

Roll Tiger and Crash Skunk

By Blue Jay

Trying to connect with his stepson, a father discovers a bizarre sexual superhero series...and learns to embrace the spandex.

Growing up, I was a huge fan of the Power Rangers. What wasn't to love? Great costumes, robot dinosaurs, crazy villains, crazier monsters, martial arts, the toys; everything about it was awesome. I now own the first two seasons on DVD! Of course, superheroes in general were something I loved, and still do, with a years-long comics collection.

But as I grew older, I found out about porn, and read quite a few porn parodies, and even dreamed up a few of my own...

This will be one of two stories dedicated to dads everywhere, though I won't be able to upload both of them on time (second will probably be at month's end). Regardless, I hope everyone enjoys what I have here, and maybe more will come in the future, a spinoff series or something.

Happy Father's Day!

Richard's brow furrowed; there was another package for Connor in the mail.

It wasn't that his stepson received packages often—he was pretty sure his own parents had wondered about how often he'd exchange letters with pen pals—but the size and packaging of the parcels themselves made something within the tiger wonder just what it was that the only other member of his household purchased with such frequency.

He sighed and closed the mailbox, walking back up the driveway. Connor wasn't very forthcoming with his personal life, shutting himself into his room (surprisingly kept very neat for a teenager), never going out with anyone from his high school and refusing to participate in sports. While Richard could understand not going for any athletics, he had a much harder time grasping just what it was that drove his stepson to not associate with classmates. Surely the boy had some and wanted to keep in contact with them?

Inside the house, he set the mail onto the kitchen island, sorting through it. Most of it was insurance junk, a couple bills, a card advertising free dessert at a café for his birthday, and Connor's package. It was a bag, Tyvek all over, and lightweight. Squeezing gently, Richard found that it was soft but not quite squishy; clothing, most likely.

Connor had bought clothes online before, and the older male suspected it was largely underwear, and he couldn't blame the boy because buying intimates in public was an exercise in humiliation. Yet some

things were in boxes, blocky and heavy. Those came far rarer and for that Richard was grateful, but also quite curious: just where did the boy put everything? He wasn't about to start rummaging through the skunk's room, both because he respected the privacy of others and because he didn't want to push the boy away, but all of these purchases begged the question of their storage.

Reluctantly, he set the parcel down, and just in time, too: no sooner had he opened his mouth to let Connor know the mail had arrived than the youth in question appeared in the doorway.

"Anything for me?" he asked. His tone was clipped, not quite aloof but not quite warm, either. "I should be getting—"

Richard held the bag out for him. "It just arrived." As his stepson moved to take it, a spark of inspiration suddenly struck the tiger. "And I don't blame you for buying these online. I never really felt comfortable getting them in the store myself."

Connor froze, looking at him as if he'd grown a second head. "I...I don't know what you're talking about," he said, a little quickly.

He could almost see the blush through the black-and-white of Connor's cheek-fur. "It's nothing to be ashamed of, Connor, I'm just saying—"

"It's nothing!"

In the blink of an eye, the eighteen-year-old had snatched the bag from his hand and vanished into the hallway, running to his room and slamming the door, and probably locking it as well. Richard gaped at the spot where he'd been standing not ten seconds earlier, trying to figure out just what he'd said to upset the boy so much.

"Idiot," he cursed himself, leaning heavily against the island counter. "You do *not* understand kids these days, not even when you try."

Later that evening, he'd finished preparing dinner. Without all the right ingredients on hand, he wasn't able to cook Connor's favorite meal, but he'd mixed in some of the things, creating a concoction of long flat noodles, tangy sauce, sliced carrots, and chives.

He could hear something through the door, perhaps the TV, as he approached the boy's room with a hot bowl in hand.

"Connor?" he asked, just loud enough to be heard, knocking with his free hand. "Dinner's ready!"

The noise stopped immediately, dead silence filling his ears, though he thought that for just one brief second he could make out the turning of a chair.

"Just leave a bowl of it," was the skunk's reply.

Richard's eyes narrowed, and he sensed something was amiss. The teen only ate at the table half the time, but it seemed like it was becoming more often than not lately. Added to it was the exchange earlier, which had no doubt left the mustelid feeling more than a little under unfair scrutiny, and Richard was left trying to patch a hole he barely had tools for.

"Connor, is everything all right?" he asked. "Look, I'm sorry about earlier. It was stupid of me to say that and invade your privacy like that, I admit it and—"

"Just leave a bowl, *please!*"

The feline flinched back, picking up the obvious desperation in the youth's tone. "Connor?"

"Please just...just leave me a bowl?"

He wanted to put the bowl down, force the door open, break it down if he had to, and do something to understand his boy and make things less horribly awkward and tense between them.

But he set the bowl down, and apologized for bothering him, and walked away, and when he went to bed, he felt every bit the spineless, stupid coward he knew he was.

"Damn, Rick, you look like hell."

The tiger looked away from his monitor at the corn snake. "I feel like hell, too," he responded. Leaning back in his chair, he sighed heavily. "Jacob, I have no idea what I'm doing anymore."

