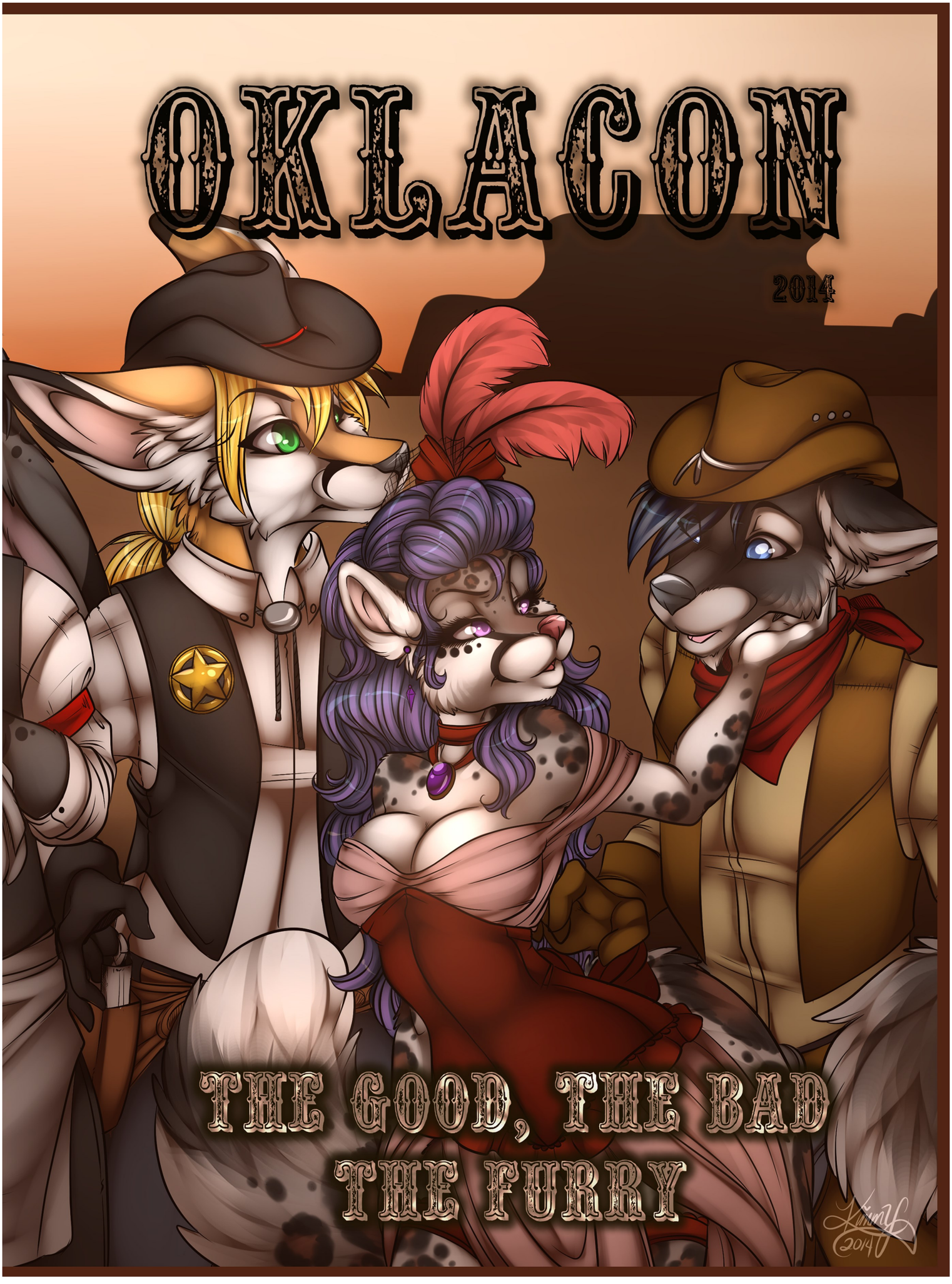

OKLACON
2014
THE GOOD, THE BAD
THE FURRY


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OKLACON



http://www.furaffinity.net/user/opturk/



About Oklacon

We find ourselves at the beginning of a week full of adventure, excitement, and life-long friends you're about to meet for the first time! Gathering for our twelfth year next to crackling campfires under starry skies, Oklahoma's own furry convention brings together the most talented, creative, and downright awesome members of the furry fandom.

Thanks to awesome furs like you, we have grown steadily from the first outdoor format convention in the United States to become the largest outdoor furry convention in the world! We have a fully packed schedule of events that include outdoor activities like Predator and Prey, fun and interesting panels, art as far as the eye can see, and dances that will have you partying into the wee hours of dawn!

Ever changing, Oklacon is experimenting with a few new things this year: We've refined our menus, streamlined our registration process, and many of our evening events are taking place at the Roman Nose State Park Lodge, just a two minute drive away. As we continue to grow, we've worked hard to keep our outdoor feel intact, while growing certain other events in the indoor space that the lodge offers to provide unique experiences for every taste.

If you haven't figured it out yet, we operate at a different pace here. Instead of the often-cramped, nose-bleed pace of regular conventions, we embrace and thrive on wide open spaces. No one hides in their room: we share experiences in the most gorgeous location Oklahoma has to offer. Age, race, even species have no place here. The lines of separation that styles, wealth, cliques, packs, groups, and sub-cultures place between us are erased this weekend. No matter from what walk of line you came from, at Oklacon, We are one family and we walk this trail together!

So, fill up your canteen, grab a walking stick, pocket your camera, and find a new face. There's a whole wilderness out there, just waiting for ya!



ABOUT US

OUR CHARITY

What is This Year's Charity?

Bringing furs together is the reason Oklacon continues to exist in such a strong spirit today. For 2014, Oklacon has selected WildCare Foundation, a non-profit organization dedicated to wildlife rehabilitation. Since 1984, WildCare has existed to take in injured or orphaned wild animals with the goal of releasing recovered and healthy animals back into their natural habitat. A long-time stable of native wildlife, long-term care facility in Oklahoma, just outside of Norman, WildCare is unlike many other similar facilities. There are no opportunities to tour the facility as a public visitor, as contact with humans can reduce the changes for successfully keeping wildlife wild and releasable and independent upon their recovery and re-release.

Every year WildCare rehabilitates over 4,500 wild animals. Many of these animals successfully recover and re-enter the wild. Some animals are severely injured or otherwise are unable to be released, and WildCare provides excellent and attentive end-of-life care for these animals with an expert clinic and nursery team. Due to their exemplary record as wildlife rehabilitators, WildCare has received special Federal Government permits that allow them to rehabilitate protected species, including Bald and Golden Eagles.





ROMAN NOSE STATE PARK

You are in beautiful Roman Nose State Park, our host location for the past ten years. Once a winter campground of the Cheyenne tribe, this area became one of Oklahoma's original seven state parks under President Franklin Roosevelt's New Deal programs in 1937. Today, it is a scenic retreat set on a canyon bluff that overlooks ancient mesas. Towering cedar, buffalo grass, and wild blue sage add to the beauty of this legendary setting, and to the enjoyment of the many recreational activities. Set amidst a gorgeous canyon, recreation activities at this state park include an 18-hole golf course, tennis courts, volleyball court, hiking trails, two lakes, miniature golf, canoeing, mountain biking, paddle boats, horse stables and hay rides.





Oklacon Street Team

Oklacon is produced by the Oklacon Street Team, a volunteer group that gathers together many times during the year to figure out how to improve the best outdoor furcon experience there is. It's no easy task, but these hearty souls do everything from writing the con book; to planning the events; building contraptions to lifting and carrying heavy stuff; to picking the next Guests of Honor and next year's theme. Together with Fuzzy Productions, LLC, the legal entity that holds the bank accounts, signs contracts, and does the boring stuff, like filing taxes, we are a group of furs from Oklahoma and surrounding states that work hard to make this convention amazing!

Want to join us? Check out the Events Schedule for the Oklacon Street Team 2013 event at the end of the con, or find anyone with an orange Oklacon Street Team hat who can tell you more. We'd love to include your talents and skills as part of our team!

WHO WE ARE

Kimmy



Kimberly 'Kimmy' Cossey a.k.a. firefly8083 is a furry artist who specializes in human, kemonomimi and furry characters. She started in artwork at a young age using mainly traditional mediums, dabbling in graphite, water colors, acrylics, colored pencils and markers. She is fully self-taught, starting with inspirations drawn from anime and video games. Currently she is working to get into Animation, Story boarding, Comic Art, and Tattooing, her biggest dream job is Video Game Art/Character Design.

In addition to artwork she enjoys video gaming, dungeons and dragons, Magic the Gathering, cooking, music, herding her two cats, using her cold hands to enact horribleness on her charismatic master and horror/supernatural movies.

Laken Steeljaw



Laken SteelJaw is a traditional artist, photographer, costume maker and craftsperson hailing from Aurora, Colorado. Laken has been doing some form of art since age 3, and is largely self-taught. Some of the artist's preferred mediums to work in are, ink, marker, and colored pencil for 2D work, and silicone, resin, dental acrylic and other exotic materials for costume work. Laken is best known for creating the 'SteelJaw' hyena full costume and 'Romero', the zombie Doberman, who have both been spotted roaming cons from California to Pennsylvania. Aside from running BlackLite Special Studios and working on creative projects, Laken is also pursuing a private pilot's license and is happily married.

GUESTS OF HONOR



Sub-Level 03

Sub-level 03 started out, as all things often do, as an idea incepted by two creative individuals with a desire to create music relevant to their lives and tastes. They have released several CD's in their 10 year carrer as one of the fandom's most popular band. Their most recent of which is "Under Cover."

Sub-level 03 has a deep and rich history with Oklcaon, as their band first performance debuted here at this convention back in 2003. They performed at last year's Oklacon, and we hope that they keep up that tradition. Show them your support, this is a performance you will not want to miss.



MUSICIANS

THE LAW



Website: http://www.furaffinity.net/user/racoonwolf/

CODE OF THE WEST

When you receive your conbadge at the registration table of Oklacon, you will sign a form stating that you agree to the Code of Conduct of Oklacon. Please direct any questions or concerns to the security volunteers of Oklacon. All Oklacon security volunteers wear blue "SECURITY" badges. Our staff members are friendly, cordial folks who want to make sure everyone has a great time. The following is a list of the rules and regulations we ask all our members to abide by for the duration of our convention for the safety and fun of all. Please take a moment to read this code of conduct, as you will be required to adhere to it from the moment you enter the park through Monday afternoon.

