

Chris stood there frozen in sheer disbelief from the scene he stumbled upon. It was so much like a dream, he was finding it hard to believe. His friend was kneeling there bare as the day he was born, with a collar around his neck in front of his dad who was buck naked save for the harness and open leather vest. Chris had seen naked guys before, being on the football team and having to shower with other guys, you were bound to see some things, but this... this was his friend that he had known since childhood and his father. Once more, both of them had rock hard erections. There was no denying the stench in the atmosphere; it was thick, musky, and strong.

Daniel was immobilized by fear. He couldn't move, couldn't talk, and couldn't hear anything over his heart racing, the pounding echoing in his ears as they burned. Thoughts ran through his mind about being outted as a huge faggot, his friend making fun of him, his parents disowning him, not being able to go to school without being ridiculed. The bear locked eyes with the tiger and he couldn't read his expression besides utter shock. He wanted to run, to scream and tell Chris it's not what it looks like, to cry.

Before either of them could act, Mr. Baxter got up and walked right up to his son with an imposing look.

"Dad?! I... I-" the young tiger stammered taking a half step back.

"So, my son's a little faggot!" Mr. Baxter growled and blew a puff of smoke into his son's face.

"What?! NO! No I'm not!" the smaller feline coughed, shaking a little.

"Oh yeah! Then what's that?" The tiger dad had a paw out in front pointing down between them.

Chris glanced down and caught sight of what his dad was talking about. Next to the huge throbbing length of his father was the tip of another cock peaking out of its sheath and push past the waist band of his boxers. The bit of red length stood out starkly against the white backdrop of his belly fur, just like his father's. Blood was rushing elsewhere, besides just his face.

"Wait!? No, I can explain," the younger tiger said hurriedly.

Meanwhile, Daniel stayed there listening attentively to the pair, but not being able to see what was going on between them. It was hard to hear them over the echo of his pounding heart reverberating in his ears. It wasn't until the tiger dad tossed an arm over his son's shoulder and moved to the side that he saw what the older feline had seen. His friend was sporting a massive bulge in his boxers with the tip of his cock sticking out past the waistband.

The younger tiger moved a paw to cover his crotch when he caught his friend staring, but couldn't help staring back himself.

"Your big queer friend over here offered to keep me company while your mom is away," Mr. Baxter spoke staying in his daddy character. "Had I known both of you were little faggots, I wouldn't have kept him all to myself," the tiger dad growled. He saw no point in hiding it now and there was nothing he

could do to undo what his son had seen, so he just kept with it. He was also having too much fun seeing his son squirm.

"I'm not a faggot," the younger tiger protested.

"Oh, if that's the case then what are you doing with this?" Tiger dad yanked down son's boxer to reveal his fully hard cock.

Chris gasped at the relief of his member being freed, but that left him fully exposed to his father and his friend. His face lit up as he did his best to try and cover up his throbbing erection. He tried to will his hard dick back down, but there was no use, he was turned on something fierce, the musky smell, the sight of his friend, his father there; it was all too much for him.

"You're slutty friend over here has become a real pro with his muzzle. Almost as good as a hot wet pussy," the tiger dad said pointing at kneeling bear. "I bet you his ass would be even better. Probably tighter and hotter than that lioness you brought home from prom.

Daniel felt like his face was going to melt when he heard Chris' father speak about him like that. The lingering stare of his friend didn't help either.

Mr. Baxter walked back over to the chair and sat down. "I still got one more round in me so get back to work!" The tiger daddy ordered the cub.

Daniel looked at Mr. Baxter dumbfounded for a moment, did he really want to do this with his son there. By way of answer, the tiger daddy placed a paw on bear's head and guided the cub to his prominent prick. He rubbed the bear's nose up and down his shaft getting it nice and wet causing the bear to snuffle.

"Open up," the tiger dad growled.

Not seeing another option, Daniel obeyed and had his muzzle shoved over that barbed piece of meat as the daddy feline muzzle fucked him. The black bear knelt there submissively letting himself be used. He couldn't help, but think of what his friend was thinking right now seeing him like this. He stole a glance at Chris standing to the side and to his surprise, he saw his friend stroking a hard barbed cock, eyes intently taking in the scene. The sight on his friend getting off to watching him like this aroused the bear and his cock spurted out a healthy load of pre, now that it was free of that cock ring. Daniel returned his focus to the cock currently in his mouth and took over the work the paw on the top of his head was doing.

