

Keoni and Samuel: Shore Leave

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Keoni stared wistfully out of the tiny hotel room window, watching the sun set over the harbor. He was so used to being inside the ship that a feeling of homesickness overcame him as he stared at the M.V. Ambrosia in dry dock. The underside of the ship was completely covered, with only the upper decks and smoke stacks exposed to the air. Keoni sighed and put his hand up on the window. The ship had been his home for many years now, and whenever they were apart, it felt unnatural. It didn't help that the jackal's mind was racing wildly about the rush he'd been in to get things ready for dry dock. Just twelve hours ago they'd been giving the passengers one last hurrah, leaving him precious little time to clean and lock up the bar. The thought of someone walking across his sparkling floor with messy work boots sent shivers up his spine, and if he found that even one bottle had been removed from the rack, he was going to have a fit. The Amphora was his pride and joy, and he spared no expense or effort in keeping it just as he liked it. He was even willing to put some of his own money into the place, although he made sure his boss Andrew didn't see that. No reason to give the wolf reason to believe that he could pay Keoni less or cut the budget of the Amphora a little!

"While I do admit you look beautiful wearing nothing but the light of the setting sun, could you not be naked in front of the window?" Keoni blushed and turned around to see Samuel, the ship's chief of security. He was a massive German shepherd, his bright and smiling face lightly complemented by a small beauty mark under the right eye. His body was toned and strong, but not near as ripped and built as Wilhelm's. He was wearing a button-up white shirt and black slacks, complemented by a thin black tie, which was his idea of "casual." His shoes were formal in appearance but practical in function, their bright, polished shine giving no indication of the fact that he could run in them as fast as he could with track shoes. In his hands he was holding his luggage, which was minimal at best. He had long ago mastered the art of suitcase packing, and Keoni knew that there were ten day's worth of clothes jammed into that tiny case, which could easily fit into an overhead bin. "You know I don't mind you showing off to the other boys, but I don't think that the dock workers appreciate your junk in their face near as much as I do."

Keoni blushed and closed the drapes. Without the sunlight, the room was decidedly dark. Samuel flipped a switch and turned on the lights, Keoni's eyes adjusting slowly. Before he could fully see, however, Samuel was on him, kissing and nuzzling softly, pushing his

nude form onto the bed. Even through the slacks, Keoni could feel Samuel's hardon pushing and shoving. The big dog was eager, to say the least. It was easy to understand why. While Keoni might offer himself up to any cute customer who needed a new reason to smile, Samuel had to remain cold, distant and unapproachable. He had no time for casual sex in the broom closet, and in fact he often had to break up couples in order to ensure that the crew could get the job done. Seen to most as a spoilsport and party-pooper, he was more tolerated than loved, and other than Keoni he had few real friends aboard ship.

It was such a shame, too, considering what a star he was in the bedroom. His hands seemed to be everywhere on Keoni at once, his long tongue licking and lapping at the Jackal's chest and nipples even as his hands rubbed up and down Keoni's hardening shaft. Samuel's touch was firm and strong, his grip holding Keoni firmly even as he stroked the jackal's shaft up and down. Keoni whimpered a bit, squirming on the bed and gasping as he clenched and unclenched his hands. He could feel his long nails digging into the sheets a bit as he writhed, his toes curled, his tail wagging lightly between his legs. He and Samuel had been lovers for a good three years now, and they knew every inch of one another, as well as what was and wasn't a major turn-on. Keoni writhed beneath the firm, dominant male, the big shepherd pressing down his weight to make sure that Keoni felt the warmth and closeness between them.

