

The tiger was rummaging around in his closet, tail flicking about as he reached up to push some boxes aside. Daniel admired the backside of the boxer clad tiger, the way the black stripes danced every time the feline pushed something aside or stretched to reach further into the closet. He was treated to the occasional taut curves of the tiger's ass whenever Chris bent over, the tail swaying about lazily. A knock at the door averted the urines' gaze, he didn't like to stare too long anyways. The foraging feline called for whoever was at the door to come in.

Mr. Baxter opened the door, his large figure filling out the frame. It was easy to tell Chris was related to the older tiger, they both had the same naturally fit build. Must be a tiger thing Daniel thought. They both had thick chests and broad shoulders as well as the same crescent shaped markings on the back of their round ears. Mr. Baxter had a bit of a gut, not that it looked bad on him, quite the contrary in Daniel's view.

"Hey! I was just going to heat up some pizza, you boys want any?" Mr. Baxter asked.

"No thanks dad."

"Alright, well be sure to keep it down. I'll be working late in my study tonight." Daniel's ears flicked up.

"No worries. We're going to bed early, I want to get to the beach before it's crowded," Chris said pulling out a towel stuck under a box.

"Okay, good night then."

The door closed as Chris turned around brandishing the cloth he had retrieved from the depths of his closet, which was messy much like the rest of his room. The tiger gathered a few other things from around the room before he started shoving everything into a duffle bag. "I think I have everything. You all packed?"

"Yeah, got everything here," Daniel said patting his own bag lying next to him.

"Cool, how about a game of Madden before we go to bed?"

"Sure."

Chris started up the game and, as he sat down on the edge of his bed, he noticed the bear's fluffy stubby tail was wagging. "What are you so happy about?"

"Uh? What are you talking about?"

The tiger brought his tail in front of him and gripped the end in one paw so just the tip was sticking out and flicking rapidly back and forth.

"Oh... Just excited about giving you a good, hard ass pounding before we go to sleep," the ursine teased.

"Oh, we'll see who's fucking who."

"That's was you said last time and I ended up on top."

The tiger dropped the controller after the game was done and rolled over into bed after saying good night to Daniel. The bear had won 31 to 7, though the tiger's game seemed to be off a bit, at times it seemed like Chris wasn't paying attention that the play had even started. Daniel guessed Chris must have been more sleepy than he realized and when he looked over at the feline the cat's broad back was rising and falling steadily.

Daniel had been lying awake on the futon for about thirty minutes according to the red numbers of the digital clock which now read one fifteen. As quietly as the large ursine could, he got up from the mattress on the floor and made his way carefully to the door. He gave a look over his shoulder at the slumbering tiger on the bed before stepping out and closing the door behind him. Walking so that his claws didn't clack against the floor, he made his way down towards the front of the house, his tail wagging as he snuck through the dark hall.

Mr. Baxter had stopped by his son's room earlier to tell the boys to keep it down because he will be working late in his study tonight, but the bear knew what the older tiger meant when he said *working late*. Daniel remembered the first time he caught Mr. Baxter "working late" in his study when the bear was roaming the house to get a drink. Curiosity got the best of Daniel when he heard soft moans and grunts coming from the crack in the sliding doors to the older tiger's study. The bear was treated to the sight of the daddy tiger jerking off. He had gotten caught in his voyeurism when the squeaky floor board gave him away as he adjusted his footing so he could better fondle himself. He never expected what came next when the older tiger invited him into the study for an oral lesson, so to speak.

Since then, they have had these secret rendezvous several times throughout Daniel's summer break whenever the ursine spent the night at the Baxter's residence. After that first time, Mr. Baxter had offered the proposition of doing it again on those nights when he felt horny and his wife was out of town. Daniel had learned a great deal about Chris' parents, more than he thought the younger tiger knew or wish to know. Daniel wasn't sure how much Ms. Baxter knew about his interactions with her husband, but from what he learned from Mr. Baxter, she might not seem bother by the idea. He always shook his head whenever he thought about that too much.

