“Don’t forget to make sure the windows are shut and not to make too much noise,” Dorothy informed her husband and his boyfriend. “Lock the backyard doors before leaving for work, and at night. Also, don’t forget to have fun while we’re gone.”

“We will, honey.”

“Don’t worry about us, Dorothy.”

“I’m just making sure, boys,” she chuckled, then momentarily glanced at the two dog cubs buckled in the backseat. “Say good-bye to your father, children!”

“Bye, Daddy!” Franklin and Hayley Smirnov howled in unison.

“Be on your best behavior, Frank! You too, Hayley!” Smirnov playfully instructed his cubs with a tired smile. “And have fun at Grandma and Grandpa’s!”

Sitting relaxedly in the driver’s seat and rolling up the glass side window, the German shepherdess carefully backed out of the driveway. The younger passengers waved at their father and the younger red fox as they waved back, the latter watching them drive away.

They couldn’t help but smile despite seeing the old automobile disappear further down the road. Dorothy was taking the kids to go visit their grandparents again, leaving John and Samuel with the house to themselves for the weekend. A situation the shepherdess gladly helped with, knowing that her husband and her parents did not always get along the best. Little did they know that her daughter's spouse would be accompanied by a fellow officer, who also happened to be a third participant in their marriage.

Sighing together, the German shepherd and red fox stoically walked inside of the former’s home, and the instant they locked the front door, they collided against the foyer wall into a loving, sensual kiss. The same kind they both had been yearning for since before breakfast and all the way through lunch, Open till the children returned from a half-day at the school to prepare for their trip. Now, with the fox and shepherd utilizing their vacation time, it felt great to kiss in the sanctity of the house, without worrying if Franklin or Hayley would stumble in on them by accident.

Their muzzles parted, and the two beamed with blushing muzzles, their bushy tails wagging in tandem. “So…we have all weekend, and it’s only Friday.” Samuel tilted his head down to lick beneath Smirnov’s ticklish chin. Like clockwork, it sent a shiver down the old dog’s back. “Shall I get dinner started in the oven?”

“Sounds great,” Smirnov rumbled in approval. He eyed the clock. “I’ll get the living room ready, and if you’re not too busy, I’ll also go see what is on the television for us later tonight.”

“Or get the vinyl ready?” Samuel asked.

Smirnov nodded, grinning as he answered, “And get the vinyl ready.”

Samuel turned around to walk towards the kitchen, only to gasp and bashfully chuckle when the older canine groped his left ass cheek, giving it a possessive squeeze. Smirnov gave a devilish wink while the fox stuck his tongue out, wiggling his hips and swishing his tail for teasing effect. Then, they finally got to work on preparing for their well-earned evening.

Dorothy and the children had left around 1:30 in the afternoon. By 2:00, Smirnov had managed to clean up the remnants of German shepherd cubs’ toys littered all over the house, as well as complete a few essential chores in-between. By then, Samuel was half-way through preparing their dinner and required some help. Not much, just a few tweaks and understanding of the special recipe that Dorothy recommended for their romantic meal.

They planned to have a slow-cooked chicken breasts with stuffed mushrooms, which required a few hours of cooking and then cooling in the oven. After placing the ingredients and the meat into the furnace, the fox and German shepherd smiled at each other, and set the timer. Then, they casually walked into the living room, where Smirnov had already prepared the record player.

“Shall we dance?” Smirnov attempted a French accent.

Samuel laughed. “We shall, monsieur.”

Smirnov cheekily hummed as he set the record needle onto the spinning vinyl. Together, they stood close. Music swelled in the air. More specifically, Dean Martin’s voice did, beautifully chorusing and gliding through the air with each melodic orchestration of various love songs. Other voices included Bing Crosby and Doris Day, or Peggy Lee. All of their enchanting voices melted into the background as Smirnov held his fox’s elbow and side, with Samuel doing the same, and he danced slowly with the German shepherd. As one, they stepped and slowly turned to the music. Both canines let themselves be lost in the moment. They cradled each other closely while Sam rested his crimson muzzle believe the older dog’s chin, breathing in each other’s scents and entwining their tails around their thighs. Samuel and Smirnov felt at peace. No societal pressures or homophobia existed around them. They felt truly at peace.

