Forbidden Love

By Tygra

I. Background

It had been over three months since Tygra had been close with Bengali on their outing in the woods where they shared something special, close, and passionate together. Tygra, as he had promised, did not push Bengali into sex as he had their first night together. Over their next few days together, Bengali would still kiss and snuggle with Tygra, but at the time he did not wish to further betray his relationship with Pumyra by having sex with Tygra again.

Lynx-O, Pumyra, and Bengali became full fledged Thundercats a few weeks later, and Lion-O assigned them to the newly constructed Tower of Omens in order to monitor mutant activity in that sector.

II. Tyga visits the tower of omens to pick up Bengali

As time went on, the more the ache in Bengali's ass seemed to bother him. He spent less and less time rolling around in bed with Pumyra, and even when he was sleeping with her, he found it somewhat difficult to become aroused by her touch—something which used to bring him to full attention in a matter of seconds only three months ago. As the white tiger's physical attraction towards Pumyra waned, his lust for Tygra increased. The problem compounded when Pumyra, obviously frustrated with Bengali's increasing inability to perform in bed, started to accuse him of "not trying" and even of cheating on her.

"Pumyra, I swear, I'm not sleeping with anybody else!" Bengali cried, vigorously defending his position. "I love you fully and completely." Which was true—he did love Pumyra emotionally, yet physically he wanted Tygra. Wanted that Thundercat's body something fierce.

Then one day, Bengali was on watch at the Tower of Omens alone; Lynx-O was at Cat's Lair and Pumyra out surveying a nearby geyser. He was bored so he decided to fold and hang the laundry, which Pumyra usually did. He wanted to give her something to smile at, since she seemed to smile at him less and less these days. As he was putting her clothes away in her dresser, he discovered a long, thick rubber dildo. At first he gasped at its 11 inch size and was surprised Pumyra would have such a sex toy, but then realized that he hadn't been fulfilling her needs, so why should he become upset about it? He started to close the drawer…

"Hmmm…" He pondered.

He picked up the dildo. Stroked it. Closed his eyes and thought of Tygra. To his surprise, he was almost fully erect. "I gotta do it!" he cried as he hurriedly put her remaining clothes away and closed the drawers, then dashed down the hall to his room.

His clothes were nearly off and tossed on the floor by the time he reached his bathroom to grab some lube from the medicine cabinet. He grabbed a towel from the rack, swung his door closed (it didn't close all the way, but Bengali didn't notice), laid the towel on his bed, and laid down on top of the towel. He rubbed the curved dildo across his thick meat and over his bloated balls. Blood pounded in his veins, clouding his thinking. All he could see and focus upon was the 11 inch long and incredibly thick dildo in his hands and what he wanted to do with it. He just had to!

Uncapping the lube, he squirted some into his hand, which he rubbed along the length of the object. He then rubbed some of the slick liquid on his own puckered hole. His guts churned in anticipation of what was to come. Bengali rolled onto his back and placed the huge head of the dildo against his tight hole and pressed gently.

Nothing. His hole did not give way.

He pushed again, with more pressure, and slowly, which seemed like an eternity, the thick object entered his snug hole. The fat head slipped into his ass with a slirp, and Bengali gasped at the sensation and incredible size! "Ohhhh," he moaned, his own rock hard cock jumping at the feeling. "Ohhh, ohhh! If I'm not careful, I'll explode right now!"

A few more inches slid in. And more, and more. Bengali felt stuffed, stretched beyond comprehension, being taken back to the day in the forest when Tygra dominated him so forcefully. When he had stuffed nearly the entire dildo up his ass, he knew he couldn't take any more: each additional push caused him pain. He slowly pulled the object out, inch by monstrous inch until only the thick head held his expanded hole open. He pressed the dildo back in, slowly, then pulled out. "Uhhhhh."

Pumyra exited the elevator to the control room. "Where is Bengali? He's supposed to be keeping watch!" She growled. "He's either working out or playing video games again. I bet he's playing games!" She started down the hall to his room.

