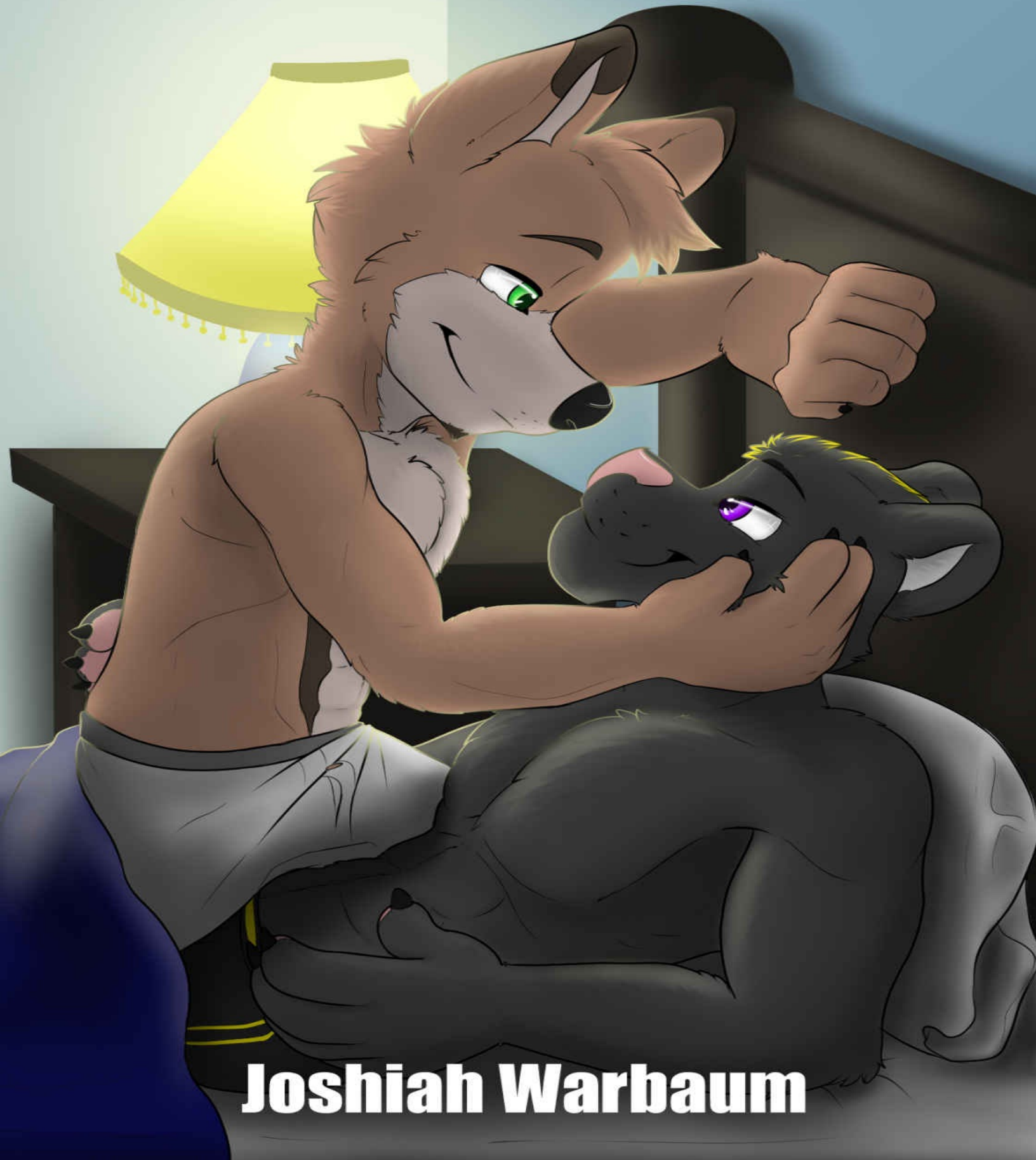


BOYS ONLY



Joshiah Warbaum

Boys Only!

Joshiah Warbaum

Joshiah's Written Works

2016

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Joshiah's Written Works

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Dedications

Each book, it becomes a little harder to fill this space; there's so many people deserving of my thanks, to the point that I don't know if I could count them all.

In this case, I'd like to give thanks to everyone who has commissioned me over the last two years, and especially those who commissioned the stories that made this anthology possible. I greatly appreciate every single one of my friends, fans and customers, and I really couldn't do this without every single one of you.

Thank you.

Preface

Every time you think you're all caught up, you find out just how wrong you really are.

Time continues to fly by so fast that I sometimes forget what day it is, or even what week of the month it is. I'm writing almost constantly, and when I'm not, I'm out living my life with the wonderful people who make it worth living.

Namely, I'm out visiting a lot of you guys!

However, going to conventions isn't a cheap thing to do, and believe me, I'd love to be able to attend even more of them for fun. The fact of the matter, however, is that I have to make money at most cons to be able to afford going anymore, now that I'm doing this silly author thing full time. It's a whirlwind of a time, and I've gotta say, I wouldn't trade it for the world.

It does mean, however, that I've gotta sell more books, and I've been neglecting a large portion of the fandom until now!

It's no secret that I write male on male stuff from time to time. While being straight myself, it doesn't bother me a bit, and I actually like the challenge of tackling something that I haven't experienced myself. I just haven't prominently posted such content in a book

before.

As AC 2016 came to dawn upon me (faster than I could prepare for, as usual,) and I was brainstorming with a few people at the annual Stormcon gathering, the consensus was clear: Why not?

Why not try compiling some of the best homoerotic stories that I'd created over the years, while enticing people for the new work to come?

It was an open and shut case, and before long, the concept for "Boys Only" was born. Within, you'll find seven tasty tales of the fellas just having some all natural fun, and I hope you enjoy reading each one as much as I enjoyed writing them.

If you find this isn't enough to whet your appetite, fear not; a similar collection will be coming out twice a year from now on!

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Boys Only

Joshiah Warbaum

A Day In the Life of Laikros

"Mmmmmmm! Good morning, world!"

A tired, weary canine by the name of Laikros sat up in his bed and let out a powerful, groaning yawn. Another late Friday night meant that he was actually waking up in the afternoon on Saturday, but his salutation to the day was genuine all the same.

"And to think, that was just a warm up for this evening," Laikros mused to himself, tossing the haphazard covers from his bed and standing up out of it, stretching his arms straight up over his head. "Tonight, I'm gonna rock the ass off of that party."

The triumphant line sounded a bit lame to the canine after he voiced it, making him glad that no one was around to hear it. Tonight, though, it would be different. Tonight, he was going to play the best DJ set that he'd ever played, and when he was done, he was going to find someone else to appreciate another set of his "talents," though those might take place behind closed doors.

With the thought of the excitement to come that evening, Laikros shook off his sleepy air and put on a fresh new appeal, quickly making his way out of his room and into the kitchen of his small, shared apartment. His roommate Joshiah was already downstairs, cooking up a literal mountain of bacon.

"Thanks, you shouldn't have!" Laikros exclaimed, as he walked past some of the already fried bacon and took a pawful, stuffing some of it in his mouth before Joshiah could protest or try and swat his paw away with a spatula.

Instead, Joshiah just chuckled and tossed a pawful of flour at his friend. Pancakes and bacon were his specialty. "You're lucky I decided to make the whole package, so it wouldn't go bad," he explained, flipping over the freshest bacon on his griddle. "Anyway...another long night for you, Laipuppy?"

"You bet," Laikros started, "But it was just a teaser for this evening. I've got that big live event coming up tonight, so I probably won't even be back until three or

four in the morning."

"Perfect. Rose and I can have the place to ourselves tonight," Joshiah suggested, setting some perfectly cooked bacon aside.

Laikros gave his friend an extremely gentle shove, cautious not to push him into a hot griddle. "Awww, come on! You two don't like me poking my head in on you every time you're looking for privacy?"

"Imagine that," Joshiah replied glibly. "But what time were you planning on heading out? I figured I'd invite Rose over for a private dinner."

"I'll be out of your fur in no time," Laikros assured him. "I just need a few more strips of this bacon, a quick shower, and to gather up my playlist for the night. The concert is all the way downtown, so I'll probably just be staying down there for the evening."

"You need to get a hotel room? That's almost an hour drive," Joshiah pointed out. He knew from experience that driving home from an event in the wee hours of the morning often had unforeseen police encounters.

Laikros shook his head as he took another strip of bacon and devoured it. "Nah, I'll be fine. I figure I'll probably be so juiced on adrenaline from doing the set that I won't be able to sleep, even when I do get home. Wish me luck?"

Joshiah nodded and offered up a pancake. "Good luck, Laipuppy. I'm sure you won't need it, but...good luck anyway."

Laikros took the pancake and grabbed some syrup out of the fridge, pouring it right in the middle and then folding the pancake like a taco. He ate the whole thing in two giant bites.

"By the way, your set starts at 9 PM, right? Cause...it's already about 3 PM."

The canine widened his eyes in shock as he gulped down the pancake and hauled himself back up the stairs into his bathroom, eager to get cleaned up so he could make it to his set on time.

In a flash, Laikros had stripped off his PJ pants and rushed into the shower. He turned the water on, not even giving it a chance to warm up before he was under

the stream. In an almost comical show, he literally leapt up from his footpaws, tap dancing on the shower floor until the water finally came to heat itself up. As it did, Laikros relaxed, grabbing a bottle of body wash and getting to work.

Soft, cool gel coursed down through Laikros' gentle fur, and a paw came down upon it, working the body wash into a fluffy, bubbly lather. A stream of warm bubbles poured down over every crevasse of the canine's body, cleansing his pores and leaving his body freshly cleaned and pleasantly scented.

Laikros barely took the time to make sure that he was fully clean before he nearly dove back out of the shower, grabbing a towel and wrapping it around his waist, giving him some shred of dignity.

"What's traffic look like?!" he yelled down the stairs, before running back into his bathroom and grabbing a toothbrush. He sporadically squirted toothpaste on half of the counter, managing to get some on the head of his toothbrush before jamming it in his maw.

Joshiah went about looking up the traffic on the tristate as Laikros multitasked, slipping on a pair of comfortable boxer shorts and stylish jeans as he finished up brushing his fangs. "You're looking at about...two hours, just to get downtown. Traffic is completely backed up out there."

A shocked, almost terrified tail stood on end as Laikros spit out his toothpaste and washed off his face, blindly fumbling around for a shirt to wear. "Isn't there any other way to get there?"

"You could try and take I-90 and then go south...but it's a bit more likely you'd just take the tristate. You'll end up taking the same amount of time, either way," Joshiah pointed out, sending a quick message to Rose that she should start heading over.

Laikros bolted down the stairs so quickly that he almost fell flat on his face, but he managed to catch himself on the handrail, coasting the rest of the way down to the landing. "Alright...well, I was hoping for some better news than that, but I guess I'll just head out right now. Is my equipment all together still?"

His wolverine roommate pushed a bag over with his footpaw, right in front of Laikros' own paws. "Just the way you left it from last weekend, lucky for you.

Try not to get stuck between two pieces of meat tonight, hm?"

"I already had all the bacon I can handle," Laikros jabbed back, even going so far as to wink as he picked up his bag and slipped his shoes on. "I'll be back sometime in the morning!"

Laikros was out the door in the next moment, forgetting to lock it behind him in his rush. His roommate stood up behind him and locked it for him, chuckling and shaking his head. "So you say, Laipuppy."

**

"Ugh...finally!"

Laikros was just then, at 8 PM, getting off the proper ramp from the tristate highway to get to the party he was booked for. Traffic was even worse than predicted, but being a Saturday night, and this area of the city being perfect for parties, Laikros wasn't all that surprised. He was completely relieved, however, that he was going to make it to his set on time.

The party wasn't a massive one by any standards; it was only around two or three hundred furs strong, but it was a private kind of party that was the canine's favorite kind to play. It was just enough people to have a livewire atmosphere, but not so many that you felt like you might suffocate when you hit the dance floor, and after his set was over, Laikros was determined to do just that.

"Alright! Rock star parking and everything!" Laikros exclaimed, as he pulled his car into a front row spot in a parking garage near the building he was scheduled to play in. After nearly being late and hardly having time to get ready, luck seemed to be turning around for the young canid, and his confidence was building with every passing moment. Soon, he would be back in his element.

Laikros stepped out of the car and unloaded his bag, locked up, and started a brisk jog across the street. He was in a nicer neighborhood, considering that most neighborhoods downtown wouldn't allow for such a noisy party. It wasn't deafening by any standards, but before he'd even shown the bouncer his ID, before he'd even gotten his wristband, before he'd even set foot in the door...

He could feel the noise.

It ran through his veins as he took his first step inside the club. It was a simple enough set up; there was a bar on the far right wall, brimming with thirsty furs looking for a drink, a dance floor that started near the middle of the room and went almost all the way to the left wall, and the bathrooms, made for easy access, were on the back wall, on opposite sides.

Right up against the left wall was the Promised Land for Laikros: The DJ booth. There was still a DJ set up in the booth, but it was only half an hour before the eager canine would get his shot to entertain the masses. The dance floor was packed full of bodies, and this was just for the first DJ of the evening. The lights weren't even all the way down yet, and in the minds of many, the night was just getting started.

Laikros rushed to the bar and immediately ordered up a plain bottle of water, and being a DJ had its perks; he got free drinks for the entire evening. Even if he was only 18, free soda for the evening wasn't a bad deal, and he'd likely need all the water he could get.

"Hey there."

A quiet, nearly feminine voice came to tickle Lai's left ear, but as he turned to look, he saw a male there instead, though definitely a more effeminate one.

"Hi..." Laikros whispered, having been taken a bit off guard by the sudden voice.

"Sorry to bother you...I just noticed the color of your wrist band. You're going to be a DJ this evening?" the male asked, while ordering up a bottle of water for himself.

Laikros felt his tension melt away as he smiled. He always took pride in his work, and he was more than happy to talk about it. "Oh yeah! I'm going on next, actually. I have to go set up in like...five minutes, so please don't think me rude for cutting this short!"

The random male, a young, lithe, tightly dressed otter, chuckled quietly to himself and shook his head dismissively. "Don't worry a thing of it. Good luck up there, go break a leg!" he chanted as a word of good fortune, before giving a token of it as well, leaning in to press a kiss to Lai's already warm cheek. "I'm Cid, by the way."

The canine tried to keep a grip on things as he felt the soft lips of the other male upon his face. "Nice to meet you, Cid, and thanks..."

Laikros smiled genuinely and tried to keep his eyes on the ball, so to speak, as he spastically returned the gesture and waved, taking his backpack up to the DJ booth. He wasn't nervous or shy by any means at this point, rather, he was already thinking of looking for Cid after his set was over.

As Lai waited, he watched the crowd move to the music, as if they were just one giant mass of flesh, all moving along slowly, with a wave rippling through them. The beats being played were slower and closer to a trance sound, and sure enough, the furs on the floor seemed to be doing little more than drifting around in a trance. The canine was excited at the chance to get them to move to a slightly different beat.

"Hey dude, you ready to set up? You're on in ten minutes."

Laikros looked up from his leaning spot on the wall to the previous DJ, who was starting to remove his laptop and other equipment. "Oh, sure! That'll make things a lot quicker," he said gratefully, opening up his backpack and pulling out his own laptop. He immediately set it upon the table at the DJ booth and plugged it in, waiting for his machine to boot up.

The prior DJ set his laptop in his own bag and threw it over his shoulder. "I left a preset for ten minutes on the main turntable system. If you plug into it, it should just blend into your music seamlessly."

"Can't thank you enough for making it easier on me, dude," Laikros said, bringing up the set list on his laptop and getting it ready to integrate into the main system. "You gonna hang around and dance?"

"I've gotta get to another party, actually...got a lady there waiting for me, but I wish I could. Maybe another time, puppy. I play this place all the time!"

With that, the mystery DJ stepped away from the booth and faded into the crowd. The mass of furs were still lost in the trance-like beat that moved them effortlessly from one side of the dance floor to the other, and all the while, Laikros got himself into the zone.

His heart started racing as he embraced the adrenaline, and he could feel the beat

running through his body as he counted down the very seconds until his set began. The music was slower right now, but in the next instant...

Laikros changed it up.

The club seemed to heat up as Laikros took a hold of the mic. "Hey ladies and gentlefurs...this is DM Lai, ready to take this party to a whole new level for you! Keep your bodies moving and ear perked nice and high while we kick things up a notch!"

The beat dropped for just a moment, and for that singular second, the club stood completely still. The lights fell with the lack of music, and in the total darkness, every single breath could be heard on the dance floor. All eyes turned up towards the DJ booth, and then, all were blinded by a glorious light show.

Beams of light splayed across the floor, filling the club with shades of color from all ends of the spectrum. The bodies that held still only a moment before all moved together again, some clumsily bumping into each other as everyone tried to adjust to the suddenly hastened pace. Cheers of approval echoed across the crowd, as it seemed that Laikros was just what the party needed to really get started.

Unlike the rest of the DJs who were slated for the evening, Laikros wasn't working only with a computer and a sound system. He wasn't a true disc jockey to begin with; he was a disc master, meaning he was more prone to spinning the records before him, instead of working solely with a computer.

He was ready to get started.

Laikros let a few pre-programmed songs run through the system before he turned his attention to the turntables. In a world gone digital, he was glad that there was still something to do with club music that required a little more dexterity and skill.

Wiping a few beads of sweat from his brow, Lai grabbed a record from his bag, and muttered "Perfect..." just under his breath. He set the record on the tables and waited just a few more moments, letting the beats sync up just right...

"Last night I went raving..."

**

Hardcore music never seemed so fitting.

Laikros was winding down to the end of his set, and what had been an eventful two hours was finally coming to a head. Already, he had set away his laptop and practically forgotten about it. His paws flew across the vinyl of his records like fuzzy blurs, working a touch that could be as gentle as milkweed fluff, and as quick and harsh as a jab to the face. He kept the club patrons on their footpaws as the night progressed, and he was more than ready to join them on the floor, despite his enjoyment in the booth.

"You all set?" came a voice from behind him, as the next DJ was already in line to take over for his portion of the show.

Laikros nodded and set the music back into a pre-set mode, taking his records from the tables and placing them in his bag. "Yeah, it's all yours. I got 'em all warmed up for you."

There was no further exchange of words as Lai took his bag and hopped down the side of the booth. He hadn't brought much to the rave other than his equipment, and he was now fresh out of water. Decidedly thirsty, he started to make his way back to the bar for another refreshment.

"And where do you think you're going?"

Cid snuck up behind Laikros, right in the middle of the dance floor, and hugged him around his back, resting his paws right over the canine's crotch. Laikros nearly jumped out of his shoes as he felt the sudden and forward touch, but his tail curled around the friendly male once he realized who it was. "Well, I was going to go grab a drink, but I suppose it can wait for a moment. A quick dance wouldn't hurt."

"I should say not...you deserve to be thanked for putting on such a good show, anyway!" Cid suggested, slowly standing upright, dragging his paws along Lai's lithe body as he went, before resting them on his shoulders. "But I don't feel like leaving this party...what do you think we could do about that?"

Normally, Laikros wouldn't have been quite so bold, but being at the peak of his confidence and swagger from his set, he had no trouble spinning himself around

and taking a tight grip on Cid's hips. His pawtips eased in, letting the very tips of his claws tease at Cid's fur, exposed on his midriff. "I was thinking about taking a little treat home for myself, actually. I hope you don't mind?"

Cid went about showing off his own bold side, as his paws slipped down to his own hips, resting upon the paws on the frisky canine. "Why wait?" he asked, as his paws slipped down even further, right into the air-tight elastic around his waist. As tight as it was, Cid slipped the backside of his pants down with minimal effort, and his boxers with them, to show off a tight, perky little rump. "Why not right here, right now? I don't think anyone will mind..."

In the midst of the crowd, no one even seemed to stop moving or notice Cid's invitation. Laikros stared in a moment of awe at the extremely forward move of the otter, but he couldn't deny his instincts, and he certainly couldn't deny his body any longer. He wasn't one to ignore that it had been months since he'd seen any action. "You just keep speaking my language, Cid."

Laikros was more than happy to let the otter know how aroused he was, and he knew that actions spoke louder than words. His paws took a renewed, stronger grip on Cid's body as the two shared a heated embrace. Their bodies became slaves to the rhythm, and further, slaves to their desires, as Laikros brushed his fuzzy sheath against the warm, supple backside of the amorous otter boy. Already, the pink, stiff tip of his canine length was poking through, just waiting for the chance to claim its prize.

"But...don't you need to...y'know, warm up, first?" Laikros quickly remembered, as his length kept pouring out from his sheath, exposed to the heated air of the jam-packed club. In the heat of the moment, Lai couldn't help letting out an excited breath, as the mere thought of doing something so sexual in a public place was just so *naughty*.

Cid could feel a blush under his lightly furred cheeks. "I've...already been, in the bathroom. I couldn't keep myself from waiting for you," he desperately admitted, his voice lightly tinted with something more than desire. "I'm all ready for you, Laikros. Take me..."

The night was suddenly a dream come true for Laikros, who eagerly pressed the tip of his canine length against Cid's tailhole, letting the stiff head slide just past his entrance. "Getting warmed up? Still feels pretty tight to me!" Lai gritted his

teeth to keep from moaning too loud, but as loud as the music was, he could barely hear himself. His voice picked up into a near chorus of pleasure as he tightened his grip on Cid, holding him in close enough that his entire cock could sneak into Cid's tight, waiting backside.

Cid coiled his tail, tight as a snake constricting its prey, around Lai's own backside as he felt the canine's sizable cock entirely fill his ass, far bigger than any of the toys he'd used to get ready earlier. He let out a silent gasp, a heavenly mix of pain and pleasure filling his body as he took just one moment to adjust to the member in his tailhole, holding still against Lai for that seemingly eternal second, but as it passed, the two seamlessly moved back into the beat, keeping their lovemaking a total secret to almost all of the crowd. To any other dancers, the two just appeared to be grinding on each other nice and tightly, and almost anyone else in the club was doing just the same.

"What's the matter, Cid? I felt that," Laikros whispered, taking a full bite at the base of the otter's ear. In each sway to the left and the right, with each pounding of the bass against their bodies, Lai thrust his hips forward, pushing his cock in as far as Cid could take it, leaving drops of precum deep within the otter's body. At Cid's silent gasping, his tailhole clenched upon Lai's length, prompting his tease.

"You're pretty big! Ooooh...I'd say this is more of a treat for me, Laipuppy!" Cid praised, licking his lips at the delightfully full feeling he received from their coitus. His tail slipped and down erratically against Lai's back, brushing droplets of sweat into the humid air of the nightclub. Every time he swished his hips, he felt the member that filled him moving along with his body, brushing against his tight, slick inner walls. The pushing in and out of each thrust, being moved side to side with each quarter of a beat, and the playing from before all had Cid simply begging for an orgasm.

Lai kept up his assault on the effeminate otter boy, his hips doing more thrusting than swaying now, but he still kept in time to the beat of the music, doing as the beat and his body commanded him to do. A few heads were starting to turn now, but no one was complaining, and certainly, no one was going to try and stop them as the looks of passion that the two males wore said each one was too close to turn back now. "If you want a real treat, clench that tight little ass around me and hold on!"

Cid felt the head of Lai's obscenely canine cock brush against his prostate, and in the next moment, he felt a burst of fresh cum against the front of his pants, leaving a stain upon them that was just barely hidden in the darkness. "Ahhhn! Laipuppy! Gimme, please...gimme that hot, thick cum!" he pleaded, his tailhole clamping down tightly on Laikros as his own cock spit his seed all over the inside of his boxers and down his thighs, leaving a hidden mess of his lower half.

"Good boy, doing just as I asked...oooh..." Laikros moaned in appreciation, giving the otter's backside one fuller, deep thrust as a means of reward, but that was all that the lusty canine could handle.

At the peak of that thrust came the peak of his pleasure.

"Cid...ahhh! I'm cumming, Cid...fuck me...yes!" he yelled out in unbridled pleasure, letting go of any inhibitions he had left at that moment. Thick, sticky strands of warm, oozing cum spilled forth and filled up Cid's tight tailhole, right up to its limit, as the creamy white seed dripped back down from his rump, soaking the front of Lai's jeans.

As the pair rode out their orgasm, not even the rhythm could get them to move. Their bodies came to a halt, with Lai's paws clenching so tightly on Cid's hips that they tore through the skin tight top he wore, leaving claw marks at the base, and Cid's tail wrapped so tightly around Lai's backside, he wasn't sure he'd ever be able to let go of the embrace.

