

Jacob and Steve

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I yawned and scratched my butt as I followed the scent of fried steak. Being vulpine, I was of course attracted to just about any sort of well-prepared meat, and Steve (as I'd come to know my host) was a damn fine cook. When he'd picked me up at the gym (a totally 'nother story, as I hope you are now familiar with) he had told me he could cook a mean pasta, and he wasn't kidding. I haven't had ravioli so fine outside of a restaurant, and rarely within one.

Under normal circumstances, I sleep wearing the day's T-shirt and a pair of boxers (I wear briefs during the day, gotta hold it all in place while running and biking). But this morning, if one can call two in the afternoon still morning, I was wearing nothing short of a sleepy look and a sniffing fox nose.

"Hey Roland. Glad to finally see you up and about." Steve was wearing well-worn jeans and a fine leather belt, same as yesterday, and as before he was wearing nothing above the waist except the two studs in his nipples. Dammit, had I let it slip how much I love a hot chest sometime last night? Considering all we'd done, I'm sure he could have gotten nuclear launch codes out of me between orgasms, but with a bod like that I imagine he saves a lot of money on shirts during the hot days of summer. His large wolf tail, a fluffy compliment to the toned and worked athletic body it was attached to, wagged with pleasure as he saw my nude body walking towards my breakfast...Or lunch. Whatever.

"Not many boys can keep me up until five AM..." he said. "Especially after a long workout beforehand." Steve kissed my forehead and put his hand on my butt, his large muscular digits gripping me firmly and affectionately.

"It wasn't that long; it took us what, like an hour of fucking in the locker room?" I said. I smooched his cheek and looked at the steak he was frying, noting how he made efforts to drain the grease and thus make the steak taste like steak instead of a grease pile. His experienced hands didn't even flinch as they were burned by the occasional spatter of grease. If Steve didn't end up being my lover, he was at least going to be my cook. I decided that much.

Soon I was munching down the best fried steak I had ever had, and probably ever will have unless Steve makes me another one. The texture and flavor were incredible...I ate as though I was starved, even though I'd just gorged myself earlier. The whole time Steve just sat there and smiled, his tail wagging pleasurably, obviously taking pleasure in that I liked his meal.

"And to think, my mom thought it was a waste of money to go to culinary school. 'Marry yourself a nice girl and she can do your cooking!' she told me...Heh..." About this time his foot started to creep in between my thighs, gently poking at my groin. I'd been erect since before the meal started, I doubt a busload of topless nuns could kill

my erection with Steve around. I pretended not to notice, even as his foot fondled and poked at my balls and dick. Steve is one of the few people on this earth hornier than I, and I'd have to play hard to get were I to ever have a moment's peace. Peace is overrated.

Just as I was about to lunge over my empty plate and start putting my lips and tongue on that wolf's chest, the doorbell rang. Taking his own turn at hard to get, Steve sauntered up to the door, his ass shaking far more than was strictly necessary. I also noticed that his pants were riding a little low, and by leaning back in my chair, I managed to see enough of his pants to know they were somewhat hastily fastened, unlike when he'd sat down. I smirked. Cheeky bastard was already nursing his erection and I'd been too busy enjoying the food to even know it. I moved quickly, as foxes are supposed to do, and put my dirty dishes in the sink and myself in the bedroom, frantically searching for the now-cumstained clothes from yesterday. Better those than nothing at all, and it's not like I could borrow anything of Steve's. He was a fucking mountain compared to my scrawny little frame.

When I got back into the living room, Steve was planting a smooch on the cheek of a large horse. Not that there's any other kind, really, but it was clear that Steve and this horse boy were at least on a standing comparable to that which Steve and myself had found ourselves last night. They were sitting on the couch, flipping through images on a camera phone and snickering. The brown horse's muscular body, clad in jeans and a surprisingly well washed wifebeater, jiggled with mirth as he flipped from one photo to the next, Steve pointing and whispering comments into the horse's ear. The horse also had a thick leather collar around his neck, but he sure as hell didn't seem submissive, and it didn't have any rings. It must have been some sort of equine fashion statement. Steve saw me and waved me over.

