

Simeon grumbled and clicked through to the next page of whatever article he was reading on the computer; somewhere along the way he'd forgotten the title of it, and now had trouble following the track of the text, too. But, hey, it was something to do while waiting, which he'd been doing for the past few days.

Last weekend, the only toilet in his fairly small house broke. He'd tried a few different things, from three styles of plungers, to turning off the water and trying to do it himself, to thumping his head against the edge of the tank in frustration, but nothing really seemed to work. For a guy like him - transgender, male, not bottom transitioned; flat-chested and flat-groined - going outside to do his business had started to get a little tiring once the novelty of it wore off after the first time. Besides, what with the days turning colder each day... *I could always just pee on myself to warm up*, he thought, but that'd be a little difficult with how he couldn't exactly aim yet.

Needless to say, life was tough. He'd arranged for a plumber to come today to fix the toilet, but they hadn't yet shown up, and were supposed to have arrived about twenty-three minutes ago. It wasn't like Simeon felt an intense attachment to his toilet that he wanted it to be fixed, *right now, today*; rather, the black cheetah had caught wind about a one-day sale on fruit-based soaps at the mall today, and kind of *really* wanted to check that out. Being of a nervous disposition, of course each single minute lost felt like an hour - and there was something about knowing he couldn't use his own toilet that made him feel like he had to piss more.

Another twelve minutes went by before a short series of knocks echoed down the hall, from the front door in the entry room. A little startled, Simeon closed his internet browser, stood up, made sure he was dressed properly - as a young and lazy cheetah, he often lounged around his house or at least pantsless - and went to answer it, along the way searching his memory to determine if he had everything he needed. Because of this, he missed the plumber's greeting and introduction after opening the door, and had to read his nametag while he was still talking.

Tiger, slightly taller than Simeon himself, considerably meatier - that kind of build where it was hard to tell if his shirt sleeves bulged out because of fat or because of muscle. On one side of the front of his plumber's suit was a nametag, reading *Pete* in that weird curly text. His long, striped tail flicked around behind him while he spoke, and when he suddenly stopped and looked quizzically down at the cheetah, Simeon realized that he probably should have been paying attention...

"Huh? Oh, yeah, yeah. Here, uh... come in..." He hoped his ears wouldn't show his blush of embarrassment. "Toilet's, uh... down the hall..."

"How long 'dyou say it's been out for?" the plumber rumbled behind him, in exactly the type of voice Simeon expected him to have. The tiger had trouble not brushing against the walls of the tight hallway as he walked.

"Oh, ah... about a week, I think. It-"

"An' It's the only toilet in your house?"

"Um. Yes." Simeon pushed open the door to the bathroom and flicked the light on. He'd turned the water off for the plumber's visit - each time he turned it back on, something in the tank of the toilet just endlessly hissed - so the room remained silent, save for the quiet buzz of the air conditioning overhead. "I mean, there's-"

"Hah." Pete pushed past the cheetah to squeeze into the bathroom, the sudden closeness filling his nose with the scent of sweaty male. No way it could have been on purpose, but one of the plumber's paws also pressed into Simeon's lower belly - and he'd been *holding it* since waking up this morning, with the intention of just running to the bathroom once he got to the mall. However, now seeing this guy, watching how he glanced around the bathroom and seemed to want to touch every available surface... well, combined with the tiger's natural nervousness, he wasn't so sure that he wanted to leave this stranger alone in his house anymore. "So you've just been goin' outside? Got a plant you need waterin'?"

Simeon thought about his rather ungraceful position of being half-squatted down, legs spread, one paw between his legs so that his piss wouldn't just end up streaming down his leg, which it did half the time anyway... "Uh. Yeah. Heh."

"Well, hopefully y'don't have to go *now*, 'cause it might be a while. Gotta find out what's goin' on here." Pete placed the toolbox he carried in his other paw down on the edge of the bathtub, right beside the toilet, and then knelt down in front of it.

While he worked, Simeon's mind wandered off: this guy looked like he'd probably have no trouble carrying the cheetah's TV out through the front door, and there was no doubt that he could easily subdue the much smaller cat if he *really* wanted to burglarize this place... well, at least Simeon knew his face, and his name. Although any smart robber would probably wear a fake nametag, so that was out-

Suddenly he realized that he was looking at Pete, and that Pete was staring right back at him. "Huh?" said the cheetah, shaking his head out. "Sorry, did you say something?"

Pete's muzzle slowly spread into a sleazy smile, and then, he took a rather long drawl from a water bottle at his side. "Yeah. Don' worry about it, yeah? Jus' wanted to know, though - you checkin' me out?"

