Twenty-three years working in an office. You get accustomed to certain things; saying good morning to your co-workers, stealing a little time to share in some office gossip, griping about the new change to processes and how they did not need to change, and wearing pants. That last one Chet did not much care for and consider it a perk of working from home. After twenty-three years working in the office a virus had come out of nowhere, or more accurately somewhere he had never heard of in China. Now he was banished from his former territory to his other territory.

The first week or two had been kinda fun. Not wearing pants, or often any clothes at all while he was working. No co-workers, no need to dress to impress. Although many men thought the big polar bear was quite impressive without any clothes too. No annoying boss ten years younger than him looking over his shoulder desperate to stamp down his authority. Honestly, Chet wished the annoying runt would just piss around his desk and move on. Though he knew the real reason the guy was doing it was he was utterly threatened by the patient bear. Chet had been there long enough to not only know his own job but everyone else's. People never went to Andy first, they always checked with Chet and nine times out of ten the bear could fix their problems.

Another working from home perk had been that his boyfriend, Martin, had been furloughed. All gyms were closed and the husky was basically just sitting around doing nothing. The canine had taken up baking as a new hobby and was utterly nailing it. Sometimes nailing it while the big bear nailed him in the kitchen. Oh yes, much fun had been had.

Unfortunately, Andy had since discovered Microsoft Teams. Chet winced just thinking about it as he pulled his headset on and checked his tie. Every meeting was no longer a phone call, now it was a video conference. As amusing as it was in the beginning to see his co-workers homes, pets, spouses and children. It was also a chore, mainly because Andy insisted everyone dress for work. “You may not be in the office but we are all still professionals.”

So Chet sat in his home study, freshly pressed shirt, navy blue suit jacket and matching tie. In pure defiance, that was all he was wearing. Nobody would see that his lower half was naked, huge bear balls resting on his chair and his thick sheath there for a cheek scratch. The meeting today was a particular sore spot because Chet knew he did not need to be there. Andy had other ideas and had insisted the bear dial in, just in case.

A little alert popped up on his screen letting him know it was time. A couple of clicks and soon his handsome face was displayed on his own screen, along with a dozen others. Knowing that he was being watched a broad and slightly false smile was plastered all over his face, “good morning!” He bellowed in as cheery a tone as he could manage. While inside, he dreaded an all-day workshop where he would have nothing to add. Andy knew that, of course, he was just looking to put the bear out and at the same time probably hoping to catch him out.

Just as the rest of the team was joining the call, the door to Chet's study opened. His husky boyfriend was standing there, almost completely naked. Martin was wearing a plain jockstrap. The husky always wore them, he insisted for comfort. Unlike a lot of underwear, the jock did not require any fiddling with tail clasps or buttons. His huge fluffy tail fit through with zero effort, they held his junk snuggly and Chet could attest that the dog liked his junk snuggly smushed. Mostly though, they gave full access to his ass. Many was the time the bear found his slinky boyfriend laying on the sofa reading, or playing some video game, ass just there for any hungry predator to feast on, and feast he did.

Chet had a couple of jocks of his own. Though he never wore them casually. When the bear put on a jock in front of Martin, it was like a red rag to a bull. Or more accurately a big sign that said, "I want you to eat my ass and then bounce on my cock while I make happy bear noises." Though Chet had no complaints about his boyfriend's choices. He liked how jocks framed Martin's pert little tush. There was a definite size mismatch between them, age mismatch too. A guy in his mid-twenties and a guy in his mid-forties. A lot of people stared and whispered about it.

For all Chet cared they could fucking shout, he still would not listen. Martin made him feel big, strong and powerful. There was no feeling like clasping your paws around your lover's waist and feeling your fingertips touching. The lithe husky made him feel like a man and a seriously horny one at that. Clicking mute on his microphone he looked up, "Hey, everything ok?"

Martin shrugged, "yeah, bit bored. You want a coffee or something?" Two months of furlough and Chet knew the husky was running out of things to do. Huskies are active by nature and being locked in the house, confined to one run a day was having a tole on the canine. Though it was having a wonderful effect on the house and garden, which had never been tidier or more well cared for.