After several more minutes of hard touching, Samuel backed off a bit, grinning and loosening his tie. This was the signal for Keoni to get in close, but he did so slowly, pretending to be distracted by his long brown hair, which stood in sharp contrast to the close-cropped fur on Samuel's head. The jackal moved slowly, a wry smile on his lips, his tiny pince-nez glasses glistening in the hotel lights. Samuel reached forward and kissed Keoni on the nose, removing the glasses and setting them on the bedside counter. Slowly he removed his tie, then his shirt, rubbing Keoni's chest and encouraging him to come closer. Keoni began to return the licks and caresses he'd gotten earlier, cooing and whimpering as he brought himself close to Samuel's chest. He could feel the heat and hear the heartbeat thrumming deep inside the dog's muscled chest, the sensation sending a quiver down Keoni's spine. Samuel's every inch and fiber gave off a sensation of strength and power, making Keoni feel protected and loved. He felt so safe inside Samuel's embrace, and he knew that there was nothing he couldn't handle so long as Samuel was at his side.

Eagerly, Keoni undid Samuel's belt, the gold buckle reflected brightly in his eager eyes. The jackal reached in gently, gripping Samuel's length in his hand and then cooing as he caressed it between his fingers. He bent down slowly, taking in great drags of air. The scent of sex and musk was powerful, and it almost made Keoni dizzy as he wafted it into his nostrils. He licked slowly and gently at first, letting the flavor of Samuel's shaft drift across his tongue. He savored it for a few moments, but it was not long before he gave into

his lust and went for it. Keoni shoved his muzzle down on the shaft, whimpering and groaning as he shoved himself down. His tongue whipped quickly back and forth, his whole body moaning and whimpering as he continued to work on Samuel's immense shaft. His hands came up and caressed Samuel's balls gently, working and turning them this way and that. He sucked hard, letting himself indulge in the scent and flavor that Samuel had to offer. It was intoxicating, to say the least.

Slowly, longingly, Keoni slipped off Samuel's shaft and slid down to his balls, licking and working his tongue as he went. He popped one, then the other into his mouth, his tongue swishing and slurping around the dog's juicy orbs. Samuel groaned, his hands gently sliding through Keoni's long, silky hair. He caressed the jackal's ears gently, rubbing and groaning as Keoni sucked and slurped down below. He loved what Keoni had to offer when it came to his sack, but it was his shaft and tip that needed the most attention. Gently he guided Keoni back to his erect cock, growling playfully and nudging it against the jackal's lips as they worked. Keoni licked and slurped eagerly around the tip, then plunged down, sucking and slurping aggressively. He was hungry for a taste, and he wanted to do everything he could to start rushing Samuel towards a conclusion.

But Samuel wasn't bothering with the hotel room, the decent clothes, and all of the "alone" time just to get a quick blowjob and go to bed. When he began to feel his shaft throb in anticipation, he grabbed Keoni by the shoulders and yanked him off. With surprising enthusiasm considering he was a committed top, he kissed down Keoni's chest and stomach and then began licking and slurping up and down the jackal's shaft. While certainly impressive, Keoni's shaft was smaller than Samuel's was, and the big dog had no trouble at all fitting it in his muzzle. He sucked and slurped on it eagerly, making the jackal blush and grab at his face, panting and whimpering as he felt the sensations blasting up from his loins. Samuel gently caressed his balls, stomach and thighs, his hands drifting this way and that as he bobbed his muzzle slightly.

Samuel's touching, however, wasn't just for tickling and teasing. Shucking off the last of his pants and underwear, he grabbed a bottle of lubricant from the bedside counter and slicked up a couple of his fingers. Gently, he pressed them into Keoni's tailhole, writhing and probing softly. The jackal had been expecting his arrival and had cleaned up down there, as well as spent a little time loosening things up. Samuel grinned. "Someone got out the big dildo," he said, shifting his hands back to slick up his shaft.

"Well what do you expect, keeping me waiting like that?" said Keoni. The jackal grinned and lifted his legs up and back, almost touching them to his shoulders as his wagging tail slapped against Samuel's thighs. The big dog grinned a bit, his own tail wagging enthusiastically behind him. Keoni's love and enthusiasm always made their time together precious and enjoyable, brief though it was.

