

Handlebars

Glen's Friday Night, Part 1

By Brathor Cyr © 2018

Summary: Glen, a busy German Shepherd, starts his Friday night early with a sleazy, no-strings-attached hookup with an athletic deer.

Quick note: This story and its two planned sequels are unapologetic smut that I've tried to edit into a coherent narrative. I wrote it because I've been struggling with a creative writer's block that's lasted for several years. My hope is that by keeping things simple, I can finally knock that bitch on its ass while also working on more complex pieces (both furry and non-furry). Whether or not that's what ends up happening, I hope you all can at least enjoy this for what it is.

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Glen Ballard, sometimes known as 'KnotKing,' signed onto his favorite app, Krank'd, at 2:30 PM on an early spring afternoon. As a career cubicle jockey, he'd been riding that sleek beast known as the ergonomic office chair pretty hard over the last week, and now that he was sitting on top of a three-day weekend, he thought he might live dangerously and skip out of work a little early to ride something a little more exciting.

Although the German Shepherd enjoyed a slight height advantage over most guys, after he'd he'd hit the big three-oh a couple years earlier, Glen found it harder to maintain a physique that didn't scream "middle-aged-office-drone." Despite the extra 25 pounds, however, the dog thought he still looked pretty good. At least when the photos were taken from the right angles.

He started his afternoon by snapping a few quick selfies that highlighted his broad shoulders, handsome jawline, and thick coat. Or at least he thought they did. He picked one to be his bait in the app, then set the rest for guys to flip through should they want to take a closer look.

Of course, Glen's favorite selfie was the kind that was a bit challenging to take at the office. Fortunately, he had more than a few that he'd collected over the last few years that each captured a good view of his username's defining feature. With a solid seven and half inches and a respectable girth, Glen wasn't going to be winning many size competitions, but as a certified canine with male genitals, he'd been gifted with that one special feature that certain kinds of sizequeens would always be interested in. The fact that Glen's happened to be larger than most helped draw people in. And that all suited Glen just fine. He had no delusions of finding love on any of the sleazy hookup platforms he used these days, so if a big knot was his quickest way to getting his dick wet on a Friday night, he wasn't going to complain.

By 3:00 PM, when he'd written his last email for the day and surreptitiously walked by his boss's office to confirm he too had started the weekend early, he had a handful of likely candidates messaging him at a rate that required him to keep his phone on silent so as to not bother his few colleagues who were still trying to work.

The conversations were the usual dribble, of course, but that seemed to be part of the experience at this point. For those who haven't had the experience, the conversations tended to all resemble something like this:

"Woof, woof, stud."

"Back at you, cutie."

"HRU?"

"Good. Horny."

"Nice. How big r u? Got pics?"

"I'll show you mine if you show me yours."

By 3:15, he'd advanced to the important step of establishing mutual interest with three boys who were reasonably close and ready to bang within the next few hours. Each was reasonably attractive, able to host, and was responding quickly to his messages, meaning they weren't likely to ghost on him. To these, the dick pics started flying. Their own less-than-modest images flew back. By then, the hook was in and all he had to do was start reeling.

As the big dog walked to the elevators, then to his car in the parking garage, he mused to himself about how all the advances in rocketry and telecommunications over the last two centuries had culminated in this: the ability to bounce high resolution pictures of private parts off satellites and straight into the phones of eager bottom boys anywhere in the world. Truly, an unparalleled achievement.

He got into his car and shut the door, then closed his eyes and took in a deep breath through his nose, as had been his ritual for the last several months. The high end European sedan had been ridiculously expensive – he was paying almost as much for the car as he was for his monthly mortgage payment – but the stylish body, smooth ride, tinted windows, and sizeable back seat justified the purchase in the dog's mind.

Except, in addition to the pleasing scents of a nearly new car and its rich leather seats, he also got a faint whiff of semen coming from the carpet behind the center console. His last hookup – almost ten days earlier – had been both small and flexible, and Glen had put both of those features to good use. But he'd also had a hair trigger that Glen had unintentionally pulled at least three times during that encounter.

