

Westhoff was tempted to chirp the siren, just for shits and giggles as he pulled up to curb. Then he thought about it, his hand hovering just over the switch to activate the high pitched sound. Maybe it's wasn't such a good idea. Knowing Paddy, he was probably knee deep in something important. Maybe even something that could get him hurt, and the bear didn't need the added distractions. Westhoff did enough of that with the simple key he kept in his pocket.

When Patrick messaged him early, the glacier bear said he'd be at the shop late again. He had been for the last couple of nights. Paddy mentioned having a few large projects in the works and told the burly sheriff to stop by whenever he got off duty. It was a simple gesture really. A way of saying, I miss you, without ever having to say it. Patrick never failed to remind Officer Petrozza that the door was always open for him. Anyone else, well... they'd better call first.

Westhoff put his patrol car in park and stepped out, looking up at the sign above the door to Patrick's shop.

Kohl Welding and Fabrication. *We Put the Burr in Faburrcation.*

It was something he was still getting used to after first seeing it on the business card he was offered from the bear. He found the slogan cute, if maybe a bit odd. Soon reaching for his notebook bag off the passenger seat and standing up to bump the door closed with his backside.

When Westhoff came through the front door it opened right onto the shop. Patrick didn't see the point in formalities in this line of work. Just tell him what you wanted and when, he'd take care of the rest. Didn't need a receptionist to deal with that sorta thing. He had an office sure, but didn't spend much time in there outside of an unruly cluttered stack of paperwork and invoices.

Paddy was certainly knee deep in something. Behind a blue tarp like screen, Westhoff could hear the crackle of sparks and a bright flicker of light reflecting off the walls every time the bear laid down another bead. There would be a brief pause and Officer Petrozza could hear the squeak of plastic rubbing against plastic as the glacier bear lifted up his welding hood. Most likely to inspect his work before hearing the clack of the hood coming back down and the buzz of an electric arc resumed once again for a few seconds.

"You can come around. I'm done for now," Patrick called out once the welding stopped.

When Westhoff rounded the screen, he saw the hefty glacier bear taking his flash hood off. He still had his welding jacket on but when Paddy turned and quickly popped the buttons loose, he wasn't wearing anything underneath, exposing the black and gray coloring of his fur.

"How'd you know it was me?" the sheriff bear asked.

Patrick smiled as he leaned against the workbench and took off the welding gloves that ran the entire length of his forearm. "Cause your scent is one I'm never gonna forget."

"Even through the smell of smoke and burnt metal?"

"Momma always said I had a good nose. That, and you're the only one ballsy enough to walk in the front door after hours." He slapped his gloves on the work bench and put his hands behind his back, gripping the edge of the table, a subtle invitation for Westhoff to come closer. "And I'm glad you did."

The black bear grinned as he set his notebook bag down and stepped closer. "Aren't you supposed to be wearing something under your welding clothes? Not worried about burning all that fuzz?"

"I've been called smokey the bear a time or two. Comes with the territory, but it gets hotter n' hell when you put those leathers over work clothes. Besides, I thought you'd appreciate a little less clothing if you happened to stop by."

The sheriff moved right in front of Patrick and ran a finger along the bear's belly fur until he stopped at the button on his jeans. "It certainly makes things easier. I want to see how you're doing."

"Bout ready to bounce off the damn walls," Paddy said as he watched Westhoff unbutton his jeans and slide the zipper down. Just like Westhoff had done before it only exposed the bear's tight fitting black briefs, but there was an obvious rigidity hidden behind them. Something unnatural and handmade. And when Officer Petrozza continued his pat down, slipping his thumb into the band of Paddy's briefs to ease them down, he revealed the shiny cage that kept the former football player's bulging cock safe and inaccessible. Westhoff ran his fingers over the ribs of the chastity cage, grazing Patrick's slowly growing penis as it pushed out against the metal which kept it trapped.

That's when the glacier bear leaned forward and kissed Westhoff firmly on the lips. It goaded the large black bear into a heated, even more passionate kiss as Paddy gripped the sheriff's uniform and pulled him closer. The two bear's growled and grunted, their tongues meeting inside their mouths before their muzzles finally parted, left to only breath heavily while only inches away from each other.

"I need you," Patrick groaned as Westhoff kept his hand on the glacier bear's crotch, his fingers now fondling the large, heavy balls held firmly in the cage's ring. "Please... tell me what I have to do to get this thing off?"

"You could always get the cage off. All you gotta do is get me off. The terms never changed."

