

Shaky claws hovered over Zane's phone. Butterflies hovered about in his stomach churning his insides into knots. 'You know he'll enjoy it' The Lynx argued with himself the tufts on his ears standing on edge. Funny how he never once hesitated with a plan months in the making, but now that it was time to go through he hesitated. Without thinking his index finger came down on the send button. A four-word message, 'let's hang out today.'

The cat took in a large breath of air and swept his fur back. A buzz from his phone told him he had a message, and quickly he swiped at the screen to see a response from Damien, 'sounds great, your place or mine?' The cat tapped at his phone slowly to meet at his apartment. A fourth story one bed one bathroom run of the mill place, but it had the exact things he needed to pull off his idea.

Damien was single. Zane hadn't seen him so much as mention an interest since the time they had been friends. Normally the Lynx would mind his own business in these kinds of matters, but lately, his scaled friend had been glum. No interest in ladies and loneliness it didn't take a genius to put it together that he was afraid of accepting his sexuality, or at least Zane hoped that was the case. Today would get awkward really fast if not.

Zane hopped into the shower quickly lathering his Beige fur to wash off the grime that had built up throughout the day. It wouldn't be too much longer until he had a lovely spotted gecko to join him in such private moments. A shiver ran down his spine leaving an uncomfortable tingling in his loins. Furred digits worked down his legs and slid over his sheath. Zane let out a sultry moan as he squeezed against himself; his flesh quickly met with the stream of the shower. Not long at all before Damien would feel him in an intimate fashion. Zane's cock twitched as he imagined those scaled fingers sliding over his cock playing with each barb they came in contact with.

A harsh buzz broke the lynx out of his daydream; his phone was ringing. A quick turn of the knobs and the water was off followed by a wet lynx jumping out of the shower frantically pulling at the rack his towel was laying on. Zane tied the towel around his waist and bolted for his phone swiping at the screen and bringing it to his ear, "Hello, Zane speaking."

"Hey, Zane! Just the cat I was hoping to talk to," Zane recognized the voice immediately. Peter, a mouse in his mid-30's who worked at his apartment complex as a technician. He was a crucial part of the plan, "I was just calling to double-check that today is when you want that favored called in you know with the elevators?"

"Yeah, that's right," Zane spoke in a hushed tone, he didn't know why there wasn't anyone to listen in on him.

"Great Zane. Listen won't be able to pull the power on those for too long before someone comes and starts asking me questions. I figure you got an hour at best to pull your magic so try to be done before then." Moving his shoulder to his ear Zane propped his phone and began to dress while he listened to Peter talk. Underwear, shorts, and a t-shirt. Anything more would get in the way, "Oh! And Zane. Keep me on speed dial when you want me to pop the power just shoot a call and it'll be off in a jiffy."

"Will do and thanks again Pete, I think this will be really good for him." He could feel his cheeks darken as he spoke. It didn't help the Zane had a hard-on for the lizard right now.

“Not just him, but I get’ya buddy. Lemme know how it goes and best of luck to you.”

Zane said his goodbyes and looked through his messages. Ten more minutes until Damien would be here. Things were going much faster than they ever did in his head, and it made him anxious. The ran out of the bathroom having to push himself off the hallway wall to avoid crashing into it and clumsily landed on his bed.

Drawers flung open as he searched his bedside table and grabbed a bottle of lube. If he was being honest with himself he didn’t think Damien would go for an idea so soon after accepting himself, but they were both twenty-six and his irrational mind argued that was a long time to go without feeling another person’s presence. Besides an hour alone in an elevator with someone he liked; more than enough time.

One last check of his possessions: phone, keys, lube and he was good to go. The Lynx bolted out of his front door towards the stairs. His muscles flexed just showing through his thick coat of fur as he moved down. Four flights quickly became two, then one, and he was at the lobby heart pounding in his chest, and buddy only just starting to demand more air from him.

The lobby wasn’t anything special. Just a large opening with a desk at one end where you could speak to management, an offshoot where the mailboxes were kept, and the elevators on the wall between the two. A few plastic ferns were kept in the lobby to keep appearances up, but in Zane’s mind, the idea was trivial. The red carpet and bright colors were already too tacky to do anything with. At least the actual apartments weren’t anything near that he shuddered at the thought.

