

Don't you just hate it sometimes? You're at the gym, just finished a punishing workout, letting the hot water from the shower flow over your mane and get into your muscles when you feel it. That feeling, the prickling of your fur that tells you someone's watching, admiring. My sheath always feels it next, and then I start to get hard and poke out all over the joint.

Then I'm drying off and changing, and it comes again. That feeling, stronger this time. I can smell the guys in the locker room now, and I latch onto him right away. Tiger, kinda young, just that hint of musk. I let it ride for a while, getting harder by the minute. I give my length a casual stroke, just offhanded, let the tip get a little wet, and lift my tail showing off a deep crevice between supreme muscled cheeks. His musk gets stronger; looks like I'm having the right effect.

I turn round fast, catching him staring, and give him the full show. I love how I am after a workout, the way all my muscles pop, the definition just so perfect, and my cock juts out like a boom dripping just enough pre to fill the air with my scent. I've got him now, and I'm not disappointed; he's a real cute twinkie type, and I remember him bench pressing his heart out in the free weight room, every vein popping. Now his eyes are popping instead, and he looks like he's a rabbit in a trap, muzzle open and just a hint of sharp teeth and pink tongue drooling, and a decent length of cock tenting out his sweats. Then he blushes so cute, face all pink under his fur and he drops his head, rapidly putting on the rest of his clothes with his t-shirt back to front and his socks inside out in his rush to get away.

I just shrug and dress, another opportunity gone or so I think. Ever tried shoving that back inside your jock? Not easy my friend. As I'm stuffing it into its tight pouch, I catch a sight of his tail swishing like an angry rattlesnake and the bounce of two perfect butt cheeks under his sweats as he practically runs out of the locker room. I just laugh and make eye contact with the bull next to me who had been enjoying the little drama, getting a wink and an eye roll before he goes back to his own post workout regime. He'll be off to the bathroom for a wank soon, I've smelt his bull milk afterwards a few times. It's a pity, I wouldn't mind helping him with that but he always declines.

I meet him in the foyer again, all over a cute little lioness. She is badgering him something fierce, part possessive part domineering. I give him a friendly nicker, and he blushes again, that obvious bulge still in the front of his sweats, and I hit him with a comradely slap on the ass on the way out. With a bit of fancy paw work my number is in his back pocket now. I hope his girlfriend isn't the one to find it; then again, she has a pretty hot ass herself and I'm not against pussy, even pussy pussy, and she is just dom enough to be interesting. Straight guys; God they crack me up sometimes, too uptight to give in to what they know they want.

A few days later and I'm at the gym again, just finishing up in the locker room and my phone begins buzzing. I answer, and I can hear breathing but no voice, then silence. Shrugging, I just continue packing when the phone goes off again. It's the same thing again, breathing then silence as whoever it is hangs up. I hear something this time though; the vending machine in the gym foyer gives a sort of 'thud rattle rattle thud thud' noise every few minutes, kind of it's own special tune. I hear that, in the background.

I've got a fair idea what this may be about, and I let a feral grin creep over my muzzle, scaring the bull next to me a little. He's gone quiet now, staring at me, and I just give him a wink this time, and then a significant glance at his bulge before heading out letting my tail sway just enough to catch the eye. One of these days...

The foyer is crowded as always, this time a big bunch of women are waiting for a spin class, chattering and eyeing up the guys as they head for the turnstile. I stand beside a big display cabinet holding all the goodies they sell in the gym shop like heart rate monitors and jumbo tubs of whey and shit, while I scan the area around the vending machine casually. I finally see him, his tail giving him away as he stares into his phone as if waiting for it to give him all the answers. Might as well give him the answer in person eh?

I manage to push through the gaggle, coming on him before he has a chance to run away. His eyes go wide again, like they did when he copped a full frontal stallion view in the locker room, and his eyebrows kind of furrow in this cute way as he realises he's trapped. He holds the phone out towards me as if making an offering, and my feral grin gets one notch more feral.

"Having some phone problems I see? Thought I'd come and talk face to face, avoid the problem. I see you got my number then?"

"Ah...ah...ah...yeah...I..."

"Good. And you came here again, and you rang me to see if I was in, and I am, so I guess that's it for the preliminaries isn't it?"

"Ahh...I'm not sure...I..."

"What's wrong, cat got your tongue? Or a certain lioness...in addition to having your balls in a sling?"

He blushes that sweet blush now, like a big stop light under that soft orange black and white fur. I'd never realised how cute tigers could be before now, but this one has really got me going. I imagine that face all red but for another reason, his muzzle open in a big 'o', and my sheath starts getting the itchy feeling. I don't want this one to get away; time to lay it on.

"Let me guess...never done anything like this before huh?"

He nods, sort of embarrassed.

"But you liked what you saw didn't you?"

Another nod, more certain this time.

"Then relax bud, you came to the right place. The doctor is in, and I've got just what you need straight boy. You are straight aren't you?"

"Yeah..."

"Don't worry, you still will be after, just a lot less uptight and more knowing that's all"

He smiles, buying the line, sort of a convenient alibi for his confused mind. I'm happy to let him think it, but I know the score. I doubt little tiger boy will be quite the same again. They rarely are.

