

Mitchell

I rolled over in bed, blinking my eyes and straining my ears to figure out exactly where I was. I could feel that someone was holding me tight around my midsection, and as I felt around, I realized who it was. I closed and rubbed my eyes for a bit longer, then laid my head down to the side, staring bleary eyed into Mitchell's face. The big wolf was grinning, gray muzzle surrounded by a light brown face, big black nose very close to my own.

"Mornin' foxie." He bent forward a bit and gave me a squeeze, then brushed the blonde hair off my forehead and gave me a kiss. "You know you look fucking adorable when you sleep." I smiled, nuzzling him a little, putting my arms and legs over and around him as I snuggled up close.

"I bet I don't look near as cute when I've just woken up." I said. I leaned over onto my side, flipping my tails a little behind me. Mitchell's big, heavy arms rubbed up and down my sides a little before patting my butt.

"You always look cute when you're sporting morning wood, Roro." He reached down, his big hand gripping and squeezing my cock. I yelped playfully, pulling back a little, but he just rubbed and squeezed, feeling and fondling me as I squirmed and squealed. "You make the cutest noises when you're horny."

"So you mean always?" I asked playfully. Mitchell chuckled then pushed me over on my back, crawling over me. He had about eight inches in height and at least three dozen pounds on me, and when he crawled over me he looked like some sort of big furry giant. His chest fuzz was in my face, and in the sunlight I could clearly make out its rich deep brown, along with the other puffs in his armpits and just above his crotch. Mitchell oozed testosterone, from his heavy-set frame to the tattoos on his arms to the massive member pointing at me from between his legs.

"Well sometimes you're not horny when you sleep." He licked at my cheeks a little, his big pink tongue licking at the white fur on the bottom half of my face. He leaned back a bit, and I could more clearly see the dice and flames on his right upper arm and the Harley Davidson phoenix on his left. I knew they were a little greasy, even tacky, but for some reason I found them irrepressibly sexy.

"Well, sometimes I am. I get boners when I'm asleep." I reached up a bit, skritchng the big brown puff of Mitchell's chestfur. Excepting his big patches brown chest and crotch fur, his underside was a light gray, starting in his thighs and the underside of his tail and going under his arms and chin, ending in a strip that ran between his eyes and up to his eyebrows. His ears were the same dark brown as his chest and underarm fur, as were his big bushy eyebrows. My hands slid to his arms, squeezing and feeling his large frame and soft fur.

"Yeah, and then I wake ya up and fuck ya." Mitchell leaned back until he was standing on his knees. I looked down, able to see his

thick black wolfdick pointed out right at me. I cooed, smiling a little bit as I admired it. It was of a respectable length, but where it really stood out was its intense thickness. Over time I'd gotten to where I could take it, but it was always a slow and somewhat painful experience.

"Yeah, and that's why I'm always waking up late and groggy and taking shitty notes in class. You know that my grades have been slipping since we hooked up." Bending down, Mitchell got over me, grabbing my head with one of his big hands and pulling me to him. He pushes his lips to mine, his tongue sliding into my mouth, probing and caressing my own, licking and slurping inside me for several seconds before he finally pulled back.

"You're whinin' too much, emo fox. I think its time I injected a couple pints a happy juice into yer ass again." Moving back to his knees, he grabbed me by the waist and hefted me up into the air, until my butt was on his chest, my legs dangling out over me as my weight rested mostly on my shoulders. It was a little uncomfortable, but I knew what was coming next would be well worth it. I closed my eyes, my back flexing as I felt his big, wet tongue slurping against my tailhole.

"Fffuck..." I panted hard, whimpering and closing my eyes. By now he knew of all my more sensitive spots and routinely made a game of hitting all of them. I was just grateful he wasn't taking advantage of how ticklish I was and getting me all out of breath before we started. I bit my lower lip, sucking deep breaths in through my nose as I felt two of his big, fat fingers probing around inside me.

