

It was a really pretty day out, and since it was a holiday weekend a lot of people were getting off work early to enjoy it, assuming they weren't off already due to being given the entire day as vacation time. The fact it was a Friday made it all the sweeter for the two men enjoying lunch. It was rare you got to just have lunch with nothing else to do.

"Yeah, she's not getting off until two today. I dropped her off on the way to work and I'll be picking her up later." Wally replied, answering Keith's question about what his schedule was looking like today.

The two men used to be coworkers before Wally quit and started working at RadioShack as one of the managers. Keith still worked for Amazon as a Warehouse Associate, though he was trying to get his foot in the door to drive a forklift. He needed certification for that, but it paid a lot more and most warehouses in the city needed forklift drivers.

"Sucks you both still had to put in hours today." Keith replied, the goat wishing that the two had shared the same schedule.

It would have been cool if Meredith could have come to hang out with them, since this was her favorite café.

"Yeah. Weird they let you off though, since Amazon never sleeps." Wally replied.

The goat shrugged with his own reply.

"Well, I would have worked today but I worked extra hours helping cover for someone else, so I kinda got a get out of jail free card. It worked out." He replied.

"Ah, ok. That's good." Wally replied.

The café they were eating at wasn't anywhere special, but it was somewhat closer to where the fox and his wife lived. Keith had a bit of a longer drive to get here, but it was worth it to spend some time with a friend. It also helped to soothe his conscience considering what all he had on his computer of them.

Weeks ago, Wally had accidentally given him a stash of homemade porn he'd made with his wife. The files had been hidden in with a bunch of music he was trying to share. Well, now Keith had a lot of porn of his two best friends, and he'd lied about deleting it all. It was gnawing at him enough that spending time like this with them was sort of working as a salve to heal the wound, so to speak.

"I didn't tell her we were coming here. Think I should?" The fox asked.

"She'll get mad we came without her." Keith laughed, since this was apparently her favorite place.

The fox shrugged.

"Can always drive her out here tomorrow or Sunday. Make it up to her." The goat suggested.

"We come here once a week, so I don't think she'll be too upset that she didn't get any boba tea today." Wally told him.

Keith laughed a little at that.

The café served coffee and teas for most of their beverages, but they served a wider menu of brunch friendly food like sandwiches and salads and the like. Keith didn't care that much for it, but they had really good coffee, which is what he was having with his sandwich.

"So, speaking of Meredith. Me and her were talking a lot recently." The fox said, the tenor of his voice making it sound like he was trying to change subjects.

"Yeah? About?" Keith asked, figuring it was something worth sharing if the fox was bringing it up.

The fox shrugged, and stirred his fruit tea with his straw like he was fidgeting with a pair of keys. The other man then sighed and looked over Keith's shoulder, then turned himself around to look behind him. The goat furled his brow curiously, watching as the fox finished scanning all the nearby tables. This prompted Keith to do the same as there might have been something he should be aware of.

He didn't see anything. Even though they were here for lunch, it was a late lunch since Wally needed to pick Meredith up at two. The café had just cleared out the lunch rush and none of the tables and booths next to them were filled with people. There wasn't anyone around them that Keith thought warranted any suspicious looks.

"What's up?" Keith finally asked after Wally's continued silence only added to the mystery.

"Did you actually delete that folder we asked you to?" The fox blurted out, staring down at his glass of mango tea while his fingers still slowly stirred the drink with the straw.

Keith now regretted having ever let himself think of that porn stash in public, at least without having knocked on any wood to scare away any bad luck. He felt a chill come over him as silence hung in the air between the two men, and he retreated from the cold by taking another sip of his coffee.

"It just came up a few times and we just want to know. It's not like, an angry thing, or any judgement. We just need to know if you actually did or not." Wally broke the silence since Keith hadn't answered his question.

The goat sighed, the chill and awkwardness choking him. He couldn't not say anything! He had to give some kind of answer.

"No." He replied, his voice way softer than he planned it to sound.

"We thought so." Wally replied.

Hearing that, the chill got worse, and he actually stifled a shiver. Forcing himself to sit up straighter.

"I'm sorry." He blurted out, now taking his own turn to stare down at the cup of coffee in his hands.

He was clinging to it tightly with both hands now, the warmth soothing him.

"I- I can delete it for real when I get home. Or, if you don't trust me, I can let you do it. Give you my laptop or something. I should have done it myself when you told me, I just..." He was nervously stammering until his voice trailed off, his mouth speaking faster than his brain could think of something to say.

He lifted his coffee and took a quick gulp.

"I guess you looked all through it then?" The fox asked, looking up from his tea.

Keith couldn't bring himself to match the other man's gaze, so he just kept staring at his coffee. His reply came in the form of a strong nod of the head.

"Figured. A few days after we told you to delete it, we kind of started suspecting that you might have at least looked. Then you started being extra nice to us, and Meredith thought that might have been because you were feeling guilty over something. We figured it was because you didn't delete the folder like you said you did." Wally continued, cutting through the silence.

"I'm so sorry!" Keith hastily replied, unwilling to look up from his coffee as he gripped it tighter.

His guilt was roaring hot and cold in his chest, then felt a kick against his left shin that forced him to look up at the culprit. The fox had kicked him.

"We're not angry with you. I told you this wasn't an anger thing, or anything judgmental. We just wanted to know if you'd done what we asked." The fox told him.

"I should have just deleted them; I shouldn't have looked." Keith confessed.

"You probably looked right after we started blowing up your phone?" The fox asked.

Keith nodded.

"I didn't know why you were freaking out so bad, so I looked. I just couldn't bring myself to do it, and then I never got around to it after. Just kept them. I haven't done anything else with them, I swear! It's all on my laptop and nothing shared or anything!" Keith replied, his voice wavering as he finally looked his friend in the eyes.

"We didn't think you would do something like that. It's our fault for not communicating. I she was pulling everything off our phones and hiding them somewhere on my computer, but I didn't know she'd been using the music folder. I always use my own phone for that stuff so I just never bothered to ask her where she was putting stuff, and she never thought to tell me." Wally began to explain.