"A coffee would be good, and maybe some toast, I'm gonna be stuck on this bloody call all day," the bear grumbled in reply. "I doubt I'll even say anything, I just got to sit here and look pretty."

"Well, you are nailing that, so far," the husky replied with a grin and a wink. While Chet's pride puffed up a little and he felt a familiar tingle in his balls. Something about someone complimenting his looks, especially from someone like Martin, it turned him on. The dog, of course, knew that.

He opened his mouth to reply, only for an annoyingly nasal voice to ask, "Is everything ok Chet, you muted yourself?"

Looking down, Chet resisted the natural urge to growl as he saw Andy's beady eyes looking back at him from his laptop. Unmuting himself the bear replied, "yes, sorry, I was just letting my boyfriend know I'll be in a call all day."

“Ah, ok. Good idea everyone. If you haven't already told your spouses and family, like Chet, you should do so now rather than interrupt the call,” the polar bear’s paws tightened and he suppressed the urge to growl. Andy was a bunny that poked this bear in all the wrong ways. Stupid little passive-aggressive bullshit. The bear’s soft brown eyes looked up and he caught Martin’s baby blues. Martin nodded, immediately taking the hint, followed by mouthing the words ‘your boss is an asshole’.

In a moment of rebellion, Chet clicked mute again, “this call is such a fucking waste of time, it’s not my project or speciality. Emma has it all covered. I am probably not gonna say a single thing all day.” He grumbled and then sighed unmuting himself and motioning that Martin should leave. He at least got a glimpse of sexy grey ass, framed by white jock, as the canine turned.

Then the call began formally. Chet sat there and listened trying not to think about his work inbox. There was no doubt there would be emails piling up and work he had to do. Yet he also knew he was being watched, Andy’s face stared at him out of the screen.

A few minutes later a flash of grey distracted the polar bear, he smiled and mouthed a thank you. While Martin placed a mug of coffee and a small plate with four rounds of heavily buttered toast. Martin always complained about how much butter the bear used. So Chet knew this was sympathy toast, made to suit his tastes and not to help his waist. He certainly was not going to complain about that today. Chet needed all the mood-enhancing calories he could get.

Looking at his screen, his ears twitched at a soft thump. Glancing around he was alone. He assumed that Martin had left. Until he heard a muffled thud under his desk. Then he bit his lip as two hands stroked up his inner thighs, his sheath becoming plump at the slight touch. Clicking mute he whispered, “what are you doing?”

“Shhh, just get back to work bear. Don’t give that little prick the satisfaction. While I give your delicious prick so much satisfaction.” As the bear opened his mouth to respond he felt a warm sensation and moaned as the husky’s tongue lapped over his heavy balls.

“Martin!” He moaned with a warning growl in his tone.

He was just about to stop his boyfriend when an irate voice in his ear said, “Chet what do you think?”

“That little fucker,” Chet thought, managing to stop the words coming from his lips. He unmuted and replied, “Yeah, that should work. Though if it was me I would probably move the order around. If you action point C first you should find that makes things smoother later on.” The bear enjoyed watching the frustrated look in his manager's eyes. He knew the little shit had spotted his muted mic and assumed the bear was not paying attention.

Warm lips sealed around his growing cocktip, a tongue pushing forward, under his sheath. Chet resisted the urge to moan in pleasure, knowing any sounds he made would be transmitted to his entire team. However, any thoughts of stopping this vanished from his mind. This call was an utter waste of his time. Well if they were going to waste his time he would find a way to use that time more productively. Husky paws stroked his huge sweaty nuts, that helped him be so very productive.

Dipping a huge paw under the desk, he caressed Martin's canine face. In his mind, he thought, "good puppy, now suck more." As if reading his thoughts telepathically, he felt the suction increase. While his thick bearhood slid fully out and into the canine's hungry muzzle. Smiling the bear could not help but think how appropriate it was that the husky had brought him breakfast and he was now feeding his good, hungry pup. Picking up his toast he took a bite, enjoying the salty, melting butter taste.

While below his desk, he hoped that his puppy was enjoying the musky flavour of his bearhood in the morning. Gulping down he felt the annoying tug of his work tie. Reaching up he tugged it down just a little. Martin's muzzle slid further down his cock and he felt hot breath huffing through his crotch fur. His fingers reached the husky's ears and stroked gently. He knew exactly where to squeeze and pull to make his canine lover feel more submissive. The reward was almost instant as Martin sucked firmly and his head bobbed quickly.

