

"Are we there yet?"

"No, Bean..." Fang replied dryly as he continued to turn a radio dial in the hopes of finding a station that played the 'correct' kind of jazz music that he liked. "Goddamn, these fucking humans just keep butchering the genre. Shit sounds like elevator music..."

Bark rolled his eyes as the regret of not charging his phone settled in deeper and deeper. When Fang first formed their band of mercenaries for hire, the bear always hoped that he and Bean would *eventually* settle down with time. Of course—with the two bickering like children right next to him—the fact that he could've been so wrong still managed to shock him after so many years

"Quiet." He grumbled, causing the jerboa to press his lips together and turn towards him in indignation. "What?"

"N-nothing..." Pouting, Fang slowly tapped his gloved fingers against the steering wheel... managing to not blow up at Bark for a grand total of ten seconds before his mouth burst open. "No, it's *not* nothing! You don't get to talk to your boss like that!" Fang barked out, gripping the steering wheel harder. "You're nothing but the muscle, you good for nothing meathead!"

"Mhm." Bark hummed, hands stuffed in his pockets.

Bean climbed up the seat, pressing his beak against the side of Fang's face. "Woah! Are you gonna let Bark talk to you like that, Fang?" The woodpecker snorted, relentlessly poking him in the face. "Are ya? Are ya? Are ya?"

"How about you shut your trap and sit your ass down before I swerve this car into the fucking ocean?! How 'bout that, you—"

Bark squeezed down on Fang's thigh—his large hand encompassing the jerboa's tiny leg without any effort. He barely had to put any force into his grip, and yet he still forced that familiar squeak that he loved to hear so much. Culling down Fang's speeches halfway through—extinguishing that adorable enthusiasm just as it's on the peak of reaching its peak—was always one of the best parts of his day.

A squeak escaped past Fang's lips, trying to keep it shut for as long as he could to spare himself from further embarrassment.

"Huh? How about I do what?" Bean asked, seemingly oblivious. "Did you short circuit? Did you get brain damage? Huh? Fang, what happene—"

"GET IN THE FUCKING BACK SEAT!" Fang screamed—his voice scratchy, dissonant. The squeeze had dismantled him into an unstable mess. Sweat trailed down his face, the purple hue of his fur turning slightly more intense in accordance with the tint spreading through his cheeks. "DO IT NOW!" His commands—for as loud as they were—had their authority completely eroded by a sound only comparable to a squeaky toy.

Bean and Bark were engulfed in a cackling fit and smiling wryly respectively—both completely unfazed by their boss' screaming.

"Fuckin' stupid bird." Fang scoffed, almost shooting out a swab of spit. His face scrunched up into an intense, almost ghoulish-esque grimace. The attempt to remain composed in front of his underlings was as effective as it was hilarious to Bark, who continued to revel in his embarrassment.

"Hey." Bark leaned in closer, mouth just inches away from Fang's right ear. He knew that blowing hot air into the jerboa's mouth was yet another way to dismantle his bravado into tiny, nervous pieces. "Quiet down. We'll get home soon."

Instead of barking back with yet another fit of angry screams, he only whispered—head lowered and face hidden behind his hat. "S-shut up... Not in front of Bean..."

Bark squeezed again, letting out a deep chuckle. He still looked ahead while pretending to look for something on the floor, tracing his bulky fingers down the Fang's clothed legs.

"Sneaking around is fun. We'll get home soon anyways."

"What are you guys talking about?" The woodpecker asked.

"Your fucking funeral, Bean!" Fang hissed, voice somehow turned even squeakier. "If you ask any more questions, I'm gonna pop your fucking head off!"

The threat only made him cackle even harder, throwing his head back against the seat. His mouth stretched open to a painful degree as he smiled ear to ear. "Woah, did you wake up on the wrong side of bed today or something? Or did you get your panties in a twist after today's mission?"

"I swear to god, you're gonna give me a migraine..."

"We'll get home soon anyways." Bark reminded Fang. "Where are we leaving you, Bean? Dynamite Plant again?"

"Yep! I gotta re-stock my bomb supply!" He explained with a cheer. "How 'bout you guys? Gonna go back to base?"