"Ahh...ah...tell me, do you come here often? I think I'd like a repeat performance," Cid teased, as he managed to bring his breathing back down to a normal rate. It was more than obvious that a few other fures were watching their session now, and feeling a hint of shame, the pair started to move side to side again, as if they hadn't just shared an orgasm in front of a crowd of people.

Lai waited out the time for his length to slink back into its sheath and relax, keeping up time with his newly found partner's movements. "Not too often, but...there's no reason we only have to have fun here, you know."

Cid knew the canine was right, and thinking on his paws, he reached into Lai's pocket from the front, sneaking out his phone and dialing his number into it. The moment the call would have connected, he hung up, and slipped the phone right

back in. Laikros easily caught the hint.

"I couldn't agree more, Laipuppy," Cid said breathlessly, turning around in their dance to press a rather sudden kiss to Lai's lips. "I'm gonna go try to get cleaned up...if you leave, don't forget to call, hm?"

Lai blinked his eyes wide in surprise, but he took to the kiss and returned it, even sneaking in a little squeeze of the otter boy's rump while he was at it. "As if I could, after that. You'll definitely be hearing from me again."

In the next moment, Cid slipped back into the sea of fures that was the crowd, and another moment later, he was gone. Satisfied with his evening, Lai decided to head on home.

**

Lai managed to make it back to his apartment with only minutes to spare before Joshiah usually woke up on the weekends, but if he was quick about it, he could sneak into his bed and pretend that he'd been home much sooner.

The husky got to his door, and couldn't help chuckling as he pulled a note off of his door.

Hope you had fun at the meat market, Laipuppy. If you end up bringing home any big sausages, do me a favor and don't leave them out on the table like you usually do.

Laikros just shook his head and smiled, barely getting through his door before he collapsed onto the floor in front of his bed, completely exhausted from the night of debauchery. He quickly started to drift off to sleep, but he couldn't stop thinking of the dance floor, his encounter with Cid, all the fun he had that night...

And how he would manage to top it next weekend.

Trials In Deep Space, Part One

The majesty of outer space was always something that First Lieutenant David Lucas had dreamed of seeing from the deck of a star ship, instead of the cold, lifeless soil of the planet earth that he was born on.

Instead of gazing upon the stars, however...

"I'm stuck in this stupid tin can of a space ship, playing with alloys!"

It was suffice to say that when David heard about the opportunity to go into outer space as part of a program to test new building materials for the growing colony on Mars, he jumped at the chance, and when he was picked over the thousands of other eager candidates, he could hardly contain his elation.

When he saw the less than spectacular shuttle he'd be going into space on, and heard about the particular building project he would be working on, a veritable storm cloud hung over his head all the way through the launch.

"You know, if you at least *tried* to make the best of the bad situation that you wanted to be a part of, these next few months up here in orbit might not feel like an eternity."

And then, there was the fellow officer that had been sent up with him. David's only company for the next three months was Captain Nbowa Lion, an experienced veteran of space travel, and one of the first of any species to set a footpaw on Mars, where the first of these new building materials were set to be delivered. Nbowa was plenty versed in the way of Martian life, almost as much as he was in space travel, so the lion knew to plan ahead and find ways to keep himself entertained on the long voyages between Earth and Mars.

David wasn't that experienced, and even with the advances in technology over time, Mars was still a long trip, even for a seasoned traveler, much less the rookie that the wolf was. "It already feels like it's been an eternity since we left Earth! I didn't anticipate ever being this bored after joining the military...I

thought for sure I'd be seeing a little more action than this."

"You're the one who signed up for space travel in a time of peace. Can't feel that bad for you, kid."

"I have a **name**, you know."

"And I have a rank that's higher than yours, yet you refuse to call me sir," Nbowa shot back, his fangs gritting together slowly as his patience with the lower ranking officer started to wear thin. It was shocking that the lion could run out his patience this long, already having spent a few months alone in space with the complaining canine.

At least he's easy on the eyes, Nbowa thought.

That was no joke; David was an officer still rather fresh out of OCS, and he took good care of himself. Thin, grey fur covered every inch of his body, all the way to the peach fuzz that covered up the flesh of his sheathe, but it did little to hide the chiseled abdomen and flat, hardened pecs that were the result of months of intense military training. His arms were modest in size, but in definition, they more than made up for it, and a quick flex of his arms pushed veins to the surface and muscles into a statuesque position.

He was just a little too whiny for Nbowa's taste.

Sure enough, the lion found himself rather lonely on his trips back and forth between the planets. The never-ending ocean of stars made for a lovely view, and all of the beacons of light twinkling off in the distance, radiating a glow on the dimly lit ship created a romantic atmosphere that couldn't be found anywhere else in the known galaxy, but all of that was worthless without someone to share it with.

"So how exactly does this stuff work, anyway? Seems kinda chintzy to me," David commented as some of the revolutionary alloy wrapped around his paws, taking an amorphous shape due to the lack of gravity on the station at the moment. "I really don't see how this could be anything useful."

"That's because you don't understand it," Nbowa replied, completely dejected at this point. "Flexsteel is an amazing alloy, and most people on Earth actually find it a lot more entertaining to look at than the stars."

"Why...?"

The alloy was hard to contain in a zero gravity area, but Nbowa had done his homework. Floating over towards the laboratory table that David was lazing around by, Nbowa reached into a cabinet under the table and withdrew a small object with a couple of prongs on the end, and a single button on the side. "Simple. The secret behind what this stuff can do is pretty amazing," Nbowa explained, and then, he pressed the button on the side of his device. A tiny, hardly visible arc of electricity jumped between the prongs, and when Nbowa touched it to a small glob of the Flexsteel that was floating around, it instantly solidified and took on such a weight that the lion could actually hold it in his paw. "I know it doesn't have quite the same effect in an area with no gravity, but this stuff is literally light enough to float in Earth's gravity, yet, when you hit it with the proper electric charge, it turns back into solid steel! Making steel that is so light and easy to transport, not to mention steel that can change states at such a rapid pace is going to completely revolutionize the colonies on Mars!"

The gravity of the situation, ironically, was completely lost on David, who was still treating the uncharged metal like silly putty, sticking his paws into it and giving a lackadaisical sigh. "Color me excited," he drubbed sarcastically, drawing his paws back from the unusual substance and leaning over the edge of the experiment table. "I guess this just wasn't what I had in mind when I signed up for an exciting space expedition."

Finally, the lion was all out of patience.

"You know, it's gonna be a long six months on this ship if you don't come around and accept that life isn't always going to be what you want it to be, and frankly, you're not exactly hot shit yourself, kid! In fact..."

Months and months of frustration had been mounting inside Nbowa, having to deal with this arrogant, self-important wolf, and frustrations from the rest of his life were starting to bleed into it. Until now, no real opportunity to solve the

problem had presented itself, but as the frustrated lion looked over the experiment table, ready to slam his paws down, he found his focus drawn instead to the globs of Flexsteel still floating around in the air.

"...I think it's time someone took you down a couple pegs."

David rolled his eyes. "And just what the hell is that supposed to m-"

This time, Nbowa wouldn't let him finish his arrogant thoughts. Like the lion that he was, stalking his prey across the arid grasslands of an African savannah, the estranged captain tackled his companion down to the floor of the spacecraft and reached up for a glob of the Flexsteel. Having actually done the research that he'd been assigned to do, Nbowa easily crafted the glob into a half circle and pressed it down fiercely around David's neck. Before the wolf could possibly fathom what was going on, a quick arc of electricity jumped to the Flexsteel, and it solidified, pinning David to the floor with a bond he couldn't possibly hope to break.

"It means, my dear companion, that we're finally going to run some of those experiments we were supposed to run about the capabilities of Flexsteel...for example, how well it holds up against extreme tension. You seem pretty tense to me, David; maybe you could give it your best effort to break free?"

David's eyes narrowed and his temper flared as he tried to grip his pawtips around the newly hardened steel, but he knew before he even started to struggle that it was hopeless. His claws grated and ground against the unique alloy, but he couldn't even scratch the surface of it as Nbowa stood up off of his body and grinned a fang-filled grin of triumph. "I'm just warning you Nbowa...that if I **do** break free...I'm going to tear that disgusting smirk off your face and **wring your neck!**"

"Good luck with all that...but keep trying! Your efforts are fantastic data for the experiment, after all," Nbowa replied with a glib smirk. "I can't have you using your claws, though. You could hurt yourself if your claws keep grinding across the steel so dangerously close to your neck! We better do something about *that*."

David was strong, even for the predatory wolf that he was, but keeping his paws

clenched around and near his neck put him in a most perfectly compromised position, and Nbowa held the little static tool in his paws like an artist with a paintbrush, ready to paint David into the picture of an obedient little submissive. He knew it wouldn't be easy, but come hell or high water, he was up for the challenge.

Using the static tool across the open air like a stylus across the pages of his fantasy, Nbowa trained the Flexsteel towards the tool, expanding the steel away from the original ring and drawing it to David's wrists. The fascinating alloy turned out to be even more pliable than anticipated, able to stretch around both of David's wrists, but with a spacer bar between the two so that David couldn't get his paws anywhere near his face. It was all part of the plan for Nbowa, who expertly zapped the Flexsteel once again and froze it in place, trapping David in a set of makeshift bondage gear that made it so he could do nothing more than hope to break free, kicking and screaming all the while.

"I can't wait, Nbowa. I can't wait to get to Mars so I can report you to your commanding officer and have your perverted ass removed from the Air Force and thrown in jail!" David cried out in defiance, his hips and legs kicking and squirming as hard as they could, but to no avail. His arms tensed and his biceps bulged as he flexed his upper body as hard as he could, but in the face of the powerful bonds of the Flexsteel, he was helpless to escape. David wasn't the brightest bulb in the box, but he wasn't a dull knife, either; every rumor he'd ever heard about Nbowa looked like it was about to be proven true, and he was well aware of what the lion was planning.

He was also helpless to stop it.

The two astronauts had the benefit of living in an age where space travel was almost a casual affair for those who did it frequently, and Nbowa was dressed to fit the occasion, wearing nothing but a plain white t-shirt and the famous pair of red shorts that he was almost never seen without. They didn't hang around too much longer, though.

"I welcome that as more of a challenge than anything, David," Nbowa calmly replied, as his large, powerful feline paws tucked into the waistband of his shorts and started tugging them down. "By the time we reach Mars, I don't think you'll

be talking back to me ever again."

David struggled still. He strained within his bonds, muscles tense and veins rising to the surface of his arms, right through his fur as he tried to pry himself free from the crafty alloy, but it was simply no use. At that point, he was doing nothing more than exhausting himself, and his head became so wrought with the tension that he started to feel a little dizzy when he finally did give up, his head throbbing and reeling from his efforts. Nbowa didn't help the problem at all as he watched his lieutenant writhe and twist with a devious grin, deciding to add to David's dizziness by slipping his shorts all the way down the rest of his legs, and kicking them right onto David's face, blanking out his vision as well. The confines of the Flexsteel were just so perfectly measured that the poor canine couldn't even hope to shake them off, keeping him blinded.

"Try not to make yourself pass out. I don't really relish the thought of having to rescue my own prisoner," the lion cautioned his prey, going back to work as David remained sightless. His sensitive, canine ears perked up high as they caught the sound of a static charge getting ready to fire, and about the same time, he could feel that strange, smooth and cool texture of Flexsteel, this time starting to form around his ankles. Desperately, he started to kick, but it was too late, and his thighs flexed tight and tensed, but ultimately went nowhere as the alloy took its shock, and hardened back into its solid state, completely immobilizing the arrogant wolf. "Besides, we're about to run an endurance test..."

"On the steel?" David asked, struggling to speak through the pair of shorts on his muzzle.

"No."

The shorts were removed from his muzzle finally, and David came face to face with a cheeky grin and a set of powerful, deadly fangs. "Then..."

"On you, my dear wolf."

The sight of emerald green eyes and bright, blond bangs was certainly not exactly what David wanted to see, but they would have been a welcome improvement over what came next. Completely captive and still unwilling and

unbroken, David could only wrinkle his muzzle in distaste as the lion knelt down around his head, the thin fur of his thighs brushing right up against David's cheeks as he got into position. All of that wouldn't have even been so bad, still...

...If not for the large, throbbing member that came down with it all and smacked David right on the tip of his muzzle, and the sack that hung just below, lightly furred and begging to be played with. "Don't even **think** about biting," Nbowa cautioned. "If you hadn't guessed by now, I'm *kind* of an expert with this Flexsteel stuff, and I won't hesitate to keep your jaw pried open if you so much as **think** about nipping at me."

The wolf wanted to resist more than anything else in the world, right then. He was of a bisexual nature and was split just about down the middle, but before he left earth, he'd been leaning back towards the ladies, and was always the dominant one whenever he went to bed with a male. This was new and different for him, and he didn't like it one bit. "Get the **fuck** off of me this instant, or I'll bite the whole damn thing off!"

"

"You got your warning," Nbowa growled, deep tones of anger behind a subdued roar as he reached down and grabbed David by the muzzle. David strained a final time, wishing so badly that there was some way that he could break free from the Flexsteel, or even persuade the lion to stop, but there was no way that he could. His struggles were entirely in vain as he tried to keep his maw closed, but Nbowa easily overpowered the weakening wolf, and pried his mouth wide open. "I'll give you one last chance, David, and the sooner you give in, the better this is going to get for both of us. Just lay back and take your punishment for being an insubordinate officer, and this will all be over...eventually. Keep resisting, and I'll put a steel spacer in your maw and throat fuck you until you're nearly **drowning** in my cum...got it?"

It was hardly the offer that David was looking for, but he knew he wasn't going to get anything better. Even in his bisexuality, he was extremely inexperienced at performing anything orally on a male, and the mere thought of trying to take all of Nbowa's impressive length while his jaw was forced open was setting off his gag reflex. *I just need to weather this storm, that's all. I've had worse. Just take his load, stay the hell away from him till you get to Mars, and get him kicked out. You can do this.*

"Aw...awrvite..." he tried to reply, but with his muzzle still held open by Nbowa's paws, it came out a little bit funky. The lion understood, however, and slowly released David from his grip. "I'll take my punishment..."

"I had a feeling you would," Nbowa replied, his voice noticeably settling down and his expression turning back to a confident smirk. "Spread your maw back open and we'll get right to testing your endurance. If you're half the wolf you claim to be, you should have no trouble with this."

"I think you've got me mixed up with a fox," David jabbed back, but the joke didn't resonate well with the Nbowa, who gripped David's maw once again, and obediently, the wolf started to open it back up, not wanting to face whatever wrath might come with his disobedience. The wolf never got a chance to complete his thought, as the head of Nbowa's humanoid member landed on his tongue, warm and pulsing in anticipation at feeling David's nearly virgin maw. The wolf didn't keep him waiting, and with a cautious glance upward, as if asking the dominant lion for permission, David closed the heated confines of his maw around Nbowa and leaned up the best that he could, going deeper still on the length.

Nbowa let out a quiet gasp of pleasure at first, but seeing that David could only move up so far on his cock, he shook his head and gripped David by his headfur. "Mmm...nope, this won't do at all. It's hardly an endurance test if you're just taking the head!" he explained. David felt tug at the top of his head, and then, his eyes flew open in shock as Nbowa pulled up hard and stuffed every inch of his meat right down David's throat, gagging him around the length. "Ahhh! Now *that*' is a bit more like it!"

David gasped for air and struggled, trying to remember to breathe through his nose instead of his mouth. He was in a state of total disbelief that he could take all that Nbowa had to offer, but now, panic started to set in as he struggled to reach up and grip Nbowa somewhere, anywhere for leverage, and he simply couldn't do it. Saliva and spittle trailed down the pulsing member and off of David's chin as he tried to accommodate, making a wet, slick mess of himself as the excess started dribbling down his neck, and finally, after nearly twenty seconds of struggling, the wolf started to cough from his gagging, and Nbowa

pulled free, spilling spittle all over David from his chest to his stomach.

"*Kaff! Kaff!* W-what the **fuck!** Are you *trying* to kill me or something?!" David called out angrily, his eyes a pair of burning yellow embers that shot daggers up at his captor. "What the hell kind of endurance test is this?"

"How long you can hold your breath, of course," Nbowa told him, still remaining calm, but even then, David could see something a bit more sinister starting to form in his eyes. The lion clearly wasn't content just to use David as a plaything; he was intent on breaking his will. "And I think you've had a long enough break."

The wolf could feel his resolve starting to slip, and he made the mistake of opening his mouth to protest, giving Nbowa an easy opportunity to force his cock right back into the warm, moist recesses of a canine maw. Instinct wanted to scream at David to bite down and just teach the lion a lesson, but he simply couldn't act on it. Whether it was the fear of the risk involved, the acceptance that Nbowa was a higher ranking officer, or perhaps...

No, it couldn't be...is he really starting to wear me down? David thought, the only clear and rational thought in his head as Nbowa held tight on David's headfur and started to pump, thrusting his hips and forcing his length in and out of the wolf's now more willing maw. "Not every day I get to throat fuck a whiny little brat like you, David. And I gotta say... *damn...* you know how to take a cock, lieutenant!"

A gagged, startled reply that vibrated around Nbowa's cock and only added to his pleasure was all that David could muster, and growing frustrated with himself, the wolf started to cave in a little further, not content, but accepting that all he could do was lay back and make the best of the thick, throbbing member that slid in and out of his maw effortlessly, occasionally dripping his excess saliva all over him and making a greater mess of his uniform.

"Nnnngh! What a tight little throat..." Nbowa praised David's physiology, gritting his fangs together in a grin of pure pleasure as he pounded into the wolf so hard that his sack started to slap against the underside of David's chin. "Seems like your breathing has calmed down. Good thing, too...cause..."

David could almost tell what was coming, and he was relieved that this torture was finally reaching its climax. That meant that Nbowa would be soon, as well. "Keep it nice and wide open, wolf. I've been saving this one up for a couple weeks now."

David gulped. His nervous reaction happened to have perfectly lucky timing, as the first strand of thick, sticky seed coated the inside of his maw and was pushed right down his throat. David winced his eyes closed tight and tried to focus, actually afraid he might drown as Nbowa showed off absolutely impressive volume, his sack contracting and letting loose another flood of his seed without a warning. "Good boy, David...keep working that throat...drink up **all** of my cum, you little slut!"

Things got messy fast as strands of excess semen, the result of literally over three weeks of building up inside of the lion, started to drip and dribble down out of the corners of David's maw. Grey fur became streaked with clear, creamy white as he struggled to stay on top of the task at hand, trying desperately not to cough, but there was no stopping it, and with a straining "*KAFF!*," David spit up a little bit of the torrent of seed that was forced on him, and Nbowa pulled back as some of the fluid splattered onto his crotch. "Awww...now **that's** a shame," the lion muttered, his voice clearly disappointed, but in the most dry and sarcastic sense.

The wolf was still busy getting over a coughing fit, each heave of his chest putting more cum back on his chin and chest. "Nnn...what the hell is that supposed to mean?" David asked, slowly opening one eye to look up at the lion, who, terrifyingly enough for David, was still hard as a rock.

"You *almost* passed your endurance test, David, but I'm afraid that choking back on my cum is an automatic failure. I would have let you off easy if you passed, but now, I'm afraid your punishment has to continue..."

David felt his jaw drop right back open, regardless of the risk that such a move carried with it around Nbowa. "...You **can't** be serious."

"Deadly serious, and you're only making it worse by not addressing me as sir,

still," Nbowa added. "And if you really don't think I can handle going more than once in a row, you've got another thing coming, David..."

His worst fears confirmed, David started to struggle again, but this time, it was little more than a pathetic squirming, and Nbowa couldn't help chuckling at the sad display. "Please, please don't Nbowa...I mean sir! Please don't do this, sir!"

"Too late for that."

"But-"

Nbowa was dominant in his physical ability, but David soon found that his craftiness was just as much of a thing to watch out for. The static pen and a sample of the Flexsteel never seemed to be far from the lion, and this time, he'd had enough of David's protests. A small ring of Flexsteel fit perfectly over his muzzle and a quick zap kept it closed for as long as Nbowa wanted. "You'll learn your place yet, David, and I'll show you right now that your place is under my heel, filled with my cum and waiting for my next order."

"Rrrnn!!" came a low, angry growl from David, but with a newly made muzzle over his muzzle, he could only grit his fangs and stare at Nbowa with hatred in his eyes, but it was much softer than before. The last vestiges of his resistance were starting to fade, and sure enough, this was the last frontier for David; he'd always been the dominant one with other males to the extent that he'd never been so much as teased around his tailhole, but this time, he didn't have even a hint of a choice. The lion's powerful paws gripped down around David's waist and picked up his immobilized body, easily flipping the nearly defeated wolf onto his tummy, the mix of saliva and cum all over his fur staining the floor in the process.

"I'm not the most benevolent guy in the universe, David, but I'm not heartless. I'm **going** to fuck your tailhole rotten, and I'm **going** to fill it up with all the cum I have left. If you finally start to be a little bit more agreeable, perhaps I'll undo some of the things I'm about to do to you."

What in the world could he possibly do to me now? David thought, and even in his mind, it was the one question he never should have asked. Nbowa was

through being gentle with the wolf, ready to break him to the point of no return, and he started about it with the assistance of his favorite new alloy. Knowing David couldn't move to get up, Nbowa casually walked towards the experiment table and gathered up another generous sample of Flexsteel, and looked upon David as if he were nothing more than a canvas. Two long poles of the alloy were crafted, and Nbowa placed one end around the bonds on David's wrists, and extended them all the way to his ankles. A quick but decisively hard swat on David's ass made his back end buck up into the air, and Nbowa zapped the Flexsteel, making it harden and stopping David mid-motion, leaving him frozen in the perfect doggy style pose, with his ass already spread by the spreader bar between his legs. The second pole went on the other side, and Nbowa quickly froze that Flexsteel as well, giving balance to the new bondage cage that he'd created.

"These aren't up for negotiation, I'm afraid, but this...this will be your only bargaining point."

David knew all along that his cock was starting to grow just from the pure sexuality of the situation, but it certainly wasn't hard yet. As a glob of Flexsteel started to mold around it and take shape, he started to pray that it wouldn't ever get there. A quick zap, and suddenly, a Flexsteel chastity cage kept David from getting any larger...comfortably, at least. "You're going to find that the more pleasure you feel, the harder your cock is going to become, and the worse it's going to hurt as it pointlessly strains against the alloy..." Nbowa explained as he admired his handiwork, seeing David completely helpless, bound, and if he were more obedient, ready to please. The lion did release his muzzle, however, giving him his voice back for the moment. "I'm going to ask you a few things. Think very carefully before you answer them, and I just might let you cum, too."

"I'll answer them the best that I can..."

"The best that you can, what?"

"Sir."

"Try again. This has gone a little beyond military protocol, David," Nbowa reminded him as he stepped behind the bound wolf and knelt down, letting his

cock, still impressively stiff, slap down upon David's perky rear, staining it with his own spittle.

The word popped into his head as if by some instinct that Nbowa had brought out of the wolf, but it sounded so perfectly right as it passed through his lips. "M-master..." he said, his voice a near whimper as something about feeling that length slap his backside was just so...*hot*.

"Good boy. Now, answer me this...are you a virgin, back here?"

"Yes, master..." *Why am I saying this? I can't just give in!*

Nbowa could feel that it was true, even if David hadn't replied. With a steady paw, the lion aimed the tip of his member to line right up with David's spread tailhole, and the combination of cum and spit acted as a perfect lubricant to help the tip of his length enter David's rear. "I can barely get the head in there! You're *tight*, wolf...but your destiny is in your own paws, now, hinging on my next question: Do you still plan to tell the brass on Mars about this?"

This is my chance to stand up to him! "I-I...I mean...I might-"

"Wrong. Answer."

A tightness and pressure like David had never known in his life sent a shock of pain all the way from his rump up his spine as the domineering lion pushed hard, stuffing half of his thick member into the virgin tailhole of David and making him gasp in pain so sharp, it escaped him in nothing more than a whining whimper, but his eyes were shut tight as tears nearly welled up in the corners. Entirely the opposite behind him, Nbowa opened his mouth and roared in pleasure at just how deliciously hot and tight his virgin catch was, and even with the force he used, somehow, David's back entrance still clenched tight around him. "Ooooh! Fuck yes...I don't think I've ever felt such a tight little tailhole...damn!"

