

Taking It For The Team

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Keoni smiled and gently ran his cloth up and down the surface of the bar. The counter was already quite clean, but he had to bend over a bit in order to wipe the surface and he knew that the bulldog at the end of the counter was checking him out. He winked a bit, leaning all the way across the bar and standing on tiptoe as he rubbed at an imaginary spot. It was just him and the bulldog right now, and the jackal was very much in the mood to flirt. He whipped his tail lightly; pretending not to notice the eyes firmly locked on his ass.

The bar was mostly empty even though it was nine at night and the M.V. Ambrosia was filled to capacity. Special party arrangements had been made for tonight, and a number of mobile "Help Yourself" bars had been stationed throughout the upper decks. There was no need for Keoni's services when you could get a beer or shot of whiskey right out of a cooler, especially since it was free. Still, Keoni needed to keep the bar open until the scheduled 10PM closing time. He had originally planned to spend the evening reading or cleaning glasses, and he was glad to have some company. Sexy company, even.

"So, friend, why are you in the bar when there's free drinks not thirty yards from my door?" said Keoni. He walked over to the bulldog, shaking his hips like a waitress trying to get a tip. "You're not too drunk to walk that far. I'd wager a big guy like you isn't even drunk at all, with what little you've had." Keoni was right to call the bulldog big. Though he was only slightly more than average height, he had the thick musculature of a bodybuilder or seasoned athlete. Like most bulldogs his face left much to be desired, but from the neck down he could easily do some modeling work. Keoni couldn't help but focus on his chest, which was bare, the bulldog clad only in shorts and shoes.

"Because those bloody bottle martinis are made with fucking vodka, not gin," said the bulldog. He had a thick English accent, the sort that only came from the roughest boroughs of downtown London. His martini glass was still mostly full, but he downed it in one gulp, crunching the olive and the toothpick as though this was normal behavior. Keoni winced. This guy was nothing if not tough. "Do I look like a fucking commie? Or a yuppie puss?" His words were harsh, but his demeanor was kind enough. Keoni had met a number of these "tough fags" before, and on some level they were appealing. At the very least, they tended to not get a lot of love, so a little caress or personal attention at the right moment could earn Keoni a big tip.

"I do so love a man who loves his gin," said Keoni. He made a special effort to reach way high up to the highest shelf on the back of the bar, whipping his long brown tail to bring attention to the

way his tight plants clung to his rump. "So what's your name? Mine's Keoni."

"Damn, I didn't know you jackals had asses like that," said the bulldog. "My name's Alexander, by the way. Pleased to meet ya." Keoni giggled playfully and mixed Alexander another martini, taking care to throw a little flare here and there into his motions. He shook his hips this way and that, twirling his hands as he shook the shaker and making good use of his delicate wrists. Alexander's eyes were locked on him, and Keoni was determined to put on a good show. He could just barely see the bulldog's pants up next to the lip of the bar. The jackal was arousing some definite interest. Keoni loved it when they were thick.

"So what brings you to the M.V. Ambrosia?" Keoni gave his most inviting smile and leaned far over the bar, locking eyes with the bulldog. Alexander grinned as best he could, gulping down the martini but this time leaving the olive and the toothpick sitting in the glass. Alexander smiled and leaned forward a little, locking eyes with the teasing Jackal.

"Well see I'm the team captain of the Brixton Bundles, the best sixteen fags ever to pick up a fucking rugby ball." Alexander's hand slid forward, and he gently ran his fingers across Keoni's forearm. Keoni wagged his tail, letting the bulldog know that the advances were welcomed. What with all the passengers and most of the crew getting drunk off their asses, he could definitely use the company this evening. "We won all but the finals this year, see, so I agreed to take the winnin's and put me an' my two best players out on a cruise. I'd have taken 'em all on, but without the championship our budget's kinda tight...Among other things..." Keoni's nose was almost touching Alexander's now, and the jackal felt his heart pounding. The bulldog had a very pleasant scent, only slightly musky, and delicately laced with fine European cologne. Despite his rough nature, Alexander certainly took pride in his appearance.

"So where's the rest of your team?" asked Keoni, grinning. The scent and the look of the bulldog in front of him was getting him extremely worked up. His body was reminding him how busy he had been since they left port, how he'd had no time to do anything besides eat, sleep and serve drinks. He hadn't even jerked off in the shower for a couple of days.

