

Morningstar was slouched over the outdoor railing, mingling, drinking, and partying the night away. It was Oktoberfest in Helen again and of course her and Dick weren't going to miss the chance to bar crawl in fucking Germanville if they could manage it in. Plus, it wasn't like it was expensive since she'd show a little bit more tit and Dick would chat up people who flew in and all was merry and their tabs were covered for them.

While Dick was chatting up some snowbirds and "new yorca"s, she just watched and sipped. This night was more full of ghosts than Halloween. People bathing in beer tend to have more of those than children in silly hats. So she wore her sunglasses at night to see less of them and earplugs to hear less. She'd lie if it didn't add to the atmosphere.

She noticed something different though.

Thank whoever she was warmed up enough to be curious.

A fucking wolf.

She slowly left her corner and went out through the crowd to see if it was what she thought. Expecting it to be something mildly cool she told Dick while he was dragging her back to their hotel room.

But, nope it was a bit cooler than that.

He noticed her back.

That was common. What wasn't was when he led her away. Purposefully checking back to make sure she was following every few steps until they were in a spot a bit more crowded. Where she could talk to herself without getting the cops called or get filmed. Normal shit.

Not normal when it went from wolf to wolf man.

"Not what I was expecting."

He chuckled, before talking in a thick accent. "You weren't what I expected either."

"Well, what do you want?"

"My brother's out back."

She guessed the familiar path, "Need me to pass something on?"

"Oh god no," he waved a hand up, "He's just having a panic attack in the alley and I wanted someone to check on him."

“Oh shit, ok.”

That was different, a lot easier if he wasn't annoying or something. She did notice his nose wrinkle, “Plus you have some things.. in common.”

“Fuck does that mean?”

He brushed her off casually, “Eh, you'll see. Just pay him a visit, yes?”

“If he's a wolf guy, sure.”

“Then you won't be disappointed.”

She got up as he went back to being a normal wolf ghost. So she just inched her way back to Dick before she left. She wanted to make sure he knew where she was, so all she had to do was blow in his ear to get him to acknowledge and be fine with it. He was grossed out when she kissed his ear before she left but it got everyone around him to giggle and stay lively.

She stepped through the gate and followed through to the back. Thankfully she was still going in a straight line. By the time she could pop out the ear plugs she could hear exactly what he was talking about.

Hyperventilating and bawling.

And then she saw what wolf guy meant, or at least what she thought wolf guy meant. Second guess was the leg thing, wolf guy noticed her limp and thought that was similar to the leg prosthetic. The first thing just made her mentally cringe. Was wolf guy transphobic? Please don't tell her that. That'd suck.

Still she approached and got attention from the other wolfie, seeing the head scarf where she know those ears were raise. Adorable.

“You good?”

Wolfie paused for a moment, stifling some tears to think.

“...No.”

She walked over to sit down next to that ball of agony. Before she could ask anything, she was asked with a weird amount of hope, “How did you find me?”

“Sicko sixth sense.”

“What?”

“Yeah,” Once she got herself settled down, she turned and asked, “So, what’s going on?”

She heard some cries and some dog-like whimpers before hearing a very obvious lie, “It’s.. It’s nothing.”

Morningstar could still see and hear that it wasn’t nothing. It was enough not nothing that she was called here. So she gently patted wolfie’s cheek and tried to reassure, “Is it, puppy?”

Apparently her unending charm worked and wolfie leaned on into her touch. Melting in a moment as if anywhere near rigid a moment ago. “Noooo....”

“Now what happened?”

“I got abandoned here...”

“Who did that to you?”

“My boyfriends,” oh polyandry sweet, “they wanted to go here to get wasted. I can’t. They haven’t come looking for me for... hours.”

“Oh poor fucking thing,” she gently pet woflie’s long hair. “Are you even from around here?”

“Of course not. We flew down to have a vacation in North Georgia. I didn’t know what that entailed and didn’t want to be left alone.”

“What assholes.”

Wolfie just nodded and wept a little more. Morningstar could feel it a little. She and Dick might as well be the same person with how little they wanted to be apart and how bad their separation anxiety could be. She couldn’t imagine trading places there.

