

What The Bartender Hears

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Matt slammed down his empty shot glass, his hand moving unsteadily as he did so. The ferret had been drinking for several hours now, and although he had paced himself he was quite sincerely drunk. All around him were various other furs wrapped deep in the revelry of the M. V Ambrosia. Though the ship was only twelve hours out of port, the party had already spread to almost every room, bar, and public area. In the open sea and warm Caribbean air, clothing had largely become optional, and many of the boys were running around without shirts or pants or underwear, dressed only in their jewelry and occasionally a hat or shoes.

Matt, however, was still clothed in the modest jeans and button-up shirt he had put on before leaving. His brown hair disheveled just-so, his eyes framed by small glasses, he had a definite hipster look to him, a fact confirmed by his decidedly retro watch and sneakers. His metrosexual appearance was certainly not out of the ordinary when he boarded the ship, but now that it was well underway and the entire craft was filled with music, lights, dancing and love, Matt looked painfully out of place. Everywhere around him was laughter and happiness, yet he seemed determined to have none of it.

This of course caught the attention of Keoni, the bartender. The brown jackal was tasked with keeping the booze and smiles flowing in equal measure, and so he smiled warmly at Matt as he refilled the ferret's shot glass. "This is a personal favorite of mine, it's an exotic distillation from Slovenia," said Keoni. "It looks rather innocent, but be careful, it'll knock you on your ass and leave your mouth thick with the flavor of fresh strawberries."

"Yeah, fine," said Matt. He grabbed the glass of translucent liquid and downed it without even bothering to taste it. He wretched visibly as the powerful alcohol hit him like a punch to the face, but rather than the typical lip-smacking and giggling induced by the powerful Slovenian vodka, Matt just pushed his shot glass forward again, clinking it against Keoni's bottle. Keoni frowned and put his hand over the glass, blocking it.

"I'm not giving you another shot until you tell me why you're so down," said Keoni. "You're in the middle of the happiest bar on the happiest cruise in the entire Caribbean. Well, the gayest anyway. So why the big frown?"

Matt looked up at Keoni. The jackal had dark brown fur and long, flowing strands of hair that ran all the way down to his belt. Though he wore long sleeves and long pants, Matt could faintly make out light-khaki tribal tattoos dyed into Keoni's fur, although the full designs were quite thoroughly hidden. He was dressed in a rather

British-looking bartender's outfit, complete with a black vest, white frilly shirt, and a red bow tie. Tiny glasses were perched on his long muzzle, and his entire face seemed to be just one big grin. He was nothing if not approachable, and though Matt sorely wanted to keep his misery to himself, something in him instantly opened up to the big-hearted jackal.

"Well, there was this girl, see?" said Matt. Keoni chuckled.

"Well there's your problem there!" said Keoni. "There aren't any girls on this ship, unless you count Addison. He's certainly more effeminate than most women are. Did you know that girls are supposed to be bad luck on an ocean-going voyage? It all dates back to the age of sail, when syphilis was first beginning to ravage trans-Atlantic voyagers." Keoni was trying to distract his patron, but Matt's mind was firmly locked into misery and could not be dissuaded from it, no matter how Keoni tried to massage the conversation.

"Like I was saying, her name was Mindy," said Matt. "Fucking Mindy, you know? Stupid-ass name. Anyway, this bitch, I meet her at a club and she seems cool and all. So we start going out. Next thing I know, she's living in my apartment, spending my money, and THEN, sleeping with my best friend. Well, my ex-best friend. Tony is my best friend now." Matt gestured over his shoulder to a wild, red-haired fox that was dancing naked on a table with Wilhelm, his slender fingers caressing a lot more than just Wilhelm's thighs. Keoni chuckled at their antics. He always did love how Wilhelm got the guests going, and watching some cute young thing get fucked on the pool table was almost worth the trouble of cleaning it up the next morning.

"Well that doesn't matter right now," said Keoni. "There's no Mindy, no backstabbing ex-friends, only you, me, and a bunch of people who want nothing more than to give you the time of your life." Matt seemed indignant, frowning and almost growling at Keoni.