"This is Jacob, Roland. And Jacob, this is Roland, famous pornstar and exhibitionist extraordinaire." I was a little confused and taken aback until Jacob turned the camera around, showing me the photo displayed on the tiny screen. My face went pale with embarrassment as I saw myself; eyes closed shut, and with Steve's dick crammed halfway down my throat.

"Shit, Steve, when the hell did you take that?" I retreated a step. Steve grinned. "The timestamp says around 3:34 last night..."

Despite what you might think, I'm no slut. Actually I'm pretty damn shy when it comes to sex, and Steve's insistence played as much a role when it came to what happened last night as it did my libido and the several months of involuntary celibacy that followed my most recent breakup. While I'm pretty casual when it comes to talking about sex, I think I can say I have a right to feel awkward when a guy I just met is looking at pictures of me sucking dick and getting my ass fucked like a cheap whore boy. Jacob grinned. Steve got up.

"I heard you say you like big boys..." Steve said as he got up, walking towards me. "Me and Jacob here have been friends since junior

high, and he's the biggest boy I know..." As if to prove a point that didn't need any proving, Jacob grabbed the crotch of his pants a little, grinning as he pushed at the cloth in an effort to make the size of his package more evident. As if he needed to. Put that thing through airport security and they'll take you behind the white curtain to make sure you're not trying to smuggle cucumbers into the country.

Steve put his arms around me. I had to bite my teeth down on one another to keep myself from drooling like an idiot at the mere thought of getting to play with Jacob's dick, but I've always been cowardly and shy when it comes to sex. Steve and Jacob were a hard sell, though. Steve's hands gently caressed my shoulders, then slid down to my chest, hugging my lightly...His muzzle slowly dripped words into my ears that I cannot hope to remember, but whatever they were I wasn't paying attention. Slowly, Jacob unzipped his pants, grinning coyly and slowly working his thick, half-erect length out of his pants. I must have jumped in surprise and delight as he finally got it out, because I know I made both Jacob and Steve laugh.

"Shit, I know he's a fox, but I don't think I've ever seen one that's such a big cockslut and also so...cute..." Jacob said as he began to walk over to where Steve was holding me in place. Jacob leaned down until we made eye contact (a hard thing to do, considering where my eyes wanted to go) and grabbed me, pushing his lips hard against mine. I kissed back shyly even as he slipped his tongue into my mouth, probing and exploring me with ravishing lust. My hand slowly drifted in the unseen abyss around my waist level, until it came into contact with Jacob's member. Almost unconsciously, I held it...squeezed it...Hefted its weight in my hand. I couldn't fear any longer. My hormones got the best of me. I wrapped my left arm around Jacob and began to kiss him back with my full vigor, my big tongue working each of his teeth and sliding sensually around his as we worked one another's mouths. My right hand squeezed and rubbed his immense meat. Steve chuckled, and I heard his belt and fly open in quick succession.

Next thing I know, I'm on my knees and Jacob's pants-free form is sitting on the couch, his now fully erect member right in my face. The now-naked Steve was still holding my shoulders and egging me on with words and muscle, but it was clear he did this more for fun than for anything else. Plus it's not like I really needed any more encouragement. Hormones gushing over me stronger than any drug, I grabbed Jacob's girth with both hands, licking and lapping at the head. Jesus Christ almighty he was big. And loud. I don't think I've ever heard a louder guy, and it was more than a little fun to work his balls or shaft just for the inevitable sound effects.

"Fuck Steve, where did you find this guy? He's got a mouth that puts /you/ to shame..." Steve had a reply to Jacob that must have included a one finger salute, as I didn't hear the wolf say anything, and my eyes are usually closed when I'm working. Just as I was managing to get the salty taste of pre in my mouth from his tip, he

stopped me and stood up. "Let's bend him over the coffee table and share 'im" Jacob said. My ears fell flat against my head.

