

Things had been going so well. Graham allowed himself that silent mutter which filled only his head, his paws twisting uselessly from where they were held behind above his head. The life of a monster hunter is of course not always a certain one, which is why this Felynes had learned long ago to seize upon the good times when they came around. Granted, Graham didn't exactly look like the most fearsome of Monster Hunters but looks can be deceiving. Sporting the light tan fur of his species, marked with rather fetching if he did say so himself deeper brown stripes and patches over his ears, muzzle and paws. Most of those markings were covered by his armor of course, sturdy yet flexible coat of steel and equally sturdy shoulder pads that completed the set. Except for his face which stood proud and exposed, minus his high domed helmet complete with stilted visor that even now rested uselessly at his feet. Standing as a testament to his skill was the near pristine nature of his armor, the light blue surface marred only by one slight scratch which itself was a token from the last minster he vanquished yesterday. Ironical really that after facing and defeating some of the worlds most feared and dangerous monsters that a hunter of his skill should find himself ambushed while he slept.

Graham bit back a laugh at that though, the whole situation almost absurd in a serious kind of way. This wasn't how he'd expected to start this day, that's for sure, as he made camp the night before. Built the fire that was still smouldering before him, laid out his bedroll, tucked the loot from his conquests on one side of him and his weapon on the other before surrendering to blissful sleep with the expectation to awake refreshed and ready for a new day. Instead he had jerked awake to find himself bound and helpless to the tree from which he dangled, his paws secured in the rope looping over the branch above him and tied firmly to the trunk. It could have been worse of course, that said rope could have been around his neck. Something Graham was more than tempted to do to the one who had strung him up here.

A fete that would have been simplicity itself if not for his bondage, given that said perpetrator was barely three feet away from the suspended hunter, seemingly oblivious to the death glare shot his way as he rummaged and sorted through the loot Graham had collected, no doubt seeing what he could steal. That was what wild Melynxes were good at after all, Graham almost snarled to himself, the black fur of the figure opposite who could almost have been the spitt of him apart from the black fur he sported. For Melynxes and Felynes are descended from the same genus, both sharing the squat almost animalistic hind quarters that sit as complete contrast to their humanoid hands, perfect for holding the broad spear that lay where he had left it, completely ignored and utterly useless to him now.

'Thinking about spearing me with your mighty weapon?' The crouched Melynxe's teasing jibe brought a snarl to Graham's muzzle and fresh struggles to his paws. 'Well..it's really your own fault for letting me capture you in your sleep. Some great monster hunter you are. Despite all this treasure you carry, and that fancy armour of yours. That's okay though, I'll happily take both off your paws.'

'Don't you dare, you vermin.' Graham spat, neither his curse or his fresh struggles doing much good as the grinning Melynxe deftly removed and neatly stacked his armor next to his helmet. 'Give me that back and I might not rip your throat out.'

That was bluster really, pure and simple. Tied up as he was, there was nothing he could have done to make good on his threat. It did at least provide a momentary distraction from the awareness that he was now fully naked before his captor. A fact that the still smirking Melynxe seemed to have noticed too.

'Well..well..well...would you look at that.' The Melynxe's smirk only grew wider in proportion with Graham's sudden blush, the Felyne feeling as much as seeing the gaze resting upon his cock that dangled below him, his small shaft hanging almost proudly above his smooth sack.

Unknown to Graham, it wasn't just his manhood that Melynxe was eyeing. His keen eyes were drinking in every detail of his buff, bound form. And given the glimmer in his eyes, he liked what he saw. Something that both alarmed and a little excited Graham, even if the first reaction drowned out the second.

'Well..aren't you the cute one.' The Melynxe purred softly. 'Maybe I could have a little fun before I help myself to your stuff.'

'He.hey now.' Graham protested with a fresh struggle, not really liking the inference in those words. 'I'm not gay. I've never been with..I man..mean...I don't go in for that.'

'Silly Felyne.' The Melynx chuckled, clearly having picked up on the little tidbit of information Graham had tried to hide. 'Did you really think Jingham would leave without stealing your first time as well. Oh..that's my name by the way. Please forgive me for not introducing myself earlier. So, yeah..I'm going to enjoy you a little bit. Maybe more than a little bit. And you know what..I think you will enjoy it too. I've been around you know, slept around too. And I know a gay kitty when I see one.'

'Look..I'm really not.' Graham blurted those words out in a frantic rush. 'I'm not gay..I've never been with another guy. Or thought about one. I....mmmm.'

Despite the frantic rush of those words, they were silenced in one second as Jingham pressed his lips against Graham's, the Melynx stretched up on tip toes to reach him. Every inch of his mind screamed at Graham to struggle, to break free of this unwanted kiss, and to some degree he did; struggling to drag his head away from the lips caressing his. But then the strangest thing happened, his struggles slowed and then stopped, some part of him not just giving into the kiss but returning it as well. Graham's head span. What the hells was he doing? Kissing another male, the very male that had captured him. Try as he might, he really had no answers to those questions. Jingham on the other hand, certainly seemed to have a few suggestions on that topic.

'You know, for someone who isn't gay you sure seemed to love having your kiss stolen by a Melynx. A male Melynx at that. So..maybe you might just be gayer than you though. Hmmm?'

'Look..I already told you.' Graham retorted quickly. 'I'm not gay.'

'No? Then you won't enjoy it if I do this.'

Before Graham could even ask what he meant by this, Jingham placed both paws lightly on Graham's chest. Bound as he was, the Felyne could have done nothing to stop him had he wanted to touch him more forcefully. Yet he didn't seem that way inclined, not given how his paws softly stroked over his chest. Stroked very, very slowly with obvious enjoyment, tracing his paws up over his broad shoulders and along his neck right up to his ears. Which was nothing to the way he traced them back down again. For the second those paws glided over his ears and started the downward path towards his shoulders again, they slowed down. Slowed almost to a dead crawl, like this was an experience he didn't want to end too soon. Yet Graham couldn't deny sensing something....tender in his touch. This was just a quick grope to cop a feel and humiliate him, not with how Jingham was stroking him like he was holding something precious and delicate, his paws tracing every inch of his torso like he wanted to commit the feel of him to memory. Yet still his paws moved, roamed and caressed with unabashed abandon.