I walk him outside, chatting nice and casual, keeping it light. His girlfriend is out for the night, visiting her mother. How convenient for both of us. Eventually we get to the 'your place or mine?' part about the time we reach my car, and he stammers and looks at the ground before suggesting mine. Perfect as far as I'm concerned, I love home bed advantage, brings out the best in my form.

He doesn't talk at all as we drive, just gives nervous little glances and slightly forced laughs at my lame jokes, but I can see him eyeing my groin. I'm sporting a serious bone now, and my briefs fail to contain it like always, the flared end poking its way down my leg. It's seriously uncomfortable but I don't mind, just getting off on tiger boy's stares. By the time we reach my apartment all he is doing is staring and drooling a little.

Once he's inside, his uncertainty comes back again. He's on my couch, footpaws firmly on the floor and sitting up like he's having an interview with the school principal or something, being told off for smoking behind the shelter shed. His fingers nervously twirl a ring on his index finger, a nice silver number, probably from his lioness. Looks like she isn't enough for him to resist the lure of horsecock though; not many are.

I get him some bourbon and coke, and start putting him at ease. The secret is to make it four parts bourbon, one part coke, then get him another fast. He gulps down the first, hiccoughing a little before holding out his glass for a refill, a bashful smile on his lips. He starts to relax, spreading those cute legs to give me a view of his package and relaxing back into the couch. We chat, about the gym, about football, about life, before I pop the serious questions.

He's never done more than some masturbation with his friends in school and college, though he wanted to do more, he never actually touched them just jacked off together. He's never been with a horse either, and he wanted to try but was too nervous and anyway Sally is his dream girl and...ahh, Sally Sally Sally...poor Sally. I've got myself a virgin, and there is nothing I like more than giving a virgin straight guy his first taste. Hopefully this one will need more than one taste to be satisfied.

I can sense him easing up, curiosity and horniness beginning to win the battle over fear and I move in for the kill. Kneeling between his legs, I bring my muzzle in for a tentative kiss, testing him out. He recoils a little before responding, but when he does it's all good, and I taste his muzzle, nice and minty, his tongue surprisingly mobile for a first time guy kiss.

My big paw seeks out his package, latching on to it over his jeans, and he lets out a sexy little yelp as I wrap my fingers around him through the rough fabric. I can tell his is a nice size, for a tiger at least, and he is as hard as granite already. Gentle jacking at first, nothing too forceful yet, and he starts moaning into my muzzle around our kiss, his jeans getting a little damp as precum slowly betrays his excitement leaving a small dark spot on the fabric.

While he is still distracted, I head for the next base. I never kind of worked out the bases for guys, maybe second? Third? Either way I can sense a homer coming up if I don't rush things too much, and I take my time opening his belt and undoing the buttons on his fly. I reach in and grip him again, this time inside the fabric and he gives a sort of cry and his body almost

levitates off the couch as he feels a guy gripping his cock for the first time. It feels so hot, like touching metal that's been out in the sun, and it gives a little shudder under my fingers. I can feel the barbs that are so unfamiliar to an equine, but they aren't bad, kind of rough against my skin but not unpleasant. Then I start jacking him for real as he gives these sexy little whimpers. My other paw isn't idle though, and I use all my dexterity to unbutton his shirt, revealing the chest I remember from the gym. He is pretty hot in a twinkly sort of way, nice defined muscles without too much bulk, and the cutest pair of nipples you ever did see surrounded by soft white fur. They look totally suckable and I'm never one to pass up a good nipple suck.

Bending down I take his left nip into my muzzle, first using my lips to clasp it and massage, my tongue reaching out to flick the tip before letting my teeth bite down gently. That gets him loosened up, and my paw feels all sticky as his cock suddenly lets out a monster spurt of precum and his whole body jerks upright, every muscle spasming and relaxing. Tiger boy is putty in my paws now, but I won't be taking advantage, well not too much anyway. He will enjoy every minute of it.

I work his nipples and his cock for a while and he is soon moaning like a bitch in heat, soft cries of 'yes' and 'God' sighing from his muzzle. He is getting used to it now, the touch of another male, and he seems to be liking it. Time to see how far he will go.

Suddenly I take his shirt in my paws and lift it over his head, while he looks on kind of half worried half hungry, just these twinkling tiger eyes watching every move. Then I reach for his jeans, gripping his waist and giving him a significant look. This is the moment every guy faces, the decision whether they know it or not. Do they lift their butt, so I can slip their pants off and clear the decks for action, or do they clamp their ass down hard into the couch and draw a line in the sand. I'm still looking this one in his eyes, and he senses the decision, and then I see him screw up his eyes and lift his shapely ass off the couch.

My feral grin is back now, and I give him a wink as I slide his jeans and his briefs down those lean muscled thighs, over his calves and past his footpaws. His claws get caught for a moment and we both laugh before I manage to get them untangled and he is left sitting naked on my couch, his tail swaying nervously between his legs. I give it a playful swat with one big stallion paw, catching the tip and stroking while he leans back with lust in his eyes. Tigers have the sexiest eyes I realise; at least his are.

