

A cool breeze glided across the ferret's fur and shook him from his slumber. It was one last hurrah from winter before the spring pulled its icy grip off of the earth. The borders of the mansion were dotted with flowers in full bloom as the sun rose above the hillside. Golden sunrays flooded and bathed the verdant green grass in its naked beauty. The humble appearance of the half-naked ferret kneeling on the front lawn behind the rococo gates was the only object marring the picturesque landscape.

Barnaby awoke with the sun shining in his eyes, causing him to clench them shut and turn his head away in . He still felt drowsy after a long night of serving guests at the Spring Ball, which many of the wealthy local residents attended annually. This room was unfamiliar to him as he was greeted not by the usual floral wallpaper and white furniture that decorated his bedroom quarters, but by thick green carpet, bright blue walls, and... trees? It took the ferret a moment to orientate himself and realize that he wasn't indoors at all. It gradually dawned on him that he was on the front lawn outside the mansion doors down on his knees with his hands and feet tied to wooden stakes in the ground. His head still rang with the after effects of alcohol and it burned his eyes just to expose them to light. Fuzzy bits and pieces of the night before crashed into his brain. He tugged at his bonds with all of his might in every direction, but sure enough, he was trapped in this kneeling position. He surveyed his surroundings quickly before noticing that he was minus a couple important articles of clothing, namely his pants, underwear, socks, and shoes. "What- What is the meaning of this?" he cried aimlessly at the surrounding air.

"You could call it punishment, I guess," replied an all-too-familiar voice from behind him. The broad shouldered white rabbit stood only a few feet away from the butler just outside of his peripheral vision. He casually strolled around to the front of the ferret and glared menacingly downwards at the bound creature. "You were a naughty little guy last night, weren't you?"

Barnaby shivered under that predatory glare. He had a vague memory of what he did last night, as well as some insight as to why his master might be upset with him but the details were still hazy. Regardless, he decided it might be best to play dumb in the vain hope that he might get off easy. "I- I have no idea what you're talking about!"

Warren shook his head disappointedly, "Barney, Barney, Barney! You're telling me you don't remember downing those martinis, getting blackout drunk before the night was half over, losing your pants in the ballroom, and dancing on the dining room table in front of the fifty-some guests and their dates?"

As a matter of fact, Barnaby did remember those things, though it pained him to do so. “Even worse than that, you insulted Mrs. Quinn’s dress,” continued Warren.

“In my defense,” interrupted the ferret. “Did you see it? I mean, chartreuse and teal with that design...”

Warren shot the butler a glare that cut him off mid-sentence. The ferret could say what he wanted about the rabbit’s laziness, but Warren possessed an unnatural amount of authority and charisma. “Yeah, it was hideous, but you don’t say that shit out loud.”

“Now, normally,” said the rabbit, “I’d be proud of what you accomplished. Last night, you showed all of the qualities that a professional party-goer should have. The problem is, as the new owner of this mansion, I have a reputation to uphold when those upper-class types are around. That changes everything!” He emphasized those last three words with hand motions before going on, “For whatever reason, you were the one who decided to lose all decency last night, and now you’re going to have to pay the price.”

The ferret didn’t like where this was going, not one bit. He hung his head solemnly between his shoulders and pointed his gaze towards the grass, only occasionally glancing upwards to meet the rabbit’s solemn gaze. “This time, you were the one who humiliated me, and that just won’t work! So, as revenge, I intend to return the favor in a way I think you’ll grow to both love and hate. Bittersweet punishment is your favorite, right?” asked Warren as his muzzle curled into a devious grin.