Had it stopped with just that gentle caress, maybe Graham could have shrugged off the touch without giving it a seconds thought. But the same couldn't be true as the general caress..changed suddenly. Gone was the wide pressure of his paws, replaced with the gentle focused pressure of his fingertips, the softly furred digits that seemed to find every spot his paws had danced over.

It was really all Graham could do not to release a ragged breath of pleasure as those fingers ghosted over his neck or glided down his arms or drew tingling touches around his nipples. Never in all his life had anyone touched him this way before, the new sensations seductively addictive as they were almost overwhelmingly alien and frightening. Still, there was nothing he could do to stop himself jumping as Jingham grabbed, literally grabbed, his buttocks and squeezed them hard. As a warrior there wasn't really much give, that area of his body as toned as the rest of him. Which didn't stop those damned fingers from pressing into his yielding flesh anyway, bringing with them fresh pleasurable sensations.

Graham was a bare second away from barking at Jingham to stop again, an utterance he was afraid might just emerge as a pathetic whimper that wouldn't have commanded a fly, when

any such thoughts were stolen from his lips. Lips that suddenly puckered into a small 'o' mirrored perfectly by Jingham's as the feral monster replaced his paws with his lips.

Returning to where he had started earlier, Jingham let his lips linger on the bound hunter's collarbone. Only for a second though. Before Graham could even process this new sensation, those soft lips were dancing all over his torso as if he couldn't get enough of him. To Graham it seemed that no area was spared this increasingly heated exploration of his torso. Almost beside himself, Graham struggled to follow the weaving pattern of light kisses that flooded his body with new and unimaginable sensations until those lips circled and kissed his nipple. That single contact with the sensitive nub suddenly seeming like a focal point for his pleasure he couldn't ignore.

As it happened, there was something Jingham couldn't ignore either. Something Graham hadn't noticed until the Melynx pulled away with a fresh grin on his lips. 'Well..you can't say you didn't enjoy that. Still say that you aren't gay? I bet you'd love for me to get you off.'

Privately, Graham couldn't dispute that, not with the inescapable evidence of his cock standing rock hard and fully erect before his eyes. Yet at the same time, he refused to accept what he saw. Or at least was gripped by a refusal to accept Jingham's assertion.

'I'm not gay.' Graham retorted again. 'And anyone would react like this if someone played with them like that. It's a normal reaction for any

'You know...I don't get why you aren't being honest with yourself.' Jingham said with a sigh that Graham could almost have sworn was sympathetic. 'Or with me. Is it so hard to admit you are enjoying this? Still...I guess that's okay. I can teach you to do that.'

Any sense of relief Graham might have received from that sigh faded the second Jingham's face returned to the predatory grin the Felyne had come to expect from him, his whole body tensing up in one second. Which was nothing compared with the tension Graham felt when his paws grasped his cock and balls. Grasped was very much the wrong word though, cupped maybe being a better one. Or held. But neither of those really did it justice.

Try as he might, Graham couldn't help it as..well...responded to the growing caressing and fondling on his shaft and balls alike, as those damnably soft furry paws rolled and stroked and squeezed in equal measure until his cock wasn't just hard but throbbed beneath that touch.

'See...how does it feel to be touched by another male, by a male Melynx?' Jingham purred almost mockingly. 'I can feel you throbbing as I touch you, your cock almost begging for my touch. So why not give in and do the same.'

'Never. I'd rather..ahhhhh..' Graham squealed, Jingham's paws suddenly squeezed his cock, his length now encircled by the paws which slowly pumped his shaft with rapt focused attention. Around his head and shaft alike they locked, worked him with a slow bobbing motion that couldn't be ignored.

'So..you aren't enjoy this? This isn't going to make you cum any...second..now.' That last word turned into a word of utter teasing intent, Jingham having jerked his paws away seconds before Graham lurched into the pulsing pleasure of his relief.

'Wh..why did you stop?' Graham panted, annoyed at himself for sounding so needy.

'Why shouldn't I?' Jingham flicked the Felyne a smug grin. 'After all, you aren't gay. So you shouldn't care about feeling this, shouldn't need to feel this from another male. Especially a Melynx like me.'

'Well...I...that's..I mean...you see.' Graham stammered, unable to form the words he wanted to say. How could he, he was already so embarrassed and humiliated simply by his want to admit he wanted Jingham to keep going until he came. If he was actually forced to say that..well..he might just die of embarrassment. Luckily...or unluckily depending on how you look at it...he

didn't have to actually say anything. Given the way Jingham smirked again, the look on his face said it all.

'Well..if you aren't ready to ask for more yet, then I guess I could show you.'

Before Graham could even ask what that meant, Jingham moved back in and without hesitation or request for permission, kissed the Felyne again. Instantly Graham was lost and overwhelmed by the sensation of the soft lips against his, a sensation both the same and different at the same time, especially given the way Jingham's tongue slipped out to brush against his lips.

Perhaps it was that sensation of being overwhelmed that pushed Graham to react the way he did, or perhaps it was simply because he was right about Graham and he was as gay as he proclaimed. Graham was in no state to really debate any of that as he reciprocated that gesture, his mouth having opened almost on its own accord so that he could, with a little effort to lean forward as far as he was able, close his mouth around the offered tongue and suck on it greedily.

Which was a good thing, because Jingham seemed to be enjoying the kiss as much as he was, as his paws squirmed in his bonds, perhaps fighting to escape or desperately seeking to pull Jingham closer, to deepen that kiss as he held his nude body tight against his. Perhaps even more so. For as much as Graham couldn't deny how he was almost drowning in the wicked pleasure and sinful delight that kiss gave him, there was nothing to dispute the way Jingham was panting a little as he pulled away, his eyes twinkling with wicked delight.