A few hours later, Smirnov and Samuel were in the kitchen setting their plates and drinks together. Heavenly aromas flooded their nostrils. The recipe that Dorothy recommended lead to a dinner that was nothing but outstanding. The chicken breasts and stuffed mushrooms were divine, and as they sat together and devoured their food, the fox and German shepherd would make occasional comments. Whether it was about some thing going on at work or a funny anecdote they heard about, or even about their concerns regarding current events, Smirnov and Sam still found the time to have conversations. Somehow, Play you haven’t found them selves debating whether or not paprika would make an excellent spice on the chicken breasts before being slow-cooked.

“I’m telling you, the spice will bring out even more flavor.”

“You’re just adding too many notes to a symphony,” Smirnov grumbled with an eye roll. “What’s wrong with the instructions Dorothy gave us?”

“Nothing,” Sammy defended. “I just think it’d be fun to try out.”

“You can try it out,” Smirnov lifted another bite from his fork and swallowed the slice, murring as he tasted the wonderfully cooked food, “but I doubt it’ll hold a candle to what we made. Besides, I’m not into harder spices.”

“Getting old, Chief?” Sam jested.

As a response, Smirnov frowned in the stoic way he did back at the police department’s main office. Still, Samuel relaxed as he noticed a coy smirk behind the older dog’s attempt at appearing aloof.

“Whatever, pup.”

Laughing shortly at the last spoken word, Samuel continued eating everything on his plate. He and Smirnov spent the rest of their dinner talking about what they hoped to do during their weekend away from the kids (with Smirnov offhandedly musing at how Sam already started to consider Franklin and Hayley animals members of the red fox’s own family). The next morning, they hoped to visit the Metropolitan Museum of Art, or perhaps bike around the safer areas of Central Park during the middle of the day. Possibly even encounter John Blacksad at the diner. Maybe even have another thrust between the handsome cat and two canines once again?

“We’ll have to see,” Smirnov mused with a hidden grin. “For now, let’s just see where life takes us, sweetie.”

“I couldn’t agree more,” Sammy chirped before taking another bite.

Too soon, the romantic dinner came to an end. However, it didn’t slow down the romantic atmosphere in any sense. After Smirnov turned on the table side radio to a channel playing upbeat jazz, he joined Samuel at the kitchen sink. Shoulder to shoulder and side to side, they subtly danced with the music while washing, rinsing, drying, and placing the Glass plates and eating utensils in their proper places. Together, Smirnov and Sammy enjoyed the quiet mundanity of a chore, exchanging grins and a few flirtatious brushes of a tail or finger as they cleaned up. Neither of their tails would cease wagging behind them, all while Frank Sinatra sang on the nearby radio.

Later, the red fox and German shepherd returned to the living room. With daylight still bright as ever outside and neither canine wanting to bother leaving the townhouse, they decided on watching television. Thanks to a bonus from work, Smirnov had been able to purchase a new TV set that came with color. Now, as the two men lay in a blanket on the couch, they watched a movie they had only previously seen as black and white. A spectacle, to say the least.

However, by the time that the last rays of natural light disappeared on the horizon and the end credits played, the two canines woke up to feel their hard erections pressed against each other. Their shaft strained against their clothing, and the blanket began to feel oppressive.

“What are we gonna do about it?” Smirnov asked his Academy Fox.

Samuel pretended to think the obvious answer over. “Hmm…race you!”