Bengali's breathing quickened. His muscles were taut. He rolled over onto his hands and knees, and reaching back, shoved the dildo back into his dark canal. "Ohhh yes!" he moaned. His own cock was pulsing fiercely, and his balls begging for release. He pressed in, then pulled out… in faster… his cock jumping… each time his cock jerked Bengali stopped—wanting to prolong the pleasure.

"Oh yes Tygra! Oh Tygra, plow me hard!" Bengali roared.

Pumyra heard something coming from Bengali's room, with the door slightly open… She listened…

Bengali moaned deeply, "Oh Tygra! Tygra! Give it to me hard!" His eyes were shut hard, the dildo pounding his ass vigorously. "Oh yes, yes! Fuck me you stud!"

"Bengali and Tygra? Impossible!" Pumyra wasn't going to stand there and listen, so she flung the door open.

Bengali's eyes were closed tightly, his breathing ragged. "Oh oh oh!" he cried, his thick cock convulsing and shooting, balls clenching. He pressed the dildo into his ass as far as it would go.

Pumyra's eyes widened in shock at the display she was treated to. "BENGALI!" she shouted.

If it wasn't for him just hitting his orgasm, he probably would have jumped off the bed and covered up. Instead he froze, his lower body convulsing, his cock shooting cum onto the towel beneath him, one hand on the dildo buried up his ass.

"BY JAGA, WHAT ARE YOU DOING!?!?" she continued to shout.

"Oh Pumyra, I can explain" he pleaded, pulling the dildo out of his ass with a slurp, gasping at the intense wave of pleasure that hit him He wrapped the dildo into the towel, gathered it up, and cleaned himself off quickly, then tossed the towel into the sink in his bathroom. Pumyra stood there in disbelief at what she just witnessed.

Tygra radioed the Tower from the Feliner, "Tygra to Tower of Omens. Come in."

"Tower of Omens, Pumyra here. Go ahead Tygra."

Tygra replied in his familar calm, cool manner, "Ah, Pumyra! Nice to hear your voice. Lion-O has called a meeting of the Thundercats at Cat's Lair. As you know, everyone was out on assignment, so now they all need to be rounded up. Panthro is in the Thundertank picking up Lion-O near the Geyser of Life, I need you to take Lynx-O to take the Thunderstrike and pick up Wily Kit & Kat in the Hunting Plains, and I'm on my way to the Tower now to pick up Bengali."

Pumyra asked, "I understand Tygra, but why don't we just take Bengali from here and you grab the Kittens? That way you won't have to come out here."

Tygra smiled. "I can't fit the Kittens in the Feliner. Plus, I'm headed towards you already, so I'm going in the opposite direction. The Thunderstrike is much faster than the Feliner, so you'd be able to reach them quicker than I could." The tiger nodded his head at his most convincing logic.

"Right, Tygra. I copy you. Lynx-O and I will head out to get the Kittens immediately. How soon until you reach the Tower?"

Tygra thought for a moment, "15 minutes, Pumyra. I'd say no sooner than 15 minutes."

"I'll let Bengali know to expect you then. Tower, out." Pumyra closed the communications.

The lady puma ran down to the gym and opened the door. Bengali was at the bench press, pumping the iron bar up and down as his muscles strained against his sweaty, tight shirt. Pumyra sighed as she took in his studly beauty, her eyes drifting over the skin tight shorts he wore, enhancing his rather large package. “Bengali, you need to wrap it up and get ready. Lion-O is calling a meeting at Cat’s Lair. Lynx-O and I are heading to pick up the Kittens. Tygra’s on his way here now to get you. He’ll be here in 15 minutes.”

Bengali continued to pump the iron bar a few more times, finally completing his set. “Thanks for letting me know, Pumyra. I’m going to do one more set before I jump into the shower. I should have enough time before Tygra gets here.”

She leaned over and planted a deep kiss on his lips, running her hand over his sweaty, ripped chest, down his six-pack stomach, and over his bulging crotch, squeezing his balls gently. “Mmmm,” he moaned, pressing his tongue deep into her mouth. “Maybe after the meeting we’ll have some fun,” he winked at her playfully.

