

# Per Takes the Rap

Characters and Text © 2004, C Sandwalker

Written for Lex Cypher

“I call the shower first!”

“Aww, no fair! I stink worse than you do!”

Kas, a rather tall velociraptor that barely fit under the door frame, pulled his key out of the lock and shooed his golden-furred feline friend Per inside with a butt slap from his tail. “Aww, stop complaining,” he said. “My flat, my shower.” He growled quietly at Per and snapped his teeth a few inches in front of his face. “You can have it when I’m finished.”

“Sigh. Go wash up then. I’ll just lie on the couch and blob out watching TV.” Per vaulted over the back of the couch, which sat just a few feet away, and sank into the cracked leather upholstery, making himself comfortable.

“Remote’s under the end cushion,” Kas said before he headed into the bathroom and shut the door behind him. A few seconds later the sound of water spraying from its nozzle could be heard.

Per reached underneath the indicated cushion and pulled out the remote, around which was wrapped several layers of tape to hold it together. He pointed it at the TV and started flicking through the channels until he got to a station he liked, which happened to be playing music videos. He settled back against cushions, stretching his legs out and placing them on the table – a plank of thick wood spanning two big concrete blocks. None of the videos were particularly captivating, but they held just enough of Per’s interest to keep him watching.

Several minutes later he heard the shower stop, and heavy footfalls as Kas climbed out onto the bath mat. Discordant humming followed that, then the door suddenly opened to reveal a still very damp raptor, his lower section encircled by a thick red towel. “Shower’s all yours, now,” he said, stepping around to enter his bedroom, next door to the bathroom; both rooms adjoined the lounge, being in such a small flat.

Per switched the TV off and got up to go into the bathroom. As he did, he trod on a corner of Kas’ towel that was trailing on the floor. The towel slowly unwound itself from around Kas’ waist and dropped onto the tatty carpet.

There was silence for a few moments as Kas and Per stared at each other; Kas at Per’s expression, and Per at Kas’ lithe body. He’d seen glimpses of it now and then, but definitely not in the way that it was now revealed to him. Light brown hide with darker tan highlights glistened with water droplets. The raptor’s abs weren’t too defined, but it could be seen that he kept himself fit. Down below, a plump sheath several inches long sat above a nice set of balls.

The uncomfortable silence was broken by Kas grinning widely and continuing into the bedroom, leaving Per to stare after him with open mouth. Eventually he shut it and went into the bathroom, mind working to fill in the details that weren’t on display.

As he ran the water and undressed, Per wondered if Kas was still single. He had a great body and personality, he was fairly good academically, and one of the more important members of the rugby team. There was no obvious reason why he shouldn’t be seeing someone, unless he just wasn’t interested. That was one facet of Kas’ life that Per hadn’t asked about.

Per got into the shower and let the hot water sluice over his fur, raising his face to the spray. Once he was thoroughly wetted down, he grabbed the bar of soap – as Kas didn’t have hair he saw no need for having shampoo – and started lathering up his fur, adjusting the shower nozzle so that it wouldn’t wash the suds off.

It took him a while to thoroughly work the soap into his fur and rinse it off. He used the time to think about his...well, he supposed he could call it a relationship – with Kas. It was really just a good friendship, but there was something about Kas that made Per feel...warm inside. He’d been careful to

keep his feelings and thoughts to himself; Kas treated Per almost like a boy- or girlfriend, but he'd never actually expressed any intimate emotions toward him. "What *does* he feel for me?" Per murmured to himself, shutting off the water. "I *hate* not knowing."

He stepped out of the shower and looked around for a towel. "Damn!" he swore, when he realised that the bathroom was devoid of any others. "Kas!" he called, "do you have any spare towels?"

"Uh...hang on, I think there's one in the laundry basket," came the reply through the wall. Moments later there came a loud knock on the door. "May I come in?"

"Sure, if you don't mind seeing a drowned cat." Per reached for the door handle and opened the door. Kas stood in the doorway, now clad in a baggy green T-shirt, black cotton shorts, with a thick leather collar with silver studs around his neck. "What's with the collar?" Per asked after several seconds.

Kas grinned widely. "I'll tell you once you're dried off and dressed." He tossed a green and yellow striped towel at Per, gave him a wink and quietly left, closing the door behind him.

Per stood there, dripping on the cracked grey lino, until he remembered to start drying himself. One towel was never enough to dry all of his fur, but he made do as best he could, leaving his long hair until last. "Aww, to hell with it," he muttered, dumping the towel onto the floor and picking up his shirt. He peered closely at it, giving it a quick sniff. "Geez! I told him I stank more than he did!" he muttered, slipping the shirt over his head.

He inspected himself in the mirror when he'd dressed, now noticing all the patches where sweat had made the fabric darker. His red T-shirt, somewhat faded over time, had large patches in the armpits and down the back. His underwear and shorts sported the same stains in the crotch. "Next time I'll bring a change of clothes with me."