"How so? Doesn't a senior programming analyst always know what to do?"

"No, no, not the job, I mean at home. Connor just becomes harder and harder to reach out to, and I tried to connect with him last night, just shoot the breeze or whatever it's called nowadays. He got in this package and I thought he ordered underwear online because he was mortified to buy it in the store or ask me, but when I started talking about how awkward buying the stuff in person can be, he freaked out and ran back to his room."

"So what did you do? Go after him?"

"No, I..." He shook his head. "I criticized myself and made dinner. That only made things harder, because when I went to his room to give him a bowl, he panicked and yelled for me to leave it at the door. Jacob, I wanted to force my way in there, and I couldn't bring myself to do it, I just..." He sank into his chair, feeling bad even though his coworker had said nothing judgmental to him.

The serpent tapped his chin pensively. "Hmm, can't say I'm familiar with kids, because I don't have any, and it's been a long time since I was one. But I do know how to find out plenty about them." He leaned in and lowered his voice so that he wouldn't be overheard. "Listen, can you agree to do something morally questionable?"

The tiger's eyes narrowed. "Such as?"

"Give me the password to your wi-fi and I can hunt it down and remote-access it from my place. I'll look up Connor's Internet usage, and you'll have everything you need to know about him, resulting in a perfect dance as opposed to stepped-on feet."

Richard hissed, "I'm not doing that! You have any idea how that sounds?"

"I know full well how it sounds," Jacob said evenly, "but I'm completely serious. I won't look at any of his financials or his passwords or anything, that stuff is encrypted just about everywhere and I don't hack like that, I'm just talking about which pages he visits. You could look it up yourself, you know how and you're network admin for your home, but since you're having so much trouble, I figure I might as well offer my services. So what do you say?"

The orange-furred cat looked away. "I say those TPS reports were due an hour ago, that's what I say."

When he came home, Connor was waiting for him.

"How was work?" he asked, and there was just a hint of strain to his voice.

"It was all right," his stepfather said carefully, setting his laptop bag down. "Is something up? You don't usually greet me when I get home."

The teen shifted. "Yeah, well, I usually have a lot of homework, but we had a sub today, so I was able to get most of it done."

"That's good." Richard took the seat opposite Connor, making sure to watch him closely but not look like a furry security drone. "So, did you want to talk? I tried to make your favorite last night, but was short a few things, though there are still leftovers if you want that for tonight too."

Connor held up a hand, shaking his head. "No, it's not about dinner. Richard, I...I'm sorry I was kind of a dick to you. You'd never hurt me, and you've gone out of your way to be a great dad for me since I can remember, and I just...I am not fair to you. I feel like a jerk, and I'm sorry."

Well, he'd certainly not been expecting that.

"Connor, it's all right," he said in assuring tones, his hand automatically covering the boy's. He saw Connor stiffen ever so slightly, eyes staring at the older male's hand, but the skunk kept in his chair. "I was thrown out of the house a couple times by my own father, we used to argue so much. I crashed his car one night, and that didn't help. The point is, I don't blame you for acting as you do. I would appreciate it if you *did* confide in me what you keep buying, though that's your choice and I respect it all the same."

It was the wrong thing to say, apparently, because the black-and-white boy fell out of his chair completely, scrambling to his feet and all but running out of the room. "I'm sorry!" he said, that

desperate, frightened tone from before as plain as the nose on his face. "This was a bad idea, just forget the whole thing!"

"Connor, wait!"

But he was gone again in a flash, and Richard was again left wondering just what kind of father he was.

"I should just throw myself in a river, Jacob, I can't screw up any worse than I already have."

"Huh?" the snake asked, stopping his work and turning around to face his supervisor. "What are you talking about?"

"Connor. I completely fucked up with him last night." He relayed everything, leaving no detail unmentioned, and making it clear as day that things were as bad as bad could get. "He probably hates me, and I've tried like hell for years to be his dad."

"You aren't?" the other blinked. "But you always said he was your boy."

"Well, 'boy' and 'son' in the sense of him being legally my child, but I'm his stepfather; real one's rotting in a jail in the Northwest for drug dealing."

"What does his mother have to say? Or are you two not on speaking terms either?"

Richard shook his head. "She passed five years ago. Breast cancer, inoperable, blah blah blah."

Jacob's face slackened. "Oh god, Rick, I'm sorry." When the tiger waved a hand, the serpent continued, "Er, look, maybe this isn't the best time to bring it up again, but—"

"What, that hacking plan of yours?" Richard snorted. "No, I won't go for it. I'm asking for advice, for help, for support, not for criminal activities. It's one thing if I come to you asking how to figure out his tastes, and it's another completely if I let you go snooping for yourself. He's my son, not yours, and I may be having the worst time with him right now, but I'll be damned if I'm going to let you raise the boy for me."

Jacob blinked. "Sheesh, Rick, settle down. I wasn't going to run your life and his all by my lonesome; I was just going to print out an IP and site name list and give them to you with anything peculiar starred. You don't have to bite my head off."