It was long before Zane caught site of his Gecko friend. With sand-colored skin and black stripes running horizontally down his back he wasn’t exactly hard to pick out. There weren’t many sand geckoes in this part of the city, and that made it all the harder for Damien to blend into a crowd. “Hey!” Zane jogged up to his friend and patted him on the shoulder, “How you been doing man?” a sheepish grin was plastered on his face hiding the storm of nerves turning his stomach into knots.

“It’s been alright” Damien spoke in a meek, passive tone, “didn’t get lost on the way here this time so that’s good. I usually gotta let you know I’m here, what’s the occasion?” Damien laughed making his way toward the stairs.

“Wait!” Fur slid against Damien as Zane passed by him to block the stairwell door, “I just got back from a run. Let’s take the elevator.” The Lynx tensed as Damien looked at him with a questioning stare, but he just shrugged it off and made his way to the elevator. It flashed yellow and gears chirred to life as the car made its way to the lobby, “Sorry I texted you so short notice, just thought it was a nice day and we should hang.”

“Zane, it’s raining out.” Damien laughed, “I guess that’s why you’re soaked.”

“I thought rain was good weather for lizards!”

“Nobody likes the rain, you dork.” Damien jabbed his shoulder into his friend careful not to hit him too hard; not that he could Zane was stronger than him in every way. As the two bickered another man walked behind them and gave a curt hello as the elevator doors slid open.

“What floor you going to?” Zane asked fearfully; his whole plan was about to fall apart from a single stranger walking in at the last moment.

The stranger muttered, “Fourth”

The Lynx flinched sneaking a quick glance towards Damien hoping he didn’t notice. If he did he didn’t show. Muscles held rigid as Zane tried to think of a way to recover the situation. Why the hell did he have to be going to the fourth floor?

“Zane! Jeez, what are you doing in there?” Damien laughed, “C’mon keep your guest in mind man.”

He had no idea how much he was thinking about those sand kissed scales, “I was just thinking, you wanna do some city watching on the sixth? Place looks a lot different in the rain thought you might appreciate the view”

Scaled shoulders shrugged his head cocked to the side, “Sure we can do that.”

Zane didn’t relax until the elevator doors opened and his uninvited guest stepped off of the car leaving him alone with Damien. Furred digits clutched around his phone swiftly pulling it from his pocket. ‘No point in being discreet’ a quick swipe of the phone and a press of the screen and the call was on its way. The effects were almost immediate.

The elevator car came to a sudden stop. The difference in momentum caused Damien to stagger forward, but Zane was ready. “Thanks,” The lizard could feel the heat in his cheeks being held tight in furred arms. Damien was quick to get back on his own two feet, “Feels like we stopped moving, we should probably press the call button.”

“I dunno if that will work looks like it’s a power issue, and if that’s the case we just have to wait.” Zane kneeled down sweeping at the elevator car’s carpet before sitting down. He patted the ground beside him, “C’mon best get comfortable no telling how long this could take.” Despite his nerves, Zane wrapped an arm around Damien pulling the Lizard closer to him.

“Zane? what are you doing?”

He ignored the comment, “Things been going okay with you?”

“Yeah? Why do you ask?”

“You’ve been looking down recently; When you gonna find yourself someone to settle down with?” Zane tried to ease into things slowly.

Damien coughed, “It’s not that simple Zane.”

“Isn’t it?”

“Not really.” Scales slid across the carpet as the lizard tried to find comfort in the situation. His hands were clutched together at his chest and his head slumped down, “You’re supposed to feel attraction to people that are genetically compatible, but honestly I’ve never felt that. I’ve been waiting for ‘the right girl’ to come along but sometimes I wonder if that’s ever going to happen. It doesn’t upset me or anything but sometimes it gets lonely.”

Zane laughed. It wasn't intentional just an effect of not knowing how to react to the moment. It was painfully obvious to him that Damien had no interest in woman, but he wondered if Damien even knew himself. Had he subconsciously blocked out the notion of being with another man? "What if you aren't looking at the right people?"

"What do you mean?" Damien looked up towards Zane for the first time since the elevator stopped. A glimmer in his eyes that wasn't there before. Hope.

It made Zane's chest flutter, "Well you said you aren't feeling anything from ladies, so what if you're not into them? What if you feel something looking at another man?"

"You think I'm gay?" Damien paused and his head lurched back down

Zane called out, "Damien?"

