

The big polar bear wearing the green button up shirt and black slacks sat in the very last seat on the old school bus and stared down at his paws. *Am I doing the right thing?* he wondered to himself as he rubbed his front paws together, while his back right paw bounced up and down. He was jostled from his thoughts as the bus hit a bump in the mountain back road. It took the bear a moment to find the divot in the seat again so his sensitive rump and tail were not being pummeled by the hard metal frame of the faded and worn leather seats. Once he settled again, he glanced around at the other individuals who were riding the bus.

There were various animals of all shapes and sizes filling the bus. There were black and grizzly bears, twin cougars, wolves, a couple of blood hounds, a group of rambunctious raccoons, and a shy skunk. The polar bear stood out among everyone. Not just because of his species, but also that he was a good six to seven years older than most of the junior Park Rangers. As his eyes darted from animal to animal, he spotted a familiar face. The plump frame of the blue colored husky-black bear mix filled most of the seat. He was facing towards the window, which highlighted his striped ears and curly husky tail. There was a tuft of fluffy black hair which went from just behind his ears to the front of his head. And around his neck line there was an extra puffy collar of darker blue fur. Both of them had been to the same orientation meeting and were assigned the same Park Ranger as their instructor. The Husky's name was Roku.

The polar bear let his mind drift back to the moment he applied to be a junior Park Ranger. He had been working odd jobs since he graduated high school so he could afford to attend college and become an accountant like his father, who had recently been widowed after nearly twenty years of marriage. Halfway through his second semester, both due to failing grades and waning interest, he realized becoming an accountant was just not for him and quit school.

“MORGAN, WHAT THE HELL WERE YOU THINKING!!” his father roared at him when he found out. His brown eyes were bloodshot and bulging from their sockets as he snarled his discontent.

“It just wasn't for me father,” Morgan huffed.

His father grabbed him by the shoulders and shook him like a rag doll. “You WILL march your furry ass back to the school and BEG for them to let you back in this instant! I would never...”

Morgan glared at his father. “I'M NOT YOU! I need to find where I belong for myself.”

His father slapped Morgan across the face, leaving three deep slash marks with his claws. “Fine! Figure out how to pay for it yourself!” He allowed Morgan time to gather his things before throwing him out of the house.

Morgan was able to stay at an old school mate's house until he found a job and a place to live. He was looking through the want ads when he spotted the advertisement for junior Park Ranger. It offered free room and board during the summer, with the chance to apply to stay on during the off season if he chose to. He called the number and asked if there was an age restriction. He was relieved when he was told the age cut off was thirty. He applied immediately and was interviewed and accepted to the program. The orientation meetings and uniform measuring session seemed to blur by, until today. The bus ride seemed to be taking an eternity getting to the park, Morgan thought as his mind was brought back to the present.

He rubbed his eyes and noticed he was no longer by himself. Sitting next to him was a young wolf, with a fluffy tuft of blue hair on top of his gray and white head. The wolf was wearing a pair of hip hugging jeans which left nothing to the imagination with regards to the plump rear and stomach, a pink short-sleeved shirt and a pair of glasses. His light blue eyes sparkled as he looked at the bear.

A huge grin formed on the wolf's face. “How you doin', hot stuff?”

“I-I-I'm fine,” Morgan stammered as he blinked a couple of times. He was trying to keep his eyes off the wolf's plump rear, but the wolf kept wiggling it while trying to get comfortable. His father's voice began shouting inside his head. *HOW DARE YOU EVEN THINK OF GLANCING AT ANOTHER FUR'S BELLY AND REAR! WHAT ARE YOU? SOME KIND OF FREAK?!* He shook his head and reminded himself that his father wasn't in control of his life anymore. He couldn't beat him or

throw him in a closet like he had when Morgan was twelve and had sneaked a peak of the old man toweling off after a shower. *I am NOT a cub anymore! I can decide for myself what I like and don't like to look at!* He cleared his throat to get his mind off his quickening pulse. "I-I don't recognize you from orientation."

The wolf chuckled and waved the comment off. "Oh, I'm not a junior Ranger. They let me hitch a ride up to see my Daddy. He's a ranger at the park. I'm Nathan." He extended his paw.

Morgan shook the paw and introduced himself. "Just out of curiosity, how old are you? And which ranger is your D-d-daddy?" It was strange hearing someone refer to their father as 'Daddy' but he reminded himself that not all parents were as dictatorial as his.