"Then maybe next time you should speak more clearly!" snapped the tiger, causing the snake to flinch. Richard stared at his colleague and then put a hand to his face. "Shit, Jacob, I didn't mean that. It's just—this is taxing me severely. I am trying to be there for my family and he's just pushing me away."

Cautiously, the corn snake reached out and put a hand to his friend's shoulder. "Forget about it. You're frustrated, and I don't understand how truly difficult it is to raise a cub. I can get that, really. I'd like for

you to at least look up his Internet activity yourself, though, because if he's in a bad place, then he's going to vent online about it and you don't want to find suicide journals too late to help him."

Sighing, Richard nodded. "Yeah, I'll...I'll do it tonight or tomorrow, promise. Just let me see if I can patch things a bit myself tonight, and I'll let you know soon."

He didn't get around to doing an electronic checkup that night, but he did manage to do a little eavesdropping.

It wasn't something he had meant to do: he didn't know why he had taken the key to Connor's room in hand and quietly walked to the boy's door, it just sort of happened. As he stood there, wrestling internally with the decision to go back to his own chamber, he overheard things that made his eyes widen and his mouth to slacken. Just audible through the wood of the door came sounds he knew all too well, sounds he'd made when he was a lad of that tender age.

Richard's hand was shaking when he inserted the key and turned it, the tumblers clicking softly to admit him. He gently opened the portal, and when he saw Connor sitting in his chair, leaning back with headphones on and eyes closed, he wasn't shocked or horrified. It likewise didn't bother him that he was pawing off, his pants unzipped and one hand stroking his modest shaft with the other working his sack, panting and moaning softly.

No, what caught Richard completely off-guard was the choice of pornography that Connor was tuned into.

On the screen of his laptop a scene of a strange superhero TV show seemed to be playing out. There was a mad scientist's lab-cum-dungeon, with the obvious villain on a raised platform surrounded by switches and control panels. Off to the side, a youthful, effeminate skunk was chained to the wall, and his hero costume was so skimpy that it resembled less of a costume for fighting crime and villainy and more of a pair of swim briefs and a midriff-baring tight sleeveless shirt. The only "conservative" clothing he wore were a simple pair of gloves and a pair of knee-high boots.

Comparing the captive sidekick to the main hero, it was like comparing night and day: the protagonist wore a bodysuit of shiny red and silver, which was clearly padded with fake muscles so that he looked like nothing so much as a weightlifter crammed into a superhero getup, the gleaming spandex practically glued to his form. He wore some kind of stylized biker's helmet, oversized gloves, and boots with extra-large kneepads. Like Richard, he was a striped feline of the orange variety.

And then, glancing back at the wildly-laughing evildoer, Richard had to briefly wonder whether the muscular savior was the worst of the lot. In true mad scientist fashion, the wolf wore a lab coat, with the ends of the arms and the hem of the bottom shredded. There were goofy-as-hell-looking tentacles protruding from behind his back, waving pathetically in the air with every little movement, and the parental tiger found himself completely lost as to what kind of monstrous outlaw he was supposed to be.

For some reason, subtitles were included, which confused the older male for a moment because he would have thought that, as Connor was using headphones, the audio would have included English voices; surely the boy couldn't understand languages with the kind of fluency needed to watch an entire TV show?

Pushing the thoughts aside, he followed the yellow text on the bottom of the monitor, picking up the ludicrous names given to the characters of the ridiculous show.

Roll Tiger: Professor Squirm, you've kidnapped Crash Skunk for the last time! I'll pound you good and hard with my fists as punishment!

Crash Skunk: Save me, Roll Tiger!

Squirm: Mwahaha! You've interfered with my plans for the last time, you muscle-bound miscreant! Once I throw this switch right here, you'll be immobilized, and with you rendered helpless, I'll be able to brainwash your beloved sidekick into helping me achieve the goal I've lusted and yearned after for ages!

Roll Tiger: No! Don't throw that switch!

What happened next had Richard's jaw drop even farther towards the floor: Squirm threw the switch, and a hoard of absolutely-laughable tentacles burst out of the floor to "capture" Roll Tiger; admittedly, the actor did his best to convey a struggle down to a kneeling position. Similarly, a group of equally-awful fake tendrils came out of the wall on either side of Crash Skunk, proceeding to writhe across his chest and thighs in what had to be the most awkward attempt at lashing him down. The lithe male shrieked like an '80s scream queen and tried to resist.

Roll Tiger: Ugh! No! Can't—resist! Tentacles are...wrapped too tightly around my bulging muscles! Their secretions are...causing my costume to become unbearably tight! Unable to fight back!

And then things got batshit insane.

Laughing maniacally, Squirm moved towards Crash Skunk, but upon reaching him, he did not strike or mock or gloat. Instead, he put his hands on his hips and began to dance, gyrating to and fro as he bobbed his head and slowly swung himself from left to right in front of the boy.

Squirm: You cannot resist my hypno-hustle, Crash Skunk! Any minute now, you will become a mindless slave, and I will infect you with my alien tentacles! Together, we shall spread the evil glory of long, tubular bodily protrusions throughout the world!

