

What the Bartender Hears: Philipo

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"Gimmie another," said Philipo, slamming another five dollar bill in front of Keoni. The twenty-something sea rat was not much of a drinker and usually rather cautious about spending money, so Keoni took his time in pouring Philipo yet another beer. As it was only mid afternoon, the bar was mostly empty, save a few bar flies that seemed totally uninterested in all portions of the ship that did not serve alcohol. Keoni leaned over to Philipo, staring deeply into the first mate's bloodshot eyes.

"It isn't like you to drink like this," said Keoni. "And seeing as 'bartender' on the M.V. Ambrosia seems to be equivalent to both 'chaplain' and 'therapist,' it's my job to find out why, and to fix it." He poured the beer quickly and sloppily, giving it a big head so as to cut down on the amount Philipo actually got. The poor fellow was already quite drunk, and Keoni had no interest in hauling his superior off to the drunk tank. He looked pretty heavy, after all, and Gibraltar, the security officer, was busy elsewhere.

"Fuck you," said Philipo, more out of exasperation than anger. Keoni had no difficulty reading his friend and so he stayed where he was, slowly reaching his hand forward and caressing Philipo's. The rat took a long swig of his beer; paused for a moment, then buried his face in his elbow and began murmuring in Spanish.

"What was that?" said Keoni, he smiled lightly, bending over Philipo and rubbing behind the rat's ears. Philipo sniffed and looked up at Keoni. There were tears in his eyes. The jackal bent down and kissed Philipo on the forehead. He spoke again, first in Spanish, then repeating himself in English.

"I miss being free," he said. "I miss the wind in my hair." Philipo did have rather long brown hair, which flew freely to his shoulders before being tied in a ponytail. It was rather similar to Keoni's, in fact, and they had often swapped hair care tips and even brushed and braided together. Keoni ran his fingers through it, leaning over the bar to give Philipo a hug. "Before I came to work here, I was free to sail wherever I wished, do whatever I wanted. Sure, life was hard, and were it not for the sea's bounty I would have starved many a time. But when the going was rough, I could always just set my sails in a new direction and seek the horizon. Now I feel like I'm a prisoner."

Keoni ruffled Philipo's hair a bit, grinning. "I thought you like being a prisoner sometimes," said the Jackal, a veiled reference to Philipo's considerable ropes-and-bondage fetish. It had the opposite of the intended effect, and Philipo pushed Keoni away, burying his face in his arm again.

"I wanted to ask Andrew for some leave, but you know how he is." Keoni nodded. Their boss and owner of the ship was only mean in the bedroom, but he was a hard man who forced the most out of his employees. Asking Andrew for leave during the height of the tourist system was tantamount to asking him to put on a frilly dress and play princess. It was a request he'd never grant, and you were likely to get snapped at just for being foolish enough to ask. "It's just...I wish he'd understand. I'm not like him, like you...I need freedom, I need to be outdoors, I need to give in to my whims and desires. But what can I do? My family has always been ashamed of me, and the money I send them is the only respect I ever got." Philipo sniffed, then began chugging his deflating beer, forcing it down his throat like a man who meant to drown.

When he was finished, Keoni grabbed him, pulling him close. The drunk and despondent Philipo was caught completely off guard, knocking over his now-empty glass and letting his arms go limp as the Jackal pulled him up and forward. Keoni kissed his friend closely and deeply, driving his tongue deep into the rat's muzzle and swishing it around wildly. Philipo coughed at first, his mouth filled with warm tongue and water, but as he gave in to Keoni's passion he began breathing heavily. He pushed his own tongue to meet the jackal's, flipping and turning it wildly as he sucked in great gasps of hot air. The two of them embraced as best they could across the bar, rubbing up and down one another's backs, loosening shirts and disrupting work uniforms.

Keoni finally broke the kiss and began nuzzling Philipo, who was now blushing red. They rubbed one another's shoulders a bit, and then Keoni snickered and blushed as one of the bar flies applauded. "Well, now that you're not being an angsty teen, how about we look into those whims and desires, hmm? I got a feeling that I know what you want." Philipo nodded and then got to his feet, wobbling a bit and stretching.

