

Hitchhiking, Part 1: Adventure

By Nickylion

“So sweetie, what are you gonna do after high school?”

His mother always did have a terrible penchant for bringing up the worst possible subject of a given day. The tiger looked over at his mother and tried not to show the annoyance of having been asked the question for what probably had been the tenth or eleventh time that day, “I really haven’t put much thought into it, Mom. You know that.”

“Well you haven’t made up your mind yet, and I worry, dear,” she cooed at him, “Besides, you need to start applying for the colleges now or you won’t get accepted.”

“Yeah yeah, Mom. I know, I know.” The well-oiled façade he had maintained was starting to crumble. Toby knew he needed a way out of this conversation, and soon. He hated it when he and his mother fought.

“Well have you at least put some thought into a summer job? An internship maybe with a nice big company?” His mother had also apparently noticed they were close to fighting again, and had moved on to an entirely new and similarly grating subject for the tiger.

He gave a silent groan, “No Mom, I haven’t.”

She scowled at him, “Well young man, you can’t just sit around here all summer! I’m making an appointment for you to see the school counselor.” Toby’s face changed from the annoyed to dismayed look, “Maybe he can talk some sense into you, mister!”

The tiger sighed to himself; at least this might give him some ideas. ‘*Who knows?*’ he thought to himself, ‘It might even lead somewhere interesting.’

*** 6 Months Later ***

The day had started off well enough, that much was certain. It was sunny, but not overly so, cloudy, but not overly so. Cool and warm at the same time, with just enough breeze to cool the sweat from the brow. But weather alone could not pull the tiger currently sitting on the side of a wide open, empty highway, out of the funk he had gotten himself into.

“This was such a dumb idea,” Toby said to himself, “‘Go see the world’ he said, ‘have an adventure’ he said. I sooo shoulda joined something. Army, navy, either would have been better than this.” The tiger was currently sitting on the side of a highway, a duffel bag laying at his feet, and a cardboard sign saying, “Adventure” propped up against it. Toby was pretty sure that would have gotten a better response from the passers by, but thus far he’d had no takers.

Looking out at the wide open highway had been really fun initially, his guidance counselor had been right about that. Still, six months later he was no closer to figuring out what he wanted to do with his life. College, there was an option. His grades had certainly been good enough for any school in the country. If only he had bothered to apply for them.

The tiger lay there waiting for his next ride, stretching out in the highway-side grass, looking up at the clouds and thinking about life when a horn shook him out of his reverie. He hopped up grabbed his bag and headed for the passenger side of the semi that had pulled to a stop next to his sign.

“Adventure, huh?” Came the gruff, no-nonsense voice from the cab, “Well don’t know bout that, but I am goin ta St. Louis ta drop this load and rest for a bit. Yer welcome ta tag along if’n ya like.”

Toby shrugged and slung his bag over his shoulder, “Sounds good enough to me. I’m game.”

He slid into the passenger side seat, tossing his bag in the back of the cab before getting a good look at the voice that drove the truck. The bear was taller than Toby by about a foot, but looked to have about a hundred pounds easy on the tiger. There was a paunch belly that hung over his beltline, but large biceps that said he could hold his own in a fight.

The bear extended a hand, “Name’s Darin, kid. Nice ta meet’cha.” Toby gave the paw a strong shake. Something he’d learned from his time on the road: men respected a man with a good handshake.

“Toby, Toby Estin.”

“Well kid, get settled an strap yerself in. Time’s a wastin!” A minute or two later the truck pulled away with a kick of gravel and a plume of smoke. Toby wasted no time stretching out and getting comfortable in his side of the cab. He watched the trucker for a little bit, but eventually concluded that Darin was not some crazy psychopath who was gonna kidnap him and put him in a ditch somewhere. He leaned against the passenger side door and sighed, his mind going back to the same questions he was just contemplating before his ride had shown up.

The pair stayed that way for about an hour; the tiger staring off at the road, lost deep in thoughts of his future, the bear just watching the road ahead. Occasionally the bear would glance over at his hitch-hiking friend. The tiger looked fit enough, not too femmy, Darin thought. He’d make a perfect boy, if only.... That thought made up the bear’s mind.

