

## ***Rosalie Takes Two***

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I've been in the business of fucking for years. I just love it. Every guy, every girl, every position, every time. I can never get enough, and as such, I've had more sex by now than most people have had in their entire lives. And I'm only in my mid twenties! That doesn't mean I don't have a few choice fucks that really stand out, though. Some were weird, some were depraved, some were just particularly fun, but it's those unique encounters that I remember the best, and that I love to talk about.

Everyone has one fuck that they really remember, one that just stands out in their memory, one that changed their attitude towards sex forever. For me, it happened in a high school locker room during my senior year. I was, to be frank, the hottest piece of ass in town, and everyone wanted a piece of my half wolf, half skunk ass. Not like that's changed in the intervening years, everything from my auburn hair to my big fluffy skunk tail to my sultry canine muzzle just serves to make the boys go wild (and some of the girls too). But enough about me, I'm sure everyone reading this has seen my photos, and probably even has a few of them on their wall.

Back when I was in high school, I was on the cheerleading team. I was really into it, too. Yes, it gave me a chance to date a lot of hot, hunky football players, but I really loved my school and I had a lot of pride for old Armstrong High. As such, I took keen interest in the goings on in the team, and I intervened when I thought it would help out. And of course by "intervene" I mean "fucked team members." Let's face it, when you've got my tits and pussy to look forward to if you win, you're going to give that 110%.

I also worked to break up fights, which means I spent a lot of time sneaking around after hours and "talking" to the boys in private. I'd hate to imagine what our seasons would have been like if I wasn't sucking and fucking these big, testosterone-crazed boys hard enough to make them calm down. So as you can imagine, after we lost a big game to Hawthorne High, I knew that my special talents were going to come in handy.

I snuck into the shower room about an hour after, expecting to hear lots of angry, dejected voices. What I didn't know, though, was that there was going to be a Win-Or-Lose party down at Shakers, and that almost all of the team was already gorging themselves on hot wings and leaving barbecue sauce handprints on the asses of the wait staff. The only team members in the showers were Butch and Steven, and that had everything to do with the argument they'd carried on well after everyone else had left.

Before I go on, I wanna talk a little bit about Butch and Steven, the schools two star players. Butch is a heavy-set bear who, although not all that bright, was the star of the team right up until last August. His immense size just screamed "Football Scholarship" and it wasn't just his shoulders which were massively oversized. In any event, he got knocked off his pedestal when Steven and his golden arm showed up. Steven was the typical tall, lanky wolf guy, but he could throw like nobody's business. There's no question as to why Steven replaced Butch as the quarterback, but Butch was still pretty sore about it. His college scholarship was on the line after all! Anyway, back to the story.

When I came in to spy on them, Butch and Steven were still in their gear. I, of course, left on my cheerleading outfit (minus the panties, which I ditched after I was done flipping and twirling in front of all the parents) but it was rather odd for the boys to still be in that heavy, dirty gear. Especially seeing as Butch still had sod sticking to his jersey! I hung back, behind the door, and listened in intently.

I don't remember what they said, but I can't imagine it was anything all that important. They were still yelling at one another and slamming lockers and tossing around gear. I could tell they wanted to start wailing on each other but were afraid to do so. Fighting would get them kicked off the team after all, and the team was everything to them. That didn't stop them from arguing, though, and they were yelling at one another like a couple of television pundits.

In any event, this all stopped when I came into the room, lifting up the top of my cheerleading outfit. I had strategically disposed of my panties and bra after the game, knowing what I would most likely be up to, and it's hard to argue when tits like mine are out and jiggling. The locker room was cold and my nipples were hard as ice, and after a quick bounce or two I had their undivided attention

I smiled at them, letting their eyes draw to my chest. Their jaws hung in the air, and I could see that their anger was fading quickly. As usual, my tits were doing the trick. "What's wrong, boys?" I said in my most singsong voice. "You know I hate it when you fight..."

There was a delay before either of them said anything, but Steven broke the silence eventually. "Oh, nothing, Rosalie..." he said. "It's just...Well you were there, you saw how Butch fumbled that last pass."

"I did not!" said Butch. The big brown bear may have been hypnotized by my chest, but he was still angry inside. "You threw a bad pass, nobody could have caught that!"

