

Service Call

All Characters appearing in this work are © Tailheat.com, and are used with permission. This work is reprinted with written permission from Tailheat.com.

"Happy Birthday to me, happy birthday to me," said Sascha, the orange and white furred shiba inu leaning forward to blow out candles he'd jammed into a pair of manju cakes. The rice and wheat confectioneries were certain to be sweet and delicious, but they were a bit of a disappointment and hardly what Sascha had been expecting for his twenty-fifth birthday. Far from home and all alone, it had been difficult enough to find Japanese confectioneries at all, and while he preferred maju cakes stuffed with orange cream, these tea flavored ones were at least sugary. The price was terrible, though.

Sascha chewed lightly at his cake and sighed. Loyal and dedicated to the last, he hated to complain, but he had certainly expected more than cold cakes in an extended stay hotel for his birthday. In general, birthdays on the M. V. Ambrosia were big affairs. Free food and alcohol were in great abundance, and the sex was great. Wilhelm's birthday was in the middle of the summer tourism session, and Sascha had woken up the next day tied to one of the tables in the bar with a "SPERM BANK DROPOFF" sign taped to his thighs. He just wished he'd gone easy on the sake so that he could remember exactly how he ended up like that.

Even Mr. Teller's birthday had at least been a party; even if followed the subdued and controlled nature that Mr. Teller brought to the business side of the M. V. Ambrosia's cruises. Sascha had only been hired nine months ago, but he still figured that there would at least be some drinking and bondage gear. As he neatly set the candles aside and licked the last of the sticky cakes off his fingers he felt like he was going to cry. Had they forgotten about him entirely while the ship was being scoured in dry dock? The crew did tend to scatter pretty quickly when it came time to remove the barnacles, but surely they could take some time off from their seven-day vacation to pay him a visit.

Sascha's eyes lit up when his hotel phone rang. He almost knocked over his small serving tray as he flung himself towards it, grabbing at the receiver and jamming it to his ear. "Hello? Sascha Etsuko speaking."

"Sascha? It's Andrew." Sascha always referred to Mr. Teller as a sign of respect, but the wolf seemed perfectly happy to stick to a first-name basis with his handyman. "Listen I know it's your week off and all, but I need you dressed, sober and in my shore office pronto. You know the wiring here as well as you do the wiring on my ship, and something is screwed the fuck up here. Lights don't turn on, the breaker box does nothing, and I've got a hell of a lot of tax forms

to fill out. You'll get overtime for your troubles but I need you here now!"

"Yes sir, I'll be right there sir," said Sascha, hiding the disappointment in his voice. He knew both that Andrew Teller kept detailed profiles of all his employees, and that he was very fond of Etsuko's work ethic. Certainly he would have known today was Etsuko's birthday, why didn't he say so much as "happy birthday" over the phone? Etsuko sighed and made his way to the closet, slipping on a pair of boxers and grabbing one of his M. V. Ambrosia jumpsuits. If he was going to work, he might as well do it in uniform, and if his birthday was going to be ignored, he wasn't going to give anyone the satisfaction of seeing him upset.

Sascha arrived at Mr. Teller's office around noon, carrying his favored electrical toolbox and wearing the boots and ball cap he favored when working. The office was a small affair, tucked away deep inside a low-rise office complex to save money. Were it not for the "Ambrosia Cruise Lines" logo stenciled on the door, it would have been impossible to tell it apart from the tax preparers, accountants and legal aid offices that surrounded it. Sascha heard a click as Mr. Teller electronically unlocked the door, and he let himself in.

Mr. Teller's primary office was on board ship, and as such it's landlocked counterpart was simple and lacked amenities. It had been intended to house half a dozen cubicles, but this area was instead filled with filing cabinets, a testament to Mr. Teller's dedication to accurate (if voluminous) paperwork. There were a few computers set up for general office work, but as Mr. Teller tended to contract out things like web site maintenance and brochure design, they sat unused and collecting dust. Had Sascha not installed them himself, he would have doubted their functionality, and he reminded himself that when he was finished with Mr. Teller's little electrical problem he should look into dusting the place as well. Dust caused shorts, and he hated fixing shorts.

