with the correct people without being impatient, then the studio could actually purchase an actual condemned monastery to shoot on-location. No more filming on built sets in sketchy warehouses.

The talent already asking to be included in the project were the original cast of the first film, as one last hurrah before the main actor’s retirement from the industry. Otherwise, a new menagerie of adult film stars were being sent contracts. Some included a non-binary bunny from Louisiana—I forgot their name on the tip of my tongue—plus Brandon Philos, former bodybuilder and legendary DILF from the pre-AOL golden days of gay pornography.

“This is your pilot speaking, we are just about to reach Lakertown, Illinois in several minutes. Please remain in your seat as we begin our descent soon.”

I sipped the remaining drink I’d been given, then finished the rest of my edits before relaxing back in my seat. No more work for a while. At least, not during the first two days of my fortnight-long American holiday. For the following fourteen and a half days, I wouldn’t be arguing with directors about their visions or traveling from set to studio office to set while trying to work a multimillion-dollar company. Being CEO didn’t always mean sunshine and swimming in cash, after all. Work needed to be done, and according to my own VP and office assistant, I needed to take a mandated vacation from the job.

Honestly? I couldn’t agree more. The main problem had been figuring out which city to travel to, and it had to be somewhere I’d never been to. Somewhere unique and different.

“Ladies and gentlemen,” the airline pilot’s voice cut through my thoughts, “if you’ll look to your left, you’ll be able to see the outline of Lakertown’s iconic skyline.”

Glancing to my left, I squinted through the sunlight to see endless blue, and the foreign city I planned to have fun in for two weeks. Clouds hovered at the plane’s height, yet I could momentarily spot several recognizable towers and locations, like their amusement park pier and their tallest building that changed names once or twice. The originality of some buildings reminded me of London while others stood out as being older than half my age. From above, Lakertown seemed like any other city, with endless suburbia surrounding the downtown center.

Oh well, how could I complain about American architecture? They were still learning.

Anyway, the plane descended on time, and I exited the aircraft without so much as a sweat of worry once I picked up my luggage, then found my chauffeur near the airport entrance hall. He was a middle-aged timber wolf likely on his second cup of coffee that day, from how he yawned while holding up the sign that carried my name: Keith Irons

“Mr. Irons?” The timber wolf stood at attention, putting the sign under his arm while taking my luggage from me. “I’m Jason, your chauffeur for the rest of the week! Want me to take you to the hotel immediately, or would you prefer we make any stops?”

“To the hotel, please!” I beamed at the timber wolf.

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Having millions of dollars in banks and my own companies did more than let me enjoy frequent travel. It let me go to places and locations one wouldn’t normally be able to find if they didn’t have to concern themselves with finances. Or appearances, the more I thought about it, since a respectable citizen of polite society would wonder about social consequences. Would their dirty little secrets get back to home, work, their family, friends, or the workplace?

Me? I didn’t give one single iota of a fuck what polite society thought of me. I was Keith fucking Irons, a red-and-black-furred boar from Cardiff. I made pornographic gay films for a great living. My dick fucked enough twinks and my paw spanked enough of their asses to make most porn stars pale in comparison.

So, I often didn’t hesitate in going to seedier places normal people wouldn’t go to. Oh, the places I could go! An illegal rave in the ghettos of Berlin, the most frequented brothel of Amsterdam, an intensive roleplaying escort company in Tokyo, the dirtiest gay bookstore in the sketchiest neighborhood of Moscow, as well as an adult film theater somehow still alive in Cardiff. One that I used to frequent during my younger years. So many memories!

Yeah, I could be a real party animal. In my prime, I was unstoppable.

As I watched Lakertown pass by my limousine window along the freeway, my dirty mind imagined what seedy shit the Americans did after dark. I wanted to go to drug dens, visit the most frequented brothel hidden in plain sight, dance in an underground club while relishing the shock people expressed on seeing a grandpa boar doing dirty deeds alongside them.

For now, I just wanted to check into the hotel. No drunken benders until then.

In all honesty, I saw the appeal of Lakertown the deeper Jason drove us away from the airport. True, there still existed suburbia that otherwise bored me to death, but quite a few businesses did catch my eye. A few museums or tourist attractions to visit when I got bored of downtown. A museum here, a baseball stadium there, quite a few exotic restaurants whose names have already seized my attention, plus perhaps a small trip to the famous pier near the holiday’s end. By then, I could also get a handsome escort since amusement parks weren’t fun without somebody else to enjoy it with.

