

It's my birthday! As of today, I'm slightly less young than I was a year ago, but still pretty damn young. Last night, both of my roommates made sure I'm very aware of that, with one's "Now you're even closer to my age" and the other's "I'm still almost three times as old as you", and they actually had the nerve to leave me alone in my own bed, as I've known for a while that the two of them had been planning something for this day.

In case you don't know, my roommates are a pair of *fantastic* dogs. One's a huge king shepherd, Pan, who has a sweet personality and a bitter taste. He's the older of the two as well as the one I've known longer; I like the way he smells and his voice and his pudgy dad belly and how he treats me. How, exactly, we met escapes me, but I think I was with some friends and he was there too, and I went over and started talking to him, and I think we exchanged numbers, and here we are now. It was your standard slightly-more-than-friends-but-not-lovers relationship, and still is: started with friendship; went on to paw-holding; nuzzling; cuddling; licking; adventurous paws, then fingers, then tongues; writhing against one another and moaning into each other's necks... now, hardly three days goes by where his cock isn't shoved to the knot into my muzzle at some point in time, or he hiltz up under my tail. I've recently started getting hands-free orgasms from him, which is super nice.

And then there's Arkani, the other roommate, and - go ahead and guess - an Arcanine. He's a lot closer to my age, but still somehow, like, four times my size (I've said it before and I'll say it again: four times my size in all senses of the phrase). He has to duck and sometimes turn sideways when going through doors, and I don't think I've ever seen him fit into a car without looking like a cartoon character. Arkani's a bit more brusque, a bit more forward than Pan, but I like him a lot, too; the shepherd introduced me to him, as I guess they've been friends for a while, when we went out to lunch one day. The Arcanine came home with us, I got to know him quite a bit better that night, and now he's living with us too, so if I'm ever in the mood for thick, uncut meat (which is very often), well... yeah. He can be cuddly too, and it's really sweet when he is because he's so much bigger than me - like, I'm pretty certain he can wrap both of his paws around my waist - and he has a really nice, spicy scent... sometimes he smokes cigars, and I've developed a bit of an appreciation for the odor because of him. Also, being an Arcanine, the smell of his piss has a tendency to linger in your fur for a few days, even if you shower twice a day...

But, yeah. Those are my roommates - we all rent a house together, a nice place close to both of their workplaces as well as my school. We have our separate bedrooms, but it's a rare occurrence for all three of them to be occupied: usually at least one of us spends the night with at least one other, and it's hardly ever in *my* room because my bed is the smallest, since I'm the smallest person here. One time a while back though, when school was really stressing me out, Pan came in late at night, crawled in with me, and held me close (he had to, really; he's a big guy, and I'm sure he would've fallen out of the bed if he moved back at all). I only woke up when he came in because the bed creaked under his weight, and when he wrapped his big paws around me, I turned around and nuzzled up under his chin... apparently he'd gotten Arkani in on it too, because the next morning I went downstairs to find a steaming plate of fried quesadillas, the way Dad used to make. That was nice.

Today, though, I awoke to an empty bed and seemingly empty house, to be verified when I went downstairs, but now that I'm lounging on the couch in my underwear watching TV, that's totally fine. Though I know I'll get bored of it if they're gone for much longer, some time to myself is pretty damn nice - and they left a bowl of candy on the downstairs table, too, which now rests in my lap about half as full as it was half an hour ago. Spongebob finally came back to Netflix, which is dope as hell, and a great birthday present of itself. I don't feel much different today than I did yesterday, which most people probably say about their birthdays once they hit a certain age, but whatever. Again, it's nice to get a day to just relax and worry about nothing, even if I do that on weekends anyway.

I'd gotten a card in the mail from my grandma otter (grandmutter, if you will) yesterday, and a text from my brother before I woke up saying that whatever he had gotten for me was then on its way - which is weird, because now I'm more excited for the days that come *after* my birthday than I was for the day *of* it, because of the stuff that'll finally get here. The thought *does* cross my mind, though: what if Pan and Arkani are out right now because they forgot about my birthday?... but, no, that wouldn't happen, because they both specifically mentioned it to me last night, and said 'remember we're planning something for you tomorrow, so don't invite anyone over'. I had half a mind to tell my fruit bat friend to come over and play video games with me, just to spite them!... though that wouldn't stop them. He was over one time when I had promised Arkani a blowjob, and in the middle of a game, the Arcanine came in, stood beside me, unzipped his pants, and flopped his cock over my muzzle... fruit bat just stifled a giggle and went on playing, though he totally *did* look over a few times. I remember I had to down two whole glasses of orange soda to get the texture and taste out of my mouth.

