It's Nut About You, Jay

By bearmonster

Garr smiled a slow smile as he leaned back in his chair. A warm summer sun shined down over the outdoor cafe table as he and Charn waited for their meal to arrive.

"I wanna thank ya again fer comin by n visitin' Charn.. S'always a pleasure ta see yer stripey mug again."

The black bear's dark brown oak of an eye traced over his tiger friend's features, as if reacquainting himself with the feline.

"Of course. Likewise my friend."

As ever, the tiger that sat before him was almost inscrutable, his amber eyes calm like a placid lake surface, his tail flicking subtly beneath the table against the bear's calf.

There was a stretch of silence between them as they awaited their order and the bear took a moment to scratch his eyepatch before leaning forward, propping his head up with a palm, his broad paw subtly tapping beneath the table.

"I was thinkin'… we ought'a have ourselves a night on the town."

But before Charn could reply a rather chubby but amiable looking cheetah server came out with a fresh round of drinks and a couple of sandwiches.

As the server left, the bear idly removed his toothpick from his club sandwich and leaned back, picking his teeth with it.

"Come Saturday, there's this bar… Got a big leather event in the works. The Eagle. New joint in town. Well… Not exactly new. They bought out The Feral. Shameful business really."

The bear leaned back in his seat as Charn's head tilted slightly, mild curiosity lining his features.

"Y'see.. I liked the old Feral better. Was a shithole, but it was my shithole. Drinks were cheap.. the reg'lars unnerstood each other.. and the police, when they did come, took their sweet ass time gettin' there."

Reaching out, Garr's gnarlknuckled fingers eclipsed his double decker club, his claws surreptitiously sharpened and gently piercing the crispy crust.

"Now, the Eagle is run by.. Well, I could wax poetic about how he's a rich lil gentrifying piece of ass who's just throwing his weight around. 'Bout how he's bringin' in a leather scene for folks that wear cologne more expensive than their gear…"

The bear slowly ran his tongue over his fangs for a moment and then took a bite out of his sandwich and chewed thoughtfully.

"He caught sight of me tha first day he bought the place. Said I looked like the kinda guy he'd love ta… keep out the riff raff. And the moment I saw him… Well, I thought that suited me just fine. So now I got me a gig there runnin' security."

The bear snorts slightly and then takes another bite of his sandwich.

"He's swung Charn."

Charn raised a brow.

Garr sneered slightly as he took his sandwich by the corner and suddenly the sandwich appeared heavy, subtly swaying from side to side as the bear waggled it teasingly from side to side.

"...Reaaaaaaaaal swung."

Charn had just started to lift his sandwich to his lips and then paused as embers flickered within his ambers.

This was the moment the bear had been waiting for and he couldn't help but let some of his old toothy grin slide across his features, his warm earthy oak of an eye gleaming as he watched the unremarkable tiger slowly start to lean forward. How the tiger's lips parted and the knicked fangs beneath stood poised to bite and the slight pressure on his own sandwich caused his claws to extend and pierce the feeble crust of his prey.

It was like watching evolution happen right before Garr's very eye.

"I'm listening..."

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Oh how the years went fast and the days went so decadently, deliciously slow.

Garr had oh so thoughtfully seen fit to send the tiger a steady stream of photos to Charn's phone of the Eagle's owner throughout the week.

At first, they were nothing particularly special, but how could they be? The damned bear knew exactly what he was doing as the trickle of teasers came in. A ram, probably thirty something and a little spare change lit up Charn's notifications on his phone.

Sure, he was cute. This.. Jay.. if his coy ear tag was to be believed.

With creamy ivory fur that was wreathed by impeccably coiffed curly chocolate brown hair that trailed down into his neck fur, the face that leered back at the tiger's scrutinizing gaze always seemed to be twisted into a wry smile.

It was the look of a man who was used to getting what he wanted.

Piercing green eyes, a tasteful nose ring and horns that were meticulously honed down into gleaming rounds that framed his delicate ears.