"Mhm," Bark hummed, once again pressing down on Fang's thigh. The last thing he wanted was for the jerboa to explain more than needed. Bean would be *literally* incapable of keeping shut about their arrangement if he was to find out. "Work needs to be done. The financial kind."

"Booooooring! I'm gonna have *fun* while you two waste your limited time on earth reading stuff!" Bean raised his hands upwards, swatting the air. "I'll go BOOM! And then BAM! And then you guys are gonna be looking at the explosions and go Bwaaaah because of how bored you are!"

"Yeah... It's just gonna be busywork." Fang muttered half-heartedly, shrinking in his seat as he tried to ignore the electric feeling of Bark's fingers massaging his legs. "Nothing but business."

“Won’t take long with the two of us working overtime,” Bark said bluntly. “Right, boss?”

“Y-yeah... It’ll be easy peasy.” The Jerboa nervously muttered.

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Red lights—for whatever reason—always comforted the polar bear. As the bulb above covered the room in a crimson hue, Bark stared down at Fang; whimpering—stripped of the opulent clothes that he loved to boast about—and silently begging to be punished for his behavior. It was a script that Bark had followed a dozen times, and he was more than happy to play the part once again.

He pushed Fang against the bed, pressing down on the jerboa’s chest. Even after performing this song and dance so many times, he continued to find himself shocked at how pathetically easy it was to keep the Jerboa pinned down onto the mattress. No amount of athleticism could overtake pure, raw strength. Maybe *that* was the reason why a pompous asshole like him was so enthralled by what they were doing; only actual might would be enough to trample down his almost force-of-nature-esque way of going through life.

Fang panted, chest rising up and down rapidly as exasperated breaths “Fuck, I needed—”

“Shush.” Bark shoved his large digits inside the jerboa’s mouth. Just two were enough to stuff his mouth and make his cheeks bulge out sideways. The sound of desperate, whiny gurgles was like music to the ursine’s ear. “No talking.”

Fang nodded slowly, drool trailing out of his mouth and slathering Bark’s fingers. He could’ve spit them out at any time, of course. Yet the jerboa simply chose to continue sucking down on them, feeling up the latex texture of the gloves adorning Bark’s massive digits. The taste was dry and plasticky, and yet that *nasty* flavor only compelled him to suckle further. He moaned loudly as he felt the ursine move his fingers inside his mouth, silencing him thoroughly.

“Good boy.” Bark teased. He didn’t know *why* Fang wanted this, but he certainly couldn’t complain. He loved the feeling of the jerboa melting under his forceful care, and on top of the pure euphoria of breaking his boss down into a mess, he could enjoy the fact that he was squeezing rings out of him in exchange for all of... *this*. “You were so pent up in that car, huh?”

“Yhoough wehe teaheeing...” Fang complained, his mouth being stretched out by Bark’s hands.

“It’s my job,” Bark said as he adjusted his leather straps, making sure to stretch them before letting them *snap* back into place, making the jerboa’s mind into a fit—a completely stupified expression screwing up into full view. “And I gotta follow my boss’ orders, after all...”

The harness pulled taut on his firm chest, squeezing those built pectorals and making the muscle bulge out just slightly. It was a snug fit above his shoulders and underneath his armpits, both sides connected with a leather line that made the gear out into an ‘H’ shape. At first, he didn’t really like how the straps squeezed his body, but the more he felt the pressure on his

bulging muscles, the more he grew to love it. Good thing Fang did too, if the massive hardon he spotted the second he put it on was anything to go by.

“Let me take a good look at you, okay?” He moved the hand that kept pressing down on Fang’s chest and moved it up to the jerboa’s neck. Brushing past the fur and taking advantage of Fang’s shuddering, Bark quickly pushed all of his weight on top of him. “Ah, there we go. Don’t think that I would let you go that easily.”

“Mgh, fhuck...” Fang muttered, mouth still stuffed with fingers. His tongue kept swirling across Bark’s fat digits, completely unwilling to spit them out. “Bhaaark...”

Bark was sure that he weighed at least twice Fang’s weight. He could feel him struggling under his frame, pushing up against the firm, round dome he had for a belly. Even if the jerboa was truly attempting to break free from his straddling—which he was not. How could he? He was melting the harder Bark pushed—he wouldn’t be able to do anything.

Without his gadgets, Fang was completely helpless, and he was very aware of it. Those gentle, almost dainty purple-furred hands kept pushing against his chest.