"Oh, they're off somewhere, I'm not their goddamn nanny," said Alexander. "Besides, I'm more interested in you..." They were practically kissing now, and Keoni's tail was wagging to a blur. He wanted to just throw himself on Alexander, maybe even sucking him off right then and there at the bar, but if he was going to have any self-respect at all he needed to maintain a little composure. For now, anyway.

"Well, what do you want to know?" asked Keoni. He pulled back a bit, doing his best to show off his toned chest and his oh-so-perfect arms. He wished that his uniform didn't cover up his tattoos like it

did, he'd always loved how the tribal designs accented his upper body.

"Well I wanna know your favorite drink, so I can buy you one," said Alexander. Keoni blushed. Despite his occupation he really wasn't much of a drinker, mostly because after a full night of giving booze away, it lost much of the appeal.

"Well there's a particular variation of the mojito that I happen to be fond of, I'll mix up one and put it on your tab." Keoni moved back a bit, picking at certain ingredients and mixing them carefully. Since he was the bartender, and someone else was picking up the tab, he was rather liberal with the ingredients, making it overpoweringly sweet and minty. Alexander chuckled.

"You drink like a girl," he said. "Shit, you almost dress like one too. If you were any more fop, you wouldn't be my type." As Keoni bent down to grab something off one of the lower shelves, Alexander reached over the bar and gave the jackal's ass a firm grope. Keoni murred, letting the big dog feel him over gently. "Of course, this ass speaks fuckin' volumes."

Keoni let himself be groped for a bit more, then turned to face the big dog, smiling and gently sipping the mojito through a straw. Years of practice had given him a real knack for bruising the mint leaves just so, and his mouth was filled with a powerful, icy sweetness. "I'm glad you like what I've got to offer," said Keoni. "So, since you're not going to the party, and I'm not going to the party, how about we make our own little party?"

"Sounds like a plan," said Alexander. He brought up his hand, gently running it back and forth across Keoni's arm. He had such warm, inviting strength. Keoni wanted to just throw himself into Alexander's embrace. "But I don't much care for sex in bars. I'm not too keen on bein' walked in on, or havin' people I don't know watch me goin' at it...Ye got any place where we won't be bothered? Preferably with somethin' I can use ta tie ya down?" Keoni blushed. It had been awhile, but he loved collars, cuffs and rope. Maybe not as much as Sascha, but Sascha would probably be willing to live in collar-and-cuffs if it was still possible to get any work done that way.

"I know just the place...It has a door that locks, and lots to play with," said Keoni.

"All right, fuck this place, and let's go fuck!" said Alexander. He stood up, his slight advantage in height allowing him to tower over the bent-down Keoni. He extended a hand, and the jackal took it, his tail wagging so hard it shook his ass excitedly.

"Great, just let me lock the door, and I'll be right behind you."

Alexander and Keoni's hands slid up and down one another, their muzzles locked in a sloppy canine kiss. Tongues went everywhere, and

the massive Alexander's arms wrapped firmly around Keoni's slender body. He rubbed up and down the jackal, caressing and groping and rubbing, feeling and fondling around as he worked the bartender's outfit loose. All this, and they weren't even in the room yet!

"Hold on," said Keoni. He tried to break free as best he could, his fingers struggling with the lock. It was electronic and required him to punch keys in order to get in, but he kept messing up the combination. The big, heavy body pressing against him didn't help either.

"Hurry up, or I'll fuck you in the hallway!" said Alexander, grinning. Keoni wasn't sure if Alexander was kidding or not, but on some level he wasn't totally averse to the idea. Andrew would certainly complain about the mess, though.

Finally Keoni managed to punch in the correct combination and the door tumbled open under the weight of the two of them. The room looked normal enough from the outside, minus the unusual lock, but on the inside it was the sort of sex dungeon more common in porno-horror films. Cold metal walls supported mirrors that reflected light off a single dull fluorescent bulb, and the floor was padded. There were various bondage racks and sex toys all neatly arranged around the place, with leashes, collars and cuffs carefully hung on a pegboard by the door. Along the back wall, Wilhelm had painted "DAS FICKZIMMER" in a thick gothic script.

The entire room was Wilhelm's work, and it reflected both his intense libido and his obsession with order and cleanliness. It had originally been a brig, but as they had never needed the use of a brig on the M.V. Ambrosia, Andrew had let Mitchell convert it into his private fuck-dungeon, hence the letters painted on the wall. It was a labor of love, and it housed the finest imported leather gear that Wilhelm could afford. And he wouldn't be down to use it for hours.