Chris couldn't believe what he was seeing. His friend was swallowing his dad's cock and he was really going at it. He also couldn't stop staring at his friend's cock, it was so big. He found himself mesmerized by it as it jumped, bounced, and leaked everywhere. The scent in the air changed as the younger tiger added his own musk to the mix with each spurt of pre that oozed from his tip.

Mr. Baxter never lasted long on his second go and it wasn't long before he was holding the bear's head to his crotch and emptying another load into the cub's gullet. The pair separated panting after the exhausting task. The tiger dad didn't sit and savor the afterglow like he usually did, but instead stood up, dick still bouncing in front of him.

"Well that's it for me. I ain't as young as I used to be," Mr. Baxter said walking to the door after collecting his things, no trace of a growl from his leather daddy voice. "You two keep it down now, I'm going to bed." He had already wrapped his towel around his waist and was at the door before he paused and turned around. "We'll... we'll talk in the morning," he said before disappearing down the hall.

The two friends stared at the door for awhile, a little in a daze after what just happened. The tiger broke the silence as he turned to his friend.

"So, um... you're, uh, gay?" tiger asked awkwardly.

Daniel looked at his friend, the one he had known since elementary school, the guy who he always joked around with, played videogames with, went to the mall with to hit on girls, the pretty sexy looking guy standing there with a cock throbbing as hard as his, the guy he often had dreams about that left him hard and messy in the morning. A light bulb went off in his mind and a smirk spread across his cum stained muzzle.

"Why? You asking a fellow out?"

Tiger laughed, "I don't see any fellas around here, only a slut."

"Why don't you come over here and say that to my face," the bear said in feigned anger.

Chris puffed up his chest and tightened his muscles to look as menacing as a naked tiger with an erection can, and strode over to the kneeling bear.

Before they could continue their little game Daniel thrust his face into his friend's crotch causing the feline to almost fall over. Daniel took a deep breath and inhaled the intoxicating musk. Chris' scent was like his father's, but not as mature and masculine. It was still masculine, there was no mistaking this smell as a male, but there was a youthful smell to it. One which the black bear savored by running his nose over the shaft and getting a whiff of cum.

Chris had to grab the chair and brace himself as his friend explored his nether-region. He started to hush as the bear applied his tongue to the task, sampling the flavors after taking a sniff as if he were some sort of wine connoisseur, but applied his skills to a different trade, one which left the feline purring.

The bear lifted his muzzle from the glorious field of the tiger's crotch furs. "Why don't you sit down?" He asked in a tone that was more of an order.

The tiger turned the chair around and saw something that made him want to change his plans.

"How about we go back to my room?" He said grabbing the condoms and keys to what had to be to the handcuffs still on the bear.

The bear saw the pack of condoms on the chair and wondered when Mr. Baxter had left them there. His ears burned as he remembered the comment about keeping the noise down when the tiger dad left.

Chris walked around behind the bear with the keys to uncuff his friend when he noticed a black disc sticking out of the bear's crack. "Hey, what's this?" the tiger asked poking the middle of the rubber disc.

A spark of heat ran through the bear as the tiger pushed the butt plug like a button on his prostate.

"Uh... something your dad made me use," the bear husked

"What is it?" the tiger asked curiously.

"It's, um, a butt plug," the bear said shyly.

The tiger giggled at the response and pushed the plug again and watch the bear squirm. "You seem to like it."

The bear only moaned his answer when the tiger pushed it again. He felt the tiger grab it and try to pull it out and found that his ring clenched around the base as if not ready to give it up just yet.

"Whoa, easy. Be careful will ya," the bear said

"Yeah, yeah, here. I'll pull it out on three," the tiger said.

The bear braced himself and groaned when the tiger pulled the thing out at two. "You ass!" the bear said.

"You're the one with the big ass," the tiger said as he grabbed a pawfull of those lusher globes and ran his paw around. The fur was quite soft and he loved how it felt against his pawpads.

