

The warm rolling steam of the onsen curled invitingly around the young feline resting on the smooth stones that lined the edge, the water lapping softly at his chest in perfect timing with his slow breathing. He had been surprised to find that the grim and gaunt castle which had become his home was possessed of such a luxury, but he had still come to enjoy these moments even as he sat dwarfed by the towering fortress behind him. While he is still a prisoner here, the peace and quiet is still something to be savored.

Not that it's exactly been terrible, Mick reflected, his feline ears twitching softly. Okay, yes. He is still a sort of pet for the dastardly witch who had tricked him with her impersonation of the princess he had come to rescue from her clutches, a pet who is totally at the whims of her seemingly insatiable sexual needs. The sex is amazing though, his brave and manly body taken at least twice a day by the witch. Mick allowed himself a toothy grin at that, his creamy yellow fur rippling with a shudder of delight. The way she loved to tease him with her sweet cunny, rubbing against him until he couldn't take it any more then yiffing him until he is utterly spent was nothing short of delightful.

And that wasn't even the depths of her sinfully sweet depravity. Sometimes she even let him watch as she played with the princess, her stunning naked body bound and helpless like a toy for her to play with. Often he would be dragged to her chambers to find the princess kneeling on and bound to the canopy of the glorious four poster bed that dominated the witch's chambers, her sweet feminine form utterly helpless against the sweet teasing kisses and tender licks that drive her wild with unwilling passion. Ohhh...the way she moaned as the witch buried her muzzle in between...

'Ahhh..' Mick moaned urgently, pulling his paws away from where they had stopped washing and moved to caressing his hard shaft. He wasn't going to start doing that. He had to keep sharp for when he snatched his opportunity to escape with the Princess and properly claim his reward from her. The handsome feline not having given up on his dream of yiffing a princess after all.

Those thoughts and vague plans were quickly pushed from his mind by the soft yet unmistakable sound of a footfall behind him, his sensitive feline hearing easily picking up the sound of two sets of trotters on the slick stones leading up to the hot spring. So he wasn't exactly surprised as a pair of boars who would have been dressed in the plain purple tunics and hoods of the witch's guards had they not been as nude as he was. And yet more so, the two rather buff males not hiding behind even the bare modesty preserving quality of the water that surrounded him, their cocks almost exactly matching his in basic appearance. Unlike some more primal species of furkind, they both were possessed of human cocks complete with foreskin. Not that Mick was actively staring or anything, he just couldn't help noticing the similarity. He was very familiar with his cock after all.

'Come back for another butt kicking?' Mick smirked with a flash of fang that glinted in the low light which never seemed to grow or fade no matter how early or late the hour. It was risky to taunt them its true, he was at a disadvantage here. But as it usually did when he was backed into a corner his bravado took over. 'Cause really, it was pretty easy to beat you guys up the last time.'

'Laugh it up, fluff ball.' One of them grunted, his light yellow skin flushing darker around his cheeks as he bunched one fist tightly. Clearly the beating he had taken still stung, his ego seeming to have taken more of a bruising than the single whack to the head Mick had dished out. 'You got lucky is all, caught us by surprise. But it's us that has a surprise for you today. See, her ladyship has big plans for you today, so she sent us to help clean you up for the day.'

'Is that right?' Mick said with a shrug. Despite that casual gesture he couldn't help feeling a little reluctant about being touched by these two males. Reluctance tinged with a tiny sliver of curiosity he couldn't completely ignore. Okay, maybe he had thought about once in a while, fantasies of being touched and caressed by a manly stud flickering into his head while he fapped but that didn't mean he had ever entertained a real thought about it. And yet..the curiosity remained.

'Yeah...that's right.' The second boar snorted as a kimono clad serving girl deposited a bowl filled with a handful of cloths and a couple of bars of soap before as gracefully as she had arrived, her cool expression of graceful detachment flickering a little as she risked a glance at Mick who grinned back roguishly. Now, there was someone he wouldn't mind getting some tail from. 'So you'd better get used to it. Up on the side hero boy.'

His eyes drawn back to the boar Mick paused for a second, trying not to gaze at the two boar's naked bodies and really failing miserably, feeling an unbidden jump from his cock even as he weighed up his options. He could resist of course but for all he knew there were ten more guards waiting outside to help him comply. Which would leave him utterly powerless to stop all of them dragging him out into the water for a thorough cleaning session that could all so easily turn into a ten on one boar vs feline orgy. Something that was both an exciting thought and a scary one at the same time. So with a shrug he eased out of the water to place his butt firmly on the stones, his tail draped over his crotch. 'Fine. Do your worst boys.'

