

Hitchhiking Part 4: A Party

By Nickylion

Darrin's guests arrived on schedule. The lizard Sphelx had been the first to arrive, naturally. The large komodo dragon even brought a guest, an equally large gator, or maybe crocodile, the particulars of whome were shrouded in a large custom gas mask and chaps. The gator slave's stomach hung wide, on the bigger side of all the people to attend that evening, but not overly so, an outfit matched by the lizard holding his leash. Jack was next up; a giant football-player of a panther clad from waist to foot in fur-tight black leather. A barely perceptible leather vest rounded out the ensemble, highlighting the gleaming silver ring on his right pink bud of a nipple. Elbey was up next, the big bear decked out in a broad leather vest, fingerless knuckles and a classic leathermen's cap.

One by one they arrived, and were greeted by Darrin, "Isn't this what your boy's supposed to be for?" Sphelx's pipe shifted slightly in his mouth, one paw shooting out to grasp Darrin's paw. The squeeze was strong, looking for weakness, anything to give the lizard a way in. Darrin knew that if he gave Sphelx even one inch that he'd be next for one of those custom gas masks.

"Oh, my boy's getting something special ready for y'all this evening. Don'tchoo worry non. Now c'mon, get in before one of my neighbors figures out it ain't Halloween." The lizard smirked and tugged at the leash in his hands, dragging the drooling gatorboy off the stoop and into the living room. One sharp downward tug was all it took to put the gator to his knees and the gator's muzzle into the lizard's crotch.

Jack smiled and stepped through the door, watching the display even as Darrin turned away from him to greet his newest guest. The panther slipped his jacket off, muscles rippling, and tossed it over one shoulder, "Evenin Darrin! Thanks for inviting me." Unlike Sphelx, Jack got a warm hug, followed by a pat on the back as he was ushered inside. Darrin wasn't too worried about his former pupil topping him. If anything he had a few surprises for the linebacker panther.

"Well gawd damn it's been a while. How's truckin treating ya?" Darrin grinned.

"Think of the devil and he shall appear. How the 'ell you doin Elbey?" The grizzly bear gave a shrug, then grabbed Darrin's outstretched forearm in greeting.

"Same ole same ole. Got my routine over at the gym, spend my nights tinkering with my toys government sponsored toys." The grizzly winked the other bear in the eye, "Sure I couldn't tempt you into joining over there?"

"And miss all the fun of watching what you do to your toys? Thanks, but no," Darrin peaked out behind the bear, "Besides, I got my rig, and well, I got a toy of my own. You'll see later." Darrin shut the door, then blinked slowly at Elbey, "Speaking of

toys, you're not one to not bring one to a party like this. What happened, they cancel on you at the last minute?"

Elbey just grinned, "Tried to worm his way out. Even showed up at my doorstep begging not to go." The grizzly bear had to adjust himself ever so slightly at that, "He's in the trunk, ya know, for later." He punched Darrin's arm playfully, "Now then, where's the grill? I want me some grub!"

It was a little later that Darrin slipped off into his bedroom to rouse the tiger. Toby got up, chains chiming gently in the near silence of the bedroom. His face was slack, eyes open yet incredibly distant, focused on some faraway land. "It's time, boy." Toby stood, arms at his sides, elbows bent forward, gloved paws outstretched to perfectly balance the silver platter leashed to them. An array of toys; dildoes, vibrators, floggers all laid out neatly on the platter, waiting patiently for the hand or butt to receive them. Toby's stocking'd legs moved of their own accord, carrying the tiger silently into the living room, where all the assembled guests had settled down.

Toby's thoughts bubbled up slowly through the haze of movement in front of his eyes. Guests were here. He was to serve them. He walked up to the nearest guest and kneeled, not an easy feat when one's arms are bound to a heavy silver platter. His eyes remained fixated on the platter, watching as a flogger and small bullet vibrator were removed by a pair of large scaled hands.

"Come now, gatorslut. Let's bend this kitty over and get his poor ass ready for the rest of tonight." Toby felt his arms pinned, ass-cheeks pried open. His mind fought to make heads or tails of what was happening, but any hope of comprehension was shattered when that long and wet tongue pierced his ass and the egg already deep within him started going. The tiger's eyes closed and a moan escaped his muzzle.