Bark let out a deep growl as Fang massaged his pectorals, the Jerboa applying further pressure in unison with the harness. Every single glide of Fang’s touches was like heaven. He was so nimble and needy for the same kind of touch back—positively adorable; the complete contrast to the rotten yet bombastic personality that made Fang who he was.

“Mhm, your neck’s so soft.” Bark teased, continuing to rub Fang’s skin. “You want me to do it again?”

Fang nodded, and Bark gladly obliged his boss’ request. He opened his maw, revealing a row of sharp, knife-like fangs that gleamed against the red light above. Making sure to not put enough force to pierce Fang’s flesh, he began working on Fang’s neck. To mark someone so prideful was like destroying something that was supposed to be unbreakable. The scars were always fortunately hidden behind a purple pelt, so Bark could happily paint the jerboa’s neck with hickeys and marks.

“A-ah... Mggghoah... Mghuuhg!” Fang whined as he felt the polar bear’s fangs nibble against his skin. He knew that if Bark wanted to, he could tear his neck into a pile of bloody mush, yet that trepidation made the prospect so tantalizing. Completely alone without his gun, buried underneath the bear’s soft but strong build, he was at the complete mercy of the ursine.

“Think I can let you sing now...” Bark slowly pulled his fingers—one by one—out of Fang’s mouth. Each one came out with a wet ‘pop’ as the jerboa finally let his mouth rest, no longer overstretched. The whines turned louder as they were interwoven with his jagged, exhausted breathing. It was labored and incessant—a sign to not let down on the pressure. He continued gnawing on Fang’s neck while moving his newly freed hand downwards. “Be loud.” He said through clenched fangs before continuing to trace his teeth across Fang’s neck.

Fang seemed to be befuddled for a second, but as Bark’s hand moved lower and lower, he seemed to realize what the bear intended.

“W-wait,” Fang whined through exhausted pants. “Give me a second to—”

But Bark wasn't about to listen. He gripped the jerboa's glutes. He squeezed down as hard as he could, short-circuiting Fang and warping his pleas into a shrill moan that erupted through the room.

The bear felt Fang try to kick upwards, but he failed to even make him budge a little. Not just that. The jerboa's cock throbbed desperately under his belly, smearing Bark's stomach with pre. Pushing further, he moved on from squeezing with his whole hand to slowly creep a finger toward Fang's hole. Pushing the right asscheek aside and using the still slick saliva as a makeshift lubricant, he began pushing his finger inside.

“Mgh!” Fang bit down on his lip, his protruding tooth digging into the bottom of his face. He refused to let out any more moans, for Bark would need to *force* them out of him. He kept shut, clenching up his butt as he felt the cold saliva brush against his anus. The shock made him tremble, then enveloping his mind in a miasma of paradoxical unpleasantness that he never wanted to end. “Mghuh...”

“So tight... Guess I just need to work harder.” He kept pushing inwards, feeling up the inner wall of Fang's body. Bark felt even more grateful for his large digits, letting him push deeper and deeper with barely any effort. “Want some more?”

Fang nodded vigorously, looking away from Bark to preserve the microscopic amount of pride he had left.

“Greedy whore.” Bark spat back with a smile on his face. With one hand still pleasuring Fang's ass, finally unclenching his teeth from his neck, Bark used the other to buck himself upwards. He and Fang's faces met at the same eye level, their muzzles mere millimeters apart. He could feel the desperate breathing splash against his face—a pleasant gust of warm air. “Beg for more.”

“M-more—”

“No.” He firmly said. “Order me to do it. Gotta follow orders, right? That's why you throw so many rings at me.” He rocked his hips, pushing his own dick against Fang's. His was thicker, dwarfing the jerboa's in size. “Do it and I might let your cute cock cum.” Bark had called his manhood cute many times before—much to Nack's chagrin.

“J-Just, please... Keep going! Keep going, Bark!”

“Good thing you finally spoke up.” Fortunately for them, Bark had put the lube bottle on the bed before starting. Of course, he had fucked Fang to the point that the mammal was left a bumbling mess of moans and begs, but today, Bark felt a little bit more daring. He wanted Fang to go to sleep feeling like he had never felt before, and he had rehearsed what to do in this situation. “Hold still.”