"You like that, doncha? You're such a slut; you can't wait to get me inside yeh. You're fucking preing all over yourself." I opened my eyes and looked up, and found I was indeed preing onto my own chest, a few small drops falling right on the tuft of hair in the topmost middle of my chest. I saw a big gray hand go for the bottle of lube by the bed, and with a quick spurt and move of the hand I knew that he'd slicked himself up thoroughly. Mitchell started to lower me down a bit, and soon I felt his tip probing against my tailhole. I whimpered, my black ears flat against my head, preparing for the big shove that would come next.

I whimpered as Mitchell slowly slid into me, taking deep, halting breaths as I tried to get myself relaxed and loosened. Mitchell took it slow enough, but it was still rough going, and Mitchell was only as gentle as he had to be. I whimpered and squirmed a little, my eyes growing wet as I felt myself ache. I could feel him slowly, relentlessly pushing in, until he seemed content with how far he'd gone. I gripped the sheets tightly and groaned, doing my best to focus on staying loose for his thrusts. It was hard, slow going but I loved every moment of it.

As the going slowly began to get easier, Mitchell began to pick up the pace. He lowered me down a bit and braced his hands on his shoulders, the weight of his big body pressing down on me both on my top and on my bottom. I could feel his warmth, smell his musk, and

hear the deep breaths and grunts as he worked himself up deep inside of me. I reached down, squeezing and touching myself furiously as he continued to slide in and out inside me.

After a few moments of intense, deep pounding he finally went back to standing on his knees, his length barely in me. He grabbed the lube and slicked up his hand before reaching down to grab me, his hand warm and slick around my cock. I whimpered, locking my legs around him as he rubbed and stroked me, then let out a slight yowl as I felt myself release, huge spurts blasting out onto my chest, face and the sheets beneath me. I always did shoot out a lot, especially when so heavily and skillfully stimulated.

Mitchell slid himself out and started rubbing, and with a little effort he managed to waddle over me on his knees until his dick was right in front of my face. Pointing down a little, he let out a few slow, messy globs onto my face, forcing me to close my eyes. I could feel the wet warm liquid slowly trailing down my face, and before I knew it my tails were wagging up a blur. Mitchell moved back and kissed me on the cheek, taking a big slurp of his own mess as he did so.

"It amazes me that a guy as small as you has as big a dick as you do, and can match me in volume and surpass me in distance." Said Mitchell. He reached down a finger and swirled the mess on my face a bit.

"Just won that ticket in the genetic lottery, I guess." Mitchell clambered off me, standing and stretching a bit, letting me get a good look at his muscular tush and large, fluffy wolf tail.

"I guess. But right now what we both need is a wash. Especially you, bukkake boy." Mitchell grabbed my hand, practically yanking me to my feet as we went off to the showers.

Almost as soon as I stepped into the water, I could feel Mitchell's big hands rubbing and pushing the soap through my fur. Despite what we'd just been up to, I was still a little sleepy, and the wet, soapy massage coming across my back was as awakening as it was relaxing. I stood still and let him move his hands over me, loving the feel of his strength pressing against me. He soaped me up this way and that, not bothering to be too clean, but making sure to touch me in all the right places. When he finally seemed to be "finished" his soapy, wet hand was going to work on my groin, making me whimper a little.

"Now do me." I opened my eyes and saw the bar of soap dangling in front of me, just barely held in the tips of his fingers. As I made a try for it he let it slip, bonking noisily against the floor of the shower. He chuckled. "Whoops, butterfingers. Aren't ya gonna go get it?"

I rolled my eyes a bit. Often his little games were fun, even cute, but I wasn't entirely sure if I was in the mood for this right

now. Still I knew it was best to play along. I bent over, gingerly picking up the soap and keeping my butt up as high as possible without falling over. Mitchell gave me a sharp, sudden spank then started groping me with both hands, groping, fondling and probing as I slowly stood back up. When I was standing he quickly turned me around and kissed me on the nose, his wet tail wagging behind him as I began to rub suds into his chest. Bending at my knees, I slowly worked my way down his chest and his slightly bulging belly. When my knees finally hit the floor, Mitchell gently slid his hands onto my head, giving me a few pats and skritches behind the ears before finally resting his palm on the back of my skull. It was an insistent, wanting push, but it was not forceful. After all, I hardly needed prompting to stick his dick in my mouth.