Sighing, he gave his bedraggled hair a going-through with his claws and opened the door again, shivering violently in the sudden inrush of colder air from the lounge.

"You're out? Good. Come in here." Kas' voice was coming from his bedroom.

Curious, Per obeyed. He'd been in Kas' room before, but there was something subtly different about it. He leaned against the door frame, trying to put his finger on the difference. Walking a little further into the room, he then saw what it was. Hanging on the wall was a selection of leather collars, cuffs and leashes, mostly black, but some were in other colours. "Cool," murmured Per, taken aback. This was a side of Kas that he hadn't been quite aware of. He shot a glance at the casually grinning raptor sitting on the opposite side of the bed. "Have you always been...interested in this stuff?"

"Well...a few years, I guess. I quietly collected it behind my parents' backs. I think Mum would have a heart attack if she saw how perverted her little boy was. She has *no* idea." His grin was now positively wicked. "So, do you think you'd suit any of these?" Kas asked, waving a hand at his collection.

Per sat down on the edge of the bed and stared up at the leather accessories. "Uh...I dunno," he said, feeling rather confused at this turn of events. As he studied them, he imagined what he might look like wearing such accoutrements. Somewhere inside him he felt a quiet desire to be...owned? No, that wasn't it. *Dominated*, his mind supplied. All the times Per had hung out with Kas, he'd always felt that the raptor had a naturally dominating personality, whether he was aware of it or not. It was somewhat reassuring to have Kas around for that reason; he felt secure.

Bringing his mind back to the issue at hand, Per looked intently at the arrayed collars. One in particular seemed nice. He got up and reached for a red collar with silver studs, a bit stiff through minimal use. Slowly he put it around his neck, buckling it up so it fit snugly around his neck, and turned to peer into the almost full-length mirror Kas had installed on his closet door.

"It...looks good," Per said slowly, swivelling his head from side to side to get a better look. He smiled a little shyly at Kas. "It's fairly comfortable."

"Excellent." Kas sat down beside Per and put an arm around him, hugging the feline gently. "Now that we've gotten this far, I'd like to talk with you about something."

Per winced inwardly. Conversations that started with those or similar words were almost never favourable. “Yes?” He schooled his expression carefully to show curiosity, but not concern.

Kas was silent for a few seconds, while he gathered his thoughts together. “First, I’d like to say that you’re a very good friend, and I enjoy having you around. You seem to share a lot of my interests, which is good to see. You’re patient, caring, and generally an all-round nice guy. The raptor stared directly into Per’s eyes, holding his gaze. “I *like* you, Per. A lot.”

*Well, that doesn’t sound too bad*, thought Per. He opened his mouth to say something, but a finger on his lips silenced him.

“However,” Kas continued, “I like other guys too. I’ve got a few as partners, in fact. I wanted to make sure you knew that before we got too involved. I treat all of them the same, with respect and devotion, but don’t single anyone out for special attention. Each of them, and you, are special to me in different ways.”

“I...don’t know what to say to that,” murmured Per. “It’s a bit...confusing. Don’t your other partners get jealous?”

Kas idly scratched an itch under his right eye. “There can be a little rivalry sometimes, but it’s usually in good spirits. Disputes can usually be solved to the benefit of all concerned.”

“Right. So...are you saying that you’d like me to be another one of your mates?”

“I’ve talked it over with the others, and they’re fairly okay with it. You’re known to them, so you’re not a complete stranger, but they’d like to meet you personally first.”

Per nodded, smiling slightly. “I look forward to that, then. In the meantime...what do we do now?”

“Well...you could tell me how you feel about *me*. You must like me to some degree, or you wouldn’t hang around so much.”

“True.” Per took a breath and turned himself to face Kas, partially pulling himself out of Kas’ embrace. “I’m not totally sure what I’m feeling. Yes, I like you, but I don’t know if it’s genuine, or merely an infatuation.” His expression took on a guilty cast as he added, “I’d might as well admit that no small part of it is due to interest in —” Here he cleared his throat and blushed inside his ears. “— what’s in your pants.”

The raptor nodded, a smile curving the edges of his mouth up. “I thought that might be a factor. What about the muscles?”

“Uh, yours are okay. They’re relatively proportionate to your body size, compared with some of those beefy guys who can lift half a tonne. I swear they’re nothing but hormones.”

Kas laughed. “I’m with you on that one.” His expression turned mildly serious again. ‘Perhaps you’d accept a trial offer of a relationship with me? Sounds stupid, I know, but one of my other mates, Jerry, did the same thing. He wasn’t sure if he was ready for a relationship; confidence was definitely not his strong point. A couple times he did say that he felt that it wasn’t working out, but he persevered, and now six months down the track he’s become one of the more dominant partners. It’s rather nice to be dominated now and then, isn’t it?’

Per nodded in response. “That’s another reason why I like you so much. You come across as being strong and dominant. You seem to project a sense of calm to me whenever I’m with you. I feel...safe and assured of protection, even if that’s not the image you mean to display.”