Mr. Teller's office proper was located at the very back of the filing cabinets and desks, taking advantage of the place's only windows. Separated from the rest of the room by a thin wall, his door was open, and Sascha could hear him cursing and fumbling with something. He was always in a bad mood when he called Sascha, and it didn't help that he tried to fix things first on his own most of the time, invariably making it worse.

"Mr. Teller?" said Sascha. "I'm here to fix your electrical problem. The lights are on in the main office, so I think it's just localized to your room."

"Yeah, come in here, I think I've narrowed it down to a few plugs," said Mr. Teller. Even though he was in the office alone, the big wolf was dressed in an immaculate business suit with a dark black jacket and slacks, offset by a white shirt and sky-blue tie. Mr.

Teller had risen though life by being both brilliant and intimidating, and he had the poise of one who was in charge and had to be obeyed. His imposing six and a half-foot tall frame didn't hurt; Sascha barely came up to the wolf's shoulders. Something about Mr. Teller's austere and commanding demeanor made Sascha feel comfortable, and even though the wolf was visibly angry Sascha felt at ease in his presence, knowing that the wolf would be one to take charge in this situation. "It's the damn ones under my desk. Which of course would be the only ones I can plug my fucking computer in to."

Sascha got down on all fours and crawled under Mr. Teller's desk. It was a massive, solid-wood affair that had been specifically selected to accommodate Mr. Teller's immense size. As it was, Sascha had plenty of room to work with, more than enough for himself, his tools, and a portable electric lamp which fully lit the area bright as day. The outlet was the only thing under the desk besides the dust, and Sascha had no trouble finding it.

Sascha began to dismantle the plug to check it for any obvious problems, making sure he was familiar with the problem before he went to the breaker box to cut power entirely. He noticed that there were two plugs, most likely from Mr. Teller's computer, and he jammed them into their outlets. Much to his surprise, he heard the whirring of computer fans and standard boot-up noises coming from above him, through the desk. "Mr. Teller?" he said. "Did your computer just turn on? I don't think there's any problem with the outlet at all."

Mr. Teller chuckled, and Sascha felt the big wolf's firm hand reach down and grip the shiba inu's pert rump. "Are you sure? I'm almost positive there's a problem down there..." Sascha had played this game before, and instantly knew what's up.

"Maybe, but its kind of hot, how about I take off my clothes first so I don't overheat while working?" Andrew loved to play games with Sascha, and Sascha was glad to find out that this so-called service call was actually an invitation to get his ass fucked.

"Now that would be unprofessional, not to mention potentially unsafe," said Mr. Teller. "So how about you just get out from under my desk and I'll give you your birthday present up here?" Sascha quickly extracted himself from under the desk, his tail wagging madly. He found Mr. Teller in his high-backed chair, sitting and grinning, a massive erect shaft sticking out of his pants. Mr. Teller wasn't as big as, say, Wilhelm, but if he hadn't gone to business school he could have certainly found a home in just about any porno studio.

"Mmm, I've missed this," said Sascha. Eagerly he bent forward, bringing his lips and muzzle to Mr. Teller's erect shaft. He licked and slurping on the head, working the rest of the length gently with his hand. Mr. Teller pressed down insistently, pushing Sascha's mouth down onto the length. He whimpered, moaning and sucking on the taste, loving the smell and the rich salty flavor. Sweet rice cakes might be fine for a treat, but this was the sort of flavor he couldn't get

enough of, and his tail wagging to a blur as he took more and more of the length into his maw.