Speaking of escorts, I was curious about the gay scene. So, while Jason was distracted with driving the limousine, he didn’t know I pulled out my tablet to see good hookup spots and adult stores. Simply put, I struggled finding a reputable escort agency for men who liked men.

The Hyacinth Grand Hotel lived up to its name. Its parent company possessed many similar establishments around the globe, and with the permission of many, I’d filmed some well-received movies inside their rooms. Of course, St. Hyacinth International didn’t want us to advertise them in our pornos, so we removed evidence of their brand or logos appearing in certain scenes, but still.

I greatly enjoyed the rates as well as the rooms, and for my Lakertown holiday, I’d booked one halfway up the skyscraper that faced Lake Michigan. Only the best for me. As I thanked my chauffeur for the ride, then told him to wait until the next morning for any future destinations in the city, I let a cute foxy bellhop take my luggage into the ornately modernist lobby, asking the receptionist for my key at the front desk. The minute I stepped forward, a lithe figure crossed the blind spot of my eye, having just rushed out of the nearby elevator.

An ocelot. A handsomely young, beautifully groomed ocelot with lush fur and a tail that wagged behind him. He couldn’t be any older than a high school graduate but shed his innocence long ago. Wearing a plain black sweatshirt appropriate for the summer weather, plus the tightest pair of leather pants that belonged more in *Oily Orcas* III. Not that I complained, but I did see one of the bellhops do their best to avoid staring too hard. In them, the beaming ocelot walked, no—strutted like a retail worker getting a larger paycheck than usual. When he sat down on an empty lobby chair, pausing at how soft it really felt, I chuckled at seeing him pull a fat roll of what appeared to be hundred-dollar bills from his pocket.

“Mr. Irons?”

“Huh?” I swiveled an ear, then snorted in embarrassment. “Yeah, what is it?”

“Your key, sir.” The receptionist gave me the chrome card not only capable of giving me access to my suite, but also the Grand Hotel’s exclusive sauna on the second floor. “Is there anything else I can give you tonight, or that you’ll need?”

Not from her, no. From the ocelot though, maybe.

“Not at the moment, no.” I utilized my British charm on her. “Would you possibly have the bellhop go bring my luggage upstairs though, ma’am? I am interested in relaxing for a minute or two down here.”

“Sure thing, Mr. Irons!” The she-wolf nodded before nodding to the foxy bellhop, who pushed the cart of suitcases to the elevator. “You have a lovely evening then.”

“You as well, darling.” I turned around, waving to her as she began talking to another guest looking to book into their room too. A lick to my tusks later, I murmured to myself, “Now then, let us see if you can do anything for me, laddie.”

Admittedly, I didn’t have a problem with prostitution. So long as the sex worker was a consenting adult who felt content with their job, or even greatly enjoyed it, I not only supported them, but encouraged them. If I were a politician, or at least brave enough to be one, it would be my mission to legalize/regulate prostitution. After all, mammals had deep needs. Why not have it help put a little money into the local economy too?

Anyway, I sat down on the same couch as the distracted ocelot. A glance over confirmed to me he was indeed a hooker. Him being out of place in an exclusive hotel lobby, dressed in leather pants, having a roll of cash instead of a wallet, and what looked like a cracked smartphone he went scrolled through. Likely for another big break.

Luckily for the lad…

“Hello there,” I spoke up after clearing my throat.

The feline turned to me in surprise. “Hello?”

“Where did you get your trousers from?” I casually asked, resting my arm on the top of the couch without letting my fingers touch the back of his neck. Not yet. “They look so nice.”

“Oh, this?” He looked down at his legs. “They’re from a thrift store.”

“You don’t say?” I stared in awe. “They look so expensive,” my snout leaned in close so only he would be able to hear my proposition, “but how much would they cost to take off?”

The ocelot’s ears swiveled in my direction. He didn’t look to me, instead nonchalantly asking, “How much do you have to offer, and what would you like to do?”

I whispered my suggested deposit and sexual requests into his ear. Heat radiated from it, spreading down to his cheeks, and the lad turned to me with wide, excited eyes. His tail swished as if I’d given him an island in the Caribbean.

“Call me ‘Cherry’, sir.” He mewled.

