

Wet Doberman

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Ricardo Sanchez sighed, spinning his lifeguard's whistle one way, then the other. Being the sole lifeguard on the M.V. Ambrosia, he worked long hours, and though the pool was still open the sun had long since gone down. He was required to remain at the pool until it closed, stopping only for food and toilet breaks throughout the day. It didn't matter that everyone else was downstairs in the disco dancing the night away, Ricardo had to stay on duty where he was, in case someone decided they wanted to swim. The Doberman sighed, adjusting his tight, hot-pink Speedo as he looked down on the empty pool. He was well endowed, especially for a guy his size, and the Speedo wasn't exactly comfortable, though it did look good. Ricardo sighed again as he realized it would be another hour before he could change out of it. This was the worst lifeguard job he'd ever taken.

Ricardo wasn't the typical lifeguard. He was a Doberman rather than an otter or some other sort of sea mammal, and so many had doubted his ability to swim over the years. The fact that he was small, barely five foot four, didn't exactly instill confidence either. But he was actually a very talented swimmer, and had conducted many rescues over the years, mostly passengers who were too drunk to swim. The only thing Ricardo wasn't good with was the long, boring stretches of time when there was no cute boys to look at and hardly anything to keep him awake. He couldn't even listen to the radio, this far out at sea.

Ricardo was about to fall asleep, and it seemed like it was going to be a race between his boredom and the 11 PM closing time. Late though it was, he was still wearing his shades and a dab of sunscreen on his black nose from the day's labor, and knew he looked distinctly out of place in the evening light. But just then, someone came up the nearby steps, making Ricardo stir. It was Wilhelm Boll, the German stag and super-stud. Wilhelm was ostensibly hired on as a "secretary" to the big boss, but really, his job was to pose for seductive photos, provide eye candy to the passengers on the ship, and occasionally fuck them silly in one of the many storage closets. He was a permanent party machine, who somehow managed to look like a professional model while partying until five AM and waking up to a liquid breakfast around noon.

Wilhelm was big, in every regard. He had enormous horns on his head, but even below that he was well over six and a half feet tall. He tipped the scales at over two hundred and fifty pounds, very little of which was fat. He also packed a cock that was well over a foot long, and easily put poor Ricardo to shame. He was clad only in tight cutoff jeans and sandals, his massive body out for everyone to

see. He had a German flag tattooed on each arm, right next to the shoulder, and as he walked up he flexed his arms a bit, knowing that Ricardo was watching.

"I have been dancing long," said Wilhelm. He had only a minimal German accent, enough to be sexy, not near enough to make him hard to understand. "And I was thinking I could cool down in the pool." Wilhelm certainly was glistening with sweat in the moonlight, and Ricardo nodded, blushing as he tried to conceal the boner starting to push up his Speedo. He wasn't doing a very good job.

"Go ahead, the pool is open for another hour," said Ricardo. "I'll uh...Keep watch..."

"Ah hope you don't mind, but I have no swimsuit," said Wilhelm. "I'll just have to go without." The big buck unbuttoned his pants and gently pulled down the zipper. Ricardo whimpered quietly to himself, wishing he had binoculars. Not that it took binoculars to see what Wilhelm was packing as the big deer slowly peeled down his pants and stepped out of them, as well as removing his sandals. Even flaccid, his length went halfway down his thigh, and flopped almost comically as he walked towards the pool and dove in. Ricardo instantly decided that the "no skinny dipping" rule could be temporarily ignored.

Wilhelm had massive, powerful arms and legs, but his big body and huge horns made him a terrible swimmer. He didn't swim so much as he splashed the water around to keep from sinking. Still, he somehow managed to do so in a very sexy way, and as he pulled up to the shallow end to stand and relax, it was all Ricardo could do to keep from touching himself. As it was, he had to adjust himself to hide his boner, which was stretching out his Speedo. Wilhelm grinned up at him, and Ricardo could see the deer's dong floating in the water in front of him.

