

## Sex Education

### Part 4

“You need a shoulder to lean on cutie?” Levi asked as Terry walked himself to the door.

“No, it’s just across the hall,” Terry took a deep breath, his heat having been stoked and burned out into a little ember in the pit of his stomach. “I...I mean...I can’t thank you guys enough.”

“Don’t sweat it,” Levi cracked a beer open. “It was a nice warmup for Roman.”

“Oh my,” Terry blushed. “I can’t believe either of you got anything else left.”

“Roman and I keep up with our cardio,” Levi sipped the foam from his beer before giving a contented sigh. “You just knock on the door if you need anything.”

“Thanks,” Terry blushed, the little winded cougar bundled up his sweater and shoes, opting to leave them off as he made his way to his apartment across the hall. Terry bid his proverbial sex education teacher goodnight before quickly making his way back home.

Terry went to open the door and found it locked. The cougar cocked his head before digging his key out of his pocket and unlocking the door.

“Joey!” Terry announced himself. “I’m home.”

The cougar was greeted with silence. He tossed his shoes down next to the door, hung up his sweater, and turned on the kitchen lights. He wasn’t sure what kind of state his husband would be in

once he got back and he wanted to comfort him. Now that his mind was clear and his glow was buzzing in his veins, he wanted to make sure Joey was okay.

“Hey babe?” Terry padded his way into the bedroom and found a note on his pillow from his husband. “Went out with Caleb and Kameron, be back soon. Love Joey.”

Terry smiled as he held the note close to his chest, purring, the smell of his mate filling his nose now that he was in their bedroom. He gave a gentle sigh before putting the note down on the nightstand and heading over to the bathroom to wash up.

Normally Joey would run the bath for him to get it at the perfect temperature, but now that his heat wasn't clouding his mind anymore, it wasn't so hard to focus.

“My goodness,” Terry started the water, his body wrapped in his robe. “I didn't realize how much my heat contributed to my brain-fog.”

It was a night and day difference. He would normally take some pain killers for his headache and hot flashes, hoping they would pass long enough to let him sleep, but now, his heat felt like a curled up kitten in his lap instead of a raging lava beast from within.

“Wait, wouldn't it be a magma beast?” Terry paused, one foot in the tub as he pondered the idea. “It's inside me, but magma is below the earth and I'm not earth...so lava monster.”

Terry smiled at his conclusion, a simple thought experiment that would have taken him twenty minutes now felt as simple as breathing. The cougar slipped into the water, working suds and soap into his fur to get rid of the fluids and dried on juices from his romp with Levi and Roman.

Terry remembered being pinned down under that massive Jaguar, his powerful muscles rippling over him were nice, but he couldn't help but think of his man's toned body. Roman was more aggressive

with him than Joey would have been, not that he minded. In the moment he probably would have let him spit on his face and he would have thanked him. But Joey wouldn't have done that. If his husband had that kind of skill he would be gentle and caring. Joey would think he would need to do all the work, but Roman showed the cougar how he could take charge and help his man when he got tired, using both their stamina to extend their love making.

The cougar caught himself purring, paused for a moment, before going back into a blushing purr. He was worried that having sex with other people might bond him to them like it did with Joey, but it was true what Levi said; it was just sex. Amazing, mind blowing, toe curling, hair raising, sex, but sex alone. It didn't make him love Joey any less. If anything, he was excited to show him a thing or two in the bedroom when they had the time.

A twinge of need pulled Terry out of his musings, fear of his heat cramps coming back cutting off his purr, but it was just a twinge. He moved his hand down between his legs, his fingers pausing just before he touched it. Was he supposed to do stuff like that in the tub? He knew he wasn't going to masturbate, but the idea of maybe doing that at some point definitely made another echoing twitch send a sour chord up his loins. Terry decided to clean up as best he could and get to bed. He didn't want to keep "poking the bear" so to speak.

