

Poker Night with the Boys

The moon peeked down from behind a cloud, casting its silver glow upon the Sapwood Acres campgrounds. Most of the tents and cabins were dark, but there were still some fellows making mischief under the star-freckled sky. A picnic table, etched with the names and, more frequently, crude carvings of men's genitals, was off in the corner, away from where most of the campers were resting. A single lantern hung overhead, shining just enough light to reveal the card that the four men who were sitting around the table were playing, as well as the mostly emptied bottle of whiskey that was on the ground next to them.

"Read 'em and weep, boys," Sanchez said. The tallest of the four, and probably the most broad shouldered, he held the cards up over the others' heads, before slapping them down in a single pile. He pushed his thumb into the middle of them, dragging to the right, revealing a flush of clubs. He folded his arms across his chest, challenging the others to do better, and leaned back slightly. Sanchez was the only one of the four to be wearing a shirt, though he was just as close to losing as everyone else. While everyone else had decided to hold onto their underwear, Sanchez had decided to let all eighteen inches of his pink, thick, beefy wolf cock hang out in the open air. His balls hung down over the edge of the bench, dangling sweet and musky, daring any passing critter to take a bite of them, but Sanchez wasn't concerned. "That's almost as much 'club' as I got!"

The others groaned, and Garland, the fox sitting to the wolf's left, peeked over at that naked display of lupine prowess. His red fur gleamed in the lantern light as he placed one card at a time down in front of him. "Well, you got one thing right, but...Jack, Jack, Jack... as in, 'you're gonna jack me off later', nine and nine, as in, 'I got ninety nine problems but getting my dick sucked ain't one. Full house, bitch!" The fox's eyes gleamed, reaching over to slip a finger under the wolf's shirt.

The others watched as Sanchez stripped off his shirt, his thick and shaggy dark fur finally bared to the lantern light above. A heavy ridge of copper fur framed his shoulders, pointing straight down to the cock down below. He gave his arms a casual flex, popping out his pecs for his admirers, then tossed his shirt behind him. "Fine. I didn't win, but I didn't lose, yet, either." The wolf leaned forward, resting his elbows on the table and his chin in his hands. "Your turn, *Carrrrrlosssss*."

Carlos the stag, sat with a confident smirk carved onto his face, legs spread in a display of unabashed virility. His massive bulge strained against the fabric of his cotton briefs, a testament to his almost mythic endowment. A massive tube proofed out against the underwear, what looked like a fudgy Pringles can lazily arched snugly down over and between two huge, grapefruit sized testicles. The stag's nuts had so over-filled Carlos' underwear that the sides of them were bulging out through the leg gaps, the undies' seams looking painful as it bit into the flesh of those rut swollen orbs. "Such a shame, Garland, ya ALMOST had the chance to feel my hot mouth around your tiny little fox dick," he teased, as he tossed his cards onto the table. He took the cross pendant from his chest, smirking as he brought it to his lips and smooched it.

"Alas. Last time I checked, a steel wheel beats a full house." His cards scattered as they landed, revealing an Ace, three, four, two and five of hearts. "Off with 'em!"

"Well, shit," the fox groused. He stood up, fluffy red tail curling behind him as he shimmied down his jock, and then leaned forward, capturing his fluffy white fox balls and his own vulpine shaft and slapping them down on the table with a satisfying *whunk*. "There ya go, Carlos, some fresh ripe fox sausage." While not quite the length of Carlos or Sanchez, Garland was *massively* endowed by a normal fur's standards. His pale pink shaft reached across two of the table's planks, nearly reaching the middle, and he had a womb-splitting knot that was nearly as fat across as those two big rounded orbs.

"Damn, we must be like the four most endowed dudes at the campgrounds," Sanchez laughed, then cleared his throat as he looked over at the fourth member of their game, a smaller, kind of pudgy wolf. "Well, you know... three, I guess." He winced as Garland slapped him in the shoulder, playfully. "Sorry, Gill, I'm just trying to be funny!"

"Oh, it's no problem, not at all," Gill said. He was a wolf, but was mixed with something else as well; his ears were a little too long and narrow, his eyes a little too far apart, his teeth not quite pointy enough to be a purebred wolf. "I'm just happy to be here! Your panther friend mentioned it to me when we were fooling around, earlier, so I am happy to fill in, even if I don't quite, uh, measure up. Either in the dick department, or in the, uh, well, the cards department."

He spread out his cards, revealing three 8s with a six and a nine between them. He pushed the 6 and the 9 together, and gave his best attempt at a confident grin. "Sixty nine! I wish, amirite, my dudes?"

The awkwardness of it got a laugh out of Garland and Sanchez, but Carlos had other things on his mind. He stood up, turning to straddle the bench, pointing triumphantly at the smaller wolf. His massive bulge bounced, swaying meatily from side to side, and one of his nuts flopped out into the open with all the excitement.

"YES! You lose! You lose, Gill, which means we win, and YOU gotta SUCK OUR DICKS! HA!"

Gill raised his hand to his mouth, gasping in shock. He looked around the three masculine fellows, his eyes wide, and his mouth covered the way he licked his lips hungrily. "Damn, I *am* out of clothes to take off... I didn't realize I'd have to *service* all three of you!"