But then the photos began to slowly reveal more of Jay's features, who apparently was more than just a pretty face. Broad muscular shoulders, a penchant for wearing clean iron pressed shirts for whose upper buttons might as well have been nonexistent, gym sculpted pecs that trailed down to tattoos that invited a slutty hand to expose.. and a ruff of crotch fuzz that peeked over the slightly dipping hem of dress pants with a simple and a clean silver buckle with an Eagle motif.. because of course it did… his chocolate brown fur dusting his forearms down to his hands that hooked thumbs into the waist.

….And that was it.

"Still on fer Saturday? (;"

Charn could just hear the bear's teasing Southern drawl through the phone, the text knowing full damn well what had been cut off by his photo.

Well two could play that game.

"Hmm. Maybe. Until you came along I'd been considering going out for some groceries. As fun as it sounds to schmooze with the yuppies, you know I prefer the sizzle of a skillet over the buzz of a bar scene."

Charn smirked slightly as he saw Garr begin to type again and then delete.

But come Friday, the tiger awoke to a couple more images. There was Jay of course, arm wrapped seductively around some clearly fawning elk, his pert muscular ass rounded impressively in his chaps as the elk's hanging fruit sat on open display.

In another, it was a side shot of Jay with his thigh in shadow, clearly in the middle of dancing and the nebulous shade gave some playful hints at what might or might be in wait.

The last was simply a selfie of the bear, his toothy grin taking up half the photo, dark brown eye gleaming as in the distance, Jay's crotch was fuzzy but very clearly bulging a jock that sagged down midway his thigh.

"Reconsider."

Charn felt his heart skip a beat and had to take a moment to swallow the drool that had flooded his maw.

Garr hadn't been kidding. The photo quality was shit but there was no denying that Jay was every bit as… swung… as the bear had promised. Not that he'd expected anything less but the sheer sag of that cloth spoke volumes and a slow genuine smile slid over the tiger's lips.

"You win."

"Friend, the way I see it, we both win. See you Saturday."

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Charn's tail swayed in the warm summer night as he spotted the line leading up to The Eagle. Just as Garr had said, it was going to be a busy night and the meat market was out on full display as an absolute menagerie of beasts awaited entry. Bulls, boars, lions, horses… males of every size chatted and smoked cigars, the late July heat carrying the waft of sweat and tobacco over to the tiger's muzzle, hinting at the rutting that was undoubtedly happening within those freshly painted walls.

Charn smiled despite himself, knowing he blended right in with his leather bandana and vest. He also wore some well kept leather boots that smartly gripped against his well toned calves, firm thighs snuggled around the tiger's leather jock and the clack of his boots on the asphalt was a steady metronome of casual anticipation.

Rather than take his place at the back of the line, Charn had started to make his way around the side of the building when he felt a hand grab his shoulder.

"Heyyy there Sweet Thing… You're going the wrong way? A heh.. All alone tonight? Why not let this daddy hoss bring ya in. Always lookin fer another fine young filly like yourself to fill out my herd. Hah hah hah…"

Charn turned around with a smile, his eyes wide and his tail flicking with animated interest to meet the gaze of the chestnut stallion with blue eyes and a blonde mane who smiled a broad horse toothed smile.

"Oh.. That's so sweet of you!"

The horse snorted as he slowly slid his hand down over the tiger's shoulder, slowly sneaking it down that striped flesh and rolled his eyes exaggeratedly as he flipped his mane with his other hand.

"Oh, ah hah, I know. I know what you're thinking. Gosh, he's so handsome, he can't possibly be talking to me- Umph.."

The horse's drawl paused for a moment as he tugged at the side of his leather choker and then flared his smile all over again as he cleared his throat.

"But um.. I uh.. ah hah.. I'm a nice.."

The stallion couldn't help but shift from foot to foot as he couldn't stop himself from licking his lips as he found it harder to just.. banter.

"I'm a uh.. a nice draft pony and I don't discriminate. Y'know… Pred, prey, bird, feline, whatever y'know? I just.. uh, like being the friendly type."

Charn smiled as he reached a paw up to cup the equine's cheek and the horse knickered softly as he felt a little more relaxed and when the tiger leaned up to kiss his cheek, he blushed softly.

"Oh, I appreciate the hospitality but I think I'll be fine on my own tonight. You go mind your boys big guy, and.. thank you for everything."