“So what’s adventure to ya, kid?” The words startled him again, as if the trucker knew exactly when to speak up.

Toby stared at the bear for a moment, then burst into laughter, “You know, honestly, I don’t know anymore. I’ve been doing this for almost half a year, and all I’ve gotten is half a year older.” He stared down at the floor of the truck. “Adventure?” he mumbled, “Adventure would be me figuring out what the heck I’m supposed to do with my life.”

The bear just kept staring out at the road, “Don’t know about much bout that, kid. I’d say start at tha beginning though. What kinda interests do ya have? I mean, must be something out there that sparks an interest in ya?”

Toby shrugged, “I dunno. I’ve always been pretty good at math. Maybe accounting or economics would be my calling.”

The trucker shook his head, “Nah, a young un like you, with the wanderlust you got...there’s no way those’d be good for you. Why not try truckin? You’d make good money, you’re no stranger to the road.” He paused, “Just about the only danger a trucker faces out here are crazy drivers and roadway hypnosis, and trust me, these rigs win against most anything on the road these days.”

Toby arched an eyebrow, “Well, it was kinda fun initially...wait, roadway hypnosis? What’s that?”

The trucker laughed, “they don’t teach ya nothing in Driver’s Ed nowadays do they?” He shook his head and pointed at the horizon line they were heading towards; one long field of blue meeting green lay before them, the road bisecting it almost perfectly, “See on long trips,” Darin started, tapping the truck’s cruise control with an almost imperceptible motion, “you can find yourself staring out at that great beyond out there for way too long. Your mind picks a point and starts to focus on it.” Another pause, a glance this time to check that the tiger had so gullibly followed his finger and was now staring out at the highway, eyes fixed on some point on the horizon.

“Before you know it, you might start to hear the rumble of the engine,” the bear purred, “it might be the hum of the road, any number of things, really. Whatever your mind finds calming. You start to ride the road like an ocean.” There was another glance to see how the tiger was reacting. Toby was nodding slightly, breathing a bit deeper.

“You start to breath a little deeper,” the bear continued, “relax a little around your eyes, like you’re getting ready for a great nap.” Almost on cue, the tiger cracked a slight yawn, then shook his head slightly as if trying to wake up, but eyes slowly drifted back to that spot on the horizon, “You try and fight it, of course, but some part of you thinks it’s completely okay if you shut your eyes. You just keep on looking, staring, relaxing,” the words were coming faster, softer now, “yawning, your head starts to loll uncontrollably, your eyes start to blink, so heavy, so ready to sleep.” The tiger was responding very

quickly now, blinking and trying desperately to remain awake and focused on the horizon. “That’s it, just like that. So heavy and sleepy, so ready to drift off to sleep,” the casual tone of the trucker hadn’t changed, but the words were coming out in a steady, decent pace now. “And just about when it’s time to close your eyes, you make one last ditch effort...and pull your eyes open with all the strength you have left...before they roll up into your head and you go deeper asleep than you’ve ever been before.” The tiger was already straining to keep his eyes open, concentrating with every fiber of his being to keep those half-lidded orbs open.

“And on the count of three, you’ll be able to do just that, Toby. You will know that you’re completely relaxed, completely at ease here. Free to sleep and just relax further, understand?” Darin waited as the tiger made a slow, languorous nod before continuing, “One.....so ready to close those eyes....two....almost there, barely open....THREE!” The words were almost a shout, more a quiet command. The tiger’s eyes opened wide as they could, then slammed shut, his head drifted down, slumping against his chest. Darin smiled to himself, “Now just lay there and relax more. I’m sure if you laid back against the seat, you would be able to relax even more than before.”

