

"How was your food? It come out alright?"

Fate nodded over a mouthful, taking a moment before making his answer. The steak had come out *just* right, where he could squish it with the side of his fork and small puddle of greasy pinkish-red would ooze out from underneath. "Good! Yeah. Really good."

The tiger across from him smiled, scooping the remainder of the beans he'd gotten for a side into an easy-to-attack pile. "Good. What was it you got?"

"Um... God... one of the steaks. I dunno." The snow leopard let out an embarrassed laugh, covering his mouth with his other paw. "To be honest, I've never really learned the differences between all of the cuts..."

Shrug. This time Paladin, this tiger he'd met for his date, took a moment to chew. "I mean, neither have I. Meat is meat, and meat is good, ain't it?"

Goodness, his voice sounded even better in person than it did in voice messages. All of this had started some three or four weeks ago having met in a group chat for a shared interest, and now here they were, finally seeing each other. And to think that it had already stepped up from *good mornings* and *how was your days* to-

"And speaking of meat," the tiger went on. Now his smile had turned into something a bit slyer, and his tailtip flicked visibly behind his chair. "I hope you haven't filled up *too* much. We *do* have plans after this, remember."

If Fate hadn't already brought his last forkful to his mouth, he would've had to right then to try to hide the sudden blush. From those to mentions of what each cat wanted to do to the other once they saw each other and once they had time, to pictures and every now and then a short clip sent late at night. It shamed the snow leopard a little bit to admit that some of those, and the... *subject* of those pictures, had been on his mind on and off throughout the duration of the dinner, and in fact since the two had first met outside his apartment. What was he supposed to do? Paladin had reached out to pull him into a hug, and in the same movement let one paw drift down to the leopard's rump to both give a squeeze as well as pull his hips forward against him, where he could feel that 'subject', hot and firm even while sheathed, through both of their clothing.

And, of course, the cage that Paladin requested-slashed-demanded that Fate wear, in the time leading up to their meeting. Couldn't forget that. He'd been unable to for those two weeks since he first agreed to it, and as someone who so far had only known the feeling of his own paw in that particular place, it was... difficult at first. Still could be, of course. Didn't help that these restaurant chairs were made of lacquered wood with no cushioning, pushing the smooth metal up against the underside of his sack and pinching at his upper thighs whenever he moved.

As if sensing his thought, Paladin gave a small chuckle. "*Big* plans for you, isn't that right? You'll get to do something you haven't gotten to for two weeks, and on top of that, something you've never done before. All at once." A moment later he made Fate jump, then blush-giggle again with a slight brush of their footpaws beneath the table. "Are you excited?"

The leopard reached for his napkin, wiping at his mouth and waiting for that blush to go down. Pale stormcloud-white fur showed that kind of thing *very* well, he'd noticed. "Nervous. Excited, too, yeah, but... nervous."

"Honestly, *I* would be nervous if *you* weren't." Another small chuckle. Paladin leaned back and raised an arm, waving their waiter down. "It's just... natural, y'know? And I know I've told you before – it's your first time, hon. *Please* let me know if I do anything you're not comfortable with."

"No, I know. I know." Fate made to continue, then held his tongue when the waiter came by with their check. Once the wild dog had taken the tiger's card – Paladin hadn't even *let* Fate try to pay! – and turned away, total disinterest showing in those strangely mismatched eyes, he cleared his throat and turned back to his boyfriend across the table. That's what they were, after all; he just still hadn't gotten used to thinking it. Technically they had been since the start of those two weeks with this cage, but now that they'd gotten together *in person*, and with what they were planning for the night... "We've spoken about it."

"Yeah." There was that grin again, showing bright, sharp predator's teeth. Fate felt a smooth shiver echo down his back. "So then in *that* case, if you don't say anything I'll assume you're OK and I'll give you all I've got. Sound good?"

That was *exactly* the way he spoke when the two of them got into it over text. Fate felt a so-familiar stir beneath his cage, followed by the also-familiar strain and tightness... he straightened up, starting to see the waiter come back from the far end of the restaurant. "I wouldn't have it any other way."