Confused, the horse smiled politely and adjusted his bulging jock as his cock flared and pressed against the fabric and turned back to the line and wondered when in the hell the last time a feline had made him drip so much pre as he felt a little lightheaded but brushed it off. The equine took a swig of his beer as Charn sighed and walked back to the side entrance with the heavy weight of the stallion's plum sized balls dangling from his paw, already obscured by the shadows of the dimly lit alleyway.

Garr smirked with his arms folded as he leaned against the side entrance door. In a white cowboy hat, a thick basic X harness that framed his white chest blaze, and some tight bicep bands, he cut a fairly striking figure as well. Sturdy leather chaps sitting firmly over muscled quads and forming pillars for a similarly fashioned leather jock that sagged with his ursine pride. Unlike the feline, he'd opted to go barefoot, his ivory claws stark against his dark fur.

"Yer gonna spoil yer appetite Charn. Pickin off easy prey like that…"

The tiger smiled that slow smile of his as even now he felt the reverberations of his claws springing out the very moment the horse had looked away from him. How all it took was his deft paw sliding into the side of that cock tented jock and curling a finger around those chestnuts and tugging his claw back around those oh so vulnerable cords. A perfect, well practiced twist and he'd even knotted the ruined male's torn sack with a twist tie.

"I have no idea what you're talking about, Garr."

"Mhmm. And now what huh? You gonna just… waltz in there with yer lil handbag?"

Charn cocked a brow at Garr and then smiled a bright wide eyed smile up at the ursine before using his prize winning paw to trace a claw up from the base of the bear's cocktip to his exposed belly button between his slablike abs.

"Oh no mister bear. I didn't even think about that. Why, I'm so new at this.. whatever shall I do?"

Garr's face softened slightly at the feel of that claw and then growled softly as he playfully snapped his jaws at the feline.

"Y'know I'm just lookin out for ya darlin'..."

Charn chuckled as he slowly pressed the hem of his jock out only to rather haphazardly stuff his leather with the horse's pilfered plums, having wanted to make an easy show of it but finding himself delightfully challenged by making them fit inside.

"Well.. nnrrgh. I had PLANNED to.. Fuck. God Dammit. They weren't supposed to be this big. HELP ME OUT HERE GARR!"

The bear guffawed as he reached forward and helped tug down on the tiger's jock until finally, Charn was able to contain both of those brown balls by enough to hold them against the front of his cock but they both shared a laugh as they watched the nuts droop and sag out just enough out of the jock to be scandalous.

"Aw hell Charn. See this.. This is why I'm glad ya came."

Charn snorted softly and twitched his whiskers as he cupped his palm under the padders before smiling a slight toothy smile.

"Yes. Well. Come on. Introduce me to this… boss of yours."

"Ah course Charn. Ah course. After you sweetness."

The bear said with a mock bow and opened the door for the tiger to the sight of hazy smoke, sweaty beef, and the hum of dance music.

"Let's introduce ya ta Jay…"

Inside, the bar was a far cry from the seedy watering hole it'd once been. Bodies wandered around in all the accouterments of a well publicized leather extravaganza as a mister spewed a dry ice fog, a slowly rotating disco ball gleaming with slowly oscillating lasers refracting off its sphere over the main dancefloor. Off in the distance, the bear pointed a finger towards the lounge area that was strung up with fluorescent blue track lighting.

"He likes ta hang out over there… prolly gonna need ta draw him out… but we might get lucky."

Charn's claws had already started to itch as a subtle nod signaled that he'd heard the bear.

"Doesn't look like he's-"

But the tiger was unable to finish the sentence as the bear placed a palm to the tiger's belly, fingers splayed in a silent halt as he jerked his head to the side.

There was a general murmur of the crowd but even Charn could hear the distinct voice that carried itself out through the crowd and he flicked his ambers to the side to catch sight of a tousle of unmistakably chocolate brown locks bouncing behind a couple of bustling shoulders.

"Why, yes, I do own The Eagle…"

The teasing tenor was smug as the ram made no secret of letting his voice be heard, the unique timbre cementing in the tiger's mind as the bear let go of the stomach and began to shoulder his way through a couple of chatting hyenas who blinked in surprise before recognizing the eyepatched bear.

"Oh.. hey Garr.. heh.. looks like you're on a mission tonight.. We're still cool after last time right?"