The black bear moaned under the stimulation to his rear. With the plug gone, his tail hole clenched and convulsed getting use the feeling of not having anything there. It left a strange empty feeling and the warmth that sent waves of pleasure through him faded. A desire lit within him as he wanted to feel that full, warm feeling again.

The tiger freed his friend from his bonds and they both stood there for a moment. Daniel rubbed his wrists which were a little sore from the cuffs while Chris took in the sight of the bear's body. He'd seen it before, those thick shoulders that could stop a packaderm, those huge arms that could lift hundreds of pounds, that barrel chest and that big gut of his that belied that hard muscles underneath that luxurious fur. All this he had seen before, they did shower together after football practice and whenever they slept over they always slept in just their boxers, something he proposed around middle school, but this. In this setting and context, the image of the big bear with that thick cock throbbing out in front, those plump low hanging balls, the whole thing took on a more personal, more intimate feeling. Chris

wondered if that white spot on the black bear's chest was as soft and warm as the furs on his big gorgeous ass and the tiger wanted to run his paws through it to find out.

They walked quietly up to the tiger's room, cocks still out and in need of much attention, hearts racing, and tails flicking about nervously. The bear fiddled around with the tube of lube he grabbed before leaving and wondered how he was going to ask the tiger the question that was on his mind. That butt plug the tiger daddy had him lodge in his tail hole made his orgasm feel ten times as better than when he just jerked off with his paw. A thought crossed his mind when he was going down on that barbed daddy cock once more that really made him feel slutty and his face burned just thinking about it, *if that butt plug felt that good, what would a really cock pressing up inside feel like?* He'd seen gay pornos before and knew shoving a dick up a dude's asshole was a big part of the whole gay sex thing, but it was different when he would be the one doing it, wanting it. It was scary, nerve racking, and all together exciting.

Daniel walked into the room and stood at the edge of the mattress on the floor as he looked around mulling over the thoughts bouncing in his head. He started to get more and more nervous as the silence went on and his cock was started to slip back into his sheath. The ursine stared down at the tube of lube he was spinning around in his paws. There was one way to get his over with quick.

Chris was openly staring at that big black bear butt, not hiding the lust in his gaze anymore as he sat down on the edge of his bed. He wanted to touch it, slap it, run his paws through the soft fur, squeeze it. The silence was starting to get awkward and if they wanted to do anything besides lie down and go back to sleep, someone need to say something. Just as he got up and opened his muzzle to speak to Daniel, cut him off.

"Will... will you fuck me?" Daniel blurted out not able to look Chris in the eyes. The silence that ensues felt like hours, his heart was pounding so hard he felt it was going to burst out of his chest.

Chris was shocked for a moment as he processed what his friend asked him, but then a sly smile appears at the edges of his muzzle. "Hhhmmmm... I don't know. That sounds pretty gay." The tiger looked like he was contemplating something heavy, chin rubbing and tail waving.

The black bear snorted in a sort of half chuckle, half gawf. "I'm sorry. I must have missed the part where you didn't jerk off to me giving your dad a blowjob. The only think straight I saw about you was how straight your hard dick was."

Chris started to laugh at his friend's remark; it was so like him and so funny. He had to hold his sides for a bit and soon the bear was joining in his mirth. "Okay, okay. But, on one condition. You show me what you were doing to my dad."

"Oh, you thought you were going to get away from me without me getting a good taste of you."

Daniel shoved the tiger backwards where Chris stumbled and landed on the bed, but before the feline could recover and ask what that was about, the ursine was already on top of him like an opposing defender and had jammed his noise right at the base of tiger's shaft. Chris inhaled sharply at the wet,

cold sensation snuffling at the edge of his sheath. The black bear's large tongue had left the feline's balls moist and cool in the open air and began to ventured further up the pillar of meat.

The tiger was panting when the bear teased his barbs and toyed with his tip. His dad was right; Daniel was really good at this, better than any girl he had been with, though he had to admit, only a pawful of them would actually give a blow job. Chris nearly sat straight up when Daniel took his whole length in his wet, hot maw and started sucking. The feline moaned out a soft "fuck" and felt that wet appendage continue its exploration of his sensitive skin within the confines of that moist cavern.