That part was true. True enough, at least. Or – well, he *thought* it would be true. Hard to tell at this point, since again it wasn't something he'd ever done before, but... he trusted Paladin. He wouldn't have agreed to the caging at two weeks in if he hadn't, and much less the act of actually going online to order one; there *was* a sex shop about twelve minutes away one of his friends had brought him to, but even that stood a bit above his level of confidence. The tiger intertwined his own paw with Fate's on their way out the door, and he leaned in closer to him. He definitely trusted him enough.

"Back to your place, then?" the tiger asked a moment later. "Unless you have somewhere you wanna stop first?"

Fate shifted a little closer to his boyfriend, then let out a small rumble when the tiger nuzzled down into the black fur atop his head. "Yeah. Back home. I'm ready, I think."

Just like on the way here, the car ride home was spent with Paladin lounging back while he drove, keeping Fate in easy, casual conversation and with one paw resting on the leopard's leg every now and then. Unlike earlier, though, this time he let his paw wander up every now and then, creeping in along the surface of his pants. Such warm, firm pads, and a close enough touch that it would doubtless make him hard, were he able to; at one point during a red light the two glanced at each other, and Fate blushed hotly and looked away – only to feel that paw lift up to his chin and turn him back, so he could receive a gentle kiss on the nose.

From there, words didn't work quite so well for the snow leopard. At least until Paladin pulled up in front of his apartment and asked if he'd gotten the number right this time; Fate shook himself, chuckled quietly, and verified that it was indeed. They'd almost missed their reservations earlier because the tiger

had gotten the address wrong, which honestly only led to a more... *impactful* meeting. Not the rump-grabbing, though that *was* part of it. Fate squirmed where he sat again thinking about it, then realized that Paladin was waiting for him to get out of the car with him.

"Up the stairs, right?" The tiger hooked his arm around his after waiting for him to come around the front. "And then... on the left."

"Yeah. On the left."

So here it was, then. Coming up. What he'd thought about for probably three weeks now, even before the actual words had passed between them; what he'd visited in his head just about every night for that week until he put the cage on, and then teased himself with every now and then even afterwards. What they'd spoken about, and talked with each other about... Paladin at least came off as the strong, confident type in the bedroom that Fate had always imagined himself loving.

Well, here was the time to find out. Once the two made their way to his door, he briefly tried to fish his keys out of his pocket while still keeping his arm entwined with the tiger's, then gave up, laughed nervously again, and briefly extricated himself to do so. He'd *wanted* to show Paladin around when he'd come to pick him up, but by then they were almost running late, and now... well, now there were other things to focus on.

"Um." Fate reached over to flick the lightswitch on. Maybe he should have cleaned up a little more, too. Of course they'd agreed that Paladin would be coming over after their dinner, but for some reason it hadn't quite clicked in the leopard's head as reality. Still seemed a little hard to believe, the whole thing. "This is it. Bedroom is down the hall, across from the bathroom. It's – kind of small."

"Oh, that's alright. Pretty nice..." Paladin looked over what could be seen from the entryway: the kitchen, the small attached dining area, the open living room with the TV pushed up against the wall near the window, a small two-person couch, the computer in the other corner. "About the same size as my first apartment, actually. You've got more furniture, though. Show me the bedroom?"

Hell, even just those words were enough to make his heart jump back into his throat. Not in a bad way, though, not necessarily; Fate swallowed, reached out for the tiger's paw, took it in his own, and led him down the narrow hallway, soft yet somewhat old carpeted floor soft beneath his footpaws.

"What kind of bed did you say you have? Queen?"

"Double." The door had always been wonky and never stayed open on its own. He pushed at it with his other paw, continuing into the room so that Paladin wouldn't get bumped by it on its return to its habitual position. "That – that won't be a problem? Will it?"

"No, no. 'Course not." Paladin slid his paw free from Fate's and walked around to the other side of the bed, looking it up and down. The snow leopard came closer, unsure what to do with his own paws, then looked back over his shoulder when Paladin drifted back over behind him. Then, though, the tiger *gave* him something, suddenly grabbing one wrist and pulling it behind his back while he pushed down between his boyfriend's shoulders with his other, forcing the leopard to double over the side of the bed. An instant later, Fate's teacup ears perked up and his body tightened – with the feeling of that same hot

firmness from their hug earlier now pressing up underneath his tail, through their pants. “I was more worried,” Paladin went on, “about the *height* of the bed...”

