

Sunlight cast the shadows of furniture across the room. Their umbrageous forms growing and sliding across the room almost imperceptibly as late evening approached. However, the ferret laying down on a stone table could see the time passing. He was incredibly bored and impressively still. So much so that he could have been mistaken for a highly detailed sculpture if it weren't for the occasional twitch of his whiskers and fur.

He would've made for an odd statue at that. A slim ferret wearing only a tuxedo top tied down with a lead and collar wouldn't be appropriate for most public affairs. His lack of modesty below the belt guaranteed that much. Still, for certain crowds he was a sight to behold, and for the luckier few he was one to be held. The umber brown fur covering most of his body darkened into chestnut near his extremities, while his face, stomach, and rear sported a light cream.

How long had he been laying there motionless? He guessed around two or three hours at the least, though his internal clock wasn't very reliable. The shadow of the bookshelf finally shielded him from the sun's piercing glare, something the ferret's eyes were incredibly grateful for. However, his eyes weren't the only parts of him demanding relief.

His muscles ached for having been still for so long, even with most of his weight resting on the table, his knees trembled every so often. His fur prickled whenever he heard footsteps outside the door. The ferret half expected his guest to turn the knob, swing open the door, and be greeted by this surprise gift.

He wondered how the guest would react. While he knew who he was serving tonight, he didn't spend enough time with them to have a firm grasp of their personality. It was ironic considering what got him here in the first place.

It was the grand reopening of the Silva Estate as a vineyard, and to celebrate, its owner was hosting an event to fit his unique palette. With this first annual event, one could stay in any of the dozen rooms in the mansion, taste the variety of reds, whites, and blends housed in the cellars, while also sampling the variety of company offered by the friendly staff.

Only half a day ago, the ferret was fully dressed and scurrying through the halls ensuring that everything ran according to plan. The first half dozen guests would be arriving at any moment and their experience would no doubt determine the success of this new business venture. The ferret had just finished instructing the baker where the cake should be set when

the frenzied hushed whispers behind the spiral staircase banister caught his attention.

"Whoever gets... will..."

"Yeah, she looks... like..."

With hands clasped behind his back, the mustelid strolled around the staircase to the back to see two courtesans, a fox and an otter making commentary as the guests made their appearance.

"Am I interrupting anything?" the ferret asked quietly into the vixen's ear.

The fox nearly leapt into the air with surprise as she turned on her heel to face the weasel. "As a matter of fact, Barnaby, you have. I was just having a private conversation with Lydia, here before you decided to poke your nose in."

The vixen's voice was so calm and composed, Lydia didn't seem to register the ferret's sudden intrusion. She continued to gawk at the various people who they'd be spending the night with.

The ferret gave a patronizing bow. "So sorry for my faux pas, Carol, but you wouldn't happen to have anything of more importance to do, would you?" He spat out his apology with stinging sarcasm.

Carol returned the favor with a forced smile and exaggerated curtsy. "Oh, Barnaby! I've already done what you've asked of me, and I'm merely taking an opportunity to familiarize myself with any prospective--"

"Oh that one's a Barnaby for sure!" The otter shouted.

Carol's muzzle soured into a frustrated snarl as she shot a sideways glare at Lydia.

The otter still didn't notice the state of the room behind her, her eyes were fixed on the menagerie stepping over the threshold as if they were a parade put on just for her. She continued to express her every thought. "I mean just look at him! Couldn't you see ol' Barns babbling on about boring shit he thinks is impressive to him? Poor guy is going to lose his ears by tomorrow morning."

Barnaby should have been upset by the sudden exclamation, but anger never stood a chance with his curiosity. "Wait, which one?" he said before sliding down next to the otter.

Lydia seemed completely unphased by the ferret's sudden appearance. "That bear! Over there!" She exclaimed while pointing dramatically towards the foyer.

She was right. She had discerned his preferences down to a tee. The grizzly had shoulders so broad the ferret could easily

sprawl his body over them. The ferret knew an ursine adonis when he saw one, and this sculpted statue of a man stood on the opposite side of the room. Underneath the short sleeve button-up shirt and the coral red shorts was a rich chocolate pelt the ferret longed to feel brush against his and strong bulging muscles rippling with power. He carried a gentle smile and a proud, charismatic gate as he socialized amicably with the other guests. There was a certain youthfulness in the way he chatted and responded to their idle conversations.