His fingers slid down over his loins to clean them, making sure to get any of his own crusted on juices and sticky slick off of them. His pussy felt so different and all the same. His lips were together, yet they didn't feel as tight as before. He didn't know if they would ever go back to normal, he wasn't sure if the loosening pussy was a misconception or not. His always tightened back up after his sex with Joey, but then again, he never went very deep.

Either way, Terry decided to occupy his thoughts with something other than sex, or at least tried. Every few moments, the tingling echoes of his romp across the hall would tickle his toes, his cheeks blushing as he remembered mixing hot breath and getting fucked deep, riding atop a man, his pussy being eaten with devout attention.

He already felt himself feeling a need arise in him, but he was able to quell it. Terry took a few deep breaths before finishing up his bath and going to the bedroom. The cougar laid down facing his husband's side of the bed. His hand slipped over to his sheets where he could feel the cold emptiness. It had been a long time since he fell asleep like this without him, but he knew it wasn't a bad thing. He just missed his husband, and he couldn't wait to tell him what he had learned.

Fortunately, he wouldn't have to wait long.

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Joey walked up the stairs to his apartment, his arms slung over the shoulders of Kam and Caleb. The three had been out until bar close and they were stumbling back into the complex giggling and sharing inside jokes that weren't very inside.

"Oh, so close! Just a little bit longer and we'll be home," Joey chuckled.

"Yeah, apartment D," Caleb chuckled.

"Dez nuts!" Kam thought he was being quiet. He most certainly was not as he shouted out and gave Joey a more than sensual cup check. The tiger huffed, his balls sensitive and worried he might feel pain, but the Zebra beast of a man held back and merely cupped the tiger's impressive package.

“No, I’m not apartment D...OOOhhhh! You guys!” Joey chuckled, his giggling slipping between his teeth as little huffing hisses. “You’re so bad!”

“This coming from the Boy Scout with the redwood sized totem pole!” Caleb nudged the tiger.

“Guys, shshssss!” Joey tried to pull his finger to his muzzle to silence his friends, only for his finger to hit Kam’s nose. “I don’t want the whole building to know I got a big dick.”

“Joey’s got a ten inch JOHNSON!” Kam shouted, his voice echoing up the stairwell.

“Kam!” Caleb smacked his boyfriend’s back.

“Dude! Everyone at the club can know but not here?” Kam reasoned.

“Oh yeah...” Joey had to think about that. “Oh wait! What about Terry!” The tiger moaned as they dragged him down the hall, his feet barely kept beneath him. “OH god, I cheated on him, didn’t I?”

“You can’t be so drunk you forgot he wanted you to do this?” Caleb chuckled.

“No, he was supposed to get his heat done with!” Joey moaned. “And I was supposed to be there when we got back. I forgot!”

“How’s that cheating?” Kam asked.

“Oh god! I cheated?” Joey slumped into Caleb, Kam’s higher stature kind of forcing him to lean into the Clydesdale. “No! No, no, no, no...wait...when did I do that?”

“I told you we shouldn’t have let him have that last shot,” Caleb chuckled and helped his friend to his apartment. “You going to be okay man? You want us to help you? Maybe get some water?”

“No, no, no, no, no, no, no...no,” Joey slumped against his door and whipped out his keys. “I got this one guys. It’s on me.”

“He’s fine,” Kam chuckled. “Besides, that warmup at the club was just enough to get our easy nuts out. Let’s see if we can bust the hard one.” Kam gave a light nicker against Caleb’s neck. The Clydesdale put a hand on Joey’s shoulder.

“You sure you’re good to go?” Caleb asked, though even he was having a hard time keeping his eyes focused with Kam in such an amorous mood.

“PPPPppssshhh! Yeah, dude,” Joey kept trying to put the key into the wood of the door, the thing clinking over and over. “I got this.”

“Okay,” Caleb got out before Kam yanked him across the hall.