Just as they were ducking in, however, there was a loud voice. Someone was shouting to Alexander, and he turned with a big grin, recognizing. Keoni ducked under the bulldog's arm and noticed that there were two big dogs coming at them, a black Labrador and a German shepherd. They were wearing matching shorts and sleeveless shirts with "BRIXTON BUNDLES" emblazoned on the front. "Hey Alex!" said the shepherd. He had a very slight German accent, but he'd clearly been speaking English for many years. "We were wondering where you went!"

"Fritz, you fucking faggot! Can't you let me fuck in peace?" Alexander and Fritz exchanged a big hug, kissing one another on the cheek before turning to Keoni. The jackal blushed a bit, feeling embarrassed by all of the big, studly males that were surrounding him. He kind of liked the way they were leering, though; it made him feel handsome. "Fritz, this is Keoni. Keoni, this is Fritz, and this bitch over here is Jason." The black lab stuck out his tongue when he was referred to as a bitch, but he hugged and kissed Alexander all the same. Though he was every bit as butch in appearance as Fritz and

Alexander, his light step and limp wrists revealed that, beneath the surface, he was the feminine one.

"Pleased to meet you!" said Jason, lifting up Keoni's hand and giving it a kiss. His voice was distinctly American. "I love the hair." Jason had a decided lisp, and were it not for the getup, Keoni would have a hard time believing that Jason played rugby for a living. He seemed like he'd be more at home trying on lipstick. "So Alex, we were just on our way back to our quarters, you know, for a little private partying? But anyway when we saw you, we thought we'd join."

"Yeah especially when we saw you snagged that bartender," said Fritz. His big hand reached over and pawed at Keoni's ass lustily. Keoni hadn't been this much in demand in months, and he felt both embarrassed and extremely pleased to be wanted by so many hot males all at once. He could smell the sex rippling through the air, and it was only the thought of being chastised for public display that kept him from dropping to his knees and sucking them all off right then and there. "Sheisse, enough talk, let's gang-fuck this hottie."

The three dogs practically threw Keoni into the room, as hard as they pushed and shoved. Everyone was fighting to get inside, get the door closed, and start pulling their clothes off. Keoni giggled when he thought how upset Wilhelm would be to see shirts and boxers thrown carelessly around his neat and tidy sex-dungeon. The dogs grabbed at Keoni's clothes, hastily trying to remove them, and popping one of the buttons off his jacket in their haste. Normally he would have complained, especially since he knew that the only tailor on board ship was most certainly plastered by now, but he was too caught up in the moment to care. As he kicked off his pants he dropped to his knees, leaning forward and inhaling big wafts of scent off of Alex, Fritz and Jason.

All three of the dogs had been working themselves up for quite some time, and as Keoni approached them their dicks were dripping with wetness. He sucked at them eagerly, whimpering with desire as he slurped down the glistening drops of precum. "Fuck, I think we got a good one," said Alex. "He's almost as eager as you are, Jason!"

"Oh fuck you," said Jason, grinning and playfully batting Alex's cock with his own. "I've seen you get down on all fours and beg just like the rest of us, you slut!" All three of the dogs were of substantial size, at least eight inches, maybe more. The warm, throbbing shafts felt so inviting and right in his hands, and soon he was sucking one and rubbing the other two, his muzzle constantly moving to ensure everyone got as much action as he could dish out.

"Shit, now I wish I'd bought a camera," said Fritz. "Look at him go! And those tattoos are so sexy too." Keoni grinned and moved to Fritz to let the sheppie know that his comments were appreciated, and the big dog began to gently rub Keoni between the ears. Despite his size and his rough profession his fingers were remarkably smooth and gentle sliding between Keoni's ears, making the jackal whimper as he sucked hard on Fritz's massive cock. The taste was so thick in his

mouth, and Keoni couldn't help but press himself down deeper and deeper, struggling to extract as much pleasure as he possibly could from the enormous shaft. The whole experience made him shudder with happiness, and it was only when Alexander pulled him off that he bothered to stop and gasp for breath.