Slipping the head between my lips, I immediately twisted and twirled my tongue this way and that, taking in a good swallow of the salty pre. Though he did his best to keep his pleasure quiet, I could hear him moaning and groaning over the noise of the shower, and could feel the push of his hand more firmly on the back of my head. Pausing to lick my lips up to slickness, I slid down the full length of his shaft, opening my mouth wide and slurping with my tongue as I went. It filled my muzzle almost completely, and I took a few moments to savor the flavor before sliding back and forth a bit.

After letting me go on my own and skritching my ears a bit, he finally decided it was time for him to take charge. Gripping my head in both hands, he gently began to hump my face, working his shaft around in my mouth. I went limp and curled my lips down over my teeth, ensuring he had a nice soft, slick surface to play with. He groaned loudly as he worked himself over on me, twisting me this way and that, filling my mouth with a thick, salty mess. I knew that he'd soon be shooting hard.

Suddenly though, he pulled out, continuing to fondle and scratch be, but keeping his cock pressed against my nose instead of down deep. At first I thought he was going to cum on my face again, since he knew how much I loved it, but he wasn't. Instead he turned around, shoving his butt in my face, and lifting his tail as high as a dom like him ever would.

Mitchell knew I hated rimjobs, but he also knew that I loved the little noises he makes when he's getting one. Hesitantly, I pushed my muzzle between his cheeks a bit, then a bit more as his left hand reached back to encourage me. I could hear his other hand working him up in the front. I probed him gently with my tongue, working mostly on the outside, and grateful to find that he had cleaned the area thoroughly while I'd been working on the front. It still had an unpleasant taste and feel to it, though, and were it not for his whimpering, almost bitchlike moans I wouldn't have bothered to give it more than a few cursory licks.

After only a few moments of play, however, Mitchell pushed me back down and away a bit and turned around, his dick inches from my face, rubbing furiously. I was amazed that he managed to keep from

spurting under all this stimulation. My amazement didn't last long, though. Within seconds white sticky spooage was hitting my face. It wasn't the slow, messy dribble from before, but instead large, proud shots that hit me with enough force to where I could feel it. Had this been the first time he'd given me such a spray, I would have most certainly been impressed. As it was, I just took the chance to enjoy myself, wagging my wet tails behind me as he smeared the mess around on my cheeks, forehead and muzzle.

After a few playful moments of messing and spreading, he bent down and slid his hands under my arms, lifting me to my feet as though I weighed nothing. Ignoring the mess on my face and taste of ass in my mouth, he put his lips firmly on mine, slipping his tongue in me as he wrapped his arms around my midsection. Hugging me so hard it almost hurt, he broke the kiss and slurped my nose several times before finally letting me go and ruffling up my hair.

"Why don't you go wash all the cum off your face while I go make breakfast, cutie? I think its time we fed you more than just cock..."

Mitchell walked over to the small kitchen of our mutual apartment while I dropped down on the nearby couch. Mitchell loved to cook, and if both our paunchy bellies indicated anything, it was that he was a damn good cook. He was also a cook who loved meat, and since he'd moved in with me I couldn't think of a meal we'd eaten together that did not have meat as the main course. Assuming he had always eaten like this, I had to wonder if it was his diet or his genetics that had given him all his bulk. As I'd never seen his parents or any other relatives, and he didn't seem to care to drag them into the picture, I would probably never know.

I turned on the old NES hooked up to the television and began to play it idly. I was never much of a gamer, and as of late I'd been drawn to the simplicity of old NES games. Not only could I get them off of eBay for next to nothing, but no one gave a damn as to how well I did. There were no online rankings, almost no one still played the games, and over time I slowly stopped caring about performance. Instead, playing had become a very relaxing series of button pushings, and I didn't care what level I happened to be in when I died or quit. This was quite a turn from my obsessive, goal-oriented gaming I'd done since I was a small kid, and I rather liked the change of pace.