"Come and join me," said Wilhelm, who was now glistening in the light from both the moon and the pool's internal lamps. "The water is quite warm."

"I think I'll uh, stay up here," said Ricardo. He was blushing through his fur, and he could tell that Wilhelm was playing with him. But he didn't care. Just looking at the big buck drove him wild.

"Suit yourself," said Wilhelm, lifting himself up onto the side of the pool and leaning back, showing off his sculpted chest. "Will you at least come down and sit with me?" Ricardo sighed, and wagged his docked stump of a tail. It was ten thirty, the big dance wouldn't end until after midnight, and really, who would care if he went off duty for a little bit for some hot gay humping? Fucking was part of the whole point of the cruise, after all!

Ricardo climbed down from his lifeguard's chair and went over to the main gate, closing it and hanging up the sign to indicate the pool was closed. He then ditched his sunglasses and Speedo in the duffel bag he kept under his chair. By the time he made it over to Wilhelm, the big deer was already half sporting a boner, his immense shaft pulsing in front of him. Ricardo panted, gently gripping the shaft as he felt his heart begin to pound. While there were several

guys in Ricardo's life, Wilhelm was the only one who made him feel like this. He just wanted to bury himself in the big deer's chest, and for some reason, just being near Wilhelm made him feel happy.

"Awwh, the little doggie is getting excited," said Wilhelm, reaching down to caress and fondle Ricardo's considerable length. Even Wilhelm's massive hands couldn't totally dwarf Ricardo's length, and though Ricardo was well over a foot shorter than Wilhelm his shaft was almost as big as the deer's. Ricardo's immense package was one of the reasons he'd been hired as the lifeguard for The M.V. Ambrosia, seeing as he doubled as cheesecake for the guests, but he was immensely proud of it as well. He also knew that Wilhelm was crazy for it, since the big buck loved it when a cock was "Wilhelm-Sized."

"Yeah, you know how you do that to me," said Ricardo. "Plus I've been up in that chair all day, watching guys lay out in the sun...There was this one guy, a big wolf with a paw print tattoo on his ass...you two must do the same exercises."

"Oh, you mean Joseph?" said Wilhelm, who slid down into the pool and slowly moved between Ricardo's legs. "He's good looking and all, but he doesn't have it down below. He has a teeny little spindly thing, hardly worth playing with." Wilhelm grinned and gave Ricardo a big lick, making the Doberman's tail nub wag rapidly. "Not like you."

"Ahn, well he was laying...On his stomach, didn't see...anything but his ass..." Wilhelm was slowly nuzzling and working his way down Ricardo's shaft, the Doberman's big length disappearing into the buck's maw. Ricardo was finding it harder and harder to speak, his body racing with feeling. It always took a long time for his enormous shaft to get hard, but Wilhelm was patient, and his immense hands were delicate and precise as well as powerful and strong. His tongue wasn't bad either, and Ricardo began to pant as he was worked, his tongue lolling out to the side as he leaned back and took in the pleasure.

"Mmm, I think you're ready," said Wilhelm. "Let's go into the locker room, I've got lots to play with in my locker."

Ricardo was used to going around in the nude, especially since the M.V. Ambrosia had a "Bottomless Day" on every cruise and it wasn't as if he wore a shirt, but he blushed a bit as his immense boner flopped around in front of him. He was lucky enough to be one of the guys who needed no help maintaining an erection (despite it's size) and it bounced comically in front of him, his each and every step accented by the huge swaying hunk of meat in front of him. The bouncing and flopping made Wilhelm smile, though, so it wasn't all bad.

Wilhelm opened his locker and stepped to the side, presenting it's contents to Ricardo with a big grin. Wilhelm pretty much never wore any clothing, and as such his locker was filled with toys, bondage gear and lube instead of shirts and shorts. Wilhelm grinned as he pulled out a big spiked collar, which was attached to a short

leather leash. "Does doggie wanna go walkies?" he said, grinning and stretching the leather leash tight over his chest.