“And call me ‘Keith’.” I used my fingers to scratch the back of his neck, Cherry surprised then blushing in a soft purr from the attention as he started wriggling subtly in his seat. “If you're not too busy, I would like to get started right away. Follow me.”

Cherry obediently stood up and joined me into the lobby’s elevator. The moment the doors closed shut and we began ascending to my floor, I groped his butt possessively through the leather pants, making the ocelot giggle.

“Your accent,” he asked, “is it English?”

“British,” I clarified. “I am from Cardiff, in Wales. Born and raised there.”

He whistled. “What brings you all the way over here, sir?”

“I’m on vacation,” I shrugged inanely, eyes leering down at the way his ass curved in those tight petroleum trousers. “My VP insisted I was overworking myself, that even I deserved time away from the workplace, and suggested I could fly west to see the sights here.”

“Sounds like fun!” Cherry murmured as the doors opened, and we walked down the corridor.

“Yeah,” I grinned once we approached my hotel suite. “A plentitude of fun!”

The room I booked definitely possessed great accommodations; a living room with a walk-in closet, a bathroom with a rain-shower stall, high-quality fur dryers, a magnificent window overlooking Lake Michigan, and a large doorway leading into the well-decorated bedroom. I brought Cherry there as he marveled at the interior, ten of my thick fingers fondling around his leather-clad butt as I guided him in. This was going to be a great evening.

“Wow!” He stepped away from my paw, twirling around in awe. “This room is amazing!”

As the cheerful ocelot sat down and bounced atop the king-sized bed, running his fingers through the soft blanket and marveling at the window’s view of downtown Lakertown, I went to my luggage. Straight to a specific suitcase I wanted to open, if not for the additional clothes to wear the next morning, then to pull out a specific item. Unzipping the large suitcase, I opened it and smiled down at said item, lifting it up and walking to the center of the hotel room.

I stared up. As promised by the staff, the room had a sleeping rafter on the ceiling. A metallic beam which could support even a mammal of my size. My fingers gripped the straps, the plastic in my paws, then got to work.

“What’s that?” Cherry asked me, only for his question to be answered when I latched the main hook up onto the ring connected to the metallic banister. “Is that a…a sex swing?”

“Sure is, laddie.” I began setting it up as I explained, “Places like this have a policy where their rooms need these rafters. It’s for bats and sloths, mainly. See, there was a movement in the U.K. and in North America to accommodate for nocturnal mammals. It went really big in the seventies and ended with laws taking their needs into account. Now, hotels, motels, inns, and the like can’t really open unless they build a certain number of rooms that have a sleeping rafter or low-wattage lighting.”

“I did not know that…” Cherry chirped with interest, watching me set the swing up. “So, this is for bats to sleep on, and you’re using it to make a swing for me to be on?”

“Sure am, boy!” I smirked while marveling at my work. “That’s for later though,” turning around to face him, I informed the ocelot, “and I’ve got some other things in store for you.”

Like a good prostitute, Cherry knew exactly what I needed. He dutifully went to his knees on the plush carpeting in front of me, nuzzling my bulge with his whiskers before unzipping my fly. My trousers dropped to the floor. Within seconds, my thick and black boar dick plopped out in pulsing desire. It lay exposed to the air just for him.

Once again, like any good prostitute, Cherry didn’t tease me for too long. He swallowed my cock whole as if it didn’t intimidate the average twink. He really went around. He also knew how to pleasure an older man despite being three times as young as me.

“Mmmm, ngh, haaahh, I just—mmm, knew you were the—ohhh! The right fuckin’ choice. Nnngh, hmmm, you know what you’re really, oh! D-Doing down there…”

Felines had to be my favorite Twink when it came to oral sex. Something about their rough yet soothing tongue and their cold nose kissing your pubic fur as the whiskers tickled your inner thighs, it ignited the nerves that brought any man pleasure. Particularly me in that moment, as I utterly fucked his muscle while grasping the back of his skull. Relishing his lack of a gag reflex as well as how that soft yet sandpaper-like tongue lathered the underside of my shaft, I pet his ears while testing the limits of his throat, knowing he would tap his fingers against my thigh if it became too much for him.

At some point or another, it did. Nobody could suck someone off forever. While I could feel his flaring nostrils tickle my pubic fur with exhales of air throughout, Cherry inevitably kneaded my thigh, signaling the need for air.

