

Rex couldn't believe how long the kid slept for. He went to college too, so he knew what it was like to party. But even harkening back to his old "rock and roll nights" and "party days", he couldn't remember ever sleeping in until two. He didn't want to leave the poor fox all alone (After all, when one faints in a hot tub and wakes up in some strange bed the next day, it's always nice to have someone on hand to provide an immediate explanation.), which meant he had to lay next to the vulpine for a couple of hours after he awoke. The 'roo didn't mind though, oh no. He had ways to occupy his time.

"Wow, he's quite a snorer," he whispered softly to himself, staring at the fox's gaping muzzle, a glistening trail of drool leaking from the corner of it. He sounded a bit like a bulldozer had taken up residence, which made the kangaroo wonder how many times his dormmate contemplated smothering him. Though, despite his decibel level being comparable to a space shuttle launch, Rex was happy to hear it. It meant that Lucky was enjoying a deep sleep, and that the invariable pain he would feel in his backside upon waking up wasn't bothering him in his sorely needed rest.

He couldn't just watch the fox sleep cutely on the big mattress though. Rex could not ignore the temptation, and had given in to cuddling up a bit as well. He made sure to explore any last bits of fur on Lucky that he had not yet claimed, his hands getting more acquainted with the fox's body than the fox was. At about two-thirty in the afternoon Lucky finally began to stir, sleep leaving him. A cute little whimper replacing the formerly cacophonous snore.

"Nnnnnnn, grrr..." His first words of the day were anything but as his eyelids began to flutter, trying to chase the sleepies away. "Whuzzat, where am I...?"

"Not really a morning person are you?" Rex's knowing voice asked gently. His paw tilted Lucky's muzzle toward him to look him in the eye, the sleepy eyes finding the other's filled with affection. A soft kiss was implanted on Lucky's wet nose, as the 'roo's voice went on.

"Of course, you may just be tired, you had a rough night Lucky..." His paw went down, now cupping the naked fox buttcheek, rubbing it slowly in his meaty paw.

As Rex's paw now held fast to his sore rear, it all suddenly came flooding back to the fox, no longer half-asleep because of the pain coming from the rubbing itself. He knew his first time would hurt, sure, but he felt like his ass had run a mile. Sure, that seems impossible to you, but not to him.

"Jeez, you took me too hard Rex..." Lucky whined, clinging to the bigger male and biting on his shoulder slightly to keep from whining louder. It might have hurt, but his small back paws were curling up because of the undeniable pleasure he was getting from the rear massage. It felt as if the paws (the other 'roo paw seemed to slip in while he wasn't paying attention) were kneading all the tension and knots in his rump muscles away. And after the pounding he received last night, there were a lot of them.

"Hehe, that's pretty cute, I've got to say," the kangaroo muttered. Their noses were touching now, the hot morning breath from both of their muzzles hitting their powerful noses, though neither seemed to mind. "Believe me Lucky, it doesn't matter if I made you bleed or made sure it took over an hour to take that rear of yours. It always hurts the morning after you pop the cherry." One paw stayed down to knead the right

cheek, but the other came up and patted the vulpine lightly on the head between his green ears, hoping to elicit another embarrassed response from the fox.

Lucky was glad his fur made it easy to hide a blush on his cheeks, but unfortunately that didn't stop the inside of ears from taking on a very indignant and bashful shade of red. Not that they needed to, his childish tone of voice made it more than obvious that he was embarrassed. "Pffft, treatin' me like a kid, just because you're older..."

"Oh, but you are Lucky, and you know it," Rex's voice a throaty chuckle, that arrogant tone unable to ever leave his speech. "Not an actual kid, but you still have your immature leanings. You love being treated like that, all taken care of by an older guy..." His paws began their roaming once more, before a quick brush over the fox's crotch caused Lucky to groan. "Wow, even more so than I thought. I've heard of morning wood, but you've got a whole lumber yard down there don't you?" His paw no longer simply brushed against Lucky's pulsing hard on, but instead clamped down on his fox dick, making sure it wouldn't be going down for quite a bit.

Yipping instinctively and squirming in the other's grip for a moment, the fox eventually calmed himself down. Which was a good thing, since further squirming just aggravated his aching tailhole. "Don't tease me anymore Rex, please, killing me here..." He was begging very similarly to a mutt at the table asking for scraps. His voice probably couldn't get any whinier if he tried.

"Who says I'm teasing?" Rex's once again lusty tone inquired, as his large body was suddenly overshadowing the fox's, the vulpine's body pinned to the bed as the marsupial moved himself into a more dominant position. Their muzzles were still quite close, and his right paw did stay enclosed around the small fox's member, but his knees were now pressing together against Lucky's hips to keep him trapped, while his left paw pressed the other male's shoulder firmly against the mattress.