"Guys, I think you're both wrong." I said, cupping my tits and bending forward a bit. I swear that Butch and Steven leaned forward too, to get a better look. I giggled, brushing my hair out of my eyes and grinning. "It was that stupid tiger from Jeremiah High who sacked

Steve. There's no way he could throw a good pass getting sacked like that, and even if he did, there was no way you could get open for the pass, what with the defense running all over like they were. So why don't you two stop arguing and start paying attention to me?"

I pinched my nipples a bit and giggled, and the boys moved in closer. Their hormones were taking over. They still smelled heavily of sweat and turf, but in a way, that was turning me on. While I never say no to a boy who knows what he's doing, there's just something about an athlete that really turns me on. Maybe it's the feel of those strong, sweaty hands caressing my arms and shoulders, or maybe it's the fact that they have the endurance to fuck and fuck until I'm finally satisfied. In any event, I was loving the way they groped and felt at me, especially what Butch was doing with my ass. He certainly knew how to get a firm grip on more than just a football.

Steve and Butch were probably pretty secure in their sexuality, but I know better than to ask two stars of an notoriously homophobic sport to join me in a triple kiss. Still, they didn't mind when I kissed one, then the other, my hands drawing them in gently as I groped and caressed their bodies. It was nice to caress their asses and all, but I gotta say, running my fingers up and down Steve's six pack abs just felt good. Butch's chubby tummy was good too, but I like a man with those abs. They just feel great when pressed up against my ass.

In any event, my hands were down in their pants, rubbing and squeezing under their cups. I'm glad to say both boys wore the largest size available. It took awhile for me to get their pants and jockstraps down, even with their help, but it was worth it. Neither one of the boys was hard just yet, and still both of them were longer than my palm. I gripped them firmly and rubbed hard, sucking and kissing a bit as I worked.

Big boys are fun, but they take lots of time. If I wasn't so dedicated and patient, I don't think I could put up with all the rubbing and kissing and licking and sucking it takes to get a foot long cock up to full erection. But it was totally worth it. I couldn't keep my mouth off those cocks. I just kept jamming them into my muzzle like I was trying to win a bratwurst swallowing contest. It felt so good!

Keeping my hand rubbing hard on Butch, I slowly began to feed Steve's giant black length into my mouth. I whimpered, twisting this way and that, licking and sucking and slurping on it to keep it nice and slick. I love throating big boys like Steve, but it's not something I could do easily back then. His shaft was dripping wet with my slobber, but it was still a lot of trouble getting him down. I could feel his big cock head scraping and rubbing the back of my throat, but I didn't want to stop.

I held my breath as Steve's giant cock slid down into my throat, gagging and choking on it as I sucked it down. I couldn't believe how big it was. I had sucked him off before, of course (I'd sucked off most of the team by this point) but I had never jammed it in to the

hilt. It was all I could do to keep it together as I felt his balls on my chin, but I refused to let up. Something was just driving me down, and as I twisted this way and that on his big shaft, I was loving it. As I slid back, I took big blasts of air in through my nose, the hot breath dancing over his cock tip as it slid down my throat. The air made him shudder, and I smirked with the edges of my lips. It's a nice touch, and I know every boy appreciates when I slip it in there.

I was coughing and gasping a bit as I came down off Steve, but that didn't stop Butch from grabbing my head and jamming his dick in my face. I can't blame him, really, he had been very patient up until then, and he certainly didn't want to be left out. I grinned and started slurping him up, but he was too thick and I was too sore to try throating him. He didn't mind the way I kissed and licked him all over, though. My hands were busy working Steve's massive length (he's a two-hander, to be sure) but he was loving the way I gulped, slurped and sucked on his balls. I just felt bad that I didn't have three hands, so that I could keep working both of them at the same time.

I sucked on Butch's tip a bit more, but by this point I really wanted to get on with it and start some humping. I stood up, licking my lips and gripping one boy in each hand. I giggled, and kissed them on the cheek. "Now boys, how about we fuck and make up, hmm?" I said. "I think you two can put your differences aside, and put these massive lengths inside me!"

