

Come Soak It In With A Gnoll

By GarifthNebula

Hey there! I started this right after my first story Bugbear Buggery and it has the same kind of feel to it. It did start off as a bit of a more cozy story than it ended up as, I guess I can't help writing about monsters making a mess. I wrote this while dealing with a bit of life stress, but hopefully it's still good for you all. If you have any feedback I would love to hear it. Here's to hot soaks and hot gnolls.

Contains voyeurism that both parties enjoy and gay gnoll sex at a bathhouse.

Paw and Pit focus at times.

"I'm telling you, those little motherfuckin goblins didn't just steal her valubles. They took her wedding dress and were playin' *dress up* at their camp. It was the funniest fucking thing i ever seen! It's a good thing I aint the sneak-thief type or I would have given myself away." Callus laughed at the memory, stifling the high hyena chuckle that ill befit his regular rumbly baritone.

"I'm just glad you found some work Cal, not many of the winebloods around here would want to give work to a mean-ass lookin' gnoll on his own." The bartender said as he poured Callus another ale.

"They ain't really got much of a choice Nero," he scratched his beard just below his snaggletooth on the backside of his jaw. "This fuckin' weather even has my toes feeling like there gonna fall off." Cal's digitigrade paws usually went uncovered, but for the last week he kept them wrapped up tight. "Not a lot of blond haired white knights are gonna head out to Cáster while this b'ell sent storm is going on. Besides, I even wrestled that greasy little bastard out of the dress so it wouldn't get blood all over it."

Cáster was usually a pretty temperate religious town. The fact that it was the first wizard Arlan's birthplace and that the man is believed to have achieved Demigod-hood made it a tourist destination for grovelling humans who want to pray for... whatever rich humans prayed for. More money? Callus didn't think much about the temple or the fancy excavation site. No, he came here for the rumors of deep pockets who got robbed on the road or scammed by a traveling snake oil alchemist. Cal thought an overgrown scarred up gnoll with a sick looking axe would do well as a mercenary or finding an adventurer party. However he found that a lot of other people had the same idea, a lot of.... Much less furry folks. Cal found some odd jobs and some wandering groups looking for a good muscle, but it was a pretty dead end. Of course right as he was planning to make his way out this shit he ends up in the blizzard of the century rolling its way across the region. The only place worth going to for the last month was the Worn-Wood Inn. Named for the illegible wooden sign out front that had been weathering sol-knows-what for decades, yet still stood on the same chains since Nero's granddad bought the place. Or so Nero had said.

However, there was one place that Callus had longed to go during his stay, his one true calling in this shit. That fancy-ass bathhouse. Cal was not the kind to care about luxuries, but his exception was a nice, hot bath. Ever since he was small he always sought out a hot soak. He took any opportunity he could to find a place to take a dip. Hot springs, old leaky tubs, it didn't matter. But that bath house on the edge of the wealthy side of town looked like the place to top them all. He had heard a few folks talk about it like it was a religious experience all its own. Every time he heard about it Callus shivered, especially as the blizzard had made its way in. One thing was stopping him from strutting straight in there however, the price. Cal always had a few silver on hand to give for a room or a meal but a few GOLD for a single day at a bath? Would they even have snacks? Cal's fat stomach growled at the notion. But today was his big break! That old woman had given him a fat sack of gold for finding those goblins. Cal

hadn't even counted them all but he knew whatever they tried to price it, he **WOULD** have a bath **tonight!**

"Stew was good today Nero," Cal gave a small belch. "You should definitely get some bigger bowls though. Going through 4 of them just makes it so you have more dishes to wash." He slapped some coin on the table.

"Whatever fatass," Nero laughed, "get somewhere warm if you aren't staying, you'll freeze your nips off."

"Don't worry 'bout that!" Callus called as he pushed open the snow-blocked door.