To Fang's surprise, instead of seeing Bark slather his shaft with the substance, it was his own endowment that had been coated in lube. Before he could even realize what the polar bear

had planned for him, Bark slammed down his thighs onto his dick. The jerboa let out a dry gasp, feeling that meaty behind pushing down all the way up to his groin. He felt Bark's tight bubble butt wrap around his cock, going up and down so fast that the overstimulation drove him insane.

"Surprised?" Bark cockingly asked, finally beginning to sound moderately tired. Sweat traveled down his body.

"Fuck, Mghhhaaaark!"

"That's it. That's what I like to hear." His glutes squeezed around Fang's shaft, earning a cacophony of moans from the two of them filling the room. Each time that he lowered himself against Fang's waist, his ass cheeks rippled from the impact. "Moan for me more, bitch."

"Please, please... I want you... *I need you! Bark!*" Fang sounded like he was on the verge of tears. His voice quivered to a shrill-like octave. He thrust into the air in a desperate struggle for control.

The sound of wet slapping reverberated through the room. Each time that Bark's ass hit down on the jerboa, his ass cheeks jiggled as the impact rippled against his body. He was putting his all in, putting enough force behind his movements that he was forcing pained whines out of Fang.

"Yeah, that's better..." Bark reveled in the overwhelming sensation of his entrance being spread apart, huffing and panting as he bucked himself up and down. It was certainly different being in this position compared to completely dominating the jerboa. "Mgh, you feel so good, Fang..." He could feel Fang's hot seed dripping inside, filling him up the longer he continued.

Feeling the liquid fervor spreading inside of him, the bear's legs trembled feverishly. His squatting posture quivered, built muscled shivering as Bark had to put his all into not falling on his back. Bark could feel his cock throbbing more and more, pre flying out from all the intense movement. He thrust faster and faster, hitched breathing growing worse as he felt himself closer to reaching his limit.

"Mgh... Didn't know... it'd feel so good..."

Fang couldn't reply, nothing but nonsensical and longing wails of pleasure parting his lips. He shoved his chest high into the air, head arching back as he rubbed his sweaty fur all across the pillow. Those sharp claws dug into the mattress, pleasure irradiating his body—too much to contain. He tore into the covers as he pathetically tried to hold himself together.

Finally, one push too many, Bark finally felt himself drop over the edge. In unison, they both shot out their seed in a burst of white. Bark exhaled sharply as he felt his insides filled up by Fang, while the latter moaned out in ecstasy, melting into the bed. As the rush of euphoria took hold of the bear's mind, he let out an almost primal roar that wholly overtook the mean whimpers parting from Fang's mouth.

“Mghuuh...” Fang moaned.

“Mghuuh...” Like a crumbling mountain, Bark collapsed onto the bed. The leather harness buckles jingled as the bear crashed onto the mattress. “Ah, that was great...”

“Yeah... I had a lot of f—”

Bark immediately interrupted, cutting off the jerboa’s dream-esque train of thought before he took off with wild ideas. “So where are my rings?” Bark asked, now back to his dry, almost emotionless tone. “It’s five hundred.” Whatever investment the polar bear seemed to have during the previous minute was now completely gone—almost as if it was never there in the first place.

Fang pouted, rolling his eyes. Cocking his head to the right and crossing his arms, he directed the bear. “Fucking killjoy. They’re on the nightstand.”

“Cool.”

Standing up, Bark inhaled sharply through his teeth as he felt the pain from having bottomed for the first time. He had to grip the end of the bed’s pole as he massaged his back, letting out deep, rumbling huffs.

“Fhuck! Okay, okay... guess that I need some time to rest before I go away.” Looking back over to the jerboa—arms crossed and an indignant pout painted across his face. Assessing the situation, Bark didn’t even need to think twice. Jumping back on the bed, his weight caused Fang to jump up just a little, the last remnants of his cum flying into the air.

“W-wha?! What are you doing?!”

“Gonna rest,” Bark said matter-of-factly. His long, bulky arm wrapped around Fang’s tiny body—encompassing the jerboa in one fell swoop. “I’ll let you know when I feel refreshed...”

Fang didn’t say anything. He let himself rest alongside the polar bear, closing his eyes, and letting an unwilling smile painted on his face.