The lizard's hand came down harshly on his shoulder, shocking the tiger's eyes open and up. They came to rest on Sphelx's broad shoulders, pipe, and eyes starting back into his, "What the hell, slave? I tell you to moan?" Toby's wide glazed eyes widened further, and a quiet shake of his head was all the communication the lizard needed. He nodded back, pipe bobbing, then leaned back, nose flaring and with a deep breath blew smoke in rings into the tiger's widened eyes.

Toby stared back as long as possible, but the stinging and lack of air was eventually too much. He leaned back, coughing, and for a moment thought he might be sick, or worse, trip over the massive gator on his haunches behind him. Strong arms held him upright, "Easy there boy, just relax. You'll learn to like it soon enough." Toby closed his eyes and nodded. Smoke poured over him, slipping up and under his nose, into his mouth and closed eyes until everything was filled with the heady aroma.

There was a wet pop from behind the tiger, and a sudden absence of sensation from his ass, not that Toby noticed. His mind was again in that far place, listening to Sphelx talk about the joys of servitude, of mindless obedience. The gator was there, one

of his fat fingers rubbing appreciatively at the wet hole between the tiger's legs. "Attaboy Toby, just sink down again. See, smoking ain't so bad now is it?" Toby's head moved slowly side to side, eyes red and running with tears.

"Ahh, heel gatorslut. This one's about had all he can stand." Toby's knees all but collapsed out from under him, the smoke and support vanishing almost at the same time.

Toby sat there for a moment, hands still outstretched, holding the tray, piecing his thoughts together, "And here I thought I'd found all the good ones." A toothy smile of a bear's face dropped down in front of the tiger's eyes, "You back enough to be of use, kid?" Toby nodded dumbly, "Oh hell, lizard over there don't like his boys to speak unless spoken to, but me, I love to hear a boy moan. Talk all you want round me. Name's Elbey, but you can call me sir, or daddy. Gottit boy?"

"Y-yes," Toby coughed, "sir." He watched as the other grizzly knelt down next to him and began to work at the straps connecting the giant silver plate to his arms, "S-sir?" There was a moment where he might have protested, but a paw on his muzzle stopped the sound cold in his throat.

"You won't be needing that when I'm through with you. Hell when I'm through with ya, you'll be lucky if you can walk straight." One of the bear's finger's brushed up against the tiger's cock, already painfully stiff and gave it two strokes gently up and down. The resultant moan got a chuckle from the bear, "Gonna have to watch myself with you I see. Probably got a hair trigger on that beast of a dick of yours." The leash lead that was connecting the platter to Toby was yanked, pulling the tiger up onto his feet again and leading him into the dungeon.

Elbey wasted no time looping Toby's leash through his cuffs and over a hook in the ceiling. The maneuver left the tiger's arms effectively bound up into the air, exposing his ass and cock before the bear. The bear muttered something to himself, then vanished, reappearing a moment later with a small flogger from the tray.

"Ever been flogged, boy?"

Toby straightened up, "N-no sir." Elbey just grinned wider.

"Well no time," thwack, the dull thud landed right between the tiger's shoulder blades, "Like the present to start." The strike was light but unexpected and elicited a yelp from the bound tiger. Thwack! Thwack Thwack! The blows began to fall, a steady litany of light impacts on alternating sides of the tiger's upper body. By themselves each strike was nothing, but all of them together began to mount heat across the tiger's back. Just as it got to be too much, that Toby thought he would cry out, the strikes stopped and gave way to a cool rag across his hot fur.

"Thattaboy Toby, just relax. Focus on the strikes. Don't try to anticipate them. Just ride them, let them through. Feel the heat of the moment, let it build up." The heat

was building again, but something was different this time. There was no pain, just a dull impact of soft deerhide against fur.

“Building and building, til there’s no more thought, just focused on the moment. Let it remind you who you are.” Half-lidded eyes looked up, the tiger’s mouth letting loose another soft moan.

“Slave, serve, Master,” each word accompanied a strike of the flogger, “tiger, toy, servant, slave...” the tiger’s cock grew harder with each word spoken, until Toby was riding high on a wave of bliss, body hanging loosely in the straps, moaning incomprehensibly under the ministrations of the grizzly.

Slowly the strikes began to ebb, the flow of words, of mindless babble stopped. Elbey unwound the tiger’s leash and let Toby fall limp into one arm, “Attaboy Toby. Just relax, I ain’t through with ya just yet.” Toby was slightly aware of the feeling of being carried, then faintly aware of the bear walking out of the room and Darrin entering.