"You going to let me fucking finish or not?" said Matt. Keoni backed off a bit, taking the alcohol and the shot glass with him." Any fucking way, the bitch, I throw her out, and somehow I signed...I did some bullshit contract, or something, I dunno. All I know is that her fucking lawyer daddy fuckin' cleaned me out, man. Look, I program computers all day, right? I mean yeah, I do it for some big goddamn investment firm, but all I get is the goddamn droppings. I can't even afford this, really, its just Tony had the ticket and he was all 'Matt you need a vacation, come with me and you'll have the time of your life!' Typical Tony, I know he's just here for cock..."

Keoni sighed and frowned as Matt tapped the bar, begging for more booze even as he wallowed in his own misery. He gently reached down deep under the bar to where he kept a small wooden chest and opened it, extracting a very strange wooden bottle made in the figure of a giraffe. He carefully set it on the table, smiling as Matt, miserable though he was, seemed intrigued by the strange shape of the bottle.

"Is that...Wood?" asked Matt, confused.

"Yes it is," said Keoni, who gently popped the giraffe's head off and poured Matt a glass of the bright green liquid. Even from a few feet away, it's smell was thick and sweet. It looked more like cough syrup than alcohol. Matt stared at it for a moment. "It's a unique brew from Mali, an homage to the long-extinct Sahara Giraffe, which is depicted in many of the pictograms on cave walls in the area. Shamans claim this lets you see as high up as they did."

"Are you sure this stuff is legal? Safe?" asked Matt. He was clearly enchanted by the strange liquid, but afraid also.

"Yes, and maybe," said Keoni. "In any event it's on the house and you've exhausted your guest tab for the night so either drink that or put cash on the bar." Matt shrugged and downed the liquid, and then found himself grinning and giggling uncontrollably. The stuff fizzed and popped in his mouth, tickling his tonsils. Keoni smiled at him, and Matt could feel an overwhelming sense of peace and tranquility envelop him.

"You know, you have very pretty hair," said Matt, grinning and laying his head down on the bar. Matt yawned, smiling up at Keoni. Everything seemed all right, suddenly, and the Matt smiled in comfort. "I'm just going to take a little nap, all right? Just a little nap..."

Matt awoke with a groan. Though he'd drunk only the finest spirits, he'd drunk rather a lot, and he found himself afflicted with a thick headache. He blinked his eyes a few times, finding his room to be pleasantly dark. Someone had drawn the shades over the port hole after tucking him in, and the air conditioning had been turned up to a cool, perpetual breeze. Matt shuddered a bit as the cold air blew across his face, glad that he had such thick, warm sheets to curl up in. He stretched a bit, trying to figure out if he wanted to go get a drink of water, some aspirin, a shower, or all three.

As he buried himself under the sheets a bit more, he sat up with a start. He wasn't alone, in fact, something large, warm, cuddly, and most definitely alive was in there with him. Quickly he flung the sheets aside and pulled back the curtains, revealing an exhausted and sleepy-eyed Keoni, who had just been startled into wakefulness. Startled and alarmed, Matt tried to dash out of the bed, but he stumbled and knocked over a small bedside shelf lined with statues, all of which came crashing down on top of him. Keoni dashed over, his eyes filled with concern as he extended a hand. Matt batted it away though, filled with anger and confusion.

"Dude you fucking drugged me!" said Matt, incredulous. "Fucking drugged me and raped me and...Fuck you, what the fuck am..." Keoni sighed, and frowned, sitting on the edge of the bed and pointing at his groin. It was only now that Matt realized that both he and Keoni were naked, and that Keoni's tribal tattoos were now fully visible.

Were he not in such a bad mood, he'd have commented on how gently they complemented his athletic chest, strong arms, and firm abs.

"Do you see this dick?" said Keoni. "I know it's not as big as Wilhelm's, but I want you to look at it, and then realize that your ass does not hurt. Do you really think I could jam something this big up your ass and you not notice it the morning after?"