“See you tomorrow for that jog,” Kam joked and pulled his man into his apartment, the door latching closed.

Joey rubbed his eyes and blinked. “Where did they go?”

The tiger started to lean to the side, the hallway swaying gently in his liquor soaked mind. He grabbed the handle to his apartment and steadied himself, finding the keyhole and letting himself in. He whipped around the door and leaned against it, the door closing with a light bang.

“Terr-Bear! I’m home!” Joey smiled, slipping his sweater off and throwing it at the hangers, the thing hitting the floor almost instantly. “Oh wait, you’re probably sleeping...shhssshsss...”

The tiger went into the kitchen, grabbed some ice cubes from the freezer and filled a glass of water before gulping it down, a few cubes sliding down his throat at the same time.

“No gags,” Joey smirked at having swallowed those cubes with no trouble. “Thanks for the lessons Kam.” He slurped another cube into his maw and chewed it with his mouth open.

*He loved the crunch!*

The tiger smiled and gave a little chuckle and waddled his way around the apartment, smacking on a few lights to see if he could find Terry. He couldn't still be across the hall.

“Oh wait...it's late,” Joey started to tip toe his way down the hall to their bedroom, though ironically walking tiptoe as a feline was the only way to make sound with the way his foot paws distributed weight. He opened the door to their bedroom and saw the cougar laying there. The lamp from Joey's side of the bed was on and Terry was sleeping soundly, light snores coming from the little guy.

“Ohhhh,” Joey crept forward, his composure coming back to him as he slipped onto the bed, sitting on the corner. The tiger's eyes softened as he looked over his husband, his hand slipping over Terry's who's was stretched out to his side of the bed. Slowly Terry's fingers instinctively slipped between his husband's, his wedding band glinting in the lamplight as their fingers laced together.

Terry gave a sharp intake of breath and blinked, the angelic softness of his features soured by the uncomfortable rays coming from the bedside lamp.

“Joey?” Terry took a deep breath and yawned. “What time is it?”

“Late,” Joey smiled, his thumb gently petting his husband's hand. “How did it go tonight?”

“How did what go...oh that,” Terry smiled, his body slipping back down onto the bed as a big grin played across his face and a gentle purr vibrated the sheets. “It was amazing. I don’t think...I’ve ever slept so well in my heat. How was, uh...time with the guys?”

“Who?” Joey simply couldn’t remember the rest of that night. If he tried hard he was sure he could remember, but he didn’t care. He just kept brushing his thumb against his man’s.

“Your note said you went out with Caleb and Kam,” Terry sighed, a light blush on his cheeks. “You weren’t here when I got back.”

“Oh gosh, that’s right!” Joey’s eyes went wide. “I’m so sorry Terr-Bear! Was everything okay? Did you need me?”

“No,” Terry shook his head and rubbed his eye with his free hand before sitting up. “No I was in good hands.”

“Oh good,” Joey didn’t know how he felt about that. He didn’t like that his husband didn’t need him, and with the amount of alcohol in him he couldn’t hide his feelings as his eyes went down and his ears folded back.

“What’s wrong honey?” Terry asked.

“I just wanted to be the one who makes you feel that way,” Joey looked away, the visual equivalent of kicking a rock. “And not the hot guys next door.”

“Honey,” Terry sat up, scooting a little closer and gently pulling his big tiger closer, nuzzling his neck. “You make me feel amazing all the other times. Besides, you can take them up on their offer to teach you too.”



Joey was frozen in that moment. His man was warm, his nuzzle into his neck, the gentle pull, he fell into it, being propped up by his man as he corrected himself. That purr, the smell of his shampoo and natural musk from his hair. Joey blushed, a goofy grin plucking at the corners of his lips.

“Teach me what now?” Joey purred before his last two functioning brain cells connected. “Oh yeah! I did learn tonight! Caleb and Kam taught me.”

“Caleb and Kam?” Terry cocked his head. “When did they teach you?”