"Sheesh, I'm sorry," said Samuel, laying on the sarcasm as thickly as he could. "Next time you need to get your ass fucked I won't bother with securing sensitive documents on board or making sure that all of the keycards are accounted for." Samuel bent forward to kiss Keoni on the nose, then slowly slid his shaft back and forth between the jackal's ass cheeks. Keoni was eager to get things started, to shove Samuel down onto him and get to fucking, but the German shepherd had been more than a little busy in recent months and was not about to simply throw himself into a hot bit of ass. He took his time in penetrating Keoni, sliding in slowly and gently, sinking his length slowly, feeling the sensation as Keoni eagerly relaxed, loosened, and let him in. Samuel growled with excitement and enthusiasm as he felt Keoni's balls gently slide across the top of his shaft, and kept pressing down until his body was firmly against the Jackal's thighs.

Keoni bucked a bit at first, eager for the sensation to pick up, but Samuel took his time. Bracing his knees on the bed and putting his hands under Keoni's arms, he moved his hips slowly and surely. He worked himself eagerly but with a steady pace, making sure he had ample time and opportunity to enjoy what he was doing. Keoni's tailhole was warm and accepting, taking everything that he would offer and quietly begging for more. The jackal whimpered beneath him a bit and then began to gasp and writhe, grabbing his ankles and biting his lower lip as he struggled to contain himself. Samuel grinned, kissing Keoni on the nose. Clearly he hadn't been spending enough private time with the jackal, and the sneaky canine was in desperate need of a lay. Samuel had hoped that they might do something intimate and slow, especially since he was more than a little tired, but if Keoni wanted to play rough then they were definitely going to do so.

Bracing his hands on the headboard of the bed, Samuel began shoving, jamming and fucking his length hard into his lover, shoving a full ten inches in and out of the jackal's ass. Keoni gasped at first, then groaned, letting go of his ankles and bracing his legs against Samuel's shoulders instead. He ran his fingers through his hair at first, but then began grabbing at the sheets and pushing back as hard as he could. He growled a bit at first, then groaned, then began panting and howling as he used the bedsprings to bounce back and propel himself against Samuel, his length shoving and forcing and fucking harder and harder. He did his best to match the shepherd shove for shove, trying to move in sync with him, but the pair of them were moving so hard and so frantically that it was impossible. Still, every thrust filled Keoni with a feeling of love and passion, encouraging him to keep up the effort as much as he could.

Samuel growled loudly as he kept pushing himself. He was hot now, panting and gasping and letting his tongue loll out as he worked. He knew that he would get Keoni cumming and spurting all too soon, and his own loins were positively boiling from the pressure and sensation. Though he knew he could hold out for a bit longer, they

had plenty of time to play, and he was sure to get plenty of second helpings. Driving himself in to the hilt, he leaned back a bit and grabbed at Keoni's shaft. Rubbing and working the jackal's length aggressively, he soon had Keoni moaning and writhing on the sheets, arching his back as he crept ever closer to a conclusion.

Normally, in sexual situations, Keoni had to take the lead. Not only was he a power bottom, but his typical partner was someone he had met at his bar who desperately needed a bit of a pick-me-up, or else an overworked crew member. After all, people came to the Amphora for him as much as they did the drinks, especially since there were vending machines and mini-bars scattered throughout the ship. But when he was with Samuel, Keoni let the big dog take the lead, and something about this just made it special. He panted and gasped with the effort as he was fucked and shoved, grabbing at the pillows and letting his shaft be worked by Samuel. He could feel himself racing towards orgasm, and when it finally hit, his whole body tightened and coiled with pleasure. His shaft shot long, hard blasts across his stomach and chest, painting white streaks across the soft tan of his tattoo. He whimpered lightly, then began rubbing it into his fur, cooing with delight.

Samuel grinned as he saw the mess Keoni was making of himself. The big dog would have fun licking it up later. For now, though, he was content to work himself a bit more inside the jackal, his shaft working towards a finish with every jut of a thrust. Though he hadn't had it in weeks, his own orgasm was somewhat subdued, owing both to his self-controlling nature and the way his pleasures rose slowly and danced across his skin like a warm summer breeze. For a brief moment, he felt completely at peace, as well as intimately connected to the jackal he loved. Pulling out slowly, he bent down a bit, nuzzling and kissing Keoni on the nose and lips. They embraced for a short while, each one cuddling and nuzzling the other. Samuel slid his hands into Keoni's, holding him close for a moment before finally getting off of him.

