



A BEAST CALLED ROCK

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Ever since the publication of *Metal Sun*, I had been a fan of Ribcage. I can still remember when I heard *Crash and Burn*, their first single on the radio for the very first time: I had gotten my brother's old radio and listened to it underneath my bedsheets, tuned in to WWKB. Every weekday at eleven, the monotonous voice of that strange, welsh DJ announced his show. I guess today I'd consider it to be kind of cheesy, but at that time, it was my personal midnight mass. And I worshiped every night. So that night the DJ announced the first single of an unsigned, newly founded band and he said something like „This one's going to blast you off, unless you are made of stone!“ and then came four minutes of pure energy that did blast me off, Ribcage's *Crash and Burn*. The next few days I bugged the guy at our local record store, to get me that single and no matter how often he told me that it wasn't released yet, I went there every day until I held the 12" in my paws: The cover sporting a brightly burning car that had hit a huge, gnarled, spooky tree and in front of it, the figure of a lion his fur afire. One month later the single was drawn off the market due to its *obscene* cover and re-published only three months later alongside Ribcage's first album, *Metal Sun*.

Whenever I was alone at home, I went to my brother's stereo and put on *Crash and Burn*, starting to bop around like the over-excited teenage kitty I was when the base drum started off with its monotonous beat and I threw my short hair about as soon as the guitars went off with these incredible riffs, the bass joined in and finally the singer started to whisper the first verse and finally screamed the first refrain. I was totally oblivious to myself, to everything else, the whole world was blacked out by this music. And then there was the third refrain and everything stopped cold and every time my heart seemed to stop that moment until an instant later Creat's guitar set in and transformed the overwhelming avalanche of sounds into the most beautiful solo I had ever heard in my life until that day.

Ever since that time I had been a devoted follower of Ribcage, they were the gods of my life. I spent all the money I had to get my paws on the rare demos they had made before they had gotten that

record deal with DLH. I even purchased the totally overpriced limited edition of *Metal Sun* (the one with the metal foil cover) and I bugged my parents until I got my own stereo for Christmas.

During my teenage years Ribcage's music was my trustworthy companion. When I was down, I put on *Thrashed* and listened to it until I couldn't hear anything but a drone anymore. When I was high spirited I listened to the B-side of *Dancers with broken Legs* or their cover of *When the levee breaks*. I got every single and every album and I followed every story I could find in the magazines. I was devastated when their first drummer Mashmouth aka Joe Birn ODed and when DLH dropped them due to the lack of success of *Searsucker*. I got all of the albums, all of the singles and tried to find as many of the bootlegs as possible, even when Avery Brothers tried to sue anyone who even owned one of them. There was just one thing I always lacked... having them seen live.

It was my curse to live in such a backwater town, that there was never even a chance to get close to one of their performances. Even when I had finally gotten enough money to get me a ticket for the *Feeding on the predators* tour, the tour was canceled due to damn accident that chained Creat to a hospital bed for half a year and the band's subsequent breakup. It would have been one of the greatest disappointment of my life if I had not been so worried about Creat never playing the guitar again.

I left my home town as soon as I could. My brother had just gotten this job at this car dealer in Pontchartrain and I moved into his apartment so that I could attend a community college there. But I never got that right, I was busy with different stuff and when they finally threw me out, I did not waste a tear. I was pretty much broke at that time, because I had also succeeded in getting myself fired during that time and I was lucky that a friend of mine asked me if I wanted to „help out“ at a concert. And much sooner that I would ever had expected I was a „roadie“. I worked in the entire region of the Great Lakes, doing small concerts at first and as the company I worked for grew, so did the gigs I worked at.

I never blended in well with the rest of the team though. They were mostly bears and looked down on every feline, even though I was not much smaller than most of them. But I liked the job too much to

be bothered by that. I saw so many great bands, it was awesome. Just to see Qliphoth's last tour was totally worth it.

It had had the job for almost one and a half year when I heard the rumors that we were going to work at Ribcage's tour, their first one after the reunion. At first I was convinced that it was simply too good to be true, but when management finally confirmed it, I was close to a nervous breakdown: I was going to see Ribcage live! Suddenly I felt like a twelve year old boy again.

I can't even remember the weeks that followed that announcement, they simply didn't matter to me. I felt like being high all the time, until that morning when there was a company meeting to announce the new work plans. When they got to my name, the boss just said: „Sharrow, you're with the Bamson Boys tour!“

I sat in my chair, gaping at the boss while he continued telling the other guys to work the Ribcage tour. I simply couldn't believe it: Almost everyone except me was going to work for the greatest rock band in the world, the one I would have killed for to see it live and I had been assigned to some fucking squeaking teenage eunuchs who tried to seduce underage girls? That had to be a mistake...

As soon as the meeting was over I went to see my boss.

„Mister B.?“

The rat looked around. „What's up, Sharrow?“

I stood up straight before him, looking down on the much older, but much smaller man I worked for. „Mister B., I... I can't do the Bamson Boys tour!“

He looked at me like I had told him that I had deflowered his daughter. „What do you mean, Sharrow?“

„Mister B., I have always been a fan of Ribcage, I have all of their records and I wanted to see them since I was twelve years old. I just can't miss this opportunity. Everyone knows that they are always on the verge of breaking up again.“ (At least the devoted fans did.)

„Who knows if they are ever going to tour again. Please, I can't work for some teeny-boppers while I could work for Ribcage instead.“

He inhaled strongly. „Listen, boy, I understand you, I really do.“ He patted on my shoulder and in that moment I knew that he would turn me down. „Usually I would grant such a wish, but right now

you are the only trustworthy rigger I have. There's lots of money in the Bamson Boys tour and our little company can't afford to miss such a unique opportunity. I need people there that I trust! People that check everything three times, because if something happens there their management will sue the hell out of us."

I couldn't give up. „Please, Mister B.!”

He shook his head. „I do not have a choice right now. I am sorry. Maybe you have a chance later on, after all they Ribcage tours longer than the Bamsons, don't they?“ He patted on my shoulder once again and left the room, leaving me allow in that neon lit, anonymous conference room the company booked whenever we met.

I gulped. I knew he was right about Ribcage touring longer than those fucking teenage fruitcakes and I also knew that it was totally hopeless, because I could never afford to fly to the West Coast, no matter what. I was fucked.

I went home after the meeting, I was partly numb, partly aggressive. Alternately I either wanted to drown myself or to beat someone to death. I finally got myself some booze and drank on until I hang over my toilet, vomiting my inner organs into the bowl. That was the first time that I envied everyone who became unconscious from drinking to much.

I couldn't sleep that night. I tried hard but it was no use. I really don't know what was more in turmoil: My stomach or my brain. With the morning came one of the worst headaches I ever had and during breakfast I just grunted at my brother and his girlfriend.

„What's up, bro?“ he asked when he finally couldn't take it anymore. „You look like shit!“

„They put me on the fucking Bamsons' tour;„ I babbled.

He exchanged a look with his girlfriend. They were both close to burst out laughing because of my answer.

„What?“ he finally managed to say.

