

# Boulders

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"Gonna getcha," Leonard said, grinning that trademark feline grin, reaching up and tapping Garry's heel. The goat peered down, under his arm at the lynx, shaking his head in sympathy.

"I could stomp on your hand, you know. As a helpless prey animal, it's my right." The goat did lift his foot, though for the purpose of finding new purchase, climbing up after the two figures far above, including a trim muscular tiger. Damn that tiger was hot. He was wearing those stretchy purple shorts, and his stripes shifted and rippled each time he lifted himself up along the wall. It was just a shame that he was so married.

Leonard gripped the rock that Garry's foot had just left, climbing up behind the goat easily. "If you did that, I'd just pull you with me. And then the tiger, and then the stag, and then we'd all be held up by poor little Max at the top. Is that really what you want to do?"

Garry shrugged, lifting up another step. "Mebbe. Mebbe."

Leonard scoffed, even as he stole a glance up again between Garry's thighs. The goat was wearing a climbing harness, just like the rest of them, but Leonard was pretty sure that the harness was two sizes too small. Every time he looked up, between those chubby thighs, he just saw so much...bulge.

Being in last place, Leonard was able to look up as much as he wanted, without it seeming weird. He had to see where he was going, right? And if Garry accidentally rubbed his fat bulge against a rock outcropping on his way up, there was nobody to criticize the lynx if he sniffed at the rock outcropping himself. There was something about the musky scent of the handsome goat above him that sent his instincts into heightened awareness.

He even growled lightly to himself when Garry slipped briefly, letting out a startled bleat before managing to catch himself.

"Are you sure you don't need any help? You're carrying a lot of extra weight at the groin, I could help carry that for you."

It was Garry's turn to scoff, even if he felt a rush through his cheeks at the offer. "We're on the side of a mountain. Who knows who's watching us through some telephoto lens or whatever. No, you can't help carry my dick up the cliff face." He pulled himself up another foot, finding a new purchase, before shifting a foot to what looked to be a better ledge. "Now, please don't distract me, I don't want to end up falling."

"Falling? Or falling for me?" Leonard wiggled his nub-tail as he climbed up another foot, closer yet to the 'fleeing' white-fuzzed caprine. The idea made his claws come out. "You know, it's ok if you want to be caught by a fierce predator, you don't have to play games. This is a safe space."

"We are hundreds of feet up in the air, this is NOT a safe space, and, ALSO, not *everything* is about predator-prey relations, you know! Sometimes I just don't want to go 'splat' on all those rocks between us and the car. Now... *huff*... stop trying to distract me. The others are already up past the tricky part, I can't even see them anymore."

*Already out of sight?* Leonard's cat eyes a maliciously devious green. "Oh, don't you worry, you just keep your eyes on the *rock*, and I'll keep my eyes on the *stones*."

"You're horrible."

The cat was all grins though, absolutely unabashed and shameless. So to say, a cat.

Garry gruffed, tossing his horns a little as he reached, pulling himself up carefully and working his way around an outcropping. It was a difficult climb. The rocks were smoother than he was expecting, with loose particulate on the small ledges that they used as hand rails. For a moment, he was able to concentrate. Putting a booted hoof here, gripping with a hand there, adding the anchors as needed. He felt closer to his ancient kin, climbing right up the side of a sheer rock face like this.

Leonard the devious feline was enjoying himself as well, even if he wasn't quite as naturally gifted at climbing a huge rock. At first, this kind of climbing had seemed boring, but framing things as him stalking his prey gave it a certain thrill. His claws scraped against the rocks, the feline slinking up the rock face, like a spider climbing up towards two particularly plump and juicy bugs. One paw over the other, climbing happily, he slowly gained a foot on Garras, and then two, closing the distance as he pursued his unknowing prey.

And it was such a *nice* pursuit. Garry's buttocks were soft and plump, filling out the goat's shorts nicely. Blue poly shorts with white trim, cut a little too high? Oh yeah, Garry was definitely advertising. He may pretend to be all huffy and puffy about a feline's direct attentions, but there was no way the goat didn't know how *blatantly* he was advertising his goods. Staring up at that caprine butt, seeing the cute goat flex and climb and stretch, all while that handsome bulge so barely contained was within view. His bulge was bulky enough that the twins were overlapping the harness pinching against them, two big juicy goat fruits just outright begging for a big mean predator cat to claim them and empty them out.