"Oh, I'm nineteen. And my Daddy's name is Sven."

Morgan's ears twitched when he heard the name. "He's my mentor."

Nathan's mouth formed a huge toothy grin. "Cool! You're going to love him," he nudged Morgan with his rear as he sat down.

Morgan swallowed hard and tried his best to stare at the floor as Nathan continued talking. His cheeks began to redden and he could feel his heart beating faster as his mind raced through all kinds of what if scenarios. *What if I am attracted to guys? What would my high school buddies think? Oh gods! Would he stop rubbing his belly and hip against me so much? I realize these seats are small, but come on!*

"Yeah, I'm hoping next year or the year after to try for the junior Park Rangers," Nathan continued, "then I can come and work with Daddy and my brothers. Are you planning on working just through the summer?"

Morgan took a deep breath to calm himself. He shrugged his shoulders. "I'm not sure yet. If I like the job, I will probably try to stay on after the season."

"That would be cool! Daddy and my brothers work up here all year long!"

Morgan looked up and got a smile on his face. "At least I would know somebody, if I decided to stay." Suddenly, things didn't seem so bad. The two talked for ages. Morgan didn't talk much about his father.

Nathan placed a paw on Morgan's shoulder. "We're making the last turn before the park. I'll see you later, cutie." He got up and walked towards his empty seat, swaying his hips as he went.

Morgan looked outside the window for the first time since they had gotten on the bus. The view took his breath away. Pine trees dotted the landscape, sometimes so thick he couldn't see through them. He spotted the inviting blue lake, nestled in a small valley. The mountain peaks were all covered with thick snow. The pictures he saw in the brochure didn't do this view justice at all. His jaw went slack as an eagle in a ranger uniform glided through the sky. *I have to help watch over all this?* he marveled, *I can't believe it! It's so beautiful and amazing! I can't wait to see it all!*

Morgan was so captivated by everything that he didn't feel the bus stop.

"All right! Everyone off!" the grizzly bear driver bellowed.

Even through his excitement, Morgan still waited until everyone got off the bus before lifting himself out of the seat with a groan. His legs and back were stiff and sore from the long trip. He grabbed his small duffle bag, which contained everything he owned, and lumbered off the bus.

All the junior Park Rangers were being gathered in one area, where the eagle Morgan had seen earlier was waiting. "Junior Rangers, welcome. My name is Lincoln and for a couple of you, I will be your mentor and guide." He puffed his chest out with pride as he spoke. "Please follow me to orientation and collecting your uniforms. Leave your bags here, they will be taken to your cabins shortly." He spun on his heels and marched over to one of the larger wooden structures, the group following close behind.

Morgan was still thinking about the gorgeous scenery to pay attention to the orientation briefing. Before he knew it, a large fox was placing a folded pile of clothes into his waiting arms.

"Morgan, Polar Bear, three uniforms, one badge, two name tags and two junior pins. If they get torn or

are too small, let me know as soon as possible since we have to special order your size.”

Morgan nodded his head before following the other junior Park Rangers to the changing area. He found a spot away from everyone else, separated the uniform items, and began to methodically remove his clothes. Once he was down to his boxers, he picked up one of the uniform shirts. The shirt was a light tan short-sleeve with brass buttons, two pockets and a patch on the side identifying the park. Above the left pocket was an area where the badge was to be pinned. Morgan held the gold plated badge in his paw and admired its luster. The coin in the center of the badge was etched with the depiction of an eagle landing on a rock. The plate on top of the badge was engraved with the words 'JR PARK RANGER'. Holding the badge filled him with a sense of pride. He chewed on his tongue as he carefully pinned the badge through the polyester shirt. Once he was sure it was perfect, he grabbed one of the name tags and went to pin it above the right pocket. The bronze plate had his name engraved on it.

Morgan put the shirt on and buttoned up the front all the way to the collar. He found the standard forest green tie and looped it around his neck under the collar, making sure the silver tie clip was placed like they were shown during the initial orientation meeting. He picked up one of the dark greenish-brown pants next and put his legs through each hole. He was glad they added the extra hole in the back for his tail. He finished getting his uniform together by grabbing the polished brown leather belt and carefully sliding it through the loops on the pants before cinching it shut. He picked up the felt tan hat with the pointed top and leather band around where the top met the brim and placed it on his head.