"This--is news to me?" the bear said with a gasp as Westhoff gave his balls a tug.

“Guess you should’ve been listening instead of shouting at the football game. You remember, don’tcha? Final few seconds, final few yards before that last touchdown where you kept moving as I clamped it on you for a ‘test fit’ and ended up locking you in. You kept on shouting yes to everything I said even as you saw me clear as day toss the key into the gunsafe and closed it right up.” Westhoff reached into his back pocket and drew out the key, which was held on a steel bead necklace.

“You caught me in a moment of weakness.”

“You could’ve said no.”

Paddy smiled and pushed his own jeans and briefs the rest of the way down, kicking his slip on boots off in the process. “It’s gonna be hard to give you anything while you’re wearing that uniform. Or at least with your pants still on... officer.”

“I do admit, I will give you a helping hand but I warn you, it isn’t going to be much help.”

Gloved hands slide down to the front of his pressed duty pants and grasp the zipper as it splits the teeth down the tract all the way to the base before parting the fly. Tucking his undergarment waistband down, light cloth gives way to dark fuzz and his own maleness. Unrestrained, the heft of his balls are exposed as the waistband slips on behind them, making his package protrude out into the open. Westhoff begins stroking upon his own shaft but he doesn’t have far to work as just the rough pressing of the bears’ muzzles alone has him semi-firm already.

“Now get on all fours,” Westhoff said, pointing a gloved finger to the ground.

Paddy complied, dropping his hefty body onto the concrete. He brushed aside small welding beads and very fine pieces of metal that littered the floor. At that moment, the glacier bear wished he’d done a better job cleaning his work area.

His sheriff lover didn’t give him much time to prepare. Before Patrick knew it, the black bear’s cock was thrust into his face, growing from semi-firm to fully erect as the head of his penis was pressed against Paddy’s lips. The glacier bear took the large cock into his mouth, feeling it bob and pulse with anticipation as Westhoff stepped closer. Then the officer bent over his ex-football player and swatted his rear.

“Get your tail up,” Westhoff ordered. When Paddy didn’t immediately do as he was told, Petrozza swatted the other bear’s stub of a tail. “Get it up, now. And keep it there.”

Westhoff thrust his hips, pushing his cock in till the heavy balls were seated against Paddy’s mouth. He heard the glacier bear gag and shift underneath him, and the off duty officer couldn’t hide the grin on his muzzle as he watched the welder lift his tail. He was struggling already. When Patrick’s tail was as erect as Westhoff’s thick penis, he draped

the key necklace over the stubby tail and gave the bear's ass another firm swat, nearly causing Paddy to immediately drop the key when the muscles in his butt tightened.

"You'd better not drop it," Officer Petrozza said as he stood up and grabbed the back of the welder bear's head.

Never before had a simple chain felt so heavy on his shaky tail when he had Westhoff's musky crotch shoved into his face and a longing, almost painful ache stimulating his own trapped groin. Paddy started to pull away, the damp, saliva covered bear cock sliding out as he tried to better situate his body while keeping his rear up. Westhoff didn't let him, stepping even closer and making it where the workbench kept the glacier bear from moving any further away.

Petrozza grew more aggressive, pushing his cock back into Patrick's muzzle with several forceful thrusts. It was enough to shake the welding table behind Paddy when his muscled ass banged against the heavy metal frame. The necklace shook as the glacier bear's tail flinched a bit, nearly causing the key to fall. He perked it up again, but his stub of a tail was shaking even more. He could feel the key dangling against his ass and the beaded chain vibrating in the valley of his fuzzy bruin backside.

"You thought you just had to get me off," Westhoff growled as he felt Paddy mouth tighten around his cock, sucking on it while the sheriff pushed the back of his lover's head into his crotch. "Well, watching you struggle gets me off."

Patrick mumbled something, but the words couldn't form with Westhoff's cock shoved back into his throat. The glacier bear gagged again and his back arched, causing his whole body to shudder and the necklace bounced ever so slightly. Westhoff wondered how much longer Paddy could last. His ex-football player might've had the ball, but Petrozza was doing everything he could to make Patrick fumble.

Time to strip the ball.

Westhoff thrust his hips in harder, feeling Paddy's slobbering wet tongue slide along his cock while Petrozza's other hand gripped the glacier bear's muscular shoulder. He dug his claws in, hard. It caused Patrick to jump and his tail instinctively dipped, sending the chain sliding down that sloped curve of Paddy's rear. The key made a clear, distinct clanging sound inside the quiet shop as it impacted the concrete. Westhoff could immediately feel his lover's body sag a bit at the realization. The game was over. He'd lost.