Fate swallowed, heart thumping in his chest. This *was* a pretty good position. “Y-yeah?”

“Yeah.” Another tug on that wrist and grind under his tail, and then suddenly those pressures were gone. Fate blinked, swallowed, straightened up and rolled over... only to see Paladin standing there with his arms crossed in front of his chest, blue eyes glittering. He wanted something. No – he *expected* something. And the way he stood there, Fate felt he knew what, but yet... the tiger quirked an eyebrow. “Well?”

The snow leopard swallowed again. Should know by now that that wouldn’t help with his pounding heart, nervous and excited, anxious and nearly disbelieving. Again, a *good* kind of disbelieving. “Well... um...”

A little guidance, then, in the form of a single short-clawed finger, pointing down. Down to the fly of his pants, or down to the ground; both would work. Fate slid forward from the edge of the mattress to kneel on the floor, shaky paws coming up to being working at the tiger’s pants. Having never done it from this angle before, on *someone else*, it took a bit of trying and some effort and a slightly awkward amount of time to finally free that button, and then he took the zipper between his finger and thumb, pulled it down... and Paladin led from there, hooking his thumbs beneath the waistband of his pants and underwear and pushing them just far enough down. Far enough to bring into view his heavy sack, plump sheath, and glistening point of arousal just barely sticking out from those lips.

Just like he’d seen in all those pictures, and... Fate licked his lips, the tiger’s scent lightly wafting around his head – he’d wondered about *that*, too – then reached forward to push that sheath slowly back, that part just like in the videos. Paladin gave a small buck of his hips with that first touch, then another when Fate wrapped his thumb around the back of his sheath to tilt him down towards his muzzle, soft barbs just starting to come into view.

They wouldn’t stay in his view for long, though. Up here, in person, he could see *so* much more detail on his boyfriend’s cock, but his time to enjoy that sight ended up cut short: not a minute later and Paladin suddenly had his paw between Fate’s ears, pulling him forward to push his nose into his pubic fur and grind his shaft against his lips. The snow leopard let out a small noise of surprise, but not one of complaint: Paladin worked his hips against his face, slowly yet firmly, working himself further out of his sheath and against the leopard’s waiting maw. Nothing he could do but let his tongue hang out and get in a few licks, yet another thing he’d dreamed of... and no sooner had he started did Paladin pull back again, adjust his angle with his other paw, and slide right on into Fate’s waiting maw.

God. He *never* would have had the confidence to do this himself. Briefly struggling with the sudden girth of hot, hard flesh pushing its way past his lips, Fate glanced up – and saw Paladin looking back down at him, brief questioning in those blue eyes, *is this okay? Do you want me to stop?* So he kept his answer simple, by moving his paws to the tiger’s hips and pulling himself further down, at first wary of those soft barbs but then letting them pull and graze along his just-as-barbed tongue and roof of his mouth.

“Ooh...” Paladin sighed, his grip on the leopard’s head lightening for a moment. Just a moment, though: then it returned, along with a reinvigorated strength behind that arm pulling him further. “Trust me, hon, I’ll be using your mouth a *lot* from here on...”

To his own dismay, and probably the tiger's as well, Fate couldn't *quite* get him into the back of his throat before his body decided it didn't really like that. That didn't stop him from trying, though the third time he had to pull back off of Paladin's length and cough and splutter into a clenched paw, the tiger stopped trying to push him and instead satisfied himself with thrusting just barely past the halfway point, those gentle barbs almost tickling at his clenched lips. Things were starting to get pretty tight for Fate, too, in his own pants – and he still had that damn cage on. Never before had he wanted it off, but here... here, he had to focus his attention on this lovely tiger in front of him, on his tongue, between his lips, drifting up into his nose and dripping down the back of his throat.