Morgan took a moment and admired himself in a nearby mirror. He had to admit he looked sharp in the uniform. The uniform was designed to be tight against his body, but he never expected how well the clothes would hug the curves of his chubby stomach and behind without feeling constrictive. He heard the eagle calling all junior Rangers to assemble outside to meet their mentors. He placed the spare uniforms in a pile, with his name tag on top. He wondered what kind of wolf Sven was as he marched out the door with the other junior Rangers. They all stood at attention, in front of a large wooden stage.

“Junior Rangers,” Lincoln shouted, “these fine gentlemen will be your mentors. Each one of them...” his voice seemed to trail off for Morgan as he looked at the ten Rangers standing with their arms behind their backs. He was shocked when he noticed there wasn't a single wolf among them. *Perhaps Nathan was wrong*, he thought to himself as his sharp eyes scanned all the name tags. He finally spotted the large name tag with 'SVEN' engraved on it.

Morgan's eyes widened as he saw, not a wolf, but a muscular, well-built, square-shouldered, barrel-chested white tiger with chestnut brown stripes. His fur was well kept and had a sheen to it. He had a full chestnut brown beard, which complimented his snout without looking unkempt. His small, close set hazel eyes had a twinkle beneath the bushy eyebrows as he looked out among the new junior Rangers. His feline nose was pink. Not a bright pink or a dull pink, but a perfect shade in between. His rounded ears had brown tips, which made it look like they had been dipped in chocolate. His long short-haired tail swayed back and forth in a hypnotic fashion. He stood with his legs far enough apart that his thick legs went straight to his fluffy back paws. His impeccable uniform also highlighted his best feature: his chubby belly. His silver badge had the words 'PARK RANGER' engraved at the top.

Morgan's jaw hung open and his heart quickened at the thought of having to work with such a handsome hunk of a tiger. He gulped hard and wrung his paws together behind his back as he continued to think about how wrong he was for worshiping another man's body like this. And yet he couldn't deny the feelings which were welling up inside him. He closed his eyes and shook his head to get rid of all those thoughts.

“MORGAN AND ROKU!” Lincoln shouted, which snapped the bear back to reality. “Step forward and meet your mentor.”

Morgan and Roku slowly made their way towards the front of the crowd.

Lincoln smiled as they arrived. "Sven, these two will be yours to nurture and instruct. Do you accept them?"

Morgan and Roku exchanged a worried glance. Did he have the opportunity to say no? What would happen if he did? Their worries were shattered with warm laughter.

Sven's belly bounced as he chuckled. "Of course I accept them," he responded as he extended his paw to them. "And I will take good care of them." His voice was gruff, but there was a hint of softness to it. *Almost intimate*, Morgan thought as he shook the tiger's plate sized paw. The fur on the paw was smooth to the touch.

Something hit Morgan's sensitive nose about the same time. His senses were overloaded with an intoxicating mix of warm, thick, salty sweat, mixed with wildflowers, pine sap and oak. It took him a moment to realize the smell was coming from the tiger. As he looked at the tiger again, there was a glow which surrounded him. He watched, completely entranced as the tiger's belly bounced in slow motion with each chuckle he gave. The way the mass seemed to ripple and smooth out under its cloth encasing was mesmerizing to the young bear.

Sven chuckled before looking at his two junior Rangers. He also noticed the open mouthed look on the polar bear's face. "Are you all right, boy?"

Morgan was broken out of his stupor by the suddenness of the question. "Yes, sir. Ready for duty!" He slid his legs together as his left paw came up for a good, but awkward salute.

Sven smiled as he clasped a paw on the bear's shoulder. "Excellent, Junior Ranger. You'll be a good boy with that attitude." He paused for a moment to let the compliment soak in before continuing. "We have a full day ahead of us. I'll show you how to keep the park clean before moving on to using the ATVs to get around and finally checking to make sure no fires have been lit before calling it a night. Let's go!"

Morgan forced himself to focus on learning the tasks presented to them, so the sight of his mentor's wonderful body wouldn't distract him again. Before he knew, it was time to head to the cabin for the evening. The log cabin looked on the outside like it had been built a couple centuries ago, except for the refurbished wooden deck out front. The inside was a different story.

The inside of the cabin had stained wood flooring, several bunk beds, a gaming area with a huge television and every system one could imagine. In the center of the wall of the living area was a huge brick fireplace, with places to hang clothing that got wet. Morgan noticed one of the bunks had a piece of paper with his name on it. He checked the small foot locker at the end of the bed and found his clothes had been neatly folded and stacked under his uniforms.