"Just give me a little time to sober up," said Philipo. "Do you still stock that little kitchen in the back room? I wanna make myself something greasy." Keoni nodded, then adjusted his uniform and grabbed a few beers as he walked out from behind the bar. The barflies were scattered about the room, and Keoni began quietly approaching them and asking them to leave. They weren't keen on it at first, since it was still bar hours and they were conscious, but the beers and polite shuffling got them out the door. Two of them even went so far as to stumble towards the various mini-bars stationed around the ship, but for the most part they lounged around or fell asleep on the various deck chairs located near the ship's crown. Clearly, they wanted to be able to stumble back up the stairs and resume drinking once Keoni was done getting his freak on.

With the drunks gone, Keoni locked up and flipped over the "We're Closed!" sign, adjusting the "reopening" time to meet exactly with Happy Hour. He'd need to work fast. Happy Hour started at six, and it was four now. There would be a rush of sober guests in need of

a drink within two hours, and if he wasn't open by then getting chewed out by Andrew would be the least of his concerns. The only thing worse than an angry drunk was a sober alcoholic, and the various stores and vendors throughout the ship would do nothing to sate the desire of those who needed their girly drink fix. The worst incident Keoni had ever experienced had started when a girly-boy drag queen got a bit too sober. He wasn't about to repeat the so-called "mascara massacre," something that he and Gibraltar were still struggling to live down.

As he moved towards the back room, his ears perked up and his nose sniffed out the distinctive flavor of Philipo's fish tamales. Spicy, greasy and delicious, they were excellent for sobering up, so much so that the ship's cook often served them at breakfast. The secret was that he threw a stick of cinnamon in to simmer with the ground fish, helping to maximize the flavor from them. Philipo was truly a master at making fish taste different in every meal, and were it not for his excellent seamanship, he would have no doubt been pressured to become a ship's cook instead of a first mate. Keoni took in a few more big whiffs, then came up behind Philipo, groping him heartily and almost making him spill his coffee.

"I hope you made enough for the both of us," said Keoni, grinning and whipping his tail this way and that. Philipo grinned, setting down his coffee and continuing to work on the fish. Lacking a true grinder, he had minced it as fine as he could with a knife, and getting it to simmer properly in the pot was proving a frustration. Still, it smelled excellent, and the addition of a little beef tallow was going to bring it closer to the more familiar beef tamales flavor. He diced a few more hot peppers and chucked them in for good measure.

"I did if you like it ultra spicy," said Philipo. "You know how peppers up the nose sober me up, so these are going to hurt." It was hard to tell exactly when the fish was "done" as it did not brown nicely like beef, but Philipo seemed to understand and was soon turning out spoonfuls of the stuff onto sections of corn meal, which he doused in hot sauce for good measure. He then wrapped them and put them in the steamer, turning it up all the way in order to cook them as quickly as possible.

"Jeez, you're not kidding," said Keoni. He helped himself to a bit of the hot fish paste, blowing on it and tossing it from hand to hand before popping it into his mouth. Instantly his tongue exploded with flavor, from fish to beef to sweet to hot. Part of him wanted to spit it out, as it was painfully hot both by seasoning and by physics, but he forced it down his throat and immediately began panting, waving his hand across his face in an effort to move some of the hot air. Philipo grinned.

"And that's WITHOUT the hot sauce. You sure you want some of these?" said Philipo. Keoni didn't answer, instead hurriedly pulling ice out of the freezer and tossing it in a clean mug, which he filled with water and chugged like a fraternity pledge. Philipo couldn't

help but laugh. "You know that milk works better, right? It absorbs the capsaicin and stops the burning." Keoni finished the water, then began sucking on one of the pieces of ice, shoving it into his cheek to talk.

"Oh hush, you know I hate milk, I'm mildly lactose intolerant," said Keoni. "And now is not the time to get gassy. Speaking of time, what time is it?" Philipo finished ladling out the meat and poured out the grease into the grease pit before putting the pots and pans into the dishwasher.

