

## BASEMENT LOUNGE NIGHT

“She has no idea what she’s doing right now.”

“Literally completely out of it.”

Jeff sat with her back against the corner of the basement lounge, grabbing with alternating hands at invisible points in the air. Earlier in the night she had been wearing underwear, but as she sat presently, Corbin, Vernon, and Mitchel could all see her balls and cock within her skirt.

Corbin began, “I am... well actually I am the most drunk, but I also have the highest tolerance. Am I babysitter?”

Vernon, Corbin’s younger brother, said, “Oh my god I had two hard apple ciders, I am literally still sober I can be her babysitter.”

Jeff let out a bark. Kind of a high-pitched, “Rrrarf!”

The basement lounge had a green carpet, wood paneled walls, and some display shelves and cases with mostly gaming memorabilia, little character figurines or framed medallions or collector’s edition contents. The space smelled a little bit like tobacco and mostly like hard cider breath and whiskey breath. Of course, a big TV on one wall, and a couch facing it, although Jeff was sat in a corner far away from the TV, far away from the couch, kind of just in a nothing corner that happened to not even have any clutter in it at the moment.

At the call of her bark, a jingling collar and a clatter of pawsteps came down the stairs.

Austin, a mix of Pit Bull, Lab, and who knew what else, went right to Jeff and pressed the side of himself against her to be

pet. Jeff did pet him, rubbing back and forth on the dog's shoulders and sides, and cooing deep dog noises, "arrrooo" and "agghh." Soon after Austin's arrival, Jeff was toppled onto the floor fully, laying on her side there in the corner.

Austin, the Pit Bull / Lab / etc mix, stuck his nose into Jeff's skirt and started licking.

Vernon, Corbin's younger brother, began, "Woah um—Austin hey!"

The dog kept licking, only wagging at his name being called.

Corbin gave a shrill whistle.

Austin stopped licking inside of Jeff's skirt, and moved up to licking Jeff's face, giving thoughtful licks to her lips and eyes; her face faded back and forth between reciprocating interest and delirious unrelated doings. Jeff did, some of the time, kiss Austin back.

Corbin suggested, "Mission accomplished?"

Vernon countered, "Well..."

Mitchel chimed in, "This is uh... within her interests."

Corbin asked, "Oh?"

Mitchel went on, "We were talking about furry stuff, and this is like. She's okay with this, I'm like, ninety percent sure."

Jeff deftly disrobed of her remaining clothes and threw the top and skirt away from herself. She and Austin made out on the green carpet on their sides, Austin pulling at her with his forepaws and Jeff grinding her now-hard dick against the dog's sheath.

"She is literally gone-gone."

"This... wow."

Mitchel mentioned, "They've... done this before, I think."

"Seems like it."

Jeff stopped making out, nuzzled her face under Austin's chin into his neck, and apparently fell asleep.

Austin licked her shoulder blades a little bit longer, and then rolled over and burrowed his back into her to little spoon.

Jeff was soon snoring and Austin appearing fast asleep with her.

"I really don't care about what we just saw."

"Yeah they seem good."

"Yeah."

“Let’s... agree to be really really nice about this?”

“Yes.”

“On board.”

“No jokes.”

“right.”

“Right, solemn.”

“Like, when she comes-to from obviously being black out right now, let’s make it obvious we know and that’s fine, she can be like this.”