“Tonight at the bar,” Joey purred, nuzzling into his man, the smell of booz ripe on his breath, but not overpowering.

“They took you out drinking?” Terry chuckled. “How many have you had?”

“Have you ever had a Jell-O shot?” Joey asked. “I know how to drink-eat them now. I can show you.”

Joey thought he was being smooth, but his words were coming out a little slanted.

“I think you need to lay down, babe,” Terry instructed his husband as he pulled the covers away to reveal he was only wearing his boxers.

“Oh my...” Joey’s eyes went wide, his mouth hanging open. “Terr-Bear, you’re so hot, you know that?”

“Hot?” Terry smirked, but a blush formed on his cheeks. “I don’t think you’ve ever called me that before.”

“Oh, the guys said you were hot and cute out at the club, but they don’t even know,” Joey paused and looked deep into his husband’s eyes and started to lean forward. “Can...Can I kiss you?”

“You’re my husband, you silly goose,” Terry leaned forward, their lips gently pressing against one another’s. Terry half expected it to simply be their normal tender kiss, and it was, but there was something else there. Their lips touched and it was electric. It was slow, tender and sweet.

“Can...I kiss you again?” Joey asked, his lips only a fraction away from his man’s

“Yes...”

Their lips touched, the gentle smack of their lips touching, their tongues lightly finding each other for a brief moment.

“Can...”

“Yes,”

Terry’s lips parted just enough for Joey to slip his tongue inside, their lips caught in a deliberate and calculated dance. Every time they came up for breath Terry would simply purr out his consent, their bodies getting closer, Joey’s hand sliding into Terry’s hair and cupping his face as they made out. Their kissing got deeper, hungrier, their hearts were racing as the two had their first real make out session.

Sure, they kissed before, but now that they knew what they were doing, it was like they were kissing for the first time, their tongues tenderly holding each other, their breath mingling hotly as they leaned into one another, a gentle game of give and take.

Terry gave a soft moan, his loins warming as their lips smacked and played with one another. The cougar leaned in and nuzzled into Joey’s neck, his soft purrs tickling the tiger’s jugular.

“Oh baby,” Joey smirked, his cheeks blushing deeply. “That feels nice.”

Terry gave a little mewl before nipping at Joey’s neck, his tongue playing along his sensitive chords, his nuzzling causing the Tiger to arch his neck back. That’s when the sweet, warm aroma of heat rolled over Joey. His tail hiked up and his ears flicked as his mouth parted. The scent was getting deeper as they played with each other.

“Babe, can I...touch you?” Joey’s hand hovered above the cougar’s back as he continued to nuzzle his way into the tiger’s neck.

“Yes,” Terry gave a cute little mew before kissing his husband’s neck, his lips gently tugging and placing their prints against the tiger’s flesh like butterfly wings on his skin. Joey gave a smile and placed his hand on his man’s back, sliding it lower, slowly slinking down further. Terry’s back arched as that hand petted his spine. The tiger’s paw slid over each vertebra with a loving reverence until he reached the hem of his man’s boxers.

“May I?” Joey huffed out.

“Yes,” Terry purred.

Joey smiled and slipped his fingers under the elastic, his hand coming to cup that beautiful little rump his husband hid in his jeans. Joey may not have been perfect in his technique, but he gently kneaded that cheek, his fingers working it over as they both purred. Those boxers were hot and humid, filled with the contained portions of Terry’s heat.

“I’m kneading biscuits,” Joey smirked, his other hand resting outside of those boxers.

“No,” Terry purred and slinked his arms around his man and pulled their chests together, the tiger’s face ending up on the cougar’s chest. “Your kneading buns.”

The tiger was blushing the entire time, but a goofy grin was on his muzzle, his whiskers twitching.

“Oh yeah,” Joey bit his lower lip as he adjusted his technique to really work those buns, each one a perfect little pillow. “Can...I show you what I learned tonight?”