"He wasn't kidding about the nips, its fucking colder than yesterday." Cal grumbled. His fur was thick enough that even in a northern region he continued to wear just his furred kilt and shoulder-slung satchel most of the time, as well as some wrappings for his hands and feet. But even he had considered buying a coat or something recently. Cal slapped his paws together and rubbed hard, hoping to wring out some heat. But as he continued towards the bathhouse he got an odd sensation. Cal had always had a good sense for his surroundings, even in the bitter cold his ears and nose told him someone was watching him. All his life he could always tell if eyes were on him, just a quirk he could call his own. It made for a great skill as an adventurer type usually. Cal raised his muscled arms in a mock yawn, showing off his dark haired pits and fat round stomach. He had long since passed caring about what others thought about how he looked and instead made sure to show himself off. He had discovered that some found him quite desirable. Man or woman, twinkly or super gruff. Whatever race, Cal found they all had their pluses and he himself found something attractive in almost anyone. He continued walking as he felt whatever gaze was on him disappear. "Maybe I should get somewhere where i'm not getting snowed on before I start posing."

With his thick legs and quick strides it wasn't long before Callus found himself at his destination. A bit out of the regular "wealth" quarter of the town the place actually looked

rather deserted. The snow made the building look like a dreamscape. The intricate brickwork covered almost entirely in fine cream colored stone tile. The mortar was dark and inset giving a real texture to the building, and making it stand out against the harsh snow. Around the front were many terraced planters and other pieces containing pots, snow-coated soil, and sometimes a bit of dry brush. Indicative of the garden of greenery sure to be present during the hotter seasons. Above his head, the brick and tile led to a beautiful ornate roof trim. Swirls and waves drew upward in sweeping curls of movement to hold up a great ceramic tile roof. Ornate and graceful, its bhurgandy scales held only a thin layer of snow as it easily slipped off its shiny surface and off to its sides.

Deep set in its inviting covered entryway was a small pond, the icy top layer shimmering. The large wooden front door had fine decoration and iron fastenings. Magefire lanterns flickered gently. He shook the clinging snow as best he could from his fur and took a deep breath. Even axe throwing, ass kicking Cal couldn't help but be a touch nervous. "Even if they try, they can't deny your business Cal," he said to himself, "you have the want and you have the coin." Callus walked to the door. It was obviously very thick, *to keep the heat in I suppose*, he smiled. He had to admit, it wasn't often that Cal could say he easily fit through a door frame, but this was one of those moments. He took a deep breath and made his way inside.

A somewhat plain looking wooden room greeted him. Already it was so much warmer than outside that Cals skin shuddered in thankfulness.

"Welcome to..." Trailed off a voice from a long haired human woman sitting on a tall podium like desk. It would be a few heads over most humans, but Cal needed only shift his glance slightly upward.

"Look I ain't here to steal nothin' or smash nothin'. I got the coin and I want a hot bath, that aight?" Callus was used to getting straight to the point in these situations.

The woman sat upright, her straight, square cut auburn hair perfectly framed her face. She wore very dark eye makeup, which complemented both her light brown eyes and her black sensible dress. "It's a... six moon fee till nightfall."

"Fine by me," Cal pulled six finely made gold coins from his satchel. "They ain't stolen neither. That lady... uuuh... Mrs. Links was the name, she gave em' for a job." Perhaps Cal was being a bit too overly cautious, the woman's monotone voice was pure business.

She weighed the coins in a small scale, "The rooms are laid out clockwise. The sauna is up the stairs past the main baths. If you have any valuables you may leave them with me and I will return them when requested."

"Sick... I mean uh, thanks," Cal said as he gave the woman his satchel, she slid open an unseen door behind her and laid it inside.

"Towels are provided for modesty if you wish," she said as she motioned to the frosted glass door on Cal's left.

"Oh, I don't think i'll need one," Cal said a bit boldly. A smile was on his face as he kept his eyes on the woman as he entered. She didn't seem to respond as she turned back to a book in her lap. *Guess not everyone is interested in what I got*, He thought to himself humorously as he passed the glass doors.

