

Barnaby walked down the vacant, dimly-lit corridors of the estate on the look-out for something to entertain his meandering thoughts. The maids, cooks, valets, and groundskeepers had long since gone to their families for the holidays, while the ferret butler had volunteered to keep his master, Warren, company. Oddly enough, the ferret had seen little of the hare when usually it was difficult not to miss him. Perhaps the employee appreciation dinner had finally worn the brash young lagomorph out.

It was strange being in a quiet mansion again, and the half-light of the setting sun reflecting off the multicolored christmas decorations didn't make things any less eery for the mustelid. He could recall a time when he had the whole mansion to himself, overseeing the house while his former master's will was carried out. There was a point in his life where he longed to feel that peaceful solitude away from the shenanigans his master and coworkers roped him into. However, that wasn't today.

He felt a devastating loneliness as he peered from one room into the other, not only because he seemed to be the only creature awake within three miles but also because he was the lone employee who didn't receive a gift, trinket, or award for his work at the mansion. Not once during the holiday celebrations had he felt appreciated or cared for, and now with no one else to watch over his master, no family would be able to give the validation he needed.

A shiver ran up and down Barnaby's spine, and he realized just how cold the room had gotten. Was it out of loneliness? Was he crazy? Or had the room suddenly taken a dive in temperature. The ferret scampered over to the thermostat to see that the heat of the house had been set to a chill 50 degrees Fahrenheit. Just as he outstretched his paw to turn the dial, he heard Warren's smooth baritone call to him from down the hall. "Don't you dare touch that dial, Barnes!" he commanded.

Barnaby followed the voice into the living room where Warren sat on a blanket laid out across the hardwood floor by the fireplace. The hare's white and gold fur seemed to glow a rich orangish-red with the light of the flames dancing around his silhouette. He was dressed to match his personality, much like the ferret was dressed in a stiff and formal suit. While his master looked showered and groomed, he wore the clothes that he'd gone to bed in: a white undershirt and a pair of pajama bottoms with a snowman's head over the crotch. The snowman's carrot-nose was cleverly placed just over the hare's package.

Warren sat facing his butler while leaning on one hand. The other beckoned the ferret to join him. "I've got a fire right here. No need to waste electricity when it's just the two of us."

The ferret crossed his arms as he scampered over to the blanket. Even as the warmth of the fireplace soothed his muscles, the mustelid couldn't help but fuss.

"You sure chose an interesting time to be frugal, sir. I thought the holidays were meant to be a time of generous giving."

Warren replied with a smug grin, "I guess I'm being generous to the environment today. Never fear, Barno, I've still got plenty of generosity to go around."

Barnaby took his seat closest to the fire with Warren's powerful legs stretched out behind him. He rubbed his hands together before sticking them out to feel the pleasant heat beat against his palms in silence. It was strange how he was seeking company for so long, and now that he'd found it, he didn't feel like talking. Perhaps he enjoyed being close to another body more than he loathed idle conversation. He made a sing-song hum of delight to the beat of the crackling logs before Warren interrupted his makeshift tune.

"You're quieter than usual, Barnaby. I mean, sure, it's usually me who riles you up, but you usually have at least something to complain about."

Barnaby kept his eyes focused on the flames. Not yet. He still needed more time to take in the comfort of the fireplace.

"Is there something bothering, you? You know you can talk to me about any chip on your shoulder. Do you miss your family? Do you just want to sleep in your own bed..."

A silence followed, which Barnaby clung desperately to with fists clenched into balls. He didn't want to answer any questions right now. He didn't join the hare by the fireplace to be interrogated.

"Did anything feel... off about the appreciation dinner?"

That's the question that made the ferret snap. His face curdled into a scowl and he glared straight at the hare. "I didn't get anything from you!" he squeaked, "Not a present, not a cheer, not even a sideways 'Hey, Barnaby! Good job this year!' I've worked my tail off for your uncle, this house, and now the embarrassment that currently resides over it. Not one of your competitors respects you. Why, half the people who work for you don't respect you. You're an immature, ungracious, and pompous idiot! Normally, I'd apologize for speaking out of turn, sir, but after the disgrace that was the employee appreciation dinner, I don't have an apology left in me."

The butler's rant was more high pitched than it was loud, undercutting his message considerably and causing the hare's grin to grow. "Really?" he asked, feigning incredulity, "Is that all?"

Barnaby nodded with a heaving sigh. Having let out so much emotion all at once left him feeling winded and a little dizzy.