Officer Petrozza grinned, slipping his wet cock from the drooling bear's mouth. And he had been getting so close too. Very close. Westhoff shifted around the glacier bear who stayed on all fours, taking a few relieving breaths. The sheriff stomped on the key under the sole of his patrol boot and slid it away from Paddy hind legs, dragging the chain across the concrete floor. Then he stepped off it, leaving it there for a moment just to see if Patrick would make a move for it. He didn't. He knew better.

“Looks like that cage is going to stay on another night,” Westhoff said as he bent over and grabbed the key. “Maybe even another week, unless you’re ready to double down.”

This got Paddy to lift his head.

“Want that cage off?”

Patrick gave a slight nod. “Please. Just tell me what I gotta do.”

“Stand up, and set your ass on the table.”

Paddy slowly got to his feet, brushing off some of the metal from the fur on his knees. He glanced back at the workbench, looking a bit defeated as he pushed his project off to the side and hopped onto the metal table.

“Now spread your legs, and get those balls out where I can see them.”

Westhoff began skimming his leather glove off, pulling each finger tip one by one as he slowly loosened the garment from his hand. Once free, he pulled it off and bite at the cuff of the glove with his muzzle to hold it before doing the same thing with the opposite hand. Once they were both off, the black bear grasps the leather garments together so the fingertips lie downward and limp.

“Scoot closer to the edge,” Westhoff ordered, and Patrick did as he was told. He might’ve been new to this, but the bear took his coaching very well. He was eager to learn. “Now lift your cage and lean back.”

Paddy lifted his trapped cock with one arm and put the other outstretched behind him, padded palm against the metal table to support his weight. It left his fuzzy balls completely exposed, lying before Westhoff on the edge of the workbench. “What are you gonna do?”

“I told you not to drop the key. So you either stay locked up, or I get to swing these over you for a minute.” Westhoff slapped his gloves against the table, creating a loud snap as the leather landed just inches away from the glacier bear’s big testicles. And just like he wanted, he got Paddy to jump. “Your choice.”

Patrick took in a heavy, shuddering breath and stared into the sheriff’s eyes. “I need to get off. You got me so worked up I can barely stand it. Please... I don’t think I can last another week.”

“Then don’t flinch,” Westhoff said with a grin as he raised the gloves up into the air, allowing them to hang there for a few seconds. “That’s a penalty in football, isn’t it? Flinching.”

The black bear brought the gloves down, smacking them against the other bear's waiting balls. Surprisingly enough, it didn't sting nearly as bad as Paddy expected it would. "That's only for the offense. I played defense."

"Then pretend you switched sides." Westhoff raised his hand again and whipped the gloves down. Patrick noticed a slight tenderness this time from the heavy leather. Even more so when the bear assaulted his testicles once more. After the fourth impact, he felt a bit more of a sting as his claws raked against the table. Westhoff also noticed Paddy was gripping his cage tighter as he took in a slow deep breath.

"You can take it," Officer Petrozza said as he gently ran the gloves across the bear's large balls.

Again, the leather came down on his sensitive area. Each time a bit harder and Paddy didn't move. His entire body appeared to clinch, and his facial expression showed a pained grimace. After another strike, Patrick let out a lengthy groan and his left leg began to tremble.

"One more," Westhoff said as he lifted the gloves again and held them in front of the glacier bear. "One more, and the cage comes off."

Paddy nodded, his body rigid and tense. Something he learned from football. If you tightened up your muscles, getting hit didn't hurt as bad. But the area Westhoff was after was unprotected, completely exposed. There was no way to brace for impact.

Gloves came down one more time, with a bit more force as they slapped against the fuzzy sack holding Patrick's sensitive testicles. The bear let out a deep, groan that rolled into a growl as he arched his head back, enduring the sting that had now built into a sharp pain.

"Good bear." Westhoff said as he stuffed the gloves in his back pocket.

Paddy couldn't hold still any longer. He leaned forward and took in a few short, deep breaths. The lingering ache in his tender balls nearly made him forget about the cage keeping his need to release trapped away. Then he felt Westhoff's heavy hand rubbing his shoulder, and when Patrick looked up, he was met by the black bear's waiting muzzle as it took him into a deep, passionate kiss.