- Furry friends, being your pets, are welcome in Roman Nose State Park. All pets must be leashed and supervised in the park. There are some places your fuzzballs must steer clear of, including the A-frames and the lodge. Pets may be securely staked outside A-frames at night.
- All weapons, no matter how artistic, historic, Inactive, and even if peace-bonded, are strictly prohibited in Roman Nose State Park and on the Oklacon premises. Weapons include firearms, pocket knives with blades over 2 inches, mace, pepper spray, fireworks, explosives, morningstars, +1 greatswords, battleaxes, nunchuks, vials of acid, falchions, scythes, big sticks with nails, car batteries with nipple clamps, machetes, light sabers, and The Force. We're really serious about those car batteries.
- Minors are issued special red badges that clearly say "MINOR". All attendees are required to wear badges when on the group site premises, and at all Oklacon-sponsored events. Attendees who alter, forge, or trade badges will be removed from the convention.
- Only 3.2% beer-equivalent alcohol is permitted in the park. No alcohol or tobacco products are permitted in Turkey Roost. Attendees who distribute alcohol to anyone under the age of 21 or tobacco products to anyone under the age of 18 at any time during the convention will be asked to leave the convention immediately. Additionally, our friendly Roman Nose State Park Rangers routinely patrol our site, and will toss anyone distributing such substances to minors into a paddy wagon. Instead of spending the evening with us, you'll spend it with Bruno, your new back hair-toting, 7' 2" cellmate.
- Cabins, lodge rooms, and tents are wonderful places for your displays of affection. Public displays of affection (PDA), however, will not be tolerated at the group site, Oklacon-sponsored events, or anywhere minors are present. Of course, what would a convention be without scritches? Back scratches and hugging are perfectly acceptable. However, passionate kissing and groping in that Gone-With-the-Wind sort of way is strictly prohibited in public. Frankly, my dear, we give a darn!
- All attendees will be required to wear appropriate attire at all times, including a shirt, shoes, and pants with no holes above the knee. Kilts require undergarments in these windy parts. Attendees wearing clothing deemed offensive or otherwise inappropriate at Oklacon will be required to change into acceptable attire at the request of an Oklacon volunteer.
- Collars and leashes may be worn, but blatant displays of bondage are not appropriate for our family-fun atmosphere. If you wouldn't do it in front of your mom, then take it to your tent.
- Selling any goods or services outside of the Dealer's Den, Artist's Alley, or Art Show, without registering in one of these three venues is strictly prohibited. We regret we must break the hands of rogue artists.
- Oklacon has a strict zero-tolerance policy on harassment of any nature, be it physical, verbal, or sexual. Offenders will be ejected from the convention with our high-powered trebuchet.
- Oklacon is not liable for lost, stolen, or damaged items or personal property of any kind. Please keep electronics, such as iPods and handheld game systems at home, and your valuables secured out of sight. Oklacon volunteers cannot 'hold onto' items on your behalf. unless it is shiny, in which case we may hold onto it indefinitely.

- While you may think you can out run the gracious older gentlemen who are our park rangers, they have turbocharged golf carts and will tear across the park to run down those to deface, mar, or destroy park property, speed on park roads, or otherwise break posted rules. Under the tires of a golf cart just isn't the way to go. Please respect the property of Roman Nose, and report any broken park property immediately to the nearest Oklacon volunteer.

- Most importantly, you will be in one of the most beautiful, scenic locations in Western Oklahoma. Please respect the wildlife around you by keeping their habitat free of cigarette butts and other trash. We plead to our raccoons in attendance not to empty trashcans onto the ground. We will also share the park with other families and people not associated with our convention, so please be considerate and polite should you en

counter them. Remember the motto: Take nothing but pictures. Leave nothing but footprints.

- That's about it. Remember, we're all here to have fun in a safe and pleasant atmosphere. We have entrusted all Oklacon security volunteers with the enforcement of our simple code of conduct. If you have any questions or concerns whatsoever, please see any of them. Enough with the rules, let's get this party started!



http://www.furaffinity.net/user/steeljaw/

CODE OF THE WEST



If anyone is interested in finding out more about this long lost treasure please either see Staff or StephieWolf

BLACK COYOTE TREASURE



ADVERTISEMENT



Participating

Predator and Prey is a game of tag with additional rules. Anyone who wishes to play can do so by showing up at the start of the game outside Turkey Roost. Game time is 3:30 PM Saturday. Characters will be assigned and the game will begin immediately after. Please try and show up a little ahead of schedule if you have not played in previous years.

Terms

Life Beads – Each player is given a ring with a set number of colored beads on it. These are your lives. When you have zero lives, remove your bandana. Take care not to drop any, as we will not be able to replace them.

Kill – The act of killing is this games consist of tagging the other players. When tagged, you enter into a bead exchange. Remember that this is a friendly game, so please, keep it civil.

Bead Exchange – A bead exchange is the process of passing life beads from one character to another. This process can last a maximum of thirty seconds. After you have placed the bead on your ring and the exchange is complete, both characters have a ten second grace period before becoming killable again. Do not chase characters who are still immune.

Food and Water Symbols – Around the campgrounds are ten green and ten blue tags. To gain immunity while gathering food and water, you must be fully stationary and visibly have out your pen and paper. This process has the same time rules as the bead exchange, thirty second maximum, and ten second grace period after finishing.

Safe Zones – There is only one safe zone. The roost and the cement in front of it. Maximum time in a safe zone is five minutes. You have ten seconds after leaving the safe zone before becoming vulnerable.

Off Limits –Day Games – All A-frames; Lover bathrooms; Any area outside the barbed wire fence; Any area past the cattle guards. –Night Games– All of the above, plus any are behind the dirt road that goes behind the A-frames. If a Special Character sees you entering an off-limits area, it is a line-of-sight kill and you will be forced to give them a life bead.

Main Characters

Carnivores – Carnivores start with 3 life beads. Their goal is simply to kill. Should they survive their score is based on the number of 'kills' they obtain. They only fear Fire, Flood, and the other Special Characters. They are required to have at least one water symbol at the end of the game, and at least one kill.

Omnivores – Omnivores start with 5 life beads. Their goal is to kill as many Herbivores as possible, and to gather as many food and water symbols as they can. Their score at the end of the game is the total amount of food, water, and kills they have.

Herbivores – Herbivores start out with 8 life beads. Their goals is to evade the more powerful characters while gathering as many food and water symbols as they can. Their score at the end of the game is the total amount of food and water symbols they gathered.

PREDATOR AND PREY

Gift of Flight – Some herbivores will be a different color. These will still start with 8 life beads, but have the "Gift of Flight", making them immune to dangerous characters of Fire, Flood and Diseases.

Neutral Characters

Environmentalist – If you've lost all of your life beads, you may obtain a single extra bead from the Environmentalist. He will ask you to perform a special task to receive it. After you receive your extra bead, you bandana is wrapped onto your arm instead of your head. Be sure and keep in mind the basic rules of bead exchanges during this time. When you lose your extra bead the player who took it will also take your bandana.

Wind – Wind is the source of information. ANY character may ask Wind a question. They then can answer by pointing in a direction.

Dangerous Characters

Fire – Fire moves freely like any main character. He can kill any main character except for herbivores with the Gift of Flight. When you are tagged by Fire, you are to give up 1 life bead.

Flood – Flood moves freely like any main character. He can kill any main character except for the Herbivores with the Gift of Flight. When you are tagged by flood, you are to give one life bead.

Truck – The truck must walk, and only walk on designated paths. He can kill any main character who crosses the path in front of him. This is from any distance he can see, up to a turn point. If you are killed by the truck, you are to give 1 life bead. The Truck may only walk, and is required to come to a full stop for 5 seconds before slowly turning around.

Quicksand – Quicksand consist of two people. As long as they are within 20 feet of each other, moving or not, any character passing between them or up to 3 feet behind them is killed. They are then to give 1 life bead to one of them. Quicksand may only walk, and may only kill when both halves are visible to the other.

Hunter – When 3 minutes are remaining in the game, the special characters will blow their whistles once. This signals the release of the Hunter. The Hunter is line-of-sight kill and you lose completely regardless of the number of life beads you have remaining. If you are seen by the Hunter, he will point to you. Remove your bandana and walk back to the Turkey Roost.



Website: http://www.furaffinity.net/user/samaralab/

EVENTS



Website: http://www.furaffinity.net/user/racoonwolf/

GAMING EVENTS

Cards Against Humanity (Adult)

Cards Against Humanity is a party game for horrible people. Unlike most of the party games you've played before, Cards Against Humanity is as despicable and awkward as you and your friends. The game is simple. Each round, one player asks a question from a Black Card, and everyone else answers with their funniest White Card.

Hosted by Wolff

Talisman

Join Wolf 2Tails for another installment of Talisman, a table-top gamers' treat, with a small buy-in to play, all for charity! (Contrary to the description, this event will be held in the Gaming Tent.)

Hosted by Wolf 2Tails

Werewolves of the Dark Arts f

In Werewolves of the Dark Arts each player is given a card with an identity that only they know, and must work within a group to eliminate the right people. Your goal will be to either rid the village of the evil Werewolves, or lurk amongst them and dwindle the numbers of good in secret. Will your side win..? Any number of people can participate and an average game will last between 45 minutes (10-20 players) and two hours (20-30 players). All skill levels are welcome.

Hosted by Stormy Carlisle



Website: http://www.furaffinity.net/user/katvixen/

GAMING

LODGE EVENTS

Bad Movie Night – Black Coyote Room

Join Wolff's "Bad Movie Night", the third year this popular dead-dog event has brought together stragglers staying through Monday for one final night to gather for free popcorn and take in the very worst that Hollywood has to offer.

Hosted by Wolff

Charity Poker – Cronkhite Room

Help us raise money for an outstanding cause at a charity game of poker. This is an adults-only event; all attendees will need to have their badge to enter this event. In addition, those interested in playing must check in with the Registration Desk to purchase your buy-in for this charity event.

Hosted by Stormy Carlisle

Club Oklacon

Music is something Oklacon is known for, and their dances are something to remember. Club Oklacon is a staple event for this convention so everyone should come down and check it out. You won't regret it.

Hosted by Horses' Ghost

Furry Drama Show Rehearsal – Black Coyote Room

If you have a talent for singing, dancing or any other bardic gifts. Come on down and show the whole convention, this is the time to iron out the all the kinks in your performance, there's not many so please use this opportunity to hone in your talent.

Hosted by Draconis

IARP: Porn in the Fandom – Cronkhite Room (Adult)

Our researchers have been busy and they've figured out the value of Porn and what it means to most furries. This will be a panel you wouldn't want to miss. (Eighteen or over please)

Hosted by Dr. Shazzy

Rehearsal For Disaster!! – Black Coyote Room

If you are going to "Break a leg" You might as well call getting ready for the show "Disaster Preparation" Right? If you have an act or want to be a part of the show later on you need to show up for this. This is the official announced Rehearsal though we might offer another one if free time presents itself. So if you have video, or an act bring your performers here. Your act should already be ready at this time as stage time is limited.

Hosted by Draconis

Sub-Level 03 Concert – Black Coyote Room

Have you ever heard of this band? Of course you have and if you haven't, where have you've been? Under a rock. One of the most popular bands in the Furry Fandom will be having another performance at Oklacon and it's one you don't want to miss.

Hosted by Wolff

The Furry Drama Show – Black Coyote Room

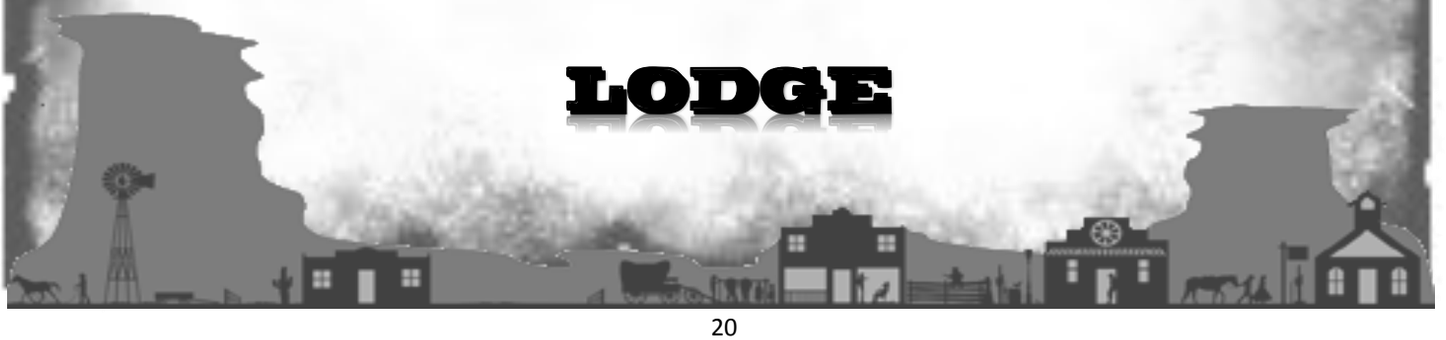
Join the show of diverse entertainment be this videos, musicians, comedians, lost aliens and who knows what else? Our traveling show captures aliens from other planets and brings them to you to show off their talents. So don't leave till you see the show!