“I’d like that, you stud. You owe me too, especially after your dildo experience,” she joked.

Bengali blushed under his fur, feeling extremely uncomfortable. “I thought I’ve been good since that day…” he replied meekly.

“You have, Benny. I’m just playing.” Pumyra smiled warmly as her hand squeezed his crotch again, eliciting another low moan from the white tiger.

The female Thundercat left the workout room in a hurry. Bengali rested another minute before getting up to put more weight onto the iron bar. He flexed his muscles, swung his well developed arms back and forth to loosen them up, then sat back down. Gripping the bar, he puffed and strained another 8 reps. He grabbed his towel, wiped off his sweaty face. The strapping white tiger walked towards his room, pulling off his sticky clothes. He turned on the shower water and let it run a few minutes so it could get warm…

Tygra approached the Tower of Omens—he had made good time, only took him 10 minutes instead of the 15 he thought it would take. Parking the Feliner, he hopped out and stretched, then entered the elevator to the top of the Tower. Exiting, he called, "Bengali!"

No answer.

"Hmm. I wonder where he could be?" The architect pondered. Tygra turned to head down the hall towards the gym when he heard running water from coming from Bengali's room. He crept into the room, noticing a light steam coming from the bathroom—Bengali was taking a shower! Wild, forbidden thoughts ran through Tygra's mind. He approached the bathroom and looked inside… sure enough, the beefy white tiger must have just entered the shower, as he was starting to lather himself up for a good washing.

"Need someone to wash your back?" Tygra asked playfully.

Startled, Bengali turned, instinctively covering his crotch. "Tygra!" He slid back the see-through glass shower door. "Oh how long has it been? It's so good to see you!" Bengali stared at Tygra's hunky form, by now getting hard and obviously visible through his skin tight uniform. "Of course I need someone to wash my back. I don't want to be dirty for Lion-O's meeting," he chuckled as he beckoned Tygra inside the shower. A few seconds later, Tygra had stripped off his uniform.

Tygra climbed inside the slid the door closed. The two pure male Thundercat tigers ran their eyes over each others' well developed striped body, then embraced each other in a tight hug. They exchanged warm embraces of welcome. Tygra howled with laughed as Bengali recounted his tale of Pumyra catching him with the dildo.

"I'm better than any piece of rubber." Tygra chuckled.

Bengali ran his finger over Tygra's strong chest, "True, but the dildo was bigger than your cock. 11 inches, Tygra." He gloated playfully.

"Fine then. Stick with your rubber dildo," Tygra said. Sliding back the shower door and almost taking a step outside, he was hauled back into the hot stream of water by the drenched muscular white tiger.

"Not so fast, you hunk!" Bengali cried as he pulled Tygra close.

Bengali was the first to grab ass, his hands reaching down and taking in two handfuls of Tygra's firm butt. Tygra followed suit. Hard bodies pressed together, erect cocks sparred against one another.

"I've been wanting you… lusting for you for so long now," Tygra growled as he planted a passionate kiss against Bengali's lips.

Their tongues entered each others' mouths, probing. Hands rubbed up and down powerful backs, across yearning asses. Both tigers, soaked by hot water and driven by the erotic lust in their cocks, groped and fondled one another.

Their breathing intensified.

Bengali pulled away, flashing his Thundercat lover a coy look, and began to run his tongue over Tygra's husky chest. His tongue danced over Tygra's erect nipples, while his hands groped and squeezed the orange tiger's tight ass.

Tygra tossed his head back, his cock standing at the ready, leaking pre-cum. He had longed for this day for months now. Hoping, praying that Bengali would once again be his. And now it was happening.

The younger tiger continued to lick down Tygra's chest to his stomach. Bengali could feel the well developed abdomen muscles tense and quiver with each touch of his tongue against them. Tygra moaned quietly and ran his fingers through the wet fur on Bengali's head.