Which was nothing to the delight he showed as he reached again for his cock. Something in that gaze made Graham stiffen, his cock pushed into a urgent twitch even before his paw closed around him, that pulse of pleasure as strong as the tension that spread all the way down to his toes. The sheer idea of Jingham teasing him again filled him with a lingering mix of terror and desire that flooded him like an icy shock. As it happened, he needed have worried.

For there was no teasing here. Wasting no time on teasing or foreplay, Jingham started to fap and stroke Graham's cock with a rapid rhythm that could only lead to one thing. Try as he might, he couldn't stop it. Oh, he tried. Eyes squeezed shut in desperate attempt to block out guise sensations, Graham clenched down as tight on his cock as he could, launched into a battle of wills not to erupt all over the paw that stroked and pumped his shaft. Yet that very action only highlighted the sensations he felt, all his efforts as useless as a hunter trying to stop a roaring river with his bare paws. With a jagged, ragged gasp, Graham's eyes snapped back open just in time to watch as his cock twitch within the paws still stroking it, that twitch which brought with it a rush of creamy white liquid. For Graham could only watch on in shock and undeniable pleasure as for the first time in his life he cock exploded his thick spunk, the thick creamy essence staining his shaft and Jingham's paw alike.

A paw that Jingham, before Graham's astounded eyes, raised up to show to the blushing humiliated Felyne the streams of his cum clinging to and trickling down his fingers before he slowly and delicately licked it clean. So slowly he almost seemed to be relishing that moment with unashamed pleasure.

'So..' Jingham asked as he lapped up one last bead of cum still clinging to his fur. '...how did that feel? Be honest now.'

'Well...okay...it felt good.' Graham admitted. 'But I'd still like you to let me go.'

'Let you go?' Jingham chuckled. 'Seriously? Why should I let such a selfish cat for free?'

'Just what do you mean by selfish?' Graham almost snapped, any further retort instantly died on his lips as Jingham quickly slipped out of his own clothes. As if that wasn't bad enough, the smug Melynx assumed a mock heroic pose with his paws resting on his hips, one that had his own hard on equally on display.

'You really think I would let you go without returning the favor?' Jingham laughed with genuine mirth. 'I really want to see if you are as good at sucking cock as you are a kisser.'

'You...really think I'm going to do that?' Graham couldn't hide the embarrassment and surprise he felt simply at the thought of committing such a lewd act, even as his cock twitched with reaction and sudden hardness all its own. To even think about touching another male, it was unthinkable. And yet somehow he was thinking it.

'Well..either you do or I'll just fuck you anyway.' Jingham grinned cruelly. 'Your choice, little kitten.'

'Fine.' Graham muttered, not really seeing he had much choice.

'Good boy. Now...let's untie this paw of yours.' Jingham made good on that, deftly untying the knot that held Graham's paw over his head before deftly retying the other one. 'Try to escape though, and I'll fuck you until you are raw and begging me to stop. You are still my prisoner after all.'

'Fi..fine.' Graham gasped as Jingham made good upon his threat with a hard squeeze of his cock. 'Where would you like me to start?'

Graham had meant that defiantly, doing all he could to resist his captor even a little. If he really was going to do this, he wasn't going to just straight away go down on him like a back alley whore out for some quick coin. Sadly for him, Jingham seemed to take him literally at his word.

'Well..each guy is different of course. Some like it hard and fast right from the get go. I knew this one guy..A Felyne like yourself..who just loved to go right in dry and fuck a guy hard up the ass. No foreplay, no getting a guy hot for him..because he was always hot for any cute piece of

ass. Others are really really soft, in a femme kinda way and can't even think about getting off without being pampered and worshiped all over before anyone gets anywhere near their cock. Then there are regular guys..or gays I guess you could say..who just love a little soft attention on their cock. And I'm one of them. And you know what I like? When a cute guy rubs and caresses my head.'

'Like this?' Graham asked, his question as tentative as the way he pressed two fingers against the flared head with its tapered tip around the taut foreskin, lightly drawing those fingers in a slow circle.

'Mmmm....yeah...that's good.' Jingham purred in obvious pleasure, the simple thought that he was actually making him feel good made Graham squirm in his embarrassment. 'A little faster if you like....mmmm....that's the way. Ohhhh yeah...'

Graham had no real way to react to that, shyly he kept going with his head dipped, almost ashamedly unable to meet his captors gaze. That meant that his eyes were now locked on the twitching cock before him, the once dry tip now slick with a warm slippery fluid that glided warmly under his fingers and mingled with his fur.

'Ohhh...fuck..now...grab it.' Jingham whispered. 'Grab my cock..just hold it lightly around the base. With your whole paw. Let me sit in your grasp a little. Use your other paw to stroke my head...roll your palm-pad over it. Guys go crazy for that.'

'I..like this?' Graham whispered, almost distracted by the feel of the warm hard length cupped in his paw. It felt..unlike anything he had imagined, this feeling of the first cock in his grip. A cock that wasn't even his own. Surely Jingham and most males..the guys he kept talking about..had felt this long ago by touching and stroking their own cocks as they discovered themselves. Yet..Graham hadn't...his devotion to his cause meaning he skipped such pursuits. And it was only now that he maybe realized he had missed out on something.

And he wasn't the only one missing out on something, for Jingham released a soft rumble of displeasure that made Graham start as he realised his paw had stilled due to his becoming lost in his thoughts.

'Hrrmphhh.' Jingham snorted. 'Maybe you do want to get fucked raw, hmmm? No? Then get going. Forget rubbing. Use your other paw and stroke me, draw yourself up to my head and give me a squeeze. Fuck..that's good. Don't stop. Keep doing that and I'll cream all over your paw.'

That thought should have..if not repulsed Graham, then at least given him pause. But all he felt was a sudden ripple of excitement that flowed down to his cock in an urgent twitch as his paw obeyed Jingham's instruction. Up and down his silky furred paw flowed, each rub along the shaft before him winning another moan from his captor, moans that were becoming increasingly urgent.