"Pft!" The ferret sputtered with over-compensated mirth. "Pha-ha-ha! They're not my type in the slightest!"

"Why? What's wrong with him?" asked a confused Lydia. "He looks fine to me!"

"Oh, Lydia! There's more to a man than appearances and it takes a very special kind of person to woo me so quickly."

Carol leaned against the railing of the stairs and commented wryly. "That still doesn't explain why he isn't your type, Barns."

Barnaby's nose bunched up into a scowl and he turned slowly to face the vixen while concocting an excuse. "He doesn't look like we'd get along very well. His clothes are... Well... they're his style and NOT mine. And I mean, look at him! That goofy grin

plastered on his face! I don't think he'd know what to do with me."

The ferret's eyes went wide as he realized his voice carried easily in the massive foyer. He forgot to monitor his volume as he listed off his reasonings. He popped his head over the stairwell quickly only to see a dozen eyes staring back at him quizzically.

"Shit," the ferret muttered under his breath. He took a seat next to Lydia again, though the otter was now peering at the guests and waving cheerfully as if to wordlessly assuage their concern.

Carol stood to the side, just barely out of the growing crowd's sight. "You do think he's attractive though, right? You think he'd be nice to spend some time together?"

The ferret dismissed Carol with a shaking of his head. "Oh, no! I'm not like the rest of you!"

Any remaining traces of civility Carol held towards the ferret fell from her face. Though the smile remained, it was one of quiet disdain and judgement. "Oh... I see," she said flatly.

Barnaby was about to continue digging the coffin-shaped pit he'd made for himself before their boss, Warren, interrupted in a hushed whisper. "Hey everyone," he said through gritted teeth

forced into a smile. "Would you all mind joining me in the other room? The room that isn't here? The room where all the guests aren't?"

The trio promptly followed after the hare in silence while he dabbed a handkerchief up and down his neck profusely. Warren led them into the tea room, shut the door behind them, and paced rapidly in a circle around them. For the first few moments, the hare wasn't speaking intelligibly, just whispering nervously to himself as he stepped between the sofas and reclining chairs.

"Is something wrong, sir?" Carol interjected.

"What? What makes you think that?" Warren exclaimed with his arms and ears both pointing to the ceiling.

"Well, considering you're a hare and you don't sweat, I'm assuming you were using your handkerchief for dramatic purposes only." She deduced.

Warren threw his handkerchief at Carol tiredly, fluttering to the floor halfway between the hare's palm and where the vixen was standing. The hare made an exasperated sigh before regaining his composure.

"Yes, something is wrong. Dougie was - quote - taste-testing the wines in the cellar and writing down the notes, undertones, after-tastes of every wine we have to offer.

He was supposed to get to work on that weeks ago, but didn't get started until today. Just look at this garbage."

Warren pulled out a notepad from his inside coat pocket and displayed it in front of Lydia, who was more than happy to read out loud.

"LaFayette Pinot Noir - 1873 - Earthy with a slight tanginess and raspberry undertones. Goodesburg Cabernet Sauvignon - 1995 - Jammy with... tannins? Wooliks Red Blend - 2015 - My favorite. It's wine!"

The tea room broke out into a cacophony of "Oh my God!"s, "What an idiot!"s, and sardonic "Oh perfect!"s until Warren caught their attention with a single upraised finger.

"Listen up! Because of Dougie, we're now short one companion for the night. Barney, I know you're supposed to be serving drinks tonight, but this client is looking for a male, he's just your type, and you meet most of his requests."

"Most?!" the ferret exclaimed. "In what way do I fail to meet his-"

"One of his requests was 'prefers being obedient'," Warren cut in.

Lydia jabbed Barnaby on the shoulder with her elbow and commented snidely. "Oof. That's rough."

The ferret shrugged off the otter indifferently. "And who would this client be?"