"Perfect!" said the hare as he sat up straight with his legs spread wide. "I haven't forgotten your gift, Barnaby Kane."

Barnaby's ears perked up and his eyes darted around the room in search of a large box wrapped in paper with a large bow. One with his name scrawled messily across a gift tag and hidden by the shadows cast by the fireplace. His eyes and white teeth glinted in the firelight while his fluffy tail thwacked against the hardwood floor. He searched and he searched, but no matter how hard he squinted, there was no box with his name on it - not even a small one.

The butler's excitement soured into confusion, and then again to frustration as he couldn't find his present. All the while, Warren sat beside him with a big grin and a single finger pointing to the carrot of his pajamas. Barnaby turned to face the hare and demand his present then and there, but he stopped with a squeak. His eyes met with the hare's, trailed down past the goofy smile, the broad chest, the well-defined abs, and right to the carrot between his master's legs.

If he'd been in a better mood, he would have chortled and maybe even laughed. Instead, he pouted with his arms over his chest. "Is that your idea of a present? A bad joke about your clothes? Really, sir, for once I thought you were going to prove me wrong and show that'd you'd grown past this amateur level of comedy."

"It's not a joke, Barney." said the hare in a gruff voice. "And it's not just my idea of a present. We've seen time and time again that you love this. You can't stand me, and that's just fine, but you *love* this. If I had given you anything else - chocolate, jewelry, even the keys to this mansion, you still wouldn't have been as satisfied. More than anything else in the world, you want me to give my approval. So tonight, you're going to do everything I say. Let's start with something simple: Suck my carrot!"

A lump caught in the ferret's throat, and he didn't know what to say. He could have easily shook his head no and refused the arrangement. He could have proven the hare wrong right then and there, but he didn't. Goddamn it, why didn't he? He swallowed the lump in his throat and flattened his ears to his head in submission as he bent forward. Every inch closer to the taunting snowman's smiling face, the thought of pulling away dimmed in his mind. Warren's scent was reminiscent of mulling spices: nutmeg, cinnamon, and allspice swirling around his natural masculine scent. He could see the outline of the hare's cock through the pajama pants, the shaft at half-mast and resting against his left leg. It throbbed intermittently as the butler's pink nose neared the soft fabric. He gently placed his short pointy muzzle against his master's crotch and took a big whiff of his scent.

"There we go! That's the Barnes I know. Now go on and play with it." cheered the hare

The ferret nudged the cock with his nose to the center of his master's pants. He felt it pulse, harden, and relax against the pajamas, while his master elicited drawn out sighs. Barnaby's warm breath beat against Warren's crotch as the ferret extended his tongue. He licked up and down the length of the carrot, which concealed the hare's erect staff underneath.

The taste of the fabric wasn't all that savory, but it was the treat under the wrapper that kept his muzzle buried between the hare's legs.

Through the corner of his eyes, Barnaby could see Warren leaning back, first onto his elbows and then finally laying flat on his back. The butler struggled to keep his snout on the shaft. It slid around in the pajamas easily with the pre drooling from its tip lubricating the hare's fur. However, that didn't deter the mustelid in worshipping this pillar of masculinity. He lost himself in his actions, unwittingly placing his dainty paws on the hare's thighs to steady himself as he kissed, licked, and nuzzled. It wasn't until he felt the pajamas bunching up around his nose and paws that he noticed the hare was removing the pesky clothing.

"There ya' go, ya' little cockfiend. Put your stubby muzzle where it belongs."

The ferret didn't waste any time. He put his lips to the hare's cock and let his tongue glide up the length. The cock was smooth and warm to the touch, and as he lapped around the shaft, he found that he enjoyed the savory taste. He opened his mouth to accept the hare's shaft as if it were manna from heaven, wide-eyed and with a pleased curve to his muzzle. He let it sink into his open maw and glide against his tongue, before his lips wrapped tightly around the girth. It filled his muzzle, forcing him to keep his jaw spread wide as he struggled to take more of the throbbing masculinity. A warm comfort washed over the mustelid as he lovingly sucked on the cock. He felt almost at home with his pink nose yearning to bury itself in his master's crotch.