Hosted by Draconis

Wildcare Presentation –Black Coyote Room

Interested in our Charity, curious as to what they do? Anyone who has any vested interested in Oklacon and what we do should be present at this amazing panel and understand how you will help a great and worthy cause.

Hosted by Staff and Wildcare



OUTSIDE EVENTS

Bocce Ball

Bocce Ball? What the heck is Bocce Ball? Is it something like bowling, or maybe it's a little more like curling? The answer is yes and yes. Interested come and watch.

Hosted by Lykourgos

Bring Your Own BBQ outside Turkey Roost

Where's the beef! Right here, baby! Bring Your Own BBQ is a meet-and-greet around the fire pits at Turkey Roost where everyone is encouraged to bring hamburgers, hot dogs, bratwurst, or whatever other scrumptious BBQ items they will for a pre-con cookout. Hamburgers, hotdogs, buns, beverages, and desert will be sold at kitchen concessions in exchange for concession tickets which can be purchased at registration for those who don't have any room left in their coolers; we've got you covered!

Hosted by Norman Hays.

Campfire Cooking 101 – Breakfast & Dinner

Do you love cooking? Do you have experience cooking over an open flame? Well if you're interested, join Norman as he shows you what and how to's of campfire cooking.

Hosted by normhays

Coffee Talk

Come and let us help wake you up but join us for some coffee and small talk.

Hosted by Warnndog.

Fursuiter Bocce Ball

Bocce Ball? What the heck is Bocce Ball? Is it something like bowling, or maybe it's a little more like curling? The answer is yes and yes. Interested come and watch. Oh by the way, if the sport doesn't sound intriguing enough, how about if we throw in a bunch of fursuiters into the mix.

Hosted by Corvus Swiftwing

Fursuit Volleyball

Volleyball? You mean a bunch of men and women are going to put on Fur Suits that horribly screw with their eyesight and coordination to play a sport that relies heavily on eyesight and coordination. Sounds legit, where do I sign up.

Hosted by Corvis Swiftwing

Fursuit Parade

An exclusive Oklacon Fursuiter event, all suiters are encouraged to report to Harvest Husky along the side of Turkey Roost to line up for the Fursuit Parade. With your muzzle held high, show the rest of the convention your 'suiter pride!

IARP: Overview

Learn and get the most up to date information from what our Canadian friends up north have found out. Including some information, directly gathered from previous Oklacons.

Hosted by Dr. Shazzy

Opening Ceremonies

Opening ceremonies are the official commencement and welcome to Oklacon 2014. Join the entire Oklacon volunteer corps for an introduction of your Guests of Honor, get the low-down on the must-see events, and join us for our humorous opening video. If you miss this event... then you're just a big poopy pants. Registration, Artist Alley, and Dealer's Den are closed for the duration of opening ceremonies.

Hosted by BlueOtter.



Predator & Prey!

A Feral! tradition shared with Oklacon since 2004, we are continuing the tradition of honoring our Canadian furiends by bringing back this popular outdoor furry game! Your mission, should you chose to accept it, is to have a blast running, hiding, and chasing each other through the underbrush of Roman Nose State Park in a life-or-death game of predators, prey, and the elements. Read up on the rules in the conbook ahead of time, and meet at 3:00 outside of Turkey Roost to learn your assignments!

Hosted by Stormy Carlisle.

Predator & Prey Character Selection

Have you ever wanted to be the MAC Truck, Mother Nature or any of the Special Characters for Predator and Prey? Join us in a rousing discussion of the roles for our favorite outdoor game of Predator and Prey.

Hosted by Stormy

Volleyball

Volleyball? Do you love the sport, interested if there are other furs out there who are athletic enough to play the sport? Even if you hadn't played the game, or maybe you just want to show off your suite, this may be an event to check out.

Hosted by Lykourgos.

Volunteer Rally at Campfire

All Oklacon volunteers must report to Drazil at the campfire for the pre-con volunteers rally for a special welcome, last-minute assignments, and staff announcements.

Hosted by Drazil



PANEL EVENTS

Advanced Leather Workshop

This is an advanced leather workshop each attendee must pay $20 to attend. During this adventure, you will be able to make a piece worth writing home about! Here you will have access to more than just scraps of leather. You will have high quality leather and dyes, and be more hands on with the tools. Harnesses, Cuffs, Collars, etc. are all doable! We highly suggest attending the intro to leather workshop so you aren't having to catch up on the basics as this is just a 3 hour workshop. Certain stages will have wait time, such as waiting for dye to dry, so other coinciding events aren't out of the question! Space is limited to 20 people!

Hosted by Daxter

Art Panel (Adult)

Having a hard time figuring out how to draw romantic encounter, well join Crys the Hybrid as she goes into the ins and out of Adult Artwork..

Hosted by Crys The Hybrid

Christian Furs Panel

Are you a Christian and Furry? Are you just curious about who we are? Everyone's invited so please stop on by for an open panel discussion on what it means to be furry and a Christian.

Hosted by Warnndog

Color Theory

Learn the basic concepts of color theory, including color groupings and basic color mixing.

Hosted by Rinzy

Composition

Learn how to enhance your work with balance, shape and line.

Hosted by Rinzy

Drawing 101

Let Cry show you the way, the ins and the outs. The horizontal and the vertical, she will control what you see and….wait. Going off on a tangent there. Just come to the panel and see what Crys has to offer.

Hosted by Crys The Hybrid

Furry Drama Show

We all have been to the movies and seen a good show. Now is your chance to be a part of the show, be this on stage or helping back stage in some manner. Come on by and see if you got what it takes to be a performer or just bring your ideas. We hope to put some entertainment together in time for the Furry Drama Show later on. If you have an act or want to be a part of the show later on you should show up for this.

Hosted by Draconis

Horse Care

Ever wonder how to take care and maintain a Horse. It's a lot more complicated than dog or cat and if you ever thought about owning a horse or just curious as to what owning a horse entails. This may be the right panel for you.

Hosted by CowboyBodacious

Intro to Leather

This is a workshop to introduce you to the basic tools and techniques used in leatherwork. Tornwulf and Daxter will teach you techniques you can use in your own leather adventures and for the paid leather workshop later in the con.

Hosted by Daxter

Leather Care and Restoration

Preserve your creation for many years to come or just over proper treatment of leather. If you interested please join us for this informative panel.

Hosted by Panelist.

Making Interesting Characters

Characters feeling flat? Maybe a little stereotypical? Want to do more than just stick your hero's in White Hats, and your villains in black hats. Well there are many techniques and tips that you can do to create vibrant and interesting characters. Join us as we go over and share as a group ways to make your characters take off.

Hosted by Warnndog

Pup Play Meet-n-Greet (Adult)

Another panel left unsaid, just go with it. If you think you may be interested an announcement will be made at Opening Ceremonies.

Hosted by Daxter.

Special Interest Panel (Adult)

There are some panels that are better left unsaid and this is one of them. If you think you may be interested an announcement will be made at Opening Ceremonies.

Hosted by Daxter.

Writing Saucy Scene's (Adult)

Come and meet us for our annual round table discussion on writing erotic scenes.

Hosted by Warnndog

Writers' Meet and Greet

Have you ever told a story, spun a tale or created your own epic yarn? If you're an author in the furry fandom, published or not, come by for a rousing exchange of ideas and insight to being a writer in the furry fandom.

Hosted by Warnndog

PANELS

ADVERTISEMENTS

TURKEY ROOST EVENTS

Charity Auction

This is what Oklacon is all about. Helping others and helping our charity. Please stop on by and purchase or donate something to our charity auction because we can't do it without your help.

Hosted by Horses' Ghost.

Closing Ceremonies

They say all good things must come to an end and unfortunately that includes Cons, it's been a great year, we hope you can stop on by and share with us one final memory before we close out 2014 and make way for Oklacon 2015.

Hosted by BlueOtter

Guest of Honor Dinner

This exclusive event, available to Super Sponsors only, is to honor and show our appreciation to our guest(s) of honor. Sociologist Sharon Roberts will also be giving a presentation over the Furry Research Project data and findings.

Hosted by Wolff

Iron Artist from

Test you creative mettle as an artist and dare to reinvent and reimagine a masterpiece with a medium of our choice. Become the one, the only, Iron Artist champ of Oklacon 2014.

Hosted by Horses' Ghost.

Oklacon Street Team

Join Fuzzy Production and Volunteers to learn about the Oklacon Street Team, an attendee-driven organizing committee responsible for Guest of Honor selection, theming direction, event programming, and publicity and how to become part of the planning process for Oklacon 2015.

Hosted by Fuzzy Production

Scritch and B!tch

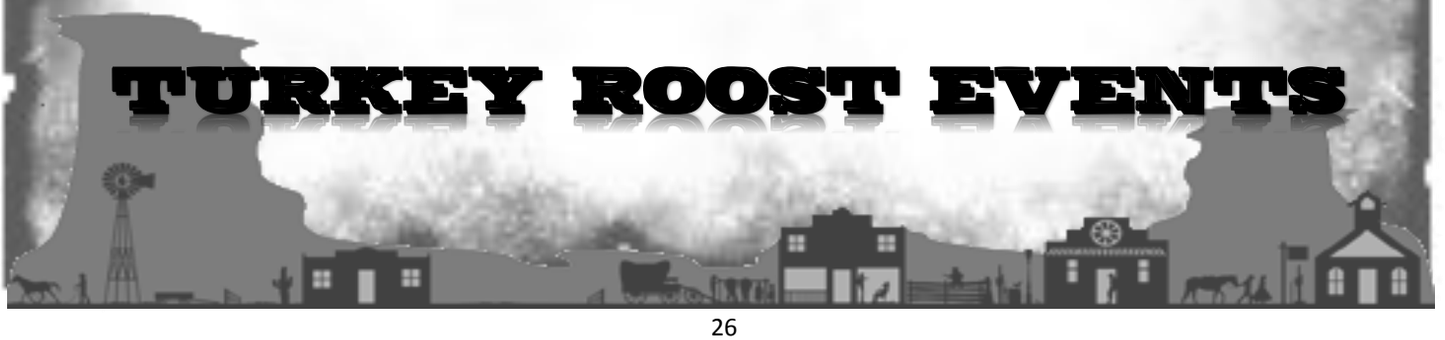
In years past we've been submitting survey's to get your feedback and while that does provide us with great information, we believe that gaining information from you after the con is invaluable since, the events of days past are fresh in your mind. Please come to us with your praises and your gripes. Any information will help us, make this con better for you.

Hosted by Warnndog.

Super Sponsor Soirée

All Super Sponsors are cordially invited to attend this exclusive gathering to allow Oklacon and Wildcare to personally extend their gratitude for your generosity and continued support in 2014.