Crash Skunk: Noooo! I don't want to become a tentacle-slave!

At this point, Connor's breathing was quite shallow and rapid, his pawing nearing a crescendo. The boy groaned loudly, head lolling to the side, eyes squeezed shut as he lived out whatever fantasies filled his mind. Realizing his stepson was about to finish, Richard quickly padded out of the room and shut and locked the door, all but running down the hall to his own room.

Sweat marred his brow, and breathing was difficult. Just what the hell had he watched back there? Superheroes with bizarre enemies, apparently, but it was so freakish it made his gut ache. A dancing tentacle wolf? A femboy skunk? A beefcake tiger? What the hell was Connor doing masturbating to such things?

The programmer leaned against his bureau, taking several deep breaths and trying to think about this rationally. Connor had freaked out when they'd talked, and right before that, had grown tense at their hands touching. And now the elder had just walked in on him jacking off to spandex-clad weirdo heroes.

Shakily, the tiger moved to his bed and sat down. His stepson was gay. That had to be it. The fear of a harsh reaction from the only family he had left must have been what was causing him to act out. True, Richard had shown Connor nothing but support and love since coming into the family, but from everything he'd heard of how the children in other families struggled to tell their parents about their orientation, and especially of those parents who fiercely rejected their own flesh and blood, he found that he could not blame the skunk for being afraid to speak up.

Putting his head in his hands, he sighed, trying to figure out how exactly he was supposed to deal with this. He had nothing against gays, and had been pretty friendly with a few of them on some projects over the years, but getting a clearly-frightened teenager to understand that he didn't despise him based on the sexual company he kept was a Herculean task by comparison.

You have to relax, he told himself. Sit down with Connor and tell him straight-up that so far as you're concerned, he's your son and always will be, regardless of his being straight, gay, or whatever. You don't have a problem with his type of partner. He'll feel a lot better hearing that—you both will, in fact.

Nodding to himself in agreement, Richard felt like a weight was lifted from his shoulders by his plan of action alone. With that tension gone, he rose and prepared for bed, looking forward to telling Jacob everything would be worked out.

He found the snake at his usual work station, entering a quick review for coding of a glitch-fixing patch one of their clients requested. After a quick "Hey," the scaly continued typing, but kept an open earhole for his friend.

"So I figured out what was up with Connor," Richard said. "I'm sorry if you were looking forward to combing through my network data, but I had a revelation last night, and I'm going to handle this myself."

"Oh, no, no hard feelings," Jacob assured him. "But if you don't mind my asking, just what happened?"

The tiger shifted, unsure if he should say it in the office. "It's a little...difficult to describe."

"I won't bite your head off, promise," the other told him. "Lower your voice if you have to."

Thinking it over for a second, he decided that he might as well talk, since perhaps Jacob's urging had in some small way helped him come to his own conclusions, and that he therefore owed him a bit. Leaning in, he dropped his voice to a whisper and began to speak.

"Well, believe it or not, I sneaked into Connor's room and there he was, deep in his own fantasies and jerking off."

The corn snake's typing didn't stop, but it did slow down for a moment. "Seriously? And he didn't notice?"

"He had some headphones on and his eyes were shut. He was pretty into it, too much so to notice me sneaking in." Richard shook his head, grinning a bit. "I tell you, though, he was getting off to the weirdest stuff, some goofy superhero TV show about a tiger and skunk and a mad tentacle scientist."

Jacob froze, his review seemingly forgotten as he stared uncomprehending at the space in front of him. When Richard asked if something was wrong, the snake slowly turned to look at him, and it was the first time the tiger could remember seeing a serpent go pale.

"Jacob?" he asked worriedly.

"What did you say he was watching?" the other programmer asked quietly, his voice heavy with trepidation. When Richard explained again what he'd seen, Jacob only grew paler still, and quickly finished his work and mailed it off. "Come with me," he said curtly to his supervisor, "I need to show you this, right now."

The striped male asked what the matter was, but Jacob ignored him, leading him along to a private computer lab on the far side of the floor. It was currently void of users, and Jacob shut and locked the door when they both were inside. Continuing to pay no heed to his superior's growing inquiries, turning one on a computer and quickly opening up a Web browser.

"Sit down," he told Richard. "You don't want to be standing when you see this."

Confused, the tiger pulled up a chair and watched as his friend pulled up a site dedicated to the very show Connor had masturbated to. It was apparently a television series called *Roll Tiger and Crash Skunk*, and the target audience was young and early-teen boys. Every episode revolved around some completely ridiculous villain abducting the mustelid sidekick to corrupt so as to aid them in the standard conquer-the-world schemes supervillains were known for.

"Jacob, what's wrong? I get that this show is totally stupid in so many ways, but you're acting as if it's dangerous."

"It *is* dangerous!" the scaly hissed. "You have no idea how completely nasty this show is. Here, look..."

Richard scanned the page, skimming the textual descriptions and giving once-overs to the images, but he wasn't getting what his friend was saying.