They leapt from the couch and stormed eagerly for the staircase, laughing their tails off. Seconds later and the two flustered canines stumbled upstairs into the master bedroom, making passionate love once their clothes lay littered on the carpeted floor. Smirnov couldn’t help but whine happily as he set his spectacles on the nightstand, then rejoined Samuel in another slobbery, naked kiss. The entire house was quiet, empty, and theirs. They could taste the sexual possibilities so much that their mouths drooled together and down their chins, which connected into the fiery euphoria they unleashed.

Smirnov moaned as the fox’s manhood slid effortlessly between his jaws. Meanwhile, Samuel’s vulpine lips effectively accommodated the elder canine’s cock as it thrust in and out of his muzzle, the head leaking copiously. The German Shepherd laid his back against the pillow, lying on his back as the red fox straddled his head and lay along his chiseled stomach, tails wagging with each movement and enveloped dicks as wet as they were incredibly erect.

Expert tongues and experienced lips bobbed up and down the two canine cocks. Sweat accumulated on their foreheads and along their muscles. In the case of Samuel Parker, the young fox felt perspiration soak his back fur and around his arms, the heat from sex and vapors of German shepherd musk inhaling into his nostrils. His nose tickled Smirnov’s pubic hair as he gulped down each inch, until he could feel it pulse inside his throat, feel his lover’s balls bounce against his chin, and hear/feel Smirnov moaning in the unison with each thrust he himself made into his older muzzle.

“Jesus!”

“Sorry, sweetie, I—”

“N-No, keep going!”

“Oh, Sammy…”

Smirnov initiated first. His dexterous tongue extended past the red fox’s hardened member, to his pulsing balls, then the sensitive taint, and eventually, the German shepherd found himself hungrily lapping at his lover’s entrance. Orally devouring it, he bucked his hips into the vulpine muzzle, face-fucking it with male vigor while clasping his red-furred glutes and burying his nostrils further into that crack. It left Samuel widening his legs to give the dog further access, as well as arching his back as he effortlessly swallowed every thrust. He couldn’t get enough of his shepherd’s cock. Neither could Smirnov get enough of the fox’s…everything. Ever since they first discovered rim jobs, the two canines had been more thorough in cleaning their backsides, looking forward to the wonders they would share later in bed. However, it wasn’t the only thing Samuel and Smirnov did.

The two were in Heaven, furthermore when they eventually parted and repositioned themselves along the bed. Smirnov switched places with Samuel, with the fox laying along his back and the shepherd atop him, their naked cocks throbbing against each other as they kissed deeply. They relished their tastes, murring and moaning into saliva-slick lips until they eventually needed to pull apart for air. However, it didn’t stop the two canines from ravishing each other further, their fingers roaming the other’s muscles and admiring the progress Samuel had been making. With the help of Smirnov and Blacksad, the red fox had gained stronger biceps and abs to rival the commissioner. However, in Samuel’s eyes, nobody could compete with the handsome, muscled, and loving German shepherd giving him another lavished kiss.

Slowly, expectantly, he raised his hips until the older man’s Johnson poked beneath his scrotum, rubbing at his saliva-slicken tailhole. Smiling up at Smirnov, who smiled back down to the fox, they inhaled and exhaled before tensing. The first push met resistance, but then, once the sphincters relaxed from an exhausted clench, the head met acceptance. Both fox and dog gasped, then groaned with delighted passion. They huffed in familiar excitement with tails thrashing at the musk-filled air.

The Chief and his Academy Fox became one. They achieved nirvana in each other’s string arms. Smirnov felt younger again from every velvet clench made around his member. Samuel felt tears sting his eyes, but from pleasure instead of pain, his own cock harder and leaking onto his stomach with each gyration. Soon enough, their movements became frenzied and they were panting with lust. They rutted on and on and on until finally, neither could wait…

"Oh, Sammy!"

"Ah! Smirnov!"  
  