"You do, and since I'm the only one who still has any clothes on, that means I'm first," Carlos gloated, grabbing a hold of his package with both hands (and still not enclosing all of it) and giving it a waggle.

"You mean, in front of everyone else?" Gill asked, his ears and cheeks darkening further. "I was kind of hoping I could at least go behind a tree..."

"Right here, right now." Carlos said with a smirk.

"Naw, let him at least go under the table," Sanchez said derisively. "I mean, I don't want to have to watch him horking your knob while I'm sitting here twiddling my thumbs. We could play Go Fish or whatever while we're waiting."

Carlos rolled his eyes, then shrugged and sat back down. "Fine, fine, whatever, but you better be *loud* about it, I want them to hear you *choking* on my meat!"

"Of course, of course," Gill said, and slipped bonelessly under the picnic table, heavy dick between his legs trailing through the grass as he did so. If the others had looked at it, they likely would have been impressed, but fortunately the other males had been so caught up in their little one upmanship that they hadn't bothered. That was a good thing; Gill didn't need them noticing the feline barbs that peeked out from underneath the loose, sagging foreskin that almost covered the glans, not yet. That was the one part of this little heist that could have fouled things up.

Gill took a moment to breathe in the musk of three potent, virile males who had been so easily convinced to share their masculine spoils with him. Garland and Sanchez sat on one bench, and Gill smirked as he saw the fox slyly rubbing his knee against the outer thigh of the big wolf. Both of the knotted dicks were half hard, their knots not quite expanded yet, but Sanchez was already copiously seeping precum from the tip of his oversized length. The wolf reached over, and scraped a finger tip along the very tip of the big wolf's shaft, before bringing it to his lips with a lick. *Delicious*. The wolf yelped and then conveyed what the wolf had done, and Carlos impatiently reiterated that *he* was first, not Sanchez.

"Calm down, I'll deal with that big needy dick of yours, promise, just lemme warm up first," Gill said. Carlos slid into the middle of the bench, spreading his long legs wide, as overhead, someone started shuffling cards against the table top. It wasn't Carlos, though; the stag had leaned back just enough to watch Gill, a spark of triumph in his eyes, oblivious to the fate that awaited him as the wolf settled in between his thighs. Gill reached up to the stag's underwear, pressing his palms flat against the two heavy balls. They were heavy. Heavy, and warm. Rut had hit hard, and that meant the ungulate was over productive, which suited Gill's needs just fine. He tried to mask his calculated appraisal of the buck's nuts with some warm, friendly massaging. "Damn, you're backed up. What's a big stud like you holding on to all this cum for?"

"Just shut up and suck me," Carlos said, and helpfully reached down to his underwear. He stuffed fingers from each hand into the fly and pulled, letting the reddish beef of his dick bulge outwards, nearly to the wolf's nose. Gill pushed inwards, kind of roughly, with his palms, and the pressure of his balls being forced upwards helped plop the stag's big red dick up out of the confining undies. *Jackpot*.

Carlos' shaft dangled tauntingly in the soft moonlight, a pillar of flesh that defied the modesty of its prior confinement. Soft, yet commanding, it throbbed with a great and meaty need as the wolf pushed those huge nuts out to flop in front of it. He heard Carlos announce that he was playing with it, but Gill wasn't paying attention to much of what he was saying. He was entranced. He gripped the balls, holding them in his hands, as he opened his mouth and licked his lips, leaving a slick, greasy film against them. He didn't *need* to hold the balls, but he'd found in his hunts that doing so acted as a domesticating influence, reinforcing the target that the meek little male between his thighs was there to take care of his junk. Which Gill absolutely was.

The heat emanating from Carlos' skin was a promise of the warmth within, a warmth that would soon fill Gill's empty belly with the *essence* of the stag. There was a palpable meatiness to the heavy prize before him, and Gill's tongue lolled out to claim it. The purplish, nearly translucent ribbon oozed with a warm slipe, dripping into the grass as it extended ten or so inches from his nose to the middle of the stag's long, fat dick.

"Holy shit," Carlos breathed, staring in wonder as the wolf's tongue touched his shaft, painting a slick ooze of spit along its surface. Gill was staring up at him, the wolf's eyes seeming to glow a pale yellow in the darkness under the bench. He was just a silhouette, really, other than the tongue that snaked around the stag's dick, encircling it around the middle. It was smooth, tender, and very warm. Carlos sprang to erection, feeling dizzy as blood drained from his brain and body and directly into his cock, jutting it upwards in a record breaking four, maybe five beats of his heart to jut directly at the wolf's mouth.

"Is he good? You getting some snaggle teeth?" Garland asked, a jealous flick to his tail as it swished behind him. He was holding a hand of cards, but he was watching Carlos, as the stag's face contorted between expressions of surprise, confusion, and a derpy goon face of pure pleasure.

"Not even close, dude," Carlos gloated, as he canted his head to the side. Gill's tongue was twining, twisting around his dick, over and over again. It left a hot, slick goo on his dick, it felt like cum, like he was being jerked off with his own seed. The thought of that just made him throb again, his blood pounding in his ears as he watched the tongue twirling in an impossible knot around and against his cock. "It's just.. I can't even look, haha!"