He tugged the lever next to Toby’s seat, so when the tiger leaned his slumbering form backwards, the seat slid back, letting the trucker get an even better view of the hot tiger. The jeans were snug, not tight, and highlighted his groin perfectly. Oh yes, he’d be a massively pleasant one to turn, “That’s it, Toby, just lie back, relax, and imagine the road stretching out ahead of you. Do you see the lines Toby? Just nod if you do.” Darin waited for a moment, glancing from road to tiger a couple of times before noting the slow nod, “Very good Toby. Now I want you to notice that we are beginning to pass exits on our way to a nice wonderfully relaxed place. There are one hundred exits, and each exit we pass takes you deeper and deeper to sleep, understand?” There was another pause; another nod, “Very good, Toby. And I want you to say the exit number you’re on as we pass each exit. Now just relax and start watching for the exits now, Toby.”

A moment went by, “One hundred...” Another moment, “Ninety nine...ninety eight.”

“That’s it Toby, just keep relaxing deeper and deeper,” the bear would interject in between each number, “so nice... so relaxed... just let the numbers come as fast... or as slow... as you want them to...”

“Eighty five.... now, each number seemed to be taking a little longer to come out than the last.

“And eventually you know....that you’ll be so deeply asleep....that your mind won’t be able to remember the numbers...and at that moment, you will say, ‘I am totally relaxed,’ won’t you, Toby?”

“Eighty....yesss...” came the slurred response, “I am...totally....relaxed.”

“Very good, very good Toby. Now that you’re even more relaxed, I’d like to ask you a few questions, okay Toby?”

There was a soft reply that only broadened the bear’s smile, “oh, kay.”

“Each questions going to help you relax and learn to trust me a little more, is that okay Toby?”

“Kay.”

“Good good,” The bear continued, “Now how old are you, Toby?”

“Nineteen.”

“Good, very good, Toby. So much more relaxed now. And how many siblings do you have?”

“None.”

“I see, very good.” The bear’s smile was just about as broad as could be, such a contrast to the soft tones he was whispering to the tiger, “And what do you think of life on the road, Toby?”

“It’s okay,” the tiger mumbled, “s’kinda hard.”

“Yes, yes it is, but you know what can help that? A friend to ride with. Do you have a friend to ride with, Toby?”

“N-no,” the tiger’s grin softened. His mind now wanted, needed, someone to become that friend.

“Would you like to ride with me, Toby?” The bear watched with mental fingers crossed. “If only for a while.”

“Well,” the tiger seemed to be mulling the possibility over, “Ohh kaay.”

“Very good, Toby. Now the first rule of riding with me, is knowing that it is completely okay to relax like this with me, understand?”

“Ohhkaay.”

“Now we’re going to have a word, a special word, Toby. This word will help you relax down until you’re nice and sleepy, just like you are now. Does that sound okay to you, Toby?”

“Uh-huhhh.” The tiger was smiling slightly as if the concept of staying in this blissful slumber was the most wonderful thing in the world.

“Great, Toby. Would you like to know what your special word is, Toby?”

“Yesss.”

“Road-tripped, Toby. Your special word, a word that causes all your cares to be forgotten, to let you lay there and relax, sleep so deeply for me, is road-tripped. Go ahead and tell me what your magic word is please.”

“Road....tripped.” the tiger sighed softly, as if just saying the word aloud let him relax a step further.

“Good Toby, very good. Now I’d like you to tell me more about yourself. Let the thoughts about your life flow freely from you. Don’t worry it’s okay to trust me. You know that deep down inside yourself, so just relax and tell me about your life.”

And so the tiger started to talk. At first it was about his high school. About his friends from high school, about the deep sense of loss he felt when all each one wound up going to a different college. He talked of his parents, the pressuring he felt from them to choose a college, to choose a friend. Ultimately, it was the road he chose; to follow none of his friends was better than choosing one and betraying the rest...wasn’t it?

“That’s a tough choice, Toby. Tell me about your friends. What are they like?”

“Well there was Keith, he was kind of a jock. He was a big lion, the quarterback of our school. I helped him study math, and he gave me rides to school. He was pretty cool...Then there was Josh...he was okay, kind of a nerd though,” the tiger’s muzzle slipped into a silly grin, “He did have a nice butt.”