Knowing Nbowa got such elation and ecstasy out of reaming his tailhole put David at the final crossroads of his resistance. There really was a part of him that Nbowa had only just shown to him that was loving being a little submissive wolf

bitch, but it was so new to him, so unusual...he wanted to resist, but he knew that it wouldn't do him any good any longer, and the pain he felt, though slowly mingling with pleasure, was just too great, as Nbowa pushed in even a little further, and his David's cock grew, straining against the tight steel confines and making the wolf cry out in desperation. "OKAY! I won't tell anyone **anything** that happened on the ship! Fuuuuuuuck...just please have mercy on me, **please!!**"

Desperate cries fell on ears that may as well have been deaf for the effort, even if it was music to Nbowa's ears. "I dunno if I believe you yet..." he barked through gritted fangs, worried he might cum already as the last two inches of his cock finally hit home, and he was fully hilted in the wolf, his virginity not just taken, but stolen and destroyed by the lion who was becoming more than his commanding officer.

"I'll do **anything** you ask! Please just let me go!!" David cried out, and at that, Nbowa knew that he was like putty in his paws. The wolf no longer had the will to resist or try to fight, even if it would have been fruitless the whole time. He was broken, and ready to fulfill the lion's darkest desires.

"Ahhnn! Mmm...anything?" Nbowa asked, as he started a slow, pumping pace, fucking his new little toy in the ass with a rhythm that was already rather merciful, considering.

"Anything at all...master."

It only took Nbowa a moment to think of a way to test David's loyalty one step further, but his grin couldn't have been anymore wicked as he pulled out of David, admiring the small 'o' of his tailhole as it stayed stretched out from being so entirely stuffed. "I've got just the thing, then," Nbowa assured him, turning the wolf onto his back once more, but leaving the spacer bars in place so that David was in a perfectly propped up missionary position. The lion easily slid under the spacer bar that kept David's legs spread and lifted his rump, reasserting himself as the master by sliding the whole of his cock back into David in one hard, domineering thrust, slapping his sack against the wolf's perky backside.

"Nnnngh...you're gonna take all of my cum in your tailhole, and when you do, you're gonna take all of your own cum in your maw. Understood?"

Using the static pen, Nbowa remolded the Flexsteel that encased David's straining length so that it could escape, and it literally sprung free, throbbing rapidly as the blood started to flow properly through it once more. "Anything my master wishes," David said, in a voice that was still fearful and desperate, not at all rehearsed, just the way Nbowa liked it.

David was hung, even for a wolf, and his length impressed even Nbowa as it finally reached its full size. In his only kindly act of the whole adventure, Nbowa spit into his paw and wrapped it around David's cock, starting to stroke the abused member and giving David his first true pleasure of the whole experience. "In a tight little butt like this, I dunno how long I can last...good thing I know just how to make little subs like you cum in a heartbeat," Nbowa commented with a sneaky grin, and with just a slight angle of his hips, the lion nailed David's prostate, resulting in a mutual pleasure that pushed David right to the edge, and had Nbowa leaking precum inside the abused canine.

"Oooh...what did you ju-ahhhh! Nbowa! Master!!" David cried out in shock as he experienced a sensation he'd never known before in his life. It was fleeting, as Nbowa knew that he had David on the ropes and capitalized, following the prostate tease with a series of short, choppy thrusts, humping the defeated wolf into total submission as his body overwhelmed his mind, and the wolf gave in entirely to the pain, pleasure, dominance, and anything that Nbowa would offer him. "You're going to make m-me **cum**, master!"

"So soon? What a weak little wolf...nngh...good thing you're so t-tight! Fuck!" Nbowa moaned aloud himself, having broken the tight little tailhole in to a perfect little passage, his length gliding in and out easily with all of the natural lubricants they'd applied to it before. Precum was already starting to leak back out of David and make a mess of his rump as Nbowa picked up the pace, his orbs swinging and slapping at David as he jerked the poor wolf off, his paw getting soaked with precum from the other end. "Better open up that maw, bitch!"

With almost every thrust, Nbowa slapped his hips into David's ass, and with each one, David could feel the very tip of Nbowa's delicious member flirting with his prostate, something brushing it for just a moment, and sometimes gliding back

and forth across it as the lion wiggled his hips, taking pride in how good of a fuck he was, even to a submissive little slut like David. The same wolf was finally done struggling, totally broken and defeated, and now, he was just taking all the pleasure he could get, an eager, silly smile starting to form on his maw as he could feel his orgasm building. Obedient as he could be, he opened up his maw and even stuck his tongue out, right in time for a drop or two of precum to fall upon it.

"I hope you're ready, David...mnnn! Time to make good on that promise!!" Nbowa called out, his voice fading into a gasping moan as his sack tightened and every vein in his member throbbed at once, heralding a climax that was even greater than the first. Hot, thick strands of cum splattered upon the inside of David's body, staining his prostate with the slick, devious seed. The sensation was more than David could handle, and his cock erupted right after, shooting thin ropes of his own essence all over his toned abs and his chest, and just as expected, it made it all the way up to his open and waiting mouth, making an absolute mess of the wolf as his tailhole clenched and squeezed on Nbowa throughout his orgasm. "Me too, master...I'm cumming too!! Fuck...me...please fuck me **harder!**"

Nbowa could have sat still inside of David and just drained his cock within his confines, but he wasn't nearly satisfied. The powerful lion dug his claws into David's hips, dragging lines through his fur and even drawing blood from his flesh as his hips flew like a jackhammer, pounding harder into David's ass only to rebound and slam it again as fast and hard as he could. His own seed started to spill out of David's well used tailhole, dripping down to the floor as the wolf nearly lost his voice, gasping in a pleasure he'd never even dreamed of. "Ha...ha...holy shit, David...you might have been a virgin, but your body sure knows how to grab like a pro! I haven't cum that hard in months..."

David licked up some of the cum from his cheeks and gave Nbowa a wink, completely turned around from just an hour ago. His expression had even softened up to the lion, showing off how obedient he'd become. "Thank you, master."

With a quick pull, Nbowa freed his cock with a quiet *pop* and watched as excess cum drooled out of the now open tailhole like a slow, lazy river of their

combined juices, leaving a small puddle on the floor that ran all the way down David's crack. "It's too bad you're still not done with your endurance test. Turns out you're a pretty good little sub after all."

"Still?!" David exclaimed, his eyes widening in absolute disbelief as Nbowa just smirked down upon his defeated form.

Without so much as thinking about freeing him, Nbowa stood up and picked up his shorts, leaving the wolf completely bound. "We need to test the longevity of the Flexsteel, and see that it can maintain being in a hardened state for extended periods of time. You don't mind being a guinea pig for this, right? I should be able to come free you in a couple of hours, once the test is complete."

There David was stuck, bound, filled with and covered in cum, and unable to so much as wriggle his way free from the dastardly confines he was stuck in...and he was starting to love it. "Is my endurance test over, at least?"

"Not even close," Nbowa replied, as he took off his shirt as well, and headed for the kitchen. "I'm just going to grab a snack to refuel, David...we'll see what you can really take when we hit the showers."

Just over an hour ago, David wouldn't have dared to share a shower with who he thought was a mangy, stuck up pervert.

Now, he couldn't wait to be put to the rest of his test.

Drinking a Crème De Collie

The hustle and bustle of the evening rush at the bar was finally settled, and the last of the patrons were making their drunken way out the door. Drink cups were scattered about old, musty tables and left upon the bar, mostly empty, but a couple full, wasted drinks remained, meaning that for Bones, there was more work to be done that night.

"I never will understand why people spend six bucks on a pint of booze just to leave it sitting at the bar with just a couple sips gone," the collie murmured to himself, having taken another closing shift at the bar, meaning another night where he likely wouldn't be home until four in the morning, at least, and that was if he decided not to have anything more to drink. Knowing that the night had been winding down and that the bar had been doing exceptionally well lately, Bones had no issue pouring himself a rum and coke, but his was made with top shelf liquor, and a fresh bottle of cola that he kept stocked in the bar fridge, especially for his own devices.

It was also his fourth of the night already, and the bar was starting to tilt just a little bit, in his vision.

"And I'll never understand why you take these closing shifts!"

Bones whirled around slowly, sure that he'd seen the last of his patrons exit the bar, but sure enough, there was still a straggler. Before he could yell at the person to get out of the bar before he called the cops, however, he felt a warm smile creeping across his lips at the sight of an old friend. "Iridon...why am I not surprised that you managed to sneak your way in here?"

"Because you're already too busy drinking away the profits of your work night to notice guys like me sneaking in the place. You're just lucky that I locked the doors behind me!"

Iridon wasn't exactly a ninja, by sneaking standards, but he was quiet enough to

slip in the door when the rest of the weekend drinking crowd slipped out without giving Bones any sort of a notice. A stylish jackal, he was seen then as he often was, wearing a vest and cargo pants of grey with an indigo trim, his long, flowing hair pulled back into a thin ponytail, and an Ankh hung from his neck.

Bones was drinking in the sight of his friend as he took a sip of the drink in his paw. "This is my special reserve...doesn't cost the bar a dime," he pointed out, narrowing his eyes. "And you better have locked the doors. I don't need another stupid drunk sneaking in here and causing me trouble tonight...you're more than I can handle as it is!"

"Rude," Iri, as Bones often called him, muttered, blowing a quick raspberry at Bones to show his sarcasm. "But if it's really that special, think you can spare a drink for a close friend?"

"I *could*," Bones quickly replied, but he then picked the bottle up in his free paw and looked over the label. "But this clearly says 'no jackals' on it. Something tells me that you shouldn't drink it."

Iri rolled his eyes and walked across the bar, leaning over the edge of it and looking Bones right in the eyes. Blue orbs met with silver, each pair of eyes radiant with playfulness as Iri leaned in a little closer. "Really? Not gonna let me have a little sample, at the very least?"

Standing just barely taller than Iridon, Bones was able to hold the bottle just inches out of his reach by lifting it up in the air. "I suppose if you asked nicely, I'd pour you a small shot..."

A paw reached out as Iridon tugged at Bones' collar, pulling him a little closer, but he still couldn't lower the bottle into his grasp. Still, he knew it might fire Bones up a little bit and persuade him to hand the bottle over. "And if I don't feel like asking nicely?"

"Unless you can hop over this counter and steal yourself a drink," Bones murmured, his voice fading into a low rumble, "You're not getting a damn *thing* out of me, Iri!"

"If you insist..."

Iri acted as deposed as he could, huffing and blowing a strand of his hair out of his vision. He played the part perfectly, acting as though it was a chore for him to literally climb up and over the bar top, landing on the other side and immediately lowering to his knees.

"Uhm...that's not putting you any closer to getting a drink, Iri."

Iri licked his lips, eyes narrowing in the gentle gleam of painted steel that was Bones' zipper. "Oh, *yes it is.*"

A little bit slow on the uptake thanks to his over-consumption, Bones shrugged it off and took another sip of his drink. It turned out that his sips were more equivalent to the average gulp, as his glass was already almost empty, but he was already out of special cola to mix into his drink. "Whatever you say, Iri...guess I don't really need cola for this stuff, anyway. I can drink it straight."

"So can I," Iri said cheekily, yanking the belt around Bones' waist completely free and leaving it dangling. His crafty, quick paws unbuttoned and unzipped the offending jeans in front of him, and already, Iridon was hit with a gentle rush of male aroma, a sure sign that Bones had been keeping his member cooped up all day. The scent was a little bit intoxicating for Iridon, who opened his muzzle and ran the flat of his tongue over Bones' covered sheath, soaking the black, skin-tight briefs in a thin layer of his saliva and sending a quick chill through the collie's spine.

"*Iri!* T-that's not exactly what I thought you meant by having a drink!" Bones stammered in surprise, struggling to keep a grip on his bottle and nearly slamming his glass down to the bar top. "We can't...I mean...we could get caught!"

Iri giggled against the warmth of a soft, fuzzy canine sheath, enjoying the heat that radiated from it, even when it was covered. It didn't remain that way for long, as the impatient jackal pressed a single pawtip into Bones' tummy, drawing it downward slowly over the light ridges of his tight abdomen. His clawtips wear just starting to tear at the thin, black fabric of Bones' tank top when the fabric ran

out, right above the valley of his pubic muscles. "Hehe...*silly* Bones...who is gonna catch us? Your guilty consciousness?" he asked, letting his claws rake small trails through the fur just above his friend's waistline, until his pawtips curled into the briefs that awaited him and tugged down at the front, exposing a sheath, and already, a canine member that was starting to grow. "You can have a drink up there, while I have a drink down here...sound like a deal?"

Normally, Bones would have at least suggested that they take the action elsewhere, but the liquor was really starting to get to him, and the fact of the matter was that the whole act felt extremely *naughty*, even if they couldn't really get caught, the thrill of the possibility was an exciting prospect. "If you're sure you can handle your drink without spilling any, I *guess* that works," Bones replied, trying not to sound as into the idea as he really was.

It was an act that Iri wouldn't buy, of course, but he was okay with playing along until he forced Bones to succumb to the pleasure that he could offer. "And when have I ever spilled when taking a drink?" he asked, grinning up at his close friend, trying to keep a hold of his soft, deep blue eyes, all while curling the tip of his tongue around the tip of the growing cock in front of him. The alcohol might have dulled Bones' concerns about getting caught, but it did nothing to dull the sensations that suddenly shot up from his crotch and into his tummy, before spreading all across his body in a pleasant, electric thrill. "Just don't short me on my shot, Mr. Bartender..."

"I wouldn't *dream* of it," Bones replied in a hurried moan, clenching the bottle tightly in his paws. Something about being drunk at work and getting a blowjob all the while was really starting to turn him on, and he decided that if some was good, more **had** to be better, so he untwisted the cap from the bottle and took another sip straight from the head, rumbling with delight at the pleasant, subtle burn that came along with such a smooth-drinking rum. "In fact, I think you'll be getting a double shot. You're...*nngh*... you're one of my *favorite* customers, after all..."

"It's true! I haven't paid for a drink in years," Iri admitted, his tongue uncurling from the tapered tip of Bones' length as it grew before him. "I suppose I should really start paying you back for some of those freebies. Cash isn't really an option for me right now, though...so I hope this works?" he asked, wrapping a

paw gently around Bones' sack and giving it a soft squeeze, hoping to coax more of his length free from the sheath, and taking what was already exposed in his muzzle, adjusting his throat each time a little more of the length emerged, keeping all of the bright pink flesh encased in the warmth of his maw.

Bones wasn't the type to charge a good friend full price for drinks, if he charged them at all, so in truth, Iri didn't *really* owe him anything, but if his friend was willing to pay for an imaginary debt this way, he wasn't a fool enough to object. "W-works for me! This shot won't be free, though...you're g-gonna have to...*fuck* yes.....suck the whole thing right out of me!"

Iri was up to the challenge, of course. His oral fixation, whether it was for drinks, or for the cocks of his close friends, wasn't one that could easily be satisfied. "Mrn...nnnm!" he groaned around his mouthful, gripping Bones around the base of his length with his free paw to keep it from growing too large in his muzzle. He took in as much as he could, but as Bones became fully erect, he found himself struggling just a little bit, impressed by the length of his friend, and how he was so deliciously *thick*. It was a struggle, but little by little, he'd move a pawtip away, lowering his muzzle a little bit further back onto his friend, until each of his pawtips were free again, and his nose was pressed right into the crest of Bones' pubic mound, as deep as he could possibly go.

"So f-fuckin' dedicated...I could really put you to work back here!" Bones called out, watching in shock as his friend managed to deep throat the whole of his length, and he Iri didn't stop there, gently bobbing his head up and down upon the shaft, his throat swallowing against the very tip of the cock each time he lowered all the way back down. "You j-just better hurry up and *make me cum*... before my boss gets back! Nnn...that's **good**, Iri! That's so fuckin' good!"

It was obvious to Iri that as Bones started to slur his words, that he was at least a little bit drunk, but the excitement, the sheer thrill of the moment was overwhelming the collie. He refused to put the bottle down, however, cutting off his own moans with another quick swig of the bottle. The imagined risk of getting caught in the act was a turn on for Iri as well, the front of his cargo pants tented up tightly by the pressure from his own growing cock. If he had a free paw, he'd reach down and take care of himself, but determined to make his friend climax and earn himself a drink, Iri kept a paw gently working over the lightly

furred orbs that hung so precariously between Bones' thighs, while the other gripped at the base of his cock once more and started to stroke the base so Iri could focus on licking and suckling the tip, his moans sending a series of light, pleasant vibrations through Bones and nearly bringing the collie to his knees.

Precum was already drizzling out from the tip of Bones' cock, soaking Iri's tongue and sending his tail into a quick, swishing wag. He slurped his tongue in a slow, teasing swirl around the very tip of the length he was so lucky to taste, cleaning it of every drop of fluid he could get, only to feel a fresh rush of the colorless liquid upon his warm, wet tongue again a moment later. No matter how hard he tried, he couldn't keep the head clean, and he knew his friend was closer than his drunken words could convey. Opening his grey eyes once again and gazing up at Bones, he grinned around his mouthful, hoping that the gaze would be the one last thing to push his friend over the edge.

Bones smiled back down at the eager jackal, knowing he had nothing to hold back for. He took another long, large swig from the bottle of rum and set it down upon the bar top, reaching right down with the paw and gripping Iri by the ponytail, yanking it forward to force Iri into deep throating him once again, and this time, Iri could only reach around and grab Bones tightly by his rump, trying to take all of the impressive length so suddenly. His throat swallowed instinctively, just in time to feel a burst of hot, sticky cum rushing through his maw and down into his gullet. "Hope yer ready for yer drink, Iri...c-cause...I'm cummin'...*fuck yes, I'm cumming!*"

The warning was just a moment too late, but Iri didn't mind one bit. His tail was completely a flutter as he smiled around his treat, gulping immediately and squeezing Bones tightly around the ass to encourage as much of his seed out as he could. Bones didn't make it easy for him, refusing to hold still as his bucked his hips and fucked Iri's throat, each thrust forcing another dose of his tasty juices down into his friend's waiting stomach. A quiet, delighted rumble came up from Iri as he drank down all of the love his friend could offer, refusing to pull his claws free from Bones' rump until he felt the very last drops of cum slowly oozing down the course of his throat, finally coming to a complete stop. "Ahhh...*damn...* That was a lot!" he finally called out, his voice a bit raspy from having his throat so viciously taken. "And just what do you call that one, Mr. Bartender?"

"Cream De Collie," Bones quickly replied, his drunken voice speaking before his mind could properly process the words, but as it turned out, the phrase was about as perfect as could be for the situation. "Think yer up for a double shot of it...?"

Iri gave a small shake of the head. "I might be, but I don't think *you're* quite up for it, my friend. Maybe I should just help walk you back to my place? I dunno if you should be heading all the way to the other side of town in that state..."

Bones waved a paw dismissively, but he stumbled a little bit as he pulled his briefs and pants back up, leading him to think that perhaps he should just listen to Iri, this time. "Hmm...okay, but only if you promise not to take advantage of me..."

"I wouldn't dream of it," Iri replied, copying his friend's statement from earlier in the night. Licking a tiny bit of extra seed from his muzzle, he stood upright and offered his shoulder for Bones to lean on, but the collie declined it. "Besides, you'd be totally willing if I offered it."

"You **wish!**" Bones shot back, though he knew his friend was right about that, as well. "But maybe we can save those shenan...shen...shenanigans for another night."

Iri snickered. His friend was a cute, fun drunk, there was no doubt about that. "Sounds like a plan to me, Bones. But after that little performance...I think you owe me another drink, if you know what I mean."

"Same place, same time, next week?"

"I dunno if I can wait that long..."

"Your place, tomorrow morning?"

"...That's a bit more like it."

A Public Display of Dominance

Typically, when one thinks of colors, red is thought of as a color of aggression, and blue, a more passive color.

"Quit whining, you skimpy little *bitch!* It's not even halfway in yet!"

In this case, a blue lion was much, much more aggressive than the red one that was pinned under his grasp, the side of his face pressed down firmly to the hardwood floors of their downtown apartment, and his ass raised up as a sign of submission to his dominant partner.

"I-it's so **big** though...I can't take much more of this!" the red lion cried out, but his concerns fell on deaf ears. The blue lion was apt to keep on pushing as deep and as hard as he wanted, even with the minimal lube he'd used; just enough to get things opened up, but not nearly as much as the bottom would need.

To say that the bottom lion was red might be a bit of a reach, as only his mane was red, but it was a vibrant, fiery red, one that stood out in any situation, and definitely contrasted away from the brown base-coat and tufts across his body. His name, fittingly, was Leon DelRed, and he was fortunate enough to find his unique sexual desires fulfilled in a lion who was blue from head to paw, one by the name of Albaz. It certainly wasn't the first time the two of them spent the afternoon in the latter's apartment, seeing just how abused Leon's tailhole could take before he simply gave in and begged for a hardcore romp, but today was going to be just a little bit different, and Leon was none the wiser.

"Still can't perform under pressure, I see," Albaz muttered in disappointment, even as the air-tight inner walls of Leon's tailhole clung around the first few inches of his cock like a vice, tight enough to make any man buckle with pleasure. "Sounds to me like perhaps, you need a little training of a different kind."

Leon looked back over his shoulder at his dominant partner with confusion, and even more of the same as he felt Albaz pull his feline length free from the tight

clutches. "A different kind of training?"

Albaz nodded, grabbing Leon by the end of his long, thin tail and yanking him towards the dresser. "Get yourself dressed...or at least, as dressed as you ever get. We're going out for a little bit."

"Yeeeeeeow!" Leon cried out as he had to press his claws into the hardwood to keep from sliding face first into the dresser. "G-going out? Right now? Right in the middle of **this**?"

"I never said we were finished, did I?" Albaz replied, a devilish grin played across his muzzle as he leaned over and kicked his legs into his blue jeans. "And don't think you'll get away with scratching my floor like that."

Leon drooped his ears down to his head as he was caught, knowing that would only mean more punishment for him later, but as curious as a cat could ever be, he perked them back up again and looked up at Albaz from the floor. "So where are we going?"

"Liberty Park, right by the mall."

He can't be serious, Leon thought, as he gathered up a flowing, thigh high skirt and a pair of arm warmers, all a matching shade of pink. The rather high pitched voice of the red maned lion was starting to make a bit more sense as a small thong, light yellow with pink stripes, was tugged back up over his slim, toned thighs and right up to his erect length, the fabric struggling and ultimately failing to keep the bulge hidden, tenting the skirt out in front of him.

"You about ready yet? I'm getting *impatient*..."

That tone of voice sent a chill down Leon's spine, and he hopped upright, scattering the clutter on the dresser as he looked for where he'd carelessly tossed his leg warmers. The bright pink articles of clothing were actually draped over the edge of the bed, and Leon realized it just in time to dive to them and scramble to put them on, the effort of pulling on the soft, silk fabric so quickly appeasing Albaz just enough to keep him from a further punishment, at least, for the moment.

"All ready to go, Albaz," Leon said, dropping his paws down over the front of his skirt and leaning forward, trying to look as cute and dainty as possible, even with the thick, barbed tip of his throbbing erection pushing at the skirt and leaking stains of precum onto it.

Albaz looked over the form with appreciation. Leon even went so far as to turn his knees inward just a bit, looking almost like the stereotypical schoolgirl in a skirt, if not for his manhood trying to poke through. "It'll have to do, I suppose...come with me, Leon. We're gonna get you over you stage fright the old fashioned way."

**

It was fortunate that Albaz didn't live too far from Liberty Park. His jeans did very little to hide the fact that he was still hard from not getting to finish their romp earlier, and naturally, Leon's skirt did literally nothing to hide that he was still excited, even as they walked. The number of looks, odd, offended, and in some cases, aroused, that they got was a few too many to count, and while Leon was flushed across his cheeks, almost as bright a red as his hair, Albaz just grinned, brimming with confidence as he paraded his femboi around the downtown area.

What might be unfortunate for Leon, however, was the amount of foot traffic that Liberty Park received. Situated very near to the downtown mall, the actual park area itself was surrounded by sidewalks on all four sides, spanning a range of about three city blocks of well-manicured, freshly cut grass, a rectangle of vibrant green in the middle of an otherwise dull city. Trees of maple, oak and birch dotted the park, creating some areas of shade, but very little semblance of any real privacy, no matter how hard you tried to find it. There were two playgrounds on opposite corners, and a very small baseball diamond in the third corner, but the area Albaz was most concerned with was the otherwise empty fourth corner, having only a pathway, benches and trees to speak of, and a couple of different stone statues and sculptures near the very entrance. It was mostly wide open, and it had easily the most foot traffic with the nearby mall.

It would be *perfect*.

Albaz didn't bring too much with him, and Leon only brought the skimpy clothes that clung to his fur, so things were already curious for the more feminine lion. It was obvious that Albaz had a plan, but what he was plotting, exactly, there was no way to know for sure, and Leon was already flushed with embarrassment as people near the entrance to the park shot him the occasional snide look, and in some other cases, gave him a wink, as if they somehow knew something he didn't about what was coming next.

