

Sex Education

Part 3

Joey was walking into the mall, the light drizzle getting his wind breaker damp as he entered. Normally the tiger would enjoy the mall, holding his man's hand, going to all the assorted shops, and checking out the newest stores, but today, his hand was empty. The tiger sighed, his running shoes squeaking on the marble floors as he headed for the nearest directory out of instinct. Terry and him would sometimes blind pick a place and just go, but he knew the mall well enough.

As Joey scanned the listings for the mini golf place, he couldn't help but pity himself. His finger paused on the list as the fresh memory of going across the hall because he thought he heard Terry call out for him stinging him in the pride. Levi answered, only wearing sweatpants, and the reek of heat wafting from behind him.

"Hey, you want to come watch?" Levi had asked.

"I thought Terry was calling out for me, is he okay?" Joey tried to look into the apartment, but he didn't see anything besides empty beer cans and discarded clothes. Terry's sweater amongst them.

"He's having a great time," Levi smirked. "He's a fast learner. You know, if you want, we can teach you a few pointers too about how to work a snatch."

"Oh..." Joey's ears folded back as he scratched the back of his head. "I...I don't know if I'm ready for that."

"Suit yourself," Levi shrugged. "Though, if you want to watch, I'm sure Terry wouldn't mind. He's been screaming your name. I think he's just imagining you the entire time."

“No...” Joey sighed. “No I think I’m good. I’ll...I’ll just head out. Let Terry know I love him or...however this works.”

Joey didn’t pay much attention after that. He hated he couldn’t cause his husband the same cries of pleasure that he was hearing, but he also couldn’t stand to stay in the apartment and listen to his screams from across the hall. Every shout, every shuddering moan, no matter who it came from, was just another reminder that his husband was getting worked over in a way he could never provide.

He decided to take Caleb and Kameron up on their offer. Any excuse to get out of the apartment and away from that grating screaming. It never bothered him before, he didn’t even really notice it until now, but now it was just...too much.

Joey sniffed back the stinging in his eyes before he shoved his hands into his pockets and squeaked his way to the familiar golf course. On his way over he couldn’t help but look at all the stores that he frequented with his husband. The department stores that they got their modest clothes from, the food court where they would split meals so they could both get what they wanted from the different places, the ice cream shop that filled his nose with the smell of freshly made waffle cones.

Joey sighed, his memories blaming his bruised pride. He knew those days weren’t over, and that he would get his husband back in the morning, but it was hard not to almost look at it all like some sort of breakup. Terry wasn’t leaving him for someone else, but rather outsourcing his husband’s duties to his neighbors because he simply wasn’t good enough to cut it. He hated feeling so helpless, but there wasn’t anything more he could do. He did the sex, he tried to keep his husband comfortable, but Terry was still in pain. He would do anything for Terry, even let other people help him physically, but it didn’t make things any easier.

“Hey,” Joey reached the counter at the mini golf place. “Did you see a couple of guys come through, a Clydesdale and a Zebra?”

“Um...I don’t know,” the teenage rabbit behind the desk looked like he was checked out, his mind fried from working too many hours.

“They’re pretty hard to miss,” Joey smiled nervously. “They’re taller than me and I think they are pro body builders. They take very good care of their bodies, so I’m sure they’d leave an impression.”

“Damn! Didn’t know you thought that about us!” Someone boomed from behind the tiger while giving him a playful smack on the back. Joey jumped in surprise as he spun around, not realizing he had been consumed by the shadows of the equine couple.

“Dude! Glad you could make it!” Kam shouted from behind his boyfriend, the zebra a towering mass of beef.

“Yeah man! Good on ya!” Caleb gave him a thumbs up. “But I thought you were staying back to be for your man. What changed your mind?”

“Oh,” Joey blushed. “Terry seemed to be in good enough hands so I thought I’d finally take you up on one of your generous offers.”

“See! He hasn’t been dodging us,” Kameron punched his Clydesdale boyfriend in the shoulder. “You worry too much.”