The first detonation occurred about three minutes after he'd gotten the boy's pants off. Glen was slowly gliding his thick pointed shaft between the cheetah's silky-smooth asscheeks while the two made out in that lusty, mindless way you did with boys whose real names you didn't know. He'd dipped his hips and let the tip of his dripping organ tease at the boy's tight little opening. That had been all it took. The feline shuddered, moaned in delight, then stifled a little scream into the arm he'd been laying on. Glen had been so turned on by this, that he threw away his plans for several more minutes of foreplay and simply shoved himself inside. He knew it was poor manners to throw it in while your bottom was cumming, but he wasn't really in the mindset to care, and the cat didn't complain. Unless you counted several more muffled screams.

The second orgasm of the evening happened when Glen, snarling, had grabbed the cat by the scruff and shoved his upper body over the center console. All Glen had wanted was to get both knees onto the backseat of his car so he could fuck without losing his balance, but he'd unintentionally caused the cat's slender dick to slide between the console and the soft leather of the driver's side chair. Any concerns for the mess were eclipsed by his growing lust. The only

thing Glen really cared about right then was how good all those muscle spasms along the length of his swollen cock, and how they caressing the edge of the fat knot that'd been knocking on the boy's back door for the last minute or so.

The last had happened about thirty seconds later when Glen started knot-fucking the boy. They'd both known it was coming – their mutual interest in the activity was why they'd agreed to meet up in the first place – but neither prior knowledge, nor the male refractory period stopped the boy from enjoying himself the best way that men in these situations can. That was the load that ended up on the carpet.

Glen didn't last long after that. Not that he ever did when things got to that point. Unlike the cat, however, he wasn't interested in turning the backseat rodeo into a triple feature. So, when the moment passed, and Glen's knot had deflated enough to slip out of the cheetah (along with a healthy deluge of his own cum), Glen had sent the boy on his way. The canine cum had cleaned up as easily as it always did. The cat's smell, however, lingered.

It was only the next day that he noticed it hadn't dissipated despite his usual cleaning routine. Christ, he hoped he wouldn't have to drive any of his canine coworkers to lunch soon.

Trying to get that thought out of his head, Glen turned his attention back to the riveting conversations on his phone. He had three addresses within ten miles of the office, and one of them was even close to home. Not bad for a post-30 dog with high cholesterol, the man thought as he started the engine.

When Glen put the car in gear and started heading towards the closest address, he wasn't sure he'd really be able to bang all three of these guys tonight, but based on the erection he'd been trying to conceal for much of the last hour, he thought he might be able to give that little cheetah a run for his money if they'd met up tonight.

The first stop was the home of a deer. Nineteen – or at least his profile said he was nineteen. By the pictures, he had a lean, muscular build that reminded Glen of his own physique back in his track and field days. As he pulled up to the curb he checked the apartment number one more time, then stepped out onto the sidewalk.

There were two four-year colleges within walking distance from this complex, and judging by the missing shingles on the roof and the severe need of a paint job, he had a good idea that this apartment catered to low-income students. Glen didn't mind – he got enough 'luxury living' at his own place. He did make sure his car was locked, however.

He found a set of stairs that he took to the third floor, found the apartment marked "305," then knocked.

The bespectacled doe who answered wasn't what Glen was expecting. She was probably in her early 20s, with almond shaped green eyes and a kind permanent scowl that reminded Glen of the things his grandmother used to tell him about making faces. She only had the door open a few inches as she leaned to peer at him. Her eyes narrowed as she took in Glen. "Who are you?"

The dog slipped his hands into the pockets of his khakis to make the bulging there a little less obvious, then offered a kind of diplomatic smile he hoped would be endearing. "Oh, I was looking for..." he trailed off, trying to remember if he knew the kid's real name. His profile name had been "Handlebars." Somehow, Glen didn't think that would ring any bells with this one. "Apartment 305."

"Yeah," she said, sounding impatient. "You found it. What do you want?" She looked at his blue button-up shirt then back to his eyes. "If you're selling something, we're not interested, and if you're with one of the local Churches, you're barking up the wrong tree."

"No, no. Ah, nothing like that. Do you, uh.. have a roommate?"

Her eyes narrowed even farther. "You're here for Kyle?"

Glen had no idea. "Yeah. Is he here?"

There were a few seconds of silence between them, and Glen was pretty sure he was about to have the door slammed in his face when he heard someone rushing through the room on the other side of the door. "It's OK, Lin. That's, uh... Mr. King. He's my Calculus tutor." The voice was a mid-level baritone with very slight effeminate cadence to it.