"There we go, that's a good boy..." Mr. Teller idly scratched the back of Sascha's ears as he guided and pushed the shiba inu down onto his length. Sascha moaned with delight, but Mr. Teller merely smiled, maintaining control and his erect posture as the dog's sucking became more and more enthusiastic. Sascha loved giving head, to the point where he would work a cock simply because it was put in front of him, and his skill was a testament to the immense amounts of practice he had gotten. His tongue was everywhere at once, and he sucked almost painfully hard, drawing in long lengths of the flavor and the taste.

After the initial rush of feeling, Sascha began to curb his enthusiasm, focusing on slow, building pressure rather than sucking and licking as hard as he could. Mr. Teller seemed to prefer this, and as Sascha moved to a slow, steady blowjob he slowly relaxed, letting himself spread a bit to fill out the whole chair. He growled a little and idly played with Sascha's hair, scratching and petting and growling happily to make sure that Sascha knew he was doing the job right. "Don't get anything on my nice pants," said Mr. Teller. "Or I'll bill the dry cleaning to your paycheck." Sascha chuckled a little. He knew Mr. Teller would never penalize Sascha over something so trivial, nor would Sascha's natural tendency to be meticulously neat and clean allow him to make a mess. But it was cute and sweet to play like that, and Sascha loved it.

Mr. Teller's pre came strong and thick, letting Sascha know that release was soon at hand. He dove deep onto the length and began working it with his throat as well as his tongue, moaning and whimpering with delight as he manipulated the huge wolf dick in his mouth. He'd been so busy making preparations for shore leave that he hadn't tasted cum in weeks, and the rush of having it right in front of him was too much. The closer Mr. Teller got, the more worked up Sascha became. He worked the length more and more to his lips, sucking and teasing the head as hard as he could, his long canine tongue caressing and working the glans while his hands rubbed the shaft and gently cupped the balls. This last bit proved too much for Mr. Teller, much to Sascha's delight.

From the feel of it, Mr. Teller hadn't had any more free time than Sascha, and was at least as painfully backed up as the shiba inu. He let out a sharp, pleased grunt as his shaft erupted into Sascha's mouth. Sascha eagerly and greedily lapped it up and sucked it down, sending the initial rush down his throat but lapping and tasting the rest of it happily. It had taken him a few years to get used to the rich, salty taste, but now there was none he liked better, and Mr. Teller was certainly the creamiest of creams.

Sascha gently worked and squeezed Mr. Teller's shaft, working out the last few drops and ensuring there would be no sort of mess or bother, then pulled off. He smiled up at the big wolf, who smiled back down, gently caressing and petting the shiba inu. "Superb work as always, Sascha," he said. "But really, you can't think that I'd

just let you blow me for your birthday. Hell, that's a Monday morning for us, isn't it? Truth be told, you came faster than I expected, and I just needed to buy time for Wilhelm to show up with your gift. Luckily he came in awhile ago, and I think he's done putting it together now...Wilhelm, are you ready?"

"I may not be as good at putting things together as Sascha, but I think it'll hold," said Wilhelm. As Sascha rose to his feet, he saw Wilhelm effortlessly carrying in a massive fiberglass bondage sawhorse, dressed in his usual sleeveless shirt and tight shorts. The rack was complete with a built-in locking collar and cuffs on each leg, ensuring that the willing captive would be helpless and perfectly presented from tongue to tail.

Sascha almost couldn't contain himself with glee, and as Wilhelm set the bondage rack down he leapt up and gave the deer a great big hug. "Oh thank you Wilhelm! It's just what I've always wanted, I just never could afford one!" said Sascha. Wilhelm grinned and gave Sascha a kiss on the nose, the big buck rubbing the shiba inu's ears gently.

"Don't thank me, it was Andrew who picked it out and paid for it," said Wilhelm. "I'm just here to deliver it and help him break it in." Sascha giggled and wagged his tail with delight at Wilhelm's words.