He looked up at Warren, whose head was craned back with a broad smile donned on his face. The lagomorph's long white ears were nearly as erect as his cock. Hell, they were almost as erect as the butler's prick, which was starting to get uncomfortable in his tailored slacks. Watching the muscular hare huff and groan around his slurping tongue was insanely hot to him. The way his chest heaved, his hips bucked, and the cock throbbed against his tongue reminded Barnaby why he still worked at this mansion. While Warren himself could be insufferable, he had a great cock and the hare knew exactly how to use it. Tears traced down his mask when he strained to take more of his master's virility into his snout. He lovingly swept his tongue along the head of the shaft to lap up the pre drooling from its tip. His head bobbed up and down the length in a steady rhythm and tilted from side to side. In short time, every inch of the shaft was coated in his slick, warm saliva. The ferret's spit made the cock shine in the firelight with a warm glow whenever the ferret let it escape from his lips. Just as he was finally finding his rhythm, just as the damp circle of pre in his pants became noticeable, and just as his pink nose was about to make contact with the hare's crotchfur, Barnaby found himself shoved off the hare and onto his back.

"Alright, I think that's good enough," said Warren as he pounced upon the servant. His erect, wet shaft bouncing up and down over the ferret.

Barnaby barely had time to react before the hare's paws were on his slacks, tugging them down from his hips without bothering with the belt or fly. If it weren't for how hard the ferret

was, he might have worried about the state of his clothes. But seeing as his cock was already threatening to pop the button from his fly, he felt more relieved than anything when the clothes tore from his body and were tossed across the room. He basked half-naked in the warmth of the fire for all but a few seconds before he was grabbed roughly by his shoulder and flipped onto his belly.

Warren hoisted the ferret's rear into the air, positioning him on his knees with his head on the ground. The hair traced the heart shaped marking outlining his servant's derriere with a finger, sending shivers down the ferret's spine. Barnaby felt something warm drip onto his cheeks and gather in the valley of his rear where it was then spread around his pink entrance. From what Barnaby could remember, the hare never pulled out a bottle of lube and he quickly realized the hare had spit on him. The finger spreading the slick film slowly pushed at his puckering hole before finding purchase into his warm depths. Pain seared around his entrance as the finger wriggled around to coat the passage with makeshift lube.

"Figured I oughta do something to make things easier for ya," Warren said off-handedly. "I mean, I know from personal experience how much of tight ass you can be."

Barnaby groaned from more than just the cheap joke. The hare's finger had managed to wiggle it's way to his prostate where it milked pre from his dangling cock.

"There's a good little cock warmer," the hare grunted under his breath.

The finger withdrew from the ferret, and with the pleasurable massaging now gone, his ass felt all the more sore. He felt something slap down between his cheeks - something warm, throbbing, and coated in a slippery fluid. The ferret's eyes went wide with fear as he realized his master was going to take him like this. Warren teased his butler using his cock. He trailed the tip from the base of the ferret's tail down to the little ferret hole. It dribbled pre along the way, warming and then rapidly cooling the fur that it marked. Barnaby felt conflicted. He'd never gone without real lubricant before, and he knew he'd be hobbling around in pain for days to come. And yet... he was also an impatient little bastard.

Warren kept his cock hard by sandwiching the ferret's cheeks around his shaft and thrusting his hips slowly. He bellowed down to the ferret. "You want this cock in you just as much as I do, don't ya'? Sucking my cock wasn't enough and you need proof that I enjoy fucking you. Is that right?"

The question was rhetorical of course. Barnaby and Warren both knew the answer by the time Warren had asked it. The ferret had made his decision back when he felt the hare's cock tip brush against his asshole, leaving hot precum in its wake. He wanted to feel his master growling with pleasure over his shoulder, feel that cock pulse inside him, and have that milky white gratitude fill him up.

But even still, his ego wouldn't allow him to answer the question directly. "Do what you want with me, sir. I'm your dutiful serva- AGHH!"

Warren didn't reprimand the ferret for side-stepping his query. He had much better ways to punish his man servant for not being honest. He'd aimed his erection down at the pink asterisk and pushed his way inside with a harsh thrust, letting the inertia of the tight walls clinging to his throbbing shaft slow his descent by the halfway mark. Barnaby made a strained moan as he clenched around the throbbing rod. Oddly enough, the aching pain he felt made the pleasure of being stretched wide that much more noticeable. The shameful realization that he liked being fucked raw quickly made itself known to him. It was equal parts pain and pleasure while it also carried a certain carnality that the ferret desired. A poor little butler, stripped of his clothes, his status, and used like the prissy little cock sleeve that he is connected all sorts of sexual wires in his brain. He was pinned down into submission by a much stronger and more brutal male, and the only way to pacify this beast was to offer his fuck hole as a peace offering.