"So, I goofed pretty hard by giving you my whole music folder." He finished.

"If you want, I can follow you when you pick her up and you can follow me back to my place and I will delete it while you watch. I shouldn't have any of that, it isn't right." Keith told him.

Wally shook his head.

"I don't think we need to go that far, and Meredith would agree if she was here. The reason why we're not angry at you is because it's our fault this happened at all, and that we don't think you're a bad person. We just screwed up giving you something too tempting to resist, I guess. Like, we knew that if you didn't delete them, why you didn't delete them." He replied.

"Then maybe I can call you when I do it, face time or something. I just feel really shitty that I didn't do what you asked. I know you trusted me to do it, that it was important." He replied back.

"You can keep them." The fox said.

He looked back up.

"What?" Keith asked, confused.

"I mean, if you still want to, you can delete them. But we won't judge you if you keep them too. Keeping that part of our sex life a secret is sort of... The train left the station already. Honestly, we don't think you're the type of person to share any of it, so if you want them, you can have them. We trust you, Keith."

Keith could tell Wally was nervous, and that was just making his own guilt worse. He was actually telling him he could keep them? Was this a weird defeatist mindset? He didn't know, it was confusing, and he couldn't tell what was going on and why. All because the fox made a mistake in sharing music, and Keith was an idiot for not just deleting it instantly the moment he was told to.

"Alright." He replied after a few moments, in as noncommittal of a way as possible.

He didn't have a better reply to give, just a plain affirmative and a nod.

The fox still looked nervous, awkward in his seat. It was so bad that Keith was beginning to regret having even said as little as he did just now.

"Still, I'm sorry. If I could do it all over, I'd just delete them like you had asked me to without ever looking." He added.

Wally nodded.

"I know, but it's fine. Things happen." He replied.

Yeah, things happen alright.

"So, I guess I should start getting ready to pick her up from work." The fox suddenly changed the subject.

"Yeah, guess you should." Keith replied, pulling out his phone and looking to check the time.

"We're not planning any big parties for a while, but we'll try to find some time to reach out. Maybe we can schedule something for all three of us soon, ok?" Wally told him, standing up from the table.

"Oh, yeah, sure!" He replied.

He stood up and when Wally extended his hand, Keith took it, and the two men shook. The fox's departure felt sudden and a bit rushed. He pulled out his phone once more and checked the time again. It was a little after 1 o'clock so it was too early for him to be running to grab Meredith. Well, it was a really awkward conversation. He probably just wanted to escape to safety.

Keith left the café shortly after Wally did, and then started making his way back home with a lot on his mind to think about. By the time he was unlocking his front door he'd come to a few conclusions, the first of which was that he should delete the folder. Everything needed to go.

He'd hardly even looked at it, having barely scratched the surface of what treasure they'd buried there. After his initial excitement at discovering all the porn, he'd gotten cold feet. He found it difficult to actually look at most of it knowing it was betraying his best friends. They weren't the kind of people that would do this sort of thing for others. It was obviously content they made for each other, and so his conscience forced him to leave the folder alone.

Meredith finished shutting off her laptop, then flipped it closed before sliding it into her bag. Her small cubicle was at the back of the room, and once she got her bag and purse slung over her shoulder she waved and said goodbye to all her coworkers as she walked past their own cubicles.

She reached her boss's open door and knocked on the frame.

"Yep." She heard his voice before she saw him as she peeked inside.

The German shepherd, nearly a decade her senior, looked up at her from the other side of his desk.

"I'm head out, Mr. Crichton. I hope you have a good weekend!" She told him, wanting to let him know that she was leaving since Meredith was a part of his team at the company.

He was a good project manager to everyone in her group, and she liked working for him, but he really needed Jesus in his heart from what all she knew he got up to... A third of the company was female and the gossip machine had a lot of stories to tell.

"You, too, Meredith. Did you finish updating the Henderson plats for me?" He replied with a follow up question.

"Yes'sir! The copies are on the server when you need them." The cat replied.

He nodded.

"Ok, thank you. Have a good weekend, Meredith." He told her, and she spun around and left his office behind her.

She gave out a few more quick goodbyes to coworkers before heading her way down the stairwell to the side door that led to the employee parking lot. She scanned the lot until she found Wally sitting in his car waiting for her. Sticking her arm up and waving, she tried to get his attention.

He looked up from his phone, spotted her, then began to pull the car out of his parking space and she met him halfway in the lot to hop into the passenger seat.

"Have a good day?" He asked her, holding his foot on the brake.

"I did!" She replied, tucking her bag and purse down in front of her feet on the floorboard.

She looked up and leaned over towards her husband, who did the same for her and they kissed on the lips.

Meredith was feeling an intense energy in her body now that she was out of her cubicle and in their car. So long as she was at work, she could distract herself with her job trying to finish out the updates for her boss. Now that she was free for the weekend her silly little head couldn't stop itself from think, think, thinking about all the things that were going to happen from here on out!

"So! How was your lunch!" She asked him as her husband started pulling them out of the parking lot and towards the highway.

"It was good! Awkward, but good. I think." He replied, but his tone betrayed his verbal optimism.

"It wasn't bad, was it?" She dug in, putting a handout to grab his arm, giving him an affectionate scratch.

She was so nervous for the two of them!

"Well, not bad." Her husband said, then sighed with a big exhale.

She frowned and started rubbing his arm. Her excitement was now waning, her emotions in flux.

"Spill the tea, baby. Tell me what happened." She told him.

Wally sighed again, pausing first to make sure he was clear to actually merge out onto the highway. Once he was clear and they were on the road and driving again he swapped hands on the wheel so he could use his right hand to reach out to her while she slipped her hand into his.

"I asked him if he deleted it, and he confessed that he hadn't. He did look at them." He began, and she nodded strongly, everything her husband was telling her was just confirmation of what they already suspected.

"He was really guilty about, it kind of turned real awkward once I started poking him about." He continued.

"Real guilty or just playing pretend?" She asked, squeezing his hand.

"He looked pretty deflated to me, so I think it was pretty real." He replied, and to that she nodded.