"Hey now Fritz, I thought we were going to share," said Alexander. Keoni giggled and pushed himself along Alexander's enormous shaft, sucking and licking eagerly as he panted for breath. "Besides, I think there's more than enough of him to go around. He looks to be rather friendly." Keoni giggled and rubbed Alex's shaft with his tongue, twisting his long canine muzzle this way and that as he struggled to work with the thick length. All of the dogs were near the same length, but Alexander was much thicker than the other two, and if Keoni hadn't already been so experienced he would have had trouble fitting it all in. As it was, he had nothing but enjoyment and he whimpered as he suckled and slurped across the top few inches. "Here, lemme help you down," said Alexander.

Alex's massive hands grabbed Keoni's head and pushed gently, both helping and forcing the jackal to slide down further and further across his enormous cock. The pushing was forceful and commanding but not cruel. Alexander had no interest in choking Keoni; he just wanted a bit more muzzle. Keoni whimpered and pushed forward, gagging a bit before working the entire cock down his muzzle with a gulp. He moaned a bit, undulating his tongue across the underside of Alex's shaft. The jackal whimpered with pleasure as he pushed himself hard down the shaft, his hands flailing as he tried to work on both Fritz and Jason while he pressed his nose against Alexander's groin.

Alexander grunted, gripping Keoni's head gently and pressing against the jackal's muzzle. He groaned, closing his eyes and thrusting against Keoni's muzzle in slow, gentle movements, taking out every inch of pleasure that he could. Taking a little initiative, he slipped his hands off the other dogs and brought them up to Alexander's balls, gently rubbing and squeezing. Alexander groaned and let go, giving Keoni enough room to pull back and work Alexander's shaft with his hands as well as his mouth. He gripped the base firmly and shifted back to the tip, trilling his tongue across the cumslit and nibbling with his teeth.

"Oh come ON Alex, weren't you the one who had something to say about sharing a moment ago?" said Jason. He playfully slapped at Alexander with his limp-wristed hand, then pulled on Keoni gently, directing the jackal towards his own massive Labrador cock. It might not be as thick as Alex's, but it was certainly juicy and dripping, Keoni dug into it eagerly, rubbing with his hands and bobbing his head up and down aggressively. Off to the side he could hear the other two dogs rubbing at themselves furiously, each one eager for another turn, or for things to move forward. Keoni held off for now, sucking and shoving himself back and forth across Jason's considerable length, his tail wagging into a blur as he worked. He could feel his own shaft dribbling with anticipation as he worked on

Jason. The feel and smell of all these cocks crowding around his muzzle was intoxicating and he strained to take in more and more.

"Enough foreplay, let's fuck 'im!" said Alex, grinning and grabbing Keoni by the wrist. He helped the jackal to his feet and kissed him on the cheek, both of them growling and murring with excitement. "So hotstuff, enjoying yourself?"

"I don't think I could smile this wide if I didn't," said Keoni, grinning. His tail was wagging so hard it was making his ass shake, and the feeling of Alexander's cock tapping against his stomach made him want it so bad. He wanted to feel that monster pressing against his cheeks, then diving in for the finish. The anticipation was so strong it set him trembling, and he found his hands grasping at Alexander for support.

"Fuck, you haven't had it for awhile have you, ya little slut?" said Alexander. "Well if you want it so hot and hard, guess we'll have to give it to ya!" Keoni giggled as all three dogs grabbed him and dragged him over to one of the bondage racks. It was of the sawhorse design, with big cuffs on the legs designed to hold him in place while his tail and mouth were exposed at crotch level. There was a big leather collar on the front end as well, designed to help hold his head still as others pounded away. He put up a token resistance as they loaded him into it, pretending to despair at his predicament as the boys locked him into the restraints.

"He looks adorable all tied up like that," said Fritz. Keoni grinned and tugged against his restraints. Although they were quite comfortable due to a soft faux-fur lining, they were tight and firm. There was no way he was getting out unless they let him out, although he had a feeling they weren't about to play any more rough than he wanted.

"Yeah, so let's fuck 'im!" said Alexander. He shoved his cock back in front of Keoni's face, pressing his hands down on the Jackal's big ears as he slid his shaft between Keoni's lips. Keoni moaned with pleasure as his mouth was filled with the warmth and flavor, and he shuddered against his restraints in his excitement. Alexander began pumping slowly and steadily; making sure that Keoni was comfortable and had plenty of room for the giant shaft sliding down his maw. Keoni wagged his tail into a blur, doing his best to work Alexander's length with his tongue and teeth.

