

Sorrel heard the beep and click of an unlocking security door as the vixen leading him by the paw flashed her badge across the reader. The cool breeze of the indoor AC ruffled his fur as he stepped out of the sweltering summer heat. The cinnamon-furred squirrel followed her lead without question nor much of a choice. His eyes were blindfolded by a cyan bandana.

"We're almost there," she piped cheerfully over her shoulder. "Mind the corner there!"

Sorrel felt her paws on his shoulders, turning him in the right direction before continuing forward. Her movements were quick and precise and moved him to the center of the room in the shortest frame of time. As she pulled him along, the cool plaster wood wall brushed against his side. The smell of fresh paint was still strong on his nose, so much so that it lingered even with the various scented candles competing to overwhelm them. Jasmine, lavender, and fresh linen all tried their best to remain at the forefront of his mind, but all the while he couldn't help but think of the newness filling the room.

"Is all of this secrecy really necessary? I thought we were just stopping by to check out an available office space?" said the squirrel with an irritated tinge.

"Stop right here," snapped the vixen just as Sorrel walked face-first into her back.

"Pepper! I can't see, remember? God knows where I'm supposed to stop. Are you pointing somewhere? Can I take off the bandana?"

A singular claw pressed against his lips as she slithered away from him, the brush of her tail trailing against his legs as she fell silent. For a moment, Sorrel wondered if he was completely alone and that Pepper's little surprise was nothing more than locking him in a new office building for a few hours. That is, until he detected a new fragrance intermingling with the candles and the fresh coat of paint. It was comparatively subtle and subdued, but it was nevertheless intoxicating and familiar. He pulled the blindfold away from his eyes and a small, uneven smile curved along his muzzle.

The office's decor, if it could even be described as an office, was Spartan to say the least. A couple of tables, desks, and fold-out chairs were arranged haphazardly around the room, and not a single cubicle had been set up yet. The room felt more spacious as a result and further directed his attention to its center where his surprise was waiting.

In a plush rolling office chair behind a large oak desk sat a male puma. His puma to be exact, wearing a navy suit and a light blue button-up shirt. He looked up from a pile of papers to flash a seductive half-smile to Sorrel, the whites of his teeth glimmering in the dim light of the scented candles. "Ready for your interview?" he asked in a low growl. "I'll try my best to be unbiased, but I can tell you're a man who fits my tastes perfectly."

"Pepper?" Sorrel asked nervously. "Julian? What's going on exactly?"

The vixen stepped forward, back into the rodent's line of sight, with a mischievous and self-satisfied grin on her sharp muzzle. "It's your surprise, ya goof!" She ruffled the tuft of fur on his forehead and shook her head playfully. "What does it look like to you?"

Sorrel examined the room closely, the scented candles, the closed blinds, his boyfriend loosening his tie while licking his lips hungrily. His eyes met with the pumas. The feline's sharp irises seemed to pierce straight through his clothes and tear them from his body to reveal the soft and chubby squirrel underneath. The smile on the cougar's face grew, brightening the squirrel's as well. It was a much more welcome sight than the columns of numbers back at his computer screen. However, a thought, no matter how miniscule, still had to be addressed. This wasn't his company's office, not yet at least, and the realtors wouldn't be happy if he was caught fooling around on their property. "If this is what it looks like to me, I'm not sure if we should go through with it..." he said, dejected.

"Oh, hush you! This office isn't going to be occupied for a couple more weeks, and since I need to make sure everything's in order... I figured you two could use a break from your stressful jobs. Let off some steam, so to speak. Of course, you'll need someone to keep watch..." she trailed off, letting the squirrel's mind run rampant with implications.

"You're not going to watch us are you?" Sorrel squeaked. Julian shook his head emphatically at the mere thought of it.

"Pfft! No, kiddo! I'm going to make sure we don't have any unexpected guests while you two enjoy your stay." Pepper reached into her satchel and pulled out two walkie-talkies and a conveniently laminated sheet of paper. She tossed one of the devices over to Sorrel, who nearly dropped it as it tumbled around in his arms. She then slid the laminated paper across the table for the squirrel to take a closer look. Two columns ran down the sheet: one a list of statements and the other their associated meanings. It didn't take long for Sorrel to piece together the fox's plan.

"You realize we have these things called phones, right?" He replied with a roll of his eyes.

"Yeah, but phones aren't as fun to play with! Come on, where's that friskiness Julian's always telling me about?"

