

Barnaby walked briskly down the sidewalk with only the light of the full moon guiding his feet. His sleek shoes tapping regularly on the concrete was the only sound outside of the chirping crickets to accompany him on his journey home. It wasn't normal for him to have to go out on foot this late at night, but the master demanded that he pick up some cigars and champagne for the night and the mustelid chose not to drive when it wasn't absolutely necessary. Besides, being cooped up in the mansion all day deserves a nice walk in the cool breeze.

Movement out of his periphery caught his eye and the svelte butler quickly turned on his heel to catch the culprit, only to find brush and trees behind him. Although he had walked through this park in the past, he had never done so this late at night and especially not alone. As he turned around to continue on his way, a burly smooth chest impeded his progress. Before him stood a tall, handsome man wearing what seemed to be jeans and a tank top which had both been run through a meat grinder. Seams were torn along the edges and large gaping rips through the fabric ran in all sorts of directions, making the ferret wonder if perhaps he had missed this season's fashion trends. The strange man looked down at the ferret with a hint of embarrassment as he rubbed the back of his neck. "Oh, sorry about that! Didn't mean to get in the way or anything." he said with a kind but sheepish smile.

The butler's initial worries were swept away by the man's genuine apology and the kindness that seemed to radiate from his otherwise intimidating body. He gave a light chuckle before responding, "It's not your fault in the slightest! I should have been looking where I was going. It's just... I could have sworn there was something behind me." The ferret motioned over his shoulder with a thumb to which the human followed with his eyes.

"In that case, would you like some company on your way back? Safety comes in numbers you know." said the stranger.

“I don’t want to inconvenience you,” said the ferret whose eyes were glued to the exposed chest in front of him. “But, if you insist, I’m just on my way home. It’s the big mansion across the park and to the left.”

“You mean the big white one? I happen to know of a hiking path that acts as a good short cut!”

The words “short cut” perked the ferret’s rounded ears up attentively and though better judgement would tell him to go it alone from here, there was something about this new acquaintance that made him want to trust him and to see what he had in store for him. Barnaby nodded his head eagerly and motioned for the man to lead the way. “Sounds fine with me!” he said enthusiastically.

As the ferret followed closely behind the larger male, they eventually came across said hiking path, though that term only applied loosely here. It was more of a path carved by the wear and tear of feet over the years than one artificially crafted for public use and it was so crowded by branches and undergrowth that the ferret had second thoughts about following the human any further.

The human raised one of the branches up for the ferret to see the thin path a little better with a handsome smile. “Here it is! If you just go down this path, you’ll come out just across the street from your mansion. I’d say you’ve only got about five minutes until you’re there.” He offered the ferret a handshake and one more smile before saying, “Name’s Lyall, by the way. I hope we might cross paths again soon.”

The ferret accepted the handshake albeit with a little hesitation. “It’s nice to meet you Lyall, but I thought... I thought we were going to walk the path together.”

“Well... I’m ok with walking with you, but I also know how weird it is to walk with a stranger down a path through the woods in the middle of the night. I don’t blame you if you want me to leave you alone now.”

The ferret was surprised and a little disturbed by the other’s honesty, yet he still felt compelled to let the human come along with him, whether that was due to naivete or lust was still debatable. Regardless, he felt safe next to the burly man and no matter which way he went he would rather he have some company in case he runs into less savory individuals. “I really don’t mind that you follow along,” he said as he dipped his head under the branches and stepped his feet onto the dirt path. “In fact, I enjoy the company,” He brushes his tail against Lyall’s legs and swoops it up towards his thigh, a motion that could easily be seen as an accident or an intentional tease no matter the situation.

The pair made their way in relative silence outside of a few cheesy jokes and the trading of awkward laughs. Before long they were already half way through the woods and the ferret had high hopes of returning home unscathed and unscratched. However, in a matter of moments those hopes were dashed to a thousand pieces as his food caught on a fallen branch and the back of his pants was snagged by an outcropping of thorns. The slender mustelid fell to the ground with a thud and the sound of fabric ripping resounding through the cool night air. As he laid there prone on the ground, he reached behind him with one hand to feel around for the rip. He dragged his fingers down the seams of his pants until he felt smooth fur brush against his fingertips, quickly realizing that it wasn’t just a small rip, but more like the entirety of his rear had been exposed by some perverted flora. The ferret looked over his shoulder with embarrassment to notice that he wasn’t the only one caught off guard by this recent turn of events.

