Inside the lounge room of the Ark, an afterparty was in full effect. Caterers and bartenders gladly accommodated food and drinks to the various racers of the Rimba Grand Prix, including some of the track mechanics. Music blared from every direction, laughter echoed from every booth, table, and occupied chair. Especially from the one timber wolf in the corner booth, drunkenly boasting about how he beat a veteran and a rookie easily.

Across from the lounge room though, on a balcony overlooking the changing landscape below the massive airship, two racers were not celebrating. Instead, both argued about where they went wrong during the race; Axle pointed out the various ways Tag would be reckless while the latter complained about the former’s severe independence and lack of teamwork.

“Boys, boys, what’s with the noise?” A foxy voice interrupted their argument. Both veteran and rookie turned to find a red fox in an evening dress, her paws on her sides. “Do I have to remind you that this is a party?”

“I was just telling Tag that he needs to stay focused on the track,” Axle said.

“And I was just informing the veteran racer here that he needs to stop being such a lone wolf!” Tag snarled in frustration. “Meika, can you back me up here?”

As the eagle and tiger continued to squabble, Meika silently thought over what to do to solve the conflict between them. Truth be told, she did hate how Pike once again beat all of them at another race. However, she wasn’t brash enough to show it to anyone in public. Especially the cocky timber wolf she once liked.

Meanwhile, Axle and Tag argued while leaning closer, their eyes boring into each other as their faces grew closer. Meika bit her lower lip, abruptly picturing the two men kissing. A fantasy she admittedly sometimes wished to see, based on their rivalry dynamic. It led to the blushing vixen secretly readjusting her legs in an attempt to ignore the itch beneath her panties.

*Why now?* Meika thought to herself. *God, I hope Axle and Tag don’t notice.*

Truth be told, they weren’t the only ones stressed lately. On top of Pike’s string of wins on the racetrack, Meika had been experiencing a bout of personal bad luck. One of them included her vibrator no longer working properly, and the manufacturing company not answering her emails for weeks. A lack of using the device to help with urges and lonely night had been getting to the vixen lately.

Suddenly, Meika’s muzzle lit up in a smile. Now there was an idea.

Whatever Axle and Tag argued about was interrupted when Meika wrapped her arms around the both of them. Startled at first, the eagle and tiger respectively perked their ears upon hearing the next thing she whispered: “My room. Now.”

Very confused, if a little frightened by the intensity in her voice, they obliged. All three made sure to appear nonchalant as they exited the party, which wasn’t difficult due to Pike’s distracting boasting as well as Sonny and Meelo somehow attracting many partygoers with an argument about an anime they watched.

Minutes later, the trio entered her bedroom, and Meika locked the door.

“What’s going on, Meika?” Tag asked.

“Isn’t it obvious? We’re going to fuck.”

Both suddenly stared, slack-jawed at Meika’s blunt reply. Even Axle, infamous for his dry responses and lack of tactful answers to annoying news reporters during mandatory interviews, was utterly surprised by the vixen’s choice of words. Hell, neither he nor Tag ever recalled a memory of the seemingly sweet, friendly fox ever using a swear word before.

“Excuse me?” Axle spoke up first.

“M-Meika, what did you say?” Tag asked next.

She sighed, uncrossing her arms and placing her paws on each curved hip.

“Did I stutter?” she asked rhetorically. “I want to have sex with you two. The longer the RGP has been going on, the more stressed we’ve become. If we want to defeat Pike and his cronies, we need to keep level heads, and…well,” the vixen slightly blushed, and gave a small chuckle. “Well, I’ve been thinking that we could blow off some steam somehow. And I know that there’s this sexual tension going on between the two of you.”

Veteran and rookie eyed each other, gulping and completely flushed. Axle stared up and down at the striped feline standing beside him, his face no longer stoic, but…vulnerable? It matched the tiger’s as well, whose legs and tail trembled at first in fear, then excitement. At no longer hiding his deep feelings as well as the possibilities before him.

“What?” Meika smirked. “Do you wanna do this or not? Because we can just forget this conversation ever happened and go back to the party out there—”

“No, no, I’m…” Tag waved his paws, sighing and letting out a nervous smile. “I’m for this. Axle, what about you?”

The tiger and vixen racers turned to the silent avian, trying to figure out his thoughts. Neither knew what to expect until Axle suddenly began to unbutton his shirt. Without saying another word, Tag and Meika nodded, starting to undress too. Whatever tension hung in the air started to dissipate.