Whatever the situation was with Chris' parents, they didn't seem to mind and he didn't either. He enjoyed seeing the older tiger and tasting that big cock and shoving it into his eager maw, the feel on the barbs as he ran his tongue over them, the way the tiger grunted and panted from the pleasure he was receiving, the pleasure Daniel was giving him. Daniel always blushed hard when he thought about how much he enjoyed the submissive act. He was so deep in the closet he might never have known how amazing it was to suck someone's dick or how much it turned him on if it weren't for that fateful night. He had also been able to talk to Mr. Baxter about things he never would talk to anyone else about, not even his parents. So, that just made their meetings all that more special and motivated him to pleasure the older tiger as much as he could.

Daniel stopped in front of the sliding doors to the study where he could just imagine the daddy tiger was sitting, nude with a huge dripping hardon waiting to be shoving into something hot and moist. Daniel

stopped in front of the sliding doors of the study and knocked three times, paused for two seconds, then knocked twice to signal who was at the door. It was silly, they knew when they came up with the secret knock, but it added to the excitement and anticipation; made it feel like they were a secret agents on a mission or something. Daniel's ears flicked at the sound of the lock clicking and the handle turned slowly before the doors slide apart. His cock practically jumped out of his sheath to full attention once the doors were fully opened and he cleared away the puff of smoke in his face.

Mr. Baxter stood in the door way wearing a small leather vest that hung loose and open to expose his torso wrapped in a leather harness. The tiger also had studded leather strap around his biceps, leather cuffs around his wrist and ankles and to top it all off he was puffing on a fat cigar in his muzzle. Daniel was about to enter the study when his gaze focused on the lower half of the feline where a barbed cock was jutting out from the tiger. It was rock hard, dripping and sported a cock ring tight around the base pushing the sheath back to exposing more of that delicious length and making it look like the biggest dick the ursine had ever seen. Daniel gulped as he stared down at the pillar of meat already imagining having it crammed into his maw, running his tongue all over the tasty flesh, pressing against those barbs.

"Well just don't stand there. Get in!" Mr. Baxter growled in a low tone that made the bear feel like a cub being scolded.

Daniel quickly shuffled into the room, ears down in a submissive pose. This wasn't the first time they've role played like this before. The first time the tiger daddy appeared like this was a bit scary and unusually exciting. The older tiger had explained how things were going to go down, what roles they would play, that if the cub wanted to stop all he had to do was say so. Daniel felt so assured and safe that he was already hard and ready to go by the time the tiger got the collar on him. He blew his load that night without ever touching his dick as he moaned around that spamming length of the tiger dad shooting creamy feline cum into his maw.

This time the cub fell into the role quickly, ears back, tail down, don't make eye contact, don't speak unless spoken to. The bear just stared intently at the tiger's impressive length as the feline moved about the room. Daniel could hear the soft moans and grunts of a porno playing on the laptop the tiger always had on during their sessions. The strong, thick smell of the cigar filled the room with a heady aroma that added a hint of sweetness and mixed nicely with the musky scent of the tiger's arousal. Daniel was drooling at this point. The tiger dad stood in front of the cub and started swaying his hips from side to side, his cock moving along like the ropey tail behind it. Daniel flowed it like it was a piece of food being dangled in front of a starving fur. Smoke filled his vision as the tiger blew another puff in his face.

"Like what you see?"

Daniel whimpered as he nodded in response. Mr. Baxter chuckled and walked over to his desk where he had a box sitting next to his laptop. "I got a surprise for you this time."

The tiger turned around holding a small, black cone-like object with a strap at the base attached to a rubber ring. Curiosity got the best of Daniel as he broke his role. "Is that your wife's?"

The tiger dad chuckled, "Ha ha no. I may not be gay, but I know what the prostate is and I know how good it can feel if you... push the right buttons." Daniel's face heated up at the thought of Mr. Baxter doing a little butt play while fucking his wife.

"Oh, don't tell me a big faggot like you has never played with his tail hole before," the tiger said in a growl, but had a big grin across his face.

Daniel's ears went back in embarrassment. He'd only done it a couple of times when he was in the shower. He slipped a finger or two in his rear, just to see what it felt like. "Well, no not really," he said bashfully.