From the smell of things, it appeared that Mitchell was making his usual breakfast of corn beef hash, hash browns, and scrambled eggs. I looked over to peek at him as he cooked, wearing his "cooking apron" (in reality a greasy, stained wifebeater) and some very well-worn black boxers. Wearing little more than boxers and a worn T-shirt myself, I was in no position to judge Mitchell's morning attire.

"Mitch, are you drinking with breakfast again?" Considering Mitchell's job as a delivery boy for a local microbrew, I had become

aquatinted with his taste for beer and an almost unnatural tolerance to his effects. While I'd only seen him genuinely drunk twice, and both times all he wanted to do was cuddle me like a plush toy, he knew I was still adjusting to his love for brew. I had never been much of a drinker and had trouble with the bittersweet nature of beer. As such, he'd been limiting his drinking mostly to the afternoons and evenings, and usually as a prelude to whatever sexual activities would be taking up our evening.

"What? No, of course not. This is a Miller Lite. I promised you I wouldn't drink around you in the mornings anymore, and I'm a man of my word." Mitchell smiled at me and waved his half-empty bottle around a little, smirking at me. I rolled my eyes.

"It's still drinking, but since when do we have Miller Lite in the fridge? Last I checked, you didn't drink a damn thing unless it was imported or brewed by some little local company, usually the one you happen to work for." The latter was especially common, since he received a free six-pack every Friday if he'd received no complaints for the week. Other than the time he'd swerved to avoid a kid on a bike and run into a fire hydrant, I'd had yet to see him come home without it. That weekend his friend Butch had bought him a keg.

"Since I got it to see if I could get your white and orange little ass drinking along with me. Other than hard lemonade and girly drinks I can't get you to swallow anything but cock." Mitchell took several frying pans off the stove and began to dole out portions onto two giant plates, each of which he put a big fork on to. His hands were large enough to where he could balance both plates in his right while carrying a beer and a mug filled with orange juice in the left. As he walked over, balancing the mass of food and liquid in his hands, I turned off the NES and turned on the DVD player, starting up a bootleg copy of "Trailer Park Boys" for us to watch. We'd gotten all the way through season four by this point, and intended to carry it to the end, as Mitchell hadn't seen any of it until I introduced it to him.

We ate in silence for awhile, chuckling at the antics of Ricky, Julian and Bubbles, until I finally had all I could eat. While Mitchell had cleaned his plate entirely, I'd barely managed to eat half, and the unique flavor of the corned beef hash wasn't mixing well with the orange juice. Without asking, Mitchell took my plate and placed it on top of his own, picking up where I'd left off as if he hadn't already eaten everything he'd set out for himself. Were our garbage disposal a living thing, washed up celebrities would be begging people to send in a dollar a day to feed it.

"So I hate to spring this on ya, but Butch called early this morning while you were still snoozin'. He said that he's gonna be on leave this weekend and he really wanted to come over and hang out with us. I said yes, since I figured you wouldn't mind. You seem to get along well enough with Butch." I just nodded and sipped at my orange juice.

Butch had been Mitchell's best friend since they were in elementary school, and the massive, black-furred wolf was definitely a match in terms of size and shape to Mitchell. Although neither Butch nor Mitchell let me know very much about their past, from what I'd pieced together they had originally banded together to prevent bullying, and then promptly become bullies themselves. While their activities seemed to be mostly related to swiping cigarettes and beer from their parents and then taking it out into the woods, they had also done the usual juvenile pranks, usually involving explosives. I had never heard of them doing anything to anyone who didn't deserve it, but I couldn't help if they were leaving out stories in which they picked on nerds out of deference to me.

As time went on, though, Butch and Mitchell stopped being bullies and simply went to depending on one another. As they were both homosexual and not at all ashamed of it I was never entirely sure why they never hooked up, but I suspected it had something to do with Butch's fleeting bisexuality. Also, both Mitch and Butch liked to be the dominant male, which was not something they could both do at the same time. I seemed to be a perfect solution to the problem, since I was someone they could both be dominant to at the same time. As such, I often ended up tagging along with them just to make them feel better and their conversations go smoother. When I'd first started to do so I'd worried that I'd become little more than a tag-along to get yelled at or to accept blame, but so far none of that had happened yet. Mitchell and Butch seemed to be gentle giants more than anything else, and other than a few incidents in traffic neither one of them had gotten genuinely mad. Intimidating size and strength had a lot to do with that, I guess.