Actually, as it happened, worst was the utter wrong choice of words. Despite himself Mick couldn't help but relax the second the boars got started with their chores. Not that it seemed like a chore to them, not with the way they gently rubbed the soft wash clothes over his front and back, slowly washing and cleaning every inch of his soft fur. Mick might have felt more than a little insulted by that, his fur already spotlessly clean by his feline sense of fastidiousness, had it not felt so good.

The soft soapy bubbles and warm water cascading and caressed over his neck and down his back by the boar now kneeling behind him might have felt like heaven itself with the way his fingers brushed and rubbed against his flesh had it not been for the equally soft half washing half caressing touch on his front.

Not that one felt better than the other, both building into a mixed storm of sensation Mick could barely focus on. It if wasn't a pair of paws rubbing and caressing his ears then it was the soapy touch running all the way from his chest down to the very bottom of his toned stomach. Or those self same paws softly turning their soapy attention to his thighs and calves while behind him more of that almost teasing cloth caressing swept around just above his butt.

This was utterly not the harsh scrubbing Mick had expected, the combination of the warm soapy lather and just the right amount of firmness from the trottered paws had him leaning back on the stones with his eyes half closed, having to bite back little gasps each time they swept over his nipples.

Unseen by the feline, the boar again swept his freshly soaped cloth down his chest and torso to descend into a soft slow rubbing over his belly that instantly had him purring deep in his throat.

'Right. Turn around and get on all fours.' Mick was already so relaxed by the warm water, silky suds and soft touches that he didn't even think about resisting that command. Only slightly aware of the slick stones beneath him and moving carefully over them, Mick didn't give any thought to the vulnerability of this new position, his body and mind staying in his blissed out state right until a paw brushed over his tightly puckered ass.

'Hey no. That's not..' Mick moved to leap forward only to be tugged back by one of the boars with a snort of powerful warning, one that rippled down his spine with a shiver, no more a ripple of fear? Lust? Both? He wasn't sure.

'We still have to clean you. So stay still.' The boar rumbled, one paw closed around Mick's tail firmly. Not tugging or pulling, just grasping with enough pressure for him to feel it. Against such a forceful contact on such a sensitive area Mick froze where he was, trying not to squirm as the freshly lathered cloth rubbed over his butt and between his cheeks. His cheeks surged with such heat that he wasn't sure if he should hang his head in shame or moan like the lowest common town whore in the face of this increasingly intimate cleaning.

If it could be called cleaning any more. While the slow rubs between his cheeks and against his hole could have been simply part of washing him, there was no denying that those touches were lingering there longer than they had been. If only Mick could turn his head he could gain some understanding of the intentions of the powerful boar behind him.

There was no mistaking the intentions of the next touch he felt however, no way to read anything into it but a purposeful sensual caress as the second boar slipping a soapy paw between his legs to grab and softly stroke his already semi hard member.

There really was no way either he could have resisted that stimulation no matter how much he tried. Unbidden and yet so desired a rippling tremor rushing out from his crotch as the feline moaned lustily, his own voice betraying how good that really felt. The slick soapy contact on his head was almost too much to bear and soon his moans turned into soft pants of frustrated desire as he fought the urge not to rock against the paw rolling over his head.

Rolling up into a tight grip before those fingers loosened to allow a slick and soapy thumb to tease his already hyper stimulated head. There was certainly something unwilling about the way Mick jumped under that touch, his ears pressed flat as he whimpered in growing frustration.

Frustration that should have been aimed at himself. That certainly was the idea, part of his mind wanting to berate himself for actually

enjoying the touch and pleasure from two males who were, after all, still his captors. Yet, he couldn't..he just couldn't. Before today the idea of being with even one male would have been cause for trepidation yet here he was enjoying it like tavern slut, bent over these rocks and squirming under the dual stimulation. Heck, he might as well just lay down now and let one of them yiff him silly right here.

Oh..gods. Mick tried to push away that thought but couldn't, instinct and reflex taking him over. Instinct almost unwillingly learned from his time with the witch, the proud warrior submitting to the increasingly teasing touch that only grew as his enjoyment did. Now he was caught up in the deliciously sensual and forbidden thought of being taken by these two boars as they liked.

Too long perhaps had he been subjected to the sexual whims of his Wiccan bond keeper, his cravings for her depraved enjoyment of him perhaps going deeper than he knew. Surely that was the only reason he didn't jerk or pull away as the cloths were removed only to be replaced by equally slick paws and fingers.

If anything the first real press against his tight circle between his cheeks made him jump closer, his head going slack as the probing digit drew little circles around his puckered hole, massaging his tenseness and loosening him up enough for that finger to slip inside.

He still resisted, his tightness clenching a little in surprise before that gave way to pleasure and that finger fully gained entrance into his tight hole.