As Callus stepped in through the glass door he felt an even warmer interior come to greet him. He wriggled his toes in happiness at the steamy interior, and he breathed in the heavy air with enthusiasm. Small sliding doors lined the sides of this smaller dressing room. The ceiling was pretty high, with metal pipes and warmly lit magelamps all across it. The walls came higher than his head, but the open area between them and the ceiling gave the place a open and inviting vibe. Cal stretched and heard his back and shoulders pop. Cal felt the previously unnoticed stress sap from his bones. *Not a*

single other soul in sight! Cal thought with a grin. He wondered why? Maybe it was just his lucky day, or there was a church service in town or something. He walked over to an open door and grabbed the woven basket inside. He took his other hand and undid his leather belt.

As he was doing so however, his ears perked up. Someone was watching. The feeling was unmistakable. The big gnoll tried to keep it casual, maybe that brunette from the entrance was watching him through a little sneaky spy hole or something. He relaxed once more and started to lower his pants, this time more sensually. He felt a rush of relief as his big gut was allowed to droop low and touch his furry sheath. He stuck his fat cream colored ass out and raised his tail as he bent over to step out from his heavy fur kilt. *Hope whoever is watching is enjoying the view!* He stood upright with a grunt, placing the kilt in the basket and turning around. There was still no one to be seen. *It's not the brunette*, the sensation was clearly from somewhere other than the entrance door. Cal rubbed his big round stomach, which was the same creamy color as his butt. He felt over the darker patches of hair on his chest and just above his sheath. Cal was getting a little turned on by the unseen watcher. With one hand he gently scratched his wine bottle thick sheath as the red tip of his cock made itself present. It pressed against his girthy gut satisfyingly. His other hand slipped over one of his nipples and under his chubby pec. He lowered it, meeting his hands together. He lowered both to his droopy sack. He gave his orange sized balls a roll in his hands. *Better stop playin' with myself. If someone wants some of this they are gonna' have to come and get it themselves.* He let his nuts fall with a satisfying heavy pull, making his cock lurch a bit outward. He unwrapped the wool bandages on his hands, showing off his dark walnut fur and his soft black paw pads.

He sat his naked ass down on a bench and started to unwrap his hindpaws. Suddenly the smell of his watcher got just a tiny more intense. Cals big sensitive black nose caught a familiar whiff. *Arousal.* He couldn't help but grin hard, showing off his chompers. He went to more slowly remove the wrappings, wiggling his toes and curling

them as he let them loose. The same black pads graced the big paws. He couldn't lie, the feeling of letting his paws out to air was VERY satisfying. He was just as methodical with the other paw. He put his wraps in the basket as well, *shoulda' thought to bring some fresh ones*. Whatever, it wouldn't matter in a bit, he closed the sliding door with a satisfying click and went to open the entrance to the next room.

There was still no sign of his secret admirer as he found himself in a beautiful grey stone room. The floor was textured a bit and the walls were smooth and polished. On the walls were many little open faced stalls, with a bit of light wood separating them. Cal curiously stepped into one of the wide stalls. He saw a small chain hanging from a lever in the wall, it was next to a wide pour spout. "They must've paid some dwarves a shiny copper for all this!" Cal said aloud. A small knob on the side of the wood peaked his curiosity. Giving it a turn a small pat of soap dropped into a dish. He picked it up and gave it a whiff. *Good, it's not that awful rose scent humans love so much*. Cal was never a big fan of perfumes, clean folks generally had a great smell all their own. Cal pulled on the chain and was met with a hot splash against his chest. An artificial waterfall. He wondered if this place could even GET any better? It continued to flow over his relaxing muscles as he wrestled a bit with the soap, it was clearly meant for someone with a bit smaller hands. *Maybe my admirer would like to help*. He made sure to give extra attention to his hindpaws and sheath, massaging them as seductively as he could. He washed over his fur and scars with the bar. He had to grab another pat for his extra girth at one point, but used up both completely before he rinsed himself clean. He pulled the small chain and let himself drip for a bit. He shook himself dry, feeling his belly and genitals jiggle from the exertion. He was now half hard, his knot visible in the base of his sheath. He walked over to the wall of towels and grabbed one, patting himself off and feeling his thick fur frizz a bit. He dropped it in a bin as he went through a door marked "Baths."

