

The Silva estate was quiet for the majority of the morning. White marble walls strewn with gold rococo and paintings of wealthy white-furred hares stood in silence without the presence of any creatures bounding down the halls to disturb them. The only person inhabiting the mansion that day was the svelte ferret butler, Barnaby, who was enjoying the peace and quiet alongside a cup of black coffee and a newspaper on the kitchen island. It wasn't something he was able to enjoy often, silence, what with the master of the house being a young and brash hare with a tendency to put entertainment before work, but with Warren being out for the day on a "business trip" with his friends, the mustelid took the opportunity to relish what he had while he had the chance. That opportunity didn't remain for too long when a loud knock on the oakwood front doors rang down the corridors and reached his rounded ears. Barnaby poked his pink nose into the air and froze his body, not sure if he was just hearing things due to his master's absence or whether he really did have company.

Again, he heard a loud knock on the door as if the person waiting outside were slamming a hammer against the woodwork instead of the more polite rapping of one's paws against the frame. The mustelid let out a sigh as he slid from his seat to answer the impatient intruder. As he walked briskly towards the foyer he announced his presence with a blasé response. "Alright, alright! I'll be there in a moment! No need to tear the hinges off the door! Those are real sterling hinges I'll have you know!"

He opened the door with an almost excruciating lethargy, as if punishing the visitor for having intruded on his day to himself. He was greeted with a tall and well-built doberman in a blue and gold policeman's expressing an especially unamused glare. "Morning," he stated flatly, "I'm Officer Lance O'Rourke. Would you mind if I ask you a few questions?"

The ferret welcomed him in with a sidestep and an embarrassed grin as he motioned towards the foyer with his paw. "I apologize for the delay, sir. I'm afraid I have the house to myself and it's been difficult to manage all the daily tasks alone. I'm the butler of the house, Barnaby Kane. Now, what can I help you with officer?"

The canine casually walked from the entryway into the mansion with his eyes carefully studying his surroundings, gazing over the spiral staircase into the upper levels of the house, peering down the ground floor hallway into the kitchen, and then back over to the ferret who was shutting the door behind him. "We received a report of a burglary in this house," he said in a low baritone as he pulled out a notepad and read over the description written in blue ink. "Two round cut 1.34 carat radiant diamonds were stolen at 7:00 this morning from the upstairs master bedroom, is that correct?" He tapped his pen impatiently on the notepad while staring at the ferret with a raised brow.

Barnaby looked stunned by this new information, his whiskers twitched and his slate grey eyes widened to the point where the whites seemed to gleam from beneath his dark brown mask. "This is the first I'd heard of a burglary!" he exclaimed frantically. "Who reported a

burglary when I'm the only person in the house?! As you can see, there's been no forced entry!" The ferret pointed towards the door and then motioned at all the closed windows defensively.

"If it's alright with you, Mr. Kane, I'll be asking all the questions here," said the canine with a dismissive glare.

"It's not alright with me, Officer! There's been no burglary! My master, Mr. Silva, has been away on business for the past 48 hours and I've been the only person keeping watch on the house. If there had really been a burglary, I would have been the first person to know!"

The officer stepped closer to the butler, eying the ferret's slight frame suspiciously up and down as he neared him with an intimidating air. "Well then, I suppose that makes you my prime suspect doesn't it."

Barnaby raised a paw in protest and then pondered over his words. He wanted to smack himself upside the head for having heaped so much incriminating evidence upon himself in less than a couple minutes. "Um..." he muttered as he backed himself into the wall. "I suppose... that would be true, IF said jewels were actually missing. Here!" The weasel ducked underneath the doberman and dashed up the stairs with the doberman in quick pursuit, the canine obviously not trusting the slinky mammal. "I can show you exactly where those gems are, I've polished them myself hundreds of times!"

"You're not exactly building a good alibi," muttered the doberman as he followed closely after the butler.