'Soo...still a virgin back here hmmm?' The boar behind him asked. 'That's good. Guess that means both of us will be able to pop that cherry for ya.'

'Speak for yourself.' The other replied, his paw now jacking along the hard length trapped inside the grip of his fingers, even if that wasn't a grip he was trying that hard to break. 'I'm having more than enough fun up here.'

Mick whimpered under that touch, trying not to let on how good this actually feels. He would never have thought about being touched by a guy before now, but now that he has he doesn't want him to stop.

'You enjoying this?' The boar rumbled, his voice thick with obvious mirth and a slight tinge of arousal that Mick couldn't ignore, that little sliver only serving to heighten his own. 'Oh yeah...I know you are. I can feel you growing in my paw. I bet this is a first for you, spending so much time with the ladies. How does it feel to be jacked off by a guy?'

Mick struggled to form a response to that, as much as his mind struggled to process all he was feeling. Something he might just have been able to manage had not the other boar teased his snug hole with the tip of his pudgy finger, his mind descending in little whimpers of mixed disbelief and bliss.

'Nonono..' Mick whimpered, fighting to control himself as the finger was eased out of him, only to shudder as it pressed back just as easily. Mick was truly being finger fucked now and it reached something deep within him. '..don't..not there...yes..there..ohhh no...yes..oh

no..no..don't..stop..I'm going to...stop...I'm close...please...don't make me.'

Mick practically begged that last utterance, the spearing fingering at his rear mingling with the exquisitely timed strokes of his cock to bring him almost to his orgasm. Part of him is wishing he was feeling a mouth around him and a cock inside him. It's a thought that shakes him but one that is too powerful to ignore.

We won't make you.' The boar behind him chuckled, wiggling his finger deep inside his ass for good measure, the softly wicked passage sending a flurry of pleasure right to his prostate. 'But we want you too. And you want too as well. Don't deny it. Cum if you want too. We can get as dirty as much as we want in here. So...do you want us to stop?'

'No!' Mick whispered horsely, that one word proving too much for him. He was already cumming before the two boars in perfect timing delivered one more slow stroke and firm press against his deliciously stimulated nethers, that touch only serving to make his orgasm that more intense. With a movement of its own, his ass contracted and tightened, that solely focused tightness shooting right to his cock which stiffened just as his hips thrust forward, his seed splashing onto the water slicked stones beneath him. The sheer power of it rocked him to his core, his toned legs and powerful arms buckling a little. It was only through sheer force of will that he remained upright.

Drained by the force of his orgasm and hit by the double team of the relaxing warmth of his afterglow, Mick was kinda caught unawares by the soft whisper that tickled his ear. Yet that soft start was nothing to the one he felt as he actually processed the words he heard. 'You know..we kinda lied to you. We were sent down here with orders beyond just cleaning you up.'

'You don't say.' Mick said with a wry smile.

'See..' the other boar continued. '..our mistress wants to watch you having sex with other guys. It's a major kink she has. So she ordered us to come down and give you some experience.'

Mick held his face impassively, quite a struggle against the flood of warmth that raced through his cheeks from that thought. Yet somehow he managed both that and to keep his voice casual. 'Yeah..I'm more of a ladies man. Heck, I am a ladies man. I don't really swing that way.'

'Oh? And that's why you just came from a guy jacking you off?' One boar sniggered. 'And wasn't it you who was almost begging us to fuck you a few moments ago.'

'Of course..you could always resist.' The other boar pressed as Mick felt his cheeks rise in a blush. 'Bit if you do..the Princess will get it. I wonder how regal she would look once our Mistress' stable of studs has had their way with her? Of course, she could just have you dragged down to the barracks and sit back and watch the ensuing orgy as we do what we like with you.'

'Are you sure it's not you than wants to do this?' Mick pressed. 'You do seem eager for it.'

'Hey.' The boar that had been stroking his cock snapped, his outburst not hiding his blush. 'Orders are orders..you know. Don't go thinking we like it.'

'Yeah...or that we wanted to do it because you are kinda hot.' The other boar retorted before he caught himself. 'I mean..orders are orders.'

That was kinda at odds with what they had said earlier but Mick let that slide. Wasn't like he too wasn't a little uncertain about his new found curiosity. And he was curious. Not a thing a hero does so he couldn't dare to risk it..risk indulging. But no one can see here.

'Good point.' One boar rumbled. 'I'm Tusk by the way. This is Snout. I know..when you are the youngest in a litter, you tend to get boring names. Not that we are brothers. That would make this creepy. Different litters. Anyway, enough about us. I want to get to know you and this cute cock of yours. I barely got to touch it before.'

'You...really think my cock is cute?' Mick asked, not sure why that thought had made him flush with heat again but kinda liking it. To say nothing of the warmth that flooded him as Snout took him into a soft kiss that quickly turned more possessive as his arms tightened around his back, that sudden closeness rubbing the boars erect cock against his.

