There was a reason plenty of moralists referred to Oasis as ‘the Sin City’. After driving down the glamorous main boulevard and checking into a decent hotel several blocks away, I proceeded to enjoy myself at the casinos. I played blackjack, craps, several slot machines, plus enjoyed a magic show before taking a relaxing swim in the hotel’s pool.

However, what entranced me the most about Nevada were its licensed brothels. To reach these regulated churches of sexual debauchery, one needed to leave the comforts of Oasis’s city limits and travel out into the surrounding desert counties. Those willing to host these clubs relied on the financial benefits rather than how it reflected their communities.

One of these featured a cowboy-themed brothel named Saddleback. It showcased ‘beauties’ like livestock, with a tattoo ‘branding’ of the building’s logo painted on the right butt cheek of each sex worker. If they weren’t preoccupied with serving drinks, food, or their services out in the open of the building’s main room, they posed in sexy outfits on a large stage, waiting to be escorted with a gentleman (or lady, from the few I spotted in the crowd) to a private room.

Quite a few already purchased some entertainment for the evening. Some help let me to be in a private room while most didn’t mind having fun within eyesight of other fellow patrons. I could see it all that occur after being seated at the establishment’s bar, modeled to resemble an Old Western saloon. I spotted an older zebra buy an hour of a twink lion hooker’s time to sit on his lap, letting the middle-aged herbivore molest and fondle and grope all over a young predator’s body with roaming fingers as the zebra drunkenly chatted with other businessmen. From what I’d seen, the lion didn’t mind, even actively encouraged the other businessmen to touch him if they pleased.

On the other end of the rows of tables, I could see a twenty-something boar leaning his back against the wall in heavenly bliss after one of the brothel employees crawled underneath his table. I could even spot toes and tail poking out from under the tablecloth.

None of the young men presented onstage caught my eye yet. For the moment, I only decided to enjoy my mixed drink. Sipping the martini once or twice, I casually switched between checking stocks on my smartphone and flirting with the charming bartender. He was a white-tailed deer wearing only a bartender’s vest and a jockstrap underneath, with full lips and bright blue eyes who recently lost his antlers. I’d tried probing around if he offered his services, but the lad was quick to shot me down.

“The closest you’ll ever find me in the back rooms as when I’m cleaning them afterward, sweetie,” he scoffed. “Sorry, but I only serve stiff drinks.”

“A real tragedy,” I begrudgingly sipped my martini again, then motioned him to a certain red fox on the stage, bending over to give a clear view of his rear. “Know anything about the fox there? What he’s into?”

“Oh, him? His name’s either Nathan or Ned, but I do know he loves older men like you and how to do a fetish for nipple play. I know, ‘cause the other guys call him ‘Nipple At A Time’ in the locker rooms…”

“Thank you,” I nodded.

After much internal debate, I bought #23 after watching the sultry male fox strut out onstage, wearing nothing but leather cowboy boots, a black rustler’s hat, a belt to hold a tiny whip, and the cutest pink thong to grace a femboi’s girly hips. He looked no older than thirty yet giggled like a horny schoolgirl in summertime heat, especially when I held the door open for him to step inside our modest room.

“Why thank you, kind sir!”

I settled myself on the queen-sized bed and watched as the fox prepared himself. He seductively pulled off his cowboy boots and the belt, followed by a striptease of his pink thong that didn’t last long, considering I had purchased his services for an hour or so. Extra minutes cost more. So, he simply kicked the song away and lusciously walked over to the bed as his modest cock and balls bounced with each step. I grinned like a hungry animal as I let him peel my pants down and fish out my hardened dogcock, which he tried to wrap his lips around.

“Hey,” I spoke up and the vulpine paused with his extended tongue touching my shaft. “Don’t spend too much time sucking it. I just want myself wet enough so I can put it in right away.”

He smiled up at me and nodded, “As you wish.”

Minutes of sucking and applying proper lube to himself later, the red fox straddled my waistline as we aligned my cock tip under his tail.

His chest looked too enticing for me to ignore. Those dainty nipples bounce before me in tempting wonder, then compelled me to give the right nub a sharp lick. The fox’s tailhole squeezed suddenly around my accommodated cock, eliciting a few hot huffs from me and a girly exhale of breath from him. I licked it again. Another feminine gasp from my cowboy femboi. The noises made were so beautiful to my ears that I leaned down to ravage each hardened nub, dividing my attention between suckling on the lad’s nipple and thrusting inside that tight ass, his vulpine tail thrashing gun wildly as the foxy hooked tried not to make too much noise.

“No need for courtesy, boy,” I pulled away to give a quick kiss to his left nipple, informing the breathless fox, “Let it out for me. I like the sounds you make…”

Like that, Nathan/Ned/Nipple At A Time chorused out his pleasure. His entire body trembled with each push inside his entrance mixed with the ways I used my teeth to pull playfully at each nub or savor my tongue along it like a morsel of ice cream dessert. During which the red fox’s fingers dug into the backs of my shoulders, which in turn only motivated me to pleasure ourselves even faster. I returned the rough groping bye spanking his right butt cheek multiple times throughout my spasming thrusts, sweat trickling down my forehead and my balls churning as I enjoyed every cent spent on the talented brothel employee taking my canine cock.

“So…” he panted beside me as cum covered our stomachs and his ass, “This your first time…going to a…a brothel…?”

I wrapped an arm around his shoulder, and he lay one of his paws on my bare stomach. Shaking my muzzle, I replied, “Nope. Been to brothels a few times in Amsterdam, but never in America.”

“Are you British?”

“German, actually,” I said in English, then said in German, “I like to hide my accent sometimes but not always.”

“Me too, but it’s more because I have a valley girl drawl,” the fox replied in German.

“You speak Deutsch?”

“Two years in college,” he giggled, then returned to speaking English again, “This gig helps pay for it all.”

I laughed softly. “Glad to know I’m helping someone get an education by fucking them then.”

We laughed together and simply talked for the rest of the ten minutes of my time with the red fox. I never got to ask for his name, but I made sure to list ‘Saddleback’ as a brothel to return to if I ever found myself visiting Oasis, Nevada again.