The doorbell buzzed, and Mitchell got up to answer it, dropping off the dishware in the dishwasher as he did so. Opening it, he was practically pounced by Butch, the big black wolf wrapping his arms around Mitch in a tight bear hug. Mitchell returned the hug, and I imagined that had I been caught in the middle I would have been crushed into a pulp. Butch was still dressed in his Forestry Service uniform, and had the distinct smell of a campfire about him.

"Damn its good ta see yah, Mitch. I was beginnin' to wonder if I'd ever get out of that damn forest. Fucking forestry service has me runnin' around in the middle of fucking nowhere looking fer anyone causin' trouble. Of course no one fucking causes trouble, and like hell they're going to cause trouble when someone as big as me is comin' through. I think they're just playing 'hide the faggot' again, fuckers." Mitchell gave Butch a quick scratch behind the ears and a peck on the cheek, which seemed to make the big black wolf feel a little better. I was never totally sure how Mitchell managed to make this act a manly one, but somehow he did.

"Well fuck 'em. Its Saturday and I've got lots of meat and beer, let's fill our guts hook up the 360 and get you away from nature for awhile." Said Mitchell. Butch smirked, seemingly ignoring Mitchell, and locked eyes with me instead.

"If its all the same to you, Mitch, I've been out in the goddamn woods for a whole week with nothin' but porno mags." Stepping with wide, quick strides, Butch put himself up close with me, his crotch very much pointed at my face. "I'd like to borrow yer fox for awhile." His big hand descended down on me, skritchng me behind the ears until my twin tails wagged up to a blur. I had to wonder sometimes if Mitchell was telling him all my sensitive spots behind my back, just for times like this.

"He has a name, ya know. His name is Roland, and he's not a gimp or a pet or a toy, he's my boyfriend and I'd like it if you'd treat him with proper respect." Mitch's words were harsh, but his tone definitely wasn't. While I knew I was far from Mitchell's first boyfriend, I knew that I meant something to him, but also that he wasn't about to violate the "share and share alike" policy that he and Butch seemed to have had for years now. Still, I felt a little jolt of pride that Mitchell wanted Butch to treat me as more than just a toy to be shared, and I had a feeling that this was somewhat unusual. Butch continued to skritch and caress me gently, moving down under my chin now, until my leg started to kick out of reflex. Sometimes being a canine of any sort could be frustrating.

"Oh hush Mitch, you know he likes it. You do, doncha foxie?" He grinned and pushes his hips forward a bit as he began to run his fingers through my hair, the tip of the tent he was pitching in his pants brushing against my nose. I faltered under the pressure, cracking a weak smile and letting words fall out of my mouth without bothering to think about them.

"I'm happy to see you too, Butch." I instantly felt a pang of embarrassment at what I'd just said, but Butch just laughed, ruffling my hair and standing back a little.

"Hey Mitch, I think your fox is broken. I'm here waggin' my cock in front of his face and he's still talkin'!" said Butch. Mitchell also chuckled a little walking over slowly.

"That's cus you gotta warm 'im up first. Here, let me show you how it's done." Mitchell grabbed me by both hands and yanked me to my feet, pulling me into a deep, slurping kiss as soon as I was vertical. Before I knew what was happening, he was yanking off my shirt, and then shoving down my boxers, his big hands everywhere at once, giving me a few good gropes and rubs before finally releasing me. Leaving me smiling and dazed, he jogged off to the bedroom. When he came back, he was holding a thick, black leather collar which he quickly wrapped around my neck, locking it into place as he kissed me on the nose.

I knew the collar well; since Mitchell had bought it for me months ago when he found out I liked collars in the bedroom. Thick enough to cover my neck but not a posture collar or anything, it has a snug but comfortable fit and a small d-ring on the front for a leash. The ring also held a little tag, which said "P. O. MITCH," which was fun for pet play; though I was glad to know it wasn't just a pet or piece of property to Mitch. After clicking on a leash,

Mitchell handed the lead to Butch, giving me a little shove and making me stumble towards the big black wolf. Butch grinned.