'I do.' Snout broke the kiss with a grin. 'Both of you are very cute.'

'I dunno. I'm not as big as you.' Mick had never felt bashful or self conscious about his member before but then again he had never had the chance to make such an intimate comparison before.

'That's not true.' Snout grabbed his cock and lined it up with his own member softly. 'See..you are just as big as me. Not quite as long as Tusk but you are thicker than either of us.'

'Yeah..' Tusk nodded. 'I'm kinda jealous of that. I'd love to have that kinda thickness to press into another guy, almost like having a knot you could fill him with and tie with him, keeping me with him until I'm completely spent.'

Mick squirmed and blushed, finding he was kinda enjoying this dirty talk, the openness of it just adding fuel to the hitherto suppressed fantasies in his head. Only it seemed that his two companions had other ideas about what to do next.

'Sounds like fun.' Snout agreed. 'But now..I think you owe us for beating us up. And you can do that by pleasing us. Go on. Get on your knees and put those paws to better use. You can even suck us if you want.'

'Don't worry.' Tusk promised. 'We will go gentle with you since it's your first time but we both want to see how good a cock sucker you can be.'

Never before had Mick taken that as a compliment but he was delighted too now. Taking his instructed position and flanked by both boars, he reached for the closest which turned out to be Tusk. With only a hesitant blush, he let his fingers brush his head. His next touch was bolder and longer, running his tips over the smooth flesh to a rumble from Tusk. Encouraged

he wrapped his paw around him and started to stroke, feeling him jump in his paw. That was nothing to how he jumped when he caressed his head. Mick didn't linger on that too long, dropping again to squeeze his base then rising to rub a thumb over his slick head. He watched a Bead of pre build and roll down him. He had to taste him.

Holding him firmly he kissed, a soft brush of his lips that made his tongue dance with the taste of his maleness. Up along his underside he kissed and then to his head, finishing with a slow lick over his tip that already had Tusk squirming and moaning softly. Which wasn't the only moan he heard.

A quick turn of his head was enough to see Snout already stroking himself, his paw tugging and squeezing his head as he humped into his grip. If he could see him, he wasn't sure with the way his eyes were closed, maybe lost in some private fantasy. A fantasy Mick wanted to see if he could make come true.

With barely a seconds thought Mick pulled away from Tusk and descended on Snout's cock. A few testing licks and suckles later was all it took to have Snout rocking his hips and moaning enthusiastically, those sweet sounds only trailing off as Mick dropped his tongue down to his balls to use his rough tongue to wicked effect.

'Mmm..wh..what about me?' Tusk stammered, his paw now slowly rolling around his head as he eyed the feline giving head to his companion with obvious longing.

'Now now..you will have to wait.' Mick chided, suddenly enjoying the control he had. Something's it seemed were the same, no matter if you were male or female. Somehow that brought a sliver of familiarity to this

Ignoring his moan of frustration, Mick kept up his oral attentions until he felt Snout push forward a little, quickly swapping before he could spear into his mouth. Which didn't stop him stroking as he returned to kissing Tusk's head, going further to glide his hips over his head and suckle softly. Tusk's mouth exploded in a low grunt that could only be utter bliss, his hips flexing and twitching as if he was trying to resist instinct taking over and deep-throating him.

'You are so good at that...this can't be your first time.' Snout gasped, his paw locked frozen and tight around his head, the very motion of his deep and shaky breathing a sure sign he was right on the verge on cumming and desperately trying to hold that back.

'Well..it is.' Mick paused between sweet kisses to flick a grin towards Snout. 'You guys called it right. You will be the first two guys to pop my cherry.'

'Yiff..I can't...' Snout growled his paw dropping away only to raise again to pull Mick away from his surprised companion, his saliva slicked shaft still jumping against a contact that is no longer there.

'Hey. What the..' If Snout heard Tusk's almost bemused complaint, he made no sign of it as he dragged Mick down towards his cock, his tip spearing his lips in exactly the way he had wanted too bare minutes ago. Caught by pleasant surprise Mick could only gasp, moan and gag as his mouth was stuffed with primed, virile maleness. A maleness he was trapped on by the

simple action of Snout pressing both hands to the back of his head. Mick barely had time to release one last gasp before a grunt from Snout signalled how the brief face-yiffing had proved too much for the squirming porcine, his squirms turning to slow urgent thrusts as his seed boiled up from his sack and poured into the feline's throat. Any thought of not swallowing was stolen from him, the way his cock was driven to the back of his mouth meant he had no choice but to swallow lest he risk the outrushing cum bursting from his mouth like juice from a squeezed orange.