„Bamson Boys. Fucking Bamson Boys!“

„So what? Since when do you hate these pop tarts so much? You've had worse. You survived a Tim McGraw tour...“

I grunted and showed my teeth. „Yeah, but Ribcage didn't tour at the same time...“

„Oh!“ He rose his eyes because he knew exactly what I meant. Not only did he know about my year-long obsession with Ribcage and their music, but I had also bugged him long enough with my going to work for their tour. „That’s sad!“

„Bullshit!“ I said much louder than I had wanted to. „It’s a fucking nightmare!“

My brother’s girlfriend smiled. „Well, why don’t you just kill the Bamsons. Then there won’t be no tour and it’s not like anyone is going to miss them.“

My brother looked at her in surprise, as he always did when he discovered that she was actually much more nasty than he expected her to be.

„Won’t do,“ I mumbled. „They can clone new ones whenever they want.“

Both of them smiled, happy that I had not totally lost my sense of humor yet.

„And you can’t ask management to let you work the Ribcage tour?“ my brother asked.

„Been there, done that. Won’t do.“

„What about swapping with someone who works it?“

I shook my head. „They’ll notice, the tour dates are totally different...“ Suddenly I stopped. Were the tour dates totally different? Suddenly the rusty wheels in my aching head forced themselves to turn again... I jumped up from my place and ran to get my date book.

My brother and his girl looked after me in surprise.

With trembling hands I flipped through my date book. I had all the dates... The Bamson Boys tour, the Ribcage tour, there was everything... The dates, the cities, the whole schedule... I stopped dead when I found what I had been looking for: The first of October! The Bamson Boys were in Cuyahoga, Ribcage was in Pontchartrain. Maybe I couldn’t see Ribcage’s whole tour, but at least I could see one concert.

From that point all it cost me was a phone call. I called a co-worker I was on rather good terms with and asked him if he would swap with me, just for that day. He was reluctant, after all we could both get fired for this, but when I offered him my pay for that day, he

finally agreed. Of course I didn't know if he could really replace me. He was not as good at rigging as I was, but I chose not to think about that. I had to take that risk. First and foremost: Seeing Ribcage live was worth it!

In September I started at the Bamsons' concerts. I really gave a damn about it. Of course, I worked as thoroughly as usual, after all it was my usual routine, but in fact if my rigging had come down and killed the Bamsons and half of the underage girls that attended the concert the only thing that would have mattered to me would have been that they had locked me up and I could have been unable to attend the Ribcage concert. So I secured every lamp three times and paid attention that everything was as secure as possible and put on the headphones and turned the volume of my old Walkman up as soon as the music on stage started.

Of course I got a good look at the Bamsons. Somehow those guys made me latently aggressive. The way they dressed, the way they talked or even walked (I couldn't take it to watch them dancing). The one guy who always wore his baseball cap the wrong way as if he was some ghetto superstar while he was actually some retarded farm boy from the Midwest. Or the guy with the white shirt who looked as slick as a wet otter. It was hard to believe that he was supposed to be a wolf. Those guys were total fruit loops, acting all gay the whole time. I could see them ogling us, the dirty, ragged roadies, whenever they went by us. Of course, they dragged along some groupies, but I would have bet everything that it was us those guys were thinking about when those bimbos gave them a blowjob. So I did my job and impatiently waited for the first of October.

When it finally came, I tried to do in advance as possible. I must especially took care of the difficult stuff above the stage, because I really didn't trust the guy who was going to replace me that much. I told the supervisor a story about my brother having had an accident with his motorcycle and that I already spoke with management who sent some replacement for me. For a moment the guy looked at me with a strange expression on his face. Was he suspecting something...? Finally he just nodded and then went back to work. I had a bad feeling about this, I just hoped that he would not go to call management, because he wanted some confirmation.

But I really didn't have time to care about that. I had to get to Pontchartrain ASAP, meeting my replacement there.

I drove all the way at maximum speed, constantly fearing that some overeager cop might get me.

I was there at lunchtime and met the guy on the parking lot and told him what was left to do for him at the Bamson concert. He just nodded and disappeared.

Then I went to work, skipping lunch. I damned myself almost instantly: Of course, the guy had not even cared about doing anything, he had left all of his work to me. I swore the whole time while I tried to fix things as quickly as possible. If there the supervisor noticed this he would call management to complain and then they would know that I was at the wrong concert that day. I simply couldn't allow that to happen.

While I carried lamps and spotlights around the huge concert hall, the other workers eyed me suspiciously. I had no idea what that guy had told them in order to explain my presence, but they obviously didn't buy it that easily. There was much too much work left to do for me to worry about that right now, so I gave a damn. I was even almost totally oblivious to the fact that I was going to see Ribcage.

When the sound check started I was still busy laying cables behind the stage and didn't see a thing of the action on stage. But as soon as I heard the first few chords of *Fucked up by Corpus Christi* it reminded me of what I did all this for: I was going to see them soon!

I was high for the next few hours, I can't even remember what I did all the time. I just remember that I worked my ass off to finish up.

When the first people flocked into the concert hall and their voices began to fill the empty space I still wasn't finished with it. I already got bawled out by one of the supervisors because they had not been able to do a full lightning check because of me. I cursed the guy who had gotten me into this, but maybe it should have cursed myself because it had been my idea... I was at the brink of exhaustion, having eaten nothing since the morning, except a chocolate bar a mindful colleague had given me. There was no time to get something, even though I knew that they had some catering in the restroom. The band's limousines had just come back, the

band members had gotten to their changing rooms when I finally finished to secure the last fucking lamp.

I was totally beat, my head felt like a oversized cotton ball and I could hardly percept all my surroundings anymore. I wavered to the restroom where most of my colleges- who had finished hours ago- where already sitting around and relaxed. I got myself a coffee and a sandwich and slumped down on a vacant chair, almost too tired to eat or drink. Everything around me blurred and the noises of the talking men became nothing but a drone to me while I sat there, feeling completely numb.

I didn't wake up from my stupor until I heard some rhythmic beat, the banging of thousands of feet on the ground. I looked up and suddenly realized where I was again. And in this moment, the shriek of an electric guitar, muffled by the surrounding concrete of the building, reached my ear. I jumped to my feet. Fuck! The concert had started.

I dashed out of the restroom, the other guys looking after me in surprise.

I run through the narrow hallways while the drums set in, the bass started to hum and finally I heard an amplified whisper, the first words of *Speed Demon* and another instant later the whisper became a high-pitched screaming, mixing with the sound of the guitar and the drums took off with a merciless beat that seemed to shake the entire building while the audience totally lost it, screaming, yelling, banging around.

When I finally reached the limit of the stage where a few other roadies were already standing around, I couldn't see a thing: The spotlights pivoted over the stage and blinded me for an instant until the moved along and the band became visible, first nothing but shadows, then assumed a definitive form. I blinked, totally transfixed by what I saw.