Like father, like son, the bear thought as he started to bob up and down his friend's shaft. They were similar in size and shape, almost exactly the same except it felt like his father was a little longer, but the son felt thicker than his muzzle. There was no mistaking their musk, though, their taste was quite comparable. His friend had a more potent, almost sweeter taste to him, where as his dad was stronger and more mature in flavor and aroma. The bear blushed as he compared the taste of his friend's cock to his father's as if he were a judging in a food tasting contest.

The tiger really seemed to be enjoying it from the sounds he was making. Exclamations of "Oh man!" and "fuck" were heard between loud pants. A paw found its way to the bear's head to help push him back down each time the ursine ventured up that delicious length.

Daniel let his paws roam over the tiger's body where he could reach them. He just couldn't get enough of feeling his friend. Beneath that layer of fluffy fur he could feel those hard, defined muscles taught and full of strength. He felt the power in them each time they flexed when the tiger's body twisted from the pleasure he was delivering. Daniel could tell his friend was getting close when that thrashing tail wrapped itself tightly around his arm and the muscles in those powerful thighs bunched up.

Chris drove himself as far as he could into that hot muzzle while pushing his friend's head down and roared as he let loose a huge load. The bear swallowed every taste drop his friend had to offer and sucked him dry before giving the overly sensitive dick one last lick.

"Your dad said to keep it down remember," Daniel said with a smirk.

"Sorry, I couldn't help it. It was so damn good," the tiger husked.

"Haha. Well I hope you recharge fast. You still have to keep up your end of the deal," bear reminded his friend.

"Yeah, yeah, don't worry about me. Shouldn't you prepare yourself or something," Tiger suggested.

"I guess," bear said getting up.

Daniel wiggled his tail and felt a dull sensation spread through him, but nothing that would satisfy that growing need within him, like an itch he needed to be scratche, and bad. He didn't have the plug with him so he could only think of two things he could do to help prepare him. Usually, the top would rim the

bottom before shoving his dick up the bitch's tail in the pornos he saw, but Daniel wasn't so sure Chris would be up to sticking his tiger muzzle up his bear ass. So that left the option of fingering himself.

The bear went over to the desk where he left the bottle of lube and squirted a glob of it onto his paw. He tried to recall how they did it in that one porno he saw; just reach around and rub it a little and push in a finger or two. He reached around to his backside with the paw that had the lube and ran his paw down the crevice of his butt cheeks until he found the spot where the hidden muscle resided. He pushed his paw between those furry globes to apply the lube.

His whole body jerked and he heard laughter coming from behind him. He peered over his shoulder to see his friend chuckling while lounging on his bed, watching his buddy play with his backside, the tiger's cock still hard lying against the white fur of his abs.

"What's wrong? Did it scare ya?" the tiger teased.

"No, just cold," the bear snorted.

Daniel began to rub the lube around that hidden area and felt his muscled ring clench every time he passed over the bud. It felt nice and sent warmth spreading through him. He found it even more pleasurable when he started pressing against the little ring. Jolts of pleasure shot through him as he kept pushing it like he was playing one of his favorite button mashing videogames. It almost caught him by surprise with after one forceful push his finger slipped in to the second knuckle before the ring clamped down around his digit. His finger was engulfed in heat and he could feel the walls of his insides convulse as they tried to expel the foreign intrusion.

Seeing his friend bent over, ass up, paw between those big, black, round cheeks was turning Chris on faster than a huge pair of tits. He was always more of an ass guy and liked a girl with a beautiful ass more than a large bimbo. Boobs were nice, but that wasn't where you worked, he wanted to pound against something nice and tight, with firm muscles that could be felt beneath a nice layer of cushion. Only in his imagination had he thought he would be staring at a guy's ass with such hunger, let alone his friend's ass. The tiger was gushing out pre when he saw Daniel push in a second finger. Chris got up and tore open a condom, he had to hurry or the bear would get off without him.

Daniel was really getting into to it, again, pumping his paw in and out, swishing his fingers around and letting out low moans as jolts of pleasure coming from somewhere deep within him coursed through his limbs and caused his cock to jump with each pass over that sweet spot. It was like someone was jerking him off from the inside making him feel full and warmth at the same time. It hadn't felt like this the other times he tried fingering himself, perhaps he was doing it wrong then. A flicker of regret flashed through his mind as he thought of all the time lost he could have been experiencing this exquisite pleasure. He would definitely have to make up for lost times he noted.