The ferret shrugged his shoulders to the best of his abilities with the bonds limiting his movement. A punishment that he would both love and hate sounded like any other day working for Warren. Ever since the white rabbit inherited the mansion and all of its workers from his great uncle, the ferret had to put up with the new owner’s brash personality, crude antics, and harmless jabs concerning Barnaby’s posh nature. Yet, the butler also felt relieved to have been under Warren’s supervision. Under his new employer, he had been exposed to the most liberating sexual escapades, which pushed his erotic boundaries farther than ever before. In a way, Warren had been the ferret’s vehicle to living out his most private fantasies, never going past what the ferret would say no to. However, Barnaby almost never felt the need to say so. With each humiliating exercise, the ferret discovered more about who he was sexually, which only further informed Warren about what made him tick. Nevertheless, outside their lewd exchanges, the two of them have reached an agreement of sorts. In a way, they were almost friends and their interactions were more casual compared to Barnaby’s past masters.

Warren dipped out of Barnaby's sight, the sounds of hands rummaging through a cardboard box and shifting around its contents the only sign that the rabbit was still around. He popped back into view only moments later with a thick purple silicone dildo slapping against his open palm. "I bought this big guy a few days ago with you in mind. I was going to save it for a more... romantic evening, but I figured today deserved it as much as any other."

The ferret gulped out loud as he gazed in awe of the sizable toy, the way it wobbled with each slap against the rabbit's hand and the thick girth of it starting at the rounded tip. He tried to slurp up the saliva pooling in his mouth only for it to dribble down his tuxedo. The look in his eyes was a mixture of both terror and desire as equal parts of him feared the monster's width and longed to conquer its length. Warren started by nailing down a silver platter into the ground between the ferret's spread legs. He lifted up the ferret's tail with one hand before pouring cool lube liberally between those pert cheeks. He dug into that tight ring of Barnaby's eagerly, almost gleefully, as he spread it open with two thick fingers causing the ferret to squeal in response. His digits sank inside the butler's warm depths which contracted and wrapped around them. He thrustured them in and out, twisting from side to side to make sure that the pink pucker was uniformly relaxed before finally pulling out. "Damn, you're a tight thing for playing with it so much," quipped the rabbit much to the butler's chagrin. Barnaby used the time it took for Warren to apply the lubricant on the toy to catch his breath. Even then, in the back of his mind he knew what was coming and he awaited it anxiously.

Finally, he felt the broad tip of the toy press up against his rear, gradually pushing its way inside until finally his outer walls gave in. The ferret was thankful the mansion was located in a rural area or else he would fear waking the neighbors with his incessant pleased calls. Warren pressed the toy inward slowly, allowing Barnaby the time to grow accustomed to the thickness spreading his insides. However, the rabbit stopped short of pushing it in up to the base before licking the suction cup and attaching it to the silver platter. Now, the ferret was completely stuck. The ropes tying his wrists kept him from leaning one way or the other while those around his ankles prevented him from standing up. He tried to stand perfectly still, keeping himself from taking in any pleasure from the rubber toy, though that did nothing but remind him of how stretched he was. The only thing he could do was work his way up and down on that length or grind that tip into his prostate, which either forced his insides open or coaxed his member to full arousal.

Barnaby grunted angrily as he tried to maintain an upright position at the highest point of the toy. He wasn't going to let Warren have his may, turning the poor ferret into an aroused,

lust driven spectacle. "The roads are a little- ugh- a little empty for humiliating, sir," he said in an inadvertently proud voice.

"Aw, don't you worry your pretty little head!" replied the rabbit in a mischievous tone, "I took it upon myself to invite some friends over."

The ferret's cheeks darkened with deep red blush while his pink prick poked its way out of his sheath. He didn't know what was causing himself to become so aroused all of a sudden. Was it some secret desire to be caught at his most vulnerable, indulging in the basest of his needs? Regardless of why, his cock quickly filled to full mast throbbing heatedly between his legs.

However, his master was far from done with teasing the ferret. He returned in front of the butler with a sprinkler in one hand and a water hose in the other. He stuck the metal device deep into the ground before attaching the hose into the socket. Then with a measuring tape, Warren extends the metal tip until it was pressed against the butler's already drooling cock. The rabbit aimed the sprinkler head at an angle so that the stream of water was set to pound against the base of his aching shaft the moment it turns on.