Sorrel's cheeks blushed at the thought of Julian divulging their more intimate interactions with his work friend. He felt a firm paw on his shoulder behind him, the weighty palm putting him at ease. He turned to see his puma standing comfortably over him. He glanced down at the puma's slacks covering his lower body and sighed with relief knowing he wasn't baring all for the vixen to see. At least those details were still for his eyes only.

Julian's baritone voice rumbled in his ear and his tufts flickered with excitement. "I understand completely if you don't want to do this," he said reassuringly. "But I think it's fair to point out that Pepper just wanted to do something nice for us, and I'd be lying if I said there was a work day when I didn't think about being with you..." his muzzle drew nearer to his neck, "close to you..." his breath beat against his fur, hot and humid, "on top of you... Besides, didn't you say you always wished I was your boss? I get the feeling you'd always meet my demands, and I'd make sure you were fitfully rewarded for your hard work." His paws massaged the

squirrel's shoulders, sheathed claws dug into the nooks and crannies to relax the muscles underneath.

The squirrel quivered with glee at that sultry voice, and his bushy tail swished up and down in the air. While the fear of getting caught was still at the back of his mind, another feeling was asserting its dominance. It told him that the little piece of fear made the idea all the more enticing.

Sorrel clicked the walkie talkie on and tested the device. "Can you hear me now?" he asked with a goofy grin.

Pepper beamed right back at him as she scampered to the front door. "Loud and clear! I'll be keeping an eye out for any problems. You boys have a good time, but don't make too much of a mess! I'm gonna have to give some kind of explanation to the janitor later, and I don't want the reality to be too obvious," she said as she backed out the door slowly.

The moment Sorrel heard the door click behind her, a paw wrapped tightly around one shoulder and he found himself being dragged by Julian over to the wooden desk and plopped into a flimsy swiveling chair.

"Right, so the man I'm looking for needs to have a positive attitude first and foremost. He's going to be working long... hard hours, and I want him working with a big smile on his face the whole time. Oral presentations are likely, so you'll need to be able to use that cute mouth of yours when a crowd is present. Lastly, there'll be some legwork involved, so strong thighs are a plus. I'll be grading you on your performance for each of these criteria during the length of this interview, are we clear?" Julian stated with a nearly straight face.

Sorrel caught himself mid-eyeroll at the "criteria" he was being graded on. Of course, all three of them were excuses to get him naked and bent over the elegant oak desk. However, he played his part as the nervous prospective hire. "Clear as crystal, sir!" he yelled before putting his hands up to his mouth. That may have been too loud.

"You can call me, Julian, Mr... Sorrel, is it? If we're going to be working together for most of the day, I think it's fair for us to be on a first name basis. First up, is your oral presentation. Let's see if that tongue of yours is as silver as they say it is."

The cougar placed his knuckles on the desk and leaned over to the squirrel, his muzzle close enough Sorrel could see every individual tick of those whiskers. Sorrel leaned forward to meet the cougar halfway before his neck tie was grabbed by a sturdy hand, and he was tugged into a deep kiss. Soft velvety lips pressed against his as Julian's tongue swept around the squirrel's mouth, toying with his own as they traded saliva. The cougar's free paw caressed his head, and his fingers brushed through the soft fur on his neck.

For a brief second in the back of his mind, he plotted out how he'd repay Pepper for this wonderful moment. Maybe he'd send her flowers... no, she had no use for those. Perhaps she'd appreciate free dinner. He turned each idea over in his head, but none of them seemed to

equate with the feeling of rapture he was experiencing now. However, his feelings of gratitude were short lived as the walkie-talkie squeaked to life.

“Why yes, of course I can let you into the building,” rang Pepper’s familiar and appropriately peppy voice. “You just need to grab a few things, right? Fly the coop. All the eggs in one basket.”

Julian rolled his eyes and reluctantly pulled himself away to check the paper. Meanwhile, Sorrel fell back into the office chair feeling dazed after coming down from such an intense high so quickly. Pepper seemed to have all the subtlety of a brick being thrown through a glass window when it came to injecting her coded phrases. Julian looked back to Sorrel, his finger planted on the message as he shared it with the squirrel. Its adjoining meaning was boldly printed: Company is here. Julian motioned with his muzzle over to the broom closet. “We’ll have to finish our interview process elsewhere.”