It was mostly what he'd expected and imagined, the only thing standing between him and that ideal being his own inexperience. But, Paladin said he'd be certainly willing to offer practice. Fate brought one paw in to the base of the tiger's shaft, running his fingers along what he couldn't tease with his maw. That seemed to bring out a good reaction, too, in a small jerk of the hips, another tightening of those fingers between his ears, then a slow pull out... and Paladin tapped the saliva-slickened underside of his cock against Fate's muzzle, teasing the other cat to look up at him.

"You *are* still caged, right?" he asked, now slowly stroking himself against the leopard's cheek.

Fate nuzzled against the hot flesh and swallowed, his taste still fresh in the back of his throat. Not quite what he'd expected, that scent, and it might take some time to get used to, but... not unpleasant. Definitely not unpleasant. Part of him wanted to lean in and bury his nose back in that fur at the base of the tiger's shaft, but again, it felt like Paladin had different plans for him.

Remembering he was asked a question and not wanting to ignore it, though, the leopard nodded. "Yes. I am. Um..."

"Good kitten. How about we change that? Where d'you have the key?"

"In the nightstand. Top drawer, pushed near the back – um, it might be beneath a book or something; I didn't want to tempt myself."

"*Good* kitten. While I get that..." Paladin started to walk around to the other side of the bed, kicking his pants off of his leg. Fate turned to watch, and to get a view of that rear in person. "Why don't you get more comfortable? I can't unlock you if you've still got your clothes on, after all."

So then here it *really* was. Fate rose back up, fully aware of the arousal stirring between his legs yet trapped by the cage, definitely wanting it yet... still those nerves tugged at his thoughts and slowed him down, from lifting his shirt up off of his head to unbuttoning his jeans, then especially when he just started to slide his boxers down his legs. Paladin still had his back turned while he went through the-

Suddenly the leopard's ears perked. "Oh. Um. There's, uh... some more stuff in the... corner, there..."

Those he'd bought on his own, hoping to surprise the tiger with them there first time here. Of course in his mind it had all played out a lot more climactically, instead of him just kind of half-remembering to mention them. Paladin chuckled softly when he leaned over to peak, and Fate heard over the rustling of the bed once he climbed up onto it, "oh, you naughty kitten..."

That sounded good. He was only left to lie on his back alone for a second before the slightly-larger tiger crawled in above him, hard cock twitching between their bellies; Fate blushed yet again, and Paladin smiled, then kissed his nose, then slid down to start working at that cage. It took a moment for the key to find the lock, then another moment to click it open, and then... the pressure was gone, and in its place, warm breath washing gently over his freed sheath and swiftly-growing cock, despite his nervousness. That was a nice change.

“That feel good?” the tiger purred, tossing the cage to the side and then immediately replacing his paw where it had been. Those same warm pads, touching and brushing and squeezing, hefting his sack, slowly rubbing at his sheath to coax his length further out – and it felt so much better than when he did it to himself. Fate found himself squirming and panting through parted lips, completely unaware that he’d been asked a question.

That physical response served as more than satisfactory of an answer, though: a little more of that until Paladin had gotten him fully hard, which didn’t take long at all, and then the tiger was crouched over him again. This time instead of diving down for another kiss, though, he briefly sat back against the leopard’s lower belly – which shocked his eyes open; *this* wasn’t what they’d spoken about – and then smirked, seeing his boyfriend’s reaction.

“Don’t get ahead of yourself.” When he brought his paws into view, the length of silk rope that Fate had mentioned in the corner swung down from between his fingers. He held it there long enough for Fate to understand, then reached down to start binding the leopard’s wrists in front of his chest. “I’m just doing this. Now, gimme a break; you’ll understand if I’m not that great with knots...”

It did take him a while, but Fate didn’t mind the closeness. Like this he could feel the tiger’s heat as well as the arousal thrumming through him, and once he finished he left him with another kiss, this one to his cheek, before he made his way back down between the leopard’s legs – which he then lifted up over his shoulders, first one and then the other. Their eyes met again and Paladin spat into his paw, adding just a little bit more lube to what Fate had left along his length; then, that eye contact still held, he angled himself down, bit his lower lip, touched the point of his tip against the leopard’s tailhole, started to push in...

