

It was so stiflingly hot; why did the air conditioning ducts go to every room except for this one? “Tap-tap-tap” went Lucky’s pen on the side of his chair as he tried to do anything to keep himself awake, the oppressive heat in the room wearing down his resistance against Mr. Morgans’s unbelievably boring drawl. The fox had to wonder whether or not he kept that tone of voice hidden deep within, for occasions like this one.

“And we need to make sure we’re getting exact numbers when we count stock on Friday nights people. I don’t want any guesses, I don’t want approximations, I want to know how much of everything we have. If you have to count five or six times just to make sure, then do it. I don’t want to hear whining about dates or parties or any other crap.”

The fox was losing his battle, the words starting to lose their meaning as the drone just filtered into his head. His eyelids began to droop a bit. He was supposed to be at full attention, being a good example for the others. After all, he was one of the two night managers! But as he looked over to her for support, he saw the other night manager (a female cheetah with the oddest lisp) beginning to nod off as well. With that, the last of his willpower draining away, his eyes closing, the last thing he would hear being something about “spending far too much time in the bathroom”.

“Well, I’m sure Mr. Rhodale can tell us the answer to that can’t he?”

The fox woke with a start, his fur standing up for a moment in shock. Feeling a sudden strong paw grip his shoulder tightly, the fox looked up from the brown furred hand, trailing up to the face of his boss, Mr. Morgans. The roo looking far more intimidating than usual (most likely due to his large round belly was pressing against the side of his muzzle), his entire form looming over the diminutive fox.

“Err, well, I, ummm... I mean, well...” The fox had straightened himself up by now, his green ears flicking nervously as he searched desperately for an answer, and for that matter, the question to accompany it. His eyes met those of fellow co-workers, and he received no help at all. Some were still fighting sleep caused by the heat and their boss, others were just staring into space, and a few here and there were covering their muzzles with their paws, cracking up with laughter. A quick sidelong glance to his cheetah cohort gave him nothing but a shrug and a pained look of apology, as it was obvious she just perked up as well. The fox was screwed.

“Well, it’s that umm-” A sharp squeeze to his shoulder told him to silence himself, the fox’s ears falling a bit in embarrassment, as the kangaroo’s dark eyes stared back at him, a bit amused, even if his frown said otherwise.

“It seems you weren’t paying any attention any Rhodale. Perhaps you should set a better example for the rest of the employees hmm?” More snickers from his co-workers. As if it couldn’t have just as easily been them, the dicks.

“I suppose now is as good a time as any to end this meeting. However, there’s one last order of business before we leave. Does everyone know when the company party is? No?” Mr. Morgans gripped his subordinate’s shoulder a little roughly once more, his tail even moving stealthily behind him to brush and rub against the fox’s for a moment. “The party is this weekend, Saturday, at my home. You’ve all received your flyers, so you should know what’s necessary, and what will not be allowed.” His eyes

changed from amusement in the fox's direction, to a glare directed at the crowd, making his thoughts to all under his gaze quite clear, even if unspoken. *"Mess up my house and you'll regret it."*

The pink tinge of embarrassment still not yet gone from the fox's green ears, he continued to sit straight up even as the paw left his shoulder, hoping the sweat would stop coming soon, or else he'll need to take a shower before returning to work. He spent the next few minutes trying desperately to banish the embarrassment from his body and mind. So much so that he began to zone out, because before he knew it the sound of chair legs scraping against the ground shook him from his stupor, and various people were making their way hastily for the exit.

"No, please stay here for a bit Mr. Rhodale," Lucky's exodus was halted by the firm paw on his shoulder once again. The fox had to sit and watch sorrowfully as everyone else quickly left, not a single one even throwing him a sympathetic glance. Only the other night manager lingered for a moment, stopping before she exited to room. She was about to turn and say something, presumably defending Lucky, though Mr. Morgans was already behind her, shooing her out of the room. "He'll be fine Ms. Bailey." He locked the door swiftly behind her, and slowly turned back to look at Lucky, who was sitting in his seat, not too nervous anymore. He already figured out Mr. Morgans's plan when he heard him lock the door. He knew he wasn't here for a lecture, his boss was just feeling frisky.