“Besides how to massage my rump?” Terry blushed at using the word, he felt like a child getting to say a swear. “Sure.”

“Oh, I can’t wait,” Joey slipped his hand out of Terry’s underwear. “Get on your back.”

Terry was reminded of all his other sexual experiences with his husband as he laid down, but this time the lamp light was on. For some reason, having that light, being able to actually see his husband, made this feel completely different. Like before, he had been having sex with some shadow, but now, it was his man.

“Okay, can I take off your boxers?” Joey asked, getting between Terry’s legs and tossing his top off to the side.

“Of course,” Terry purred.

“Good, okay,” Joey paused, his eyes glancing over his man’s legs. His focus wandered as his fingers slipped over his man’s shins, his fingertips lightly brushing them, gently caressing his knee before slipping over his thigh. His hands showed just where his eyes were going, leaving a trail of electric connection across his man’s legs. “Your legs are so amazing babe.”

Terry didn't say anything, his mind was distracted by the fact his man was between his legs shirtless. The cougar realized this was the first time he'd really been able to look at his man's chest this way. Sure he'd seen him in swim trunks, but they hadn't gone swimming in a long time. The shallow abdominals that showed up every time he exhaled, the gorgeous sweep of his collar bone over his tight pecs. His cute little pink nipples that poked out on each one.

"Babe?" Joey asked, and Terry broke out of his trance, not having realized he was wrapping his legs around Joey.

"Sorry," Terry blushed. "I...couldn't help myself."

"I don't think I can either," Joey purred. His hands slipped further down, slinking under the cougar's boxers and finding the cougar's hip, his thumbs gently stroking his man's inner thighs before he gripped the boxers by their elastic and pulled them down. Terry's legs came together as Joey pulled the boxers off and let them hit the floor. As soon as he did, Terry spread his thighs, his legs still gently rubbing against Joey.

The tiger took in a deep breath, the pheromones rolling off his man so thick he could taste the sweet submissive musk on his lips. He swallowed back his drool as he looked at his husband for the first time in the light. He thought Kam looked beautiful, but Terry was something else. The pounding muscle was replaced by gentle and toned curves. The pussy wasn't pierced, but just a cute, puffy, pink peach. Joey nearly gave a sigh of relief with the fact it was the same setup as with Kam just smaller. And far more mouthwatering with that sweet heat wafting off it.

Joey swore that if he could see his husband's heat it would be those cartoon hands that come from freshly baked pies that sat out on the windowsill to tempt all who passed by. Joey leaned in, his

back arching as he slinked down between his man's legs. The tiger's lips pressed against Terry's knee, brushed over his thigh as he tenderly left a trail of kisses along the creamy fur.

"So, it might sound weird..." Joey started. "But...I'm going to lick your vulva...is that okay?"

"Yes," Terry purred, his lips already swollen from the anticipation, his heat making the little cougar a hair trigger. He had to hold back a giggle, knowing full well what it felt like, but he wanted to know what it would be like with his husband.

"Okay," Joey looked down at that pussy, the little pulse of those petals from his husband's heartbeat beneath made this all so real. He had been imagining it all that time with Kam, but now that it was the real deal, he was more than a little nervous. Though, that's what he was like with the Jell-O shot too. All he needed to do was...

"Trust the process..." Joey breathed out, almost as a whisper. The tiger's lips descended his tongue lulling over that little nub as his lips pressed against those petals. He slowly savored the first taste of his husband. His lips felt warm and electric as he made contact with those heat-soaked folds. He slowly and loosely slipped his tongue around that clit and then gave a gentle slurp, his lips tugging and caressing that love button like it was a treasure to be worshiped.

