

Barnaby Kane gazed around the room from his position at the top of the ladder with a sigh of contentment. The evergreen garnishes that line the border of the walls and banister, as fake as they were, added a certain warmth to the otherwise dull white walls. The ferret butler carefully made his way down the stepladder before accidentally backing into the white rabbit behind him. "Ahh!" cried the ferret in a surprised tone, "H-how long have you been standing there?"

"Long enough to see how much work you put into house decorations that only two people in the world are ever going to see," Warren replied casually before turning to stroll down the hall with a mug of hot chocolate in one hand.

"Please understand, sir, that it just doesn't feel like the holidays without the right decor," said the ferret as he hurried down the corridor after his master. "What's wrong with a Christmas tree and a few lights?"

"What's wrong is that you aren't just putting up a Christmas tree and lights. You turned the whole fucking house into a Christmas tree and lights!" he replied jokingly. Honestly, Warren didn't mind the decor in the slightest. He just loved to see the ferret get frustrated. There was something about the way his whiskers twitched, the manner in which his eyebrows furrowed, and how his muzzle contorted that brought a smile to the rabbit's face. It was one of the reasons that Barnaby still worked at the mansion; the other being that he came with the inheritance. For a servant, the ferret was awfully uppity towards his master. Perhaps this was due to Warren's middle class upbringing or maybe it was his brash nature. Either way, he imagined that Barnaby was much more relaxed when under the employment of his great uncle, who was a far more genteel and quiet soul, but he still wondered now and then how Barnaby came into the profession in the first place. Regardless, the ferret's circumstances acted as a source of amusement for the rabbit and more than made up for the inconvenience of Barnaby's little protests. Besides, in the end, the mustelid always followed through, going above and beyond what was originally called for. Warren suspected that deep down, Barnaby strove for the rabbit's respect even if the ferret didn't necessarily reciprocate that feeling.

Barnaby waved a paw dismissively, having caught the smirk growing on the rabbit's muzzle. "Oh, hush. It's not like there's an inflatable Santa in the dining hall. Just some trimming around the rooms and festive lights. They'll be down before the new year, I promise."

"You put up all this junk, but not the inflatable Santa? The hell is wrong with you, Barns?" he said with a playful ruffling of the ferret's wavy hair.

The butler's smile grew strained and his left whiskers ticked at a regular pace, signalling to Warren that he was starting to dig into the ferret's nerves. "I apologize, sir. Would you like the inflatable Santa set up as the centerpiece of the dining room table or would you prefer it off to the side."

Trying desperately to keep his voice devoid of irony or sarcasm, Warren replied, "Off to the side, Barns. I have another plan for the centerpiece." A dry chuckle escaped his lips, just quiet enough to fly under the ferret's radar. Oh, he had plans for the centerpiece alright. Big plans indeed.

Barnaby didn't recall Mr. Silva owning an inflatable Santa, but having checked the attic's Christmas decorations he managed to find one. It was a tacky piece of equipment: a red coat clad polar bear waving his electronic hand in the air and uttering "Ho, Ho, Ho!" to every passer-by. Either Warren brought the lawn ornament in with him or Mr. Silva went through a tacky phase prior to Barnaby's employment. Either way, the ferret set it up off to the side of the dining room table just to spite the rabbit. The motor fan whirled for a generous 15 minutes before the four foot tall decoration fully sprang to life. Just as Barnaby bended over to turn off the motor, a knock at the door rang through the empty halls of the estate. "Whoever could that be?" thought the ferret to himself. Before he could stand upright to investigate, Warren's chipper voice answered, "I got it, Barns. You stay right where you are!"

A strange order for the ferret, indeed. He wasn't supposed to answer the door? Was Warren even expecting company? If the rabbit was the one who had to receive this surprise guest, it was most certainly a part of some scheme he had cooked up. Whatever the rabbit's plans were, the butler can already feel a knot tying in his stomach. He waited patiently next to the waving inflatable bear with his hands fidgeting behind his back. He could only hear brief low rumbles between the two at the door and he dared not peek his head around the corner to interrupt. To him at this moment, it was better not to be seen at all than to reveal that the butler wasn't fulfilling all of his duties. Suddenly, complete silence overtook the mansion halls and the front door closed with a slow creak. The tension on the ferret's nerves was almost unbearable and he almost felt compelled to dash into the front room to see if everything was alright. This all proved unnecessary as a sizable male elk strolled into the dining room only to lean himself against the entryway wall. His red shorts with white trimming hugged his muscular thighs and a candy cane striped neck tie was tied tight around his collar. Otherwise, the cervine's wardrobe consisted of little else that the ferret could see other than a couple

bells dangling from his antlers. Even from where the ferret stood, the elk dwarfed Barnaby. He loomed over the ferret like a gargantuan hunk of meat, though it was Barnaby who felt like the one being preyed upon judging by the wide smile on the guest's face.

