

Daniel laid there panting. The big black bear was exhausted and a little sore, but, at the same time, relaxed and full. The buff tiger snuggling affectionately on top of him only added to the post orgasmic haze. Warmth radiated from his rear pleasantly as the feline's barbed member throbbed inside him. A rough tongue groomed under his muzzle and over his chest coupled with a few purrs in between.

"Hehe. You always make quite a mess," said the cozy tiger lifting slightly off his teddy bear.

Chris reached a paw between their pressed bodies where the large ursine shot a big messy load. The tiger purred delightfully as he suckled the fingers coated in bear seed.

Daniel felt his member pulse with life even after having spent himself twice already. Seeing the muscular tiger do something so slutty as eat his load turned him on. He also wanted to suck on the fingers Chris had just licked clean to get a taste of himself and the stripped feline mixed together.

The gracious tiger saw the bear eyeing him hungrily as he took another scoop of the delicious bear juice. Slowly, Chris slipped his sensitive cock out of its cozy hiding spot, a muffled moan escaping around the fingers in his maw, before he quickly planted a sloppy kiss into the ursine's panting muzzle.

That cold, empty feeling in Daniel's rear was quickly replaced with a wet and tasty treat in his muzzle as the stripped kitten's tongue swirled all over the inside of his maw. The hungry ursine lapped up the savory mixture as he wrapped his arms over the feline's back holding Chris close. They didn't even break their kiss as they turned and the feline slide onto the bed. A big yawn from the cuddly cat forced them to separate for a moment before they settled against each other and feel asleep together.

Something rank assaulted Daniel in his dreams, a smell foul enough to wake the snuffling ursine. He blinked the weariness away until his vision cleared and saw he was nose to muzzle with a slumbering tiger, mouth agape.

"Fuck dude. Your breath smells like shit."

The black bear pushed the feline's muzzle away from his nose causing the tiger to wake, somewhat startled.

"Wha?!" the sleepy feline rumbled smacking his mouth.

"I said your breath smells like shit."

"Smells like you, remember," the feline said recalling last night's late night snack.

Daniel reached a paw down under the covers to readjust and scratch his furry sac. He rumbled at the sensation as his arm brushed past his morning erection. He gave his low hangers a squeeze, rumbling even louder before scratching his belly. He felt the crusty areas of his fur where his come had dried.

"I need to take a bath," Daniel said.

"Yeah, you made a huge mess last night and you smell." The feline had scooted closer and managed to wiggle his tail behind the ursine's penis lifting it off that big black belly to bring it against his own throbbing hardness. "I think I should join you," Chris insisted.

After a long shower, the pair sat at the kitchen island munching on some cereal. With no one else home they ate comfortably in their boxers. Chris' tail had gotten in the habit of snaking over to the black bear and wedging itself somewhere on the ursine's being: in his boxers, between his legs, under his gut, in his ass crack even. Daniel like it though, the feeling of warmth and the connection it made. This time the stripped appendage settled for wrapping around Daniel's much shorter bear tail.

They discussed their plans for the rest of the weekend. Daniel said his dad wanted him home in the evening to help with something, so between that task and having to get up extra early on Sunday for his brother's church thing, the ursine didn't think it wise to spend the night (not that his parents would let him). They settled for getting in a good workout this morning and meeting for one on Monday. Football practice would be starting up pretty soon and they wanted to be ready.

Back in his room, Chris flopped on his bed exhausted from the day's activities. The workout that morning left his arms and legs feeling like jelly, even his tail felt tired as it laid limp hanging off the side of the bed. He decided to hang out with Mark at the mall in the evening where they met up with some other friends. They ended up on a double date with some cheerleaders from another school in one of the neighboring districts.

It was exciting for the tiger to be playing the game again, (easily) winning the affections of the busty puma, sitting next to each other in the movies, holding paws. But that was it, he didn't want to take her back home and up to his room. It was fun and there was a certain thrill to it all, but what he really wanted was to hold his teddy bear. He shifted around on his bed, shoved his face into his pillow, and inhaled deeply. The scent of the black bear drifted through his nose stirring memories of why the ursines' scent was in his bed in the first place. Something else was stirring in him and he shifted his hips around to wiggle a paw down into his boxers to grope his chubby sheath. It wasn't long before he was fully out and leaking.