Bengali got onto his knees and stared on Tygra's thick meat. He licked his lips, then ran his sex thickened tongue over its fat head. The cocked jumped at Bengali's touch and Tygra's claws playfully dug themselves into the back of Bengali's head. Lips wrapped around cock, causing Tygra to moan deeply. The white tiger's tongue danced and pressed over the head of the thick member, and Bengali sucked the pulpy drool that oozed from it. His head bobbed up and down, lips wrapped tight over the long log. Bengali gagged as the substantial prick bumped incessantly at the back of his throat, he tried to down as much of Tygra's 9-inch cock as he could.

Tygra's balls quivered and his cock jumped, shooting a load of pre-cum into Bengali's waiting mouth, prompting Bengali to intensify his sucking. His hands squeezed Tygra's tight ass cheeks, his fingers teased the snug hole. Tygra's breathing quickened, his eyes shut in eager anticipation.

Bengali pressed one finger slightly into Tygra's hole. That added stimulation drove the older tiger over the edge. Tygra's cock blasted a huge load of hot, thick cum into the younger Thundercat's mouth, splashing against the back of his throat. Bengali gagged at the amount and pulled his head back. Tygra's cock convulsed again, shooting its load onto the white tiger's face, over and over.

Bengali's tongue licked the remaining spunk from Tygra's deflating cock.

Tygra pulled his muscular lover up and close to him. Flashing Bengali a coy look, Tygra ran his tongue over the other tiger's lips before sliding it into the warm, waiting mouth. Their tongues wrangled and twisted, Tygra tasting his own juices. He squeezed Bengali's ass and fondled his balls and still stiff member.

"We should do something about your erection," Tygra whispered playfully.

Bengali smiled mischievously, "What did you have in mind, my hunky tiger?"

Tygra stood in front of Bengali, turned around, then bent over at the waist. Looking back, he flashed a demure glance at the white tiger.

Bengali smirked and rubbed his throbbing meat. He picked up some lubricating lotion, squeezed some onto his cock, and spread a good amount onto Tygra's puckered hole. The lube allowed Bengali to effortlessly slip one finger into Tygra's into his ass. Tygra moaned.

The muscular younger Thundercat aimed his 8-inch prick at Tygra's beefy ass. Tygra could feel the thick head pressed up against his asshole. Pressure built up against the tight sphincter. Tygra exhaled and relaxed, accepting the massive cock into his snug canal. Something popped, and the head of Bengali's cock entered into the orange tiger.

"Oh by Jaga, how I want this!" Tygra cried. "Please give it to me, you stud! Please!"

Bengali chuckled and rewarded Tygra with another 5 inches of his meat. Tygra moaned. Bengali thrust forward his strong hips and the remaining 2 inches of his thick cock plowed into Tygra's violated ass. The cock was in up to the balls, Tygra was impaled on Bengali's substantial prick.

The white Thundercat pulled out until only the fat cockhead parted Tygra's walls. Slowly, he ground forward until Tygra was once again skewered by the immense invader. Tygra's ass gradually became accustomed to the rock-hard intruder. Pulling out, Bengali thrust forward, quickening his pace. Again and again he stuffed the thick cock up Tygra's stretched canal. Tygra moaned with pleasure.

Cock penetrated butt. Tygra's rock hard cock began to convulse and shoot, spraying sticky cream over his stomach, chest, and meaty thighs. The quivering, tight hole drove Bengali over the edge, his own cock exploded.

A flood of jism erupted from Bengali's cock. The white tiger jammed his dick up Tygra's ass to the roots. He fired his cum, flooded from the tiger, squirting like a fountain into the orange Thundercat. Ceaseless spurts pumped grey fragrant cum up into Tygra hosing him, flooding his bowels, soaking him. It blustered out of the asshole, between cock and anal pucker, rolled down his legs, over his balls, a grey tide smelling of the sexual potency of the white tiger. It was as if Bengali was firing a jet of cum into Tygra's guts. Bengali in silence shuddered, pouring his jism out, filling the other Thundercat's ass beyond overflowing. The hot liquid poured back along Bengali's cock, ran out of Tygra's ass, and onto the shower floor.