Barnaby can already see the parts falling into place forming the tool of his erotic demise. It set his heart on fire, making the veins in his head and cock pulse achingly loud as he started to slip back down on the toy. Once again, he can feel himself getting stretched by the thick shaft, putting immense pressure on his sensitive prostate and coaxing translucent pre to trickle down his length. His head was absolutely filled to the brim with heat as he sank down on the fake cock, thoughts of fucking himself on the toy taking precedence over maintaining his dignity. Besides, he was already naked on the front lawn. How was a painfully erect cock and dildo sliding in and out of him going to make him any less decent?

He rose and fell on the dildo using his hamstrings while his tail swept back and forth. He quickly fell into a steady pace of gliding up and down the toy, clenching around it as he moved upwards to savor the thickness and grinding against the base when he went back down. Before long, a contented smile crept along his open muzzle and his tongue hung out of his mouth in order to pant. However, his happiness was cut short by a sharp soprano voice cutting through his rhythm of huffing and grunting.

"And who have we here?" it asked, forcing the ferret to open his eyes and spot a female squirrel dressed casually in a pair of slim fitted jeans, sandals, a frilly yellow top, and a widebrimmed sun hat with a bright red ribbon tied around it the ends of which blew freely in the wind. Barnaby couldn't quite see her hair, but judging by the way the hat fit neatly on her

head, it was held up in an ornate bun in the back. She was like the personification of summer itself, filled with days at the beach and nights drinking with close friends. Like Warren, she had a permanent smile on her face though it lacked his distinctive devilish qualities. She waved enthusiastically towards Warren who took his time to inch toward the gate. The ferret was personally stunned and his mouth hung open as the two seemed so casual about his apparent nakedness. Warren bowed cordially for the squirrel before opening the gate and ushering her into the courtyard, "Good morning, Cynthia," he said, "It is a pleasure to have you join us this today!" He motions over to Barnaby who is still fidgeting around the toy, "I don't believe you've met my butler, Barnaby. He's been a bad boy lately and so he's being punished."

Cynthia feigns surprise, "Oh, my! A butler being naughty! How do you manage?" She can't help but stifle a laugh at her own humor as she skips over to the butler. She stares down at him with a smile and although its far more gentle than Warren's, it has it's own effect on the butler. The way she looked at him was as if she had made the ferret her own private spectacle for her amusement. She studied his slender body deliberately, taking in every detail as it happened from the muscle contractions of his cock to the heavy breath leaving his muzzle. Finally she drags a finger up the shaft before flicking the tip with her thumb. "Well, he certainly is an excitable fella'!" she quips.

The ferret felt the need to defend himself, "It's not my fault I'm like this! You'd be the same way if you were in my position!" he exclaimed.

"You're not completely wrong," she responded, "Though I'd be minus the dripping dick. Still, I have to admit I'm a little jealous of you right now. It looks like it'd be fun!"

The ferret thought to himself, 'Figures that Warren's friends would be just as perverse as he is!' However, there was an admiration hidden deep inside the ferret's skull for that squirrel. She seemed so happy, so in peace with herself, and it didn't seem like anyone could change that. There was a brutal honesty to her voice when she made her admonish and the ferret believed it in full. If Warren offered, Barnaby believed that the squirrel would join him only a few feet away. Unlike the ferret, she knew exactly what she wanted and she didn't seem to care when or where she got it. She seemed so in charge of herself and her desires because of her lack of social red tape holding her back.