Now it was the bear’s turn to smile, “Tell me Toby, did you ever have a crush on anyone?”

“Well a little...there was a wolf named Mark. He was so cute. He looked really cute when he dressed up as a cheerleader for Halloween. All the guys had a blast then.” The bear’s gaze flickered down the tiger’s body again, noting a sizeable bulge about halfway. Darin tried not to chuckle too loudly. Toby was enjoying himself just as much as he was.

“Toby, would you consider yourself gay?” The tiger’s brow furrowed slightly.

“Yes...” the words came softer than ever.

“Very good boy, Toby. It’s almost a shame to have to wake you up now, but the time has come. I want you to clear your mind and feel yourself drifting up out of sleep

and into a wonderfully relaxed and refreshed. I'm going to count to five, and with each number, you'll find yourself closer to awake, closer to awareness." Darin paused and watched Toby's face nod, that pleasant, vacant smile reasserting itself, "One...rising up...two...feeling returning to your body...three...halfway to wakefulness...four...almost awake, almost aware...so refreshed, so good...Five, and awake!"

The tiger yawned, smacking his lips a few times before sitting bolt upright as the details of their conversation filtered through to his mind. He looked at the trucker, who still stared off at the horizon, then down at himself with a growing feeling of dread in the pit of his stomach...had he just confessed, to being gay...with a trucker?

"W-w-w.." he started to try to say something, but the words just wouldn't work.

"What did I just do to you?" He sat there and dumbly nodded, "Well I suck at casual conversation, and you were looking for adventure, so I figured I'd give ya one. I hypnotized you," Darin said matter-of-factly.

"You hypnotized me?!" The tiger was looking at his bag now, looking out the side. Could he jump and make it? No, the truck was in the middle lane. He'd be street pizza as soon as he hit the pavement. He was trapped. The hair on the back of Toby's neck was standing straight up, "Why...in the fucking world would you just hypnotize me?"

Darin shrugged noncommittally, "Ya looked like you could use some relaxation," he said plainly, "And besides, I hypnotize everyone I pick up. Never know when some crazy's gonna try and gank my ride." He glanced over at Toby, "Most hitch-hikers are just folk down on their luck, desperate, stranded, or all three. You'd be surprised how many of em just need someone to talk to, or open up to."

Toby was shaking his head in disbelief, "So you zonk them to...help them?"

"Well occasionally I also get one helluva fuck out of it too." Darin grinned over at Toby, who cringed slightly, "Don't worry, I ain't gonna force ya or nothing. Never do."

"Why not just zonk them out? I mean, can't you just, I don't know, make people zombies and get them to do whatever you tell em?"

Darin rolled his eyes, "You seen too many movies, kid. Hypnosis is just a bunch of suggestions. Suggestions, not commands. I can't make you walk out into traffic less you had a deathwish, same as if I tried to make you go down on some girl." He grinned wide at that, watching Toby's face turn a bright red before he continued, "I do it so I can find out more about people. What they like. What they want. What they need. It's all in here," he tapped his forehead, "most people just don't know how ta access it." The bear glanced over at a passing mile marker while the tiger pondered his words, "If I didn't go

too far, and yer interested in learning more, I'd like ta help ya. You say yer lookin for adventure, well, why not ride with me for a bit? We'll be in St. Louis in a couple hours. I can introduce ya to a couple of people I've helped over the years."

Toby nodded, "This has got to be the weirdest thing ever, but okay." Inwardly, he was a little scared, but the bear did seem trustworthy, even kinda cute. Especially when he was smiling the way he was now.

The ice broken, the drive continued on a bit easier now with both tiger and bear talking, chatting about the sights they'd seen, the places they'd been. Darin marveled at how quick the tiger caught on to life on the road, while Toby was equally awestruck by how intelligent the bear was beneath his gruff exterior. The day wound on, and soon the sun was setting behind them as the truck neared its destination.

Toby was looking out the window when it happened, watching the scenery of the swampy trees and worn out buildings of the suburb of St. Louis they were passing through, terribly grateful for the working AC.

"Road Tripped."