As the kiss drew on, Westhoff reached into his pocket and removed the key to Patrick's cage. The other hand grabbed for the metal around the glacier bear's secured cock. There was a moment of fumbling for the lock, and eventually Westhoff had to break the kiss long enough to see what he was doing. Once the key was inserted a quarter-twist was given, making the barrel of the lock body itself turn. It soon slid free making the cage unhinged. A weighty clang pierced and reverberated in the space between them, the sound of metal on metal as the cage collided with the table. It was almost a ring of a bell to signal a second round as the two bears resumed their intense kiss. Patrick gripping the

back of his sheriff lover's neck while Westhoff yanked on Paddy's welding jacket and pulled him closer.

The glacier bear's other hand reached down and rubbed on Officer Petrozza's still exposed member, throbbing and growing fuller as the kiss continued to linger on. It didn't take long for Paddy's to do the same, now free from the restriction of the metal bars that kept his erections from anyone but Westhoff.

"You still have a job to do," Westhoff said as he pulled his head away, parting muzzles just enough so he could speak. "I didn't get off yet."

Paddy gripped the sheriff's cock and gave it a couple shorts strokes. "I can finish sucking you, handsome."

Westhoff gave his head a slight shake and tugged on Patrick's welding jacket while taking a step back, forcing the big glacier bear off the workbench and onto his feet. "You had your chance with that when you dropped the key. Now I get to take something else."

Petrozza grabbed Paddy by the shoulders, pulling on one side and pushing on the other as he spun the ex-football player around. "Who's the guy that gives the ball to the quarterback?"

"The center," Patrick replied, trying his best to look back over his shoulder at the sheriff behind him.

"Then that's what we're gonna play. Now bend over and get ready to hike me the ball."

Westhoff ran his hand up Paddy's leather welding jacket and gave a shove, forcing the glacier bear's belly onto the metal table. He reached down between Patrick's legs, slapping the inside of the bear's thighs, silently telling his lover to spread wider. With his heavy hands still down there, he rubbed his palm against Paddy's still tender balls before sliding his fingers up toward the glacier bear's ass.

"Where's the lube?" Westhoff growled, gliding his hand through the fuzz on Paddy's backside. "I know you have some."

Patrick looked back over his shoulder and pointed toward his rolling toolbox just behind them. "Bottom section, second drawer down on the right."

Westhoff grinned and swatted the welder's tight rear before moving over to the toolbox. And right where he said it would be, alongside a collection of pencils, markers, flashlights and other miscellaneous objects was a bottle of lube and a box of condoms. "Good bear."

Popping the box open with a claw and tearing a rubber free, Officer Petrozza slid the condom over his full, throbbing erection, rolling the rubber over his shaft. He smoothed it

down with a snug, closed fist until the rim of the condom touched the pelt of his crotch. He then situated himself behind Patrick and Westhoff's opposite hand followed the smooth inward curve right beneath Paddy's tail, fingertips brushing along the bear's heated skin. After teasing the area with his bare fingers, moving up and down a couple times before pushing the lid to the lube open and squirting a healthy amount onto his palm. He stroked it over his protected cock then rubbed the rest over his lover's exposed rear.

Westhoff heard Paddy let out an anxious breath as he eased a thumb past the ex-football player's muscled ring and shot a bit more lubrication on his partner's rump before setting the bottle on the workbench. He worked his thumb in and out before switching to two fingers. Patrick shifted a bit at that, but showed no sign of displeasure.

Using one hand to spread his ass, the sheriff bear eased his cock under Patrick's tail. He pressed his thumb against the rubbered head, applying pressure to the glacier bear's most intimate of spots. It didn't take long for Westhoff's stiff member to slide in and Paddy let out a gasp. Westhoff paused for a moment, moving his hand from his lover's rear to his lower back. He gave it a gentle rub before slowly pushing his cock in fully, pressing his crotch all the way against Patrick's ass.

He held it there, his penis completely inside his partner, filling him as Paddy clenched around Westhoff's thick member. The sheriff gave a push before working his cock back and forth in Patrick's snug rear. Westhoff's lover tried to grip the table with his claws, raking them across the metal as he let out pleasurable moans.

Paddy's sounds grew louder as Westhoff picked up his pace, working his lover over deeply with each thrust. His posture soon slipped forward until Westhoff's belly rested over the glacier bear's lower back. The sheriff bear slid a hand under Patrick's chest and lifted him slightly, so his chest could more easily ridge over between the welder's muscled shoulders. He lowered his head closer to his partner's, the heat of Petrozza's breath right on Paddy's neck as he heard the heavy, grunting huffs of a bear in the rut of thrusting passion come to his ear.