Leonard wanted it. He wanted the whole goat! But given the circumstances, he would have to be very very particular in what he claimed from his *prey*. He could feel the tightness in his own pants, feel his cock straining, imagining what he wanted to do, flexing his claws at the goaty sugar plums dancing and bouncing around in his plots and schemes.

Garry worked his way upward. For a moment, he had been so in the zone that he had almost forgotten about the ferocious feline predator dramatically crawling up the stones behind him. Almost, at least, until he heard the yowl of peril from below. A tug on his rope from beneath confirmed that something had, indeed, gone amiss.

"Leo!" He looked down, seeing the lynx dangling beneath him. The feline's arms were folded over his chest, and he looked miffed and a little embarrassed. "What the hell, get back on the wall."

"No. I can't." He paws at the stone wall, dragging his fingers along the stones. "I can't reach it."

The goat huffed. "What nonsense is this, Leo? Come on, don't just dangle there."

"Why not? Your balls do it. It's not fair that they get to dangle and hang about but I have to climb a wall."

"You were imagining playing with my balls, weren't you," Garry said, putting his hands on his hips. He had to lean back slightly to do it, and perhaps he didn't realize how doing that pushed said balls forward again, making them strain even firmer against the all-too-constricting shorts.

"Mebbe." Leo purred, pushing against the wall and spinning slowly. "Can't blame me though."

"Which fantasy was it?" Garry sighed. "I know how you preds are. Lemme guess, you were thinking about.... Squeezing and toying with them? Humping between them? Oh, I bet you were dreaming about *gnawing* on them, weren't you."

"Yeeeeees?"

Garry sighed, and slowly worked back down, lowering himself just above the dangling lynx. The rock went concave underneath him, and he had to stand with his legs spread wide. He secured himself, and reached down and behind him with one hand. "Grab me, and I'll pull you in. Everything still tight?"

Leo purred, and made his move. He twisted on the rope, nimbly bouncing one foot off of a rock outcropping, and swung himself around to a small flat platform, then bound himself upwards. It was mostly a pounce, but kind of a hug, as he grabbed hold of Garry's thighs with his arms, hugging himself against him. It pushed his nose against the goat's rear, his legs dangling for a couple seconds as the startled goat belted out a startled bleat.

"What in the salty gouda crumbles are you DOING?" Garry shouted, looking down at the feline scrabbling his feet at the rocks before finally finding enough purchase for the feline to lean forward, just against the top of the concave area, his hands resting on the stone ledge just below Garry's bulge.

"Gotcha!" the lynx said breathlessly, though he didn't sound entirely sure of himself there. He held himself there while Garry tried to keep hold of the rock, even through his startlement.

"Leonard! You could have pulled us both down!"

"Not a chance. I thought it all through, prior to the successful attack. You have a good hold and we both have anchors. Therefore, we were completely safe."

The goat scowled. "You still gave me a heart attack. Two in fact! Now, stop clowning around, we're falling behind."

"Oh that's ok, I'm assisting you with untangling something."

The goat frowned, momentarily looking over both sets of ropes. "Wait, what? Are we tangled? What do I need help with?"

"This." And that's when Garry heard the zipper, feeling a shifting of pressure and tension between his legs, and felt claws and fingers delve into his shorts.

"...Leo!"

"Mmm. Told you I'd get my claws on you."

"But...we're on the side of a *mountain!* I can't just let you..."

"Ahh, here's the thing, goat-man. I'm a fierce feline predator, and I've caught my prey. You don't get the option of *letting* me do anything with you." He paused, waiting for Garry to contradict him, but the goat was staring at him, still breathing hard, but not saying anything. Leo smirked even more smugly than before, indulgently even. "Now, all you have to do is... hold on. No slippies, we wouldn't want you to be found at the bottom of the mountain with your dick out, right? You just hold rock! Oh my, you are just as pent up as I am, *aren't* you?"

Garry felt those feline fingers pull his junk out of his pants, and felt the sudden cool air across his fuzzy caprine balls. With his balls hauled out, his dick had enough room to slide and flop down loosely into the open air, the breeze cool against his uncut tip. He had to reposition for a moment, keeping his hooves planted, keeping his hands on the rock, even as the lynx partly hanging off him had free reign. "You can't be serious, I can't climb like this."