Sorrel followed closely behind his new “boss” with his heart racing. The thought of being confined to such close quarters with his boyfriend with unexpected company on the other side of a flimsy door made it difficult to constrain himself. It was both exhilarating and terrifying. He shuffled in after his boyfriend and shut the door behind him only moments before the front door opened with a click.

“Who would have thought that I had to use my badge to get in?” she announced to the empty room dramatically. “I went through all those keys for nothing! Ha-ha-h- Goddammit, guys. I said, ‘all the eggs in one basket...’”

Sorrel felt a rush of panic as he realized the walkie-talkie and sheet of paper, along with the other office materials, were still sitting in the center of the room. He heard another voice join in with Pepper’s, albeit considerably more perplexed. “Yes... you did say that.”

He pushed an ear to the broom closet door to catch portions of their conversation. While he couldn’t gather all of it, he understood enough to know that Pepper was trying to pass it off as an obscure vulpine phrase that meant, “You’ve got it.”

Suddenly, he felt the fabric of his pants loosening around the waist, gradually being dragged down to the floor. He turned to see his future employer looking at him with a naughty grin and an arched brow. “How about we discuss your work ethic and how well you work with others?”

Sorrel shot him an incredulous glare, but as those big paws rested on his thighs and grazed his flaccid tool, his opinions on the matter quickly softened, unlike his manhood. He pressed a finger to his lips, begging Julian to remain quiet. He helped in their pursuit of silently disrobing one another by getting down on his knees to undo the cougar’s belt buckle. He slowly unzipped the fly with his wide eyes looking up at the cougar, his muzzle only inches away from the feline’s throbbing bulge. He dipped his fingers into Julian’s tight-fitting briefs and cupped the prize in his palms. The weighty orbs danced in his fingers as he rubbed the rest of his hand against the growing length.

Julian grunted quietly with satisfaction as he stepped the rest of the way out of his pants. He lowered the band of his briefs just enough to let his manhood slip out from its constraints. The squirrel admired it in his hand and stroked along the shaft before being pulled upright by his partner. Their lips pressed into a passionate kiss as their arousals slapped against one another. While their tongues intertwined, they thrust and ground their hips together, slathering their fur with slippery pre drooling from their cocks. Sorrel was grateful for the kiss, not only because it made his heart race but also because it kept his soft moans and heavy breathing muffled by the cougar's muzzle.

Out of the corner of his eye, he saw Julian's paw twirling in the air above his head. He knew exactly what his cougar expected of him and after a bit of fumbling around to turn his back towards the feline, his fluffy brush of a tail was pressed against Julian's chest. Only a few moments had passed before he felt the cougar slip away from his body, and only a couple more before he felt the warm and wet feline tongue press against his rear, broad muzzle nestled underneath his tail.

The raspy yet soft tongue tickled his backside, dragging along the tight entrance before pushing its way inside. The chubby squirrel bit back a moan as the tongue swirled around inside him. His little toes splayed out, and his prick drooled pre onto the floor as his boyfriend toyed with his pleasure point. His large tail thwapped against Julian's head and mussed the tuft of fur as the cougar heartily ate him out, slickening him up with hot saliva. Julian was readying the sheath for his sword, and within the span of a few minutes, Sorrel felt like it'd be a perfect fit.

He was almost completely lost in the pleasurable sensations of his partner's talented tongue when he heard the male stranger's voice just on the other side of the door. "You think I left it in the broom closet, maybe?"

Sorrel's tufted ears stood at attention as he looked behind him at Julian to quiet down. Sorrel thought he saw a grin curl on the feline muzzle, but it was difficult to tell with half of it buried between his cheeks. The cougar's mischievous intents made themselves clear when the cat slurped against his hole and wrapped a tight paw around his prick. The squirrel let out a surprised squeak, and he had to clench his jaw to keep it nearly inaudible. Julian's paw expertly swept from the base of the shaft to the tip, gathering as much slick pre as he could with his fingers and coating the length, earning him yet another slap against his face with the squirrel's tail, this time more deliberately.

Sorrel saw the door knob turning, and his hand immediately wrapped around the handle to hold it still. His knuckles ached as he ensured that it would not budge. Both fear of being caught and the relentless pleasure coursing through his body kept his grip firm and tight.

"Huh... must be locked. You wouldn't happen to have a key..."