“Jacob, you have to spell it out for me. What in heaven’s name is wrong with this dumb show?”

Scowling, the snake went back to the search engine’s page and quickly did another search, and swiftly landed on another site...and this one did make Richard’s heart stop.

It was the same dumb superhero show, and yet, it *wasn’t*.

The characters looked very close, but they were dressed far more scantily, and their actions in the stills were way too lewd to show to cubs. The heroic tiger, instead of a full-body spandex suit, wore a legless and sleeveless leotard, showing off his muscles; the tight spandex also was designed to have a puckered bottom, amplifying his buttocks obscenely, and the hefty bulge in front was impossible to miss. Similarly, the skunk was skimpily clothed, now wearing a G-string that was practically molded to his malehood and a sleeveless shirt cut so high that it barely covered his nipples; his boots were likewise cut down to barely passing his ankles, showing off the maximum amount of leg.

But then Richard saw the villain, and his heart stopped.

Instead of some goofy mad scientist with low-quality tentacles, this guy looked like a freakish crossbreed of wolf and octopus. His body had muscles almost as honed and beefy as the tiger’s, but on a sleeker form. Coupled with that impressive physique was a collection of tentacles, these ones of the highest quality and spearing out from not just his back but also his crotch, which was host to at least six smaller tendrils, all of them encircling a large, raging erection.

“That dumb show?” Jacob asked. “That’s an intentionally cheap and yet very wise cash-in on *this* show.”

He then pointed to some of the text which, though in Japanese, Richard knew to be the series’ title, and under that block of flashy characters he saw the translation: *Rape Tiger and Cock Skunk*.

He couldn’t stop staring. How in the hell was this possible? Was this...was this the real thing Connor had fantasized about, and not that horribly-inane version he’d caught?

“It’s adults-only, before you freak out too much,” Jacob explained. “But yeah, the show is pretty fucked up. Every episode is about Cock Skunk being grabbed by a villain and put through that particular baddy’s fetish, be it tentacles, huge dicks, multiple dicks, eggs, BDSM, whatever, there’s a whole slew of these nuts. If Cock Skunk is sexually conquered, then Rape Tiger’s powers will drain to nothing and he’ll be unable to defend the world from the twisted sexual perversions of his enemies, blah blah blah.”

“I...I don’t...” was all Richard could get out. This had to be some kind of utterly insane joke.

“Of course, just rescuing Cock Skunk is a little too easy, so the show has it that he’s tainted by exposure to each villain’s fetish and will only crave more unless Rape Tiger fucks him back to normal. The last ten minutes of every episode are them just rutting like maniacs, with the boy screaming to be raped like a heat-crazed slut.”

“I...” Richard tried to say, but only trailed off again, his mind barely working anymore. “Jacob, please tell me this is not real.”

The other male shook his head. "It's real, all right. If this is what Connor's into, and from everything you told me about him and you, I can guess only one thing." He leaned forward, staring the tiger in the eye. "He connects very deeply with the main characters, probably all the more so because of the species matching, and that combined with either his homosexuality or bisexuality means he seriously fantasizes and hopes that you assume the role of Rape Tiger and molest him."

"WHAT?" Richard gawked, almost shouting. Dropping his voice back down, he said, "For god's sake, you cannot be serious! Why in the hell would I do that? Why would he even think that?"

Jacob held up his hands in a calming manner. "Think about it. You said it yourself, he orders soft packages and hard packages from online, he gets nervous around you, he paws off to this show. My guess is that he orders costumes that Tiger and Skunk wear and dresses up sometimes while playing with himself, and that his lust is growing so damn strong that he can clearly imagine getting molested while just listening to the knockoff version of the series. When you look at everything together, it all makes a lot of frightening sense, doesn't it?"

Richard kept looking from his friend to the monitor, barely able to process the information. "Jacob, for fuck's sake, he's my stepson. I've known him since he was twelve."

Jacob shrugged. "He attached to you as a replacement father figure, and when the Missus left, you two grew even closer. As he started discovering his own sexuality and became more learned of the Internet and developed his own entertainment tastes, he came across this and things just took off. You couldn't have seen this coming or done much about it, really."

Richard sank into his chair, feeling as if all the weight he'd lost the night before had come back tenfold. "God, Jacob, what am I supposed to do? I can't molest my boy."

"You may not have a choice," the snake told him flatly. "He's obviously in a pretty rough spot, and he's not getting better. If you send him to a shrink, he might feel like you judged him to be a freak. I won't lie, people take their own lives over fear of rejection and being cast out. Frankly, playing hero and having sex with your stepson might be the only thing you *can* do to save him." He offered a weak smile. "One small consolation is that you aren't blood relatives, so incest doesn't really apply legally here, and he is at the age of consent for the state. Just don't spread it around and you two will get by. Who knows, maybe things will improve for you both."

At home, waiting for Connor to arrive, he didn't feel any better.

Richard didn't know what made him do it, and he didn't know why he didn't stop, but he found himself in Connor's room again. He opened drawers, rooting through them in a gentle enough manner so as not to ruin his stepson's arrangements, and in his searches found quite a few things cleverly hidden underneath shirts and shorts and other articles.