"I'd much rather go bury a big bone in my back yard," said Ricardo. He took the collar and wrapped it tight around his neck, buckling it securely into place. Maybe it had something to do with his canine nature, but he really liked collars. Something about the feel of the leather against his fur turned him on immensely, and as he dropped to his knees in front of Wilhelm he could feel his immense shaft dribbling pre onto the floor. "I wanna play with it a little first, though."

Ricardo gently worked Wilhelm's length into his mouth, panting and straining to take the big length inside him. Wilhelm's cock was thick as well as long and Ricardo's small size meant he had a hard time working with it, but he was certainly loving every moment. The big deer kept a tight reign on the leash, keeping it taught and ensuring Ricardo didn't get too far, but really that just turned the Doberman on more. He twisted his head this way and that, working to slick up the big buck's length with his long canine tongue. He panted and moaned, nibbling and sucking bit by bit as he moved up and down the enormous length.

He gently moved down to Wilhelm's balls, the big buck adjusting his legs and leaning back on the line of lockers in order to give Ricardo the maximum amount of room. Nothing about Wilhelm was small, and it was all Ricardo could do to get those big deer nuts into his mouth, but his little stump of a tail was wagging into a blur in excitement. He loved the thick, musky smell of Wilhelm's crotch, the hot, sweaty scent persisting even after a brief dip in the pool. He loved the feel and flavor, and as he lightly nipped at Wilhelm with his lips, he liked the way Wilhelm panted and moaned with delight.

"Oh yes, puppy, right there," said Wilhelm. "Ahnn, someone is a very good doggie..." Ricardo put his ears down and grinned, nuzzling Wilhelm's immense shaft with his cold nose.

"And someone is dribbling precum onto the top of my head," said Ricardo. He moved back a bit, sucking and slurping on the length and loving the salty taste of Wilhelm's pre. But before he could do too much, Wilhelm pulled taught on the leash, forcing Ricardo to get to his feet. The big buck lifted Wilhelm up off the floor and gave him a kiss, enveloping the much smaller canine in his immense arms. Ricardo's body practically exploded, his shaft throbbing almost painfully as it was pressed up against Wilhelm's tight abs.

"I know you like the flavor," said Wilhelm. "And I know you've been practicing. How about you lay back for a bit and we see if you can throat me?" Ricardo grinned, still somewhat dizzy from the kiss, but more than up to laying back on one of the nearby benches. He put his head off the edge and opened his maw as wide as he could, sticking out his tongue and closing his eyes. Wilhelm dropped to his knees in front of him and, gripping the Doberman gently, began to feed his immense length into Ricardo's wanting maw. It was slow, steady going, but Ricardo was eager and ready and Wilhelm managed to

slowly slide in without too much trouble. There was a little gagging at first, but Ricardo had grown very good at holding his breath over the years and they had no problems once Wilhelm was in good and deep.

Wilhelm knew that he didn't have long before Ricardo would need to come up for air again, so he moved with as much speed as he felt was safe. Ricardo was in heaven, though, and he reached down with both hands to work his immense member, which was now drooling pre all over his abs. He writhed and wriggled with pleasure as his mouth and nose was filled with the overpowering scent of Wilhelm's loins, and when the big buck's balls bounced against Ricardo's nose, he took a big, delighted whiff.

Wilhelm knew to pull out before too long, and almost as soon as he had shove his length in he was bopping the wet, sticky phallus against Ricardo's muzzle. Ricardo rolled over, careful not to lose his balance on the narrow bench as he slurped and nibbled at Wilhelm's dripping length. "That was fantastic," Ricardo said, still panting and heaving from it all.

"The feeling is mutual," said Wilhelm. He pulled tight on the leash again, his free hand gripping his length firmly at the base. "But it's time we buried this bone, before I go blowing it."

Ricardo found himself semi-roughly lifted up and pressed against the cool tile of the changing room wall, Wilhelm's immense form enveloping him from behind. He whimpered, his enormous dribbling shaft dripping onto the floor in front of him. He reached down again, gripping it firmly and milking it in his hands. But Wilhelm shook his head disapprovingly, suddenly making the leash taut again.