Lyall stood behind him by only a couple feet, though judging by the look in his eyes staring down at the ferret's exposed rump, that distance would grow shorter fairly quickly. Had the ferret known that the man was just as interested in him, he would have tripped sooner. The ferret smiled warmly at the other male as he brought one leg closer to his chest and swayed his tail to and fro erratically. He racked his brain for a clever one-liner or a sensual invitation, anything to get the human to act on his apparent fixation on his tail. Instead, the only thing he could come up with in a decent amount of time was, "Find something you like?" Almost immediately after he said those words he internally reprimanded himself for sounding so cliché. Regardless, his voice seemed to have at least some effect before Lyall finally breaks his intense gaze and backs himself away again. He stuttered, "N-no! I'm just... I'm sorry for your pants getting ripped. It's my fault and I shouldn't have suggested we come down here. I-"

Barnaby knew that first look well by now, it wasn't one of empathy or sincere apology but one of intense lust. Just by the glimmer in his eyes and the way his mouth hung open, the ferret knew that the other male was just lying to save face. "Oh, hon," he said, "You don't have to feel bad for admiring! I wouldn't do my daily cardio if it didn't get me a little attention now and then." He flexed those pert cheeks and let his tail slither up and down, momentarily obscuring the view of his rear from the male. "Besides, for someone like you, I wouldn't mind if you did more than just visually appreciate." His finger beckoned the human forward while his tongue licked his lips, the subtle curvature of his body having an effeminate quality to them to the point where the cock and balls dangling between his legs were more secondary sex characteristics than anything. With each twitch of his finger, he brought Lyall closer and closer to the ground and nearer to his body until finally he felt those palms take hold of his shapely cheeks.

The ferret couldn't be sure of what Lyall's first action would be, but to his delight, the human knelt his head down and pressed his mouth against that tight pucker before bringing out

his tongue to drag it against that hole. Barnaby spread his legs wide to give the other male ample room to slather his entrance in slick saliva which Lyall did with an unmatched eagerness. That warm wet tongue moved from his taint to the base of his tail, coating his rear in spit before it finally pressed it's way into his warm insides. The ferret kept himself quiet save for the occasional muffled moan and deep breaths. Once the human was satisfied with the makeshift lubricant he applied, he pulled himself away to press his fingers against the entrance until he was fingering the ferret with ease. Those digits had no trouble in finding the smaller male's prostate with which they played with mercilessly. In no time at all, the ferret's member was as erect as it possibly could, trapped inside the remains of his pants while the mustelid writhed about on the ground.

Lyall brought his body over the prostrate ferret, his massive arms straddling the ferret's svelte form before shoving his jeans down to his knees. The human's cock was as energetic as the ferret's, though much larger in size and circumference, and it quickly found a home between the mustelid's warm fuzzy cheeks. He slid his length up and down against the slick entrance, the tip of it staining the base of his tail with the pre dripping from it. Barnaby could hear Lyall's panting and feel the breath warm against the nape of his neck before stronger sensations took over. The larger male aimed the head of his cock towards the pink puckering entrance before thrusting inwards with plenty of strength. The ferret let out a surprised grunt until he felt the tip push its way inside of him which he accepted with a saucy groan. Lyall started slowly at first, though the ferret could tell that it pained him to do so. Just by his movements alone and the way he whimpered with each small thrust that he wanted- no- needed to go faster.

Barnaby curved his tail around the other's massive frame and pulled him in closer to his lithe body, sinking that thick shaft deeper into his body with a shiver. Lyall let out a strained grunt, causing the ferret to freeze thinking that he might have caused more discomfort before he

heard the sound of more clothes ripping. Glancing to the side, he noticed the shape of those arms growing gradually larger with more hair sprouting around the edges. The heat of Lyall's breath felt like a flame licking at the back of his neck and he could even feel that cock changing shape inside of him. It became more tapered and veiny with a much thicker base which never seemed to quite make it past his entrance. Instead, it just beat against his ass with each thrust, threatening to stretch it out further every time. Suddenly, he felt teeth grab the back of neck, not with any violent intentions, but to hold the ferret close as he shoved that cock deeper into his ass. His thrusts became more aggressive and harsh, as if his sole purpose was to reach that pleasurable climax at the end of the tunnel with animalistic focus. It didn't take much longer for the ferret to realize that he hadn't met just any old human, but a werewolf at that. Those massive paws grabbed at his body while those teeth brought his body off the ground at an angle.

Finally, that thick knot made its final entrance into the ferret, eliciting a surprised gasp from the ferret and causing his cock to finally reach the orgasm he was aching for. The two were effectively tied together as thick rope after rope of werewolf seed coated his insides white. It was warm and viscous, sloshing around inside him as the wolf licked and nuzzled his cheek affectionately. The pair laid there together for awhile, if only to let that knot subside so that they could safely part ways.

Barnaby walked the remainder of the way with Lyall walking closely behind him, their tails occasionally intertwining with one another as they went. The ferret's pants were soaked with cum both his own and that of his partner trailing down his legs even as he left the confines of the woods. He knew that his master would reprimand him for ruining yet another pair of dress slacks, but all of that seemed worth it in light of what he'd just experienced. As he headed across the lawn towards the mansion, he looked over his shoulder to see Lyall standing on his

hind legs, licking his massive chops with that broad tongue. The butler supposed he'd have to take evening walks more often in the future.