Glen's apprehension about somehow being at the wrong place faded as "Lin" closed the door to a mere crack and exchanged a few whispered words. A moment later, the door swung all the way open to reveal a six-foot-tall buck wearing a blue and white football jersey and a pair of navy blue gym shorts made from some synthetic material that practically shimmered in afternoon sunlight. Adding to his height was a set of two pronged antlers that curved back from the sides of his head.

"Hey, Mr. King. Come on in."

Kyle held the door for him as Glen did just that, trying not to let his irritation show. The kid was good looking, at least. Even through the loose clothes, Glen could see the well-defined musculature. Eyeing the jersey, he wondered if the kid was some kind of athlete, or just a fan. He didn't know enough about sports to identify the team based on its colors.

The would-be cockblocker was standing nearby with a narrow set of arms folded over her modestly sized chest. Glen hoped this wasn't some fucked up girlfriend situation. "What are you some kind of graduate student?" She still had that suspicious look in her eye, though Glen was getting the impression that that was often the case.

"No. I work downtown." He looked to the buck and took a gamble. "I'm on the college's call list for students who request tutors in advanced math classes." He was tempted to add more to the lie, but he knew from experience that it was best to keep these things simple.

As intended, she seemed to relax at this new information. Kyle pressed the advantage. “Mr. King, this is my sister, Liz.” He lowered his voice a bit as if she wouldn’t be able to hear. “My parents make us share an apartment.”

“You never mentioned you were getting a tutor. I thought you were doing fine in Calculus?” she said, rather than adopting her brother’s example of manners.

Kyle rolled his eyes. “I am, Liz. And I’m trying to keep it that way.” He paused, then said, “Didn’t you say you had a date tonight?”

Liz let her arms drop, the edge in her expression softening, “He canceled.”

Glen had to bite down a snarky comment about that. Under other circumstances, he would have been more sympathetic, but right now, he had a hard time thinking of her as anything other than an obstacle.

Kyle said, “That’s too bad. Maybe you can still go out with one of your friends.”

“Lucy left for her parent’s place this afternoon, and no one else has texted me back.” She shrugged, “Guess I’m stuck here.”

Kyle stepped forward and put a hand on her shoulder. “Hey, it’s OK. Look, I’m going to go back to my room with Mr. King so he can help me with my homework,” the lie sounded so genuine that Glen almost believed it himself. “When we’re done, I’ll take a shower, and then I’ll take you out to dinner.”

The consoling tone seemed to finally disarm the doe, who looked down at her feet, then back up to Kyle. “I’d like that. It’s better than staying here all night.” She looked to Glen. “I’ve got a paper I can work on while you’re busy.”

Kyle smiled. “That sounds like a good idea. Just, uh, if you’re going to listen to music, would you mind putting your earbuds in? We’re going to be going down— er – going over some hard stuff, and I’ll be able to concentrate better. That was why I planned this for your date night.”

Glen watched, his hands back in his pockets. From this angle, he could see the curve of the deer’s ass, and he was having a hard time keeping his mind on anything other than how much he wanted to bend the buck over. The images he’d sent to him a few minutes earlier were still fresh in his mind, and his imagination did the rest of the work.

“Oh,” she gave Glen one more hard look before turning her attention back to her brother. “Sure, I’ll keep it quiet.”

That done, Kyle finally led Glen to the split hallway. From one direction, Glen caught a strong whiff of a floral perfume that reminded the dog of his grandmother. From the other – the direction Kyle led him – were the smells he had expected. Canned body spray, male sweat, and a faint trace of old cum.

Glen shut the door behind him and casually turned the lock in the knob. He'd keep things subdued, if he could, but he didn't feel like he wanted to explain why a man more than ten years older than her was riding her kid brother's muscular ass like some kind of weird bicycle.

"Jesus, sorry about that, man. She was supposed to be gone," Kyle said as he rubbed the back of his neck and sporting a lop-sided, sheepish smile.

Glen shrugged as he turned around, fingers already working open the buttons on his dress shirt. "I take it we're gonna need to keep things discreet?"