Bengali panted, felt his cock softening, and finally pulled it out of Tygra's bloated ass with a slurp. Cum burst out of Tygra's ass. It was over, they were two separate entities again. It was blissful but not sad. The thrill of the act hung in the air; it would never be lost.

Bengali dismounted.

The two striped Thundercats faced each other and kissed deeply, holding each other in a tight embrace. They moved under the warm stream of water, grabbed some soap, and began to lather each other up. After another 5 minutes of washing and rubbing, they were clean. Shutting off the water and climbing out of the shower, the two tigers then dried off in the huge air blower designed to fully dry a wet Thundercat in under a minute.

Pumyra, having picked up the Kittens, radioed Tygra to let him know, "Pumyra to Tygra. Come in."

There was no response, only radio static.

She tried again, and again there was only static.

Lynx-O, pressing some buttons on his console, announced, "Tracking shows that the Feliner is still at the Tower of Omens. Try to radio the Tower."

"Pumyra to Tower of Omens. Tygra? Bengali? Come in. Are either of you there?" She waited.

Nothing.

"I don't like this, Lynx-O. Do you think something could have happened to them at the Tower?" she asked, concerned.

The wise one replied, "It is better to be safe than sorry, Pumyra. We should head back there to reveal the mystery."

"Good idea." She altered course on the nimble Thunderstrike, applied the afterburners, and made for the Tower of Omens. "We'll be there in 10 minutes."

Tygra picked his uniform off the floor and went into the bedroom to start to change. Bengali, still naked, followed him. Just as Tygra started to pick up his foot to climb into his outfit, the playful white tiger pushed Tygra back onto the bed, then jumped up onto the bed himself. The two husky Thundercats wrestled a little before Tygra laid down on his back, letting Bengali pin him to the bed.

The beefy Bengali moved over to lay on top of his lover, their muscular bodies pressing together, their now hard cocks against one another. He stared into Tygra's eyes and Tygra looked deeply into Bengali's baby blues. They kissed. Swapped spit. Tygra's strong hands made their way down Bengali's broad shoulders; his claws traced along the white tiger's back muscles.

Bengali unconsciously moaned in pleasurable response to Tygra's massaging. He could feel the intense heat from the imprisoned tiger below him. He instinctively kissed Tygra's neck and gradually flicked his tongue down towards the muscular pecs.

The older Thundercat's massaging continued, from the white tiger's broad shoulders and back down to his tight ass. Tygra's fingers explored the steely chasm between the two strong melon halves, teasing Bengali's hole. The younger tiger moaned in response, intensifying his licking and sucking of Tygra's well-developed chest.

The two tigers ground their hips together sensuously, their breathing and lust for one another mounting.

Bengali pulled back, to prolong the moment. He flashed his lover a demure look and moved to straddle the orange tiger's chest, aiming his thick meat at Tygra's waiting mouth. Tygra smiled and beguilingly corkscrewed his tongue along the length of Bengali's fine lengthened tool and across its thick, pulpy head. Bengali moaned with pleasure.

The Thunderstike landed next to the Feliner at the base of the Tower.

Lynx-O spoke quickly, "I'll scan the area for mutants. Pumyra, you and the Kittens check the Tower for any sign of Bengali or Tygra."

Without a word, Pumyra grabbed WilyKit and WilyKat and headed inside. They were cautious, but quick.

No signs of combat anywhere. They hurried into the elevator and rode it to the top where it deposited them into the control room. They exited slowly, alert to any noise or presence.

Tygra shifted his position slightly to allow him to deep throat Bengali's meat. With one hand tugging his own hard cock and the other massaging Bengali's tight ass, Tygra began to bob his head in a rhythmic motion. His tongue pressed along the white tiger's rigid member, trying to milk it for all its worth. Faster and faster the two tigers performed their illicit action. Tygra worked two cocks at the same time. Bengali moaned in pure bliss.

"Where could they be?" Pumyra asked quietly. "Let's check down the hall towards the living quarters."