...and Fate pulled in a slow, steady breath, holding it as that girth pressed into him. He’d played around with toys before, sure, but actually having the real thing under his tail, and knowing that it belonged to Paladin... there was the familiar discomfort, and the slight pain – each gasp and squirm gave the tiger pause, and sometimes he’d pull out a little bit until that wriggling stopped, soft barbs tickling at his tight rim – but it wasn’t... it wasn’t so bad. Helped that he was going so slowly, too, of course: though he said he wouldn’t hold back, it was still more than clear that he kept watch on Fate’s muzzle and his reactions and adjusted accordingly.

And he appreciated that. His mind wanted him to go harder, to wrap his legs around the tiger’s waist and yank him all of those six inches inside of him, but his body squirmed and complained and forced him to go more slowly, to ease down along his length... *first time*, he thought. *This is my first time. I can’t believe it’s actually happening. And with him, too...*

He squirmed a little more as Paladin managed to bury himself to the hilt, a sweet shiver echoing through both of their bodies with that last little hitch. The tiger looked down at him again and smiled, which Fate

returned – then forgot about as soon as the tiger started to pull back out of him, replaced by something halfway between a grimace and the same open-mouthed relaxation he'd had earlier.

That came out as a trend, too, working him gently back and forth between that fading discomfort and growing pleasure, gradually faster and harder. Never once did the tiger verbally ask if he was holding up okay, but his eyes every time Fate found the strength to open his own said at least that much. Paladin kept a firm grip on Fate's legs, tightening them over his shoulders each time he thrust into him again; he'd come into a slow, steady rhythm, using his momentum to pound forward under the leopard's tail and then draw back out, the bed beneath them rocking and creaking with the energy behind his thrusts. Good thing he'd bound his wrists here in front of his chest, too; Fate could feel the pressure and the temptation building up, the hot, bright pleasure growing between his legs, the want – the *need* – to pull that cock deeper into him, to squeeze around it and feel its warmth, its wetness, those little barbs teasing and tugging at the rim of his tailhole and past it... Paladin was getting close himself, too: the tiger had shifted his grip up towards the ankle of one of Fate's legs, while he pressed his other paw down into the bed beside him.

Soon enough, Fate got his wish. Paladin gritted his teeth and nearly threw his caution to the wind, the force behind his thrusts and his own hunger lifting the leopard's rump partially up into the air, so that he could pound down into him again and again and again. Fate squeezed his eyes shut, his body unconsciously straining against the bonds keeping his wrists together in front of his chest – and then suddenly it felt as though his entire abdomen had burst into flames. Hot, delicious, pleasurable flames, eating and consuming at him, building up that intense pressure that with a few more stronger, shorter thrusts from the tiger inside of him suddenly... peaked, burst, and emptied. In three strong, full spurts out across his lower belly and chest, all of his energy leaving his body alongside it.

Paladin took a few more seconds as well, buried as deep as he could be inside the snow leopard, panting out as he drained the last of his load under his tail. Then slowly, carefully, he lifted himself up, drew back out of him – Fate couldn't help but give a series of small clenches with that sensation, and then again as another drop of cum leaked out against his tailhole – and crawled forward to flump down alongside the leopard, reaching down to idly work at undoing the ropes with one paw.

"So," Paladin panted, careful with his claws as he worked. "How was it? Everything you expected?"

It took Fate a moment to find his voice too. He could still feel the tingling of his peak, echoing through him. "Yeah. I think so – yeah."

"So, that reminds me – would you be okay with me staying the night here, tonight?"

Fate looked over at the tiger beside him. Paladin spent another second focusing on the ropes before returning the look, a gentle smile on his lips. He would have been lying to himself to think that that idea hadn't been in his head, too, at least since they'd started dinner. And now that he no longer had the restriction of the cage around him...

He rolled onto his side, brushing Paladin's paw away from his half-undone bonds, and nuzzled up under the tiger's chin. Felt really good to be able to do that himself.

“I was hoping you’d ask.” Really, he wouldn’t have it any other way. Fate tried to rest an arm around the tiger, then realized he was still tied up, and ended up laughing – but this time, there was no embarrassment in that laugh. Quite the opposite, even, when Paladin joined him.

He really wouldn’t have it any other way.