I stand up for a moment and slowly strip off, giving him a show like I did in the locker room, striking a pose with my muscles all bunched and popped, and my cock hanging in midair trailing a line of pre. There is a twinkle in his eyes now, and his muzzle is open, his little pink tongue partly extended and a little spot of drool coming from his teeth like I remember in the locker room. Poor tiger has got it bad, and I flex my hips a little, making my cock sway and then slap against my belly sending a spray of precum over my fur while I grin into his eyes. He gives a little shudder then, and his own cock throbs out another bead of clear juice. Then I take a step closer and just wait.

Almost in a trance, he reaches out to grip my cock, touching then drawing back like it burns him. He can't resist for long though, and he reaches for me again, more certain this time, one paw wrapping around my shaft while the other encloses my head. My flare thickens against his paw and he starts to rub while he slowly jacks my shaft, his claws extending carelessly until I give him a pained nicker and tell him to withdraw them if he wants any more. Not that

I don't like a bit of pain sometimes, and claws can be such a turn on when you are in the wild throes of fucking, but not just yet and not on my flare thanks very much.

He is pretty good with his paws, and he adjusts to my size fast enough and soon I am enjoying it, thrusting my hips to slide my length through his grip. He seems pretty content just to do this for now, but I want to move things along so I pull back ignoring the question in his eyes. Instead I take his paw in mine and pull him off the couch, and lead my straight stud tiger to the bedroom. He follows readily enough, and I can tell the sex mist has got him, his higher brain somewhere else while his lizard brain takes over; and like all straight boys, that deep primal brain understands fucking and not a lot else.

Once in the bedroom, I dim the lights, pushing him gently but firmly onto the bed. I don't go in for much decoration and all that stuff, just a plain bed with four posts and nice comfy sheets. Those posts can come in handy for certain things, but not tonight, I don't want to scare this little straight boy. Instead I lay him down and kneel on the bed between his legs, one paw circling his barbed cock and jacking slowly. He throws back his head and lets out a groan, a groan that turns into a sort of mewling roar as I bend my muzzle to him and give him his first ever blowjob from a guy.

Equines have some unfair advantages I can agree, and I like to use them. One is our muzzles, flexible strong lips and long tongue make for some serious blowjob perfection. I try ignoring the barbs, though they do hurt my lips a little before I get into a rhythm, and I slowly deepthroat the tiger, engulfing his angry red cock to the base and wrapping my lips around him before slowly working up and down his length while my tongue laps at his tip. I reach forward to cup his fuzzy balls, kneading them like dough as he roars out his appreciation like a good tiger slut.

I can taste the bitter deep musk of his precum start to get stronger, and realise tiger boy is on the edge, sensitive little virgin that he is. His balls try to run away from my mauling, drawing tight against his groin and he is clearly about to burst. I don't want him to pop just yet though so I draw off him, giving him a sly wink as he groans in frustration. He is too distracted to notice when I grip his ankles and only has time for a startled meow as I turn him over, exposing that glorious tight tiger ass for me.

"Hey, wait, I'm not sure I..."

"Just relax tiger. We aren't going to do anything you don't want to. I'm just going to show you something better than a blowjob, relax and enjoy."

I can tell he doesn't really believe me but he stops fighting, looking over his shoulder with a mix of fear and uncertainty. I just give him a reassuring wink and bent to my favourite task; pleasuring a musky tailhole, and a virgin one at that.

Lifting his whippy tail to give better access, I pull gently until his taint and pucker stretch flat, the furry crease looking so inviting. His little rosebud is so cute, kind of clenching and opening as it goes through a cycle of dreading and desiring what's next. I watch it dance, fascinated while he watches me through half lidded eyes, before timing my moment. I nuzzle at his tailhole, drinking in his musk and letting the coarse hairs on my muzzle tease his cleft, before sliding my broad tongue along his taint and zeroing in on his pucker.

"Ohh?..OHH?!...Ohhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh"

I love that sound so much, if I could bottle it and sell it in stores I would make a fortune. There is almost no sound like the one a guy makes when he gets his first rimming; sort of shock, then a reflexive protest, then the pleasure hits full on and he realises he's been missing out on the best thing in life till now and wants to make up for lost time. Tiger boy is realising now, I can tell by the way his ass opens up for me like a rose, and he spreads his thighs wider to let me in deep. I oblige, spreading his pucker and driving several inches of broad stallion tongue into his ass while he pushes back and mewls.

I give him an epic eating out for his first time, my rough tongue rasping against his sensitive virgin flesh until I feel his tunnel relax, the muscles finally ceasing to work at cross purposes with his libido and instead of trying to repel this pleasuring entity work to hold it in. His little ring clenches down hard and he moves his legs, claws gripping into the sheets and tearing them slowly as he tries to force his butt down the length of my muzzle. I drive in deep, seeking out every last drop of delicious funk as I ravish his tailhole loving the taste of it like I always do. I think he is ready for me to steal home base now, and his ass is as slick and ready as any I've felt.