"How much further do we have to walk through the city?" Leon finally asked, having been mostly quiet since the pair left the apartment earlier.

"I could parade you around the city all day, sporting a hard-on like that," Albaz replied with a teasing smirk. "But it would be a waste not to do something with it before it went away. Of course, as long as you've been standing at attention, I imagine you might be enjoying this even more than I am!"

Leon quickly shook his head and hid his face behind the bright pink arm warmers he sported. "N-no! That's...that's not true!"

"We both know it is," Albaz assured him. "In fact, it's kind of a shame that you *are* enjoying it this much, because it makes it difficult for me really punish you if you're having too much fun. You're just lucky that this is more about training than it is about fun."

Leon wanted to know what kind of training he was in for, but he got a quick hint when Albaz dipped a clawtip into the pleats of the pink skirt and tugged it out away from his body, showing off the yellow and pink striped thong beneath to anyone who wanted to see it. "A-Albaz!! What the hell?!"

"You seemed to have trouble performing under pressure! A little stage fright is nothing to be ashamed of, my dear little slut, but it is something that we have to remedy, and what better what to do that than to give you a captive audience?"

"Can we maybe reconsider?" Leon asked, his head on a swivel as it whirled all around him, watching a few people stop near the entrance of the park. Some of them looked legitimately concerned, but many of them were starting to grin. It

seemed the idea of a public show resonated well with the people downtown, and the dominant attitude Albaz had was definitely catching. "I...I don't know if I'm up for this..."

"Maybe you should have thought about that before you had performance issues."

Leon thought that maybe he could find a way out of the sticky situation, but even if he had an escape plan, it wouldn't do him a bit of good when Albaz gripped him by the shoulder and pushed him down over one of the park benches. "We've got to teach you how to relax, Leon, and there's no better way to learn how to do that when the whole crowd is watching you with bated breath, wondering what we'll think of next!"

"I don't know if I like your training methods!" Leon said, his voice a hurried, worried yelp as he gripped the park bench, his sharp, curved claws digging deep trails into the wood of the bench as he braced himself over it. **"ALBAZ!**
Mrnnf...what if this doesn't work, though?"

"Then that's just too bad for you, and no skin off my back," Albaz replied without a care in the world. His grin was a blend of playful and devious as he looked around, seeing a the small crowd start to grow, and yet, no one even bothered to try and stop him as he lifted the frilly, pink skirt and admired Leon from behind, his eyes tracing the perfect curves of his backside and pondering just how painful he wanted to make this whole experience for his favorite femboi. "There might be a little bit taken off of yours, though."

Leon wasn't sure just how literal Albaz could be with that statement, but the raking of claws upon his lower back, tearing apart the thin fabric of the sky blue tank top with ease, and making Leon cry out in pain as deep, simmering red marks appeared under the thin brown fur. "P-please, not so rough! *Ahhn!*"

His cries were met with even more force, as Albaz pressed down even harder, near to the point of drawing blood from the lion femboi. "You are in **no** position to be making demands or asking favors, little bitch. Why don't we ask the crowd just how much mercy I should show you?"

Albaz had a powerful voice, plenty enough that people could hear him calling

out to them as he looked around. Many of the people watching were still in too deep of shock, or even just too timid to speak up, but from the growing crowd of twenty or thirty furs, a couple shouts of "Let him have it!" and "Beat his cute little ass!" rose up and teased right across the ears of Albaz like a song of praise, while the same words weighed down on Leon like a crown of thorns. He knew that Albaz wouldn't leave the crowd wanting, and knew even further what it meant for him.

"Sounds like they want you to suffer just as much as I do, Leon. I'd say it's a shame, but...well. I would never lie to you!"

SMACK! Albaz brought his paw upon delicate, soft flesh so hard that it drowned out the cry of pain that came thereafter. The thin, skimpy thong covering Leon's rear did nothing to block the blow, but it did give Albaz an idea, as the blue lion grabbed the back of the thong and pulled it up tight, constricting Leon's cock up into his body and putting extra pressure and discomfort on his sack as Albaz pulled back on it, using it like a harness to give himself even more leverage. "No, d-don't do that, Albaz! It'll let everyone see...see my cock..."

Albaz scoffed and swatted at his rump once again, dragging his claws through the point of contact this time. "Ha! Like they haven't been able to see it the whole time...you're loving this so much I can see precum soaking the front of that poor thong! You just can't help making a mess every time we go out to play, can you?"

It was bad enough that Leon had folded under pressure, but now, he was making a mess, and Albaz had him so mentally shaken that he was actually feeling guilty for his body having a normal reaction to the stimulation it received. "I'm so sorry, Albaz! I-I didn't mean to! *Please* forgive me! I promise I'll try to be better for you next time!"

"Next time, *maybe* I'll go easier on you, but you still need to be punished for your mistakes **this** time around, you little slut...and I think now would be the perfect time to start." Already tender, Leon bit his lip to keep from shouting out in distress as his ass was smacked hard again, his body bucking forward and his claws digging deep into the wood of the park bench as members of the crowd started to draw in a little bit closer to the heated pair. "Looks like a couple people

might need some service from you, Leon. Be a good little bitch and help them out, or I **promise** you, you won't be able to sit tonight when I'm through with this tight little ass..."

His eyes had been winced in pain for so long that Leon didn't even notice the crowd closing in on him until Albaz made mention of it. Though the crowd was shrinking the space around them, there were only a couple males bold enough to step forward and take advantage of what might be a once in a lifetime offer for them. "A-as you wish, Albaz, I'll do whatever you say..." Leon replied, his voice almost a hint reluctant as a Doberman stood before him, the musk coming from the bulge in his jeans intoxicating the submissive lion. Having been so well trained by Albaz, Leon didn't have to release his paws from the bench to prepare his new partner, he simply leaned up and caught the button of the jeans between his teeth and tugged around a little bit until it came undone, and his fangs made quick work of the zipper. The Doberman was at least polite enough to lower his own boxers, showing off the deliciously canine cock that Leon would have to take, and the lion immediately gulped...it was **a lot** to take."

"Shame I didn't get my paws on you first, cutie!" the canine said, his voice an air of appreciation as he gently smacked Leon across the muzzle with the tip of his drooling member. "You've got an awfully lucky master...I wonder just how well he trained you to take a cock from this end!"

Leon might have been able to reply, but the moment he felt that warm, slick cock-head against his lips, he showed off his training in obedience and opened his maw, letting the nameless canine push his cock forth as hard as he wanted. Feeling a paw gripping tight in his fiery red mane, Leon widened his eyes in a moment of shock as the Doberman rammed his hips forward and choked the submissive lion on his flesh.

Albaz, on the back end of things still, was busy preparing himself to join in on the fun, but with the warm-up that Leon received at the house, he was going to be even harder on the poor submissive in public. The tiny bottle of lube that he snuck out of the apartment was barely used, only enough to keep his length glistening in the midday sun, and just barely enough for the tip of his length to pass through Leon's tight pucker, as Albaz ripped the thong with ease and left it aside. "You've got a couple more adoring fans, Leon. Get those paws off the

bench and show them a good time, too, or you're going back in the cage when we get back to the apartment!"

The pair of lions were no strangers to introducing a chastity cage to their BDSM play, and Leon had actually just been freed from a long chastity. The park bench was already stained with a small pool of his precum, and it was only growing as Albaz pushed slowly against his backside, making sure not to disrupt the blowjob going on up front. Leon wished that he could scream out in delight for his master, but his maw was completely full with a thick, canine cock, and as much of a struggle as it was, he lifted his paws from the bench.

It might have been a mistake.

"You're taking a little too much time up there!" Albaz called out, gripping his paws down tightly onto Leon's rump, claws digging deeply into his flesh and marking him again. His hips slammed forth, bucking Leon chest first into the park bench, and forcing the offending length from the other side right into his throat, deeper than he ever imagined he could take such a thick piece of manhood. Completely full on both ends now, Leon winced his eyes shut again, gasping helplessly around his mouthful and beckoning at the other two males, a common red fox and a black-coated stallion, to come a little closer to him so he could get his paws on them.

As zippers came undone and pants dropped just a little bit, Leon got a pawful of a second canine length, slightly more narrow than the one in his maw, but a little longer, as well, and definitely enough to cause a struggle for the lion, but it was the length in his right paw that became a **very** large problem. Albaz watched with delight as Leon struggled just to breathe, but then, his paws fumbled with each of the two new members, stroking gently at the fox as he just hoped to wrap his other paw around the horse.

"I know you can't talk, Leon, but I know you can still hear me, and you can *definitely* still feel me," Albaz pointed out, adding a little emphasis with another hard thrust, bucking Leon right into all three males before him, "So be sure to make all three of those nice gentlemen cum, and let them finish wherever they want. If anyone leaves here unsatisfied today, you'll **deeply** regret it."

A quiet grunt of delight from the dominant lion made it clear how much he was enjoying humiliating his little cocksleeve, and a muffled, desperate gasp from the more submissive feline was a sure sign that he was enjoying himself quite a bit, but still, he was fearful of potential failure. He simply *couldn't* handle another week in the cage, and as deep as Albaz was fucking his ass already, he couldn't imagine what the lion would have in store for him when they finally did make it home. The looks and jeers of both delight and disgust were still growing in number, but for the majority, the crowd was getting even further into it, and some males even grew jealous as they watched the two canines and the horse receive a professional treatment that most men would have to pay for.

It was quite a show watching the poor, red lion try to handle the horse. "Is that really the best you can do? You've got such *soft* paws, little kitty, try putting them to good use instead of just fumbling!" The horse taunted at him, watching the display with a grin as his length hung loose, still not quite engorged at the moment, and he knew that once it was, the submissive lion would have no chance to handle it. He didn't just want a pawjob, however; he was looking for something a little bit more, and he was still eagerly waiting on the Doberman next to him to finish up his business so he could wait for his turn.

The fox, it turned out, was every bit as kinky as Albaz and Leon were. He'd been harboring a dirty secret, and while he wouldn't tell the others around him what was going on, his cock had been stiff from the get go because of a toy in his own tailhole, and his master giving him a small window to find a sexual reprieve. The precum drizzling from the tip of his length was already soaking Leon's paw, and his narrow, smaller knot was already pushed past his sheath as he gripped tightly on the shoulder of the lion. "I...*mnnnn*...I'm getting close, lion! I'm g-gonna cum, I can't help it! Nngh!"

Everyone in the group was shocked to see a fox with such low stamina, but it was no less exciting when his cock went off like a cannon, spraying all the way across Leon's left arm and soaking him up to the shoulder, and even some into his forehead and hair. "*Mnnngh*!" Leon gagged still around the length in his maw, voicing his surprise as a splatter of foxcum stained his cheek, but he showed once again how well Albaz trained him, keeping his composure and finally getting a proper grip on the horse, all without coming up for air from the Doberman.

Albaz was in heaven. He was getting to enjoy a lewd, public show, and the three males were being every bit as rough with Leon as he was. Unable to help his orgasmic lust, the fox reached in and pressed the tip of his cock hard into Leon's cheek, thrusting at his face and nearly blinding him with his load as the Doberman pressed his claws down tight into the soft, flowing fur of his mane, keeping his head stable and keeping him at the perfect angle so the canine could fuck his throat. "Don't stop until every one of them gets their fill, Leon..." Albaz warned in a low, rumbling growl, his body welling up with pleasure as he fucked the cute little femboi even harder, the tip of his thick, barbed cock brushing over Leon's prostate with his deepest thrusts, but the sudden, painfully hard **SMACK** of another heavy paw against Leon's ass kept him from reaching an early climax.

Pinned to the park bench, surrounded by witnesses and literally forced in place by four cocks, Leon *couldn't* escape, but the mere thought of doing so was far and away from his mind. He was in a moment of bliss greater than anything he'd ever imagined, and the crowd echoed that sentiment, as some folks that were watching started fondling themselves through their own clothing. One female cheetah, a particularly naughty one, revealed that her skirt was the only thing on her bottom half, and her pawtips were already soaked from her playing along.

"Shame you're struggling so much with the puppy," the black-coated, blonde haired stallion murmured, keeping his pleasure in check the best that he could as Leon stroked back and forth over the impressive length of his massive cock, his thumb dipping over the slit in the front and smoothing his precum around to try and keep things nice and smooth, even as the Doberman that filled his throat pushed just a little bit further. Another knot, much wider than the first one, pressed into Leon's lips as he realized the blowjob would be coming to an end, but the canine wasn't about to try and make a mess. His cock spewed without warning, the Doberman staying as quiet as he had the whole time, letting out only primal, lustful grunts as his sack clenched up tight and ropes of his cum filled Leon's maw and poured down his throat, coating everything it touched. Like all canines, he had impressive volume stored up in the lightly furred orbs that tightened up near his body, and seed poured out from Leon's maw, spilling over his chest and soaking his neck as he gulped over and over again, just trying to contain as much of the mess as he could. Even after the canine pulled out, a couple small streams hit Leon right upon the nose, leaving his senses

overwhelmed by the delightfully strong scent of canine cum.

Seeing the opening he wanted, the horse was quick to show Leon why his struggles were a shame. Throbbing up and down from his powerful arousal, the stallion jabbed Leon right in his cum-soaked muzzle, trying to get him to open wide again, and as the lion did his best to swallow what was still in his maw, he finally did, his tongue sliding out and licking the horse in greeting. "Look at you, going for another one so quickly! You're such a cock hungry little slut!" Albaz exclaimed, nearing to his own climax himself as he looked to the fox. "You're not doing anything over there now...how about you come back here and give me a hand? Or maybe a tongue..."

The blue lion lifted his tail, and perhaps, knowing something about the fox that the others didn't, he beckoned him back behind Leon. The fox knew his place as a submissive and knelt down behind Albaz, his tongue teasing the back of the lion's sack, tasting the orbs each time they swung from an abusively hard thrust into Leon's stretched tailhole. Leon had a hint of jealousy at the fox, but he couldn't focus on it long; there was a needy stallion bulging against the side of his face and quickly losing patience. "Afraid to take it all? Poor little femboi can't handle a little horsecock?" he asked, watching as the lion did everything he could to open his maw wide, as wide as he ever had around the flared tip of the massive length. He was just barely able to get the head inside of his maw, but as stretched out as he was from engulfing it, the horse wasn't nearly satisfied, showing it with a quick buck of the hips that barely moved his member in the tight confines of Leon's mouth. The submissive lion was hoping that the stallion would be a bit more true to the videos he'd seen; a few quick, brutal thrusts and a flood of cum, but he'd have no such luck. The reality was that this stallion had great control of his body, and a series of slow, gentle humps against the well-used lion let him know that he wasn't out of the thick of things just yet.

He was awfully lucky that Albaz didn't know he was watching porn on the side. He could only imagine how much worse things might be if he did.

"You two boys are doing an excellent job...I appreciate the assist, foxy," Albaz actually praised Leon for once, though he did it in a roundabout way, making sure to give credence to the fox first. "Do me a favor and give my tailhole a little treatment so I can give this slutty little femboi the cream filling he needs."

The audible ***slap slap slap*** of Albaz's sack slapping rapidly against Leon's bare ass rung out in the vulpine's ears, almost enchanting enough to cover up the order he'd been given, but a trained submissive himself, he leaned up, gripping Albaz gently by the rear and spreading his cheeks just a little so he could slide his tongue across the waiting pucker. The dominant, blue lion dug his claws in just short of drawing blood from Leon's ass as he tensed up in delight, his precum already leaking from the submissive lion and leaking down his thighs as the crowd watched with bated breath for the master to finally fill his pet. He was determined to go last, and he could see the horse struggling as Leon was finally working his way down the length that literally choked him, nearly a foot of cock filling his front orifice with plenty more to go, if he could handle it. "You think that canine gave you a lot of cum? I'm gonna *drown* you, poor little slut..." the horse warned Leon, at least giving him that as the Doberman went underneath of Leon, letting his tongue hang out to collect the literal stream of backed-up precum that was finally getting to see the light of day. With two canines fully satisfied and a horse about to fill him up, Leon was a little bit proud of himself, for sure, but he wouldn't quite call it a victory until his master was fully pleased.

He was lucky to have a little help from a fox.

"Open that throat, cum bucket!" The horse called out, refusing to be easy on Leon as his fire hose of a cock finally erupted inside of the lion's poor abused maw. The first blast of seed poured right down his throat, but the volume was so great, even the experienced Leon couldn't handle it. He swallowed all that he could before gagging and pulling back off, but minding his role as a living sex toy, he grasped the stallion's length with both hands and worked it hard throughout the climax, a spray of hot, thick semen literally coating his muzzle, consecutive shots landing upon his bare tummy and leaving him an absolute, cum-covered mess.

There was only one male yet to finish, and one mess left to make. In both cases, it was the most important one.

"I think you've...nngh...**finally** learned your lesson!" Albaz thought aloud, pushing his hips forth one more time, so hard that Leon buckled completely against the park bench. The stallion let his cock drizzle the last of its fluids down

onto the defeated femboi as Albaz stroked his paws down over his body, tearing the cute, pink leg warmers that covered his thighs in his aggression. The barbed tip of his cock finally unleashed the first torrent of potent, feline cum that Leon had so desperately wanted, filling his once tight, now loosened inner walls and soaking his insides with the heated seed. "Yes...**YES!** Take that fucking cum, Leon! Take every fucking drop you pathetic little slut!" Albaz cried out with pleasure as his orgasm wracked his whole body, sending jolts of pleasure over every inch of his being. He couldn't imagine a greater bliss as his sack completely emptied inside of Leon, strand after strand of runny liquid pumping into the bottom lion and leaving him an absolute mess in every sense of the word as Albaz pulled out slowly, giving his own cock a few strokes and spraying what was left of his seed onto Leon's back, making sure no part of him wasn't at least a bit of a mess.

In the aftermath, there was a small collection of gasps and pants from center stage, as well as a couple from the crowd as people did their best not to make a mess of their own clothing. Leon panted over the park bench, drops of a mix of canine and horse cum dripping from his lips every time that his chest heaved. He was truly exhausted this time, but at least this time, Albaz felt that he'd earned it.

"So, do you think you can handle performing under pressure next time when I ask you to, my slutty little lion?"

Leon was still gasping as he looked for the words to answer, but he just smiled back at Albaz with a hint of confidence. Words only seemed to get him into trouble anymore anyway, and so, he let the long, thin length of his tail coil around Albaz's back to keep him in close, without another word to say.

He was scratched, coated with seed, bruised, and his tailhole was still gaping as it leaked feline seed, but Leon was definitely over his performance issues.

A Shrinking Feeling

Friday night at any sort of fandom based convention was a surefire time to find people drinking copious amounts of alcohol for no real reason, but when good friends were around and visiting for the first time in months, there was no need for a reason; there was only a question of how much booze would be enough to get everyone through the evening.

The sun had been shining bright for hours on what was a blessed day in Florida, the opening day of the Maplegex convention, and one that saw convention goers outside just as much as they were inside, enjoying the lovely weather that the Sunshine State had to offer in the fullest. The pool was filled to the borders with furs looking to take a dip, cool off, or just mess around with each other in the cool, soothing water, and a timely breeze coming in from the west was keeping the humidity at tolerable levels.

Of course, when a refreshing dip in the pool and cool breezes failed, there was the magic of air conditioning and hotel room parties.

"Who wants another shot?"

For perhaps the first time in his entire life, Exile Huscoon had to repeat himself.

"I said, **who wants another shot?!**"

That time, he got the attention of his friends.

Two rooms, joined by a door in the middle that allowed for easy access, were currently overflowing with drunken furs having a good time and enjoying catching up with old friends. The majority of them weren't actually that far gone *yet*, but it was only 11:30 at night, and the party was really just reaching full swing.

That made it the perfect time for Exile to put his plan into action, knowing that the air of suspicion around his secret concoction would finally have died down.

"I do!" Nbowa called out, the lion stumbling over in his trademark red shorts and leaning over on the counter. Being a pair of joined hotel rooms, there really wasn't a bar to speak of, but a makeshift gathering place to drink was set up in the room to the right, with tables and beds rearranged so that people could lean across the table and wait for their drinks to be served to them...or in the case of the blonde-banged lion, try to jump over the counter and take them from the hybrid bartender.

Exile swung the jug up and out of the reach of his friend, the light blue fluid within swishing around and frothing as it was moved so rapidly. Nbowa drooped his ears as he sprawled out over the counter, wishing that he could even take a sip of the magical mixture that Exile had been bragging about for the whole day. "You get **one** shot of it, Nbowa. I want to make sure there's enough of this stuff to go around."

A pair of spotted paws wrapped around the jug next, as Orio got a grip on the bottle, but Exile was able to easily lift it up out of his grasp. "So stop lording it over us and pour some friggin' shots already!" he exclaimed, slurring his words just a bit already and gnashing his fangs at his friend, trying to give him a nibble that was meant to be affectionate, but alcohol took away his sense of what might be a bit too fierce of a bite.

Small packages of plastic shot glasses were strewn about the two hotel rooms, still filled with the sound of furs partying as the evening pushed onward. Exile picked up a set of them as Shyy came over from the other room, his ears perked up high to the call for alcohol. The speedy hybrid, a bunnolf, was in standing in front of the table in a flash, almost knocking Orio over in his haste to get in line for a drink, but as he looked over the mysterious blue liquid in the gallon container, he narrowed his eyes at Exile and shook his head.

"No way, dude. You're not fooling me that easily."

Exile was already pouring the second and third shots into glasses as he paused, looking up from the makeshift bar top at Shyy and tilting his head a little bit. "What do you mean...?"

"I know you way too well to just trust you pouring some mystery juice into a shot!" he quickly replied, as Exile went about pouring the fourth shot into a glass. He capped the gallon container and hid it in the corner of the room among his effects immediately afterward, trying to keep a guilty, suspicious smile from his face. "I don't have a clue *what* you could be talking about, Shyy. This is just some booze that I brought from home!"

Even in his drunken state, Orio started to gain a little suspicion. "But it's blue..."

"So?"

"Unless that's a whole bottle of Curacao...it shouldn't be **that** blue..."

Nbowa was only a bit tipsy, far more sober than the cheetah-lynx hybrid next to him, and that same curiosity was spreading, until three sets of eyes were all trained on Exile, and not one of them had *any* trust for the bartender. "If there's really nothing funky about your homemade stuff, why don't you do a shot of it first to show us?"

Exile suddenly had a blank stare, trying hard to look in the back of his mind for a good excuse. "...C'mon, guys! You can trust me! This stuff is delicious, I mean it!"

Orio was dangerously close to picking up one of the shot glasses, but he couldn't bring himself to lift it now. It carried with it an ethereal weight, knowing how Exile had messed with him in the past, and his better judgment kept him from taking the drink. "No way, dude. Those are all you."

The college mentality was starting to take over. Close friends that were in for a visit, having no idea what the liquid would do, were starting to gather around the table to cheer Exile on, thinking it was nothing more than the husky-raccoon hybrid challenging himself to a little drinking contest.

Atimist and Ruff closed in behind the group, and even Tirrelous helped to round out the circle that now enclosed Exile to his own fate. Peer pressure was starting to get to him, and the hybrid was never one to back down from a challenge. He was the author of his own fate, to be sure, and the cheers roaring out from the

crowd around him were so great, there was a noise complaint from other rooms in the near future, no doubt.

"DO IT! DO IT! DO IT!" everyone cheered, and Exile lost his nerves as the circle tightened up around him. No one was even remotely concerned with tasting the liquid, now; they simply wanted to see Exile drink all four of the shot glasses. Higsby was keeping an eye on the door, making sure that the party wouldn't get in any trouble as Exile finally gave in, and the chants turned to a collective cheer as the hybrid took his first shot without a moment of further hesitation. The plastic shot glass was set down hard, spinning away from the table as Exile took the second one with ease, tossing the glass into the crowd for taunting him before. Knowing just how dangerous this would be for him later, Exile took the third shot right after, and having already gone to such lengths of abandon against himself, he grabbed the fourth, took a deep, nervous breath, combed the crowd over and took the shot, feeling the cool, sweet liquid pour down his throat and into his tummy in a quick, painless shot.

The cheers and applause were thunderous, and perhaps, if anyone knew just what Exile had consumed, they wouldn't have been quite as impressed. It wasn't a tough shot to take, seeing as how it had very minimal alcohol in it whatsoever, but even as the fourth shot glass was settling down on the makeshift bar, Exile could already feel his insides churning unnaturally, and he knew that he shouldn't have consumed quite as much as he did.