"How about you get started with that while I go change?" said Andrew, getting up and moving towards the one office bathroom, grabbing a small suitcase from behind his chair as he did so. "Don't worry, I'll be right back. I just don't want to mess up this nice suit..."

Sascha eagerly laid himself down across the sawhorse, practically shaking with excitement as Wilhelm strapped him in. The collar and cuffs were lined with a soft artificial fur to maximize comfort, and Sascha cooed as they were buckled tightly around his ankles and wrists. Wilhelm grinned a bit as he tightened the collar, bumping Sascha's nose with his crotch. "You know, I think it's possible that you're a bit too eager to use this thing," said Wilhelm.

"Oh hush, it's not like I get to fuck around every day like you do, someone's got to keep the pipes working and the lights turning on," said Sascha. He raised his tail high and wagged it at Wilhelm, putting on his biggest and most enthusiastic smile. "So, you going to help me break this in or not?"

"Mmm, it is rather fun to let you sit there and squirm," said Wilhelm, grinning and giving Sascha's rump a firm grope. "But I suppose it would be rather rude to deprive you on your birthday..." Wilhelm pulled off his shirt and stepped out of his pants, leaving on his socks and shoes as he started to rub and work his massive length. Even flaccid it was enormous, and as he let it flop in front of Sascha the shiba inu took a big whiff and tried to reach out to slurp

at it. Restricted as he was, he could just barely reach it, and had to stretch his tongue out to the limit just to get a taste. Wilhelm laughed, his massive chest shaking as Sascha tried to inch himself forward just a bit more. "You just had some, and you already want some more?"

"I always want more," said Sascha. "You know that." Wilhelm chuckled and took the shiba inu's head in his hands, gripping gently as he moved his cock in close. Sascha sucked and slurped at it eagerly, trying to work what he could into his mouth. Wilhelm grabbed his length and started feeding it to the eager dog, working it in slowly along Sascha's muzzle as it hardened. Wilhelm's enormous shaft took quite some time to harden, giving Sascha ample opportunity to put his skills to work again. Though the cuffs prohibited from using his hands or even turning his head, his tongue and lips were more than enough to get Wilhelm moaning.

When Wilhelm was fully erect he hefted his length with his hand, grinning and lightly tapping the tip on Sascha's nose. "Andrew sure is taking awhile to change," said Wilhelm. "I don't suppose he'll mind if we start without him..." Sascha wagged his tail and did his best to grin at Wilhelm, tugging and pulling on his restraints as the big deer walked behind him. There was the sound of a drawer opening and a bottle of lube being opened, followed by the warm, wet sound of Wilhelm prepping his meat. Sascha was wriggling in his restraints in anticipation of what was about to follow, but Wilhelm took his time, "forcing" Sascha to wait. He slapped his meat down hard between Sascha's cheeks, making them jiggle a bit as he grabbed them. He grinned and leaned over Sascha, nibbling and nipping at his ears and the exposed bits of his neck as he slowly lined himself up, his powerful hips pressing forward.

Though Sascha wasn't as active as Wilhelm, he could match the deer in terms of enthusiasm, and his solid-bottom nature had naturally steered him towards a loose, accepting tailhole. As it was, Wilhelm slid in smoothly and easily with just a bare minimum of preparation, Sascha's tailhole easily giving way to Wilhelm's considerable length. The big deer gasped as he slid in, biting his lower lip and sucking air in between his teeth. "Like a bratwurst down an alley," said Wilhelm, chuckling.

"I think the American terminology is a hot dog down a highway," said Sascha, groaning. Sascha's sluttiness made him so loose that even Wilhelm didn't fill him, but the deer's massive meat was very satisfying nonetheless. It was big enough to hit all his soft spots at once, and as Wilhelm gently worked back and forth inside, Sascha felt his shaft begin to dribble. He bit down on his lower lip, wishing he had a ball gag to sink his teeth into. The sounds of his own moans embarrassed him greatly.