Smirnov growled with one final thrust inside his velvet vulpine, and collapsed against Samuel’s chest, gasping and gathering his breath. Sweat covered them both in a thick sheen, and their chests rose and fell together as the older canine felt his now-flaccid Johnson slip out. Then, he gazed lecherously down at the fox’s member, which remained hard and leaking with need.

“Getting tired?” Samuel panted with a teasing grin.

“Not yet,” Smirnov replied. “Want you to…fuck me…”

“You sure?” Sam asked between pants.

“Yes,” the police chief ordered between exhales, “fuck me. That’s an order, Officer Parker.”

Sam gulped and felt himself stiffen; both above his tail and below his metaphorical belt. In fact, his erection became harder than it was before at the tone and Smirnov's voice. Goddamn. What was it about authority that made role-play so sexy?

“Yesssir!” he chuckled, moaning as the German shepherd shifted up to straddle him. “Oh, oh…Chief!”

His tip kissed that familiar tightness as Smirnov leaned in to lock lips. Samuel and Smirnov thrashed their tongues together for dominance as the former pushed his Johnson’s head to that pucker, tight and familiar and already wet from the share amount of sweat combined with the earlier rimming done earlier. Though not as slick as before. However, it did the job well enough for Samuel to nibble on his older dog’s lower lip, then part to snarl when that thick head finally spread Smirnov’s entrance.

Like always, the chief was at a loss for words. The only speech he could produce were a series of moans, groans, heavenly growls, and submissive whimpering mixed together with sweet nothings Samuel muttered. All that John Smirnov could do was bounce his hips onto the vulpine shaft touching every right nerve within his depths, lighting up his body with pleasure and the right amount of discomfort that quickly erased away.

Meanwhile, Samuel messily panted and growled at seeing his mentor/lover/mate ride his cock and pulled himself up to envelope themselves in another kiss. One that lasted much longer and was just as sensual as it remained lustful.

As always, Samuel didn’t mind being on top. Although he prefer to bend over for his German Shepherd, it was still five minutes out heading to explore this other side of his homosexuality. Especially whenever Dorothy was involved and desired being ravished by her husband. Much like on that memorable, romantic day they spent together at the hotel in Coney Island.

They patted for air. “Shit,” Smirnov let out a heavy shudder, feeling Sam pound him harder, and rhythmically matching the speed. “Oooh, fuck! Fuck! Fuck. S-Sammy, f-fill me up…please!”

“Oh, Smirnov! Oh, Smir…Ahhh! Ahhh! Ooooooooh!”

They came as one, together. Cuddling in a tired, spent heap, they hugged each other.

“Sammy?”

“Yeah?”

“I love you.”

“I love you too, Smirnov.”

They came as one, together. They cuddled as one, together. Later, they slept together, as one.

\*\*\*

Time passed. The years changed in the blink of an eye. Life went on for better and for worse, but mostly for the better. Regarding Mr. and Mrs. Smirnov as well as Samuel Parker, their lives couldn’t have been more golden, or more prosperous and happier.

It was Late Summer in the early 1960s, at the Smirnov household. Children still played outside, and adults prepared for the upcoming autumn, while others appreciated the final days of warm evenings. After having a delicious barbecue dinner out on the backyard porch, Smirnov requested Franklin and Hayley, now preteens, to help their mother clean up while he had a word with Sam regarding work. As always, the two rambunctious cubs bellyached but didn’t resist, understanding that the conversation had to involve important adult stuff. Which it did, in a sense.

Smirnov and Samuel stood against the porch’s sturdy railing, smiling at the relative peace and quiet outdoors. Leaves rustled with the warm summer breeze as an owl started hooting somewhere in the distance. Dragonflies and fireflies circled around unkempt dandelions on the soft grass. The only thing to break the silence was the clicking noise made from Smirnov lighting a cigarette.

“Is this your last one?” Samuel jested.

He flicked the lighter shut. Breathing in, Smirnov exhaled a cloud of nicotine before using his fingers to hold the overpriced smoke. “Last one…I promise,” he murmured.