"Well then why the fuck am I in your bedroom?" asked Matt. "At least, I assume that's where I am, since I don't carry an art museum around in my suitcase." Matt carelessly picked up a few of the wooden figures, causing Keoni to spring into action, quickly righting the table and restoring the statues to their former positions.

"Careful with those!" said Keoni. "I know they're only reproductions, but I had to go to a lot of trouble to get those." Matt was still grumpy, but shamed by Keoni's admonitions, and his own obvious bad attitude, he felt more regret than anger. "Look, it was two in the morning when I gave you that Malian Giraffe Makutu, and you fell asleep right on the bar. We couldn't just let you stay there; you were drooling on the glass. Your friend Tony was off somewhere and you didn't have your room key on you, so I dragged you back here. I didn't expect you'd be grateful, but you can at least not go around smashing my things." Matt sighed and got to his feet, shuffling towards the door. He'd inconvenienced Keoni enough for one day and his clothes were hanging where he could see them.

"Look, I'm sorry," he said, reaching for his glasses. "It's just that this thing with Mindy has got me all fucked up, and I need--"

"What you need is three things," said Keoni, reaching over and grabbing Matt by the shoulders. His grip and his face were both filled with insistence. "First, you need some asprin. Second, you need some water. And third--" Keoni suddenly lunged forward, planting his lips firmly on Matt's. Caught completely by surprise, he felt Keoni kiss him gently, then deeply, the jackal's lips filled with an insistent empathy. Something seemed to melt inside Matt, and though his head was pounding and his heart still felt broken he somehow thought everything would be okay. "Third, you need me to make you feel much, much better. So just lay back down on the bed, and let me do the work."

Matt gasped slightly, almost spilling the warm herbal tea he held in a white ceramic teacup just inches from his lips. Already the cool water, headache pills, and gentle steam had worked their wonders on his hangover, to say nothing of what Keoni was doing between his legs. The jackal was cute and playful, gently nibbling on Matt's cock at first, then caressing it before nibbling and kissing it lightly. It was impossible for Matt not to smile, and though he had only known Keoni for a few hours, he felt very loved, overwhelmed by Keoni's soft and gentle demeanor.

"You know, when you were such a big dick to me, I had no idea you were packing one," said Keoni, grinning and slurping along Matt's enormous shaft. Matt smirked. His dick was certainly well out of proportion to his rather modest and toned body. At almost a foot in length and significantly thick, he had seriously considered porno when it seemed like college might not work out, as he certainly had the equipment for it. Keoni licked and slurped and worked the massive length around inside his mouth, whimpering and moaning as he manipulated it with lips and tongue. The jackal certainly knew what he was doing, gently working Matt up to full-on hardness with gentle, persistent caresses.

Matt finished the tea and placed the teacup on the nightstand, careful not to disturb any of the statues or knickknacks clustered there. His hands slid up and down Keoni's long canine ears, then pushed down, insistently moving the jackal further along his massive shaft. Keoni gagged and coughed a bit at first, but after adjusting himself he easily worked his way down the entire slick, hard length. He moaned and whimpered, gently nibbling with his teeth and undulating his cock.

Matt's immense size and somewhat rude attitude meant that he'd never really had someone work his cock properly, and Keoni's efforts were driving him crazy. He groaned and gripped at the sheets as Keoni began throating him without prompting. The jackal's years of experience let him suck and swallow with the utmost skill and gentleness, his throat tugging gently down the cock over and over while his tongue and lips worked on everything below the head. He strained to press his nose firmly against Matt's pubes, the cold flesh letting the ferret know that Keoni had gone farther than anyone before. Finally, he slid back, his mouth popping loudly, a small trail of spittle and precum tracing from his lower lip.

"Jeez, where did you learn to do THAT?" asked Matt, gasping with astonishment. Keoni grinned.