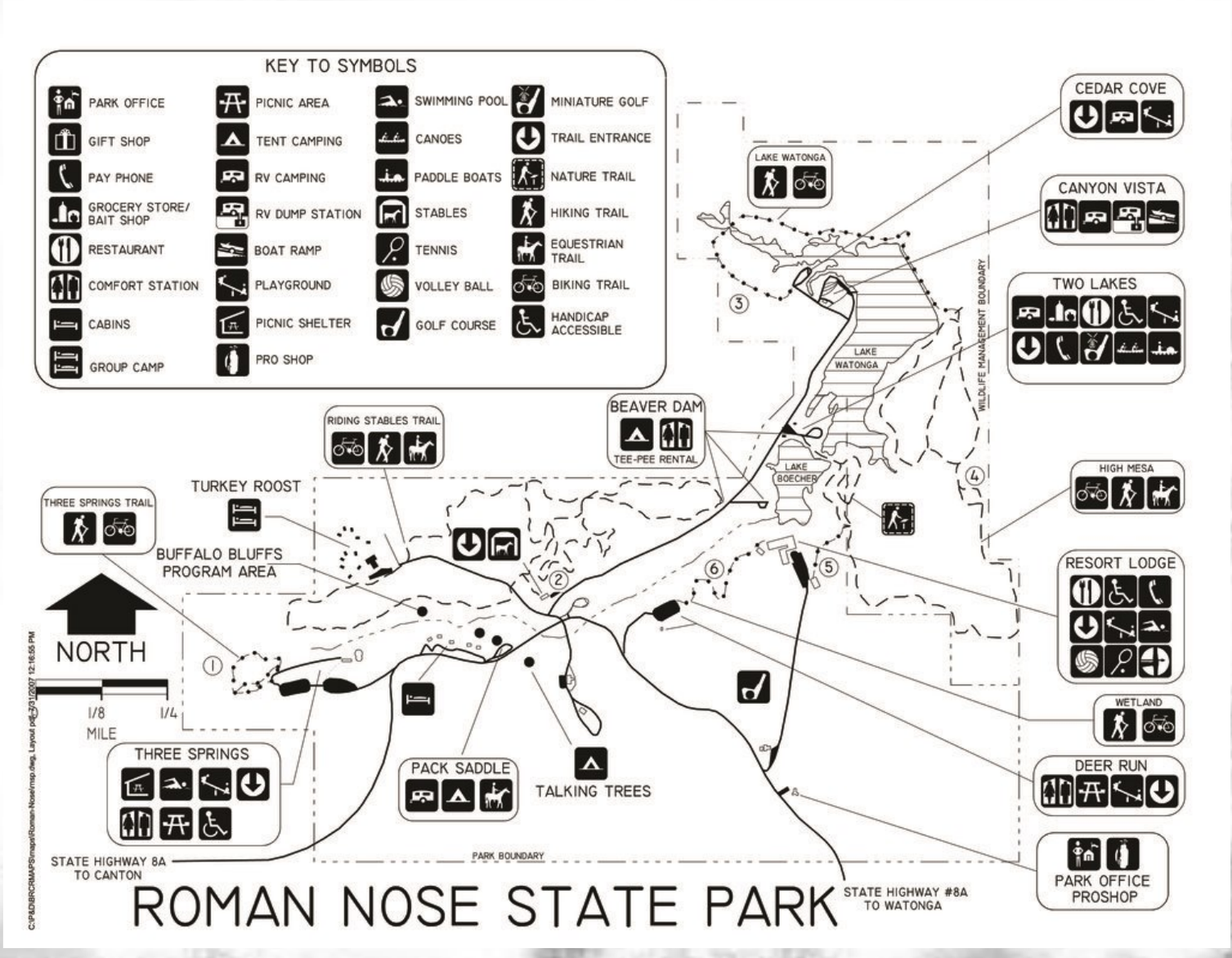
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GoH's
Right On Artist - Galaxy Owl
Out of Sight Pursuit Man - Pacer Fox
Beer Boss - Krezuey
Party Gurus - Frozen Oasis
Groovy Tunes - Nic the Singing Dog
DRAMA
The furry Drama Show
FanCon
FURSTOCK
Nov. 7th-9th, 2019
Knoxville, TN
Also attending:
Rubhark the Bear
A Dozen Dead Furs
Husky in Denial &
Ozo the Fire Jusaler
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SATURDAY

MAP


KEY TO SYMBOLS
PARK OFFICE
GIFT SHOP
PAY PHONE
GROCERY STORE/ BAIT SHOP
RESTAURANT
COMFORT STATION
CABINS
GROUP CAMP
PICNIC AREA
TENT CAMPING
RV CAMPING
RV DUMP STATION
BOAT RAMP
PLAYGROUND
PICNIC SHELTER
PRO SHOP
SWIMMING POOL
CANOES
PADDLE BOATS
STABLES
TENNIS
VOLLEY BALL
GOLF COURSE
MINIATURE GOLF
TRAIL ENTRANCE
NATURE TRAIL
HIKING TRAIL
EQUESTRIAN TRAIL
BIKING TRAIL
HANDICAP ACCESSIBLE
CEDAR COVE
LAKE WATONGA
CANYON VISTA
TWO LAKES
LAKE WATONGA
WILDLIFE MANAGEMENT BOUNDARY
BEAVER DAM
TEE-PEE RENTAL
RIDING STABLES TRAIL
LAKE BOECHER
HIGH MESA
TURKEY ROOST
THREE SPRINGS TRAIL
BUFFALO BLUFFS PROGRAM AREA
RESORT LODGE
NORTH
1/8
1/4
MILE
WETLAND
THREE SPRINGS
PACK SADDLE
TALKING TREES
DEER RUN
PARK BOUNDARY
STATE HIGHWAY 8A TO CANTON
PARK OFFICE PROSHOP
ROMAN NOSE STATE PARK
STATE HIGHWAY #8A TO WATONGA

STORIES



Website: https://www.furaffinity.net/user/ango76/

POKER FACE

BY: Eduardo Soliz

AJ Gunner sat on a stool in McKellum's Saloon on a dusty August afternoon. The dingo had sand-colored fur, stood about six feet tall and wore a pair of well-worn jeans and a white shirt. His ears poked out of a white hat that he proudly wore.

"I'll have a shot of whiskey, barkeep." He said. The bartender, a slightly older terrier with greying fur and glasses, nodded his head in acknowledgment and turned to reach for a bottle and a shot glass.

"Anything exciting happening in town?" AJ asked.

"Afraid not, greenhorn," the bartender replied, "things have been mighty peaceful here since Sheriff Gillman and his posse ran the Four Arms gang out of town." He placed the shot glass on the bar and mostly filled it up. "About the only excitement you'll find in Watonga these days is at the poker table," he said, nodding towards a round felt-covered table where three cowboys sat.

"Guess I'll have to join the game." AJ said, sure of himself.

"Might want to reconsider that, son," the bartender warned, "unless you want to walk out of here naked as a jaybird."

"He ain't joking, Mac" A jaybird standing at the end of the bar said. He was wearing nothing but a barrel held up by a pair of suspenders.

AJ smiled, picked up the shot glass and winced as the liquor made its way down his throat. "Appreciate the advice, gentlemen, but I think I'll be okay." He winked, placed the empty shot glass and a few coins onto the bar and walked toward the poker table.

The bartender shrugged his shoulders before picking up the shot glass and money. "Suit yourself," he said.

"Better get another one ready for him," added the jaybird.

The owner of the saloon, a white female cat wearing a red and black dress, noticed AJ walking towards the table. She intercepted him before he could reach the table and warned him: "You probably shouldn't play cards there, AJ."

"Relax, Miss McKellum. I'm a big dog, I can take care of myself." AJ reassured her. He tipped his hat and continued walking. He grabbed an unused chair and dragged it towards the card table.

"What's your game, gentlemen?" AJ asked, smiling as he placed the chair in an empty spot and prepared to sit down.

The player sitting across the table, a roadrunner wearing a poncho and sombrero, looked AJ over and snarled in a Mexican accent: "Best you find another table, hombre, if you know what's good for you."

A lizard in a black vest that sat to his right added, "Yeah, I'd hate to take all your money after you just got in to town, mister." he growled.

The third player, a slender horse wearing a suit, laughed at the lizard's statement. "If I didn't know any better, I'd say you've developed a conscience, old boy," he said with a British accent.

"Ain't no fun taking candy from a baby, hoss. I like to *earn* my money," the lizard answered.

The horse looked at AJ and explained: "In all seriousness, they are correct, sir. If you play here, you will lose. We are warning you because we do not wish to take advantage of..." he hesitated, trying to think of a phrase, "*your kind.*"

AJ was shocked at the statement. "And what is THAT supposed to mean?" He angrily said. He loudly dropped his seat down behind the table and sat down to join the game. "Alright, I'm going to have to teach you boys some manners now," he said, scooting up to the table and cracking his knuckles. "Deal me in!"

The three animals were unimpressed. "*Pendejo,*" the roadrunner muttered under his breath before reaching for the deck of cards and shuffling them. After a few moments of shuffling, he began dealing cards. Meanwhile, the other two players took turns

looking in AJ's direction; first the lizard, and then the horse. To his confusion, they appeared to be looking behind him.

AJ quickly glanced back over his shoulder. Seeing nothing, he asked, "Just what are y'all looking at?"

"Nothing, dog. Nothing at all." The lizard said with a sly grin...

An hour later, a dejected AJ walked back to the bar. He took a seat next to Miss McKellum.

"I don't like to be a 'toldja so,' kid, but I toldja so," she said.

AJ looked confused. "I don't get it, ma'am. I have the best poker face of anyone I know, but I might as well have had my cards on the table the whole time," he said.

"Your face wasn't the problem, son," the bartender said, "I'm guessing you've only played cards with canines before at raised tables."

AJ thought for a moment, then answered, "Yeah, the tables are always a little bit higher, I've always wondered about that."

"Its to keep the players honest," the bartender said, "You can have the best poker face in the world, son, but nothing in the world will keep a happy canine from wagging his tail."

For more stories from Eduardo Soliz , you can visit him at www.eduardosoliz.com

POKER FACE

Cowboys Dawn

by: Warnndog

The coyote opened his eyes slowly as the bright rays of the sun flooded his vision. Quickly he placed the back of his hand over his eyes as he tried sit up.

"What" The coyote said. "Where am I?"

"You're in Bridge Wood. A small town, about two days travel from Dallas." A female voice said. "I found you about-a two miles north of here. You're a lucky one, stranger"

Moving his hand away from his face his eyes began to readjust as he slowly began make out shapes, barely piecing together a silhouette of a slender female moving about. The coyote's ears went flat and his nose took a few sniffs of the air to catch the scent of a fox.

"Who are you and what am I doing here?" The coyote said with a slight snarl.

"Whoa, my name is Linda, and all I dun was pluck you out the desert" The vixen said as she reached for a glass of water. Eventually the canine could make out her red fur, pointed ears and plain dress. He began to look around noticing that he was in someone's bedroom. More than likely, this place belonged to his host. Then his eyes met hers.

"I thank you kindly ma'am but I really have to go" The canine gave her only a stern stare as he began to shift around in the sheets when he realized that he was wearing very little clothing. The coyote quickly grabbed the sheet to peer underneath, only seeing his boxers.

"I took the liberty of washing your clothes Mr…" her voice trailed off. There was a moment of pause before the coyote looked up.

"Stanton, Russell Stan…Wait you undressed me and washed my clothes?" the brown furred canine had a look of surprise.

"Well why not?" the female could only smile as she extended out the glass of water to him. Quietly he looked at the drink and then glanced at her, his ears were slowly beginning to shift as he found the female's hospitality to be genuine. "Anyway, Mr. Stanton, I was thinking why don't you come on down to the Saloon this evening. Maybe I can treat you to a drink or two"

The canine sniffed the water and then without hesitation quickly poured it down his throat.

"I will take that as a yes" The vixen said as she stood up and began to walk out of the room. The canine didn't even get a chance to finish his water as he stopped in mid gulp, leaning forward as water came gushing out of his mouth.