I can move like a cat too when I need to, in spite of my bulk, and I do now, moving into a position kneeling behind tiger boy before he realises I'm no longer eating his needy ass. Instead, my paws grip his hips, pulling him into a classic doggy position, knees and elbows on the bed, his ass glinting with saliva in the light of the bedside lamp. He thinks I'm just adjusting the angle for more rimming, but he wakes up soon enough.

"No! Wait, I'm still not sure, I've never..."

"Shh, don't worry tiger. You liked my tongue up your ass didn't you?"

"Ohhh fuck that felt good, but.."

"So what's the problem?"

"But...you're so...big and I've.."

"Hey, don't worry. I'm going to take it real slow sexy, you will feel good I promise. If you want at any time I'll stop, but just give it a try hey? C'mon, I know you want to, the moment you saw my cock you knew you wanted it inside you didn't you?"

His breath comes in little panting gasps, and he is mewling again, such a cat. His cock is still rock hard though, and dripping, and if his mind says no, his body is definitely saying yes. I decide to speak to that part for now, reaching forward to grip his length and jacking slowly, feeling him relax an inch at a time. I jack my own cock too, milking enough precum to coat my paw and still stroking his hardness, I use my pre-slicked fingers on his pucker, tracing little circles on his anal lips before sliding well-lubed into his tunnel. His panting stops and he sucks in great lungfulls of air, but they don't last long, emerging as deep tiger growls of lust soon after while his hole loosens nicely.

Before he can let his fears back into the front of his mind again, I move into position, pulling my fingers from his wanton ass with a pop and replacing them with my flared cock head. I

rub his little virgin pucker, just the flat head of my cock for now. Leaving my left leg kneeling, I rise onto my right, my hoof flat on the bed to give better leverage, and more control over the penetration to come. This will be slow, and gentle for my little tiger twink. Unlike many guys I know, I don't like to hurt, at least no more than is inevitable when a horsecock meets a virgin tiger ass. Besides, I want a return bout with this little straight boy.

"Aghhhhhhhhh! S...sssstop! Oh fuck..."

It's sort of a cry, sort of a groan, sort of a sigh, and sexy as fuck. I can see my flare suddenly spread his ring and sink inside, the sensitive flesh engulfed in the most incredible gripping heat. His ass is sublime, an ass for the ages, tighter than any I could remember. I had wondered if he really was a virgin, but I had to believe it now. I desperately want to drive full length in him and take him like a mare but I resist the temptation, holding back for now.

His whole body shudders, but he isn't telling me to take it out, he just waits, and so do I, now rubbing his tight furry butt with my hooved fingertips. I just let him get used to it for a moment, gently rubbing, before returning to his cleft, and I slide a fingertip up and down the soft skin between his tail and his ring, feeling my skin meeting his quivering muscle. I can't resist and I begin to circle that poor no longer virgin ring, still adjusting to the full weight of a horsecock spreading it wide, and it flutters like a butterfly's wings under my fingertips as I stroke it a little harder on each new circuit.

I can feel his ass isn't ready for more just yet though, the way it clenches and quivers as I edge my head in just millimetres deeper, and the way he gasps and cries out is a giveaway. Instead, I keep stroking his butt, and I wrap one paw around my shaft, jacking my own length in long lewd strokes. He moans then, a surprised moan full of pleasure, and I know it's working, each long stroke making my flare pulse inside him and sending a fresh spurt of stallion precum to drip into his ass, coating him and heating him up for more. Soon I can edge in just a little deeper on each jacking stroke, and his ass kind of jiggles as he writhes his hips side to side taking new and unexpected pleasures from this slow entry.

"Oh fuck stop, fuckk....what's that?"

"Sorry sexy, that's my medial ring, I'll edge it in slow."

He whimpers a little, nodding, and I resume my entry, just edging the thick ridge of flesh inside him a fraction at a time. I know what he means, and I always take this part slowly. First time I ever took a cock, it was the medial that hurt the most, even more than the flare. He was another stallion, a big Percheron stud in school, one of my best mates on the football team. I'd been checking him out in the showers and realised one day he was checking me out too. We ended up hot and horny soon after in a deserted part of the gym, and I wanted him so bad but he wouldn't let me have his ass unless he could have mine first.

I agreed, and got my first fucking. He entered slow at first, just the flare and it felt awesome. Then he rammed it in deep and fast and the medial ring felt like barbed wire scraping my tunnel. He didn't last long thankfully, God it was a terrible fuck. I had my revenge, taking him slow and steady when my turn came and making him cum three times before I filled his ass with him begging like a two bit whore. Ever since I knew what I liked; I was a dom, and my kink was making my guys enjoy it more than they even wanted, until they are slaves to my cock. My Percheron stallion mate certainly did; from then on I only had to give him a

slight nod in the locker room and he would follow me into the same quiet corner to drain my balls with his muzzle. His reward came after games when I would pound his ass until his balls were empty and he begged me to stop. Then I'd give him one more just to show him who was boss and leave him to get sorted before his parents came home. Fuck he was a good lay, I should get him over again...a threesome with this tiger could be absolutely epic.