"There ya go, he's all prepped now. Play nice you two, I'm gonna go get a camera." Butch smiled at me and gave me a kiss before pushing me back down onto the sofa. Tossing the lead aside momentarily, he unbuttoned his shirt; tossing it off and letting me get a good look at him. He was much thinner and more muscled than Mitchell, the result of many long years of hiking and climbing in the Forestry Service. Though I couldn't see it, I knew that his entire back was coated with a massive, intricate tattoo depicting a stream running through a forest under moonlight. Done entirely in white ink, it was a beautiful and ghostly pattern that took up every bit of space from his hips to the bottom of his neck. It was something one of his exes had worked on every Saturday night during the entire run of their relationship, and to which Butch was always having something modified or added to. I never understood why Butch wanted to have a work of art permanently added to his back, but I could spend hours staring at the details when he let me.

For now though, it was other parts of his body that called my attention. Once he'd gotten rid of his pants he'd picked up the lead, and was now rubbing my ears while reeling me in. With little prompting I finally slipped his throbbing, erect member into my mouth, in what I imagined was much too long a wait for him. He let out a very relieved sigh as I pushed him into my mouth, sucking on him hard for a few seconds before pulling back and bobbing on the head over and over. He reached down and grasped me with both hands, moving me up and down his shaft with a week's worth of pent-up eagerness, almost hurting me with his enthusiasm.

When Butch finally started to get a handle on himself, he let me go, and I managed to get a good look at what Mitchell was up to. Mitch had grabbed his hand camera, knowing that I didn't mind being on film and that Butch could definitely use this stuff later. Mitchell was also sporting a major hardon, which was standing up proudly from his boxers. They hardly ever were buttoned after all.

Butch seemed to like my muzzle more than enough, but after an entire week of blueballing he was quite eager indeed to get under my tails. After some quick motions and adjustments he had me on all fours on the sofa, and was on it as well, walking on his knees until he was in just the right position. I was glad to see that Mitchell wasn't about to let him forget the lube, as he practically hurled the bottle at Butch. Butch caught it and grinned sheepishly as he began to slick himself up. Mitch walked over and got a spurt on his left hand, and then began to probe my rump a little.

"Quit bein' so eager, Butch, I know it ain't the first time you've fucked an ass before. Hell, ain't even the first time you fucked this ass. So quit actin' like a high schooler on Viagra and do it right." Butch looked genuinely embarrassed, but I knew that Mitchell meant no harm and that Butch wasn't about to act insulted.

He was more the sort to show us both that he wasn't about to let a few slipups get him down.

Mitchell's dick was short but almost painfully thick, whereas Butch's was actually slightly less thick than my own but almost painfully long. As such, he could slide in nice and easy, but he was able to push around in places Mitchell could never reach. I groaned a little, whimpering and putting my ears down flat as he slid in farther than anyone I'd known.

The smooth feel of insertion seemed to help him calm down somewhat, and Butch bent low over me, keeping his big, warm body close to mine. He rested his hands on my waist at first, then slid one around, giving my shaft a good firm groping. I panted a bit, arching my back as I felt my body shudder with pleasure.

I looked over my shoulder to see the satisfied look on Butch's face for a bit, but when I turned around my muzzle bopped against Mitchell's dick, which he'd slipped into place while I'd been distracted. Not needing any instruction or encouragement, I happily gave the underside of Mitchell's cock a big, wet slurp, the thick salty, sweaty taste filling my mouth. He rubbed my head and then skritchd me behind the ears a little bit, the lube from before still on his fingers and getting into my fur. It was annoying but I was in too good of a mood to mind.

Butch's thrusts began to get insistent, and when he leaned back to get a better angle for shoving Mitchell took the leash, pulling it taut and reeling me in. Looking up, I could see the look of excited contentment in his eyes as he panned and scanned with the camera, getting as much of me on film as he could manage. I wanted to get my hands on his groin but I was afraid I'd start falling over, considering the force and weight of Butch's thrusts. From the feel of it he was really getting into it.