The words struck Toby's unsuspecting brain like a bolt of lightning. Indeed the confused tiger managed just to turn towards Darin and mutter a startled, "Huh?" that quickly became a grunt as his eyes slammed shut, his body slumping backwards into the chair.

Darin watched the boy, quite impressed. Only one trance in and already the trigger worked like a charm, that was the most suggestible he'd come across so far. "That's good Toby, just relax and remember the wonderful trance," Darin spoke softly, "Road Tripped. Just relax and remember. Road Tripped. Relax and sleep. Deeper and deeper," the tiger was already breathing softly and slowly, eyes twitching inside his skull, body limp as a rag doll. He truly was going to be a fine subject. "How do you feel, Toby?"

"Tired. Confused." The words slipped out soft as before.

"Why confused Toby? Doesn't it feel so natural, so right to sleep?"

"Yess.." the tiger slurred slightly, "s'weird though...unexpected..."

"Ah, I see. Well it's okay Toby, hypnosis can happen anytime you're comfortable and relaxed. And you looked very comfortable and so relaxed." Darin smiled to himself as he watched a bulge form in the tiger's jeans, "I want you to find it very easy to talk now, Toby. So easy to talk and be honest with me and yourself. You know that by being honest with me and with yourself, that you can relax a little more, because honesty is easy to do when you're so relaxed, isn't it?"

“Yess...” it was, after all, so easy to be honest with Darin.

“And it’s so easy to talk to me now, so relaxing to tell me about your feelings today. Tell me how you felt when you found out that I’d hypnotized you. Tell me and relax deeper.”

The tiger shifted slightly in the chair, “I was shocked. Scared. Aroused. Worried that you took advantage of me.”

Darin nodded despite knowing the tiger wouldn’t see it, “Very good Toby. How do you feel now after we’d talked about it?”

“Better. Not as shocked or worried.” The tiger was smiling in his slumped over state.

“Still aroused?”

The tiger nodded a sleepy “Yes.”

Now Darin was genuinely curious, “Why aroused, Toby? What excites you about being so relaxed and open?”

“I’m helpless...” the tiger sighed again, “but I feel free. So relaxed...no worries...I’m content.”

“I see.” This was too good to be true, “So being relaxed, helpless, and free of worries arouses you, Toby?” The bear adjusted himself in his seat, shuddering with delight as shifted his hard-on in his pants.

“Yess...”

“Do you want more of this feeling Toby?”

The tiger just about squirmed with unconscious pleasure, “Yes please,” he said quietly.

“Then I just want you to imagine all the muscles in your body relaxing. See all of your willpower, the power that moves these muscles, that drives your ability to think and reason, as a green light flowing through your body, Toby.” They had pulled into a rest stop, unbeknownst to the tiger, “And now, there is a drain at the bottom of your body, a drain that is starting to pull your will down...down out of your head and arms...a steady pull all the way down to your feet. Do you feel it Toby?”

The tiger’s body sagged again, rising with what seemed to be a huge effort, “Yess...ss’relaxing...”

“So good, Toby...so relaxing...it’s so easy to just drift on that feeling...let your will just float down the drain. It’s all leaving your head and neck now...feels so much better...all your muscles in your neck and head just limp and relaxed.” The tiger’s head was slumped down now, barely twitching in response to each word. Darin adjusted the seat for Toby, gently leaning the tiger back again, “It’s flowing out of your arms and shoulders now...that’s it, good tiger...just breath nice and deep, and let the will flow out of you. Let it continue to drain down, down past your chest...your stomach...just feeling so wonderful to let go and be free and relaxed.” The bear smirked as the tiger’s belly visibly relaxed, the six pack he’d managed to catch glimpses of along the ride vanishing, proof that his suggestions were working.

“Now it’s drifting further and further, Toby, faster and faster too...down past your hips and legs, down past the knees and the calves...so relaxed and free...past the ankles...past the feet...” he paused, “now take a deep breath Toby, and focus all your energy into your toes, hold that last bit of willpower with all of your might. C’mon, hold it...hold it...” the tiger’s face and feet with clenched tight, holding onto that shred of free will he still had left, “and RELAX them...breath out and relax...let the will finish flowing away. Feeling so nice and limp and free, aren’t you Toby?”