“Ahhhhhh!” He gasped in a lungful of oxygen as a trickle of spit and pre bridged between my cockhead and his lips. “Whoo! That might’ve dislocated my jaw there, dude.”

I laughed. “You don’t say, laddie?”

A few strokes of my cock, and I held back a groan. It was already close. No need to rush things though. So instead of guiding it back into that beautiful maw, I helped him to his feet.

“Now then,” I clapped my paws together, smirking down at the cat. “Let’s get you settled in.”

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Simply put, Cherry looked absolutely stunning on the sex swing. He hung from it like a piece of delicious meat in need of devouring, or in this case, fucking good and spanking silly. His leather pants were neatly folded alongside his other clothes on the ottoman.

My only regret would be not taking any of my special paddles along during the trip. They remained in my dungeon back in Cardiff. Oh well, it didn’t matter. I still had five fingers and two calloused palms greatly experienced in disciplining naughty lads.

Naked as a boar in July, I stepped closer until I stood between his raised ankles, my chest bare and erection beginning to grow in titillating excitement. Cherry stared up at me with a quivering lip and the most seductive smiles. He purred when I brushed a pinkie along his exposed calves, then lowered it to grace the muscles of his inner thigh. I would bet a large stake in my own company that he had done something like this before.

“I’m going to make your cheeks as red as cherries,” I growled down to him like a canine, then snorted smugly like a pig. My rough fingers continued to possessively grope the firm peaches of his hanging ass, thumb toying with the ocelot tail trying to stay raised. “The safe word will be ‘rosebud’ if that is fine with you?”

“Oh, that works for me, big guy!” He whimpered, likely trying to file me up below the belt. It worked. “Do it, punish me! Punish me!”

“My, my, aren’t you eager?” I commented with a dark chuckle. Another firm grope of his tiny yet delectable ass cheek, then I raised a paw. “It won’t help you.”

I slammed hard, only to stop a centimeter from impact. A small gust of hair kissed his clenched posterior, and I snickered inwardly at how the ocelot flinched. Cherry opened an eye, glaring up at me, only for a retort to turn into a sudden cry when I quickly slapped my palm on his left cheek. He yowled in shock, followed by pain and a twinge of pleasure I was beyond familiar with from years of practice.

SMACK! SMACK! SMACK!

“Ahh! Ahh! Ahh! Ahhhhhmmffh!”

“Make too much noise, and you’re getting some more, eheheh.” I spanked him again, then again, before grabbing each of his cheeks so the swing would not move. “Mmmm, I can feel them getting hotter right now.”

When I loved about spanking young men didn’t just revolve around the jolts of electric ecstasy it sent up and down my boar cock. I was addicted to the dominance and power they gave me. These twinks trusted me. Maybe They put their faith into my paws as I slammed one repeatedly down against their firm reads, combining pleasure with pain and addictive punishment with delicious desire. Something carnal within all of us enjoyed humiliation.

SMACK! SMACK! SMACK!

The moaning, yelping ocelot hanging by my sex swing couldn’t deny it. Deep down, something within his feline genetic code made the brain patterns ignite with each calloused strike to his firm bottom, which intern send a booming rush of erotic blood up his hardening shaft as well as mine. Maybe Cherry came from a broken home? Maybe he wanted a daddy figure to punish him for something he clearly did, like selling his younger body to men older enough to be his granddaddy?

Myself? I didn’t need a tragic backstory or a Freudian excuse. I just enjoyed spanking Twinks. Nothing more and nothing less.

SMACK! SMACK! SMACK!

My palm relentlessly crashed against his beautifully round cheeks. Each strike sent a small ripple through the tiny amounts of fat under the spotted fur, and that tail thrashed in instinctive response. By the 20th spank or so, Cherry had learned to stifle his cries by biting his lip, but it wasn’t always enough when I struck a little harder. It really sent a shiver up my curly tail. Especially when I noticed his perfect nipples harden into adorable knobs as he hung from the straps, and it led to my snout sniffing and ravenously licking each nub, my entire body leaning over the lad as of my slaps to that beautiful rear turned into light tapping, if only for a dozen seconds or so. The same went for his other nipple.

To spice things up, my consistent spanks were replaced by apocalyptic ass-slaps, but he didn’t order the safe word. They almost did though.

SMACK! SMACK! SMACK!