The bear slowly spun around and chuckled softly as he smiled pleasantly enough, spreading his arms out to wreath around their shoulders as he cocked his head.

"Aw, shucks, ain't nothin, I got plenty o spare leather at home boys. What's a little spilled booze on $300 leather anyways? Everyone's allowed ta git a little drunk and rowdy…"

The twin yeens carried admirable heft between them. Having opted to be without so much as a scrap of cloth between their chaps, spotted plum sized balls formed a succulent quartet, as he leaned down to kiss the left hyena's shoulder and then his neck. The simple tease caused the hyena's head to shift up and shudder as the bear teasingly licked his neck as Charn's hand had a mind of its own. Cradling those sweaty low slung nuts in his palm, the tiger gave them a hearty squeeze.

"Who are these handsome boys Garr?"

Charn's smile was pleasant as his thumb claw painlessly sliced across the neck of those balls the moment the bear kissed the hyena's neck and it was lost in the shudder as the tiger's claws delicately slipped into his sack and pulled the nuts free as surely as if they'd been hors d'oeuvres, awaiting the bear's reply.

"Oh just a coupla good fer nothin knuckleheads. Tried to pull the wool over yers truly's lil ol eye. Caught 'em tryna slip past me on one o' my first days bouncin'."

The hyenas giggled a little as Charn raised his paw to his mouth and openly munched on the first oblivious hyena's testicle right in front of his face, the darkness obscuring just enough to make it look like he'd eaten a handful of beer nuts. Which coincidentally, by the taste, wasn't far off the mark.

"Ogh wow… Mmph.. Cangt pull onefgh over Garr. Heh."

The bear locked eyes with Charn for the briefest of moments and that grin became darkly satisfied as he licked his chops.

"That's what I said.. Heh.. But we're allllll even steven now."

They all shared a laugh as the tiger swallowed that creamy boozy treat before stuffing the other nut in maw and letting the exposed nut flash for a second before chomping his fangs down and splattering the hyena's face with his own plundered seed and the hyena snickered hesitantly as he eyed the small drops on his vest before absentmindedly wiping it with a paw, unaware of his emasculation.

"Mmmgh.. sorry. The olives here are real juicy."

The hyena just smiled a little bit as Garr began sniffing at the other hyena's throat.

"Don't worry about it heh. Happens to the best of us."

Charn just closed his eyes and smiled, nodding patronizingly before opening his eyes to the sight of the bear using a paw to tilt the other hyena's head upwards, clearly trapping him in an impassioned kiss that had the hyena whimpering as the canine's marvelously rounded kiwis hiked up a bit. The bear pulled up on the canine's throat and it raised him up to the balls of his feet to keep up and those succulent tenders slowly slid back down to hang loose for a brief heavenly moment.

Charn's claws scythed out, a laser catching their razor sheen for a moment and then a heavy weight drooled into his palm, those fat eggs rolling in his hand oh so charmingly in their sack before a simple flick of the wrist deposited the prize into his vest pocket.

The bear smiled as he withdrew his maw before planting a small kiss on the second hyena's lips and chuckling.

"Okay *ladies*. It's been fun but I'm still on the clock. Y'all be good now y'hear?"

"Ye-ah!"

The hyena's voices chimed in and cracked at the same time before looking at each other and pealed into a short giggle of laughter as the bear smirked and then turned around to make for the owner who was already walking towards the dance floor.

Again, that voice rang out through the crowd.

"Woah. Hey hey. Careful. These puppies are loaded. My lil lady is tryna get preggers and told me I had to hold off for two months. It's week seven of eight and they're on a hair trigger!"

Charn felt himself hold his breath for a moment as he followed behind the bear and he could practically imagine Garr's smug grin through the set of his shoulders alone. Could almost visualize those creamy avocados bulging with all that potential.

And then he felt a hand palm his crotch and rummage around, squeezing nuts he couldn't feel.

"You must be a hybrid.. A hurr…"

A drunk bull smiled myopically as he boozily grinned at the tiger before putting himself in the tiger's path.

"Oh hi! What's your name?"

Garr's ear flicked at the sound of Charn's voice and then abruptly did an about face as he locked his eye onto the silhouette between them.