"Oh, are you worried? Is the meat-eating predator exposing your fat goat junk? Don't worry. I'm sure you'll be just fine." He paused, then added, "Or, well, maybe you should a little, I am a predator, after all."

Garry could hear the raspy lick across teeth, even if he couldn't see Leonard's face. For a brief moment, he scowled, and grumbled about horny cats.

Then, fingers wrapped around his chubby caprine dick, and tugged.

It was so...lewd! Right out in the open, and even though there wasn't anyone he could see in direct line of sight, it was perverse. They were right on the rockface, his dick being handled, squeezed, tugged, cajoled. The caressing fingers and sinuous gripping curl of the paw brought him embarrassingly quickly to full erection.

The goat felt his ears heat, not to mention other parts, and it took some concentration to keep his grip while the cat beneath him happily set to groping him!

Leonard shifted, moving up underneath him, his head pressing onerously between the goat's thighs. Pushing forward, leaving Garry momentarily bleating and struggling to hold onto the rock wall and hoping alternatively that the guys ahead of them wouldn't catch them like this, and also, a little, maybe hoping that they *did*.

"Mmm. You know, I forgot my beef jerky today," Leonard teased. He nuzzled up between Garry's thighs, his cool feline nose daubing cool and damp against the back of those large goat balls. "I'm *definitely* hungry. If you move around too much, my natural predator reflexes might kick in."

He smooched against the left nut, the soft kiss turning into a gentle, tender lick up the back, soft caressing the short fuzz along it. "I might accidentally gobble up these big beefy balls of yours. Wouldn't that be... a shame?" He purred.

Garry groaned, fingers tightening around the rocks as he tried to lift up a leg, but the feline's firm grip stroked down on his cock and the goat's leg scrabbled briefly, unable to find purchase. His feistiness earned him teeth, moving up to softly catch the underside of that big egg that was being nuzzled against. "Leonard, please, this is..."

"Super fucking hot? Yeah, I already knew that. I've been eyeing up these big balls of yours, for hours. Totally un-licked. Completely un-smooched. Devoid of my saliva. It is a shame, an unforgivable mistake," the cat waxed from down below. Fingers easily stroking along Garry's erection, letting it bob up urgently before gripping and pulling slowly back down. "Worst of all, these eggs *aren't* in some predator's belly. Tsk tsk." The other nut was attacked, a long, loving lick up the back of that tightening egg, Garry hissing through his teeth at the predator being so lewd.

"You have to stop, I know you're horny for hoofers Leo, but this isn't appropriate or safe or probably even legal-"

"Listen, ya tasty morsel," Leonard interrupted, licking slowly up with softly rasping tongue between the cleavage of the goat's heavy, aching eggs. "I know you need this."

"Need what?!" Garry said, "I definitely did not need to be pinned and accosted, so **lewdly!**"

"The way your cock keeps flexing suggests otherwise," Leo counters. He presses his cheek along one big caprine nut, nuzzling it firmly against his hands that milked down along his cock. "Which suggests to me that you are helplessly, irreparably in need of being gobbled up."

"What...!?" Garry whimpered. The lynx's fingers had converged and focused their attack, now only gripping and stroking along the head of his shaft, firm squeezes tugging slowly off the slick flesh, then replaced immediately with the other, back and forth.

"Yeah. You gotta give up these *big balls*. We both know it. They're just too potent and powerful for you. They belong in *my belly*, where I will keep them warm and safe." He purred, stroking his cheek against the other nut. "They're just too much for a poor goat like you to keep."

"They are not, they're actually just right where they are. They fit my personality perfectly, and I am in total control of them!" Garry protested, but his heart was racing, the clever feline's fingers slowing down to just a soft touch, gently stroking a thumb against the delicate underside of his cock and framing the corona with one finger. "But, on the other hand, fuck? Please keep doing that. That feels wonderful. I mean, NO. Stop it. Lemme go, unhand me you vile beast!"

Leo let the goat finish his little tantrum, then backtracked the conversation a bit. "Yeah? You're in control of them? Prove to me you're in control of them, then. Don't cum. Don't cum at all. You can do that, *right?* Since you're so 'in control', and everything. Should be *easy*." He continued the soft caressing, the sound of the slick fingers caressing against the granite-block'd goat shaft mingling with Garry's gasps and suppressed groans.

