

"Well then Mr. Rho-Lucky," The kangaroo stuttered for a moment, caught between a sigh and a smile. Leaning back in his chair, Mr. Morgans stretched out his tired back, his prominent belly pushing out his tucked in shirt for a moment. The old 'roo obviously not afraid to show the few pounds he had put on over the years. After a few cracks of his spine and a marked yawn to show he wanted the interview over just as much as the other, he leaned back forward, paws laced in front of him, and ready to continue where he left off, before the odd name derailed him.

"Yes, well, *Lucky* (Could he simply not believe that was the fox's name, or could he just not get enough of it?), I must say, that there are a lot of people gunning for this job, and you aren't the only qualified one in the bunch." Another yawn, but he did not lean back, instead allowing his yawn to transform into a smile that would put a shark to shame.

"But I think I like you, and want you to have this job. So, if there's one thing you could do for me, I think I've got it all ready for you."

There was something in the way he said that last sentence, something that caught Lucky's attention, the young vulpine's green tipped ear flicking for a moment.

"Yes sir, what is it? Anything at all, just ask," he said, his usually confident voice quivering with excitement and sparking paranoia.

"Well, I want you to get that fox butt over to this side of the desk, and take care of this." And on the word "this", Mr. Morgan's button fly almost seemed to pop open, the throbbing roo dick bouncing about for a moment, as if beckoning the fox over as well.

For a moment, time seemed to freeze for the shocked male, along with his expression of disbelief and curiosity. *"Did he just ask me to... Does he want me to... Am I about to... What what what?!?"* Even as the fox stared at the kangaroo genitalia, he began to wonder how on earth a simple job interview had escalated to, well, this! And as his mind began to wonder for those few moments, he realized that the signals probably weren't so carefully hidden after all.

---

A week earlier, a lithe and bouncy fox by the name of Lucky had his paws pressed upon the counter of the Human Resources department, waiting for the squat armadillo receptionist to come back.

"Come on come on come on," he said impatiently, bouncing again, before sighing in exasperation and turning himself around to get another look at the store.

Black sphere security cameras everywhere on the ceiling, overly sterile tile flooring, and boxes containing foodstuffs that was guaranteed to have "Lower prices, but not lower value!" stared back at him from their shelves. Everyone he could see wore the same expression. The underpaid staff, the tired mothers with spoiled children, even the group of guys who looked like they were part of a biker gang (or gay chorus, one never really could tell which these days) buying smokes and booze. They all had a look

of necessity; that none of them would be there if they had any sort of choice in the matter.

Which was quite the contrast the beaming smile on Lucky's muzzle.

"Ahem," began a voice behind the fox, breaking him from his trance and causing him to turn and see who spoke. Seemed Ms. Slow-As Molasses was finally back, and she had brought along just the person Lucky wanted to see.

"This is him Mr. Morgans, he was checking up on the status of his application." And with that brief introduction, she was waddling away back to her desk, leaving the two alone.

They stared at each other in silence for a moment, the older marsupial and the younger vulpine seemingly transfixed as they took each other in, waiting for the other to respond first.

"So, you're the new meat," the 'roo said with a chuckle, adjusting his far too small eyeglasses. "All I can say is that I've been leafing through the applications, and I think I've chosen the candidates for a follow-up interview." Oh how that 'roo loved to tease the little guys like him, even in a manner such as this.

"Well sir, who exactly did you choose then, and how many, and..." Was there any tactful way for him to say "Did you choose me, am I one of them, or are you just yanking my chain ya ol' bastard?". Apparently not, because Lucky trailed completely off at the end of that sentence, his muzzle still slightly open as he leaned forward on the counter, as if the kangaroo had some important secret to share.

"Well, it's just two people really, because frankly, I don't think most of those who applied are cut out for the job. This job requires long hours and a lot of dedication, a super-chain of stores like this doesn't manage itself at night.

*"Would you just tell me if I'm getting an interview already? Damn!"* Lucky really hoped his facial expression didn't echo the sudden, angry screams in his mind, because, while he was slightly new to this, he was sure that growling at your superior did not make a good impression.

"In fact, the interview itself probably won't even be that intensive, from the calls I've made and references I've looked up, I've already got the manager picked out I suppose. This is more a technicality more than anything." Whether he had had a bad day, was simply a sadist, or just could not get enough of that very low pitched whine coming from the kid's muzzle, it was hard to tell. But it was pretty clear to both and them that he was enjoying leading the poor 20-year old by the nose.

"And I'm happy to inform you, that you're one of those two Mr. Rhodale, so if you'll just--"

"It's Lucky sir, call me Lucky." The fox couldn't believe he just piped up like that, his green tipped tail between his legs, ears lowering slightly. The kangaroo was finally about to tell him that he was to be interviewed, and what day to boot, and he interrupted! If he wasn't afraid it'd hurt his chances more, he'd be banging his head on the counter pretty hard right about now.

"Lucky you say?" The kangaroo looked back at the fox with an air of amusement, finally realizing that there was actually a reason the fox had an upside-down horseshoe

in his right ear. And he just thought he was trying to gay himself up as much as possible, he had one of those rainbow ring necklaces on after all.

"Quaint," he chuckled, before flipping through his application, looking at the other's full name. "Hmmm, well, I'll be damned, your name is actually Lucky..." The fox was on the edge. Was he amused, on the verge of an explosion? It was so hard to tell, if only he'd look up!

"Well then, as I was saying, it's your *lucky* day," and Mr. Morgans actually thought he was being clever too, wouldn't you know it, "Because as I was saying, I'd like to see you a week from today for an interview. Shall we say, five o' clock?"