“I do? Interesting,” Kas pondered aloud, tapping a claw against his chin. “That could be a result of my...upbringing. Life was hard, and I had to grow up early. A kid with no confidence or self-esteem was a natural target for the neighbourhood bullies.” A somewhat uncomfortable silence followed that statement until it was broken by Per clearing his throat.

“Anyway,” the feline said, “about this trial idea.... How would we go about it?”

Kas smiled and returned his arm to its previous position wrapped around Per’s waist. “Well, you said that you expressed an interest in what I kept in my pants, so perhaps that might be a good place to start...?” The raptor leaned in and whispered the last few words in Per’s ear, finishing with a gentle

lick that caused the ear to flick rapidly. “You might not want me if you found my ‘assets’ to be of lesser value,” he said with a chuckle.

Per turned his head so Kas’ tongue couldn’t get at his ear. “I don’t know. I think that, even if you were castrated, it’s who you are, not what you have.” He paused a moment before adding, with a wicked grin, “Your mates probably wouldn’t agree with me, though.”

“True enough! Sante, in particular, would probably skin you if he heard you say that.” Kas captured Per’s ear again and nibbled gently on it.

“Hey, cut that out!” the feline protested, trying to squirm out of Kas’ grasp. “That hurts! Sort of...” Per trailed off when he realised that the teeth digging into his ear didn’t really hurt *much*. It was just hard enough to feel a bit uncomfortable.

“Relax, Per,” Kas murmured. “Trust me. The first major step in any relationship is trust. Say ‘stop’ if you feel we’re going too fast, okay?” The raptor put his hand under Per’s chin and turned his head so he could look directly into Per’s eyes.

Per could almost feel himself melting into that warm blue-eyed gaze. Saying ‘stop’ could prove to be difficult. “Okay.” He took a deep breath and released it slowly.

“Good. Now, let’s get out of these clothes. Slowly, now,” he warned as Per started lifting his shirt off. “Sex isn’t just about the act itself, but the pleasure before and afterward as well.” Kas slowly got off the bed and stood before Per, smiling enigmatically. His hands moved down toward his waist, crossing over and hooking the fingers underneath the hem.

Still sitting on the bed, Per watched with growing interest – and arousal – as Kas stripped off his shirt, inch by inch. His abs came into view, and his chest, which sported a pair of very stiff nipples. Kas’ face disappeared, reappearing with a flirty grin as he raised his arms and pulled his shirt completely off. He tossed it into a corner and struck a pose so obviously overdone that Per started snickering. “If you’re trying to impress me,” he said, “you’re not very good at it.”

“Who said I was trying to? I already *know* I’m impressive,” Kas replied with an exaggerated wink. He then removed his shorts, again making a sensual show of it. “Come on. Up you get,” he said once he’d got completely naked, grabbing Per’s hands and pulling him to his feet. “Time to get your gear off.”

Blushing a little, Per nodded and mimicked Kas’ movements of before, trying to make his slow movements sensual. He felt quite self-conscious about it – he’d never stripped deliberately for anyone, except doctors. Stripping in a changing room was one thing. Stripping for someone’s pleasure was quite another.

Kas smiled and encouraged him, making appreciative remarks about his body. Really, Per didn’t think his body was all that great; it was a little podgy in some areas, fattening out slightly around his waist.

Finally the shirt was off. “Now,” Kas said, “it’s time for the shorts to come off.” Before Per could do anything Kas crouched down before him and started running his hands over his thighs, occasionally daring to brush over his crotch. There was a big bulge there, and both of them knew it. Per was beginning to think that Kas would never relieve the pressure that had built up in his underwear. He looked down, and saw that the raptor had slipped his fingers into the waistband and started pulling down, wiggling the shorts down a few inches at a time. He had to pull the front out to fit them over the bulge.

The shorts dropped to the floor, and Kas was left staring at the red boxers with white hearts that Per liked to wear. “Interesting choice of pattern,” Kas murmured, not bothering to hide the big smile splitting his muzzle. To his credit he didn’t snicker or laugh. The raptor gave the bulge a gentle squeeze, causing Per to mrrr softly. “Jerry wears similar ones, so don’t worry about your lack of fashion sense.”

Slowly and teasingly Kas slipped a hand into Per’s boxers and stroked the thick shaft tenting the boxers. A definite wet spot was spreading across the fabric. Per was starting to whine with frustration

by the time Kas gave in and removed the feline's shorts, drawing out the suspense by taking as long as he could.

Once the boxers were off, Per's cock bobbed in the cool air, pulsing gently with his heartbeat. Per couldn't have blushed any redder as Kas gazed at it for a few seconds, not even touching it. "You have a gorgeous cock," he finally commented, glancing up at Per with a smile. He encircled the base with his fingers and squeezed firmly as he stroked upward toward the head.