The disembodied voice faded followed by footsteps, allowing Sorrel the opportunity to sigh with relief and enjoyment. "You idiot..." he whispered back to Julian.

Julian kept his paws on Sorrel's ass, spreading those cheeks wide. He licked his lips before responding. His voice was still quiet, but he was impressively intimidating with his low

growl. "Now now, is that any way to treat your employer. And here I thought you were doing so well! Your oral skills are impressive from what I've seen, and you do well under pressure. However, your language towards your superiors is very distressing. Not to worry though, I always believed actions speak louder than words."

Sorrel felt the cougar's chest press against his back as he stood up. Muscular arms wrapped around his chest. The cougar's mouth was mere inches from the squirrel's sharp ears, and the feline's deep breaths made them flicker with steamy breath.

The squirrel felt the thick head of his boyfriend's cock push up between his cheeks, aimed at his tight hole, dampening his ruddy fur with pre along the way. He let out a huff as it gradually pushed its way into his warm depths. His boyfriend's purring reverberated into his body.

Julian's hips bucked into the squirrel, making him shiver with delight as the girthy cock stretched his corridor. The cougar's sex filled him in all the right ways, not only because it prodded his prostate and fitted him perfectly, but also because it was Julian's. The same cougar he often fantasized about for hours on end every work day and left him feeling anxious to come back home was here with him now. It was as if this half hour in the broom closet was filling every temptation he'd had in his cubicle in the past three years. Every want for release he had felt at work for countless hours was finally being fulfilled. Each thrust from the cougar buried another inch inside him, and every slap of Julian's hips against his cheeks acted as a reminder that he was here with him now.

Sorrel wondered how far off Pepper and the stranger had to be to miss the sound of flesh pounding into flesh or the loud huffs he and Julian made as they struggled to hold back moans. He thought maybe the room felt so quiet because they were craning to hear what was happening inside the broom closet. The worry of leaving the broom closet only to see the awestruck face of the interloper staring back at them lasted only for a few seconds as the cougar started fucking him proper.

His erection slapped his tubby stomach as Julian railed into him, the cougar's breath beating hot against his neck as he held his rodent prey close. They both pumped their hips back and forth, Julian firmly into the small squirrel and Sorrel into the tight jerks of his boyfriend's paw. With each stroke, he tightened around the cougar's hard, throbbing shaft, making each thrust harder and more pleasurable. Julian's free paw made good use of its fingers by massaging his bare chest and toying with the nipple. Ropey tail intertwined with bushy tail as they lost all inhibition. Squirrel paws clenched on the thin wooden side of the door as a long moan rang out of his mouth. Sorrel's cock throbbed. Spunk dribbled from his cock head and onto the floor between his legs.

While Sorrel was the first to go, it didn't take Julian much longer. Several bucks of his hips, a lick of his boyfriend's neck, and a low growl later Sorrel felt a sudden warmth fill in from the inside out when the pulsing feline cock unloaded inside him. Sorrel rested his head on his boyfriend's chest, content to relish the closeness he felt right then. Meanwhile, Julian spent his time licking over his boyfriend's neck, smelling his fur, and teasing the spent and flaccid cock.

"I don't hear anyone out there, do you?" mumbled Sorrel over his shoulder.

Julian just shook his head nonchalantly before picking up their pile of clothes. "Haven't heard anything else from Pepper, but I can't imagine they'd be looking around an empty room all this time. Why don't we head to the bathroom and get each other cleaned up a bit?"

They opened the closet door and poked their heads out to find the room completely devoid of life. The wicks of the candles were all blown out and the pile of pillows remained undisturbed. After washing up a bit in the bathroom and putting their clothes back on, they finally made their way towards the door.

Pepper was waiting for them just outside in the parking lot, her cheery demeanor unfettered by the boys' inability to follow all her codewords. "So, what'd you think of the office? How was the interview?"

Julian exaggerated a yawn and shrugged his shoulders. "I would say it was enlightening, although I can't make a firm decision yet," he said before delivering a quick slap to his squirrel's rear. "I think we'll need a callback interview before long."

Sorrel nudged his boyfriend playfully. "Hey, I thought the interview went well! I think the real problem here was the location. I just wasn't feeling it, you know?" he paused before looking over to Julian. "I think we can do better. Do you think you could have us check out another one, Pepper? Sooner rather than later."

Pepper grinned the same way she always did, mischievously. "I can set ya up with another walkthrough in less than a week."