Over the past year, Connor had procured more and more things off the Internet, probably close to a hundred items. Richard wasn't sure where he got the money, but he was certain it wasn't from dealing. All the same, as he turned over more stones, he found more surprises: racy underwear such as thongs and G-strings (both underwear and swimwear); booty shorts; gloves; full-body spandex suits; some masturbation aids; and a helluva lot of porn.

Picking up the DVDs, he examined them, seeing that they were all gay-oriented, and that all three were hours-long compilations of muscled studs, twink/femboys, or a combination of the two; there was absolutely no female presence to be seen in his carnal library. From what he could tell, his stepson seemed to have purchased perhaps every episode of that *Rape Tiger* show for private viewing; there were nearly a dozen volumes of that series alone!

Swallowing, his hands feeling a little numb just holding one of the videos, Richard read the description and took in the sample pictures. The title was as crude as could be (*I'm a Cock-Hungry Butt-Slut! 5*), and the cover had a slim young Doberman making a gasping/surprised expression over his shoulder as the much-larger, leering donkey standing behind him reached down and around, parting the canine's supple ass-cheeks to expose his tailhole.

Flipping the case over only exposed more raunchy images and text: it detailed how starved for a real stud these dirty little boys were, and how they begged for a hot cock in their asses. There were six images, showcasing a variety of youths gleefully receiving their partners' tools, four of them anally and two orally (one of them actually nuzzling the large dick).

Internally, Richard was feeling...different. Some kind of fire was brewing in his gut, and it wasn't cold like fear, but hot like the kind of feeling he got when anticipating something amazing. Trying to push it aside, he set down the box and picked up another one, blinking in surprise when he saw it was a different gay superhero parody. This one starred a muscular horse wearing a mask, bra, and bulging thong, and while Richard couldn't speak Spanish to save his life, he was sure the pictures on the back gave him all the information one could ever ask for: the horse fighting a similarly-costumed wolf; wrestling a robot; and relaxing at a luscious villa while attended to by several males who were less-muscled and wearing tuxedo thongs.

The feeling in his gut had moved to his loins, and his collar felt hot and tight. How long had it been since he'd indulged himself? Ever since Amy had passed away, he'd had to put any desires of new intimate relationships on hold, first for mourning the loss of his beloved and then for focusing on raising their child. He'd jerked it less and less, ashamed initially because it felt like he was dishonoring his deceased mate's memory, and then just losing the urge completely.

But seeing these pictures, how shameless and hungry these males were in their sexuality, it made him want to sit down and watch them, praising their efforts and sexual prowess with a display of his own.

His pants growing tighter and an itching heat spreading all over his body, Richard felt torn. The idea of having sex with someone he considered his own was still a bit uneasy to him, but at the same time

Connor was young and attractive and coming into his own, and he was rekindling the tiger's hunger for rutting.

Looking from the closet where the exact-replica costumes had been hidden to the DVD in his hands bearing the proud males, the feline made his choice.

"What are you going to tell him?"

Connor arrived later that evening, nearly eight. He had gone from school straight to his best friend's house, lying about his stepfather's awareness to Neil's own parents. Aside from eating dinner, they'd spent the entire time talking. Or rather, Connor had spent the entire time talking while Neil listened, offering advice and answers when he could.

Since the ram had his driver's license already, he was able to return the skunk home, but when Connor was about to get out, his friend posed perhaps the most serious question of the night.

The troubled youth froze for a moment before slowly dropping back into his seat. With a heavy sigh, he admitted, "I don't know."

"You can't keep lying to him, you know. Eventually, you've got to come out and tell him what kind of person you really are."

"You think I don't know that!" the skunk snapped. "Neil, shit, I have no idea how I'm going to talk to him about *anything*, let alone the truth. You have no idea how much he scares me."

"You scared of *him*, or of *yourself*?" the big-horned sheep asked. At Connor's confused expression, he went on. "I've met him a few times, remember? Maybe he masks a dark side, maybe he doesn't, but from what I *have* seen, he's not some heartless bastard. Seriously, just go up to him, take a deep breath, and tell him you're gay. Even if he doesn't like the news, wouldn't telling him be better than the trouble of bottling it up? I wouldn't want to live with that."

Connor shook his head. Tears were threatening to form, and his throat was tightening. "Neil, you don't...you don't know what Richard means to me. If he hates me, I just...I don't know what I'd do. Even *you* would freak if you saw my porn collection, dude."

The ram laughed. "Hey, whatever gets your rocks off, right? If need be, I'll watch dudes rutting with you while we both jack it; you know I'm solid like that."

The two-tone boy laughed a little at that. "Yeah, yeah, I know. Thanks for the ride, Neil. I'll let you know how it works out."

"Anytime, male. And if he says scram, come over; my door's always open to you."

Connor didn't leave the driveway until Neil had turned the corner and disappeared into the night. Looking at his house, he felt as though he was looking at his own grave. During their conversations, what

he would say when confessing had never, ever come up, and now he very much wished it had; he could have used the practice.