"After last night, I wouldn't be a very good host if I didn't give let you give something in return..." And with that, his paw left the fox's cock, both shoulders now pinned powerfully.

"What exactly do you me-Eeeep!" Yelping once more, Lucky was shocked to feel an almost tentacle-like something suddenly wrapped around his throbbing fox member. However, the fox suddenly realized that this wasn't some slimy and dripping tentacle mass upon his dick, but instead Rex's very talented tail. The thick and powerful thing had quite the shocking grip on his length, squeezing and massaging it with as much dexterity as any paw could.

"Gahhh, nnnngghh...Had no idea you could-"

"Make you cum with the stipulation 'No hands!'? Yeah, I doubted you did. Now just sit back and relax, no need to do anything but enjoy for right now..." His tone was needy just like last night, but also had that slight amount of affection in it, the 'roo's fondness for his employee more than evident. He really did seem to be taking a shine to the fox he used everyday for a nice stress release, but he could push those feelings for the side, at least for now. Making that adorable fox under him moan really was his first priority at the moment.

And moan Lucky did. It was weird, the fox admitted to himself, but as the big length of muscles continued to constrict and slide around his sweaty length, it was a good weird. "Yeah, that...Nnnnh...Ack! Ahhnnn..."

Of course, as weird as the tail was around his cock, the fox really wasn't prepared for what would come next. The tail, sliding along his sex so that only a few big coils enveloped it, was suddenly pressing against his still raw tailstar, before penetrating with all the pomp and circumstance of a normal dick (none).

"Ahhh, Rex, damn, hurts a bit... And I had no idea how long that tail was, gah..." The fox was squirming and moaning in a manner similar to last night, because if he didn't know any better this was exactly what happened. Sure, Rex's fat 'roo dick wasn't plowing through his bowels, but the tail sure made a convincing substitute, as its conic shape made sure it slipped in far easier, and the short fur upon it stimulated the inner walls it brushed against. And that's not even counting the thicker part of the tail still putting his needy foxcock through its paces. The tail was around him so tightly, squeezing so hard, he could have tricked himself into thinking he was taking a particularly tight rump with his own dick.

"Hehe, nobody guesses how long it is until it's too late." A paw moved from his right shoulder to the corresponding ear, rubbing gently. "Now shhh, shhhhh, and just enjoy. Not much longer now, I'm sure..."

And it was true, the fox was already close to cumming. Natural morning arousal, so close to that big strong boss of his now associated with sex, using his tail in a way that made his own green-tipped appendage seem useless--the fox couldn't help it, his sac was starting to tighten already, his orgasm building up inside of his trapped dick.

"Yeah, that's it, almost there, come on, come on Lucky, give it to me!" Lucky could hear Rex's encouragement as if it were far away, as his own squeals and yips were getting louder and louder by the moment. His climax was not too far off, all the while that powerful tail kept simultaneously jerking him off and filling him up.

After one last large breath in, Lucky could hold it in no longer, and he came, harder than he could ever remember, into the thick coils. It happened so suddenly, but it seemed to last forever, his member and tailhole concurrently spasming.

He didn't moan, or squeal, or yip like he usually did, because even with the large breath in he took in before he would cum, he was still left breathless and weak, his body going limp immediately after emptying itself on Rex's tail and sheets.

"Heheh. There's a good fox. Now I'd say we're even, hmmm?" Rex was already teasing him once more, the tired fox only barely hearing him. His vision swam and hardly registered that familiar smirk. "Of course, when have we ever been even? Open that muzzle of yours a little wider, and I'll make sure the status-quo is held intact, alright Lucky?"

And the fox, hardly recovered, felt that hard and throbbing roo dick shoved into his tired maw. He barely had the energy to suck him off, but he couldn't deny he wasn't looking forward to it, as if the need to pleasure the roo on top of him was almost ingrained within him at this point. It wouldn't be long before Rex would cum like so he had many times before, and as he would so many times in the future.

"Oh yes, this definitely won't be the last time you stay over Lucky, I think we're just getting started here..."

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"Dammit, how'd he get employee of the month?" The indignant rat pouted, indicating to the smiling visage of one of his night managers. "I mean, he's a good guy yeah, but..." his tone dropped a bit, "I heard it's just because he's blowing the owner."

"Don't be an ass," the husky replied, licking her canine chops. "Just because you wish *you* were were taking it up the ass from Mr. Morgans doesn't mean you should blame him."