"Well, I suppose I should give you a lecture. You're supposed to set an example, but instead you're falling asleep in front of everyone while I'm talking." The kangaroo had made his way slowly over to the fox while he spoke, his big foot paws making a soft "thump" with every step from his thick sandals. "I'm in a good mood though, and you're going to make it up to me anyway." His muzzle was only inches from the fox's long snout, their noses touching for a moment as the big roo eyes stared down the fox's smaller ones.

His paws moved on their own, his little nimble paw digits undoing the top button of the roo's khakis, the limp marsupial dick greeting him as he slid the pants down. "Don't I always make it up to you though sir?" He chuckled and brushed a dainty paw over the organ while his other paw cupped his large sac, bouncy the furry thing in his paw.

"Well, you're going to give me your daily suck," the roo chuckled throatily, that big strong paw returning to Lucky's jaw, forcing it up so that the fox would be staring at his grinning muzzle instead of his quickly perking cock, "but I mean this Saturday. You're coming to the party Lucky, I hope you know that."

The fox stopped moving, his body frozen for a moment, one hand around roo dick, one around marsupial balls and his mouth agape. He had a look of bewilderment on his muzzle, his ears twitching nervously again.

"But I work that night, don't I?" Not that he cared. He'd do anything to be free of work on a Saturday night. Anything but this. Hanging around with a bunch of teenagers who were there to kiss ass or out of fear of getting stuck with bathroom clean-up duty if they didn't show was not his idea of a fun Saturday night.

"Oh, you *did*," Mr. Morgans lowered his muzzle as he spoke, to give Lucky another close stare. "But Donna is filling in for you that night, so you will celebrate with me. Aaahh yes, and-" His tail snaked around, catching the fox off guard, as the heavy serpentine thing gave Lucky's triangle ear a teasing brush. "Let your roommate know you won't be coming back to the dorm Saturday night."

The fox gulped, the bottom of his stomach seeming to drop out for a moment, while Mr. Morgans's paw replaced his tail, breaking the fox from his daze by stroking the large ear. The raised brow on the 'roo's head indicating that he should be answering. "Oh, yeah, ummm, alright. But one thing Mr. M-"

"If you're going to be spending the night, then you better start calling me Rex, because that's my name Lucky." He laughed and moved his paw around the longer vulpine muzzle, forcing his head down into his crotch, "Now do something with that muzzle of yours and get to work, we've both been in here too long already."

The fox did as he was told, his tongue going to work. The fears and curiosity in his mind were pushed back for now, while he began to give his boss another closed door blowjob.

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Lucky strode around the side of the large suburban abode, heading towards the dimmed lights of the backyard and chatter of party-goers. The fox was almost an hour late (Not on purpose surely, it was definitely an accident that he set his alarm an hour later than he meant to.), which meant he only had to endure this for a couple of hours.

Despite his misgivings, fox went to great lengths to impress. His brand new polo shirt was tucked tight into his khakis, the shirt showing off his lithe and small form quite nicely. His pants were pressed and fit just as well as his shirt, not too small, but just small enough to show off his tight little butt. His feet were actually bare. Since he could never find sandals he liked, and since he wasn't at work, he didn't need to wear them. And although his usual rainbow ring necklace did not adorn his small neck, he had his lucky clover earring in his right ear as usual, completing his preppy, albeit playful, ensemble.

Of course, it didn't matter how good he looked. Showing up so late that the term "fashionably" gave way to "rudeness of a titanic proportion" earned him a purposefully embarrassing hug from Mr. Morgans (or rather, Rex). Lifting the fox up with power that belied his paunchy physique, the roo held him in quite the bear hug, causing snickers from adjacent party-goers to be heard. His belly really seemed bigger than usual when he was being pressed against the pudgy thing.

"Finally decided to grace all of us with your presence, huh Mr Rhodale? Well, since you missed helping me set up, you can help me clean up the party afterwards huh?" He set the fox down as he spoke, his hand depositing itself upon the vulpine shoulder as it was oft to do.

For a moment, the fox thought he was truly being punished for showing up so late, but then he remembered the roo's earlier words. He nodded, finding his voice a bit weak and squeaky (Being bear hugged in such a way made it a lot harder than he realized to draw adequate breath.).