...After having such thoughts, I have to move the candy bowl in my lap, and *readjust* with a paw before things are comfortable again. It's not always sex with Arkani and Pan - just most of the time, and probably would be more often if I weren't always so sore after. 'That just needs more practice', Arkani told me one time when I said that; when I said the same thing to Pan, what *he* said was instead 'that just needs more lube'. Honestly, though, I'd rather have both, especially if what they were planning for today is what I think it is.

There's a noise at the front door, and a moment later, Arkani opens it and comes inside, wearing an ash-grey workout shirt and these adorable gym shorts that do well to both reveal the muscles of his legs as well as showcase his, um... bulge. He's panting a little when he first comes in, and nods to me. "Morning, Luke. Happy birthday."

"Oh... thanks." I reach over for the remote to put Spongebob on pause. "Did you... where were you? What were you doing?"

He leans against the wall to take off his shoes, occasionally looking back up at me. Arcanines have a hell of a thirst, too; in a moment he'll go into the kitchen and down at least half a gallon of water, and then expect me to willingly receive that half-gallon later. I mean, usually I do, but whatever. "I went on a jog."

"You don't exercise."

"Yes I do. You're just never home or awake when I do." With his shoes off, he straightens up, rolls his shoulders, pops his neck, and then - guess what - clomps into the kitchen. He raises his voice so I can still hear him. "How else do you think I maintain this magnificent body?"

A real Adonis, this one, sculpted of fire and tungsten rather than flesh and marble. I scoff, and consider saying something along the lines of 'I hear pounding otters is an excellent ab workout', which is exactly what a fox once said to me, but... well, that just feels like it'd be too much.

"Hey, where's Pan?"

The noise of water from the tap at the front of the refrigerator filling a glass begins then, and continues under his voice. "Out. He's at the store; he'll be back soon. We're gonna start celebrating your birthday then." He pauses; the noises of him taking a few gulps of the water replace his voice; and then he starts to fill the glass back up. "However, since it's just you and me right now, and I have no idea when he'll be back - whaddya say we start celebrating early?"

"Yeah? How so?"

He steps back into view just as he finishes that second glass, and wipes his mouth. "Do you remember what we said we'd get for you?" he says, and then goes back once more to get a third glass.

Meanwhile, I rummage through what's left in the candy bowl and try to find something I like marginally better than all the others. "Yeah. Of course I do." The thing they're getting for me is two cocks, under my tail, at the same time. Needless to say, I'm nervous and a bit frightened, actually, especially when each of them is at least as wide around as my forearm.

"Well, then it shouldn't surprise you to learn that that stinky shepherd is out getting lube." Arkani comes back into view, this time without the glass, which I can only assume that he downed once more. He wipes the back of his paw across his mouth, then starts to head over to the recliner on the other side of the room. "So we might as well get started, right? C'mere."

I'd... complain, but if I did that, it'd be just to be a turd. Instead, I set the bowl to the side (on the cushion next to me instead of the table, which causes it to tip over and spill onto the carpet when I stand up) and go over to the Arcanine, who lounges back in the recliner with his legs apart. He spreads them further when I stop in front of him, and then points down to the floor.

"Why'd you go on a jog this morning?" I ask, as I lower myself to my knees - but then the clear answer hits me in the face when my nose comes level with his crotch. Call me odd, but I *do* have a thing for scents, and this damn dog knows it; he grins upon seeing my face, and then rests a paw on the back of my head when one of mine comes up to tug at the waistband of his shorts. Just my luck, too: my fingers curl around that waistband dig into rough pubic fur,

reinforcing the idea generated from the prominence of his bulge that he's not wearing underwear, and then sight verifies this idea after a firm tug. He moves his legs to allow me to pull his shorts off, and then, all of a sudden, he's sitting there with his black length hanging out in the open space in front of my muzzle, foreskin naturally half-retracted. The air seems to get instantly warmer and thicker.