“What have you been up to while left in a wet cardboard box all alone?”

“Ehh...” wolfie grimaced, “Mostly just having back to back panic attacks and such to the point I feel like I’ve died.”

“You aren’t dead, if you were I could tell.”

“Thank you,” wolfie started to lean on her, which she accepted. It was a cutie who was allowing her to be mad at some men while being someone she wanted to imagine pregnant. She was perfectly fine with patting some backs and lending an ear.

“Did they do something to extra to blast you straight to hell or is it just them being dicks and the environment?”

“Well... I d..hmf. Probably... That’s a bad answer, isn’t it.”

“Of course not. Kill them.”

Wolfie giggled a little, “No, no. I just want them to look for me. Probably something else too but... I don’t even know what that would be.”

“Die.”

“Not that.”

“Apologize for being the absolute worst?”

“...Yeah.”

Even with lightening up a little, poor fucking thing was still clearly in a state of crying it out a little more. Luckily, she made a good anchor to hold on to. Pros of getting a boob job.

After a while though, Morningstar’s not-shitty boyfriend did come to get her to make sure she wasn’t kidnapped or something. She felt bad showing her Dick to wolfie, but he probably had some bullshit up his sleeve.

“Hey, Morning,” he called out. To which she turned her head to see him, gay ass hand on his hip that was enough to make her snort. He just rolled his eyes a little and walked closer to see both her and who she was with.

“Hey Dick. Sorry, that’s my boyfriend and that’s his name I’m not being mean,” he rolled his eyes as wolfie looked up, clearly a little hurt and jealous, “Dick, you came at the worst time. This is...”

“Gena.”

Nice to have a name to the face.

“And you just came after the world’s shittiest boyfriends didn’t come.”

“I’m sorry I’m not a shitty boyfriend,” he blew a raspberry at Morning before turning his attention to Gena, “Are they the tall buff ginger and the guy who kept talking about how many times he got hit by trucks?”

Gena looked shocked, and Morning had to admit she did not see the level of fucking precognition he had, “...Did they mention me?”

“Of course, wouldn’t have guessed them otherwise.”

Gena's shock turned to hope, "...Did they mention they were trying to find me?"

Dick had this look on his face. That look that meant he felt bad and was going to lie to not make Gena cry harder. She wasn't going to let him do that, "No. If they did, they would be here."

Dick hissed through his teeth at his plan foiled, "I'm sorry."

"I expected it."

"If you want I can't still get them to you or you to them?"

Gena looked to the side and still nuzzled further into Morningstar, "I... don't want to go back right now. Thank you."

She could smell something rotten there that she couldn't put her finger on and she knew Dick did too. So she gave him a look that he returned, still he asked first, "We can take you to your hotel room, too."

"I.. Um.." Gena stammered uncomfortably.

"If you're not feeling safe we can take you back to ours' instead," she offered as well.

"I'd appreciate that, thank you."

Morning could swear she could almost see a tail wagging from under that skirt. Same place she saw it on the wolf man she had the jury still out on. Dick still offered hands to help them both up, Gena clearly a bit surprised to be yanked around like a feather by someone with a swimmer's build. Morningstar didn't say anything--yet--but she thought it was funny.

Dick led them back on a short--if they knew where they were going--walk back to the hotel. His only major shortcut being going behind the buildings until they were out of view of the bar they were previously at.

While they walked back they talked a little as Gena tried hard to dry those tears. Most of it just some banter that meant nothing between Morning and Dick. Filling the air. They did have an awkward time trying to refer to Gena with anything outside of a name, Dick seeming to have a similar experience with pronouns from talking to the boyfriends. They just genuinely couldn't tell if they were being asshole or not. Gena did not help. Dick did not help either by stopping Morning from asking if he was "partying like a she/her" or "rocking like a he/him" right now. He was trying to phrase it delicately as if not to seem like boyfriends are assholes or as if Dick's name was not a misnomer. They settled on she/her since despite fighting for their lives they got nothing.