"Duuuuuude, I think he's gonna blow chunks!" Atimist sneered, taking a sip of his own beer and leaning over the crowd of people, able to see Exile stumbling on his footpaws already, but it wasn't due to the miniscule amount of alcohol in the drinks. Anyone who knew just what was in the jug, the contents of which were known only to Exile and one other hybrid, would be extremely worried about the huscoon already. His wobbling wasn't due to alcohol, of course, but due to the sudden change in his center of gravity, which was changing in ways that people couldn't physically see yet. Pushing out a powerful paw and tearing a path through his friends, Exile stumbled his way toward one of the open bathrooms and closed the door, completely forgetting to lock it in his haste. He immediately slumped over the counter, trying to get a grip on anything to put himself upright, but his balance was completely thrown off. He didn't have a hope in the world of staying standing, and eventually fell to the floor, holding his

head in his paws and groaning in disgust, as his stomach continued to turn against his will.

Joshiah didn't tell me this stuff had such a terrible side effect, Exile thought, trying to keep his sounds of displeasure to a minimum, not wanting to rouse any concern, and more specifically, not wanting to give anyone further reason to make fun of him. The harsh reality was that the potion wasn't supposed to have such an effect, but Exile had taken far too great of a dose all at once, speeding up the process of what was already quick to occur.

He knew he was out of luck when he tried to reach up for the counter, and couldn't even get a paw on it, finding it just out of his grasp from height.
"...Ooooooh *shit*."

No one had come in to check on Exile yet, and he was grateful for the fact as he felt his trademark red and white jersey growing baggy on him. It was already a bit too large anyway, being a size too much, but he almost slipped out of the thing entirely as he tried to sit himself upright, just managing to do so as his equilibrium finally re-established itself. He had his balance back, but even then, Exile felt a bit disoriented, just watching the bathroom grow larger around him. He sat next to the toilet and cursed his own foolishness, wishing that he could have ignored peer pressure. He was thinking back over what else he could have done differently, trying to distract himself from the changes that continued to occur. His paws, once broad and powerful, shrunk down in size, retracting to the point that Exile struggled to get the jersey off of his body before it became a smock on his torso. He tossed it across the bathroom as his jeans started deflating, without thick enough legs to fill them out any longer. Powerful, proud thighs were already shrinking down and withering, and his hips followed suit, until the belt around his waist did nothing to keep his pants on his body. They sat on the floor, and Exile watched his footpaws as they pushed up the denim, shrinking backwards toward his body. He wasn't just getting smaller in general, he was getting *shorter*, to the point that Atimist might be able to make fun of him soon. His eyes widened with fear at how rapidly he was changing, thinking that there might be a side effect far worse than just the shrinking he was enduring. The fear lingered in his mind as he scooted back, crawling out of his jeans and leaving his orange briefs behind, sliding right out of them just by taking a step back toward the toilet. He stood up tall again, only to find that he was literally

only a foot taller than the edge of the toilet seat.

"I swear, I am gonna string that stinkin' coyofolf up by his balls when I-

"When you what?"

Nbowa was the first one to finally come and check on Exile, who only then realized that he never locked the door behind himself. The funny thing of it all was that the lion didn't seem at all distraught by the fact that Exile was less than half his normal size, rather, he was grinning down at the shrinking hybrid, his tail giving a swish of curiosity at what Exile was talking about when he entered. "Well? When you *what*?"

"When I get my paws on him for...uhm. For..."

Exile knew he was only going to talk himself further into a corner at that point, and he didn't need a shovel to dig his own grave. He'd been going plotting to shrink the lot of his party guests since the beginning, only to have the plan backfire on him, and now, a lion was looking over him as if he was nothing more than a savory morsel...and he was just *barely* too big to be called such.

"I don't think he made you take those shots," Nbowa pointed out, "And by the looks of it, I'm *really* glad he didn't force me to, either. You were seriously trying to sneak that on me?"

"Heh...uhm...not *just* you? Does that make it better?"

Nbowa was about to close the door behind him when Shyy and Orio came in to check on their friend as well, only to see that he was still shrinking rapidly, now so small that he had to climb up onto the seat of the toilet if he wanted to use it.

"No," Shyy said with a quick shake of his head, "That really doesn't make it any better."

Orio was nearly salivating with delight as he looked down upon the shrunken huscoon. Revenge had finally presented itself for the usually girly hybrid, and this time, there wasn't a thing Exile could do to prevent it. "So **that's** what the

stuff would have done! You're a serious asshole, Exile...thinkin' that we'd fall for that!"

Exile was still trying to find the words to excuse his actions when Nbowa leaned down by the edge of the toilet and picked him up. "Lock the door behind us, guys. Four is a party, after all...I don't think we need anyone else barging in on this."

Shyy and Orio pushed the door shut quickly and locked it, damning anyone who actually needed to use the bathroom. There was no way for the trio to block out the noise they'd make, other than staying quiet, but under the influence of a couple drinks each and seeing an opportunity that they simply couldn't pass up, not a single one of them was going to hold back, which meant a long, rough night for Exile was in store.

"Guuuuuuuys...lemme go please?" Exile asked, trying his best to wear an innocent smile, but it was forced to the point that it nearly looked painful, and he wasn't fooling anyone. He'd simply had to turn his own plan on himself, and in doing so, he'd trapped himself in the bathroom with three people who all had something they could dig up from the past and call out for revenge.

The lion, bunnolf and chynx all locked eyes with each other, thinking it over for a literal moment, and all shaking their heads in unison. "The council votes you must be punished," Nbowa muttered in a damning voice, as if he felt even a modicum of regret for what he was about to do. "And I think we all know what a fitting punishment would be for someone like you...must be pretty eager for it, too. You already took all of your clothes off!"

"They **fell** off!" Exile argued, but the protest was ignored entirely. A grin of fangs that were almost as large as his head loomed over him, and now, the tiny hybrid was a bit fearful for his life as Nbowa gave him a firm squeeze. "C'mon guys, seriously! It was all gonna be in good fun!"

Shyy rubbed his paws together, glancing up at the ceiling in thought, his mind lingering on those last words. "I'm sure we can come up with a punishment that will be good fun for all of us, too...not sure how much *you'll* enjoy it, but...that's kind of the idea behind a punishment, right?"

"As long as he suffers, I'm good with it," Orio mentioned, showing off an unusual flair of dominance that betrayed his entire personality. He didn't know that Nbowa was going to be the ringleader for the whole act, which meant that he'd be on the bottom of whatever was about to happen, but surer still was the fact that Exile was going to suffer, and that his diminutive size was going to be used against him.

Exile could feel the color running from his face, and curl fading from his tail as he knew there was no talking his giant friends out of their devious intentions. Small as he was, he couldn't escape the powerful paws of the lion that held him, and he was so concerned with his fate that he'd all but forgotten his being entirely nude until it was mentioned to him again. "But...guys...nothing bad happened to you?"

Nbowa shook his head as he passed Exile off to Shyy, who held him up like an action figure, thinking of all the different ways he could pose the micro-sized hybrid. "No, this was actually a blessing in disguise," Nbowa admitted, as he used his now free paws to slide his shorts and boxers down to the bathroom floor, exposing that his length was already starting to stiffen at whatever depraved thoughts he had mulling around in his noggin. "I'd been looking for a new sex toy to share with my buddies, after all, and look to be just the *perfect* size for a cock sleeve..."

Seven stiff inches of lion cock were standing proud and throbbing gently against the empty air, looking for something to penetrate, and Exile knew that he was the target. Shyy passed Exile off to Orio while he stripped the thin, black mesh muscle shirt from his torso and tossed it aside, with his cargo shorts quick to follow to the floor. Tight, thin briefs were already tented around his hybrid length, causing Shyy discomfort and prompting him to drop them down to his ankles. "I hope I'm included in that group?" he asked, his member growing without any further prompting now that it was free from the confines of his tight fabric.

"**You** are...but Orio **isn't**," Nbowa quickly replied, giving the chynx a grin and taking Exile back from him by force, scaring the living daylights out of the micro hybrid by moving him around so rapidly. "I think I have a great idea for

the three of us, if you're all game...and Orio doesn't have a choice anyway."

Orio flattened his ears all the way to the back of his head, his bright blue eyes widening, trying to give Nbowa the most pathetic look that he possibly could. "Why don't *I* get to play with the huscoon toy?"

"Because I **said so**," Nbowa responded sternly. "Shyy and I will give this hybrid punk a proper punishment for trying to trick all of us...and you get to help set up the *bath*."

Exile gulped at the thought, his worst nightmares coming to the front of his mind and making his body shake in the tight hold of Nbowa's paws. He squirmed about rapidly, pushing with both paws and trying to force his body out, but it was all for naught. His smaller body was just too weak to fight back, and the very thought of what they could do to him terrified him to the point of shivering around, despite the warm fur that touched literally every part of his body.

I don't think I'm gonna like any bath that they have planned for me... Exile worried mentally, not wanting to incriminate himself any further with his words. He could only force that faux-innocent smile and try to keep looking like the whole situation didn't make him so nervous that he worried he might wet himself. It was even harder to maintain that look as Nbowa lowered Exile down onto his cock, letting his body sit upon it like it were a bench in a park, but a paw kept him pressed down to it, ever conscious of the fact that he might try to run. "I think Shyy and I can share this new little cocksleeve...smash him between our dicks and grind up against him until we shower him in cum and make him drink it all up, that is, if he can handle such a big meal in such a small body...sound like a plan, Shyy?"

The bunnolf was already gripping his own length in a white furred paw, guiding it to press against Nbowa's length. The two stiff cocks pressed up to each other vertically until there was a small spot for Exile to rest in, and Nbowa lifted him right into that spot. "If you try and escape, little huscoon...we'll force-feed you more of that blue stuff until you're small enough to use as a plug, and shove you in Orio's ass! Understood?"

Exile was used to Nbowa being a dominant partner, but that threat was on a level

that he wasn't used to, and Orio looked at Exile with pleading eyes until Exile finally nodded, accepting his fate. He still *could* try and run, hoping to find a place to hide in the hotel, or perhaps even just in the room...there were piles of clothes everywhere, extra sheets, blankets and pillows that he could bury himself into...but all they'd have to do was tell anyone there about what Exile was planning, and suddenly, the whole party would be trying to find him. Much as he hated the fact, he was relegated to his fate...

...That didn't mean he had to like it.

"Glad we're all in agreement here," Nbowa murmured. "Orio, be a doll, get on your knees and put that slutty mouth of yours to work...my sack could really use a tongue bath right about now, and I'm sure Shyy wouldn't mind the same treatment..."

Orio made a quick pout, but he knew that he was going to get bossed around from the very beginning, and his nub tail was fluttering about, betraying his pouting and revealing just how much he loved the idea. He was on his knees in a flash, resting his knees on the pile of clothes below and immediately burying his face into Nbowa's lightly fuzzed sack, the rough texture of his tongue providing a new sort of pleasure for Nbowa as it circled slowly over each individual orb, as if he were inspecting them with his tongue. Shyy couldn't only watch the display and wait for his turn, but he had plenty to keep him occupied in the meantime, as he started the countdown.

"Three...two...one..."

Shyy and Nbowa thrust their cocks at each other at the same time, pinning Exile between them and using the soft, smooth fur upon his tummy and his back as a masturbatory aid. Exile was literally a living, breathing sex toy, and he had only a second to get used to being squished between two massive cocks before they pulled back slightly, giving him a chance to breath. It didn't last, of course, as the pair humped at each other once more, frothing each other and grinding their lengths against Exile with no shame, and no concern for the hybrid they were crushing. It wasn't painful for Exile, but his cheeks were flushed bright red with a blush as he tried to resist what his mind was telling him...that all of this, as unusual as it was, was a **massive** turn on for him.

"He's so *soft*...feels great against the underside of my cock," Nbowa groaned, as Orio continued working on his sack, wetting the once smooth, soft fur with a thin layer of saliva and making it difficult for Nbowa to stay standing. Shyy grinned as he gripped Nbowa behind the arms, helping to keep him upright so they could keep Exile pinned between their members. Exile was still trying to resist just how wrong all of it should feel, but he couldn't deny the physical pleasure of having his shrunken cock pressed up to Shyy's, and the way that the flesh was able to so easily glide along his own, it was like someone was pawing him off without anyone trying to pleasure him, and though it would never fit, feeling Nbowa's impressive length gliding over his back, the head of his member pressing and teasing at Exile's rump every time it slid over his back was a strange sensation, but one that he found himself enjoying more than he should. His mind still resisted, but his body was giving in to the physical pleasure of it all, and his cock started to grow stiff between his legs, still rubbing against Shyy every time that the bunnolf thrust his cock over the front side.

"He's starting to get stiff against me, I can *feel* it," Shyy replied in a low, pleased grunt, his lips curling into a teasing grin as he looked down over Exile, still able to see a hint of panic in his eyes. "Y-you can calm down, y'know...long as you do what we say, you'll...*Damn, that's good*...you'll be okay...and speaking of, h-how about you put that mouth of yours to work?"

Exile didn't need any further instructions. He didn't want to risk incurring more wrath, and even if he could barely get his lips to touch the offending length with how rapidly it moved, Exile tried his best to wrap his paws around it, hugging onto it like it was a tree trunk and slurping his tongue at the thick, fat head of Shyy's cock whenever it got close enough. His tongue was so small, just like the rest of him, that Shyy could just barely feel it, but that tiny sensation alone added enough pleasure for Shyy to let loose a little precum, but an amount that flooded over Exile's muzzle easily and soaked the front of his face.

Getting close to a climax as his cock brushed through the soft fur of Exile's back, Nbowa hesitated for just a moment, wanting to steal as much pleasure as he could from the situation. "Go...*mnnn*...go work your magic on Shyy," Nbowa ordered to Orio, glaring down at the submissive feline and moving him across just through the look in his vibrant, green eyes. The lion kept himself busy,

taking the small curl that was Exile's tail and wrapping it around the base of his length, letting it act like a cock ring for him and giving Nbowa a perfect angle to brush the head of his cock rapidly between Exile's tiny, shrunken rump. The silly fear in the huscoon's mind that somehow, Nbowa could end up impaling him still rested in the back of his mind, but likewise, he wished that he could be penetrated for even just a moment, full well knowing that he could never handle having Nbowa's length inside of him at that size. Precum already stained the fur upon his back, streaking through it and leaving it sticking up each time that Nbowa pumped his hips and pressed Exile to Shyy's cock, which was throbbing hard against Exile's chest, especially when Orio finally wrapped his lips around just one of his soft, fur-coated orbs and suckled tightly upon it, trying to milk the cum right out of the bunnolf and moaning with delight around his mouthful. Nbowa reached down to swat the chynx hard across the ass, making him whimper for more of the same, but a worse punishment was to *deny* him exactly that, and Nbowa knew it. Orio whined for another firm spanking, even as other furs were gathering around the door, knowing exactly what was going on by now, judging by the cries of pleasure that seeped through the thin walls of the hotel room.

"Good boy, Orio! Harder...suck **harder**, right there! Keep going!" Shyy cried out as Orio put his legendary oral skills to work, doing just as he was told and sucking desperately at Shyy's sack like he was a child trying to suckle nourishment from a breast. It yielded another soft spray of precum, one that coated Exile's entire head, matting down his fur with the slick, clear fluid and leaving him a mess, as he was already dampened, front and back with the stuff. Both males were drawing near to a climax, and even Exile felt himself getting closer, as Orio reached across, squeezing Nbowa's sack to coax the cum right out of it. The poor micro huscoon simply held his breath as he felt the first hot, thick strands of cum shooting out over his back, completely soaking him in a cum shot that was huge compared to his diminutive size.

Nbowa gripped onto Shyy's shoulders tightly, leaving Exile suspended purely by the cocks that were humping against him as the act came to a feverish peak. "Nnnnngh yes... keep squeezing, Orio! It's m-making me cum! Yes! *I'm cumming!*" the lion roared out, shaking the mirror in the bathroom with the ferocity of his orgasm. Exile was coated in thick strands of cum from the back, able to feel the veins in the lion's member literally throbbing and bulging out into

the small of his back as it was coated with heated seed. Semen poured down his rump and over the back of his thighs as the mess got everywhere, dripping down to the floor and even hitting Shyy in the tummy from such an intense climax. Orio never stopped squeezing, and he never let Shyy free from his muzzle, licking and teasing at the tasty sack in front of him until he could feel it tightening up.

It was only a moment after Shyy felt the lion spunk streaking across the tense muscles of his lower abdomen that his own orgasm set in, his cock rubbing rapidly over Exile and his torso, gliding against his cheek and spraying him right in the face with a sudden rush of seed that he couldn't even hope to swallow. He gulped as much as he could while the cock in front of him spurted again, painting his face white with the build up from a massive climax. "R-ready for your bath, Exile? Cause I'm...c-cumming...*fuckin' cumming!*" Shyy grunted out, his sack going tense to the touch of Orio's tongue and giving Exile every bit more than he could handle, coating the front of the hybrid's brown overcoat with a thick spray of tasty, sticky cum. Lion and bunnolf seed mixed together and dripped down over Exile, leaving him literally coated between his two friends, and giving the submissive kitty that was Orio something to lick up from the floor, and seeing it drip down, he did exactly that, slurping the excess up from the bathroom tiles with a rapidly wagging nub.

Two thick, veiny cocks kept Exile pinned through the end of their respective orgasms, and he couldn't deny just how hot it was to be able to see every little detail of the heads and shafts of those lengths, and literally feel them throbbing against him, his paws just the right size to trace over those veins as they bulged out against him. As far as punishments went, he figured he got off easy...

...But they weren't quite done yet.

"That got *really* messy..." Nbowa said with a soft, pleased sigh. "I think we should wash him off, lather him up and use him as a loofah...since we could all use a shower. Sound like a plan, guys?"

Orio and Shyy were already rapidly nodding as Exile wilted his ears, small drips of cum falling down from them.

"And I bet you thought you were getting off easy!" Nbowa chided, gripping the cum-soaked hybrid in a paw and lifting him into the sink for a quick rinse.

I didn't get off at all... Exile mentally pouted, trying to wipe some of the excess seed from his eyes. Orio was finally stripping his clothes away, ready to join the others in the shower as Shyy turned up the water, filling the bathroom with billows of steam that made it hard for Exile to see his own fate.

Three giant furs waited by the shower door, ready to take the micro-sized huscoon to the second half of his punishment.

Exile simply sighed, still relegated to his fate, and knowing things were only going to get worse.

I'll just put it in their damn water bottles next time.

Frosting Your Own Birthday Cake

In so many cultures of the world, turning 18 carried with it an inherent enjoyment.

The blissful ignorance of childhood leaves us wanting more and more as we grow, suspecting that there can only be better things around the corner. We age slowly, and yet, so quickly that we don't realize how suddenly childhood turns to adolescence, and then, in a flash, you're getting a driver's license, looking for a job, and wondering why no one really considers you to be an adult.

At the age of 18, it's a question you no longer have to ask.

"Thanks for the invite, Zeke! This pool party is gonna be **awesome!**"

When you were the last among your friends to finally turn 18, however, it felt like there was a burden lifted from your shoulders. As a collective group, you could now rent hotel rooms, go on trips without any kind of a curfew, and live on your own without fear of repercussion for your foolish actions. It was the age of going on long road trips, seeing sights, going away to college and really starting to come into your own, if you were to believe everything you heard.

Most importantly to Zeke, a young, male zebra who was finally over the first of many age milestones, it meant that he and his friends could hang out at a water park that *wasn't* the crummy little one in their own town. His parents finally trusted him enough to take the keys, take the car, and as one might expect, it only took a few long minutes of fearful hugs from his mother, and a very stern look from his father to make sure that he wouldn't do anything *too* foolish while he was a couple hours away.

"Don't mention it, guys. There's no one else I'd rather spend my big day with!"

Zeke was blessed with a loving family at home, to be sure, but he was also fortunate enough to have a few very close friends, and none were closer Cole and Kyle. A sly, crafty bunny and a womanizing panther respectively, they made

a perfect tripod of friendship; each one of them brought something unique to the table, and though none of them were exactly the same, they had just enough in common with each other to never tired of the company.

In the case of Cole, his enjoyment of male company, especially that of his friends, went a little bit deeper than what he admitted to, but it was no secret to his friends that he was gay, and thankfully, neither one of them had a problem with it.

"Don't expect to see too much of me," Kyle chimed in. "There's gonna be **plenty** of fine lookin' girls at the park today. Figure if I play my cards right, I might get one of 'em to sneak behind the lockers with me and go home tonight with a new story to tell!"

Zeke drooped his ears just a little bit. "You aren't really gonna ditch me the whole time just to try and chase chicks, are you?"

The zebra was driving, so he was a little bit shocked when he felt Kyle giving him a quick nudge on the shoulder from the back seat of the car. "Dude, of course not! I'm gonna keep an eye out, but it's still bros before hoes, man!"

"That's a bit more like it," Zeke offered, biting back on the urge to yell at Kyle for hitting him while driving. Literally only 18 to the day, Zeke was the youngest of the three by a few months, and was teeming with nervous energy to be burned off. Water slides, wave pools and a lazy river might not be enough to get the job done, but he couldn't think of a better way to spend the afternoon.

As an extra gift from his parents, Zeke pulled out a trio of day passes from the dashboard compartment and offered them up to the ticket window as he pulled up to the parking lot for SplashLand. It was a rather typically themed water park, but it boasted some of the tallest and fastest water slides in the state, and naturally, there were a few of the same girls that Kyle mentioned before, walking in from the parking lot to do little more than soak up the sun and try to get a nice tan. "Just three of us," Zeke said to the ticket taker, trying to sound as cool and mature as he could.

"Looks like you're all set," the attendant replied. "It's open parking, so grab a

space anywhere you see one available. Have fun today at SplashLand!"

The three friends were snickering the moment that they got past the gate. "Must not have been working here that long...who is honestly **that** excited to work at a ticket booth for some water park?!" Kyle yelled out, likely still within earshot of the ticket windows, and yet, Zeke and Cole joined him for a laugh.

"Don't harp on them *too* much," Zeke pointed out, even as he continued chuckling. "If college doesn't work out, that could be you some day!"

Cole shook his head so rapidly that the long, rounded ears on his head nearly spun around each other. "Not a chance, dude! I'm not gonna goof off in my classes if it means I end up getting stuck with a backwater job like that!"

Zeke turned back for a moment to share a glance with Kyle, and the laughter suddenly shifted in Cole's direction.

"You? You of all people are gonna be the good college student in this car?"

"Well...I mean, you never know! It *could* happen!"

Kyle scoffed. "*Riiiiight*. When pigs fly, my man."

"Looks like there's one going down that water slide over there right now," Zeke pointed out, as he turned into a parking space, snickering at his friend.

Kyle jumped in before Cole could try to defend himself. "If he flies out of the slide, it still doesn't count!"

"Hmmp. **Very** funny, guys," Cole muttered, surprised to find himself on the receiving end of a joke for once. Typically, he was the tricky joker of the group, and his habits in high school didn't exactly inspire confidence for the upcoming college semester.

A quick and friendly nudge from Zeke managed to calm Cole down right away. "Awww, come off it, dude! We're here to have fun, chill out and ride some rides...let's not start this day off on the wrong hoof!"

Getting over his mood as quickly as he fell into it, Cole nudged Zeke right back and hopped out of the car, almost literally. "You mean footpaw, bro?"

Cole and Kyle shared a quick high-five as the panther exited the back seat, and Zeke merely rolled his eyes as he stepped out of the car, as well. Trying to prove his maturity to his parents, even if they weren't around, Zeke turned and locked the doors behind him before dropping the keys into a Velcro pocket, keeping them that much safer from slippery paws.

"Looks like we've got a couple customers already, fellas," Kyle said, as he took the center spot and stepped out in front a little bit. He was a natural born leader, and he walked with the kind of swagger in his step that simply drew people into him. "Couple-a bombshells at ten o' clock, looking at us like we're models or somethin'!"

Kyle was entirely supportive of Cole in his homosexual lifestyle, but he had no idea that, quietly, Zeke himself was gay as well. Whereas Cole wore it on his sleeve, Zeke kept it a secret from everyone, even his own family, and the way that he behaved kept Kyle believing that he might be interested in the pair of bikini-clad cheetahs that were walking by them.

"Can you blame them? Our Zekie boy here has been getting looks like that **all** the way through high school, but he never acts on any of them! Seems like there isn't a girl in the world that's good enough," Cole teased his buddy, making sure to speak just loud enough for the girls to know that they were being gossiped about.

Zeke could already feel a warmth building in his cheeks as he followed Kyle into the fences that surrounded the water park, trying to flatten his ears and ignore the pointing and giggling of the females nearby. It was only bashfulness that caused a slight pink shade to appear through his white and black striped fur, rather than an attraction to the ladies that now walked in front of them.