"Happy birthday," he murmurs, and then shifts his hips forward - causing the end of his length to press against my nose and thus fill my head with his scent. All I can do is lick my lips and swallow. "You've been munching on that candy all morning, and now you can munch on something I know you *really* want..."

And, he's right. On receiving an encouraging nod from him, I tilt my chin up and flick my tongue out against the underside of his shaft, tasting of his pulsing heat and putting a flavor to his musk; his paw tightens on my head, almost asking me to continue, so I bring my own paw up and wrap it around him about halfway down, enough so that I can tug his foreskin the rest of the way back and swirl my tongue around the crest of his head before setting my lips to the flesh and beginning to move down. Due to his thickness, though, I have to stop often and come back up, solely so I can run my tongue all along him and coat him in saliva - since I know what's coming after. As much as I'd like to, and as much as I'm sure he'd like to, it's not into my throat that he'll be emptying his load today.

He breathes out a low, slow sigh with my descent on his length, equally deliberate and steady. It's a pleasant sensation, the feeling of his heavy meat filling my muzzle and weighing down my tongue, of his foreskin being tugged a little bit back by my lips while the rest of him continues to slide into my mouth - and, then, there's his scent, concentrated and focused by his little morning jog. I actually used to dislike it somewhat, but now - God...

As I said before, he's big. Even if I could open my mouth wide enough to get all of him in, which I can't, I wouldn't be able to deepthroat him sufficiently; with my current experience, I can only get about three-quarters of the way down on him and in my throat before it gets too much. There's a wolf who lives a few streets away who is more *sensibly sized*, and I can get my nose into his pubic fur, almost no problem... though, really, that kinda takes the fun out of it. I appreciate a good, hard challenge, and Arkani is both good *and* hard.

Sorry.

Since I can't fully envelop him in my muzzle, I go down on him as far as I can, stay there a while, and then bob up and down with the guidance of his heavy paw on the back of my head; he has his other around the part of his shaft that my lips can't reach, and strokes himself in rhythm with my bobbing.

"Get that underwear off," he growls; I come up off of his length and lick up the underside while moving to obey. Tight boxer-briefs today, and my stiff erection provides a bit of an obstacle in getting them off, but I do, and kick them to the side. "Now," the Arcanine goes on; I look up at

him through half-closed eyes past his thick cock, in front of my muzzle. "Why don't you have a seat in my lap?"

I make sure to drag my tongue all the way up his underside on my way up, just to ensure that he's as slick as he can be before Pan brings the lube. It's always a little awkward first preparing to sit down on a cock: I scramble up into Arkani's lap, he moves his paws to my hips while I set mine on his shoulders, I try to find a good hold on the seat of the recliner with my feet while accidentally squeezing his wide body with my knees - and then I move one paw back to angle him against my tailhole, and shiver in anticipation with the familiar feeling of hot moisture, of hard flesh... while I'm busy focusing on that, one of his paws comes up, caresses my chin, and tilts my head up to look at him; then, I get a nice kiss right on my nose, and then a slightly-less-nice "Go your own speed, sweetheart. We'll ravage you later."

Arkani usually tenses up when I first start sinking down on him, which is understandable: me being uncut myself, I know it feels to top without actual lube, and it's not always the most pleasurable of feelings when it comes to the foreskin being tugged. However, he's gotten better accustomed to it, and also knows just how and when to churn his hips or wiggle his position, both squeezing a soft moan out of me and causing a change in his own facial expression. It's a bit of a stretch, literally, to try to press down onto him and get him balls-deep in me, especially when we've just started going at it; I often fall victim to my own eagerness and have to stop moving and grip at his fur, bite back a tense grunt, swallow a few times.