"You're in for a real treat then." Mr. Baxter pulled out a tube of lube from the box and squirted a generous supply onto the plug before handing it to Daniel. "Now it's not that big so it shouldn't stretch you that much, but go slow. I don't want you hurting yourself."

Daniel grabbed the object tentatively and looked it over. It was probably as thick as two of his fingers at its widest. He touched some of the lube and rubbed it between the pads on two fingers. It was slippery and didn't have a smell to it, or perhaps the cigar smell was just overpowering all others. The tiger turned and faced his laptop as Daniel pushed his boxers down and wiggled out of them. Attached to the base of the plug was a strap with a ring at the end of it. The ring didn't look like it would fit around his thick erect cock, but he found it stretched easily. He hissed when the ring clamped down around his shaft, it wasn't too tight, but it was snug as he pushed it to the base as far back as his sheath would allow. The ring felt funny, or maybe just unusual, but like the tiger's, it made his cock look bigger as it jumped on its own. He grabbed a hold of the base of the plug dangling below and reached his other paw around his big ass, running it along his hairy crack between those muscled globes. Slowly, he spread his cheeks revealing that tight little pucker. Experimentally, he gave the button a weak probe with the tip of the butt plug and inhaled sharply as he felt the muscled ring clamp down. It was colder than he expected. After repositioning himself he took a deep breath and relaxed as best he could as he began to carefully apply pressure to his opening.

The bear gave a hiss as the thickest part of the plug finally pushed past his defenses, sending a spike of pain through his rear, and his muscled ring clenched around the thinner length of the plug. The toy wasn't massive, but it was big enough to press against his insides giving him a funny, full sensation down there. Daniel took a moment to steady his breathing. His ass kept on clenching around the butt plug as if trying to expel it and only succeed in pushing it further into him, thankfully the flat round base prevented it from disappearing into his ass. What did happen was a tingly feeling that ran through his body whenever the plug was pushed further in. Whatever spot it was hitting sent a jolt of electricity running through his whole body and to his cock. He understood the purpose of attaching the cock ring with a strap to the base of the plug because when his cock jumped at the wonderful sensation emanating from his rear, the toy shifted slightly sending more pleasure through his body.

Mr. Baxter turned around when he heard a low pleasurable moan behind him and caught sight of the bear cub giving the plug a little push in his rear while his other paw held onto one of the big muscled cheeks, the bear's impressive thick cock jumping with each push of the plug. The tiger's own cock was

still hard and dripping thanks to the porno and his paw. "Oh, ho oh! Looks like the big football player is a big ol' bottom and likes it when things get shoved up his ass. I bet you that hole is nice and tighter than a virgin."

Daniel's ears folded back and burned when he realized the tiger dad caught him with his paws up his ass and moaning like a little bitch, but the pleasure was just so intense. His dick was pounding along with his heart, globs of pre dripping down his rock hard length leaving a glistening trail. He reached a paw over to give his straining cock some much needed relief, but was surprised when Mr. Baxter yanked his paw away and slapped on a cuff around his wrist. "Nah ah. No touching. Only good little cubs get to get off." The feline's demeanor changed as he went back into his leathery daddy role, cuffing the bear's paw's behind the urine's back. As the tiger secured a collar around Daniel's neck, the bear idly wondered if Mr. Baxter talked to his wife like this during their foreplay.

The tiger dad walked around to his chair and sat down spreading his legs to show off his gleaming barbed cock and looked over at his cub. The bear played his part: looking down, not making eye contact, ears canted backwards in a submissive pose, but just as eager to get things going. Daniel was so aroused right now he might have blown his load if it were for the fact there was a ring around his cock and his paws were cuffed behind his back.