"It's four thirty," said Philipo. Philipo's watch was the "official" time of the ship, and keeping the ship's clocks lined up with the dizzying array of time zones they crossed was just one of his many duties. Keoni nodded, certain that they had an hour and a half to play with, minus however much they spent eating. Philipo seemed to pick up on this need for haste and quickly began stuffing the hot tamales into his mouth, stopping only to chug his coffee. He seemed almost immune to the spicy tamales, going neither for water or milk. It was all Keoni could do just to down two, and though they were delicious it was a decidedly painful experience. Keoni had no idea he was so weak when it came to spicy food, especially considering his West African upbringing. He'd need to "train up" for next time.

Once they had finished their tamales and cleaned their palettes they made their way back into the bar, heading over to a single locked door that read EMPLOYEES ONLY. The bar was located in the "crown" of the ship, built into the single smokestack, and the original designers had thought it clever to put an observation deck directly above it. This, in spite of the fact that the bar itself was constructed with massive picture windows which gave an excellent view of the ocean without being exposed to the elements. The observation deck had thus been quickly sealed off and made employee's only, since drunks were immune to railings and dead passengers didn't book repeat cruises. The area was still kept clean and supplied with deck chairs though, and it served as a refuge for the crew when they needed to get away from the guests. Though open to the elements, it was so high up that it was impossible to see from anywhere else on the ship, and the sounds of diesel being pumped up the smokestack did away with anyone listening in. There were a few deck chairs scattered about, as well as a waterproof radio, a covered mini-fridge, and a few other concerns. It was neat and clean but surprisingly empty and unused, and Keoni sometimes felt ill at ease coming to the one part of the ship that seemed devoid of life.

He wasn't exactly upset right now, though. Philipo was massively worked up, and even through their uniforms Keoni could feel the rat's erection pressing against him. They undressed frantically, tossing their clothes this way and that as they brought their lips together again and again, both wildly trying to undress themselves and their partner. Keoni had only just succeeded in removing his pants and boxer shorts, his shirt still mostly on, when Philipo dropped to the

ground and began slurping the jackal's length into his mouth. Keoni whimpered, struggling to lock his legs and putting his hands behind Philipo's ears. Keoni was used to being the bitch on the bottom, and Philipo's attention was as desired as it was unexpected. Instantly Keoni's shaft stood at attention, dripping precum and making him whimper and bite his lower lip.

"For a subby little bitch you sure do have a nice cock," said Philipo, nuzzling and licking at the very tip. He savored every drop of the precum that was oozing out of Keoni's shaft, licking and slurping at it greedily. "And I almost swear it gets bigger every time I see it. Hell, you're bigger than me, you bad, naughty boy..." As he resumed sucking, Philipo began to get more and more into the sex, and Keoni knew he was going to be in for a very wild ride. Philipo would submit to Andrew or Gibraltar or even Wilhelm from time to time, but his real love was tying up subby bitches like Keoni and then having his way with them. Keoni didn't mind, of course, but he knew his ass was going to be sore until morning.

Once Philipo felt satisfied sucking on Keoni, he motioned the jackal to the railing, directing him to grab hold of the railing. Keoni did so at first, but then moved to start undoing his shirt and tie, as he was wearing the entire top half of his uniform while Philipo was completely naked. This proved to be a mistake, as Philipo quickly gave Keoni's ass a firm, authoritative smack. "Now now, you stay here and be a good boy or else I'll have to punish you," he said. His grin was ear to ear with excitement, and his tail whipped this way and that. Keoni smiled half-heartedly, not entirely sure if he was up for what he was about to get in to, but not wanting to back out now. Philipo clapped his hands and practically skipped as he dashed across the deck, eager to get some rope and get started.

Like all open areas of deck space, the observation deck had a waterproof crate with live vests, life preservers, and life rafts inside should the craft go down. But as the area was employees only, there was no need to stuff it to overflowing, and what space could be made available Sascha had converted into a toy chest, complete with ropes, cuffs and various dildos. Philipo raided it, helping himself to a great quantity of rope and a few selected toys. Keoni held still and tried to keep his head up as Philipo tied his wrists to the railing, which was cold on his wrists. He tugged firmly on the knots, but Philipo's rope handling was beyond compare and Keoni couldn't even wriggle inside them. It was exciting and frightening at the same time, just like riding a roller coaster or leaping off the high dive.