"You CAN'T be serious!" I exclaimed. "I could barely take Steve, you'd split me in half..." Steve grinned. Above me, Steve and Jacob put their dicks together, lining them up. From where I was, their legs stood like columns, with damn near perfect balls and cocks mounted at the top, begging me to come up there. "See?" said Jacob. "I'm only a little thicker and longer than Steve..." Jacob's immense hand slid up and down the twin dicks, both slick with pre. Before I could chalk this all up to a religious moment, Steve had slid back, grabbed my arms, and begun to drag me over to the table.

They weren't rough by any standard, though they sure talked like they were a pair of convicts about to bang some virgin boy in the showers. I joined in the play a little, but soon I was over the coffee table, and heard the sounds of Jacob putting on what must have been the biggest condom at the store, and probably enough lube to cram a watermelon up my ass. Had I not bothered to look over my shoulder, I could have easily claimed that that's what he did eventually, but at first he put his thick tongue up against my tailhole. I murred, even as Steve laid his mostly-hard dick between my big black ears. Jacob didn't take long, and soon I felt the warm tingle of warming lube on my ass as he fingered it into me. He seemed to have little trouble. Damn, I was a lot looser today than I had been just a day before.

Jacob was a bit of a gentle giant type, which came in handy as he began to slide himself into me. It hurt. Not a lot, but enough to set you back a bit and maybe turn you off. Still, I had no time for that, before I could whimper or beg for him to stop or otherwise fuck up my good situation, Steve had the good sense to slowly drag his member across my lips. I couldn't say no to that. I slipped it into my mouth, suckling and working on it even as I winced now and then as Jacob slid back and forth slowly, working his way in deeper and deeper as he did. Soon I felt his body slap firmly against my ass on each of his forward strokes, and also an increase in the speed of these strokes. It didn't hurt near as much as I'd feared, though that might be because he was hitting just about every sensitive spot I've got up my ass, and most of 'em at the same time.

Steve, meanwhile, was working his length over my tongue. Although he occasionally took advantage of my ability to swallow on a dick (deep throating being just about the only sex trick I've got) he seemed content just to work himself over my tongue, and I sure as hell didn't mind. The delicious saltiness of his pre filled my mouth, and I licked and lapped at him more aggressively than any Popsicle ever got. Above me I could hear Steve and Jacob making out, their hands occasionally leaving my body to caress one another instead of helping me stay in place. I felt their spittle dripping down on my back.

My orgasm totally caught me off guard. I hadn't even felt it coming. But suddenly my head was spinning and my cock was shooting.

It must have done something right, though, as Jacob's pounding sped up to the rate of a jackhammer before he suddenly halted, whinnying with pleasure as he filled that XXL condom fit to burst. I must have lost my "grip" in the midst of it all, as I felt Steve's white spunk splatter all over my face and neck in a series of powerful bursts. Damn, good thing I had my eyes closed.

When it was all over, we were all sitting on the couch, panting and heaving, naked but sweating hard in the air conditioning. As anyone would be. Jacob and Steve both teased me, as I'd resumed blushing, but we all knew the past few hours had been by far my most intense (and pleasurable) sexual experience. They patted and prodded me, rubbing or otherwise nursing my cum-coated and half erect dick. Steve even licked a little of himself off my face.

"Mmmnn aren't we a bunch of dirty boys?" Jacob said, his hand reaching behind me to give my ass cheek a firm squeeze.

"Yeah, we are." Steve said with a laugh and a smile. "And you know what dirty boys do? They take a shower..."

"Damn, Steve, no way all three of us could fit into your tiny little shower..." said Jacob. Steve just grinned.

"I would be surprised if we could..." said Steve. "How about we clean up cumface here and take him over to the gym, hmm? They have big showers there and no one's there this time of day..." Jacob grinned. I gulped. Well, I didn't need to go home, and there's no way I could say no to the two giant dicks to my left and right anyway