Warren flipped through the notes he kept on his guests. "His name is Jasper Fulton. He's a vice president for a local architecture company, mid-30s, prefers semi-sweet reds, he's six foot three, brown bear, and his kinks include light bon-"

"I'll do it." the ferret interjected sharply.

Carol and Lydia both leaned forward to look at the ferret with surprise. Carol seemed particularly intrigued. "Really, Barnaby? A quick list is all it took for you?"

The ferret fidgeted with his bow tie but hid his embarrassment by pointing his muzzle into the air. "Uh... if Warren needs me to, I'm more than happy to accommodate this 'Mr. Fulton' character."

Carol's eyes lit up with a mischievous gaiety. "I just think it's odd considering there was only one brown bear in the foyer, and if I recall correctly, you said-"

"I think, Mr. Fulton will be a simple enough client for my first night, Carol. I can handle it." said the mustelid flatly.

Warren glanced back and forth between the conversing pair with his long ears swiveling around the bases with confusion. He clapped his paws together to gather his servants' attention.

"With all of that out of the way, Carol would you mind helping Barnaby with setting up Mr. Fulton's room? Dougie fell asleep about three hours ago, and he never got around to getting everything prepped."

Carol stepped forward to take the notes for Mr. Fulton from the hare's paws. She held them close to her chest as she read them silently. Her playful grin grew to a malicious sneer as she chuckled lightly to herself.

Lydia's curiosity got the better of her as she peered over the fox's shoulder, only for the vixen to hand them over to the otter voluntarily.

Barnaby could see the otter's eyes scanning the page from left to right ardently. He watched her studiously as her eyes widened with surprise, and most worrying of all, the otter's cheeks went crimson with blush. "What does it say?" the ferret exclaimed.

Lydia had to clear her throat in order to respond. "Oh- Hm- It's just- Someone's in for a fun night."

"I know for a fact I'll enjoy." said the fox with a raised brow. "Warren, I'll get to work immediately on Mr. Fulton's accommodations. It would be my *pleasure* to help guide Barnaby on his first night."

Barnaby's whiskers drooped along with his spirit as he followed after the vixen into whatever plot she had prepared for him. Her tail swung back and forth excitedly as they traipsed quickly down the hallway, while the ferrets swatted to and fro nervously. Once they finally stepped outside of the hare's earshot, he tapped lightly on the vulpine's shoulder. "While I'm happy to see you taking more initiative when we're down an employee, Carol, I think I can handle myself for the rest of the night. You don't suppose I can take those notes off your paws while you attend to your own assigned guest."

Carol turned on her heel with a polite but patronizing smile before staring down the butler. "That's just it, Barny, I don't have a guest to attend to tonight. I volunteered to be a part of the waiting staff later this evening."

She crossed her arms over her chest proudly, tucking the notes away where the ferret couldn't see them. "Now, I could give you the notes and let you prepare the room on your own, but lets put everything into consideration first."

Carol stuck out a paw halfway, keeping the notes stuck between her elbow and torso, before counting out the facts with her fingers. "One: your job is currently behind schedule because the intended employee is snoozing away in the cellar. Two:

you've never done this job before. Three: you have no idea how these notes play into prepping the room or your body. And lastly, four: if you screw this up, we might lose a client permanently, our reputation will dwindle, and it might cost us valuable customers in the future. Are you sure you want to do this on your own?"

Barnaby's whiskers twitched and his foot paws tapped on the floor irritably as he deliberated over the fox's words. She held all the power in her paws, and should he turn her down, he could blow his chance at impressing Warren. At the same time, he had every reason distrust that smug grin on her face.

'Oh, fuck me!' the ferret thought to himself with a roll of his eyes. His internal dramatizations, while silent, were still illustrated by his expressive face. 'You think you can screw me over like this, Carol? Well you underestimate a ferret's skepticism.'

"Fine, Carol. We'll go through the notes together, step-by-step, no going ahead of me, alright?" the ferret said aloud.

Carol grabbed Barnaby by his suit sleeve while simultaneously swinging the nearest door open and pulling the ferret inside. "Perfect, Barny. This room is for you!"