"Oh, you know, here and there," he giggled. "I mean it's not exactly something I learned in Hospitality class, but it's pretty good for cheering up the guests." Keoni moved in closer, crawling over Matt and gently laying on top of him. The ferret couldn't drag his eyes away from Keoni's soft, smiling face, his deep brown eyes telling Matt that everything was okay. Keoni giggled and turned around, wagging his ass and tail at the ferret. The invitation was too much for Matt to pass up and he eagerly crawled forward a little, taking in a strong huff of Keoni's musk. The jackal was meticulous with his hygiene and not only were his lower hairs neatly trimmed, he had gone to the bother of adding some scent to his nether regions. Matt smelled vague whiffs of foreign spices, as exotic and inviting as they were pleasing and alluring.

Matt gently pressed his tongue against Keoni's tailhole, making the jackal writhe and wince. Matt wasn't about to admit it, but he really loved giving a boy a good rimming, and as he slid his tongue inside Keoni he smiled with the corners of his lips as the jackal

writhed and panted in pleasure. Matt reached around and gently massaged Keoni's ample-but-not-enormous shaft, feeling and working it in his hand. It was warm and soft, and as he worked his way inside Keoni's ass, it pulsed with excitement and even dribbled a little pre. Matt's fingers worked diligently, milking and sliding with the utmost care and smoothness. It was an excellent size, small enough to be worked, yet big enough to feel good in the hand. Considering the unwieldiness of his own massive cock, he almost envied the subtle near perfection of Keoni's length. Almost.

Matt worked his tongue furiously inside Keoni, bringing up both hands so as to work the balls and the shaft as he rimmed. Keoni's shoulders dug into the mattress and he bit at the sheets, his tail wagging to a blur as he was pleased. But he wasn't about to let his load slip early, and though Matt tried, he found that Keoni had excellent control. The jackal wasn't about to let his hormones and urges take over without lots of persuasion, and that meant only one thing. Matt sighed and pulled back, taking a swig of water from a bedside glass to clear his palette. He fumbled around with the drawer looking for a bottle of lube while Keoni playfully wagged his ass at him, making Matt almost stumble and upset the table again. He found the lube and hastily worked it across his own length, rubbing himself slick and then probing Keoni with his slick fingers. The jackal gasped and pushed back against the intrusion, whimpering and begging for more with his body. Matt grinned and laid his cock down between Keoni's rumpcheeks. "Damn if you're not eager," said Matt.

"I'm surrounded by sex all day, but how many times do you think I actually get any?" said Keoni. "It's hell being a bartender, having to be sober when everyone else is drunk, and having to be celibate while everyone else is fucking!" Keoni pushed back with his ass, whimpering and begging for Matt to get started already. Matt was tempted to hold out on the jackal for a bit, but the smooth, inviting curves of Keoni's ass eroded any resistance. He pressed his tip against Keoni's hole, gently applying more and more pressure until it popped in, making the pair gasp in unison. Matt gently worked more and more of his length inside Keoni, amazed at how smooth and easy it was. His enormous size usually made it hard for his partners, and the ease with which Keoni took almost his entire length made him wish he'd started hitting on this jackal from the start.

Matt hadn't gotten laid in weeks and he wanted to take things slow and enjoy himself, but Keoni was eager for release, not to mention very worked up from all the licking and rubbing. He pushed back hard against Matt; his ass making an audible wet thwap as it crashed against Matt's firm thighs. Matt panted, grinning a bit and then giving in to Keoni's eagerness, pushing and shoving back eagerly. He reached forward, running his fingers through Keoni's long, beautiful hair, taking in a deep whiff of the intricate mix of perfumes and spices the jackal had anointed himself with. Even after a full day's work and the sweat of a hot evening sleep Keoni still smelled extremely pleasant, and Matt was slightly embarrassed when he

realized that he must be reeking of man-funk by now. He was too distracted to deal with it at the moment, though, and his hands firmly gripped Keoni's shoulders for better leverage. He shoved and bucked the young jackal beneath him, making the bed squeak and pull against it's wall moorings. Matt was afraid he might break the thing loose at first, but as his lust rose he worried about that less and less.

Soon both Matt and Keoni were in the height of their passion, both of them shoving and fucking powerfully against one another. The groaned and moaned and whimpered and yelped in pleasure, bouncing around wildly as they moved. Keoni's hair was everywhere, and it was all he could do to keep from being shoved off, as the bed offered little for him to grab on to.

