

All in all, it had been a pretty standard week for Kyle. His alarm had jerked him awake in the morning, and then it took him another ten minutes to find the energy and self-respect to pull himself out of bed - especially with his boyfriend's arm thrown across his side, warm fingers grasping sleepily at the smooth fur of his lower belly. The ghost of that feeling lingered with him even after he'd managed to get to his feet outside of bed, and started to hobble his way over to the bathroom for his morning piss.

And then things were still standard in that, just a few seconds later while he focused on getting his tired body to do its thing, his little lion ears perked at the tapping of hooves across the tile floor behind him... and then those fingers took their place in his fur again, though this time pressed in there just for a moment before sliding down, down towards his sheath, revealed and aimed down towards the toilet. On the mornings where he could actually rouse himself out of bed, Jake - Kyle's boyfriend here, zebra; the muted scent of stallion tickled at his nose from behind - liked to come up behind the lion, nip and kiss at his neck, give his sheath a squeeze... and then help him with his aiming while he drained his bladder.

Sometimes Jake liked to purposely fuck up that aiming, so he'd end up with one hand striped black and kind of yellow in places, Kyle's strong morning scent wafting off of it. Neither of them minded. In fact, it usually gave the lion a little bit of a stir to see his boyfriend then swirl his tongue around those dripping fingers, and then to feel him press himself up beneath the base of his tail.

That was where the teasing stopped, though. Or at least, most days it was. Like usual, Kyle squirmed, throbbed, breathed a needy sigh, then turned and planted his lips against the zebra's for a moment, and then came free a second later with the smoky taste of his own piss on his tongue, to keep in the forefront of his mind while he showered. What set this day off from the others was that when he then stepped out of the shower, towel wrapped around his waist and mane still dripping even despite the time he'd devoted to drying it off, Jake hadn't yet crawled back into bed and instead was waiting for him, naked as he leaned back against the sink.

*I've got something I want you to try*, he said, and right as Kyle opened his mouth to ask - the zebra lifted his other hand (the one that still bore the lion's scent; his nose twitched with it when the stirring of air wafted over his way) and showed to him what looked like the very same chastity cage that the lion had been looking at, just over the weekend. The two of them had talked about it before, and each had expressed an interest in it, but for him to surprise him like this...

That was five days ago, now. Kyle had since gotten used to the feeling of warm, stiff plastic squeezing around his sheath, shifting just slightly as he walked, every now and then suddenly forcing its way back into his awareness when a few strands of his fur got caught between the seams or whatever. During the day he had no problem with it, except whenever he went to pee again; on that side of things it took him about twice as long what with this cage around his sheath, nearly solid save for a just-barely-too-small slit at the tip, and he always had to thoroughly wipe up afterwards because he wasn't used to this angle. Just a bit of a pain.

The most noticeable difference, naturally, came during his - *alone time* with Jake after each of them got home from work every day. Dinner time, relaxing in front of the TV, one's head on the other's shoulder with their arms intertwined, then a hand straying, touching, squeezing... and before long, Kyle often ended up pressed down against the couch with the weight of a zebra

atop him and grinding into his lap, Jake's pants hanging from one leg while he worked his hips on him.

And that drove Kyle insane. His boyfriend's scent, so strong and rich in his nostrils as the zebra continued to work himself up with that grinding and rubbing; the weight of his cock as it slid out of his wrinkled sheath, its heat as Jake inevitably grabbed the lion's paws and closed them around his shaft; and how he could feel the warmth of his balls and his body seeping slowly through his cage, in turn just making that space feel even more restricting.

The first few sessions of this little experiment of theirs had been slow, careful. Kyle could always, *always* see in Jake's eyes his want, his lust to tear that cage off and ride the lion down into the couch or the mattress or, on one occasion, the rear trunk of the car, but he held himself back. And every time they got into it, things ended with that zebra gasping and bucking and jerking and quite thoroughly coating Kyle's belly, or chest, or the side of his muzzle, or the back of his throat with three or four thick ropes of hot cum. Then afterwards, chest still heaving, he'd lean forward and lap some of his own mess off of the lion, and smooch his cheek, and - this was the part that always made his heart sweetly skip a beat - ask if he was doing okay, if he was sure he wanted to stay caged for today. Every time, it took him more willpower than he thought he had to say yes.