The butler pried himself free from the vixen's claws before checking out what he had to work with. If he had to describe it in one word, he'd say "studious". In the center of the room was a small coffee table with a love seat on one side and an ornate reading chair on the other. Next to the reading chair was a bookshelf almost as tall as the ferret, stacked from shelf to shelf with massive tomes. Light flooded the center of the room, showering it's glorious rays onto the side of the bookshelf and coffee table.

To the left of the doorway the floor was raised a half-step for the main bedroom. A king sized bed with four luxurious pillows, a duvet flowing over the sides, and a light blanket folded neatly at the end foot of it hid from the sunlight at the left wall. It would fit the ferret and bear comfortably without question, and the butler was half tempted to hop into it immediately.

His train of thought grinded to a halt as Carol flitted through the papers while she walked around the room. She traipsed from furnishing to furnishing, looking through her notes, and then nodding to herself. The ferret wondered how much of her routine was embellishment as opposed to actual work.

"Hm... it looks like Dougie managed to get most of the work done prior to his sojourn to the wine cellar. We'll only need to make a couple of adjustments." Carol turned on her heel to face Barnaby before handing out her instructions. "I'll need to step out and fetch a couple things. In the meantime, you can get dressed for tonight."

"A suit and tie isn't enough for our guest then? What is he in the mood for: white lace or au naturale?" The ferret chuckled wryly.

Carol made her way to the door and opened it halfway before peering over her shoulder. "Actually, the suit and tie is all you're going to need, Barnaby. You can remove the rest."

With a single movement and not another word to the ferret, she hopped out the door and shut it behind her. Her footsteps could be heard padding away from the door, leaving the mustelid to his own devices.

Barnaby was confused by the vixen's instructions. His current uniform sans the pants and boxers was standard casual attire for lowly foot servants. It wasn't unusual for the less prestigious servants of an estate to go about pantsless if they weren't expecting guests. Why would anyone request a boring old

casual uniform? When the ferret said the bear looked simple, he hadn't meant it. Perhaps he gave him too much credit.

He untied his belt and pulled the black slacks down to the floor before tugging the belt free from the loops. He folded them both neatly and set them down on the coffee table. As he shimmied out of his boxer-briefs he let his half-nude body bask in the warm sunlight. At the very least, he could thank the bear for letting him dress down.

Not a moment later, Carol swung the door back open causing the ferret to jump with surprise. His paws shot down to cover his indecency as he let out a nervous yelp.

Carol seemed tired by the ferret's antics and rolled her eyes as she held the door open. "Oh, come on. You've seen me naked literally hundreds of times before and you used to be a valet yourself. You can't tell me a few years of wearing pants regularly has made you shy."

Outside of the mustelid's line of sight, she dragged something heavy behind her. Barnaby stood on tiptoes to see what the fox brought in, while still attempting to cover himself. "While I've seen your birthday suit, Carol, you weren't around to see mine."

Carol hauled the heavy object through the door and dragged it over to the right. It was a small, stone table - or was it a short pedestal? It's design was minimalist and sturdy, though the stone had a gorgeous slate grey hue. She set it down a few feet to the right of the door with a sigh. "Oh, I see. You think your privates are valuable assets on a need to see basis. Sorry to say, Barny, but I'm going to need those paws behind your back."

The ferret's cheeks blushed red as the vixen strode over to him with long red straps dangling from her paws. "What for exactly?" he whimpered quietly.

Carol giggled under her breath at the sight of the ferret's more submissive side. "Oh, I just want to make sure the bondage gear fits and the knots will hold you. It's nothing too uncomfortable, just some rope for your wrists, a leash, and collar."

Barnaby didn't buy any of the vixen's words and backed away defensively. "You really think I'm going to let you tie me up?"

Carol directed a disbelieving glare at the mustelid. "And tie you to what? Even if I do leave what's to stop you from walking down that hall and getting someone to untie you? Your

friend isn't fucking you until tonight, so those legs still work fine."

Barnaby hesitantly raised his paws away from his crotch before clasping them behind his back. He watched as the vixen slipped behind him and tied the collar comfortably around his neck. It was a perfect fit and surprisingly comfortable even as the vixen got on her knees to bind his wrists.