Kyle looked a bit embarrassed, but his eyes were focused on the work of Glen's fingers. "Yeah, probably. I mean, she'll just put her music on and zone out. But she's nosy, and if we're too loud, she'll hear it."

His voice sounded distant, which Glen found kind of flattering. He didn't have the muscle definition that he'd enjoyed when he was the buck's age, but he still had a strong chest, broad shoulders, and thickly-muscled legs. It felt good to have someone as fit as this buck staring at him with that kind of expression. Even the cheetah hadn't looked at him that hungrily. At least not with his pants still on.

"Don't worry, kid. I can handle discreet."

He took a quick look around the room as he finished taking off his shirt and the wifebeater tanktop underneath.

Old brown carpet that had the subtle smell of cigarette smoke was surrounded by light wood paneling. It was relatively clean and well-maintained, but it certainly wasn't going to be winning any points for style. The only furniture was a banged-up wooden bed, a folding card table apparently being used as a desk judging by the laptop sitting on top of it, a pair of cheap metal folding chairs, and a tall wooden dresser. A lamp in the corner close to the bed was the only source of light.

Near the door was a tall plastic hamper with a few soiled garments inside. However, it looked like "Handlebars" wasn't much for tidiness. Even with a cursory glance, Glen noticed enough clothing scattered about the room to make three or four complete outfits. He was picking up one particular garment before the idea of what to do with it fully formed in his mind. "And I might know a thing or two about how to keep boy's quiet."

Kyle looked at him with a mix of unmasked lust and fear. Glen was maybe three inches taller than the kid, but certainly not in as good of shape. Those antlers of his would certainly be bad news in a real confrontation. But he still took a step backward. "What are you doing with those?"

By the growing scent of arousal in the air, Glen thought the boy had a pretty good idea.

A few minutes later, the older dog had his 'student' bent over his unmade bed, his dirty jockstrap stuffed into his muzzle and held by several fingers while seven inches of dripping, glistening canine cock worked its way into the kid's warm, velvety smooth ass. The grip was incredible, as

were the muffled whimpers coming out of the boy's mouth. It was so good that Glen had an idea that he might blow his wad before he'd even gotten to the fun stuff, so he tried to move slow. Kyle probably thought he was doing it for his benefit, and that suited Glen just fine.

Kyle's shorts and briefs were pooled around his ankles, while Glen had stepped out of his slacks a few steps into the room. The buck's nervous eyes had grown even wider when he saw The KnotKing's namesake in person, but if he was having second thoughts about this encounter, he didn't voice them. Or even put up much resistance once the dog took control. The kid's only lube was a mostly empty bottle of KY-Gel, but Glen at least did him the courtesy of squirting a glob of the cold goo onto his feverishly hot dick while he shoved him into the proper position. From there, it had been a matter of simple biology: Hard cock pushes into tight hole.

The first couple inches were the slowest. The buck had boasted about being able to take big dicks like a champ when they'd started talking. There might have been some truth to that at one time, but Glen could tell he hadn't been fucked in a while. Of course, with a body like that, the dog wasn't surprised. Kyle was probably more accustomed to topping. He had a pretty good dick for a cervine. Thin, sure, but at least as long as Glen's, with a downward curve that would hit all the right places if you used it right. In another circumstance, Glen might have even taken the opportunity to try it for himself. But fuck, that ass was good.

"You'll have to tell me about your workout routine sometime. Christ, forget about a quarter. I could bounce a fucking dinner plate off this thing." As if to demonstrate, he gave the boy's ass a good slap with the hand that wasn't currently gagging the jock with his own underwear. Kyle grunt-whined something into his gag. Glen thought it might have been a thank you. Or a fuck you. Either way was kind of hot, which the dog made known by shoving the remaining two or three inches of his length as deep as he could get it.

Those pretty blue eyes went nice and wide as Kyle let out another cry that probably would have quickly alerted Liz to what was going on if it weren't for the gag – headphones or no. Not that Glen was that concerned about getting caught. Not so long as he still had time to finish.

"Good boy," he soothed in a rumbling tone while rocking his hips. His knot was well on its way to full size, and he wouldn't be able to keep it in the buck for long if he wanted to fuck him properly. "Worst of it's over," he lied, "But let's keep that gag in just in case."