"Rock, Paper Scissors you for the tail end," said Jason. Keoni could hear the pair of them throwing out behind him, and from the sound of it Fritz was going to get to go first while Jason had to wait his turn. Keoni wiggled his ass invitingly, then twitched a bit as someone grabbed his shaft, rubbing it gently. The sawhorse was designed to make his cock and balls dangle off the end, pressed firmly against the soft leather padding. He writhed as precum slid out of his shaft and onto the hand, his shudders racing up and down his spine.

"Woah, look like ya got 'im goin!" said Alex. Fritz chuckled, pressing two lubed fingers up against Keoni's ass, then sinking them

in slowly. The jackal let out a moan of pleasure, his pucker slowly opening to accommodate the probing digits. His tongue lolled out a bit, licking slightly at Alex's balls as they slapped against his chin. These dogs certainly knew how to fuck!

Eventually Fritz's probing gave way to pressing, and Keoni shuddered as the dog's immense shaft slowly slid up his ass. Keoni had been around the block many times to be sure, but a few down weeks had made him tighten up considerably. Even though he was well lubed and prepped he could feel his pucker squeezing down on the big sheppie, making Fritz hesitate and push slower and slower. Keoni wanted to encourage him to keep at it, but bound as he was, there was little the jackal could say or do. Still, he tried to press back, to let Fritz know that everything was okay, and he let out a deep moan as his ass was fully penetrated. The depth and the warmth filled his ass completely, making his eyes roll back a little as he groaned.

Alex and Fritz both grabbed at Keoni, thrusting and shoving with their hips as they worked their way towards a conclusion. They were both taking it slow and steady, doing their best to drag things out and make the most of the pleasure. It was agony and ecstasy for Keoni, who couldn't believe his luck. He'd always wanted to take it from both ends at the same time, and though he'd been part of plenty of threesomes he'd never been the one in the middle. He wagged his tail hard, thumping it against Fritz as the big dog pushed harder and harder, shoving the massive cock back and forth between Keoni's cheeks.

"Shit, maybe I should tape down that tail," said Jason, giggling. The black lab was rubbing himself furiously, eager to keep his boner ready for whenever space might open up. He paused only to stroke up and down Keoni's back, his fingers showing how much he admired the jackals soft, and silky fur. Fritz and Alex began to pick up the pace a bit, shoving more intently as Jason made the desperate nature of his need apparent, both of them trying to make space for their friend.

It was Alex that went first, his shaft shaking and shooting, blasting hard into Keoni's mouth. The big bulldog tilted his head back, grunting and panting as he came in thick, hard bursts, the jets of semen filling Keoni's mouth and splattering out the sides. "Fffuck," said Alex, grabbing at Keoni's head and holding himself in deep. The jackal strained to milk the cock as best he could without using his hands. He pressed firmly with his tongue and lips, nipping and tugging and sucking as he worked the white liquid down his throat. The hot, salty wetness filled his mouth and nose with thick scent and taste, and he found himself overjoyed to have it. "Shit, looks like it is your turn already, Jacob."

Alex pulled out with agonizing slowness, making sure that Keoni had plenty of time to lick the last few drips out of the softening shaft. Jacob practically shoved Alex aside in his eagerness, stuffing his shaft into Keoni's mouth almost as soon as the jackal opened it. Fritz giggled. "Shit, if you were THAT needy, we could have just tied

you up in the corner and shoved a dildo up your ass," said the big sheppie.

"Fuck you, you're the one humping his ass like he's a prom queen," said Jason. Keoni could hear them kissing and nuzzling above him, their bodies pressing into his ass and muzzle like they were trying to make their cock tips press together. Keoni couldn't think of a time he'd felt more full, with both dogs shoving their full lengths into him as deep as they could. Fritz's balls were pressed firmly against Keoni's, and Jason had his pair banging against the jackal's chin. Fritz was getting tired and moved his thrusts with smooth gentleness, but Jason was all action, jamming his length into Keoni's throat with short, quick motions.

Off to the side, Keoni could hear Alexander rubbing and massaging his length back to full, but in front all he could see was Jason's stomach. Fritz was slowing things down to a crawl for now, the big dog obviously content to stay deep up Keoni's ass. So Keoni focused on Jason, doing his best to twist his muzzle this way and that while trilling his tongue. He moved it in slow undulations, nipping the shaft with his teeth and pressing against it with his canines. As Keoni worked on him, Jason slowly regained his composure, slowing himself down and trying to focus on what the jackal could do. "Ffffuck, damn Keoni, you need to teach me your technique," said Jason. He pulled back a bit so that Keoni could respond, his long shaft glistening with spittle.