He never felt those eyes leave him as he made his way into the next room. *They must be somewhere on the ceiling*. That thought didn't last long however as he was met by a

BEAUTIFUL sight! A big, rectangular, and steaming pool. Beautiful, ornate, and *empty*. "All for me?" Cal said chuckling. The walls and floor were tile in muted colors. The light in this side of the bathhouse was a bit lower and darker. He wasted no time stepping over and straight into the crystal clear water. The heat soaked right into him. "Ahhhh." It was so relaxing! He squatted down and dipped low into the surprisingly deep waters. *It's so big, I wonder if this whole place is unisex. I bet horny bastards are getting it on in secret all over this place*, Cal happily thought as he pulled himself down into the water with the wooden inset bench, sinking himself up to the jaw. He heard a squeak as he turned his head over to another door on the other side of the bath. It was the same woman from the front! In her hand she was carrying a big covered platter, oh it smelled like it was food. Cal almost leapt for joy.

"I'm one of the only ones here, so you will need to ring this bell if you need anything else," she stated very matter-of-factly as she lifted the cover. A board of hot steamed buns, soup, and grilled fish, as well as other treats filled the platter almost to overflowing. It looked as if he had a group-sized platter all to himself, and he wasn't going to complain about that. A small bell sat at one side.

"Ohhhh, perfect. Thanks a ton!" Cal quipped as he immediately began digging into his meal. The woman raised an eyebrow before turning and walking away. *Now all I need to do is find my secret admirer*. He thought as he stuck a whole bun in his mouth and started chewing. He scanned the high ceiling, the Pipes above were laid out very logically. *Wonder if this place is runnin' on magic or if it's some fancy mechanical thing*. Suddenly something caught his eye, a bit of brown was poking out from behind a large pipe. His eyes were never his best sense, but when a cute spotted and maned head peaked out before tucking back again, he realized he wasn't the only gnoll in the building. Cal swallowed his food before speaking rather loudly. "Ya'know, if you wanna come down and join me it wouldn't bother me none. Got plenty for two."

And he wasn't talking about the food.

Callus heard a bit of skittering in the pipes above him. He went back to his food while it was still hot, not pacing himself much at all as he stuffed his face. He saw his voyeur friend make his way down a step ladder. He was certainly glad the guy was coming down. People watching him from afar was fine, but he always preferred an up close encounter. After a minute or so he heard a creak at the sliding door he had come in from. A long sniffing snoot poked in first.

“Oh, h-hey Sir. Sorry for uh..”

“Hey come on in, you’re making me anxious standing halfway through the door.”

The fellow gnoll came inside and closed the door behind him. He was a bit small for the species, but his dark and numerous spots told Cal he was probably in his mid twenties, and his tired eyes gave a measure of maturity to his demeanor. He was wearing a long tan apron with quite a few tools attached. Otherwise his torso was unclothed. He had a thin but strong looking build, with a bit of a pot belly as most blackspot gnolls did. He wore a pair of tight cloth pants that ended just before his lower legs.

“And don't bother with apologies, I invited you over here right? Have a...” Cal looked at the almost empty tray, the only things left were a few scattered pieces and a bun he had taken a bite out of. He pulled off the bit portion. “... A half a bun!”

“Thanks Sir,” the smaller gnoll had a humored smile in his eyes as he took a bite.

“You look like you were workin’ on something. That or you steal pipes for a living.” Cal moved the tray and rested his chin on his palm. “What’s yer name?”

“Oh it's Bisk, and yeah, I do maintenance on stuff like this. The big pipe is cold water, I needed to see if it was all nice and tight.”

I could do a bit of checkin’ on your tight pipes too. Cal thought with a bit of arousal.

“Name is Callus. Work sounds fine and all Bisk,” He said with a bit of a dismissive wave.

“But in my eye you look like you could use a little soak. Why don’t ya come on in, plenty of room.” The smell of arousal was still coming off the guy, and if he had a decent nose he could probably smell Cal getting worked up too.

“Elise would probably throw me out in the snow if I took a break now,” Bisk said with a bit of a sigh, never taking his eyes off the TANK of a gnoll looking so comfy in the hot water.