A purr escaped tiger's mouth. He imagined Daniel's big burly body below him as he dry humped the bed. Chris was getting tired after a while and decided it best he relieve himself of his growing need, so he got up, locked the door, and shucked off his boxers. Another purr filled the room as his member bobbed freely in the open air in front of him. He was about to climb back onto his bed and paw himself off when a black bag at the foot of the bed fell over and spilled its contents on the floor.

The tiger smirked as a canine dildo, a tube of lube, some condoms, and a couple of butt plugs added to the mess on the ground. Most of it was Daniel's stuff that he kept in Chris' room because the large ursine was scared of what would happen if his parents found it. The feline gave a toothy smile when he picked up the canine dildo, thinking back to all the stupid silly knot puns he came up with the night they used it. He paused when he was about to place the plugs back into the back. They were both black silicon, but differed in size. The smaller one was the one his father made the slutty cub use when they

had their late night sessions in the study, the second was a thicker one that the bottom bear now preferred.

Chris placed the bigger one back into the bag while he held onto the smaller one, turning it over and examining it closer. He wondered what it would feel like and thought it couldn't be that bad based on the way it made Daniel moan. As if to give him encouragement, and remind him that it was still there and wanted attention, his cock jumped and bobbed up and down.

With the plug in one paw and the tube of lube in the other, the stripped feline snuck down the hall to the bathroom where he started the shower. He gave his rear end a good cleaning, making sure to get under his tail really well with the detachable shower head. His cock had started to retreat back into this sheath but it only took a couple of strokes from his soapy paw to get it back up.

His tail flipped about on the wet tile of the shower as he applied an ample amount of lube to the black butt plug. He spread his legs wider and placed a paw on the wall in front of him for support. Hesitantly, he pressed the tip of the plug against his pucker which clenched shut. The plug was cooler than the warm water. He pressed the plug against this asshole again, harder this time, but his rear just clamped down tighter.

Chris was not a quitter and come hell or high water, he was determined to have that butt plug shoved up his butt, and continued trying to coax his rear in accepting the black foreign object. A snarl escaped his muzzle through gritted teeth as the intruder eventually pushed through his back gate. His anus clenched shut around the base of the plug. It felt like his body was trying to expel the toy, but it wasn't going anywhere.

Relief washed over the tense tiger as a moment of pain ran through him, carried away by the hot water running through his fur. It wasn't the relief he was looking for however, and by the time he returned to the other side for the main event, his cock was well hidden in its sheath.

The exhausted sigh he gave was muffled by the shower. All that work and nothing to show for it. He gave the base of the plug a little pull and a flick of pain emanated from his rear. Now that it was in there, his ass didn't want to give it up. He decided to finish washing up and tackle that after calming down a bit.

As the feline lathered soap into his fur, he wondered what the slutty black bear liked so much about having his rear stuffed. It was a funny feeling to the curious kitty, almost like a poop he can't quite squeeze out. He gave the plug an experimental push and wiggle. There was only a twinge of pain this time, but aside from that, nothing else that turned him on. After a while he gave up toying with the plug. He figured it was something you either liked or didn't, that or it was different when someone else was shoving things up your rear, sort of like having someone else jack you off he reasoned.

Chris decided to finish washing himself, he'd pull the plug out once his ass was a little less sore, and then crawl into bed. As his paws passed over his chest, his pawpads rubbed over his nipples which had become hard, little nubs. A shiver ran through his body as his leathery pads glided over the sensitive skin

on his chest. The feline paused for a moment, caught off guard by the strange sensation, yet intrigued by the wonderful feeling. Experimentally, he brought a paw up to his right nipple and gently rubbed his pawpad over the erect protrusion.

This time a purr escaped the large, stripped feline as a tingling sensation spread from his chest and straight to his barbed member which was now peaking out of his sheath. With the water washing over him, it wasn't long before his cock was fully out and throbbing, enjoying the feeling of the warm water of his sensitive flesh.

Another warmth was spreading through him, this time from his rear. His lanky appendage was swaying around, occasionally making a wet slapping sound as it banged against the side wall. Each swipe of his tail caused his ass to pucker, driving the plug further into him where it pressed into his prostate.

The muscled tiger nearly collapsed when he brought both paws up to each nipple and gave them a squeeze. It was like a jolt of electricity overloaded his body with pleasure, leaving him panting as he tried to recover from his head spinning. His legs felt like noodles as he leaned against the wall for support, paws still on his chest. His cock was hard and rigid and leaking so much pre, though it was hard to tell with the shower washing it away.