Astonishingly, his shaft felt even harder than it did before, alive with each throb that built when his paw encircled his tip. It was almost tempting to hold there and enjoy the sensations he created, but the look Jingham shot him smashed that idea. Not cruel or wicked even though there was still a bit of firm control in his eyes. No..more..pleading..asking for something he wanted but couldn't actually bring himself to plead for. That would have ruined the role he played after all.

Emboldened by that look, Graham both tightened his grip and increased the speed of his strokes, just a little. Honestly, he had no idea what would happen or how Jingham would react; he was just testing the boundaries of the pleasure he could give. So it was no surprise that he himself was surprised when Jingham arched his back with an pure animalistic cry. One that made him freeze around his twitching cock, locked around the flared head which pulsed urgently under his paw. Pulsed in time with the soft rocks Jingham bumped against his paw, that one last thrust perfectly timed to match the sudden burst of warm stickiness that flooded against Graham's paw and between his fingers; the Melyn's creamy cum coating both felines alike as his ministrations culminated in his unexpected release.

'Well..there is another thing you are good at.' Jingham panted as Graham released his cock, cum still staining his paw even as the last trickles of his explosive release slid down the length

of his cock. 'So..does this mean you are ready to admit what a fag you are? Since you have a natural talent for stroking cock.'

'Not a chance.' Graham snapped. 'I just did what you told me. I..'

'Liar.' Jingham chuckled, his own paw flashing out to grab Graham's cock before he could even move. 'Look how hard you are again. Just from giving another male a hard job. You really are a fag.'

Graham glanced down, his eyes wide with shock. He didn't want to admit it but it was true, his own cock was fully erect again, his tip beaded with a glistening drop of his own arousal.

'Can't answer that, can you?' Jingham chuckled again. 'That's okay. I have more to teach you. And more firsts to steal from you.'

'What...no..don't..not that.' Graham whimpered, as Jingham got on his knees with his mouth so close to his cock he could feel the breath washing over him. Again part of him felt he should..move or struggle..or do..something. But the rest of him was..curious. Not idly curious but filled with a deep yearning burning curiosity to know exactly how it would feel to have his cock taken into another monster's mouth. It was that very reason that kept him still within his bonds that were becoming more and more ironically unnecessary with each passing second until Jingham's tongue took over where his breath had only just begun to tease.

Graham almost howled the second that rough, ridged and deliciously raspy tongue swept across his head. Never could he have imagined being so..stimulated by one touch. Yet Jingham wasn't content with just one lick. His paw locked firmly around the base of his cock, the steady pressure Perfect to hold him in place for the steady tongue lashing that followed.

Jingham seemed eager to trace and taste all of him, his entire cock from base to tip bathed in the tremble inducing caress his tongue offered and that he lapped up so eagerly. Almost as eagerly as how Jingham was lapping up the near constant stream of precum trickling down his shaft. Graham could only watch, spellbound in a way, his eyes locked on his twitching, jumping, expertly worshiped cock that flooded him with waves of teasing pleasure. At least until Jingham paused, raising his eyes to the panting Felyne.

'Enjoying that I see, hmmm? I do have a talent for sucking cock, do I not?'

'Licking maybe.' Graham countered with a casual shrug that belied the trembling excitement coursing through him. 'Haven't exactly seen you sucking anyo...anything yet. Are you maybe just a guy who can take but not give?'

Graham hoped his little slip had gone unnoticed by his companion, but the sudden twinkle in his eyes made him think that it had not. Or maybe Jingham just liked the idea of his challenge.

'Oh..I can switch.' Jingham chuckled. 'But..you are right. There are better things ahead. Hold onto your balls kitten and try not to come right away.'

Graham could have taken that for simple teasing and most likely would have had he been given even half a second to think about it. But then Jingham's mouth closed around his cock and he had to literally fight not to cum. His cock strained and Graham strained against it, not helped by the warm, wet and deliciously tight grip that held all of him, pressing against all of his sensitive flesh.

Honestly, Graham would have been lost on how to react here had he been in Jingham's place, even just sitting here with his mouth around his cock gave him pause on what to do or expect next. So he could only imagine how uncertain and hesitant he would feel if the situation was reversed. Touching and..stroking a guy that was one thing. But actually taking him into his mouth and..and..sucking him....he couldn't do that. And yet...he couldn't deny that his cock twitched in its confinement at that very thought, pulsing a little just from the idea of his first taste of Jingham's maleness, from the feel of it filling his mouth.

Neither could he deny the way his cock throbbed again, simply from Jingham curling his tongue against his head to press more tightly against the warm muzzle around him. Drawing on an experience and familiarity Graham himself knew he couldn't match but desperately hoped to learn, Jingham started to bob his head slowly.

Graham for his part tensed instantly, a almost harsh whimper dragged from his throat. Not a whimper of discomfort though, but an almost pleading cry for attention. How he wished he could plead for more attention, for Jingham to do away with the soft teasing and really muzzle fuck him. But his voice seemed to have failed in, retreating to the almost primal response of little gasps and sighs of true pleasure. Pleasure that matched the primal response of his cock, his hard length already bathing Jingham's tongue in the sweet nectar of his arousal.

While his mouth might be rendered mute, there was nothing wrong with his paws though. That much was obvious by the way his free paw suddenly rested on Jingham's head. Not pressing or forcing, despite the growing temptation to drive his cock into his muzzle and just hump his face until he came. While Graham couldn't ignore a somewhat vicarious thrill from that thought, he found he preferred, for this first time anyway, the soft attention on his cock, relaxing into the warm teasing touch of pleasure.

Teasing that Jingham seemed to be done with, his slow bob discarded in favour of a sudden increase in speed that Graham could hardly keep up with. Or hope to control. Honestly Graham had lost his control the second Jingham closed his mouth around his shaft, it had just

been a matter of when it would fade entirely. Except it didn't so much fade as was ripped away from him, leaving Graham with little choice but to let go.