"Make yourselves at home, boys," Sven invited, "this will be your home for the duration of the summer. My sons will help take good care of you."

Morgan saw Nathan, who waved him over to where three other rangers were gathered. He noticed there was a red panda with horns, a dragon and another bear.

Nathan grinned as Morgan came closer. "How was your first day?"

Morgan was about to respond when he noticed everyone else wasn't wearing any clothing, even Roku had begun stripping his uniform. Everyone had chubby bellies which bounced freely as well. He heard the cabin door close and lock, preventing him from escaping the sight in front of him.

After the door was locked, Sven began removing all his clothing. Morgan watched wide-eyed as his mentor's rotund belly was released from its clothed prison. The fur seemed to dance on the small breeze which came from an open window. The tiger patted his girth, sending ripples across the fields of fur. Morgan could feel his temperature rising as he watched the majestic sight unfold.

Sven smiled as he saw the look. "Morgan, would you be a good boy and help me straighten my tie?"

Morgan couldn't believe his ears. Was he being asked to get within touching distance of the wonderfully jiggling mass? He scurried over and helped straighten the object in question, taking care not to tighten it too much around the neck area. He paused for a moment when the back of his paw

brushed against the well-kept smooth fur, ruffling it a little. The sensation was electric and it took all his mental powers not to get completely flustered or embarrassed, even though he could feel the heat travel to his cheeks.

Sven waited until the bear looked up from the floor again. "Thank you, boy." He played with the bear's collar. "Why don't you get out of that hot uniform and get comfortable."

Morgan swallowed hard as he rubbed the side of his neck with his paw. "Y-y-yes, s-s-sir." He headed over to his bunk, grabbed his sleeping clothes and headed for a corner of the cabin away from everyone. He was just putting his tee shirt on when he heard Sven's gruff voice, whispering in his ear.

"Such a handsome bear doesn't need to wear clothing around me," he purred. "At least, not here in my cabin." He used one of his claws to gently scratch under the bear's chin.

The silky smoothness of the voice, along with the purring in his ear, put Morgan completely at ease. He placed his sleeping clothes on a nearby shelf before folding his uniform and taking all his clothing over to his locker. He felt a strange sensation as he slowly turned around. No one had ever called him 'handsome' in his entire life, except his mother. His eyes met the group as he finished his turn. They all had smiles on their faces, even Roku looked happy to see him joining in. The sudden realization of standing naked in front of other males hit him like a ton of bricks, making him want to run and hide.

Before Morgan could move and inch, Sven wrapped his massive arms around him and hugged the bear to his chest. Morgan's nose was now close to the smells he detected earlier in the day. They were even more intoxicating at close range. His cheeks rubbed against the soft fur on Sven's chest as he cradled the bear gently.

Sven leaned close to the bear's ear. "You don't have to be embarrassed, boy. I'm going to take good care of you." He purred happily for a moment before adding, "and you don't have to hide your true feelings."

Emotions flooded Morgan's mind as he inhaled more of Sven's intoxicating musk. *Someone does care for me. And he thinks I'm handsome! I don't have to hide who I am anymore? How can someone I barely know say these things?* He let all the emotions flow through him until one remained: peace. He turned his head until he was staring into those wonderful love-filled eyes. "Thank you, sir." He wrapped his arms around the large feline and hugged him as he buried his nose deeper in Sven's large chest.

Sven rocked the bear from side to side for what seemed like hours, before stopping and standing the bear in front of him. Morgan was slightly dazed and drunk off of the heavy musk he'd been inhaling as he continued to sway from side to side.

"Roku, stand here by Morgan," Sven said as he waved the husky over. Roku stood at perfect attention in front of his mentor. Morgan shook himself out of his stupor and went to full attention as well.

Sven eyed both of them with a ponderous look on his face, as he stroked his beard with his paw. He stopped stroking his beard and went into a parade stance, with his paws placed behind his back. "I have something to ask you two," he stated, in a crisp tone. "And I want honest answers." His mannerisms had changed from paternal to imperious and candid.

Morgan and Roku gulped at the unnerving suddenness of the change in their mentor. They both looked Sven in the eyes. There was no sign of fury or menace they could see. In fact, his eyes were blank slates to them. Sven stood there, stiff as a statue, which bewildered his two recruits. After a few moments of deliberate silence, both of them realized he wanted a response. "Yes, sir!" they both shouted in unison.

