

Panther Mangoes : The Marathon

Baccus couldn't take it anymore. His lungs burned, his sleek, glossy legs ached, and his paws, oh his poor panther paws! He had to stop for rest, stop for water, stop before he collapsed!

Only one more mile to a rest tent!

The sleek, ebon cat groaned, leaning into the wind, puffing, grimacing, muscles moving under sleek fur and not a bit more.

Ugh, whyyyy did he agree to a nude marathon!?

Well, of course it was all for charity, but every time Baccus stepped, all his genetic gift swung against him! Testicles like mangoes swung fatly between his thighs, swinging back and forth, thwaphwaphwaphwip with each long stride, a slow, paddling torture that was leaving him a bit more swollen than normal, swollen even for him! His cock bounced atop, bouncing lewdly, fatly, lazily, even as the rest of him tried not to be thrown off balance!

The big cat gruffed, cursing himself. Why didn't he at least run the MaraThong instead? At least he'd have SOME support! Not that any thong could really hold him for long without going SNAPTWANG! After a few hours of running especially!

Baccus didn't so much follow the path to the 'MEDIKAL TENTS' off to one side as stumble, following a surprisingly narrow path right through a hedge, into...well into the backyard of some estate. He frowned, pausing, stopping on his paws, catching his breath. This didn't look like the proper race route. Sure, the big woods was the majority, but he didn't remember...

...Oh thank goodness they have water!

The big cat swung his thighs and balls onto a folding chair, next to a small table filled with water cups. He drank one, two, three, splashing a fourth across his muzzle, the fifth dripping down his chest and belly and trickling over his gigantic balls, pooling in the crease between them, before he realized it wasn't water at all. Some fizzy, raspberry flavoring, that wasn't all too bad in fact, though it wasn't exactly gator-

"Oh hello!" A rat. A rather well dressed rat had appeared out of nowhere. Baccus did a quick sudden look around. Where the heck had he come from!?"

"Oh, hi! Sorry, this is one of the rest tents right?" The panther puffed, still quite exhausted, half hanging in his chair. Ooof, he was out of it more than not! He poured another cup of raspberry water over his head, before he remembered it wasn't water. "Sorry, I might need to sit a moment, that hill climb took a lot out of me."

“Yes!” The rat agreed, tapping his claws together. “We could see that on the television. You did a wonderful job though! I’m surprised you could run with all that...” His eyes dipped, peering between dark furred thighs, “.. extra weight swinging about!”

“Ha!” Baccus wasn’t shy, he reached, cupped, held one of those large ebon balls up in his hand, cupping and kneading in a lazy fashion. “They do sometimes get in the way. Biggest cat nuts in the tri-county area. I even got them certified! But I’ve had them my whole life, so I’m used to carrying them around of course!”

“Yes...yes I bet you aaaare.” The rat agreed, looking about the small estate yard once more. There was a couple intricate statues, a fountain, and that tent of course. Very curious that no one else was around. Not that Baccus could think straight. He was really out of it. The rat seemed to notice. “You’re looking a bit out of sorts though.”

“I suppose I am!” The big cat admitted, slouching further into the chair, big chest heaving, paw still curled and cupped under his testicle, possibly not even aware he was still squeezing it. It felt good to stroke his own big nut, feel it’s weight against his palm, feel the large warm egg slide around under the thin fuzzed skin. Not to mention, he got a feline thrill in seeing the rat openly stare! “Just...exhausted more than I expected.”

Said rat nodded quickly, eyes openly roaming the large panther. “Oh yes, of course, of course, take as much time as you like! I always appreciate hosting the runners every year. Oh yes yes. And you’re about as handsome as they come!”

The rat was fawning over him, moving forward, filling more water glasses from a crystal pitcher. Baccus happily took another small cup, and drank deeply, licking his lips and fangs in an exaggerated fashion, pointing a finger at the rat while cupping that glass.

“Yup. I sure am. Biggest and the best. You have good taste. Fine judgement. Granted it’s all understandable, when’s the last time you’ve seen a panther...like me up close, like this?”

“Never! Not at all!” The rat said with a quivering squeak, tail all a shiver. “Simple perfection! I couldn’t have asked for any better!”

Baccus felt his tongue hanging out. He felt quite good! Quite sexy! He openly began to stroke his dick, openly palming, tugging, teasing himself, a huuuge toothsome grin spreading across his face as the rat seemed to grow all the more squeaky. “Of course you couldn’t. Look at all this cat meat. Two pounds of cat nuts? Not often you’d see so much hanging in one place.” If he had been not so exhausted, he might have pondered just how he got to be slowly jerking himself off. “Maybe we should see what my junk would look like in your hands, rat? What do you say? You seem well able to handle that big, round pitcher, you think you can handle my massive sac of panther nuts?”