Gill smiled as the straight stud shuffled forward, noting the way he thrust his hips, trying to spear his cock into the wolf's mouth. *Not yet, tasty*, Gill thought, and tightened his tongue. He slid his hands over, gripping Carlos' thighs, reassuring him that he wasn't trying anything funny, as his tongue scoured and lapped and licked along that aching, massive erection.

Cock always tasted good. He mapped every contour with the sensitive tip of his tongue, the rest of it pressing along and into the firm flesh, trapping it inside a warm and gooey prison. The sensation of the tongue, curling and holding against that whole length, made the flesh bulge out around it as it squeezed down and pulled backwards in an excruciatingly sensual milking.

The stag's cockhead, a bulging bell of smooth hard seeping flesh, swelled out even more as Carlos laughed up above him. He was trying to play it cool, trying not to bust too fast, but he was bewildered at how intense, how amazing the wolf felt. His entire cock was being seemingly massaged, tongue stroking and squeezing along his flesh. Even when a ribbon of tongue pulled along his shaft, the slick ooze that it left behind tingled, causing additional echoing pleasure that was stacking up in a building plateau of pleasure in his head. Was he going to cum, just from being *licked*?

"Fuck, dude, you're gonna wake someone up," Garland said, and Sanchez grabbed his own cock, stroking it slowly as he watched the Buck grab the top of the table.

"S-sorry, he's just, goddamn, I can't explain, it just feels so good, I'm gonna fucking... bust my nuts dudes, uh," the stag stammered. The wolf's tongue had somehow curled down, around the root of his cock, coiling tightly around it. It made his dick even more solid, but it wasn't so tight that it pinched off the sensations. The sound of the wolf, slurping and slurping down below, made the stag's ears flicker, feeling embarrassed at how wantonly the wolf was worshiping his junk.

Gill felt a surge of predatory satisfaction welling within him. Carlos' reactions were that of a male who needed to cum, who would do anything to cum. Gill swirled the full length of his tongue, twisting band after band of gooey gripping tongue snake around that shaft, multiple ribbons swirling around his dick like the stripes on a barber pole. His tongue slid down, curling under the stag's nuts, and just hefting them with his tongue was a struggle, the solid bag pulling down hard with all that poor, unnecessary weight.

He had all of Carlos captured, now, the stag being played like a fiddle, the wolf's sinuous, slick tongue keeping that massive, hard cock polished at the edge of orgasm. He wanted the other two to be just as horny as Carlos, and his wet and slimy tongue slurped wetly against hard flesh as he taunted Carlos with the promise of an orgasm that the rutting stag couldn't...quite... get to.

"Fuck, Gill, don't stop, don't you dare stop, you nasty **slut**!" Carlos panted, his voice thick with need and anticipation, the stag utterly oblivious to the true reason for the adoration he received. Gill had fully enrobed Carlos' pride in that slick tongue and its slippery goop, and was massaging it intimately. It knotted itself around him, cinching tighter around the root, snaring those fat balls and tugging at their roots, and polishing the shiny, straining glistening shaft.

Because Carlos had '*won the game*', Gill decided to indulge the straining stag. The tip of his tongue twined its way up the stag's shaft, making a sailor's knot of glistening muscle, before reaching the very, very tip, that cockhead so shiny with internal pressure that it was purple. It teased, slow and firm, right against the stag's oozing, spurting piss lips, just a stroking digit right up the hole.

The stag shuddered, slamming his fist down on the table so powerfully that the wolf and fox thought he was pissed. He threw his head back, bleating out his challenge to the universe, and then, that backed up, rut-minded stag *came*. That huge dick spurted, veins bulging against the twisting bindings of the wolf's tongue, and a gout of seed blasted out of the end, shooting directly into Gill's open maw. The wolf's head wobbled for a moment, like a mold of jello being slapped with a spoon, as the pressure that much needed gout surged down. One spurt was enough, if he was going to be messy like *that*. Gill's tongue shifted slightly, not stroking against the flesh, but subtly tightening into it, gripping it firmly, possessing the stag's spasming shaft. And then, with a practiced dexterity, Gill *tugged*.

~~Schlorrrrp~~

The sound was lewd, a wet sound like the end of a milkshake being sucked up a straw. Considering what had happened to cause the noise, it would have been considered... anticlimactic. Which, in a way, it was. Carlos' obelisk of straining virility, his prized cock of 'legendary proportions', and the two swollen, backed up, fist-sized testicles that accompanied it, disengaged from the climaxing buck's body with a surreal ease. The sensation that Carlos remembered it as, later, was similar to peeling a too tight condom off of your cock, though this sensation had not been on his cock but rather his cock itself, his entire masculinity peeled off like the velcroed on accessory of a costume. It gave a throb as it shimmied free, all thirteen inches and four pounds of Carlos virility completely claimed by the clever wolf.

His groin continued to twitch, though there was no sign that Carlos had ever had anything hanging between his thighs. There was merely a smooth, fuzzy patch of flesh, that was tingling and throbbing and sustaining the buck's pleasure as though he still had the full length of cock that was even now being retracted in the grip of that tongue, back into the wolf's maw.