Meredith had a high opinion of Keith so that was good news to hear. If he hadn't felt guilty over keeping the folder then she'd have thought less of him, so as much as she hated to hear he was feeling hurt it was ultimately a good thing for all three of them.

"And then?" She dug more.

"I kinda wish you were there if I'm honest." He laughed.

"I would think things would have been worse if I'd been there!" She fussed, squeezing his hand.

"Yeah, but I felt so much more confident with the conversation when we practiced it together. With it just being me there I felt out of water and just, it felt like a struggle session, baby." He told her with an uncomfortable smile.

She squeezed his hand again.

"It couldn't have been that bad, you're just still feeling raw right now. It only just happened. Did things go well after that, though? How far did you get?" She asked him, trying to encourage him to spill the rest of the beans so her eager curiosity could finally be at rest.

"I didn't ask him if he wanted to film us." He confessed.

"Wally!" She groaned; her curiosity sated but not in the way she wanted!

"I tried, but it was so bad! I felt like if I pushed that far it would go places we didn't want it to." He defended himself, his tone of voice calming her down.

She understood or at least she thought so. The cat trusted her husband's judgement and even though she wasn't there to see it she believed him if he thought he shouldn't push any further. Meredith tugged his hand towards her, pulling his arm to her chest to cradle his hand in both of hers.

"Well, you did good trying to clear the air at least. We can try again later if it looks like we can." She told him, lifting his hand up to her face to kiss him on the knuckles.

"I think we can. He offered to delete it all, even said we could both come over and watch him as he did it. I didn't take him up on the offer because that just felt like it was too much to do. Oppressive, I guess?" He told her, filling in more of the blanks of his lunch with Keith.

"He doesn't need to delete them." She replied.

"I told him that, but he really was giving the vibe that he hated that he hadn't deleted them on his own when we asked him to. Honestly, he might still delete them even with me telling him he didn't need to. That's kind of why I didn't want to bring up him filming us. It didn't feel right." He added.

She sighed, breathing out over her husband's hand.

He tugged for his hand back, and she let him go so he could start exiting the highway to get back onto the service road. She didn't work very far from where they lived, so the trip wasn't overly long especially on a day when so many people were off work or doing half days.

Meredith decided not to push the conversation any further for now, and instead switched to asking what they should do for dinner.

Since the weekend was now upon them, they'd already made some plans with both sides of the family, and then they had church on Sunday. The whole weekend was a full house, but Friday evening was still open.

"I kinda don't want to go anywhere. We're all over the place tomorrow and Sunday." He told her after she asked if he wanted to eat out somewhere.

"Take out?" She asked.

He hummed in reply like he was considering it.

"We could get something from that Vietnamese place." She added, almost cheating.

He really liked that place, so she was baiting him into picking what she already wanted for dinner.

"Yeah, we could do that. What time?" He asked her.

And then they started discussing the what and when of tonight's dinner. By the time they were pulling into their parking spot at home they'd already decided what they were both going to order and when they wanted to eat it.

While Meredith picked her bag and purse up from the floorboard, she slowed down so Wally could walk around the car and get the door for her. He opened it, and then she stepped out to lift up on her tippy toes to kiss him on the cheek.

He locked up the car while she went ahead and got to their door first, unlocking it and shutting off the alarm. She waited for Wally in the entryway until he caught up to her, and then got him inside and shut the door before putting her things away.

The Vietnamese place had their own website for delivery and pick up orders, so Meredith let Wally take care of arranging their order while she put away her work bag and purse. Seeing her husband dressing so casually left her feeling overdressed, so she changed out of her cute two piece and switched to a comfy sundress she liked to wear on the weekends when the weather was nice.

"Ok, made the order. We should probably leave around 5:40 if we want to get it while it's still hot." He told her after he'd finished scheduling their dinner on his computer.

"Did you tell them to give us the low sodium soy sauce?" She asked.

"Yes, I didn't forget." He told her, and she smiled.

She'd been trying to extract salt from their diet. Not all of it, just the unhealthy amounts. Being that the two of them were trying to be more health conscious with their daily routine she had to also work on their diets. Since she cooked most of the food that they ate it was easy for her to prepare healthy meals, but whenever they ate out they had to be careful. Everyone put so much salt and sugar into everything!

"Ok, good!" She pecked him on the cheek again.

She asked him if he wanted to watch a movie or binge tv shows while they ate dinner, and he didn't have a strong opinion either way. Meredith elected that they should pick up where they left off on Friends, since Keith went through the trouble of giving them every season. Her husband didn't have any problems with that, and so their evening was set! Vietnamese and Friends it would be!

"By the way, your mother called me early and asked me if you were still taking your multivitamins!" She remembered to say.

"Did you tell her yes?" He asked, Wally now sitting on the couch with the remote in his hand.

"I did! She was asking me if I was, too. Apparently, she caught your dad throwing his away to make it look like he was taking them." She told her husband, and he laughed.

"He was throwing them away?" He asked.

"He thought they were stinky and gross, and they make him gag." She replied.

"They aren't that bad." He shook his head.

The multivitamins his mother got them hooked on were these big chonky green pills that tasted nasty and went down your throat dry as a bone. They were hard to swallow without a big glass of water, but it sounded like Wally's dad was too much of a big baby to take them and now he was in hot water.

"You aren't throwing yours away, are you?" She teased him, taking a seat at his side as he flipped through his favorite channels.

"I know better than try sneaking things past you." He told her, leaning over to kiss her.

She reciprocated the kiss, tasting the very faint flavor of something she liked!

"You went to the Jubee's!" She broke the kiss suddenly, knowing exactly what he'd eaten for lunch!

Stunned, her husband confessed that he and Keith had eaten at her favorite café, and then she replied with the biggest, most depressed UGH she could muster. She really loved that café, they had the best salads and boba!

Later, after Meredith recovered from the news of missing out on a trip to Jubee's, she and her husband took his car to pick up their food. It was her idea to leave early in case the traffic was bad, but fortunately the roads were pretty clear.

"So, how you feeling?" She asked her husband as he continued to drive to the Vietnamese place.

"About?" Her husband asked her.

"About today, you're lunch date with Keith." She replied, reaching over to grab his thigh since he was using both hands to drive.