"Well you're certainly a hot dog, but I imagine they'd get upset if I took you down the hallway," said Wilhelm. He panted and got a firm grip on Sascha's ass as he stood up straight, jamming and shoving his length in deep, grinding occasionally between the short,

deep thrusts. Wilhelm knew how to get the most out of his length, and he put it to work on Sascha, maximizing the effect of each thrust, working Sascha smoothly as he kept the shiba inu from getting worked up too quickly.

Sascha was in heaven. The tight tug of the restraints, combined with the feeling of Wilhelm's length deep up his ass, was everything he could ever want. Though Wilhelm was keeping him from quickly driving towards a massive orgasm, Sascha's body was rolling and bubbling with thick pleasure from the deer's enormous dick. Sascha loved to work himself up with toys during the off hours of the day, but no rubber dick compared to what Wilhelm was capable of. Years of experience, not to mention a real dedication to the subject, had allowed Wilhelm to turn fucking into a fine art. He was taking his time with Sascha, gently caressing the shiba inu inside and out, putting his muscles to work on the dog's shoulders and thighs even as he worked the massive shaft in and out of Sascha's wet, sloppy hole. This was sex as it was meant to be, and nothing in the world could compare.

After many minutes more of this deep grind-and-pound, Wilhelm finally decided that he should finish the job. His hands firmly gripped Sascha, almost lifting the dog and the bondage rack off the floor with each powerful backwards thrust. The driving force was incredible to say the least, and Sascha found himself crying out in pain and delight as the deer's firm waist smacked again and again against his ass. His rear quickly grew raw and painful from the repeated stress, and though it wasn't exactly comfortable the aggression and little flecks of pain just turned him on all the more. He was loving it, and all he wanted now was more, more more.

Wilhelm's orgasm was a gushing crescendo, blast after blast after blast shooting from his shaft like a white geyser or a fire hydrant gone wild. Sascha whimpered as he felt the blasts splatting and shaking around inside him, his body moaning and shuddering from the force of Wilhelm's impact. Shore leave had apparently been hard on poor Wilhelm as well, his body filled to the point of bursting from a lack of sex. Transitioning from a party every night to two weeks of relative celibacy had pushed Wilhelm into a frenzy, and now that he had a chance to let it all out he did, until it was dribbling out of Sascha's ass and dripping onto the floor.

Sascha's own orgasm was much smaller and weaker but no less satisfying. He felt his body shake with delight, twitching and bucking against the restraints, so much so that the bondage saw horse dragged a bit on the floor. As Wilhelm sloppily extracted his length and let it flop between his thighs, Sascha whimpered and came. His shaft was pointed down firmly by the edge of the bondage rack and he shot straight down onto the carpet, his jets making little splatter noises as they struck.

"Andrew is going to have a shit fit when he sees the mess you made on his nice clean carpet," said Wilhelm. The big buck leaned against the wall and started shuffling through his jean shorts, which

were heaped in a chair by the door. Extracting a cigarette and a lighter he began to smoke, taking a long slow drag as he stretched out his big muscles. Sascha could just barely see Wilhelm's sticky, glistening cock out of the corner of his eye, and he wagged his tail, trying to encourage the deer to come over for a second helping.

"I'm not too keen on people smoking in my office either," said Mr. Teller. "But I'll let it slide, since you're on shore leave and it's Sascha's birthday and all. Sascha grinned big and wagged his tail even harder as Mr. Teller came into view. He had switched to a leather dominator outfit complete with harness, studded arm guards, a firm leather cap and assless chaps. His massive, half-hard meat bounced in front of him, and as he walked in front of Sascha he smartly smacked a riding crop into his hand, both of which were protected by a fingerless leather glove. "So Sascha, ready to get MY present?"