“Kam,” Caleb frowned at his boyfriend before looking back to Joey. “Don’t listen to him. I didn’t think you were avoiding us or whatever.”

“Yes you did,” Kam smirked and chuckled. “But I’m glad you proved him wrong, ‘cuz that means I was right.” He jabbed his thumb back at himself, his bicep flexing his leather jacket.

“Whatever man,” Caleb rolled his eyes, shoving his hands into his jean jacket. “Anyway, you wanna do a round of mini golf with us?”

“Sure,” Joey shrugged. “I’m down for whatever.”

“Sweetness,” Caleb smirked and nodded. “I can get your entry if you want.”

“Oh, I couldn’t possibly impose,” Joey put his hands up.

“Suit yourself,” Caleb shrugged and pulled out some bills and slapped them on the counter.

“Two clubs for a full round.”

Joey paid his portion and they grabbed their clubs.

“How’s about we make this game a little more interesting,” Kam smirked, bouncing his club on his massive delt. “Caleb and I were doing a little bet. Whoever gets the worst score has to pay for the first round at the bar. You in?”

“Oh, I don’t know if I can go out to a bar after.” Joey tensed up as Caleb set up his first shot.

“Come on now Joey,” Kam smirked, nudging the tiger with his elbow. “Don’t prove my man right and ditch us after only one round of golf.”

“Kam,” Caleb took his shot, the golf ball bouncing off the bumper in the back and skidding to a stop just before the hole. “You don’t need to pressure the poor guy. Cut him some slack.”

Joey knew Caleb was being supportive, but it was because he knew his husband was being worked over back at their place. Somehow that consideration stung more than just letting him go.

“You know what,” Joey perked up, setting his ball down and lining himself up. “Let’s do it! Last place pays for the first round of drinks.”

Joey putted his ball and it bounced off the back bumper and sunk in for a hole in one.

“Dang! The boy scout doesn’t play!” Kam whistled. “But we come here all the time. I hope you brought your checkbook with you cuz those drinks are going to cost ya.” The zebra prodded.

Joey felt a little dirty taking the bet, but not because he knew gambling was a bad thing, but because him and his Terr-Bear hit this place up almost every week. Joey didn’t know it at the time, but he just hustled a duo of hustlers.

“I can’t believe you,” Kam shouted as they waited for entry into the bar. “You nailed our asses to the wall!”

“I’m just surprised you wanted to do double or nothing,” Joey smirked, his hands shoved in his wind breaker and spreading the jacket wide. “Even after you saw me sink the extra round hole, you still wanted to bet me twice? That was nuts.”

“Yeah, and now you owe us both the first two rounds,” Caleb chuckled at Kam. “Man, you suck at mini golf.”

“Caleb,” Joey faked offence. “He does not suck at mini golf.” The tiger paused for dramatic effect, the two trying to determine if he was being serious. “We just made it look like he sucked.”

“Damn! You almost had me there,” Kam clapped his hands together and snapped his fingers. “This guy, where have you been?”

“Right across the hall this whole time,” Caleb smacked the tiger’s back, Joey stumbling a bit as they approached the bouncer. “Glad we could finally get you out.”

“Yeah, it’s a nice distraction,” Joey admitted before quickly changing the subject. “So, what do you guys recommend here?” He asked as he flashed his ID to the bouncer. The massive shark grunted and nodded him in.

“What do you normally drink?” Caleb asked as they followed behind.

“I’m not sure, I don’t usually go to these kinds of places,” Joey admitted before the guy at the next counter grunted. He paused and blinked.

“They charge an admittance fee,” Caleb explained before shoving some bills on the counter. “He’s with us.”

The fox behind the counter counted the bills before buzzing them in and letting them into the club. Joey shot the fox a double thumbs up and he just rolled his eyes.

“Did I do something wrong?” Joey asked the couple.

“Nah, he’s always a pill,” Kam dismissed the fox as they entered.

“Okay,” Joey shrugged and entered in and was greeted by the loudest music he had ever heard. It thrummed in his chest, vibrated his bones and rattled his skull. His eyes went wide as he saw the exposed pipes and stages. He thought he might be at a strip club, but it was just people dancing while a DJ did his set.