There was Thrak, the singer, a cheetah, the first feline rock singer to attain super stardom. His husky whispering could transform to a deafening shriek within a blink of an eye, while his body twisted on stage as if he was wrestling with demons. On bass was Grath, the meanest black bull I had ever seen in my life, a huge figure which over-shadowed everything beside him. He handle his instrument

like a ten-spot hooker. And Hogan McDerewlynn was on the drums, a stallion who seemed to consist of nothing but muscle. They had pulled him in after they had recorded *Dancers with broken legs* with him, one of the best decisions they ever made. He seemed to be speed and rhythm incarnate, when he sat behind the drums, his arms and hands seemed to disappear in a swirl while he threw his mane about like the total maniac he was. Sometimes there was foam about his mouth. There was an additional session guitarist who had joined for the tour, a medium sized wolf, as they needed someone to play the rhythm guitar Creat usually did himself in the studio. A wolf on the guitar, now that was a cliché! Every cool band seemed to need a wolf on the guitar...

So Creat stood out. He always did. Simply because he was a mink. There were photographs where his guitar seemed to be larger than him. But it simply did not seem to matter to him, it seemed to be weightless in his paws. He pressed himself against it, while his claws relentlessly slashed the strings. He drew it up almost to his chin when he played complicated soli and it hung between his knees when he beat those riffs out of it as if he were stabbing it to death. And despite his strangely twisted acrobatics his timing was as sharp as a razor. It seemed to cut through the whole song, to dissect it, setting the drums, the bass and the vocals apart, just to unify them a moment. The songs seemed to be totally at his mercy. He could pull them apart just by delaying a single chord and sometimes he did- or at least almost. He seemed to stop for a blink of an eye, before setting in again, catching up with the rest. That was his personal style, the source of so many disputes among the members. At least that was what the magazines said. But it was obvious how Thrak's voice was suddenly bereft of its support, who the entire song seemed to be up in the air for an instant until Creat decided to go on. But that was what the fans loved him for... Or at least I did. It was so accurate, so damn effective. It never ceased to affect me: I shivered from the tip of my tail to the top of my ears. For an instant I felt an intense craving within me only Creat's guitar could satisfy and it always did, but only when Creat decided to give it away.

The show was already on. *Speed Demon* had set the crowd off. The whole hall was almost totally dark, the only light coming down from the stage where Ribcage performed. So the audience seemed to nothing but a dark sea of bodies, moving about, moshing in total abandon. The whole concert hall a huge moshpit. It was as if the stage was sailing through it, the band in total command of a raging sea. I saw how they threw their manes about, how they jumped one upon the other, moving in accordance with the rhythm, yelling at the top of their lungs, still drowned out by the power of the amplifier. I knew how much power those engines produced, I knew how much it took to attain this and still I was hardly able to believe what I saw.

Finally the band reached the end of *Speed Demon*, Creat hoicked his guitar, ending the song with a high scream of his instrument and the whole hall yelled frantically, cheering the awesome performance. But the band left them no time to catch their breath, Grath, the bassist started to play the intro of *Bloody Machine* and the audience bawled when they recognized it, instantly going off again while the rest of the band joined in.

I was petrified. I just stood there, staring at the band who had changed my life since I had first heard it on the radio when I was twelve years old. I could had run on stage if I had wanted to, I could have joined the crowd, but simply couldn't get myself to leave the spot where I stood. The other guys had left, as they had already seen the show many times over, so I was standing there all alone and I had the feeling that the band was just playing for me. This was my very own private concert and when Thrak announced the third song to be *Crash and Burn* I started screaming too and started banging away. A rush of adrenaline and endorphines had washed my tiredness away and the music took control of me. I screamed at the top of my lungs, an intense feeling of bliss hitting me like a freight train and I could stop smiling like a total fool. And I just didn't care!

Every new song set me off again. The first chords of Creat's guitar hit me like bolts of lightning.

Twelve songs later I was totally beat. The day had been to stressing for me to be able to go on. I wanted to, but my body simply gave

up. It wasn't that bad though, having let out my feelings, I finally relaxed enough to look at the show.

The heat of the lamps and their constant performance had soaked them with sweat. From my position I could have a good look at Creat who was simply drenched: His fur and his hair were a sticky mess, whenever he threw himself around sweat shot about and his eyes were nothing but slits anymore while his perspiration flowed all over his face. His teeth were gritted as if he was in pain, his features were contorted and he seemed to snarl, as if he was about to attack someone or simply anybody. The guitar was his weapon, the strings were his trigger. He held it like a machine gun, shooting the entire crowd in front of the stage, killing one of them with every chord, slaughtering dozens with a riff. He seemed to be controlled by fury and blind rage, as if the performance was too much for his small body and the only thing that kept him going was his own hatred which took him from one musical height to another.

I simply couldn't stop staring at him. The other band members hardly mattered to me anymore. In comparison to Creat, Thrak's contortions seemed to be nothing but fake, the drummer seemed to be spastic and the huge bovine bassist was nothing but an arrogant asshole. Don't get me wrong, their performances were awesome too. But they were nothing in comparison to the sheer emotional power Creat unleashed.

I guess I must have been totally petrified during the second half of the concert. When they finally played the last chords of *Uphill Battle* and Thrak's voice died away, it seemed to me like waking from a dream. The audience roared, demanding an encore the band delivered promptly, by playing *Speed Demon* again. And once again I found myself looking at Creat, but now it seemed like he squeezed the sounds out of his guitar. I couldn't help myself but to think of someone suffering from extreme constipation.

The band left the stage, the audience went wild (as expected) and Ribcage came back and delivered a something like a punk rock version of *Black hole Sun*. They played it just for the fun of it, although it was quite obvious that they had never properly rehearsed it. It was just for fun and their fans were grateful, roaring the refrain.

Once again the band left and after the crowd had started yelling for them, they returned. My heart made a jump when the drummer started with the typical beat of *Crash and Burn*. Not that would be a truly magnificent end of the concert for me.

But I hadn't counted on Creat: He massacred it. It was truly painful. He let his guitar roar and scream like Jimi Hendrix in his worst drug induced manias. It was impossible to hear Thrak's voice, even the drums were drowned out. And the whole time there was a broad, twisted grin upon Creat's face while he stared at the audience as if this song was his personal declaration of war on them.

When the song finally ended, the crowd whistled and screamed. But Creat just threw his guitar on the ground and marched off the stage, not looking back, not even caring if the rest of the band followed him or not.

The concert was over. It was more than obvious.

I can't put it any different: I was shocked. Having never seen Creat this close before I was unsure if this was just his usual behavior or a totally unexpected outbreak of his personal mania. The bootlegs and the concert videos I had seen did certainly hadn't prepared me for this. It had unsettled me, especially because it had been *Crash and Burn*, one of my all-time favorites and the song which had started it all for me.

I guess that was the trigger of what I did next. I would never had done anything like this, never had and never would in my later life. I was too much of a professional. The roadies had to stay clear of the artists who had enough trouble with avid fans, groupies, journalists and stalkers. But I simply couldn't let go of this. I had to get an answer.

Without even thinking about what I did and the implications I went for the artist's changing rooms. They were off-limit, the record companies' security never allowed anything like this because of insurance BS or something like that... But I knew exactly where I could intercept anyone who wanted to leave the building and so I went for the exit which led to the restricted parking lot behind the building.

I stood in the cold, neon lit corridor and waited, still distraught by the concert's finale.

I don't know how long I stood there. Several co-workers of mine walked past me as they were already about to begin deconstruction. Members of security and band/tour management walked past me, eyeing me for a short moment but thankfully not caring too much about my presence.