I could see it in the lad’s tearfully wide eyes, how he stifled a sob, gave a reassured smile, the drool in his jowls when he hissed to the air, and how his cock temporarily wilted, only to harden back to full force when I fondled him moments later. A spoil exchanged from the rod, if only to tease him.

One stroke of his shaft produced a startled sigh. Two strokes created a musical cross between a purr and a mewling inhale, followed by a quavering exhale shivering across his body. Three strokes repeated the same process again.

After getting bored, I started to spank the ocelot again. Without much warning too. The noises we made carried from the hotel room and likely until the neighboring suites. Had I brought my paddle, I would have likely gotten complaints from concerned guests about me committing bloody murder in my room. Which was why I decided against using my belt as opposed to my paws as I continued laying into Cherry. That, and I doubted the feline would be able to walk out the hotel lobby afterwards.

Speaking of whom, I was frankly impressed by the American lad. He didn’t cry out as often as I’d expected him to, despite keeping some restraint in my brutal smacks to his bottom. By the time I finished filling my first addiction, both of his buff cheeks glowed a bright red under the spotted ocelot fur, tears welled up in his ducts without any lost composure or an utterance of our safe word. Meanwhile, my own dick stood at full mast, ready to fuck.

“Are you doing good there, kiddo?” I asked him, caressing his lithe stomach in a comforting manner. “I know you didn’t say the word, but I worry if I went a little hard on you. Did I?”

“Nah...nah, I’m okay!” He replied after a moment of gathering his breath. “Water?”

Complying with his simple request, I ventured to the nearby bathroom and filled up a paper cup with cold tap water. Then, I nonchalantly held it to his lips and let the ocelot drink it all down. His throbbing cock didn’t quit pulsing and neither did mine.

“Would you like to continue things to the bed?” I asked.

“I would love that,” he exhaled.

I tossed the cup into a trash bin. “Good, because if I don’t bury this deep in you soon, then I might need to give you another proper banging and a much proper thrashing.”

My insinuation made Cherry giggle lustfully.

The first thing I did was pull out the bottle of lube, then graciously applied some to his tailhole without brushing too hard against his abused cheeks. At least for the most part. I couldn’t stop myself once in a while from groping each of them and smirking at how it made the purring ocelot suddenly stifle a hissing whine. Still, I did my job as a dominant partner by applying enough lubrication to prepare my submissive partner for our union.

I remained gentle after lubing his entrance, while I unlatched him from the swing, and carried him bridal style to the nearby bed as he limply curled against me in my arms, continuing to purr for me like an engine. I made sure to even sat him down underneath me with his legs are splayed without being too rough in the process. When I inevitably had to set his ass down on the mattress and it caused Cherry visible discomfort, I planted several porcine kisses along his shoulders.

Just enough to distract him as I lined up my boar cock with that virgin-like entrance. Our eyes stared back into each other.

“Are you ready, laddie?”

He smiled and sniffled between nods. “Fuck me, Daddy!”

That I did. That I did. My cock thrusted forward, spreading him wide and slamming my hips against those red and cheeks. They felt as hot as a stove on low heat. As I deflowered the non-virgin feline as if he were one, Cherry hung his head back in a ecstatic moan mixed with the malaise.

Despite my attempts at staying fit and living a healthy lifestyle, I only managed to last about eight minutes or so. However, they were some of the best eight minutes writing inside a ocelot Twink such as him. The tightness of his boi pussy and how he felt clinging to me as his rough tongue lapped up my neck, it would make the straightest man turn homosexual.

Thus, I emptied my balls deep in him with several firm thrusts, and gasped for air as the afterglow consumed us. So did the desire for rest, with my escort’s purrs vibrating against me as I hugged him into my chest.

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 We decided against covering ourselves with a blanket. Not just for Cherry’s sake, given I’d smacked it hellish red, then came inside it, but because the summertime heat and events of the evening left us hot and bothered. No blankets or dividing sheets were required for us. Only each other’s body heat, as well as the finest air conditioning the Hyacinth Grand Hotel could offer to a suite.

So, the spotted feline hugged my torso like a stuffed teddy bear as we slept. He dared not to lie on his back or shift anywhere beyond a foot in any direction, not with the results of the previous night’s events still glowing from his posterior. As well as with what leaked between his ass cheeks and onto my softened member pressed beneath it, his feline tail curled against our ankles.