"Uh, thanks," Per murmured. The thought that this was the first time anyone had touched his cock — other than a doctor — flashed briefly through Per's mind. "You're the first to see it...sexually, I mean."

"Oh, really? It's an honour to be the first to do so, then," Kas replied. He bent his head forward and licked at the large drop of precum oozing out of the feline's shaft. It wasn't much, but Kas felt that it had a good taste potential. "Mmm, before we go further...may I ask how you feel about bondage? Nothing heavy, mind you." He gestured up at the walls at the cuffs and chains hanging from it. "I find some people really get off on being cuffed to the bed, or otherwise being in a situation of helplessness."

That was food for thought. "I...don't know," Per had to admit. "I've never had anyone do anything to me." He paused before adding quietly, "I'm a virgin."

"Oh, really?" Kas said again. He looked up at Per again, his expression unreadable. "Then I have a small confession to make too." A momentary pause, then, "I've never been with a virgin. All my mates had at least one experience before meeting me." He smiled warmly at Per. "First time for both of us, hmm?"

"Seems so. Uh...about the bondage. I...I'd like to try it, but..." Per trailed off, looking a bit uncomfortable. His erection started to soften, so Kas stroked it back to full hardness again as he waited for Per to finish. "I'm just not sure about it. I've heard about some people being tied up and left alone for hours, days...or until they're found."

Silence followed. Kas stood up and gently embraced Per, stroking his hands down the feline's back. "Per, I would *never* stoop to such depths of depravity. I'm not a cruel person. A little harsh sometimes, but my mates can honestly attest that I'm not so irresponsible as to ill-treat someone." He pulled away so he could look Per directly in the eyes. "Do you know what a safeword is?"

Per thought hard and shook his head. He'd heard of it, but couldn't put an exact meaning on it.

"A safeword," Kas explained, "is a word that is said only when a person feels that the situation is getting to be more than they can handle. Whatever is being done must stop immediately."

"So...if you cuffed me to the bed, and I started feeling really uncomfortable about it, I just say this word, and...you'd have to release me?"

Kas nodded. "Exactly. The word, or rather words, my mates and I use is 'Ruby Slippers'. From the *Wizard of Oz*. Blame Jerry for that one," he said with a wry chuckle. "Would you like to try being cuffed? They're quite comfortable; normal handcuffs tend to wear into the fur and skin and leaves marks. Purists would argue that the cuffs aren't meant to be comfy, but I'm not sadistic like them." He reached up and took down a set of fur-lined cuffs, opening them up so Per could examine them in more detail.

"Well, I guess I'll give them a try," he said, still sounding doubtful, but without much conviction. He put the cuffs back into Kas' hands, and waited for the raptor to fasten them around his wrists. "Now what?" he asked once they were securely fastened. He jerked his arms apart, testing the strength of the cuffs; they held firmly, as he'd expected.

"Lie back on the bed," Kas said, in a slightly more authoritative tone of voice. "I'm going to attach your arms to the bedstead, and put another pair of cuffs on your ankles to attach them to the bed posts."

Per looked a little bewildered, but he did as he was told, making himself comfortable and stretching his arms up above his head. He twisted his head around to watch Kas clip them to the bars that made up the bedstead. *So that's what those rings were for*, Per thought when he saw that a small-linked chain had been looped through the D-rings on the cuffs and wound around the bar before being clipped

tight. Then it was his legs' turn. They were spread wide in order for the chains to reach around the bedposts. "Not too stretched?" Kas asked once he'd finished tightening the last chain. He'd allowed Per a little bit of slack, but not much. "The bed wasn't exactly designed with people shorter than me in mind."

"They're not too bad. I've been in worse situations," admitted Per with a wry grin. "I'll tell you at another time."

"Tease," muttered Kas, shaking his head. He got up onto the bed, straddling Per's stretched-out body, and shuffled up so that he was looking directly into Per's eyes. "Now," he murmured, "have you ever sucked a cock before?" At Per's answering headshake he looked thoughtful for a moment before replying. "Well, you're about to." The raptor straightened up and inched himself forward, his long, quite thick cock jutting out proudly. "Remember, you can stop at any time."

Per nodded and studied the erection bobbing barely a few inches away from his face, going almost cross-eyed trying to get a good look at it. It was hard for him to judge its length, due to the perspective, but he estimated it was somewhere around nine or ten inches long, probably a couple wide, and tapering to a blunt point at the end. A small drop of clear precum was poised to fall from the tip. It didn't look particularly attractive; he briefly wondered what it was about the male member that made it so desirable.

Kas moved closer, positioning his cock in front of Per's mouth. *Well, here goes*, Per thought, taking a deep breath through his nose. The distinctive scent of male arousal assaulted his olfactory sense, sending a burst of excitement through him. He opened his mouth, extending his tongue to brush lightly over the slightly spongy glans, licking off the precum droplet. It wasn't really enough for him to sort out a taste. He bent his head forward a bit, and Kas obliged him by moving once more, allowing several inches of his cock to slip into Per's muzzle.