"I'm Buck… Hurr Hurr… And I like ta Fuck."

Charn smiled politely.

"Oh I just bet you do with those big faaaat balls of yours. I am a bit of a hybrid too. Two parts horse."

The bull grinned as he thrust his crotch forward, hooking his thumbs over his jock to spring that heavy eleven inch fuckrod down over a pair of low slung lemons that were wreathed in blotched chocolate and white brown fur, sagging oh so scrumptiously and suddenly into the tiger's palm, the bull having helpfully flopped them down with a reaching grasp of the tiger's hand.

"How bout we compare our-"

"No means no!"

Charn blurted out and the bull only had a second of confusion lighting over his features before they became a blur. The sheer power behind the bear's paw clamping down on the bull's shoulder crushed the bovine's collarbone. But it was the force of that turn and the clamp of the tigers fist that tore that sack free of the yelping bovine as the bear slammed a thick knuckled fist straight into the bull's face and knocked his ass out, the thumbs freeing from that jock with a quick snap and hiding the wound.

"Hands ta yerself asshole!"

The bear grunted, shaking out his knuckles as he beckoned to one of his old bar buddies who happened to see the altercation and nodded before coming over and dragging the concussed moaning beast off the dancefloor.

A couple dancers turned to look at Garr only to find the bear all smiles again as he placatingly shooed them back to their fun.

Charn's hands squeezed its bountiful harvest for a brief blissful moment and then his vest hung delightfully as it resettled across his shoulders, the balance restored somewhat as the bear looked back and sucked a fang, raising his brow at the tiger with a private smile as he eyed that bulging pocket.

A single thought crossed the tiger's mind.

*Why haven't we done this sooner?*

Charn's gaze caught the bear's soundless chuckle and the ursine nodded ever so slightly, his toothy grin creaking open.

*We make a good team.*

It's almost psychic, that brief silent conversation they share when both their ears perk up at that familiar tone.

"I'd love to stay and dance but my throat is parched. I need some water."

The pair of predators both swung away from the throng of bodies at the dancefloor to individually pick a path through the scattered chatting leather beasts and they met up again in front of the bar where the ram leaned over the counter chatting with the same elk from the photo.

This close, the hunters could see the sheer bulge of that crotch filling manmeat in its royal splendor.. the bottom of that leather jock struggling even more vainly than Charn's own, full side ball on open display for just *anyone* to gawk at. Even the shadow of the arms jock under those yellowed bar lights served to accentuate the dense decadent folds of that assuredly supple scrotum, lending depth to the way that single cord stretched taut to the surface of that gorgeously ripe avocado, nay, bloated orange sized fuckball.

And that was just the one.

"What can I getcha boss? A water right? Ya want some peanuts too?"

The elephant bartender smiled tuskily as his trunk wiped the bar counter down while his hands busied themselves with drying out a tumbler.

Jay smiled that winning smile that made his elk friend's tale waggle.

"Just the water. Wifey says I have to follow this strictly organic diet and I know where we get our peanuts from. Only the best for her little swimmers, heh. Its such a pain but I just know our fuck session is gonna be legendary. Leaking just thinking about it…"

Garr and Charn stood shoulder to shoulder at that moment and a subtle push of the tiger's shoulder pointed him to an idle door labeled Supply Closet.

Charn's eyes slid to the door and then back at Garr with a slight nod, before making his way over nonchalantly as Garr burst into a big jolly bear routine.

"Heya Bawss! Bwahaha… Heckin hell, yer lady friend still know ya two are still chattin' each other up?!"

The bear wrapped two thick mitts around the two beasts' necks as Jay and his elk friend suddenly turned to Garr's friendly grin.

"Shouldn't you be…"

The ram's eyes squinted with suspicion as the bear leaned in and turned to the elk with an unnecessarily toothy fanged grin.

"She's a real bitchy panthress. Got a real claw trigger if ya knows what I mean."

The elk's eyes flare wide in alarm as he starts to back up only to have the ram's hand reach out and grab his wrist.

"Wait! Garr.. Whats the meaning of-"

But Garr spun around to look at Jay dead on as he suddenly slammed his palm dead center on those fat heaving nuts and caused the ram to balk and let go of the elk's hand as the bear dragged the protesting ram to the supply closet by the balls, squeezing hard enough it left tears in the ram's eyes.