Chris grabbed the bear's wrist of the paw working that beautiful rear end and slowly pulled it away. Daniel grunted as his fingers slipped out of his pucker with a sloppy noise.

Panting from the little workout he gave his prostate, the bear turned around to tiger and gave him a "What Gives" look.

"If I didn't stop you, you'd have blown your load without me," the tiger responded indicating the bear's straining cock, a string of pre hanging from the tip.

Daniel's ears went backwards in embarrassment. He couldn't deny it; he was several more pokes away from cumming all over his friend's desk. He turned to face his friend, their cocks inches away he could feel the heat radiating from that pulsing feline cock. He could smell it in the air, his friend was as horny as he was and craving relief from the building pressure in their balls.

"So... how do you want to do this?" Daniel asked as casually as any straight guy would ask another straight guy how they want to proceed sticking their dick into the other guy's ass.

"Well... how about you just get on the bed and get on all fours?" the tiger suggested.

"Sure," the bear said responding as if his friend suggested they go to McDonalds to eat. Daniel walked over to the bed and crawled on top until he was near the head rest with his ass up on display for perfect viewing for the tiger.

Chris purred in delight as he stroked his throbbing member and admired the view. It was certainly something different being a guy's ass, but not all too unfamiliar. The fur on those big globes were nice and soft beneath his pawpads and had a nice cushion to them as he rubbed his paws about. There was muscle below all that padding, he could feel the firmness if he applied a little pressure. Everything was just the way it was all the other times he fucked some girl, except the anatomy was slightly different. Instead of a dripping wet pussy, the only opening back there was the scrunched up muscle ring that seemed to wink at him each time he squeezed the flesh around it as he spread the cheeks apart. If he followed the crack down, he came to a familiar piece of anatomy, a pair of large balls hung below in a black furry sac that were linked to the glistening piece of meat swaying just beyond. Curiosity got the best of him as he reached a paw past the hanging balls.

Daniel clamped his muzzle shut as he tried to stifle moans as the tiger inspected his ass. It felt wonderful to have his ass rubbed and squeezed, each act sending a dull thud sensation to tease his prostate and fuel the incessant itch within. The bear wanted to get on with this and was about to reach around and finger himself if the tiger didn't hurry up. He almost lost his balance when he felt something rub against his dick and moaned as he felt a paw firmly wrap around it and give it a few strokes.

It was hotter than Chris expected and very slick. As he grabbed it more firmly, the tiger found it very easy to move his paw up and down along the shaft. The bear was thicker than he was and maybe just as long, which was pretty impressive for someone his size. He had heard that bigger fellows had smaller dicks, but that was certainly not the case with his friend he mused as he gave the shaft a little squeeze and felt the cock jump in his paw.

A glob of pre shot out of his dick as the bear panted, head hung down where he looked beneath himself to see a large white and orange black striped paw fiddling around with his junk.

"I'm going to cum if you keep this up," the bear husked.

The tiger chuckled. "Sorry, just curious. You're pretty big, I'm a little jealous," the tiger complemented.

Blushed blushed at his guy friend's complement on the size of his dick; he didn't really know how to respond. Fortunately, a distraction came in the form of something hot and slick messing up the furs of his butt crack. The bear's heart began to pound and butterflies filled his gut below at the realization of what was about to happen.

"Hey... be gentle alright," Daniel said, voice shaking a little.

"Oh I will, at the beginning," the tiger teased as he pressed himself against the bear's rear.

"I mean it. It's my first time after all," the bear said.

"Hehe. I guess that makes you a virgin. Don't worry, I won't pop your cherry too hard," the tiger continued.

The bear's ears burned at the teasing and being called a virgin.

"Just... just take it slow okay," the bear said with a little more worry in his voice.

"Hey, don't worry man. If it hurts just say the word and I'll stop," the tiger said sensing the bear's nervousness.

The tiger pulled his hips back a bit and positions himself at the entrance to hidden ring. The bear inhaled sharply when he felt the heat from the tiger's tip knock against his backdoor.

"Alright, I'm going to just push the tip in. You ready?" the tiger asked.