The rat was downright blushing, blushing! “I...didn’t bring you here for that though! Promise!”

“Perhaaaaps, but the offer still stands. Don’t you want a closer peek?” It was definitely blatant now, Baccus, was stroking himself, rubbing his big dark dick, squeezing and cupping his balls. He didn’t know what was coming over him! Raspberry rested on his tongue as he let it hang out his lips in lewd, intoxicated fashion. “My balls would look particularly nice draped over a cute rat snout, don’t you think?” He squeezed again, with a big frustrated, lewd swing of his black tail. “It’s been weeks since I’ve gotten off with all this training. Don’t you want a big helping of black cat to take with you as a souvenir?”

The rat’s eyes went all the wider as Baccus spread his legs, sliding his hips forward and leaning back, letting those achingly fat, impossibly large feline spuds sag over the edge of the chair, swinging pendulously full and packed dense with catspunk. “I know you want more than just a taste.”

The rat wriggled, nervously rubbing his pink claws together. “I...oh dear. You’re right. I do. And... I really wish I could keep you.” He tittered, bouncing on his heels. “But...I wasn’t able to say ‘dibs’ fast enough when I saw you on TV.”

The cat laughed! Laughed! Leaned forward, still palming his dick, thick head nudging in against his belly, those huge balls swaying with the motion. “Dibs!?! Now that’s interesting. Who was lucky enough to ‘get’ me then, if you were too slow?” Silly, silly concept! But Baccus was curious, intrigued, and feeling oddly at ease with the idea. “Who gets to claim all this sensual, muscular cat?!”

The rat bounced. “You’ll see! They were very adamant. And they do want...ah...all of you.”

A tongue flicked out, a tongue rasped, a huuuuuuuge tongue in fact, licking the leaning Baccus from his mid-back, all the way up his spine. “Well most of you.” He bounced forward, balancing on his toes, looking all sorts of nervous as he reached out, and blatantly cupped those heavy cat mangoes, feeling their heat, their weight, all as the panther lewdly kept his legs spread open. “But.. I get to toy with you first!”

Baccus frowned, fur all ruffled by the raspy lick, the feel of warm breath huffing across his damp back. His mind puzzled at what the rat had said. It was strange. It was very strange. And getting licked was strange too. But then again...there was a rat, with cute pink paws, both cupping under the panther’s balls, cupping and combing and petting with clear delight. “Well...there is plenty of me to go around! I’m fine with sharing!”

“Yes! That’s what I said!” The rat quickly agreed, working his fingers up, tugging at the root of those huge panther nuts, feeling their ornery insistence of staying put, the thick cords within that held them firm. “I mean, it was obvious on the video, how much you had swinging around! It’s not like there’s not enough to go around. People shouldn’t be greedy!”

Rat reached into his pocket, withdrawing a gleaming white silken cord, coiled into a tight circle. He snapped it to the side, unfurling it, his other paw still firmly grasping around the root of the horny, and growingly confused panther’s heavy ball-sack. He draped it over those balls, and then, as the panther watched, began looping around the sagging, dangling sac between Baccus’s legs. He wrapped it into a noose - a noose! With one hand! - slipping and sliding upwards, and soon, cinching tightly, achingly between his legs! The panther let out a big, big groan, his fat cock slapping upwards against his belly, his head still swimming with raspberry, his hips hunching, thrusting!

“Dang, you don’t play around!” He grunted, squeezing just under the head, admiring the rat’s handiwork as the rodent went back to massaging and pulling on them.

“Nope, I play for keeps.” The rat grinned widely. “So does my friend, though.”

There was a deep, gruff, HMPH behind the panther now, a curl of warm breath, and a softer, deeper lick across the back of Baccus’s neck and head. It forced his ears upright.

Not a dragon, not a gryphon, not even a monstrous wolf or other common critter! Baccus turned to stare face to nose with a massive, toothsome, horn-some, winged lion!

The white-streaked lion grinned, grinned a broad, fanged grin, tongue curling lewdly as he breathed warm breath across panther nose as Baccus had turned.

The panther stared quite in surprised, hand still lewdly jerking on his cock, though more absent mindedly. Rat, he felt rat then, felt rat fingers, felt rat claws, felt rat nose and lips pressing against that cock, nuzzling! Fondling! Squeezing! “Hold on a sec, I you perv! I’m not done yet!” He seemed to be talking to the lion more than the panther.

The cord tug, tugged, tugged all the tighter, almost like a ratchet! The rat squeaked, stroking, stroking himself, though the panther couldn’t exactly see that, couldn’t see that sharp blade the mouse had also procured from his pocket, and certainly couldn’t see it nudged gently between those corded bands so snugly strangling his big ole panther balls.