“Wonder if Neal’s having the same trouble with John,” Sam chuckled, and Smirnov rolled his tired eyes.

Recently, Blacksad somehow managed to permanently settle down, some hyena lawyer named Neal Beato who was involved in a previous case of his. The story itself was quite spectacular. It involved a sleek automobile, a musician committing murder, an attempt on the hyena’s life, and a court battle resulting in a deserved acquittal. Ever since, something bright returned to the black cat’s alluring eyes, almost like a light switch that used to be turned off and flickered only during good sex. The two had become inseparable and made a life for themselves in New Jersey. Neal and John Blacksad were almost always together, unless one or the other had an important case. The hyena still did law while the handsome, rugged black cat continued to be a private eye. In fact, some of his most popular clienteles were homosexuals like them, hoping to either keep their closet doors securely shut, or to find a way to keep them open.

As for Weekly, from what Samuel and Blacksad last heard, the smelly weasel managed to get an excellent job opportunity in San Francisco. Whether or not he would find a girl of his own was up to debate.

Of course, crime would always be an issue in New York City. Police officers like Samuel and Smirnov would always be needed, no matter how many robberies, assaults, missing persons or monsters were stopped.

However, the Chief looked forward to retirement in the near future. Dorothy and the kids looked forward to it too, along with Samuel, who finally decided to accept the invitation to move in with the Smirnovs. Publicly, it was under the pretense of providing security to the older officer due to death threats. Privately, Smirnov and his wife wanted to welcome the red fox permanently into their home.

“You also promised to tell them during dinner.”

“I didn’t want them to make any noise in case neighbors decided to join us,” Smirnov said, glancing left to another family two houses away having their own barbecue.

“It’s not like they don’t suspect at this point,” Sam stated as he pulled out his necklace underneath, revealing a wedding band. “Then again, it was nice to listen to Franklin talk about his new friends, and how much he and Hayley are looking forward to camping next weekend…I’d have hated to ruin the mood.”

“Dorothy and I will explain you to them right after desert,” Smirnov said with a soft smile. Before taking another drag of his cigarette, the German shepherd mentioned, “They deserve to know you’re a part of this family. You’re a part of the love that me and Dorothy share.”

“They already call me ‘Uncle Sammy’, hehe. What do you think it will be next?”

Smirnov didn’t answer, but Samuel could understand him mid-huff. Clasping the dog’s free paw with his own, he smiled at his superior officer and lover. He hoped to one day remove the former title and focus entirely on the latter. Until Smirnov decided to retire, or god forbid something forced him to, Sam Felt content enough to at least tell Franklin and Hayley about the polyamorous relationship their mother and father shared with him. The three canines decided they were old enough to understand…and hopefully accept.

“They love you already,” Smirnov reminded his fox, class being harder on to his palm and setting the cigarette into an outdoor ashtray. “They’ll love you still, Sam.”

“Oh, boys!” Dorothy called from inside the house. “I think we’re ready!”

The fox and German shepherd exchanged soft smiles, squeezing each other’s paws before walking inside. They ventured from the kitchen into the living room, where Franklin and Hayley sat on the sofa with curious, confused faces.

“Is there something wrong, Pa?” Hayley asked.

“Are we…in trouble?” Franklin asked.

“Not at all,” Dorothy reassured them, sitting beside her husband’s left on the opposite couch, with Samuel sitting on his right. “Neither of you are in trouble, kids. There’s something that me, your father, and Uncle Sammy need to discuss with you. We figured it would be best to wait until you were older, and now that you are…”

She looked at her husband and Samuel, who smiled at her. Sitting up straighter, Smirnov warmly held each of their paws, and turned to his loving children. “I first met Samuel before he enrolled at the police academy…”

Slowly but surely, he wove their story together, the two cubs listening to every word. By the end of the tail, they sat in silence, then stood up to give all three adults incredible hugs.