"N-no problem s-sir..." He gasped a little again, not really due asphyxia this time, but getting quite uncomfortable physically. The kangaroo really pressed his belly quite hard against the fox's crotch for a second there, and now he was kneading those fingers of his into his shoulder muscles. It didn't help that people were beginning to make their way back into the circle they had before the kangaroo's hug dispersed them. He could just feel their eyes on him, and it didn't feel anywhere near as good as that paw on his shoulder.

"Come now, we're not at work Lucky, call me Rex like everyone else," he said with a chortle.

"But didn't you just call me Mr. Rhodale earli-" the fox was cut off again though, as he was clapped heartily in the back, a loud laugh erupting from a marsupial mouth

"Don't be such a buzz kill Lucky. Now go get yourself a drink and a hot dog or something and get your ass back here. Larry was just about to tell us a story about some bunny jerk working the gas station register."

So after scampering off to the food table, saying hello to co-workers here and there along the way, he soon reappeared with a Dr. Pepper in one hand and a hot dog in the other. Larry (one of two accountants) was already going on about how the aforementioned bunny accidentally sold a six pack of beer to a 12-year-old.

But the fox wasn't especially interested in the story. No, he was looking at Rex, noticing him for the first time not as his much older boss, or a (literal and not figuratively) big kangaroo dick. Just a guy, and in his own way, an attractive one.

The most noticeable thing about him was his shirt. While everyone else was trying to look professionally casual, the kangaroo had opted for an almost "big fat party animal look" with one of those tacky Hawaiian button-ups. To go with the untucked but shirt was a pair of cargo shorts, and then a far less business-y pair of sandals, these actually bright green, which really made the 'roo look more like he should be enjoying a day at the beach, rather than a backyard party. His large outfit rested comfortably on his body, his large and powerful marsupial legs moving up to his fittingly large 'roo belly. Which, although it *was* bigger than any other kangaroos', it fit him due to the powerful presence he exuded. Oh, and as usual, his too small spectacles adorned his smallish snout, causing the fox to wonder once more whether or not he really needed the things.

As he continued to take in the form of his boss, he was going to town on his hotdog, not even noticing that he wasn't chewing so much as sucking on half the dog and bun, his tongue nimbly moving between the meat and bread. He continued to enjoy the meat in this eclectic way until his foot paw was stepped on gently by the giant roo foot, the fox yipping a bit and finally biting down on the dog. He realized what he was just doing, and starting to finally pay attention to the story.

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The rest of the night went without any other awkward moments, or anything interesting either for that matter. He mingled amongst the groups of people, finding that many of his co-workers were either A: slightly more fun than they were at work. B: slightly more annoying than they are at work, or finally, C: just as damn boring as they are at work. Not a single person really seemed to stand out. He was sure that this was going to be the longest night of his life, but before he knew it, about two and a half hours had gone by. It was getting on 11 o' clock, and only the people still about were those who were especially close friends with Rex, still slightly tipsy, or not "with it" enough to have anything better parties to go to on a Saturday night.

Eventually even these crowds began to thin, with all but one person gone. It was some skunk that Lucky did not recognize, smiling lecherously at the kangaroo as he put his arm around his boss's shoulder. After overhearing what sounded like a little bit of cajoling and an exasperated sigh, Lucky saw the skunk leave Rex's side with a bottle of vodka, leaving the two finally quite alone.

"So, uhhh, Mr. Morgans-well, I mean, Rex, where should we start?" He began to turn to look at his boss, but he was suddenly stopped by hands on *both* shoulders this time. His paws had that dominating firmness that made the fox's pine colored ears habitually lower like they usually did, but this time they were kneading his muscles nice and slow, causing him to gradually relax.

"It's Rex Lucky. Just Rex. And you're going to help me clean up, yes, but first we're going to relax a little. You never seem to do so and I'm going to change that tonight."

But before the fox could ask how or why, he was being lifted up roughly once more in an odd bear hug sort of movement, the roo carrying him to his patio deck, before sitting the fox back down upon his footpads. He watched as Rex moved over to an odd octagon shaped black platform that he hadn't seemed to notice until right now, and as the marsupial drew back the cover, the shape revealed as a wood paneled hot tub. The top was already starting to bubble a bit from the heat and the jets, looking like a pot for making soup. He must have turned it on before he picked Lucky up, it seems.