Swallowing his nerves and pushing aside his fear, Connor walked stiffly up the drive and moved to the front door. His arm felt heavy when he put the key to the lock, but he forced it in and entered his house.

The first thing he noticed was something he should have picked up from when Neil dropped him off: the lights were all off. He fumbled for the switch and as he flipped it, he wondered where Richard could have gotten to. His stepfather almost never went out, and there wasn't a note to indicate he had. The skunk's gut twisted when he thought that maybe the tiger had gone to the bar to drink himself silly, or something along those lines after realizing that Connor maybe "wasn't right."

Fuck, please, do not let it be that, he prayed.

He checked the garage and found the car was still there, so Richard was very likely home unless he either walked or got a ride with another person. As the search progressed, Connor felt his tension worsening, like a snake about to bite him. Where in blazes could his stepfather be?

Nearing his own bedroom, Connor saw the door was cracked, light streaming out into the hallway. He stopped, a cold sweat beginning to form. He could tell even without entering that Richard was waiting for him and that it was about the truth. The tiger wasn't a moron, and Connor knew he had sent up red flags all over the place, and in hindsight it was inevitable that his homosexuality would be the topic of discussion one night.

Taking a deep breath, he grabbed the handle and stepped in, forcing the words out.

"Richard, I'm g—WHAT THE HELL?!"

Richard wasn't there. In the spot where his stepfather should have been was a spandex-clad, helmeted figure, his fists on his hips and a smile on his muzzle.

Freezing in place, his mouth hanging open and his eyes all but popping wholly from their sockets, Connor tried to comprehend the reality of Roll Tiger standing ready for action in his bedroom.

"You've finally arrived, Crash Skunk!" the costumed feline abruptly declared in a stereotypically heroic manner. "I was beginning to think you'd been kidnapped by Professor Squirm or the Raptor Queen again. Quickly, don your crime-fighting costume, li'l buddy, because there are nuts to be cracked!"

For a long moment, Connor could only stare in absolute bewilderment. Richard had found out everything, and decided to play dress-up.

Words formed in his throat, but when he opened his mouth, all that came out was, "You found my porn?!" It was a pathetic straggle of a sentence, and it only served to reinforce the trickle of fear going down his spine.

But then Roll Tiger seemed to deflate, letting out a whoosh of air and double over.

"Oh, crap!" Richard gasped, hands on his knees for support. "I can't hold my gut in any longer! Good grief, this spandex is too tight on my fat old body!" Connor helped him to the bed and they pulled off the helmet. The older male sighed, slumping his shoulders before turning to the boy.

"Ugh, sorry for that, Connor. I tried to do a bit of acting there and sadly I'm just not in the shape I once was. Hell, even as late as college I could have pulled this off, but sitting on my ass for hours and hours every day just didn't work out for me."

The skunk smiled a bit. "Don't worry about it, Richard. If I hadn't been so surprised, I would have egged you on."

"Thanks." He paused for a moment. "Connor, I should have noticed earlier, and I can only apologize for all the trouble I put you through by your hiding yourself in case you feared my reaction."

The teen blinked. "What?"

"I'm saying I don't care that you're gay or bi or whatever. As far as I'm concerned, you're my son, not a stain on my reputation." Richard put an arm around his shoulders. "I love you, Connor, no matter what."

And just like that, his fears were gone. Connor felt like crying, but something welled up inside of him. Before he realized it, his head darted forward and his lips locked to Richard's in a passionate kiss.

Realizing what he was doing, he jerked back, but before he could babble an apology, his stepfather grabbed the back of his head and pulled him close, reuniting their mouths. Shocked, Connor could only let the tiger slide his tongue in, exploring his oral cavity for several moments before the second kiss broke.

"...Richard?" he asked, perplexed. "What are you doing?"

Blushing sheepishly, the elder confessed, "Well, I found all your porn and stuff, and I haven't been with someone for a long time, and some of those images got my blood flowing—"

"Oh, who cares?" Connor said, pushing the other male onto his back. Straddling his stepfather, the skunk took a deep breath and blurted out, "Richard, I'm gay as fuck, and I don't understand how or why, but so help me god, I love you."

There. He'd said it.

And a moment later, Richard smiled at him, his hands sliding up Connor's thighs to cup his ass. "Connor, I've told myself that being sexually involved with you wasn't something I could do, and that loving you romantically was out of the question. But now..." As he trailed off, he gently squeezed, and the teenager straddling him gasped softly, hips rocking forward. "But now I don't think I can say no to you, and I don't think your mother would blame me for doing this."

Connor nodded. "Thanks...Dad."

Richard smiled, nodding. "So, uh, you want to do this in-character, or what?"

Chuckling, the youth got off, staying on the bed and on his knees. He adopted a very worried expression and an almost fearful pose. "Help me, Rape Tiger!"

Quickly catching on, Richard shot to his feet, reassuming his heroic persona. "What is it, Cock Skunk?"