"Ohhhhhhhhhh yes..."

Now tiger boy has my medial in him, and his tight ass clenches around me. He is so much smaller than my Percheron stud, and so much cuter. I see every muscle on his lithe frame standing out now, his biceps and forearms, and I can make out the individual muscle groups in his shoulders under the fur. Sliding in deep now as I feel him relax around my girth, I sheath inside him and feel my balls resting against his furry orbs. They feel amazing, and I grind my hips against him rubbing my sack into his, enjoying the feel of fur on the sensitive skin of my scrotum. Mine has always been uncommonly sensitive, and I love having my balls played with, rough or gentle. Now I just ground them against straight boy's taint and sack, feeling them squirm against me as I enjoyed the sensation of owning his straight ass completely.

It was time for my favourite move, and as he knelt there huffing out little breaths adjusting to the feel of stallion hilted in his ass, I bend over my tiger boy, my chest on his back, and lick the back of his neck while he arches his spine. My hands are on his, and I grip them tight, my bulging arms against his own, and I use my knees to push his a little wider. His whole body drops a little towards the bed, and his ass opens wider as I thrust the last little bit inside him now, spreading his bowels and biting down on his neck while he lets out that cute catlike meowling roar again.

I give him a long slow fuck for a while, pulling out all the way and waiting, waggling my hips and spreading his bud with my flare before sliding in to the hilt again. He is moving with me now, his ass pushing back to meet my thrusts as he pants and whines and starts a slow chant of 'yes...yes...yes'. His right paw is wrapped in mine, and I lift it off the bed, still supporting my weight with my left paw, and I bring our entwined paws to his cock, closing his palm around his own length and then pulling back and forth, masturbating my straight tiger with his own flesh. Besides, better his fingers feeling those barbs than mine, right?

He is on the edge now, his tail swishes faster and faster as I bite down harder on his neck, marking my straight boy with a stallion's mark, then his mewling cries turn to grunts and I feel his cock start to jerk in our paws. His tail stands up straight and sort of shakes, then his ass slams down on my cock, once, twice, three times getting harder each time and he lets out a final high pitched screaming meow and suddenly our paws are covered in kitty seed, hot and sticky as his orgasm goes on and on. Finally he collapses onto the bed and I follow him down, my body covering his as he recovers, his head to one side regarding me with lust and sort of terror.

I'm still hard of course, and unsatisfied, but it's the way I like it, and he can tell I'm still on the boil. I want my kitty well fucked and begging before he gets his cream. Now I pull my paw away from his groin, and I kiss his cheek before I bring my fingers to my muzzle. I see him watching, staring out of the side of his eye as I triumphantly swallow my fingers, licking every last drop of kitty seed into my muzzle and grinning like a wild stallion while he

shudders under my body. I am bathing in his sex now, smelling and tasting tiger musk and seed, and it's a potent mix.

"Nice first go tiger, but that's just the entrée. Plenty more where that came from I'm sure."

He whimpers and moans, but he doesn't tell me to stop, so I take that as an invitation for more. I love this position too, with my guy laid out flat on the bed and my body covering him, especially if he is smaller. I can take all of him, and feel every inch of his body against mine. I also love the way my cock feels entering him, the way it slides over his crevice on the way out and in, not as deep a penetration but just as arousing. I can grind my hips into his, and my nipples on his back, body on body.

My favourite straight boy in college liked it this way, a sexy bull jock with a string of cheerleader girlfriends. We got drunk one night, and before I knew it he was kissing me hard biting my lip and drawing blood before sitting back embarrassed and needy. We progressed quickly after that, and after eating out his tailhole for hours, he begged me to take him like this, saying he loved the feeling of being covered by another big guy like him. Filling his ass felt like sinking into butter, hot and rich, and we fucked for hours with him cumming into the bed over and over again as I gripped his horns like handlebars and still he was begging for more. I had to throw out that mattress afterwards, it was dripping with seed and always smelt like ripe bull cum no matter what I did.

Tiger boy is a lot smaller, and I feel even better over him, like I'm dominating him and protecting at the same time. I rest a moment deep inside, my body writhing against his. I love the feel of his soft fur, I never realised tigers could feel so soft yet have such hot firm muscles underneath, such a winning combo. I rest my head on his, snorting out my breath to tickle his headfur and lick his eartips as he moans under me, then I start to fuck again, building up the pace.

"harder....oh fuck...harder...."

Music to my ears, those words. I oblige, riding his ass as I grip his body tight, my lips locked on his neck playfully drenching him in saliva as love bites adorn his collar. He might have some explaining to do when his kitty gets him back. He spreads his arms out above him, claws digging into the mattress like it's a liferaft on a stormy sea, and I use my knees again to lever his thighs wider apart, spreading his vulnerable ass for my next assault into a sort of frog like pose. He grips the back of my legs with his footpaws, his claws catching on the feathering on my fetlocks, a slight pain from clawtips digging into my calves now adding pleasure to the rut.

"Yes...harder...yes...oh fuck...like that...yeah...there...oh fuck..."