It wasn't too bad, Per decided once he gently closed his mouth and suckled a bit to get a better idea of what Kas tasted like. He began to bob his head up and down slowly, which caused his neck muscles to complain slightly, and took note of the sensation of Kas' member sliding through his lips. It was quite pleasant, somewhat to his surprise.

The raptor was making quiet noises of pleasure, watching him intently with emerald eyes. "Use your tongue," he murmured. "Even your teeth, but don't bite, whatever you do." A previous incident with one of his mates' first attempts led him to making sure that it didn't happen again.

Per nodded, chuckling quietly. He would never sink his teeth into such a vital part of a male's anatomy – at least, not deliberately. Carefully he applied the slightest pressure with his teeth, scraping along the sensitive flesh, and curling his tongue around to caress the shaft.

Above him, Kas shivered and reached down to help support Per's head, scritchng him behind the ears gently. "You're doing well, Per," he said with a smile. He carefully moved his hips back and forth, aiding Per in his first experience of oral sex. "Tell me if your jaws get sore – we shouldn't overdo your first time."

*Well, my jaws are a little bit sore*, Per thought. *I guess I can live with it for a while longer.*

He improved his oral technique over the next few minutes, using his tongue and teeth to great advantage. He had Kas groaning in pleasure as he thrust carefully into Per's muzzle. Precum was flowing freely now, and after some thought Per decided it wasn't as bad as he had thought it would be, considering its source. It was fairly salty, and had a thin texture.

He was rather disappointed when Kas withdrew his cock from his muzzle and climbed down off Per. "My turn to indulge myself," he said with a little smirk creasing his lips. He half sat himself on the edge of the bed, and leaned over Per's crotch, licking his lips. He gently grasped Per's member at the base and began to stroke it up and down as he ran his agile tongue over the sensitive head.

Per jerked his legs up involuntarily in response, pulling the chains tight with a loud rattle. "Ow!" he said, wincing at the momentary pain shooting through his ankles.

Kas looked up and chuckled. "Careful, there. Just relax, kitty. Let me take care of you." He lowered his head again and slipped a couple of inches of Per's cock into his muzzle, mrring quietly.

The vibrations felt very nice, Per thought, trying to relax himself but not having much luck. Kas' tongue was sort of rough, and the light scraping action of it on his sensitive flesh made him want to curl his toes. Getting a blowjob felt so much better than what he'd been told by those of his friends who'd experienced it, it seemed. Nothing could have prepared him for the sensations that he was now feeling. He bucked his hips up as much as he could within the bounds of his restraints, shoving most of his shaft into Kas' muzzle. Small spurts of his precum splattered over the raptor's tongue.

"Mmmm," Kas murmured as he savoured the remarkably sweet taste. He bobbed his head up and down on Per's cock, squeezing firmly with his lips on the upward movements. A finger sneaked down to press against Per's tailhole. Involuntarily Per clenched it, trying to prevent entry, though he knew that he'd soon experience much more than a finger inside him if Kas wanted to take it that far.

Most of Per's mind was muzzy with the pleasure he was experiencing, but part of it was trying to sort out his emotions regarding losing his virginity. He'd wanted to for several months, but he was a bit put off by the stories his friends had told him about their first times. They'd all said that, after the first few times, sex was quite enjoyable, but the first time was always the hardest. Descriptions of the pain felt ranged between 'major discomfort' and 'the worst agony I've ever felt'. He had no doubts that Kas would be gentle with him, but that would have little bearing on how much pain he'd feel.

Eventually even that part of his mind gave in to the endorphins surging through his body, and Per was lost in a haze of bliss. The rush of climax was rising within him; his breath quickened, his thrusts into Kas' muzzle grew erratic and his fists and toes were clenched tightly. Suddenly he reached his peak, letting loose with a yowl of ecstasy loud enough to wake the dead.

Moments later, Kas tasted the first squirt of Per's cum. Thick and gooey it was, with a more bitter taste than before. It was quickly followed by series of smaller shots, which Kas let fill his mouth until it was full. He was honestly surprised at the volume Per was producing. He stopped his head bobbing, instead just stroking Per's shaft and curling his tongue around the head, coaxing everything the feline had to give out of him.

When Per was finally lying limp, whimpering like a little cub and shuddering from the remains of his orgasm, Kas pulled his head up, keeping his lips tight to prevent any seed escaping. He moved further up the bed, and stroked Per's cheek with his hand until he opened his eyes.

It took a few seconds for Per to focus on Kas; his mind was still a bit foggy. Slowly the raptor's features swam into clarity. Now the feline could see that Kas' cheeks were bulging, indicating that he hadn't yet swallowed. "Share with me?" he asked weakly, pleadingly. It seemed important to him, for some reason, that they share the bounty of his body. *Sentimental sod*, remarked the critical part of his mind.