Kyle, on the other hand, was starting to walk funny as he watched the slow and hypnotic sway of long, thin feline tails in front of a pair of backsides that weren't just gifts from above; they were toned, and pushed back at the eager panther

with each and every step.

"Thanks for the vote of confidence, Cole, but it's really not **that** simple," Zeke tried to explain, though he wasn't in the mood to discuss it right then. This was a special occasion, and the thought of ruining it with such a heavy subject wasn't exactly appealing to him.

Comic relief was only available in the way that Zeke and Cole stood by the men's changing room and watched as Kyle followed the girls all the way to their own changing room...only to hear a loud and audible **SMACK** as he rounded the corner. When the panther came back around, he looked dazed, and at first, it was hard to tell if it was a good or a bad daydream that he was floating in.

"D-did...did you guys know that was the **wrong** dressing room?" he asked, slumping against the wall for a moment and holding the side of his muzzle. "Ow. Ow. Freakin' ow."

Zeke and Cole were nearly doubled over with laughter as Kyle kept a paw on the side of his face and glared up at his two friends, but given just how silly and foolish he was, he couldn't hope to stay mad. He gave a couple of quick, playful jabs at his friends and ushered them into the changing room, wanting to make sure that they weren't going to get in anymore trouble by standing outside.

"You'll have to teach me your techniques sometime," Cole suggested, as he started stripping away his t-shirt and picked out an empty locker to toss it in. "I bet if I was *that* aggressive, I'd come home with a different boy every day after Frisbee in the park!"

"It takes years of practice, young Pawwalker," Kyle assured, managing a quick chuckle at the thought. "I don't think you're quite ready for my level of game."

"I don't think I **want** to have that kinda game!" Cole exclaimed, snickering as he started kicking away his shorts. Shameless about the way that he lived his life, Cole was more than happy to be a bit of an exhibitionist, even if it was in the privacy of a locker room. Kyle turned away respectfully as he undressed himself, and poor, shy Zeke was left to stand between them, trying not to get caught admiring the toned, firm muscles upon Kyle's abdomen, or the slim, smooth

lines of Cole's body.

His boxers didn't do too much to cover up that excitement, however, and it didn't help that he was already hung well above an average male, especially for his age. "Y-you could always offer me some pointers, Kyle," Zeke said, trying his best to continue to blend in, as he always had.

"I don't know if I have that kinda time left on Earth, Zeke." Kyle was already stripping away his own boxers, leaving Zeke standing between a pair of his best friends...the fact that they happened to be nude wasn't exactly helping to contain his problem. "But if you were willing to learn, I'd be willing to at least *try* to teach you."

Jeans hit the floor, and boxers rapidly with them, as Zeke ran right through his courage and forced his clothes away. He'd brought a large, baggy pair of swimming trunks with him, with a nice blue and orange floral pattern upon them to look as tropic as possible, but before he had a chance to put them on, he noticed that they'd completely disappeared.

"...Guys, this is **not** funny."

Kyle whirled around, sending a fresh blush through Zeke's cheeks. "What's not funny?"

"What did you guys do with my damn swim trunks?!"

There was no one else in the locker room right then to spoil the moment, but ever the trickster that he was, Cole couldn't hope to keep his laughter in. "Okay, okay, I stole 'em! It was just so I could give you your present, silly! Those shorts you brought are so last season anyway...if you wanna get any attention, you've gotta go with your birthday present!"

Shyness, arousal and excitement were battling for control of Zeke's emotions, and at the mention of a present, excitement just managed to win out the battle, keeping the long, thick shaft of his equine cock from growing any further.

"You...you guys got me a birthday present? You didn't have to do that!"

"But we did," Kyle cut in, "And we think it'll be the perfect gift for this occasion."

A small, white box was hidden under the growing pile of clothes, and Cole fished it out, nearly bouncing with giddy excitement to see Zeke finally open it. "Go on, dude! Don't keep us waiting!"

Zeke was touched so much at the thought of a gift from his closest friends that he almost felt like tearing up, but he managed to keep it together and only smile a bright, genuine smile. "Man...you guys didn't have to do this!" he tried to suggest, though, as he opened the simple, cardboard box and looked inside, he felt as though his cheeks might burst into flames. "...Is...this...a speedo?"

Cole was already pulling on his own swimsuit, little more than a pair of glorified briefs, as he watched and clapped at Zeke's dumbfounded reaction. "Aren't they perfect? A nice, bright blue speedo pair for you! It'll stick out really well with those black and white stripes of yours!"

Kyle wasn't quite as on board with the idea as Cole had been, but as he pulled on his own loose, baggy swim trunks, he gave the still nude zebra a quick nudge. "The way you're packing down there, every girl in this park is gonna be sending glances your way, dude. You're awfully lucky!"

Sure that his cheeks were as red as the hue of a stop sign, Zeke wasn't sure if he was more embarrassed at the idea of being ogled while wearing a speedo, or by the fact that Kyle had clearly taken a look at his cock. "T-that...that's great!" he finally replied, trying to be polite. It wasn't much to cover himself with, but Zeke did his best to look eager as he pulled the speedo from the box, and nearly tore it in his haste to put it on and cover his manhood. Before he even pulled the thin, stretchy fabric up past his thighs, however, he realized just how problematic they would be.

The blue spandex cupped his sack at first, and that alone made the swimwear feel tight, but as he pulled higher and his length started to curl up inside, he was nearly biting his lower lip in discomfort. The speedo only just *barely* fit over his bulging flesh, and as stretched and distended as the fabric was, Zeke felt like he might have been better off going outside naked.

"Well? Isn't it the best swim suit you've ever had?" Cole asked, looking so excited at the thought of Zeke in his gift that the zebra couldn't bring himself to tell the truth.

"They're...they're definitely *cozy*," Zeke replied, rather flatly. "They'll take some getting used to, but I think they'll work..."

Cole gave Zeke a quick swat on the rear, sending the zebra bounding forward and rubbing his tender flesh. The speedo hardly covered any of his backside, leaving his flesh open to any kind of passing grope or swat...and as grabby as Cole already was, Zeke knew that he had a long day ahead of him.

"You can get used to them in the water," Kyle said, his voice more of an order than anything. "We've got some ladies to kill."

**

The afternoon sun was beating down on Zeke, and without a cloud in the sky to cover him, he was starting to sweat just faintly, never having been one for the truly warm weather.

Kyle, on the other hand, was loving every minute of it, and his backside was already planted in a long, folding chair, allowing him to lean back and relax as he soaked up the sun and looked at every single fur that walked by, happy to admire their bodies and decide whether or not he would bed them, mentally.

"You look like you're about to die from this heat," Cole murmured into Zeke's ear, as he crept up behind the zebra. Zeke was doing everything that he could to keep from panting in the summer heat, but it wasn't enough to keep the crafty rabbit from seeing just how warm he really was. "If you just keep standing around on the concrete, you're gonna be hosting a personal barbecue in a minute here!"

The thick resin of Zeke's hooves was rather insensitive to heat and cold, so Zeke was able to stand on the sunbaked concrete without the burning sensation that plagued the pawpads of most mammals. Cole was hopping back and forth

between his footpaws, trying to convey to Zeke just how painful of a sensation it could be. "I think I'll be just fine," Zeke shot back, doing nothing to hide the venom in his voice. "The water is the last place I need to be, right now."

"Even though everyone walking by is *shamelessly* staring at your ass and your wang?"

Zeke took off in a blur of black and white stripes, running right into the wave pool in front of him and then diving forward in the shallower water, trying to cover up as much of his body as possible. "Go easy on the poor guy," Kyle chimed in, as he lifted his sunglasses for a moment. "He's not quite the social butterfly that you are, Cole."

"I'm just trying to loosen him up a bit," Cole tried to explain, but it was clear that Kyle wasn't buying it. With a quiet *hmpf*, the panther lowered his glasses again and went back to patrolling the side of the pool, leaving Cole free to chase Zeke into the shallow waters of the wave pool. As soon as Zeke saw him coming, however, the zebra started wading further and further into the water, but now that Cole had mentioned it, Zeke couldn't help seeing the myriad pairs of eyes that were following his every move.

Guys and girls alike were following Zeke like a hawk, some staring in disgust at how vulgar his outfit was, and others admiring his captured length as if it were nothing more than a sausage in a butcher shop. Blushing faces, wide eyes and grins made it clear that the zebra, being the tall and handsome young man that he was, was the most desirable person at the water park that day, despite his terribly shy nature.

"Y'know, all it would take is a little tug," Cole whispered, as he finally caught up to Zeke and hooked a thumb into the already straining waistline of the speedo, "And this thing would probably rip right offa you!"

Zeke stiffened upright in the water at the touch and turned around to swat at Cole, his teeth gritted in his downright bashfulness. "Do **NOT** even think about it, Cole! Are you nuts? We'll get kicked out of here for sure!"

The opportunity to make a joke about Zeke's sack when he was so close to it

didn't miss Cole, but as much as he was the joker type, he had other intentions in mind this time, and if he pushed Zeke too far in the wrong direction, he might miss out on the whole reason he came on the trip in the first place.

"If you're that worried about it, maybe you should get out of the water."

"And why is that?"

"Because," Cole murmured through a wide, devious grin, "You're kinda poking out there, a little bit."

The very end of the wide, flared tip of Zeke's member really was starting to poke out of the bottom of his speedo. Immediately flustered, the zebra hastily stuffed his junk back into the helpless speedo and kept his paws over his crotch, knowing just how awkward it would make his gait; that wasn't going to stop him. He didn't want anyone else catching an unintentional glance of his most private parts, and even if the water obscured some things, nothing could actually keep people from looking, other than being out of sight altogether.

"Thanks for the warning, Cole...y'know, since this is **literally** all your fault!" Zeke yelled back at him as he tried to run out of the water, fumbling all over his own crotch in the process and unintentionally brushing and teasing his own member through the fabric. That horrible frustration was winning out over his arousal, at least at the moment, but when he finally made his way to his long chair on the edge of the wave pool and covered up with a towel, he felt like he could relax, even if only for a minute.

Cole rolled his eyes and followed Zeke out of the water, trying to keep a positive attitude about the moment. "Dude..." he groaned, flattening the long, rounded ears on his head, "You've gotta learn to loosen up, Zeke! No one here is making fun of you...they all think you're **hot**, and they're right!"

"So what? That doesn't mean I want everyone seeing my cock!" Zeke shouted back, uncaring of the giggles of a couple younger girls that walked by. "You **knew** this speedo wouldn't be enough to cover me up, and you gave it to me anyway! Did you guys do this as some mean sort of joke? Did you just want to see me squirming all day?!"

"Woah, woah! Keep it down!" Cole tried to urge his friend, coming that much closer so that they could chat in faux privacy. Before he got too close, however, Zeke grabbed his towel and blanketed it over his waist, hiding all of his crotch from view and at least giving the illusion that he might be wearing shorts. "It wasn't meant as a joke, Zeke...I just thought you'd look really good in them!" *Not that I mind watching your cock squirm around in them...*

"Well, I'm glad **you** think so, Cole, but maybe you should have asked **me** how I felt about it, first!" Zeke scolded his friend, and though Cole didn't show any signs of dismay, Zeke still let out a heavy sigh thereafter and shook his head. "I'm sorry...I'm sure you really had the best of intentions, Cole, but...this isn't me, you know?"

"Hey, it's okay, dude. That's really more of my style...I know you and I aren't anywhere close to being the same person," Cole agreed. "I just thought it would be a really cool gift for you. It's my bad, man...let me make it up to you?"

Zeke's anger softened up just a little bit at the mention of a make-up. "Just what did you have in mind?"

"Well, you're **way** too tense to be walking around in that thing. Everyone can see just how tight your butt is, and how much your cock is bulging against it, so..." Cole trailed off, as he sat down next to his friend and leaned over, drawing his pawtips along the smooth and slim lines of Zeke's tummy, "Why don't you let me massage the stress out of you? I've been working on my technique lately, and I hear that I'm actually pretty good at it..."

Zeke gulped. He'd always found Cole to be attractive, and he had no idea that Cole felt the same way about him. After all, Cole didn't even know that Zeke was gay, and even if Cole was trying desperately to get into Zeke's pants, Zeke didn't think this was quite the right time to confess.

The skillful brush of pawtips over his tense, hardened stomach was enough to at least get him to consider it, however.

"I...I...o-okay. I guess it couldn't hurt," Zeke tried to convince himself. Just

looking down at his own lap, he could see the way his bulge worked against the underside of the towel, and anyone who happened to walk by would probably have guessed he was fully stiff under it...even if that wasn't the case. "Just don't get carried away, all right?"

Cole made a quick "OK" symbol with his free paw, before letting it come to rest on Zeke's shoulder. Both of his soft, skillful paws moved across the slim, and yet entirely defined muscles of Zeke's long, tall frame, starting up around the tension in his neck and moving down through his shoulders. "I'll try not to, but it feels like this is long overdue for you, buddy. Did you know you had rocks in your shoulders?" he teased, trying to knead the stress out of Zeke's upper back with a set of slow, easy moving circles.

"K-kinda hard...n-not to be tense," Zeke admitted, taking in a couple of deep, sharp breaths at the stark sensations. It wasn't quite pleasurable, and it wasn't quite painful, either; it was somewhere in the middle, and though it was strange, Zeke could feel the tension starting to leave his upper body. Satisfied with the results, Cole moved a little further down, letting his dull claws drag across Zeke's chest, down towards the valley of his abdomen and that slim, enticing set of lines that shaded into his manhood. "Hey...hey! Cole, w-what are you doing?!"

"It's all part of the massage," Cole suggested, but Zeke kept his eyebrow raised in a skeptical look. Not quite reaching low enough just yet, Cole kept his eager paws moving across Zeke's midsection, getting to learn his body in one of the most intimate ways possible. He tried to keep eye contact with Zeke the whole time, but couldn't help the occasional glance down lower on his body, and sometimes, he'd catch the sight of Zeke's covered length jumping against the underside of the towel. "But it looks to me like the tension is somewhere else, now."

"Cole, I swear, if you touch it..."

Cole didn't allow himself to be dissuaded. He rested his chin right on Zeke's tummy and leaned across his body, letting an eager paw continue down, under the top edge of the towel. He kept his paw creeping until he felt the edge of the smooth, silky fabric of the speedo...and Zeke's paw grabbing his wrist, keeping

him from going any further. "I promise, stripey-butt...you'll feel a whole lot better when I'm done with your massage!"

"**That** isn't a massage, Cole!" Zeke called him out on his bluff, narrowing his eyes at the way his friend tried to act like he had Zeke's best interests in mind. "And if you k-keep moving further down..."

Pawtips were already losing their grip on Cole's wrist as his free paw snuck the other way around and went south under the towel, giving him the perfect chance to tickle and tease at the inside of Zeke's thighs. It was still an innocent enough touch, and Cole even kept up with his technique, kneading and working his pawtips into tired, tense flesh until he could feel it softening to his whims, but the moment that he felt his work was done...a single pawtip drifted up, just enough to stroke Zeke's sack through the speedo.

"Cole...d-damn it, man..."

A second pawtip joined the first, and the formed a small hook, gently stroking repeatedly at the underside of Zeke's firm, tense sack. "What? The only place I still feel tension is right here...and I did offer you a massage, after all..."

The towel began to lift up with all of the slow, rising effect of a magician's trick as Zeke's member grew out of control. The tip burst through the side of the speedo again and began to lift the towel higher, but it wasn't until Cole gave a small tug downward that Zeke finally let out a long, groaning sigh of relief, as his cock could grow freely, without the binding fabric to smash it down into his uncomfortable body.

That moment alone would have been worth the trip for Zeke, and he finally smiled down at Cole for his freedom, but that was as far as he wanted to take things.

"Uh oh...looks like something **else** is all hard and tense, now!"

Cole, however, wouldn't be so easily satisfied.

"**Cole!** We **cannot** do that here!"

"And why can't we?" Cole asked, as he took the excess slack of the towel and covered the back of his head. "It's not like anyone is paying that much attention, after all..."

Cole couldn't have been more wrong; there were a couple females watching from just outside of their changing room, sinking their pawtips down into the bottom of their bathing suits, and even a couple of men who were sneaking back into the changing rooms to try and find a safe place to deal with an unexpected erection. Anyone who saw would know **exactly** what was going on...luck simply had it that no one was going to stop them.

"B-but...if we get caught, we're **screwed!**"

That's the plan, Cole thought to himself, as he licked his lips and opened his muzzle as wide as he could. Taking only the very tip of Zeke's cock in his maw was a struggle, one that left him to pause as he swirled the tip of his tongue all around the distended flesh. It would have been a terrible struggle to go any further, so he simply kept the head within his suckling lips and gripped the long, thick shaft with both paws, working them in time as his drool spilled down the length, giving him just enough lubrication to keep Zeke comfortable.

Hiding in the closet and lacking confidence meant that Zeke wasn't just a virgin; he'd done little more than kissed anyone, and that kind of lifestyle left him pent up almost all of the time. His paws gripped the chair beneath him so tightly that his veins popped up through his fur, and his teeth gritted together as Cole began to pump his shaft, as if he were trying to milk 18 years' worth of cum right out of it. "Nnnngh... f-fuck, Cole! I can't keep my voice down! W-we're gonna get caught!"

Cole was already lost to the moment, and simply hoping that Zeke would catch up. He forced excess saliva to build in his maw so it could drip and spill down further on the prize that was Zeke's cock, allowing his paws to work that much more liquid into the delightfully smooth flesh of his friend. *No praise for getting the whole head in my mouth? You're hard to please, Zeke!* Cole mentally groaned, even if he knew that Zeke was just bashful by nature.

He **didn't** know that this was Zeke's first blowjob *and* handjob.

"I n-never knew...that this would feel **so fucking good!**" Zeke yelled out, drawing a few looks from a couple of the surrounding park patrons. He smiled as nervously as he ever had, looking around and trying to get people to stop staring, but there was a small audience already, watching as secretly as they could, hoping that the act would reach a conclusion before they all ended up getting caught, as well. "Cole...if you k-keep this up, I...I'll cum..."

The very last word was little more than a whisper, but with his long and tall ears, Cole heard it as loud and clear as a bell. He was already smiling around his mouthful, but it turned to a playful grin as he opened his throat and leaned forward, trying as hard as he could to take even more of Zeke's impressive manhood into his throat. Even with his level of experience, Cole was struggling with the task, and he gagged just slightly as he lowered his head further, coating more and more of Zeke's cock with a thin, glistening sheen of spittle. *Don't talk about it, Zeke...I love hearing you say it, but I'd rather feel you do it...empty that fucking fire hose in my throat, boy...coat my mouth with that cum!*

Zeke might have flushed all over again if he could have heard Cole's thoughts, but as far gone as he was, he wouldn't have cared about it. His head was already starting to lean back, uncontrollably, into the chair behind him, and even as timid as he was, if he were to be caught right then, he would have made Cole finish the job before they actually got up and left. Flushed from his heavy panting and losing his grip on the chair, Zeke could feel that all too familiar rush of cum bubbling up from his sack, but it was different this time...he wasn't stroking himself. There was someone else in full control of his orgasm, and not having any control over when it actually happened was a thrill that Zeke never could have imagined before.

Imagination paled in comparison to the real experience when Zeke reached forth and grabbed Cole by the ears, refusing to let him off of his cock as the tip finally erupted. Cole's small, fluffy tail began to wiggle back and forth rapidly as he felt a thick, gushing cream pouring right down his throat, and he swallowed with no resistance. His paws gripped Zeke by the base of his cock and stroked it rapidly, trying to give the birthday boy as much pleasure as he possibly could, while enjoying his own present for the day in the form of a hot, thick mess filling his

mouth so full that his cheeks began to expand.

"Cole...**C-COLE!** I'm cumming...s-shit...I can't stop it!" Zeke called out a few seconds too late, still not entirely used to the feeling of someone else controlling the pace of his pleasure. If not for his experience, Cole might have drowned on the load, and even **with** his expertise, Cole discovered that even he had a limit, as the volume simply became too much for him to take. He gripped that much tighter around Zeke's shaft as he gagged and finally pulled back, wincing his eyes shut as even more streaks of milky, sticky cum sprayed upon his lips and his cheeks. Excess mess spilled out of his open muzzle and landed right on the bright blue speedo, sticking out like spilled milk on a black tile floor and leaving Zeke with no clear alibi as to the mess that was growing on him.

Of course, Cole could just lie and say that he spilled his sunscreen on his face...and lips...and, as it ran down his cheeks and chin, some of his neck. "Kff...kaff! Damn, Z-Zekie! Did you have to go a freakin' month since the last time you came?!"

"It's...it's only been four days..." Zeke admitted as he poked his pawtips together. Just like that, he was back to being as shy and bashful as ever, and the gravity of his situation was starting to dawn on him.

He didn't just have his first sexual experience that day. He'd just had it with one of his best friends, **in public**, to a captive audience that was starting to disappear.

I...I can't believe I just did that...I should have told Cole I was gay first...and...and what about Kyle? What if he found out?

Zeke's thoughts had impeccable timing, and though Kyle had been watching the other girls masturbating by the changing rooms, he never had any idea **why** they were doing it.

When Kyle finally came back over to Zeke's chair and lifted his sunglasses for a moment, he was looking right at the source material, even if he wasn't aware of it yet.

"I'm glad you guys didn't pay to get in. Would have been a huge waste of money

if you just took a nap on these crappy chairs..."

Thinking fast and grabbing the towel, Cole swiped it over Zeke's crotch to soak up the mess as quickly as he could, and brought the towel to his face. He held it there for a moment, pretending that he was using it as a pillow, so that it could dry all of Zeke's excess seed from his muzzle. "Speak for yourself, dude. There are worse ways to spend a day."

"If you say so, Cole...you guys missed out, anyway! There were these **super**-hot chicks straight-up fingering themselves right outside of the changing rooms! I was on my way over there to get in on the action, but they suddenly stopped...guess I was a little too late."

"That, or they saw you coming and got turned off," Cole teased, trying to act as normal as he possibly could, given the bright blush and nervous expression that refused to leave Zeke.

"Not a chance! A specimen like me? They probably saw me and finished right away!" Kyle boasted. "Of course, they might have gotten a look at Zeke in his new swimwear, too."

Zeke managed a very dry chuckle. "Heh...I don't think that would have been enough to finish them, Kyle."

"Still haven't learned how to take a compliment yet, have you? Kyle joked, and Zeke let out another weak laugh. "Ah, well. I'm gonna see if I can find out where those chicks went...you guys cool?"

"Cool as can be," Zeke replied, seeing that Cole was still wiping his face off, and doing a pretty great job of covering it up. "I'm gonna hit the shower, though...I spilled a little ice cream on my fur and I don't want bees circling my junk..."

Kyle blinked, unsure of when Zeke could have gotten ice cream, but he shrugged and kept walking. "Good plan, dude. A bee sting down there would pretty much ruin the next week, for me!"

The moment Kyle was past, Zeke pushed Cole up and rushed past him, making a

bee-line for the locker room. Cole tilted his head and flattened his ears just a little bit at how rapidly Zeke left the scene, worried about just how the zebra might have taken the moment.

**

Warm water, hot water, cold water...

No matter how Zeke set the shower, it didn't seem to matter. The usually comforting spray of water through a shower head, down upon his tall, tense figure wasn't doing him any good at the moment. No matter how many times he grabbed the soap and worked it over his fur, he thought he could still feel the sticky, clinging sensation of his own seed in his fur, and the spittle of his best friend sticking to his cock. He'd cast the speedo aside and opted for a full shower, but even then, as his length hung relaxed between his legs, allowing him to clean every inch, it didn't seem to make a difference.

Letting out a heavy sigh, Zeke leaned against the wall of the shower stall and tried not to let his own consciousness ruin the day. "I mean...Cole has always been kinda touchy-feely, but...he just gave me a **blowjob**," Zeke muttered to himself, letting out another deep, heavy huff. "And right out there, in front of everyone...he was acting crazy! It was like I couldn't stop him...I loved it...loved every second of it, but...what if we can't just be friends anymore? What if I can't ever look at him the same way because of what he did?"

With the questions of the future, college and the next years of his life weighing on his mind, Zeke wasn't ready to part ways with someone who had been such a pivotal part of his youth development, at least, not forever. As was so typical of Zeke, he over-analyzed every part of the situation, down to the way that he hastily escaped the moment that he had a chance...he never even looked back to see where Cole went, or what his reaction was.

"And if I offended him, maybe my feelings for him won't be the problem. Maybe he hates me now..."

Squeeeeeeeak. The rusted, old knobs for the shower made Zeke flatten his ears to his head as he turned the water off and grabbed his towel. His birthday wasn't

ruined; in fact, he couldn't decide if it had been amazing or terrible, but if it had been such a great time until then, he was sure that he'd screwed it all up, just in that moment.