Chris moved to the back of the shower stall to sit down on the bench. As soon as he plopped his butt on the bench he let out a moan and a shot of pre over his abs. The butt plug he had forgotten about reminded him it was still there when it jammed itself further into his ass. Without even thinking, his paws found their way back to his hard nipples and started rubbing and squeezing them. It took only ten seconds before his tail was lashing around and slapping into the marble. Unconsciously, he started to wiggle his hips around. He managed to spare a paw to his needy cock and it easily slid up and down the slickened length. It only took thirty seconds before his toes curled and his right leg started to tremble.

All signs that Chris was at the edge and was going to blow, and blow he did. He couldn't quite stifle the roar that escaped, but he didn't care. This was the most intense orgasm he'd ever had just from masturbating alone. There was a lot of cum all over his chest, his chin, and even the wall. His cock was still throbbing as if trying to milk every last bit of tiger seed out of his balls.

With great reluctance and effort, the large tiger got up long enough to adjust the shower head so that it pointed at the bench. He was pretty sure he would have come again when he sat back down if he hadn't just spent himself a minute ago. The combination of the butt plug pressing into him and the hot water washing over his over sensitive flesh sent his mind back into orgasmic bliss. He just sat there with his eyes closed under the stream of water as it soaked through his fur and relaxed his body.

Sunday morning the large kitten found himself with a sore rear and a flick of pain each time his tail flicked. Still, Chris couldn't deny that last night's shower revelation was pretty intense and that got the curious cat wondering why so. After taking care of his usual morning alignment, sans butt plug, and getting something to eat, he turned to the internet to find out why his body reacted as it did.

His nipples hadn't been that sensitive before, and though he played with the hard nubs this morning, they weren't as sensitive as last night. He found articles, forums, and wikis on nipple play, bookmarking some pages for future reference, and all sorts of information on the chest and nipples being an erogenous zone. With all this information, he still couldn't figure why last night was different than this morning. Even now, as he experimentally played with his chest and nipples it only gave him a chubby, not enough to have him out and leaking.

The only difference he could think of was that he had the butt plug in him last night. Chris walked over to the backpack which contained Daniel's anal delights and pulled out the smaller of the two plugs. His rear clenched from the thought of last night, it was still sore, but it was a dull sense that didn't bother him anymore. He tossed the black object between his paws, like he was tossing a football, as he sat on his bed.

The house would be his for the rest of the day and he didn't have any plans this afternoon. The sensible part of his mind said that he should get in a workout to prepare for the football season, while the do-nothing part told him to have a lazy Sunday and enjoy it before school starts. Then the lewd part of his mind told him to get some stretching done and see if he can come again like he did last night. Being a young, horny, teenage, tiger, it was obvious what voice he decided to listen to.

Chris set the plug aside and reached back into the sack for the tube of lube. He was just about to squirt a big glob onto the butt plug when he stopped and remembered some of the things he read on the internet which suggested some slow stretching before inserting anything large up one's anus. He also remembered that Daniel would warm himself up with his fingers before taking anything, well, he used to. The slutty black bear had become accustomed to having things shoved up his rear that he didn't need much prep anymore.

The buff tiger wiggled out of his boxers and got as comfortable as he could while lying back on his bed. He made sure to place a towel down across the area where his ass was. He gave his sheath a couple of squeezes while a paw stroked over it. It wasn't long before he was starting to peak out. Experimentally, he rubbed over his nipples to see if he could get a reaction, but there was nothing. They weren't even hard nubs like before.

After feeling sufficiently worked up, he reached over to the night stand and squirted a good amount of the slick substance on his two fingers. Carefully, he brought his lubed fingers to his rear, following his taint to the hidden bud between his cheeks. It tickled as he smeared the clear gel around the area. He had to spread his legs further apart and adjust his posture to properly get a finger down there.

It was a strange feeling, feeling himself down there, the way his ring clenched as he passed a finger over it. He gave his back door a couple of light knocks but didn't feel it open to admit his finger. A harder probe felt like it went in, but was quickly pushed out when the gate shut. He spent another couple of minutes teasing himself, making sure to get the area well greased and ready, but not really feeling any arousal from the activity.