Philipo knelt down again and shoved his nose under Keoni's tailhole, giving it a sniff. Keoni always kept things clean, even going so far as to dip a little perfume in there for the sake of "visitors." Philipo was well aware of this, and dug in greedily, licking and slurping at Keoni's loose and accepting hole. The jackal writhed, spreading his legs a bit and curling back his tail as he struggled to retain his balance. Philipo shoved his tongue in deep, twisting and writhing it about as he worked the jackal loose. He

licked and sucked and slurped eagerly, even digging his nose and slurping on Keoni's balls. The jackal writhed and whimpered, his knees threatening to give out as he was assaulted from the rear. His eyes rolled back a bit and his tongue lolled out, his entire body consumed with what was going on between his cheeks. Philipo had clearly not gotten any personal time recently, and he was determined to get the most out of Keoni.

After what seemed like an eternity, Philipo finally stood up, squirting lube on his fingers and giving Keoni a quick probe while he wrapped himself firm in a bright blue condom. As soon as it was on he began pressing into Keoni's tail, panting with excitement as he smacked Keoni's ass with his messy hands. He shoved his length in to the hilt, groaning as his balls crashed against Keoni's. The jackal's considerable cock bounced and flopped in front of him, flipping this way and that as their hips moved, Philipo working to get himself in as deep and as fast as possible.

Keoni's arms and legs were beginning to ache, confined as he was, and he groaned loudly when Philipo reached around and began rubbing on him furiously. Philipo's deck was considerably smaller than Keoni's, but it was more than thick and long enough to work the jackal's prostate heavily. The rat grinned as he brought himself up more and more, bending over and nipping at Keoni's neck and ears and he shifted from hard pounding to slow grinding. His hands stroked Keoni's cock and groped his balls alternately, working to milk him hard and pausing only to give the jackal a firm spank. The assault on his ass was reminiscent of the assault on his mouth he'd gotten from the tamales, and it was only his considerable experience in taking it from his superiors that let him really enjoy what was going on back there.

Philipo soon got back to pounding, the rubber-coated tip of his shaft working Keoni's prostate so hard it almost hurt. Keoni was growing dizzy with the intensity, and he found himself hot and panting even though he was surrounded by a cold sea wind. There was a rising tide within him, and he knew it wouldn't be too much longer until he came. He did the best he could to try and tamp it down, using every trick he could think of to keep from hitting his orgasm. But no amount of resistance could withstand Philipo's determined assault, and soon his shaft was exploding with juice, shooting jet after jet out onto the sea far below. Keoni whimpered loudly, yowling and whimpering as his head spun with the intensity of his orgasm. Only too late he realized he hadn't had a good hard, honest fucking in far too long, and his laxity had made him weak. When Philipo finally pulled out, he knelt down as far as he could, his knees on the railing, his wrists still bound above his head. He desperately grabbed at breath, trying to get the world into focus again, suddenly surprised and relieved to see that his tiny glasses had not gone flying off into the ocean.

"You naughty, naughty boy," said Philipo, grinning as he pulled the knots loose on Keoni. The jackal fell the rest of the way to the

deck, still gasping for air. "Don't you know that a gentlemen always comes last? Guess I'll have to punish you..." All of a sudden, Keoni felt the pull of a rope around his neck, firm enough to command but not tight enough to choke. In only a quick few motions, Philipo had made himself a choker leash, which he used to "force" Keoni over to one of the deck chairs. Keoni quickly found himself tied up firm, his hands and legs bound to the chair, with additional ropes running around his chest and stomach. He was barely able to move, and what motion Philipo happened to give him seemed only to reinforce how confined he was. He blushed a bit, smiling as best he could as Philipo towered over him. His shaft was still erect, and the condom had been discarded, leaving the pre on the tip of his shaft to glimmer in the evening sun.

