

As the people left for the day, The animatronics waved from their placements on stage. Slowly, once the door closed, their faces fell from child friendly and welcoming, to tired and drained.

“Wow, birthdays are never easy, are they?” Bonnie spoke first, slumping over the stage edge to tune his guitar. Chica set down her cupcake, sighing deeply as she sat down at one of the tables, lifting one of the half eaten pizzas and scowling at it.

“How can anyone even eat this garbage?” She gasped in disgust, flinging it back down for the security guard to come in at midnight. Freddy was the first to catch onto something strange. Though the security guard usually comes in an hour or 30 minutes early, it was almost midnight already and there was no sign of them. Or Foxy for that matter. The other two noticed the misplaced feeling in the air as a yelp was heard from Pirate Cove, one that didn't belong to Foxy. The brown bear groaned, hopping off stage and making his way to Foxy's curtains, standing outside of it with his burly arms crossed.

“Foxy? What's happening in there?” The gruff bear raised his voice purposely, aiming to scare Foxy into honesty rather than making more work for the underpaid maintenance workers. He could hear awkward shuffling, some odd moist smacking noises before Foxy's head poked out from the curtains, his good hand being used to keep the curtains contained around him, clearly hiding something.

“A-aye cap'n! Is somethin' de matter?” He asked urgently, as if holding back a bull behind the curtains, his face expressing exactly that. His eyes were hardly focused on the bear, his breathing was irregular, and despite being called in by his boss, he was clearly still outstretching his shoulders to act as though everything was as it should be.

“Open the curtain. Don't make me repeat myself.” Freddy growled under his deep voice, causing the fox to shutter, the other two behind him even stunned silent as Freddy used his 'boss voice' on Foxy. The fox pulled back his head slightly, looking at whatever was making him guilty before pushing his head abc out with a forced smile across his face.

“A-aye cap'n, b-but ya see... Ahh... Y-ya know that old sayin' ya used to uhh...”

“Foxy.” The bear warned once more, uncrossing his arms and landing his thick fingers around his waist in an already disproving manner, clearly about to walk in by force if the fox doesn't expose himself already. Foxy seemed to reel back in fear, slowly resigning and letting go of the curtain. Freddy stepped forward, closing the curtain behind him and seeing what the fox had tried to hide. His pants were

down, and while it was already against Freddy's rules to masturbate so close to closing time, what made it worse was that the security guard had his entire upper waist in Foxy's cock, his knees being the only part flailing about. Foxy's hook hand had been stroking his enlarged cock the whole time, the security guard's muffled moans becoming more apparent. Foxy saw the instant disappointment in his boss' face once the legs of the remaining night guard was noticed. Compulsively, he clenched once more, sending the guard down to his engorged balls with a stifled sigh of relief. Freddy growled, grabbing at the head of Foxy's cock as he tried to fish the guard back out, only drenching his brown fur in white semen. Foxy laughed, relieved that he could get his meal without Freddy interfering. Muffled screams emanate from the engorged balls of Foxy, writhing with their new meal after being deprived for so long. Freddy growled, lifting Foxy up by his shoulders with his fangs bared.

"You are *lucky* that you're in the birthday tomorrow, or else you'd share the same fate!" Freddy growled, lifting the fox up by his shoulders, now seeing the bear face to face as his filled balls dangled helplessly. Foxy couldn't help but laugh, feeling as though he'd gotten away with it.

"*Actually*, that kid just asked for the whole band. Foxy was only scheduled next week for the birthday!" Foxy visibly sank in Freddy's Grip as Bonnie chimed in from the stage. Anyone could hear the 'traitor' coming from Foxy as Freddy scoffed.

"As tempting as it is to cock you down, I know that I can't walk about with you squirming about. Just know that as soon as there's a break in the schedule, you won't be there to see it... But you still need to learn your lesson, So I'll keep you busy for the night. Pucker up, fox." Freddy growled, tossing the pirate onto the floor with his cruel nickname, reserved for times where he was truly annoyed with Foxy. As foxy stumbled on his back, he looked up to see the separated ass cheeks of Freddy. Before he could turn out of the way, the furry ass of Freddy slammed down on the fox, his nose quickly aligning with the anus and slipping in with a few small clenches. His mouth was forced shut, though he wouldn't want to get a mouthful of everything Freddy had down there.

"I'll go as deep as you insist until you set the night guard free. I don't care if it takes until tomorrow morning, but I'm not letting you go until then." Freddy growled, insisting on his seat with reaffirming wiggles of his hip and sequentially clenched his anus around Foxy's muzzle. Foxy's large cock twitched with excitement welling up in his cock, rising to his full length as a paw raised to dance along his length. The security guard seemed scared and confused, pushing out aggressively

and forcing moans and gasps from Foxy as he resisted release. Freddy allows his full weight to sink in, forcing Foxy's nose to disappear as his ass cheeks flushed over Foxy's face cheeks. Foxy slapped against the big bear's thighs and belly, the flabby weights and love handles not giving any slack. After Foxy was able to affirm his position under the fat bear. Foxy parted his jaws slightly and let his tongue fill out the bear's anus. Foxy moaned into the sweaty backside, his breath fusing into the dripping musk that emanated from the bear's behind. Freddy grew upset over this, seeing how Foxy viewed this as a sensual act rather than a punishment.

"You damned horn-dog..." Freddy growled under his breath, lifting his ass before slamming it back down and eliciting a groan from Foxy. Much to his surprise, he felt his anus spread suddenly. He felt his lower abdomen and caught wind of Foxy's entire head now shoved up his ass, Foxy's paw slapping against Freddy some more in a sudden panic. Freddy laughed, not having something in his ass for a while. While Foxy would usually offer himself to fuck the bear, his cock was currently preoccupied. Freddy knew that if Foxy got too excited and came or left the night guard in there for too long, he would be churned into cum. Being Foxy's excitement and readiness to fuck something or someone, the night guard wouldn't make it. Ideally, Foxy simply let go of the human and allowed the human to slip out *mostly* unscathed. Unluckily, it seemed like Foxy had claimed the poor human as a cock snack, leaving Freddy to simply punish his annoying coworker. With similar movements, he was able to clench around Foxy's head. He lifted himself up and grabbed Foxy's shoulders. Freddy shoved Foxy in slowly through incremental movements, letting moans slip out as Foxy grew panicked, feeling himself disappear up to his nipples, his arms now being pinned to his sides as Bonnie and Chica made their exits, leaving the two to have their fun. Foxy began to panic, not even his cock reaching such depth in the bear as his head currently is venturing, though much to his dismay, the bear wasn't stopping.

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