She joined the rabbit behind Barnaby's back, where they make quiet small talk just out of earshot. He couldn't pick up on the individual words but he could hear the amicable tone between them along with a hushed giggle interrupting their murmurs once and awhile. He

could only assume that he was the subject of their discussions with topics as diverse as, “Did you see his cock? I thought it might explode!”, “That dildo is huge and he’s taking it like a real champ! He must get a lot of practice, eh?”, and “How long do you think it’ll take him to lose it? At this rate, I’d guess 5... 10 minutes tops.” The ferret tried to drown out the noise and forget about the pair behind him, but his curiosity was too strong. He had to know what they were talking about, what they were saying about him, and the more he strained to hear the individual syllables the more it made his imagination run with possibilities. Finally, their conversation ended and the front door opened only to be shut moments later.

The ferret was left alone with his thoughts and the chirping of birds fluttering from one tree to the other. No human voices broke the silence and kept him from focusing on the dildo intruding his rear entrance. He could only guess that they were both staring at the window at him, continuing their conversation from earlier. Still, he at least had enough privacy that he could make some noise without embarrassing himself. As long as his muzzle was always pointed away from their viewpoint, no one would be the wiser. Even with the imaginary gaze of the two digging into the back of his skull, doing nothing but sit on the dildo proved to be a boring task indeed. Before long, he was back to bouncing up and down on the shaft. He groaned and moaned into the air, joining the orchestration and percussion provided by the birds and insects of the lawn.

Soon, a faint whirring reached his ears and he instantly recognized the source. His eyes dilated as the sprinkler shot to life and cold pulses of water shot against his cock. It splattered in all directions: into his fur, onto the grass, trickling down his sack. It mixed with the pre drooling down his cock and washed the shaft clean. Still, the sensation was strangely pleasurable with each successive wave exciting the nerves lining the underside of his shaft. It almost proved too much for the ferret who couldn’t keep his loud moans from escaping his muzzle. As he tried to dodge the torrent of water, he maneuvered himself around the plastic shaft beneath him, stretching him wider, grinding around it, and sliding up and down the thick length. It was warm by this point and it slips almost effortlessly in and out of him. His tail twitched erratically behind him as he landed repeatedly back down on the dildo while letting the endless stream of cool water massage the entire length of his own cock. He could feel the muscles around his cock tensing up, getting ready to spill its contents onto the lawn. He tried holding back, even going so far as to grit his teeth together in hopes of staving off the inevitable. With hands tied behind his back and no human interactions working with his dick, he shot thick ropes of cum across the lawn in an arc not unlike the sprinkler in front of him.

As his orgasm finally died down he hoped this would be the end of it, but that was far from the truth. With his cock only dripping the remnants of his last ejaculation, it still stood strong and rock hard in front of him continuing to be pleased by the deluge of water. It was all too overwhelming and it made the ferret shiver with glee. He couldn't find it in himself to stop throwing himself down on the toy either with the sprinkler keeping his member at attention. It felt like hours to him before another load was let loose from his cock. Not a minute sooner, the sprinkler lost its intensity and the ferret was able to let out a sigh of relief.

The door opened once more and the rabbit led the squirrel towards the gate. He looked over his shoulder at Barnaby commenting, "Don't worry, Barnaby. We'll be right back. We're just going out to eat, seeing a movie, and visiting the mall for a bit. We'll be over again in a little bit. I think you'll be able to handle yourself well enough since I set that sprinkler to go off only every so-or-so minutes." By this time the two of them were already entering Warren's car before he said one last thing, "Oh, and don't be bothered if more company stops by. I told the local ornithological society that this area was prime habitat for an endangered warbler. Do let them know where everything is at!" With that, the rabbit shut the car door and started the ignition, driving off into the distance over the hill.

The ferret remained on the thick toy, an achingly hard and red cock throbbing between his legs dripping wet. He hoped that he would be able to settle down before the sprinkler started anew. He took deep breaths and trained his mind on anything other than the dildo buried inside of him. He thought about such things as thick poles, hot sausages, and one-eyed snakes, none of which seemed to help his predicament. Just as he started to remember how badly he needed to get some coffee, the sprinkler whirled to life again.