They laid there panting and cuddling for awhile, twilight turning into darkness as the last slivers of light disappeared from beneath the curtains. Keoni yawned a bit, then nibbled at Samuel's neck. "I'm hungry," he said "Can you have something sent up?" Samuel nodded, smiled, and leaned over to grab the phone.

Keoni shoved his eye up against the peephole, his fur still glistening from the shower he'd just finished. On the other side, Samuel was trying to knock on the door without spilling the Extra Large pizza he was carrying. As he needed both hands to hold it, Keoni was having a little fun pretending not to hear him, giggling lightly as he saw Samuel first try using his shoulder, then his rump, then finally his shoes in an attempt to get Keoni to open the door. Keoni finally did undo the lock and open it just as Samuel was about

to try charging, timing it so that Samuel was all ready to go but wouldn't fall over and spill pizza all over the floor. The big dog growled playfully, but it was hard for him to stay angry at a happy, smiling and completely naked Keoni, especially when what both of them really wanted to do was eat anyway.

Samuel set the pizza down on a nearby table while Keoni closed the door, his flaccid shaft bouncing between his thighs as he walked. Samuel made with the plastic forks and paper plates while Keoni lugged over a large trunk, opening it to reveal that it was in fact a portable bar, equipped with a large degree of strong drinks, fresh fruits, and other additives. Samuel was content with a few bottles of beer, leaving Keoni to mix, shake and fiddle with various alcohols and extracts while he ate. By the time Keoni was finally sipping on something tropical, Samuel had finished two slices, and was well into his third.

"Jeez, the way you eat, you'd think that they don't feed us on board ship," said Keoni. He sipped his drink lightly through a curly-straw, chasing it with lemon water as he cut his pizza into bite-sized sections with his fork. Samuel, meanwhile, jammed slice after slice into his face, the plate being used mostly to catch crumbs, if that. Keoni raised an eyebrow as he watched his lover eat, trying hard not to burst out laughing. He knew that Samuel had grown up in a military academy where he was expected to eat a full three-course meal in fifteen minutes, but there was something charming and youthful about the way he attacked his food with a passion.

"Oh hush," said Samuel, slurping and sucking on his beer. "You've barely touched your half. I told you not to order pineapple, I hate pineapple." The pizza was half-sausage-and-pepperoni, half "Tropical Mix," something Keoni had insisted on. He knew he couldn't eat half a pizza, but demanding that half of it be topped with things like pineapple bits, anchovies and kiwi shards ensured that Samuel wouldn't gobble it all down before he got a chance to enjoy it. Samuel was a good guy, and very generous overall, but he tended to eat like he was starving and would snatch food right off someone else's plate if they even hinted they might not want it. Though his semi-military upbringing had given him powerful self-discipline in most areas, he seemed to always try to be making up for a childhood that was devoid of fatty foods and candy. He gobbled down foods like pizza and hamburgers as if they were nothing, and though he'd never admit it, his favorite treat was any one of the fruity, chocolate-laded girly-drinks that Keoni could mix up when no one was looking. Keoni considered mixing up one now, knowing that Samuel would neither ask for it nor turn it down, but then he realized that he'd forgotten to pack vanilla extract. It was a key ingredient to several of Samuel's favorite cocktails, and he'd need to go get some before surprising the dog with any mixed drinks.

By the time Keoni had finished his second slice, Samuel had finished all six of his, and was eyeing those Keoni had not yet touched. Though he hated most of what was in "Tropical Mix" toppings,

distaste had not always stopped him, though it would result in a big pile of picked-off pieces of fruit for the housekeeping to deal with. The jackal closed the pizza box and moved it off to the side, ignoring Samuel's longing look. "Don't you start with me," said Keoni. "You're the one who told me to help you try and control your eating."