They didn't need a lot of encouragement, and it wasn't long before they had me down on the cool tile floor, Butch taking the back while Steve took the front. It's a good thing too, since it's not like Butch could fit in there. He didn't have any trouble fitting in my pussy, though, loose as it was. And it was soaking wet too, all the action of that oral was really getting me going. As Butch pushes in, I groaned and looked over my shoulder. The look on his face was priceless, and he was clearly having as much fun as I was. I hadn't taken him up my puss before, and the look on his face let me know I was oh so deliciously tight. I did have a bit more tread back in those days, and as huge as Butch was, it was all I could do to take him in. It was so worth it, though.

Steve wasn't going to stand there and let himself be ignored, though, and after sliding into my muzzle he gently gripped my head and pushed forward, shoving slowly and digging down into my throat. He was enthusiastic about his humping, but he at least had the good sense to not take it too far. I moaned and whimpered as he drove his length into my muzzle, the big wolf driving and digging it home.

Butch was getting more into the fucking as well, and I was bouncing back and forth between the boys as they hammered me from both ends. I can't say it was the hottest, wildest thing I've ever done, but it was certainly the craziest thing I'd done up until that point! There was hot, moist flesh all over the place, and as Steve bent forward to grope and caress my breasts, I knew I was going to love every minute of this.

As it turned out, though, Butch's giant shaft had a bit of a hair trigger. He pulled out with no warning and started jizzing up my back and ass, coating my big skunky tail with his hot bear seed. I was downright disappointed, but he blushed a bit and quickly explained that he came early and often, and he certainly wasn't talking about post-game parties! I grinned and scooted away from him, letting him take the bench as he worked his still-hard shaft in preparation for his second turn.

Free to focus all of my attention on Steve, I playfully pushed him towards a pile of towels and jerseys that had been stacked up to be washed. Not exactly the best smelling soft surface I've ever fucked on, but really, at that point I was too worked up to care. He let himself fall onto it and grinned as I grabbed his giant shaft with my hand, rubbing his tip back and forth against my pussy. I was drooling wet at this point and he had no trouble getting in there. I can't help but think Butch's thick bear cock helped too, by loosening me up considerably.

I groaned as I slid down, whimpering as I felt him sink in. He struck bottom eventually, something not a lot of boys can do seeing as my slit isn't exactly shallow, but he had clearly gone all the way before and knew better than to start pushing and shoving around. There was only an inch or two of him not inside me anyway, and after I managed to balance and position myself I found that I could bounce quite easily up and down on his shaft. I started off slow, but I was so horny at this point that I quickly picked up the pace until my tits were bouncing around like water balloons on a trampoline.

Steve reached up and grabbed them, murring with delight as he sucked one nipple, then the other into his mouth and nibbled them lightly with his lips. I filled out pretty well in my mid teens, and by my senior year my eighteen-year-old tits were hot and heavy. I moaned as he played with them, his strong hands squeezing and massaging them. He had a firm, confident grip, and the way he held me made me shudder and moan. It was just so, so good.

His hands weren't content just to stay on my tits, though. He wrapped them around my waist and started pulling me down onto his enormous shaft. He drove his long black cock into me again and again. I was trying to bounce, pound and grind my way into a big orgasm, but Steve wasn't going to let me do all the work alone. He came at me hard and fast drilling and shoving as hard as he could. What with all the pumping going on, I imagine I was experiencing something similar to what an oil derrick feels, only much hotter. My orgasm was rising fast and hard, and as it came barreling at me I knew it was going to be a good one.

I've heard that a lot of girls who get off on sex as much as I do tend to be kind of burned out on orgasms, and as such they don't experience much. I honestly don't have that problem. When Steve drove me over that cliff, I could see stars, and the whole world seemed to explode with noise and pleasure and juice. I feel very sorry for whoever had to deal with that laundry pile, because when I started to

come down I realized I'd really creamed it up down there. I've always been a bit of a squirter, but all of the working and foreplay that had lead up to that point really sent me over the edge. There was a bunch of Steve's mess down there too, as apparently my splatter had set him off, and there had been little room for him to go with. Steve didn't seem to mind, though, and he chuckled as he helped me to my feet and began wiping his messy crotch clean with a towel.