At first, Simeon didn't really *comprehend* the question - but then, eyes flicking from the tiger's tail, to his back, up the curve of his body, around his arm... really he was trying to think up a polite way to say '*how could you possibly think that*', but instead, his silence just verified Pete's suspicion.

"The reason why I ask you," the tiger went on, twisting something under the toilet with a wrench, "is 'cause I can't tell. See, you're not the *first* guy to have 'is eye on me - there was this weasel a few weeks back who couldn't take 'is eyes off me, an' 'is pants were flaggin' me down, if you catch my drift... but you? Nah, you, cat, I can't see you pitchin' a tent anywhere. So, I thought I'd be the gentleman-" Here, he took another long drink from his bottle. A drop of water rolled down the side of his chin. "-and ask. Keep things from getting awkward."

Frankly, the cheetah didn't know what to say, so he just stared straight forward past the plumber with his mouth half-open - and thankfully, Pete turned back to the toilet and continued working on it after a little while. He felt a little odd just standing here watching this tiger work, but... again, he was too nervous to just leave him on his own, especially after these comments he had made.

"Hey, ah... what'd you say your name was... can you get me more water?"

Simeon's eyes refocused: Pete held out his bottle, and shook it. Thankful for something to do - though he didn't want to take too long - the cheetah grabbed it and left the bathroom to do just that, on the way thinking about all the nice soaps he'd miss out on if he *did* decide to stay here. Which he hadn't yet. When he brought it back, the tiger swiped it back out of his paw without giving so much of a thanks... and then downed the whole thing in one go.

"Hot today," he mused, and dropped the bottle beside him. It bounced and clattered against the tile floor.

"It's fifty degrees outside..."

"You're also quite a bit skinnier than me, kitten." Being called 'kitten' made Simeon shiver. "In fact, 'f I saw you from behind, I'd think you were a woman. What with them hips of yours?"

"Hips?" Simeon looked down. Today he wore rather slim jeans, and... okay, they *did* cling around his hips. These might have been from a few years ago. "What's wrong with my hips?"

"Only thing wrong with 'em is that they're not pressing down on a hot plumber's dick."

*I'll have to save that for later*, Simeon thought, *because I certainly don't see a hot plumber in front of me*. "Look, uh, Pete... how long is this gonna take?"

"Ah, it's hard to say, but now I gotta piss too... you're my third job in a row today, and of course it's in bad practice to ask the owner of the toilet I just fixed to use it. Which reminds me - would you mind comin' over here? Into the bathtub? There's some, ah, *pipes* that I need help inspecting..."

Whatever would make this go faster. Simeon stepped around the large tiger kneeling on his bathroom floor - at one point, Pete leaned back against the cheetah's leg and almost knocked him over - and then into the bathtub, kneeling down himself to peer behind the toilet. "Where?"

"Right around there, behind the tank." Pete stood up, presumably to unhitch something from his belt... but then also stepped over into the bathtub in front of the cheetah, paws working at something at the front of his pants. Simeon, not noticing for a few seconds, finally looked up - and then caught sight of a thick flaccid cock, uncut, hanging down out of the front of the plumber's pants, and a smirking face up past that.

"Well?" said the plumber, waving his soft length at the cheetah. The gentle scent it gave off, especially when he lavishly slid his foreskin back to reveal his pink head, just barely tickled his nose - just barely made something that felt like interest and arousal flicker between his legs. "This pipe right here. It needs a little... spitshine, I think. Some lubrication to get it going."

At first, Simeon was stunned, and had no idea what to do or say, but... the aroma and situation were starting to get to him, and before he knew what he was doing, he had leaned in to slip his tongue up into the slight overhang of Pete's foreskin over the head of his cock. Just before his tongue made contact with the warm, slick skin, though, Pete rolled it back, just enough to reveal part of the head, then pulled in a slow breath... and something warm and musky splashed down against Simeon's parted lips and tongue in a steady yellowish stream. His first response was to

lean back and spit, but this only succeeded in allowing some more of the tiger's piss into his mouth and onto his tongue, which just made him splutter more.

"There we go..." Pete purred, using his paw to angle the stream down along the cheetah's body towards his pants, into which it quickly soaked. He could feel it dripping down through the fabric, against his slit, warming and slickening it. "God, I've had to piss *all day*... thanks for letting me borrow your mouth." And he angled it back up towards Simeon's muzzle.

