Sepfy's Hot Date

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"Don't cum for three days. I'm going to take care of all of that. Bring your favorite toy, and nothing else. No clothes. Be at my place at exactly 5:30, Thursday evening." Those, and an address, were the orders that the tiger had given him on Sunday. Now it was Thursday. Sepfy had showered, roughly dried himself, and then slipped out to the garage. He had not driven nude in some time, and for this, he was going to put the top down.

It was a beautiful afternoon, and the wind and sun felt great against his fluffy fur as he air-dried himself down the highway. The residence in question was twenty minutes away, in a neighborhood he had never been in before. As he got closer, he began to realize why.

Sepfy nervously followed the instructions, driving his sleek and stylish convertible down a long dusty street, lined with decrepit brick homes and broken-down cars. Pedestrians stared at him as he drove slowly past them. The residence had an empty parking space, right in front, and he took it, ignoring the two elderly men sitting on the porch of the house across the street, murmuring to themselves and drinking lemonade.

He took a few deep breaths before finally summoning the courage to get out, blushing deeply at whoop and laughter from the two distant men. A bicyclist swerved, staring at the sleek, blue furred fox's both, ringing his bell as he passed by. Sepfy quickly grabbed his favorite toy – a smooth, translucent purple vibrator that was curved at an angle. He only had a plastic zip lock baggy to carry it in, and Sepfy couldn't help but feel a bit embarrassed at what people might think as he strutted up the sidewalk, naked and carrying a toy.

Sepfy steeled himself and walked determinedly up the sidewalk, feeling strange as a clothes-clad couple made eye contact with him, obvious with their discomfort. He imagined them cringing away from him while trying not to gawk, which made Sepfy chuckle softly under his breath. His steps were sure now that he had completely embraced this challenge set upon him by the tiger; despite how unusual it may have seemed to those around him, Sepfy found pleasure in this act of defiance against society’s expectations for modesty.

The address was of a small unassuming house, made of brick, with vines covering the northern face. An old wooden porch sagged, the yard filled with flowering bushes and fruit-laden trees, the branches of both types of plants seeming to point towards the solid oak door. The neighborhood seemed to go completely still as Sepfy walked up the paving stones path and knocked on the wooden door.

The door swung open, having no latch to speak of. The room inside was dark compared to the brightness of the outdoors, but he could see a fire crackling in the fireplace opposite him. An old leather recliner faced away from the door, towards the fireplace, and Sepfy could see feline ears poking over the top of it. He could smell whiskey, and sex, and pot, fresh and old.

The incense of intoxication. He walked in, holding up the bag with the dildo inside. The walls were painted in a deep, rich ochre, and the furniture was a vibrant mix of textures and colors. A large bookshelf filled with old leather-bound tomes and murky glass jars stood across from him. The room was quite warm, and the fox couldn't fathom why someone would be burning a fireplace at full blast in the middle of the day in the middle of spring.

"Hey, Charn, it's me Sepfy! I brought..."

He paused in talking, as the figure facing the fireplace craned to peer at Sepfy up over the top of the recliner. It wasn't the tiger he expected at all. It was a lion. The feline stood up, a joint smoldering between his lips, and grinned. It was a scraggly, unkempt male lion, with matted fur and a tangled burgundy mane. He was also quite nude, and quite male.

"Sup." The feline said, standing up and walking over to the smaller feline. Despite his unkemptiness, he held his chin high, eyes glittering with some secret knowledge that made Sepfy's tail curl. "Are you my Uber Eats?"

"I.. no." Sepfy stammered, feeling more naked now than he had outside. He was suddenly aware of the awkwardness of the situation, and of his own foolishness. “I didn’t mean to intrude, I must have come to the wrong house."

"Are you looking for Charn? He's not here, yet. But I am." The lions thin dark lips spread into a slow, knowing grin, and Sepfy's spine tingled. Something about the lion's presence was captivating, even than it was unnerving. He nervously returned a smile.

"Oh, well, that's cool. Charn didn't say there'd be a third, but, I love big cats!"

"I am no 'cat'. I am a *LION*." The lion stood up on his tip toes, fangs bared, hips swung forward and chest puffed out. He presented himself absolutely and exactly as he was. His balls jostled, his sheath thick with the promise of good dick. "Bow, if you feel the urge, for you are in the presence of I... the one, the only, King Mange!"

Mange stepped closer, sizing Sepfy up. Evaluating if he was worth playing with, no doubt. Sepfy felt butterflies in his stomach. “You’re beautiful,” Mange said, his gaze fixed on Sepfy’s eyes.

Sepfy blushed, and his heart raced faster. He tried to look away, but he found himself powerless to do so. "Thank you," he said, his cheeks feeling hot. He was expecting sex, not seduction. "My name is-"

"I don't care about your name," Mange interrupted, brushing the statement away with a hand. His other swept up to cup up between the soft blue fox's thighs, cupping against the plump, meaty testicles that hung between them. "These are lovely." he said, his voice low and slightly husky.