If anything, this week had given them a good introspection as to their respective roles in the bedroom. In all his relationships prior, Kyle had been the dominant one, easily and confidently taking control of the situation and guiding things his way while trying his best to pay attention to his partner's needs, and he maintained this throughout the beginning of his relationship with this zebra. However, as soon as the two of them got into bed with each other for the first time...

Well. The way it was tonight, Kyle found himself on his back on their bed with his legs spread and Jake sitting lightly on his abdomen, one hand reached behind him to tease at the lion's cage, other braced against his own striped thigh for balance. This general configuration had quite quickly come to be the norm for the two of them, Kyle on his back and Jake on top, lion struggling and squirming to find a foothold to take over while zebra forcibly held him down, sank down onto him again and again, bit into his neck and gasped into his ear.

Of course, few of those could really happen this week what with Kyle stuck in this... predicament. This was something that he hadn't really ever thought of in any other relationship of his: in his fantasies it was always his partner wearing the cage, not himself. But, his dominance and confidence faltered before (or, rather, *beneath*) Jake's, he'd found, and before long he'd come to enjoy that even more. So that sort of helped him stay in the mindset and headspace, helped him say yes whenever the zebra asked that tantalizing question, if he was sure he wanted to stay caged. All honesty, all sweetness, all concern in that tired voice speaking those words, but - it was for the sake of the experience, really.

Naturally, this had been one of the toughest weeks of his life. Kyle squirmed beneath his boyfriend's weight, only half-settled against his lower belly; Jake had taken the time to tie the lion's wrists up above his head first, and then put on a bit of a show for him. When buzzed one night early in their relationship, Kyle had let slip a slurred *I love your stripes* and nuzzled up against the zebra's neck, and at the time Jake laughed and shrugged it off... but had since taken it to heart.

If there was anything sure to get Kyle hard, it was this zebra doing exactly what he had for him tonight, taking his time in stripping down, running his fingers down along the short hair of his hide, teasing with keeping his pants and underwear hooked just along the lip of his sheath, so that Kyle could see the shape of his hips and the weight of what he hid beneath that fabric. It was the way he moved his hands down across his own body, how he dug a pair of spread fingers down into the folded skin of his sheath as his cock started to slide out and stiffen, how he cupped one of his hefty balls in his other hand; it was the way he turned around and swished his tail to the side a bit, to then show the thick, ridged ring of his tailhole...

...which he'd then settled back against the end of the lion's cage, at this point already fitting a little tight and twitching with his half-throbbing. All Kyle could do at this point was bite his lip, and swallow, and squirm, and breathe hot little puffs out through his nose, while Jake just continued enjoying himself and his boyfriend's... *suffering* wasn't quite the right word. But it was close, especially following this week: yesterday Kyle had actually ended up sinking the free portion of his cage *into* the zebra's tailhole a good inch and a half or so, enough to make Jake gasp and squeeze around him and work his hips in eagerness to get him deeper. Which, of course, he couldn't.

Kyle had gotten infuriatingly close, then, what with all the heat and slickness squeezing around him but just barely out of his reach through stiff plastic; the smell of aroused zebra and his own pent-up and frustrated musk; the weight and heat of Jake's sack against his lower belly, the occasional drip of pre that flew off and landed against his cheek or lips while the zebra stroked himself; then afterwards, like usual, the heavy, cloying aroma of the stallion's load, and its wet stickiness as it soaked into his fur. Yesterday, Jake had traced a pair of fingers through the streaks of his cum, then brought those to his lips to clean off... and then leaned in to share that with Kyle.

Hadn't quite gotten that far tonight. Sure, Jake was already fully naked with one hand down between his legs, thumb and forefinger teasing at the base of his thick shaft as he continued to work himself out; sure, he already had his pucker pressed back against Kyle's cage, intense half-moist heat seeping in through the plastic; sure, he already had his bedroom eyes on, and that look that let the lion know he *really* wanted to get fucked tonight. Sometimes Kyle wondered if the zebra would get impatient and forcibly remove the cage for him, just to get his fix.