Joey suddenly felt apprehension. What had he gotten himself into? This wasn’t his usual place, and it was so loud it hurt in his teeth. His nerves were already starting to shake and shoot warning signals. He was about to turn tail and run when he felt a reassuring hand on his shoulder. It was Kam’s massive mitt of a hand. He nodded to the side and Joey couldn’t hear what he said over the music, but he could read his lips telling him to follow.

The tiger felt like a kitten being dragged by the two massive stallions as they brought him to the side of the room where a staircase rounded up into another room that was nothing like the previous one. It was like a movie theater, mirrors and runway stages where drag queens were doing their sets. He didn't feel quite comfortable there either since people were taking their clothes off. He just averted his gaze as he was brought into the back of the room where a set of doors opened up into an arcade like room with neon lights and a bartender. It was much quieter in there.

"Here, this place a little more your speed?" Caleb asked.

"I mean, I can actually hear you," Joey's voice was raised, but the music wasn't so loud it drowned out his every thought.

"Great, now what do you want?" Kam asked. "Nothing from the top shelf. Can't afford a fifty dollar shot, but what's your poison?"

"I actually don't drink much," Joey admitted. "What do you guys drink?"

"Oh, I got just the thing," Kam ran off to the bar, the massive zebra's whites glowing under the black lights.

"Hey," Caleb smacked the tiger's chest. "If you're not used to this scene, we can always go someplace else."

"No," Joey trilled his lips and huffed. "No, no, no! I can *hang* here."

"Riiight," Caleb cocked a brow. "Just don't try to keep up with Kam. He's a party animal and...If you're not used to drinking you're *not* going to have a good time."

Joey felt that sting again, like he was inferior, that he wasn't enough, that he couldn't keep up with what was demanded of him.

“No, I got this,” he furrowed his brow, bouncing from foot to foot to hype himself up.

“Hey bitches!” Kam came back and slammed a tray down on the table. “Long Islands! Drink up Boy Scout! Let’s make some bad choices, but first, the free drink from the bartender. Jell-O Shots!”

“Oh! I love Jell-O!” Joey clapped his hands together.

“My MAN!” Kam shouted, clinking his plastic shot glass against his. “Here, some important pointers. Use your tongue to circle the outside and then slurp it down.”

“Oh, sure,” Joey’s tongue was stiff from nerves, and the Jell-O burned a bit, but he did it, slurping it down and coughing. “Oh! That’s good.” He chuckled, pounding a fist against his chest.

“Yeah! I ordered another round of them too, so we’re going to learn you real good tonight!” Kam smirked. Caleb shook his head and knocked back the shot. Kam was going to eat their Boy Scout alive.

“WOOOOOOOO!!!” Joey had one hand on an exposed pipe that went from the floor to the ceiling. He was spinning and feeling the booz bubble through him. He had never felt so free, or exposed. He was wearing a long sleeve shirt under his wind breaker, but now he had his coat on a chair and his sleeves rolled up, exposing his toned forearms and the crook of his elbow. They had navigated into a quieter bar after they spent a roll of quarters in the game room. He spun until he smacked face first into Caleb.

“You feeling alright man?” Caleb had a big blush on his muzzle, his cheeks glowing pink from the drinks.

“Yeah, I-urp-Oh my...” Joey braced his hand on the stallion’s massive chest. “I...I think I need to sit down.”

“Yeah, I wanted to stop that spinning before it got out of hand,” the Clydesdale guided the tiger over to a booth they had claimed.

“I’ve always wanted to do that,” Joey chuckled, spilling into the booth. “Though I see it’s not as easy as Kam makes it look.”

“Hell’s yeah bitch! You got to work that pole like you’re making love to it,” Kam head banged for a sec before pulling his drink to his face.

“Kam, can you think before you speak for once,” Caleb scooped in after Joey, the tiger sandwiched between the two studs.