"Damn, he's really going crazy down there, huh? Did he swallow your whole length?" Garland asked, watching as the buck sagged, shoulders heaving with the twitching of his hard, fast orgasm.

"Oh fuck yeah he took the whole goddamn length," Carlos laughed, barely able to breath. "I never felt a blowjob like that, that was amazing." The emasculated stag's undies, still wrapped tightly around his hips, were released, the stretched fly snapping back to snugly grip against ~nothing~, because there was nothing left to fill them. They sagged down, their days of trying to keep the stag's endowments contained behind them.

Gill gagged as the head of the buck's rock hard shaft jammed into his maw, spreading his cheeks and glucking into the back of his throat. He hadn't expected all that cum to shoot out so quickly, the salty cream clinging to the less-muscular, more-gooey esophagus of the strange, alien wolf. He turned around, his tongue curling around the limp, dangling testicles, gathering them up and pushing them against the root of the bucks' maleness, using them to help push that big dick down his mouth. Gill had to lift his chin, straightening it up, slurping and suckling loudly

as he *gulped*, and then *gulped* again, each wet slurping swallow dragging another four inches into his bulging throat.

This might be the biggest one yet, he thought bemusedly to himself, able to lower his head as the thick root finally slid into his gullet. The cock hung down the inside of his throat, the tip of it still oozing cum it would never be able to spurt against the sphincter of the wolf's stomach. The huge balls had to be swallowed down as well, his tongue working one of the big nuts into his mouth, and he smacked his lips and jaws around it, enjoying the spongy, almost juicy weight of it in his maw. Here was half a male's masculinity, easily snared and taken from the proud stud. Gill was sure that the prized equipment had gone on many an exciting adventure, into all kinds of interesting characters, but as he pushed the second testicle in to follow the first, it would seem that Carlos' journey as a stud in rut would end here, tonight, with him.

Gill gulped, and the satisfying weight of the rocket-shaped penis dived down, sliding easily down his gullet and pressing into the soft, empty sack of his stomach. It was lonely in there, for now, the full length of the cervine's erection gouging against the stretchy skin, curving slightly as it was forced to conform to the stomach's lima bean shape. Two heavy balls, squeezed down together, squirted into the wolf's belly, squeezed down on top of it.

Garland's ears twitched with each wet, noisy, slurping gulp he heard below the table. It sounded like Gill was having a *hard time* swallowing down the buck's entire load. He had managed to keep his hands up above the table, even though he could feel his cock twitching, oozing with each slick wet squirting sound. When Gill made that last gulp, it just sounded so... satisfied.

Then he felt it, a finger along his shaft. No, wait, not a finger, a tongue. Wolves had long, pink, wet tongues, right? He glanced over to Sanchez to confirm, the wolf happily stroking himself, not content to wait his turn apparently. Damn he had a big dick. The tongue wrapped deftly around the tip of Garland's pointed shaft, and the fox leaned forward, mimicking what Carlos had done. He spread his legs, pushing his hips forward so that his nuts hung down in the open air, his whole package waiting to be serviced. The tongue traced down the length of his shaft, just the tip of it, a single point of hot, slick wetness teasing along the fox's prized maleness.

"Good boy," He mumbled, feeling a shiver as the tip of the tongue traced down, between the bulges of his knot glands. They were nearly inflated already, but Gill seemed to be in no rush to help him over the edge, at least not yet. His tongue curled down underneath, sliding up along the inner curve of his knot, tasting down into his sheath. He cringed as he felt the tongue snare around that tender, narrow root below his knot, where the dick got significantly thinner. That was the part that never pushed out of the sheath, and Garland's toes flexed as he felt the wolf probing and teasing there, deep inside his sheath.

"Come on, man, you have a sheath right? You know what to do with a knot, stop fucking around," Garland said, but he tried not to say it too harshly. Whatever Gill was doing, felt *great*.

The tongue was swirling around the root of his shaft, again and again and again, and each time more tongue was gripping against him, right there behind his knot, a thicker and thicker bundle of muscular, slick tongue, just holding his cock there at that soft, intimate place.

The tongue 'spilled' out of his sheath, and Garland yipped, clapping hands over his mouth in embarrassment as his knot was caught up in the swirling, teasing, gripping tongue. It snagged around both of his knot bulbs at once, compressing them inwards, and Garland's brain *buzzed* as he was forcibly tied with Gill's tongue. His cocktip strained, and he was sure he was shooting precum into the wolf's eyes at this point - why wasn't the wolf using his lips? Why wasn't he sucking him? Garland couldn't complain, this was amazing, but why?!

That tongue sttttrrrroooooooked down the length of his shaft, the fox groaning, nearly in pain, as the tight slick squeeze encapsulated the length of his shaft. Slimy and smooth, the wolf's tongue was somehow richly textured against his skin and yet also perfectly slick, both rough and glossy at the same time. He spurted precum, hunching his hips as the wolf's tongue glazed his cock with his tongue's thick spit. Then it unwound, leaving the fox gasping for air as his dick throbbed, slick and needy.