Probably because she was still focused on not crying the entire time to answer his overly riddles 3. Did not want to scare her with his gender. Whatever. Not Morning's fault he's a pussy. She was gonna tease the shit out of him for it later.

The focus on not crying did mean whenever they brought her back to the hotel room she didn't notice the pineapple sign at least. Maybe... Just maybe... they had other plans they had been doing this fest.

Once in, Morning set her down on the cuck chair—Dick did not like that she called it that out loud—while he cleared any additional shit from the bed they weren't using.

"I'm sorry, I need to let them know I'll be gone..." She took a moment and took out her phone, to text something out, "Thank you both again."

"Of course," she responded, "I'll see if we have any snacks or something."

Gena smiled back at both of them. Of course when she opened it, there weren't any. There was like an opened water, one of those nasty starbucks coffees that neither of them liked, no food, and a blueberry truly. Bad selection. "Do you like those awful starbucks coffees?"

"No, sorry."

"I'll go get us something from a vending machine, we have just about nothing else."

"Oh you d—"

"It's fine. Don't worry about it. What would you like?"

"I have no idea what they have. Um.."

"I'll get what I think you'd like, anything you're allergic to, can't have, vegan or some shit?"

"I'm allergic to grapes and chocolate."

"Oh those guys really are assholes," really, taking someone who can't have beer or chocolate to the little town of beer and chocolate is just cruel, "I gotcha."

She stepped out to the vending machines. She got a few cokes, ginger ale since Dick's taste buds were broken, waters, pretzels, chips, but she struggled to figure out what Gena would like. She knew she was a wolf and from the things she said it was probably that she like... had a dog gut too? Or it was just a really funny coincidence.

She fumbled to her phone to look up what junk food dogs could eat. She quickly fumbled said phone back into her pocket after she got the obvious answer of “please don’t.” She settled on like a Slim Jim and some plain Pringles. Dogs would like that, probably.

So transitive property wins yet again.

So she took her yield back, like a mighty gatherer cave woman, and barely got the door open with the key card.

Dick and Gena were talking, a little close and clearly giggling about something. Gena looked a lot better.

“Hopefully this works? Don’t know all the wolfie tastebuds but I hope I got it right.”

“Yeah thi-” Gena had it click a moment later, “What’s with the name?”

“Sicko sixth sense.”

Dick looked like he wanted to kill himself.

She watched as Gena’s nose wrinkled, trying to get a read on her with a bit of a head tilt. *Ouppyy...* “What does that mean?”

“Oh she’s...”

“Ghosts.”

Dick did not want to be having this conversation right now, or ever really. She threw a coke at him to shut him up and make him focus on something else for a moment.

“Heh?”

“Saw a ghost big russian wolf guy that said he was your brother tell me to find you. I assumed that’s not, like, a him issue.”

Gena clearly was a little gobsmacked. Clearly she recognized that a lot. Dick on the other hand was trying to think of something to say in case Gena was about to blow up about his crazy girlfriend. He didn’t not believe her, he just had the very delicate job of making sure she didn’t get into trouble. All of that with his ability to kiss more ass than a public toilet.

Morning just added in more issues, “Like wolf wolf into like guy with ears and a tail.” She even did like a stupid little finger motions where it was.

Gena was still a bit skeptical, but looked to mentally weigh it. She seemed to like them, though, so she flashed those ears. "Makes sense."

Morningstar--of course--was not surprised at all and just dealt out snacks. Dick... clearly did not expect that to happen. However, his bullshit tolerance was strong, so he just put on a brave face and drank a coke.

She just gave it casually, "This good?"

Gena nodded, "It does. Thank you again."

"Of course, don't sweat it."

Gena happily broke into one of the waters. After a few moments of silence, she spoke up, "Oh, by the way, nice sign."

Oh please, whoever is up there or down below, let it be true. Wolf hole? Wolf dick? On the table? Please.

Dick said something before she could utter any combination of those words, "Oh, you noticed?"

"Yeah," Gena laughed a little, "It's been a minute since I've done anything, or at least had it be fun."

"Fun?" Morningstar couldn't help but be interested in what that meant.