“What?” Joey asked, then his last two brain cells not caught up in the long islands, Jell-O shots, and other drinks flicked together to realize what Caleb meant. “Oh yeah my husband!” Joey put his head in his hands and groaned. “Ugh, why is it so hard and so mlep!” Joey threw his hands up, falling into the backrest of the booth before giving a little burp.

“Easy there tiger,” Caleb smirked at his own joke.

“You been sitting on that all night?” Kam quipped. “How late were you up figuring that one out?”

“Here Joey,” Caleb ignored his boyfriend and slid a drink in front of the tiger. “This’ll help your rumbly tummy. God knows you need to drink something other than booz.”

“You guys,” Joey lifted his arms and gave the two a double hug, pulling with all his drunken might to bring them closer. They didn’t budge, the massive beefcakes. “You’re the best friends a guy could ask for.”

Joey let go of the hug, the two guys beaming as the tiger slinked back down and used both hands to sip his drink.

“Oh! You can’t even taste the alcohol in this one,” Joey exclaimed before sipping more of the drink down.

“That’s because it’s ginger ale,” Caleb nudge him.

“So it’s like a beer?” Joey asked.

“You really don’t know much about this stuff, do you,” Kam chuckled.

“Just let the man enjoy his *drink*,” Caleb winked at his zebra.

Joey sipped on his drink, the ginger calming his belly and making him give a little burp. He felt so happy, he wished Terry could be there...but that reminded him why his Terr-Bear couldn’t.

“Hey...I’ve never asked either of you this cuz it’s kind of personal, but do either of you go into heat?”

“Yo!” Kam smiled, lifting his hand up. “Cunt man at the ready, what’s your question?”

“Really?” Joey cocked a brow. “I wouldn’t have guessed.”

“Yeah, I know,” Kam flexed his arms, he had ditched his leather jacket exposing a black tank top, his powerful stripes showing of the veins and cut valleys of his dual peaks. “I’m a lot more man than the average cunt boi.”

“What’s your question man,” Caleb stopped Kam from going into his posing routine to show off his powerful physique.

“Well...how do you...um...deal with it?” Joey was just letting the words out, the liquor having loosened his tongue. “I mean, both of you, how do you both deal with it. I know it’s nothing compared to what you go through Kam, but...Caleb, how do you deal knowing your partner is in so much pain?”

“Well, I do what I always do,” Caleb shrugged. “I deal with it with him.”

“Yeah,” Kam was biting his bottom lip. “You deal with it four to five times a day.”

“Wait...a DAY!” Joey’s tail stuck up as his fur stood on end. “No wonder you guys are so big! You’re all like, huge guns and bodies because you’re constantly doing planks!”

“Planks?” Caleb cocked a brow. “What you talking about man?”

“Yeah, usually I’m the one taking charge,” Kam smirked.

“Wait, how can you be in charge if you’re the one with the vagina?”

“Easy,” Kam gently took one of Joey’s hands and guided it to his groin. “Pet it.” He ordered.

Joey pulled his hand back like it had been slapped, but a blush burned across his face, his dick twitching.

“You get a little tingly from that?” Kam bit his lower lip, the piercing in his sole patch glinting in the low light.

“I...I mean I did but...I didn’t...” Joey spun to look at Caleb, expecting the horse to be furious, but he just had the same gentle curve of his lips on that powerful jaw.

“What?” Caleb shrugged. “You think I can control Kam?”

“No, I didn’t mean to offend or...I didn’t want you to cheat on...I’m...you’re...” Joey’s brain was swimming so fast he couldn’t understand his own words.

“Relax,” Caleb put a hand on the tiger’s shoulder. “It’s all okay with me. Do you have any idea how many guys I watch fuck Kam?”

“I...what?” Joey blinked. “...wouldn’t that be cheating?”

“Cheating is what you make of it,” Kam shrugged. “I get consent from my man every time, and him from me when he slings that knee knocker into someone else’s hole. It’s only cheating if you didn’t agree on it.”

“So...” Joey didn’t quite get it yet, though the gears were turning.

“It’s only cheating if it violates the rules we set for our own relationship,” Caleb shrugged. “You know, what you’re doing with Terry isn’t cheating if you both agreed.”