"Uh, Warren? Sir? Wh-who is this?" asked the ferret timidly, his eyes darting up and down the surprise visitor's musculature.

Warren answered outside of Barnaby's line of sight. "Oh, uh. He's a present... from me to you... and also to me."

The cervine wiggled his hooved fingers in the butler's direction with a toothy grin, earning a sheepish giggle from the ferret.

"Does he sing?" he asked.

"Oh, I was hoping you'd be the one to do the singin'. Why don't you get up on that table, and he'll take care of the rest."

Barnaby could have quit right there, refused to be Warren's play thing, and avoided this humiliating "gift", but something about the large male standing before him placed him in this trance. Perhaps it was the chiseled, mained chest, the muscular arms that could easily wrap around the mustelid, or maybe still it was the bulging package tucked away between his legs. Whatever it was, it turned the slender butler into a putty that's formed by the rabbit's sing-song voice.

Ever so mindful of his surroundings, Barnaby removed his shoes and stood up on the dining room table, his face as red as a beat and his hands playing with his bow tie restlessly. He could now see Warren standing behind the cervine, a massive, sadistic grin on his face. It worried Barnaby and yet it sent his heart racing with excitement. He was unsure if this is the greatest or most terrifying present he has ever received, but he's sure as hell ready to get it over with.

"Barnaby, meet Santa's reindeer breaker, Bucker," announced Warren, just as the elk made his way onto the table from one of the wooden chairs, his hooves clacking against the furnished wood. "I guess you could consider him the tenth member of the sled team."

Bucker's voice rumbled just as he neared the ferret, sending a quiver down his spine, "That's 'Mother Bucker' to you, though." His hand brushed up against Barnaby's chest and rubbed the fabric of his shirt against his soft fur. It roamed over his shoulder to his backside while the intimidating figure peered around to inspect the ferret's body. "Mmph. Looks like we're all lucky men tonight!"

Barnaby couldn't even keep his tail from lashing about behind him while "Bucker" moved on to the next stage. He tugged at the ferret's bowtie until it fell free from his neck before moving on to his jacket and button down shirt. There was almost a predatory air to the elk's motions as he undressed the awe-struck mustelid. His eyes studied Barnaby's growingly naked form with intent and hunger. Meanwhile, the ferret was practically statuesque save for his wildly flailing tail and constantly roaming eyes which were drawn to the ever evolving landscape of the male's musculature in front of him. He was not sure whether to feel relieved or more anxious when he noticed the elk getting just as aroused as he was.

The elk tossed his clothes off to the side like rags, thankfully shielding the inflatable Santa's eyes. Barnaby didn't think he'd be able to take three pairs of eyes watching the dirty actions he was about to undoubtedly perform, especially if one set came from a figure of such innocence. Not only did he willingly let the cervine unbutton and unzip his slacks, he lifted his legs up one at a time to further the process along, showing off his slender form in all of its lithe beauty. Finally, his backside was turned towards the elk and a strong hoof wrapped around his chest, grabbing his shoulder. He felt the warm, peppermint scented breath beat against the nape of his neck while the sound of shifting fabric echoed in his ears. A "click" rang through the air, something the ferret guessed was the bottle of lube being popped open, and a cold wet sensation dragged over his tender and tight ring followed shortly, slowly and gradually pressing inward to his warm depths. He stifled a groan and arched his back inward, desperate to feel what must be the elk's finger to penetrate him deeper. The elk grunted admiringly before applying more pressure under the ferret's tail. Barnaby couldn't see his master, but he knew exactly where the rabbit's gaze lied. It studied his every movement, every reaction he made, undoubtedly to tease him about his disposition later. He simultaneously feared and anticipated the rabbit's mocking tone come tomorrow evening, and yet he didn't care. What he really wanted was just a couple inches behind him: thick, throbbing, and warm. He couldn't deny himself the privilege any longer. As the elk's digit pressed its way through, wiggling about to stretch his passage, an airy groan escaped his quivering lips. His tail flew upwards invitingly, begging the cervine escort for more. He could swear he heard the rabbit chuckling behind them. That's when he noticed it: the reflection in the mirror which broadcasted to him, the elk, and his master how much he loved this feeling of being dominated. He could see Warren sitting in a chair behind them, feet resting crosslegged on the table. He was completely naked, fingers wrapped tightly against his already hard, pink

shaft. For a brief moment, their eyes made contact, sending a wave of crushing shame into the ferret which in turn caused his cock to throb with desire.