"Now, I can't promise there's no peeping toms, but quite frankly I don't care, and neither should you." Lucky was on the verge of questioning the odd statement, but when he eyes drew away from the bubbling broth he suddenly found his eyes transfixed upon the roo's bare back. Shirt and glasses sat askew on the patio deck, when his pants suddenly followed suit, the bulky marsupial rear and thick tail staring back at him.

"It's flattering that you want to stare, but shouldn't you be getting more comfortable Lucky?" he said softly, the fox shaking himself and nodding. Soon his orange furred chest was being exposed to the cool night air as well, his unbuttoned shirt being almost ripped off in nervous excitement. His small chest nubs were quite hard from the cold by the time his pants were slipping away, and they were teased quite unmercifully by the dexterous kangaroo tail swishing by as the kangaroo slowly sauntered past. His large body slipped slowly and teasingly beneath the now frothing surface of the water, skimming along the edge so that he sat staring back at the slightly shivering fox. He moved his paw past the water's surface to beckon him, that smug smirk once again on Rex's muzzle.

Lucky just stood there for a moment, staring at Rex, mouth agape. As he walked towards the tub and dipped a toe in the water (eyes never leaving the roo's smug mug), he could not help but find this whole "seduction and playful affection" routine very surprising. This whole affair should have been no different, he made the old roo orgasm more times than he could count at this point, watching that aged muzzle tilt back in a moan of ecstasy more times than was healthy... Nevertheless, this all seemed so alien to him. Maybe it was because even though he was bound to make Rex empty himself once more, there was a different feeling involved, a feeling that would-

"Hey, come on Lucky. Hop in this tub before you catch a cold, this is an order from your boss." Rex chuckled that deep chuckle, beckoning once more, next to him now.

Finally pushing all his thoughts aside, Lucky quickly made his way into the hot tub. Upon another ginger test of the water with his hind paw (he had forgotten the water's temperature already from last time), he learned that the water was a far better choice than the cold air that was making his plush fur stand on end. So he slowly (but surely) slipped himself in, silent as a snake.

"There you go, finally..." Rex whispered, having slid around the edge again and appearing right next to the fox. Once again, for his form, the fox was surprised by the feats the old kangaroo could pull off. But he had little time to ponder this, as he was soon pulled into the other's lap (surprised yip included), strong marsupial paws working his shoulders over once again.

"That's it, just relax foxy. Don't be so tense, just lay back and relax," Rex was whispering once more, his hot breath brushing over one of the fox's ears. The things flicked, and in an instant all of his hair and muscles almost instantly became limp and relaxed. The coarse paws had soon vacated his shoulders, and were now moving down to his chest, drawing circles around the still hard nipples, the vulpine moaning under his breath for a moment as his muzzle scrunched up in pleasure. The roo continued to tease and rub, drawing slow, sensual circles around the sensitive flesh until the fox let out a great gasping moan, the kangaroo taking that as an indicator that he needed to move on.

Lucky was laying more comfortably against the big belly with each passing moment, his own flat stomach being rubbed now, a digit poking inside of his tiny belly button. The large front of his roo superior was a lot more comfy than he would have expected. For while many big stomachs (Rex certainly wasn't the first big tummy'd guy he fooled around with) could be unyielding and uncomfortable, this one felt like he was sinking into a bean bag chair, with the fox's body almost completely out of his control at this point due to the other's skillful bodily ministrations. It was so relaxing and disarming that he was caught by surprise when a paw closed around his fox dick, not even realizing that he got so hard so quickly. Shifting in his boss's strong grasp, he himself reached for something to grip, and found that "something" quickly. That is, the big chubby roo meat that lay sandwiched between his back and the other's belly. How long had that been there?

"Oh, look at what you've found," Rex purred into the fox's large ear, giving his cocktip a teasing little flick as he did so. "A paw job underwater does sound pretty hot,

but I had something special planned for tonight..." His tone implied lust, seduction, and most of all, finality, which the fox understood when he suddenly felt himself hoisted up slightly underwater, the thick dick of his boss slipping between his cheeks easily to probe his tailhole.

"Ever taken it up the ass Lucky?" the kangaroo asked, playing and teasing as usual, though he did have a bit of concern in his voice. He was well aware how it can be your first time, and this wasn't optimal conditions for such a thing, that's for sure.