"Sorry, it's just you know how I tend to eat when I'm nervous," said Samuel. Keoni could see out of the corner of his eye that the dog's right leg was bouncing up and down slightly, the way it always did when he was stressed, nervous or concerned.

"And what have you got to be nervous about?" said Keoni, cooing and walking over slowly. He swung his hips a little as he walked, making sure that Samuel could check out his package as it swung back and forth in front of him. Samuel smiled a bit, his eyes darting from Keoni's face to his dick and back again. Keoni sometimes pretended to be offended by such behavior, but really, he loved it.

"Well, I'm not as...secure in my sexuality as you are. You know that," said Samuel. Keoni smiled and nodded, sitting in his lover's lap and cuddling. "I mean, I had to fake being straight all the way through high school, and then again through the Academy. Hell, before I quit being a cop so I could sail on the Ambrosia, I would lay awake in bed at night, afraid that one of the cops would figure out I was a fag and then rat me out. I'm not as used to being gay as you are. I think that's why I'm such a party-pooper on board ship. I just don't fit in."

"It wasn't easy for me either, you know I couldn't come out until I went to boarding school," said Keoni. "But that doesn't matter right now. What matters is that we've got some time alone together, and I wanna make the most of it." Keoni kissed and nuzzled Samuel a bit more, straddling his lap and bringing himself in close. He rubbed himself against Samuel's shaft through the big dog's pants, growling playfully as he tussled with his hair. They kissed for a few moments, then stared longingly into one another's eyes.

"You know, I've got a new pair of handcuffs that are just dying for some roleplay," said Samuel. Keoni grinned, his tail wagging into a blur.

"Do I have to wear these baggy pants?" said Keoni. Wearing a pair of heavy, baggy hip-hugging jeans and a wifebeater, Keoni looked less like a street thug and more like a poser on his way to high school. Considering how comfortable he was naked, he looked surprisingly embarrassed by the way his pants revealed he wore no underwear, and in fact showed off most of the top half of his ass. "They smell funny. Are you sure that you cleaned them up after you snagged them from the lost and found?"

"Yes, of course I did," said Samuel, smacking a rubber-coated truncheon against his palm. In sharp contrast to Keoni's improvised

costume, Samuel was wearing an authentic cop uniform. Since he had needed to purchase the uniform upon graduation from the academy, he was allowed to keep it, minus the badge, after he quit to become the M. V. Ambrosia's security officer. He shifted the truncheon to one hand and then spun the cuffs around in the other, neatly turning Keoni against the wall and snapping them on.

"I'd be amazed at how fast you can cuff me, were it not for your former profession," said Keoni. He whimpered a bit as he was pressed up against the wall. Cuffed and in the power of a dominant male, he felt somewhat humiliated, but in a comforting and downright sexy manner. Samuel groped and fondled his ass aggressively, growling and sending traces of hot breath across the jackal's cheeks.

"You have the right to remain totally sexy. Anything you say may be construed as a request to fuck you harder." Samuel's groping hands shifted to probing, and after a brief pause to lube up his fingers, he jammed them deep into Keoni's tailhole. The jackal groaned and whimpered leaning on the wall, his cuffed hands unable to provide support or balance. Samuel probed mercilessly, digging his fingers in deeply and growling. He knew well how to hit Keoni's prostate, and made a great show of doing so, taunting and almost torturing the jackal with firm, stiff presses. His shaft was hard, throbbing and pressing up against the wall, leaving a small trickle of precum as he moved up and down. He tried not to whimper, but with all the stimulation he couldn't help it, his wrists tugging lightly at the padded fetish cuffs. At least they were extremely comfortable. Had he been more into being cuffed up, he'd see about getting a pair himself. At least he knew what to get Addison next Christmas. "Hmm, I think I'll need to probe you for contraband."