More muffled talk Glen couldn't make out. "Gonna fuck you for real now, Buck," he whispered as he finally stopped holding the gag in and wrapped both meaty hands around the base of the kid's antlers. His back arched as Glen yanked back and sank his cock a little deeper. He had to suppress a groan of his own. If he didn't start fucking now, he wasn't going to get the chance. "Enjoy the ride."

Despite the rhetoric, it still took the dog a couple minutes (and another splat of lube) to loosen the jock's ass enough to slide in and out without feeling like he was trying to fuck a silicone straw. The kid was biting down on his jockstrap to keep it in his mouth, even as a few tears slid down his face. He was taking it like a champ, but he didn't seem capable of holding his sex noises down at the moment. The gag was all that was saving him from an awkward conversation with his sister once this was all over.

As the sound of the dog's hips slapping against the buck's ass started to echo against the popcorn ceiling, Glen pulled back even harder on the antlers. His knot had inflated to the size of a plum, which meant Glen wasn't going to be able to fuck the kid the way he liked – he was too tight for that to happen, and Glen had other business to get to tonight. That said, the dog was pretty sure he could at least get a tie. No sooner had the thought occurred to him than did it become a goal.

He hammered away at the buck's ass with a renewed sense of purpose, now adjusting his angle to get as much pressure as possible behind his dick. At the inward peak of each push, he lingered for half a second or so to give another extra hard push. It felt amazing – like the kid's already red anus was kissing the front of his knot – but after a solid five minutes of this, the canine decided he wasn't making much progress. Already, he was having to make a monumental effort to keep from nutting too early. It was time to change tactics.

Glen pulled out. The red ring under the deer-boy's flag of a tail gaped lewdly, revealing a dark tunnel the color of summer roses. He licked his lips as the kid tried to turn his head to look back and see what was happening, a worried look in his eyes. Glen flashed a toothy smile and wagged his hips to make his dick swing a little. The boy's focus dropped and Glen's smile widened at Kyle's wide-eyed reaction. His knot was just a little smaller around than your average baseball – it's full size. Of course, it wouldn't stay like that for long out in the cold like this.

"Get up on the bed, lay on your back. Oh, and take that off," he said flicking the bottom of the jersey with a few fingers."

The kid might have been inexperienced, but he followed orders well enough. He took the spit-soaked jockstrap out of his mouth to speak. "You wanna do me missionary?" he said between harsh breaths.

"Something like that," Glen replied, as he wrapped an arm around the buck's thickly muscled thigh and pulled him to one of the corners until all his weight was on his upper body, his pre-drooling ass hanging off the bed. His legs instinctively separated at the corner, and Glen stepped between them once more and guided them back. His cock was leaking precum all over the carpet, but the dog had an idea that this wasn't the first time such things had been dripped onto it.

With long arms, Glen bent over the buck and snatched the ball of saliva-soaked cloth and elastic from near the buck's head. "Don't want to forget this," he said as he shoved it back into place while using his other hand to steady his dick while he did some shoving down below as well. The moan the buck let out made Glen's balls ache with the need to release, but he held back. "Be honest, have you ever been knotted?"

The buck's eyes opened as he looked up at the dog towering over him. After a considering moment, he shook his head, a loose piece of his strap swinging back and forth from the movement.

Glen chuckled. "Didn't think so."

He forced the buck's legs back even further as he climbed up onto the bed, one knee at a time. His ass was raised off the mattress as Glen braced himself with hands on either side of the boy's head. He looked scared, but his dick was rock hard and leaking as much precum as Glen's. "It's gonna hurt," he whispered, "But it'll be worth it." For him, at least.

The deer nodded as if he were giving consent, though Glen figured that was pretty much a given at this point. The creaking frame of the old bed and the squeaky springs in the cheap mattress started to sing their symphony as Glen started to hammer away at Kyle's ass like it was some kind of medieval battering ram, trying to force open the door so his armies could spill into the castle.

The new position worked wonders. With his legs spread wide and Glen able to put most of his weight behind his thrusts, the boy's stretched anus started to give way. The promise of that gave Glen the drive to push harder, even as his tongue lolled and he felt sweat starting to soak into his fur. The bed's protests grew louder and faster as did Glen's breathing. He stared down into those wide blue eyes, feeling as if they were drawing him in as much as the buck's body. And then, with a sudden sensation of something giving way followed by an intense pressure around his entire dick, he finally sunk home. "Oh, fuck..." he half-moaned as his nuts went tight and his orgasm swam out of nowhere to swallow him whole.