The elk pulled his fingers away only to aim his member up to the butler's rear. "It'll be a tight fit," he remarked, "but that just means more fun for me, right?"

Barnaby took a deep breath and relaxed every muscle in his body, the anticipation for the initial push putting every nerve into overdrive. His pulse felt omnipresent, his body shaking at a steadily increasing rhythm like a slow clap before the grand finale. He flinched at the first sign of warmth between his cheeks. "Excitable guy, isn't he!" said Bucker. Barnaby didn't think his face could get any redder. He was wrong.

For being such a large male, Bucker was fairly gentle with Barnaby. At least, he was to begin with. He didn't rush into the ferret, but descended gradually into him while his large hands caressed the ferret's chest fur. The shared warmth of their furry bodies relaxed the mustelid just that much more to the point where the gargantuan cock knocking at his back door almost felt normal sized. There was a little bit of give before he finally wrapped himself around the wide girth, but from there it was an easy glide in for the elk. "Damn flexible, too," he heard behind him. Now his face was the reddest it could be!

At about halfway deep into the butler, Bucker began to thrust in and out of him, his thrusts inwards exceeding those going out. It sent Barnaby into a grunting, bouncing frenzy, making his dick shake and throb helplessly between his legs. He could already feel the elk's girth prying him open, pulsing against his prostate as it slid its way into him. Often times, he found his feet leaving the table if only for a second, allowing gravity to take some of the work for the cervine. The ferret was completely helpless as to how much pleasure he felt and that was just the way he liked it.

It's not until he felt the elk's crotch fur against the fur on his cheeks that he realized just how deep the other male was. He ground his rear against him, clenched around the throbbing length, felt it press against his prostate, eliciting a string of silvery pre from his cock tip. His mind had completely forgotten about the pair of eyes watching behind them, feeding the rabbit plenty of material to stroke his manhood to. Instead, Barnaby focused on the pleasure coursing through his body and giving all of it back to the elk standing behind him. He looked over his shoulder at the intimidating male, nodding his head to signal his readiness. Bucker didn't visibly acknowledge the ferret, but his thrusts started up soon afterward. From what Barnaby could tell by the reflection in the mirror, the elk was enjoying himself. He started at an even, medium tempo, his warm flesh sliding halfway out of the ferret before plunging

itself back into his prostate. With each hilt, the ferret's cock twitched excitedly and dribbled another stream of clear, slippery pre onto the table top. It didn't take long before a sizable pool of it formed below them.

The elk's gargantuan hands began to roam over his form, tracing the lithe muscles underneath his coat of fur, which twitch and react to every motion from the elk. They glided down his torso and back, one grabbing at his tapering, fuzzy tail while the other brushed briefly against his erection. Barnaby felt compelled to follow suit by massaging a muscular thigh with one paw while the other gave him balance by wrapping itself around a massive antler. Bucker took this as a cue to let his instincts run wild, lifting the ferret into the air by the shoulders and pumping his hips rapidly into the ferret. The butler's fingers danced through the thick brown mane of the cervine, which acts as a pillow for his head and neck. Barnaby could barely keep his one hand on the elk's thigh, but the contact, however brief, was enough to feel the sheer energy in Bucker's piston like legs. The sound of fur covered balls slapping against fur covered taint echoed through the vacant halls and reverberated back to the ferret's ears just before he recognized the source of the embarrassingly loud moans he was making. His member ached longingly for release and it stood taut, completely upright and unwavering like a flag pole. The ferret couldn't bear to separate his hands from the elk to tend to his quivering need and the elk seemed too lost in his passionate thrusts to lend even a finger. Instead, Barnaby was forced to seek pleasure purely from the stretching of his tight ring and the near constant pounding against his prostate. He could sense the elk driving close to orgasm, the veins bulging against his inner walls and muscles tensing with each rapid thrust.