The fox shrugged, telling her that he felt alright. She knew if she had been the one talking to Keith she'd be all twisted up into knots still over how it went. The cat would be worried, but she would also be wearing it on her sleeve. Wally was much better at covering up how he was feeling than she was.

"We can maybe do a group text with him later, that way when the time comes, we all have a place to write out what we're feeling. It'd be easier for you two to do it over text!" She suggested, knowing the boys would struggle with anything awkward if it was done in person.

She would struggle, too, but at least she knew she could muscle her way through it and come out the other end. Sure, she might have a small freak out later and need to take a shower to calm down, but at least she did it!

"Yeah, that could work." He replied, now turning the car and pulling off the highway to start their way towards the restaurant.

The Vietnamese place was a small mom and pop run place that was tucked off to the side of the highway.

"We're gonna be early." She remarked when they saw the sign in the distance.

Her husband hummed in agreement since they were now about fifteen minutes here too soon and this place was very punctual with their ready times. If they said it was going to be ready at a certain time then they meant it, so Wally pulled into their parking lot and picked a spot to park.

This place handled all their own takeout and delivery orders, so until there was a text saying their food was done there was no point in even getting out of the car.

"I guess I could have tried a little harder to talk him into keeping the files." Her husband spoke up suddenly.

"What's done is done! We can always let him come over and copy them back over to his laptop." She replied, rubbing his thigh.

"Yeah, if he's down with that." He told her.

"I'm going to be optimistic and think that he will. I also think that he's going to be our future cameraman." She told him with a smile, patting him on the thigh affectionately until he reached down with his hand to grab her own.

"You actually think so or are you just putting on a brave face?" Wally asked, looking over at her.

"A little of both." She told him, then leaned over close to make duck lips at him.

He responded by leaning himself over to kiss her. When their lips parted, she read the time on the dash's clock before given her husband a mischievous smile. She reached to her waist and unhooked her seatbelt, then scooted her butt around in the seat so she could lean over into her husband's lap.

"We're in their parking lot!" He told her in a loud whisper.

"No one is looking." She replied in a hush and started reaching for his zipper.

The fox twisted in the driver seat, looking in all directions, then reached his left hand down to the side of the seat to grab the lever. He dropped the seat back, then used the back of his heel to push up on the bar below the front of the seat. As she unzipped him, he pushed away with his other foot and the driver seat slid back on rails by about six inches, giving his wife much more room to work.

His zipper slid down with a metallic purr, then his jeans popped open with a snap. As he continued to wiggle in his seat to shimmy his pants down enough to free his package, Meredith was busy burying her face into his crotch.

Even through his underwear she could smell his scent, which was mostly just Dove soap and a hint of natural aroma. She liked him the least when he was fresh out of a shower. He smelled better when his body had more time to develop that natural masculine smell that he had around his sheath and balls.

She fished through the gap in his fly, finding the tip of his sheath with her lips before she began to lick at him. Wally nervously spun his head around again, looking about the parking lot to see if anyone was around. His pink tip emerged quickly, the cat lapping at it playfully as it quickly swelled in size.

Her husband's cock kept growing, swelling in record time as her husband nervously kept a lookout. The cat wrapped her hand around his sheath and felt the growing ball of his knot. With a gentle tug she pulled the flesh and fur of his sheath down, popping his meaty orb free so that he was fully exposed to her and the world.

When she had first leaned towards him to give him head, her only intention was to be sweet to her husband. Meredith wanted to give him a treat to take his mind off of the day and help him feel loved. Now, her thighs were rubbing against one another in her dress, the cat's engine purring as she wrapped her lips around her husband and began to bob her head rhythmically up and down his shaft.

He exhaled, his right hand falling to the back of her head. His fingers ran through her hair to scratch at scalp.

In reply, she hummed for him, purring around his dick as she wiggled her head back and forth, rolling her tongue along the side of his dick before giving his knot a gentle squeeze with her hand.

Anyone walking by their car would have only spotted a nervous looking guy in the driver seat, at least until they got a little closer. Then they'd have seen a petite little head curled over into her husband's lap, her head rapidly bobbing up and down as she held her hair back with one hand.

His cock jerked, and suddenly her mouth was full of her husband's precum. She audibly gulped, swallowing it down, and then started spinning the tip of her tongue around his cockhead until his shaft

spasmed a second time, even more pre messily spilling over her tongue and soon after down her throat. She popped off his cock with a wet smack of her lips. Meredith then watched as a large bead of thick clear ooze bubbled up on his tip before drooling down the belly of his shaft. She dipped her head back down and licked her tongue at the base of his cock before dragging it all the way up to his tip, catching every sticky drop on her tongue so she could swallow it with an audible gulp.

As the next wave of sticky precum formed on his tip she wrapped her lips around the end of her husband's cock. She began to gently nurse him, rolling the tip of her tongue around him in smooth circles as sticky vulpine pre spilled liberally into her waiting mouth.

She didn't stop, continuing to nurse and tickle his tip with her tongue to invite more and more of her husband's essence out of his balls and into her mouth. Wally was beginning to pant above her, his hand coming to rest on the back of her neck to scritch and scratch his fingers through her fur.

He let out a quick grunt, his nuts seizing up briefly before a small deluge of fresh pre shot into her mouth. Her husband was so messy even when he wasn't getting off, so she had to gulp him down more quickly, working her tongue faster around his tip to milk him all the quicker. She felt his hand begin to slide up her neck until he had a grip on the back of her head.

Wally shoved her face down, his hips rocking upward as the full length of his dick slipped down her throat. She gagged violently, her spit drooling out of the sides of her mouth, but she didn't protest. Instead, she started gulping. The noise of every swallow was loud and audible, like she was trying to chug a bottle of water, except the bottle wasn't even open yet.

He was going to pop soon though, her delicate hand wrapping tight around his swollen knot, the angry ball of flesh upset that it had been neglected. Meredith's thighs were rubbing anxiously against each other, the fire burning between her legs threatening to catch her panties alight from the friction and heat of her need.