Wrapping a towel around his waist, Zeke resolved to put on his old swim trunks and make the best of the rest of the day, once he found his friends.

Politely enough, Cole made part of that job especially easy, as he was waiting on the benches in the locker room for his friend...he just wasn't sitting on them.

"All ready for round two, birthday boy?"

Zeke immediately tightened the towel around his waist and rolled his eyes.

"There shouldn't have even been a round one, Cole! What were you thinking out there?!"

Most people would have sat on a bench, but Cole wasn't most people, and to him, any surface was a perfect object for sexual use. His rump was stuck up in the air, his tiny, fluff-ball tail fluttering about, and his head was lowered, leaving him in a perfect, prone position over the bench. If Zeke so much as stood behind the bunny, he'd be right on the edge of giving up his virginity.

"I was thinking that you seemed *really* tense, and that I had a perfect way to help you with that. Was I wrong?"

Cheeks flushed at the memory of the moment, and Zeke glanced to the wall next to him. "W-well...I mean, no, but...that was still really dangerous! We could have gotten kicked out, or even arrested!"

"But we *diiiiiiidn't!*"

"I don't care!" Zeke finally spoke with conviction in his voice. "It could have completely ruined our day! What about Kyle? He would have been stuck here!"

"Y'know, most people reply to a blowjob with a simple 'thank you.' I heard you zebras had some weird ways about you, but I thought I knew you a little better than this, Zeke."

For the first time all day, Zeke could sense real frustration in Cole's voice. Maybe his actions were uncouth, but his heart was in the right place the whole time, and though Zeke knew that to be a fact, he couldn't quite find it in himself to get over what had happened so easily.

"Was it just because it wasn't special enough for you?" Cole asked, his sultry, seductive expression starting to fade into mild anger. "Was it because I'm just your friend, and not someone that you're in love with?"

"What? **No!** It wasn't anything like that, it...it just...I don't know..."

Zeke let out a heavier sigh and glanced down at his hooves, feeling guilty all over again. "I'm sorry my gifts for you weren't perfect, Zeke, but you didn't really give me a whole lot to work with..."

The zebra shook his head slowly. "It's not your fault, Cole, I just...I don't know if I was ready. I didn't know if I could admit yet that...y'know...I was gay, and that you and Kyle are *really* hot, and...just...I'm not sure. It all felt like too much, okay?"

Cole frowned just slightly and set his chin in a paw, refusing to budge from his compromised position. "Are you sure that's all it was, big guy? Just bad timing?"

"Pretty sure, yeah...weird timing, anyway. You know I'm not that public of a person..."

"True, you're not," Cole nodded his agreement, "But we're not in public anymore, are we?"

It wasn't the most compelling argument out there, but it was certainly a good point. Though he tried to hide it, Zeke couldn't keep Cole from seeing the contemplation in his eyes.

"W-well, I...I mean..."

A single pawtip dipped into the front of Zeke's towel, tugging as gently as it

could against the strains of the cotton. "I've seen that look in your eyes before, Zeke, and in the eyes of a lot of other males. You might not have been ready before, but you want this, now. It just took your mind a little while to catch up to your body...and it's quite an amazing body, at that."

Just when Zeke found the courage to look upon Cole once again, a little extra charm sent his cheeks into a pink frenzy, and sent his eyes back to the wall. "You really **don't** have to butter me up, Cole...I can't lie to you. If I'd really wanted you to stop out there, I would have stopped you."

"I always have admired that honesty about you, Zeke," Cole confessed, "And honestly, the only way this moment could get better right now is if your towel just...y'know. Happen to fall off, somehow."

It was Zeke who caught Cole by surprise this time, as he gripped Cole by the wrist and moved his paw away from the towel, leaving Cole looking despondent. In the next moment, however, the shock truly set in, when Zeke gave his towel a gentle tug, freeing it from his body...and dropping it to the floor.

"*Wooooooah there.* If you guys were planning to do that the whole time, why didn't you just stay home?"

Zeke thought that Cole was just teasing him again, at first, but when he glanced up to the door of the locker room, he saw Kyle standing there, looking awkward and bashful for perhaps the first time in his life. Doing his best to be polite, he shaded his face with the back of his paw, keeping Zeke's impressive length out of his view.

"**Kyle!** T-this...this isn't what you think it is!"

Cole snickered to himself. "Seriously, Zeke? You both know I'm gay, and I'm face to face with your junk...do you really think he's going to believe this is an accident?"

Zeke bit his lower lip, wishing he had the courage enough to bend over and grab his towel, but he was frozen in place. "He...he might..."

"Sorry; no chance that I'm buying that one, Zeke," Kyle confirmed. "Though, I guess this explains why you held onto your virginity for such a long time...there were always hot chicks **fighting** over you!"

"What's your point?"

"Why couldn't you send some of that fine lookin' tail my way?"

Zeke rolled his eyes and sighed. "A one track mind as always, I see."

"What can I say? I'm a bit of a nympho," Kyle suggested, trying to keep his cool and calm demeanor, thinking it would diffuse the situation a bit.

Cole, of course, had other plans for the moment. "No, you're just a **guy**, and right now, you're being a bit unfair to Zeke and I."

Kyle crossed his arms over his broad, wide chest. "How do you figure that?"

"You get an eyeful of my back door and Zeke's cock, and we don't get to see the full package on you?"

"Hey, you two were the ones about to fuck in the locker room! I just happened to walk in here at the wrong time!"

Cole shook his head...and then shook his rump back and forth in a slow, enticing sway. "I disagree, Kyle. I think you showed up at *just* the right time."

Kyle was typically unflappable. He had a calm head in any situation, and he always seemed to have his priorities in order. He was straight...or at least, he played that card rather well.

"Well...I have been striking out with every chick I've tried today," Kyle admitted, to a combined laughter between Zeke and Cole, "And I guess if I were ever gonna try playing with dudes, it would be the two that I grew up with..."

Zeke blinked his eyes wide open and gulped. *Seriously? That's all the convincing it took?*

"Then lose the shorts already and help me finish the best part of Zeke's birthday present!" Cole commanded, though, as Kyle walked across the locker room and came forward, Cole instantly lost control of the situation.

"Scuse me, you subby little bitch?" Kyle replied with a fire in his throat. "I know all about your sexual habits, rabbit...you're not giving the orders around here, and I'm not taking off my own shorts. **You're** doing it for me."

Cole started to roll his eyes, but he felt Kyle pressing a firm, powerful paw into his lower back. It was all Kyle had to do to show just how serious he was, and Cole demonstrated a rather unique skill, using his long, flat footpaws to grip either side of Kyle's long, baggy swim trunks. "O-okay, okay!" Cole yelped in surprise, feeling just how easily he'd been pinned. He decided to let Kyle assume his usual leadership role and tugged down with his footpaws, yanking his trunks away in a flash and leaving Kyle's member to hang freely for Zeke to see.

Though there was a hint of shame about it at first, Zeke couldn't help himself. "W...wow..." he uttered mindlessly, surprised to see that even as a typically smaller species, Kyle was almost every bit as long as Zeke, himself.

"C'mon, Zeke. You don't get as popular with the ladies as I am with your personality!" Kyle boasted, even though that wasn't the case with most women. He stayed to his own kind: fast and loose, with little care of where the climax was coming from, as long as it happened.

In this case, it was started by Cole, who couldn't keep from licking his lips, and then licking the tip of Kyle's length, all while beckoning Zeke over with a pawtip to come closer.

My friend is sucking my other friend off. I had no idea this would be so fucking hot, Zeke thought to himself, barely able to register the signal from Cole to move in his direction. It took him more than a moment of watching Cole swirl his tongue over Kyle's member like a lollipop for Zeke to finally pull his legs out of the concrete and put them on the floor, but once he started moving, it was only seconds before he was in reach, and Cole gripped and started stroking his member.

"Who knew that Cole was such a cock-hungry little thing?" Kyle asked, looking over at Zeke as casually as he would if they had been sitting in class together, just like they'd done their entire lives. "I dunno if the two of us will be enough for him!"

Zeke wasn't quite as vocal about it as Kyle, but he knew that in this situation, he was technically the beta male, and Cole was the omega. "H-he already sucked me off once...c-can't believe he...*nnngh*... wants to go again!"

Kyle broke out in laughter at that, despite the waves of pleasure that were already radiating from his cock as Cole swallowed that much more of it. "**HA!** I **knew** you two were up to something! I can't believe I didn't figure it out right away..."

Cole stopped his stride for a moment, licking a few errant drops of precum from the very tip of Kyle's manhood as he did. "*Mmmmnn*... you 'straight' boys sure do taste awfully sweet...not quite as sweet as Zeke, though. He gave me a nice load of ice cream earlier!" Cole winked at the zebra as he turned and took Zeke's cock into his maw once again, this time with far less effort than before. His maw opened wide and swallowed the enticing flare, allowing it to fill the whole cavity of his mouth before he started pushing his throat down on it. His other paw took hold of Kyle's member and began to work the saliva into it, making sure that neither of his friends was without pleasure in a moment that none of them ever could have dreamed of happening.

"Y-yeah...ice cream," Zeke murmured, trying to keep his voice down the best that he could. He felt bad for lying to Kyle earlier, but in the middle of a tight, suckling blowjob, it was hard for him to feel anything that could be called negative. "G-gods, Cole...if you keep sucking so f-fuckin' hard, you'll make me cum again!"

Just as Cole reached the halfway point, he stopped and pulled back, his ears flickering up to those words. "Oh, no you don't...the next one is going inside me! That's your **real** present!" he explained, turning back and engulfing Kyle's cock once again. Zeke knew right away what the implications of that were: he'd be losing his virginity to one of his best friends, in front of his other best

friend...something that almost literally blew his mind harder than Cole had blown on his member.

"We get to w-watch our boy grow up right in f-front of us, huh?" Kyle asked, trying to keep his voice clear, and yet, stammering all the same at Cole's impressive technique. "Any parent would be proud of that..."

Kyle's words didn't do much to comfort Zeke, especially in such a moment, but he was running out of time to back out. Skilled as he was, Cole was able to take Kyle with no paws, deep-throating the whole of the strong, muscular panther while he turned away from Zeke and gripped his rump with slick, saliva-coated paws. They left streaks in his fur as they spread his backside wide open, showing off his tailhole to Zeke and clenching the muscles within to make his pucker look that much more eager.

Can I really do this? Can I really give my virginity to Cole...?

"It's rude to leave a horny little bunny waiting," Kyle pointed out, as he gripped Cole by the ears and started bucking his hips against his friend's muzzle. "Trust me, he's ready...now stick that candle in your birthday cake!"

Nervous, trembling paws came to rest on Cole's hips as Zeke took a pivotal step forward. The drooling, flared tip of his equine cock lined up awkwardly with Cole's eager tailhole, and he planted his hooves firmly to the ground, taking the moment every bit as seriously as he'd been taught to.

He was nervous.

He was terrified.

"That's it, dude...a little bit more..."

He was in **heaven**.

Zeke was shocked at just how easily the wide head of his member started to ease inside of Cole's backside. He could feel a surprising warmth enveloping his flesh before it was even inside of his friend, but the further he pushed, the less

resistance he felt, until the entire head of his length had disappeared, and Cole was screaming and squealing in delight around the mouthful of his cock.

The inches began to fade away, one at a time, as Zeke's inexperienced hips pressed further and further, until the zebra felt his hips smack against Cole's rump, and his sack gently kicked up against Cole's thighs.

It couldn't have been any more than a moment. To Zeke, it felt like an eternity, and no matter how much time had passed, he was left breathless when the reality of it all came crashing down on him.

I did it...I'm...not a virgin anymore...

"Now fuck his bunny brains out," Kyle instructed, giving Zeke a quick, flashing wink as his hips slammed into Cole's face once again with no mercy for the poor herbivore. Zeke knew he couldn't move his hips that way just yet, but he pulled them back just slightly and shoved them forward again, trying to figure out how to establish a pace with his body.

It wasn't easy, but the random, haphazard movements left Cole unable to predict when Zeke was going to thrust next, and inside, the bunny was already starting to melt, and precum drooled down from the tip of his hanging, throbbing member, spilling to the already slick floor of the locker room.

Kyle snickered as he watched, finding himself a bit more turned on by the moment than he anticipated. "H-heh...yeah, you're **definitely** a virgin...or, at least, you were. W-welcome to the club, my man!" he exclaimed, genuinely happy that Zeke seemed to be enjoying the second half of his gift.

Compared to the speedo, however, Cole was easily twice as tight, and far more enjoyable to be inside of. Zeke could feel his long, flat tongue spilling out of the side of his muzzle as he gripped tighter around Cole's narrow waist and started bucking his hips frantically, only able to hope and pray that he was providing Cole with even an ounce of pleasure; the truth was that the bunny was just barely holding his orgasm at bay, and he simply couldn't voice it, as he happily gagged and choked around Kyle's shaft.

"K-Kyle...I th-think I'm gonna-

"Dude, just f-fuckin' do it!" Kyle cut Zeke off mid-sentence. "Let's...*fuckin' damn Cole...* let's fill this little slut bunny up with some cream..."

Zeke nearly felt his heart leaping from his chest. This day had already been a whirlwind, and now, it was only going to spin faster. He could see Kyle pounding his hips fiercely into Cole's muzzle, thrusting so hard that drops of spittle and drool were flying from Cole's lips and making a liquid mess of the bench. Just watching it, he wanted to have that kind of sexual prowess, and he did his best to imitate it, not wanting to hold back from the pleasure that he deserved any longer.

He gripped Cole as firmly as he could, and started pumping. He watched the thick, dark flesh of his equine member disappearing inside of Cole over and over again, only to come back out slick and glistening, begging to be forced back in again. He was panting heavily, and even overcoming his shyness to moan just a little bit, but it wasn't until he felt drops of something hitting his thigh that he finally broke through his threshold.

That's...cum...Cole is cumming already!

Pulsing and spewing between Cole's legs, his orgasm turned his cock into a faucet, leaving him to moan around his mouthful and clench his tailhole around Zeke with a desperate need to be filled. The boost of confidence, and the impossibly tight squeeze left Zeke to throw his head back in delight, and just as Kyle poured a thick, creamy load into Cole's gullet, Zeke had an orgasm that he would never forget.

"G-guys, I'm cumming...holy...**holy shit, I'm cumming!**" he cried out with such vigor that people just outside of the changing room could hear him yelling in ecstasy. Every muscle in his body became tense as he leaned over Cole and buried his length as deeply as he could, holding his hips still so that his sack could throb over and over again, draining what seemed like an endless flow of thick, white seed from his manhood. Cole could feel each and every burst of the mess coating his inner muscles, and each time, the skillful bunny clenched down around his friend in thanks, trying to milk that much more product from him.

Even Kyle was caught a bit off guard by just how violently Zeke climaxed, but as he panted and watched his own yield spilling from the corners of Cole's lips, he chuckled at Zeke and offered him an open paw. "D-didn't...didn't know you had it in you!" he said as he panted, grinning at his once timid and bashful companion.

Though it took him a moment, Zeke finally did look up, reach across and give his friend a high-five. "I...didn't either, actually."

"*Ulp...ulp...* I did!" Cole finally piped in, as he managed to swallow the last of his tasty treat. "After all, who knows you better than your friends, right?"

Chuckling to himself, Zeke nodded his agreement and slowly pulled his member free, watching the slow, heavy ooze of his impressive cum spill free from Cole's tailhole with a little bit of pride. It fell out of his body in long, sticky drops, and each time he thought he'd seen the last one, Cole forced a little bit more out of his body. "Only you guys could have known how much I would enjoy a party like this, that's for sure."

"Not like the party is over yet," Kyle pointed out, leaving even Cole to look up in disbelief.

Zeke tilted his head slightly. "What do you mean?"

"I mean, we've got two horny little herbivores, a speedo, a pool full of girls for me to pick from, and our parents aren't expecting us home until late...who says the party has to stop right here?"

Normally, the old, timid Zeke would have shaken his head and immediately dismissed the idea, but the urging grin from Kyle and the sly, narrowed eyes of Cole were turning his opinion before he could even form it.

"Well...I guess I could be up for a few more presents," Zeke agreed finally, "Long as they still involve my two best friends."

Putting an Otter in His Place

Problems are always a relative thing, and some problems are worse than others, but there is always one constant in them: they have to be dealt with, and if they can't be, you're going to be stressed out.

Then, you have to deal with stress instead, and in some cases, that can be just as bad.

"Still can't believe I'm doing this..." came a quiet, timid voice, talking only to itself, in the middle of a brisk spring day. Slumped shoulders and a poor disposition were telltale signs of someone dealing with a rather serious problem, and for Rivard, it wasn't something that was easily able to get over.

Only weeks before, he'd gone through the tough and rigorous process of applying to every graduate school on his list, and despite his best efforts, he had to go through the equally difficult and painful task of opening rejection letter after rejection letter, leaving him in a downward spiral ever since the moment came to pass.

It would have been enough to break a lesser man permanently, but Rivard was a resilient otter...life **had** to go on, whether or not he wanted to deal with the rigors of it any longer. It only meant that he had to find a way past one of the worst weeks in his life, and while that wasn't an easy task by any stretch of the imagination, he was starting to think that he finally had a solution.

Gentle breezes were commonly found in spring, and they tussled Rivard's recently combed hair out of place, leaving errant strands of green to block his vision and create the illusion that he'd just rolled out of bed for the chance meeting. He still wasn't sure **exactly** where he was going, but with a smartphone in his paw, he was waiting to connect to the other end of a call that would give him all of the instructions he needed.

There was no simple greeting; no "hello" or "Who is this?" to be had. There was instead a much more stern, ominous question: "Are you sure this is something

you want to do, Rivard?"

Given the uncertainty of the moment, it was an *extremely* loaded question, and Rivard could actually feel that same gravity pressing down on his mind with such vigor that his head actually felt a bit heavier. "I...I t-think it's something I want to do."

"I need confidence, Rivard. You can stumble over your words as much as you want once you've agreed, but until you do, I need absolute consent. **No** exceptions."

There was a strength to the voice on the other end of the phone that wasn't necessarily a testament to powerful muscles or a rugged personality. It was a strength forged in the wisdom of a man who had lived a full life, and knew exactly what he was looking for. If Rivard wasn't the right otter for the job, he had no problem in turning him away.

"...Yes. I want this. I'm **sure** of it."

"That's what I like to hear," the voice on the other end confirmed. "In that case, I'll tell you the address you're supposed to go to...but first, you have to do a few things for me. Now that you've verbally agreed to consent, you're not allowed to argue any orders I give...is that understood?"

It was an unusual prospect, at the very least. Rivard had been given a tip by a close friend to investigate a personal ad on Craigslist, and it led him to a phone number with a very gruff sounding man on the other end of the line. Now, without so much as ever having seen or met the fellow, Rivard was on a string, tied to the stranger's pinky, willing to do whatever he asked...even in a **public** place.

"What do you need me to do?" Rivard asked, a genuine confusion in his voice.

"Take off your shoes."

"...What?"

"No questions, Rivard. Just take them off."

An orange t-shirt, blue jeans and a pair of white sneakers made for a rather plain outfit for the green-haired otter, but removing even one of those pieces would be enough to catch the eye of an average passerby. Twisting his face up slightly, Rivard found a bench on the sidewalk and plopped his rump down, hugging his tail close to his body with a sense of nerves.

"You done yet? Time is of the essence, you know."

"I'm working on it!" Rivard yelled back, flustered and frustrated as his pawtips fumbled with the pristine, white laces of his sneakers. Sitting downtown on a bench, it wasn't necessarily unusual to see someone taking off or adjusting their shoes, but when Rivard slipped the second shoe free and left it by the edge of the bench, he started to get a couple looks. "There...I've got them off...now what?"

"**Leave** them. Start walking toward Walnut Street, and take a right when you come to Pine."

"B-but...those are *really* nice shoes! I just bought them!"

"**Rivard...**"

It was amazing just how domineering a voice could be, and Rivard could feel a warmth creeping into his cheeks as the voice came down on him with such a force that Rivard felt as though he'd been struck with a cane. There was something hypnotizing about the way that the sounds traveled over his sensitive ears...it made him feel as though he were a child being instructed by a parent, or perhaps, a lesser man being ordered around by his boss.

Whatever the sensation truly was, Rivard couldn't resist it, and he started walking down Walnut Street...barefoot. Much to his delight, he was only getting the occasional glance or glare, but by the time he made his way down to Pine, his footpaws were starting to ache a little from the unforgiving sidewalks, and the silence on the other end of the line was just a little bit awkward. Whoever the man was, he was patient above everything else, and he had no problem allowing Rivard to stew in his own thoughts as he crossed town.

"Getting a couple looks, Rivard?"

The voice was gentle and sudden enough this time that Rivard almost didn't register it right away. "**Only** a couple. I'm not sure I und-

"Take off your shirt, then."

Rivard blinked as he was cut off, and stood still in his tracks, tilting his head at the phone as if it were *actually* a person. "Why would I do that?"

"Because I **told you to.**"

The intersection of Walnut Street and Pine Street was part of a very affluent area of downtown, where short towers and smaller buildings gave way to some of the nicest houses one could possibly imagine. They were all built in the 1900's, early enough that Victorian design was still influential, and though many of them had been torn down, there were still a few that remained, modernized for safety, and preserved for history.

To be seen shirtless in such an opulent area would actually raise some eyebrows, and yet, there was a softening in Rivard's expression as he hooked his pawtips under the hem of his shirt. There was an acceptance, *not* a reluctance in his eyes as he started to yank it up over his head, pausing only to move the phone out of the way.

Within moments, the shirt was nothing more than an orange puddle of fabric on the sidewalk, and the rustling that the mysterious man heard on the other end of the line was all he needed to know that Rivard was listening.

"Hmmm...your friend was right about you. You'll be **perfect** for me..."

Rivard was sure that he could hear a faint, but distinct purring on the other end of the line. His cheeks immediately flushed over at the sound, both comforting and chilling at the same time. "D-did...did you have any other orders?"

"I think I've proven my point, Rivard. Turn right on Pine Street, and then, take

the next left onto Grove Avenue. You'll see a large, vibrant house of white with tan accents on the windows and doors just a few houses down...the front door will be open. Come inside the moment you get here, and we'll discuss the rest of our agreement."

Though he'd only been walking on aching footpaws before, Rivard didn't want to be hassled by any of the stuck up people that lived near his current location. With a renewed vigor, his legs picked up into a jog and he made a great pace for Grove Avenue, knowing that it wasn't too far. With less than a quarter mile to travel, Rivard picked up his pace, not wanting to keep this mysterious voice waiting, and thanks to the nervous excitement of meeting such a figure, he couldn't keep his heart from thumping rapidly in his chest...there was no way he could contain the giddy sensation of wonder that was nearly seeping from his skin.

Tiny beads of sweat were starting to bristle up in Rivard's fur as he ran past the first few houses on Grove Avenue; most of them were dark, brown or red, and very easy for him to rule out. The first house of white was **easy** to pick from the crowd, and Rivard nearly ran past it...he certainly would have if not for the tan accents that he saw on the window shutters.

It **had** to be the place, and his pace didn't change until the moment that he stopped at the front door. His chest heaved just slightly as he took a moment to catch his breath, and common sense and manners told him that he should knock on the door, but the domineering voice was still playing back in his head, like a record stuck on a loop: "Come inside the moment you get here."

Knocking might not have been the best idea after all, so Rivard set a paw on the doorknob and turned it. He could feel his arm shaking all the way through the motion, not from the jog over to the house, but the electric, jumpy nerves that he simply couldn't contain. Every inch of his skin, hidden by his smooth, thick brown fur, was ablaze with the enticing concept of who might be on the other side of that rather plain, white door.

Whatever fantasy Rivard created in his head couldn't hold a stick to the man that was sitting in a large, luxurious leather chair. The leather was a rich and succulent brown, reminiscent of milk chocolate, and stark against it was the

darkest black fur that Rivard had ever seen.

"Dripping sweat, shirtless and all warmed up...I didn't ask for two of those things, Rivard, but I assure you, I'm **not** complaining."

It took a moment for Rivard to realize to close the door behind him, but he couldn't take his eyes off of the display in front of him. His eyes of icy blue couldn't tear themselves away from the thick, luscious fur of black that coated every inch of the panther's body, nor the way that his eyes shimmered through like globes of dazzling green, standing with such a contrast to the black that they almost appeared to be fake. Confidence brimmed from his appearance in ways that Rivard didn't know were possible in a man; his cheeky grin and narrowed brow were no surprise, but the crest of his chin, the relaxed, and yet *powerful* muscles that waited under his crystal blue robe, and the way that he slumped back into his chair didn't look relaxed...somehow, all of it contributed to an air of absolute and utter confidence, and *still* stopped just short of arrogance.