Patrick hand quickly moved from the table to his own cock, which was soon pulsing and erect after a couple of short strokes. The anticipation had been building for so long. Yet when Westhoff saw Paddy was pleasing himself, the sheriff stopped his thrusts long enough to pull the glacier bear's arm away.

"Oh no, you haven't earned that right yet at all," Westhoff said, and when Patrick instinctively reached for his aching crotch again, driven on pure desire to release, Officer Petrozza gripped his arm firmly. He yanked it away once more and restrained it, clasping his big bruin mitt over the other bear's wrist, giving it a tight squeeze. "You'll know when you can."

"Unnecessary roughness," Paddy groaned as his lover gave another hard, deep thrust.



“I don’t see a ref here, so it’s your word against my cock. And it seems my cock is winning. Besides, it’s not unnecessary if you like it.” Westhoff twisted Paddy’s arm back the same way he would restraining a suspect, lifting it ever so slightly to apply a small amount of pressure on the elbow. “Do you like it?”

Patrick let out a growl, his body contorting slightly as Westhoff pushed his cock in the glacier bear as deep as he could.

“Yes...” Paddy muttered, breathing heavily. “Please--fuck me. Pound me, officer.”

Westhoff grinned and released the welder’s arm. “Good. Now keep your hands where I can see them.”

The sheriff, still pushed balls deep into his lover, gave the other bear a hard swat on the top of his large muscled ass. Then he slid his rubbered, slick cock all the way out before thrusting it back in and pulling back on Paddy’s hips, pounding his dick into the ex-football player. The impact rocked Patrick against the table, and his hearty growl turned into a loud moan as Westhoff continued the pace.

Petrozza’s crotch slapped against damp hair on Paddy’s rear with each forceful thrust. The sheriff could feel the sensation in his groin that had been building was now nearing its peak. Westhoff leaned his head back and continued to pound his partner, hearing the table that was bolted to the concrete rattling each time Patrick cried out, “Breed me. Harder. Yes--yes!”

Then Westhoff pushed his cock in deep and held it there. He gripped his heavy bruin mitts onto Paddy’s hip, digging his claws in and closing his eyes as he let out a deafening roar. The sheriff’s body shook and his legs trembled as he shot a hefty load into the rubber that held his thick, pulsing member. Breathing heavily, Westhoff slid his cock slowly back and forth in his lover’s ass as the orgasm began to subside. His body started to slump as Officer Petrozza pressed his belly and chest against Patrick’s back, eventually allowing his slowly slacking penis to slip out of the glacier bear’s slick, stretched hole.

Westhoff finally pushed off his partner, allowing Paddy to slowly lift himself off the table as the sheriff started to remove the condom. “Now turn around and put your hands behind your back,” Westhoff ordered, still a bit winded from pounding the welder’s ass.

“Does this mean I can’t get--” Patrick started to say as he shifted to face his lover, unable to finish his sentence as Officer Petrozza dropped to his knees before him.

The sheriff grabbed at Paddy’s hips and forced himself onto the bear’s semi erect cock, ravenously taking it into his mouth. A wide open tooth-bearing mouth slammed forward, closing around Patrick’s penis and began slurping hard, drawing his head back before plunging down again and again.

Patrick was shocked by Westhoff's almost feral and overwhelming need to act on his desire and instinctively tried to take a step back. Yet he found himself trapped not only by the table behind him, but by the large bear sucking on his dick. Paddy had stared down his share of intimidating opponents on the field, but never before had someone so imposing had their mouth and teeth around his cock.

Westhoff placed his arms upwards and grasp a fist over another, soon planting that fist onto Paddy's gut and leaning his weight forward, adding to the notion that no one was going away anytime soon. He drew his head completely off allowing that hot shaft skin to slide over his tongue until it was freely bobbing before him. The officer gave out several deep panting breaths while drawing his eyes up to his opponent. Waiting for eyes to lock he drew his lips back, exposing his teeth and opening up his jaw wide. While drawing his diaphragm in firmly, he barked out a snarl then shut his bear's trap of teeth closed as the loud click of dentition ended just a breath away from Patrick's shaft head.

The ex-football player flinched, banging his rear against the table as the muscles in his body, including his gut tightened up. Westhoff felt it, with his fists firmly planted against the glacier bear's belly, he let out a grin.

"I thought moving was a penalty?" the sheriff bear asked.

"It is," Patrick muttered, a bit out of breath.