"Joey!" Terry gasped, his back arching as those lips started their maiden voyage on his folds. The tiger's ears twitched at his name, his eyes looking up to see his man. Terry only had one eye open as he panted. His swirling had slowed, but he was far from done with his Terr-Bear. The tiger felt his confidence soar at that moan, his heart fluttering as he heard the first real gasp of pleasure he had stoked from his husband. He had to hold back his smile, focusing on keeping his tongue from getting too hard. He kept it loose, wetly slipping it over and over, slicking that little nub before sucking gently, his

tongue petting the underside of that clit as he supported it over the sucking, before going right back to practicing his cursive.

“Joey, oh gosh, oh my gosh,” Terry gasped. “I...I-I feel so...mmf...warm...”

Joey couldn't hold back his smile, breaking the suction and deciding to simply lap at that little bullet, making out with it as he knew how good it made his man feel. He purred, his entire body vibrating and sending it up through his man's petals, his whiskers whispering the promise of pleasure before he descended, the smile falling from his muzzle as he went back to making his husband's toes curl.

Terry gave a high pitched whine, his claws digging into the sheets as his pleasure was stoked. Sure, the technique wasn't as perfect as when Levi did it, but the fact it was his husband, the guilt that soured his mood next door was replaced with a flame that would course up into his core, blooming over his heart and making his cheeks flush the color of roses. He slid his hand down over his toned belly, the heat from his womb radiating over his palm for a brief moment, before he laced his fingers into Joey's hair.

“Ah-A little, lower,” Terry managed to gasp out. Joey wasn't about to disappoint his husband. He lowered himself a little, his tongue slipping down to play with those puffy petals, his whiskers and five-o'clock shadow brushing them with the confirmation that a man, a virile man, was between his legs and lapping at his heat.

Joey didn't know how long he had been there, but he knew what the next step was. He moved a hand up to gently play with those folds, petting them nicely, making sure every nook and cranny was explored. As he found out with Kam, Joey was a fast learner. Terry would have believed his husband if

he told him he knew Braille and was using his senses to feel out for every quivering nerve, every soft button, every piece of pleasure hidden inside those folds. With Terry guiding him, it wasn't long before he found every hidden treasure.

Until it was ready to go deeper.

"Just a little-Oh my goodness," Terry gasped as Joey slipped his thumb inside that hole, his soft digit sinking into his husband's depths and causing the cougar to gasp. He had already been worked open that night so there wasn't any pain apart from the mild bruising from his session with Roman.

Joey's thumb sank in with no problem, those velvety folds still holding him, gripping his thumb. He didn't know if the loose pussy thing was true or not, but he didn't care now that he knew Terry could still feel pleasure even if it's just from the outside.

Joey simply leaned in, slurping, his tongue fluttering around that clit as he stoked the inner walls of that pussy, his thumb slipping out before replacing it with his middle finger and tenderly stroking that spot that Caleb showed him. Joey didn't know if Terry had a prostate, but he did know from Kam, they had a hidden little love button, and he knew the exact moment he found it. Terry tensed up and choked out a gasp as his fingers dug into his husband's skull, his thighs trying to pull together around his face as that cougar let out staccato gasps. Joey repressed his sly smirk as he slipped another finger in and continued his beckoning for his man's pleasure, working it out of him with his attentive tongue and inquisitive fingers, all while he purred, his tail flicking behind him as he ate his man's Georgia peach.

"Joey! Joey, oh my god! I...I..." Terry couldn't voice it fast enough the pleasure peaked. His thighs shook, his walls clamped as the cougar let out a soft scream. A small geyser shot froth from that pussy, soaking Joey's fingers and filling the tiger's maw with that sweet peach juice. It dribbled down his muzzle



as he continued eating his man out through his orgasm, never giving up, just as Kam had told him. He kept at it, the cougar screaming as orgasm after orgasm crashed into him, his pussy popping hard on those fingers and his man's face. By the time Terry's orgasm subsided, Joey's face was matted with the cougar's heat.

Joey finally popped off that clit, licking his chops before kissing his man's quivering thighs.

