

Jake walked to the front of the mansion with no sight of the dishevel held within those walls. The seam of his little skirt fluttered in the cool spring wind as he rang the doorbell of the front door. Jake had seen his fair share of disasters working at the local "Rent-A-Maid" service but nothing could have prepared him for what greeted him from behind the door. A handsome rabbit buck stood wearing nothing outside of a tank top that hung tightly to his broad shoulders. His fur was a bright white with the tips of his ears and extremities tinged a shimmering gold. What immediately grabbed the cat's attention was the set of furred orbs dangling tautly between his legs and how the rabbit didn't seem to mind that they were out in the open.

The rabbit had also seen some strange sights in his time, but after calling Jake's Rent-A-Maid service he didn't expect to see a slender striped tom-cat wearing a dress that barely covered his thighs; though he wasn't about to complain. The maid had a certain coyness to him that only the most submissive souls could provide. That quality combined with his young appearance only made him hold the door open even wider so that he could get a better view. "Good morning, maid!" he exclaimed without a hint of subtlety to hide his perverse intentions. "Come on in, we have plenty of work for you today!"

That fact was clear to Jake before he had even stepped foot in the mansion. He could see clearly behind the rabbit that the paintings were about ready to fall from their nails, empty plastic cups were scattered about the floor, and the stench of beer was already wafting into his nostrils. His black triangular nose twitched with annoyance as he extended a paw to greet the rabbit. "Hello, Mr... Silva? Is that correct?" He asked as he pulled a piece of paper from his pocket, "My name is Jake and I'll be your 'maid for the day'. I apologize for any inconvenience, but we ran out of male uniforms so I had to make do with what was available. I appreciate your patience regarding the matter."

"Call me Warren," he said as he enthusiastically grabbed the cat's palm with both hands. "Male maid uniforms you say? What are those like?" he asked as he led the cat into the foyer.

"They're an awful lot like a butler's uniform. Maybe a bit more on the casual side." he replied in a subdued tenor.

"Pft... butlers are last year's fashion- Isn't that right, Barnaby?" Warren called into the other room where Jake could see what looked like a naked ferret lying face down on the table. He looked up from his prone position dimly at the two men before raising a middle finger in Warren's general direction. "Er- Don't mind him," said Warren, "He's just upset that I can actually handle a keg of beer and still," He raised his voice so that the ferret could hear him, "GET UP AT A DECENT TIME." The ferret only groaned and turned his head away from the pair in response.

"What exactly happened last night, if I may be so bold to ask?" asked Jake as he leaned over to stare at the hungover ferret.

“Long story short, we threw a kegger for a bunch of college kids. We all got super plastered including the butler over there, we took turns fuckin’ him, and then wouldn’t you know it? I have a business meeting in...” He checked his wrist even though he wasn’t wearing a watch, “About four hours. Needless to say, we need help cleaning up around the place.”

“You’re telling me that you get drunk with your butler?” he asked. “You’re telling me you have sex with your butler?!”

Warren placed a finger against Jake’s lips to quiet him down. “Careful now! Said drunk and fucked Butler still has a ruthless hangover and we wouldn’t want to upset him. As for your questions, the answer is yes and yes. Why? Are you jealous?”

Jake looked up at the rabbit incredulously and with his mouth hanging open with surprise. “I-I’m not jealous! I just think it’s ridiculous to take advantage of a servant like that! I think it’s irresponsible for the head servant of the house to get intoxicated when he’s supposed to have a clear sense of mind for the sake of the other workers!”

“Well, you don’t have to worry about any other servants. Barnaby’s the only servant I have. And two, Barnaby is a perfectly consenting adult who enjoys providing services outside of his ‘buttling’ activities. He’s the one who stood on the table last night and shouted for the men to make a line behind him and I quote, ‘Fuck me until the sun rises,’”

“How is he still employed?” exclaimed the maid.

“I’ve got a great ass... I guess,” droned the ferret from the dining room table.

Warren nodded in agreement and pointed at the ferret. “He’s right. He’s got a great ass. Very accomodating.”

Jake exhaled a long sigh while he shook his head in disbelief. “Fine. Now, where should we begin?”

There was no shortage of tasks for them to choose from: the walls themselves were in disarray, the smell of beer originated from an overturned beer keg which was still dribbling out Buck Lite from the tap, and this was all just in the foyer.

Warren swiveled around on his heel to make a decision. “Hmmm... I think we should focus on the areas that the business meeting will see. We can shut off the uncleared areas, cover Barnaby with a dining cloth, and BAM! We have the illusion of a clean mansion.”

Jake thought over the suggestion pensively before responding. “Move your butler to a spare sofa and I think that crazy idea could actually work.”

"Deal!" said Warren, as they shook each other's paw.