Wally's phone buzzed, the plastic case rattling in the drink holder between their two seats. His hand instantly left the back of her head. She drew her head back, his length cock slipping wetly from her mouth and throat. Spit and precum drooled down his angry length as it throbbed impotently in the cool air of the car.

Meredith grabbed his phone from the holder and quickly unlocked it with her thumb.

"Oh, shoot!" She replied, seeing the text that their food was ready.

Of course, her husband couldn't go get their food with his cock fully engorged in the driver's seat with his nuts turning several shades of blue. So, she grabbed the sun visor and tugged it down, checking herself in the little mirror to make sure there wasn't anything on her face that would give away what she'd just been doing with her husband. After she finished wiping the spit and pre from around her lips and chin, she turned to look at Wally.

"See anything?" She asked.

He reached out with his hand and ran his fingers through her hair a few times to straight it out.

“You’re good.” He told her.

She grabbed her purse then hopped out of the car and made her way into the restaurant. Once she was inside the building’s air conditioning told her just how wet she’d gotten as her damp thighs dropped in temperature from the cool air running up her dress.

A sweet young lady came over to the cash register asked for the name on the order. Meredith gave her husband’s name before the lady handed over a plastic bag filled with two clamshell containers of food. The interaction was over as soon as it started since Wally had paid online. When she got back to the car and was sitting down, Wally had lifted his shirt and pulled it down over his cock to hide his still-stiff erection.

She didn’t even need to ask why. There was no way to hide something that big until it was fully shrunk back into its sheath, and she’d done a very good job of teasing him. Once she was buckled back up, she held the food in her lap while Wally drove them home, and by the time they were pulling back into their own parking lot he’d shrunk enough for him to zip himself back up after a hasty stuff-n-tuck to get his dick back into his underwear.

Once they were back inside their apartment, she took the food into the kitchen and began taking it out and transferring it to plates. She dropped the little packages of plastic utensils into one of the kitchen drawers and pulled out metal ones from another. Wally had gone to the bedroom to change clothes, stripping himself bare along the way, and by the time he returned wearing only a tee shirt and some gym shorts Meredith had their dinner ready on the kitchen island.

He stepped close to her and pecked her on the cheek with a kiss, then picked up both their plates and carried them into the living room where they planned on eating tonight. She took her own turn to strip, removing her sundress on the way to the bedroom so she could hang it back up before swapping out her panties and bra for an oversized tee shirt and nothing else.

Wally had fixed them drinks while she’d stepped away and was now on the couch waiting for her with a remote in his hand. As he navigated their TV’s menu to get to the external hard drive he plugged into it, she whispered a quick blessing before she started eating. She had her chargrilled chicken noodles in front of her while Wally had his order of shrimp fried rice. He found the episode of Friends that was next on their list and pressed play on the remote.

“So, what were you thinking of when you said we could do a group text?” He asked her while they watched TV.

She hadn’t thought that far.

“I don’t know, but if we do it, we’d write something together and then send it as an ice breaker. See what he says.” She replied.

He hummed back to her, then a few moments later he made a suggestion.

“Whatever it is, it needs to come from you. Might be less weird if both of us were talking to him and not just me. So, we can both write it, but I think you should send it.” He told her, and she agreed that that’d probably be best.

She clapped her knees together more tightly, and balanced her plate on his lap while she fished her phone off the arm of the couch.

“We don’t have to do it right now.” He told her as she swiped her phone to her messages and started engineering a group text.

When she didn’t stop, he sighed and leaned over to look at her screen. Meredith had already started a chat by selecting all the recipients, then tapped into the text bar to start typing her first message. Keith would be totally unaware of what was about to hit his phone until she hit send.

She sat her phone down on her knee, letting it balance so she could take some more bites of her food.

“Be thinking about what we should say!” She reminded him.

Wally sighed and continued eating the same as she was.

After a few more bites she picked her phone back up and started typing. Wally leaned over and watched as she wrote. After she typed three sentences, she read it out loud, feeling her face flush with embarrassment that they were even writing anything like this at all. The episode of Friends playing in the background went mostly ignored as the pair went back and forth over what they had to say, making changes here and there. Entire sentences were written and deleted, phrasing was nitpicked, and spelling was checked.

When they finally finished what they thought was a good ice breaker message she sat her phone down on the coffee table and left the message up, fully written but not yet sent. She ignored her phone and started scraping her fork across her plate to catch all of what was left of her meal to properly clean her plate.

“You sure you’re happy with it?” He asked her as he did the same with his own plate.

“Yeah, I think so. Aren’t you?” She asked in return.

He shrugged.

“It’s as good as it’ll get, I guess. We’ll just have to send it and see.” He told her.

She let out a ‘ugh’ and popped the last bit of food scraps into her mouth, then dropped her fork onto the plate with a clack. Wally stood up and asked for her plate, and she lifted it to him for him to stack in his hands as he carried their dishes to the kitchen. While he did that she stared down at her phone and the unsent message and felt doubts about what they’d written.

It wasn’t that she didn’t want to send it, she was just not sure if they wrote the right thing.

When her husband came back into the living room he looked over at her phone.

“You didn’t send it?” He asked, noticing that the message was still sitting there in the text box and not in the message box where he expected it to be.

"I'm just thinking. Are you sure?" She asked him, hoping for some husbandly guidance.

He picked up her phone and sat down with it. To her it looked like he was rereading what they'd pieced together. After several moments he tapped the send button, and she felt her heart do a cartwheel of panic.

"Wally!" She said, snatching the phone away from him.

"It's as good as its going to get! Now we have no choice but to wait!" He told her with a laugh.

Meredith made the biggest UGH she could muster and clutched her phone to her chest before hopping up off the couch. Wally stood up and grabbed her from behind, massaging her shoulders in his hands before tugging her back to his chest.

"It's going to be ok!" He encouraged her, then reached around to take the phone from her hand, plucking it from her nervous grip.

She heard the noise of her phone being dropped onto the couch behind her and she clapped her hands over her face.

"I'm just so nervous!" She said with frustration.

Both his hands returned to her shoulders, and she felt herself being nudged forward. She dropped her hands and let him guide her towards the hallway. When he got her to the bathroom he swatted her on the butt.