"Oh, sure, wait until I'm about to cum and say that," the goan wheezed out, his fingers tightening, white knuckling against the stones. He clenched his stomach, his buttocks, everything he had to try and regain control of his body, which kept edging close to a completely different precipice. "Fine. See? Total control." His nuts tightened up against his body, the goat getting dizzy at clenching so hard, and still that mouth lipped and mouthed, slurping over the bottom nubs of his eggs like the tops of soft serve ice cream. "Jesus, you do make it hard though..."

"Do I? Is not cumming *hard* for you, goat man? Heh." A pause, a series of smooches peppered up one side of his scrotum and down the other. "How hard can it be, to simply NOT cum, when you don't want to? I mean, especially when you know..." The lynx purred aggressively, grinding and lapping wantonly against the goat's damp eggs. "Especially when you know.... heh heh..."

"Especially when I know *what?*" Garry asked, holding his breath as he felt that caress of teeth again, just tracing against the underside of his nuts.

"When you know... that if you DO cum, I'm gonna swallow these big... fat... goat balls... whole."

"Bastard," Garry gasped in surprise, thumping his head against the rocks ahead of him in frustration. The promise of cumming, that he had been fighting against all this time, leading to his emasculation at the hands of this devious feline... the idea of his cock pulsing and shooting its seed out over the rock (and maybe Leonard's whiskers) while the cat ate his proud heritage, the very idea that his pleasure would lead to his undoing... He realized at that moment, exactly, that he was going to cum. "You...cat!"

"I aaaam, I am a big predator cat!" Said the lynx, making sure his fangs caught just so on Garry's sac, purring and grinding his muzzle against the fat orbs even as he teased with his nose and rough tongue, right along the underside of that caprine shaft. "Better not do it. Don't think sexy thoughts, don't think about a sexy, bratty meat-eater chewing on your balls."

"Nnngh!" The goat's cock throbbed, his heavy balls tried to pull up, even as he tried not to give in. He was being jerked off, nuzzled, licked, nibbled, all at once, feeling knuckles and claws between his thighs, and feeling those fangs prick and nibble at the root of his masculinity.

It was all too much to handle, even as he tried to keep from falling. That's when the lynx made his move. That's when he felt that toothsome feline maw open up, that's when he felt his balls suddenly slide somewhere warm, entrapped, framed by teeth that pinched JUST SO at the root of his sac, and felt the pressure of the inside of a feline's maw pushing along the top and bottom of his achingly heavy, pent up goat balls, threatening his *very masculinity*...and...and oh gods he was coming!

All in a rush as he bleated sharp and echoing across the stone face, GOUTED out a hot pulse of seed, the nuzzling muzzle against the underside of his dick, a rough, rasping tongue lapping along the underside of Garry's pudgy nuts, it was all so much.

The lynx purred as he suckled on the meaty treat, with Garry's dick over and aside his cheek going 'splut, splut!' against the rockface. The goat was light headed, trying to hold on to the rocks, legs trembling, arms straining as he unloaded uncontrollably.

He shuddered, feeling teeth 'kiss' his scrotum once again, then pulling away. He could feel Leo disgorge his now warm, wet sac, dangling just a little lower and a little less full than before. He could feel himself drooling, thick globs of seed still moving out through his system, weak gouts painting the stone and dribbling to go 'splat-splat' far below.

Garry laid his head against the hard mountain rocks, watching through slitted eyes as Leonard helpfully started tucking those still-fat balls back into his underwear, that still mostly-hard cock laid over top of them. ZZzzzzp!

"There we go. All secured. You know, maybe I should be on top. In the lead. Guiding. What with you being so... incapable of self restraint, I mean." Leonard said, helpfully. He pushed up, between Garry's legs, wiggling and climbing up, grinding against Garry's groin the entire way. "Oops, sorry, don't mind me, hehehe."

Garry groused, grunted, groaned, and definitely gritted his teeth as the cat wiggled through and into the lead, setting a new anchor into the rock wall above him. He watched the feline stuffing in the metal anchor point, and while he did, he couldn't help but notice... just how taut and toned that kitty butt was. The goat's mind turned to thoughts of revenge, and he began to ascend up, following the lynx, and that nubbed-tailed rear, with intent on turning the tables on a would-be predator.

He wanted goat meat? He was going to get it!