"I've...been thinking of vaginas, Rape Tiger! Something's wrong with me!"

Richard reared back, looking aghast. "Vaginas! You're right, Cock Skunk: you've been infected by Cat Scratch Fever!" He clapped his fist into his palm. "It must be the work of the nefarious Pussycat Galore! Only *she* has the power to leave a proud male so humbled as to be...pussy whipped!"

Falling back onto the covers, Connor squirmed, rubbing himself through his jeans. "Rape Tiger, I don't know how much longer I can hold out! I want to squeeze large, bouncy tits so badly!"

"No such luck, old friend!" Richard quipped.

Going on the offensive, he leaned down and grabbed Connor, rolling him over. Not stopping there, he peeled off his stepson's shirt and the jeans quickly followed, and all but ripped off the teen's form-fitting spandex from his body. It was tricky to tell if Connor really was being sheepish or not, but he was blushing at the exposure, his cock starting to wake up.

Grinning in satisfaction, his blood pumping with anticipation, Richard slowly unzipped his bodysuit. He puffed his chest out, showing off what little muscle he had left as the tight-fitting garment was steadily removed. His gut, while noticeable, was not anything significant, just enough to show that he was chronically out of shape.

Once the spandex was lying on the carpet, the tiger crawled onto the bed, growling, "You'd better assume the position, Cock Skunk, before it's too late to cure you of the pussy madness."

Connor almost moaned at the words alone, scrambling onto his hands and knees. He automatically kept his legs wide and his tail up; below, his member was glistening with pre, hard as stone. Richard, having already found a few of the skunk's dildos and vibes, knew he could take a moderately-sized rod, but seriously doubted the possibility of the boy having sheathed a live prick. He grinned a bit, feeling proud that he was in all likelihood his stepson's first.

"Let me know if it hurts," he told Connor.

But the skunk never said it did, never cried for him to stop. He gasped, shuddering in pleasure as his stepfather-turned-lover entered his body. The passage wasn't very tight, having been loosened somewhat over the past couple of years by a modest variety of toys and regular teasing by his own fingers, and so the tiger's meat had little difficulty sliding in.

The fullness was more than Connor had experienced before. Richard wasn't especially large, only six-and-a-half inches with a one-inch girth, but the soft pulsing and the heat of his cock urged the mustelid

farther along the path of physical gratification. It helped that his feelings for his stepfather were reciprocated, that this was less sex and more love-making. In hindsight, Connor almost wished he'd played with his tailhole less so that he was tighter on the feline, even more of a virgin.

Richard was slow and steady at first, helping the lad get into a responsive rhythm, rocking his hips back in time to meet the cat's incoming thrusts. In his mind, Connor told himself he could actually feel the drops of pre-cum squirting into his bowels, and he felt thrilled upon thinking that he was finally going to be filled with another male's cream.

As their fucking continued, the elder increased his pace, their hips meeting more frequently. Neither of them felt much of their balls smacking together, nor did the sounds reach their ears; the room was too filled with the gasps, groans, moans, and pleas for more for either to make out such a minor noise.

Soon, Richard's sounds of pleasure coalesced into a series of growls. His grip on Connor's hips tightened and he moved faster, hurrying along towards climax. Collin felt like his entire body was becoming tighter and tighter, squeezing down mercilessly upon the cock pounding into him at ever-greater speeds and force.

Connor tried to form words, tried to let his partner know that he was about to hit his peak, but other than spittle, all that came out of his mouth was a series of incoherent gasping and grunting; pleasure overwhelmed him, his body internally ablaze with it.

Even if he was unable to voice his impending climax, Richard was not: the tiger crashed completely into his hips, cock buried wholly within the heated confines of Connor's ass. The elder threw his head back, loosing a roar of ecstasy that easily drowned out Connor's own howl of bliss. The skunk's cock burst, jets of cream arcing from his penis onto the covers, creating a pattern of nonsense.

Behind him, Richard felt his stepson pop, and couldn't hold back any longer. During the love-making, he'd tried to figure out whether cumming first would help the teen feel better, but the quandary was pushed from his mind completely by the joys of experiencing incredible sex once again. Now, he rather wished he'd reached an answer earlier.

His cock belched its load, long, thick strands of tiger essence shooting into the mustelid's rectum, coating it liberally. He didn't bother counting how many shots he gave, he didn't care, he only loved how great it felt to finally be rid of all that horrible tension and loneliness, someone special in his embrace once again.

Long after they'd emptied themselves, the pair held to their position, amazingly not collapsing.

"So," Richard said shakily, "did that do the trick, Connor? Not thinking of vaginas anymore, are you?"

Laughing a little, the other looked back over his shoulder, a small smile on his lips. "It's all good; you've fucked me good and gay." He paused, a devious thought flitting through his mind. "But who knows what kind of depraved villain will work his or her dark ways on me tomorrow, Rape Tiger."

Richard's own muzzle pulled back, a wicked grin forming.

"Well then, Cock Skunk," he replied, "I guess I'll just have to employ my masterfully passionate skills of male wrestling to set you straight again!"

The End