"Wally, that's not helping heal my emotional turmoil!" She whined.

"Emotional turmoil." He chuckled from behind her while wrapping his arms around her to squeeze her with a hug.

She exhaled as his arms squeezed her tight, and then allowed her husband to continue to hug her tight while nuzzling her cheek from behind like a good man should.

"This isn't very Christian of us either." She remarked, vocalizing it, and not for the first time at that.

They'd both brought it up, the whole... Pornographic aspect of it. Each of them had been back and forth about, and more strongly each time the closer they felt themselves getting to actually asking Keith the big question.

"Maybe, but honestly I think we do enough good in the world to make up for it." He told her, letting one of his arms loosen up so he could run it down the front of her tee shirt.

"That's not how it works, Wally." She reminded him.

"I know, I'm just making excuses for bad behavior. We'll make it work." Her husband replied while his hand snuck its way under her shirt and towards her inner thigh.

“Wally.” She offered up the weakest of scolds as she felt his fingers brush against her slit.

“I’m doing my husbandly duty of healing your emotional turmoil.” He teased her, then shoved two fingers inside her pussy, right down to the last knuckle.

She gasped, then exhaled with defeat and permitted her husband to do his duty. He began to earnestly finger her, curling his fingers with expert precision to locate the spot inside her that she loved most. Her knees instinctively locked together to keep her steady as the fox massaged and kneaded her both inside and out until her pussy was sodden.

Meredith could now hear the pitter patter of droplets hitting the tile floor.

“I just cleaned the floor, Wally.” She pouted as he continued to molest her petals, drawing her closer and closer to orgasm while his other hand continued to hug her tight to his chest.

Behind her, his cock was fully engorged, having slipped from its sheath and swollen its way up her backside. Now trapped between their two bodies she could feel how hard he was, could even feel it when it would twitch in tune with her husband’s beating heart.

“Cum for me.” He told her.

He started nipping at the side of her neck, leaving her to bite her lower lip in reply. His hand started working against her faster, harder. She tried to cum for him, forcing her knees apart to offer up her crotch to his invading hand. He responded in earnest, becoming more violent with his fingers as the noise of his fingers entering and leaving her sodden socket filled the room.

Droplets of her nectar splattered against the floor, Meredith biting her lower lip harder until she started panting hard through her nose. Wally moved his other hand up to her neck and wrapped his hands around her throat.

“Cum for me, baby. Right now.” He growled warmly at her, the cat feeling her husband’s hand begin to gently squeeze around her neck.

Her heart was pounding, her knees spreading wider and wider as she invited her husband’s hand to violate her more and more until she was loudly beginning to whine from behind her tightly pinched lips.

“Now, Meredith!” He growled sharply, his hand suddenly leaving her cunt.

Before she could react, she felt him slap his hand across her cunt. She yelped, but the noise was trapped in her throat by the sudden tight grip he held on her throat. Her excitement exploded, right through the roof as the rough treatment fed deeply into all her innermost sexual desires. Wally started roughly rubbing his fingers over her clit, making sure she was good and raw before she felt his second slap impact her mound.

She would have screamed out her climax, but the hand on her throat silenced it to a gurgle as she violently shook, her legs turning near to jelly as her cunt sprayed its nectar all across the floor while her husband quickly milked her empty by rubbing a tight circle over her clit with his fingers.

"If Keith starts filming us, this is gonna be at the top of the list of things I want him to see." Wally growled warmly into her ear.

As she panted and whined, her body slowly calming down from her orgasmic high, her husband cupped his entire hand over her mound.

"Wally." She whimpered.

"He's going to see how much I can make you squirt." He told her, nipping at her ear with his teeth.

The thought of that made her shiver, locking her knees back together and trapped his hand between her thighs.

"Bad." She replied, reaching her hands up and finding the hand Wally still held around her throat.

She didn't try to break his grip. In fact, she loved it when he got rough with her. Instead, she just cradled his hand and wrist into her hands and whimpered cutely up at him, her mind awash with the afterglow of orgasm and the daydreams of finally being allowed to let completely loose in front of a camera and a gawking Keith.

She giggled up at her husband.

"Poor Keith." She told him.

"He'll live." He told her back.

Wally pulled his hand away from her pussy and lifted his fingers up to her mouth. As soon as she felt his fingertips touch her lips, she parted them and let them slip inside. The instant flavor of her own juices spread across her tongue as her husband began to slowly finger her mouth.

"Get the shower started while I go strip, then we'll hop in." He told her, then removed his fingers and his presence vanished from behind her.

She gave a glance behind herself and saw her husband walking the short distance down the hall and into their bedroom, pulling his shirt over his head along the way. Meredith spun back around and tugged off her shirt before dropping it to the tile. Once the shower was running Wally returned, and with them both naked he approached her, and the pair shared a kiss.

They let it linger, holding each other while the water behind her warmed up. She felt his hand reach behind her, his fingers wrapping around the base of her tail. With a squeeze and a tug, she let out a quiet gasp as he pulled up on her tail.

Wally was burying his face into the crook of her neck, nibbling and gnawing through her fur, the tugging on her tail leaving her melting into his control as he forcibly walked her backwards until the edge of the tub bumped against the back of her heels. She lifted one foot and stepped backwards, blind to where she was going but confident in the careful grip of her husband.

Room temperature water was now pelting her foot, and then she took a step back with the other and she was suddenly awash with more water that was far too cool to enjoy.

"It's still cold!" She whined, but he pushed her in deeper, and then followed her into the tub before closing the curtain behind them.

Her back was quickly pressed to the wall, their lips meeting, the roar of the running shower filling their ears. As the water slowly warmed the two of them continued to make out, noisily, unreservedly, encouraged and emboldened by the cozy protection of the shower.

She grabbed his dick with both hands and gave him a squeeze, smearing fresh water over his length as their tongues continued to spare, and in return he yanked up on her tail hard enough to make her yelp into his mouth.

One of his knees pressed between her legs, then he used it to pry her thighs apart. Quickly, he was between her, both hands groping at her tail and ass to lift her up the shower wall, his cock sliding closer to her entrance. Her hands helped him find her entrance, his tip squeezing between her folds until he let her go with both hands.