The master bedroom looked exactly as Barnaby remembered it, an absolute mess. It certainly looked like someone had ransacked the place but that was more due to his master's messy nature and the ferret's negligence rather than a burglary. After all, he wasn't about to do any work now that his master was away. Pillows were strewn across the bed and the floor, a couple halfway falling off the bedside along with blankets and sheets tossed into a wrangled mess. Clothes lay on piles dotted around the floor along with various undergarments, most of them Warren's, a few of them Barnaby's, and more than a couple belonging to a one-night stand who had forgotten them there. Barnaby hopped and darted between the piles of clothing toward the glass enclosure housing the heirlooms of the Silva family name. Nowhere else in the house was it as clean and polished as in that cabinet, even from behind the glass walls, the jewelry glimmered in the light as if there wasn't anything keeping one from reaching in and grabbing the valuables with their hands. This was mostly due to this cupboard being the ferret's favorite place to clean, though he kept that bit of information to himself.

"There!" he announced as he pointed at an empty space in the cabinet. "As you can see, your 'missing jewelry' is... MISSING?!" He pulled a double take from the glass enclosure back to the officer, the proud smile he had on his muzzle curled into a confused and disheartened frown. "But that's... that's... impossible!"

Lance shook his head and tsk'd the weasel with reprimand. "I wouldn't be too worried about it, ferret." he said, "I think we'll find your missing family jewels soon enough. Prepare to be frisked!" he commanded.

The doberman's voice of authority was enough for the ferret to surrender instantaneously on instinct alone. He placed his hands on the glass enclosure, bending himself over so that his rear poked out towards the officer with his tail raised high in the air. His nose and whiskers twitched anxiously as the doberman's large warm paws meandered around his body, patting down every pocket, crevice, and fold of fabric. Those black velvety paws slid down the mustelid's chest, issuing an anxious sigh from the butler before they moved toward his crotch, and groped his package gently. They then patted over his back until the doberman cupped the ferret's cheeks. The canine's ears stood erect as he uttered an "A-ha! What have we here?"

Barnaby froze in fear as the doberman reached into the ferret's back pocket and pulled out two large shiny diamonds from his pants. "You mind telling me how these bad boys managed to find their way into your possession?" said Officer Lance with a cocky grin.

He stared wide eyed at the glittering jewels which seemed to mock him with their very presence. For the life of him, he couldn't remember how they had manifested in his pants. "I- I-" He stuttered to find a worthy excuse. "I sleepwalk from time to time... Perhaps I grabbed them in my sleep,"

Lance nodded his head sarcastically as he crossed his arms over his chest, "Uh-huh. Likely story... I'm afraid I'll have to bring you in for further questioning."

The ferret continued, "Or how do you know those are the real diamonds? Do you know how many times I've had a pair of family jewels pressed against my rear?"

The doberman dropped the two jewels into a plastic bag and then dangled them over the ferret's head, "I've got a sneaking suspicion that these aren't the same kind of family jewels you're used to."

Barnaby dropped to his knees in front of the doberman and begged, "No! No! God, please, no! I can't have this go on my record! If Master Silva ever finds out about this, I'll be out of a job! Butlering is all I know and if I lose my position here- My God! I'll be on the streets! I'll have to work..." he paused and let out a surprised gasp, "RETAIL in order to make ends meet! Please, there must be something I can do to clear my name!"

The policeman rolled his eyes and sighed, "Relax, kid. I'm just going to bring you in for questioning. This doesn't mean I'm convicting y-"

The ferret interjected dramatically, "God rest my innocent soul! I'll be thrown to the dogs- no offense- I'll be torn apart in prison! Please, sir have mercy upon me! I'll do anything if you just put the diamonds back and forget about this whole thing." He groveled up to the doberman until his paws were practically clawing at the canine's strong thighs, his hands rubbing up and down the tense muscles emphatically. A sinister grin formed over the doberman's pointed muzzle as he glowered over the butler.

"Anything?" he asked with a malicious tinge to his voice. Without the need for further explanation, the ferret could see exactly what the doberman had in mind. The bulge in the canine's blue slacks was enough to communicate what the ferret needed to know. Barnaby eyed the doberman's crotch silently and then looked back up at the doberman with disgust.

"God! I didn't mean 'that'!" he exclaimed as he pushed himself away from the canine.

"Well then, I suppose I'm going to need these and you'll be fined additionally for resisting arrest." replied the officer as he pulled a pair of cuffs from his belt loops.

The butler was about to stand to get up and run for it before the doberman grabbed him and pushed him down to the ground on his belly. Despite the ferret's verbal protests it was rather easy to wrangle his arms behind his back and then cuff him at the wrists. Barnaby had felt the feeling of cuffs before, but they weren't the cold steel of police cuffs. They were not only uncomfortable, but also painful whenever he tried to free his wrists from the restraints.