The pain of bullheaded ambition is an odd one - Arkani breathes a gentle scoff and lifts my weakening erection with a finger - but it passes, and I have to again change my position so I can resume bobbing up and down on him, each time sinking further down onto him. The first time we fucked, I couldn't even do this. Instead, he just tugged his foreskin back, pressed up under my tail - I was on my paws and knees in front of him - until his head was in me, and then stayed there and pawed off until he came in me. Admittedly, that was quite a bit of fun in its own right, but feeling more of his length in me, clenching around his thickness, sliding down onto him and then coming back up... oh, God, that's a whole different sort of pleasure. My first few times taking a cock - back in early high school, goddamn - my movements were awkward and twitchy, and usually I'd leave it up to the other guy to handle the pace, but now... now I move at least somewhat smoothly on Arkani, moving my hips slightly forward and back along with the up-and-down lurching; now I wraps my arms around his neck, press my forehead to his, breathe out hot breaths over his muzzle; now I lean back with one paw on his leg for balance, sliding my rump along his length while he gently pushes deeper into me. Were we to hold still (which is pretty much impossible, due to the all-over shivering of my body that always comes with a thick dick seven inches inside me), I feel like I'd be able to see the bulge of his cock in the front of my belly...

It's to the point this time where I'm moving on him with relative ease, not necessarily 'bouncing' in his lap due to the length of... well... of his length, but certainly moving faster than the slow little nudges in the beginning. The recliner creaks underneath the two of us, especially as he lifts his hips up into me each time I come down on him. It's hard not to move a paw down to start

working at myself, since I *know* I have to wait for Pan to get here, and they'll both be mad if I end up finishing now and being too tired to go again when he *does* get home-

And then there's the sound of the door to the garage closing in the other room, followed by heavy footsteps on tile flooring. I'm reminded of a time in high school when me and a boyfriend were doing much this same thing when Mom got home, and we had to scramble and get under a blanket that was conveniently thrown over the back of the couch... the next day when I asked if he could come over again, she told me, and I quote, '*yeah, but no funny business under the blanket, okay?*'... this time with this Arcanine, we only falter for a moment before resuming as normal. It's nothing Pan hasn't seen before, and certainly nothing he hasn't participated in as well.

"Wow..." is the first thing he says when he steps into the room, or so I assume - can't really expect me to un-bury my muzzle from hot Arcanine neckfur and turn to look, right? "Couldn't even wait for me to get home, huh?"

Arkani closes his paw around my length and holds it there; as a result, I whine and cease movement for a moment. "Don't say it like *that!*" he growls in return, then releases me. I just sit back on him and pant openly. "I was simply *preparing* him for his gift. Would you rather have him try to take us both at once, end up hurting himself, and then not wanting to do anything?"

"You'd still try to fuck him." Now, I look back over my shoulder; Pan has started to undo his belt. In one paw is a little bottle of a clear viscous liquid and the receipt.

"Not if he says no!... Well, okay, I wouldn't *rail* him. You know sometimes he's like, '*waah, don't do that, waah*' while he's grinding on you, and he ends up getting you to penetrate him, and then he shuts up and just goes back to his business." I bop the Arcanine in the chest with a weak fist. He looks down at me, eyebrows raised. "What? You do."

"Not *that* often..."

"He just likes it when you fuck him." Pan's voice is closer now, and another look shows to me the plump sheath that he has just freed from the confines of his pants, and the point of red flesh peeking out of it.

"No, he likes it when *you* fuck him. He'd prefer to choke on *me*." Arkani gives me a firm thrust; I yip, I clench around him, I dig my claws into his shoulders, he grins. Then, quieter: "You know how he feels about having his tongue in a foreskin."

"Yeah, yeah. Well, are you going to share?"

"Come and get some."

"I'd break the chair!"

“Oh, fine.” Arkani wraps his arms around my body and lifts me up as he stands, which also results in his cock being driven deeper into me; I writhe against his chest and breathe out a tense moan. Then, he moves over to an open space of the carpet and slowly lowers himself into a sitting position, still holding on tightly to me - God, I can feel each of his little twitches and throbs under my tail, can feel the bad lube of drying saliva being replaced by thicker, slicker pre oozed out from his cock... I have to hold on to his shoulders when he begins to lean back, simultaneously pushing his hips up into me. “C’mon, Lukas, get down... give me a kiss...”

The muscles of his belly provide a pleasant thing to grind against when I lower my muzzle to his, first pressing my nose against his larger one and adjusting my position to be more comfortable before closing the rest of the distance. One of his big paws runs up and down my back, claws tracing lines in the fur - and I think I hear the *click* of Pan flicking open the lube, but then shortly after hear his “Hmm...” of contemplation. Arkani’s paw slides down to the base of my tail and holds it up - and then, suddenly, there’s a muzzle there, cold nose surprising me and making me jerk up a little.