Daniel repositions his arms and spread his legs a little more and braced himself. He nodded his head in response that he was ready. Chris pushed his hips forward slowly applying pressure when he felt the ring clench and put up resistance. The tiger rubbed the bear's back, noting the fur was nice and soft here as well, and encouraged his friend to relax. Eventually, the ring relented and the tip of his cock slipped in.

Both of them inhaled sharply once the tiger finally penetrated the bear's backside. Daniel more so from the onset of the strange feeling of having something lodged him his tail hole and Chris from the hot sensation of the bear clamping down around his tip. The tiger bit his lower lip; it felt like the bear was trying to squeeze the tip of his dick off.

"Whoa! Easy up man," Chris said trying to relax his buddy.

Daniel took some deep breaths to steady his breathing and did his best to concentrate on relaxing by trying to ignore that thing stuck in his rear. It was hard, but eventually the bear calmed down and the tiger wasn't as worried about losing his dick. Daniel even gave his butt a little wiggle and clench to try and get used to the feeling, much to the tiger's purring delight.

"Alright, you might want to cover your muzzle with that pillow or bite down on it," the tiger said.

"Why?" the bear questioned with worry.

"Because if you're this tight, getting past my barbs might sting a little. Just don't pull forward and you should be alright," the tiger warned.

What?!" the bear asked, butterflies returning full force.

"You do remember I'm a feline right? My dick comes equipped with barbs," the tiger said dryly.

The bear gulped, "Is it going to hurt bad?"

"I don't know. Some girls I fuck wince when I first enter, but I've never fucked anyone this tight," the tiger said. Daniel heated up when his friend mentioned he was about to be fuck, just like some nice pussy.

"What are you worried about? I've seen you take on Steinbeck's rhino head on and not budge an inch. This is just a little poke compared to that," Chris teased when he saw the bear's ears go back in embarrassment.

Daniel snorted at the comparison. "That ain't little," the bear said flexing his buttocks. The tiger's tailed lashed around behind him at the pleasant sensation and the small ego boost.

Chris' paws began to roam the bear's back, feeling the wonderful soft fur and firm muscles against his pawpads. He started massaging any tense spots to help calm the bear down again. "I'm going to start pushing and I won't stop until I am all the way in. Best to get them over with quick. Okay?" the tiger said anxious to get on with this.

Daniel took a couple more deep breaths before bracing himself and gave a nod to acknowledge he was ready since the pillow in his jaw prevented him from speaking. Chris drew his paws down to the bear's hips and slowly began to push his dick further into that hot, tight hole. The bear's head dipped when his muscled was spread further open. Instinctively, Daniel lurched forward causing the Chris' cock to slide out a bit and the barbs to rack against his sensitive opening. Daniel had let his head fall to the bed and groaned into the pillow as pain shot through his backside. The black bear was having second thoughts about this, but they were too far into it, or at least his friend was far too in him to go back. The bear shook the idea of his friend pulling out and having those sharp bastards claw his ass again. The tiger gave a quick push, shoving his cock in past the barbs as he felt the muscled ring clench defensively. Chris froze when his hips were flush with the bear's, a moan escaping his muzzle at the feeling of the bear's inner walls convulse around his sensitive cock. Daniel steadied his breathing as he wondered what cruel God put such torture devices on felines and how any girl would find this enjoyable.

"You okay?" Chris asked after a moment.

"Yeah, just give me a moment."

Daniel adjust his position a bit and gave his rear a shake to test out the waters. Once he felt he was ready he peered over his shoulder and gave another nod to signal the go ahead to his buddy. The tiger didn't need any more convincing and pulled back his hips before driving them forward again.

"Fffffuuuuccck!" Daniel's head felt to the pillow again just as he felt the tiger's hips flush against his cheeks.

"What?! Are you okay?" Chris asked worried that he had hurt his friend.

Daniel didn't respond at first, having to catch his breath. He was glad he was on his knees because he was sure he would have clapped if he was standing. It felt like his insides just had an orgasm when those wonderful, glorious, God-gifted barbs raked over that special spot within him. His cock throbbed back to life squirting pre onto the bed below.

"Whoa!" the bear said husked. "That felt aaaammmaaazing."

The tiger's tail batted the bear's thigh in annoyance at having made him worry.