The fox took a moment to respond, speaking in a bit of a whimpery voice. His body no longer languid and relaxed, but tensed up considerably, his asscheeks trying to squeeze hard to repel the intruder. "I-I've practiced a lot you know... with dildos... Never actually though... Nnnnn..." His muzzle screwed up as the 'roo tip threatened to pop past his entrance, before it retracted, Rex moaning behind clenched teeth as well.

"Well, that's too bad. This might hurt a little." And with that blunt statement, he waited no longer. He grabbed Lucky's hips, forcing him down slowly while he himself thrust up carefully, his large tool dominating the virgin tail hole. Despite his slow and thoughtful proceedings, he was almost to hilding within a few seconds. His lusty growl quite loud and fierce, but nothing to match Lucky's pitiful yip, the poor fox feeling as if he was split in two.

"Just a little... further..." Rex urged the other, the vulpine sphincter getting tighter and tighter with each passing moment. "Try to... Relax-ggrrraahhhhh..." Forcing himself completely in down to the base, the roo just held the violated fox for a moment, hugging him tight and trying to allow him to get used to the new feeling. To calm himself down and relax before he continued.

That would be difficult, because from the moment he felt Rex shove his cock up his ass, Lucky was on the verge of screaming, biting his lower lip hard to make sure only a loud and pained yelp issued forth. It felt to him as if the marsupial meat was trying to crack his rump down the middle! But the way the fat member rubbed up against his prostate, it was one he had never felt before. He had to focus on that, the strong hands gently rubbing his chin, the soft, affectionate words playing across his ears.

After five minutes or so of just holding the fox, licking his ear and rubbing him down to relax him further, Lucky's stiff body began to yield to the rough but affectionate touches, the fox no longer yipping and squeaking in pain. Not that it still did not feel greatly uncomfortable and still a bit too much, but he relaxed enough to mute the pain at this point.

"H-had no idea... Hurt s-s-so much..." He whimpered, his body had started to relax yes, but his voice was breathless from exertion.

"Yeah. Don't worry though, it'll get better," reassured Rex, his paw going back down to check on the fox cock, still finding it rock hard and pulsing. Smiling, he wrapped one thick arm around Lucky's chest, while another hand began to fondle the underside of the fox length. He lifted Lucky up by his chest slowly, giving him a feeling of emptiness, before pushing him back down the same way, hilding again.

It still hurt Lucky, being hilted by the huge roo (at least he felt huge), but there was a bit more emphasis on pleasure of it all than there was before, and so long as he

tried to relax himself and not clench so hard, the pain was not so unbearable. The forceful paw on his junk helped, definitely. Soon a rhythm began to form, Rex beginning to bounce the fox up and down on his cock while he jerked him in tandem. Lucky found more and more that he was liking it, even if he knew he wouldn't be able to walk sit down comfortably for a good while after this.

"That's right, just ride it out, ride my dick foxy..." The roo purred, taken back to teasing him again when he could handle it, his aching rod opening the tight depths with every thrust. He was ready to cum already, it'd been awhile. He was determined to get Lucky off as well though, and he kept up his clumsy fondling of the fox's precious orbs and meat even if he wanted nothing more than to orgasm and end it.

And while Rex had a constant battle between his needs of affection and domination, Lucky could do nothing but grip the marsupial's waist as hard as he could. It was a feeling he found quite pleasurable, even though he had to simultaneously block the pain caused by the very same action. He was enjoying it so much that after a particularly hard jab to his prostate from the kangaroo cock, he yipped in sudden release, his eyes bulging out. His sac tightened, and soon thin ropes of fox cum shot into the water, disappearing amongst the bubbles.

That was all Rex needed, for when Lucky's ass clamped down on his needy meat like a vice grip, he shot deep inside of the yelping fox, the hot seed painting the inside of his anus. A whimpering cry mixed with a guttural growl, before both tapered off together into the cold, crisp night air. The fox actually fainted from the exhaustion and ecstasy of it all, and the pleased kangaroo just held him tight, unable to bring himself to pull out and end their entwined position. After a few minutes of afterglow, he pulled out though, and carried the unconscious fox to his bedroom, to clean him up and give him the rest he earned.