

# Keys are so passe

An original short story written by [MtG-Ti] Hoss, and based on art by [raptoral](#).

*“What’s the matter, bro~? You picked my tag, so I’m all yours~♥!”*

....

*...Anthro house parties were fucking **WILD!***

You’d been dragged kicking and screaming to one by your best-friend-on-campus (and possibly even the whole world) to get you out of your depressive funk and make you forget about how late all your papers were, *and how close you were to flunking out, and how you didn’t have a girlfriend*, but as soon as you crossed the threshold of the honestly *quaint* Greek Revival style house you were **balls-deep** in the middle of a **goddamn RAINFOREST!**

...Well, not **literally**, of course, but the way the place was decorated was **insane!** Yeah, that sure as hell woke you up and made you smell the gorillas in the mist! (No offence to any gorillas present, the few you’d met had **very good personal hygiene**...)

Some of the biggest, lushest, and **greenest** plants you’d ever seen ran from floor to ceiling without a pot in sight — *almost like they were growing straight out of the floor* — and some even served as **doors** in some places thanks to their massive leaves!

*An oddly **sweltering** humidity that made you work up a bit of a sweat — but that wasn’t muggy or uncomfortable in the slightest somehow — seemed to fill every nook and cranny the house had to offer, and you couldn’t stop yourself from taking big, deep, **relaxing** breaths to fill your lungs with the scent of **adventure**.*

There was also an ever-present soundtrack — *ambient, bird noises, rain, animal sounds and such* — that made you think you’d round a corner and come face to face with a flock of tropical birds sitting in a massive tree going straight through the camouflaged ceiling!

While each element on its own was so fantastical you didn’t doubt for a **second** that the fraternity wouldn’t be getting their safety deposit back, together they completed the illusion and made you *truly* feel like you’d been air-dropped into the middle of the Amazon!

***Oh no, you’d been air-dropped into the middle of the Amazon...***

*“Don’t worry, there aren’t any **bugs**,”* your friend reassured you, noticing the way you were trying to make yourself as small as possible and not bump into anything — *which was a hell of a challenge in certain places*. “At least not in **this** room,” he finished with an evil, teasing smile, getting a frightened squeal out of you when he ran the tip of his tail over the back of your neck.

...**Yeah**, your friend was right, you were feeling a **lot** better already! Punching snickering asshats in the shoulder always **did** calm you down and make you feel relaxed...

With the bug concern dealt with — *as long as you didn't have to eat any you didn't care if anyone else did* — you could take in just how beautiful beyond belief everything was... It must have cost a **mint!**

“What're you drinking, bug~? I mean, **bud!**” your soon-to-be-**former** best friend asked with a chuckle, nodding to a friendly looking anthro that appeared to be in charge of drinks.

“I can make you anything but Jungle Juice, **so don't even ask...**” the canine in charge of the booze said with the sort of shell-shocked, thousand-yard stare that told you he'd been asked one too many times for it already, *and that he really didn't want to risk getting expelled for even entertaining the idea...*

“Get him one of everything, but make 'em **virgin** so he can get straight to work on those papers he's overdue on when we get home~”

That was... *oddly considerate* of your feline friend... *You could choose to take issue with the way he said the word “virgin,” but his heart seemed to be in the right place, so you let it slide. This time.*

Didn't hurt that the drinks were **fan-fucking-tastic** either, and you made sure to let the mix-master know! ...*Which started off a round of applause that came from who knew where within the house and only ended after he took a couple of bows, a deep red blush lighting up his face like a scarlet macaw's.*

While the gesture seemed a tad grandiose and out of place, thinking back to the other animals you'd rubbed and bumped shoulders with on your way in, that summed up the crowd at the party pretty well, actually. *Everyone was so goddamn friendly that you were just about ready to bed over, take your spansks, and pledge for the frat on the spot!*

You'd expected to walk into an awkward wall-hugging kinda party where the pre-established cliques hung out together in tight packs and didn't give anyone else the time of day, but people **mingled** and you actually learned a couple new names and faces! *Here's hoping you'd still remember them at the end of the night... Seemed like you were the only human there, but that was alright, no one seemed against you being there, that was just the way the chips fell this time.*

Speaking of chips, some 'thro you hadn't met yet — *after having said hello to an entire classroom's worth of 'em* — walked up to you with the **biggest** smile on his face — *probably thanks to one of the delicious alcoholic cocktails* — and held out a **mystery box** that turned out to have some poker chips in it.

*Or maybe tags? Like the kind you'd see around a collar—?*

....

*“What’s the matter, Anon...? You have **no idea** how happy I am that you finally came to one of these, **and** that you picked **my** tag — if that isn’t **destiny**, I don’t know what is — but you seem a little... confused...? Are you alright, man...? Something going on...?”*

Your friend was— *Jesus H. Christ, your friend was **practically naked** and had the kind of **deliciously spankable ass** you’d only seen in your **dreams**, and that could put all but the most **posteriorly-blessed** girls on campus to shame!*

He’d popped out from behind some massive leaf just moments after you heard some sort of *cheer* — or maybe a **roar** — shake the whole frigging house, only to drag you by the arm into what you would eventually figure out was a bedroom...