The door whumped open with a bang and the bear shoved Jay in with such force it dropped him to his knees where he stared at Garr with hate filled eyes.

"THIS IS UNNACCEPTABLE. YOU ARE FUCKIN FIRED GARR!"

The ram's voice was a little broken from having his oranges so roughly handled but was unable to get to his feet as he panted, hands pressing down against his surprisingly aching cock that just spattered a drooling line of pre from its two month abstinence.

The supply room held only a little dwindling light from the bar lights as the door slowly slid almost shut and Jay closed his eyes to concentrate on kneading his aching love spuds, seeing the bear's shadow cross in front of him and then slip behind him before hoisting him up to his feet by slipping those thick powerful ebon furred arms up beneath his pits.

"She just walked in dipshit. How much more fuckin obvious do ya want me to be."

The door never quite clicked shut and a shadow slipped into the room before pressing his stripey ass to the door, a quiet rustle heralding the door locking shut and then a tiger paw flicked the lightswitch on to reveal Jay's lips pursed into a surprised single syllable.

"Oh."

Jay almost calmed down but found himself face to face with someone he'd never seen before.

"...Th.. then who's this?"

Garr's single dark brown eye was greeted to the sight of those long stoked embers of his ally's eyes starting to kick into a slow burning flame and Jay felt a very sudden thump hit his ass as he tried to wrestle out of the bear's grasp.

Charn's tail flicks behind him as he licks his chops for a moment, treated to the unhindered view of those dense and creamy avocados that jostled so deliciously to the tune of the ram's struggles, the fat nutmeat twisting and bouncing in their immaculate ivory groomed sack, the sensual swirl of those taut cords shifting at the neck of his purse.

"Oh…"

Charn's voice mimicked the ram's previous word with a mocking lilt as he opened his mouth to reveal a little drool starting to build in his fanged maw.

"...his balls look tasty…"

Garr snorted as inch after inch of Charn's composure started to melt.. that flame becoming a cozy fireplace that flickered, close and intimately presented itself with some privacy.

Jay's head tilted as he screwed his face up in confusion, about to try and wrestle out of the bear's grasp when the bear's hands interlaced behind the ram's neck and held him extended and on the tips of his hooves in a full nelson that had the manager grunting with discomfort.

"They sure do, buddy. But he's my boss. I'm s'posed'ta protect him from his jealous girlie friend. She'd cut his bawls off if'n she found out he's plannin' on blowin' his wad up on a rump roast of venison…"

Jay's face blushed a little red, his ears splaying backwards and then going a deeper crimson as Garr and Charn erupted into laughter. The predators grinned at each other and then Charn's eyes slid to the ram as he nervously joined in the laughter with his own broken chuckle.

"...If... ha.. This is about money…"

The ram put on a pained shit eating grin as he struggled a little in the bear's grasp to no use and laughed nervously again.

But Charn slunk down to his knees in front of the ram's feet as the bear's eye gleamed over the elk's shoulder.

Jay's brain struggled to comprehend what was going on and then felt the bear's heavy eight inch cock throb hotly against his ass and his face burned with an angry embarrassment as his brain tried to jam a square into a round hole.

"You… What is this? SOME SICK FUCKING GAME?!"

Jay shifted his legs uneasily as he and Garr both watched the fire in Charn's eyes become a full-on bonfire as claws sprung from his hands and dug into the ram's thighs hard enough to prick and draw blood.

A single scythed claw dropped his leather thong to crumple on the ground woundedly, empty and bulgeless.

The ram licked his lips nervously as bared fangs came uncomfortably close to his balls. Outside, the clamor was drowned out by thumping bass.

"IS THIS SOME KIND OF REVENGE? IS THAT IT GARR? TAKING ALL MY HARD WORK AND MAKING ME BLOW MY WAD TO THIS HORNY TIGER SLU- OOHhhhhhhhhh"

The ram's voice suddenly dipped into a shivering moan as tiger's raspy tongue slithered underneath his heavy sack and his admittedly impressive vascular shaft twitched up straight to attention and slapped against his abs, pre drooling down his quivering shaft to shine brightly down his pink length.