Not let go of his orgasm which was close but not yet that close, bit of his control. All pretense abandoned Graham tightened his grip on his head, holding him close against his crotch and with a powerful thrust of his hips, started to spear the surprised Jingham's mouth. At least, he had hoped he would be surprised. Graham was too caught up in the ripple of pre orgasmic pleasure that stole his breath with another moan and his sudden urgent face fucking that the thought of anything beyond his own near release was..well..beyond him.

Which surely went a long way to explain the ragged, desperate and frustrated moan ripped from him as Jingham tugged his mouth away, leaving the one pleasure cock unfulfilled and craving the suddenly removed pleasure almost as much as Graham craved it himself.

'Wh..why did you..' Graham panted, his cock hard and throbbing from the so close orgasm that lay terribly beyond his reach.

'Stop?' Jingham chuckled. 'You think it's that easy? You think you can just get off on my mouth and still say you aren't a fag? You're a fag in denial, that's what I say. Tell me you don't want this. Come on.'

Jingham punctuated that question, turning around slowly to present his ass to Graham, lightly fingering his crack as his other paw stroked his still hard cock; teasing the bound hunter with a wicked grin in his eye, flaunting the one thing he knew he secretly wanted as he drove him into a frenzy of lust. 'See..I know you want...AHHHHH.'

That cry, one of sudden pain not pleasure, erupted as Graham smashed one paw violently against Jingham's head. Distracted by his teasing, the Melynx had failed to notice the Felyne as he slipped his paw free of the bond that held him. Or the way he charged the short distance

between them to deliver the blow that sent him sprawling as Graham made a burst for freedom.

Admittedly one that didn't get him very far, not as the still dazed Melynx lashed out his paw to grab Graham's ankle and send him tumbling to the ground. Dust filled the Felyne's eyes and mouth and yet despite choking on that and half blind Graham was still able to kick loose from Jingham's grip and rise again. Only for the other monster to once again send him tumbling to the ground. For a good two minutes the pair wrestled and fought, neither really gaining the upper hand until by sheer chance Graham's paw brushed something in the dirt and instinct took over. Within a second Graham was seated astride Jingham, pressing the equally nude Melynx down to the floor with his weight, the keen edge of his sword pressed right up against his throat.

Jingham's eyes went wide even as they locked onto Graham's, his whole body gripped with a tension that didn't quite keep him from speaking. 'Go on then. Do it. Get your revenge.'

'I..I don't...' Graham let the sword fall as he stood up shakily, Jingham bounding to his feet a second later, the Felyne suddenly ready for the attack he half expected. It didn't come, rather Jingham dropped into a sexy pose that made him blush again.

'I know..you don't want to use that sword.' Jingham jerked his head to the weapon lying discarded in the dirt. 'You want to use the sword between your legs. And you want my black sword too..don't you? Because you are a little fag.'

'I..I..I. Don't ..don't.' Graham's protests continued but even Graham himself couldn't help but admit they seemed to have diminished in sincerity. 'I don't..I'm...I'm not...I..'

'Hey..hey. It's okay.' Jingham strode towards Graham to lay a paw on his shoulder. 'I'm not trying to be nasty to you. 'See..I know you are a fag because I'm one too. A Melynx fag anyway. It's not an easy thing to admit, I know. But somehow when we are, our two species tend to attract each other. I never wanted to hurt or humiliate you. I just wanted to have fun with a handsome Felyne tonight on this cold dark night, to just forget for one night that I have to steal stuff to survive every day.'

Jingham paused there and for a second Graham thought he saw tears glistening in the other monster's eyes but Jingham pressed on before he could even think about how to mention it. 'Being a gay cat, I know how confusing it can be. I really do. That's why I wanted..still do really..to help you explore those feelings. Consider it my way of apologizing for trying to steal from you. What do you say?'

Honestly Graham had no idea what to say and it was most likely that hesitation that prompted Jingham to advance until their muzzles almost touched. Taking advantage of that closeness he slowly eased the sword down until Graham let it fall from his paw. In truth, he had already forgotten he was holding it.

'Because I think you want more. And if you do, then we can have more sex..lots of sex...right here. Just the two of us, the only witness being this campfire. No one here to judge us, to say what we do is wrong as we indulge in the carnal pleasure we want from the other. So..what say you?'

'I...I...' Graham cleared his throat, suddenly hyper aware how often he had said that, to which he had had enough off. 'Yes. Yes. I want that. I want to know, to have more sex and to feel as good as you made me feel again.'

The second those words left his muzzle, Graham was blushing profusely, something that surely would only make him less attractive in the eyes of the Melynx he now so much wanted to get to know better. As with so many things this evening, Graham needn't have worried. For Jingham dispelled those worries with a kiss. A kiss that sent delicious tingles down his spine, followed by a ripple of fur which only grew as he returned the kiss. Which was nothing to the growth of his blush prompted by Jingham's next question.

'So..what do you want now?' The Melynx asked with a knowing smile. 'We can do anything you want. Just let your imagination run wild. Tell me what you want. It can be anything. Don't be shy..feel free to explore me and your feelings and your pleasures.'

His assertion aside, Graham couldn't help feel a little shy. But that didn't stop him as he gave voice to the sudden thought in his head. 'I...I..want to do what you did to me. I want..to..suck you..your cock.' Those words were full of earnest emotion, curiosity the strongest of them along side his lust. For Graham was curious, curious about how it felt to have another Felyne's shaft in his mouth, to explore it and the pleasure it could give.

'Well.. then..' Jingham drew out as he grinned. 'I'd better get comfy then. As you can see, I'm ready for you.'

And so he was. Graham had no idea if Jingham's cock had risen back to full hardness or had never really gone soft in the first place. And right now, he couldn't have cared less. All he cared about was the hard length before him and the chance to indulge in what he had denied himself too long. Caught up in that pent up longing, Graham willingly dropped to his knees, Jingham's cock now inches from his muzzle.