Without warning though, Butch pulled out and began to rub himself furiously. I could feel the massive, wet globs of mess splatter on my back, and it was quite clear he hadn't been exaggerating about having been pent up for an entire week. Stepping off the couch, he gave himself a few deep, milking strokes, letting the last few drops plop out onto my back. As he did so, Mitchell got off the couch, still holding the leash taut, but handing the camera off to Butch. "Its my turn now."

Butch stepped back, still rubbing himself, but now holding the camera and letting Mitchell do all the fun stuff. Mitch had me stand up, then bent me over, letting me rest my knees on the sofa cushions and brace my arms against the top. He bent over low, getting in close, his hot breath on my neck and in my ears as he slowly slid in. Though he was lubed and Butch had done a lot to loosen me, taking him was still a bit of work, but I managed well enough.

Mitchell wasn't as pent up as Butch had been, and was taking the time to go slow and enjoy himself. Concentrating his weight on his crotch, he reached around with both hands, gently caressing and touching me, squeezing my pre out onto the couch. I groaned as he

moved himself slowly in and out of me, stretching me to my limits with each thrust forward. He kissed and nibbled at my neck a little, but mostly he let me swim in the smell, feeling and warmth of his sex.

After what seemed like much too short a time, Mitchell suddenly shoved in deep, filling the depths of my bowels with warm, wet liquid. I panted a little, feeling his big hand squeeze and caress my cock. I'd been holding out for awhile now, but it seemed pretty pointless now, and I let myself relax, shooting out onto the carpets. Despite having already blown a load this morning, I had a lot left in me, and left an amount of mess on the couch that surprised even me a little. Butch laughed, and Mitchell pulled out, letting a small stream of Santorum leak out from my tailhole.

"Damn, you been leaving your boyfriend blueballing or somethin'? Or does he always shoot like that?" asked Butch. Mitchell walked off to the bathroom to get some towels for wiping up.

"Believe it or not, I already fucked 'im earlier this morning. Little guy is like a keg for semen. He's always got just a little more down at the bottom." Mitchell began to wipe me up, then himself, before tossing the towel to Butch and taking back the camera. He took off my collar gingerly, going off to the bedroom to put it away.

"Fuck, that much and he's a bottom? How the fuck did you manage that? Hell he's got a pretty good sized dick too, especially for a guy his size." Mitchell chuckled.

"Obviously he bowed down before my good looks and superior sexual prowess." Said Mitchell. Mitch always caught me off guard when he spoke proper, well-enunciated English, but it went Butch rolling with laughter. For someone with such a lowbrow education and employment, Mitchell was surprisingly intelligent, and I imagine it made Butch feel good to know he wasn't the "nerd" out of the two of them.

Mitchell's big hands gently caressed down my back, then began to apply pressure here and there, using his bulk to give me a deep, firm massage. I winced as my spine popped a bit, but there was a rush of relief and endorphins as he worked on me over.

"Damn yer spine pops loud...You really need these massages huh?" I myrred and nodded lightly.

"Yeah, I do. Its that fucking backpack I haul around all week at school. I've been doin' it since I was a small kid, and I think its compressing me down or something." I winced visibly as Mitchell worked out another pop, before going up to my shoulders again. I didn't remember if I told Mitchell or not, but often times I liked his massages even more than his sex.

"Did ya have a good time today?" asked Mitchell. Content with the lack of resistance and popping from my now very relaxed body, he laid down next to me, resting his arm on me and nuzzling.

"Of course I did. Didn't see my tails wagging? Its amazing I didn't take off the ground with all that. I haven't had this much fun in weeks." Mitch smiled and gave me a hug.

"Good ta hear. I was a little worried you'd get bored, what with me an' Butch spending half the day working out an' all."

"I'd hardly call getting to see you and Butch glistening with sweat and wearing only a pair of tight shorts boring. Especially since you guys were using the weights in the spare bedroom, and kept using me as part of the exercise equipment." Mitchell laughed and gave me a tight hug, then sipped a little at his beer before speaking.