"Oh… It's definitely revenge."

The bear's breath was already labored as he watched the tiger work his magic, his cock like a steel bar against the cleft of the ram's ass and pre-stained his jeans a darker blue as he watched and waited… the ram able to feel the pulse of the bear's beer can width cock.

The ram's voice was tiny now as he started to hold his breath, his heart fluttering in his chest as a sinking feeling welled into his gut.

"...You're too big to fuck me Garr…"

The ram was sure he was about to get raped as the tiger loomed his eyes up to Garr's hungering earthen orb and when they lock eyes, Charn's tongue oh so deftly swirled behind the rams nuts and back over their fronts in sheer practiced perfection before opening his maw wide and using his coarse tongue to coax that entire left nut into his maw with ease before pursing his lips over his bloated mouthful and slowly pulled away from the ram's groin til it slopped out of his maw, glistening with tiger saliva with a sucking POP.

Garr's voice was almost reverent, hushed, as his own balls churned violently and his cock stiffened so much it started to hurt as his obsidian spear raged against his pants to a stiff peak.

"I think I'm more than big enough to fuck you Jay. You don't even know how fucked you already are."

Charn's maw split into a wide feral grin, an inferno blazing in those ambers, and then dropped his locked gaze while Garr gulped his drool with a sympathetic swallow. Jay's cock was absolutely rigid, painfully erect now as well as those swollen calf makers pumped pre down like a faucet, his exhales coming out in sharp panting breaths as he writhed and twisted pathetically in his ursine bonds.

Garr's eye was glued to those doomed heaving jockfruits as Charn's whiskers flicked and his nose twitched as he smelled that fresh pre rolling down the deep nestled heart of those avocados and he flicked his tongue to taste a little of it and sure enough, just as the bear said, it was the real fucking deal.

Potent two month aged musk danced over his taste buds in premium organic, no added sugar, no preservatives added, certified non GMO ram nectar induced bliss and even Charn's ears were forced to flatten, shivers tingling down all the way down to the tip of his curving flicking tail, eyes almost rolling up in his head before utterly pouncing on that saliva soaked organ.

The single decadent pop of that overripe, filled to bursting orange, gushed a lusciously juicy torrent of blood tinged cum straight into the tiger's muzzle and Jay's eyes flew open wide in complete and total bewildering shockfear as agony seized his guts, his legs giving out immediately and scrabbling uselessly on the linoleum while Garr's biceps bulged to hold him upright, hands forcing Jay's neck down to witness his own emasculation… the bear's maw drooling full tilt as he moaned and clenched his jaw tightly, drinking in every moment over the ram's shoulder.

Meanwhile, Charn suckled upon the top half of that bisected nut so that no drop would go to waste, his molars crushing the truly premium flavor of such laboriously cultivated ram flavored avocado, savoring the mouthfeel of those tingling genes gluing to his tongue along with the firm meat of that nut that chewed like a grape, his serrated tongue rasping a long lick over that bite mark punctuated sphere much to the ram's shrieking despair before swirling his tongue up beneath that furred sack and curling it around that cord to pluck it free and bring it to join its other half in his mouth, chewing quite noisily now.

"Oh… Mmnnrrgghh Garrrrrr… Now theeeeeese. Glrmpgh Nnnggh.. They.. Urp… Whew… They don't grow em like these anymore…"

Garr almost felt his own knees getting weak as he watched Charn blissfully chew the rest of his mouthful in silence after that, smiling with an eager genuine smile as the ram simply bawled in his grasp, not even trying to bother with escaping, now that he truly knew his fate.

"Aw Charn. Shucks buddy… it's all fer you…"

The bear is breathing heavily despite himself as the tiger slinks an eye up at the bear with a winking smile, his chin lifting up just a touch so that the bear can watch those final lumps gulp past his larynx and settle luxuriously in the pit of his belly.

The tiger purred and nuzzled up to the ram's remaining testicle that almost coyly showed off what a little bit of sideball cleavage *really* looked like.

"You didn't have to go to all this trouble just for me… You know that right?"

Garr snarled softly as he couldn't help but buck his hips against the ram's ass, flopping Jay's defeated head up and down a couple of times, his uncut cockhead tingling from the friction.

