

*"Hey, you're free this weekend, right? Why don't'cha come over and have some fun with us? We've been talkin' about you all week... Oh, shit, really? Great! You have the address, right? ...Cool. Yeah, cool. You might want to bring a spare pair of underwear, just in case. I'll - tell you when you get here. Yeah. See you then."*

Never before had such a short, simple phone call made Immortal's pants tighten like that. The first little twitch came from hearing that voice itself, the same somewhat-gruff yet energetic timbre that had first leaned over towards him at the bar, and had told him that *delicious* story about some things he'd done with his brothers. The fox had actually pawed off remembering that story, at least three times in the week since.

Not to diminish what he'd actually *done* with Brian, the wolf at the other end of the line, and his two other brothers. Memories of *that* had stuck fresh and bright in his mind, and he enjoyed looking back on those memories often. One small part of him actually considering saying no to the invitation this weekend, as all of that personal time had left him running on empty... but then, he figured, he wasn't going to be the center of attention.

Or. He *was*. But it wouldn't really matter whether he himself came or not, or how much he put out. Better if he held off for longer, so he could enjoy the full length (and volume) of these three wolves, on his tongue or in his throat or in his belly or under his tail or however it was they wanted to use him this time. Last week he could still taste all three of them, and pick out their scents and tastes individually from one another, even after he'd brushed his teeth three times.

So *that* had been fun. The shirt he'd worn that night actually still bore at least two of their smells, spilled from the corners of his mouth during frantic swallowing; it had taken a somewhat permanent place down in the space between the side of his mattress and his nightstand, for easy retrieval to press against his nose when the mood struck him.

Wouldn't have to worry about that tonight, though. He'd gotten that call on his lunch break yesterday, Thursday around noon... and since then time had seemed to stretch out to a snail's pace, leading up to closing time Friday and when he climbed in his car to head right out to the wolves'. Brian, the middle of the brothers, had sent him a few text messages throughout the day as well, teasing at the fox and pushing all his buttons.

One of them was actually a video message- *"You agreed to get tied up, right?"*, with the view first starting at Brian's face. Then the camera turned to his side and showed Eric, the youngest brother, tied up like a hog and bent over the side of a bed with his tail pulled up towards the back of his muzzle and James, the oldest, pounding away beneath that raised tail, heavy wet slapping of his thrusts showing that one of the two had already had a turn at that rump. *"Well, James's been practicing his knots, and more'n just the one he gave you last time."*

Immortal swallowed and squirmed in his seat, leaning down over the wheel a bit to take this last turn. Seemed like the closer he got to their house - none of these neighborhoods were familiar, of course; the only other time he'd come down this way, he'd had his muzzle pushed down into Eric's lap and his muzzle kept thoroughly busy - the more he wriggled, and the noticeable filling stiffness beneath his tail and all of about three inches inside of him just worsened that.

That had mostly been a last-minute decision, made right as he climbed into bed for sleep last night. About a thumbnail-sized dollop of lube, one to two to three fingers sinking up underneath his tail, maybe twelve minutes of stretching and squirming... and then about two hours of

struggling to block out the pleasure and desire brought on from having his favorite plug sealed inside of him, flared base pulling at his stretched tailhole every time he clenched. No harm in a little extra preparation, right?

Besides, he figured he had a lot to look forward to tonight. For the first time since he'd gotten into his car this afternoon, his mind skewed away from scenarios and situations and fantasies and focused in on finding the right house, the fox peering down to look at the numbers... though, as it would turn out, he didn't have to: up at the corner he could see the form of a familiar wolf, with the right coloration showing along his shirtless body. Those ears perked back towards him as he drove up and slowed down, and got into place to park his car.

And, then, Brian turned to wave at him, plump sheath still hanging out from the front of his pants with a forefinger and thumb aiming it towards the rosebushes, glistening red-pink tip visible beneath the soft skin with the last of his stream of piss trickling to a finish. "Oh! I was wondering when you'd get here..." he rumbled, and shook himself off before striding over to the fox's car. He looked both ways down the street before coming over, probably to determine if it would be better to zip himself up. He didn't. "We were just getting everything ready."

"What was that about needing a new pair of underwear?" Immortal unbuckled himself and stood out of the car, and leaned his rear back against the door to close it behind him - and then was suddenly yanked forward in a firm embrace, that fat slightly-wet sheath pressing into his lower belly through his shirt. He could feel the slick heat and humidity of that thing, and the cock that it hid... "-Whoa. Didn't think you'd be so glad to see me."