“Wow…” Tag gulped in surprise. “I uh, I didn’t know you swung that way…”

“Swung what way?” Axle asked, already testing the tiger’s boundaries by cautiously placing his fingers on Tag’s right side. “You mean that I’m not fully attracted to women? I am…but I don’t mind exploring with other males.”

Tag shuddered from Axle’s warm touch. “H-Happy to know…”

The two leaned in closer, until they finally connected into a slow kiss. Meika watched them nearby, having already stripped her dressed down to the floor, leaving the vixen wearing nothing but an orange bra and lingerie that blended into her fur. Watching her teammate and the veteran racer begin to make out caused Meika to whimper, and she leaned against her bed while lowering her fingers. A single teasing brush against her covered folds led to her feeling wet.

Much to Tag’s surprise, he did more than just enjoy kissing Axle. He found it spectacular, in more ways than he could have even secretly imagined. Despite how much he used to consider the avian a jerk when they first met, the tiger couldn’t deny that Axle was handsome. Very handsome, actually. Being a cool yet mysterious veteran racer didn’t happen to be the only reason the older eagle had so many fans. As Tag trilled at feeling Axle’s expert tongue slither past his whiskers and dance between his jaws, encircling and tasting his rough feline tongue without piercing him with that beak, the cat could barely form a cohesive thought. He whimpered and purred from the way Axle showed his inexperience.

Meanwhile, Meika shattered at the way her own fingers teased her crotch. Each brush and instinctual rub made her let out a breathy gasp, and before she could stop herself, the vixen reached below her panties to stroke the neglected, soaked walls of her vagina. Her chest tingled in golden delight, mixed with the hot sight of her racing teammate and the admittedly handsome Axle sharing a passionate kiss.

Speaking of whom, Axle parted from the tiger’s lips to stare at her. “Are you going to join us or not?”

“Hmm?” Meika hummed coyly. “So eager to get started, are we?”

“I think what he means is,” Tag intervened with a lustful smile, “that we’re enjoying this, but would like to have you be more than just a watcher, and…uh, yeah.” He laughed.

Hiding his smirk, Axle couldn’t help but wonder why he’d ever found the tiger annoying.

Meika nodded in understanding. Without another word, she stood up straighter and approached the two panting males, who gulped when the sultry vixen undid her bra, discarding it to the floor with the rest of her clothing (sans her underwear, at the moment). Neither could look away from her breasts, perfectly plump and fitting for the rest of her slender, crimson-furred body. In another life, Meika could have worked as a seductive model instead of a racer, let alone what she had done in the past prior to the Rimba Grand Prix.

Meika let out a forlorn sigh. “They’re small, aren’t they?” she asked them, covering her chest with her arms as she stared down at the floor with folded ears.

“What are you talking about?” Tag tilted his ears in confusion. “They’re beautiful. Like you.”

“What he said,” Axle agreed. “There’s nothing wrong with your body…not at all.” He let in a deep breath, then exhaled. They’re perfect. Whatever you think people have said about your body before, they were wrong.”

Meika lit up at hearing such kind words. From Tag, she half-expected him to always be reassuring and say the right thing, but with a quiet man like Axle, she didn’t predict he would be so eloquent. Happiness welled up in her lungs until she couldn’t wait any longer and walked over to the tiger and eagle.

First, she kissed Tag, who purred in dazzlement at feeling her vixen lips dance with his coarse tongue. He settled into the kiss for several seconds, his paws reaching up to fondle her right breast, before they pulled away, and Axle took his turn to kiss her. As Meika melted against his beak, Tag continued to squeeze her boob, his fingers circling the sensitive nipple, and Axle did the same for her left breast. Just as quickly as she started making out with Axle, the latter did the same to Tag, and the former did to Meika, until all three started to feel hot with their remaining clothes on. So, Meika didn’t wait to slip down her panties, kicking them aside and letting the men inhale the feminine heat wafting from between her gorgeous legs.

Tag licked his fangs, while Axle suppressed polishing his own beak. While the tiger started to peel his pants and boxers down to the bedroom floor, the older eagle was a little more hesitant. However, he eventually kicked his own briefs aside after abashedly revealing his penis and scrotum to the other two racers.

“It…It isn’t like that at first,” Axle explained in slight embarrassment. “I’m not as small when I’m hard.”