Lance pulled the ferret upright on his knees by pulling on the cuffs and then dragged him over to the foot of the bed, earning him a satisfactory whine from him as he strolled over to the bed. He circled around the kneeling ferret with a predatory gaze before taking a seat on the bed. "Now... where were we?" he asked with a low croak as he pulled his belt free.

"Wh-what are you doing?" asked Barnaby with more surprise than legitimate curiosity.

"Giving you a chance to go free," chimed the officer with a toothy grin. "I mean, I'm just giving you the opportunity to do what we both want."

"And what, pray tell, do we both apparently want?!" shouted Barnaby as he looked away from the canine groin staring at him.

Lance could smell the ferret clearly from this position. The butler had taken great care to hide his mustelid heritage with luxury soaps and bergamot perfumes. However, no amount of perfume could cover the smell of arousal stirring in the weasel's pants. "C'mon, kid. I saw the way you looked at me when you first saw me. I heard that little sigh you made when my paws felt up your body. And most importantly, I can smell and see how hard you are under your trousers. I'm not just giving you a way out, slink, I'm literally giving you a fuck,"

Barnaby nearly snickered at the officer's play on words but managed to maintain an air of dignity and composure despite the obvious tent in his crotch. "How very generous of you, sir," he cooed sardonically. "But aren't you breaking a myriad of police protoc-" He froze mid-sentence as the doberman's foot paw pressed against his crotch. His whiskers and tail straightened out as he fought to keep himself from sighing.

"Listen, kid," said the doberman sternly, "Your prim and proper shit? It's not gonna fly anymore. You're pants are about to burst, my dick likes what it sees, and we got the place to ourselves. Are you going to suck it or you need a baton up your rear for encouragement?"

The butler sat there in silence for a few moments, as if pondering the canine's proposal studiously. At long last he let out a deep breath before saying, "If I say yes now, is the baton still an option?"

"That depends on how good your muzzle is," quipped the doberman as he unzipped his fly with a smirk and pulled his pants and jock down his waist. Gradually, he exposed the kneeling mammal to the musky scent of male arousal and the sight of black and tan fur intermingling with the pink tip of a canine shaft. The ferret's eyes were drawn to the doberman's crotch like a fish seeing a flashing lure in the water and his mouth began to water eagerly. He looked up at the doberman's muzzle demurely before eying the throbbing member in front of him with a lick of his lips. He nodded his head as one last half-protest before craning his neck to accept the offer.

His mouth opened and his slender pink tongue reached out from his lips to drag itself the canine's throbbing shaft. The doberman's hand caressed the back of the ferret's head to bring him in closer. The ferret's breath was hot against the doberman's cock and it beat against the skin in heavy pants while he brushed his pink nose up and down the length, taking in the scent of canine arousal deliberately.

"There we go, I know you tube sluts can't go a day without a cock inside ya." huffed Lance, earning him a grimace from the busy ferret.

Barnaby opened his mouth wide and brought the tip of the officer's cock inside where his lips suctioned around the girth of it. His tongue lapped along the underside of the shaft, eliciting a low groan from the authority figure above him. The feeling of that dick in his mouth and the sensual groan reaching his ears made the ferret tingle with excitement, his own prick pressing straining against his underwear and wool pants. Despite his apparent eagerness however, it was the doberman who remained in control. His hand guided the ferret further down his shaft towards his midnight black crotch low hanging fruit. All the mustelid could do was keep his jaw open, his lips wrapped tight around the cock, and his tongue collecting and pre oozing from the canine's tip.

Lance kept the pace slow for awhile, bringing the ferret closer to his body and then letting the ferret pull away in a repetitive motion, allowing Barnaby the opportunity to properly taste and massage his member to his heart's content. The doberman threw his head back with pleasure and moaned, "Fuck yes, I know how much you ferrets love to eat cock." He shoved Barnaby down hard onto his shaft forcing the ferret's lips to meet the boundary of a slowly growing knot and a shudder to move up and down his spine. Teardrops formed around the weasel's mask and dripped down his cheeks as he was allowed the chance to pull back.