Finally he came, I almost didn't realize that it was him because he was flanked by some oversized, steroid-bred stallion from security and some lion who had such a grim expression on his face that he looked like going to war. Creat seemed to disappear between the two huge men, but it was him who was leading because he set the speed. He had not seemed to have slowed down since he had left the stage. His steps were so fast that it was hard to follow him and every step suggested that he only had one intention: Getting away from all of this as quickly as possible.

I jumped up from the crates I had been sitting on. „Mister Creat...!“ And then he had already left the building, the door slamming shut behind him. I didn't know if he had actually hard me or not. So I run after him.

Cold rain hit me when I went outside. I hadn't noticed the rain before. „Mister Creat...“ I yelled after him, trying to get his attention as well as trying to overcome the sound of the pouring rain.

He stopped and looked over his shoulder just like the two men who accompanied him.

All of a sudden I was overcome by the notion that this had not been the best idea of my life.

„Why don't you go play with yourself kitty?“ the stallion asked. „Mister Creat...“ He made quite clear that I had already given myself away the moment I had used this term. „...has more important stuff to care about.“ He huge equine glared at me.

Suddenly the mink rose his hand.

The horse looked at him in surprise.

For an instant Creat eyed me, then he came towards me. The rain seemed to be non-existent for him, even though it was starting to soak his fur and his clothes.

I did not dare to say, nor move while Creat walked around me, studying me from teeth to toe. „What's the greatest rock band right now, except Ribcage?“ he asked.

For a moment I wasn't sure if I had understood him correctly. „Audioslave...?“ I suggested.

I couldn't see his reaction because he was studying me from behind.

„Best rock song of all time?“

„*Dazed and Confused!*“

„Creat!“ The lion whose proud mane had transformed into a wet mess by now, looked at the mink behind me with an expression of suppressed anger.

„Get lost!“ the mink barked. „Both of you!“

„But...“

„Now!“

The lion and the stallion eyed me for a moment.

„Listen, Creat, you know that I was told...“ the lion tried to contradict.

„Don't forget who's paying you, George,“ the mink hissed.

The lion shortly pulled a face that was hardly visible in the rain and the darkness. Then he nodded towards the stallion and they left. While passing by both of them glared at me and I shivered. Maybe it was because of the rain who had succeeded in soaking my shirt by now.

„Best bassist of the 70s?“ I heard Creat say.

I was alienated by this question. „Erh...“ I had no idea where this situation was about to lead. I was standing in the rain, playing 21 questions with the greatest guitarist in the world (at least for me).

„John Entwistle...?“ I finally dared to say.

The mink snarled shortly.

„Best contemporary classical composer?“

My blood ran cold in that moment. „John Williams...?“

In that moment one of his paws grabbed and despite his smaller size he threw me around, stopped my fall just before it was about to hit the ground. He shook me violently with just a single paw of his while I found the sudden panic that had overcome in that moment while I stared into his face.

I could feel his breath on my face.

„Don't fuck with me, kitty!“ he snarled.

„Just gimme a chance,“ I screamed desperately, struggling as he was still holding me down with the iron grip of his paw.

„Alright, who is the greatest living guitarist?“ His fangs glistened in the dark.

I was in total panic.

„I'm waiting!“

I yelled „J.J. Cale!“ even before I knew what I had said. When I realized it I crouched, expecting him to throw me down because of that absurd answer.

The rain was still beating down on us.

After a moment I looked up, trying to see what he was going to do to me.

He rose suddenly and threw his head back, opening his mouth wide and his teeth shimmered in the neon light when he started laughing.

I was totally confused.

Creat laughed heartily, his small body shaking in amusement. The rain fell on his face, smoothing his fur out, his slender figure looked even more slim as his soaked clothes stuck to his lank body. He rocked, still chuckling.

I stared at him and did not dare to move because his paw had not let go off me all the time. Unexpectedly his strong paw pulled me back on my feet as if my weight did not matter at all to him.

„Damn, you are possibly right...“ he said. „Can't beat that old bastard,“ he added with a growl.

I tried to catch my breath. Nobody had ever overpowered me like this before and I had to suppress the urge to jump him from behind, because I felt humiliated like never before. But this was Creat...

He walked away without saying a word.

And I looked after him as his small shape disappeared between the cars that stood around on this parking lot.

I deeply inhaled the cold air and shook my head. This was fucking weird... My confusion broke loose as a weak laughter that shook me while I stood there in the light of spotlights which illuminated the dark parking lot. Damn could this get any stranger...?

I slowly walked towards the entrance of the building again. I did not pay attention to the sound of a car coming closer until it came to a halt with a scream right beside me. I looked around and there was one of those huge limousines. A door burst open.

„Move your ass!“ Creat’s voice ordered from the dim twilight inside. I blinked and stepped inside, driven by mere curiosity.

The moment my second foot had left the ground, the door slammed shut behind me and the car accelerated so abruptly that I fell to the ground while the car sped along.

I lay on the ground and looked up. Creat was sitting in the seat. Only his wet hair and the outline of his muzzle were illuminated. In this dim twilight he looked like the devil himself.

„Jaco Pastorius was the greatest bassist of the 70s,“ he said.

„I’m sorry I didn’t...“

„Fuck you!“ He interrupted me. „Fuck the whole lot of you...“ He added lowly, sighed and looked away from me.

I used that time to sit on one of the seats opposite him. Through the tinted glass I could see where the car was going, but it was obviously driving at great speed. I suspected it to be on the way to the town center where all the exclusive hotels were. For a moment I remembered that I was supposed to work right now, but instead I was... What was it that I was doing?

„Fuck you,“ he whispered. „Fuck you! Fuck you!“

I pulled a face, glaring at him. If he had not been the man he was, I would have made him stop right now, but his behavior seemed to be so erratic to me that I simply didn’t know what he was capable of doing next. I looked away.

After a moment I noticed from the corner of my eyes that he was studying me again. I had to be in a pretty bad shape. Not only was I totally soaked but I was also dirty from today’s work. It had to show in my bright fur.

„What’s your favorite song?“

I looked up.

„From Ribcage,“ he added.

„*Thrashed*,“ I said after a short moment of reflection. „Although I always had a special relationship to *Crash and Burn*, too,“ I added.

He shook his head. „Greatest commercial bullshit we ever made,“ he stated.

„Hold it,“ I intervened. „How can you say that. I was the most astounding debut of that year. It was...“

„Do you think one moment that your opinion matters to me?“ he interrupted me.

Instinctively I knew that he was right. What was the opinion of a single fan to a member of one of the most successful rock bands? But nevertheless I felt hurt and angry...

„Why did you ask me then?“ I replied.

As if he secretly agreed with me he let go a short laughter and afterwards fell silent again.

In the meantime the car had reached the town center, the light of the street lamps became visible through the darkened windows of the limousine and I could make out more of my surroundings. Oddly enough the driver had not slowed down in the least, still driving much too fast, obviously not caring about the speed limit.

The car turned off several times and approached a huge complex I knew: The Regency Hotel.

And a moment later the car was suddenly surrounded by women that seemed to have sprung up from nowhere. I was started when I saw their faces against the window: They banged against the metal and I could hear their hysteric screams.

„PISS OFF!“ Creat yelled and slammed against the window from the inside.