"What?" Mr. Stanton said with an irritated demeanor "I didn't agree to anything!" The fox's tail calmly moved back and forth as she left the bedroom. The coyote's heart raced as he was left there alone. Looking around before getting up, he could only grab the blanket and did his best to wrap it around his body trying to follow the fox.

"Miss Linda, Miss Linda!" the coyote began to yell as he crept near the door, peeking down the hallway.

"Mr. Stanton, it would be the gentlemanly thing to do to help an ol' po' gal out" Miss Linda said as her voice became louder. The coyote then exited the room and looked down the hallway.

"I'm no gentleman" the canine yelled with a scowl. Miss Linda then came into view at the end of the hallway arms crossed and eyes glaring.

"And I won't take no for an answer" The vixen said as she took one good swing, propelling a pile of clothes into the canine's face. The coyote reacted quickly, reaching his left arm to catch all of his attire.

"Now Mr. Stanton, I expect you to put yer pants on, we have somewhere to go!"

***

The coyote felt a little awkward, walking side by side with Miss Linda. In some way he figured he did owe her, though he would never admit it. He hated the position he was in. Reaching up to touch his head fur, he only now began to realize the magnitude of his situation.

"I couldn't even grab my hat" Mr. Stanton said under his breadth.

"I'm assuming your going to need some supplies before you head out" The vixen's ears perked as he focused her attention on the building ahead of her.

"I reckon so, that would be nice" replied the coyote, wagging his tail slightly. The vixen smiled and looked at the canine straight in the face. "That's what I thought. Miles is the owners of the establishment we're going to and could use some extra help, heck the sheriff position is open in town"

The coyote laughed.

"Shucks ma'am, I can't imagine me be'n a sheriff"

"Well why not?" The vixen replied with a smile. The coyote just stared off into the distance as he just then caught the sight of the huge building of the Bridge Wood Saloon. He could feel his heart beating and his palms began to sweat.

"I can't touch a pistol for the life of me…at least not anymore" the coyote said, requiring some effort to say it. "You know Miss Linda; I think I could use a shot of whiskey."

The fox could only imagine what experience the young coyote had to go through to cause him such hesitation, though she never pushed the issue.

The Bridge Wood Saloon was not unlike any other Saloon. It was a two-story building, with wooden tables and chairs, a bar with stools. The coyote felt a little at home and at the same time a little out of place. The Saloon looked like it was picking up. A group of canines; wolves, coyotes and dogs were sitting in the corner playing cards. A tiger was sitting by himself in the corner, an older wolf was at the bar communicating with the bar tender.

"Miles" The vixen said as she came in and approached the old bear behind the counter. The bear broke off his conversation with the wolf and looked at the vixen, then she turned and faced the canine "Miles, this is Mr. Stanton, he's new in town"

"Hello sir" Miles said as he peered at him closely. "Ah well, welcome. Are you going to be staying a while?" The bear asked.

"Maybe" the coyote responded, "It really all depends"

"Well Mr. Stanton" The vixen spoke up. "Why don't you sit and git yourself a drink, I suppose we can set up a tab for Mr. Stanton. I have to go and get ready." Patting the coyote on the back she then proceeded to the door in the back of the Saloon.

"So what'll it be Mr. Stanton?" The bartender said.

"Shot of Whiskey…an uh leave the bottle" the coyote said with a smile as the bar tender bent his knees picking out a tall decanter with a black label. Then turning around behind him, grabbed a small shot glass and placed both of them on the bar. Pouring the contents of the Whiskey into the shot glass, the coyote gave it a quick sniff and then drank the entire contents in one gulp.

"Thank you kindly" The canine said after a moment's hesitation. The bartender just nodded as he was being summoned in another area of the bar. Then the canine picked the bottle up along with the shot glass and found himself a nice corner table, one that is out of view but not too obstructed so he could keep watch of everyone else. Then Miss Linda came out from the back door holding a tray. The coyote watched her for a moment as she started to deliver drinks to a few patrons. Taking another shot, the canine could feel a slight buzz, the best time he thought to do a little thinking.

Bang! A gunshot echoed in the room. The coyote's attention quickly diverted as he could see other patrons of the bar falling to the floor, getting on their hands and knees to take cover. He also followed suit but decided to take the bottle of whiskey with him as well. As he peered to the front of the saloon, he could only make out a tall lion, wearing a black trench coat.

"Yeehaw, that what I call an entrance" The lion said with a big grin on his face, as he calmly gazed around the room. "Well I guess Bridge Wood is a little short on hos'patalaty." He then glanced over at the bartender who was cowering behind the counter. "What! No Beer…Come on Mister"



The lion said sarcastically, looking at the jittery bear. Quickly he got up, grabbed a glass jug and poured beer into it from the closest tap. All the while the bear kept looking at the lion's sidearm that was firmly gripped in his right hand. The feline smiled as the bear gently place the glass jug on the counter.

"You see? That wasn't too hard; I just may keep you around."

"Thank you sir" Mr. Miles said as he just back away. The lion didn't' seem to care for his reaction as he started to pour the beer down his muzzle. Everyone was still hiding, trying their best not to make sudden moves, except for one. Casually a female vixen walked up to the stranger in the black trench coat.

"Well, well, what do we have here" The lion said as he slammed the tankard down on the bar and slowly approached the fox.

"Is there anything I can help you with?" The vixen said with a stern look on her muzzle. The coyote just fell silent and calmly placed his bottle on the floor. The feline hid nothing as he leaned a little forward with an evil grin.

"Oh there's plenty of thin's you can do for me" The lion said as his hand reached around to quickly grab the vixen's behind.

"Oh my, you're so forward" Miss Linda said with a seductive smile leaning closer. "Mister Lion"

"Nate, just call me Nate" the feline said as he leaned forward to connect with the vixen lips. Mr Stanton could only watch with trepidation as he tried to second-guess Miss Linda's action. Then in an instant, the vixen's knees made impact with the lion's groin, causing the feline to shriek in pain. Reacting with the same swiftness and intensity as her first action, the fox lunged at the lion's right arm. She maneuvered to grab a hold of his right hand and with her other paw reached to move the trench coat and clothing away where she could pierce his skin with her teeth. The lion couldn't really control himself as he dropped his firearm. The coyote braced himself for a loud noise but none came out of the gun as it hit the floor and slid over a few feet. The coyote could see the lion regain his composure.

His gaze focused for a split second on the cold piece of steel that lay silent on the ground. It almost seemed that everyone was content in watching, backed up against a corner, or underneath the assumed safety of a table to risk a move. To Mr. Stanton he knew he had no choice. With one push of his leg, the coyote ran as his right arm reached and took hold of the gun. The vixen's struggle became pointless now as the lion held both of her arms.

"You think you're smart, you think you can stop me, Huh! Well I's gonna show you Missy!" Nate said with a snarl.

"Hold it right there!" The coyote growled holding the gun firmly in his right hand, pointing it at the lion, his finger gently touching the trigger. The lion just looked at the coyote and smiled.

"Really" Nate said. "You going to point a gun at me?" A little laughter was in his voice. Then without much thought, the lion pushed his head forward, meeting the vixen's head with some force. The vixen didn't know how to react, which gave Nate enough time to swing his arm, knocking the vixen across the face.

Bang! Another loud sound echoed through out the bar as a bottle of Jack Daniels exploded into fine shards of glass. Mr. Nate just brushed his mane and looked menacingly at the canine.

"Now you've gone and done it, you've shot at me"

"Look I don wanna kill ya" The coyote said as his voice began to shake.

"Really, look at you, you don't know how to carry that weapon, your stance is all wrong, damn your hands are shaking way too damn much, I imagine you haven't picked up a gun in yor whole entire life." Nate said with a smile as he took a step forward.

"He may not have held one sir, but I have…and trust me I know how to wield this weapon" The vixen's voice echoed from behind him as with an audible click.

A golden retriever then stood up and pointed his gun, vividly shaking and pointed it at Nate. "I'm go..gonna...s..shot as well mister, If you m..make any moves" The dog said as he pointed the gun. Nate snickered; his look of pride turned into a look of irritation as he saw three guns pointed his direction.

"Well, it looks like your outnumbered Mister Lion" were the only words the vixen had to say as the lion began to place his arms above his head.

It didn't take long for the Saloon to recuperate, it seemed that the lion really didn't have much of a choice and the fox promptly had him detained and arrested, which was no easy task since they had to send word about ten miles south to Dunlap.

"So Mr. Stanton, is there any way I can convince you to stay?" The vixen glaring directly at the coyote, her tongue licking her lips slightly. The coyote didn't seem to notice anything as he strapped his rations to the back of his horse as his eyes peered over at the lady's from under his new hat.

"Well the town was kind enough to extend out their hospitality Miss Linda, and even though how tempting it might be to stay here, ma'am, I think I would rather go." The vixen's face visibly changed to a more serious demeanor.

"Well I can't thank you enough" The fox said as she watched the coyote mount his horse. The canine just looked out over the horizon as the sun was making its journey to dive beneath the ground. He then looked off towards the direction of the town, he then looked down at the fox. The coyote grinned as he tipped his hat toward the female.

"Happy trails Miss Linda" Stanton said.

"Happy trails Mr. Crow" The fox replied. The coyote just froze, as he heard that name. There was a small chuckle as he turned to stare at the fox again.

"Excuse me, Ma'am?"

"Yes Mr. Jack Crow, I know who you are. You're Mr. Crow, who was part of Dasher's gang and didn't care much for women it seems. He was a left-handed varmint. At least that was the rumor. I also hear that you, Jack Crow, left Dashers gang, up till about a year ago. Word has it that you died during a train robbery. I'm glad to see you in full health." The vixen said as she crossed her arms.

"Miss, you full of crazy ideas. If you hadn't notice I shot with my right hand not my left" The Coyote said.

"Yup" The vixen said with out so much of a smile. Then without any provocation, the fox threw a bottle of whiskey in the air at the coyote. The coyote with out even thinking went to grab the bottle, keeping his right hand on the reigns. The fox smiled. The coyote notice what had happened and began to open his mouth. The vixen just held up her paw.

"Look I don't care. If I cared I would have sent you off with the lion about five hours back. Now I don't know your reason for joining Dasher's gang and I sure as hell don't know what happened out there to motivate you to leave his ass." The vixen paused, looked at the dirt for a moment and then looked back up at him. "But if today is any indication, Mr. Crow, I just hope you will be able to able to assist in problems instead of being part of it." Then she turned around, still with her arms crossed, walking slowly to her home. The coyote couldn't do much of anything but marvel at the girl's intelligence and intuition. Then he looked down at the bottle.

"Keep it Mr. Stanton. You're probably going to need it" The vixen said as she opened the door to her house. All Mr. Crow could do was smile and remained silent as he stashed the bottle away, then instructed his horse to move. The vixen turned her head for moment, watching the cowboy ride off in the setting sun.

For more stories from Warnndog, you can visit him at www.Warnndog.com



A DAY HE WILL NEVER FORGET

BY: Redfox8

The rain thudded lightly against Rikimaru's bedroom window while he was happily asleep curled up under his covers.

The time was Tuesday morning, 6:29 to exact. His high-tech slow-waker alarm clock was nearing its final stages. It had started to play soft nature sounds, activated a soft but slowly growing light, and started to release a pleasant vanilla aroma in the air. The only light in the room was from the red digits from his clock and its lights on the side.

One minute later, the clock transformed from an easy gentle machine to a harsh buzzer as the alarm activated.

Immediately it was silenced by a black clawed hand of a startled sleeper.

Rikimaru sat up in his king-sized bed and pulled a switch on his ceiling fan, turning the light on.

