

The tiger's tail lashed about drumming the bed erratically. His paws gripping the bed sheets, claws extended, snagging the fabric. A huge paw landed on his heaving chest groping his pectoral which flexed reflexively. The leathery pad of the paw rubbed against his hard nipple adding to the myriad of delirious sensations running through his body causing him to throw his head back and moan.

The black bear on top, panting just as heavy, was drinking in the sight of the buff tiger below him as he drove himself into that warm tight passage over and over. He used one paw to steady himself on the bed while the other roamed through the soft orange, black and white fur to feel the hard packed muscles beneath it all. Each time he drove himself further into the tiger, each minuet shift of the feline's body, he could see, could feel the muscles flex and dance, the strength they had. When he got his fill of the feline's impressive chest and bicep the bear's paw ventured lower over those rock hard abs where an equally impressive and hard barbed cock pulsed.

Teasingly, the ursine dragged his claws through the fur around the tiger's member, brushing the barbs occasionally to cause the feline to purr with need, much to his delight. The large bear's own need became ever more urgent, surging through him as his body quickened its pace to cross the finish line. The tiger below gripped the bed not only in pleasure, but to keep his body from being pushed around as the ursine drove into him harder and faster. The large bear paw had trapped the feline's member between his abs, getting coated in pre making it slick, combined with the rocking of his body, made for a maddeningly pleasurable experience.

The ursine was close and he knew it, he could feel the sensation building and the dam was going to break any second. The tiger let loose first in a roar as the feline coated his abs and the bear's paw in cum. The orgasm caused the passage the bear was pounding into to tighten. This was it, one last push would send him over the edge to join the tiger in a blissful release. His hips drew back until just the head of his fat cock was all that remained in the feline before he plunged himself back into that warmth to that sweet, sweet ...

Daniel nearly shot straight up from the futon he was lying on, tossing the covers from his torso. Panting he looked around the room and his eyes settled on the slumbering form of the tiger lying on the bed above. An expanse of orange fur and black stripes that bulged with hard packed muscles as they slowly rose with each breath the slumbering feline took, his back exposed as the covers draped over the lower half of his body. Only the white tip of the tail poked out over the bed. His gaze then fell to the tent jutting through the sheets over his groin. He pulled the rest of the covers off to see his hard on stretching the fabric of his boxers. The unmistakable feeling of wet fabric pressed against the tip of his cock. He always did leak a lot.

Daniel took a deep breath and sighed as he exhaled. Chris had invited him over to spend the night like many times before. They had been hanging out with friends and after the movie let out neither of them felt tired and the tiger had proposed they go back to his place and play videogames. It was a Saturday night in early June, no school, no work, no obligations, no worries.

Daniel resisted the temptation to bring his paw to his groin and instead scanned the room for the clock Chris kept somewhere. The TV was left on with the glow from the victory screen of their last match of

Call of Duty illuminating the room. He found the device sitting on a dresser amongst the usual messiness, the bright red numbers telling him it was three twelve. Not even an hour passed since they decided to turn in.

The dream didn't happen every time he slept over, or when the feline spent the night at his house, but he noticed the dreams were becoming more vivid... more intense ever since the beginning of their summer break. His balls ached with the need to release the pressure that had built up in his furry sac from his latest dream. He tried to will his thick, throbbing erection down. Math, that usually did the trick. Math was boring and there was nothing sexy about numbers. Unless you wanted to know the number of black stripes the tiger had on his taut body or the number of barbs on his dick.

The black bear shook his head to rid himself of those thoughts that only made his cock jump with excitement. He thought back to his math final and tried to go over some of the problems he remembered from the exam. Now that was a definite boner killer, though it took some time of him staring off into the wall before his cock was back in its sheath, for the most part. He was at least comfortable enough to stand up and get something to drink.

Daniel made his way to the door stepping over their discarded clothes, Chris's backpack, controllers, old notebooks... the tiger really needed to clean his room. He accidentally kicked the football into the door which rattled a bit, but he wasn't too worried, Chris was a pretty heavy sleeper. Sure enough, when he looked over his shoulder the feline was still sound asleep. He lumbered his way down towards the kitchen at the front of the house when he spotted some light coming from a crack in the door to Mr. Baxter's study. The elder tiger must still be up working or something Daniel thought as he slowed down making sure to take extra careful steps so that his claws didn't clack against the hardwood floors.