Kas was surprised once again. He hadn't expected Per to say that, even if the raptor had been planning to give him some anyway. He smiled widely and leaned down over Per, tilting his head a bit to get a better seal on Per's mouth.

Per's heartbeat increased again slightly when Kas pressed his lips against his own. Though he'd wondered what he tasted like, he'd never had the nerve to find out. Now he was about to. He took a deep breath through his nose, then parted his lips.

Sensing that Per had opened his mouth, Kas opened his, letting the thick semen he'd been holding dribble out slowly. He let about half of his mouthful go before he closed his lips again. Lifting his head, he gazed down at Per, smiling at the odd expression on the feline's face as he tried to decide whether he liked the taste of his own cum. Kas stroked Per's throat slowly, until the Adam's apple beneath his fingers moved upward then down again. Once more, then Per drew in another deep breath, through his mouth, this time, and let it out slowly.

"That was...strange," Per said eventually, looking up at Kas, who smiled widely before tilting his head back. A languorous gulp flowed easily down the raptor's neck, moving Per's cum down to his

stomach. Two more followed, then Kas lowered his head to gaze back at Per. “Delicious,” he said, licking his lips slowly.

“Thank you,” Per murmured. He didn’t think much of the flavour, himself; it was a bit too bitter for his liking, but being able to share it with Kas somehow made it better. “You really think so?”

Kas moved his head close to Per’s left ear and whispered, “Well, to be honest...it’s fairly average. Jerry’s is by far the bitterest, but don’t tell him that.” He raised his head and winked in a mock conspiratorial manner, making Per chuckle. “Would you like me to untie you, now? I’ll have to anyway if you want to take the next step.”

“Please,” said Per, glancing to either side of him, up at the cuffs that held him to the bars. “My arms are getting a bit sore from being held up like this.” He sighed with relief when first one arm, then the other, was freed. “Ahhh...that’s much better,” he murmured, rubbing up and down his arms to ease the muscles. Moments later his feet were loose as well.

“So, did you enjoy that?” Kas asked, sitting on the bed’s edge again and stroking Per’s leg. On a whim he sneaked his hand down to his foot and tickled.

“Hey! Cut that out!” Per yelped, breaking into a fit of giggles. He pulled his leg back and held onto it possessively, daring Kas to try it again. “And yes, I did,” he said then, replying to Kas’ question. “It wasn’t as bad as I thought it would be.”

Kas smiled and nodded. “That’s what I’d hoped. When done right, being restrained can be a pleasurable experience for the partners involved.” He got in another tickle, then assumed an impassive expression again. “So...do you think you’re ready?”

“Ready for...? Oh, that.” Per looked down at the lightly patterned bedcovers for a few seconds before he replied, glancing directly up at Kas’ eyes. “Yes, I’m ready. I’ve given it a lot of thought, and...I want you to be my first.”

Kas put his arms around Per and held him gently, smiling when Per did the same. “Then it will be my pleasure, and a great honour, to be your first.” They held the embrace for a minute or so, then pulled apart slowly. “I’ll just grab the lube and a condom.” He leaned down to the bottom drawer of his dresser, unlocking it first with a key he pulled out from somewhere Per couldn’t see. From its depths he extracted a large squeezable bottle of Yiffy Lube, followed by the small condom package. “Would you do the honours?” he asked Per, handing the blue plastic square to him.

“My pleasure,” Per replied quietly, taking the condom and carefully tearing the package open. He looked at the folded circle of rubber in his fingers and studied it for a few seconds. “Um...I feel bad about saying this, but...”

“You’ve never put one on,” Kas finished quietly.

Per nodded slowly, blushing slightly. “I missed that class in Personal Wellness.”

Kas got up and stood next to the bed, his erection jutting toward Per. “That’s okay. Squeeze the little bubble at the tip, and place the condom on the head of my cock. That’s it,” he murmured as Per followed his instructions. “Make sure it’s the right way round – it can be easy to accidentally reverse it. Now, carefully unroll it down the shaft, right down to the bottom.”

*It’s not as difficult as I thought,* Per noted to himself as he finished up. He sat back and gazed at Kas’ latex-enrobed cock, then at the Yiffy Lube. Without saying a word he reached for it and uncapped it to start applying it to Kas’ member.

The raptor mrrred softly as he watched Per smearing the cool clear gel all over his cock. When he’d finished, he capped the tube and put it back on the dresser, before looking down at his sticky hands. “Here,” Kas said, snagging his damp towel from off the floor and passing it to Per. “Use this.”

A grateful smile creased Per’s muzzle, and he quickly wiped off as much of the lube as he could. Throwing the towel back onto the floor, he looked up at Kas and asked, “How would you like me?”

“Hmm. On all fours, facing the bedstead. I want to take you from behind.” He climbed up onto the bed behind Per, his cock bobbing with his movements, watching as the feline assumed the position. “Spread your legs a bit.”