Whoever this man was, he felt larger than life: he was *too* impressive to be real, and he was handsome to boot.

"...You're letting all of the warm air out, Rivard..."

Flushing so deeply that the panther might see it through Rivard's fur, the otter quickly spun around and shut the door, perhaps a little harder than he meant to. He turned back to face the stranger with a sheepish smile and put his paws behind his back, trying to look as presentable as possible without a shirt, and unconsciously did a wonderful job of showing off the slim profile of his abdomen and the smooth, flat muscles of his chest. Bringing a clawtip to his own muzzle, the panther absently chewed at the end of his own paw as he shamelessly admired Rivard, acting as though this display was what he was planning on all along.

It scared Rivard, just a little, to think that the man was every bit as intelligent as he was confident, to have planned such a move.

"Not much of a talker in person, are you, Rivard?" the panther asked, as he sat up a bit more properly in his chair. Rivard never took a moment to look past him

and see the large, flat screen TV that was so massive, it was **literally** a part of the wall, or the way that the open concept living room flowed right into the dining room, and yet, was devoid of any other *proper* furniture. There was only the leather-bound chair, and a couple of other devices that *most* people wouldn't leave out in the open. "That's okay, though. I didn't bring you here today because of your linguistic skills."

"Then why *did* you bring me here?" Rivard asked, finally finding the courage to use his voice again, and speak his curiosity.

The panther chuckled just a little bit. He clearly had the ability to stand up from his chair, but didn't quite feel like it at the moment, for whatever reason.

"Because both of us are in need of something, and I think that, in each other, we'll find what we're looking for...you can call me Julius, and for the next few hours, you're going to do whatever I say..."

Even if Rivard wanted to leave, and he easily could have, there was something truly domineering about the presence that Julius carried. There was strength in his words that gave Rivard an impression that he didn't **want** to find out just how strong Julius truly was, even if the black panther was clearly up in his years just a little bit. He wasn't wrinkled, and he hid his age very well, but just by the tone of his voice and the way he carried himself, it was clear that there was a decent age gap between the two.

"And...i-if I refuse?" Rivard managed to ask, though he couldn't keep from gulping in the next moment.

"The door is right behind you, and you're free to go," Julius offered. His appearance never changed: his grin was just as confident, his eyes just as piercing, and he didn't seem at all offended or angered by the question. "But you **won't**, Rivard...because that's who you **are**. You're going to stay, and since I know you're going to, you can start by giving my footpaws a quick rub while I enjoy one of my favorite programs."

The confidence was now full blown arrogance, and yet, Rivard *knew* that Julius was right. The otter felt as though his legs were frozen in a block of ice, unable to move even an inch...and the chills that ran up from them and into his spine

were so really, he actually shivered for a moment before he could find the strength to move again. This man was dominant to the "t," and Rivard was as far away from that as he could physically be. *Perhaps...that's how we'll end up getting along*, Rivard thought, as he started to approach Julius for the first time. *He was just a dom, looking for a sub...but...I was looking for a release of stress...*

It was in knowing what Rivard wanted more than the otter himself that made Julius such an effective dominant, and though he had no footstool to kick his legs up on, Rivard would make a perfect substitute. It was without effort that Rivard dropped to his knees and took one of the large, powerful footpaws of the panther in his own paws, and just by feeling them, Rivard could feel his heart drop into his stomach. Age and wisdom created a strength about Julius that was thicker than air, and yet, nowhere to be seen...it had to be **felt**, and as delicate pawtips kneaded and worked into tired footpaws, Rivard could feel a strength so great that he actually wanted to experience everything that such dangerous paws could offer, even if it would end up being a bit painful.

"Oh, of course...how very *silly* of me. I simply **can't** have you servicing my paws like that..."

Rivard immediately stopped. "What...what's wrong?"

"Your outfit."

"What about it?"

"Part of it is still **on** you."

Once again, Rivard could feel warmth rushing to his face. When he was out in public, he only had to worry about subtle judgments from strangers that he would never see again, but now that he was on his knees in front of the very man he quested to meet, there was a new level of pressure to being seen entirely naked.

"It's my fault for not explaining, Rivard, that my servants are to **always** be in the nude...but that won't stop me from delivering a swift punishment if you don't quickly rectify this situation."

Just the promise of any sort of punishment was enough for Rivard to release Julius' paw and take a grip of his own jeans, quickly undoing his belt. There was a haste in his actions that actually seemed to displease Julius, but the panther only stayed relaxed and watched as Rivard managed to unzip his jeans and unbutton them, all while staying on his knees in front of his new master. His backside wiggled, and the long, thick rudder that was his tail stuck out straight and away from his body as the jeans started to slide down his thighs, revealing a rather skimpy pair of orange briefs underneath.

"Those too, Rivard..." Julius cut in, narrowing his eyes **far** more menacingly at the otter this time. Rivard could simply feel that glare upon his fur, and though he moved quickly, it couldn't hide the shaky, sloppy movements of his paws as they slipped into the confines of his briefs and started to force them down. From there, it was a matter of gently wiggling his thighs apart and moving the jeans and briefs over his knees...the moment itself was brimming with excitement, but it was hardly a professional performance.

Lucky for Rivard, that was **exactly** what Julius wanted: a shy rookie, someone who was truly submissive by nature, and wasn't practiced in doing exactly what he was told. Julius wanted there to be an air of hesitance and concern, and a feeling of uncertainty that could only come from such a random encounter. Even if Rivard hadn't been naked, the moment would have been electric for the unlikely pair...but with a nude otter before him, Julius had no problem drawing back the lap of his robe, allowing his feline member to grow freely in the open air as Rivard went back down to his knees. Julius could see the otter's cock hanging between his legs, not quite erect, but *certainly* not flaccid...there was just a thin layer of nerves keeping the otter from growing fully stiff, but Julius enjoyed getting to watch the flesh grow little by little as his own stood upright, the thin barbs around the tip looking deliciously enticing to Rivard as he went back to work.

"You have **very** skillful little pawpads, Rivard," Julius praised his new submissive, as he slumped further back in his chair. The panther took turns actually watching the television like he said he would, and looking back down to the otter, enjoying the way that Rivard was so entirely entranced by merely touching a set of feline footpaws. Each pawpad was given careful consideration

and a delicate touch from Rivard's surprisingly talented pawtips, and occasionally, Rivard could feel Julius trying not to allow his legs to shake. "But I'm curious what you can do with your tongue...let me see it."

It was an odd request, but today had been a day full of those, and at this point, Rivard wasn't even fazed. He blinked for a moment to make sure he heard the question right, but nodding silently, he opened his maw and stuck the whole of his long, flat tongue out, allowing Julius to admire the thin, pink muscle, and the way that tiny drips of drool carelessly fell from the end of it to the ground.

"That will work just fine, I think," Julius admitted, as he made a gesture down to his footpaws. "Go on...put it to use."

Julius seemed to be a very clean beast, and the way that he kept his home would suggest he had a thing for hygiene, but Rivard was still hesitant as he leaned in and brushed the end of his muzzle against the underside of Julius' right footpaw. Up close, Rivard could smell subtle hints of blueberries and limestone, surely the remnants of Julius' body wash, and the mingled scents gave him a more comforting sensation as he finally opened his maw once again and brushed it right over a pawpad, swirling the flat of his warm, moist muscle upon the tired, calloused flesh.

In unison, Julius let out a groan of delight, and Rivard, a rumble of surprised content.

"That's the way, Rivard...are you e-entirely sure you haven't done this before?" Julius tried to ask, but there was a moment of stuttering in his voice as Rivard drew the slick, moist muscle of his tongue back down along the clean, tasty paw. A pleasant purr from Julius was echoed by Rivard, who could only let out a low and happy rumble as he kneaded one footpaw with his pawtips, and cleansed the other with his tongue. His eyes lidded over just slightly, but every few seconds, he couldn't help glancing up and watching as Julius' face was twisted and wracked with mild pleasure, one that a proper dominant would love to hide from his submissive.

It seemed Rivard was just finding all of the right spots, and Julius couldn't have that so early in the evening.

"You know, Rivard, I asked you a question..."

Rivard paused with his tongue for a moment, a tiny string of drool still stuck to his lips as he pulled back from Julius' footpaw and looked up at him. He could feel his ears wilting back as the domineering panther glared down at him, looking displeased in such a sense that Rivard was tempted to bolt for the door.

The submissive side of his heart, however, told him to stay, and he yelped in shock as Julius took a firm grip in the messy tangles of his bright, stark green hair.

"When I ask you a question, no matter what you're doing, you'd **better** answer me, Rivard...do you understand?"

There was only a silent nod from the otter, constituting his answer, but Julius didn't look satisfied.

"Unless your mouth is stuffed with something, I want a *verbal* reply, Rivard...I'm afraid you'll be needing a punishment, after all."

Rivard was already terrified for what was to come, but he didn't realize just how clever Julius was in his teaching tactics: they were very intuitive, only giving some of the rules to start with and allowing Rivard *just* enough freedom to make a mistake so he could learn more of the rules, and avoid mistakes in the future. It was clever indeed...but Rivard couldn't have been thinking about that as Julius knelt down by his side and pushed his head into the carpeted floor, forcing Rivard's ass high up into the air.

SMACK! A brutally powerful paw came down with a fierce stroke against Rivard's backside, firm enough to leave a gentle glow of soft red under the dark brown fur on his rump. Between Rivard's thighs, Julius could see the soft, sandy-tan underbelly of the otter creeping down over the light fuzz of his sack. It made for a perfect target, but Julius had mercy and rubbed the smooth palm of his paw over the same place he struck before, making Rivard shudder with a sensation that was more thrill than actual pain.

"Is this the first time someone's ever shown you the proper way to be punished?" Julius asked, his voice deceptively calm for the force of his paw. He continued rub it in small, gentle circles over the tender spot, lulling Rivard into a false sense of security before the paw lifted and sharply came down again, with **twice** the force. The sickening **SMACK** made Rivard flatten his ears to his head and dig his pawtips into the carpet, trying to do anything he could to dull the radiating sensation, but it spread from his rear and into the small of his lower back, nearly buckling his body.

The lesson was instantly effective, however, and without thought, Rivard barked back, "Y-yes! *Nnngh...* it is..."

"That's really too bad," Julius thought aloud. "All of this submissive talent going to waste for such a long time? It's downright **criminal**, and I simply won't stand for it."

Julius stood up from his knees, but like a well-trained submissive, Rivard didn't dare to move. He stayed put right where he was until he felt a single pawtip stroking the underside of his chin.

"You got me all *hot and sweaty* from having to spank you so hard," Julius said, a blatant lie, but one that he made up for with a quick wink. "Now you've got to come and bathe your master...and in turn, he'll bathe you..."

**

A man with the kind of wealth that Julius clearly had wouldn't surprise anyone with the size of his bathroom, but that didn't keep Rivard from dropping his jaw in shock when Julius led him to it.

The floor appeared to be **one** solid slab of black and white marble, and everything in the room was decorated to match. The vanity and cabinets were all a dark onyx, the walls were tiled with a faux marbling of white and black tiles, and the shower had no doors: it was simply a walled off area of the bathroom, wide enough for at least six or seven people to stand it without even brushing up against each other. Faucets rained down from the ceiling and each of the walls, and Rivard had a silly thought that this trip would have been worth it, just for the

chance to try such an amazing set up.

"As you might have guessed from licking my paws, I take very good care of myself, and hygiene is **extremely** important to me...so I spend a lot of time in here," Julius started to explain. There was even a small, white bench with cushions upon it in the bathroom, proof of the fact that he would occasionally just relax in the room with no other purpose than to be in it. "If you're going to become my regular submissive, I'll need to make sure that you're cleaned and inspected every single day, and if you fail to pass my inspection...well, I'll let your imagination run wild on **that** one."

It was a devious thing to do, as Rivard had quite the vivid imagination, and he couldn't begin to fathom the depths of punishment that Julius was capable of. He'd only shown the tip of the iceberg to him, but even in the bathroom, Rivard could see hooks on the wall that were clearly intended for cuffs and harnesses, and one thing in particular caught his eye: a bright, shining case of metal sitting on the large, smooth counter by the vanity.

Julius didn't overlook that interest. "I see you've taken a notice to your new cage, Rivard..."

"C-cage...?" he asked, stumbling right over his words as Julius stepped behind the walled-off shower and turned the water on, almost immediately drawing billows of steam into the air.

"Yes, **cage**. I'm a **very** greedy man, Rivard, and I can't have you fraternizing with other boys and inferior dominants...I need to make sure that you save everything you've got for me, and given how easily you came to me, I think I made the right choice, investing in that model..."

There was a hole at the end of the cage, but it was one that a needle could scarcely fit through, making it clear to Rivard that even going to the bathroom was going to be an issue while wearing it. There was a small clip on the back that was clearly meant to lock around his sack, and he gulped just at the thought of how tightly it would strangle around the sensitive orbs, keeping him from a proper climax, even if someone were inclined to tease him to it. An intricate series of locks on the underside would make it nearly impossible to sneak out

of...

...And in all of his admiring it, Rivard took his eyes off of Julius long enough for the stealthy panther to sneak up behind him and force his body up against the vanity. "If you're so very entranced by it...why don't you just put it on, Rivard?" he asked, an obviously rhetorical question as Julius reached around the pinned otter and grabbed the cage in one paw, while gripping Rivard's manhood from behind in the other. "I'll help, of course...I can't trust you to actually put all of the locks into place!"

The bathroom was naturally warm and starting to fill with steam, but even in the clouds of expansive warmth, Rivard shivered from the chill of cold steel against his warm member. He was slightly engorged, but not so much that Julius couldn't sneak the cage over his length before it grew out of control, and with a quiet *klink*, the bottom half of the cage closed into place around Rivard's taut, tense sack. The otter squealed in discomfort as his body continued to try and rush blood to both spots, and he couldn't deny just how aroused he was by the whole situation, but there was nowhere for the vital essence to go, forcing it back into his body and making his flesh throb against the tight confines of the cage. It was past uncomfortable, and bordered on downright painful as the skillful, devious Julius rubbed his pawtips over the back of Rivard's sack, teasing it into drawing even more precious blood to itself.

"It's like I'm stroking a pair of steel orbs..." he mused, letting his pawtips brush back and forth over Rivard's sensitive, ticklish sack. "Such a shame they won't be getting emptied anytime soon...and if you don't shape up your act, I might never empty them again!"

There was another distinct, powerful **SMACK** on Rivard's backside, one that made him buck against the vanity with such force that it shook the cabinets. "Now...get that tight little ass in the shower and wait for me, on your knees...I've got a very *special* shower planned for you..."

Rivard bit his lower lip to deal with the sensations rushing through his backside, but it wasn't just pain...there was something so much more *satisfying* underneath all of it, like a thrill that he'd been seeking in his life. "Yes...yes, master," Rivard replied, and though he'd never been instructed to say the honorific, Julius nodded

in approval. His techniques were working, and without another word, Rivard sauntered his way to the massive shower, making sure to lift his tail just enough to entice Julius to follow.

Down on his knees and being bathed with steamy water from all directions, Rivard tried not to immerse himself in a personal fantasy, though he didn't know how close he was to having it come true, right before his very eyes...even when Julius entered the shower, grasping his thick, feline manhood by the wide base.

"You're learning fast, Rivard, and you're a fantastic listener. It's a shame I'll have to start making up reasons to punish you before too long," Julius complained, though he snickered as he did. "Of course, I don't think you really disliked my punishments, thus far...I'd wager that you **liked** them. Am I wrong, Rivard?"

Rivard wasn't sure that he wanted to admit how much he enjoyed the spanking, just yet. He wasn't sure that he wanted to tell Julius just how thrilling it was to feel those powerful paws upon his firm rump, or to feel the hot, steamy water pouring over the sore spot on his backside, re-igniting the sensations of delightful pain in his rear end.

He didn't have the choice of waiting, however. Whether he told the truth or lied, he didn't have the luxury to wait.

"Y-yes...I did..."

"That's not a good enough answer this time," Julius replied, nearly cutting off the weak, timid response. "I don't want a simple yes or no...did you like it when you felt my paw smacking your ass?"

A whirlwind of sensations was making it hard for Rivard to focus. The shower was comforting and relaxing, and yet, there was the sting of the water upon his ass. Julius had a somehow comforting grin upon his face, and yet, Rivard could barely see it over the powerful, thick member that hung out only inches from his face. Just coming up with a proper answer was tough, but Rivard knew he had to find a way.

He simply focused on one sensation, and nearly jumped forward as he could

imagine those paws coming down upon his rump with a vengeance.

"It felt *amazing*, Julius...I...I want you do it again," Rivard finally admitted, his lower lip trembling just slightly as he kept his ears flat, not daring to look anything but submissive in the presence of the domineering panther.

"That's exactly why I'm **not** going to," Julius said, chuckling quietly at the immediate dropping of Rivard's jaw from the answer. "If you give a submissive everything they want from the start, they'll become unruly before too long, and you'll have to cut them loose...you're **all** mine, Rivard, and I'm not going to let anyone else have you, if I can help it...even if it means I have to mark you with my scent, I **promise** that no one else will have you..."

It wasn't exactly clear to Rivard just what Julius was talking about, but he started to get a clue as the tall, domineering panther finally released the base of his manhood, allowing it to hang just slightly, not quite as erect as it was before. He'd been biding his time, though for what, Rivard wasn't sure until Julius made a hooking gesture at the otter with a single pawtip.

"Come on, then. Give it a taste. You've been eyeballing it since you walked in my front door..."

There had been a sense of shame for Rivard in admiring the impressive, feline cock, but now that they were naked in a shower together, that shame was melting away, and there was nothing to stop him from leaning forth and opening his muzzle. The very tip of his tongue came into contact with the underside of Julius' cock, acting like a pillow to cradle the heavy, barbed head, and immediately, he felt something more upon the flat muscle...it wasn't the barbs, or the texture they held, nor the warmth that was inherent in a sexual organ. It was something fluid, and it was already drizzling down the sides of his cheeks when he came to realize what it was.

"Don't even **think** about pulling away, Rivard...you'll drink every drop if you're serious about staying in this..."

There was a shyness in the depths of Rivard's icy blues that Julius could see right through: Rivard was bashful, but that didn't mean he didn't want to do this...he

was actually *dying* to try it, and without a further warning, he sealed his upper lip around the tip of the cock and took it further into his muzzle, slowly closing his eyes and letting out a muffled groan of delight as Julius peed right into his maw and straight down his throat. With nowhere else to go, Rivard gulped his throat around the salty, tangy fluid and swallowed it right down, drinking it with all of the same gumption that he would a bubbly champagne. He allowed his maw to fill each time, a full four times, before he finally drank Julius dry, and a long, drawn sigh of content from above finally signaled that the panther was empty...but that didn't mean he was finished.

"Now...get it hard again, because I've been saving **this** for you all day, as well...I'm a fan of a big finish, Rivard, and that means I'm rather skilled at teasing myself to the brink...if your tongue is half as skilled as I think, you'll be drowning again in seconds..."

Rivard had no idea that the dominant panther was into building up his own orgasms, and Julius looked terribly relaxed the whole day so far, given that he was teetering on the edge of an orgasm...but Rivard was past the point of wonder. His member was throbbing within the confines of an unbreakable cage, his rump was still sore and starting to tingle, his tummy was full of tasty, feline urine, and there would be nothing to stop him from adding a thin layer of kitten's cum to the top of that sexual pyramid.

This was one of the rare times that Julius would allow Rivard not to reply. It was rude to talk with a mouthful, after all, and Julius didn't need to hear Rivard replying in the affirmative to know that he was going to happily drink from the tap once again.

He only needed to feel the otter suckling tightly upon the tip of his feline manhood, and swirling the end of his tongue through each of the small, thin, tantalizing barbs at the end. Just like that, blood was rushing to his groin once more and his thick, impressive member was starting to grow, and like the oral natural that he was, Rivard lifted his head little by little as the cock continued to stand more erect. The feeling of the smooth, vein-riddled flesh of the shaft throbbing against Rivard's tongue was a delight greater than he could have imagined, and as he lowered his neck and throat onto the middle, he could feel the barbs tickling and teasing at the back of his throat, without Julius so much as

needing to lift a pawtip.

When Rivard looked up, flashed a wink and gored himself on the impressive cock, pressing his muzzle against the crotch of his new master and taking the entirety of his manhood all the way into his throat, Julius watched the last of his doubts disappear into a submissive otter. This one was a **keeper**, and though he was the one in control, he'd do whatever it took to keep Rivard by his side.

So you really want my cum that badly, little otter? he thought, as he bit down on his lower lip and glared at Rivard, almost frustrated with him for bringing him back to the edge so fast, *You'll get all of that and more...*

The whole of Julius was stiff and pulsing in the warm, comforting confines of Rivard's muzzle, and finally, the otter could feel the thing that he wanted most of all, spreading out across his tongue in a slow ooze, followed by a rapid, violent burst. Thick, creamy cum spilled onto Rivard's tongue and smeared his teeth before spraying clean to the back of his throat and right down into his gullet, as powerful volleys of warm, tasty seed painted the inside of the otter's maw. Wincing his eyes shut tightly once again and doing his best not to choke, Rivard kept a tight hold on the cock purely with his mouth, refusing to let a single drop go to waste, and doing his best to keep Julius from escaping his clutches. He wanted to prove his dedication to his new master one last time, and he couldn't think of a better way.

As Julius gripped Rivard by the shoulder, holding onto him for balance and trying not to let his knees buckle, the pleasure that contorted his face made it clear that he agreed. "T-that's it...nnnnyes... drink it all up, you submissive little slut...swallow **all** of my f-fucking cum! **Yes!**" he cried out, his voice turning near to a roar that echoed upon the solid, soundproofed walls of the opulent bathroom. The steam surrounding the pair created the illusion that not only were they the only two people in the house, but, in a way, it felt like they were the only two people in the city, sharing one of the most intimate moments that they could imagine, one that they'd both been desperately seeking.

Rivard was nearly gagging on the impressive yield of the black panther as Julius finally gripped his cock by the base again and pulled it away. Amazingly enough, the otter managed to keep all of the mess in his maw and swallow it all

down, but not content with how clean he was, Julius gently smacked the head and shaft of his cock against the smooth, delicate fur of the otter's cheek and rubbed it in, making sure that the last, tiny spurts of his cum were left to stain Rivard's skin underneath. He wanted to see just how cute the innocent, wide-eyed otter could look with a little mess on his lips and cheeks...and it was far beyond what he'd been expecting.

"...Forget what I said about getting clean, Rivard. You're staying just like that for the rest of the night."

**

There was still a bright flush in Rivard's cheeks, and his ears were still pinned flat to his head as he started to near his own residence. He could still feel a burning in his rump from where it had been so perfectly struck, and he could still smell the delightfully masculine seed of Julius, dried up in the fur on his cheek.

If he needed one more reminder of the way that the black panther treated him, he had it in the form of a tiny, skimpy pair of shorts, the only clothes that he was allowed to walk home in; ones that did **nothing** to hide the bulge of his cage from the world.

Julius clearly didn't care much for subtlety, and truth be told, though he was terribly shy about it, there was a wonderful thrill to be had in knowing that anyone who dared to glance down at his junk would see that it had been claimed.

As Rivard finally made it home, he barely had the energy to make it up to his own bed, but the moment he saw it, he collapsed into the sheets and covers, making a mess of them and almost instantly falling asleep. Julius had worn him out rather effectively, and he was more than happy to sleep easily for once...focusing on the pleasures of the present day, rather than the worries, stress and torment of the weeks past.

He was so out of it that he didn't hear his phone ringing, and the message that was left for him to be had in the morning. "Rivard...you know who this is. I hope that you made it home safe and sound. I'll be needing you to come over, first thing in the morning for an inspection...I made sure to leave a little mess on you

before you left so I knew you wouldn't pass. Don't you dare try and wash that mess off of your cheek, my little otter...I've got much more interesting ways to help you take care of it.”

Did you make it to the end without skipping past a couple stories? If you did, I'm impressed! There's more than a mouthful in this book, as you're likely well aware by now!

As usual, I like to give credit where it's due, so please don't use any of the characters in this book without the expressed permission of the owner.

Also, I'd like to include a huge thanks to the extremely talented JD Puppy, who did the fantastic cover art for this book! Follow him on Twitter: @JD_Puppy!

Need a little more erotic literature to whet your appetite? Maybe you want something a little different? I've got you covered.

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