Wonderful warm feelings ran up his entire length and he had to bite his lips to stop himself crying out in pleasure. In front of him almost a dozen faces stared, he knew they could all see him. It was a wonderful delight to know that none of them knew that while they talked, shared ideas and bored the bear. None of them knew that his cock was in some wonderful canine heaven, full of warm tongue and suckling.

Warm palms grasped around his aching nuts, squeezing them gently and once more Chet had to suppress the desire to moan. He was a very vocal lover and having to hold that back was a challenge. However, he knew that Andy was watching him. Somehow that made it extra delicious. He fixed his eyes on that rabbit's face and could not keep a smirk off his lips. The annoying little prick, he would have an aneurysm if he knew what the bear was doing right under his beady little eyes.

His fingers move slowly, working their way until his huge mitt cupped the back of Martin's head. Flexing his muscles he pulled that muzzle forward hard. It took every measure of control he had not to cry out as he felt that canine throat enveloping his thick and throbbing maleness. He licked his lips, moving his mic up so that his more excited breathing would not pick up. While in his head he counted. He and Martin knew each other's limits well and he had no desire to push the husky any further than he would want to go. In his mind, he thought, "good puppy, that's it. You like that fat bear dick in your throat don't you? Who's a good boy for his daddy?"

Just before Martin's tapped his leg in warning he relaxed his paw and felt his cock slide out of the canine's throat. The wonderful tightness was gone. However, his crotch was bathed in strong huffs of warm breath as the husky took in some much-needed air. Although, Chet knew that air was going to be heavy with bear musk. A naturally musky guy, Chet knew he would be sweating more than usual.

He bit his lip once more, as a determined husky muzzle pushed forward hard. No need for a paw to guide him, Martin was a good boy he knew how to please his lover. Chet gulped as he felt that throat around his cock over and over. The pleasure from it building so quickly he was worried he would cum too quickly. More worryingly was that he might forget himself. Focussing on Andy helped, that snarky bunny face cooled his ardour just enough.

However, his hips began to sway just a little, humping into that bobbing muzzle. Loving the feel of that eager canine tongue. He wanted to lay back in his chair and look down. He loved watching his thick dick glistening in saliva as it slid in and out of his lover's mouth. However, he stayed resolute and erect, his comfortable bear belly blocking any view of the beautiful husky pup's mouth around his needy meat.

With each passing moment, the canine's muzzle moved faster and faster. The pleasure, driven into his needy length, building. He could feel his huge nuts churning with a desperate need for release and he knew that he wouldn't last much longer. There was nothing he could do to warn his lover that he was on the edge. Somehow muting himself seemed impossible, Andy would notice. However, really Chet just loved the thought that they were doing this right under the rabbit's twitching pink nose. The rabbit was so desperate to dominant and control the bear. Andy thought he had him under his thumb. However, right before his eyes the bear was breaching every single god damned rule in the book and loving every single salacious second. "Fuck you, you little cotton-tailed cunt." The bear growled in his head as he felt the pleasure growing rapidly. Any moment he knew he would pass the point of no return.

Chet prepared himself to let go of a pent up load. He was ready to bask in the glee of doing so right in front of so many of his colleagues. However, Martin clearly had other plans. Before Chet could react the muzzle and head pulled free from his grasp. Chet gasped audibly and then held his breath staring at the screen to see if anyone noticed. In his ear, the conversation continued. It looked like his voice had not been loud enough to register. If people had heard it, then it had not picked up loud enough to display his name for everyone.

The bear remembered the previous week where he had been in a meeting with various clients and one of them had taken a sneaky toilet break. With no cameras on and just audio, the entire call had heard a very long pee being enjoyed. However, because it had been a faint background noise nobody had known who had done it. In true traditional British fashion, nobody had mentioned it, though they had all definitely heard it.