Per nodded, looking back over his shoulder as he lowered his upper body onto his lower arms for support. “Will this hurt much?” he asked quietly, his voice cracking slightly. Waves of nervousness washed over him. Now that the moment had come, could he really go through with it? Kas’ gentle touch on his buttock decided the matter for him. *Yes, I can.* Slowly he raised his tail, giving Kas his first proper look at his virgin tailhole.

“There’s no doubt that it will hurt, but I’ll do what I can to make it better for you,” Kas murmured, stroking the feline’s firm rump, then down the length of his twitching tail. “As clichéd as it sounds, try to relax.” He positioned himself a few inches behind Per, pressing the head of his member against Per’s anal star, applying slight pressure to start with, then gradually increasing it.

It wasn’t really painful at all – at first. Per just felt a strong pressure building against his anus, which got more uncomfortable as Kas pushed inward. Something one of his friends had said floated out of his subconscious and presented itself – ‘pushing as if taking a dump helps the cock to go in.’ *I don’t see how that would help*, thought Per as he tried to relax as Kas had told him. *Mind you, anything to get this thing into me!* He pushed himself backward even as he strained his anal muscles, feeling the blunt head of Kas’ cock starting to slide into him. The discomfort he’d felt a few seconds ago previously paled in comparison to what he felt now as the thicker girth of the shaft followed, widening his tailhole past what Per thought tolerable limits. It was like nothing he’d ever experienced.

Per screwed his eyes up and gritted his teeth, trying not to whimper as his back entrance was opened up for the first time. He naturally clamped down hard on Kas’ invading cock, futilely trying to expel it from his body, but it kept pushing inward until he felt the head deep inside him hit bottom. A small jolt of pleasure – so out of place at this time – took his mind off the pain for a brief moment. He was highly tempted to abort this violation of his body, but something deep inside him wanted it.

“Seven inches out of ten,” Kas said quietly, admiration colouring his tone. “That’s pretty good, Per.” He ran his hands down Per’s sides and back, smiling widely. “How do you feel?”

“Pain...just pain,” was Per’s reply. He turned his head around to regard Kas with clenched teeth. “How can you *stand* it?”

“With practice, usually,” Kas remarked wryly. “Just give it a little time, and the pain will start to fade – or at least you’ll get used to it.” He rubbed the feline’s buttocks, spreading them apart a little to get a better look at the widely stretched hole his cock was now occupying. “When you’re ready, I’ll start moving.”

Per nodded slowly, turning his head back to rest it on his folded arms. As painful as it was, he felt quite pleased that he’d managed to take so much into him. *Maybe in time I’ll be able to take all of him*, he thought. He flexed his rectal muscles, inciting new surges of pain through his body. *I’m going to do this! I want him to fuck me!* Going against his instinct of pain avoidance he pulled himself off Kas’ shaft, groaning loudly as his tailhole protested. His anus was complaining outrageously, but he resolutely ignored it. He stopped when he felt the slightly bulbous head still inside him start to slip out, then drove himself back down again. “Aaaargh!”

“Easy! Don’t force yourself!” Kas said, concern for his lover giving his voice a sharp tone. “Just rest, and let me do the moving. This should be a pleasurable activity, not a display of masochism.”

*He has a point.* “Okay.” Per just knelt there on the bed, occasionally clenching around Kas’ cock, trying to get used to it being there. Slowly it *was* feeling better, though he still felt quite a bit of pain. “I think I’m ready now.”

“Good.” Kas pulled back, pushing against Per’s rump at the same time. His thick member slowly reappeared, then slipped back in as he began to make love to the feline before him. At first it was just with an inch or so, but he gradually lengthened the strokes when he saw that Per was starting to move with him. “Feeling better, now?”

“Yeah, a bit. It’s...strange. If you go in really deep, I get this...weird shock right inside, and it...feels quite good.”

“Ah. That’ll be your prostate,” Kas informed him with a smile. “Some guys get off on having it stimulated, but others find they just start feeling light-headed with pleasure. I’m one of the latter type.”

Per smiled and nodded. “Maybe I can find out for myself,” he said, starting to rock back and forth as the pain in his ass lessened. He felt Kas’ hands grasping his butt, pulling him back onto his thrusting shaft, driving it in a little deeper. Nearly every thrust prodded his prostate, suffusing his mind with such a pleasure as he’d never experienced before. *I could get to enjoy this*, Per thought with a mental grin.

The raptor was enjoying himself just as much as Per was, sliding his maleness in and out of Per’s tight tailhole. It wasn’t as unyielding as it was when he’d first entered; now it was much looser, but still snug around his cock. He was driving all of about nine inches into the feline now. A little more effort could see all of it disappearing inside.

Over the next few minutes the only sounds to be heard in the room were the slapping of Kas’ crotch against Per’s backside – he’d managed to take the last inch – and the quiet grunts and moans from both participants, mixed with murmured comments about how good it felt.