"Did you like that baby?" Joey purred, nuzzling that clit, the vibrations causing Terry to give a light gasp.

"I...I...I can't see..." Terry could only see dancing lights as he basked in his glow. "I...Joey...That was amazing."

The tiger purred deeper, his confidence welling up inside him. He knew he made Kam cum before, but now that he made his husband bust so hard, he knew it wasn't just a fluke. Joey slipped up beside his mate, their lips touching, lightly smacking. Terry tasted his own sweet heat as their tongues lulled around one another's.

"Glad I did good," Joey smirked, his head cleared a bit from his exercise.

"Very, very, very good," Terry blushed before his eyes went wide. "OH, I want to show you what I learned too."

"You're...You're ready to go again?" Joey blinked.

"Yeah," Terry purred. "That was a nice warmup, but now that you got me going, I want to show you what I learned too."

Joey's eyes were wide as he gave a hard gulp. He had no idea what he just did, but the thought both thrilled and terrified him. He already busted a couple times at the club. Did he have the stamina to keep up with his mate?

Joey needn't have worried. The tent in his pants was proof enough that the heat worked in both their favor. Terry leaned over and grabbed something from his nightstand. The foiled wrapper was on full display as he tore it open. Terry paused before continuing.

"Are...you okay with this babe?"

"Yes!" Joey shook his head, getting back into the moment. "I'm...more than ready. I'm super ready."

"Okay," Terry smiled. "Are you nervous?"

"I...I just don't know if I have the stamina to perform much," Joey scratched the back of his head.

"Oh babe," Terry came over to his man, pressing his lips against his. "Lay back, let me do all the work."

Joey's cock twitched in his pants, a little meep squeaking out. The tiger slipped down onto his back like his bones were made of the Jell-O shots he had taken. First, Terry put the exposed rubber in his lips before gripping his man's pants, undoing them and peeling them off. Joey helped and kicked them to the side, and the main event was right there between his man's legs.

"Woah..." Terry gasped, the condom hitting the bed as he marveled at his man's package. No wonder it hurt before he got stretched open. It was massive, and Terry through Roman was big.

"Something wrong?" Joey's ears perked up.

“No...nothing’s wrong, you’re just...you’re bigger than Roman by a lot.”

“Really?” Joey had a goofy grin, his cock throbbing in his boxers.

“Really, really,” Terry chuckled. “May I?”

“Yes,” Joey nodded.

Terry gripped the hem of those boxers, peeling them back, the tent already translucent with how hard he was pulsing. The tiger’s shaft slapped up onto his belly well past his first set of abs.

“You don’t have to take it all if you don’t want to,” Joey said out of concern for his partner, but having to say something like that really made the tiger’s balls churn. He liked knowing he had a big dick.

“No, that’s not it,” Terry murred. “It’s just...looks so amazing...”

Terry grabbed the condom again and went to put it on his man’s cock tip and paused before putting it in his mouth. He wanted to show the skills that Levi had taught him. He leaned forward, his lips holding that condom before he pushed it down on that cock tip. Joey watched as his husband sank that rubber over his dick, more and more of his shaft slipping into that warm maw. Terry’s eyes were wedged shut, his hands white knuckling his thumbs to get that shaft all in, but he was only half way when he had to pull back.

“Oh my goodness you’re big,” Terry gasped, pulling off that shaft, he looked back at his man, the tiger’s eyes having rolled back into his head. “You okay dear?”

“Oh yeah...I’m really good,” Joey practically moaned out. Terry’s pussy twitched at that, the warmth inside him getting hotter as he looked at the amount of pleasure he could give his man. The cougar gave a sly smirk and rolled the condom down. Apparently they had been buying condoms that

were too small because it didn't roll all the way down the way it did with Roman, though they appeared to be the same brand and size. A couple of inches were left exposed at the base of that shaft, and Terry had to gulp back his own reservations.

"You ready?" Terry asked and his husband gave a nod.