"Alright, now try to tug yourself free," crooned the vixen.

Barnaby gave the bindings a few yanks and found that he was held fast by the bindings. The ropes were surprisingly soft yet absurdly strong, forcing him into a fixed position without hurting his wrists. However, the more he tried to pull himself free, the more tired his arms got. "Oof! These might be a bit too tight. I can't make them budge."

"Here, let me untie them and try something a bit more comfortable." The vixen's paws scratched at the ropes, but her claws couldn't find purchase with them. She harmlessly grazed them over and over with no sign of his bonds loosening.

"I can't quite get them off at this angle," she whined before pointing towards the stone table. "Maybe you could lean over that, and then I can untie you while standing up."

Barnaby huffed impatiently as he shuffled over to the table, leaned onto the table on his stomach. He felt Carol weigh down on him, but she wasn't working on untying his wrists. Instead, he heard the click of the leash around his collar with the other end clicking around a ring underneath the table. The ferret's eyes grew wide with the sudden realization that he'd been played by the clever vixen. As he tried to rise from the table, he found that he could only lift his head and chest off of the surface.

"Carol!" the ferret growled rebukingly. He wiggled about uselessly on the table before quickly tiring himself out. Once he caught his breath, he was back to reprimanding his coworker. "While you might have pulled one over on me, Carol. It's time that you untie me this instance." he said in an icy cool tone.

"I could untie you, Barnaby," the vixen chimed as she swayed from side to side with self-satisfaction. "It'd be unwise though. This really was part of Jasper's request. I wanted to see if I could fool you into following it."

She dangled the notes in front of Barnaby's nose, where he read them to himself in defeat. 'Light bondage, exposed and ready to serve, excellent conversationalist, prefers playing an obedient role in the bedroom.'

He cursed under his breath as he relinquished his struggling. "Well then, what am I supposed to do in the meantime?"

The vixen had already moved away from the ferret and taken a seat at the coffee table just within his peripheral vision. "Oh, don't worry. I'll let him know that you're ready when he is as soon as I complete the finishing touches."

She took her time at the coffee table. It could have been anywhere from five to fifteen minutes now that the ferret's watch wasn't available to him. When she finally came back, she held a piece of grey and gold stationary with a message scrawled across the front in gold ink.

She placed it at the very corner of the table where the ferret wouldn't be able to read it. It taunted him with its presence, he knew it was there but knew not what it said. Even after she booped his nose playfully and stepped out the door her handwriting would keep him company and annoy him to no end.

Time moved imperceptibly to the ferret, and as he began to nod off out of sheer boredom, he awoke to the sound of the doorknob turning. His tail straightened to attention and his ears stood up like satellite dishes to confirm the presence of his guest. The light from the hallway blinded him for half a

second only for the long ursine shadow to loom over him. It was him.

He looked every bit as sturdy as he did in the foyer regardless of all the wine he'd had throughout the evening. He strode into the room without noticing the ferret or bothering with the light. The door was still open, and he'd only walked a couple of feet in before he was undoing the buttons of his shirt and freeing his heaving pecs from their linen fabric constraints.

His body was as muscled and gorgeous as the ferret imagined. His arms were like pythons which the mustelid longed to feel wrapped around his svelte frame. The bear's stomach was smooth with the traces of hard abs rippling just underneath the surface. By the time he noticed the ferret, he had freed his belt from its clasp and started unzipping the fly. The smile on his face was genuine and sweet, as if happy to make the ferret's cheeks so red.

The coral shorts fell to the floor, leaving the bear in a pair of turquoise trunks which could hardly contain the excitement growing between his legs. Barnaby's gaze drifted aimlessly over the picturesque bear and to his embarrassment, he

felt the cool dampness of his saliva pooling onto the stone slab and wetting his fur.

"So, you're my companion for the night, huh?" Mr. Fulton wasn't loud when he spoke, but he had a syrupy bass timbre that made the ferret's ears feel like they were vibrating.