Against the back of his throat his head stayed pressed and Mick took it like a trooper, forcing his throat to relax and accept each creamy spurt of swine cum, breathing heavily through his nose as Snout's orgasmic release reached its seventh spurt before trailing off.

Still..Mick was still gasping when Tusk stepped forward, his own neglected member still coated in feline saliva which glistened along the rock hard length.

'Oops. Did I forget about you?' Mick grinned. 'Blame your forceful friend for that I'd say. Or are you going to take me like he did and fuck my muzzle until you cum...just like he did?'

'No.' Tusk groaned. 'Your mouth felt so good earlier. I want you to make me cum. I want you to suck me until I explode all over your slutty feline fur.'

'Oh really?' Mick took a hold of the cock before him, easing it up to his lips slowly. 'Like this hmmm?'

Eager as Mick might have been for his first proper and willing taste of cock, that didn't mean he didn't have enough control to go easy on Tusk. Easy in the way of his head lightly bobbing along his shaft, stopping just at the limit before he deep throatied him to glide back up to his head to repeat that movement again.

Now, it might not have felt as good as the face-yiffing Snout had demanded but there was no denying it did feel good, the pent up Tusk unable to last more than a minute before he too lurched into his orgasm. And boy was lurched the right word. Almost stumbling over his words as he did actually stumble, Tusk half sagged half toppled backwards with enough force to tug his cock from Mick's mouth, in perfect timing for him to splatter Mick's face with rope after rope of his creamy white cum.

Shocked, embarrassed and aroused beyond his imaginings or experience, Mick couldn't help his tongue eagerly flicking out to lap up as much of the sweetly musky male essence as he could, the taste driving home his surprise.

Barely ten minutes into his first gay encounter and here he was lapping up another guy's cum like a total cockslut. And the really funny thing was, he was loving every minute of it. Which didn't make him gay, Mick mused. Sure, he had a new appreciation for guys and the fun they could have. But had the Princess been here he would have taken her in a heartbeat. Still..it did open up a lot more avenues for fun than he had ever imagined. And there certainly wasn't any going back now. Not that he wanted too. How could he if that meant never feeling or tasting that ever again.

'Are you..okay?' Somehow Mick had missed Tusk kneeling before him with concern clear in his eyes. 'Maybe we got a bit rough. One of us did anyway.'

'Yeah..sorry about that.' Snout rumbled from behind him, a quick glance showing the other pig had slipped into the water to lean back against the stones. 'Can't blame us entirely. Not with the way you were teasing us. You understand what it's like. You are a horny guy too. I'm sure we can make it up to you.'

'Oh? Can you now?' Mick chuckled, striking a heroic pose mock boldly. 'You think you can handle all this maleness.'

'Is that a challenge?' Snout's rumble mingled with the soft splashing as he extracted himself from the water's embrace. 'On the stones, fluff boy and I'll handle you.'

'You can try.' Mick's heart fluttered with an excitement he kept from his movements as he easily laid himself down with his back against the smooth stones. There was nothing he could do to hide his more obvious excitement though, his cock now flushed an even deeper hue as it stood erect over his stomach.

'Nono.' Snout rumbled. 'Up on your feet. I want you nice and close for this.'

As Mick somehow even with his trembling excitement managed to climb back to his feet, he barely had time to wonder why Snout would ask that when the light tickle of breath between his legs and against his ass answered his unasked question. Even facing the wrong way and with his eyes already half closed he was sure that Tusk was kneeling between his legs with his snout inches from his virgin hole.

Vague half formed whimpers and questions raced through Mick's mind but couldn't seem to move fast enough to reach his mouth before his cock was enveloped in a warmth unlike any he had felt before. And as if that wasn't new and heavenly enough, he also had to contend with the utterly new sensation of a tongue sweeping over his ass and probing his puckered hole.

Mick would have liked to put the sudden overwhelming storm of sensations down to the newness of it all but part of him couldn't ignore that they were both damn good at this, certainly far better than his somewhat fumbling technique.

How...had he never had two girls try this on him? That thought somehow was able to penetrate the swirling storm of pleasure and new sensations that utterly and in every sense of the phrase threatened to sweep the feline away. He'd never been what anyone could consider a prude, even before he had arrived her, even if his previous sexual conquests and lustings paled in comparison to what the Witch had put him through. He might almost have said endured had it not felt so damn good. Maybe..it had been too lewd for him. Mike's feverishly wandering mind returned to that unanswered question. Maybe..something beyond what he had dared to do, crossing a line to a realm of pleasure he hadn't dared go anywhere near.