His torrent of dirty talk gets louder as I piledrive into him. I can feel his little tiger nut, such a soft little nub buried deep but not deep enough to escape a hard stallioning, and I adjust my angle slightly to bring my flare flush against it on each downstroke.

"Aghhhh!"

"That's it tiger boy, enjoy what your little prostate can bring when a stallion finds it."

"Oh God stop..."

"Not until you cum straight boy...straight hehe."

He starts to protest so I slam my cockhead into his nut again, drawing a curse and a moan, and then again and again until he can only let out a sort of constant mewling sound and drool into the sheets. I turn his head towards me and bend down to his muzzle, kissing him from the side as he grunts out his pleasure, and I slam away, our bodies locked together building speed until I feel his ass again, that tell tale clenching and throbbing that signals my tiger has unloaded into the bed and he bites down on my kiss, drawing blood from my lips while his whole body shakes.

"Uh...uh...uh.."

He can only sort of grunt and whine now, his body just lying limp under mine and I rest against him for a moment before I tease his ass again, my hard unsatisfied cock nudging his little tiger nut.

"Fuck, please tell me you came."

"Not yet tiger boy, one more fuck for you first."

"Please, my ass is starting to unghhhhhhhh..."

I pull out slowly, letting him feel the flare against every inch of his tunnel on the way out before a final flick of my tail and swivel of my hips pulls it free and he feels his ass open and empty, the muscle still in spasm as it recovers from it's first hard fucking. I know he can take more my cute little straight tiger, he just needs some encouragement.

"c'mon, I bet you give your little lioness at least this. Tell me you haven't given it to her three times in a row some times? Hot little stud like you, I bet you fuck like a rabbit on speed when you get the chance."

"well, I..."

His blush was back with a vengeance.

"Bet she says 'ohhhh stud please no more I've cum so much already' but you just fuck anyway, and she loves it, feeling her big tiger boy filling her again."

His smirk is so sexy, such a hot little stud as he remembers his girl. Pity she isn't going to ever be quite enough for him any more.

"Yeah, but..."

"No buts tiger, you don't want to be a bigger pussy than your girlfriend do you?"

Ahhh pride goeth before the fall for any cocky straight stud.

"No, I'm not a..."

"So lie back and take it stud, this will be the best of all I promise. Besides, I haven't cum yet, and you don't want to leave me high and dry do you?"

I can see him relenting, his ass taking over his mind like all guys in heat. I can feel it under me, so open, quivering a little as it tries to close but can't quite manage it. Once more should just about seal the fate of this poor virgin straight boy ass.

Grinning into his eyes, I take him in my paws and turn him onto his back again. I take it easy at first, kneeling on all fours above my tiger boy, kissing his hungry muzz while one paw strokes his cock back to full hardness. I can feel the sticky mess all over his fur, trickling down his balls and covering his belly. He is marked by his own seed, now it's time to mark him with mine, deep and full.

First I want him wanting, so I lick down his chest, teasing his nipples again then lapping a path to his cock. This time, I take just the tip in my muzzle, treating his tapered end like a large nipple, lapping and suckling but going no further down his cock. Heat rises from his groin again, and his pre drips into my muzzle as the pleasures of male sex fill his poor confused body one more time. He places a paw on my head, trying to force me down his length gently at first, then with more and more force as I resist and keep on pleasuring just his tip. He is squirming now, his head lolling from side to side as the feelings build but never crest. My poor tiger boy, so needy.

"Oh God please..."

"Hmpf?"

"Please, just...please...."

I keep suckling while he wraps my mane around his fingers, his paw clenching and unclenching against my head.

"Ok, I give in, fuck me...please."

I come off his cock now, looking at my straight boy with a cocky stallion smirk.

"Are you sure cutey?"

"Yes! Please! Just fucking do it ok?"

"Your wish is my command tiger."

His eyes widen then, and the fear is back, as he feels me lift his legs high over my shoulders. I bend him double, his knees against his own shoulders, his furry footpaws pointing to the ceiling. He is panting again, and I feel his poor little pucker clenching almost apologetically as I bring my flare against it.

"Now kiss me tiger."

He obeys, never taking his eyes from mine. His are deep yellow gems, glowing with an internal fire, so beautiful I almost want to drown in them. Then I almost do, as his eyes widen suddenly and he jerks against me while I slowly slide into his guts.

Straight boys rarely are prepared for the unique feel of the different positions, and to me this is the best of all, because for the bottom it's so vulnerable and intense, physically and emotionally. You can watch his eyes, see every twitch of his face and every look that tells you exactly what's going on inside him. The first time ever in missionary for a guy is like losing his virginity all over again; lucky tiger is getting it all in one night.

My first time fucking this way set my love of missionary for all time. I had noticed my football coach in highschool giving me these stares, but I didn't think much of it, the big wolf gave everyone the evil eye and he always rode my ass hard. After all, he was a happily married wolf with a couple of pups. Trouble was, there was something different about his looks. They reminded me of my Percheron stud, and that was enough to make me bone up in the locker room imagining bending him over like my stallion. Maybe he really wanted to ride my ass hard.