Matt gripped Keoni firmly and braced his feet against the headboard as he shoved hard, the small bed bucking and shaking wildly as he put his full weight into each powerful thrust. Moving a full six inches of meat in and out with each shove forward, he could feel his shaft tensing and tightening as he felt himself approaching his climax.

Keoni gasped and let out a decidedly girly moan, the high pitch hurting Matt's ears a little as the jackal unloaded himself into the sheets. Matt was caught somewhat off guard by the jackal's shuddering orgasm and he found himself stumbling and falling on top of Keoni. They collapsed in a heap, and before Matt realized what was going on he found himself overwhelmed by his own pleasure, his shaft cumming and shooting and blasting hard into Keoni's ass. He was amazed at how long it lasted, it seemed like several weeks of frustration and celibacy were dumping themselves in Keoni's ass, and as Matt lay there panting he could feel bits and drips dribbling out around his shaft.

Keoni was whimpering and murring cutely, twisting and leaning back a bit to give Matt a few licks on the cheek as they caressed one another in the afterglow. They were both still panting and quite painfully exhausted from their lovemaking. Cuddling turned to kissing, and as Matt pulled out his sloppy, half-flaccid length, they cuddled lightly, enjoying the warmth and ignoring the sticky mess down below. As it began to dry, however, the smell and crustiness couldn't be forgotten. "Wanna take a shower?" said Keoni, smiling.

"Sounds like a great idea," said Matt.

The shower was a typical ship's shower. It was extremely small, the water pressure was pathetic, and the water was very clearly recycled. But Keoni and Matt didn't care, huddled tightly together as they were, washing one another gently, kissing and caressing as they shampooed one another's fur. It was soft and gentle, and filled them both with good feeling. The ill humor and problems that plagued Matt now seemed thousands of miles away, as indeed they were. He'd moved

on now, and had given himself "permission" to have fun. Though he was glad that he had opened up a bit, he was a bit let down when he realized that this would probably be the peak of his vacation, even though he had six more days before he went home. What could be better than hot, hard sex with this sweet jackal? He had to make the best of it.

"So Keoni, what are you going to do today?" said Matt, gently nuzzling the jackal over his shoulder, cooing softly in his air.

"Well the bar opens at three every day, but I need to be there by noon to make sure everything is clean and in order," said Keoni. "It's about ten now, so I've got a little time. Not much, but certainly enough for what I know you are insinuating." Matt raised an eyebrow, chuckling.

"Am I that obvious?" he said, grinning and bracing himself against the wall, smiling and shaking his ass back and forth.

"Like it really takes a genius to figure out what you'd want from me in only an hour's time," said Keoni. "Don't you want a taste before we get started? No offence, but I don't do ATM, it's just so...Unhygienic."

"Well if you insist," said Matt, filled with mock indigence. He dropped to his knees, the warm water and hot steam filling his nose and mouth as he gently massaged Keoni's length in his hands. The jackal was already mostly hard, no doubt the natural consequence of having a tight ferret ass rubbed in his face. Matt moaned and panted as he slowly worked Keoni's length into his mouth, filling his muzzle with thick flavor. There was a vague taste of soap and shampoo, but enough of Keoni's cologne and essential oils remained to make his length taste and smell like some exotic cooked sausage. Matt knew better than to bite down, but he did tease Keoni with his teeth a little, gently applying pressure here and there to get the jackal throbbing.

Keoni gasped and panted, planting his hands against the fiberglass wall of the shower and moaning in a high, effeminate squeak. Matt found it a little annoying, but he was willing to ignore that for the salty, spicy taste filling his mouth. He had forgotten how much he enjoyed the feel of a big, hot shaft in his mouth, and he felt himself comforted and aroused by the meat in his muzzle. It was comforting and familiar as well as erotic and naughty, and he brought up his hand to gently cup Keoni's balls and massage them with the utmost delicacy. Already he could taste the salty pre leaking out of the jackal's tip, letting him know that he should proceed now if he was going to get the most of it.