"James'll be even happier." Brian shoved his thumbs into his pockets and nodded toward the house. "He's only cum once since we last saw ya, and that was to record that video I sent. And - the underwear thing-" He patted the fox's rump to push him forward, at the same time leaning in to open the front door. The also-familiar scent of the wolves' house floated over Immortal's senses, faintly floral smell of cleaning supplies and dusted furniture just barely covering the heavier, sharper, richer tang of three sexually hyperactive lupines. "We stretched you out quite a bit last time, right?"

"Yeah. I could hardly clench my ass for two days after." Now, almost a full week later, he could still sometimes feel the ghost of that sensation beneath his tail - not a pain, not a discomfort, but just a tingling awareness that if (or, rather, when) he ended up with a fat knot inside of him again, that next time it would be a bit easier.

"Yeah. In case that happens." Brian held his arm out, motioning Immortal down the hall. He could hear the two other brothers talking between themselves, through the open door to the bedroom at the end. "Fuck, listen to me. *In case*. It *will* happen; James wants to get at you first today."

That actually made Immortal stop in his tracks. He looked up at the tall wolf. "What?"

Big, predatory grin, the effect completed by those sharp eyes. Brian reached down and unbuttoned his fly, allowing his pants to sag down his legs a short distance. "Don't worry, we made sure to get some more lube. This time he wants to tie you, and knot-fuck you from there instead of trying to shove himself all the way into you from the start."

Big plans, indeed. Brian had led him back into the bedroom, and now Immortal looked between the faces of the two other wolves, Eric lounging back in a chair with his pants around his ankles and cock already hard under his paw, and James rummaging through the nightstand next to the bed. He was fully nude, and looked as though he'd just recently gotten out of the shower: his dark fur had that look to it, faintly damp yet clean. From where he stood, bent over like that, his full, heavy sack could quite easily be seen hanging between his legs.

Brian slapped Immortal's rump again, causing the fox to bounce forward into the center of the room with a startled yip. "Dinner's here."

The oldest brother gave a small jump, but quickly recovered and turned around, bright red ball-gag clutched in one paw. Immortal licked his lips and swallowed; he'd suddenly gotten hit with wondering about how it would feel to be on his knees with these three around him, fat sacks and plump sheaths all grinding and leaking down over his muzzle. "Oh, good," James rumbled, and held that gag out. "Put this on."

It took Immortal a moment to shake himself out of that fantasy - admittedly, that was a new one. He'd have to... *investigate* it in greater detail later. "Wh - right now?"

James nodded, raising his eyebrows. "Yeah, now. D'you want us to pour you a glass of wine first? I mean, I know we gave you a drink last time, but we wanna get down to business, fox - each of us woke up with morning wood, and we've been holding off for tonight." He waved towards the bed with that paw after Immortal took the gag from him. "Get undressed, too. I can smell Eric over there, and it's turning me on."

"Hah." That was the younger wolf, who gave a little thrust into the slow stroking of his paw. "Study in self-control when we woke up, that morning wood. I rode James 'til he almost came..."

As he reached up to affix the gag around his muzzle, holding the ball in his teeth, Immortal started to make his way over to the bed - and then suddenly felt himself pushed forward over the edge of it, the inimitable heat and squishy-stiffness of a wolf's sheath pressing up underneath the base of his tail through his pants. "Let me help you with that," Brian murmured in his ear; and in another few seconds the gag was fixed in place, straps adjusted for the fox's muzzle. Kind of odd that they'd have him put this on first, but he-

-managed to let a little *huff* out through his nose, Brian still leaning over him and now getting to work at his pants. Fast, experienced fingers, pressing and poking to find the fly of his pants, undoing his button, pulling the zipper down... and then yanking the pants and his underwear as well down in one go, leaving the fox's rump on display again for these wolves. That done, the middle brother leaned forward over him again and pressed the humid heat of his sheath and revealed tip directly beneath that tail, giving a few slow, steady thrusts while he rolled the fox's shirt up and off. Those thrusts, underside of sheath to base of plug, just shifted the way the thing fit in him, and pressed in on him in all the right ways to make his breaths come out as fast puffs and quiet grunts around the gag.