Compared to the younger feline, Axle’s cock wasn’t as long. If anything, it was very much shorter compared to Tag’s erect seven inches. Maybe up to two or three inches at most when flaccid. Even so, the mockery that was to be expected never arrived. Axle inwardly reminded himself not to underestimate how respectful and kind the other racers could be.

“What are you talking about, Axle?” Tag, without batting an eye, smiled as he reached over to give the eagle a few encouraging strokes with his soft palm. “I think me and you look the same.

Axel shuddered and moaned at the foreign contact on his dick. He unknowingly bucks into the velvet fingers, blinking hard and relishing in having another man touch him in what felt like forever. As Tag jerked him off, the tiger shifted closer in order to compare his erection with Axle’s. At first, the feline’s barber member did have a couple of inches more than the eagle. However, the vixen stand close by gasped at the inches being cut in half. Then, Axle’s length matched Tag. Finally though, it grew and grew until the thick member stood out at ten to eleven inches, possibly a foot in total, with the tiger’s fingers dwarfing compared to before. If Meika could have been a sexy model in another life, then Axle could have been a well-acclaimed porn star in another lucrative career.

“Wow, you’re such a grower!” Tag beamed at the impressive cock he continued to stroke. It pulsed harder at the motivational words said. “It’s larger than me.”

“I know.” Axle grunted from the continue touching. “Keep going.”

“It sure is,” Meika giggled in agreement, beginning to kneel in front of them. “Now if you don’t mind, boys…”

Tag hitched his breath at the silky pair of lips sinking down on his feline member, letting go of Axle so she could take over with her left paw, the tiger instead wrapping his arm around the handsome eagle beside him. Axle closed his eyes again to revel in the attention below his belt. Particularly when Meika slowly pulled away from the tiger stroke him off next, and attempt to sink her vixen muzzle down his larger length. And even used her free paw to grope his ass cheek. Apparently, the not-so-innocent fox had a seasoned mouth, experienced from several encounters in the past.

For a few delicious minutes, she would orally war ship one cock in front of her and stroke the other before alternating to give the other pent-up male their turn. Meanwhile, both Axle and Tag returned to kissing each other slowly, passionately, their tongues swirling slowly around the other’s, their fingers either caressing their bare sides or scratching Meika’s hot ears with each bob of her head. A perfect sexual equilibrium they had somehow met.

This went on for quite a while. Sucking and tasting, stroking and soothing rubs, Meika pulled them both to the edge and back. By the time she could sense Tag was about to climax down her throat, the vixen decisively pulled off his member and winked up at the panting, purring feline.

“Let’s take this to the bed, shall we?” Meika suggested, and Axle answered by being the first to lie down with his back against the headboard. His thick cock jutting at full attention to the naked, voluptuous vixen. “Ohohoh, somebody’s eager! I’m not sure I can even fit you all the way.”

Axle grunted at her nervous laughter, “You’re not the first one to worry,” he told her. “I’ll make sure to be gentle though. Trust me.”

Meika softly smiled at the avian. “I do.”

Behind them, a twinge of jealousy went through Tag. From the first time he witnessed Axle’s cock at full hardness, he’d been enthusiastic about either tasting it or having it under his tail. Possibly both. It looked like it would have to wait though, as the eagle stroked his member with his own wet pre and motioned for Meika to get on the bed.

“Awww, why the long face, Tag?” she teased him.

“Oh nothing,” he dismissed the jealousy, still hypnotized by the way her hips swayed in front of him. The scent of her arousal drove him wild. “God, I wanna taste you.”

“You can wait your turn.” Axle said, huffing. “Meika can take me first.”

“If she wants to,” Tag interjected with a chuckle.

“Boys, please,” she spread her thighs after crawling atop the avian and lifted her bushy tail for the tiger to see. Not only her glistening pussy begging to be spread, but the winking tail hole too, “there’s plenty of me to go around. Tag, mind getting me ready for you?”

Tag gulped at the sight. Knees quaking and tongue drooling, he stepped forward to kneel atop the bed directly behind her and Axle, his knees brushing up against the avian and vixen’s ankles as he leaned down. A single sniff of the natural pheromones dripping like a perfume spray stiffened his already concrete-hard cock. Said female pheromones tasted even sweeter when he stretched his tongue out word to lick along her inner thighs, then tongue-fucked her pussy like a starving man before a delicious feast.