The three concerned Thundercats unknowingly headed closer to the two fornicating tigers.

Tygra was approaching release. He jerked and pulled at his own meat, now drooling pre-cum. The intense lust he felt drove his tugging and sucking faster and faster. His hand on Bengali's ass squeezed and fondled. All sanity and rational thinking had disappeared—he was too far gone into the act now, and he was being driven by the quest for release and forbidden pleasure.

Bengali's moaning grew with each bob of Tygra's head down onto his rigid meat. His eyes were shut fast, his breathing was ragged. He cried out, "Oh, oh, oh Tygra I'm going to explode!"

The white tiger's swollen cock jumped and shot a squirt of pre-cum into Tygra's eager mouth. Tygra intensified his sucking. His own thick 9-inch cock was so close to release. The Thundercat tugged and sucked, sucked and tugged. Over and over in rhythm to the white tiger's cries of pleasure and pumping of his hips, "Oh, Tygra I'm going to explode! Oh, oh!"

Pumyra and the Thunderkittens heard something coming from Bengali's room. It sounded like moaning. Where Bengali and Tygra in trouble? Were they struggling against mutants? The three of them looked at each other then hurried toward the slightly open door.

A blinding light flashed in the white tiger's head. Sweat flew from his body. Bengali roared with intense pleasure, "Yes Tygra! Yes! I'm coming, I'm coming!" His swollen cock jumped and shot wad after wad of thick cum into Tygra's waiting mouth. "Oh oh!"

The blast from Bengali's cock drove Tygra over the edge; the stroking on his own cock finally caused him to orgasm. His balls spasmed and his thick meat shot ropes of cum up onto the white tiger's broad back, over and over, firing his load.

Pumyra heard a muffled cries of "Tygra! Oh, Tygra!" and before realizing what she was doing, she quickly flung the door open. The female Thundercat went pale at what she was witness to. Her own male lover, the Siberian white tiger Bengali, was straddling the male orange tiger Tygra on the bed. Bengali's cock was buried deep in Tygra's mouth. Both tigers were in erotic ecstasy, convulsing in perverse pleasure, Tygra spewing his load across Bengali's back.

"BY JAGA, WHAT ARE YOU DOING!?" Pumyra shouted. "BENGALI!"

The jaws of the Thunderkittens, old enough to know what was going on, dropped in shock.

Bengali, as surprised as Pumyra was, froze. His cock's convulsions died down, his balls emptied their load into the older tiger's mouth.

Tygra, stunned at being discovered, silently cursed the timing. He stopped pulling at his own deflating cock and tried to speak, only to be muffled by Bengali's now softening cock still in his mouth.

“Pumyra wait,” he finally managed to say, spunk dripping from the side of his mouth.

Bengali, still straddling Tygra, pleaded with the female Thundercat, “Please Pumyra. Let me explain.”

Still in shock, Pumyra wasn’t about to hear any of the young tiger’s talk. Without making eye contact, she snapped, “I’m taking the Kittens back to Cat’s Lair for the meeting with Lion-O. You can explain to him why you broke the Code of Thundera*.” With that, she grabbed WilyKit and WilyKat by their hands and hurried down the hall. The two tigers heard the puma’s sobs become more and more faint.

The two muscular tigers looked at each other in shock. Bengali broke the silence, “What will happen to us, Tygra?”

“I don’t know, Bengali. I honestly don’t know.” Tygra sighed. “She is right, we broke the Code. Lion-O and the others on the council won’t take kindly to that.” Tears began to well up in the young white tiger’s eyes. Noticing that, Tygra pulled him close in a strong hug and held him for long moments without saying anything.

At last the orange tiger spoke, “Let’s get cleaned up and head over to Cat’s Lair. There’s no sense in delaying the inevitable.”

Bengali nodded and climbed off his lover.

* = The new Code of Thundera, drawn up by Lion-O sometime after Cat’s Lair was built, stated that in order to attempt to repopulate the species, sexual acts were only to take place between opposite sex Thundera males and females.