He waited as the harsh light adjusted the slit-like pupils of his amber eyes.

"Morning already…" he said to himself with a small grin. It disappeared when one of his ears flicked and he turned toward the window. He got out of bed and approached his window, opening the curtain. "Just as I thought," he said with a frown. "It's raining. This is going to be fun…"

He did a couple of stretches to pop a few bones and went to the bathroom. He relieved himself in the toilet and set to work on his morning routine. He brushed his teeth, which was difficult because of the toothbrush made for humans. After that he took out an aerosol can of deodorant and applied a three-second spray onto his white chest.

When that was done, he took out a hairbrush, grabbed his large fluffy tail and smoothed it out. When one hears of bedhead, he imagines spiky, messy hair. Rikimaru has a case of "bedtail." The thing messes up every night, and it gets quite annoying.

Being a Vexan, it can be challenging to groom one's self, but it has to be done, especially to look nice to a particular girl.

River was her name, and she was stunning. They have been friends for four years, since seventh grade.

They were seniors in high school now but their relationship hasn't escalated much. Wanting to court her and possibly become her mate one day, Rikimaru knew that he would have to do something before it was too late.

Blinking at his image in the mirror, he checked his teeth. Good. He checked his eyes. Good. Nose. Good. Ears. Good.

When he was done, he walked back to his room. He approached his closet and pondered over what kind of shirt to wear today. All of them were dull-colored and loose-fitting. Just the way he liked it.

He decided on a dark green long-sleeved turtle-neck shirt, since it has been getting colder recently. When he pulled the shirt over his head, he put his arms through it and slid it down over the rest of this torso. He adjusted it to his likeness and picked up his cargo pants from the red-carpeted floor.

Judging by their smell, the pants were nearing their expiration date: tomorrow. Then he would have to change them out so they could get washed. Pity, these were his favorite pair.

Oh well, at least he can put these on now, he'd worry about it later. He slipped them on, carefully threading his tail through the hole in his pants. He didn't bother with socks of shoes since they weren't built to accommodate his feet.

When he was finally done dressing he left his room and entered his kitchen.

The kitchen was stocked with mostly the basic but critical devices such as a stove/oven, microwave, refrigerator, and counters. Off to the side was a small round dining table with two chairs pushed into it for himself and possible company.

Yawning, Rikimaru opened up his pantry, which was mostly completely empty save for a few odd cans here and there and a box of shredded wheat, his personal favorite. He tried the frosted kind, but he didn't care too much for it.

At least he has a job, mostly thanks to the "equal opportunity employer" law that allows all sexes, races, and ages into employment. His job was at a local restaurant, a four-star one at that, to use his excellent nose in the kitchen for determining what kinds of spices a dish needed. The job reminded him of that movie called "Ratatouille," which he loathed. He didn't know why, but he hated to compare himself to that damn rat. Such lowly creatures they are.

Looking at the clock on his microwave, he decided he might as well head to school early. No sense staying here and bitching about the lack of breakfast.

He walked to his front door, grabbed the backpack he usually kept there, and exited the house.

Thankfully, the rain let up slightly since he had first seen it this morning. Rikimaru walked to school mostly because he doesn't have a car, but it is only three-fourths of a mile away anyway. He enjoyed the walking.

As he walked down a couple of streets he came across that same gas station he passed every morning. He rarely went in there, but he did not know that it housed day-old sausage biscuits: for only one dollar.

It was at that particular time his stomach decided to growl. Realizing this, Rikimaru whimpered. He really didn't want to use his last dollar so soon.

Without thinking about it, he dashed inside. Once in, there was no going back. All of the hot food items' scents hit him at once. It was incredible. The wrapped biscuit sandwiches under heat lamps, sizzling hot dogs on heat rollers, taquitos, all of it. He walked over to the dollar sandwich shelf and his heart fluttered: only one left! He snatched it up, paid for it, and left.

He was on the dirt path that led to his school as he unwrapped his prize. The smell was wonderful in itself. The warm buttery biscuit mixed in with that moist sausage made his mouth drool and his stomach flop over. He was bringing it up to his mouth to take a bite when it was abruptly snatched from his paws.

He looked up and saw two boys with a blond mop for hair and short-cut brown hair with a braced smile.

"Thanks for the biscuit, bro!" the blond said and took a rather large bite out of it.

He chewed, gave a disgusted face, and then spat it out. "Ugh! This shit's nasty!"

"Let me try it," the other boy said. He took a bit of it and spat it out as well. He threw it on the ground and stamped it in with his foot.

Rikimaru watched in silence as the cheap biscuit crumbled easily on the ground. Soon it was no more. He was now pissed. That was his last dollar.

"You… owe me a dollar," he muttered.

"Screw you!" the blond shouted as he punched him hard in the stomach, effectively bringing him down rather quickly.

"Let's see if he has anything good on him," he heard the blond say.

"Good idea." On the ground, Rikimaru felt his backpack relinquished from him. He heard them open the zippers and rummage around inside.

"Papers, shit. Several pens, shit. Cheap calculator, shit. Some-"

"Just empty it upside down, dumbass."

"Good point." Rikimaru cringed when he heard the noise of his backpack being emptied.

"Dude, it's all shit!"

"Let's just go, then."

"Fine."

A few minutes after they left, Rikimaru set to gather up his stuff. He saved his textbook first, because it was so expensive, and gathered up the rest of his wet dirt-encrusted papers.

Standing up, slinging his bag on his shoulder, he looked mournfully at his biscuit and continued down the path.

Finally, the building of his school emerged from the slight fog that the rain provided. He entered the building and made his way to the cafeteria.

It was still early in the morning, so hardly any people were there. He settled with sitting at a vacant table and watched the students scurry across campus like mice to get out of the rain.

Suddenly he heard a slapping noise on the table he was on and a rather large aluminum foil-wrapped object slid into view.

He didn't touch it, because he knew it was someone's bad aim that brought it before him. He looked around for its owner and was amazed to see River walking to his table with a grin on her face, holding a similar object.

"You look unhappy," the Vexan said with a laugh. "I thought I'd try to cheer you up."

"You mean this is for me?"

She looked around the empty cafeteria. "Uh… yeah. It's yours."

"But why?"

She sat down next to him, picked up the object on the table and held it in front of his face. "I've told you, my foxy friend. It's to cheer you up."

In Rikimaru's opinion, River was foxy as well, even more so than he was. She likes to call him that since they both share the same race. It was a joke in-between them.

"No, don't waste your money on me. I already ate." His stomach must have heard that because it made a rather angry screeching noise.

River raised an eyebrow. "Sure you did."

Rikimaru looked down and cursed at his stomach for making such a loud racket.

In one quick motion, River shot out a paw and turned Rikimaru's head toward her.

"Listen. Either you eat that, or I will hold you down and shove it down your throat. Got it?" She let go, placed the object on the table, leaned back, and crossed her arms. Her tail was moving up and down impatiently.

Rikimaru swallowed nervously and took ahold of the object. It was warm and squishy. Carefully he unwrapped it.

It appeared to be a croissant sandwich. Warm ham and gooey melted cheddar cheese were in between the two halves of the croissant. It smelled heavenly.

"Well? Are you going to eat, or are you going to stare at it?" River said.

Rikimaru hesitated for a minute, then took a bite. It was unlike anything he ever tasted before. The ham, cheese, and croissant joined together to make the perfect blend of flavor. As he was chewing, his face nearly melted. River giggled at his facial expressions.

"How was it?" she asked as Rikimaru swallowed the last bite.

"River, I can't thank you enough. I—"

She suddenly smiled. "Good. Now let's discuss payment."

"WHAT!?"

"Shhhhhh… It's simple. We go out for dinner tonight."

"But I haven't the—"

"I'm buying. I won't ever buy you a sandwich and expect you to buy me dinner. That's just stupid. Also I'm driving. I'll pick you up."

Rikimaru let out a sigh of relief. "What time then?"

"How about seven O' clock?"

"Sounds good."

"Good. I'll see you tonight." Then to his amazement, she actually walked over to him, bent down, and gave him a hug. The feeling sent electrical sparks shivering down his spine. With that, she left the cafeteria.

Rikimaru waited until the last few white hairs of her tail were gone before he slammed his head on the table. He couldn't believe it. He had actually gotten a date with the girl he loved.

He continued to sit there for a little while as the sun continued to rise. Soon the bell rang. School was starting at last.

Morosely, he rose from his seat and headed to his first class: English. It wasn't a difficult class, they were studying poetry. It was a boring subject in Rikimaru's opinion, but it will be over soon.

And he was right. Before Rikimaru fell asleep, the class was over. History, Algebra, Biology, a lunch time when Rikimaru, of course, didn't eat anything, Historic Literature, and finally Consumer Sciences followed suit. At 2:35, at last, school was over for the day.

Sighing with relieve, he began the nearly one-mile walk back home. It was still raining, but not as badly as it was this morning. He enjoyed seeing his own breath in the form of steam in the chilled air.

When he got home, he shut the door and dropped his backpack off to the side of the door. He went to his room and looked at his clock: 3:06. He had about four hours to get ready for tonight. Plenty of time.

He looked around his room and frowned. He had no homework; he did not want to get ready too early, so there was nothing to do. Sure he owned a Sega Genesis and a TV, but he has only one game he has beaten hundreds of times, and he gets no TV service or even uses a "bunny ear" antenna.

He wandered through his house with his arms crossed. After the fifth time he looked back to his room. Sonic the Hedgehog 2 it is.

He turned the TV and Sega on, went to the ingame options screen and changed the player to Tails. He liked playing as Tails not because they were both essentially foxes, but he personally finds him cool. He can freaking fly. He hasn't found out how to do it in the game but he vowed he will figure it out someday.

All the while he was playing, he kept thinking about tonight. Tonight would be the first date, and he didn't lift a finger about it. To him, he found it slightly suspicious, but he passed it over.

After he destroyed the final boss, again, and watched the ending, again, he checked the time: 6:17.

He decided not to watch the credits and switched the game off. First thing to get ready was to bathe.

He stripped down to his boxer shorts, grabbed a clean pair from a drawer, and entered the bathroom. Once inside, he shut the door and let his boxers fall to the floor. He stepped out of them and placed his clean ones on top of the toilet. He ran his shower water and waited for it to warm up. Once it was of reasonable temperature he stepped in, closed the shower curtain, and pulled the knob over the faucet.

Though he had taken the precautions to warm up the water, the initial blast still hit him with icy-cold water. Yelping a little in shock, he reminded himself to turn the shower faucet facing down to let the cold water out before turning it back up.

Since it was too late to do that now, he went ahead and wet his entire body. He applied shampoo to his paws and worked it over, being careful to cover every inch. When that was down, he rinsed and picked up his special bottle of conditioner.

This bottle held a conditioner that works wonders for his external appearance. When applied, it brings out his fur color. It makes it look brighter and more vibrant. However, he doesn't use this every day. The conditioner was ludicrously expensive and he only uses it for special occasions, such as tonight.

After he finished bathing, he turned off the faucet and stood there, letting the water drip off this wet body and into the tub. He stood there for a minute and then opened the curtain. He reached over to the towel rack and found that it was bare.

"Goddammit," he hissed under his breath. He remembered that yesterday was when he washed the towels and left them in the laundry room to do later. He had forgotten to restock the towels in the bathroom.

He shook himself off the best he could and left the bath tub. He left the bathroom, crossed the entire house to the laundry room, scooped up a towel from the dryer, slung it over his shoulder and made his

way back to the bathroom. Even when completely stark naked, Rikimaru did not mind or really care to be like that for a short while. Sure he was civilized and normally wore clothes, but he was part animal, and he enjoyed the freedom every now and then…

Unless your girlfriend is standing in front of the front door.