"Yeah, those oil-drills were a fun way to end things, and you sure did look cute, sitting in Butch's lap while he did leg lifts." I chuckled at the memory. An "oil drill" was what Butch and Mitchell called sticking their dick up my butt and then doing push-ups to move themselves in and out of me as slowly as possible. They made a game out of trying to do it long enough to reach orgasm, but thus far only Butch had been successful. Mitch had made fun of this a little, claiming the big black wolf was cheating by using his "hair trigger". "You don't mind that Butch treats you like a bitch, do ya?"

I rolled over and lay on my back, staring Mitchell in the eyes as I did so. He was being serious, a rarity these days, especially when we were in bed. "Nah, I don't mind, why?"

"I don' think Butch has quite caught on to th' fact that not every boy yeh stick yer dick into is a bitch or a pet or nothin'. I don' think he's ever fallen in love or nothin'. I jes...I don't want ya to think that yer just some sort of boy or pet or somethin' that I'm gonna fuck and then throw away." I laid back and smiled. Mitch was very rarely concerned about things, but when he was, it comforted me for some reason. I wasn't entirely sure why.

"Mitch, if there's one thing I'm sure about, its that you'd love me even if you couldn't fuck me in the butt. Its just something we both really like to do. But the way you hold me in your arms, that look you get in your eyes when you can tell I like your cooking...Its those little things, ya know? We just click, and in a different way than you and Butch. Mitch smiled, and then laid back, closing his eyes and smiling.

"You know, it was hilarious when you let me and Butch balance that eight pack of brew on your back when we were takin' ya from both ends after dinner." I broke out in a laugh, and Butch joined me after a quick hug. He began to skritch me behind the ears. "How did ya manage to keep from spillin' those things anyway?"

I ruffled Mitch's hair a little, then skritchd him behind the ears as well. "Well for one thing, I had eight expensive, chilled-to-perfection beers on my back that I didn't wanna spill. For another thing, my boyfriend and his best friend were drinking 'em, and I imagined they'd get pretty upset if I let 'em spill." Mitch kissed me on the nose.

"Still you held 'em there fer like...Eight minutes, even as we were movin' around, and it wasn't until Butch got worried and put 'em back down on the floor that they even moved much." Mitch crawled over me as he spoke, getting between my legs a bit. I grinned and wagged my tails, knowing what was going to be coming up next.

"Well obviously all your massages have given me a nice, flat back." Mitchell hefted me up a little, and then grabbed the lube, slicking himself up. I had to wonder how many times he'd been in me today. Eight? Ten? In any event I knew that on Saturdays I would invariably get more sex during the rest of the week combined. It was just Mitchell's horny day, apparently.

"Well it was still really cute, I wish I'd had a picture or somethin'. I tried to come up with a reply, but the steady, probing push into my rear was more than a little distracting. I groaned as he slowly slid into me, taking his time and letting me adjust. Once he seemed satisfied with his insertion he crawled over me, lifting my hips up into the air as he pushed us into a rough missionary position.

He licked at my face, and then kissed me deeply, working to move himself this way in that in smooth, deep thrusts. I whimpered as he worked on me, and then moaned as he locked his lips to mine, giving me a deep kiss. His tongue probed me deeply and I wrapped my arms and legs around him, keeping myself close to his warm, large body.

He was over me. He was in me. His taste filled my mouth, his noises my ears, his smell my nose. I panted, my eyes closed completely, squirming as I felt pleasure and closeness move over me this way and that. I felt content, I felt a full body rush, I felt comforted and at peace. He groaned, and I felt him release deep inside me, and almost simultaneously, I felt my self shooting out between us, blasting shot after shot onto both our stomachs, chests and even chins. My whole body was filled with feeling and I shuddered with it all.

When I finally began to come down to a nice, warm afterglow, Mitchell slowly pulled himself off me. Knowing I didn't like being crushed under his bulk, he lay down and wrapped his arms around me, inviting me in close, which I obliged. He cooed a little and played with my hair, snuggling me in close as I slowly began to drift off to sleep. "I love ya, Roland."

"I love you too, Mitchell." The last thing I remembered was the warm feel of his arms around me, and the soft kiss on my forehead as I contentedly slipped off into sleep.