"Tsk tsk, we can't have you getting started without me," said Wilhelm. With a quick flick of his arm he grabbed a pair of fuzzy handcuffs out of the locker and secured them on Ricardo's wrists, locking the dog's hands behind his back. Wilhelm gripped the chain between the cuffs firmly, making them a sort of impromptu handle for Wilhelm to hold down on. He grinned, kissing Ricardo on the cheek. "Now I don't have a ball gag so try not to make too much noise, hmm?"

Ricardo could hear Wilhelm slicking up behind him, the big buck making quite generous use of the available lubricant. Once his shaft was slick he began to stick his fingers into Ricardo, making the dog wriggle and squirm with delight. He panted and worked to slowly adjust and loosen himself, gasping as Wilhelm teased him deep inside. The big buck took his time, making sure Ricardo was good and loose. Though he was enjoying himself, the anticipation was killing him, and Ricardo just wanted things to start. He pushed back against Wilhelm as best he could, and the big buck grinned, tapping the head of his enormous length against Ricardo's tailhole.

"My my, you're even more eager than usual," said Wilhelm, grinning as he positioned himself. "Well I do suppose you get rather worked up sitting on that chair checking out sexy guys all day." Wilhelm began to sink his length slowly at first, but then with more speed and force as he got going. Ricardo whined, his ears going flat against his head as he gritted his teeth and strained to stretch

himself out wide enough to accommodate the big buck. It was hard work and it stung a bit, but Ricardo was loving every inch of it.

Once Wilhelm was in deep he made good use of his immense size and strength. He pushed Ricardo against the wall at first, holding the Doberman by the leash and cuffs as he bounced the dog around. But he wasn't content to just stick with a grind against the wall, and he soon wrapped his arms around Ricardo, lifting the Doberman up into the air as he pounded the dog's ass hard. Ricardo found that his own weight was being used to drive him down with each powerful thrust, and he groaned as his body was bounced this way and that.

Wilhelm couldn't keep up that kind of force forever, though, and soon he had Ricardo back on his feet (or at least his tip-toes) as he pounded the dog from behind. Ricardo was moaning and howling at near top volume, and though Wilhelm had asked him not to the big deer wasn't saying anything to get him to stop. The buck just keep jamming it in again and again, deeper and deeper, driving his "point" home with each powerful thrust.

Ricardo couldn't hope to hold out for long under the assault, and Wilhelm had barely been going at it for five minutes before Ricardo's shaft exploded with juice. Ricardo whimpered aloud as he felt himself shoot out blast after blast onto the tile floor. He had been too busy working all day to get any relief, and was a little backed up. He could feel Wilhelm drive it home and then reach around and grip Ricardo firmly, the big buck milking and working the cum out of Ricardo's shaft.

"And here I was thinking I'd be going off first," said Wilhelm. He slowly extracted himself from Ricardo, doing his best to be gentle and letting the canine collapse on the tile floor panting. He gripped his shaft firmly in both hands and pointed it towards Ricardo, smiling as he rubbed. Ricardo was still panting and gasping for air as he came down of his orgasm, but he knew what was going on and opened his mouth wide.

Wilhelm was more than a bit of a sexual dynamo, and though Ricardo was by no means his first fuck of the day he still managed to coat the Doberman's face and chest in spooze. He groaned as he went off, rubbing and squeezing his length hard. The mess got everywhere, but Ricardo liked it like that, and he licked the taste off his muzzle.

"You need to take a shower," said Wilhelm. He helped Ricardo to his feet and then unlatched the cuffs and removed the collar, freeing the panting Doberman. The dog immediately pounced on Wilhelm and gave him a big sloppy kiss, filling Wilhelm's mouth with his own distinct flavor. Wilhelm didn't mind, though, and he kissed back, hugging Ricardo close.

"Thanks a bunch, Wilhelm," said Ricardo. "I really needed that."