Immortal shifted his muzzle to the side, face pressed against the blankets beneath him. Brian had dropped his own pants about halfway down his thighs, and past him, James stood with a pair of fingers and thumb rubbing and squeezing at his thick sheath, slowly working his length out, with his other paw wrapped around the bottle of lube.

“God - *dammit*, Brian, I specifically told you *not* to get the twist-top one...”

“What?” Strong paw gripping down on Immortal’s shoulder, pulling his body back against that intense heat at his rump. He bit down along the gag, squirmed, swallowed... spread his legs a little bit. The mattress came up just high enough so it was a bit uncomfortable to keep his legs straight, but even more so if he were to get down on all fours - but every time Brian’s weight settled against him from behind, every time that slick tip kissed up against his puckered tailhole, he felt himself pushed forward and down and his rump hiked up into the air. *This* would be fine. “It was five dollars cheaper than the other one. Y’know lube is expensive.”

“And you know we go through it like milk, so we get the good stuff.” While listening to that low voice, Immortal closed his eyes and tested the firmness of the gag, giving it a few little bites. The one problem he’d encountered in the past was that his sharp teeth could have a tendency to pierce into the material and get stuck, and knowing just how well-endowed these brothers were... “Okay. Move. We agreed I’d get to him first. D’you have the rope?”

“In the nightstand. I left the plug in for you. I know you prefer to be the one to open your toys.” Brian gave one more thrust and then stepped to the side, leaving him bare and free for the taking. Not for long, of course; within seconds another pair of paws, slightly larger and slightly heavier, settled on his waist with thumbpads just barely brushing against the rim of his pucker and the limp length of a soft rope dangling down his thigh. With that touch, his body instinctually clenched back - but James kept a grip in those thumbs, and held his tailhole in place there against the base of the plug, squeezing in along his ridged flesh as if to press that thumb in alongside it.

“Well, well...” *T-t-tap* of his claws along the rim, of him getting a grip on that base. Immortal gave another little noise with the first tug, just barely enough to pull out against his tailhole from within; after that, the wolf pushed it back into him, turned it a little bit, started to pull again... and this time continued pulling, other paw spreading the fox’s rump so he could watch the way his tailhole stretched and spread around it. He kept it slow, even when Immortal’s unintentional clenching tried to squeeze it out in one go, and then rubbed one thumb over the lube-slickened rim of his tailhole.

By the way that pad felt against him, and knowing the size of that plug, Immortal could tell that his tailhole had remained stretched partially open after wearing that thing all night. James let a low, appreciative rumble echo through his chest, and slid that thumb in further - then hooked it around the muscle of his rim and tugged, keeping the fox open for his tapered tip to slide easily up against him.

He had a way of doing that; Immortal could remember how after he’d ridden one of the others’ knots last time, James had slid his thumbs into the fox’s stretched tailhole and held him open like that while he sank his tip up into him, completely bypassing his rim... now, though, he just held him there, one thumb remaining in place with his other coming back to direct his cock forward. Then there was the touch, hot and slightly wet, soft yet firm; paw still in place keeping the fox’s rump half-spread, he churned his hips slowly forward and back, forward and back, working that tapered tip in past Immortal’s already-stretched rim.

As he leaned steadily further into him, the wolf straightened up and quickly got to work with that rope, lifting the fox’s arms up into the air behind him, wrapping the cord around elbow, forearm, wrist, pulling the bonds tight as his girth continued to press into him, until - Immortal squirmed.

James had tied his arms behind his back, one atop the other, each paw at the elbow of the other arm, and nothing he could do lessened the gentle pressure on his shoulders, or the knowledge that now he was completely at the mercy of this large canine.

Familiar discomfort, pressure of someone sinking up into him, weird warmth of that firm length, all lessened... but about as quickly as he'd started did the wolf stop, soft supple skin of his sheath pressed up against Immortal's tailhole. He turned his head to the other side to look back at him - Brian had gone over to another chair by the nightstand and now watched, paw working lazily at the base of his own sheath - but James didn't notice. It didn't take long to figure out what he was doing, though: instead of getting himself fully hard beforehand, he'd just buried what of his length *had* come out of his sheath inside Immortal... and now coaxed the rest of his length steadily out into him, each thrust pressing a little deeper, filling him out a little more fully.