The thing about me and orgasms, though, is that they're like potato chips. I can never just have one. Luckily Butch was a bit of voyeur and seeing me go off like that was all he needed to get his massive meat hard and ready again. I laid out on one of the (thankfully quite wide) dressing benches, spreading my legs wide and bending them back towards my head, giving him a great look at my pussy. I've always loved how flexible gymnastics and cheerleading has permitted me to be, and I could tell Butch liked the messy cream pie I was sticking out at him. I smiled and curled my finger at Butch, and that was all the big bear needed to encourage him to come on down.

Butch wanted to take things slow and steady, and as I was still reeling and heaving from Steve I wasn't about to turn it down. I needed a bit of a breather, and as my massive chest rose and sank with deep, gulping breaths I was glad that Butch wanted to take his turn at a much slower pace. It was a chance for me to sit back and really enjoy myself, after all.

I groaned as Butch sank it down into me, wrapping my legs around him and squeezing him close as he drove it in to the hilt. Butch wasn't anywhere near as long a Steve, but he was no slouch, his thick length digging into me with decided force and strength. He was giving me the sort of slow, deep fucking that really satisfies, making me moan, whimper and squeal each time he drove himself into me. His big hands weren't resting either, and as he bent down over me I could feel his big meaty fingers squeezing and groping my tits. It was a warm, enveloping feeling, and had we been cuddling in front of a fireplace it would have been very protective and comforting.

As it was, though, my libido was driving me towards the sort of hard, aggressive fucking I'd been getting from Steve not ten minutes ago, and so I began to buck and push at Butch. I dug my heels into the small of his back, encouraging him to bring it down and bring it hard. He got the message soon enough, but somehow it didn't seem like enough. Sure, I was getting it hard from Butch, and I could feel him driving my shoulders into the hard wood of the bench, but my crazed libido just wanted more, more, more!

Steve figured it out (he always was the smart one, Butch had been held back a year) and came over, slapping his messy dick against my cheek and encouraging me to lean my head back, letting it dangle off the edge of the bench. He slid in slow and smooth, his length going back into my throat as I sucked and whimpered. He humped in sync with Butch for the most part, and I whimpered as I felt both boys go in and out and in and out of both my ends. There was cum and

juice dribbling between my legs, and the spittle was threatening to come out my nose. It was nasty and juicy but I can count few times I've ever been happier.

My second orgasm hit me like a tidal wave. It was deep and slow in coming but it hit me full force, almost like it was knocking me out. It seemed like every inch of my body turned full towards pleasure, and I was practically spasming on the table with it all. I rarely cum like that, and now that I think about it, Steve and Butch gave me the first orgasm that left me spinning. When I finally started to come down, I was gasping and sighing and, to my surprise, not horny. Butch pulled out and gripped himself, grunting as he painted up my stomach and tits. Steve pulled out and I looked down at myself, moaning and grinning as I rubbed the sticky white mess into my soft white underfur. I licked my fingers a bit, and was then caught off guard when Steve came in from overhead, throwing dabs and splashes the other way. Had my underfur been black like the fur on my back and tail, it would have looked like I had two skunk stripes, one on each side. I giggled and rubbed at it a bit, starting to fish the stuff out of my hair as I giggled and cooed. The boys were nice enough to let me use the showers to wash up before heading out, and as they cleaned themselves and popped towels at one another I knew they were back to being friends. It really filled me with glee to know that my humpings had brought the team's two star players back together again, and to this day I think it was the best thing I could have done for them. They later went on to become very good ball players, although Steve went into the hard sciences and Butch ended up working on cars for a living. But at the time, all any of us cared about was getting out of there without getting caught by the janitor or one of the night watchmen. The boys stayed behind while I quietly moved back into the locker room and put my now thoroughly soiled cheerleading outfit back on and headed outside, my tail wagging and swishing all the way to the car. We didn't get caught, and until now, I don't think I've told anyone about what we did.

Butch and Steve weren't my first threesome, but they were certainly the most memorable one. I considered going back for more, but there were, shall we say, lots of other opportunities to pursue and before I knew it I was applying to colleges, then going to them. Of course my adventures didn't stop the moment I left high school, but I think I can end this one here. What I did to get free tutoring in Chemistry 101 is a story for another time, as is how I got first position on the cheerleading squad. Don't worry boys, I'll get to those soon enough!