“Yesss...” came the tiger’s slurred reply.

“Your will is all gone now, isn’t it Toby?” Darin waited only for a soft, imperceptible nod, “Don’t worry, I’m holding onto it, Toby boy. I’ll give it back to you when the time is right. Tell me Toby, do you find me attractive?”

“Yesss...”

“Good boy Toby,” now it was the tiger’s turn to shift slightly and give a soft mewl of delight as his sheath began to thicken. Darin smiled broadly as he noticed, “Such a good boy...you like being a good boy, don’t you Toby?” Another nod of delight came from the tiger, “Now good boys always tell me the truth, so tell me Toby: what interests arouse you?”

The tiger was silent for a long moment, his sleepy mind churning slowly through the request for information, “Leather...bondage...domination...submission...always wanted to try them, but never...had the chancee.”

“And would you like to try them with me, Toby?”

“That would be...nice,” the tiger’s voice had taken on a very detached, even otherworldly tone to it. It fed nicely into Darin’s ideas for the evening.

“Very well, Toby, I’ll show you a bit about yourself then,” he said smoothly into the tiger’s ear. “But first,” he added, “you need to come help me unload this cargo. And for that, you need to be awake, so take five deep breaths and wake back up, Toby.”

The tiger did as he was told, and soon was grinning at the bear as broadly as the bear was grinning at him, "This is really turning out to be one helluva truck ride," he remarked upon hopping out of the cab and stretching his legs experimentally.

Unsurprisingly, the back of the truck emptied out at a record speed for Darin. There truly was nothing quite like the motivation of a horny adolescent tiger. The tiger's tail swished to and fro as he moved about, stacking boxes and trying to hide the rather large bulge in his pants from the oblivious dockworkers who were also helping him unload.

Toby loaded the last box and turned to find Darin standing imperiously behind him, "All finished, Toby?" the bear spoke with a lecherous grin and leaned in to whisper, "good boy. Now let's go out and meet a few of my friends."

"Yes sir," Toby grinned as he piled into the truck. He settled into the familiar seat and, after a moment, sniffed a bit and wrinkled his nose up, "but would you mind if we got a shower first? I kinda smell bad."

The bear chortled and nodded as he started the engine, "Sure thing, kid. But one thing first," he watched Toby turn and naively, oh so naively, look him right in the eyes.

"What's that?"

"Road tripped."

"Uhhhh..." The tiger's eyes rolled upwards and his body once again slumped against the chair.

"That's it Toby...deeper and deeper...more relaxed and free than ever before. My good boy, Toby. Just relax away and give me your will again...tell me when I have it, Toby...tell me and set yourself free..."

The tiger sighed one long, continuous sigh, "you have...all of my will..." he whispered out.

"Good boy...now let's go get showered." The truck pulled out and headed back into the city. The ride to Darin's humble abode was a hurried one. Darin's hands were already playing about with Toby's ripe young body. Teasing that wonderful bulge, tweaking and pulling those pretty large nipples the tiger had. It took all the will Darin had not to simply order the tiger to suck him off then and there.

The house was a simple house from the outside. It stood a single story tall, built with a dark wood exterior, barely different from the rest of the houses on the block. It's

windows were barred, but only out of necessity. One can hardly expect to make it home every night as a trucker, after all. Toby saw none of it, or really acknowledged very little of his surroundings. His whole world was Darin's hands, and those hands were teasing and stroking him mercilessly as the truck pulled into the driveway. Darin shut off the engine and hopped out, circling around and opening up the passenger side door for the tiger. He helped the tiger out and down the walkway into the house, holding Toby's hand and shoulder to steady him on his sleepy and slightly swaying feet.

Once inside, Darin flipped a few switches, sending life, light, and heat into the home and took off his jacket. Looking over at the tiger, who still sat just inside the doorway, eyes half-lidded and unfocused, staring blankly ahead in a pleasure-ridden haze.