But, then again...

"Y'know," the zebra cooed, and ran his fingers through Kyle's bellyfur. It had gotten to the point where any intimate touch from him sent an electric shiver through the lion's body, and left him with a pulsing, throbbing need deep in his abdomen. "I almost considered getting a strap-on harness for you, so you *could* still rail me while you're..." Here, he reached back and tapped against the underside of the plastic. Kyle jumped a little at the feeling. "...*indisposed*."

"I mean, we got close yesterday-"

More grinding of that firm pucker back against the cage. If anything, what infuriated Kyle the most (which, in turn, just turned him on even more) was how he couldn't *feel* the ridged skin and hungry twitching of that tailhole, but could still imagine it.

Also didn't help how the first thing Jake had done when he'd gotten home was drag Kyle back into the bathroom, push him down to his knees in the tub, and tug his sheath out of his pants so

he could empty his day-full bladder over the lion, clothes still on. The smell of horse piss was pretty hard to ignore, as well as just another thing that kept him twitching in his cage, but - when he'd been wearing that scent for some two hours now, with the warmth and wetness of the mark having been allowed to dry into his fur... still, though, it came back to him every now and then with their shared movements, a wafting of salty, bitter air, characteristic tang.

So he had *that* on the inside of his cage too, warm and wet and sticky, a noticeably stronger musk. Neither of them really cared that he'd partially soaked into the blankets and mattress - hell, one time in the past when hilted on his lion boyfriend here, Jake had rolled his hips back, let another shiver rack his body, pulled in a slow breath... and then let it out, in more than one way. Weak at first, little sprays and drips that then quickly turned to a stronger, steadier stream, coursing out in an arc across the lion's already-wet chest and stomach, pooling beneath him - and, God, if he hadn't already finished, that would've done it for him.

None of that tonight; Jake had already gotten all that out of his system. Instead tonight, the zebra just did his now-usual routine of grinding back and forth against that stiff cage, the grip of his tailhole allowing just enough give from the tightness of the thing to get a physical response from the lion and force him to grind his hips right back, even though he knew more than well by now that he'd hardly be able to feel anything from it.

Jake had had something else on his mind to say, but that had visibly slipped out of his mind with the lion's continued grinding under his tail. Both of them wanted it - *really* wanted it: Kyle squirmed and strained against his bonds, doing his best to push up into the zebra's warmth while Jake returned the pressure, hips moving back and forth, back and forth. One hand in Kyle's still-damp bellyfur, the other squeezing and stroking at the base of his length as he continued to work himself out of his sheath.

That was yet something else Kyle could imagine, and fantasize about: on several occasions he'd had his nose tugged down against those warm folds of wrinkled skin, lips and tongue put to work in digging in and coaxing the zebra's cock out, hot and heavy just like the rest of him down here. He could probably get himself close just by doing that again, by bringing his boyfriend over the edge of his own orgasm with his muzzle right up close, to catch all the scent and taste that... well, that honestly had already been ground into the fur of his face over the course of his week. Day before yesterday, he'd woken up with Jake's heavy balls rested across his chin, only to have the zebra turn around and have him go to town on that donut of taut muscle beneath his tail.

That same ring which still pressed and squeezed around the plastic of his cage, Kyle's forcibly-half-hard cock twitching with desire and need, his slowly-leaking pre giving the zebra something to rub back against, and to tease at taking the end of that cage into him again... when Kyle looked up, he could very clearly see that want in the zebra's eyes.

"I think I'll unlock you after tonight," he said, voice low and quiet but still so full of energy. That was how he got sometimes. On more than one occasion while pinned down to the mattress, Kyle had gotten a few rumbling growls, some "*God, harder-*" in his ear from Jake bouncing along his length, rhythm of his hips pushing him down into the mattress with enough force that the lion could maintain that rhythm just by tensing his hips and letting the springs of the bed do the work for him.