"It just takes lots of practice," said Keoni, grinning and giving Jason's cocktip a long lick. "Having a fat dick up your ass doesn't hurt either." Fritz grinned and gave Keoni a firm hump just to punctuate the sentence, making the jackal squeal in pleasure and surprise. Jason grinned and leaned forward to give Fritz a kiss, then pressed his length back into Keoni's maw, shoving it down all the way to the hilt. Keoni gulped down air and held his breath as he felt his throat swallowing on the big dog, the jackal's face feeling completely stuffed.

Though he was trying to keep it slow, his libido was getting the best of him, and Fritz was going to cum soon no matter how hard he tried to hold it back. He dug in deep and ground it in at first, trying to hold things back, but as he felt his orgasm climbing he gave in and began pounding away at Keoni's ass as fast as he can. The big dog's hips came down with such force that it made the sawhorse bounce up and down despite Keoni's weight, and threatened to slide the whole contraption across the floor were it not for Jason's pressing back. The big lab grabbed Keoni's shoulders and held him still as Fritz threw his head back and howled, bring his hand down again and again to spank Keoni firmly. His orgasm hit him hard, and as he came up Keoni's ass, he bent far forward and gritted his teeth. Keoni could feel the cum filling up his ass and splattering down his thighs. A few long lines of it dribbled down his balls and across his own cock, making it twitch.

"Step aside, Fritz, my turn now!" said Alex, shuffling over behind Keoni's ass. Fritz pulled back panting, putting his hand on the mirrored wall as his wet, flaccid shaft slapped against his thighs. In the mirrors Keoni could see the huge grin on his face, but the dog was exhausted as well, completely worn out from his fucking.

"Fine, I needed to go have a cigarette anyway," said Fritz. He hobbled over to his shorts and put them on, grabbing a cigarette and a lighter out of his pocket. Smoking wasn't allowed below decks, so he opened the door and trotted outside, leaning on the walls as he went. Keoni grinned a bit, feeling very accomplished. He had no idea he could wear someone out that badly just by laying still and curling his tail back.

"Pussy. Doesn't he know those things are bad for him?" said Alex. Keoni's hole was already loose and smooth thanks to Fritz's prep work, and so the big dog did little more than slick up his cock with lube before pressing it under Keoni's tail and letting it sink in. Keoni let out a sharp moan, the intensity muzzled by the massive cock in his mouth. "Shit, sounds like our bitch bartender still hasn't had enough. Good thing I've been so deprived that I've got two helpings."

Jason groaned. "Fuck, I think I might," he said. He pulled back a bit and rubbed wildly at his shaft, sending drops of spittle and precum splattering over Keoni's face. He opened his mouth wide, doing his best to catch the long white ropes as they splattered this way and that. Mostly they landed in his mouth, but a few stray shots crossed his ears, forehead and hair. Oh well. At least none of it got into his eyes, and it was good for making his coat shiny as well. "Hahnff, OK, no, I don't." said Jason. He pulled back a bit and helped himself to one of the padded benches, taking in deep gulps of air as he tried to catch his breath. "Fuck, and here I was thinking I wouldn't be so worn out."

"You're losing your edge," said Alexander, grinning at Jason. "That's what happens when you're the bitch instead of the boss!" Jason growled playfully but he was too tired and thirsty to retort, instead choosing to avail himself of a small water cooler stashed behind the front door before laying down on the padded floor itself. Alexander leaned far over Keoni, grinning a bit and nibbling the Jackal's ears. "Well Keoni, looks like it is just you and me."

"I don't mind, I hahn...I need to get a bit of release myself," said Keoni. All the stimulation was really getting him going, but he'd never been able to dump a load without at least some rubbing on his cock. He knew that a reach-around was impossible when he was tied up like this, but the sensation of wanting to cum so badly while being unable to do so was driving him nuts. Still, he had a feeling Alexander would do him right, and he did his best to shove and squeeze back with each one of the big bulldog's forward thrusts.

Both Keoni and Alexander were very tired at this point, as it was now well past midnight and they had been fucking hard for hours. But they were determined to finish, slow as they might need to be,

their bodies moving and gyrating in synchrony. Alexander laid himself flat over Keoni, his chiseled abs nestling across the jackal's ass. The two moaned together and shoved together, each one working the other as best he could. Alexander kissed and nibbled at his partner, and Keoni did his best to push and squeeze within his bonds. His whole body was tingling and aching with release, and the taste of cum on his mouth just made him want another big load up the ass all the more. "Please fuck me," said Keoni, his voice desperate and pleading. "I need to cum so bad..."

