

Riverfront

by S.H. Gall

“Otter, meet Badger.”

“Hello,” I said. “Nice to meet you.”

Badger looked me over with a lewd yellow-brown eye. “Do you work out?”

I laughed. “I live in a third-floor walk-up. That's the extent of my working out.”

Badger pinched my cheek between his thick hairy thumb and stubby forefinger. Warmth grew within me. My Chi felt stimulated. It was a little off-color, though.

“Umm,” I began. “I belong to the family Mustelidae. Which includes some badgers. That could be... weird.”

Badger laughed. “That would be! Fortunately for us,” - he winked - “I'm in the family Mellivorivae. We're the Honey Badgers.”

I reddened at this, and the warm glow intensified. “So you are.” I searched my memory. “So, are you in one of those families of badgers with the jaws that can't be unhinged?”

Badger chortled. “Perhaps unfortunately, no.” His gaze wandered all over the place, never leaving the framework of my body. “But I've trained my gag reflex into dormancy.”

Thus began a long and fruitful inter-species sexual friendship. Thanks to Badger's cousin, Skunk (family Mephitidae), who introduced us.

Seth Gall has had work published in China, Canada, and the U.S. His work has appeared in Word Riot, SmokeLong Quarterly, and Nanoism. He is S.H. Gall in decomP Magazine, Nanoism, issues one and 27 of SmokeLong Quarterly, Five Star Literary Stories, and Fictionaut.