Moving Barnaby was actually one of their most difficult jobs as he would not stop wiggling around after lifting him by his arms and legs. For the next twenty minutes, the two of them would drag the ferret a couple of feet before he'd wriggle out of Warren's grasp and bash his head against the floor. After Barnaby and Warren exchanged curses, they'd make it another few feet before history repeated. Finally, Jake and Warren managed to toss the ferret onto the couch where Warren placed a throw pillow tastefully between the ferret's legs. "I think that's perfect," he said as he took a step back to admire his handiwork.

"Do you think we should give him a blanket? Perhaps give him some better privacy?" Jake suggested.

"No. This is exactly what we need. A conversation piece the minute they walk in. I just hope he doesn't move around too much in his sleep."

They moved on to the foyer where Jake made quick work of the scattered disposable cups and Warren repositioned the paintings and photographs to conveniently cover any mysterious wall stains or torn wallpaper. Before long, the maid was able to see the inherent beauty the house held, despite what the rabbit and his friends had done the night before.

"Alright," said the maid with a sigh, "Now, where to next?" His paws slapped together to clear the dust from his fur as he looked up the staircase at the next room they'd have to clean. Warren was shutting the last of the doors leading out of the foyer before joining Jake at the foot of the stairs. Jake adjusted his glasses before climbing up the spiral staircase with Warren following closely behind him.

"All we need to do now is tidy up the upstairs hallway a bit before working on the conference room. After that, I think we'll be good to go!" said Warren, his voice growing more tired as they neared the very top of the stairway.

"How bad is the hallway?" asked Jake just moments before he saw the work he had cut out for him. The hallway was littered much like the foyer with plastic cups, aluminum beer cans, and articles of clothing left behind by their male owners. They ranged from tee-shirts, to jeans, and all the way down to jockstraps piled all on top of one another. "Did all of your guests leave here naked?" asked Jake anxiously.

Warren shrugged. "I don't think so. I think it was mostly guys forgetting one article of clothing or another. Besides, most of those are mine!" he said with a sheepish grin.

Jake rolled his eyes and set about picking up each garment and tossing them into one of the adjoining rooms. The cat crawled around on all fours picking up garment after garment while

Warren followed closely behind and picking up the spare cups. The cat paused as he picked up a stray jockstrap, the red nylon cup of it stretched out by the package that it once contained.

A voice behind him called over his shoulder. "Heh. I forgot about those! One of my favorite pairs..."

Jake looked over to the rabbit who had now gone back to picking up the cups before turning his attention back to the underwear in his paws. His thoughts drifted to imagining the rabbit's package tucked tightly into the cup while those straps clung tightly to his waist and cheeks. 'A sniff couldn't hurt,' he thought to himself as he brought them up to his nose. The scent hit him like a semi-truck, making his head spin dizzily with arousal. It was slightly spicy with hints of cologne intermixed which complimented the aroma rather than cover it up. He looked back over to the rabbit whose toned body flexed underneath his luxurious pelt with every movement. From the scent of the bunny alone he could tell he was a creature of great virility and it gave him a new perspective whenever he watched the rabbit move around.

The cat fidgeted with his glasses nervously before reluctantly tossing the jockstrap in with the rest of the laundry and continuing his way down the hall. Within the hour, the hallway looked mostly presentable outside of the dust gathering in some of the corners. However, time was of the essence and they still had the conference room left to clean. Jake stood in front of the twin wooden doors, worried about what kind of mess would meet him from the other side. He nearly jumped in the air when he felt a heavy palm fall on his shoulder and Warren's syrupy baritone tease his ear.

"Don't worry, we're almost done for the day," he said comfortingly before opening the door for the cat to enter.

Jake's mouth hung agape in shock. His hands trembled with surprise as he could barely hold onto the feather duster in his hand. Before him stood the conference room: it's floor completely bare, the table looked as if it was brand new, and the paraphernalia on the mantle over the fireplace looked freshly polished. "It's... it's..." he stuttered.

"Clean?" Warren interrupted. "Yeah, I was pretty sure I've never been in here, but I wasn't entirely sure. I figured it'd be best to check just in case, you know?" The rabbit reached in towards the door and shut it in front of the cat before he continued. "Well, I suppose that's everything then. Thanks for helping out while Barnaby was... "sick". Do you accept checks for a tip?"

Jake froze up and his rope like tail swished anxiously behind him. "Are you sure there's nothing else you'd like me to help you with? You paid for four hours and it's only been..." he checked his wrist which did happen to have a watch on it, "Three and a half! Think of all that we could accomplish in that time!"

"I can't really think of anything else that absolutely needs to be done..." said Warren. "We could share a drink I guess. I know where Barnaby keeps the good stuff..."

Jake made a decision that moment, one that he hoped he wouldn't regret. He raised his tail up between the rabbit's legs where it curled around his inner thigh and brushed underneath his package. "Really..." he said shyly over his shoulder towards the rabbit, "You can't think of anything else you'd want to do. You haven't even christened your conference room properly."