No, Baccus still stared, open mouthed, in only one direction, stared into a big nose, big whiskers, and a very big, lion grin. He barely blinked as that tongue slipped out, cuuurling under his chin, rasping against his chest, and smacked happily within that huge muzzle. The lion-chimera seemed quite pleased indeed, shivering his big dragon-like wings as he lean in, and casually, with a massive lion paw, pulled Baccus backwards, right over into the grass.

Baccus yowled, falling backwards with a splay of feline claws and frizzy tail! A slender blade stayed where it was, and those heavy balls pushed up against the blade, shearing themselves smoothly off. Huge, swinging, dangling, churning panther balls dropped down, with a fat, fat, fleshy THUMP into the grass between Rat's sharply slacked knees!

Baccus yowled in surprise, but there wasn't much time to say much else, not with a huuuge white paw planting on his chest, claws teasing.

"Hmph! Rude. You're rude!" The rat insisted, picking himself up as the lion leaned in, and washed the handsome tiger in curling tongue, in rasping licks, in swirling around his face and head wetly before...lips sealed over the panther's head! "*I* was gonna be the one to do that!"

Baccus felt himself go rather limp, rather pliable, more in shock than anything as he was picked up by his shoulders, fangs hooking under his armpits, dragging him up into the air! He feebly kicked, wriggled! Tail swishing, toes curling, and a big cat erection bobbing hotly back and forth against his hips!

The lion rolled his eyes, teeth lightly chewing, tongue rasping, tail flicking in clear delight. It was a blatant expression, coupled with the deep, happy rumbles in the huge monster's throat.

Magnifique!

"Yes yes, you get him of course.BUT! I should get a taste too!" The rat insisted, picking up those discarded plump panther balls, those ovoid feline spuds clutched greedily between pink fingers. "It's not fair you picked the sexiest one!"

The ebon cat let out a squeak, eyes crossing, big dick slapping...all before he felt himself get tossed upwards! There was a brief view of light, of huge lion chest, of a rat holding a huge ebon sac against his chest - wait! - and then it all went dark again! Nothing but hot, damp, lion maw, lion throat, lion lips working lewdly down chest and back as a big tongue teased at panther dick! NOMF.

The panther was merely a very cute butt and strong legs, not to mention a twitching, fluffed-up tail! Dangling from the lion-chimera's lips, tongue slipping lewdly between his thighs, and as there was one last, big, mewling shudder from the ebon cat, a flick of tail, a curl of toes, and a very lewd splat-splat-splat across lion tongue...the lion dipped again. GULP!

The rat watched it all, quite in awe! He wriggled, stroking himself, watching a bulge that had only a moment ago been a handsome, fit, sexy panther sliiiiide lewdly down the lion's throat, watching tongue curl around ankles, paws, watching teeth and lips nibble at toes and pads before....gulp! Those were all gone! The naked runner was a big shaggy bulge, sliiiding into what was becoming an awfully pudgy leonid belly, fatly hanging, fatly sloshing.

The rat sighed, reaching, touching that bulge, burbling and squirming, albeit awfully weakly. "Hmph, you could have let me play with him for a few days before you ate him! *I* wanted to taste him, too!"

The lion belched, uuuurp. So comical, so silly, and offered a huge, feline, smug grin in return. The rat huffed. "Well, at least I got to keep the best parts, and....HEY!"

The lion had struck! Casual as a tabby, quick as a snake, a biiiig tongue flicking out, curling under the big balls, pendulous and weighty, curling and rasping them with a lick right out of the rat's pink toes!

It hang from his fangs a moment, swinging, dangling, jostling, so plump and full of catspuds that it really wasn't fair! All before that tongue curled them right into lion maw, curled 'round them lewdly, and with the most feline of smug expressions, the panther mangoes disappeared, a wet crunching sound permanently destroying the rat's hopes of getting to play with them again.

The rat stared. STARED. Gape-mouthed! He sputtered, he pointed accusingly, all as a very, very pleased lion casually and comfortably stared back. "YOU! YOU DID THAT ON PURPOSE!"

The lion yaaaaaaawned, tongue curling, big tail swaying/flicking. And he grinned a toothsome grin.

"You're such a...." Greedy, inconsiderate, smug, horrible, monstrous..."You're such a CAT!"

The lion feigned hurt, holding paw up to his chest. *Moi?*

"Yes you! You know how I feel about panthers!" The rat stomped his feet, huffy!

The lion frowned, reached, and gently/roughly pat the rat on the top of his head with a massive paw. He pulled a comically small pamphlet, pushing it into the huffing rodent's paws.

The rat frowned, froooowwned, then peered at it. "Panther camping club's annual outing. Huh...next week." The rat glared. "You're not going to get to eat them all this time!"

The lion beamed, stomach burbling with such heavy, delicious panther, and his delicious, weighty balls. The smile said it all.

No Promises!