To his complete and utter embarrassment, she managed to get a good look at his exposed penis before his reflexes kicked in and he covered himself with his towel in due haste. She blushed and turned away, giggling.

"River!" he cried. "What are you doing here so early?"

"I couldn't wait to see you," she replied with a grin that Rikimaru did not like at all. Her eyes burned with a mischievousness that unnerved him slightly.

"Why didn't you knock first?"

"I did. Ten times. You didn't answer , so I let myself in to see if anything was wrong. You should see the look on your face. I was standing right here when you walked right past me to your laundry room, completely oblivious of me! Believe me, I saw everything!" her smile widened.

Rikimaru flattened his ears and felt himself go red. He took a step back and said, "You should have honked the horn or something."

"And piss off the neighbors? No thanks. Besides, I got to see a good show up close!"

Rikimaru arched an eyebrow.

"Don't worry about it. Go dry off and get dressed and get ready to go. Though you may like being naked here, it is unacceptable in public."

Rikimaru narrowed his eyes in anger. Her teasing was getting a little under his skin.

"I'll be waiting in here for you in the meantime, okay?"

"Fine… be right out," he muttered.

When he entered his room and shut the door, he let his towel drop off of him and he slumped on the bed, feeling incredibly stupid about what just happened. So much for making a good first impression on her on their first date night.

He sighed and stood back up. Any longer and he won't make an impression at all. He gathered a clean pair of boxer shorts from a drawer, slipped on a clean pair of light brown-colored cargo pants, and donned a thick red turtle-neck sweater. It gets quite cold outside at night time, even to him with his coat of fur.

Without worrying about shoes or socks (he did not own a pair), Rikimaru left the bedroom and found River in the kitchen holding the empty box of shredded wheat.

"Why is there a random box of shredded wheat on the floor?" she asked in confusion.

"Oh, I was trying to get some this morning, but I was out. I threw away the box in frustration. Sorry. Guess I forgot to throw it in the trash." He scratched the back of his head nervously, trying not to give the impression that he was poor. Last thing he needed was sympathy from his girlfriend about that. If she sacrificed some of her funds to him out of pity, then he would never forgive himself.

The empty box was laid to rest in the trash can and the two exited the house, Rikimaru remembering to lock the door behind them. River unlocked the car, a green Chevrolet Malibu, and slid into the driver seat. Rikimaru climbed into the passenger side and buckled his seatbelt.

After pulling out of the driveway and driving off, Rikimaru's insides did a little twist. He could not believe what was happening. It appeared that he was nearing his goal of making her his mate. He just needed to play it safe and not to do anything stupid.

Without warning, River took one of her hands, reached over, and placed it directly on his crotch. And Rikimaru was here thinking he should not do anything stupid.

Realizing what she had done, she snapped her head in the direction of her hand and jerked it away, turning bright red.

Rikimaru gave a grin to himself that she could not see because her eyes were on the road. They were

now even on the terms of embarrassment.

“C-could you get the box of tissues in the car door pocket, please?” she asked, voice quavering.

Without a word, Rikimaru handed over the box and set it in the console in between the seats.

All he received was a “thank you” and the tissues were not used for the rest of the car trip. This made him slightly suspicious but it was dismissed quickly. She was probably too embarrassed to use them anyway.

When he realized where they were going, Rikimaru's stomach plummeted. They were pulling into the parking lot of Mustavo's: where he works.

“This is where we're going?” he asked meekly.

“Oh, yes! I've heard so much about this place! Why do you ask? Is there something wrong with it?”

“No, it's fine.”

“Are you sure?”

“Yes, let's go inside.”

The two of them parked, climbed out of the car and stepped inside. Even though he was off-duty, Rikimaru fought the urge to head into the back kitchen. Routines are heard to break. He also found himself nervous. He dreaded seeing anyone he knew because if he did something stupid or displeased his coworkers, then it might affect his job. Fortunately, he does have a good relationship with his boss, and he knew he would not fire him over a trivial matter that might happen tonight.

As he scanned the restaurant, he could pick out more and more of his coworkers, and that made him more and more nervous. If they were the assholes he knew them to be, then they would without a doubt give him hell the next time he showed up to work. It would not be anger, but he could almost hear the future teasing already.

While Rikimaru was storming around in his head, River was already up at the spot where people get seated.

“Two, please,” she said at the main standing at the front. The man had a neatly groomed mustache, greased combed-back hair, and a faint smell of trash that Rikimaru knew the average person would not be able to detect.

The man raised an eyebrow at the two humanoid fox-people. He was thinking to himself that these two were just dressed in costume, even his coworker. Also he wondered how the boss lets him get away with it. Surely he didn't pick favorites? This Rikimaru guy needs to get a real life. Just because he has a keen sense of smell doesn't mean he should parade about in a costume. Oh well, he has to do his job and not stand here criticizing the customers.

The man collected two menus from a shelf and began to walk. “Right this way,” he said in a snooty voice.

Even though Mustavo's is a high-quality restaurant, it certainly was not formal. Think Olive garden or Red Lobster. Those two are not exactly formal, but they are considered to be “high end” restaurants.

In fact, thinking about lobster made Rikimaru's stomach growl and his mouth water. Mustavo's was an Italian restaurant, but sometimes seafood gets included on some dishes, and all of the smells of the dishes of the customers at once was torture enough.

This is, in his opinion, the worst part of his job. Every day he works he amazes himself by not ending up eating the stock.

The two Vexans were seated at a booth where one side of the table was the booth, and the other side was a chair.

“Enjoy... your dinner,” the main said while dropping off the menus and taking his leave. To Rikimaru, he seemed awfully anxious to leave. He gulped and sank into his seat.

River, however, tore into her menu the instant she got her greasy paws on it (figuratively speaking, of course. Her paws looked quite clean), and scanned through its contents.

Since he worked here, Rikimaru knew the menu by heart. He hadn't, however, memorized the prices

since they were unimportant to his duties. He had to be careful with that. He didn't want to end up with the most expensive item on the menu!

“hello, my name is Kevin, and I'll be your server for the evening. Can I start you off with anything to drink?”

Rikimaru was so deep in thought, he forgot there was supposed to be a waiter. When he looked up, he sank into his seat even more. It was his boss.

“Oh yes! I'll have the peach-mango smoothie, please!” River chirped. “Rikimaru, what do you want?”

When he looked up, he could spot a smile on Kevin's face that made him shrink even more. “Water, “ he mumbled.

River blinked. “That's all you want?”

“Yeah, I'm fine.”

River shrugged as Kevin wrote the order on his pad and left wits a, “I'll have your drinks in a few moments, okay?”

The two Vexans were silent for a moment until River spoke up, “How come you're so retreated all of a sudden? You look as though you're about to fall through your chair!”

“Just nervous,” he replied. “Never actually dined at a restaurant before.”

“Uh huh. So, what do you do with all your free time? You must have a lot, like I do since we're both moved out.”

“I have a job.”

“Oh really? What do you do?”

“I examine dishes at a restaurant to see which spices they need.”

“Oh! Like in that movie? I didn't know such a job existed!”

“Don't start. I despise that movie.”

“Why? It's so cute!”

“I don't want to compare myself to that damn rat. They're such lowly creatures.”

She gave a fake pout. “Believe what you want, I suppose. So, which restaurant do you work at?”

“I do not wish to answer that. I'm sorry.”

“Why not?”

Rikimaru remained silent, trying to think of an answer.

After a while, River shrugged again and appeared to have dropped it.

Trying to drop the subject, Rikimaru picked up his menu and pretended to examine it. There were several dishes on the menu he wanted to try ever since he started working with them. In particular, he was eying the create-your-own pasta dish with bits of steak, lobster, and crab, all on a bed of spaghetti covered in creamy white alfredo sauce. The very thought made his mouth water. There was one problem, though: it cost eighteen bucks. He tried a different approach.

“Hey, River,” Rikimaru said.

“Yeah?”

“What are you getting?”

“Hmmmm. Tricky. I'm either going for the create-your-own pasta dish with three items, or a large ultra-supreme pizza. I am so ravenous tonight! What are you getting?”

Relaxing a bit after realizing that she was either getting what he was getting, or getting a twenty-one-dollar pizza, Rikimaru said, “I'm gonna get the create-your-own with steak, lobster, and crab.”

“I was going for that too! Maybe we should split our orders half and half!”

“Sounds like a good idea to me.”

Several minutes later, Kevin returned with River’s smoothie and Rikimaru’s water.

“Are you guys ready to order?” Kevin asked, opening his check pad.

River nodded and she and Rikimaru ordered what they wanted and told him to split the orders.

After Kevin left after scribbling the order on his pad and bid farewell, River leaned in and spoke,

"I couldn't help but look at the dessert menu. It had this thing called the Angry Hot Fudge Chocolate Volcano. It has three scoops of chocolate ice cream, a pound of chocolate cake with chocolate frosting, and half a pound of hot fudge on it. Think we should share one?

Rikimaru winced at the image of that formed in his head. He had seen quite a few of those made, and the smell of them alone made him dizzy. "I would steer clear of that," he said.

River frowned. "Why?"

"Do you know what chocolate does to ordinary dogs? That thing would probably kill us dead upon the first bite!"

"Rikimaru, we are not ordinary dogs. We're Vexans. Trust me, I've had plenty of chocolate in my youth. The worst I've gotten was a stomach ache from eating too much one time. Believe me, it's harmless."

"Alright. I trust you."

"Good. Feeling adventurous?"

Rikimaru sighed with worry. "Like a pirate."

"You don't sound too enthusiastic."

"That's because I'm not."

"Oh, cheer up. It'll be fun."

"That's what I'm afraid of."

River rolled her eyes and looked around the restaurant. "Say, Rikimaru, I wonder why all of those waiters are looking at our table?"

"What?" Rikimaru's head snapped around. Sure enough, most of the waiters on the floor were looking in their direction, pointing and smiling at him in their assholish manner.

"I wish they would stop doing that. It's making me nervous," River continued.

"Yo! Foxboy!" one of them called out. "You out on a date? Getting' it on tonight?" he said, doing mock pelvic thrusts with a big grin on his face.

Rikimaru slammed his head on the table. "Kill me now," he mumbled through the wood.

"Who do they think they are to make fun of us!?" River exclaimed in outrage. "What gives them the right to do that?"

"Being my coworkers," Rikimaru said.

River stopped. "What?"

At that moment, Kevin arrived with their orders. The scent of the hot steaming plates of food almost made Rikimaru cover the table with drool. He was about to feast for the first time in he could not remember how long ago.

As soon as he delivered their orders, River barked, "Look, pal! I want to see the manager!"

Kevin paused for a moment due to her sudden hostility then relaxed in a warm smile. "I am the manager," he said. "Is something the matter?"

River blinked. "Oh. Well, see those two guys over there?" she asked, pointing them out. They appeared to be laughing among themselves.

"Those two?" Kevin replied, shifting his gaze to the laughing waiters. "What have they done this time?"

"They humiliated us in front of the restaurant! Asked if we were 'getting it on' tonight!" she said, making quotes with her fingers.

"Don't mind those two assholes," he said, shaking his head with a hand to his face. "If it weren't for their team-bolstering spirit, I'd fire them in a heartbeat. Their favorite target is to pick on is young Rikimaru over there. Don't worry, I'll tear their heads off for ya," he said, winking at Rikimaru. "You two enjoy your evening. I'll give those boneheads a good talking to." With that, he left with a rather angry stride to his walk.

"What's going on?" River asked. "Have you been here before?"

Rikimaru lifted his head. "Yes. Lots of times."