With her back pressed to the wet surface behind her, she dropped like a stone and felt every inch of him shove its way inside her. In an instant she was filled with to the brim with dog dick, the cat grunting out from behind a smile as her husband continued to kiss her. Meredith's cunt was stretched painfully around his cock while his knot tickled the lips of her pussy.

She wriggled her head away from him, breaking their kiss.

"Break me." She whimpered at him, letting her hands slither down between their bodies to find his knot.

Without a word of reply her husband grabbed her legs and spread them wide, pulling them up by the knees until she was pinched between the fox and the wall with her legs now over his shoulders.

Wally started fucking her, bouncing her on his cock, the faux marble wall creaking like plastic behind her back as his knot began slapping her pussy. She was being stuffed to the gills with him, the cat feeling his rigid length opening her up like hot steam in the sinuses. Each thrust brought his tip to her womb, tickling and tapping against her innermost regions.

This used to hurt her, her husband's huge size a hurdle that kept them from being fully intimate with one other. Of the four years they'd been married Meredith had only been taking his full length for the last three of them. Their time spent dating had been celibate, saving each other for marriage, and then once they'd finally tied the knot before the Lord it took over a year for Wally to tie his knot in her.

She bit down on his shoulder, gnawing at him through his fur as he gripped her behind the knees to slam himself up into her with greater and greater force. Every thrust came with a grunt from him, and she yelped in sync along with him as her hands struggled to keep a good grip on his knot, the water from the shower falling across their bodies like rain.

His hands moved down her body to find her hips. When he started bucking up into her, she knew he was trying to knot her.

“Break me!” She squealed sharply, pulling her hands free of his knot to wrap them around his back.

Her hands found purchase on his ass, digging her fingernails through his fur as she tugged him into her body harder with his every thrust.

As his knot battered away at her entrance she bit down on her lower lip. Meredith dropped her head into the crook of her husband’s neck and reveled in the violence of her husband’s lovemaking. With her bodyweight settling over his dick, the power of his thrusts was parting the lips of her cunt open little by little. The sensation of his enormous knob was a familiar one, dragging up from the depths of her soul the memory of her first times with Wally.

The fear of him being too big for her, the many long weeks, and then months, of training and practice to learn how to take him... The awkward conversations with her pastor about marriage counseling, her fears of being unable to satisfy her husband leaving the older man embarrassed and desperate to assure her that God had a plan for everyone and that she shouldn’t worry.

The moment Wally’s cock forced her petals apart completely, the cat feeling his entire length rocket up into her socket with a single quick, and violent, motion, left her eyes rolling back in her head as she continued to gnaw at her lip. The only thing that could make having sex with her husband better was being able to recreate the primal exhilaration she’d felt when she’d finally taken his knot for the first time.

She had enough common sense to jerk one hand off of his ass to bring it up to her mouth. Meredith almost didn’t make it in time, her hand clapping over her mouth a mere moment before she began to involuntarily shriek in climax. Muffled by her hand, her orgasm rocketed out of her with so much force she could hear her hot juices pelting the shower floor over the noise of the running water. As she clamped down around him, she could feel the muscles of her abdomen jerk and seize like they were being lit up with lightning.

As she gushed around her husband’s cock, Wally began to growl, his thrusts short and vicious, his head dipping low to bury his muzzle into the crook of her own neck with teeth fully bared.

She felt his teeth at her neck, just a nip at first, and then he straight-up bit down on her and she howled louder into her hand while her other hand broke its grip on his ass to grab the base of his tail. She yanked, as if on autopilot, tugging his body against her own as the moment of her husband’s climax hit slammed up through her guts.

Meredith felt his balls jerk tight underneath her, tapping at the back of her ass before they paused briefly. Then they started rhythmically spasming, the first of many signs that cum was being unloaded inside her. She squealed, his knot growing in size as the first rope of cum forced its way through his urethra, bulging his pink pillar from the inside. In her mind’s eye it was always like an erotic cartoon, like when water runs a water hose as an oblong bulge before finally spitting out the end.

That bulge of cum was something she could feel as it ran up his cock and finally burst inside of her. The first rope always hurt upon impact, that white hot jet of seed smashing into her delicate interior before rapidly flooding and coating her insides like plaster. The second rope hurt, too, but it was always softened by the first, and then again, and again. Each rope hurt less with its violent ejection, but as the

pain of his deadly volley faded the pressure mounted inside her until she could feel her guts shift and gurgle inside her to make room.

The amount her husband made was so much, nearly too much, for a small cat like Meredith, and by the time her husband was left panting over her soaked body her stomach was swollen and mashed against his own. The intense pressure built up in her womb forced her husband's excess to begin squirting and oozing out from around her tight seal, which then dribbled its way down the back of her ass and all the way down her husband's legs.

As they both calmed down from their quickie in the shower, she had to finally pat him on the shoulder to signal that she needed to be let down. The pressure in her tummy was too much for her to be squeezed up between him and the shower wall.

Wally eased himself back from her, then began to slowly crouch down in the shower until he was sitting in the middle of the tub with her in his lap. The water continued to run, pelting them both from overhead until the fox reached over to twist the knob.

The shower stopped, and they were left alone to their thoughts and each other.

"Any other plans for tonight?" He asked her in a whisper, as voices could carry loud enough in the bathroom that a neighbor might hear them if the shower wasn't running.

"After you pull out, I'm going to take another shower to wash up." She told him, the cat leaning backwards until the backs of her shoulders tapped the shower wall.

She was looking down at her belly, swollen with enough cum to fool anyone watching into thinking that their parents had finally talked them into starting a family.

"I mean after that." He replied.

"See if I can finish reading my book, I guess." She confessed.

She was close to the end of one of her little romance novels, that would be a nice calming way to finish the evening. Assuming the book didn't have a stressful or sad ending, of course, but this author always wrote happy love stories so Meredith trusted that whatever ending the book had would probably be of the 'heartwarming Lifetime movie' variety.

"You?" She asked.

"Might hop on the computer and browse for cameras." He told her, and she frowned.