However, any thoughts of that humorous incident melted, as he heard the canine moving under the desk. He knew what was coming and it made his dick throb to think of it. A hand grasped around his turgid length and he felt himself being aimed. A grunt of animalistic desire had to be repressed as he felt his cocktip kiss a horny canine pucker. It took everything he had, every ounce of control and experience not to moan in bliss as that ass was pushed back. Martin was slowly forcing that bear thickness deep inside his ass.

Immediately, Chet's eyes sought out his boss's face. Grinning in idiotic triumph as his boyfriend impaled himself on his eager length. He looked into the rabbit's eyes as his hips pushed forward just a little. Chet thought of just how angry the rabbit would be, he would almost certainly fire him. However, the impotent little prick could suck on Chet's sweaty bear nuts for all that he cared in that moment. His big paw reached under the table. Stroking over his horny pup's back. Bear fingers grasped the pup's tail firmly.

Chet always did that when he wanted to feel in charge. One hand on Martin's tail, pulling him back. Though he was always careful, dominance is fun, inflicting pain was not. He just wanted to show the horny pup who was in control. He tugged on it gently and Martin reacted immediately, pushing back further, his ass pressing up firmly squishing the bear's fat nuts. Licking his lips Chet decided to risk a little more. Just for a moment, he leant back in his chair. His belly moving just enough so that he could see his thick black meat or a tiny sliver of it, the rest was snuggly resting inside his horny dog.

Moving back to a full attention position before anyone could see or react. He licked his lips and gave Martin's tail a firm tug and then let go. A clear sign that he was giving the pup permission to do what he wanted and Chet knew exactly what the cock hungry canine wanted. He braced himself to remain quiet as he felt that warm ass sliding off from around his shaft. Then bit down on his lip so hard he tasted blood, as the husky's ass rammed back hard. Taking in his entire length in one swift motion.

His hips moved on their own, meeting his lover's thrusts with his own. He knew that he could not move too much or it would be spotted. Yet the delicious feelings around his cock were hard to resist. Not that he had to, Martin would see to that. His runner's body was built for this sort of fun. Lithe and flexible, Chet had often complimented his lover on just how easy he could be bent into the perfect position in virtually any situation.

Feeling his nuts churning, Chet knew it wouldn't take long. He was so close to the edge. Reaching under his desk with both paws, he closed his fingers around his pup's waist. Looking into Andy's beady eyes he smiled when he felt his fingertips touching, as his huge paws engulfed his slender lover's frame. He knew he had to be quick, one paw suddenly let go and grabbed for the mouse clicking mute. He knew Andy would probably notice and ask about it. However, he also knew he could not be quiet any longer.

“You hot little horny pup,” he growled deeply and lustfully as he grasped Martin’s waist with both paws again. Easily controlling the last moments, thrusting forward as much as he dared, feeling every bit the powerful dominant male he was. “There’s a good boy, you want Daddy’s dick don’t ya?”

“Yes, please!” A whimpered response came from under his desk and Chet knew that his lover was on his knees, probably fully erect his precum leaking through his jockstrap. “Please Daddy!” The second response was much louder letting Chet know just how close his lover was.

“Good boy!” He moaned and then he bucked forward just a little. His strong paws using his power to pull the husky back hard. His thickness drove into the canine over and over. Only a few seconds and thrusts were all it took. Before he roared in pleasure as he fucked his aching length into his lover. Unleashing a flood of pent up bear spunk, his work call and annoying boss momentarily forgotten.

Gasping and panting he felt his balls twitching as he basked in the pure bliss of emptying himself into his lover. However, he was not able to enjoy the afterglow as he heard an annoyingly familiar voice mention his name. Clicking unmute he mumbled, “Sorry, I had to mute myself, I… had some coffee go down the wrong way, didn't want to cough over the discussion.” It was not his smoothest excuse, however, given his dick was being milked by his horny lover he could be forgiven for not being perfectly smooth. Andy did not look impressed but said no more about it.

A few minutes later, his softening cock was pulled from his lover’s ass. He saw Martin get to his feet and smiled to see both the husky’s ass and jockstrap dripping with cum. The two exchanged a brief look and a smile. Chet knew he would probably have to have a conversation about it later. It would probably be best for his career if they did not do this again… well not too often. Maybe just once more.

Chet picked up his now cold toast, with congealed butter and finished off his breakfast. While his cum dried in his fur. At least working from home had some perks.