The inevitable climax approached swiftly once Kas started ramming his whole shaft deep into the feline’s rump. “Ungh! Get ready, kitty!” Kas growled, thrusting hard and fast now, his hands firmly gripping Per’s underside.

Per drove himself back against Kas’ body, working his anal muscles in a tight massage. His mind was ablaze with lustful pleasure, and the thought uppermost in his mind was: *He’s going to come inside me!* Which Kas did a few seconds later. A particularly powerful thrust slammed into Per’s tailhole, and he felt the first throb of the raptor’s cock as he began to release his creamy load. The sensation of Kas’s shaft pulsing strongly inside him was unbelievable. Never had he thought that he’d experience it for himself.

Kas continued thrusting, but only once every few seconds as he tensed up to deliver his payload in several thick squirts. Finally he draped himself over his lover, cuddling him tightly as he relaxed from the very pleasurable exertion he’d just put themselves through. The spurts came weakly now, and soon stopped altogether.

The pair were silent for a minute or so, until Per asked quietly, “Kas?”

“Mmmm, yes?” Kas opened his eyes, realising only then that he’d closed them during his climax.

“I really like having you on top of me, but you’re getting a bit heavy now.”

Kas chuckled and nodded, slowly lifting himself up. “Sorry. I often do that.” Noticing now that his cock was definitely going soft, he grasped it firmly, making sure the condom stayed on, and slowly withdrew it from Per’s tailhole, now very much looser than it had been previously. “Wow, I came a lot!” he said with a chuckle. “Any more and it might have burst.”

Slowly, for he still felt quite light-headed from that very intense session, Per turned himself around and regarded the condom dangling from Kas’ shrinking shaft. The end of it bulged obscenely, swollen with what must have been at least a week’s worth of semen. “I’ll say. Next time I want it down my throat, though.”

“If you want,” Kas replied with a grin. He stripped off the condom carefully, and wrapped it in a couple of tissues he swiped from the box on his dresser. He then took aim at the bucket he used for rubbish and threw. “And he scores!” he said when the wad of tissues rebounded off the wall and into the bucket.

“You certainly did...love,” Per murmured tentatively, hoping he wasn’t speaking too familiarly too soon. He sat up and put his arms around Kas in a warm cuddle, purring quietly. “Thank you.”

Kas stared at the shorter feline with surprise. “What are you thanking me for?”

*Good question.* Per wasn’t quite sure himself; he just felt that all that he’d experienced today demanded at least a ‘thank you’. “For...being here for me, for the sex...for everything.”

“Awww.” Kas smiled and kissed Per gently on the lips. “You’re very welcome, hon. I’m glad we figured out how we felt about each other. Hopefully I can introduce you to the rest of the gang sometime during the next few days.”

“I look forward to meeting them.” Per rubbed his muzzle against Kas’, sighing quietly. “I don’t know what my parents are going to think about this. They’re open-minded, but...still rather conservative.”

The raptor nodded slowly. “Mine *still* don’t know what I get up to, and they’re not going to. They think that I’m just a guy who isn’t interested in relationships yet, focusing on his sports career instead. I’ll cross *that* particular bridge when I come to it. I don’t really care what they think. To quote Billy Joel, ‘I don’t care what you say any more, this is *my* life.’”

“I see. Well, if I tell them, I want you to be with me. I don’t think I could face them by myself.”

Kas stroked his hands up and down Per’s back a few times before replying. “Just ask, and I’ll support you in any way I can, love.”

“Thank you,” Per said again, smiling a little. “It’s not too much of a problem, I guess, but it’s good to have someone standing behind to catch me.”

“Exactly.” Kas’ eyes drifted sideways a moment, and his gaze fell upon the clock radio glowing verdantly on the dresser. “Aww, crap. Didn’t you say you had to be somewhere at quarter past five?”

Per turned and glanced at the clock as well, and saw for himself that the time was now 5:02 PM. “Shit! I’d better get going. Family’s going to see my younger sister performing in her school play, and it starts at half past. Thanks for reminding me!” The feline quickly scrambled off the bed and reached for his clothes, which were still cold and clammy. He shuddered as he pulled the garments on, hating the way they felt. “Remind me to bring a change of clothes with me next time.”

“Will do. See you tomorrow, then?” Kas asked hopefully, leaning back on the bed as he watched Per dressing hurriedly.

“Should do. I’ll give you a call first.” Per quickly checked to make sure he hadn’t forgotten anything, then went over to give the raptor a quick, tight hug. “Catch you later.” He thought a couple of moments, then gave Kas a small kiss on the cheek too before speeding out the door.

Kas smiled and lay back on the bed, his legs hanging over the sides. He stared up at the ceiling, pondering the afternoon’s events. Overall, it had gone extremely well. It had definitely been a surprise to Per. He chuckled as he recalled the expression on Per’s face when the towel had slipped off. “Ah, Per, you cute thing,” he murmured, stroking his cheek where he’d been kissed. “Welcome to the world of men.”