Barnaby craned his head upwards to maintain eye contact with the bear stepping towards him, but all too soon the ferret could only get a glimpse at the bear's tongue licking his chops with glee. The ferret had a much better view of his chest and stomach coated in a rich mocha pelt. If it weren't for the ferret's bindings, he'd have already pressed his lips to the bear's body and made his way down the stomach, while paws pried at the tight undergarments.

The pantsless butler caught a blur of motion in his peripheral vision before seeing the stationary held up in the bear's massive paw. Mr. Fulton gave a genuine hearty laugh as he read over the message Carol left behind. "A genuine Silva Estate cock sleeve, huh? I'd think a fella like yourself'd have more uses than that."

'Cocksleeve?' the ferret thought to himself. 'Is that what Carol had to say about me? If she thinks she can call me whatever she wants just because I'm tied up for one night, then

she's going to regret tomorr-' The ferret's inner monologue was cut short at the sight of the bear's paw scratching at his package. The clear outline of a thick, long shaft snaking down Mr. Fulton's inner thigh made the ferret's whiskers prick up and his heart pound in his chest. Blood welled up in all the right places for the ferret, causing his head to grow dizzy with desire and stir his sex with arousal.

Barnaby's staring must have garnered extra attention from the bear as that smooth and low voice called down to the hunched over mustelid. "You might be good for other uses too, but it looks to me like you only got one in mind tonight..."

The bear's fingers wrapped around the waistline of his underwear and pulled them down just enough to let his virile tool pop free. The pink shaft bobbed and throbbed with its new found freedom. The weight of its girth kept the shaft aimed downward even at full mast. It's rich cherry-colored tip was already slick with pre and drooling onto the floor.

The ferret's eyes lit up with excitement and his muzzle impulsively opened to receive that throbbing, savory present. However, instead of a thick cock filling his muzzle, his eyes were treated to the bear's handsome backside striding naked towards the bed. Barnaby giggled at Mr. Fulton's little stub of

a tail flickering back and forth excitedly as the bear bent over to ruffle through the bedside cabinet. It comforted the butler to know that his partner was just as eager as he was.

Once the bear stood up, Barnaby assumed the position: legs straight, tail raised high, and rear end swaying seductively to and fro. He could feel the bear's powerful presence looming behind him. While the bear wasn't making contact with the ferret, the body heat radiating off of one beat against the other. His ears flickered with every sound they picked up - a fidget here, a shuffling there. The mustelid thought the suspense might kill him before they ever got around to fucking.

Finally, he felt the pressure of the bear's palms on his cheeks. They kneaded the soft mounds and spread the heart shaped marking to unveil the tight pink entrance in the center. "There we go," cooed that sultry voice. "Show me what I get to work with tonight."

Barnaby shuffled his hindquarters, letting the cream-furred heart on his rump dance for the bear. He was surprised to feel the pressure on his pert cheeks lift and the bear pull away. In the short time where he was deprived of the bear's touch he whined and whimpered to feel it once again. His wordless,

pitiful begging earned him a firm swat to his rear followed by a finger smothered in lube to penetrate him.

Pain and pleasure swirled around his body as that finger wiggled deeper. It stretched him wide until it could find the button to make him squirm with further abandon. The bear added a second, followed shortly by a third to prepare the ferret for the rough night ahead.

As those fingers prodded at his prostate and swiveled from left to right, Barnaby felt the bear's breath beating against his ear. "I was surprised to see you here, Barnaby." he whispered in a low growl. "Especially after what you said in the foyer earlier today."

The grizzly's voice held no malice, but the ferret's ears flattened to his head with shame all the same. His whiskers drooped, and he hesitantly cocked his head to look back at the bear leaning over him. He never intended for his defensive lies to be heard by their subject. Had the ferret been alone with the bear back then he would have worshipped the handsome stud on his knees if the bear asked him to.

Barnaby tried to speak up to explain himself or at the very least apologize, but he found his tongue was useless. Whenever he opened his short pointy muzzle, all that came out were

squeaks and whimpers coaxed along by the bear's fingers. He felt like a puppet in the hands of an ventriloquist. All it took was a couple well placed fingers on his prostate to force the puppet to make the most embarrassing, lewd moans.