A muzzle that quickly and yet too slowly from Graham's taste crossed that gap to close firmly around the head before him. Graham let out a whimpering moan muffled by the length between his lips that explored the fleshy spongy mass so willingly offered. There was nothing muffled about Jingham's moan though, his long exhalation of pleasure surely a sign he was doing something right. The thing was..he had no idea what to do next.

'Mmmmm...yeah...that's good. Now..stroke me.' Jingham purred, perhaps sensing his hesitation or perhaps just caught up in his own lust. 'Use both your paws..jerk me off into your mouth. Oh...fuuuuuck!'

Graham's grip might have been a little awkward but there was no way to deny the results his first stroke had. No way to ignore the way Jingham tensed up, his hips pulled back just a little. Not out of his mouth, but certainly away from him. Which was why Graham completed that movement, eyes raised to Jingham in apparent concern.

'Was that too much?' Graham asked, not having stopped the soft strokes along the Melynx's cock.

'No..well..yes...kinda.' Jingham panted. 'I..was just trying not to face fuck you. Your mouth feels so damn good.'

'Well..maybe you shouldn't hold back.' Graham grinned shyly. 'Just let me make you feel good and when it gets too much then you can do what you want. Deal?'

'Deal.' Jingham panted, his voice quickly stolen as Graham took him back into his mouth. And not just his head either. It was tempting to hold back but equally was he tempted to go one step further. So go that one step he did, sinking all of his muzzle around the trembling Melynx's cock. Graham made sure to take the full measure of his length, let it settle into his mouth before he even thought about moving.

Graham couldn't deny there was something..seductive about havinv another guy in his mouth. The control of it, the control he had over him. Even if he knew that control could be lost any second. For it was obvious Jingham was holding back, fighting the instinct his body was crying

out to follow. While Graham might still have been new to this, it couldn't be denied nor could he avoid how Jingham still fought the urge to buck against him.

Gripped by a sudden sense of wickedness, Graham held at the top of his last bob, Jingham's head now bathed not in slow strokes but equally slow sucks and licks. His tongue curled to twist into his head, pressed the rough wet length against the head that pulsed against him. And then again before Jingham retreated to make full use of his tongue. Over the slick fresh his raspy length dragged, the rough bumps no doubt heaven to the Melynx given the way he squirmed and whimpered.

Just as Graham toyed with the idea of teasing him further, his last lick must have pushed Jingham beyond the threshold of his pleasure. There was no other way to explain the way Jingham grabbed and tugged his head down over his head. In that moment Graham wouldn't have been surprised if Jingham saw him not as a fellow Felyne but simple as a cock sleeve to be used for his own pleasure. There was really no other way to explain the urgency with which he grabbed, held and pumped his cock into Graham's willing mouth. Jingham must have been really pent up because he didn't last more than five seconds. Graham barely felt the telltale jump before warm cum flooded his mouth, his tongue bathed in rich creamy saltiness. Such was the gush of cum that Graham couldn't take it all, his head jerked back from the first release, almost gagged on the sheer volume. Jingham's cock popped from his mouth, still hard and gripped by fresh twitches. Each twist which released a fresh spurt of cum, Jingham's moans reached to fever pitch as he painted Graham's face with his spunk. And Graham couldn't have been happier, tingles rippled through his fur where the cum marked him. He felt so slutty and dirty and so alive. A feeling that lasted until Jingham spoke.

'Mmmmm....I know I said you look cute but you look even cuter covered in my seed.'

Graham had no idea how to respond to that, verbally anyway; his sudden bout of tongue-tiedness doing nothing to stop his mind racing with a fresh storm of humiliation. Shame and regret bounced off doubt and confusion within his brain, thoughts of almost anger and self loathing spiraling off in all directions. Almost consumed by them, Graham hung his head, wishing nothing more than for the ground to swallow him and his shame. At least until Jingham spoke again in a rush, obviously having picked up on his emotions.

'Hey no. It's okay. I meant that in a good way. I like to be covered in a guy's seed too.' Jingham paused, his paw closing softly around Graham's who dared to raise his head to meet his earnest gaze. 'Maybe one day I could take you to meet my friends, so we can play a little. They like nothing more than breaking in a new fag like you. Except maybe giving a hard fucking to one they already broke.'

'I...really...I...what would they do?' Graham swallowed, unable to ignore how his cock twitched simply from the thought of him and his Felyne companion surrounded by a gang of buff, naked monsters with equally monstrous cocks; cocks primed and ready for them.

'Oh...lots of things.' Jingham whispered seductively. 'They'd go slow with you, maybe have one guy sit you in his lap, stroking your cock and whispering sweet words in your ear while two more guys take me in a hard spit-roast. Bet you'd love to see me getting pounded by two studs hmmm?'

Graham murmured something that might have been a yes. Or it might just have been in his head, so consumed by that thought was he that he had no idea if he spoke that aloud or not. Either way that didn't stop Jingham continuing his naughty train of thought.

'Of course, then it would be your turn. They'd love to encourage you over, teasing and playing with you until you were hard and wet for them, only then would they fuck your brains out.'

'Ho..how do you mean wet for them?' Graham panted, the sudden increase in his breathing down as much to that wicked thought as to the way Jingham had grasped and slowly started to stroke his hardening cock again.

'Mmmm...you do have a lot to learn still.' Jingham purred deep in his throat. 'With a guy, you can't rely on their arousal to make them slick for you. You have to do it yourself. And my friends would love to make you nice and slick and ready for a good fucking. They do have the most delicious tongues. Now...I think you want to fuck me, hmmm? You certainly seem ready to play some more.'

Graham shyly glanced down at his cock as it throbbed in Jingham's paw before raising his gaze again. 'Ca..can I?'

'Of course. But not yet.' Jingham ignored the confused glance that statement drew from Graham, having quickly pulled away to lay on his back; his cock proudly jutted above his stomach. 'First..you have to lick my ass. Trust me, it will be so much easier if I'm nice and wet.'

