

Good, he's watching TV. If I can just make it to the door I'm home free!

I just need to be quiet. Make sure my claws don't clack against the floor and... watch... where... I... ste-
CREAK!! The sound the floorboard squeaking filled the entire living room.

"Roger? Is that you?" A voice called out from the direction of the couch, loud and clear since the television had been muted.

Klaus lifted his head off of the arm rest where he was lying down on the sofa, watching some black and white movie, to spot the big polar bear frozen in his tracks.

"What are you doing?" the reindeer asked.

The bear quickly glanced at the door and then back at Klaus. "I was just, uh, going to check the front door. That's all."

The reindeer raised an eyebrow. "Right... and just where do you think you're going to go?" Klaus glanced out the windows in the living room and saw nothing but whiteness outside. "In case you haven't noticed, there's a blizzard outside."

"What if someone comes by the shop? I should be there just in case."

"No one is going to be out in this weather. Besides, look at what you are wearing," Klaus said glancing over the ursine again.

Roger looked over his attire, his typical black shorts and a baby blue apron this time. "What's wrong with what I'm wearing?"

"Hello! There is a *BLIZZARD* out there."

"I'm a polar bear," Roger grunted.

"Bah," the reindeer exclaimed as he got up to stand and face the polar bear. He put on a downcast look while rubbing the stub of his right antler (he was one of the few antler growers that he knew that liked to keep his antlers short. "Just a bunch of cumbersome dead weight," he always said).

"Here waz hoping we spend day together," Klaus said mournfully letting his Russian accent come through and laying it on thick.

Roger gulped when the buff reindeer stood up from the sofa. Like him, Klaus liked to wear nothing but shorts whenever acceptable, being arctic mammals, their thick fur kept them plenty warm even during the cold winters. Heck, they would sometime just go completely bare in the summer, so it wasn't uncommon for Roger to see his mate naked. However, when the muscled deer stood up in just a tight jockstrap, the pooch barely containing the large package of meat, the polar bear could already feel himself getting hard. It didn't help that the caribou was purposely flexing and speaking with his native accent, something he knew the reindeer knew what effect it had on him.

Klaus hid a sly smile when he saw a bulge in the front of the arctic bear's baby blue apron. He turned around to face the TV to show off his backside to his mate. The straps of the jock were taut and cut through his creamy brown fur, framing his sculpted ass. The reindeer went to place the remote on the coffee table, bending over more than necessary so that the polar bear could see his tush. He gave a couple of flicks of his tail tuft, his gluts flexing and becoming taut, before he slowly stood up straight again.

"I will go back to bed. Have fun at meat shop," said as he started walking slowly back towards their bedroom.

Roger watched as the reindeer strutted his stuff until the sight of those marvelous buns disappeared down the hall. His ears flicked when he heard the familiar sound of their bedroom door closing. The polar bear had been biting his lip the whole time Klaus was teasing him and the reindeer knew how to tease. Roger glanced down and saw a large, throbbing bulge under his apron. He could feel it to, pushing against the fabric of his shorts and wanted so bad to reach a paw down there and give his much needed bear cock some good strokes and squeeze his balls a couple of times. He looked at the landscape outside, blanketed by the heavy snowfall that was supposed to continue all day, then back to the hallway leading to their bedroom. He swiveled his ears in the direction of the reindeer, but didn't hear anything. The polar bear hated the idea of not being there for his customers, even if no one would show up today, he wanted to be at the shop just in case someone did stop by. The large ursine sighed as he looked towards the front door.

Klaus was lying on top of the bed with his back to the door. His eyes were closed and his breathing steady. The soft sounds of the door creaking caused his ears to flick, but otherwise, he didn't open an eye or move at all. A soft voice came from the direction of the door.

"I, uh... I forgot something in the room," the voice whispered as the door creaked again and then clicked closed.

"Oh, and what is it?" the reindeer asked, still not having moved.

The bed creaked and sank to one side as something heavy put its weight on the mattress. "I left all this deer meat in the bed it seems," the voice said, louder, rougher, as a large white bear paw reached over the deer to grope the bulge in the jockstrap.

Klaus grunted at being manhandled, but smiled all the same. As soon as he turned over to face his assailant, the large polar bear maneuvered on top of him, much to the bed's groaning complaint now that all the weight was in one spot. He received a big, wet, sloppy lick across his muzzle before that nimble bear tongue wiggled its way in for a proper kiss between lovers. The reindeer moaned in pleasure before wrapping his arms around his bear and pulled him close, as he returned the kiss.

They separated just long enough to speak before mashing their maws back together.

"Oh, and what of your shop and the customers?"

"Ummm," the polar bear rumbled, "I'm sure they will be alright without me for one day."

"Besides, there's a lot of meat here that needs my attention," Roger said as he thrust his hips right against Klaus'.

"Da," was all the reindeer could say before the arctic bear invaded his muzzle again.

Roger started rocking his hips, rubbing his hard dick against the washboard abs of his mate. He let out a rumble as he tongue wrestled with the reindeer who started bucking back in response. They were really getting into it, almost rutting while never breaking their kiss.

It was like being intoxicated for Klaus. *"Who needs snow when you have a warm fuzzy field of white fluff to frolic through,"* the reindeer idly thought as he ran his paws through the soft fur over the arctic bear's thick arms, that barrel chest with the hard buttons that he liked to push, over the great expanse of that muscle gut which he loved to drive his throbbing erection against, down the back to those lushes globes that he couldn't help but grab as much as he could in his paws, and of course a tug or two on that cute tail. His jockstrap was painfully tight over his huge cock, barely being contained in the stretched fabric. He knew Roger must be felling trapped in his shorts as well, so he reached down for another pawful of those soft, yet firm, cheeks, pulling the black shorts down along the way as his paws ventured further down.