I stared at him, once again surprised by his sudden emotional outbreak.

„PISS OFF! FUCK THE OTHER ASSHOLES! And leave me fucking alone...“ His voice died away and he fell down into his seat again. I could see his gritted teeth.

In the meantime the car had force itself through the groupies and turned off into the parking garage of the hotel, disappearing into the safety underground.

A moment later the door swung open, an employee of the hotel waiting for us to exit.

„Good evening, Sir!“ he said when Creat climbed out.

„Spare the niceties for someone who deserves 'em,“ he grumbled.

I followed reluctantly, eying the employee for a moment, except for the fancy uniform he was just like me, pretty much my age, same build, a bovine though.

„What are you waiting for?“ Creat shouted as he was already standing by the elevator at the far end of the parking garage.

I hurried to join him, eying the stallion from security I had seen earlier and who seemed to have showed up from nowhere. Maybe he had been on the front passenger's seat all the time. But now he stood at Creat's side as if he had never left it while the mink waited for the elevator.

With this awfully nice ping the elevator arrived, the door opened and the three of us stepped inside, greeted by a squirrel elevator boy. Until that day I had not even known that something like that still existed.

„Good evening, Sirs!“ he said.

When I went aboard I noticed that he eyed me and I suddenly became aware that I was totally misplaced in a place like this: Not only was I wet to the bones, I was still in my working clothes. Creat's bodyguard wore a typical dark suit with tie and Creat wore at least an appropriate leather jacket. Between the polished gilded braces and the mirrors which decorated the elevator I felt rather uncomfortable. But had I not feel uncomfortable all the time? So why worry about the velvety carpet with my wet sneakers?

Without a sound the elevator glided upwards. Creat had turned his back to me, so I couldn't see what his face, but the bodyguard stood right next to me and I eyed him just like he eyed me. We were pretty much the same size so we could look into each other's eyes. Strangely I did not feel the enmity he had shown me earlier anymore. He looked at me as if I was a stranger he had just accidentally met. Maybe that was true anyway.

Finally the elevator pinged again and the door opened again.

„Enjoy your stay, Sirs!“ the elevator squirrel chirped.

And I followed Creat and the stallion.

For an instant I felt like the guy had accidentally brought me to the wrong floor: There were so many indications of obvious wealth around me like I had never seen before in one space. It was the fucking most expensive furniture I have seen up to now and everything was shiny and polished and fancy or simply expensive. It was only dimly lit, the whole thing was made from dark wood and stuff, but still... I tried not to stare too much while I followed Creat

who walked through a huge anteroom (where the stallion who walked behind me left us, something I didn't notice right away) and into a suite of gigantic proportions, having, on a small gallery one of the huge beds I had ever seen and definitely the largest flat-screen TV I had seen.

Creat didn't pay any attention to it, he just threw his jacket on the luscious lounge and went for the bar.

I pretty much just stood there and stared at all this stuff that cost more money than I had ever seen in my life up to that day.

„Undress!“

At first I thought I had not understood him correctly.

He had opened a bottle of bourbon and poured its content down his throat, before he sat down on the couch nearby, facing me.

I was still just standing.

He exhaled. „You are wet.“ He looked at me, waiting for a reaction.

„You ruin the carpet,“ he added.

Actually he was right: I was still dripping wet and it was uncomfortable.

„What?“ He made a gesture with his arms. „Don't wanna undress in front of me...“ His eyes narrowed. „What do you think I am, eh?“ He moved slightly forward, focusing me.

I inhaled. Somehow at this moment it seemed to be reasonable enough to me and I started by pulling my T-shirt over my head.

He sat back in the couch again. „Ain't I the fucking toughest guitarist in rock?“ He was still eyeing me though.

„Jeans, too!“ he said.

Holding my shirt in a paw I looked at him. „What about you?“ I asked him.

„Who...“ He stopped, then rose one finger, stood up and with a quick pull of his sharp claws ripped his shirt apart, throwing its remains away, before he slumped down on the couch again. He was still wearing his pants but he had bared his chest, which was much more muscled than I would had expected. Actually I couldn't see an ounce of fat on his body, he was just muscles, sinews, bones and fur.

I threw my shirt on some sort of chest of drawers (it was just like the usual thing, only in expensive) and undid my jeans. For a moment I

was thankful that I wore boxers that day. I could feel that he studied me, especially my chest where the white fur of my underside gave my muscles away.

In that moment I felt mildly annoyed. He still hadn't given me a clue why I was there at all. Maybe I would have had a clue if I had been able to read the hints he gave away all the time. But on the other hand this day had been already been exhausting and confusing all along. I guess some when during those minutes I just crossed an inner line.

As soon as my pants had dropped to the floor I sat down on one of the chairs close by. I decided that I would not wait for an invitation of his.

He leaned forward again and greeted me with the bottle in his paw. It was already half empty.

I nodded in response.

„No need for shame, right? We are men, aren't we? Fucking hard rockers!“ In order to underline this very profound statement he took a good sip again.

In this moment I had noticed that the whole ceiling was a fucking mirror...

Creat had observed it. „Avery Bros.' idea. What do they care, it's our money they are waisting on this bullshit. According to them it's meant to keep us all happy and cooperative during the fucking tour.“ He belched. „Why don't they drug us right away? Doesn't that belong to what we do?“

He paused for a moment. „So what's your story?“

I looked up.

„When did Ribcage enlighten you? When came the revelation to you that we are your personal gods?“

I was sick of this. „I didn't. But it was revealed to me that their guitarist was a total asshole.“

He laughed shortly. „I heard that rumor too.“ He sucked his bottle again. „Strange isn't it. Those fucks once said that he's got talent. Now he sounds like U2-fucking-Edge. *I'm worse at what I do best...*“

The moment he had said it, I could hear the song in my head. Almost instantly I replied: „*And for this gift I feel blessed.*“

He did not look at me, but I saw that something like a honest smile showed on his lips for a short instant. „You think that you are smart, don't you!“ He looked up again and I could see the effect of the alcohol in his eyes. The bottle was almost empty by now. „You think you know me! Like all those... *fucks*...“ He hissed that word. „...out there. I am the mink with the guitar.“ He had gritted his teeth. „They fucking love me for it! Don't you love me? Isn't that what they all do, as long as I play their *songs* and do shit and hop around on stage and do the fucking fool for them...“

I just shook my head. „You're nuts!“

Instantly his head shot upwards. „Nuts? You think I'm nuts?“ He glared at me.

I nodded slowly. „Yeah, right now I see a rich fuck in a fancy suite, acting like a total asshole...“

He was fast.

I was just able to press myself into the seat when he was already above me, pressing his arms against the chair so that I could not evade him while he stared into my eyes. „A rich fuck, yeah?“

Once again his erratic behavior had released irrational fear into my bloodstream. But this time I would allow him to frighten me. I was still much larger than him. Usually a mink like him was nothing but an appetizer for a tiger like me. I showed him my teeth. „Yeah, right! I would murder to have what you got. But you just give a damn!“

„Who do you think you are?“ he hissed. Either the alcohol had made him even more daring than before or he really didn't care to pick a quarrel with a feline twice his weight. „You, fan-boy cocksucker, don't know shit about me. You have no idea what I really want.“

I approached him even more, staring right into his eyes. Our noses were almost touching. „Yeah, so tell me: What is it that you fucking want?“ I snarled.