A lopsided smile grew on the rabbit's muzzle and his ears stood up at attention. "Well now that you mention it, there's definitely something I want to "do" right now!" he said before groaning at his own awful come on.

Warren ushered Jake into the conference room and onto the central table where the cat sprawled himself out on the surface. The rabbit was quick to follow, joining Jake with his hands and knees straddling either side of the feline's body. His hands swept up the cat's grey striped legs and underneath his skirt to tug at the panties underneath.

"You know, I was honestly curious whether you stayed faithful to the female maid's uniform or whether you wore underwear at all!" He said with a predatory glint in his eyes. "Needless to say, I wouldn't be disappointed with either option." He tugged them down Jake's legs before tossing them off to the side.

The rabbit's manhood was already fully erect and resting on Jake's rear by the time he lifted his outfit to expose his rear. Warren gasped with excitement as the cat held his legs up to show off his tush, ropey tail swinging back and forth hypnotically while his pink entrance trembled with excitement. Stripes lined his cheeks, directing the white rabbit's attention directly to what was most important.

Warren licked his lips while Jake trembled with excitement. With one hand the rabbit held up the cat's legs while the other searched around in one of the table's cabinets to fetch a bottle of lubricant. "I asked Barnaby to put one in every room and I haven't regretted that decision yet!" he said as he spread a bead of the slick liquid over his finger before swirling it underneath the cat's tail. Jake's eyes spread open as he felt that digit press into him, sink into his warm depths, and wiggled to slather the entrance liberally with the lube.

With a heated sigh, Jake retorted, "Tell him thank you for me when you get the chance!"

One finger was soon replaced by two which slid in and out of his body with ease and stretched his tight corridors. The rabbit's cock rested against the cat's, both of them throbbing with excitement while Warren fingered the boy's prostate. "Hmm, I'll remember that. You like this?" hummed the rabbit.

Jake nodded his head hazily, his arousal making it hard for him to form coherent words. The rabbit pulled himself out of the cat and grabbed hold of his member, coating it in a fresh layer of lube before aiming it underneath Jake's hole.

"We're going to take things slow at first, alright? You tell me if I'm moving too fast or if you need me to stop for a second." Warren said reassuringly.

The cat responded by slapping his hands on his cheeks and spreading them wide for the rabbit to see.

Even Warren was blushing at this point and nose wiggled before he leaned over the feline. "I'll take that as encouragement to proceed." he said as he let the weight of his hips push his member into the feline. The tip of his cock pushed its way inside without a hitch and the rabbit was greeted with a warm tightness hugging his shaft, issuing a pleased sigh from the both of them. He slowly pressed forward, inch upon inch slowly disappearing into the cat.

Jake's cock throbbed on top of his stomach while the rabbit started to thrust in and out of the feline. Every time the rabbit was about to pull free from the cat, he'd push right back in to feel his crotch slap against the cat's rear. Jake meowed softly in response as he felt his prostate ambushed by the sudden pressure of a cock buried in his ass.

Warren beamed a proud smile as he saw the pleasure he was delivering clear as day on the cat's face. His hard and passionate thrusts he owed to his muscular legs while the tight warmth surrounding his cock was all the cat's doing. It was like the maid couldn't get enough of his length which prompted the rabbit to quicken his pace with each thrust.

Their bodies curled up against one another, the cat's claws extending from their sheaths to lightly scratch the rabbit's back while the Warren pulled Jake's head close to his chest. Warm precome filled in the empty spaces of Jake's rear and dribbled out from around Warren's shaft whenever he shoved himself back in. A warm paw wrapped tightly around Jake's shaft, massaging the sensitive nerves with soft fur and stroking up and down the length.

"I'm getting pretty close, how about yourself?" Grunted the rabbit.

Jake could feel the tightness of Warren's muscles, each one a coil ready to spring forward. His own body clung tightly to the rabbit's and with every stroke along his prick his claws dug deeper into the bunny's fur. He let out a quiet mew and a nod of his head followed by heavy pants which reverberated in the rabbit's ear.

Warren bucked his hips hard into the maid, his cock firmly hilted inside of him before shooting his hot load into the cat's ass. Jake let out a loud moan as he felt his own orgasm stirring inside of him before it suddenly breached the surface and coated his dress in his own ejaculate.

Warren kept his warm body close to him as he slowly pulled his cock free. His tongue licked over the cat's face with silent approval before breaking their silent afterglow. "Damn, you're an excellent maid AND an excellent lay! Would you consider full-time employment?"

Suddenly, the door to the conference room burst open and a naked ferret wielding a golf club stumbled inside. "Wha- Where's the dead body! Whodunnit!?" he yells erratically. Slowly, the events of the past hour unfolded in the ferret's mind causing a knowing grin to form on his muzzle.

Warren and Jake stare at Barnaby only slightly embarrassed. "Oh, Barnaby!" Warren piped up, "Jake here wanted me to thank you!"