And *that* was an interesting feeling, especially with his length more just plunging into him, pressing deeper and deeper, rather than actually stretching him out. Until, at least, the bulge of his unswollen knot came; the lube he'd spread across himself remained against the edge of Immortal's tailhole, thank God, so that it just took a few more thrusts, some tugging from both thumbs on either side of his tailhole, a bit of hip-work... and the fox jerked forward with that odd cross between pleasure and pain, the sting of a stretched tailhole, the pressure and heat on him from inside.

He clenched his fists at his back, unable to grip onto the blankets like he would've done, while James churned his hips, buried past his unswollen knot inside of him, and with his thumbs still tugging and pulling at his pucker to bring that ring of muscle more fully back around him. "*There we go...*" the wolf growled, and let out a low sigh that mirrored one of Immortal's own. With him buried that deep and his own tailhole squeezing around the base of his length, he could feel the wolf's pulse, and each throb of his cock as he continued to stiffen up inside of him.

Immortal squirmed again and tried to look around the room, only able to turn his head partially one direction or the other: Brian had one of his paws at his muzzle, idly chewing at a claw while he pawed himself off, while Eric at the other end of the room had a finger and thumb wrapped around the base of his knot and tugging rhythmically, with his balls cupped in his other paw. Another of Immortal's fantasies had been this same situation, James's considerable endowment buried in his backside but also with one of the other brothers grinding their scent against his muzzle, or maybe fucking his maw the same way the oldest did, or-

James tugged back and pulled himself out to his tip in one fast movement, and in that moment Immortal realized he hadn't had to test the firmness of the ball gag earlier. As quickly and smooth as he'd pulled out did the wolf sink back into him, his knot catching at the rim of the fox's tailhole again and then popping through, every time with his body squeezing back around him and all of his other muscles tensing up as well. Hell, the wolf probably *knew* that: the deeper he got into this rhythm, the faster and harder those thrusts went. He kept one paw always between himself on the fox's rump, keeping him partially spread to ease each entry of that tight bulb of flesh.

"Jeez..." Brian grumbled from across the room, "don't stretch 'im out *too* much - what if someone else wants a turn?"

"Then they can-" James grunted and hilted himself inside the fox again, and this time when he tried to tug back, Immortal intentionally squeezed harder than before, so he had to put a little

more force into that yank to do so. That was a pretty good feeling, too, the forceful pull-out against his rim from inside, the twitch and tug of the muscles, the hot, wet slickness- “wait their damn turn and take what they get. Y’all won’t have to worry about lubing up once I finish...”

With each thrust, Immortal could feel that knot swelling out, pulsing inside of and against him, straining as it continued to grow. It really *had* taken one of the other brothers tying him and knot-fucking him last time, for him to be able to take James’s full size at all - and even that had been a bit of a stretch, literally speaking. Now his jaw tightened around the gag, his claws dug into his palms in rhythm with his body, lurching forward at the end of the large wolf’s thrusts; the pace of his breathing was set by that same rhythm too, sharp little huffs out through his nose or around the sides of the gag, short needy inhalations that made his whiskers tingle.

With this fairly slow pace, though, this steady throb, tug, pull, he had an easier time taking that fat knot than if he were to sit right down on it and expect to fit it up inside of him - it was like he was steadily sizing up on a stretching toy, instead of trying to take two clenched fists side by side at once. And thank God for this gag, too: it didn’t take long at all before those thrusts carried more urgency than just from the pleasure of the sex. Loud, wet *slp-slp-slp* of James’s hips against Immortal’s rear, each accented by the thicker, meatier noise of his thick cock and knot pounding deep into him, stretching him open, pulling back out. Somewhere along the way the wolf had worked that thumb in alongside his shaft while he fucked the fox, keeping his tailhole held partially open, and then squeezing in alongside it every time he forced his knot into him.

Couldn’t hear the other brothers, and he also couldn’t keep his eyes open long enough to look - and not only that, but the force of the sex itself had knocked all tension out of him, so that he stopped trying to lift his head up and now lay there with his muzzle pressed sideways against the mattress again, now just letting the wolf rail him, pound him down against the blankets. Immortal was *aware* of his own cock, probably dripping and leaking like a broken faucet into a puddle at the foot of the bed here, but... honestly, he could feel himself get pushed steadily closer and closer to his own peak just from that girth pounding into him, pressing deep, pulsing, throbbing...