Graham felt his cock twitch again even as he shuffled towards the exposed puckered hole before him, dropping awkwardly down to his stomach to give him better access. Of what he hoped was better, this was another first for him. Still..if the past hour..had it been an hour..the past hour had taught him anything it was the confidence to just trust his instincts.

Confidence buoyed up by the simple yet urgent thrust of hips Jingham lurched into the second his tongue brushed his tight hole. Now, Graham could have just put that down to how keyed up he was already, but the way he whimpered his name put an entirely different spin on it.

Emboldened and with sudden boldness, Graham turned that press into a single slow lick; then another. Each press and caress of his tongue exploring the taste and feel of the other Felyne's offered ass. The taste was indescribable. And intoxicating, so different from the taste of his cock but full of the same pungent maleness.

Moving a little closer, Graham parted the sweet cheeks before him, stopped short of actually pressing his tongue into the puckered hole he still licked and caressed. Tempting as that was, he couldn't shake the worry that would be too much. After all, he didn't want to inadvertently hurt Jingham with his eagerness.

Besides, the way the Melynx squirmed against him with utters of sweet whispers and murmurs of pleasure was more than enough reason to continue. Which wasn't to say he couldn't tease him a little. Drawing on the experience where Jingham had teased his head, Graham moved his tongue to the very center of the glistening anus before him. Still careful to avoid penetration, he licked softly right against that tight spot.

Jingham bucked instantly, his whole body literally shaking with pleasure. Pleasure that surely was the cause of the twitch in his cock. Seeing that reaction, Graham couldn't resist doing that again. And again. While he did keep most of his attention on the focus of his tongue that wasn't to stop him from quickly glancing up at Jingham, whose face by now was a study in pleasure.

While he wasn't exactly humping against the tongue rimming his ass, it was obvious how he battled against that reaction. For Graham could see the way his hips twitched and his legs tensed, obviously the result of how hard he fought to contain that instinct. Either way it was that growing reaction that prompted Graham to tease his lover a little more. With slight reluctance he let his tongue slip away, only to replace it with his muzzle. Jingham might have protested right then and there had not Graham bathed his anus in sweet tender kisses, laying soft affection on his lover that contrasted with the thoughts in his head.

Oh..how he wanted to rise and press his cock against that ass, to ease himself inside and experience his tightness for himself. To surround his hardness with his snug tunnel and fuck him raw. But that might just be too sudden. And he might have continued to resist that had Jingham not whimpered again.

'Ohhh...god...please...please...fuck me...I..ahhh...I..need your cock.'

'Oh?' Graham was up on his knees in a second, his head already poised against the tight hole he had been teasing. 'Where do you want my cock?'

'Right...right there. Fuck my ass..ah.'

That last word came as a pant, Graham's cock already having speared his ass before he finished talking. Never had Graham felt or imagined he could feel something so tight and yet so soft. Already Jingham's ass was clinging and milking his cock in its velvet like grip. How he actually made it balls deep without cumming he had no idea. But he certainly wasn't going to rest there.

Slowly so as not to rush, Graham pulled back and again slid gently into Jingham's willingly tight ass, savoring the sensations of his cock filling his first ass. While that felt heavenly to him, it clearly wasn't enough for the Melynx.

'No..don't tease me...fuck me.' Jingham growled. 'Take me hard, make me your bitch. Ohhh...fuck yes.'

'Like this?' Graham purred, having switched from slow strokes to faster pumps that really made the Melynx buck against him.

'Yes..but..use your hips. Really grab mine and thrust into meeee...yessss....like that.' Jingham growled underneath his lover as he thrust like a dog in heat.

'Ohh...that's what you like? Getting hard fucked from a male like the sweet fag you are?' Graham teased. 'Can you feel my cock pounding you? Is that going to make you cum all over me? Shower me with your seed as I fill you will mine? Because I can't wait to make you lick your cum off me when I'm done with you.'

Graham had just meant that as a little tease, but he could never have predicted the effect it would have. Neither could Jingham it seemed, the Melynx releasing a guttural yell of pure pleasure in perfect time with the slap of his ass against his shaft. Which wasn't the only thing he released. Graham barely had the time to register the warm splash of stickiness against his stomach before his own release overtook him and all he could do was ride his lover like a monster possessed, each thrust unloading another jet of spunk deep into his ass. An ass which couldn't take all of it, the pent up seed dribbling back out around the cock that forced more into its place.

Finally Graham too reached his limit, his body and cock utterly, if temporarily, spent; the once forceful Felyne collapsing against the chest of his lover who drew him into a soft embrace. Drained from his own orgasm as he was, the juices of which still stained both monsters fur, that didn't stop Jingham from asking a whispered question that Graham still caught with ease.

'So..was that good for you?'

Good was too plain and pale a word to really sum up the breadth of feelings Graham was still coming down from but it certainly wasn't a bad place to start.

'I..yeah..I never knew how..it could feel.' Graham replied shyly. 'I was a little worried I might not..you know...fit. But you were so tight around me, that I might never go back to pussy after this.'

'As long as you keep...cumming..back to this pussy, then I'm happy.' Jingham chuckled. 'I'm glad it was something you enjoyed...enjoyed fucking me like a female cat, because I'm very much looking forward to making you feel as good.'

'Are you sure you don't need a re...oh my..' Graham breathed, eyes thrown wide open as Jingham extricated himself from beneath his lover, standing proudly to reveal his equally proud and hard cock to the stunned Felyne.

'Not with such a sweet ass on offer.' Jingham nodded. 'Neither do you it seems.'

Stunningly, Graham realized he was right. Without even looking down he knew his cock was already hard again. Which didn't stop him looking anyway, his member urgently erect and beaded with fresh precum.

'You will help me with this, won't you?' Jingham teased, his eyes fixed on his own cock. 'Yes? Good..then get on all fours for me. All my girls look more lovely offering themselves to me that way.'