Somehow Mick made it to the end of that thought, some part of him holding onto his sexual sanity despite the glorious sensual double Team he was on the receiving end of. While Tusk was really going at it, his tongue treating his already slick hole to lick after lick that seemed to glide and slip a little deeper each time to press closer against his tightness without actually crossing the line to penetrating him, Snout certainly was taking his time.

Eyes closed and with more than hint of bliss on his face, the hung boar seemed content just to suckle at his head. That is when he didn't pull back to put his tongue to good use, wrapping around and caressing the spongy head that just by its movements craved more of those sweet licks.

Around and around his tongue swirled, sometimes lingering, sometimes sweeping around his crown in a slow circle, sometimes brushing against his tip oh so slightly. Each lick and sweet caress was its own small step to heaven. Which was nothing to describe the kisses. And Snout was a really good kisser. With the same care and attention and delicate touch, he would break from his tongue lashing to place heated little pecks all over his head, almost worshipping of his cock in a way no girl had ever done with him before.

It was instantly intoxicating and Mick instantly wanted more. Tusk might have been giving him his all, his tongue now having worked its way into the barest depths of his ass to fill as much as caress. But Snout was playing a slower game. Each time he thought he might dip a little deeper, he would withdraw to lavish more of those sweet kisses that had his knees almost buckling.

Had it not been for Tusk behind him, his paws resting on his cheeks and spreading him wide with his fingers Mick might have already collapsed in a squirming moaning heap of fur. As it was, he did manage to just stay standing, his legs rippling with shocks of pleasure each time Tusk flicked his tongue over his anus, his snout now mashed against his rear.

'Ohhh...fu...' Mick couldn't tell if that was direct at Tusk or Snout but he suddenly couldn't take it any more. With a growl that certainly could have been called feral, Mick grabbed Snout by the head and pulled him down over his shaft to start face fucking him with gay abandon.

'Unnhhh.' If Snout was caught off guard, he showed no sign of it beyond that sudden utterance, really all he could do with his mouth suddenly stuffed with trembling cock. Not that Mick could think about that. He was all ready too far gone to stop himself, his hips pumping frantically as he drove Snout's muzzle over his cock with sweetly lewd slaps So far gone that with a moan that no doubt raised the roof and a ripple through his body both his partners must have felt Mick came. Never had he come so hard and so quickly, his pent up shaft skilfully milked as each lick on his ass drove him deeper into ecstasy.

'Well....I'd say we handled him.' Snout said proudly, wiping away one trickle of cum from his chin to suck it from his finger with utter delight. 'Mmmm...you have to taste him next time.'

'Plenty of time for that.' Tusk rose to help a shaky and complaint Mick back into the water, both boars joining him and cuddling up to either side of him.

'You guys are so good.' Mick murmured softly. 'Been with a lot of guys hmm?'

'Like you have with a lot of girls.' Tusk retorted playfully. 'We could tell you some stories.'

'Well..go on then.' Mick urged. 'Try me.'

'Well...there was that time we shared a barracks with a pack of very hung dogs. And I do mean very.' Tusk blushed and chuckled. 'Alpha males, all ten of them. They made us their bitches for the whole night. In so many different ways.'

'Like the two who tied you to the table and took turns riding your ass as hard as they could?' Snout chuckled.

'What can I say. They like me. Almost as much as the trio of huskies who had you sucking and stroking their cocks for hours on end while promising so many sweet ways they would yiff you silly.' Tusk smirked.

'And did they?' Mick could feel himself getting excited again just picturing it.

'Oh yeah. After that they spent three more hours spit-roasting me.' Snout grinned.

'Oh..is that what they did?' Tusk sounded genuinely surprised. 'Guess I missed that as my two hounds stuffed my ass at the same time and made me howl like a bitch in heat.'

'Reminds me of the time we had to get our new uniforms made.' Snout said with a slow blush that Mick couldn't help but notice.

'Uniforms? Surely that couldn't turn into anything sexual.' The feline asked slowly.

'You think?' Snout chuckled. 'Our mistress insisted we use this tailor she saw in a magazine. She promised him that if he made uniforms for us all he would get to fuck us once the fitting was complete. Oh..and she also insisted we all go at once. Wasn't so much a fitting as an orgy really. But boy, did he have some stamina. He just kept taking us one after another without even needing to take a break.'

'Yeah..' Tusk joined in with a grin of his own. 'Didn't even complain when we started double teaming him. I thought he would actually be kinda a tight fit but I don't think we were the first to have been plugging that hole.'

'Mmm...sounds like fun.' Mick whispered. 'Maybe I should go down there and get a piece of his ass.'

'Well..looks like you do like listening to our stories.' Snout chuckled. 'Is that what really turns you on? Hearing nasty stories about buff guys getting pegged and fucked every which way? I think it is, you know.'