"Well!? Get over here! My cock ain't going to suck itself!" Tiger dad growled

Daniel shuffled over towards the seated tiger, looking like a cub who got caught with his hands in the cookie jar except he was licking his lips. With each shuffle the plug jammed inside his rear end danced around bumping his prostate causing more pre to gush out of his jumping cock. When he was in reach of tiger dad's crotch he buried his nose in the thick furs taking in the heady musk. It was thick and smelled like a real all male fur, the scent of the cigar adding to the mouth watering aroma. He nuzzled the length rubbing his maw up and down letting the barbs comb through his face fur getting a nice coating of pre and lube all over himself. The feline was purring like a motor boat at this point and had placed a paw on top of his head rubbing the spot between his ears. Suddenly, Mr. Baxter pulled the bear's head back. "Alright, enough teasing you little slut. No open up."

No sooner had Daniel opened his muzzle, the tiger dad thrust his hips forward into the bear's hot, moist maw while pushing the bear's head onto his length forcing him to take it all into his throat. Bear gagged at having to suddenly deep throat the girthy length, the barbs tickling his tonsils. It had took some practice, but Daniel was able to take the tiger fully into his mouth, even with the added length from the cock ring pushing back the sheath. The tiger dad didn't have any complaints. "Fuck yeah! What a good little bitch!" he exclaimed as the purring sound grew louder.

It didn't take long for the bear to fall into the rhythm and soon the paw on his head was no longer needed to guide him as he bobbed his head up and down the delicious shaft. He added a bit of suction, trying to coax out all the juices the tiger dad had to offer, and the tiger had a lot to offer to the bear's delight. Daniel felt the grip of tiger dad's paw leave his head and glanced up to see tiger dad sitting in a relaxed position, both paws behind his head.

Mr. Baxter grinned as he stared down at the bear milking his shaft on his own accord like a good little cub. The tiger blew a puff of smoke at Daniel which caused the bear to cough around the feline's head, much to his purring pleasure. "That's it! Right there you little slut," he encouraged the bear. The boy was really working it too, much better than when they first started having these late night sessions. The tiger dad moaned an "ah fuck" and let his tail thrash around behind him as he felt the bear's tongue slither all around his dick and rub against his barbs. The boy was becoming a real pro.

Daniel liked seeing the tiger dad throw his head back and moan whenever he hit the right spot on the tiger's shaft with his tongue. Those barbs were the feline's weakness and bear took advantage of that. Those little pricks left his tongue with a tingling sensation and a with each pass over he was rewarded with a nice shot pre. Daniel could tell Mr. Baxter was getting close. The tiger's paw found its way back to his head, claws tickling the surface of his skin. The feline's breathing was getting heavier and his tail had curled tightly around the chair's leg. The bear doubled his efforts making sure to apply extra suction at the tip on the way up and swipe over those barbs on the way down.

Under this kind of torment, it wasn't long before the paw on bear's head gripped him hard and he braced himself knowing the first load was always the biggest. The paw pulled Daniel's head forward so that tiger dad's cock was lodged into the farthest reaches of his throat as soon as the other paw removed the cock ring with a claw and the tiger's orgasm coated the bear's maw with huge creamy load after load. The paw that was on top of the bear's head held it there for a good ten seconds before the grip loosened and let the cub slide off the tiger's sensitive cock. The ursine made sure to suck the shaft dry and let the cock slide out of his muzzle with a lewd sloppy pop. A string of pre and saliva connecting the two before breaking and hanging off the fur around the bear's mouth.

Both were panting, the tiger dad in the afterglow of his orgasm and the bear in desperate need of some attention paid to his drippy member. The pressure in the bear's balls was almost unbearable and his cock was jumping as if trying to empty his load in an attempt to release the pressure. This only tormented the bear more, as with each jump, the plug attached to the ring on his cock pressed against his prostate.

"Aw! What's wrong? The little cub want to blow his load too?" The tiger daddy teased.

Bear remembered to play the submissive part and looking down at tiger dad's paws, ears back, nodded his head slightly with a whimper.

"Well I suppose you've been a good little slut and good little sluts deserve rewards," Tiger dad growled.

Daniel looked up and wagged his tail which caused him to moan soon after as the plug banged around his backside. The bear gave a little yelp when he felt something caress his shaft. He looked down to see the side of the tiger dad's footpaw slowly slide up and down his shaft. The soft fur tickled his length and felt so good.