Matt stood up and turned around, smiling and wagging his butt invitingly. "I've got to ask, what fragrance do you put on your cock that makes it taste and smell like that?" said Matt. Keoni smiled and laid his shaft between Matt's cheeks, grabbing a bottle of lube from the shower rack and squirting some of the liquid into his palm.

"It's an oil that I make myself, combined from a number of traditional African recipes intended to improve the smell and flavor

of oral sex," said Keoni. "I'll be happy to give you some before you go, but I gotta keep the recipe a secret. It's the stuff being sold in the duty-free store, if you're curious."

"Well, it smells like \$59.95 a bottle," said Matt, grinning. Before he could make any more snide comments he felt his ass being penetrated, making him moan and whimper in ecstasy. Keoni was by no means gigantic, but he knew how to make the most of his shaft, especially in terms of thickness. Matt couldn't remember the last time he felt so "filled," and he was certain that the big fat length felt longer inside than it looked outside. He struggled to relax himself enough to take it, but every inch was pure ecstasy, especially the way Keoni gently rubbed, caressed and massaged him with each thrust. His delicate, slender fingers caressed Matt's nipples, stomach and shaft, gently working and moving up and down the ferret's tender body. It was like getting massaged inside and out while also getting a steam bath and the weakness in Matt's knees made him regret his decision to stand.

Keoni was not the fast and hard type that Matt was, and neither of them had the energy or desire to bring things to a hard, fast conclusion. Keoni kept his shaft in deep, manipulating it gently and working it softly even as he caressed Matt's enormous length with both hands. Matt's huge shaft was always slow to get hard and difficult to keep erect, but even only half-hard it sent long dashes of pleasure up and down his body. In his college years Matt had hired several hookers, and not even the priciest of them had been able to give him a handjob like Keoni. Maybe it was because he knew what it was like to have a cock, or maybe it was because Keoni was a delicate lover who cared about feelings instead of money, but Matt knew he wouldn't get attention like this for quite some time.

The slow assault on his senses and pleasure continued for what felt like hours, though Matt happened to glance at his watch and see that it hadn't even taken one. Still, he felt himself surprised by his approaching orgasm, possibly because he'd never had one come across so slowly and smoothly. He felt his shaft; just barely hard, gently dribbling out and then splurting hard onto the wall, making him whimper and shudder with pleasure. It was a soft and gentle sort of rise, coming and going like a large wave or a warm breeze. Keoni, for his part, pulled out his length and rubbed himself to a conclusion, shooting out all over Matt's back. It was considerable, but nothing compared to the mess he'd left in his sheets, which were clearly the result of there being no shore leave last time they had put into port.

"Looks like I'll have to wash again," said Matt, grinning at Keoni as he rubbed some of the spunk into his fur.

"Well at least it'll help your coat to shine," said Keoni, giving the ferret a kiss on the cheek. "I really should go about getting dressed though, my hair takes forever to dry, and I need to put it up a bit." Matt nodded.

"So the bar opens at three?" asked Matt, shampooing himself again as Keoni stepped out to towel off.

"Yes, but don't think you'll get a second helping," said Keoni. "I'm not really supposed to sleep with the guests, but I think we can call this a special circumstance." Matt grinned.

"Oh, it certainly was special," said Matt. "But now I think I'd like to move up a bit, there was this cute husky with his fur dyed all pink at the dance last night..."

"Now you're getting it!" said Keoni, giggling. "I can't wait to hear you kiss-and-tell this evening. Just be careful what you say, because what the bartender hears isn't always confidential." Matt grinned, showing off his bright white teeth.

"I'm counting on that," said Matt. "How else am I gonna get the best ass on the M.V. Ambrosia if word doesn't get around?" Matt excitedly showered himself off, his mind already filling with potential conquests for the day. After that pink husky, there was a wolf he was dying to meet, not to mention a slutty little squirrel he'd had hitting on him in the elevator. It's a good thing he had six more days; he had a lot of things, and asses, to do!