“Lady with the nice dark hair? *Trust* me guy, she won’t mind you taking just a *little* break. I’ll make sure of it.” Cal had a strong and reassuring tone despite his gruff voice. “I know these places try to give the best customer service. And let me tell you it would be a big boon to my experience if I had someone to sit with in here,” he said swirling the water with his claw.

“I did wash myself off not too long ago... S-sure Callus, Sir,” Bisk said with a bit of a stutter as he untied his leather apron.

Cal definitely didn’t mind getting called his full name, or Sir for that matter. The twinkly gnoll’s stutter and soft voice just added to how cute he was. He gave a small inaudible growl as he saw Bisk untie his pants and pull them off. For his size, Bisk was not lacking in the dick department. His sack was plump and wide, and the fur was very dark, almost black. The plum sized nuts did not hang far from his dark sheath. And unlike Cal, his sheath did not sag a bit separately from his crotch and instead was snugly joined. A small bit of pink cock was showing. It topped the affair like a cherry on a fancy drink.

“Very nice.” Cal said without a hint of modesty. Bisk’s knees buckled a bit and his pale face fur barely hid his blush. Without a word he stepped into the hot water with a sharp inhale. His skin tingled as it got used to the steamy bath. Cal turned around and sat up on the bench sticking from the wall within the water. The crystal clear bath did nothing to hide his half hard cock.

Sitting next to Callus made Bisk realize how BIG he really was. He saw his paw come out of the water, it wrapped around his shoulder and his bicep, the thumb gently rubbing

his shoulder blade. Callus's paw pads were like large dinner plates. The steam coming off his exposed arm was an extra turn on as Bisk felt him pull their bodies closer together on the bench. "Very relaxing ay Bisk?"

"Oh. Yes Callus, Sir." Bisk was a bit too distracted to really process the question. Callus's armpit was right on his neck, and Bisk was getting the full bouquet. No washing, however thorough, could remove that base and undeniable musk from the big gnoll. Bisk leaned his head over and rested it on the top of Cal's soft belly, right below his pec.

"Feel comfy?" Cal rubbed the cute gnoll's shoulder "Or is there somewhere you would rather be?"

"What do you..." Bisk raised his head and Callus pulled his body so his head was right inside the curve of his armpit. "Oh, well yes sir, I suppose there is."

"Well come on then," Cal commanded. Bisk took the offer and ran with it, turning to dip his face right into the thick hair of the pit. It tickled his sensitive nose as he was enshrouded by tangy gnoll musk. It was a bit sharp and a bit bitter, but oh was it satisfying. Without even thinking Bisk pushed his wide tongue from his lips and pressed it to the tangy pit. As he dried the pit of the clean bathwater the smell intensified.

"You've got some great taste!" Cal chuckled. He took his other hand and massaged the little guy's stripe of mane, feeling the muscles beneath. "Oof! Think ya' needed some relaxation a bit more than you thought. You are feelin' a bit tight."

Bisk heard most of that... maybe. Right now he was a bit engaged. He pressed his long forehead into the crux of Cal's arm and went lower, trying to get every last inch of that lip tingling perfection. Cal continued his massage as Bisk let up from the pit. His head fur was a little damp and clumpy from his own saliva and Callus's pit was now more slimy than soaked.

“Hmm,” Cal smelled his new friends arousal and remembered something. “Say, you better sit yourself between my legs. You need some hot water and some rubbin’ on that stiff neck-o-yours.”

Bisk swallowed, musk still on his lips. Whatever the big gnoll had in mind he thought he had better listen. He let himself off the bench and sunk to his neck, coming over to be in between Cal’s thighs and facing his dark pink dick. “Around,” he commanded. Bisk almost felt disappointed as he turned his back to the half mast monster. But he was quickly pulled towards Cal so that his back was pressed right against it. “Now listen. You just sit back and relax, I’m gonna make sure you ain’t gonna be feelin’ so stiff.”