There was an odd silence between them. Zane holding the gecko close to him wondering if he'd done something wrong. Was this plan even worth it? What if Damien wasn't gay and he was about to force him into something that would be terrible for him. Zane cleared his throat but was interrupted before he could speak.

"I'd never even considered that." Silence filled the air, "How would I know?"

"Not really sure how to answer that honestly Damien; I've always just known. Can you see yourself with another man?"

Damien shrugged he looked around the elevator cart before his eyes locked on the lynx beside him. He was rather attractive. Not that he had a frame of reference on how good looking other men were: but those tufts of fur at the tips of his ears, the way his muscles just barely showed through the skin. It was nice.

"What's on your mind?" The lynx felt heavier with those two crystal blue eyes staring him down.

"Just wondering whether or not it'd be wise to try something."

"Go ahead man. You're in a safe space." Zane didn't have time to finish. The lizard gave a small nod and leaned over him close enough that Zane could feel his breath against his lips. And then, their lips locked a shy, uncertain kiss at first but more confident the second time. Zane pressed into Damien's back pulling his body closer trying to close the gap between them. He pulled back careful not to move things too fast, "So, how was that?"

It was amazing. Damien's heart pounded in his chest an exhilaration swirled throughout his body that he didn't know he could feel, "It was nice" Sandy scales turned red as the lizard blushed. His arms wrapped around Zane sliding comfortably into the cat's warm fur.

Zane watched silently stroking the side of Damien's head, "you wanna try something?" Zane whispered into his ear. He smirked as Damien nodded. Zane leaned back against the wall and dragged his paw up Damien's arm taking hold of his wrist. Zane guided Damien's hand to his chest reaching lower to the hem of his shorts. He stopped to make sure Damien was okay, but could only let out a gasp as a scaled hand fondled his balls, "do whatever you want Damien plenty of time before this elevator opens up."

Damien simply nodded. What else could he do? He was holding someone else's scrotum in his hands for the first time and it felt right. He traced his fingers up Zane's nylon shorts stopping just short of the waistband. One deep breath followed by another his hand shaking slightly.

"It's okay Damien," Zane spoke softly and leaned forward planting a kiss on the crown of his friend's head.

Damien swallowed bringing down whatever trepidation that was with him. In one swift motion, his hand tugged at the fabric and disappeared slowly inching along Zane's fur. He stopped as his hand met something different. A warm and slick length; Zane let out a heavy moan this was the prize Damien was looking for. Fingers crawled around the rod exploring it. He could feel small protrusions coming out of Zane's shaft, "What are these" The lizard spoke softly

Zane let in a sharp breath, "Barbs. How a cat pleasures his mate."

The lizard cocked his head bringing his hand back up. A clear, sticky fluid coated his fingers.

"Whats the matter Damien?"

The lizard stared at his fingers before shifting his gaze back to the Lynx, "I want to see it"

Swiftly, Zane's paws reached around the waistband of his shorts and pulled them down his member bobbing back into place. Damien gasped staring down at the glistening red rocket. "Woah" Damien spoke barely above a whisper his voice caught in his throat.

Zane chuckled, "I take it you like what you see." The lynx posed flexing his arms like he was a model showing off for thousands of adoring fans. His audience of one was enraptured staring and taking in his slightly toned musculature; it made it all the easier for Zane to swoop in and close the gap between the two. Lizard and cat locked eyes before Zane tilted his head and locked his lips to Damien's.

Damien's instinct took over as he pushed his arm against the Lynx trying to break the pinhold. His mind began to catch up to the rest of his body though, and he melted into the embrace savoring the warmth against his mouth. He closed his eyes returning the kiss and pressing into Zane's soft fur.

Soft moans cried out as Zane's cock rubbed against the lizard. He wrapped his arms against the small of Damien's back pushing him closer; half for the stimulation, half for a longing for companionship. His mind was becoming clouded with lust. Thoughts of tearing off Damien's clothes are pinning him against the wall flashed through his head. His hands trailed down scaled skin reaching a plump protrusion of flesh to squeeze. So he did.

Damien squeaked. His brain processed so many new sensations it was hard to keep up: happiness, arousal, love it all intermingled in his head making it hard to think. "Zane," Damien spoke his voice shaky.

For a moment reality came swooping back in on Zane, "What's the matter?"