Meika gasped at the welcomed intrusion. First, the rough yet sweet sandpaper tongue that ate her out while ten fingers fondled her curved hips. He somehow found the time to blow hot air on Axle’s rigid shaft when it brushed against her folds, teasing them both. Then, after tasting as much of her wet pussy as possible, Tag’s whiskers trailed upward to kiss her taint, then make Meika yelp at the sensation of his tongue working inside her, beneath the raised tail. Thankfully, she was prepared already and had cleaned herself before the party earlier even started (she’d initially hoped to hook up with someone, not expecting to be this lucky in the end).

The entire time, Axle enjoyed the show. His large cock occasionally brushed and prodded against the vixen’s vagina, but stalled, wanting to feel her around him when the tiger rookie was already fucking her. He wished to have all three of them be one, deep down.

By the time Tag had started to grow tired of orally pleasing the vixen, he pulled away to let out impressed huffs.

“Aww, stopped already?” Meika playfully asked him, gulping and drooling.

Tag let out a deep chuckle. “Jaw’s sore,” he simply stated. “But I’m not done just yet, Meika…”

“Good to know, big boy,” she moaned as her legs parted further, “Now please, fuck me before Axle gets impatient.”

Axle let out a scoff as his reply. Nevertheless, his dick refused to soften. Not as Tag gingerly inserted his member into Meika’s tailhole, when she squealed like a virgin at being anally fucked. At the same time, Axle found himself and Tag sharing the same blissful expression with Meika. Feeling himself sink inside the hot folds of the vixen racer, Axle bit his lower beak. Then, he gasped again at how much she enveloped his length after a single thrust. Then two and three and four and many more. Her walls felt so tight around his virile dick, while the sensation of Tag’s warm knees caressing his legs provided even further hardness to the veteran. He couldn’t remember the last time he enjoyed a threesome with both a male and a female, particularly since his agreement with King.

He gently nipped at one of Meika’s pert tits as they bounced up and down before his steely eyes, long avian tongue lavishing one nipple before squeezing the other with his avian maw, causing her to shriek from sexual delight. What a vocal woman!

Tag also enjoyed each thrust too. Hips crashing against the vixen’s and her tailhole clenching around his barbs, the tiger’s manicured claws ran from Meika’s voluptuous sides to her torso and chest, his fingers pinching and pulling one nipple, cupping the breast whenever Axle was occupied with the other.

“Dude, did I just…feel you?” The tiger gawked between deep pushes.

Axle grunted. “I think you…did.”

“Ahh!” Meika moaned from another one of their thrusts, only in unison. “Oh, fuck, yes!”

“Oh fuck…” Tag gritted his teeth from producing another savoring thrust.

“Mmmmm,” Axle groaned, “So…So tight.”

Meika squirmed between them like prey caught between two predators. Of course, this was neither her first time with multiple men nor her first time with somebody so well-equipped below the belt. In fact, before beginning her career with the Rimba Grand Prix, Meika would occasionally hook up with a thick-dicked elephant who could make her feel like a flesh light at the end of the day. Where he would always be rough though, not that she complained, these two men stuffing her did their best to be gentle. They would always be caring for her.

She craned her neck around to meet Tag into yet another leisurely kiss. Saliva-coated lips let out pleasurable gasps from the gyrating attention she felt at both ends, and Meika turned back to receive her own deep kiss from Axle. His lasted longer though despite Tag thrusting faster under her tailhole and losing himself to her warm depths. The same went for Axle too, who struggled against popping off too early and emptying inside the beautiful vixen.

Fortunately, or perhaps unfortunately for Meika, Axle didn’t get the chance to climax too early. She did, the foxy racer suddenly emitting a euphoric cry after a few well-pushed buttons drove her to orgasm.

“Jesus Christ,” she whimpered in quivering satisfaction. “Just…Just what I needed…Thank you, boys…”

Before Tag or Axle could say anything, she collapsed tiredly into the latter’s chest, already passed out with the largest smile either of them had ever seen her wear. At first, neither knew what to do, until Axle decided to gently pull her from his cock, soaked in her juices. Tag pulled himself from her other hole as well.

“Help me put her down.”

“Sure thing,” Tag muttered.

The duo assisted in pulling the sleepy vixen from atop Axle, carefully placing her on the area of the large bed not occupied by them. Meika sighed in blissful sleep, her tail curling atop her legs as Tag and Axle continued without her, letting the vixen peacefully sleep.

The tiger and eagle locked into another starved kiss, moaning and groping the other’s sides as they rubbed their sweat-covered bodies feverishly together.