Those massive paws came to grasp the smaller gnoll. Bisk was not expecting the big guy to have such a soft touch. Callus was rumbling deep in his chest, and Bisk could feel it right through his hard cock. It was stiffening by the second and drooling its slimy pre all over Bisk’s back. Bisk closed his eyes and felt himself loosen up completely. That is except for his rock hard erection. He was about to lower his hands down to give it some attention, but just as he was about to he felt something brush up against it. “Ohh,” Bisk looked down into the crystal clear water. Cal’s big hindpaws were raised up and pressing against the smaller Gnoll. With a surprising bit of flexibility Callus had brought his legs up into almost a cross-legged position, with his hindpaws coming to sandwich Bisk’s throbbing gnollhood. Bisk felt chills down his spine.

“Yep, knew you’d like this.” Cal said in a gruff whisper. He pressed his peets hard against each other, making sure to smoosh Bisk’s cock as he slowly moved back and forth.

“AAhh Ohh SHit, Callus Suuuuhhh...” Bisk moaned as he reached his arms up to grab Cal’s muscular legs. Bisk arched his back and wiggled his torso, unable to handle the attention his cock was receiving. Cal grabbed the organ between his toes and pulled away gently. Bisk’s engorged knot finally popped from the swollen sheath as the tip gave a squirt of cloudy pre into the bath.

“You’re a kinky guy eh? Like pits and paws? Like watchin’ dudes shower while you’re workin’?” Cal was really getting worked up, his angry dick drippin’ pre on Bisk’s back.

“Y.....Yes Sir.” Bisk said quietly.

Cal grabbed the gnoll and leaned back. Bisk was now laying on his back, Cal’s soft belly cushioning him. Cal bent his legs as best as he could to continue his pawjob. “Grr, Say It AGAIN!”

“Yes YES, YES SIR!” Bisk humped as hard as he could. He let out a few loud yips. *Oh god.... I hope Elise can’t hear!* He thought. But it was only a flash in his mind as he felt Cal lean over him. He then felt a harsh pressure on his neck.

Cal had bit down on his shoulder.

Bisk moaned and felt his body tense, the whole world seemed to pause for a moment. He could feel his cock jump and engorge, pushing apart Cal’s toes. “Hrk!” Bisk swallowed as a rope of thick cum arched over his stomach and splashed right onto Cal’s nose. He closed his eyes and bit his lip as his urethra bulged wide with the overflow of semen from his tensed balls. He grabbed the gnoll below him by the fur. The only sound that could be heard was the muffled whines of the orgasming gnoll and the heady squirts and wet splashes that resulted. Cal was gently chewing on Bisk’s tensed neck, careful not to break the skin but to apply a firm pressure. The natural instincts of the smaller gnoll told his body to just keep orgasming. Even after his balls spunk supplies were empty he was still dry cumming, his body wracked with bliss. Cal quickly rolled to his side, letting his paws let go of the pulsing organ but keeping a firm pressure on the neck. At the same time he took his hand and started rubbing Bisk’s engorged taint. This seemed to get at least one more hard spurt of juice out of the gnoll, the clear fluid indicative of his overworked balls. Bisk thought there was nothing else that could stimulate him, that was until the fat gnoll on top of him rolled onto his belly, almost crushing him. The little guy just couldn’t suppress his open mouthed cries as the soft belly of Callus pressed him into the hard floor of the bath.

Bisk had no idea how long he orgasmed. Whatever buttons Cal was pressing were holding him in a unending bliss. Just as he was beginning to think there really WOULD be no end to the sensation he felt Cals jaws release. Almost the second the pressure abated from his neck Bisk felt his orgasm subside. Cal rolled over and lay next to his shaking friend. "Oh.. Oh fuck...What the fuck just happened," Bisk wheezed.

Cal licked the cum from his face before giving an answer. "Some gnolls have a sweet spot for uh, enhancing the mood I guess you'd say. With ladies it makes them way more sensitive and jumps all that fertility stuff up. For those lucky-ass dudes who have that spot... Well I think you see the results."

"How'd you know it would work," Bisk said massaging his sore balls and slightly achy shoulder.