Lucky couldn't believe his good fortune, he actually still had the interview, even after an outburst like that! He didn't know how or why, but he was just nodding as fervently as he could at this point, ready to speed off when he got the go ahead, just in case the other was fickle enough to change his mind.

---

And once again, Lucky was back in the corner office, staring at Mr. Morgan's "business". *"Hmmm, well, I guess I should have seen the signs, he kept staring and teasing all during that exchange... Plus when I was about to leave he whispered 'Don't be late' in my ear, I guess that was kind of a big signal huh?"* But the fox really didn't have time to go over the finer details in his head, because at the moment a very large signal was staring back at him, and a chuckling 'roo to boot.

"Well Lucky, what're you staring at? Do you want the job or don't you?" The small marsupial paw moved in front of his muzzle and snapped it's fingers, the fox yipping softly as he remembered the situation at hand.

"Ummm, whoah, this can't be legal sir, I mean, but..." The fox's attempt to assert his dislike for this offer would have been a lot more convincing if he wasn't still staring at the kangaroo crotch, the slick dick pulsing teasingly for a moment. Not that his straining khakis (his pants actually making ripping sounds as the seams felt quite the amount of pressure) weren't compounding his folly.

"Well, here's the thing, you can either crawl over here, and affix that nice young muzzle to my dick, or I can hire that other guy, it's up to you. I mean, if you don't wanna be night manager..." Oh, such a tease he was, even beginning to button back up his pants, albeit slowly.

"Wait! I mean, well, how do you even know I'm gay!" It should have been a question, but the fox was so conflicted by a mixture of nerves, annoyance, and arousal, it was a wonder he could form a coherent sentence at all.

"Are you kidding me? Maybe it was that gay pride necklace you had on when you came in the other day, or perhaps the earring you've got in your right ear right now..." He gave a little grunt as he forced himself up over the table, looming slightly over the cowering vulpine, his slick member now lounging itself on the hardwood finish.

"Or maybe it's that cute little mixture of surprise and straining pants that clued me in..." In quite the dual maneuver he was breathing hotly onto the young male's ear and tracing a line up his crotch at the same time, actually causing the fox's oddly colored tail to lift up high behind him. Thank goodness it was obscured by the chair back at least.

"So," Mr. Morgan's flopped back onto his chair, his pants fully undone once more, as he patted his thighs expectedly. "You can either get over here and suck my cock like I know you can, and become my new night manager, or you can walk out of here a financially and sexually unsatisfied fox."

Well, when he put it like that, Lucky really had no choice. No, the fox was already slowly rising from his chair, and nervously shuffling over to get in front of the other, shivering as he lowered himself to his knees. With a ginger flick of his tongue, he tasted the 'roo dick, one he had not savored as of yet, and gulped, slowly going down on the slippery organ.

"Damn kid, calm down... So wired up all the time..." The kangaroo put his paw upon the back of the fox's head and began to push him back and forth in a steady rhythm, watching as the cute little green tipped ears vanished from sight every so often beneath his paunchy belly.

"Nnnnn, there we go..." Mr. Morgans sighed as he let go of the other's head, the fox beginning to work over the hot 'roo dick all by himself, the marsupial leaning back and lounging now as he just sat back and enjoyed the blowjob. "Yup, just like I thought, you've done this before kid, haven't ya? Heheh..."

Lucky had been pretty nervous a second ago, but at the moment, he couldn't help himself, he was pretty absorbed in the salty-tasting member dominating his maw. It tasted weird compared to some of the other's he sucked off, and the the 'roo had a pretty big sac too... Every time he'd deepthroat him he would brush against the low hanging fruits, eliciting a very encouraging groan from the marsupial.

"Ohhh, damn you're good..." Mr. Morgans said with a pant, still leaning back, but gripping the arms of his executive chair tightly. Too bad the other was doing such a good job, he wanted this to last too. "Hehe, suck that cock kid."

And Lucky was, doing it as if his life (or livelihood really), depended on it, twisting his head to and fro, clockwise, then counterclockwise... He'd never admit it, but he had a fair amount of experience in such matters, so he just let instincts take over, his tongue and teeth teasing the 'roo flesh masterfully.

"Nnnnn, gah, damn..." the roo gasped, cumming without warning, his slippery dick spasming a bit in the fox's muzzle and shooting gobs of thick seed down his throat, the bouncy sac below the meat tightening up for a moment. As Lucky sucked down the 'roo spunk greedily (This jizz tasted better than he thought!), he concluded kangaroo's were definitely one of the better species to give head to, or at least his new employer was.

And the surprise orgasm seemed to go on for a good couple of seconds or so, the fox sucking down on his new boss even after he stopped cumming, milking him dry. The kangaroo just moaning softly from his chair, until he finally began to pull out. "Nrrraw damn little man, that was the best head I got in awhile... In fact, I think I've got a little more..."

The fox meeped slightly in surprise as not more cum, but the taste of hot urine hit his tongue for just a moment, closing his muzzle immediately, ears going down again. He'd never tried pissplay before, it never really appealed to him, but as the roo directed his stream over the other's muzzle and down his front, he just sat on his knees and sighed, it wasn't anywhere near as bad as he was told.

"Hehe, there," the kangaroo said, standing up with a heave and sprinkling a few more drops of the golden liquid on the fox, who, to his own surprise, actually opened his muzzle again to taste the last precious drops. "You liked that too huh? Well," he leaned down and picked the fox up by his arms, standing the slightly smaller canid in front of him, smiling widely at him. "Welcome aboard Lucky, I think you'll make a great night manager. Heck keep this up and you may even make employee of the month."

And with that, he patted the fox on the back and shooed him from his office, making sure to give him a uniform to wear out and point him in the direction of the showers.