“I better not see you awake when I get back,” the old owl mumbled as he walked out of the garage door and towards an elevator to ground level. “you need your sleep for tomorrow’s race.”

“Yeah, yeah, I will, Mom,” Tag rolled his eyes as he followed him to the doors. “Enjoy the movie! I saw it last week and you’re definitely going to enjoy it!”

“Probably not but whatever,” Miles gruffly sighed, “And Tag?”

The tiger perked his ears up. “Yeah, Miles?”

“Don’t mess up anything while I’m gone,” he said while pressing the elevator button to go down. “Good night, Tag.”

“Night, Miles!” He waved his father figure off and exhaled and relief when the doors closed shut. A mischievous glint reflected in the feline’s eyes as he made a beeline for his room. Closing the door shut and locking it, Tag muttered, “Finally…”

Tag thought the old owl would never leave. Not only did he need privacy from Miles inside their shared apartment on the Ark, but he needed privacy in the garage for what he had planned. The hard part had been convincing Miles he was working too hard. He deserved a break from the garage after all the races they’d been through and needed a night off. Now that the miracle had been pulled off, Tag didn’t hesitate to get straight to business.

He went straight inside the garage and locked the door, and for emphasis, included a ‘Do Not Disturb’ sigh. Then, the tiger pushed his trousers down and kicked them aside, revealing a beautifully sexy jockstrap. A gift from one of his more devoted fans on Risqué, the innocent white fabric clashed against the orange and black stripes lined along his torso, toned hips, and bare backside, as well as the silk pouch cradling his crotch.

A quick glance over to a mirror along the wall caused a lewd grin to appear. If Tag were honest with himself, it felt more like a lace bikini rather than athletic undergarments. It certainly felt comfortable. It made him look and feel sexy too.

Moments later, he turned on the camera drone and waved as a hovered from above the garage’s short balcony. “Heya, guys! Tag’s back for a special treat tonight!” He greeted the nonexistent fans would later watch the recording. “Firstly, I wanted to thank the twenty new subscribers who joined since my last video I posted, and I can’t thank you enough for your generous donations. I’ve been reading all your comments and suggestions for what I should do next, and one of the more popular once I read was this: film myself on the Ripper itself. Well, guys, here’s your wish!”

Tag it allowed the drone to hover and circle around him as he uncovered the Ripper from its repair tarp. A certain thrill ran up the feline’s spine. Technically, he wasn’t supposed to do this, not that Miles knew anything about. As far as the old owl was concerned, the night off was so Tag could film himself somewhere that wasn’t in the tiger’s bedroom. If he ever found out Tag filmed himself in and atop the Ripper, Miles would skin the young tiger’s striped hide and turn it into a luxury carpet. At worst, he’d insist on getting the race car an extremely expensive paint job right out of the tiger’s pocket.

“Let’s do this.”

Tag went about having his fun, enjoying himself as he kept various items on a table nearby. The first scene he filmed involved giving the drone several seductive poses. Giving the hovering camera an award-winning smile, Tag leaned over the car’s windshield with his bare ass presenting, then looked away to pretend he was inspecting the Ripper’s paint job. A subtle wag of his cropped tail sent another thrill up his lithe back. Spreading his lithe legs out a little wider would make them drool (and ruin the surprise for later).

Tag even made sure to toy with the jockstrap’s waistband to test its elasticity. A sharp pull and snap against his hip really spiced things up.

Next, Tag propped himself on the hood. Draped across the front of the car as if he were advertising it, the tiger started mewling to the drone. He flirted with the camera. He wiggled his hips at it and either arched his back and forth to give it a good view of his ass or shifted around to stretch his limber limbs. Give the viewers who would watch the video later a real show too fap to. The noticeable six-pack forming underneath a thin layer of well-groomed stripes. The way his pert mounds bounced when they wiggled under a cutely tuft tail. The technique he recently learned where his claws ran through his stomach fur, kneading it like a kitten. The nipple piercings she happened to have gotten weeks prior, which really drove his kinkier fanbase wild when it first appeared on Risqué. This all inevitably made Tag feel his covered cock harden underneath the white jockstrap, much to his and the future viewers’ delight.

One of the items he had brought into the garage was a cup of ice water. Mainly, it it was to keep him hydrated, but seeing the ice cubes clink against the glass gave Tag an idea. A sexy idea. Leaning against the Ripper’s front bumper, Tag winked at the drone’s camera and drank a large sip until the two cubes remained in the glass.

“Ahh! Refreshing,” he joked with a slight giggle. “I’d make a ‘feeling hot’ comment right now, but all of this is just warming me up!”