When he first met Tag in the elevator during the previous racing season, Axle didn’t think much of the tiger. He considered him yet another wannabe-racer looking to gain a few seconds in the spotlight and fail miserably on the first track. An inexperienced nobody like so many had come before. Except, not only did Tag manage to keep up with the eagle, but even surpass him.

Then, Axle began to feel excitement again at no longer being the best RGP racer on the tracks. Slowly, his respect for the young tiger turned to admiration, then attraction, before finally, he found himself in various sex positions with Tag atop Meika’s bed as she slept beside them.

At one point, Tag lifted his feline tail for the veteran. After borrowing some lubricant Meika conveniently left on her nightstand, then applying a generous amount to Tag’s handsome crevice, Axle didn’t waste much time in making the rookie mewl like a kitten. He bucked his hips inside and out of the warm tiger, pounding his prostate over and over, kissing him with his beak and hugging him close between tender thrusts. A sensation he had honestly been desiring since the moment he began to see Tag as more than just a worthy rival.

He did more than just fuck Tag but made love to him. His pulsing member probed the sweet spot within the feline, hitting the prostate gently yet firmly until it caused Tag to purr like an engine against Axle’s chest, driving them further wild. Axle relished the feeling. Had he been a younger avian, he felt sure he could make Tag sing loud enough to alert everyone on the Ark what was happening in Meika’s quarters. For the moment, he settled on vibrating purrs and feline meows that sounded like music to his ears, especially whenever his cockhead pressed against his love walnut. Did people Tag’s age call it that? He wasn’t sure.

Later, by the time Axle started to grow tired, he pulled out to let the energetic tiger have a turn with him. Already grabbing some lube and lifting his feathered tail, the experienced eagle prepared himself as Tag hungrily stroked his own barbed cock to be ready. It wasn’t the first time Axle had taken a cat, let alone been tucked by one with their barbed shafts or impressive stamina, and Tag was no exception. While Axle had been gentle yet firm and quite loving before, Tag went raw and passionate, the embodiment of a punk eager to get himself and his lover off. A dynamic that Axle rather welcomed. Especially when the lithe tiger pounded his rear end in rapid thrusts, leaning down to roughly give live bites into his shoulder, then kissing them with his lips and coarse tongue, showing his dominance. 

Soon enough. Tag pulled out, not wanting the night to end so soon. Neither did Axle, so they continued kissing and rubbing their dripping cocks together in lusting peace, holding each other close as the room filled with their sweat and musk. There are muscular and toned frames caressed together in addicted delirium. Tag purred as Axle trilled. They were completely lost in each other; half-wishing Meika was still awake to enjoy the moment with her as well. Still, the duo didn’t let it stop them. Tongues thrashed, fingers fondled, and moans majestically grew until neither veteran or rookie could take it any longer, and they came together all over their bare stomachs.

Minutes later, their members lay limp between their bodies, cum staining their feathers and fur as the two tried gather their thoughts. As well as calming their overworked breaths and drumming heartbeats.

“Oh, fuck…” Tag panted into Axle’s chest. “Shit…that was…”

“Amazing,” Axle replied after gasping for air.

“Yeah…” Tag purred louder upon feeling the eagle’s arms wrapped around his shoulder, pulling him closer to rest atop his chest. “Meika sure is out though…”

Axle turned to find the beautiful vixen still asleep, though she did shift to face them less than a foot away. Using his other free arm, he gently wrapped it around her body, and Meika unconsciously shifted closer to the avian’s well-built body. Her sleeping smile never disappeared. If anything, it curved upward even further once her crimson-furred muzzle rested on his white-feathered arm.

“We should follow her example,” Axle said, “and go to sleep.”

“What about when people notice us come out of her room?” Tag pondered. “People will talk.”

“When did you care what people think?”

“…good point.” Tag nodded. “But wait, when did you start to not care?”

Axle couldn’t resist giving the tiniest of a sly smile. “You and Meika are starting to be a bad influence on me.”

The two males chuckled. Then, they exchanged a quick peck on the lips before each leaned over to place a gentle kiss on Meika’s forehead. She was right about them. They all just needed to let off some steam. Without the stress and sexual tension/repression clouding their judgment, they could think clearly again. For the moment though, Tag didn’t want to start planning on how they could take down Pike and his crew. Neither did Axle. All they wanted to do was cuddle closely with Meika and drift off to sleep with her. They could discuss it in the morning, after getting cleaned and refreshed before breakfast.

One thing was certain though: the three racers would do this once again.