You could only see the warmest, most heartfelt smile on his face and the cutest, rosiest blush in his cheeks, so maybe it was some kind of frat thing where you were liable to be spanked or soaked or **covered in bugs**, but—

*What you **didn’t** notice was what he was wearing. Not at first, anyway. You’d seen what he **wasn’t**, but there was a bright yellow banana hammock— ...g-string—? Some kind of **bikini bottom**, basically, or maybe the smallest, tightest Speedo in existence, that perfectly matched the **yellow collar he was wearing...***

*Why was he wearing a collar...?*

**Whatever**, you had more important things to worry about, *like why he was pulling his bottoms to one side and letting his **throbbing cock** and **churning nuts** pop out after locking the bedroom’s normal wooden door...*

*Or why it looked so tantalizing, and why you were getting **hard** just looking at him...*

*But why was he—?*

*“If you’d rather start slow, I’ve **always** wanted to suck your cock, dude~! Between you and me, I’ve even **dreamed** about it~♥ *The shape, the taste, the **feel** as you stretched out my throat for the first time and my eyes rolled back...!**

*“Your balls touching my chin as you **unloaded** right into my stomach as you called me a ‘good kitty’ — or maybe even a ‘good pussy’ — while holding back one last **rope** to paint my tongue with and let me chew on~♥*

*“...Do you think you’d be willing to pull my hair and play with my ears so I could take all of you and you could go **ham** on my face~? ...I wouldn’t really mind getting a bloody nose as long as I got it from you hammering your hips into me~♥ Though I’m totally fine with keeping things vanilla at first~!”*

You were— *You were so damn lost it must have shown through on your face because your BF — okay, that sounded **wrong** now, you weren’t even gay — lost some of the sparkle in his eyes...*

*“Bro...? Are you...? Don’t you want to...? Didn’t I...? Oh no... **I forgot to FUCKING tell you! STUPID, STUPID, STUPID! I’M SO FUCKING STUPID!**”* your clearly distraught friend started to scream as he banged his head against the wall

with each word after asking you a few half-questions and getting nothing but a blank stare in return.

*You had to put a stop to **that** before he hurt himself...!*

So, wrapping your arms around his chest and pulling him into yours, you traced your fingers through his fur and hushed him until he calmed down enough to just *talk to you* again.

If you had to guess — *and you were usually pretty good at guessing* — this party was his big move... The clues were certainly there now that you thought about it, *you'd just never **seen them** before tonight.*

Why he'd never had a girlfriend, why he liked to hang around you so much, why he— *Actually, **it didn't matter.** He liked you-liked you. **Obviously.** He'd wanted to take you someplace to make you feel better — *and he had* — and if he got the chance to make you feel better *himself*, well, even *betterer.**

*...To think he would've actually been willing to let you— But if you'd pulled someone else's—?*

*“Br-Bro...?”* he asked weakly, *clearly somewhat confused*, as he turned his head to face you at long last.

*...He was probably confused because you were **rock-solid** and wedged between his cushy asscheeks. Which were just as warm and soft as you thought they'd be when you saw them for the first time a couple minutes ago...*

*“Y-You don't have to—!”*

Your fingertips tracing through the fur on his chest and finding his nipples like heat-seeking missiles shut him up pretty quick. *Tracing circles around them until they were perky **kept** him quiet.*

*True*, you'd never thought about him — *or any other guy, anthro or human* — in **that way**, but after everything he'd done for you—

**No, no excuses!** *This wasn't some tit-for-tat bullshit. You either liked him enough to want to fuck him, or you didn't, and you **did.** Best friend, ride or die, friends to the end... This wouldn't change anything between you! ...Except for maybe who got the good controller when you played video games together.*

*You were gonna **fuck your best friend** and that was that!* So the second you felt the start of a purr, you traced one hand down towards his slowly hardening member and gave him the *helping hand* you knew he needed.

*“**Aahn~♥!**”* he moaned, arching his back and pressing his bubble-butt into your cock even harder.

You didn't want him to bend over just yet, though, and an arm crossed over his chest accomplished just that, even if he *did* mewl sadly since you weren't playing with either of his nipples anymore.

A few powerful strokes that got him to full hardness replaced the sad sound with an excited one that came out muffled around the fingers you'd stuck in his mouth and let him suck on.

*"F-Fffffuuuuuck, please, I want it so bad, bro...!"*

*Course he did.* That much was obvious after everything he went through to try and get you to dump a hot load in his tight little ass.

*...That sounded even gayer out loud somehow,* but your cock didn't really care all that much anymore.

Guiding his hands to the wall so he wouldn't be flattened against it when you started thrusting, his bottoms ripped just as easily as you'd hoped and were discarded without a second thought.