As much as he hated being in this position, getting pissed on... well. It was something that Simeon had asked many parts in the past to do, and now that it was happening again, he couldn't help but move his own paw across his chest down which the hot piss dripped, feeling it on the pads of his fingers, and then sliding that paw further down into his pants and against himself. His fingers came back slick with a combination of the tiger's piss and the moisture of his own arousal; he brought it to his lips, flicked his tongue over them, caught more of Pete's mark in his open mouth, tilted his head back...

"Thirsty kitten, huh? Good thing - I've drunk about eight of my water bottle today alone. I've got a full bladder for you to swallow down."

Simeon could tell, too: it carried no oppressively strong taste or spice, which allowed him to more easily swallow it down. The scent still tickled his nose, it still warmed his body as it trickled down his fur, and God, it turned him on... he slid his paw back down his belly, pressed in below his belly button, let Pete continue marking his muzzle - and then, a short time later, felt another stream flow down along one of his legs, soaking his pants from inside. Not like Pete would notice: already a considerable amount of the yellowish liquid dripped into the tub and down the drain, so a little more - Simeon *had* had to piss, himself - wouldn't do much.

Now with the arousal of being marked combined with the relief of emptying his own bladder, the cheetah worked his paw back into his pants and directly against his own stream, using a finger and thumb to spread his lips further and try to angle it forward. Each touch against his sensitive flesh made him shiver all over again, to the point where he had to close his eyes and just let Pete fill up his muzzle over capacity so that it dribbled out the sides, down his neck and body - and then, after soaking his own paw more than well enough, the cheetah slid a pair of fingers up between his lips and teased at his clit, loving the electric shivering that the sensation sent up his spine, loving how he could feel the small distortions in his own piss until he had given all he could. Then, emptied, he plunged those two fingers, dripping with piss, into himself, and instantly straightened up.

Pete took the opportunity to seize Simeon's head and tug it down along his length, still draining his bladder. Simeon had no choice but to continually swallow, again and again and again, each time pressing his tongue up against the underside of the tiger's length, rolling his foreskin forward along his head, until it partially obstructed his stream and changed its direction and force - so the cheetah worked his tongue into the supple skin and against the source of the hot mark, the taste of that combined with the natural faint flavor of an uncut length filling his muzzle. Each inhalation through his nose brought in the shivering aroma of piss and tiger musk, what with the plumber's pubic fur so close to his nose; Simeon, all hesitation and shyness forgotten, continued fingering himself, focusing on the scents and the tastes.

Eventually, the tiger's stream dwindled and finished, but he didn't pull out. Instead, he pushed his hips forward and tugged Simeon's head down at the same time, burying the cheetah's nose

in his thicker pubic fur - as well as throbbing on his tongue and between his lips, slowly stiffening up as a result of the smaller cat's dutiful attention and eager swallowing. Simeon's breath came and went in shivering puffs through his nose, constantly wanting to taste more, more of the musky scent, never able to get enough; he had to settle with breathing in the tiger's musk at the source, digging his nose further into the rough fur while that uncut cock pulsed and stiffened in his muzzle, pushing steadily further towards the back of his throat.

Soon he had to move back, but each time he did so, bobbed forward again along the plumber's length, until he moved along it from base to tip, base to tip, again and again. The tiger's foreskin slid forward and back between his lips, the sensation of the movement enough to make him close his eyes, tilt his head back, and start thrusting his hips in rhythm with the cheetah's head; he didn't even have to hold him down anymore. Simeon busied his other paw with rubbing the piss into his chestfur, occasionally bringing it up to swirl his tongue around his fingers... he'd made sure to lap off the last of the drops that oozed out of Pete's cock, and every now and then flicked his tongue over the head again to taste the tangy pre that now dripped out.

While bobbing along the tiger's length, tasting his musk on his tongue, Simeon couldn't help but think of a few various scenarios: Pete leaning back against the tub while fiddling with the toilet, pants open with a cheetah sucking him off; or with Simeon bent over the toilet, clutching onto the tank for support while the tiger pounded into him from behind, again and again; or something almost exactly like what had just happened in the tub, except with Simeon sitting on the toilet with his mouth wide open and obediently swallowing for Pete to use as an impromptu urinal...

Lost in his own thoughts and the sensations of taste and scent, he almost didn't notice when he had buried those fingers of him up to the knuckle inside himself, if not for the sharp wave of pleasure it sent rippling through him. God, it was all he could do not to push the tiger over and start riding him; Simeon tugged his fingers back out and focused again on his clit while bobbing along Pete's cock, keeping him cupped in his tongue and tight between his lips.

