

Saturday Morning

By Tallyhawk

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Krugar woke slowly. To say the lion was not a morning fur would be quite the understatement. He stretched, as only a cat can, enjoying the feeling of the satin sheets sliding over his naked body, especially the part making a tent in the covers. “Well, there is one good thing about mornings” he thought to himself as he began to run his paws down his well-muscled torso. When they reached his morning wood, he used his left paw to massage his balls and inner thigh while he wrapped his right paw around his shaft and began to stroke it gently. Suddenly, he remembered that his friend was asleep on the couch. With a sigh, he released his throbbing member and waited for it to subside.

After several minutes, Krugar slipped out of bed and padded quietly down the hall to the living room. There was the tiger, sound asleep on the couch and obviously in the middle of a dream. The light blanket he had gone to sleep with had slid down leaving the tiger’s magnificent torso bare, showing off his muscles as they twitched in the dream. And, judging by the tent in the part of the blanket that was still covering the tiger’s lower body, the dream was something erotic. “Must be reliving last night’s romp with the little leopard,” Krugar thought with a smile. “Might as well let him enjoy it,” he thought as he turned around and slipped back down the hall and into the bathroom.

Krugar stepped into the shower and turned on the water, setting it to be nice and warm. He washed and rinsed his mane and began to lather up his body. He started with his chest, worked his way up to his shoulders and down each arm, and then worked his way down his abdomen. By now, his morning wood had reasserted itself and he grasped it firmly with both paws. As he began to stroke himself, he imagined what it would be like if the tiger were to join him in the shower. He imagined how the tiger would slip into the shower with his own morning wood jutting out from between his legs and then turn to brace himself on the wall, offering his nice, firm ass to the lion. Krugar imagined what it would feel like to slide his soapy, throbbing cock into the tiger as he reached around and grasped the tiger’s cock in his paws and how he would jerk off the tiger as he humped him. He would slide his paws down the tiger’s cock as he thrust in and slide them up toward the tip of the tiger’s cock as he pulled out. As he neared his climax, he

would speed up pounding the tiger's ass and stroking his cock until, with one final massive thrust, he would come in the tiger while the tiger's seed would coat the shower wall in front of them.

As his climax subsided, Krugar's mind returned to the present. It wasn't his friend's ass that was gripping his cock but his own paws. It wasn't his friend's cock throbbing in his paws, it was his own. With a sigh, he enjoyed the last bit of his orgasm and then quickly finished his shower, making sure he cleaned up the parts he had just gotten sticky in such a pleasant way. After drying himself, combing his mane, and brushing the final tangles out of his fur, he cleaned the shower and set out fresh towels and a fresh robe for his friend to use.

"I know he hates mornings even more than me but it's time that lazy tiger was up," thought Krugar with a smile as he slipped into his own robe and headed back up the hall. When Krugar got to the living room, the tiger was obviously just waking up. He was stretching and flexing all the parts of his well-muscled body. Krugar stopped to admire the show until the stirring in his sheath suggested that he change his train of thought.

"Good morning, Tallyhawk. Sleep well?"

"Yep. How about you?"

"Yep. The bathroom is all yours. You might want to have a shower while I fix some breakfast. You smell like you spent the night brawling and wenching in a tavern. Oh wait. You DID spend the night brawling and wenching in a tavern." Tallyhawk growled and tossed a pillow at his friend's head. Krugar nimbly caught it and lobbed it back at the tiger who snagged it out of the air and slipped it back under his head.

The tiger sat up on the couch. "Ow" he said as he reached up with a paw and rubbed his neck. "It's been awhile since I had a real wrestling match. Sparring with you is a fun way to stay in shape but it's never quite the same as the real thing."

"Hold on," said Krugar as he walked around the couch and stood behind the tiger. He put his paws on the tiger's shoulders and began rubbing them with his strong fingers.

"Hmm. That feels wonderful," Tallyhawk said as Krugar worked the tiger's shoulders. When Tallyhawk's shoulders had relaxed, Krugar slowly worked his way up the tiger's neck, massaging out the knots he found there.

“Better?” asked Krugar as he slid his arms around Tallyhawk’s neck.

“Yes. Thanks.”

Krugar leaned over and whispered in Tallyhawk’s ear. “Now. How about you take that shower? You really do stink,” he said and slapped the tiger on the belly.

“Oooooof,” grunted Tallyhawk. “Bastard!”

“Gotcha!” said Krugar with a grin.

“Yea,” said Tallyhawk chuckling. “I certainly fell for that one.”

Krugar patted his friend on the belly. “How does steak and eggs sound?” he asked as he straightened up and released the tiger.

“Perfect,” responded Tallyhawk as he stood up and headed down the hall, his tail waving gently back and forth with each step.

Krugar watched the tiger’s receding backside and muttered “nice ass” half aloud.

“I heard that!”

Krugar chuckled and headed into the kitchen to start breakfast.

The End