

Roland's Interview

Tyrian and Luca are © their players

Roland walked into the entrance to the Magnus Gallo club, slightly nervous. The orange furred, blond-haired and two tailed fox had a look of trepidation in his blue eyes. What with the economy in the toilet and his continued occupation uncertain, he was exploring new opportunities, so to speak, and he'd seen a post for this place on an online message board. Considering the pay that was being offered, Roland was surprised to see no one else in the lobby except a short, cute looking fox with black hair and purple highlights. The fox was wearing a respectable business blouse along with makeup and sensible glasses, and Roland assumed that the fox must be the receptionist, so he stepped up and set his resume down on the counter.

"Hi, my name is Roland Guiscard, I'm the 2:30 appointment," said Roland.

"Showing up at an interview wearing jeans and a t-shirt?" said the fox. "You must either be very confident or very unprofessional. My name is Luca, by the way, I'm the manager of Magnus Gallo and I conduct all the interviews personally. Will you step into my office?" Roland was a little curious as to why the manager would be sitting at the reception desk, but he needed the job and knew better than to ask questions. He followed Luca's three swishing tails and clacking heels moving across the fine granite floor of the club's atrium and greeting area.

After a short trip Luca moved behind a large but simple black desk and sat down, smiling at Roland as he sat in one of the chairs. Luca held up Roland's resume and read gave it a cursory glance, carefully adjusting his glasses so that he could read clearly. "I don't see any experience in the serving industry," said Luca. "Are you sure you want to work in a club? At night? With lots of hot, tired and hungry customers?"

"I'd like to try," said Roland. He was tempted to play the pity card, especially as Luca had a kind face, but he didn't want to admit that he was underemployed and hard up for cash. "I mean, I'm reasonably good with people, even though I've mostly worked in industry up until now."

"Still, you're applying for an...Entertainment position," chuckled Luca. "Are you sure you understand what that means?"

"I'm not proud, if that's what you mean," said Roland "I know I'll be up where everyone can see my...Junk, so to speak. But it pays good, right? I mean, strippers make a lot of money, right?"

"I'm insulted that you'd think this is all about the money," chuckled Luca. He didn't seem very insulted, but Roland still felt a bit sheepish. "But yes, our 'entertainers' do earn good money, if they earn tips. You do know you'll be working for tips, right?" Roland nodded. "Good, a lot of guys don't get that. One more thing,

you do know you'll be expected to give the occasional private show, right?"

"If I'm going to go shake my ass in front of a crowd of people, I don't think a little prostitution is any more demeaning," said Roland. Luca put on an obvious fake face of insult.

"Prostitution is such a dirty word!" said Luca. "Buuut yes, I suppose you can call it that. To be honest, seeing that you know what's really going on here, I'm surprised you brought a resume. The tight jeans and white t-shirt were a nice touch, though. They'll still have to come off, seeing as I'll need to inspect the merchandise."

Roland nodded and began to undress, neatly slipping off his shirt, pants and boxer shorts in a series of quick movements. Luca raised an eyebrow, the fox's three tails wagging and flicking in sync as he examined Roland. "Have you done this before? I haven't met many guys who can get undressed so quickly," said Luca. Luca took a few steps forward and gently grasped Roland's flaccid member, murring and grinning a bit. "It's not one of those canine-style ones like I love, but it isn't bad. I didn't know that foxes came in this size."

Without warning, Luca suddenly dropped to the floor, sucking and slurping on Roland's cock. Roland groaned, squeezing his hands tight but keeping his firm upright stance. "Oh calm down," said Luca between licks. "Relax! I'm just taking you for a test drive." Luca kept licking and slurping on Roland's considerable length, which was soon hard and dripping. Roland was the sort who hardened up quickly, and he sucked in air through his clenched teeth as Luca continued to work his length gently.

Once Roland was hard as a rock, Luca hopped up on the desk, grinning and lifting up the hem of the blouse. Roland jumped a bit as he saw what Luca was packing. "You're a dude?" said Roland, more surprised than anything.

"What, didn't you get the memo?" said Luca, grinning and sticking out his tongue. "Don't let the makeup and heels fool you, I'm every bit the man that you are."

"I doubt that," said Roland, laying his length up against Luca's knotted canine cock. Roland was larger by a half. "But I don't mind, my horizons are pretty broad." Roland's hand moved from his shaft to Luca's, moving the fox's panties down a bit so he could get both hands in there. He rubbed Luca while working the fox's balls with his other hand, helping to bring Luca's canine cock to maximum hardness.

"Mmm, soft hands," said Luca. "And hard cock..." Luca reached into his desk and began lubing up his hands, his fingers spreading the warm and thick liquid along Roland's length. Roland worked to pull Luca's panties down and adjust his legs so as to give himself plenty of room. Once he was certain he was slick enough, he started pressing against Luca's tailhole, the small fox moaning as he was penetrated.

"Damn, it's like a hotdog down a hallway," said Roland, his considerable shaft passing as easily into Luca. Luca stuck out his tongue and gave Roland a lick on the nose.

"I prefer to think I'm experienced and talented," said Luca, grinning and pushing back against Roland. He was already starting to moan as Roland braced his hands on the desk and started shoving himself into Luca's ass. Loose though it was, it certainly felt good, and Roland brought more and more force to his thrusts as Luca moaned and writhed beneath him. Luca was getting loud, though, and as Roland saw Luca's panties on the floor, he got an idea.