Before Sascha could answer he found his mouth stuffed with Mr. Teller's half-hard cock, the big wolf grabbing Sascha by the shoulders and shoving his length into Sascha's maw. The dog loved this rough treatment and wagged his tail as his nose was pressed firmly against the wolf's crotch fuzz, forcing him to take big gulping gasps of air between thrusts. "I'll forgive your smoking if you use an ashtray and put that big dick of yours to work keeping his ass ready for me," said Mr. Teller as he ruthlessly worked and forced his length around in Sascha's mouth, pressing against the shiba inu's tongue and cheeks with wild thrusts.

"I'm done with this one anyway," said Wilhelm. "And it's not like I could say no to a second helping." Sascha was overwhelmed with sensation as he felt his second ass stuffed and filled with Wilhelm's massive but only half-hard length. Loose and floppy, it bounced and stretched and flopped around inside Sascha like a wet noodle. He found himself reeling from gagged moans and heavy gasps as the two half-hard cocks worked him, each one pounding away on him from opposite ends.

They didn't stay soft for long, though, and soon Sascha could taste and smell the pre leaking out from Mr. Teller's ample length. It overwhelmed him, filling him from tip to tail with sensation. He sucked and slurped on it eagerly, and though Mr. Teller was rough with him, gripping Sascha's head by the hair and roughly jamming in his length, the crude effort just turned Sascha on even more. He loved being the toy, loved the hard treatment as the big boys used him to pleasure themselves. He balled his hands into fists as he writhed and pulled at the restraints, his eager form testing their firmness as though he meant to break free. But it was this confinement; this forced lack of movement that pushed him to the height of ecstasy.

Wilhelm would take quite some time to get ready for another load, and so he was taking Sascha's ass with deep, slow easy, working his ass and hips gently as he pounded away at the bound dog, maximizing his phenomenal length and girth. He took advantage of

Sascha's looseness, sliding and bobbing and shoving his length this way and that as he manipulated it around inside. He carefully sought and teased Sascha's soft spots with each deep grind, twisting this way and that as he pressed with the tip of his cock. Occasionally he brought it down to the hilt, giving Sascha a deep feeling of fullness as their balls pressed firmly together, penned in by Wilhelm's muscular thighs.

Mr. Teller, however, was pure aggression. As he drove his length again and again into Sascha's mouth he raked his length across the dog's teeth, his experienced cock digging in the rough sensation with each powerful thrust. Sascha wasn't able to do anything more than remain a compliant victim to the big wolf's pounding and thrusting, able only to moan and groan in delight, his usual happy noises interrupted occasionally when Mr. Teller's riding crop lashed out at Sascha's back or ass.

After what seemed like an eternity of fucking and pounding and shifting, Mr. Teller finally pulled his length back and out of Sascha's eager maw. The dog whimpered and tried to lick out at it, causing Mr. Teller to give him a light slap across the face. "You really are a slut, aren't you Sascha?" he said, grinning and bringing his riding crop to the shiba inu's chin.

"Yes, and I can't help it," said Sascha. "I just love cock. Especially yours."

"Well it's good to know you like your birthday present, then..." said Mr. Teller. "Well Wilhelm, I think it's high time you availed yourself of the shower and took a break, because I wanna take this bitch all by myself. Don't run off, though, it'll be Sascha's birthday for another ten hours, and I wanna ensure he enjoys every minute and every inch of it."

Wilhelm huffed with mock irritation as he slowly pulled out his length, which was now desperately in need of cleaning and of only partial hardness. "Well if you're the boss I guess I'll do what you say," said Wilhelm. "I do need to go through my dynamic tension workout and all, but you know how exercise gets me all worked up. I'm liable to fuck him so hard I drive that bondage rack across the floor."

"I'm counting on that," said Mr. Teller, who gave Wilhelm's ass a sharp strike from his riding crop. Wilhelm wasn't expecting this and yelped as he leapt into the air, caught by surprise. "Now scoot, I've been wanting this for days!"

