

Jacob and Steve

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The gym showers were mostly empty when Jacob, Steve and I walked in there. I imagine if anyone was washing, they'd ask why three guys went to the shower before working out, but as I had a feeling that the "workout" would be held in the shower, I figured it was best that people didn't seem to notice or care enough to ask questions.

When I say "mostly" empty, I mean that there was one other guy there. But he was definitely big enough to make up two or three guys. The sheer size of this horse-Doberman hybrid pushed his ear tips against the ceiling. I wondered how he kept the silver hair atop his head so shiny and clean, what with him being taller than most showers. Thank God for detachable shower heads I guess.

"That there is Griggle." Said Jacob. He grinned as he slowly pushed me under a jet of warm shower water, still whispering in my ear even as he began to lather up. He's a bodybuilder, lives in the apartments up above the gym."

"Jesus Christ," I said, my eyes still locked on Griggle's huge muscular ass. I couldn't believe the size of that guy. "How do you build a body like THAT? With a fucking construction company? He's a fucking mountain on hooves." Steve, my wolf friend, chuckled maliciously.

"Who cares how he's built? All I, and Jacob, care about is that you are going to fuck him." My eyes went wide and my ears laid flat back.

"You can't be serious. He'd split me open."

"We sure are, and if you're silly enough not to put your mouth to use on him same as you put it to use on us, then you deserve to have your ass sewn back together. But in the mean time..."

I hadn't noticed it, but they'd turned on just about every shower head in the place, and all to the hottest temp you could get without burning yourself. It was fucking hot in there, and I knew I was sweating, even though I was wet. Griggle must have noticed the increase in temp, as well as the now almost impenetrable smokescreen created by all the steam. He turned around. I immediately grabbed and hid my crotch, knowing damn well I was hard as a rock.

Griggle sure wasn't, but I must have jumped at the sight of his wang. I knew it would be large, maybe even huge, as its owner sure was, but Griggle had the biggest dick I'd ever seen, even in the avalanche of pornography stored in my closet back home and on my PC. His balls alone were on a scale normally reserved for fruits and sporting goods. His cock...Well, I honestly can't describe it, other than it was immense, uncut, brown as his belly and with a tip as black as the ebony fur. I felt Jacob and Steve's hands tighten on my shoulders, keeping me in place. But I wasn't going to retreat; I just wanted to get my hands on that monster.

"Er...'Ey lads...What um...What brings y' 'ere?" The immense figure before me was Scottish, apparently. Jacob grinned, rubbing my shoulder. I squirmed, trying to hide my erection. I'm big for a fox, and it isn't easy.

"Oh we're just some fans of your work..." Steve said, grinning. His large hand was dwarfed by that of Griggle's, but that didn't stop Steve from grabbing and shaking the Doberman-Horse's hand heartily. "We see yas in the gym every day, and just wanted to introduce our new friend to you, as well as ourselves..." I squirmed in their grasp. Griggle looked down at me quizzically, his huge head cocking itself in that way canines always do when thinking.

"Bit of a wee one innie?" said Griggle. "An' a shy one at that. Well, I'm Griggle." He smiled down at me and extended his immense hand, seeking to shake mine. I thought of declining, but it was pretty damn clear he knew I was aroused now and there was no point in hiding it. I shook his hand heartily and hoped that he didn't think any of the anxiety-and-heat induced sweat on my palms was pre. That is, unless it was. I was so aroused I could have got some on there.

Griggle must have been pretty used to the looks and the arousal, as he might be what with that hot bod and gi-normous cock, but he seemed more than a little anxious after a few minutes, what with Jacob and Steve not only staying where they were, but whispering quietly in one another's ears. They were up to something, and damned if I knew what. I didn't have a lot of time to think about it, though, as they were soon shoving me forward towards Griggle. Griggle, obviously surprised and little worried about my advances (whether I intended to make them or not) took a step back, his huge shoulder blades now flat with the tiled wall.

"Woah now," said Griggle. "I...I'm not that whey..." he said. He looked more nervous than genuinely scared, but the wolf and horse behind me kept pushing.

"Awh but our little friend just wants to show you his...special talents..." said Jacob. By now I was so close to the cornered Griggle I could smell the musk rolling off his crotch. It was intoxicating, to say the least.