Sven's stone cold face softened as a warm, inviting smile crept across his face. "I'm glad we can be honest with each other." He placed a massive paw on Morgan's right shoulder and Roku's left before squeezing them gently. "I am willing to accept you into my little family, where all things are possible. But I need to know how far you will allow me to go with it. Are you willing to let me be

completely free with your bodies? Or would you prefer simple cuddling and belly rubs?"

Morgan and Roku exchanged nervous glances. What did he mean 'completely free with their bodies'? A light breeze from the fans wafted some of Sven's heavy musk over to the two as they were thinking. Morgan was rubbing his paw along the side of his neck, trying to decide what he wanted to do, as he inhaled slowly. His eyes sprang open as his heart began to override his logical side. He didn't care what Sven did to his body, just so long as he could worship the tiger's magnificent gut and get drunk on all the musk he could handle. After being hugged by the tiger, he felt more assured about no harm coming to him. Even the shouting of his father's voice inside his head had gone completely silent.

Sven cocked an eyebrow after giving the two newest members what he considered time to ponder his offer. "Well? What shall it be? If you want to be in the family, you may call me 'Daddy'. If you don't, you may call me 'Sir'."

Roku cleared his throat. His mouth flapped open and closed as he tried to form the words. "If you don't mind, sir, I would just like to be cuddled and have wonderful belly rubs." He ducked his head as his left back paw rubbed the carpet nervously. "I appreciate the offer, but I just want to be the best Ranger I can be."

Sven waited until the husky looked up from the floor at him before nodding his head in agreement and smiling warmly. "So be it, Roku."

Roku blushed as he ducked his head and chuckled. "Thank you, Sir."

Sven inhaled slowly before turning his attention to the polar bear. "And, what about you?" He placed his paws on his hips.

Morgan dry gulped as he tried to think. This was a huge step in his life. After a few minutes of deliberating, he slowly shook his head. "I'm all yours, Daddy," he whispered, just loud enough for the tiger to hear.

Sven crossed his arms. "Are you certain? I can be a little rough."

Morgan's shoulders slumped forward and there was a pained look in his eyes. "I can endure a lot of pain. It's the one thing I've been good at in my life." He sighed and stared at the tiger's paws. "You're the first person who ever hugged me like they cared, besides my mother of course. You could never hurt me worse than my own father has." He rubbed a paw along the three claw marks on his cheek. "I just have one request."

Sven uncrossed his arms and stroked his beard. "Oh? And what would your request be?"

Morgan's eyes dropped down until he was staring right at the tiger's gut. "Let me worship and love that," he pointed at the belly with his paw. "Please?"

Sven grabbed his belly with both paws, leaned his head back and roared with jolly laughter. "Is that all?" He watched the bear nod his head energetically. "On one condition: when we are at work, you are to remain completely professional. No 'accidental' belly rubs or lewd comments. Understand? If you do, I *will* punish you."

Morgan's face lit up with pure joy. "Absolutely, Daddy. I won't disappoint you!" His legs snapped together and his back straightened as he gave his new Daddy a perfect salute.

Sven returned the salute before clasping both Morgan and Roku on the shoulder. "Excellent!" He looked over at the others. "Come on over and greet your new brother, boys! And treat Roku well!"

Morgan felt mobbed as the others crowded over to the two of them and began hugging them and occasionally kissing them. He felt his cheeks redden as Nathan wrapped his arms around his neck, kissed him gently on the cheek, and began nuzzling his neck. He could feel the wolf's teeth nibbling the skin under his dense fur. The collision of fur on fur was such a shock to Morgan's system that a pleasurable moan escaped his mouth before he could stop it.

A loud clap from over by a large well worn brown leather chair made everyone stop what they were doing. Morgan looked over towards the chair and saw Sven standing over by it. There was a stern look on his face as he glared at Nathan.

"You know I get first chance," he stated flatly.

Nathan winced and ducked his head. "Yes, Daddy."

Sven sighed as he crossed his arms. "This is why you are not ready to become a Ranger yet. You need to learn control and obedience."

Nathan continued to look at the floor. "Yes, Daddy."

"I'll deal with you later, boy." Sven turned his attention to Morgan. "Come over here."

Morgan heard Nathan whine as he moved out of the way. He looked from the wolf to the tiger and back again. He was weary as he slowly moved his way over to the chair.

Sven held his arms in front of him, invitingly. "My boy, don't worry. I'm not going to break you on the first night." He gestured to the chair. "Sit down, I have many pleasures to show you."