"Ahnn! Not so rough!" groaned Keoni as Samuel gently worked the well-lubed truncheon up his tailhole. It was more than a little big, and though the rubbery shaft was specifically designed for this, it was a bit more cold and rigid than what Keoni was used to. Combined with a bad angle, this made the shoving and probing decidedly uncomfortable, but not enough to where he wanted Samuel to stop. Especially not with how he was gently manipulating the tip up and down the backside of his prostate, making him gasp and moan as his knees wobbled. He leaned on the wall in a vain attempt to keep his balance. Fortunately, Samuel grabbed him before he fell, but as soon as he was grabbed Keoni felt himself flying through the air, the big shepherd's arms propelling him onto the bed. Somewhere along his trajectory, the truncheon was either pulled out or fell out, much to his relief when he began bouncing on the mattress. There would be some very awkward explaining to do in the emergency room if he happened to fall wrong with that stick up his ass.

Samuel pounced on Keoni, struggling to undo his pants and kiss the jackal at the same time. Loving the roleplay, he was almost overwhelmed with enthusiasm. Keoni tried to keep from laughing, and soon had to bury his face in the pillows to stifle the giggles. His mirth was soon replaced by moans, however, as Samuel pulled out his

length and jammed it deep up his ass, growling and grunting heavily. Keoni writhed on the bed until he was on his shoulders and knees, wagging his tail back and forth across Samuel's stomach as he did his best not to lose his balance. The fact that Samuel was so caught up in his own pleasure didn't help. The big shepherd was soon pounding away so hard he had to lean forward and grab the headboard to keep himself from falling over, his tail wagging into a blur as his tongue lolled out in satisfaction.

Down below, Keoni was certainly enjoying himself, but he wished he could get Samuel to tone it down and focus on both their needs instead of just his own. Wriggling around in his handcuffs, he struggled to see if there was any sort of safety release. Most fetish cuffs had one, but not this pair, and he whimpered as he struggled to set himself free. The pleasure coming from his tailhole was so intense and so rough that it hurt a little, and he whimpered in frustration when he realized how hard it would be for him to talk through the pillows and the sheets to tell Samuel to back off a bit.

But much to his surprise, he soon found himself not needing to. The big dog reached down and rubbed him furiously, shifting the pace from frantic to mellow in a matter of moments. Groaning and biting his lower lip, Keoni soon felt the pleasure coming in slow, steady waves, bouncing and splashing around inside him as he whimpered with delight. He whimpered, pushing back on Samuel with encouragement as they both worked one another softly on the bed. Keoni growled, Samuel pushed, and soon they were rocking and groaning with delight. Samuel worked his enormous shaft back and forth across Keoni's prostate, and Keoni did his best to squeeze and push down on the dog's enormous shaft.

Grinding almost to a halt, Samuel whimpered and laid his ears down flat as his shaft throbbed in anticipation. Having already cum once this evening, his orgasm was low and slow, a steady stream and trickle as opposed to the thick jets of a few hours ago. He worked himself inside Keoni gently, milking himself on the jackal's tight ring as he growled nipped playfully at Keoni's ears. Reaching forward, he hit the release catch on the cuffs, pressing a button on one of the few places that Keoni hadn't touched in his struggle. Keoni immediately shifted to all fours, whimpering and pressing back as Samuel worked his shaft aggressively. Soon he was cumming as well, gently splattering long white lines across the sheets.

Samuel pulled out and collapsed, his breaths coming in deep, satisfied heaves. He licked at Keoni a bit, who shuffled off his costume clothes and kicked them aside, preferring to be nude as he played idly with the buttons on Samuel's uniform. They nuzzled for a bit, Samuel yawning and checking his watch.

"Crap, it's past midnight," said Samuel, kissing Keoni on the forehead. "No wonder I'm so damned tired. Sorry but you know I've been up since five."

"It's fine," said Keoni, undressing him a bit more and helping him out of his pants as he stood and stretched. He yawned a bit and

then made his way to the bathroom, wearing his boxer shorts as he brushed his teeth. Keoni grinned and helped himself to the handcuffs, then made a few mental notes about tomorrow's routine. The scouring and inspections wouldn't be done until Friday, giving him plenty of time to scheme and play with his favorite loverboy. The fact that Samuel slept like a log offered additional opportunities for fun. Maybe it was time that he found out what it was like to be on the other end of those handcuffs...