*You **needed** free and unrestricted access to that ass, after all...*

Holding out your palm for him to lick and give you some lube to work with, your bro dragged his drooling licker up, down, and sideways over every nook and cranny your hand had to offer before mumbling out that he'd already *pre-lubed* and dripping some of his *own lube* onto the floor.

Unable to hold back any longer, you ran your slick palm over your shaft just to be safe, squared up your cock, grabbed hold of the base of his tail, and ***thrust like your life depended on it.***

The shriek he let out as you buried every inch you had inside him on the first go certainly *sounded* surprised, but the way you slid right in and he gushed more clear fluid onto the wall and ground before reaching a hand around to grab one of your asscheeks told you he ***loved it.***

*"I I-love you, br-bro~♥!"*

*...That too.*

Kissing the back of your pretty kitty's head, you got to work sawing everything you had into him *with* everything you had in pursuit of making him both cum and *meow*. Your orgasm was guaranteed but secondary to your new missions, and as you soldiered on like a machine, your friend picked up the hint pretty quickly.

*"R-Right there~! Oh **fuck**~! H-H-How are you so **good** at this!?"* he mewled, having to lean against the wall and support himself on his forearms.

*...You had no idea, but necessity was the mother of invention or something like that.*

All you knew was he was hot, he was tight, *and you wanted to grind his hips **and** his p-spot to **dust.*** The rest just came naturally as you pulled on his tail — *gently at first, and then **roughly** when he told you to* — and yanked on his collar from behind.

With his legs *quivering* and his arms *limp*, you were the only thing keeping him from face-planting into the wall and you ***loved it.*** If he was still trying to cheer you up, the

rush of adrenaline you got from dominating him so **thoroughly** sure as hell did the trick.

*“A-Anytime you want! Wh-Wherever you want~! I-I’m **yours**, daddy~!”* he suddenly blurted out as he blew hot streams of cum against the wall that collected into an ever-growing puddle on the floor.

*You couldn’t be sure, but you **may** have just told him — in your delirium, naturally — that his ass was **yours**, he was **your** boyfriend, and he’d **hike his tail and spread his cheeks whenever YOU wanted...***

*Yeah, **wow**, you were apparently an entirely different person when you were balls-deep in cat-guts...! Couldn’t say you hated it, but you’d have to watch yourself if you didn’t want to get **addicted** to turning your best-bro **inside out...***

***Fuck**, just recognizing that fact made you want to—*

*“**INSIDE~! PLEASE~! Please, please, please, please, please—!**”* your bitch for the night — *and every other night, for that matter* — suddenly started begging, feeling your thrusts and hearing your breath getting ragged as you rapidly approached your **finale**.

...It wasn’t like you had plans to *pull out*, but it was nice to have permission and not have to ask if he wanted to get creamed or spin around and swallow your load like he’d mentioned earlier.

*Though adding some **white stripes** to his back didn’t sound like all that bad an idea either...*

Shutting him up by wrapping both hands around his waist and jack-hammering his prostate earned the white puddle on the floor another load, and as his soft, luscious body tried its hardest to wring your cum out of you, you decided to stop fighting it and give it what it wanted.

So with a mighty roar you didn’t know you had in you — *something Tarzan-like and undoubtedly **cringe*** — you soaked your bro’s insides with rope after rope of white-hot human cum as you wrapped your arms around his chest and pulled him back into you.

*If you’d been in front of a mirror, you would’ve seen his eyes dilate like **nuts**, or his tongue stick out in a cute little **blep**, but with your own eyes closed, it took everything you had not to pass out or fall backwards as the best orgasm of your **life** ran its course.*

Your nuts churned like they were working overtime, *throbbing and jumping and tapping against **his***; your cock felt longer, harder, and **thicker** than ever before as it moved all that cum as quickly and **forcefully** as it could; and somewhere along the way you sank your teeth into his shoulder, **drew blood**, and got that “meow” you were hoping for...

Marking your bro as a bonafide **bitch** wasn't how you expected to end the night, but it was a small price for both of you to pay if he wanted to be your **pet** like he kept babbling on and on about as you really **did** fall backwards onto the bed that had been there the whole time...

**Fuck!**

.....

"Are you **sure** you aren't mad at me...?" your misty-eyed and **thoroughly** drained kitty-cat whispered in your ear, tracing a paw over your chest and breathing in your scent.

...What was there to be mad about? Well, that he was **maybe** going to let you fuck someone else if you drew their tag, but—

"There weren't any other tags in that box~♥ They were **all** yellow~♥ I got a little... **help** from the frat-bros, but I also had a change of clothes and collar ready **just in case** someone tried pulling a fast one~♥"

Clever girl...

"So does this mean—? Do you really...?" he asked fearfully, stopping everything to just look at you.

...Yeah. **Probably**. You'd let him know if anything changed, but for now...

"Wanna go for round **two**, then~?" he purred, that same paw from earlier heading south to wrap around your—

"**Oh~!** Can I take that as a yes~?"

He could take it however, whenever, and wherever he wanted. *Friends* — especially **boyfriends** — didn't let their (boy)friends get pent up, after all.