As the Daniel was passing the entrance to the study, stepping carefully over the beam of light shining through the crack in the sliding doors, his round little ears flicked when he heard a soft moan followed by a grunt. The kitchen was just straight ahead across from the living room on the left, just several more steps and he would be at the fridge quenching his thirst and then he could get back to bed. Another soft moan floated through the crack and curiosity got the best of him as he quietly inched towards the small opening. He noticed the doors locking mechanism was sticking out which was the cause of the gap between the two doors. Mr. Baxter must not have fully closed the doors before locking them. His nose bumped against a door as he tried to peer through small opening, but he couldn't see much. A light of some sort was on, a lamp perhaps, and he thought he saw something orange move about in one of the chairs in front of the big oak desk he knew the elder tiger had in there. He wedged a claw in the crack and slowly twisted his finger to widen the opening before pressing his face back to the door.

Daniel gulped, swallowing a gasp that almost escaped his muzzle. He could see Chris' dad watching the monitor of a laptop intently as he sat in one of the wooden armchairs, naked! The tiger's arm was moving up and down at a leisurely pace while the feline responded to the soft moans coming from the laptop with purrs and grunts. Daniel didn't have to guess too hard as to what was in the grip of the tiger's large paw and causing that ropey tail to whip about with each pump of the cat's arm. The unmistakable musk of the tiger's arousal wafted through the crack and Daniel took it in with a deep

breath. It was weak , but it was definitely very masculine and rich and caused a shiver that ran down the urines' spine straight to his hard sheath.

The tiger was working himself harder, switching paws as he continued to pump away at this cock, lost in the pleasure, blissfully unaware that someone was watching him and getting off to it too. Daniel was panting softly at this point, somewhere along the line a paw had wandered down to his crotch and he was now fondling his balls. The ursine was getting so turned on by this, watching the elder tiger masturbate who was unaware that someone was watching. The fear of getting caught only added to thrill and caused Daniel's arousal to jump as it strained against the fabric of his boxers, the wet spot at the tip growing by the second. He was fully erect now and his thick cock was trapped uncomfortably in his boxers. He repositioned his footing when one of the floor boards creaked, a loud piercing sound in the relative quietness.

Daniel stood frozen for a second, his heart beating so fast that he almost didn't hear the tiger in the other room growl out asking who was there. The sound of the laptop being slapped shut snapped him out of his shock and he backed up to get away as he heard scrambling on the other side of the doors. He took another step away from the door when he lost his footing and fell backwards on his ass against the wall just as the doors slide apart. Standing before him was a large tiger, the light shining behind him casting his figure in shadows only made the feline more imposing. Mr. Baxter was panting with a trace of a snarl as his spotted the ursine sitting on the floor. Daniel's eyes widen at the sight, the towel tossed around the feline's waist, held there with one paw, did a very poor job of hiding the feline's modesty which was jutting out, tenting the cloth enough he could see a fur white sack hanging between those orange, white, and black striped thighs.

When the tiger growled Daniel's ears flicked back and his heart felt like it was going to jump out of his chest. All he could do was sit there while the tiger looked at him through narrow eyes that made him feel like he was being stalked by this predator. Daniel couldn't even speak, he was panting so hard it felt like he had just went through an intense football practice.

"What are you doing here?" the tiger dad asked in a quiet growl.

" I... I... I was just getting something to drink?"

"And you decided to catch a little show on your way to the kitchen?"

Daniel didn't have an answer for that. Silence filled the gap between them, save for moans coming from the background, the tiger must have forgot to shut off the laptop.

"Looks like you were enjoying it," the tiger said indicating the bear's bulge.

Dread filled Daniel's mine as he tried to deny it. "No! no! That's not it!"

"Oh, is that so?"

Daniel didn't expect what happened next and his jaw fell slack as the towel around the tiger's waist fell to the floor also. There, right in front of him stood the elder tiger, fully exposed. He could see where Chris got his features from, though Mr. Baxter was older and not as fit as his son, the older tiger was still something to look at. The tiger had broad shoulders and thick arms and chest that he probably developed in his youth and still maintained. The feline didn't have six pack abs, not that Chris did either, but had more of a gut. Not that Daniel could really criticize being a bear and all, but he found he liked the very sturdy figure of Mr. Baxter, much like his own. The tiger dad had a white under belly that ran from his bottom jaw to his inner thighs which only highlighted the red cock that was pointing straight at Daniel's face. He'd never seen an actually erect feline cock up close like this. It was big, not as thick as his, but longer and more pointed. There were also barbs around the head of the cock. The whole thing seemed to glisten in the light that filtered from behind the tiger. Daniel had been so enraptured by the sight that he didn't even notice that ropy tail batting his footpaw until it wrapped around his footpaw and gave it a tug.