The lid of his right eye quivered, shortly he moved his jaw, then he pressed his lips together and suddenly stood up straight again, looking away from me.

I felt released and made myself more comfortable in the chair again. I pricked up my ears when I heard him whispering.

„...you, fucking... fuck...“

„What?“

His head turned. „Yeah! Cause that’s you are!“

„Who the fuck are you?“ I asked him, shaking my head, my rage slowly rising.

„I am you fucking GOD, you miserable piece of shit!“ He was leaned over to me, gesturing animatedly. „I am the one you look up to because you need me in your pathetic misery.“

„Oh, yeah? Oh, yeah?“ (That was the best answer I could come up with in that moment, I was just too furious.)

„And now you get all whiny because...“ He faked a baby’s voice. „...Unca Creat is not what you dreamed about when you jerked off ogling the Playmousse of the Year.“

I sat up in my chair. „What the fuck are you...“

„FACE IT, Tiger Trash! Without me you’re just another shallowbrained ROCK FUCK! Too pathetic to move your lazy ass out of your well-deserved misery...“

That was it. I had not worked my ass off that day to get insulted by some egomaniac...

I jumped off my chair, threw my arm around, my fist ready to slam into his miserable mink face.

But despite the alcohol he was still much too sleek, ducked my arm, grabbed it, tried to punch his elbow into my side. I tried to pull myself off while he held onto me and in this moment we lost balance, fell to the ground. I grabbed for him, trying to get a hold on his head, but just got his arm. He lay upon me, hoicked his arm and as I tried to hold on to it, he pulled me up, my muzzle almost slammed into his, but instead our lips met...

I was...

...I really don’t know!

When I realized what happened I let myself fell backwards again, in order to break free off him. „What the fuck...“ I yelled.

Before I knew what happened he straddled my and his paws dug into my chestfur, painfully pulling on it. He was breathing strongly. His entire body tense while he stared at me. „You fucking...“, he panted breathlessly. „Fucking...“

In a sudden outbreak of energy I tried to free myself again, struggled to throw him off. I tried to push him aside, but he fought my arms off. I tried to roll over and he held at my shoulders, I partly lost him for a moment but his whole body came down on me, he clung to me, his paws trying to pin me down. I fought against it, but I could not throw him off, he was just too strong.

I lay still again.

He breathed strongly upon me. I could feel his breath against my chain as well as the moving of his chest, as it lay upon mine now.

I made another attempt, my arm slamming against his head, trying to push him off, but instead he just enforced his hold on me.

After a moment I gave up and slumped down on the ground again and in this moment, his paw moved about as quick as only a guitar veteran could do. I heard a rip and a moment later the pressure about my loin was gone: My underpants were cut apart.

I stared at him and he looked back, his mouth slightly opened, his lips shimmering with moisture, still breathing strongly, except that I wasn't so sure about its reason anymore.

His paw reached out for my cock.

„What the fuck are you...“ I gasped.

His hand run over the shape of my dick, explored its length, girth and the size of my balls.

„Go ahead, go figure, go ahead and pull the trigger...“

Fuck! I gulped and while I was still trying to figure out what to do, I could feel his muzzle digging into my chestfur and his lips touching the skin underneath. A rush of adrenaline woke me up. With all of my strength I overpowered him, threw him around until I was atop of him, holding him down with my hands on his shoulders.

„Is that what you wanted all along?“ I growled at him.

His eyes sparkled while he looked at me, obviously studying the taut muscles of my shoulders.

I shivered when I felt how his hands started to stroke my sides. He was very careful, just running his paws over it, up and down and up and down again. He opened his mouth, his lower lip quivered while one of his eyebrows rose. While I was holding him he was starting to relax completely, I could feel it in my hands, how his muscles relaxed. In return something else tightened considerably if it had

been rock hard all the time, I don't know, I certainly paid any attention to it before.

„I feel nothing, said I don't feel nothing...“

Instantly the song was on my mind, I could hear it: The almost incomprehensible singer, the roaring guitars. My heart seemed to beat in the merciless rhythm of the drums and before I knew what happened he was holding me in his arms, his mouth kissing my shoulders, his hot breath marking my skin while he held onto me.

While his kisses wandered down my chest I could feel how he wanted me, every fiber of his body was hot for me, something I had never felt in anyone before. It was intense, frightening, arousing, all at the same time. His paws wandered over my back, his claws powerfully pressing onto me, yet without hurting me, just strong enough so that I could feel where he had touched me even when his hands were long gone. And his mouth found my breastwarts and he started to kiss them as if they were a woman's nipples. I was always sensible there and when he paid so much attention to it, it was like a first time for me, feeling a tongue and lips upon them, how they treated them, it was delightful. For a moment I could feel a knot inside my throat and an intense feeling of yearning inside my chest when his lips let go just for a short instant and when they came back it was such a relief.

„Stop it!“ I gasped. „Stop it for fuck's sake!“

„What?“ he breathed and my eyes opened wide when one of his paws wandered down my back and disappeared underneath my pants, one finger instantly finding that awfully sensitive spot just at the base of my tail. *„What you seek for can't be found...“*

I inhaled sharply and shuddered, shook my entire body and without wanting to I let go a low growl that came from the deepest bottom of my chest.

His hands closed around my buttocks and then quickly dug between them, pushed them aside and his thumb ran through the rim until they met my tail again and he let go of my buttocks again and they clenched again and I felt something like a sense of loss. Somewhere at the deepest bottom of my mind I did not like it that way anymore. It was wrong, although that notion defied everything I had ever thought possible.

But in the meantime his hands had gotten a hold at my pants and pushed them down.

„Show me what you got there, tiger! *Give me the sense to wonder!*“ His hands closed around my buttocks again, held on strongly and then he threw himself around and powerless as I was I turned with my, lying on my back again, with him above me.

His teeth glistened when he grinned down on me and his face came closer and he kissed me on my lips, carefully like a twelve year old school girl. He rose again and licked his lips with relish. Then he turned his head while one of his hands brushed through my pubic fur. I suddenly felt vulnerable but an instant later the feeling was gone and his hand got hold of my dick which had gotten hard some when. His hand went down its entire length, massaged it lightly and I could feel the augmenting, pleasurable tension in my balls.

He smiled while he caressed it, obviously pleased by what he had found in my pants and most possibly enjoying my reaction to his touch. Because I had started to breathe strongly, my heart was beating fast all the time, but now it had set for a not-so-quick but powerful rhythm that shook me and pushed the blood through me like a steam hammer. I was hot, literally, I could feel my skin burning to the point that I just wanted to shake off my fur.

With a quick move he stripped off his own pants and readjusted his position so that he lay down between my legs, his hard dick resting upon mine. I could smell him much stronger than ever before, I was convinced to be even able to smell his aroused dick, this bitter, tangy scent, very much like cum. He rubbed himself against me and because our dicks touched I could feel not only the shape and the considerable size of his one, but also its veiny texture, the heel of his glans and its smooth surface and when his glans and mine rubbed upon each other I just hissed because the feeling was so consuming. All of my power left me for an instant and rendered me helpless until I inhaled again.