"Yeah," he breathed.

Terry straddled his man, standing while holding that cock in line with his vulva, a warmth radiating between his legs at knowing it was his man's dick that was about to enter him. He felt almost free compared to the fear that coursed through his veins over at the other apartment. He pressed down and had that shaft slip inside.

It was a smooth and clean entry, nothing like it normally was. Sure Terry was stretched a bit, he was taking a massive dick, but he had been expertly worked open and he was dripping with his heat laced juices. He sank down on that cock, that dick slipping into the searing hot folds of Terry's sex. It felt like it took ages for that dick to sink into his pussy, but it was only a few seconds.

Joey's eyes rolled back into his head as his toe paws fanned, his claws flexing as his dick was surrounded by warm and tight sexy silk.

"Oh my goodness," Terry wasn't fully all the way down, a few inches still outside of him, but he started to rock back and forth, that thick shaft filling him in ways he wasn't across the hall. He rode that cock, his pussy clinging to that dick as it slipped in and out. "Oh my goodness..."

"Oh god," Joey moaned, his thighs flexing as he tried to match his man's thrusts, but he was so drunk and turned on, he didn't know what to do besides lay back and let his man ride him. The springs

on the bed started to protest, the gentle squeaking of their mattress speeding up as that pussy rode up and down that dick, the cougar's foot paws cupping the tiger's potent balls. The kittens inside those nuts are what Terry's heat desired, his heart beating faster at the lewd fantasy of being filled his man's kittens made the cougar blush, his hips moving faster as a soft plapping filled the room.

"Oh goodness, Joey...touch me, please," Terry murred, his heat being stoked by the mere thought of removing that rubber. Levi did tell him it's tempting, but just pretend it's not there and it'll help trick his heat.

Joey heard his man's request, but didn't know exactly where to go. He didn't get that far in his education, so he moved his hands to Terry's rump and gripped it as he started to move faster, body plopping up and down on that dick.

"No, touch me here," Terry gripped one of Joey's hands and moved it to his pec, making him cup it, his palm rubbing against his hard nipple. "Oh yes, just like-AH! Yes!"

Joey took the initiative and moved his other hand around so his thumb could flick his man's clit as he rode him. Terry braced himself against Joey's shoulders as he slammed home. The mattress creaked, the headboard shook, Terry's toes flexed and cupped his husband's nuts.

Nuts full of their children, their kittens, the kittens he wanted!

"Oh god, I'm gunna cum!" Terry screamed, his pussy getting tighter as he worked that shaft in and out of himself hard and fast. Joey felt pride and pleasure surge up his dick, the velvety hole he was in was so sweet already, but knowing he was going to make his man cum for the first time while penetrating made Joey's eyes go crossed as he screamed out his orgasm.

Joey dug his heels into the mattress as his balls bounced against Terry's toe beans, those nuts surging and his cumpipe pulsing. Terry felt that cock throb through his riding, the warmth of that tip filling him up, the rubber doing its job and catching that virile seed. Terry imagined that warmth filling him up, spilling deep into his garden and filling him with a whole family of kittens.

He didn't stand a chance.

Terry gasped, screamed as his pussy popped, gushing over Joey's chest.

"Oh fuck," Terry blinked, blushing at having sworn. "Oh goodness...did...did you want to do round three?"

Terry was met with the deep, rattle of a snore. Joey couldn't stay awake, his body so relaxed from that orgasm he zonked out. Terry had to suppress a giggle as he peeled himself off his man, the heavy head of that condom weighed down with a thick, juicy load. Despite knowing it wasn't inside him, the fantasy still curbed his need.

"Sweet dreams babe," Terry got back under the covers to go to bed with his man. "You'll have a long day ahead of you tomorrow."

Terry turned out the light and curled up to his man who instinctively pulled him close as he gently snored. Terry fell asleep almost as quickly, having been exhausted from all the lessons he had that day.