His Master knelt down beside the tiger, “Toby, look at me,” glazed unfocused eyes moved slowly in Darrin’s direction, “Feeling good?” A dopey smile and nod were the only answer Darrin got, “Okay, and if you don’t wanna do something?”

The answer came slowly, “Sssayyyyy Pittt Stoopppp.” Darrin nodded, patting the tiger gently down the side of his face.

“Good boy. You be good for Elbey, kay? I got some hosting duties to attend to, but I’ll be back to check on ya soon.” Darrin was gone again, and a moment later, Elbey’s face poked its way back into the room. The grizzly had a duffel back slung over one shoulder, and behind him was a large cougar, easily a towering six foot something and muscled to the extreme.

Elbey lead him in by a thin leather leash, “Sit, stayyyy, good kitty!” He grinned over at Toby, “Figured I’d show you my new toy since you’re Darrin’s new toy. Toby, meet Keith. Say hello Keith.”

“Hello Keith.” Elbey put one paw over his eyes and let out a light groan.

“So he still has a few bugs in his programming....still damn best bodybuilder I’ve ever trained. And the most obedient! Keith, sit,” Elbey pointed over to a chair setup in the corner of the room. The hulking cougar promptly walked right over to the chair and passively sat down. Elbey walked slowly around the cougar, moving the docile predator’s arms down to his sides, lining them up with the chair’s natural straps and buckling them into place. With great effort on Elbey’s part, the cougar’s immense legs were buckled down in turn before he turned to the kneeling tiger who was still lost in his own pleasurable haze.

“Up, Toby.” Toby rose silently, eyes fixing uneasily on the grizzly in front of him, “Stand right here please. Arms out straight, like this.” Elbey motioned and Toby complied, meek and obedient. “Good boy.” A pair of soft moans made Elbey smile, “Now Toby, stay.”

Elbey vanished from the tiger’s line of sight, reappearing a moment later with an armful of rope. Silently he unwound a length and began wrapping it around the tiger, making a few loops, then unwinding them, nodding to himself and throwing that length down. A minute or two later, the tiger’s arms were starting to tingle, but there were at least nine, maybe more piles of rope. And one very happy bear.

“Wake up Keith.” The cougar jumped and growled, head suddenly casting about in a mixture of surprise and terror. The sudden movement sent Toby jumping backwards, right in to the waiting arms of the bear.

“What the fu-where? Who?” His eyes finally settled on Toby, then on Elbey behind him, “C-coach Blysard? Wh-here am I?”

“Relax Keith, you’re doing fine. Just another part of your training. You remember your training, don’t you Keith.” The cougar’s eyes dilated ever so slightly and he nodded, body still straining against the straps. Toby shivered at the thought of the large cougar breaking free, a thought that lasted only until Elbey’s hands began to roam the tiger’s body, seeking nipples and his cock out to tease and fondle.

“That’s it Keith. You remember how much you love watching guys, don’t you? Even remember how much you love *touching* guys, no matter how much that thought makes you retch.” Keith only growled in response, even as Elbey just continued talking, “Now I’m going to show you how much you like it when a guy sucks you off. But first, you’re going to watch this beautiful boy get a taste of my ropes.”

Toby gasped as a small, slender piece of rope tightened suddenly around the base of his balls. The thread was wound up the crack of his rear, up and around and back to the beginning, only to be tied off just below his waist. Elbey’s hands vanished again, reappearing from underneath Toby’s elbows, a length of rope held taught between them. Forward, around, down and around the rope was wound, connecting to the ring around Toby’s balls and quickly becoming a meshwork lattice that served to frame the tiger’s body beautifully.

Elbey knelt down next to the pliant tiger, and soon a third length of rope was weaving its way between Toby’s legs, pulling them gently, slowly towards each other until his knees were one well padded mass of rope.

“Now then, Toby, Kneel.” Toby felt the bear ease him down onto his knees, then vanish again behind his field of view. More rope wound itself about him, securing his ankles in that similar winding way. “Good boy, Toby. Now hold still a minute.” The grizzly’s powerful arms pulled and dragged the halfway bound tiger closer to the cougar,

setting him down practically in Keith's lap. "Arms forward, good kitty." Toby held out his arms, and soon he was buckled into place, giving the tiger a perfect view of the unwilling cougar's now readily hard cock.