"I don't know if I'm ready to go all the way."

Zane just nodded. Uncomfortably aware of where his hands were he lifted them and hugged Damien, "That's fine. These things take time." The two slid back down to the floor Zane protectively wrapped around Damien tracing his thumb along the lizard's shoulder.

"I'm sorry" Damien's voice croaked, "I'm just scared. Everything's moving so fast and there are so many unknowns still."

"Shhh, it's okay Damien. We'll take things as slow as you need them to be."

"I just feel bad for getting you hard and not following through. If I wasn't so scared of the pain we wouldn't be having this problem."

Zane tightened his grip on the lizard and planted a kiss on his forehead, "there are still ways to have fun without anal you know." His heart fluttered as an idea came over him. Lizards have slits, "It's not the sex that bothers you and just the fear of anal right Damien?"

"Yeah."

"I think I have an idea then." Zane planted a paw on the floor and pushed himself up, "you got a boner right now?"

Damien shook his head his sandy skin flushing red, "It's calmed down."

"Good! Take off your pants." A sly grin formed at the corner of Zane's mouth as he watched Damien stand up and unbutton his pants. Denim fell to the floor leaving only a small layer of fabric between his bare scales. Zane took a step closer and interlocked his hand with Damien's. Fur collided with scale as Zane guided their fingers to the hem of Damien's boxers helping the lizard shed off his modesty. He leaned in close the heat of his breath brushing against the lizard's scales, "Do you trust me, Damien?"

"Ye-yeah."

"Good. You're going to love this." Zane tugged against the lizard bringing their bodies together. He took hold of his cock guiding it towards Damien's slit. The two groaned as it touched his entrance. Without warning, Zane pushed in being greeted by warm muscles tugging at his length all around, and then the tapered end of a cock waiting to be coaxed out. Zane's chest vibrated as he purred an almost autonomic response to affection.

Damien was in bliss. He knew his cock slit was sensitive but to have someone else enter it and grind against his length. His mind was hazy.

Zane's hips worked in a circular motion bucking out and in until their cocks kissed. Each time the Lynx was met with more resistance as Damien grew more and more aroused. High pitched trills filled the air; a sign of his lover's affection. Zane pulled back his cock glistening with Damien's pre.

"More." Damien begged his arms clutched around Zane's neck, "Please don't stop."

"Stop? Who said we were done." Zane grinned. He slid his hand down tracing along Damien's amber scales. They began to thin as his fingers closed in on his waist. One finger slipped into the lizard's cock slit an eager member meeting it just behind. Zane traced his finger along the tip of the tapered cock coaxing it out of its hole.

The two stood together quiet. Both of their members' side by side. A furred hand grasped both of them and began stroking. Zane was slow at first; eager to hear every grunt and groan that Damien could muster. His own needs began to outweigh his desire to see the Lizard pleased. His hand moved

faster rubbing both of their dicks and coated with a mixture of the two species pre. A growl formed in his throat as he let it echo out into the elevator cart.

"Zane" Damien let out a high pitch cry, "I'm close"

"Just let it out all on me. We can clean up later."

Damien whined. His legs quivered as jolts of delight spread throughout his body. He was so close; with Zane's cock throbbing against his and his paw stroking both of them off it became harder and harder to hold his load in. "Unghh, It's coming!" Damien didn't even realize he spoke. His hips thrust forward white and creamy seed shot out of in spurts landing along Zane's belly. His legs buckled threatening to give out, but Zane was a step ahead.

Zane swooped down and picked the lizard up cradling him in his arms. His nose touched against Damien's nuzzling his scales, "How'd you like that?" Zane purred vibrations echoing across Damien.

"A lot. Did you finish though?"

"No time" Zane reached out toward his shorts which were clumped up around his ankles. His phone was vibrating in them, "Elevator will be moving again any second. Guess we better cover that sexy ass of your up." Zane chuckled.

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The elevator door opened on the third floor as a white Lynx and a light golden brown lizard stepped out of the elevator. Zane wrapped his arm around Damien pulling him closer to him, "You wanna stay the night? There's a lot more fun that could be had until you're ready for anal."

Damien could feel his cheeks flushing. He couldn't imagine just leaving after what just happened though. He propped his head against Zane's as they walked down the hall toward his apartment giving a soft whisper, "Yeah."