Finally, a low rumble rose in the elk's chest, sending vibrations into the ferret's relatively small body. This was quickly followed by a loud moan ringing in the ferret's ear and a feeling of warmth rushing over the small mustelid's body. Every part of him felt like it had been raised in temperature by a few degrees. It seeped through him to his very core and filled him with a most comforting sensation. A submissive, quiet whimper escaped his muzzle and carried for a few seconds in the steamy air. The stench of vigorous, hot sex finally reached his nose and it registered in his mind that he had been thoroughly and wonderfully fucked by this gorgeous specimen of a man. A mix of accomplishment and shame overtook him. Gently, Bucker placed him back on his feet and slowly pulled himself out of the used ferret. Barnaby could barely stand as his legs were shaking so much and he felt inclined to get on his knees for support. Rich, white fluid dripped from the stretched pink hole and dribbled down his taint, coating the fur in the bitter sweet, musky concoction. Just when Barnaby thought it was all

over, a loud slap reached his ears, making them go flat against his head before a sharp feeling of pain registered in his mind. "Alright, Warren. You're up," said the elk as he stepped down from the table, cock still dripping with the product of sex.

Barnaby noticed Warren standing up from his chair in the reflection of the mirror. His pink manhood was as erect as it was before albeit slick with pre. In the palm of his hand he held a twig of mistletoe wrapped in a crimson red ribbon. The rabbit's voice was strangely comforting to the ferret. It was calmer, more gentle, and smooth with a warmth that Barnaby wasn't always used to. "You're almost there, Barns, I can tell. We just need to give you a goodnight kiss." With the rabbit standing on the floor and the ferret kneeling on top of the table, Warren wrapped the red ribbon tight around the base of his tail. He kept a firm hold on it with one hand while pulling one cheek away with the other. "Traditions, traditions..." he whispered to himself before planting his lips directly on his servant's pucker. Barnaby arched his back and flexed his toes as the rabbit kissed and lapped over the orifice with his smooth tongue, gathering the elk's pure and creamy seed in his mouth. His tongue acted as a balm for the ferret's stretched hole, whilst simultaneously making it's way to his walnut shaped prostate. It wriggled and writhed inside of him, tickling the fleshy bulb while his hands worked the mustelid's package. He groped the pair of furry nuts with one hand and stroked gently around the shaft with his other, meanwhile he left his own dripping manhood relatively ignored though it needed no encouragement to remain erect.

He continued this until he could hear Barnaby's breath growing ragged, pulling out just before the ferret could reach that point of no return. He joined his servant up on the table and propped him back up into a standing position, towering over him in his snow white form, before pulling themselves in for a kiss. Barnaby could still taste the elk's spunk on Warren's tongue, the salty sweet concoction of saliva and cum slathered onto his tongue. Warren placed their members together in a tight grasp with one hand, stroking the two of them all at once. The ferret moaned into that kiss and allowed the rabbit's tongue full access to his mouth. It wrestled and played with his own while their two steel hard members throbbed against one another. The two of them slowly moved into a motion of thrusting into the rabbit's palm, veins pulsing in tandem with one another, until finally the pent up orgasms erupted forth onto their stomachs and chests. It all mixed together, coating their fur and clothing while marking them with each other's scents.

For a moment, the two just stood there holding one another on top of the table in their mess. The elk was already sliding his shorts back on and heading towards the door when

they finally began to stir again. "Merry fuckin' Christmas, lovebirds," He quipped before casually saluting Warren with two fingers.

Warren chuckled gently into Barnaby's ear. "So... how was it?"

Not willing to ruin whatever the hell this was, Barnaby asked in a hushed tone, "Out of all the gifts to give me, you send a male escort. Why?"

Warren shrugged his shoulders, "For being my servant, you're a huge pain in the ass. For company though, you're an enjoyable pain in the ass."

Even Barnaby had to admit that was a clever idea and a half smile grew across his muzzle. "Well, it was enjoyable... though I'm sure I'll feel the pain tomorrow."

"Alright. Get yourself cleaned up and head on to bed. I'll take care of this mess," said Warren, motioning to the table top with one hand.

The butler bowed meekly to his employer and hopped down from the table, a smile on his face and a wag in his upright tail. The mixture of cum and saliva still dripped down his inner thigh though the butler did little to hide that fact. It was as if, for the night, he had finally let go of all inhibitions and he was proud of what he truly enjoyed. Perhaps, that confidence was the true gift given to him that night. After all, there was no insult thrown at him about the slutty look on his face mid-fuck. There was no hidden camera to publicly shame him. Instead, Warren chose to give Barnaby exactly what he secretly longed for with only one string attached: that Warren watch how happy it made him. Before he could reach the stairs, though, Warren called out, "Oh, and Barnaby? Merry Christmas."

The ferret paused for a second before peeking his head into the dining room entryway with a smile, "Merry Christmas to you too... master."