“Okay...I guess that makes sense...”

“Yeah, it’s like if we were playing Monopoly and our rule is that I always play the racecar. It would be cheating if my man took the racecar, but not if he took all the other pieces. “

“OH! Kind of like how I we can use proper nouns in Scrabble if it’s places we both know!” Joey exclaimed.

“Yeah! You get it,” Caleb patted the tiger’s back. “You know, we could teach you a thing or two as well sometime. Levi might be the pussy king, but we know our way around a dick or two.”

Joey looked into his half-finished drink, watching the ice cubes melt into one another until what Caleb said sunk in.

“Wait...you’d do that for me?”

“Hell yeah we would!” Kam knocked back another shot. “Can’t leave a brother behind! Oh, and this one is for you,” Kam tipped one of his shot glasses into Joey’s drink and mixed it with his finger.

“Got to keep your buzz going.”

Joey looked at the drink and a burning frustration welled up inside him. He latched his lips around the straw and downed the drink, it being much more bitter now.

“Teach me!” He slammed the glass on the table.

“Huh?” The two were taken aback.

“I want to be able to help my man’s heat. Please, teach me.” Joey practically begged. Terry said that they were willing to help him to, so he knew he’d be okay with it.

“Shit...” Caleb blinked and looked at Kam who had a shit-eating grin on his face. “I owe you twenty bucks.”

“What?”

“We made a bet to see how long it would take you to ask us for some pointers,” Kam smirked.

“Caleb thought it would take a week. I said it would be before the end of the night.”

“So...you’ll help me?”

“Don’t you worry, my feline friend!” Caleb gripped the tiger’s shoulder. “You’ll be curling your man’s toes before you know it!”

“So, if you want to know how to work a man’s heat, let’s hear it, what do you normally do?”

“Well...” Joey started explaining what they did and Kam and Caleb were speechless. Thankfully Kam stopped him half way through before he got to the part about fucking through their underwear.

“Hold up,” Kam stopped the oversharing tiger. “How about we start with the basics.”

The zebra gripped at his studded belt, undoing the massive skull belt buckle and throwing the thing on the table with the other empty glasses.

“Wait! Here?!” Joey’s glanced around and noticed the industrial theme of the bar was filled with people in various stages of coitus. He sucked in his lips as he finally saw what kind of bar they were in.

“No time or place like the present,” Kam said, pulling his pants down and throwing them under the table, his black boxers had little red hearts on them. “Do you want to do the honors, or should I?”

“I...” Joey was frozen. He looked back at Caleb who just shrugged, his jean jacket off as he leaned back in the booth.

“Too late! You snooze you lose dude!” Kam peeled his boxers down, exposing his thick muscled thighs and legs, and his big juicy cunt. Joey blinked, having never seen one before. It was so much more complicated than his set up. So many large, black petals, a strong bullet pulling that hood away as those thick lips twitched and glistened. “There ya go, I showed you mine. Let’s see your setup.”

“I...I guess,” Joey looked back at Caleb and gave the guy a thumbs up and a nod. If the Clydesdale had a cowboy hat he was sure he would have tipped it to him.

Joey undid his pants, the jingling of his belt was as loud as fire crackers to him. He finally undid his pants and pulled them down, his underwear exposed.

“I don’t know...”

“Relax, Boy Scout,” the zebra took his large fingers and fanned his lips, his thick digits couldn’t help but gently play with his folds, his exposed pussy large, puffy, and already glistening. A little ring was pierced through the hood over his clit, glinting in the lowlight. “Like I said before, we’ll learn you real good tonight.”

“I...” Joey was frozen, he didn’t know what to do.

“Relax,” Caleb nickered softly in the tiger’s ear as he rubbed his shoulders. “You need help? You want me to steer you?”

“Y-Yes please,” Joey gulped. Caleb gave the tiger another gentle nicker, his hot breath tickling Joey’s ear as he brought his hand down to the tiger’s arm to guide him.

“Now, don’t enter right away, but pet that pussy. Careful of those claws, tiger,” Caleb instructed.