"Why don't you come inside the room?"

Daniel's face snapped up to the tiger dad who had a smirk across his muzzle as he stepped aside so that bear can come in

"I'll be sure to lock the door this time."

Slowly, Daniel got up, his boxer's painfully tight, and lumbered into the study. The tiger closed the door and locked it, making sure this time that it was fully secured. Daniel just stood there not really knowing what to do, or what to expect as the nude tiger walked over to his laptop and opened it, his tail dragging the towel that he used to try and cover himself with. Mr. Baxter paused and looked over his shoulder at the ursine with a raised eyebrow. "Daniel, you are eighteen right?" The black bear only nodded in response still staring at the back form of the tiger. "Good, then I won't have to worry about going to jail." Daniel looked up when the feline said that and saw a that smirk on the tiger's muzzle again as he moved towards the bear. Reflexively, Daniel took a step back when the tiger dad approached, but a large paw landed on his shoulder keeping him where he was.

"Don't worry, I'm not going to hurt you. I just thought that since you like getting off by watching other furs get off you'll really like a more... paws on experience."

Daniel's eyes widen when he felt the tiger's tail bump his straining bulge as he processed what Mr. Baxter just said. "I.. I... don't know if I'm ready for that."

The older tiger's chest and arms flexed as his body shook from chuckling at the innocent bear's response. "Haha! No fucking son, I'm not into that and I am married after all, though we don't mind other's touching. That's all, just touching."

Daniel felt a hot prick poke his gut and he looked down between the two of them to see a barbed cock dangerously close to his bellybutton. The black of his fur contrasting with the red flesh jutting out from the tiger's sheath.

"Have you ever touched another guy's cock before?" The tiger's hot breath passed over the bear's little round ear causing it to flick. Daniel shook his head as the pointy member pressed into his gut again, this time he pushed back a little relishing in the hot sensation over his skin.

The tiger pulled back and walked over to one of the arm chairs in front of the desk before taking a seat and getting comfortable, rubbing a huge paw up and down that long shaft. "Why don't you come over here and give me a paw?" It was more of an order than a request, one that Daniel found himself obeying as he made his way to where the tiger was sitting and kneeled before him. He had a great view of the impressive member now and watched as a drop of pre appeared at the tip and disappeared into the tiger's paw becoming lubricant as the feline jacked off.

Soft moans and purrs filled the silence as Mr. Baxter removed his paw from his cock and told Daniel to go ahead and grab it. Slowly, Daniel raised a paw to the shaft and firmly grasped it, much to the tigers rumbling delight. The pillar of meat was hot against his leathery pads and moist from its previous activities. It was such a strange and thrilling sensation, the only penis he had ever held was his own. Holding someone else's was quite different. He held his grip around the shaft as he processed all the sensations running through his paw and straight to his own cock. He could feel the cock in his paw as it jumped and pulsed and more pre appeared at the tip. Some distant voice told him he could move his paw up and down, so slowly he drew his paw up the slick shaft towards the head where the barbs rubbed against his paw pad. It was such a weird feeling, those barbs, but they must give their owner a lot of pleasure if the purring coming from above was any indication.

Daniel fell into a rhythm, his paw moving up and down the feline's cock at a steady pace, every now and then stopping at the head to twist his paw around which caused the tiger above to hulk and whip his tail about. Daniel's other paw managed to work its way into his boxers and was mimicking the movements of the other paw over his own cock. His muzzle had slowly drifted closer to the tiger's crotch as he started to savor the rich, musky smell the feline was giving off. "You want to suck it?"

That question startled the bear and all his movements froze as he looked up at the grinning feline. Thoughts he often pushed away whenever they floated across his mind were now a serious possibility, the main focus still hot and pulsing in his paw. If he did this, put a cock in his mouth, that would make him gay, an actual homo instead of just being a guy who liked to stare at other guys while he jerked off. Mr. Baxter wasn't gay though, he had a wife and son, but he also wasn't the one on his knees with a hard cock in each paw. He had thought about it before, what it would be like to have someone's cock within him, what it would feel like, what it would taste like. Now he was faced with a real opportunity and not just a dream. He took a deep breath inhaling the intoxicating aroma, if it smelt this good it couldn't taste that bad he rationalized. He was already jerking off another guy so it couldn't get much gayer, they weren't going to fuck after all. Daniel looked up at the smiling tiger, who had been waiting patiently while the bear came to his decision, and gave a nod.