Yet another thing about the two of them. Kyle had always thought he'd enjoyed topping. Turned out Jake liked bottoming so, so much more.

He licked his lips and swallowed, acutely aware of the single drop of pre that had rolled out of the end of the zebra's cock and into the center of his chest. Hard to believe that such an impressive piece of equipment belonged to a stallion as slim as this. "Y-yeah? Why's that?"

"You've been a good kitten, I think..." Jake reached back with his other hand, rhythmically tapping his fingers along that warm, now-slick plastic. Kyle felt him give it a squeeze and a little tug, then pull it up towards his tailhole. "I mean, you haven't cum yet, and every time I've asked if you wanted to be unlocked, you said no. I don't think I could do that."

"I don't think you could, either."

"I don't think we could even fit this cage around my sheath." The zebra ran his hand down to the base of his cock again, for a moment curling his fingers down around his hanging sack, leathery skin glistening with his natural musk and the sweat of his arousal. This week had really pushed both of their limits in terms of determination and patience. "I mean... sometimes you have trouble fitting your *mouth* around it."

Kyle swallowed again. Oh, how he so wanted to do that right now, to get a taste of his boyfriend... but Jake seemed perfectly content to just continue working his rump back and forth, back and forth on the lion's hips, teasing the end of his cage with the also-slickened rim of his tailhole, that wet heat sinking back around his confined cock tip again and again. It was almost - *almost* as good as actually being inside him.

Except, not really at all. He could only *imagine* the slick, wet heat sliding down along his shaft and squeezing and pulsing with the zebra's heartbeat, could only *imagine* the rhythmic clenching, the scraping of fingernails against his chest through his damp fur with that rhythm, the weight and pressure and heat of Jake's rear settled back against him. And while imagining all of this, Kyle worked his hips as if it were actually happening, and Jake rode those hips much the same way. He was just teasing himself, too: all of *his* enjoyment came from that hand slowly stroking along his length, edge of his finger and thumb teasing at his medial ring halfway along the shaft.

Kyle swallowed again, and braced his ankles against the mattress to give a little more force to his grinding and thrusting. With the end of his cage kissed like this against - and sort of just barely inside - Jake's tailhole, he could move it *just* enough with his hips to get himself a little bit of give in it, so he could pull back and then press up, again and again into that seeping warmth and pressure. Had he gotten off within this past week, this probably wouldn't have done anything for him. But, instead - that rhythm, the movement, the push-and-pull, just continued to slowly drag him closer to his edge, a ways off but definitely approaching. That much was evident in the warm stickiness of precum congealed in the end of his cage and dripping out of that thin slit.

When he next look up, Jake already has his eyes, half-lidded, on him. Kyle cleared his throat. "I wanna fuck you."

"Mhmm." The zebra kind of half-leaned back, and gave the lion's balls a squeeze. The way the cage worked, it slid down across the free portion of his sheath and then hooked around the

base of his sack, so every time he throbbed resulted in a little tug upwards, which of course could get a bit uncomfortable - and, *God*, it felt good to have someone else's fingers there, pressing into the smooth fur and warm skin that had gone so long without a touch or release. Things definitely *felt* tighter down there, at least. "Want me to unlock you so we can do that?"

First time he'd asked before he'd finished. And that was a trick question, it felt like. Kyle continued with his rhythm, unable to keep himself from tensing up and throbbing every time he pressed into the zebra's tailhole, but kept his lips tight.

"Yeah, you're probably right..." the zebra went on, and once again tapped at the plastic of his cage. "You wouldn't last two minutes - I know how you get, kitten. You get so eager to cum, and that's the only thing you want."

"Pff." Kyle rolled his eyes - but then sucked in a gasp as Jake pressed a little forcefully down against him, forcing him to settle back against the mattress. Just like before, he *thought* that he could feel the rhythmic clenching of that taut, moist muscle around the end of his cage, full to bursting with his cock straining to come free. "As if - *you're* not the same-"

"Oh, yeah, no, I one hundred percent am. That's why I considered getting a strap-on. Put it over your cage, slide down onto you like it was nothing else... but, hey." All of a sudden the zebra leaned in close, so that his breath tickled at Kyle's whiskers. Jake's nose visibly twitched: maybe he smelled more strongly of his piss than he'd thought. Not that that was a problem, of course. "But it feels like you're getting pretty close yourself. Yeah?"