"Wow, you must eat out a lot then!"

"No, I work here."

With a pause, River gave a small squeal. "Why didn't you tell me before? Now I feel bad about talking to your boss like that! I hope I don't get you fired!"

"Don't worry. Kevin likes me. It would take some pretty serious business for him to fire me."

"Rikimaru, can I see you in my office, please?" came a voice from behind him. Looking up slowly, he saw that it was Kevin. His stomach dropped into a pit while River gave a look of horror and put her paws to her face. Shaking, Rikimaru rose to his feet and followed Kevin toward the back. On the way he could see River mouthe the word "sorry."

They crossed the restaurant, went down a couple of hallways and entered Kevin's office.

"Have a seat," Kevin said once they were inside and shut the door. Kevin strode over to a window overlooking the restaurant and peered through the closed blinds.

Rikimaru's heart was racing. He had only been in here once before and that was for the interview. To get called back here again means that he had done something serious.

But what did he do? He was simply minding his own business. It was the fault of those two waiters: Hunter and Seth. He did not do anything wrong. Nervously, he gripped the arms of the chair he was seated in.

"Anything you wish to let me know before I tell you?" Kevin asked, still staring out the window.

"No," Rikimaru said. This was it. The moment he dreaded. He just wanted those two awful words to come out and be done with it. He clenched his teeth and waited for the death blow.

"No? Okay then. You're fired."

Lump welling in his throat, Rikimaru stood to leave. He had one paw on the doorknob when Kevin turned around. "Did I tell you to leave?" he asked. "Sit back down."

Trembling, Rikimaru did what he was told. Kevin walked to his desk and did the same.

"Do you know why I fired you?"

Rikimaru shook his head.

"It's because I don't want you to be a Spicer anymore."

"That's kind of obvious," Rikimaru retorted.

"It's because I want you to be a chef."

Rikimaru looked as though he had been slapped in the face. "What? Me?"

"Yes, you."

"But why?"

"Oh, there's a couple of reasons. First, I feel that you can do so much more than just spicing dishes. Second, chefs rank higher than waiters."

"Huh?"

"Yes. You have the authority to order waiters around. I'm thinking of a select couple you'd have fun with."

Rikimaru gave a half-smile." So why did you fire and rehire me instead of telling me I was promoted?"

"Did I say you were rehired?"

Rikimaru froze in shock.

"Rikimaru, there's a reason you are the best person to pick on," Kevin said with a laugh. "Because it is so fun."

Rikimaru frowned. "So I am rehired?"

"Yes, of course."

The Vexan heaved a sigh of relief, glad this conversation didn't turn out bad for him after all.

"Say, Rikimaru, before you go, is there anything I can to do ease the embarrassment those two idiots caused you?"

Rikimaru smiled. "Yeah, I can think of one thing."

Kevin frowned. "You're supposed to say 'No, everything is fine.'"

"Well, you did offer."

"What'll it be then?"

"So… How did I go?" River asked as Rikimaru seated himself at the table.

"Oh, it was nothing. He wanted to talk to me about those two waiters from earlier. Everything's good now." No sooner did he finish that last sentence he dove into his pasta dish, greedily and ravenously devouring its contents.

"You didn't lose your job or anything?"

Rikimaru shook his head, for talking with your mouth full is incredibly rude.

Soon, dinner was finished and Kevin came back to collect the dishes. After that he came back with the check pad.

"Can I finish you two with a dessert?" he asked.

"Yes. We'll have the Angry Hot Fudge Chocolate Volcano," River said.

"Feeling adventurous, aren't we?"

"Like a pirate!"

Rikimaru gave a little frown, knowing his line was used.

"One Angry Hot Fudge Chocolate Volcano coming right up," Kevin said, jotting the order down and leaving.

"Ooh, I'm so anxious! I can't wait to try it!" River exclaimed, getting a hungry look in her eyes.

"Rikimaru cocked his head. "You think you can stomach that after what you had for dinner?"

"Don't underestimate my stomach. It's bottomless," she replied with a grin.

Rikimaru clutched his own stomach. Thinking of taking a bite of that horrid creation made it churn angrily, reporting that the tank was full.

At last the moment came. He could smell the evil-looking dessert before it arrived.

The thing was massive, exactly like it was described and pictured, exactly the way he remembered it.

Almost immediately, River took up a fork and took out a chunk of the cake. "Let's take a bite at the same time!" she offered.

Rikimaru took up his fork and did the same. The moist cake and its toppings oozed off the fork and onto the dessert dish. Well, if he was going to die, at least he would die together with his girlfriend.

"Ready? One, two, three, go!" She shoved the fork in her mouth and Rikimaru did the same. Once inside, though, the bite's richness almost made him gag. Slowly, he chewed the bite and swallowed, smacking his mouth with relief.

"How was it?" River asked.

"It was power. Rich. Assaulting," Rikimaru said, not knowing how else to describe it.

Together, they finished off the dessert. River ate most of it, of course, but Rikimaru ate more bites than he thought he could. River leaned back in her seat, satisfied.

"That was good," she commented. How she could remain unaffected was Rikimaru's guess. His mouth was screaming for water and Kevin didn't supply it fast enough. Even leaving two pitchers wasn't enough.

Finally Kevin came back to take the plate away (fighting River away because she was trying to lick the plate clean), refill the pitcher, and to leave the check along with a few mint candies.

River picked up and examined the check while Rikimaru popped a mint into his mouth in hopes of ridding it of that overpowering chocolate taste. River, however, frowned at the check.

"What is it?" Rikimaru asked.

"That's odd. We weren't charged for the Angry Hot Fudge Chocolate Volcano," she replied.

"Maybe it was a mistake?"

"I dunno. I'll ask." She hailed Kevin, who was at another table, and showed it to him.

"I'm sorry, but the Hot Fudge Volcano isn't on here," River exclaimed.

"What Volcano?" Kevin replied and left before River could say anything else. She sat there with a confused look on her face.

Rikimaru smiled. "He didn't charge us for it because of the embarrassment his employees caused us tonight."

"Really? Well that was awfully nice." Rikimaru nodded.

The two of them paid at the register up front and left the restaurant.

"Oooohhh, I'm stuffed!" River exclaimed, patting her belly as they pulled out of the parking place.

"I'm surprised. You tore away at that Volcano like it was nothing," Rikimaru said.

River giggled. "How are you feeling?"

"Okay, I guess. A small cramp, but other than that I'm fine." The taste of chocolate was still in his mouth and it was beginning to anger him.

"Mm. Me too. I think I did eat a little much."

The image of her ravenously tearing away at her plate filled Rikimaru's head, and he smiled and looked out the window. A shame it was that the night was about to end.

Finally, the dreaded moment came. The car pulled into Rikimaru's driveway, put in park, and was turned off. The both of them climbed out and River walked him to his door step. Rikimaru unlocked the front door.

"River, I-I had a great time tonight," he said with one hand on the doorknob.

"I did too. I just wish it could have lasted longer," River said.

"Me too. Did you maybe… Uhhh…"

River smiled. "What is it?"

"Did you maybe want to do it again sometime?"

"I'd love to. What time are you free? My schedule is open."

"I don't have work Friday. How about we have it here?"

"Here, huh? Sounds great. I'll see you then."

"Well, uh… Good night. See you at school tomorrow."

"See you."

Before Rikimaru opened his front door, he couldn't help but stop and just stare into her smiling eyes. Surprisingly, she was doing the same. Even more surprising was the fact that her eyes were getting closer. He went in as well and the two embraced in a long kiss. It felt like an electric shock was going through his body, like the hug from the cafeteria, but this was several times stronger.

When they got done, they pulled away. River's smile widened as she gave a small wave and turned around to leave. After she left his porch, Rikimaru opened the front door and went inside and shut and locked it behind him.

With a sigh, he proceeded to his room to get ready for bed.

Before he did so, however, there was a knock at his door. Curious, Rikimaru opened it and found River there with a frown on her face.

"Is there anything wrong?" Rikimaru asked.

"Stupid car won't start," she replied.

"Did you find the problem?"

"I think the battery's dead."

"That's too bad. I'd give you a jump, but I don't have a car myself."

"Can… I crash here tonight? It's late and it's a little too far to walk home."

"You wanna stay here?" Rikimaru asked in shock at the sudden request.

"Please?"

"I suppose. Er, where will you sleep? I have a couch over here," He pointed to the living room.

"With you?"

Her smile was a smile Rikimaru did not like at all. "W-w-with me?"

"Sure! I get lonely at night!"

"But you live by yourself!"

"Details, details…"

"I guess it won't hurt… I hope."

"Don't worry, it won't. I promise."

"Okay, my room's your room."

She let out a cute little squeal. "Thank you!"

"Don't… Mention it." He wondered what he was getting into. He led her into his bedroom and made a sweeping gesture. "Here it is," he said. "Don't mind the mess. I don't usually get company."

"No problem!" she said, smiling a bit at the clothes on the floor. "That's a nice alarm clock."

"Yeah. It gets me up in the morning. I am an ex-tremely heavy sleeper."

"Is it one of those phase ones? It sure looks like one!"

"Yeah, it is."

"How neat! I've always wanted to see what these things did!"

"Well, you're in luck."

She gave a huge yawn and cracked a couple of bones in her neck. "I'm ready for bed. Are you? All that food's making me sleepy!"

"Yeah, I was about to get ready before you came back."

"I see. Do you mind if I get ready in the bathroom?"

"Not at all. Go ahead. First door on the left."

"Thanks!"

She left the room. Rikimaru usually slept in just his boxers, but since he had company, he would have to put on a light shirt and pajama bottoms. He did just that and sat on the bed, thinking about this amazing night he was having. He thought he could sense a trap, but how dangerous could she be?

When she came back in, Rikimaru looked at her in shock. She wasn't wearing pants, just a shirt and panties.

She saw his look and said, "Sorry. Just a habit of mine. I normally sleep like this. I'll go back and dress."

That's fine, really. I don't care, really."

"Are you sure?"

"Yeah, I'm fine."

She smiled. She knew he was blushing. "Perv," she mumble under her breath.

"Hm?"

"Nothing."

She went over and climbed in the bed on the other side while Rikimaru turned off the ceiling fan light. He climbed in bed as well. The two of them were facing opposite sides.

"Good night, River. Sleep well."

"You too," came a weak voice. "Good night."

About twenty minutes, Rikimaru felt something soft and bushy moving up near his backside. He realized that it was her tail, and it was intertwining with his own. Soon after, he could hear her snoring lightly.

Rikimaru smiled and fell asleep himself. Today will be a day he will never forget.

NEVER FORGET

SIGNATURES


AUTOGRAPHS

CREDIT

Thank you to the many artist that have contributed their works for this years convention book. If you can, please take some time out of your day and visit their site, it would mean a great deal to them and to this convention. Thank you.

Website: https://www.furaffinity.net/user/ango76/
Artist: Ango76
Name: Cowboy Sneggy
Page: 31

Website: http://www.furaffinity.net/user/opturk/
Artist: Opturk
Name: BooDrinkin'Otter
Page: 5

Website: http://www.furaffinity.net/user/katvixen/
Artist: Katvixen
Title: Vixen Outlaw
Page: 19

Website: http://www.furaffinity.net/user/steeljaw/
Artist: Laken Steeljaw
Name: Desperado
Page: 13

Website: http://www.furaffinity.net/user/samaralab/
Artist: Samara Lab
Title: Kean Cowboy
Page: 17

Website: http://www.furaffinity.net/user/racoonwolf/
Artist: Racoonwolf
Title: Cow Wolf Sits
Page: 18
Title: Cow Wolf Ready's
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THANKS