"That's fine, but...AYE!" Griggle's head snapped down to look at me. I couldn't help it. My hormones had a grip on me stronger than those on my shoulders, and nowhere near as soft and delicate of that my hands were placing on Griggle's dick. What can I say? I'm a fox. "That's not...That's..." I didn't check, but Jacob and Steve must have been chuckling and smiling up a storm back there. I leaned forward, putting my lips on the tip of Griggle's slowly hardening cock, licking and slipping myself underneath his foreskin. Griggle's protestations stopped there.

I've been told that my mouth is my best "feature" when it comes to sex. Not only have I got a big mouth (no jokes, please) and a long tongue, but my lips are supposedly soft and delicate. I'm a great kisser, but I give even better head. And seeing as this was a chance to test my skill, I went all out. Not to say I hadn't on Steve and

Jacob over the past day and a half, but still. No reason to leave Griggle disappointed.

It took an immense (to me) amount of time to get Griggle standing at attention. I drenched my hands in my own spittle as I drooled and slobbered over his length, rubbing it with both my hands and keeping my tongue working hard. Griggle never once stopped making noise, nor did he stop making pre. Had I not known better, I'd have thought a broken shower head was pouring out on me. I worked his pre into my mouth, mixing it with spittle (it's not just for the excellent taste) and then working the mix gently into his balls and dick. He was way, WAY too big for me to cram up my ass, but I was enjoying his taste too much anyway. Every boy has their own flavor, and I doubt you could have cultivated something as rich and tasty as Griggle if you tried.

About now Griggle grunted and started paying less attention to me, and more attention to something behind him. Somewhere along the line, he'd begun to caress my head, and I noticed it only when he stopped doing it.

"'Ey now, an' whoa there..." said Griggle. He looked pretty worried. Jacob was behind him, holding his huge, erect horse dick in his right hand. Somehow he'd snuck a condom and lube over it while Griggle was distracted. I was glad to know I was good enough to distract someone that well, but as you might imagine I was concerned that Griggle might take...displeasure in my friend's advances, and I was not in the best of positions to beat a hasty retreat if Mount Griggle decided to move.

Griggle and Jacob were having some sort of a discussion, and I couldn't hear much of it. But the way Jacob was bumping his dick against Griggle, his intent couldn't have been clearer if it was stamped on his abs. Steve held me still. Griggle looked nervous. "'S... 'S my... Well, I'm a virgin..." Jacob just grinned all the wider.

"Aww, lucky me. I haven't gotten to do a deflowering in a long damn time..."

Jacob was, as always, gentle as one with his girth could ever hope to be. This was a good thing, because it was clear that Griggle was having a hard time of it. Then again, you'd have to be the Goatse guy to not have at least some trouble with a boy like Jacob. Steve had noticed I was doing a lot more watching than working, and was already encouraging me to get back to working on Griggle's cock, as well as pulling my butt back for a little play of his own. I pretended not to notice as I felt him rub his dick between my butt cheeks, but it wasn't possible for me to hold back my noise when he actually pushed into me.

All the work with Griggle had made me pretty hard, and Steve had no time getting me cumming, even as I tried to maintain my focus on keeping Griggle's erection pleased. Thankfully, Jacob's immense hands were helping out, rubbing and massaging the wet flesh as I licked it. I stopped for a moment, gripping onto the monstrous thighs in front of me as I spurted out into the floor, Steve's hand not even slowing

down on my dick as I went off again and again. He grinned, and rammed his dick around in my ass a bit. I was his bitch and he knew it. Damn I'm a lucky fox.

Jacob soon replicated Steve's little "demonstration", but on a much larger scale. One look at Griggle's anatomy and you could tell he'd be shooting like a fire hose, but it turned out to be a much bigger fire hose than I'd thought possible. Huge jets of white cum splashed against my face, breaking on me like some kind of white, cummy wave and going back. I'm sure it splattered across most my back as Jacob aimed it up and up, and it certainly hit Steve. I must have looked like a bukkake victim, as soft, large hands caressed and cleaned my face.

I'd learned by now to keep my eyes closed during sex, but what with Griggle doing the spooging, it took rather a lot of washing to get to where I felt safe to open them again. I stood and turned, looking at those around me. Steve was still holding me, but it had gone from domming me to hugging me, his canine tongue licking at my ears. Jacob was chatting with a red-faced Griggle, the horse obviously impressed by Griggle's "performance."

"Well er...N...Nice to meet you guys..." said Griggle with a grin, hefting and pawing a little at his now half-erect meat. Jacob kissed him and rubbed his shoulders softly.

"Any time, Grigs...But preferably sooner times..." said Jacob. Steve grinned and groped my butt. Looks like I was in for so much more than I bargained for in the locker room only two days earlier.