The hare's thrusts were deep but slow, gradually stretching the ferret out while also pounding hard into his prostate. The pain didn't bother him much now. It was barely noticeable compared to the pounding of his heart and the hare's cock inside his ass. Warren kept the entrance slick with his seemingly endless supply of pre. Those long and drawn out thrusts soon turned into eager humps which made the ferret's cock slap against his stomach. Barnaby reached underneath him to grab his cock and selfishly bring himself to a climax, but he found his hand trapped underneath the hare's while Warren chided him.

"Na-ah-ah..." whispered his master leaning over the servant's back. "You're not going to cum tonight unless it's because of me. Is that clear?"

Warren's authority made Barnaby's fur bristle on his neck. Both of his hands were planted to the ground, unable to move, thanks to the hare's strong muscles. It had been approximately fifteen minutes since the ferret had ranted against his employer. He'd said he lacked the respect of his peers, told him he lacked maturity and authority, and yet now he's here with his nose to the floor after sucking the hare's cock. His climax was at the mercy of his master's every thrust. His head burned with guilt - or was it just the arousal clouding his thought processes? The only pride left in the ferret's body was that of the hare pumping into him and knowing that every throb it made, every drop of pre spilled from its tip was due to his tail hole enveloping tightly around it.

The hare's breath beat against the ferret's back as the butler's cheeks were made flush with his master's hips. The ferret's cock was trembling with intense arousal underneath him and his thick fluffy tail flickered wildly around his master's torso. He could tell that he was getting close now. Only a few more bucks against his little pleasure button would do it. It made him shiver with delight, his cock feeling like it was about to burst. Suddenly, the hare's teeth clamped down on his shoulder with one last heavy thrust making the ferret's knees go airborne for a brief moment. A warmth flooded the ferret as the hare's hot cream filled him inside. He felt

the thick member pull away from him before slapping down just underneath his tail. Sticky rabbit spunk shot into the air and landed on his butt cheeks, tail, and back, marking him with his master's "tail lifter" seal of approval.

Barnaby cooed as the hare finished unloading. He could feel his own climax arriving at any second now. He waited with his teeth on his bottom lip for the overwhelming pleasure. However, that moment didn't come to pass. Instead, Warren simply wiped his spent cock on the butler's rear before standing up to fetch his pajamas.

"W-wait. That's not it, is it?" asked the ferret, desperately.

The hare shrugged without so much as a sideways glance. "What? You got your Christmas present! I came in your ass and everything."

Warren pulled the pajamas up to his waist and was about to walk off when he turned with a snap of his fingers. "Oh, right! Thank you, Barnaby. You have an excellent ass and it's always a pleasure banging you. There. Now you got your Christmas present. Have a happy New Year!"

The ferret sat up and called out to the hare. "Wait, wait! Did you mean what you said earlier?"

"Did I mean what?" asked the hare while crossing his arms annoyedly.

The ferret avoided his master's humiliating gaze. He felt guilty enough keeping the hare from going about his day, but that didn't compare to the embarrassing question nagging at his brain. He pointed down to his manhood: still erect, unspent, and coated in a film of pre.

"Ohhhh, about not jerking yourself off!" the hare said with a slight chuckle. "Yeah, I was completely serious about that. If your paw comes within an inch of that cock, you're fired."

Barnaby's jaw dropped with utter disappointment. To his chagrin, his little prick jolted with another wave arousal. Without a paw to aid it or another cock to fuck his ass, it was only there to ache and make him wiggle around.

The hare put his hand on the door as if that was the end of their conversation, but he halted to hold it open. "Well come on now!"

Barnaby lifted himself onto his knees, spunk soaked tail curled tightly to the rest of his body while his throbbing pink cock stood out proudly against his cream furred stomach. He looked absolutely confused by what the hare wanted from him now.

“Get over here, Barnaby!” repeated Warren, while beckoning the ferret over with a flick of his palm. “I can’t trust a ferret not to jerk off when I’m not around. I gotta keep an eye on you - for the sake of my word of course.”

Barnaby hurried over, his little footpaws tapping against the hardwood floor and his dick slapping against his thighs, while little dooks escaped his muzzle. As the hare ushered his servant into the hallway and shut the door behind them, he added. “Besides, who would want to eat Christmas dinner alone?”