Toby leaned forward, inhaling the sharp musk instinctively, "Ahh, see what a good kitty he is, Keith? All ready to give you a nice muzzlejob. And there ain't nuthin you can do to stop it. Go for it, Toby."

The permission was all the pleasure addled tiger needed to open his muzzle and take in the cougar's rather large endowment. Bound by the ropes, the tiger could only manage to take in half of the cock at first, but soon he found that by straining he could drag himself closer. More and more cougar cock disappeared into the tiger's eager maw with a wet slurp and moan from the cougar.

Elbey continued grinning, watching this small little tiger make his big strong bodybuilder toy squirm and moan. He put his arm around Darin and pulled the other bear close, "God what a beautiful sight, ain't it?" Darin nodded silently, mouth pulled into a wide satisfied looking smile, "Where'd you find this one anyways? Don't tell me you have time to go bar hoppin in that rig of yours?"

"Would you believe me if I said 'the side of the road?'"

Elbey looked back at Darin and blinked, then let out a laugh, "Well damned if that ain't the luckiest piece of - you sir, are one lucky son of a bitch, ya know that right?"

Darrin only nodded in response, then glanced down at the pair still bobbing away in the corner, "He wanted an adventure. I sure hope this counts."

Elbey grinned back at him, "Well I sure as hell think so." The grizzly bear watched as the tiger continued to slurp away at his toy's muzzle. The cougar's cock had entirely vanished into Toby's muzzle. Keith was leaning back, eyes clenched shut, mind in another far off place where he was riding the waves of pleasure that the rather talented tiger was providing him.

"I don't think he'll last much longer," Elbey gave Darin a smug look, "Has your toy tasted cum yet?" Darin shook his head, "Well you want him to? I mean, Keith don't have to have his orgasm tonight if ya don't want him to." The last comment was made just loud enough to make the cougar's eyes snap open, locking onto the grizzly bear with something of a mix of frustration, desperation, and submission. Elbey looked right back at the cougar and only nodded.

"Well he ain't had a taste yet...tell me, your cougar's had all his shots, ya?"

"Well course he has! You know me," Elbey tried his best to look innocent, "I'm the picture of professionalism with all my clients."

Darrin could only roll his eyes and nod, “Yeah, but give him enough room to pull out if he needs to. Cum ain’t just fer everyone’s taste, ya know?”

Elbey nodded and knelt down, undoing a couple of knots holding the tiger in place, giving Toby a little bit more wiggle room, then looked up at Keith, “Hey cougar toy?”

The cougar looked up at him, the bodybuilder’s eyes wide, pupils the size of pieplates inside them.

“You better cum,” the bear looked down at his toy with a deadly serious look, “Now.”

Permission was all Keith needed. The cougar’s cock pulsed once, twice, three times and then exploded into a shower of white as Toby pulled away, caught slightly unaware by the sudden orgasm.

Darin tensed and mentally prepared himself to run over to the boy, but Toby simply sat there, muzzle covered in the aftermath of his blowjob, licking his lips as if trying to decide if the cum now leaking out of his muzzle was objectionable. The bear smiled and knelt down next to Toby, “That’s my good toy tiger.”

Toby looked at him, eyes kinda half-lidded, unfocused, and smiled weakly back, “T-thank you sir.” Darrin looked down at Toby’s own dick, standing hard, throbbing and dripping with a fair amount of the tiger’s own fluids. He held his toy close and wrapped a paw around the member.

“Toy, I think it’s time you had some release too, don’t you?” His tiger nodded, whimpering when the bear’s fingers gently squeezed his dick, “Then relax, give in, and submit,” Darrin began to whisper and stroke, “submit to the feelings inside you, to the need for obedience, the need to serve. I saw it in you back there on the side of the road. I know it’s what you want. You need it. Give in, serve....me. Cum for your Master. Cum for—“

The rest of his words were drowned out as a primal roar shook the tiger. Toby’s cock cascaded a thick waterfall of white sticky tigercum, coating the bear’s hand and a good portion of the dungeon floor. The tiger growled and thrashed in his bonds, riding out the orgasm that felt like the longest one of his life. When it finally came to an end, Toby collapsed, weak and spent, into Darin’s arms.

Darin smiled, holding his boy tightly while Toby’s eyes flickered and slid closed. The last thing the tiger saw before he slipped down into an exhausted slumber was his Master leaning over him, and the words “good boy” following him down into sleep.