"I know Charn… but yer such a conno.. cunno.. seeyur that… And yer doin me a favor… nutting this punk… I just… Aw hell Charn. It ain't even about Jay. I just wanted ta see ya smile."

The bear finishes a little lamely but it's exactly what's on his mind as the tiger looks up at him a little skeptically.

"I smile all the time."

Garr kinda looks anywhere but at Charn for a moment and then kinda does a little shrug.

"...I mean… not like this ya don't."

Charn put a paw to his chest.

"Excuse me? This is hardly the first-"

"Yeah, but.. I don't get ta really-"

"I thought you read my-"

"I mean sure I read-"

"Well then you know that-"

"But I didn't get to *be* there when-"

"Well *you* never ask-"

The ram suddenly cleared his throat, his voice long since shredded from his screaming as his scratchy whispered voice rattled out.

"C...can you just… Finish… I'd rather be a eunuch than listen to you two argue."

Garr harrumphed as Charn crossed his arms.

"Well now you've done it Garr."

The ram rolled his eyes in total defeat as the bear shifted the ram a bit in his arms and opened his mouth to say something only to shut it again.

And then opened it again.

"I'm sorry. Let me set the mood again."

The bear swaps his grip on the ram so that his left arm still holds the ram up beneath his shoulder but his right hand clamps over the front of Jay's surprised face only to have his left hand grab a hold of the ram's chin loosely.

"Wait wait wait wait what are you-"

**CRACK**

"AAAAAAAAIIIIIIIIIIIIIEEEEEEE!!!"

The ram could only see slivers of the tiger tilting his head through those ebon grasping fingers and then a sheer tempest of pain blasted his brain into a million scintillating shards of electric agony as his jaw was shattered by the bears wrenching twist that surged strength through his skull and once more, he became aware of an iron thump that crushed into his ass cheeks while the bear reapplied his full nelson.

The motion makes the ram's testicle seize and jump and bounce with renewed vigor and it draws the feline's eye to the majestic sight of that potently dense masterpiece of unadulteratedly beautiful specimen of succulent Grade A Certified Organic filet ram-gnon and all is forgiven as he utterly stuffs his muzzle into that sagging shredded scrotum to get up close and intimate with that true mouthful and rips it free to look Garr straight in the eyes before chomping his tiger trap down on that lip bulging, tongue cradling, filled to fucking bursting, creamy silken musky fruit of the ram's loins and his eyes soften all over again as the sheer flavor of it spills into his maw, better than a Lindt chocolate any day of the fucking week, and twice as velvety.

To the way that the bear watches Charn settle back into that ecstatic union of nut meat to tiger belly, the bear's cock twitches as he shoots hands free, joining the tiger's moans of pleasure as the ram finally blacks out, limp in the bear's arms, the bear's hips still twitching as he grinds up against that sweet taut ass before simply tossing the wrapping of his gift aside and offering a paw to the tiger to help him get to his feet.

"Friends?"

The tiger pouted for a moment as he chewed on his prize, happy to let the bear stew in it for a little bit, before taking that paw, getting up, and opening up his maw and sharing just a tiny little bit of the ram's already fleeting memory with the bear's tongue, in a small teasing kiss that has Garr's eye open and then lid as he wraps his paws around Charn's waist, seeing what all the fuss is about, his ears flattening as that taste washes over both of them and sends shivers down their spines.

Charn, for his part, puts a little wad of nut meat into the bear's mouth and then pecks him almost chastely on the lips like a seal, his tail flicking with amusement before giving the bear an eskimo kiss.

"Friends."

The bear chews in a heavenly stupor as Charn smiles a slight smile and extends his elbow.

"...But if you're going to start developing a taste for this stuff, we need to get back out there and harvest some more… product… for the lunch I'm inviting you to tomorrow. Are you in, my beary partner in crime?"

"I wouldn't miss it fer the world."

Garr replies and then hooks his arm through the tiger's offered elbow and whistles as he hovers a finger over the light, Charn's hand unlocking the door and opening to the masses of clueless groceries.

Then Garr smiles again.

"Told ya we make a good team."

"Hush."

And then the lights clicked out and the door shut behind them as they resumed the hunt.

---Fin---