"Anything to help out a co-worker," said Wilhelm. "A co-worker and my best friend." Wilhelm and Ricardo went to the shower, leaning on one another. Ricardo cooed under the hot water of the shower, letting Wilhelm's big arms and hands run over him, washing and

cleaning him with the liquid shampoo dispensed from the wall. Ricardo loved the feeling of Wilhelm's strong arms caressing and cuddling him, and he moaned aloud as he was felt this way and that.

"So, do you think the whole ship heard us, or just the ones who aren't on the dance floor?" asked Wilhelm as he rubbed shampoo up between Ricardo's ears.

"Does it matter? The M.V. Ambrosia is nothing but one big orgy with propellers," said Ricardo.

"You forget, it also has a buffet," said Wilhelm. "But I guess you're right. Still, next time, we use a ball gag. Since when did you start getting so loud?"

"Since ever," said Ricardo. "Oooh and rub that spot again, just above my tail. It feels good."

"It seems like everything I do with you feels good," said Wilhelm. He wrapped his arms around Ricardo again, his half-hard cock pressing between Ricardo's cheeks.

"What, are you complaining?" said Ricardo, rocking himself a little in Wilhelm's arms.

"No," said Wilhelm. "Just saying that maybe when the ship docks we should get some time to ourselves for awhile, just you and me in a condo all to ourselves. I've got plenty of beer, some home-made sausages my mom air-mailed to me, not to mention lots of gear I need to break in. Do you think I'd look good in a leather harness?"

"I think you look good in damn near anything," said Ricardo. The Doberman had intended to say more, but just then a wolf came through the changing room door. He was wearing jeans and no shirt, and in his hand he was holding a pair of swim trunks. It was Joseph, the wolf who had been flaunting his ass on the deck all afternoon.

"Whoops, didn't mean to interrupt anything," said Joseph, blushing a little. But Ricardo grinned, grabbing his enormous flaccid length and whipping it around a few times.

"You didn't interrupt anything," said Ricardo. "But I'm sorry to say that the pool is closed for the evening. We closed a little early, but it's well past eleven now."

"Oh shoot, I was going to just take a quick swim before going to bed," said Joseph. "Is the gym still open? I just wanted to get in a quick bit of cardio."

"The gym is always open," said Wilhelm. "But if you want some cardio, I think we can give it to you." Wilhelm's shaft was already getting hard again, and he thrust it out at Joseph. The wolf was visibly interested, and the tent in his pants was beginning to grow. It was dwarfed by what Ricardo and Wilhelm were packing, of course, but it was by no means small.

"Yeah, how about you join us?" said Ricardo, grinning. "I saw how you were flaunting your ass at me all day. You've got to join us." Joseph was blushing red through his fur, but he was definitely not going to turn this down. He began to pull down his pants and boxer shorts, letting his dick pop free with a decided bounce.

"Well Ricardo, how about you take the back end and I'll take the front?" said Wilhelm. "And we might as well do it here in the showers too, no reason to mess up the tile floor any more than we already have."

Ricardo grinned and moved up behind Joseph, pushing the wolf forward a bit towards Wilhelm's immense form and under the shower head. He then kissed Wilhelm on the cheek, his tail nub wagging.

"I love you, Wilhelm," said Ricardo.

"Ich liebe dich also," said Wilhelm, letting the German flow thickly from his lips. "Now, let's show this cute and cocky little customer of ours why he should book a cruise on the M.V. Ambrosia every year!" Wilhelm "forced" Joseph down onto his knees, the big wolf already panting and tail wagging with anticipation. Ricardo got behind Joseph, letting his massive shaft flop heavily between Ricardo's cheeks.

"You're about to have the time of your life, Joseph," said Ricardo. The wolf just grinned, and Wilhelm kissed Ricardo on the cheek. Though it was now mostly in the back of his mind, Ricardo was quietly taking back everything he'd thought early about this job. Yes, it had long periods of extreme tedium, where he had to sit and be bored while everyone else had fun. But it had it's perks. Big, long, German perks. And that made it all worth while.