One of Simeon's favorite things while blowing a guy was to figure out just what it was that made him shiver, or moan, or push his hips forward... with Pete, rolling his tongue around the ridged rim of the tiger's foreskin made him do all of these at once, while sliding his tongue underneath it and tugging up just made him breathe out a light noise, and pulling him into the back of his throat and squeezing around him led him to take over the rhythm.

Honestly, Simeon almost wished that Pete *hadn't* already marked him from head to toe (though that *was* a large part in his arousal; what with the piss starting to dry into his fur, the scent came back redoubled, and made him shiver around his fingers between his legs with pleasure); a few times in the past he'd sucked off a guy, to then have that guy wash down the muted flavor of his cum with the much sharper, brighter taste of fresh piss.

"You treat all your plumbers like this?" Pete rumbled, tools on his belt clattering with the motion of his hips. "Every handyman you bring over to your house? The guy that paints the walls, you're down there giving him some oral motivation; the movers who brought in your bed, you tested it out with them? Hmm?"

Well, to be fair, nobody else had tricked Simeon into a corner and then tugged their pants down right in front of him. The cheetah elected to not say anything in response, and instead just continued bobbing along Pete's length against his rhythm, feeling all of the little twitches and

throbs of his pleasure and slowly approaching orgasm - and Simeon was well on his way to his own, too, the slick juices of his arousal soaking into his fur alongside the plumber's mark.

"Got a damn nice mouth..." Pete purred, and then suddenly pushed forward; Simeon found his nose pressed into rough pubic fur once more, and took the chance - since the plumber didn't *quite* reach the back of his throat and cut off his breathing like some of the better-endowed guys he'd gone down on - to catch his breath and spend a little bit of time focusing on himself. His first orgasm came as a shuddering wave of bright pleasure, originating between his legs around his fingers and resonating out through his body; Pete must have noticed it, too, since a paw soon closed on the back of the cheetah's head and held him in place for him to thrust in and out of.

Simeon slid his other paw into his pants, too, to continue riding the shivering enjoyment from his first orgasm fast on his way to a second. The feeling of a throbbing leaking cock on his tongue, pushing back and forth past his lips; the still-lingering scent of piss, soaked into his fur and pooled around his feet, tickled at his nose along with the rich spice of Pete's musk; the knowledge that Simeon had been tricked into the bathtub, and then thoroughly marked, and *enjoyed* it... all of this, combined with Pete's faster and harder thrusting into his muzzle, just made him shudder again and let out another low moan of enjoyment.

And then, it was Pete's turn: the tiger, panting and grunting with his effort, suddenly thrust forward with both paws on the back of the smaller cat's head and sucked in a quick gasps. Simeon squeezed his eyes shut: half a second later, he felt the first spurt of thick, hot cum against the back of his throat, followed by a second and then third, each one a little less forceful than the one before. Simeon moved back to swallow it down, and swirled his tongue around the end of the tiger's cock in attempts to get at the last of it - but, sensitivity brought up to an extreme by his orgasm, Pete twitched backwards out of the cheetah's mouth.

Panting, the tiger reached down, rolled his foreskin back and forth over his head a few times, met Simeon's eyes; a small last few drops of cum dripped out of his cock, and the cheetah leaned forward and lapped them off. He slipped his paws out of his pants and then brought his fingers to his lips.

"...Ah. That's a lot better. You don't know how tough it is concentrating when both your bladder and your balls are full..."

Simeon, fairly sure he'd be unable to stand up after two orgasms like that, remained kneeling in the tub. *God, I'm gonna need a hell of a shower... shame I can't run to that sale and pick up* "Okay," he said, panting, "so... how much longer's the toilet gonna take?"

"Oh, that?... Yeah, I fixed that a while back. There was a, uh..." While doing his pants back up, Pete nodded over towards the toilet. A small blackish lump lay beside it. "...rat caught in one of the pipes. Fell out as soon as I'd loosened it."

"What? But I'd tried the plunger..."

"Yeah, no offense or anything, kitten, but you've got some of the most womanly arms I've ever seen for a guy. Besides, I've got a good substitute for a toilet right here in front of me."

That made him blush. Simeon averted his eyes, feeling the sweet buzz that followed a strong orgasm start to wear off. "...Alright. Fine. How much will that cost?"

"Well, since it was such an easy fix... how about we wait a while, recuperate a bit, and then... I'll go take a look at your bed, too?"

"Let me just... go shower-"

"No." Pete grinned down at the cheetah. "Leave it. I like the way it smells."