"Okay Toby, c'mon, let's get you showered up, boy," he said as gruffly as he could manage. The tiger bobbed a lazy nod of his head and slowly began to shuffle towards the bear, "Follow me, follow my voice boy. I'll show you the way..."

Darin grinned as the tiger slowly walked towards his beckoning finger, "That's it, Toby, come to me...let's go shower and come to me.." He backed into the shower, watching the tiger's zombie-esque shamble to make sure he didn't trip as he stepped over the narrow bump that separated Darin's shower from the rest of his restroom. He stopped and watched as the tiger shuffled up to him and so obediently stopped. Toby's eyes were half-lidded and unfocused. His shoulders slumped down and his cock stood out from the rest of him, strong and stiff under the shower's warm water. It was possibly the most erotic sight Darin had seen.

"Now Toby, I want you to kneel. Let your legs become liquid and sink to the floor, no longer able to hold you up." The bear watched as the tiger slid down to his knees, happy and content to now be staring the bear's member right in the face, "Now, Toby boy, how do you feel?"

"Horny....relaxed...sleepy," came the slow reply.

"Good boy. Do you see something you like the look of, my good boy?"

"Yesss sir...."

"Would you like to suck on it, my good boy?"

"Yesss... sirrr...."

"Then do so, my good boy." Each statement and question was punctuated with a soft yet powerful rubbing on the tiger's head, gradually easing it closer and closer to the bear's stiff rod, which now hung perilously close to the tiger's muzzle, "suck my cock, boy." The words truly set Toby free...his muzzle leapt open and onto Darin's cock with a wet slurp. It was the bear's turn to gasp now as the tiger's tongue slurped around the

engorged head ad made it's way down to the base, swirling around and around the shaft as if it were a barber pole.

Darin steadied himself on the wall while Toby kept up his work while Toby's face remained sleepy and impassive. The boy knelt there, happy in his own world, loving every moment this blessed submissive existence. The two remained like that for a long while, the bear letting his body relax and unknot from the road under the hot spray of the shower, the tiger slurping happily on the bear's cock, water and shower spray coating his fur. Darin slipped a hand around the tiger's head, steadying the rhythm and giving him more control over how the tiger sucked. He marveled at how good the tiger was for someone as obviously inexperienced as Toby was.

"That's wonderful, my good good boy," Darin grinned as an idea popped into his mind, "you're doing very well, but it must be very tiring. So very, very tiring. You've had such a long day, and spent so much energy here that you should just," he paused and leaned down, his voice drawing to a whisper, "sleep," a hand passed over the tiger's eyes, pushing them closed, "now." Toby moaned and leaned back into the bear's paw, his body slumped down, his eyes closed by Darin's hand. The bear's cock still lay in his mouth, which now hung slightly agape, taking in water and pre-fluid in roughly equal measure under the shower spray. Darin withdrew his cock slowly, wishing he had a camera for the moment that followed. Toby's face was a blank, serene mask of peace. A touch of drool, perhaps pre-cum leaked out of the side of his mouth. And slim tendril of pre connected the tiger's face to Darin's cock. Picture perfect.

The bear knelt next to the tiger, placing his muzzle next to Toby's ears, "Now, my good boy, it's time for you to awaken soon, but I want to know, and I'd like to know truthfully, did you enjoy yourself just now?"

"Yes sir," came the response. It was quick and succinct, if a bit soft.

Darin smiled, "Well, then it's time to count to five and awken, Toby. Count with me now One, deep breath.... Two, rising up and up....Three, halfway there....four...five...and awake!" The bear knelt beside Toby, holding him steady until he was completely aware of his surroundings, stroking his head all the while and watching the tiger's face as the thoughts and memories came sliding down under the hot shower spray.

"Wuh-w-wow," the tiger mumbled as the bear helped him up.

Darin chuckled, "You think that was good. Wait til later boy. I've got a few friends for you to meet." Toby's face cocked slightly, curious before breaking into a broad grin. This was definitely the adventure he had been looking for.