'Now..don't tease him.' Tusk said softly and with a shy glance at Mick. 'It's my fault really for starting with the stories. So..I guess..you know...I should be punished for that.'

so right after it, they notice Mick is hard and horny and they tease him from getting it while listening to gay stuff. Then have Tusk offer himself in a more...shy or timid manner, saying it's his fault for telling those stories for him so MICK could punish him for it. Then as they go, he says how he still remembers how Mick defeated all of them alone, how strong and manly he was and how much he thought of him when fapping...how he wanted him to be used as one of his females, fueling Mick's desire for him.

'Ohh..you want a little punishment from me, hmmm?' Mick rose with a grin, water dripping from his muscled frame and straining cock. 'Well..I can do that. Get on the stones boar boy.'

The repeat of the phrase Snout had used earlier wasn't missed by either boar, but that didn't stop the blushing Tusk from slipping out of the water to kneel on all fours with his legs spread a little apart. 'Show me what that feline cock can do. But..be gentle with me.'

'Oh..I will.' Mick quickly made good on that promise, striding purposefully towards the prostrate boar. It would have just been too easy to take him as he was and yiff him silly but that would be too quick as well. So Mick dropped to his knees and with barely a pause pressed his tongue against the boars puckered hole.

Now..this might not have been what Tusk was expecting but there was no doubt that he liked it. There was really no other way to read the soft whimper that slipped from his lips the very second his tongue brushed against his star.

That reaction only spurred Mick on, the nude feline softly feeling him out and exploring the sweet tightness before him, seeking out the places he liked and the little touches that made him squirm and squeal like a virgin kitten in her first breeding. Tusk certainly was sensitive down there, each lick and caress on his hole followed by a slow press backwards as if trying to take him deeper. Which wasn't to say he didn't like the way he kissed over the rounded globes of his ass or could suppress the way he shuddered each time his tongue traced fully along the crack of his ass. Yet it was becoming obvious the he wanted more than that.

'Oh.yes..right there..give me more.' Tusk whimpered. 'Don't tease. I need you. In me.'

'If you are sure.' Mick rose easily, his cock suddenly and perfectly lined up with the puckered hole he couldn't help rubbing against. 'You want all of this?'

'Yesssss.' Tusk moaned, his hips rocking back against the soft rubbing of the hard length. Urgently, passionately, desperately even. It was a heady concoction that Mick couldn't resist. 'I want you. I've been...mmm..thinking of you..about...h..how you defeated all of us and hooohhh...how manly you are. I thought of you soooo...many to..times when

fapping off and how I wanted to be treated as one of you ladies and..ahhhh....I...want..ohhhh...fuuuuu.'

That admission made the feline grin and was something Mick couldn't resist either, his paws no longer resting on the cute ass before him but gripping tightly. There was no way that Tusk couldn't have realised what that meant, if the way he suddenly shuddered as any indication. That simple action of barely repressed desire almost enough to make Mick forget himself and mount him forcefully. Yet enough of his control won out to allow him to hold back with a swell of self righteous pride. No woman had made him lose his self control before and he wasn't about to let a male, even one as adorably sexy as this one, spoil his record.

Okay, yes..he had got carried away with the princess to his cost but that had been his choice and it had led him to this so it wasn't all bad. Mick might have carried on with his musings had a snort from Tusk captured his attention.

'I thought you were going to show me what that feline cock could do?' Tusk asked with barely a glance behind him, although the sudden twitch along his spine told Mick he was fighting that urge.

'Eager for it, are you?' Mick quipped. 'Well..you wouldn't be the first. Let's see how you can take it.'

Despite all the bravado of his words, Mick resisted the urge to just drive his cock in deep and hard. With a woman, going slow would be part of the game sometimes. He would want them to want him and so would draw out the delicious moment of first penetration. And while there was a little bit of that here, his deliberate slowness was also down to not wanting to hurt him.

True, Tusk wasn't complaining; his saliva slicked tightness hugging but not resisting his entrance. But still Mick's worries about hurting his lover winning out over his natural instinct to just go straight for the hilt and start pumping away.

Mick almost had to bite down on his lip to keep from crying out as that tightness milked and gripped him. Even lubed as he was, he was still the tightest little hole he had ever plundered, the first three inches of his cock now nestled in the tight and seemingly bottomless hole around him.

Each inch he sank deeper, he expected to reach some kind of limit before he hit his length and could go no further yet somehow Tusk kept taking all of him until he bottomed out with his balls nestled against his rear.

Tempting as it was to just stay there, Mick was sure there were better things to come. His grip tightened he readied himself before pulling out just to his head. Tusk didn't resist as much as he expected, experience perhaps having shown him to stay relaxed for the next thrust.