Then one day in the showers I noticed a small hole in the wall, one leading to the coach's office, and there was an eyeball at the hole. I decided to tease, pointing my ass at the peephole and bending over, making a great show of slowly packing my bag while I spread my legs, opening my ass and raising my tail provocatively. I swear I heard a whimper through the wall. Then I turned and stared straight at it, giving my grin and a wink and the eyeball widened before it disappeared, but I knew what I had seen.

I stayed late, waiting until everyone else had gone home, then I went into the coach's office to confront him. He was angry, so pissed and yet I saw the massive tent in his sweats, I knew I had him. I took his paw in mine and brought it to my groin, letting him feel that stallion length inside my training shorts. He was hooked.

I pulled down his sweats and dropped my shorts then, letting him feel the full length of my meat and getting my first feel of wolfcock. Damn that knot felt fine; I still have a weakness for knot, and it's one of the few things that will get me to raise my tail for another guy. This time I wanted the ego trip of dominating him though, and he did the opposite of struggle.

Eventually after we had tongue duelled and rubbed each other off I pushed him and laid him back on his own desk, moving between his legs and lifting those powerful mature thighs over my shoulders. We were still mostly dressed, just our groins bare and ready, hot and urgent like the best sex always is. His howl as I speared his pucker was the biggest rush, though I had to muzzle him with my paw in case someone heard. Then I fucked him without mercy, dirty talking all the time telling him he was such a good bitch and he was begging and pleading and agreeing that yes he was such a good good straight bitch while his red thick cock spurted a constant trickle of pre onto his musclegut.

I wanted to fuck him like that for ages but seeing his eyes roll back and his tongue lolling out the side of his muzzle heated me up so good. Then I felt his wolfcock twitch harder and suddenly a thick stream of wolf jizz painted my chest and I couldn't hold on any more, spewing rope after rope of hot stallion cream into his guts. There was so much it leaked out round my cock and dripped into his tail while we held after I came, my coach beneath me,

arms wrapped around my neck and hindpaws clenched behind my back in the afterglow of orgasm. If anyone knows a better ego trip let me know and I'll book tickets.

Now I was buried almost to the hilt again, another set of hindpaws over my shoulders and a new furred body beneath mine. This time it was a lithe tiger twink, and what he lacked in experience he made up for in sheer cuteness. He is so scared and yet so needy now, with my cock buried in his ass again, but this time it feels a little different. This time, my flare scrapes over his little nut, now swollen and puffy deep in his tunnel, each stroke in and out rasping over his joy button doubling the pleasure. And this time, he would know the true meaning of deep penetration.

I kiss him, tasting my blood again as we kiss, and I just hold there for a moment, as deep as the last time, but this time I have a few more inches to use on him, and I do it without warning, driving that last bit to the hilt, my sheath bunched up against his pucker as he lets out a cry around my tongue and his eyes bug out a little. Now he knows how much I've held back, but he can take it now thanks to the first two fucks, and soon he will enjoy it. He pushes against me, trying to get me to leave him but I hold him tight, a little ball of tiger fur as his shaking ceases. I've got a tiger by the tailhole and I don't want to let go.

Holding his body in a firm grip, I begin the last fuck, hips rising and falling, testing my full length in his bowels before sliding almost out and then sliding back. His mewling groans are back now, and I see the changes in his face and in his eyes. Fear and pain, moving to pleasure and lust, moving to complete abandon. Then he rocks his head back, his eyes first sort of unfocussed and half open as all that remains for him is this, our bodies, cock and tailhole and balls and pounding hard muscles over and over. His tiger teeth look so sweet, no longer fierce as his mouth opens and his tongue lolls out the side, and I nuzzle his whiskers with my muzzle. His cock is between us, jutting up against my belly and leaving a coating of pre on my black fur that spreads as we fuck.

Tiger boy isn't completely lost though, and I feel his paws begin to search for me. First they grip my ass, claws extended, pressing into my butt until I feel his sharp claws penetrate skin and muscle with sharp pained motions. I love this, fucking him harder for his trouble as he tries to draw me deeper into him. His ass goes into spasm, ripples of sensation travelling up my cock as he loses control, and it feels like his ass is alive or something, a new living thing in its death throes. I start long deep dicking thrusts, enjoying a wild abandoned fuck for once, when I feel his paws move again.

Now he reaches for my crack, and those tiger paws find my boys, my sensitive orbs. He starts squeezing them, giving the twins a hard working over, and I feel cum begin to boil inside, unable to resist the new sensations. Finally the coup de grace, one clawed fingertip finds my pucker and shoves inside, twisting around to try and make it as rough as possible or just unable to control himself, I don't know which. Either way it is the final straw, and I roll into a series of shallow fast thrusts, deep inside just around his nut, before I lean back and let out a wild whinny of release and fill his virgin ass with a gusher of foal batter that goes on and on until I feel it dripping from his distended ring and still I keep cumming. My belly registers a warm sensation, my straight tiger boy unloading his own fountain of cum against my body, the emission coating my black fur in pearly white strands that slowly drip while I point my muzzle at the ceiling and bask in the afterglow of a shattering climax.