„You and your big cock are totally gorgeous,“ he whispered into my face.

And while the song was suddenly recalled to my mind, he winded down on me, his claws dug into my chestfur and pulled it apart, almost ripping out entire tufts. It was painful and right thereafter he

was at my dick, I could feel his hot breath wafting around it while his hands ran over my sides. I inhaled deeply, my body tensed and he looked up at me and his eyes flashed and an instant later one of his hands got hold of my pubic fur and yanked at it. I inhaled sharply because it hurt and then it was gone and I felt his lips at my glans, kissing them, smooth texture of his mouth meeting the sensitive skin. I shivered. He let his lower lips linger upon my dick, then slowly extended his tongue before its moist tip touched me.

„Fuuuuuck...“ I exclaimed, hardly able to breathe properly anymore. I started when he forcefully grabbed my dick and a moment later it disappeared inside his muzzle.

I gasped and moaned a moment later because he damn well knew what he did. The whole top had disappeared inside his mouth, his tongue was all about it, it was hot and wet, his mouth contracted around it as he sucked at it while he rose and let it slip through the strait of his lips again, slurping audibly when it left his mouth again.

„God...“

„*Abandon God, thy helpless one, to relieve you of your plight!*“ And with these words he yanked at my pubic fur again.

I growled in pain, but I had no time go on, because his mouth was around my dick again and this time it was for real: He sucked at it, his skilled tongue licked it, missed no spot and his muzzle did the whole up-and-down. I was totally blown away by this, it was the fucking best blowjob I had ever gotten in my life. While I lied there, tried to catch my breath and wallowed in pleasure, I tried to forget this was my greatest idol that gave it to me. I quivered and gasped while he slurped at my dick, it was all wet from his saliva, I could feel that whenever it left his mouth for a moment and the air flowed around it. But an instant later he had swallowed it again and it was all around my dick and he sucked while his tongue did the rest.

And all of a sudden I could feel that insurmountable tension within my body that started to shake. I inhaled strongly and was hit by a powerful orgasm.

„Fuuuu...“

For a moment I was totally unaware of what happened with me while I was overcome by it. It was like a blackout, just pleasant. My entire body tensed, every muscle of my body did until my balls

started shooting off my spunk. Then I relaxed and slowly came back again. That was when I realized that his mouth was still tightly closed around my dick as he was swallowing the whole load...

I shuddered.

He let my dick go that was still twitching and throbbing, spraying spunk about that landed on his face while his tongue licked my dick off one last time. Then he came towards me again, looking at me with a cum-stained face. His hands took hold of my head. I eyed him carefully while he was still approaching me. My eyes widened when he kissed me. I kept my mouth shut and he broke the kiss and glared at me and I could feel like his fingers dug into my hair, got a powerful hold and pulled my head backwards until it started hurting.

I growled menacingly at him, warning him about going too far. But I guess we were already past everything at that point, so- of course- it did not matter to him and he used that chance when my teeth showed to kiss me again. He forced himself on me and my hands pushed against his body to throw him off, while he lips pressed down on mine and I could taste the spunk, somehow it got into my mouth.

Violently he broke that forced kiss, and pushed himself backwards still holding my head by my hair. He looked down on me, just like I looked up at him. Or not. He studied me for a while I was on display for him and I could feel his hard dick pressing into the fabric of my body.

And suddenly everything happened very quickly, he grabbed me, I rose my arms in order to deflect him, but I wasn't fast enough and he got a hold at me and rolled me over. His body pressed down on me, locked me in place while his dick pressed into the crack of my ass.

„What the...!“ Adrenaline rushed through me, I was quite sure what he was intending to do and I was frightened.

„*Tell me you think it's ugly,*“ he hissed into my ear while his hips moved and his dick tried to find my asshole.

„Fuck!“ I tried to lift myself off, but whatever he did, he was effectively blocking me. I could feel how his rock hard cock stuck between my buttocks and he thrust forward.

„FUCK YOU!“ I yelled, remembering that I was the tiger in here and that I was goddamn heavier than him and instead of trying to rise, I rolled over. I tried to get a hold on me again. I pushed his arms aside, for a moment we struggled, I was basically starting to beat him, while he tried to block my arms again. For a moment we were nothing but a ball of fur, our bodies rubbing against each other, closer together than ever before and finally I got hold of his hands and slammed down on him with all my weight, holding him down and showing him my gritted teeth.

He wasn't frightened in the least. „You're hot when you're angry,“ he whispered.

I growled threateningly. I should have know that it wouldn't have any effect on him, but in that moment I did it out of instinct. „You think that I'd allow you to fuck me?“

The mink underneath me studied my face before he inhaled strongly. Suddenly his features relaxed in a way I had never seen before. He looked somehow tired for a moment. „I fucked with you a long time ago,“ he stated. Strangely it wasn't one of his usual defamations.

I was surprised, to say the least.

He gulped and rose his head again, although I was holding him down and he gave me a simple kiss on my mouth.

I stared at him, because I could make no sense out of this. What was this supposed to mean? I just didn't know. The only thing I knew what that this kiss had been different from anything he had done to me before.

„All them good times I've been yearning. Way, way down inside, honey, you need it...“

I just shook my head. „Fuck you!“ I whispered. „Fuck you!“ But my hold on him weakened and he just shook my hands off and drew me closer and embraced me fully, held me tightly, slowly kissing my muzzle and my cheeks.

„I wanna be your...“ he whispered and just mouthed the last words.

I gulped while his hands wandered all over my back, stroke me gently, explored the shape of my shoulders until he reached out for my ass. He stroke it several times and smiled at me. He really did.

Then one of his fingers found the base of my tail and pressed against that spot and I inhaled sharply because it was like a flash that hit me. I quivered. It was terribly pleasant and a strange yearning filled me up, something very powerfully that overcame me and it showed in my face and he saw it and knew what I felt and I knew that he knew.

He gave me another kiss on my cheek before he crawled out under me. I lay on my belly and waited, my heart starting to beat faster.

His paw glided in the crack of my ass, massaged the fabric there, ran over my tight ass cheeks, but always quickly went between the again. Sometimes he stimulated the base of my tail again but more often I could feel his fingers upon my asshole.

He did something with his other hand. I couldn't see that.

But I understood when one hand left my ass alone and the other one came down on it.

I tensed when something cold and slippery entered my asshole without encountering any resistance. I inhaled and was suddenly overcome by instinctive fear while his finger slipped out again and a moment later two of them glided inside me, spreading a lube all over my ass. And another moment I could feel how he stretched it apart and a third finger entered me and then he started to lay down on me. Shortly his fingers left my ass again, he spread a legs a little bit and lay down in between, his loin pressing against my ass, his dick gliding into the crack, guided by a hand of his.

I held my breath, I quivered, suddenly feeling like a little kitty again.

Then his dick started to press against my asshole and I could feel how it started to spread the muscles down there. I tensed instinctively.

„Relax, relax!“

I tried to, while the pressure against my asshole increased. I could feel that the top of his dick was already starting to enter it and suddenly I felt a resistance it met and pain ensued.