Roger took the hint and, with one more thrust of his hips and tongue, broke the kiss as he got up just enough to wiggle out of his shorts. He tossed his pants to the side and reached around to undo his apron, but Klaus stopped him.

"Leave it on," the reindeer husked as he eyed the polar bear lustfully.

The polar bear smiled lewdly at Klaus' request and did as he was told. He saw the reindeer's paws reaching down for that tight jockstrap and quickly grabbed the paw before it could do anything.

"No, no. Since I can't play with the meat at the shop, I'm the only one who gets to handle it here."

Before that, though, Roger wanted to start with something else, and to tease the arctic deer just a bit longer. He raised the arm of the paw he grabbed and dove right into the musky armpit and gave it a good sniff. It smelled so delicious he couldn't help himself and soon his tongue was licking up and down deer's pit. He felt the reindeer squirm in delight under him, but he was able to keep Klaus pinned under this weight. It was a short trip from the armpit to the valley between the deer's impressive pecs. He licked up and down the crevice as if it were another part of the reindeer he liked to worship. Extra special attention was paid to the hard nubs on the slabs of meat. At the same time, the large polar bear made sure to squirm around on top of the grunting caribou who desperately pushed his trapped cock against the soft belly of the bear.

Roger had wet his appetite plenty enough and was ready for the main course. He lifted himself up off the deer, noticeable wet spots on his apron from where his and Klaus' dick ooze pre all over it. The polar bear positioned himself so that the throbbing package of the deer, wrapped in that pre soaked fabric,

was right in his maw's reach. Without warning, Roger jammed his cold nose right into the taint of the reindeer who arched his back at the sensation. The ursine loved seeing that reaction, the way Klaus's body tensed, the muscles bulging and flexing, the heavy breathing that followed. After a good wiff of that sexy musk, the arousal coming off of the husking deer almost palpable, the hungry bear got right to work and started licking all over the jock until it was soaking wet. The balls and sheath within were drenched in a mix of pre and bear saliva.

Klaus breathed out a huge sigh of relief when Roger finally freed his trapped member from the confines of the tiny fabric prison. The bear snaked his tongue under the edge of the cloth and then used his maw to pull back the jock so that the deer's dick and balls were visible. Pre erupted from the tip of the huge pillar and the ursine quickly licked it up, making sure not to waste any of the delicious juices. Roger turned his attention to the large fuzzy brown sack hanging below. He teased the deer's balls a little, flicking his tongue at the base, jostling the sack and balls around before engulfing the whole thing into his maw. The reindeer gasped and gripped the sheets when his sack was encompassed in a wet heat and fondled by an eager tongue.

Once he had his fill of deer balls, Roger set his sights for the impressive column of meat in front of his snout. More pre was dribbling down the glistening length and he lapped up the droplets, starting from the base and dragging his tongue up. When he reached the tip the ursine opened his jaw as wide as possible and swallowed all ten inches in one gulp. He got the same reach action as when he applied his cold, wet nose to the base of the deer's cock, though this one was much stronger and followed by a few bucks and several sexy *Da's* husked out between panting breaths. The ursine started bobbing his head as the thick cock pistoned in and out of his maw, his tongue slobbering all over the deer's length getting it nice and slick. A paw landed on his head trying to force him to stay down, he knew it was time to change things up or Klaus would unload a huge offering of reindeer milk into his gullet, not that he opposed the idea. He gave the pillar of meat one more hard suckle before getting up.

Klaus raised up off of the bed slightly to see why the immense pleasure had stopped and why his dick was left throbbing in the cold air when he was so close to that sweet, sweet relief. The bear simply smiled and lifted his large frame over the deer so that Klaus was pinned beneath the him. The ursine lifted the pre stained baby blue apron and let it settle over their hips, blocking Klaus's view. He didn't need to see anything as he soon felt the thick bear cock being slammed against his own pulsing erection. Roger rumbled in delight at finally getting some attention to his much needed dick. The bear's rumbles felt divine as the ursine started rubbing their drooling members together. Without the cloths or fabric between them, it felt so good that Klaus couldn't help but moan, and loud.

Roger used the opportunity, when the deer moaned out like a bitch, to dive right back into a rough kiss. The reindeer moaned again before being able to return the kiss with just as much lust. The polar bear started gyrating his hips, their cocks trapped between the hard packed muscles of the buff deer and the soft musclegut of the bear. The bear's saliva and all the pre soaked into their fur, everything was nice and slick making it easy for their hard erections to glide against one another.

Klaus gasped and arched his back on one particular pass when their cockheads rubbed against one another. The ursine caught his tongue while it was sticking out and started suckling on it. This was too much for Klaus and he felt his balls tighten and on the next thrust by the bear, stars exploded in his vision as his orgasm rocketed out of him spilling between their bodies, adding to the musky rut lube already there.

Roger felt his mate's body tense and heat radiate from between them. The scents of their frottage filled the air as he drove himself over the edge adding to the hot sensation that seemed to bind their bodies.

The large bear slumped on top of his lover, the deer groaning a bit at the extra weight, but nothing he wasn't used too. They laid there for a moment, panting and enjoying the post orgasmic bliss and the heat between their loins. Eventually, Roger rolled off to the side, undid his apron and used it to wipe off as much of the mess as he could from himself and Klaus before tossing the soiled cloth to the side.

Klaus was too tired to wash up and he was sure Roger was feeling the same way, so he just snuggled back up against his lover. He would not have faulted Roger for going to his shop, but Klaus was so happy Roger decided to stay; he loved being in the arms of his teddy bear.