"We don't have to do anything tonight if you're not interested. We can stop right here, open another bottle of wine, talk about the problems in our lives, and discuss the intricacies of 1930s Art Deco. Tell me, Barnaby. Who's taking the reins tonight?"

Barnaby clenched around the bear's fingers as they ground to a halt, buried knuckle deep inside him. He huffed to gather his breath and thoughts after having endured the bear's expert use of his fingers. "Mr. Fulton--"

"Jasper is fine, Barnaby. Our business here is strictly for pleasure."

"R-right. Jasper, I..." Barnaby had trouble sculpting the words. They were words no proper gentleman would say in conjunction with one another, especially not in front of a guest. As a butler anywhere else, he'd never dream of saying what he was thinking right now. However, as a valet for Silva Estate tonight, as a gay ferret bent over and half-naked, as a sexually frustrated young man whose cock was threatening to

erupt, he had to speak his mind. "I want you to fuck me, Jasper."

The bear's fingers turned to the right, forcing the ferret's ring to conform to the new shape. Jasper's voice cut above the mustelid's sighs. "Tell me why you want to fuck with me, Barnaby?"

Why? The ferret never really thought about why. He simply wanted it. Did he need a good reason, or was the fact that two men sharing a room and the need to share their bodies enough? "Oh..." the ferret gasped. He realized now the real asshole wasn't Carol, or Lydia, or even the hole under his tail getting spread open by three ursine fingers. He was the asshole looking down his muzzle at two young girls wanting to safely express their sexualities with others.

"I want you to fuck me because I enjoy getting fucked by strapping men like yourself. You've got a thick dripping cock, and I have the perfect place to fill with it." The ferret smirked over his shoulder and flicked his tail back and forth to earn another playful slap on the ass.

Jasper slid his fingers out of the ferret. "Sounds like you've got a talented tongue on ya. Let's see how talented that ass of yours is in comparison."

Barnaby felt the thick head of the bear's shaft press underneath his tail. Pressure mounted until it slid effortlessly inside him. The bear's thick girth throbbed with excitement inside him, and it's warmth made his body tingle with contentment.

Jasper's thrusts started slow, moving a few inches inwards before pulling a couple back. The bear's paws cupped the ferret's hips for added balance as their bodies rocked back and forth. "I heard you were a tight ass before I saw you here like this," the bear said. "I don't think this was what they meant, but they're not wrong."

Barnaby was too enthralled with the bear's cock to comment. He only uttered sharp gasps and sighs as he was gradually stretched open. Although he hadn't yet taken the bear completely, he could feel those weighty balls slapping against his taint with each forward buck of those powerful hips. The ferret's entire body shivered and he wiggled his torso out of overwhelming pleasure as he felt the bear's tool tap against his prostate.

Jasper must have seen the bliss on the ferret's face as the bear picked up his pace. He leaned down to whisper into the

ferret's red tinted ears. "You think this feels good now, just wait until I really start hammering into ya'."

In one fell swoop, he slapped the ferret's ass, making the nerves underneath his pelt sting with excitement. The momentary pain contorted into a pleasure sprouting deep within his body, relentless waves that crashed onto one another in a seemingly never ending cycle. He felt like a toy for his client, a soft fuzzy tube to be humped, slapped, and eventually filled. In that regard, he was happy to be played with and flattered to be the bear's favorite.

His quivering tail began to falter from its upright position, only to be caught by the bear's paw and stretched upright. "Keep this out of the way, Barnaby. I like watching you clench around me."

"Yes... sir..." he muttered between shallow breaths. The ferret's insides were tightening rapidly around the throbbing shaft, prepping his own body for an inevitable release. While this made Jasper's casual thrusting more difficult, he compensated by shoving himself inside with more force.

Barnaby was caught in a feedback loop, the harder the thrusts, the harder his cock dangling between his legs, the tighter his ass around that shaft, the harder the thrusts. The

bear was able to find every button to draw the weasel closer to climax. It was like he was made for lifting his tail and taking this cock.