Going on instinct Mick thrust as fast as his tightness would allow, the still kneeling boar below him bucking and gasping each time he reached his depths. Down his back arched with each thrust, that movement easily felt by the paws still gripping his cheeks.

He'd never thought being with a guy could feel so good, that anything could feel better than a pussy around his cock. But this felt just as

good. He wanted to take him so many ways but right now he wanted him here, held close as he drove into his tightness now slick with his lube. His pre taking over what his saliva had started, each twitch and shudder adding to the natural slickness surrounding his cock. Each deep thrust added another spurt of lubrication that his cock easily spread along his walls, aiding his smooth and even rhythm hitting a tempo that was bliss to both parties.. He was lubricating him deep now, sliding in and out so easily.

Bliss was absolutely the expression on Tusk's face, the flushed and panting boar rocking back against him urgently, his eyes shut and his cock twitching. The very sight of him panting like a bitch ready to be bred as his cock twitched in utterly powerful male need to feel something around it was too much for Mick to resist. Without thinking he reached for him, giving him a playful squeeze and a tug.

Tusk bucked like a bull, his hips driven forward with such and urgency that Mick had to thrust hard just to regain the depths he had lost. Surely Tusk had nearly come from that, given the warm trickle even now oozing over his fingers.

'Was that good for you?' Mick asked, making sure to slow down his thrusts, not wanting to waste this chance to tease Tusk a little before he made him squeal like a bitch in heat. 'You like how that feels?'

'Yes..oh..fu..don't stop.' Tusk groaned. 'Take me, touch me, use me anyway you want. Just cum in me.'

'Is that what you want?' Mick made sure to tease him again, drawing his cock back to barely push into him, pushing all the way in both hard and slow. 'You want...ahhh..you want me to yiff you like this?'

'Ah..yes..Mick!' Tusk squealed, that very utterance of his name making the feline's cock twitch again, his balls churning and ready to burst. Need and want and lust aside, Mick just held him close, tugging his boar plaything back against him with each thrust, keeping his cock as deep as he could go. Never had he felt anything so tight and hard around his cock. There was no slow build up to a rhythm here, this was a fast and possessive yiffing that had Tusk grunting and Mick groaning along with him. How long he could hold out he had no idea but his resolve was tested when Snout, it had to be Snout, pressed his hard and slick cock against the felines own rear tunnel.

Not penetrating yet, just rubbing against him as his paws caressed and spread his ass, his fingers teasing and probing his tightness still a little slick from his fun earlier. 'Mmmm...you didn't expect me to just sit this one out, did you?' Snout rumbled. 'How could I? Getting so horny watching you fucking Tusk there, I couldn't watch any more.'

'O..oh?' Mick tried to sound casual as those fingers worked his ass with their skilful probing and failed utterly, his rhythm thrusting against the other boar breaking down as he rocked back against this new sensual contact.

'Oh yes.' Snout replied. 'If you really want to know how one male can make another male feel so good, then I need to feel your cherry pop. And you wanted me to pop your cherry. So I guess that's perfect. Besides, you do owe me for facefucking me without warning like you did.'

'Well..' Mick squirmed and blushed in hyper arousal and embarrassment. 'I guess that's true. And..I'm willing to try anything, so go for it.'

The groan he uttered after that statement was as good as a nod, the boar stuffing him and stuffing his cock deeper into Tusk. With the pressure against him all he could manage was shorter, sharper thrusts in counter point to the slow strokes he had been delivering before, Snout matching his pace as the combined weight drove Tusk down to the stones and pushed Mick on top of him, making him the filling in a boar sandwich. That awareness of his situation proved too much for him. He had no idea if he did something or it was just a perfect mixing of the three bodies moving together but he heard two almost synchronised grunts barely a second before the feline sounded his own release, the feeling of his cock unloading his seed into the tight ass squeezing him almost as good as the feeling of Snout unloading his thick cock into him, even the downward pressure not enough to prevent a little of his seed from trickling down between his legs and over his balls. All three froze and then collapsed down, utterly spent and content in equal measure.

It was Mick that spoke first, just about able to raise his head to glance from one boar to the other. 'Well..it's kinda different with guys..but I kinda liked it.'

'Good.' Snout rumbled deeply. 'Because you are gonna have to have sex with all the guard later. Repeatedly and in turn.'

'What?' Mick spluttered, his head spinning at the thought of that. Enjoying a little fun with two guys was one thing, being passed around like a toy from one to the next was quite another. Yet deep down, under all his shock and nerves, something about that did appeal to him.

'Stop teasing.' Tusk chided. 'He's joking. You shouldn't worry. You are part of the family now. In a way. I'm sure the others would say the same. You won't have to do that unless you'd like too.'

'Well..maybe I'd like to.' Mick chuckled. 'Either way, I think I'm starting to like it here.'