"Get your mouth on my dick, I'm dying," he whined. The fox's dick was too heavy to jut up against the underside of the table, just pointing straight forward at the wolf below him's mouth, sagging downwards with its own weight. The tongue returned, this time cupping under his testicles, curling briefly under them and scooping them up. He felt them, his fluffy white softballs, as they were slapped up against the underside of his knot, and then that tongue somehow wrapped around both balls and knot together. He grunted, feeling like he had just been kicked in the gut, not in pain but in surprise as he felt his entire package being *held* like that.

The tongue coiled around his dick, more and more of it lazily looping around the tip, clenching inwards and clenching down, followed by another and another. Garland did not have the blood in his brain to wonder how this was even possible, all he could feel was the grip of the winding, gripping, coiling, twisting tongue as it massaged and stroked against every nook and cranny and nerve of his cock. His fingers clenched, claws digging through a crude picture of a horse's dick on the table top, as he twisted his head to the side, just this close to cumming.

He felt a tug, then, a weird, strange tug that pulled at the whole of his groin at once, but only at the surface. He had no idea what it was, but he was so close, *so close*, that it was enough. He felt himself twitch, his hips jerk, and he felt his entire package tying into that slick, masterful, godlike tongue.

~~Schlorrrrp~~

Then, there was a kind of ripping, peeling sensation, and while he felt every throb and pleasure of his orgasm, he stopped feeling his ejaculation. His eyes were lidded, and he peeled back, staring dumbfoundedly at the smooth white patch where his big fox cock was supposed to be dangling. He saw the low hanging nuts that he used to have disappearing, wrapped up in something, something slimy and viscous and nearly transparent.

He reached down to his tingly groin, moaning without even hearing it as he scrubbed and squeezed at the null spot there, feeling the pleasure but in a distant kind of way. He was too busy staring at his cock, all ten inches of it, encapsulated in a neat, slimy 'blob' of spit and tongue. Gill had his mouth open, way open, and the wolf gave him a wink as he hauled that big, knotted fox dick right inside it. Garland let out a huff, irritated as he watched *his* dick and *his* balls being slurped down like some oversized strip of lasagna. Gill crammed it all in, just kind of force feeding himself with Garland's genitals, and before the still-climaxing fox could even think of what to say in protest, Gill put a finger to his mouth, and then pointed to Sanchez. Suddenly Garland didn't mind *quite* so much. He narrowed his eyes, skeptical, but watched in fascination as what used to be his own genitals were smoothly engulfed by the lupine's maw. Lips sealed around the truncated base, and a comically oversized bulge slid down Gill's throat, bulging it outwards as wide as the wolf's head as the whole thing was gulped down. Garland recognized the hot, slick gulping sounds, and glanced over between Carlos' legs, realizing the stag had *also* been pilfered.

"You're *naughty*," he chastised the wolf, then pulled himself back up, table side.

"Great, right?" Carlos said, still relaxing, still spent from his own orgasm only a minute or so prior. "That guy's got some fucking mouth on him. I would go gay for a mouth like that."

"Uh huh," Garland said, distractedly, then turned back to Sanchez, and put on his biggest smile. His own orgasm was still throbbing through him, pleasurable contractions tightening and releasing in his groin. He leaned against the table, lifting one leg up to hide the nudeness of his groin. It felt too damned good to stay mad at the weird little wolf. "So I guess it's your turn next. Hey, would you mind, uh, letting us watch?"

"You wanna watch me get sucked off by Gill?" Sanchez smirked. "Are you sure you're 100% 'straight', because that's sussy, my guy," the wolf said, but he kept stroking his dick with one hand. He clearly enjoyed the attention, and Garland couldn't blame him. The wolf was tall, dark and handsome, and packing even more meat than Carlos *was*.

"Yeah, I want you to show off for us. I mean, we already know what he's gonna do, so there's no spoilers, right?" Garland teased, and Sanchez reached down, below the table, and picked up the whiskey bottle. He swirled it in his hands, eyeing the remaining liquid, then popped off the cap and emptied it down his gullet. He leaned back as he did so, so he wasn't watching as Gill moved in closer. He choked, as he felt that slimy tongue coil around the tip of his shaft, though.

Gill's tongue was fast, extending outwards as quickly as a frog's would, coiling down around the smooth shaft of the wolf's big pecker, and squeezing in a constricting circumference around the space just in front of the knot. The fox had climaxed far too soon, when Gill had grabbed his knot, and he hadn't gotten to enjoy the meal the way he wanted to. This one, he was going to take his time with.

Already, he felt that hard spire of wolf cock throbbing, and he looped his tongue back up, weaving it over and under the twisting coil that he had already wrapped around it. The ribbons of flesh crisscrossed, slicing against each other as easily as it slid over the wolf's gleaming pink length. Thirty minutes of letting his hard on dry out in the open air for so long had made Sanchez's dick even more sensitive, and it throbbed against the constraints of his clutching, squeezing, stroking tongue. The big pink wolf dick was trapped, though. It was forfeit the moment Gill's tongue had touched it, had wrapped that first gripping lasso of flesh around that straining head.

The dryness of his shaft helped immensely, as it helped the dick absorb the goopy saliva that secreted out of the wolf's tongue itself. The wolf didn't seem to notice, or care, that there was always more slime to share, or how the tongue left a snail trail of it on his prized, gleaming flesh.