„Fuuu...“ The pain triggered my fear and for a moment I just wanted it to stop, because I was getting even more intense. „Stop!“ I exclaimed and tried to get him off me.

But instead I could feel how he increased the pressure.

I cried out. Pain overcame me, it extended from my ass all over the rest of my body. I gasped for breath and quivered and suddenly a new feeling spread from ass, while the pain abated. With every heartbeat it subsided a little bit more and then I realized that this new feeling was caused by the presence of his dick in my ass.

I had his dick in my ass.

I shuddered.

It wasn't just any dick. It was Creat's dick, the fucking greatest guitarist in the world, fucked me in my ass. And while the pain subsided, my muscles down there relaxed and he lowered himself on me and his dick went deeper inside me.

I moaned while his shaft went all the way and he lay down on me. I could hardly grasp that my ass seemed to adapt to the shape and the size of that thing inside of me as if it was totally OK. I felt weak, a strange feeling lingered all inside my abdomen and now that the pain was gone, I was starting to get a kick out of this. It's strange to admit, but somehow I was beginning to enjoy it. The pure thought that I had his dick in my ass was overwhelming.

Meanwhile he adjusted his position and just throughout moving his loin he started to fuck me for good. Whenever he pulled it out I gasped overcome by a sudden feeling of intense pleasure, something I had never felt before. It was so intense that I could hardly control myself and then he shoved it back in and I was relieved to have it all again, my ass fully filled up again, just like it wanted it to be in that moment. And by the way he panted above me, he was obviously enjoying it too.

His dick thrust in and out of me, rocking my ass and the rest of my body. I just lay there underneath him and tried to deal with these previously unknown feelings that had taken control of me. „Creat fucks me! Creat fucks me!“ was the only thought that overcame me again and again when slammed his loin against my ass and his balls slapped mine and I could feel the entirety of his dick between the soft hot fabric of my bowels.

He panted stronger, fucked me harder and faster and I just closed my eyes and allowed myself to be rocked by him, my eyelids flickered. Something inside my ass was triggering lust, pleasure, joy and more feeling I could hardly grasp all at one.

Finally he started to grunt above me and his thrusts pushed me over the bed. I rose my ass towards him to receive the full power of his blows. In accordance with my heartbeat my ass clenched around his dick now and with a last powerful thrust he came down on me.

He started to grunt, but that sound quickly transformed into a growl. He shivered and his dick which was in my ass up to the hilt seemed to grow and I moaned when I felt that it was suddenly starting to twitch within me and then I could feel an intense heat spreading inside my bowels and it seemed to spread throughout my body.

I was totally beat and tried to grasp what happened: I had that fucking twitching thing all the way in my ass and the heat that spread there was his cum. I moaned while he trembled above me and kept on moaning in delight. A shiver raced from the tip of my tail through my spine into my head. I felt powerless. Within a few moments his dick would shrink and leave my ass again and I was so dazed by now that I was not even sure if I wanted that to happen. My entire abdomen seemed to be tense and sparkle with strange excitement. I gasped for air like a fish out of water while I could feel like my ass could not hold all his spunk anymore, it was soaking the surrounding fur. I could feel it on the skin.

Creat collapsed onto my back, heavily breathing. He was exhausted and for the first time I could feel that the tension that seemed to have ruled his body all the time seemed to have left him. He was limp. „Your ass is heaven,“ he gasped while he moved his loin in order to pull his dick from my ass. And when it passed out of my tight ring again, a short almost physical feeling of regret overcame me. No matter how much I could have wanted to deny it: I had gotten used to enjoy the feeling of being stimulated by his dick in my ass.

He rolled over and lay by my side.

I woke when somebody shook me. It first I was much too dizzy to realize what happened or even where I was.

I turned around and blinked blindly.

„Time to go!“

A moment I recognized the stallion, Creat's bodyguard, standing next to the bed.

He made a gesture with his hand. „Get up! It's time!“

„What?“ It took me a while just to understand what he wanted from me.

„Get up. You must go!“

I must have looked at him with a very strange expression. I guess he knew that one, because he did not hesitate anymore and simply grabbed me and pulled me upwards.

„Hey! Hey!“ I shouted, but he had already pulled me out of the bed.

He held me by my chestfur and it hurt.

The stallion forced my clothes into my arms and pulled me outside.

„Fuck! What...?“ I just couldn't react I was still too busy and before I even had had any chance to do something I was already in the elevator and the door closed slowly.

The squirrel elevator boy stared me.

I blinked stupidly before I realized that I was still buck naked. I gulped and started to put on my pants while the elevator was descending.

„Fuck! What are you doing?“ I hissed through my gritted teeth.

The stallion didn't reply. „Just doing my job,“ he said finally while I was busy buttoning my fly.

I stared at him. „What?“

He did not answer me. He did not even dare to look into my eyes. I could see that despite his sun glasses.

„Did he tell you to do this?“ Shortly I waited for an answer. „Did he?“ I asked with more emphasis, starting to get excited.

He wet his lips. „Just doing my job,“ he repeated.

„Fuck! Job! Fuck you! This is as much part of your job as it is part of mine! Did he ask you to do it?“ I looked up at him.

The horse inhaled through his nostrils but did not say anything.

With a chime the elevator stopped and we stepped out into the parking garage I had seen the night before. The limousine was

already waiting for me, the driver was standing next to the opened door.

„Get in! And...“

A full-on roar of mine I silenced him. My canine teeth were bared right next to his face and when he looked at me he looked down my throat. It happened out of instinct but it was just what I had needed and it had had its effect on him, at least he looked frightened for a short instant and needed a moment to get back his professional stone face.

In the meantime I had slumped down inside the limousine, fuming with pointless rage.

The stallion inhaled, leaning on the door he said towards me:

„Listen, don't tell anyone about...“

„About fucking what?“ I yelled at him. „Nothing happened! Nothing happens and nothing will fucking ever happen! You know that he's about to fuck himself up. You know all the bullshit and instead of doing anything you play along with it! FUCK YOU!“ I showed him the finger.

For a moment he looked as if he wanted to say anything but instead he stood up and slammed the door shut.

„Whereto, sir?“ the driver asked.

„Do I look as if I fucking care...?“

Of course it all blew up in my face. I should have known.

It was not even because I had skipped the deconstruction of the Ribcage concert. But my replacement with the Bamson Boys screwed up big time and I was fired because my little scam came to light. It's not like I regret it though. Okay, I was jobless for some time but afterwards I got hired by a guy from a small indy record store and when he retired a few years back I bought him out. It was a choice I certainly don't regret.

So what's left to say? Well, Ribcage broke up when they tried to do a new album, a few months after the tour. There were rumors of quarrels within the band and legal battles ensued and all that BS, it was ugly. Thrak, the singer, went solo and is quite successful now. The other members hooked up with other bands. Except Creat, of course.

Creat simply vanished. There were rumors of him going solo and there were even some reportages about him in the magazines, that he was in the studio recording new material. But nothing was ever published. There were rumors about him getting in and out of rehab. And after some time even these vanished. Creat disappeared as if he had never existed at all.

Now I rarely put on *Metal Sun* or any other record from Ribcage for that matter anymore. I can't listen to Creat's guitar anymore, it's like feeling him again, writhing and twisting in my arms.

The End.