"Didn't. But I knew you were a kinky bastard and would like it anyway."

Bisk blushed. "Yeah.. you're right I suppose. S-Sir." Bisk looked at Cal laying on his side next to him. It was like looking a statue to masculinity. His strong rough features, heavy muscles and thick... Insulation, made Bisk feel a flurry of positive emotions ranging from safe and comfortable to painfully turned on. He couldn't help himself as he scooted next to the big guy and wrap his arm around his gut in a hug.

"Kinky *and* cute. Don't think this day could get any better." As Cal was saying this he felt Bisk run his face down his stomach before hitting his jaw on gnollmeat.

"Oh, guess this CAN get sweeter."

Bisk was nervous. He didn't want to admit it but he had never given any partner he had more than a handjob. He had a few toys at home and he had practiced. But right now next to a living, dripping, pulsing cock his practice felt pretty inadequate.

Cal could tell. "Never let a dude fuck your throat before?" The wording made Bisk's hair stand on end. "Hah! Didn't mean to give ya a spook. Don'cha worry your cute face. I'll let you take your time. Go ahead,"

Bisk smiled. He pushed himself back into the water. *It's good that alchemical wash we use cleans out semen*, he thought. Cal sat back on his butt and moved to the edge, putting his legs in the water and washing his sticky paws off a bit. Bisk raised his hand to grasp Cal's fat tool. Much like his own but far oversized. It was a darker shade of pink than his own and the veins were far more pronounced. Goopy sheath lube coated the cock, the heat of the room keeping the slime soft and supple. He could grasp the tip, but as he slid down then thick tool his hand was forced to open wide. At the base he would need two hands to encircle the cock. Just below this Cal's sheath was stretched wide. His knot was trapped in the overstuffed flesh, and was as big as a grapefruit. Bisk dipped his clawtips into the stretched sheath gingerly and gave a tug. Even a huge sheath like this seemed to be hardly able to contain this much gnoll.

He freed his finger and began rubbing the spire. The musk was quite a bit different to his own, he would almost call it garlicky. It stuck to his nose and seeped into the hand, he would smell like this guy for quite a while. Even with this small amount of stimulus the cock pulsed forward, swelling alarmingly in Bisk's grasp. *Oh gods let me be able to get this in my mouth, oh gods let him be able to... Fuck my throat*, Bisk prayed. He raised his other hand from the water and began to pump the beast with both hands. Each time he brought his hands together up to the tip a grey bead of precum emerged and another wave of musk assaulted Bisk's nose.

"Mmmm," Cal growled. "My pipe seems to be leakin' guy. You better find somethin' to cover the hole."

Bisk got the idea. His nose was now right against that straining sheath. He opened his mouth and licked the sheath's rim. A glob of pre got stuck on his tongue and he pulled away. A thick string of goo connected lips to dick as Bisk tried to swallow the sticky

stuff. The big gnoll's pre had a slightly oily taste and a texture that gummed up his mouth. He couldn't even give a word as Cal smiled at him.

"Don't worry, once you get me going it'll get a bit less thick. Well hopefully anyway." The big guy shrugged.

Bisk felt like his mouth and throat were completely coated. *Well, it might help slicken me up at least.* "Thank you Sir," Bisk started again with his wide tongue. He licked the fat cock from base to tip, base to tip, collecting pre with each swipe. He was getting used to the mouthfeel of the stuff, and that musky taste made him want more. With one hand he pulled the dick down a bit so it no longer pressed against Cal's stomach. He swallowed another glob of smokey precum before he went to take the tip into his waiting maw. Making sure to watch his teeth, Bisk laid the leaky cocktip onto the back of his tongue and sealed his lips. He was expecting pre and quickly swallowed the stuff, just for another bead to immediately take its place.