However to the doberman's surprise, Barnaby remained in place, suckling on his cock eagerly with his tongue reaching to taste the growing knot and the back of his throat massaging the head. Lance bucked his hips into the ferret, slapping his knot into the butler's mouth while those balls smacked against his chin. With a growl, the doberman slowed his thrusts to a halt and released the butler from his grip. Barnaby slowly backed himself away from the officer before being shoved off by the grinning canine. "Enough of that!" he barked before hopping off the bed. His cock bounced up and down, flinging pre-cum and spit onto the ferret's snout. "I think we should do something we both enjoy..."

"But I was enjoying that!" said the ferret messily with his mouth still drooling pre and saliva. Despite his eagerness to continue, the ferret was pulled up by his handcuffs and tossed onto the bed mattress. The doberman fished around in the bedside table until finding the little bottle of "man's best friend". With a sneer, he straddled the butler's waist with his thick muscular legs, his nubby little tail wagging excitedly behind him. He slapped his thick cock against the butler's still clothed rear before grabbing hold of the butler's pants. Instead of taking the time to pull the ferret's pants down to his ankles, the impatient canine flexed his arms and tore the back of the pants clean off. He tossed the fabric off to the side and stopped to admire the ferret's rear.

Lucky for the policeman, the ferret wore a pair of jocks much like the doberman, though his were decidedly more colorful with their neon orange straps and dark blue cup. Lance put his paws on either cheek and spread them apart to gaze at the tight pink asterisk that lay in-between them. He ground his erection against the pucker before popping open the bottle of lube with a smirk. He squirted the bottle liberally over his cock, letting the lubricant dribble off the shaft and onto the ferret's plump rear. "Now, let's see how flexible you cock socks really are," He whispers into the butler's ear as he looms over his prone form. Barnaby whimpers in response, his backside wriggling around on the mattress and rubbing the fabric of his jock against his package.

The officer swept a finger up the ferret's cheek, gathering up a dollop of lube and then circling it teasingly around the ferret's tail hole. With his other hand he grabbed the ferret's tail and draped it over his shoulder so as to keep Barnaby's rear exposed. He carefully aimed his shaft towards the butler's entrance and pressed his weight down on the the smaller male until he accepted his throbbing and warm gift. The doberman's tip popped in with a squeal from the

ferret and a long pleased sigh from the canine while he gradually sunk his bone into the ferret's tight depths.

Barnaby bit his lip to keep from mewling too loudly as his insides were stretched by the intruding length. His fur bristled as the touch of the officer's hands wrapping around his waist as he buried himself into the mustelid. "Umph... you're a tight ass for sure," remarked the doberman offhandedly as he shifted himself around the other. For awhile he stood perfectly still, letting his girth fill out the mustelid until he begged for more. With just a few light bucks of his hips, the ferret was begging for more.

"Oh, God... You're so big," he whined as he clenched around the doberman's member. Lance didn't move, choosing instead to listen to the butler's admonishments.

"Go on..." he said with a growl.

"Well, get on with it! You've got your cock in there, use it!" Barnaby demanded.

"Admit how much you've wanted it and maybe I will."

The ferret wriggled around underneath the canine, grinding his prostate against the shaft to garner the slightest bit of pleasure from the cop. As much as his body communicated to the doberman how hot he was, how much he needed this fucking, it took his tongue considerably more effort to verbalize it. He gave a flustered huff before mumbling, "I want you to fuck me,"

"What was that?" asked the doberman with a self-satisfactory grin.

Louder this time, Barnaby spoke. "I want you to fuck me!"

"Say it with conviction!" commanded O'Rourke.

"Please," shouted the ferret with desperation in his voice, "I want you to fuck me until you're coming deep in my ass! I want to feel your knot tie me and claim me as your bitch! I want you to bite, claw, and ravish me until I'm a panting little ferret lying in his own mess of an orgasm! Is that enough?!"

"It'll have to do for now," Lance whispered as he thrust his cock deep into the ferret's ass, earning him a loud and surprised moan from the man beneath him.

He pushed hard into the tight male deliberately with little regard to what the ferret was feeling. However, the trim weasel didn't seem to care as long as he felt that knot slap against his entrance. The butler held onto the cock tightly, practically pulling it into him with an unwillingness to let it go. He not only yearned to feel that powerful force inside him, he needed it.

"Ohhhhh..." sighed the ferret with delight, "Faster." His cock finally poked free from the constraint of his jock and dribbled pre down its shaft where it soaked into the fabric and bedsheets.