As Philipo adjusted himself, Keoni eagerly got to work on the shaft presented to him, thankful now that Philipo had wrapped other. Though there was a slight hint of latex, Philipo's shaft was mostly filled thick with the musky scent of aroused male. Keoni writhed and moaned, twisting his head this way and that as Philipo shoved his length around in Keoni's maw. As Philipo was above his shoulders, there wasn't too much they could do in terms of positioning or shoving, but Keoni lost no opportunity to get in lots of lip and tongue action. He sucked and slurped across the shaft as Philipo moved it lengthwise through his muzzle, allowing Keoni to work it gently with his teeth as he wrapped his tongue all the way around it's circumference. Spittle was dribbling down his cheeks and spattering across his shirt, but he was so caught up in the moment that he couldn't even begin to care.

Philipo stopped suddenly, leaning over and rubbing hard on Keoni's shaft. Keoni was always the sort to reload quickly, and already his shaft was erect and ready. Philipo lubed up his own tailhole, hastily probing and shoving into himself as he worked his hole loose. He closed his eyes and gritted his teeth as he straddled Keoni's length, rubbing lube up and down it and straining to force it into him. Keoni's considerable size and Philipo's lack of recent practice made things go slow for awhile, but soon Philipo was riding Keoni powerfully, bouncing and fucking and shoving with wild abandon. He took things slowly at first, but after a quick glance at his watch he accelerated to a manic pace, bouncing and shoving so hard as to threaten the integrity of the deck chair beneath him. He rode hard, bouncing and fucking, working and pounding, whimpering and closing his eyes tight as he rode Keoni for all he was worth.

For some reason, though, this wasn't enough. Things started off easily enough, with the pounding so wild and so intense that the deck chair began to slowly slide forward with each bounce. The force finally worked free Keoni's glasses, and as they slid off his face and onto the deck, he quietly hoped they wouldn't be crushed by the deck chair as it bounced around. But Philipo was missing something, and whatever that something was, it kept him from going off. He paused, pushing himself down to the hilt, his eyes rolling back and

his tongue lolling out as he rubbed on himself furiously. Still, even this wasn't enough, and Philipo was now desperate for release, groaning and panting as he put his full force into his cock, working his shaft and his balls with both hands as he whimpered and fucked himself over and over. Finally though, he gave up, getting off Keoni and panting, frustrated at his inability to finally push over that last bit of the edge.

As he got off Keoni, he undid the ropes and sighed, setting down on one of the nearby deck chairs, exhausted. Keoni glanced at Philipo's watch, realizing he had only precious minutes before happy hour would come banging on his door, demanding to know why they couldn't get \$2 Sweet Dreams mojitos and \$1.50 Long Island Iced Teas. He was determined not to let his friend down, and rather than going for his clothes he grabbed Philipo's hands and pulled them behind his back. He went for the rope, tying the rat's wrists together behind his back as though he were a perp being arrested by a decidedly nautical police officer. He might not be the expert knotsman that Philipo was, but being Gibraltar's lover gave him plenty of experience with the standard bondage knots. "What the fuck are you doing?" said Philipo, half startled and half excited.

"Just showing you who's the subby bitch around here!" said Keoni, grinning. He shoved Philipo forward, putting his shoulders and knees down on the deck chair and pulling back on the rat's tail.

"Wait! Stop it! Happy hour starts in fifteen minutes! There's no time!" Keoni just grinned, shoving his entire length in with one long, hard thrust. The force of the impact made Philipo yelp in pain, and almost upset the deck chair. Keoni bent over Philipo and began bringing the full force of his hips and the full length of his shaft down on Philipo's tailhole. He was merciless and desperate in his fucking, bringing it all down on Keoni with extreme prejudice. He knew he had precious minutes to get Philipo cumming, and there would be not a second left to spare for cuddling and making up. It was time to fuck, and now Keoni was driven to bring things to their inevitable messy conclusion. He reached forward and rubbed on Philipo as best he could, trying to work the rat's shaft in addition to his own as they both frantically writhed and fucked.

Things finally broke, and Philipo cried out in a series of moans and squeaks as his shaft blew hard across the top of the deck chair. Keoni found himself caught off guard, his own shaft shoving and fucking and jizzing deep inside Philipo's ass. He had no idea that there was a second round in him, and though it lack the intensity and size of the one he'd had not thirty minutes earlier, it certainly caught him off guard and this was enough to send his head spinning. He had to grab onto Philipo's ass for balance, and as he pulled out he felt himself collapse onto the deck below.