He tensed with the anticipation, as nerves fired in that oh-so-wonderful way, and he fell into the abyss. His entire body shuddered as his arms gave way and he half-collapsed on top of the deer. His dick began shooting what felt like a gallon of semen deep into Kyle's belly. The deer was holding his gag in with both hands as he fought down a series of panicked screams. Glen barely noticed.

When the moment had finally passed, and Glen's eyes uncrossed themselves, the shepherd was sporting a relaxed smile. There was a sensation of wetness on his belly, and the new musky scent in the air gave him a pretty good idea of its source. Panting, the dog turned his head and nuzzled against the deer's neck. "Feels like you liked it," he breathed into the buck's ear.

Kyle blushed, although he was so flushed it was hard to see anywhere but his ears. He took the underwear-gag out one last time. "It was intense," he managed, then laughing, added, "Fuck, that was... really good."

Glen chuffed a breathy laugh into the buck's ear. "Yeah, it was."

The deer looked down to where his body joined with the dog's. "So, uh... how long does it last?"

Before he could answer, there was a sudden knock at the door and Kyle tensed so much that it briefly renewed Glen's climax. The unexpected jolt of pleasure caused his fingers to curl in the bed sheets, blunt black claws threatening to tear the fabric.

Vaguely, he recognized the sound of someone trying and failing to turn the doorknob. Liz, of course. She knocked again. "Why is the door locked?"

Kyle swore as he tried to pull back. He didn't have the leverage to make much of an attempt. "Uh... n-nothing. I'm just trying to – ah! – concentrate on my Chemistry stuff."

Glen rolled his eyes. Keeping his voice low, he said, "I can probably pull out now, but it'll hurt."

Liz, oblivious for one so nosy, said, "I thought you were working on Calculus?"

"Uhhhhh – fuck – yeah, it was both!" He made eye contact with Glen and nodded. Glen, shrugging, got back to his feet, then started to tug.

She tried the door again. "I thought I heard something break in there."

Kyle was biting down on his knuckles, his eyes screwed tightly shut as Glen grunted from the mild discomfort and effort.

"That was me," he said as calmly as he could under the circumstances. "I knocked one of Kyle's books over." It wasn't the smoothest lie he'd ever told, but he thought it would do well enough to get him out of here before the drama bomb exploded.

Something finally gave in the deer's ass, and there was a less-than-subtle popping noise as his still swollen cock slid free, followed by the pitter-patter of an impressive rivulet of cum leaking onto the sheets. Kyle whimpered from the sensation, but he wasted no time in getting to his feet and getting dressed. Even with a slight limp in his step, he moved with the grace of an athlete, which confirmed in Glen's mind that he probably was on one of the college teams. That was kind of hot.

With less grace, but a practiced efficiency, Glen found his khakis and slid them back on. The belt was still unbuckled as he retrieved his dress shirt from the back of one of the folding chairs and slid it on. He forgot about his undershirt until he was already halfway through buttoning it up. He barely had time to wad it into a ball and hide it behind his back before Kyle opened the door. He held it open much as Liz had done with the front door when Glen had first arrived.

"It's fine, Liz. We're almost done."

Glen buckled his belt, not bothering to hide the tell-tale jingle of the metal clasp. That done, he looked for his shoes.

Liz seemed less than satisfied. "Are you sure? You look like you're flushed or something."

Kyle shook just shook his antlered head. "N-no, I'm fine."

The dressboots slipped onto his feet easily. "It's all right, ma'am. I think we've done as much as we're going to get done tonight." He said as he turned his attention to the door and opened it

wide. He looked expectantly at the girl, who hesitated just long enough to take in his disheveled form before stepping aside to the side to let him through.

Kyle called back after him, "Uhh, I'll text you later."

Glen waved his hand without looking back. "Sure. Next time, let's find a study place with fewer distractions."

Kyle stammered a bit, but as Glen kept walking, he settled on a. "OK. Bye, Mr. King."

Glen couldn't suppress a chuckle as he reached the front door. "See you around, 'Handlebars.'"