Gill caressed and kneaded the wolf's dick, more of his tongue spooling out of his maw to keep the 'cat's cradle' locked around Sanchez's upper shaft. He had more parts of the wolf to snare. He shifted on his knees, straightening his back slightly as he felt the fox's cock he had gulped down earlier finally find a way to slide into his stomach, alongside the stag's. The still knotted shaft nestled in between the stag's big nuts, lewdly grinding against the still warm testicles, his own being squeezed and glurped down to force it further forward. The tip of Garland's shaft ended up nested against the underside of the stag's, their cockbellies slickly grinding together, which probably would have gotten the fox off, were he capable of such a thing. He had certainly imagined doing just that, in slightly different circumstances.

Gill wasn't thinking about any of that, though. He was curling his tongue gently around Sanchez' heavy nut-sack, coiling lazily around it two, three, four times. The wolf's mangoes were slowly kneaded downwards, cords aching as they began to bulge out into the bottom of his sack. Gill extended the tip of his tongue down, between the two nuts, curling under and behind them. On the way back up, he slipped his tongue under the coils he had made, creating a sort of slip knot. As his tongue slid upwards, it tightened the coils, both around the neck and the loop going underneath them, and the wolf's potent nuts were compressed firmly, stretched downwards and fully snared in the wolf's supernaturally extendable tongue.

Sanchez didn't seem to mind. The wolf stood there, staring down at the smaller wolf who was handling his package so skillfully, hips thrust forward and fingers stroking against his chest, ruffling his fur. "Dudes I don't even... haha, what am I supposed to do?" He asked, watching as Gill continued ensnaring his package.

"Just relax and enjoy it, he's gonna take your whole dick dude," Garland said, the fox's eyes glinting eagerly as he watched the big wolf unknowingly allowing himself to be unmaled.

"Oh, fuck, that sounds awesome... when you're as big as I am, it's hard to find someone who can take me to the balls, you know? Oh, I guess you wouldn't," Sanchez leered.

Gill *had* taken Sanchez to the balls, and had even taken the balls as well. His tongue gyrated, grinding slowly in a firm, rhythmic way, exciting and entrancing the horny lupine. All four of them watched as the tip of that tongue painted slowly over the side of the wolf's knot, applying a thick layer of saliva. The wolf's tail wagged at the attention, and he bucked his hips towards Gill's maw, wanting more sensation. After all, if his tongue felt this good, the wolf's throat would feel even better... but Gill wasn't having it. He clenched down, and the flesh of the wolf's knot bulged outwards from between the webbing of tongue ribbon that so calmly held and snared across the wolf's genital flesh. Testicles ached as they were compressed against the inside of his scrotum, his cock tip flared as the stalk that supplied it with hot precum was choked off, and he felt a warning *tug* in the back of his mind, reminding him not to hurt his little friend in front of him. Gill held the grip, not stroking, just squeezing, until Sanchez stopped trying to thrust his hips, and then resumed the slow, leisurely tasting over the wolf's manhood. He was already full, would be able to subsist on the stag and fox's genitals for several weeks, but there was no such thing as *too much*, and he couldn't very well let such a prized, trophy catch go uncaught, not when it was so easy to take such delicious toys from such silly, stupid males.

He was slightly concerned, though, about taking it all at once. Sixteen inches, (well seventeen, actually, with how erect the wolf was now) was a LOT of thick, hard meat to gulp down all at once. Add in the combined weight of two mangoes, and that's just an enormous amount of flesh to tamp into an already full stomach. Gill would have to be resourceful.

Almost as soon as he thought that, the coil of tongue that had kept those rogue testes securely pinned and stretched, began to slither around them. Sanchez glanced down, seeing his balls being lifted up and ground up against the underside of his cock. He was used to the feeling; he needed to use a special kind of jock that laced up around his knot and balls together, keeping them bundled together and then wrapping his dick over both, to make a solid ball of flesh that he could actually stuff inside of regular underwear. Feeling his nuts being kneaded and ground up against the underside was nothing new, though he was surprised at how loose and low the wolf had managed to get them.

"That is some tongue, huh?" He asked, staring as his balls were *tugged* against, stretching further away. His beautiful dick shone, polished to aching, solid shiny perfection. He looked up, to see what Carlos thought of his big dick looking so big and perfect, and so he missed it as the scrotum came free with his groin with a soft tearing sensation. Now his sheath had nothing underneath it, just dark brown fur, and Garland grinned maniacally as those huge eggs started sliding further down that big dick. Sanchez' fur bristled in pleasure as he felt his nuts being squeezed up on either side of his cock, stroked along it and kneaded, clamping against the tip.

He adorned his balls with a hot splash of precum, and then they were gone, dragged against Gill's lips.