There was no way Graham could have resisted that suggestion, willingly and eagerly dropping to the ground with his ass pointed at Jingham, eager for his pleasure. And his cock. Eager as Graham was, he was to be disappointed in a way. For in his lust he had forgotten Jingham's earlier advice.

Which wasn't to say his lust didn't spike right from the first rough lick against his hyper sensitive pucker. Unseen by the Felyne, Jingham had shuffled closer, his muzzle almost brown-nosing Graham as he got to work on his hole. 'Ahh...yes...you..ahhh...you said you...mmm...need to..ohh fuck...get a guy...get a guy wet...ohhh...don't stop...fuck, that's good.'

Had the Graham from a few hours ago watched this increasingly lewd scene, he surely would have been shocked to hear such slutty pronouncements issued from his straight mouth. But now nothing could have felt more right and wonderful to his newly freed mind.

Distractedly, and rightly so, Graham made a note to grab a few pointers from Jingham later; because his tongue was working a special magic upon him that couldn't only come from how keyed up he was. Each lick and lap had him moaning like a slut in the middle of a heated fuck, his hips driven back against each sweep of that tongue like it was a cock ramming him hard and deep.

Saliva dribbled down his sack as much as it clung and tingled on his worshiped hole, the warm liquid easing him into an aroused relaxation. Surely a good thing as without doubt Jingham was going to fuck him as hard as he had done him. Maybe harder. That thought was nearly enough to drive him to his orgasm and had Jingham not pulled his tongue away at that moment his cock might have just erupted rather than just jumped forcefully.

'Mmmm...I see you are ready.' Jingham purred with a deep rumble. 'Or I hope so..because I am. And I'm not going to go slow. I'm going to take you and fuck you until you squeal like a little piggy.'

'Ah..yes.' Graham whimpered. 'I'm....I'm ready. Make me yours..make me your lady caaaaaatttt.'

That scream of raw surprise, pleasure and a tiny smattering of pain that somehow bordered on the latter came as Jingham speared Graham's hole in one fierce thrust; his paws already locked on his hips as he drove all his weight against him. Penetrated Base deep and with Jingham's balls resting against his, Graham was already in heaven.

Which could have in no way prepared him for what came next. Tightening his grip, Jingham leapt straight into pounding his ass, reaming the silken tightness like a heat driven feline greeted with a willing female. Which, Graham supposed, is what he was. Jingham certainly seemed to think so.

'Mmm...such a naughty female feline you are.' Jingham panted with each thrust. 'Are you? Aren't you just loving the way I'm treating you like the fag Felyne you are. Come on, say it. I want to hear you say it.'

'I'm...I'm..a fag..a Felyne fag..your fag.' Graham panted through the haze of his pleasure.

'And..and..you love..cock..' Jingham growled, deepening his thrusts just a little, Graham's ass yielding to accommodate this further penetration. 'You just love to have a cock filling you. You are a real cock slut, aren't you you little fag.'

That wasn't a question, but Graham answered it anyway. 'Yes...I'm a fag. A cock loving slutty fag who loves cock..loves to be fucked by cocks.'

'And you love to have those cocks cum in your female pussy.' Jingham growled. 'Don't you, you want me cum in your pussy.'

'Yes..yes..' Graham whimpered in unashamed begging, hips thrown back against Jingham as hard as he could, relishing the slap of flesh on flesh with each penetrative thrust. 'Please...cum in me. Cum in my slutty female pussy. Please.'

No words came as an answer to that plea, but then Jingham was beyond words. Caught up in his no doubt rising orgasm his body spoke for him with a series of savage thrusts that left Graham with no choice but to cum too. Head thrown back, the Felyne growled his pleasure as he cock unloaded rope after rope of cum against the ground before him, his ass twitching in time with his cock.

It might have been those twitches that drove Jingham over the edge. Or he might have been too far gone before that. Either way, he couldn't hold back either, his own cock erupting a long release of cum that flooded his willing ass with its warm stickiness. Howling like a cat possessed, Jingham dumped not one, not two, not three, but four huge loads into the already stuffed ass he had well and truly fucked; Graham's legs and ass stained and matted with spent cum that his pucker couldn't contain.

Graham was on the verge of collapsing to the ground when, with a strength he had no idea how he still possessed, Jingham gathered Graham into his arms to cuddle him against his chest, his still dribbling cock pressed against the Felyne's own.

'I...I...I lov...' Graham was an inch away from finishing that sentence begins Jingham shhh'd him with a finger against his muzzle.

'No need to speak love.' Jingham whispered sweetly in his ear. 'I love your cock too, you silly sexy Felyne. Now, we need some sleep.'

Those words were punctuated by a sweet kiss on his lips, quite possibly the sweetest goodnight kiss Graham had ever received. Which did still leave Graham more to say. But, like some irresistible switch had been thrown in his head, Graham succumbed to that suggestion and sleep alike.

When Graham awoke, the fire had died down to smouldering embers that tickled his nostrils even as he realized Jingham was nowhere to be seen. Not just not reclining by his side, but completely gone. Gone with no sign he had even been there; a realization that might have prompted Graham to wonder if it had all been a dream until he saw the scrap of parchment beside his impromptu bed.

'Graham..' the Felyne had read the first word even as he snatched the rough note into his paw. 'I left you some supplies to say sorry for trying to steal your stuff. Even if I'm not really sorry for the most precious thing I stole from you.'

Graham paused to glance at his pack which did seem much fuller than it had been, grinning softly as he took the hidden meaning in those words. 'I loved every second of it and I'll never forget this night. But I'm a Melynx, a nomad. I could never settle down in one place like a Felyne such as yourself could. So...this has to be goodbye. But I hope that the gods will allow us to meet again.'

Graham sat staring at the note for a good ten minutes or more, suddenly sad that his new friend had left but also feeling happier and more confident than he could remember being. No..he wouldn't forget this day either. And he would have to get his armor modified into something more revealing, so he can have a lot more fun with others guys whenever he can. So it was that with a happy smile and a sway to his hips that Graham rose, gathered his stuff together and set off towards his new future.