"Oh goodness..."

Dick was finally a step ahead, "Wait are you referring to c--"

"Cuckoldry," Gena shook her head, "Oh did Virgo talk about it in public?"

"Unfortunately."

"Yeah, that sounds about right. I mean he even got matching shirts."

Morningstar needed to know more, "No way?"

"Yes. He's tried to get me to wear this fucking shirt that says," Gena looked like this physically hurt to say, "Cuck Wife. Not only period, but in public. I would rather kill myself in front of him."

She lost her shit at the mental imagery. Sad dog, outside, all alone, in a shirt that says cuck wife. Perhaps, even, with there being matchies out there waiting for her. Holy shit, "That's awful. I want one."



"Absolutely not," Dick hissed out.

"If it snuck its way into my luggage, you can have the damn thing."

She just kept up her giggling fit as it clearly spread a little. She had to admit she had started sobering up a good bit, but she still had that nice slight buzz that made everything that little bit better. Once she cooled down more, she dipped into her coke.

Dick spoke out before she could, "So... Are you interested in having a 'fun' time?"

Gena faux-thought about before going, "Why the fuck not... If you're okay w-"

"We are," Morningstar happily interjected.

"Oh I meant-"

Morningstar took her top off. Not to be, like, a skeeve trying to jump in, but, to show off her "disabled girl swag," meaning unreal amount of scars, and happy trail. "Trust, it's fine."

Dick was clearly as embarrassed, as always, but Gena totally got it.

***"The one where Kirke can't write a sex scene so you're just gonna have to imagine this one"***

Dick put some hair behind his ear as he cooled off. Peeling up with some slight "post-workout" jitters. He took his strap off and got his stupid toothy grin back on, "I can get you some water and clean you off if you'd like. If not, that's cool too."

Gena looked at him, reaction somewhere between "grew another head" and "just saw an angel."

"C'mon it's just basic aftercare."

Then she uttered one of the scariest sentences someone could possibly utter, "...What's aftercare."

Of course he didn't realize how horrific that was, until no one could hide their fucking horror.

Dick tried to handle it delicately, "What do you normally do after sex?"

"Well normally he falls asleep right after," Gena replied, clearly feeling embarrassed, "Then I go and clean myself up after and dissociate in the bathtub until he either wants more or I'm ready to try to fall asleep."

"That's fucking horrifying," Morningstar blurted out.

She reached up and scratched her ear, "Well, I only recently learned I could cum during sex. I'm not new to sex... I'm just-"

"New to good sex."

Gena whimpered a little, "Pretty much."

Dick paused for a moment, took a deep breath in, "We're changing that right now."

He didn't even need to say anything for Morning to help out and bring over some water, which Gena happily accepted even if tentative about what all was about to happen. That being that after she finished up and turned down any food, he hoisted her up and took her to the shower. Morningstar knew from experience, and from his reaction, he had it handled.

Meanwhile, she got to clean up. Which, boo, but also meant she got first dibs on the remote and whatever snacks she got. So she got rid of the cum towel, got out new clothes, and sat out a set of drinks and snacks on the center table. For Gena she just put down one of their shirts, the clothing pool was so muddied after living together as long as they had and being around the same size, but she guessed that she wouldn't mind. She even put Gena's phone on the charger to be nice, and resisted every nosy bone in her body from having to pry through people's phones before to check if either boyfriend said a thing. After her duty was near done, she cut on the tv. Flipping through to something that looked remotely interesting, which was just adult swim because hotel selection was always ass and a thousand times more so at night.

She just watched Bob's Burgers for however long it took for them to wrap up. She expected it to be long. Tearing through a coke, just turning her brain off at funny cartoon until her brain melted.

Of course, after an episode and a billion ads between, they were out. They smelled like wet dog, gross, but they were blow dried at least. Dick looked happy though and Gena looked entirely chilled. He helped her get dressed and relax into the other bed, sitting down too and whispering

things Morning couldn't pick up. She did her best, resisted in the best way possible, to say "do what?" and ruin the moment.

What she did notice was Gena whipping tears from her eyes.