“Shh...” coos Pan, though I more feel it than hear it. He drags his tongue up along the base of Arkani’s shaft and across the edge of my tailhole. Oh, a warm tongue is a feeling like no other... I inadvertently clench again, but in response, Pan just prods deeper and more forcefully with that tongue of his. Amid this he does some *things* to Arkani as well, based on the little huffs and exhalations in my whiskers that come from the Arcanine’s nose.

Then he straightens up, and gives my rump a light smack. I lurch forward and moan out, Arkani having released me from his kiss. “Ready, Luke?” asks Pan, and again there’s the *click* of the lube, followed by that familiar noise of a slick, hard shaft being stroked; before waiting for a reply, he pushes me back down so my nose is again against Arkani’s shoulder, and bends down over us. I can feel the heat from both of their bodies, as well as their arousal and desire - especially when the shepherd nips my neck.

God, the anticipation...! I open my eyes to see one of Pan’s paws braced against the carpet above Arkani’s shoulder, and then feel the tapered tip of his cock nudge up at the rim of my tailhole, already considerably stretched by the Arcanine’s girth. Since my paws are busy gripping black Arcanine chestfur, I churn my hips on his length (and thus also the end of Pan’s) and hump into his bellyfur, well aware of the pool of pre matting down that fur... while I’m doing that, the shepherd settles into the position, rests his chin on the top of my head, and grips my hip with one paw.

“Well?” he says. “Ready?” I only nod; I feel like I’d drool if I were to open my mouth.

Back in high school I had this toy of considerable size - well, considerable for me then; the knot on that one was about as wide around as the shaft that’s currently buried in me - and trying to take its knot felt... well, it felt a bit like this now, as Pan holds me firmly where I am while he pushes his hips forward, while he slides his slick cock against Arkani’s and gradually, gradually

stretches me even wider. It's a sharp feeling, painful at first, and he stops at one point - probably because of some noise that made it out of my throat, I don't know - but then continues at my urging, which is a firm push back onto him.

I don't know how far in me he is. Were it only him, I could judge by the thickness and contours of his length; however, it's him squeezing in beside Arkani, who remains obstinately tense with his mouth half-open and his hips making tiny circles in and out of me. At one point along the way, Pan leans back, a position that drags a longer and higher-pitched sigh out of me, and grabs the lube bottle to slicken himself up even more - thank God. Sure, it feels like I'm being torn apart, but... well, somehow, I still enjoy it. *A lot.*

It's a lot of sinking in gradually deeper, then stopping to get accustomed to the stretch, then lubing up a little more, then pushing in even further, but eventually I can feel the bulge of his knot pressing up under my tail, and think - *damn, it'd be almost as nice to have my nose and tongue right there while they do this to someone else as well.* Sure, I'd been invited to help and gladly obliged for some of the times that Arkani pounded Pan, but I'd always wanted to have *two* sacks on my nose at once... well, maybe next time. After shoving himself into me as far as currently possible, the shepherd kisses behind my ear. "You okay?"

"Oh, he's fine..." Arkani wipes a paw across his neck. "He's drooling on me. Both on my neck and on my stomach. Look, he's - he's already wanting to be fucked..."

Like I'm in heat. Holding on to the Arcanine's chest for leverage, I slide forward and back on both of their lengths, Arkani's now assisted by some of the excess lube from Pan's. Were I on my back, it's possible they could fuck me until I cum, and then I'd end up spurting all over my chest and possible chin and mouth too... that'd be a bunch of fun. So, hey, again, maybe next time. Maybe next birthday.

Arkani, being ever forward-moving and direct, is the one to start thrusting first - and then Pan grunts with the feeling and begins right after he does. It's another odd sensation to have two cocks moving differently in me, one sinking in while the other pulls out, but... *God*, I don't know what to say, and my mind is completely and totally blank other than the want, the *need*, to have them in me, and without a second thought - or even a first one - I find myself moaning: "Faster..."

"What was that?" Pan asks, and then bucks into me. I suck in a sharp gasp and probably drool all over Arkani's neck again. "Faster?"