Pausing to grab the pink cotton underwear off the floor, he quickly moved to wad it up and shove it in Luca's mouth in one quick, smooth motion. This brought down the noise considerably, and the way Luca was writhing beneath him, Roland got the feeling that what he'd done had just turned Luca on even more. Roland grinned, wagging his twin tails behind him and laying on top of Luca so as to bring his whole weight into each thrust.

Luca was so turned on it didn't take long for him to start squirting and splurting, painting big white streaks across his purple business blouse. He grinned, his triple tails wagging across Roland's thighs as his orgasm bounced around inside him. Roland, however, was still a long way off, his hard and dripping shaft still throbbing with desire as he pulled it out of Luca's ass. "Well, I think I can say you pass the physical portion of this exam," said Luca.

"Don't speak too soon," said a voice behind Roland. Large, strong arms clad in a black suit jacket wrapped around his chest, holding him still. "He still needs to learn how to take it from the boss. Name's Tyrian, by the way, and I own the whole building." Roland could feel Tyrian's massive shaft pressing up against his ass, even through the black canine's clothes. "Nice to meet you, Roland. Now assume the position, let's see if you can take it like a man." Roland heard Tyrian unzip and felt the thwap of meat across his ass, making him gulp. If Tyrian was near as big as he felt, then his length easily dwarfed Roland's already quite considerable cock.

Luca tossed Tyrian the lube, and Roland soon felt his "boss" pressing against his tailhole. It was readily apparent why Luca was so loose. Roland was no virgin, but it was all he could do to take Tyrian's thick length. "Relax, kid, you're already hired," said Tyrian as he pushed and shoved his way in. It was slow going, and Roland gritted his teeth as he took more and more of it up his ass, the pain lancing up through his tailhole.

It wasn't entirely devoid of pleasure, though, and as he managed to loosen and work himself he groaned and whimpered, things became better and better. Tyrian certainly knew how to work his immense shaft, and he had no difficulty sending waves of pleasure crashing back and forth inside Roland. The fact that Luca's hands had come down to rub and work Roland's cock also made things imminently pleasurable, and Roland knew it would not be long before he started shooting like Luca did.

When he finally did go off, Luca was ready, and though Roland's shots were wild and scattered they didn't get far, landing almost entirely on Luca's face and glasses. The little fox grinned, his

tails wagging again. "Good thing I left my glasses on," said Luca, wiping some of the cum off the glass. "Else I'd be half blind now. In any event, the taste is exquisite."

"Good to know, I'll have to tap him sometime," said Tyrian. "But for now, it's my turn." Tyrian pulled out of Roland with a wet, messy slop and began stripping down, neatly hanging up his clothes on a coat rack. Now that Roland got a good look at Tyrian, he was impressed by the black-furred canine's considerable musculature. He was either a bodybuilder or a rugby player or both, with thick, bulging muscles covering every inch of his body. His shaft, too, was considerable, and it bobbed almost comically in front of him as he moved over to the desk, adjusting and mounting Luca in one quick series of movements. "Well? You gonna get in on this or not?" said Tyrian, raising his tail to Roland as he started pushing and shoving into Luca's well-worn tailhole.

Roland hadn't fucked anyone with a physique like Tyrian's before, but he was certainly eager to try. Lubing up his shaft, he gently pressed against Tyrian's back door, finding it warm and accepting. He'd heard rumors that the boss of this place had a thing for a certain well-endowed hermaphrodite zebra, and from the feel of it, that zebra wasn't one to take it all the time. Still, Roland found Tyrian to be hot and full of sensation, and he shuddered as the strong canine moved and bucked beneath him.

With a little patience, Roland was able to sync his thrusts with Tyrian, his forward jabs coming right as Tyrian slid back, maximizing the impact of the thrust. Tyrian certainly seemed to be enjoying this, and his tail wagged across Roland's stomach as the three of them fucked this way and that.

Within a few minutes, they were all struggling for breath and balance, the intense nature of the pleasure they felt making them weak at the knees and making it hard to stand upright. But Tyrian, by far the strongest of the three of them, had no difficulty keeping up the pace, and Roland struggled to keep it going. As he felt Tyrian dig it in to the hilt and clench up in orgasm, he grunted and drove his length home as well, reaching forward and grabbing onto Luca's legs for support.

Roland was a bit surprised to find that he had a second load into him, but as he emptied himself deep inside Tyrian the big canine just growled pleausrably, reaching back to grip Roland's ass and encourage the fox to keep his length deep inside. "I hate to disappoint, but to be honest we've already filled all our entertainment positions," said Tyrian. "But we do happen to need someone to handle all of the writing around here. You know, documents, fliers, pamphlets, reading material..." Tyrian grinned and mopped up some of the cum on Luca's chest, giving it a lick. "Think you can keep me and the others entertained?"

"I'd certainly like to try," said Roland, pulling out and collapsing on one of the chairs in Luca's office.

"Good, come in bright and early tomorrow, I've got an office ready for you already," said Tyrian. Roland wagged his tails, excited even though he was exhausted. "And do try to loosen up, will you? There's going to be some on-the-job training with you and me tomorrow, and maybe the lovely Veronika if shi's up to it. I do hope you can be flexible..."