 Me? I dreamed like a man who reached nirvana. I dreamed of Cherry as well as countless young twinks around his age and older, submitting to me or enjoying my company. By the time that I finally woke up, sunrise had begun to peek up from beyond the horizon, providing me an excellent view of not only the Loop, but Lake Michigan as well. Opening an eye to the beautiful window looking out to the magnificent sight, I glanced down to smile at the ocelot relaxing into my arms, then gently shifted myself upwards until I sat up against the headboard, causing my bones to crackle and aching muscles to snap from the movement. God, I was getting old.

Even so, it didn’t stop me from shifting position until the back of my head rested against the decorated headboard, giving me a better glimpse of the incoming sunrise. Meanwhile, Cherry didn’t stop sleeping soundly, and until he woke up or nature called for me, I didn’t plan to move from our spot. Not when a sweetly purring feline prostitute cuddled close to me for warmth.

 What gorgeous waves, what incredible sunlight reflecting off the inland sea. Lake Michigan looked more like an ocean than a large body of freshwater. One of five connected freshwater lakes in North America, if my geography lessons were correct.

In the distance, I could make out large boats and small yachts, as well as a single cargo ship—or laker, as some still called it—coming in to Lakertown Harbor, and I suddenly began to imagine a potential plotline for a future porno: a crew of freshly graduated twinks are under the command of a gruffy yet utterly jacked captain—either a timber wolf or a bear, I couldn’t decide yet—who has sailed through mighty storms across the Great Lakes, but gets lonely nevertheless. It starts off with a fierce snowstorm, or perhaps mighty rainfall, and the captain decides to check up on the other crewmates in their sleeping quarters…only to discover them in an orgy to keep warm. Cue the sex scene!

Getting an actual laker would cost more money than the budgets for all my films combined, so the only option would be to either build a set or get a boat and outfit the interior to make it look like a cargo ship. Perhaps, if I talked to Sebastian Drakos, then the sexy, filthy rich Doberdane would be open to funding such an ambitious movie project. He enjoyed plenty of my films after all, and he owed me one for a few drinks.

*Note to self*, I thought, *Research North American cargo ships later this afternoon.*

My God, I loved my job too much. Even on vacation, I couldn’t stop working.

“Mmmm,” Cherry yawned, stirring away, only to wince. “Ow…” He blinked his eyes awake, only to smile up at me. “Hey there…how did you sleep, sir?”

“Like the King of England.” I kissed his button-like nose, and the ocelot lad snickered from the affectionate act. “Sorry about the hard spanking last night though.”

“Don’t be, I feel good as—mmmfh, yeow!” Cherry whimpered, having tried to sit up, only to rub his still-sore bottom. “That fuckin’ smarts…Ow.”

“What do you say I get us some breakfast,” I proposed, “and we can wait until you feel comfortable enough to walk out? Maybe watch a movie in the living room?”

“If it includes an egg and bacon omelet, then it’s a date,” Cherry chortled, wiping his forehead and slowly standing up. His beautifully nude and seed-stained form reflected from sunlight. “Oh, fuck! I’m curious to ask, but how the fuck can you afford me for not just a whole night and morning, but convince me to let you do,” he patted his soft tail, which swished over his reddened, “…all that to me? Not that I complained, but…not everyone can afford me for all that, let alone be eager to let me sleep overnight.”

“Let you sleep overnight?” I echoed his words while browsing a room service menu provided on the nightstand. “Ooooh, I see what you mean. Yeah, I’m not a closeted old fart. I’m as open and gay as an Irish rainbow.”

“And ironically,” the ocelot teased, “you’re from Wales.”

“Fuck yeah, I am!” I boisterously laughed. “To answer your question, I’m the owner and CEO of a major gay pornography business. My studio specializes in BDSM-themed videos and movie. You ever heard of Naughty Twinks International?”

Cherry mulled it over. “Maaaaaaybe, it…sounds familiar, I guess?”

“You ever seen or heard of my *Red Cheek Catholic Love* series, with Catholic school boys at a university and an infamous paddle that appears in every film?” I asked, and Cherry shook his muzzle. “What about *Red-Backside Mountain*?”

“Hmmm, never heard of them,” he shrugged, before gingerly sitting next to me on the bed. “I uh, don’t watch porn videos as much as I used to, since I left home. But maybe we could watch some clips during breakfast?”

My curly tail wigged at the thought. “It’s a date then.”