"Oh did it?" Chris said adjusting his position behind the bear. "Well then, how about this?" The tiger gave the bear's ass another pump. "And this? And this?" the tiger asked with each pounding building into a nice rhythm.

Daniel answered in the way of a low moan. He couldn't catch his breath enough to form any words, the pleasure was overwhelming. Talk about scratching an itch, it was like those prickly bastards were designed for just this act, to give mind blowing delirious gay pleasure.

It wasn't long before Chris was really going at it, drilling that tight, hot, slick hole with abandon. It was like nothing he ever fucked before, that virgin cougar he did his sophomore year couldn't even compare to this. It was like his friend was made to fit his dick with how much the bear's passage was sucking his cock. This wasn't a sissy girly bitch he was fucking, the slap of his balls banging against the furry sack of his friend's sent a sense of thrill through him and caused his tail to bang against the bed. This was a man, a big and strong one, a real guy who was tough, a full fledged male.

Chris changed his position and leaned over Daniel to get more leverage and buried his nose into his friend's shoulder inhaling deeply. He reveled in his friend's scent, his own familiar scent, and the scent of their rut. It was musky, masculine, strong and intoxicating. His paws began groping every inch of the bear's body he could grab a hold of, feeling the taught muscles underneath that soft fur and layer of cushion. He found he couldn't get enough of his friend's large gut and enjoyed the girth, firmness, and the way it moved with each push of his hips, driving his barbed member further into that hot passage.

Daniel's whole body was alive like never before, even more than right before the opposing team hikes the ball. He could feel large paws roaming all over him through his fur, claws out gently touching his skin setting it a tingle, hot breaths on his back followed by a moist raspy tongue grooming his neck making his heart race. His buddy was fucking him so relentlessly he couldn't distinguish the tiger's movements at this point, it was just a constant blur of motion filling him and sending waves of pleasure coursing

through his body and crashing against his prostate like a hurricane. His unattended cock bounced against his belly leaving a sticky string connecting the two from the constant flow of pre the dribbled down his shaft. He daredn't lift a paw for fear of toppling over and instead used his arms to push against the bed to bury his rear against those pounding hips.

Chris could feel himself getting close to the end as his balls drew up and his tail wrapped around their legs binding them together. His pace slowed a little as he really pounded his cock home into that tight bear ass. Daniel could feel the change in pace, as if his buddy was trying to push himself in as far as possible. The big slutty ursine happily pushed his rear back to help his friend. With only a particularly hard shove as a warning, the tiger bite down on the Daniel's shoulder in a mating bite and gave a muffled roar as he emptied himself into the bear. Chris gave small, quick pumps of his hip as a continuous spasm of his cock shot load after load of tiger cum into the hungry bear. The rush of sensations was too much for Daniel to handle and a loud moan escaped him as an orgasm so intense, like nothing he'd experienced before, exploded from him. Streams of cum landed all over his belly, coated that large paw squeezing his gut, and the bed bellow.

Exhaustion finally took its toll on the pair and the bear crashed to the bed onto the mess he made. Chris held onto his teddy bear, not wanting to pull out just yet. The ursine's body still convulsed around his super sensitive prick, milking ever last drop from his aching balls. The tiger released his bite and started grooming the area he bit down, marking the bear further with his scent. They stayed like that for several minutes, lying their quietly listening to each other pant as they basked in the post orgasmic bliss.

Eventually, Chris had to pull out and take off the condom which he disposed of like the tissues he used earlier that afternoon in the small trashcan next to his desk. Daniel groaned at the sensation of having that dick that had been lodged deep within him pull out. There was a sharp pain as those barbs racked past his sensitive pucker and a soreness as the stretched ring clenched shut. It was a weird feeling of emptiness, cold, and pain when he felt the bed shake as Chris got up. The coldness was dispelled as his friend crawled back in bed right behind him, that lanky tail snaking over to the other side to curl over his belly. He still had the empty feeling now that there was no hot, throbbing cock inside him, but the feeling of the warm stiff sheath against his rear would do. The soreness, he figured would feel worse than a hangover or the day after an intense football game, but he would deal with that in the morning. Right now, sleepiness was taking over and he closed his eyes to snuggle back against his tiger.