Joey’s fingers were shaking as he lifted up and slipped them up against that large pussy, Kam’s fingers pulling away only to be replaced with the quivering fingers of the tiger.

“It’s...wet and warm...”

“Yeah,” Kam murred. “That’s a good thing, Boy Scout.” Kam gave him a little wink. “And you haven’t even gotten to the best part.”

“What, inside?”

“For you maybe. No, I mean the doorbell,” Kam borrowed Levi’s clunky analogy. “But let’s start with the petting.”

“Yeah, slip it up and down, gently, not fast, let your fingers play with that.” Caleb continued to coach him. “There, see how he twitches? Yeah, do that again, and again...slower, that’s good.”

Joey felt nervous at first, but with the amount of booz in him and a voice telling him what to do, his nerves relaxed. With each gentle swipe, those folds would get warmer, wetter, dripping between his fingers as the fur on them matted, all the while he felt his confidence growing.

“Okay, you’ve worked it enough,” Kam murred, a light blush on his cheeks from the attention. “How about we show you how your drinking skills can be applied here. Lean on in.”

Joey blinked, pulled from his practice as Kam ordered him. He hadn’t realized, but he was already starting to lean in to get a better look before, but now it was just a gentle push from Caleb’s hand on his back and he was between the Zebra’s legs. That pussy looked huge so close.

“You see this spot here?” Kam moved his fingers to the top of his split, to that little twitching nub. “Use your Jell-O shot skills there.”

“Oh...” Joey leaned in, his nose briefly bumping against that clit. He bumbled back, but Kam’s hand threaded through the Tiger’s hair and gently guided him back.

“Come on now Boy Scout, show little Kam what you’ve learned tonight,” Kam instructed, and Joey leaned back in. He knew he could pull away, but that hand was guiding him, bringing him to that clit. Joey’s lips parted, he took a deep breath in and out before moving forward and pressing his tongue against the clit.

“There ya go,” Kam murred. “Now swirl like you’re prepping the shot.”

Joey complied and pressed his tongue against it, swirling his tongue once.

“Oh, do that again, but relax your tongue a bit,” Kam moaned.

He complied, his tongue swiping around that clit, his tongue stopping.

“No one told you to stop, Boy Scout,” Kam smirked, his powerful thighs quivering. “I’ll let you know when to slurp that shot down.”

Joey nodded, nuzzling against the zebra’s black pubic hair as a result before he went back to swirling his tongue.

“Oh yeah Boy Scout,” Kam shuddered. “Oh yeah, that’s it. Now slurp.”

Joey was listening for his queue and he did as he was told, he wrapped his lips around that nub and slurped, his tongue gently petting the underside of that bullet.

“Fuck!” Kam nickered. “That’s the fucking stuff! Now go back to swirling, oh shit, faster, not that fast, oh shit yeah. Slurp it again. Oh FUCK!” Kam nickered as Joey started purring. It was involuntary and he couldn’t help it as he was told he was doing a good job. Kam’s moans were the most influential words of praise. “OH shit! This model comes with vibration! Oh shit, don’t stop, oh fuck yeah, swirl, and slurp, yeah, just like that, alternate. Keep me getting closer...mmmmMMMMM FUCK!”

“You’re doing a damn good job,” Caleb smiled. “Kam doesn’t fake it.”

“Fuck yeah I don’t,” Kam moaned. “I’d just be cheating myself. Oh fuck! Keep doing that Boy Scout! MMM!”

“Holy shit,” Caleb was surprised, but his words were smooth and even.

“What?” Both Kam and Joey said, the tiger’s lips popping off that pussy.

“Well, we know the issue isn’t your size,” Caleb smiled, flicking his finger over the tent in Joey’s pants.

“Shit, you ain’t kiddin’,” Kam lifted his leg and used it to flip Joey on his back so his head was resting on his thigh. “Take those shorts off. I want to see how big our Boy Scout’s wood is.”