"I think it's pretty great," Carlos said, the stag's hand down his underwear, stroking the null spot where his own groin had used to hang. He had only realized in the last half minute or so that he had been *plucked*, and he was damned if he was gonna let Sanchez stroll out of this game with the biggest dick in town. "But I gotta say, Sanchez, you sure are interested in showing us your junk, asking us questions about it." He canted his head, narrowing his eyes and smacking his lips, catching a glance of the twin balls of the wolf lodging against Gill's muzzle. They were encased in tongue, really just bulges of flesh inside Gill's purplish, slimy, weird maw, and he took a certain pride in knowing that he had been the first to plunder the weird wolf's throat, even if it HAD cost him everything. "You feeling nervous? Insecure about your manliness?"

"What?" Sanchez blustered, crossing his arms and lifting his chin up proudly. He missed as the wolf below him swallowed his balls, the big wolf fruits harvested cleanly and gulped down without muss or fuss. The alpha stud spread his legs, gesturing obliquely down to his groin. "It's no big deal, I'm used to getting sucked off in front of other dudes."

"Oh, yeah?" Garland teased, as Gill's tongue was free now to really attack the wolf's prong. "Betcha ten bucks you don't have the stamina to last a whole minute, now that he's doing his special move."

Sanchez's lips twitched, as the tongue shifted from holding and containing his cock, to actively kneading it, squeezing and coaxing along it. He glanced down, the whiskey making his eyes swirl, admiring the way his cock *jutted* forward, proud and adamant, as big a dick as a wolf could want to have. Shit, he was looking at himself again. He looked over to Garland, who was rubbing himself under the table, staring at the wolf's dick as he got licked off.

He didn't know what to do, he couldn't just fuck Gill's mouth, and he needed to get off, but Carlos had dared him to hold off for one minute. He realized that Carlos had only lasted about a minute. So had Garland. Sanchez grinned a smile full of fangs at the two of them. So they thought he couldn't outlast them, huh? He puffed out his chest, set his jaw, and focused on self control.

He didn't have to cum.

Even as he felt the tongue snare tightly around his sheath, pinching into it, squeezing the root of his cock with that incredible tongue. Nope. *Not gonna cum*.

Even as that tongue polished and ground and slickly tasted every inch of his shaft. Nope. *Not gonna cum*.

Even as his knot was crushed and kneaded, even as it was *twisted*, being turned like a doorknob in his sheath. Uh uh... He wanted to cum, real bad... but he wasn't going to. He could feel the seconds ticking away, could see Carlos and Garland watching even more intensely, and he grinned wider as he knew he was gonna *beat them*.

He looked down, just glancing, and he almost came right there, as he saw his cock completely enfolded in a squirming, squeezing, oozing tongue-nest, Gill's tongue impossibly long and twisted and prehensile as it held every last bit of his maleness inside it. He could have cum, but he somehow managed to hold himself back, keeping his body from triggering. It turned out that that was his *last chance*, though.

He barked in surprise, the breath knocked out of him as if he had been punched, as he watched his cock, his sheath, all of it just... detach from his groin, with a

~~Schlorrrrp~~

All three of the former studs watched as the biggest cock of the table was tugged off with all the effort it would take to peel off a fridge magnet. Sanchez yelped, his tail curling between his legs, as he realized there was *nothing* else there. No big proud wolf cock, no sheath, no big heavy balls! His entire groin was... *gone*! He clutched it, his fingers pressing against the damp, soft fur of the null spot, feeling a nice pleasant sensation.

"Wait, I was about to cum, let me cum first!" He pleaded, as he watched Gill tilt his head back. His big shaft was lifted up, pointing down towards Gill's maw like the Sword of Damocles. Sanchez impulsively reached for it, but Gill had already 'dropped' it, and the entire length of it slid smoothly down, Sanchez's whiskey-numbed fingers swinging through air as his dick was gobbled up. He could see the bulge of the head of his dick, push out against the other wolf's throat from the inside, and then he could see the much bigger bulge of his knot, pushing it out even further. The wolf's throat elastically stretched around it and then returned to normal, signifying the *end* of that little treat. His dick had just been gulped down by a wolf half his size. "Dammit!"

Inside Gill, things were... fraught. Carlos' cock had been comfy enough, his balls making it a little more cozy as they were crammed in there alongside. Garland had nearly doubled the volume, his cock and balls stacked on top of Carlos, being ground together by the muscular stomach. Then came the first of Sanchez' testes, which was as big as both of Garland's balls put together. The second was right behind it, the two eggs sliding in alongside Garland's package, crushing Carlos' cock down into the stomach lining underneath.

But then came Sanchez' cock, and Gill's body really wasn't designed for this. He was a scavenger, expecting to get the occasional snack here and there. Binging like this was unheard of! But then again, his kind were usually kept out of large populated areas like this, forced to steal the occasional snack from outcasts and hermits.

Sanchez's shaft plowed into the mass of genitals in the smaller wolf's stomach, grinding between Carlos and Garland's dick, crushing both outwards as it speared blindly forward, penetrating in the way that it was designed to but in a place that it was never expected to be. The hard knot plopped in, the last of all, and now even if Gill wanted to 'purge', he wasn't able to; Sanchez's big knot was ensuring that every last dick and ball in the wolf's stomach was locked in, there for keeps.

"Thank you, gentlemen," Gill said, as he stood back up. He paused, then belched to the side, covering his mouth. His tongue had returned to normal, flapping normally in his mouth, and he seemed none the worse for wear for the intricate and casual unmating of three separate studs in ten minutes' time. "I know you didn't *plan* on giving me your delicious genitals that way, but..."