"Never you mind, Alex, I've got enough left to help out there," said Jason. The water and moment's peace had treated him well, and though he was in no mood to fuck, he had enough strength left in him to walk over behind Alexander and Keoni and go to work on the jackal with his hands. His fingers were large and warm, and they milked Keoni's shaft with practiced delicacy as Alexander pounded away. Keoni's eyes rolled back and his tongue lolled out, as it seemed everything from the waist to the knees was erupting in pleasure. If he'd known that the lab could give such incredible hand jobs, he'd have begged for one earlier.

Finally, just when it seemed like their strength would break before their libidos, Keoni and Alexander let loose. The bulldog, having already gone once this evening, had a modest dribble that was barely enough for Keoni to feel. The massive load that he'd dumped in the jackal's mouth not one hour previous had left him shooting dust. Though his growls and moans made it clear that he loved the experience it was obvious that there would not be another fuck in him at least until tomorrow afternoon.

Keoni's orgasm was a thing of raw power, and as it hit him he bucked and writhed against his restraints, his back bending and contorting as it crashed against him again and again, like storm waves against the shore. What with all the teasing beforehand and a full two hours of getting fucked from both ends, it was all he could do to keep from losing it completely, and as he came he felt somewhat glad that he was restrained. The tugging and yanking he did against the restraints was incredibly powerful, and even as his orgasm began to subside he found himself twitching and panting in ecstasy. He hadn't cum like this in months, not since his birthday party, and he was rather drunk then. Alcohol always made him a bit more flush.

"Shit, I think he was shooting out what we were putting in," said Jason. He stood up, grinning, licking at the long lines of jizz that ran down his arm. He had been wanking away at Keoni when the jackal's shaft had gone off, and was literally dripping with the stuff. He lapped at it eagerly, wagging his tail as he enjoyed the taste. "I didn't know you could get so much out of such a small guy."

"Yeah, and there you go again, licking and gobbling it down like a cheap whore," said Alex. The big bulldog grabbed Jason by the shoulder and gave the lab a huge hug and kiss, nuzzling and rubbing the messy puppy.

"Uhm, I hate to interrupt the newlyweds back there," said Keoni. "But could the two of you untie me and help me stagger to the gym showers down the hall? I wanna wash all this off before it dries." Alex and Jason sniggered and began undoing the straps. It was only now that Keoni realized how cramped and sore he was from all that time on the horse. Everything from his neck to his ankles had been confined to a rather unnatural and painful position for hours, and now that the endorphin rush of sex was gone everything ached. He sure hoped these boys knew how to massage muscles. They must, right? After all, they were professional athletes.

Alex slid under Keoni's arm, lifting the jackal as though his weight were nothing. Just as he was about to start walking Keoni to the door, someone banged on it, demanding to be let in. It was Fritz, who had, in his rush, forgotten both his underpants and his belt, leaving him to hold his pants up with one hand while his cigarettes and lighter were in the other. "I was pounding on the door for fucking half an hour! What were you guys doing?" he said.

"What does it LOOK like we were doing?" said Jason, incredulous. He walked over to the pile of clothes and tossed Fritz his belt, then began dressing himself and tossing various bits of clothing towards Alex and Keoni.

"Well I don't know about you two fags, but I'm taking this lovely jackal boy to the showers," said Alex. "You two should come with, you smell like college freshmen." Keoni sniggered a bit, which caused Fritz to walk over and give Keoni a noogie, his knuckles digging deep into the jackal's scalp and upsetting bits of dried spoooge.

"I say we make him an honorary member of the Bundles, since he's been inducted and all," said Jason. The three of them grabbed what remained of their clothes and turned out the light, all leaning on one another as they shuffled towards the showers.

Though he couldn't remember the last time he was so tired, and his ass ached like it never had before, Keoni felt extremely satisfied. He beamed with pride that he'd not only managed to take so much cock, but that he'd been wanting and loving it right up until the very end. As he stumbled into the showers and tossed down his clothes, he caught his big smile reflected in one of the bathroom mirrors. He'd never seen himself smile so broadly. He'd have to do this again real soon. Only next time, he'd have to bring Wilhelm to the party, and maybe three or four other guys, just to see exactly how far he could go before he had too much.