When I regain my senses, my straight tiger boy is still under me, and I can feel his ass, an immense heat around my cock, still hard and still buried to the hilt. His head is still tilted back, a perfect 'o' face frozen in time. I give him a little teasing play with my cock and he comes out of the afterglow and begs for real now.

"Please, I can't take any more!"

I look into his eyes, seeing the fear again, and I break into a real smile, not the feral grin, not the smirk, just a tender smile and bend down to peck him on the muzzle.

"Don't worry tiger. You have done amazing for a newbie, and trust me, you are still straight. I don't want to damage that pretty little tailhole of yours any more than I have already."

He relaxes and kisses me back, and we just kiss like that for a while. I want one last bit of fun though, something about tiger footpaws has me intrigued and I lean back, taking his ankles in my own paws and holding them in front of my muzzle. I let my tongue out fully and lick, feeling him squirming under my attentions before I take one set of powerful hindclaws into my muzzle and suckle his toes as he coos like a bird. Kitty has his cream now, and I can enjoy some playtime before he leaves. I give both his furry hindpaws lots of good muzzle action before letting them drop to the bed beside me, my straight tiger hard again but this time he can stay unsatisfied. Always leave them wanting more I say.

I'm not a huge one for the cuddling, so I don't mind when my tiger gets flustered and realises his girlfriend is due home soon. I just give him a knowing smile and direct him to the shower, the sound of falling water drowning out my thoughts. I can still smell it all in my bedroom anyway; the residual scents of sex, ass and cum and sweat and musk and spit. I give my cock a tug, pawing off a little while my 'straight' tiger tries to wash off the evidence of his night before returning to his girlfriend. I know though, and he will too. Nothing will wash away the itch deep in his ass now, the itch of a needy tunnel craving horsecock. He's been bitten, filled and made to cum over and over by a big male claiming his ass, and it's in him forever whether he knows it or not.

I rise and casually wander into the lounge, seeing his jeans lying in an untidy puddle on the ground. Searching through his pockets, I find his wallet and phone. His license is a hoot, the picture a typical moonfaced monstrosity that fails to do justice to his beauty and could be any one of a hundred tigers. I give a soft grunt when I see his birthday; same as mine, 20 years old. His phone is locked, but I try it anyway, and the gamble works.

"tsk tsk never use your birthday as your lockcode tiger."

Scrolling through the numbers, I find Sally, his lioness. I let out an evil chuckle as I send the number to my phone before closing the cover. Something about her has me hot. I can't tell you how many women get off watching their guys, big studs all, getting fucked by a stallion, ass pounded into submission while they frig themselves into a climax. I've had more than a few threesomes like that for that very reason.

In my mind I can see tiger boy, his muzzle buried in Sally's quim lapping like a kitty with a saucer of milk, while I fuck his tight little ass. Many many possibilities, but all in good time. I file it for future reference, but something about his Sally tells me we might be seeing more of each other.

The water has stopped, and I put his wallet and phone back in his jeans hurriedly just before my tiger comes out into the lounge, one towel wrapped around his waist and another drying his headfur. His stripes are all messed up, fur slicked backwards, and I gesture him over, and take the towel from him drying his head before smoothing his fur back into place. I give him a last kiss on the muzzle, and a last fondle, before he dresses again while I watch, his cute blush back and deeper red than before.

"Ahh...thanks...I...ahh...I'm not gay or anything but...that was..."

"Relax tiger, you're still a straight stud, don't worry. Nothing we did tonight changed that, you just scratched an itch, let yourself enjoy some curiosity."

"Um, thanks. I'm...not used to this at all. My ass..."

His little grin is infectious, and I find myself grinning back.

"Yeah, you will probably find it hurts a bit and gets a bit puffy. Do yourself a favour and don't let your lioness touch you back there for a bit, she might work out something is up...though she probably doesn't touch you there anyway right?"

He looks stricken then, and I have to stifle a laugh.

"Fingering?"

He looks sheepish. I do a double take, letting my jaw drop a little.

"Dildos?"

He just nods unwilling to meet my eyes. Well well well, I underestimated Sally. We definitely need to have that threesome, though now my mind was conjuring up images of me feeding tiger boy my cock while Sally pegs his tailhole all the while meowing like a kitten. That has me hardening again, and tiger can see it, his eyes widening as he wonders if I'm going to throw him down on the couch and ravish his ass there and then. Not this time tiger...but definitely next. I know you will be back.

"Shoo, just make some excuse for your lioness to leave your tailhole alone. And don't worry; you aren't any less straight than you were before tonight."

With that decidedly contingent disclaimer allaying his fears for the moment, my straight tiger boy gives me a last wave before heading out into the night and a taxi ride back to pick up his car, and I head for the bed, flopping down onto it with my cock still aching hard and images floating in my brain. I start a long pleasuring jack off, looking forward to some good edging while I replay tonight in my mind, a long sigh and an exasperated exclamation for no one in particular.

"Straight guys; God they crack me up sometimes".

Then a laugh. What would I do without them though.