"Guess we'll have to find a suitable punishment."

Punishment was delivered as Westhoff fed himself once again, pushing his muzzle in hard underneath that girth and suckling on the very base of Paddy's shaft, having to turn his head to the side to manage. At first the slurping was the same as when he started, then he gradually started building, sucking harder and harder until he pulled his head back and made that shaft disappear again. Westhoff repeatedly used that same suction pressure and motion with tightly sealed lips, his full intent being to get the other bear off come hell or high water.

He got his wish. With his groin already sensitive from the inability to pleasure himself, Paddy soon reached his peak as Westhoff sucked hard on his aching cock. The glacier bear leaned back, forcing his hips out even with the sheriff pushing back against the bear with each repeated suction on his throbbing dick. Patrick with his hands still pinned behind him, latched onto the table, his knuckles popping from the intense grip as he felt his orgasm climax. And just as Westhoff locked his lips around Paddy's cock, squeezing tightly with the pressure in his mouth, the welder bear let out a growl and shot his load into Officer Petrozza's waiting maw.

The bear grunted feeling the one standing before him start to give way off his moorings on the table, even giving enough english to overwhelm his own arms' strength. With eyes shut tight Westhoff heard those knuckles grip down even harder on the table then a growl, a deep, proper bruin growl as he smiled as best he could while plunging down on

that shaft. He mouthed over it still feverishly while the first throbbing load touched over the back of his tongue and welled up in his throat, only to get gulped down instantly while a shaft head rubbed the roof of his muzzle. Westhoff was sure that welder bear would be pleased to get this far. After all that time of not getting off, but the sheriff was just getting started as he kept up the pace and shortened his muzzle's travel causing his nose to bump up firmly against Paddy's crotch pelt hard.

Patrick gasped as the sheriff forced himself on his already sensitive cock. He tried to pull away, but was still trapped between a bear and a hard table. His member felt even more tender to the touch now, having been locked away by Westhoff for much longer than he had expected. The orgasm though, was like nothing he'd ever experienced before.

Each time Paddy tried to push away, a firmly planted bear kept him in check. Soon lifting off from his knees onto the balls of his booted feet, Westhoff let the lugs glue him onto the concrete and pushed his entire body weight forward. His mouth kept working over the spilling shaft and continued working at a similar pace even after it stopped, slurping shallowly and pushing that cock deep into his maw looking like he wasn't about to stop any time soon. Especially not as the look in his eye would indicate when the sheriff lifted his lids and gazed upward to meet his captive's stare right in the eye.

"Easy there--chief," Paddy groaned, a bit winded from the intense release and Westhoff's continued reluctance to release his cock. "I--uh... damn. T--that's really s--sensitive."

Westhoff clamped down tighter, sucking even more as he slowly pulled his lips away, his mouth sliding down the entire length of Patrick's tender shaft. The glacier bear's legs trembled and he couldn't resist crouching down slightly, trying to escape his now overly sensitive cock being sucked. Finally, the sheriff let his mouth fall free from Paddy, his penis hanging semi-firm in front of Westhoff's face.

"Goddamn," the welder bear said, taking in a few short breaths as he supported his wobbly legs by leaning against the workbench. "That was... wow."

"You liked that, didn't you?" Westhoff said as he stood up, standing face to face with his lover.

"Y--you damn right I did."

"You want to feel that again, don't you?" the sheriff asked, running his bare hand through the black and gray hairs on Paddy's belly.

Patrick nodded, still a bit winded from the orgasm.

"Then hand me the cage."

The glacier bear froze for a few seconds, as the realization started to kick in. When he shifted his eyes down to the chastity cage on the table before moving back up to meet

Westhoff, he gazed upon the sheriff's toothy grin and his now open palm which was beaoning to be filled.

"You might not want to admit it, but you like this," Westhoff said, his voice soft yet firm. "You need me to be the only one who can make you cum. You want me to take sole possession of your cock."

Patrick didn't respond, he just stared at his lover, unable to take his trembling eyes away.

"Now give me the cage."

Paddy remained still, as if the two bears were in a momentary standoff, yet the decision had already been made. It had been long before, as the ex-football player leaned forward and planted a kiss on Westhoff's muzzle while simultaneously reaching out with his hand to grab the cage. The kiss grew deeper, longer, and more passionate as Paddy inched the cage toward Westhoff, eventually placing it into his waiting palm. The sheriff couldn't hide the smile as he pulled away from his lover and started reaching for the key in his pocket.

"Good bear, Paddy. Good bear."