“I...Okay,” Joey smiled nervously, pulling his shorts down. His cock had never been so hard, his white boxers were soaked on the tip as he pulled it down. Once his cock was free it slapped up, his head hitting a few inches above where his belly button would have been.

“Damn man!” Kam smiled. “You’re packing some serious heat.”

“I-I am?” Joey chuckled nervously.

“Damn, Boy Scout,” Caleb gripped the base of that cock, his fist able to just barely reach all the way around with plenty of cock still rising above his fist. “You got to have at least nine inches. Maybe ten.”

“I-Is that good?” Joey had a goofy halfcocked smile like he didn’t know if he should be flattered or not.

“Very good,” Kam smiled. “The national average is five inches my dude. You got enough dick for two men.”

Joey gave a little nervous laugh as his dick twitched, the compliments shooting right into his nuts.

“I...I have a big dick?”

“Yeah,” Kam smirked. “You’re gunna give Caleb a run for his money.”

“Yeah, sure,” Caleb gave a dismissive chuckle before cupping the duo of goose eggs in that tiger’s furry sack. “Though, he is quite impressive. You want me to show you how a real wet hole feels?”

“S-S-Sure, ha-MAh-God!” Joey hadn’t barely gotten the words out before his entire shaft was surrounded by massive equine lips. The tiger’s cock was deep in the Clydesdale’s throat. He gave a snort out his nose, swirling his head to flip his mane to the side while his thick tongue swished the underside of his dick like a thrashing eel. The tip of Caleb’s tongue flicked out of his maw, flittering just on the top of that furry sack.

“Ha my-my-my” Joey was huffing, his chest tight as he tried to hold his screams and moans back. Then Caleb gave him a wink and started moving. It sounded like a shop-vac was trying to slurp up water as that head bobbed smooth, slurping down that dick and going back up while swaying his head, his mane gently bobbing with him like he were a musclebound kelpie.

Joey saw stars, his toe paws fanning, his toe claws flexing out as he gave the loudest, uncontrollable groan. People stopped and stared at Caleb and his expert sucking skills. The tiger was on cloud nine, or maybe twenty at this point. His dick was wrapped with dedicated horse muzzle, Caleb’s head bobbing like a machine that was milking his bone for every drop it was worth.

“Holy shit,” Kam moaned, his fingers working his clit as he watched his man blow their Boy Scout sky high. “Babe, show him what that mouth can fucking do!”

Every bob, every weave, every slurp of that tongue and how it scooped, shlopped down, and then swirled up was sending Joey into moaning fits as his dick was given the much needed attention it had been denied. So wet, so hot, so desperate for his seed it was causing him to shudder. Caleb’s hand slipped up his shaft every time his lips gave up the inches, his other hand gently cupping and rolling those nuts, petting them with his thumb as his drool dripped between them, smearing under that thumb as he played with those jewels.

“You’re not out of the woods yet, Boy Scout,” Kam smiled, lifting his hips up and surrounding the tiger’s face with his powerful thighs and slowly going down. “We’re still learnin’ ya. Let’s see how you use that tongue.”

Joey felt that hot peach press on his face, those pussy lips pressing down on his, and he instinctively opened his mouth like he was going to kiss, but held back.

“Don’t be shy, stick your tongue up in there,” Kam instructed.

Joey opened his muzzle, his lips going to that snatch, his tongue lulling out and slipping into the folds of that pussy. In his mind’s eye, his husband was sitting on his face. Such a lude and ridiculous concept, but he had more confidence now. His cock throbbed, completely encased in hot horse mouth as he slipped his tongue into that dripping peach. He loved how those thighs quivered when he did something right, like earmuffs of powerful granite that shuddered around his face whenever he caused his lover to quake. Joey lifted his hands up and gripped those cheeks, resting his arms on those thighs like an upside down plank as he gripped those cheeks and squeezed them, the solid muscle pressing back.

“OH FUCK!” Kam shouted as that tongue sank deep into his pussy, finding his spot. “That’s it! That’s the spot! FUCKING RIGHT THERE! Don’t stop!”