She scooted over, "Oh, what's wrong?"

"I'm sorry it's just," Gena sniffled, "I'm not used to this."

She moved from the bed she was on to theirs, reaching over to pet between those ears, "Oh you're perfectly fine."

"Mmm," she pouted, "I feel bad, because this is so nice, it makes everyone I've ever been with seem like such an asshole."

"They are," Dick batted her to shut her mouth after she said that. He cooed, "I'm so sorry."

"Don't be. I'm the one crying like a bitch."

Morning snorted, Dick lightly thumped her arm, "It's normal. We don't mind."

"That too, everything is... normal. Everything good. I just wonder what else am I missing?"

"It's not supposed to be miserable, if it was, no one would do it," Dick said softer than he likely knew his girlfriend would've, "The goal is to be a good time for everyone."

"I just wished I realized that sooner into my adult life," she clearly had some sense of annoyance. Morning had to imagine she'd be as pissed and sad as she was. No aftercare until literally right now, years of not cumming, and whatever other horrible thing she did not know about before this.

"There's old people virgins, better now than never."

"You're right. I feel awful feeling so..." Gena pondered on the right word for a moment, making some noises that didn't piece into anything, "Unloved? Oh that's awful."

Morningstar shrugged a little, "I would too."

"I just want to be treated like this," she mused softly, sniffing a little more.

She eased in a little more, embracing the two people she was surrounded with and thankfully going a little dry eyed. She spoke with an extra deadpan, "I'm going to kill them."

"Good idea," Morning egged on. Gena smiled a little at that. It was awkward, Gena clearly wasn't the smiling type or was a bit of the Melania Trump type. That seemed to ease her worries though as she shook it off and got comfortable with them. Just watching the shitty cartoons, slowly drifting asleep, clearly feeling something she wasn't used to.

Morning and Dick felt a little proud of themselves.

With Gena finally conked out and looking adorable with it, Dick did the evil thing of squeezing out and walking to the porch. Get some night air. Practice spitting in a cup. Normal stuff. At least Gena didn't seem to stir, looking unbelievably comfortable to the point Morning was lying if she weren't envious. He tried his best to be quiet. She just sipped on a coke and tried not to giggle at him. She waited a moment before she, too, got up.

"Soo..." Morning walked on the porch behind Dick, "Did you ever ask?"

"Ask what?"

"Pronouns."

Dick looked guilty, "...No."

Morningstar cackled like fucking banshee hearing that, "Shit, all the republican old men you talk to are rotting your brain."

"I just don't wanna be rude," he brushed off.

"Asking for what's in someone's twitter bio is rude. Not fucking someone in the ass, of course, that's totally modest behavior."

Dick prickled and it only made her laugh harder. "You're never going to let me live this down, are you?"

"Of course not. Already put down a not by Gena's beside saying 'Damn sorry Dick's a shit-for-brains whatchya pronouns.'"

He just buried his face in his hands, "Did you write it like you said it?"

"What do you think." She liked saying it like that since it made some light drain from his eyes.

"Please get rid of it."

"Absolutely not, stop being a poser."

He just shook his head and let out a few laughs at that too.

"Well how was wolf hole?"

"You are so eloquent with words. What do you want me to say? Anything but good?"

She snorted, "Just curious."

"Have to say that's gotta be up there as the weirdest thing I've learned to be real. Still she seems really cool. If only she lived closer."

"You'd swear yourself to the temple of wolf hole?"

"Can you say literally anything else?"

His suffering was amusing. Still, to try and save face, especially losing two rounds of banter to utter embarrassment, "What do you think we're in for tomorrow morning?"

"With the boyfriends?"

"Virgo and Karina."

"I don't know how you meet them once and you just commit their names to memory."

"It's a skill earned by being a 'poser.'"

"Whatever, what do you think is wrong with them?"

"They were mostly uh..."

"Freaks?"

"I'm trying to be nice. Let me live."

"Good freaks or bad freaks?"