Sascha's ass was by now wet, sloppy and sticky, as Wilhelm's enormous length wasn't exactly built for leaving a tailhole free of mess. This only enticed Mr. Teller, who licked his lips with eagerness as he lined up his length with the messy, sloppy hole. Though his length was more than ample, he had no difficulty at all sliding into Sascha, the dog's tailhole stretched more than loose by Wilhelm's efforts and his own training. Mr. Teller worked his length a little at first, and then began to bring the riding crop down harshly, "softening up" Sascha for the fucking to come. Sascha cried

out with each strike, and after one particularly long cry he found his mouth jammed to capacity by a big orange ball gag, which Mr. Teller slipped in through a quick series of sharp movements.

"Can't have you bothering people who are trying to work," said Mr. Teller, the big wolf pulling tightly on the buckle as he locked it into place on the back of Sascha's head. The full-mouth feeling and tight rubber gripping against his teeth pleased Sascha immensely, and the more Mr. Teller continued, the more eagerly aroused he got. He pressed his tongue against the rubber, biting and testing it as Mr. Teller pounded and fucked away at his eager ass, pressing and slapping him until his butt grew red with the force of impact. Though by now Sascha was growing painfully tired, he loved the feel and the power of each impact, and he clenched his fists and curled his toes as Mr. Teller worked hard to bring things to a head.

Sascha's ass was now a bubbling, sticky mess of cum and lube, his cheeks speckled with splatter from the heavy fucking he was continuing to receive. He could feel his own shaft threatening to explode with another round of jizz, and as Mr. Teller bent forward and gently nipped at the nape of Sascha's neck, he gave in to pleasure and let loose his second load, spurting and splattering down onto the carpet with thick enthusiasm.

"You know damn well I'm going to make you clean that up," said Mr. Teller, gently nipping and licking at Sascha's ears. "But for right now, uhnnn..." The big wolf groaned as he dumped his load deep into Sascha's ass, gently working and milking himself on the shiba inu's deep passages. His cum was slow and steady, a deep and persistent oozing as opposed to the massive jetting blasts of Wilhelm. The strong, happy growls from deep inside Mr. Teller's throat let Sascha know how deeply the wolf was satisfied, however. Mr. Teller wasn't one who often let himself go, and this brief indulgence of his most primitive animal instincts was profoundly satisfying.

"Well that didn't take too long," said Wilhelm, leaning on the doorframe and letting his massive flaccid dick flop across his big thighs. "I thought you were all about self control, Andrew."

"There's a time to let loose, Wilhelm," said Mr. Teller. "You know that as well as I do. But what brings you back so soon? There's no way you could have done your complete workout so quickly."

"Let's just say that it's hard to maintain focus when there are certain sound effects coming from the other room," said the big deer. "So are you done? I'm ready to get the rest of my second helping, provided there's enough room."

"Loose a slut as Sascha is, I'm wondering if we could both fit in there," said Mr. Teller, giving Sascha a playful nip as he slowly extracted his length. "But I suppose we'd have to take him out of his rack to do that, and he's barely begun playing in it."

"I suppose you're right," said Wilhelm, grinning and smacking Sascha's ass with his floppy, flaccid length. "Oh and Happy Birthday

by the way, slut." Sascha grinned and wagged his tail, trying to smile at the big deer.

"That reminds me, I've got phone calls to place, and Keoni should be by with a cake around five," said Mr. Teller, grinning and leaning against the wall as he waited his next turn. "He's bringing that portable bar of his too. I think I'll start off with a mojito, maybe follow it up with a Singapore Sling, he's really good with those..."

"I think you'll start with Sascha's mouth and then pound his tail as a chaser, same as everyone else," said Wilhelm as he slowly worked his floppy length into Sascha, hardening slowly with each forward thrust. Sascha just sighed and grinned, his tail wagging making imminent his deep appreciation of the goings on. It wasn't even three in the afternoon and he'd already had two big orgasms and gotten a gift he'd always wanted. This was the best birthday ever, and it just kept getting better.