Cure for Nightmares

By Tallyhawk

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The rather short but very well muscled horse looked through the open bedroom door to see his host sleeping soundly, the light blanket he was wrapped in concealing little. The well muscled tiger was lying on his right side with his knees pulled up slightly toward his chest. His right arm was stuck straight out, his ample bicep making a pillow for his head. His left arm had the blanket pulled tightly against his upper chest, his chin resting on the paw.

An ear flicked in the naked horse's direction and then the tiger opened first one eye and then the other.

"Can't sleep?"

A single shake of the head was the horse's reply.

The tiger's nose twitched. The smell of fear strong from the horse.

"The nightmare you were telling me about?"

A single nod of the head.

"Would it help to sleep in here tonight?"

Another nod.

The tiger lifted his left arm to raise the covers and the horse slipped into the bed, his back pressed against the naked tiger's chest. His five foot six inch body fit perfectly against the tiger's six foot tall frame, his rump in the tiger's lap and the top of his head under the tiger's chin. The tiger lowered the covers and tucked them up under the horse's chin, his arm wrapped around the horse's chest to hold them in place.

"Now, relax and go to sleep. You're safe here."

The horse sighed and snuggled back even closer to the tiger. Shortly, both predator and prey were sound asleep.

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The morning dawned bright and clear and sunshine streamed in around the curtains as the tiger awoke, now flat on his back. He stretched as only a cat can, arching

his back and then stretching each arm, leg, and paw in turn. A massive yawn was the end of this little ritual.

The tiger looked down to see his equine friend lying on his side, his chest and belly pressed against the tiger's side and his arm wrapped over the tiger's chest, the tiger's shoulder making a more than ample pillow. The covers had slid down so that they covered them only from the waist down.

"Morning, Tallyhawk," said the horse.

"Good morning, Shelton. Did you sleep well?"

"Definitely," said the horse as he hugged the tiger.

"No more nightmares?"

"Nope. Thanks."

"You're welcome. But, what I don't understand is that, if your dream is about being stalked and chased by a predator, how you can relax snuggled up next to one."

"Who better to protect me from a predator than another predator?" asked Shelton with a smile. "Besides, you're my friend. And, while I never actually see or smell who or what is after me, I just get the impression that it is a canine, not a feline."

Tallyhawk stretched his legs again, which is when he noticed that there was something between Shelton's belly and the hip it was pressed against. They both looked down.

"Sorry," said Shelton. "But there's not much I can do about morning wood."

Tallyhawk chuckled and, glancing down at the mountain in the covers between his legs, said "I don't seem to have a lot of room to talk."

Shelton snickered and said "true." After a brief pause, Shelton looked at his friend and grinned mischievously. "I know you prefer females but it sure would be a shame for it to go to waste." And, before the tiger could respond, Shelton ducked under the covers and gave the tiger's upright maleness a good lick, starting at the base and working his way up to the tip in one long, continuous motion. The only response from the tiger was a hiss of pleasure. Since there was no objection, Shelton repeated this action a few times making sure to lick all sides of the throbbing member. With one hand, Shelton cupped the tiger's balls and gently squeezed and massaged them. With the other, he rubbed Tallyhawk' groin and belly, concentrating on the area around the base of his

cock. By now, pre was starting to ooze from the tip so Shelton changed tactics and began to lick the tip of the tiger's cock as if it were the top of an ice cream cone. As he enjoyed the salty taste, Shelton's practiced tongue swirled around the sensitive head causing Tallyhawk to moan and thrash around. After a few minutes of this, Shelton took the entire member into his mouth. With his tongue still going, Shelton began to suck on the treat and bob his head up and down slowly. Before long, Tallyhawk's pre was flowing steadily and he began thrusting his hips up to meet Shelton's downward motion.

Shelton decided it was time to go for broke. He released the tiger's maleness and tossed the covers off his head toward the foot of the bed. He quickly sat up and positioned Tallyhawk's cock under his tail, aimed at his opening. He slowly lowered himself down until the tiger was all the way inside him and his balls were resting on the tiger's groin. After a moment to get used to the feeling of the tigerhood inside him, Shelton began to ride up and down on it. His own cock was sticking straight out and bobbing up and down with his motion. With each cycle, it bounced up and then came down and slapped the tiger's six-pack belly. Tallyhawk reached out and wrapped Shelton's throbbing, oozing member in both of his paws and began to jerk off the horse in time to his travels up and down the tiger's cock. After what seemed like an eternity, Shelton's balls pulled up against his heavily sweating body and unloaded themselves in several shots of hot, sticky cum. They landed on the tiger's sweaty, heaving chest and belly and slowly soaked into his fur. The horse's pulsing ass and the sensation of the horse's hot cum landing on him were enough to push the tiger over the edge and he began firing his load into Shelton.

Spent, Shelton collapsed on top of his friend and they both just lay there for several minutes sweating, panting, and recovering.

"Did it ever occur to you," asked Tallyhawk, "that this might be what the predator in your dream had in mind?"

"Hmm. Now that's a nice thought."

"Think about that the next time you have the nightmare. But, right now, I think a shower and breakfast are in order."

The End