"You really should have asked," Garland said, shaking his head. "It's poor form to steal a dude's junk like that!" He pointed to the thick, heavy, foreskinned cock between Gill's legs. "You should give us your cock and balls in trade!"

"What, like, I get the cock and you each get a ball?" Carlos asked.

"I didn't even get to cum," Sanchez lamented, stroking himself hopefully, but the touching wasn't enough, the big wolf's fingers kneading and squeezing but finding nothing more than a pleasurable soft mound to press against. "Come on, you should at least have let me cum."

"You *chose* not to cum," Gill admonished. "Everyone else came. It's not my fault you decided to abstain."

"I didn't know I was going to lose my junk!" Sanchez turned to Garland and Carlos, pointing a finger at the latter. "But you two did, and you didn't say anything!"

"Yup," Carlos snickered. Garland laughed, too. "In a way, it was worth it to lose my dick, juuuust to see you lose yours."

"Yeah but I still want yours," Garland said, pointing back. "Fair is fair. You take a little, you *give* a little."

"It wasn't little!" Sanchez protested, but Gill held up a hand. He was clearly pleased with how smoothly this was all going.

"Well, maybe I should explain something first," the wolf said. He paused, then took a deep breath. As he did, the barbed cock between his legs... popped up inside him, disappearing entirely. "Your panther friend, from earlier? That's... *his* cock."

"That explains why he bailed," Garland mused. He watched, as Gill began to shift, and change, eyes widening as the long pointed wolf snout thickened and shortened, as the pointed wolf ears widened into feline ones.

Gill's body shifted, growing translucent for a moment, and the fox pointed excitedly to the bundle of, well, *meat* that was being held in the center of his body. "That's my DICK!"

"Dude, they're all rubbing together," Carlos snickered. "No wonder yours is still so hard, Garland. I had you pegged."

"Pegging is ALL you're going to do from now on," Garland quipped. The image of the tightly packed vacuole disappeared as Gill resolidified, now in the shape of a panther, with a yellowish tint to his dark black fur. He looked *exactly* like the panther that hadn't made it to the game tonight.

"So you can... what?" Carlos asked, clearly over his head. "Were you Bill all along? Gill is Bill?"

"No, Bill is in his bed, probably dreaming of having a dick or something," Gill said. "And I'm not really... 'Gill'. That was just the name of the wolf I had met, before Bill. My actual name is...." He winced. "Glorch."

"Glorch." The three poker players repeated, dumb founded.

"Yeah. So I'm an ooze, nice to meet you. I live on... guys like you's genitals. I consume it, and when I do, I adopt the genotype that those balls produce. And then I get to live as that kind of person for a while."

"So you have all of Bill's thoughts?" Sanchez asked, wonderingly. "Wait, do you have all of OUR thoughts?!"

"No, silly. Thoughts are stored in the brain. I didn't eat your brain, did I?" Glorch shook his head, slowly, to reassure the wolf that he didn't. "It's just your genotype. Here, lemme start moving them out of storage before I accidentally just digest your junk."

Glorch spread his legs, and rested his hands against his belly. He began to stroke downwards, gently kneading, and a large bulge began to emerge, sliding down his stomach and towards his groin. The panther's groin had a null spot, much like everyone else's, but as he stroked and squeezed towards it, that null spot bulged outwards. The fur on it dissipated, and a purplish clear bubble formed. As they watched, confused but still kind of horny, that bubble filled with the tips of three fat dicks; a human one, a canine one, and a canine one with a ridged glans, similar to a human's. The three former studs gawked and pointed as their own shafts filled in the bubble, pushing out further and further, until they dangled wholly between the feline's thighs.

Another bubble filled out behind the three shafts, but this one kept the panther's black, yellow-tinted fur. They didn't need to count to know that this was going to be filled with the six testicles that the goo thief had stolen from them.

Garland approached, and held up a hand, hoping to be able to touch the flesh between Glorch's legs.

"You can touch, but you won't be able to feel anything..." He said, watching as Garland took what used to be his own cock in hand, stroking fingers along it. The fox gave it a gentle squeeze. "I think it looks better on me, honestly."

"Well, I don't know about that," Garland said. He had thought of maybe yanking; ripping the dick free to steal back for himself, but as soon as he touched it, he kind of realized that it wasn't really his to take, anymore. Sure, he grew it, but it was *definitely* Gill's, err, Glorch's now. He nodded, satisfied, and let the dick go.

Sanchez rubbed at his own belly, trying to mimic what Glorch had done. It wasn't working. Glorch chuckled and patted the taller wolf on the shoulder. "You miss yours, huh?"

"Yeah," Sanchez said, sullenly. "I really wanted to cum."

"Sure, buddy, sure. Listen, how about this, I'm gonna be in the area for a couple weeks. I'll give you my number. You find someone with a fatter set than you had... and I'll make a trade. You get me those, and I'll give you yours back. How's that sound?"

Sanchez began to wag - just a little. Then he stopped, his mouth opening in a comic O of surprise. "Wait. Bigger than *me*?"