Part of their agreement was that Mr. Baxter would not do much to Daniel: no blow jobs, no pawjobs, no kissing, nor cuddling. Daniel understood and agreed to the terms knowing the only thing he would get

out of this was a tasty cock in his mouth, some great eye candy, and musk to jerk off too. However, the tiger dad didn't feel like it was out of terms if he lent the obedient cub a footpaw.

The tiger dad began to rub Daniel's shaft with his footpad, which became slick very fast as the bear's cock was covered in slippery juices. The cub was leaking pre like a broken faucet. Daniel whimpered as the tiger dad worked his shaft with that magical footpaw. The rough pads felt wonderful as they rubbed up and down his shaft and the soft fur around the pad sent jolts up his spine and down to his rear. Daniel was getting delirious from how much pleasure and pressure was building within him and his balls felt like they were going to explode if they couldn't release their contents soon. A loud whimper escaped the bear when the tiger's toes closed around the sensitive head of the bear's thick cock.

"Good sluts don't get off if they make too much noise," the tiger dad growled in warning. Daniel's lower jaw quivered as he tried to keep his muzzle shut under the relentlessly exquisite torment. He couldn't take much more of this and a meek, "Please" escaped between his pants. The tiger dad grinned, satisfied with hearing the pleas of the little cub begging him for release. With the precision and delicacy of a surgeon, tiger dad used one of his toe claws to cut the rubber ring around the bear's length.

It was like a damn breaking when all the pressure that had built up in Daniel's balls was finally able to release. His tail hole clenched tightly driving the plug straight into his prostate. It was like fireworks went off when he shot his first load and it splashed on his chest. He moaned in sweet relief as streams of jizz landed on his belly, the towel below (which they learned to place there after the first time) and all over tiger dad's foot paw. The bear felt like he was going to faint by the time his balls had finished emptying themselves. He'd never had an orgasm like that before. With that butt plug applying pressure to his prostate and that footpaw working wonders, it was like beating his dick from the inside and outside at the same time. He revealed in the warmth and fullness emanating from the huge load of tiger spunk he swallowed and the butt plug filling his rear end.

"Alright, you know the drill. Time to clean up," the tiger dad growled.

The bear looked up and got a nose full of tiger footpaw and the familiar musky scent of his own cum. The tiger dad grinned mischievously as he looked down at the bound cub and wiggled his toes. The bear looked up at him questioningly wondering if feline really was going to make him do what he thought the daddy tiger wanted.

"Well! Get to cleaning!" the leather daddy growled.

The bear gulped and his face burned at the thought of doing what the older tiger dad ordered him to do. He stuck out his tongue and gave an experimental lick of the pawpad. The taste was something funky, but not all together unfamiliar. He could distinguish the taste of his own cum, something he admittedly had tried in his exploration of his sexuality, but there was also another taste that he could only assume was that of the tiger dad's footpaw.

The tiger dad waited patiently, wiggling his toes, as the bear slowly got accustomed to the act. The next lick was longer this time and went all the way from the bottom of his pawpad to the top, followed by

another and another. Soon the bear was licking the tiger's footpaw like it was a popsicle, or some other similarly shaped body part. The tiger dad purred as he luxuriated under the footpaw treatment. "Don't forget between the toes," the tiger dad said wiggling the digits once more for emphasis. The bear saw a string of his pearly white juices between the tiger dad's toes as he flexed them. The taste was definitely stronger as he wedge his tongue between the cracks, but it wasn't intolerable. In fact, he was beginning to enjoy it and his cock slowly began to rise to full attention as he licked clean the daddy tiger's footpaw.

The bear took one of the toes into his mouth and began to suckle on it like it was the tip of that barbed cock that was bouncing above him. The tiger dad moaned in delight at the sensation, his tail whipping around behind. The bear's tail wagged as he heard the tiger dad moan at what he was doing. That tail wag caused a spark of pleasure and warmth to spread through his rear end as the butt plug jiggled inside him. He was going to blow another load at this rate.

The pair were so lost in the sensation that they didn't have enough time to react to the knock at the door and the door handle turning.

"Hey dad, have you seen Daniel? He's not... HOLY FUCK!?!"