"Somewhere in there. Plenty of times Karina offered to shove Virgo into a closet, and he just laughed it off. So he's probably just a shitty dom. Virgo on the other hand," he looked mildly uncomfortable, "I don't know what's wrong with him. Like he talked about, like, normal weird sex things which is fine. It happens in good company. At the same time he kept bringing up how he kept getting hit by trucks and cars. I don't.. I don't even know what to do with that information."

"So, lousy in bed and probably unhinged or immortal?"

"My read on them. Doesn't mean we shouldn't be careful."

"Absolutely. If anything goes wrong we'll kill them."

"Absolutely," he nodded in agreement.

They just watched out from the balcony quietly for a moment. Not too long... They weren't quiet people... For a moment though.

"Do you think the shower's good for me to enter now?"

"It's a hotel shower, they don't get cold."

"Like I mean it doesn't smell like wet dog anymore."

"Probably, dork."

"Don't judge me for my concern."

"I'll judge you all I like."

"Then will you judge me for asking you to take a shower with me?"

"What if I did? We could both slip and fall."

"I'll lock you out here."

He giggled a bit, both clearly a little giddy before doing the whole quiet routine before Morning got her shower. She did really tease the shit out of him, just in a different way. Soon enough, they both fell the fuck asleep on the other bed.

And just as seemingly soon enough, Morningstar awoke. It wasn't anything fun though, she just fell on her ass off the side of the bed due to a mix of her sleeping sideways and Dick stealing her warmth like a lizard. She did notice Gena was awake. They awkwardly waved at each other as she hauled herself up. Also meant she got to check on the note, even if turning on the light made Dick hiss and cower back under the covers.

"Boy? Don't care."

It was that easy.

Hilarious.

She took the pen and drew a little penis on Dick's slightly exposed arm as some payback for A. Not having balls and B. Republican. She offered Gena the pen. He declined. She drew another for him.

She let him turn whatever he wanted on the tv, him just choosing some quiet animal documentary thing. Morning would've guessed that a wolfboy would already know all of this but it was probably like them cats watching videos of squirrels and fish. As long as he was happily fixated, she was fine.

So they just stayed up, lights dim until morning came. She learned a bunch of shit she was never going to retain but it was fine since it was entertaining this early. Plus, she didn't want to just leave Gena the only one awake. She had no idea when his boyfriends were going to haul their asses up.

Speaking of asses being hauled up, Dick woke up with the sun and was awfully surprised to be the last one up. So he joined the group watching after it got bumped to full volume and they all just relaxed and waited.

And waited.

Dick eventually got the free breakfast for everyone. Like a mighty powerful cavewoman hunting and gathering, too, of course. They ate...

And waited...

Gena tried calling his boyfriends.

No answer.

More waiting.

They got through a cable showing of a Marvel movie.

Still nothing, more waiting.

After it was fucking noon he considered just leaving and just going out on the town on a trio instead of waiting. They were fine getting ready and taking him, but they knew each bit ticking by just made him more and more pissed. He was clearly happy to be there with them, no shit he clearly would've just been abandoned outside all alone like a sad little kitten, but hell hath no fury.

Of course after a whole fucking night and half a day, then someone finally knocked on the door.

Finally, even if Morningstar was ready just to keep him.

Gena was the one who went to answer, giving them the world's fakest smile. He looked like he smelt shit. Morning let out a chuckle as she and Dick stood back to keep an eye out for how much of a shitshow this would be.

"Gena!" The first of the two launched in, looking clearly worried and stickish. She could hear Gena growl immediately. He was a little pathetic looking. She did see what she could guess was genuine worry, but she really did not give a shit what he thought.

Then there was the second one. She could tell from his face this was probably the Dom guy, Karina, but his appearance freaked her the fuck out. Not in like a "he's scary and fucked up" sort of way, more that he just looked like if she was a guy, sans an eye of course. He's ginger, all scared up, a little bitchy in the face, thought admittedly a lot taller and more ripped. She could tell from this moment she either had to become one with him or kill him and assert there can only be one.

"You left me for 12 hours."

That was a nice dose of no bullshit. Especially since she could see Virgo get visibly incredibly uncomfortable, she knew it worked.