...and then, finally, unloading deep under his tail, James’s paws gripping on his waist, that one thumb still tugging at his tailhole stretched past the base of his knot. The fox could feel each spurt as it came, both in that ring of muscle as well as *inside* of him, hot glue-thick spurts that put a noticeable weight in his belly. It went on for several seconds, too, James teasing at tugging his knot out of the fox before each spurt but never quite doing so, even though at this point he could do so with ease; Immortal gave the best squeeze he could with his abused rump, and *that* was when the wolf slid smoothly out of him.

That same heavy, wet heat dripped down along the back of Immortal’s sack as well as his inner thigh, and for a moment he couldn’t tell whether that was just him dripping from his tailhole that couldn’t quite squeeze fully shut, or if James had emptied the last of his spurts out across his backside. Not like it mattered, though; the oldest brother said *something*, lost to Immortal beneath his own panting moans, and then next thing he knew - there was another hard cock pressing up into him, this one not *quite* as thick as the first. Immortal tried adjusting his arms again, but the ropes still held tight.

“Shit, I *told* you not to stretch him the fuck out...” Brian murmured, but that hardly felt like a complaint. Immortal was reminded again of last time, when James could keep him open with

two thumbs and plunge right into the depths of his ass, without having to squeeze past the ring of his tailhole; Brian now did something similar, though he could do so *past* his knot, with only the slightest discomfort to the fox.

James sounded thoroughly exhausted. Immortal half-opened his eyes - he could feel his drool dripping out around the gag, and soaking into the fur of his cheek - but didn't bother trying to turn to look at the older wolf. "And I told you not to get the fucking twist-top lube."

"Yeah - yeah..." Brian's voice caught in his throat. No preparation, no warming up: Immortal had felt the original grab and tug of his unlubricated shaft against his backside, right before he'd buried his entire length inside him. From there it got faster and easier, the middle wolf using his older brother's... *copious* load as lube for himself, tip to knot; the fox could tell that some of that seed dripped out from his stretched rump, partially since he could actually feel it, and partially in the wetter sounds of Brian's fast, hard thrusts.

Not as deep, not as thick, not as tough... but all of that meant that this wolf could go at him harder, could be less careful. And, he did: instead of keeping his paws in place along Immortal's rump, Brian leaned forward over the fox, bracing himself on the mattress, and used his weight to pound forward into him, heavy balls slapping against Immortal's backside, knot slipping into his already-used tailhole and back out, again and again.

The force behind those thrusts caused the fox to press forward and grind against the side of the bed yet again, adding another layer to the hot, urgent tingling in his abdomen; he shivered and breathed when he could between moans, he squeezed his eyes shut, he hiked his rump up against the wolf pounding into him - and maybe it was his weak tightening in his own orgasm that sent Brian over the edge as well, both of them shaking and shuddering, panting and moaning. Immortal's peak felt like intense, sweet fire rippling through him, giving him a strength that he thought he'd lost, to push himself up with his legs and squeeze as far and as firmly back around Brian's knot as he could - and yet the wolf gave the slightest, easiest half-step backwards, and pulled his girth free of the fox's tailhole, with the same slick sound that had come with James removing his plug earlier.

"Eric," Brian panted. He sat down on the bed beside Immortal, still hunched over it, and then flopped over onto his back. The fox finally let the tension go out of his legs, and hung limp along the edge. "Do you want a turn? He's... all warmed up for ya..."

"...No," answered the youngest wolf, still across the room. Immortal tried to keep his eyes closed; opening them made him feel like the room was spinning a bit. "I - took care of it... soon after James finished..."

"You're not gonna be driving yourself home tonight, are you?" James asked. All Immortal could give in response was a muffled *mmh* and a shake of his shoulders.

Beside him, Brian chuckled. "He probably won't be able to sit down 'til Tuesday. Hell, he probably won't be able to stand up on those legs 'til tomorrow morning. Good thing for us, though, right? Easy access..." Then, some soft rustling; Immortal opened his eyes just as the wolf adjusted his position, and rested an arm across his face. "Later, though. I... need to catch my breath..."

Always hard to imagine going again, right after one good session. All of that felt right, too; Immortal's legs tingled and shook whenever he tried to push himself up further, and he knew that within a few more minutes, he'd definitely be able to feel the stretching and abuse his backside had endured. That didn't mean he wouldn't be willing to go again later, though.

He *did* bring another pair of underwear, though what concerned him now was that he'd need a bigger plug.