"Bet... Ugh... Bet you're hungry eh? I wanted to share my stuff with you and you're gonna get a full... AAh... Three course meal." The gnoll grabbed his stomach and rubbed it seductively. "Cock, pre, and if you keep up with that mouth of yours," he leaned down to get right next to Bisk. "A big, thick, creamy load right down your fucking throat." Bisk's mane of fur stood straight up. "I betcha," Cal continued, "when you're done you'll have to get back to work looking eight months pregnant." Cal's dirty talk was pushing all of his buttons. Now Bisk was bobbing his head on the thick meat, trying his hardest to let Cal properly use his mouth. "Ohhh, fuck you learn fast, I haven't bust a nut in three days so you better be prepared. I wasn't kidding about my, ohhhhh, output."

Bisk kept the pressure on Cal, gently sucking as he let the slick tool slip deeper and deeper into his body. He used his hands to fondle those swollen balls, he could almost feel them churning that thick jizz he was craving so much. Just a few seconds later Bisk felt Cal's cock swell slightly again, this time his sheath just couldn't handle it and his

huge knot escaped its confines. Bisk could tell he was close. Cal's dick was solid and pulsing, while that thick knot continued to engorge.

"Guh, get, get ready. I ain't... gonna hold back!" Cal felt his balls pull right up against his sheath. They almost squeezed right back where they came from as he felt his load move through his organs and make its way to his straining cock.

Even being warned, Bisk was surprised when he felt like something kicked the back of his throat. The first rope of cum was like a high pressure water line going off. It sprayed right down his gullet, the excess spraying from his mouth like he stuck a running hose in his mouth. "AUUGH FUCK!" Cal screamed as he grabbed the other gnoll's head. Bisk felt that slick cocktip go right down his throat, he couldn't even swallow the spray of seed as it poured right into his stomach.

"MHHHHH!" Bisk silently cried as he grabbed his stomach. He felt it swell alarmingly with tar-thick sperm. He couldn't even breath as he heard his stomach make gurgling and churning noises. He felt the blast subside for only a second before a second blast made him double over. "HHHHHHURGH," he tried to call out to Cal. His stomach was noticeably distended and he felt more full than he had ever imagined. Finally Cal snapped into reality and let go of the poor guy's head. Bisk flew off that cock like a rocket. His head flying backwards as cum sprayed from his mouth.

"FUUUUUUUUCKKK." The next blast of cum arched right over the water and splattered against the tile on the other side of the bath. Bisk had turned around and quickly moved to that opposite side, reaching for the edge of the bath and sticking his hand in the fresh cum puddle. "Watch AAAAhout." Cal cried before the next blast landed straight on Bisk. Cum was getting everywhere. The next few ropes went straight into the water, leaving milky globs to slowly disintegrate. Callus wriggled his toes and grinded his jaw, this was an intense one. Bisk on the other hand was gasping on the other side. By the time he caught his breath he turned around to see his friend looking like he had just fought off a cum golem. The bath looked like an explosion had gone off, and in a way it had. The smell was harsh and intense, the whole bathhouse probably smelled like gnoll. But

more intense was the taste. Like a zingy, tingly sort of, Bisk thought. Perhaps even a sour sort of flavor. He tried his hardest to keep down that belly stretching load that was in his stomach, he didn't want to lose a drop.

Wading over to that big gnoll was harder than it looked for Bisk. He felt like he had an iron ball sitting in his stomach. "Grk..ah, are you ok Sir?"

Callus sat up, looking very disheveled. "Holy shit, I'm not used to cumming my brains out like that, 'specially in such a nice place."

"I'm not used to feeling like I ate a cow." Bisk moaned as he came to sit next to Cal.

"Well, i'd say you had better get used to it. I think I'll be spending a LOT more time here this winter."

"Huh... Do you think we will even be allowed back in Callus?" Bisk asked with a bit of a frown.

"Why don't we just ask?" Cal turned his head to look at the door, a flash of dark hair slipped behind the wall. "I uh, know you've been enjoying the view." Cal reached over and grabbed the small bell he was given. With a quiet ring Elise scooted out from behind the wall, shaking herself off and clearing her throat.

"Do you... need anything."

Both gnolls looked at each other and smiled wide. "Well, just wanted to extend the invitation for a soak, if you wanted one." Cal said patting the spot next to him.

"Like I said before. I got plenty for **two**."