This new angle, this different pressure, this same heat pushing and squeezing against him... Jake kept his hands on Kyle's shoulders as he churned his hips back and forth, at the same time grinding his cock into the lion's damp fur. Every time he thrust forward, the lion got hit with a wave of the mixed musk of that piss combined with the zebra's own arousal, and then the heavier scent of his dripping pre - and it all just made him push a little more eagerly against that rump, repeatedly sliding back against the end of his cage, clenching and tensing, squeezing and rubbing and grinding.

And with Kyle throbbing in rhythm, tensing his body up every time that ring pushed down on the end of his cage, every time it shifted just a little bit and tugged the wet skin of his sheath back... after a week bound up like this, all of that was definitely working some kind of magic on him. Jake watched him for a moment longer before leaning down and setting his blunted teeth against the lion's neck, holding him in place there...

...and then Kyle gasped, jerked, whined, moaned, jerked again. The most powerful peak he'd ever experienced rippled through his body, seemingly magnified by that confining pressure all around his caged half-hard cock: his load spurted first weakly out within the plastic, coating his revealed flesh and dripping down into his sheath, and then spraying out of the slit right out against the tailhole that had pushed him this far.

Felt like it went on for quite a bit longer, too. Again and again the lion jerked and thrust up against Jake's rear, that hot, rich pleasure echoing through him and yanking out those spurts until he fell back against the mattress, breathless and with his heart pounding in his ears. For a moment, it felt like the mattress beneath him was swinging around, like it was moving - so he closed his eyes, struggled weakly against the bonds keeping his wrists tied above his head...

...and jumped with another flick to his cage, already feeling a lot hotter and a lot stickier following his finish. Jake's weight lifted itself off his chest, and when the lion opened his eyes again, he looked over to see that white-streaked hindside bent over the nightstand, the zebra sliding one of the drawers open.

"Wait," he panted, "what are you doing? Aren't you... you gonna finish?"

"Oh, yeah, definitely." Some more rustling, a bit of moving things around... and then there was the glimmer of a key between his fingers. Kyle felt his heart skip a beat again: it had been so close this whole time... "I'm gonna get you out of there, get you cleaned up... and then have you fuck me like we both want, once you get hard again."

That... well, that sounded perfectly acceptable, even with this exhaustion weighing down on his shoulders and his loins. When he next settled down on the bed, Jake did so with his rump right in Kyle's face, brushy tail purposely raised and slickened donut on display - so the lion got right to work in what he assumed was his job, and cleaned up what of his mess had spurted out across that black-skinned muscle.

A little bit of jiggling, some shifting... and then all of a sudden a pressure more than what he'd expected was lifted from around his sheath, and cool air washed in across his soaked shaft and sheath. Then the feeling of a tongue, broad and flat and sweet, carefully curling up around his cock and lapping off his cum - and it felt a thousand times stronger than he'd ever remembered, those first few touches making his body jerk and squirm side to side.

Jake looked back at him, at the same time pushing his rear back against the lion's muzzle just as he'd done into his lap. Kyle kept his lips pursed against that ring of flesh, tongue swirling around and digging its way in... "How about we leave you open for the weekend-" Gentle clenching around his tongue. They both knew full well that Jake receiving this kind of treatment would make his want to get fucked almost insatiable; that one orgasm had robbed Kyle of nearly all his energy, but so long as he could stay hard (which really wouldn't be a problem, considering how the electric energy of arousal still pumped and tingled through him), he could let the zebra handle things. "-and then cage you back up come Monday?"

Kyle swallowed once more, the warmth and slickness of his own cum and his boyfriend's musk clinging to the back of his throat. "Well, I think w-"

"How's two weeks sound?"

-and that ridged tailhole pressed back against his lips for another deep kiss.