Just for safe measures, he squeezed another glob of lube onto his finger and then really started to apply pressure to his asshole. His tail swatted the bed once his rear finally gave way and his finger slipped in to the first knuckle.

A flood of sensations clouded his mind, though not anything that would make him throb hard. The tip of his finger was warm and wet, though he couldn't tell if the wetness was from the lube or his body. His insides rubbed against his finger with the almost rhythmic clenching of his ass. He felt the ring trying to close around his digit. Slowly, he adjusted to the strange feeling as he wiggled his finger around and explored further.

Finally comfortable with the one finger, he pulled the digit back until just the tip was inside as he brought another finger next to the previous one. Though it proved easier to wiggle in his second finger, it was not without some discomfort as his hole was stretched. Once he settled down and got accustomed to having his fingers in his rear, he recalled what he read on the internet. Keeping his fingers together, he started slowly curling his fingers while changing the angle.

Meanwhile, his other paw was busy rubbing his left nipple and, to his dissatisfaction, he was not getting the reaction he was looking for. Moving on, he started to scissor himself, being careful not to spread his fingers too wide to the point of pain. He kept at it for a while until his rear got used to the feeling of being stretched.

Feeling more confident, he readjusted himself on the bed before he started to push his fingers in further, this time past the second knuckle. His pucker took the intrusion with ease, it felt as if his rear was eating his fingers as his ring clenched with each push. Slowly, he pulled his paw back a little then pushed it back in. He repeated this technique while gradually quickening the pace. This move was starting to have an effect on him as his rear started to tingle from the inside.

The paw that was playing with his chest pinched and tugged at his hard nubs as his arousal grew. He started to purr as his cock slipped further out of his sheath until it was fully out and throbbing hard across his abs.

Chris found himself torn, facing a dilemma he hadn't experienced before. The hungry tiger wanted to grab his cock and stroke it like he usually would, but as he continued pumping his fingers in and out of his rear, that spark of pleasure grew stronger and he found himself shoving his fingers in as far as they could go. Furthermore, he wanted another paw so he could tug, twist, rub, and pinch both of his nipples at the same time.

The purring had stopped as the hunky feline was panting hard, his toes curled and the claws snagged his sheets. At this point, he was finger fucking himself and had discovered the location of his prostate. It literally took his breath away when he first hit that special spot directly. He came a minute later when he scissored his fingers on that spot and tugged his nipple hard.

Even after that orgasm, the young tiger still wasn't satisfied and his untouched cock stood erect above his stomach and pulsed hard. He shot a decent size load all over the white fur of his torso and managed

to get some on his chest. He scooped up some of the cum with a finger and brought it to his muzzle so he could get a taste of himself and licked the pad clean before using it to rub his neglected right nipple. The wet, cool sensation on the sensitive skin made his jaw quiver and his member leak.

He glanced over at the butt plug he set aside on the floor next to the bed. After a few moments thought, he rolled off of the bed and walked over to the backpack leaning on the bedpost and pulled out the other, larger, butt plug. It only took a minute to get comfortable on the bed with the bigger lubed up plug in paw.

This time, the butt plug slid in with only a little resistance and some pain, but once in, it filled the big, muscled tiger who purred in delight when he pushed it against his prostate. He used one paw to play with the base of the plug, wiggling it around and giving it quick and hard pushes, while the other paw stroked over his leaking erection. It wasn't long before he abandoned his throbbing cock and used that free paw to rub and tug his nipples. With each tug of his chest, he pushed just as hard on the butt plug jammed in his rear.

Even if he wasn't jerking off, he knew he wasn't going to last long like this. He could already feel his right thigh start to tingle, the claws on his toes snagged the sheets as they curled, and his tail wrapped around his ankle. Involuntarily, Chris bucked his hips causing his needed dick to slap against the matted down fur on his abs. He whined when the sensitive flesh brushed against his body and his barbs raked through his white fur.

It was that moment that he chose to pinch and twist a nipple, in addition to shoving the butt plug as deep as he could into his prostate. The exhausted tiger was trying to keep the stimulation going as long as he could, but after a few more thrusts he was emptying his load all over his stomach and chest again with the paw still rubbing his nipples.

Chris melted into the bed, panting, and tired from the work out, but completely relaxed. The post-orgasmic haze was clouding his mind and making his eyelids very heavy. The last thing he remembered was pulling out the plug, with some effort, before dozing off.