Sepfy felt a strange mix of excitement and apprehension. He knew that he should stay away from Mange, but he couldn’t help but be drawn to him. The lion's appraisal of his nuts, the feel of them in the lion's hand, made his head swim. He liked them? He thought they were lovely? He knew that the lion wanted something more than just to compliment him, but he couldn't think about that right now, not with the handsome ruffian handling him so casually.

The lion stepped closer, looming over Sepfy, looking imperiously down at him. Those fingers squeezing and rolling, making the fox's overfull testicles ache. He HAD saved up for several days, and his vulpine body wanted nothing more than to breed with this lion. He should wait for Charn though, right?

Mange’s voice was soothing and calming, as he played with Sepfy like the little morsel of a mouse that he felt like he was. “I'm going to show you something special.”

Sepfy felt the blush creeping up his cheeks, and his heart raced. He wasn’t sure what would happen next, but he was strangely excited. “What… What do you mean?” he stammered.

“It’s a surprise,” Mange said, his ever present smile widening. “A special trick that I picked up from Charn. You're going to love it."

Sepfy felt like he was in a trance, captivated by Mange’s words. He was barely aware of the fact that Mange had stepped even closer, and he could feel the lion’s breath streaming into his the fuzz that lined the inside of ears.

“Do you trust me?” Mange asked, his voice a soft whisper.

The fox nodded, barely able to form words. He didn't, but he couldn't refuse the lion.

“You shouldn’t… but I’ll be gentle,” Mange said, and then he slowly, gently, pressed his lips against Sepfy’s. Sepfy gasped at the warmth, the sudden rush of pleasure coursing through his body. He was melting into Mange, completely lost in the moment.

The kiss was deep, passionate, and filled with emotions that Sepfy had never felt before. He could feel Mange’s tongue explore his own, and he felt like he was floating in a sea of bliss. He could ignore the sour taste of old whiskey; kissing Mange was drinking directly from the bottle.

When the kiss ended, Sepfy felt lightheaded and dizzy. He looked up at Mange and saw a predatory glint in his eyes.

“Now,” Mange said, licking his lips. “I’m going to do something even better.”

Mange moved his lips to the fox’s neck, and Sepfy felt a sharp pain as the lion’s teeth bit into his flesh. He gasped as Mange sucked and bit his way down the blue fox's chest, hard nips that left his nipples tight and his abs tense.

It was exotic, and dangerous, and Sepfy's cock was lipsticking in excitement. The only thing keeping Sepfy from fully engorging was the certainty that Mange was threatening him in some way.

Mange's mouth slipped past that thickening cock and fuzzy sheath, Sepfy felt a pulse of electricity shoot through his body as Mange’s lips closed around his balls. The lion's great maw lapped and dragged the lovely eggs between those thick sharp fangs, breath streaming up along either side of Sepfy's sheath. The powerful feline tongue mashed them up against the root of his muzzle, the hard palette unyielding as the tender morsels were ground up against it. The sensation was like nothing else Sepfy had ever experienced, a mix of pain and pleasure that was almost too much for him to bear.

And then it was too much. Teeth pressed down into the bulk of his nuts, the feline's thick fangs grinding back and forth into the soft nougats. Sepfy grabbed at Mange's ears, tugging at them as his toes curled. "Too much. TOO MUCH!"

That seemed to be the point though, as he ground those teeth together, sharp fangs puncturing into both testicles at once. The pressure made Sepfy's guts clench, and he clapped his hands to his mouth as he felt bile billow up inside him. He tried to pull back, but the lion's jaws had a good bite on his tender nuggies.

He felt his balls rupture, not just punctured, but breaking apart, splitting in half and with a nauseating LACK as nerves and tissues simply stopped existing. Sepfy screamed out in agony when Mange harshly crushed his balls between his powerful jaws. He could distantly hear the crunching sounds, as the meat between his thighs was ground into paste, flashes of deep, emasculating pain stabbing up into his ruined groin as Mange finished his snack.

Sepfy was in shock. The lion's smirking, bloodied muzzle lifted from underneath the blue fox's sheath, licking the remnants from his chops in a smug and satisfied way. Sepfy couldn’t believe what had just happened. He stumbled backward, his hands cradling his groin, the bloody tatters of his scrotum all that remained of the balls Mange had just so nicely complimented. He found himself sitting, his head spinning in pain and shock.

Mange licked his lips and smiled. “Mmm,” he said. “That was delicious."

It was then that the door opened up, the tiger stepping in with a bag of McDonald's. He saw Sepfy, twitching on the floor, and clenched his fists.

"DAMMIT, Mange,’ Charn exclaimed exasperatedly. “I TOLD you to keep blood off of my new carpet!"

The lion had already retreated back to his chair. "If you don't want blood on the carpet then stop sending morsels to me on it." The smugness was *sickening*!

"I brought you Chicken nuggets, asshole. The fox's nuts were for ME!"

"Relax, chief. I left you his dick." there was a pause, the lion giving his biggest smile. "I'll take those nuggets, though."

"No. NO. Bad lions Do NOT get nuggies!"

Mange huffed, arms folding over his chest as he stretched out his legs towards the fire. "Fine. I’ve had two already anyways." *Checkmate, tiger!*