Keoni lay there for a moment, grinning up at the sky and closing his eyes. When he felt himself sufficiently recovered, he untied Philipo, happening to glance at the rat's watch for the exact time. He blanched, then hurled the rope aside and began dashing around the

deck. "Where the fuck are my pants? My glasses? It's already six o'clock! We've got to open NOW!" Lust turned into panic as they hurriedly grabbed at one another's clothes, tossing things this way and that. Had they not been in such a rush, they would have no doubt laughed hysterically as they attempted to put on one another's pants, or as they frantically searched for Keoni's glasses, the pince nez almost impossible to see on the wood of the deck. Without pausing to see if their uniforms were in proper order, they dashed down the stairs, pausing only to lock the doors behind them. Cleaning up all the rope, jizz and lube would have to come later.

Keoni was pleased to find that the crowd by the door was not too numerous and seemed only lightly peeved that the bar was just now opening at five after six. Keoni hurriedly undid the lock and opened the glass doors wide, dashing back to the bar and panting as he waited for his first orders. His customers slowly found seats at the bar and the tables, some examining the wine and beer list, others patiently waiting for Keoni to tend to them.

Keoni rushed up to a somewhat effeminate skunk who was smiling and idly tapping long nails on the surface of the bar, making it clear that he was irritated at having to wait but not yet angry enough to complain. Keoni smiled and grabbed at the bottles beneath the bar, preparing to quick mix whatever the customer happened to order. He smiled at Keoni, then said "Just a rum and coke for starters, although from the looks of it I might be back for sloppy seconds later." Keoni began mixing the drinks, blushing bright red at the customer's bit of phrase.

"It's that obvious, is it?" he asked.

"Oh don't be so ashamed," said the skunk, running his fingers through the bright pink highlights in his long black hair. "We've all fucked at work, or at least the cute ones have, and I've always wanted to be waited upon by a bartender who's got his pants on backwards." Keoni looked down and saw that the tail loop for his pants was prominently displayed at crotch level, leading him to wonder how, exactly, he had gotten into his pants at all.

"Shit, well, too late to fix it now," said Keoni as he slid the skunk his drink. The customer raised his glass to Keoni then took a long sip, smiling broadly.

"Oh don't be too angry, I mean it adds character. Besides, you could always do one of those 'bottomless bar' bits if it's too bad. Even with the zipper I can tell you have one hell of an ass," he said. He took another long sip of his drink. "And you mix a mean rum-and-coke, by the way. Just keep 'em coming, and charge 'em to cabin 223."

"Actually if you'll swing by here next Tuesday..." Keoni's sales pitch about the "bottomless bar" promotion was interrupted first by another order, and then by an amorous Philipo, who kissed Keoni on the cheek.

"Did you know your pants are on backwards?" said Philipo, grinning. Keoni pretended to be angry, and hurriedly set about

pouring a pair of whiskeys, one in each hand, for the two customers in front of him. They were a pair of Siamese cat faux-twins, their facial features clearly not related but their clothing, haircuts and fur made as identical as possible.

"Did you know your shirt is on inside out?" said Keoni, giving Philipo a firm spank. They kissed a bit, then Keoni shoved Philipo aside. "Look I hate to pass up a second round, but I've got work to do, you probably do too, and if some of these guests stay sober for much longer we'll have a riot on our hands. So would you kindly fuck off?" Philipo smirked and ruffled Keoni's hair, then got out of the Jackal's way, permitting him to put a little extra flair into the martini he was swishing up.

"Call me!" said Philipo, grinning and trying to both walk and remove his shirt at the same time, leaving Keoni to deal with the crowd and his reversed pants. Keoni giggled, but resolved to have things planned out better next time. After all, if Philipo needed to be tied up in order to get off, it would be much better if they didn't have to wait. Bringing in a few spanking paddles and maybe one of Sascha's XXL dildos might not hurt either, it would certainly allow Keoni to get revenge on Philipo for making him wait. He grinned as he poured out yet another drink, his hands moving so fast they were a blur as he shifted from one customer to the next. Philipo sure did look cute when he was all bent over and tied up. And Gibraltar was always begging Keoni to bring in some hot, cute bitch for a threesome...