"Faster-"

"I can do that," purrs the Arcanine, and then he follows the request. Normally I'd straighten up and bounce on him while he pounds me, but I can't do that here; all I can do is grip his fur, bury my face in his neck or on his shoulder or against his chest, and lurch forward and back with them. Arkani goes through periods where he ceases his thrusts and instead lets Pan do the



work and slide in against him, and the same goes for the shepherd - but it's when they're both moving that I find it hardest to keep my mouth shut and my breath normal. I still do sorta want to work a paw down between me and Arkani to paw off, but that'd only speed things up to something that's probably going to happen anyway.

Pan leans down to meet the Arcanine in a deep kiss, and then - all of a sudden - I find a much-visited old fantasy of mine to be realized: me, squeezed between two big old dogs. I'm small enough so that I can fit my head under Arkani's chin if I duck it down, though each thrust from either of them causes me to press up against him. Each breath sucked in through my mouth tastes heavily of Arcanine, which... well, is totally fine.

Sure, we can't move as quickly as if it were just one of them under my tail, but I still find myself bouncing forward and back faster than I'd be able to move myself. Arkani has been close for a while, and now, he just lets himself go and pounds into me, again and again and again, breathing out through his nose - as he's still locked in a kiss with Pan - and then finally grunting, moaning, moaning again, pressing as deep into me as he can. I can actually feel the waves of his cum shooting out into me, and when I look down between us, there certainly *is* the bulge in my stomach of his cock, pressed down by Pan's girth, who is approaching orgasm himself.

They break the kiss for one moment, for Arkani to say: "Hey, want me to pull out so you can knot 'im?..."

I don't hear a reply, but the quick movement of his hips and tug out let me know the answer. With anyone else I'd be a bit embarrassed, because I'm fairly certain I can feel some of his seed ooze out of my now *very stretched* tailhole and into his fur, but he doesn't seem to care... and Pan doesn't, either, because he straightens me up until I'm upright, places a paw on my shoulder, and fucks me, *hard*. Arkani watches from beneath, brings his paw up to my cock, and just holds it there for me to thrust into until I cum - which also doesn't take long, and Pan finishes shortly after. I suck in a few sharp breaths and then buck forward several times, ending up spurting out probably four or five strings of cum over the Arcanine's chest and muzzle - during which Pan grits his teeth (I can hear it) and pushes into me, knotting me with ease while he shoots out his own load.

Arkani's not done yet, though. He moves up on the carpet a little, then reaches up, pulls me back down, and holds my muzzle right up close to his softening cock. "Been a while since I've marked you..." he growls, and looks up to Pan. I have a strange feeling...

At around the same time the Arcanine starts to then empty his bladder all over my muzzle - '*here?*' I wanna say, '*on the carpet? We'll have to steam clean...*' - Pan breathes out another soft sigh, and starts to fill me up as well. Arkani grabs my head and pushes me down onto his length; he puts out such an amount in such a short time that there's nothing I can do but swallow, even past the sharp flavor and scent combined with the dull tastes of lube and cum. I sputter, I gag, I spit some out into his fur, but - if I hadn't finished yet, even the knowledge that all of this is happening at once would probably be enough to push me over. Those are two more

of my greatest fantasies: sucking someone off while he empties into my muzzle, and sinking down onto someone while he relieves himself... the heat and pressure of Pan filling me up cause me to inadvertently moan, which in turn causes me to swallow wrong and have to spend a moment coughing, but - goddammit - I think at the same time, I might have had another orgasm, or at least finished oozing out what didn't shoot out before.

Arkani doesn't seem to mind my coughing, and while I'm doing it, he just finishes emptying his bladder into his bellyfur, then leans back with one elbow propping him up. He points down to his cock, smiles, and says "Clean me off." I obey.

Behind me, Pan finishes up himself, and gingerly rubs my sides; "I'll carry you to a bathtub if you'd like," he says. I nod amid running my tongue over the head of Arkani's length. If I'm in the bathroom, I can get some mouthwash, too - with the alcohol in it, that burns if you keep it in your mouth for too long - to get this taste of piss out...

But then, Arkani interrupts my thoughts: "You baby him, y'know that?"

"Hey," says Pan, "do *you* want to be the one to clean the carpet if I pull out here? I didn't exactly make an effort to drink a lot of water today..."

"Make him do it."

"No! It's his birthday!..."

And, good lord, what a gift I got.