Morgan let the tiger's steady paws guide him into the chair. The cushion was thick enough to where he didn't feel the metal frame underneath. He relaxed as he was pressed against the back of the seat by one of the strong paws. The pressure continued until the seat was fully reclined, allowing him to stare at the ceiling. He watched as the tiger hungrily licked his lips.

Sven caressed the back of the bear's head as he leaned forward, aiming towards the chest area. "Have you ever been with a lover before?"

Morgan leaned into the paw as it massaged and stroked his ear. "No Daddy, I haven't."

Sven got a wolfish grin on his face. "Good boy. Now lay still and let me have some fun with this," he said as he used his other paw to rub and squeeze the bear's left pectoral. He played with the muscle until the nipple was pink and stiff. "Just the way I like it," he purred and he leaned further in. His normally gruff voice seemed sweet and silken soft as he spoke.

Morgan felt the weight of the tiger pushing him further into the padding of the chair as he moved closer. He couldn't believe this was happening to him. *How could anyone love me like this? After all, I'm just a stupid,* his thoughts trailed off as he felt the tiger's mouth close on his sensitive nipple.

Sven moaned as he alternated between kissing and suckling the nipple. Oh, how he loved this feeling! Every once and a while, he would grab the nipple carefully with his teeth and pull back before letting it snap back into place. He licked the area with his coarse tongue, causing the bear to jump and moan louder. *My new son may be a virgin,* he thought to himself as he went back to suckling the nipple, *but he is behaving well.*

Morgan was lost in ecstasy as the tiger continued to love his chest that he didn't feel the kiss on his right ear. He looked up and saw Nathan kneeling beside the chair with a sheepish grin on his face.

"Welcome to the family, my cute brother," Nathan whispered into the bear's ear before kissing it again.

Sven glanced up at where the smooching sound had come from. The wolf whined as he looked at his Daddy with pleading eyes. The tiger nodded his head in response and watched as the wolf started to nibble and suck on his new brother's ear. Every once and a while, the young wolf would also lick the inside of the bear's ear canal. The extra stimulation caused the bear to start humming, which sent glorious stimulating sensations through Sven's mouth and down his entire spine. His tail swayed back and forth as he continued to munch on the nipple. After a while, he released the nipple and looked at his new son, who was so lost in pleasure that he didn't care what happened to him. He just wanted to love and be loved in return. He lifted the bear's head until the two looked eyes. "You're such a good boy," he cooed. He moved both the bear's paws until they were wedged in between their large bellies. "And here is your reward. You may worship my belly while I move on to this neglected nipple." He rubbed his scent gland over the bear's right pectoral, before giving the bear's plump rear a squeeze with one of his passive paws. "And perhaps tomorrow night, I will play with *this* a lot more. My good little boy."

Morgan was just coming out of his euphoria enough to hear the command. He began kneading and massaging the giant fur globe which was laying on top of him. The belly sloshed around his paws

like jelly. His massaging intensified when he felt the tiger's mouth close over the top of his other nipple. The wolf let go of his spit soaked left ear, gave him a passionate kiss on the top of his head, and began suckling on the other ear. Out of the corner of his left eye, the bear saw his other 'brothers' having fun taking turns rubbing Roku's fluffy rotund belly and cuddling with him. The husky's tail was wagging happily as he whined and moaned while being loved. Everything was so fantastic. He didn't want it to end. Before he knew it, he passed out from the pleasure.

Sven noticed the bear had stopped rubbing his stomach and gone limp underneath him. He gave the nipple one last long suck, which released from his mouth with a loud POP! He moved his massive weight off the bear, who was snoring contentedly. "Time for bed boys," he said to his sons. After Nathan had stopped suckling the bear's ear, Sven maneuvered his arms under the bear's upper body and legs, before lifting him gently out of the chair and carrying him over to his bunk.

Morgan could feel himself being floated over to a flat surface, before the blanket was placed over him. He felt several wet kisses on his forehead and people whispering 'good night' to him. He felt a large paw gently massaging his neck. "I love you, Daddy," he moaned before finally succumbing to his body's demands for sleep.

Sven leaned forward and sniffed the bear. He could smell his own heavy musk which had mixed with the bear's sweet pampered musk. "I love you too, boy," he said as he kissed the bear on the forehead. He had a warm smile on his face as he walked to turn out the lights. He turned and looked at his growing family with a sense of true pride. "Goodnight, boys," he whispered as he clicked out the light and headed for his own bunk.