The ferret let out a series of excited dooks as he ground his ass into the bear's crotch fur, eager to stimulate his prostate with Jasper's pounding shaft. The warm pre drooling from its tip, aided him along until he climaxed with a squeak elicited through clenched teeth. He could feel his cock throbbing beneath him as well as the warm splatters of his ejaculate bouncing off the stone table.

Not too long after, he felt the bear's shaft throbbing with growing intensity deep inside his ass. The bear leaned into him with a grunt before shooting his load as deep into the ferret as he could get. The hot wet sensation of bear seed gushing into him spread quickly.

Jasper pulled himself out part way through orgasm to let his still hard shaft shoot ropes of cum onto the mustelid's backside. The creampie left at the base of the butler's tail drooled out of the stretched pink hole while his cheeks were drizzled in the hot spunky glaze.

Both men took a minute to catch their breaths. Each huffed loudly as they recuperated from a passionate fuck. Jasper was

the first to regain his composure. "What do you think, Barnaby? I'm thinking of pulling an all nighter."

The ferret's head rest on the table as he looked back at the bear. His once perfectly combed hair was a wavy brunette mess sprawled out on the table. The back of his suit was stained with the bear's juices. His legs wavered weakly beneath him. He huffed a few more times before responding. "I think you deserve to have seconds after all that work you put in... maybe thirds."

The bear flashed a dirty grin at the ferret before aiming his still erect mast towards the ferret's entrance. They had a long, hard night of work ahead.

The sun snuck its face into the room unnoticed. Even with its rays shining into the ferret's face, he was too tired to care. His heavy eyelids protected him from its radiant presence. Jasper had stepped into the adjacent bathroom a few hours ago to shower and wash himself up. The fact that he wasn't back already told the resting ferret that breakfast must have begun and the cleaning crews would be here any minute now.

Like clockwork, he heard the knob turn and the door creak open. The butler opened his eyes gradually only to be greeted by not one, but two familiar faces. The easiest to recognize was

the otter's face only a couple inches away from his own, beaming a toothy grin.

"Holy shit!" she half-whispered to herself before kneeling down out of the ferret's view. "Holy. Shit! Looks like he figured out what to do with you after all, Barny. Like... a dozen times!"

Carol stood over by the doorway staring directly at the annoyed ferret's face and trying desperately not to giggle at his embarrassment. Once she figured the ferret had suffered enough for one night, she stepped forward to free him from his bonds.

"Congratulations, Barny. You got through your first night with glowing reviews."

"With a man like that it wasn't difficult. He seemed like a very - experienced - man." Barnaby promptly stood up once his neck was freed from the leash. Then rubbed his wrists with relief once they were released from the ropes. "Carol, I believe someone owes someone else an apology."

Lydia stopped scrubbing the stone table with her sponge and looked up at the fox and ferret anxiously. "Crap! What did I unknowingly do yesterday?"

Barnaby thwapped her on the head with the tip of his tail playfully. "It's not you!" he exclaimed before focusing his attention on Carol. "And it's not you, either. I was presumptuous, pompous, a prick, amongst a whole slew of other p-words towards you last night. I projected my own insecurities and shame onto the two of you without considering that your body is yours. I had a big stick up my ass, and I suppose it took a bear to get it out. I want to apologize to both you and Lydia for the way I behaved."

Carol crossed her arms and smirked at the ferret. "Well, shit. I was going to parade your cum soaked ass in front of everyone, but I suppose we should get you showered and dressed before making you some breakfast."

Barnaby nodded his head gratefully. "A shower and breakfast sounds wonderful about now."

Carol began to lead Barnaby away before stopping him with a paw on his pink little nose. "Let's get one thing clear. Next time you make a snide comment about me, I'm not going to reward you with hot gay sex."

Barnaby smiled broadly at the fox before making a grandiose bow in front of her. "Why, Carol. I expect you're too creative to use the same trick twice."

Carol stood in front of the ferret, tapping her toe impatiently and waiting for him to stand upright. However, the poor ferret had yet to stretch after being bent over for hours on end. "Carol..." he gasped under his breath. "Carol, help. My back- its- cramp!"

Barnaby watched the world spin around him as his legs were swept up into the fox's arms and he was carried off to a warm shower.