He was doing the Jell-O shot method over and over, his tongue slipping in further as Kam’s slick dripped from his lips, the tiger getting a crash course in eating out pussy. He felt those thighs quiver as his muzzle matted with the juices from that snatch. He didn’t know exactly what he was doing, but he knew one thing. The juicer the peach, the better, and he was drowning in slick as it slipped down his chin and started to soak into his crewneck.

He then felt a sudden pain between his cheeks. He tried to worm away, his tongue slipping out, only for him to suddenly arch his back as Caleb's middle finger hooked in and gave him a come hither right on his prostate. His dick throbbed so hard it slapped his chest, only for it to throb again and again as that finger worked in and out of his hole, prodding the hidden clit in his asshole. He purred, his tongue sinking back into the zebra's cunt.

"Fuck yeah, trust the process," Caleb slipped off that dick, Joey's cock a throbbing iron rod that was red with how hard it was. "How can you expect to give good penetration without first being penetrated."

Caleb removed his underwear, his own dick flopping forward. The legendary Clydesdale blood coursing through his veins didn't disappoint. A foot and a half of mottled horse cock throbbed to attention, the flared head of that beast dripping like a broken faucet.

Caleb still stroked the tiger's cock, keeping him right on the edge while he worked in another finger, and then another.

"Damn, the Boy Scout is taking it like a champ," Caleb murred. "Ready for more?"

Just like the other times he asked, he was greeted with more purring. This time, the Clydesdale removed his fingers, then pressed his dick against that hole. Normally Joey would protest, but with all the booz coursing through him and the way it felt to have his hole played with, he wasn't going to stop him.

"A tight little guy, but we'll, umnf! We'll work it open for ya," Caleb pressed, his cock spreading that hole wider than it had ever been. It was so wide that Joey almost snapped out of his pussy purr-
alysis, but once that head sank in and found that sweet spot, he melted. Joey's legs spread wide, he

didn't care if he was a sodomite if it felt this good! He never penetrated Terry deep because he thought it was painful and uncouth, but now he knew the deeper the better!

It sank into him, his asshole stretching over that massive horse cock, all the while, he was assaulted with the powerful bitch stink that was dribbling out from the massive zebra's quivering cunt. Kam was rubbing his pussy down on Joey's face as he ate it out, his lips popping over it, his tongue shlicking into it deep while his hole was played with by half of the Clydesdale's monster cock.

It was so much, it was all building so fast, and then Kam gave him the three words everyone wants to hear.

"I'm gunna cum! Oh fuck! I'm gunna cum!" Kam screamed, his hooves digging into the upholstery, his nails gripping the booth and table so hard they threatened to crack. Then he popped, his pussy squirting and showering the tiger with the proof of his new skills, those thighs twitching on either side of his face and the screams echoing through his body while his hole was stuffed with massive horse meat. Then Kam leaned forward and sucked his dick into his maw with even more suction than Caleb did, that muscled throat wasn't just for show.

"I-I'm gunna cum! I'm gunna AAhhaaaAAAAAAFFFFFFFFFFUUUUUUUUUUCK!" Joey had just enough time to break away from that cunt and get his words out as he came. As soon as he shot his first shot, Kam sheathed that meat stick in his throat where he swallowed and gulped every last drop, his fingers gently messaging those balls as they drew up so high that they almost looked like a knot.

"Ho-Holy shit," Joey gasped as his orgasm was milked. It was like his dick couldn't dump enough seed in that maw, like it loved that hole so much it wanted to, *nay*, needed to make children with it.

Joey was twitching, his mind still trying to catch up to his body. It didn't help that Kam would gulp, bob, and slurp up a little higher with each pulse of his cock to keep it nice and warm until only the

tip was left and he popped his lips off. All the while Caleb was gently sawing his dick back and forth and working his twitching prostate as it milked his rod.

“You still with us Boy Scout?” Caleb asked.

“Uh...Uh Hu...” Joey moaned, unable to see anything but dancing colors and stars.

“Good,” Caleb gave a little nicker. “Time to show you how to deep dick properly.

Joey nearly blacked out from the pleasure.