"Why don't you get out of those, they look awfully constraining," Mr. Baxter said indicating the bear's boxers with his tail. The bear stood up and pushed his boxers down until they fell to the floor around his paws. The tiger gave a whistle at the sight of the bare black bear, "Impressive. Looks like you been

hitting the gym hard as well. I could use a couple of workouts myself." Daniel's ears heated up at the compliment from the older tiger and reflexively tried to cover his rock hard, thick cock with his paw and failing miserably.

The tiger gestured for the bear to come closer and get back into position. "So I'm guessing this is your first time sucking cock huh?" Daniel blushed at the way Mr. Baxter was talking and only nodded to avoid speaking and looking up at the tiger, instead, he stared intently at the bobbing erection inches away from his muzzle. "Well, have you ever eaten a popsicle? It's just like that. Just watch the teeth and don't bite down on it."

Daniel had watched videos of guys giving head so he had a basic understanding and the mechanics didn't seem hard. That still didn't dispel the butterflies in his stomach as his muzzle inched closer and closer to the tiger's shaft. He was so close he could feel the heat radiating from the pillar of meat and the smell was so strong he was getting light headed. Tentatively, his tongue poked out from his mouth and he pressed it against the base of the shaft. The tiger rumbled at the hot, moist sensation against his sensitive skin. Daniel took a moment to savor the taste, it was rich and strong much like the tiger's musk and a bit salty, but not unpleasant. The bear moved his muzzle closer to the cock and gave it another lick, longer this time, and another and another. Daniel scooted closer and placed his paws the tiger's thighs and pushed them apart so he could have better access to the delicious cock.

He was going at it vigorously now attacking the feline's member from all angles, dragging his tongue along the entire length: up, down, side to side, slowly, quick. Whenever he ran circles around the tip, over the barbs that tingled his tongue, the tiger would hush and he could feel the claws of the paw over his press against his skin. Mr. Baxter was also leaking profusely, adding to the taste and moisture over his glistening shaft. The room was filled with the musk of both of their arousal, Daniel's own cock pulsed and jumped unattended below, but leaking just as much as the tiger.

A paw landed on his head and Daniel took the hint so he took a moment to catch his breath before he opened his maw and placed the tip of the tiger's cock in his mouth and closed it. Mr. Baxter hissed at the sudden sensation of have his member trapped in the hot and wet confines of the bear's muzzle. Daniel started out slow, carefully pushing his muzzle closer to the feline's crotch as more and more of the tiger's cock pushed further into him. The bear was able to get at least three fourths of the length in his maw before he felt it might gag him. He held that position for a minute, his tongue exploring the surface of the barbed member lodged in his mouth. He pulled back slowly, remembering to watch his teeth, as he was instructed, until just the tip was still in him before he pushed it back in.

Mr. Baxter was purring like a hot rod when Daniel started bobbing his head. The tiger didn't use his paw to force the bear further down, but did guide him a bit. The bear caught him in his teeth every now and then. The boy was enthusiastic however, which more than made up for the occasional nick. The ursine was using his tongue and changing the position of his head to get every inch of tiger he could. Mr. Baxter knew he wasn't going to last long at this rate and could already feel his balls draw in close and his tail wrapped around the chair's leg.

Daniel could sense the end was coming, the tiger was panting hard, his tail was wrapped tightly around the chair and the muscles in his thigh bunched up. "Dan.. hold up... I'm close..." the tiger said panting heavily. Daniel's jaw was getting sore and stiff, but didn't let up when he heard the tiger and instead did something he remembered from those porn videos; he pushed as much of the tiger's cock in his mouth and clamped down sucking as hard as he could.

The tiger's body jolted before he emptied his load into the bear's maw and a low moan escaped him as he reached his orgasm. It was a lot more cum than Daniel had expected, not to mention salty, and he had to draw back or he thought he was going to gag. He had to spit out the load in his mouth, to get rid of the taste, and let out a low moan of his own as the rest of the tiger's orgasm landed on his muzzle and chest. His own cum mixed with the tiger's as it splattered on his belly and all over the floor. It took him a full minute to catch his breath and steady himself before he looked up at the grinning tiger, the ropy tail uncoiled and swaying happily about.

"Not bad boy. Ain't had a muzzle job that good in a long time." Daniel blushed at the compliment, the streaks of cum all over him felt hot and tingled his skin. "Let's get cleaned up and get that drink before we go to bed."

Daniel stumbled over the football again as he entered Chris' room. The younger tiger was still sound asleep, lying on his back with the covers still around his waist. Daniel took a moment to admire the view, but he was spent. The clock on the dresser read four twenty and as soon as his head hit the pillow he was out.