"You don't get to make demands," the cop grunted though his pace quickened regardless.

The ferret huffed in response between heavy breaths, "You never read me my rights, officer."

"Well then," growled the doberman, "You have the right to remain silent. Any squeaks or moans you make will be used against you." He ended his sentence with a sharp thrust upwards into the ferret, earning an effeminate squeal from the smaller male.

He humped into the squirming weasel with his body becoming more inline with the male beneath him with each slap of flesh against flesh. His strong arms were soon not enough to hold the ferret in place and so he sunk his teeth into the butler's shoulders while he thrust.

The two males shifted onto their sides, the ferret's tail swishing excitedly up and down the dog's back as he was rutted into submission. The doberman could see the other's dripping shaft and out of either mercy or wanting to see the ferret squirm even more he wrapped his paw around the clothed length. He stroked Barnaby's cock slowly and teasingly, each movement of his wrist causing the ferret to shiver with delight and clench tight around his pounding member.

O'Rourke's muscles tensed around the mustelid who's back arched and hips ground into the officer's crotch. That fat knot burying itself further into the butler with each passionate thrust until finally finding it's way anchored inside the smaller male. He freed his muzzle from the ferret's neck to let out a pleased howl as his cock emptied inside the ferret, inflated knot keeping the warm ejaculate nestled inside the butler. Barnaby spasmed and shook as his own shaft spurted out rope after rope of spunk onto the bed, marking it with the scent of sex. He moaned and squeaked under his breath as his balls emptied out their contents onto his master's mattress.

Laying on the bed in their afterglow, Lance licked and nibbled on the ferret's neck playfully while he ground his hips in tight circles into Barnaby's rear. "You weasels are all so squirmy when you get what you want." he says with a chuckle, making the ferret's cheeks go red with blush.

"I promise, we're only like that when it satisfies in every way possible," retorts the ferret as he tugs on the canine's knot with a thrust.

After a few more minutes of relaxing, the doberman finally pulls himself free of the butler and gets up to clean himself off. He returns shortly after to retrieve his clothes and admire the fruits of his labor. The ferret's tail was still held high in the air to show off his pert rump which was dribbling the dog's seed from his hole. Barnaby wiggled his rear teasingly as he aimed the handcuffs up at the doberman. "So..." he said in a saucy coo, "Now that you've had what you want, I guess you can uncuff me, right?"

Lance shook his head as he pulled his pants up to his waist and fastened them. "Nah, I don't think I will. I've got a spare pair and I imagine your employer is going to want an explanation. I think it's best that you stay put."

He casually strode over to the doorway with a whistle, turning only at the last moment to see the ferret's shocked expression on his face. "Thank you for your cooperation and I hope you have a good evening." he said with a sinister smirk. And with that, the ferret was left alone, lying on the bed in his own mess.

The ferret woke with the sound of the front door slamming and the sound of footsteps running up the stairs. Barnaby didn't have to guess who it was. The hare swept the door open and greeted the ferret with a wide grin instead of shock. "So, how was he?" he asked with a nudge on the ferret's shoulders.

Barnaby shrugged to the best of his abilities, what with his hands still restrained by the cuffs. "What can I say, you were right! Knots really do make a big difference."

Warren laughed and shoved Barnaby onto his side. "Ha! I told you! Think we'll be seeing him again at the commissioner's ball?"

"I should hope so!" replied the ferret as he waited for Warren to fetch the key out of his pocket. "We need more men in blue like that. Strong, considerate of one's needs, well-endowed..." The hare unlocked the cuffs and slid the butler's wrists free from their restraints before walking over to the bedside table and placing them with the rest of his bondage gear.

"You think he'd be willing for round two?" Warren asked as he tossed a fresh pair of pants across the room which Barnaby promptly caught with one hand, draping it over his upper arm.

"I wouldn't doubt it," replied the ferret as he placed the two diamonds back in their case right where he had left them, "Although we might want to leave out the theatrics next time."

“Hey, that was YOUR idea, not mine. I just wanted you to learn the intricacies of canine lovemaking and have some company while I was away.” Warren retorted. “Do you think he has a thing for rabbits.”

Barnaby looked over his shoulder admonishingly. “Sir, with all due respect,” he says, “He’s a dog! What doesn’t he want to bury his bone in?”