"We already have a camera." She told him.

"It doesn't have the hook up thing for a tripod, though." He complained, and she swatted him on the top of his head.

"Wally!" She said in a high whisper, while he laughed with confusion.

“What?” He asked her.

“Don’t waste money on a camera! Keith would be a good tripod!” She scolded him, the skin of her face growing pink under her fur after she’d said it.

As much as it embarrassed her she knew Keith would be better than any tripod.

She finished coercing him out of his plan to browse for new cameras, and as soon as they felt his knot begin to soften Meredith planted her feet on the floor of the tub and Wally helped her stand. Cum gushed freely out of her, drooling messily over her husband’s crotch and down her legs. By the time they were both standing it was decided that they both needed to shower off if they had any intention of leaving the bathroom clean.

Wally finished washing up first and hopped out of the shower. It took a little more effort for Meredith to clean up, since that required her to unhook the showerhead to blast water up her pussy to help give herself a thorough rinsing. Her husband had it easy that his messes were only ever on the outside of his body.

After she finished having another orgasm at the showerhead’s expense, she shut off the water and stepped out of the shower after shaking each leg a few times in the tub to sling off any excess water. Wally was nowhere to be seen, having already toweled himself off. She did the same, taking a fresh towel from the cabinet and drying herself down until she had her towel wrapped around her head to finish drying it.

She looked at herself in the mirror, looking silly with a towel like a turban around her head. Meredith looked at her stomach, then turned to the side so she could look at her own profile. The cat ran a hand along the subtle bump in her tummy, and sighed knowing that she was going to wake up in the morning with a puddle under her butt from cum leaking out of her womb in the middle of the night. It was impossible to get all of it out of her on her own. Whatever you couldn’t get in the shower you just had to wash out in the laundry.

Just silly things you had to put up with when you’re sexually active.

She found her husband sitting naked on the couch with his towel under his butt. Being naked herself, she joined him, asking him to scoot over on his towel so she could sit on it, too, and thus saving their couch cushions from getting too wet from their damp fur.

“Your phone is blinking by the way.” He told her as he flipped through the channels to find something worth watching.

She looked over at the other end of the couch where her phone had been flung. It was face up, its screen black, but the little notification light was blinking. It could be blinking from any number of things, but she knew there was a strong chance that there was a message from Keith there.

“Did you check it?” She asked.

“Nope. My phone is in the bedroom.” He told her, and she sighed.

She leaned over and reached out for her phone, then sat back upright with it in her lap, the cat staring at her reflection in the blacked-out screen.

“Want me to do it?” He asked.

“No.” She told him, rolling her ‘no’ right into another of her ‘ughs’.

She turned the screen on, then swiped through the lock screen, and there at the top of the screen were notifications for emails and text messages. Meredith swiped the bar down, then tapped her finger on the message from Keith, then forced herself to read it.

“UGH!” She sagged backwards into the couch before slumping down like she was depressed.

Wally breathed out a sigh and stood up, leaving the living room.

“Where are you going?” She whined.

“I’m getting my phone.” He told her, then left.

Keith’s reply just made her feel WORSE. He was still beating himself up and she didn’t know what to do to make him stop feeling guilty! They’d already told him it was ok! Her husband came back in and sat back down next to her.

He started reading his phone, Meredith looking over to see he was looking at the group text. When he started typing into the reply box, she leaned over to stare at what he was writing. She looked back to her phone once he’d sent his text and waited for it to appear on her own screen. She then quickly replied saying the same as her husband, doubling up on what they each had to say.

“He’s going to keep kicking himself.” Wally then said aloud.

“Well, I want him to stop!” She replied back. “How is he supposed to be our cameraman if he’s over there thinking he’s an awful friend?”

Wally shrugged.

She let out another ugh and sagged back onto the couch.

“We could pick out one of our vids and send it to him. Give him one on purpose to prove we aren’t mad at him and don’t care that he knows what we get up to.” He suggested.

“No, that’s going to far. We’re right in the middle of the drama, Wally! We can do something like that once things calm down.” She told him.

“We can give it a few more days, let things calm down, like you said.” The fox replied.

She didn’t want to do that either. What she wanted was an easy button solution, but those didn’t exist in the real world. The only thing she could think of was a compromise between doing nothing and doing what Wally had suggested.

"What if we just ask him if he'd like a photo of us? Like a peace offering to prove we aren't upset with him." She suggested.

"What kind of photo?" He asked.

"Nothing smutty, just the two of us naked like we are now. And something that we would have obviously taken for him to see, so he knows it's not just a random pic we grabbed off our phones." Meredith explained, and to that Wally seemed to be mulling it over in his head.

"You need to be the one to suggest that I think." He told her.

She suddenly felt waves of anxiety wash over her as she looked back down at her phone and their text messages. She quickly typed out her question for Keith, just asking if it would be alright for them to send him a single nude photo of themselves as a gift. Soon as she sent it, she tossed her phone to the side, unable to look at her screen anymore now that she'd sent her question. Her hands quickly found her face and she hid.

Next to her Wally stood up quietly, and once he was on his feet he took her wrists and pulled her face from her hands. He wanted her to stand up with him, and she begrudgingly complied, wanting to sit and sulk, but instead gave in to whatever Wally had the idea to do.

"Let's take a photo." He told her, the fox tossing his phone to the couch before stepping over to pick her own up.

She stood there and watched as he switched her app over to the camera. Once he was ready, he put an arm around her middle and started leading her towards the hallway. Hanging on the hall wall was a long full length mirror. Meredith had wanted it there since the bathroom mirror wasn't any good at letting her see herself in whatever outfit she was trying on.

Now the two of them were standing in front of that same mirror with Wally trying to position them so that they were both inside the frame of the mirror while aiming the phone's camera lens at it.

"You're peeking." She told him, referring to the ample amount of 'lipstick' that was peeking out of his sheath.

Her husband tended to peek from his sheath after any time they had sex, which was a little feature of Wally's she actually appreciated. Seeing his very big penis in its smaller size poking out from his fuzzy pouch was cute.

"And you look like I got you pregnant recently." Wally told her back.

She let out another of her 'ughs'. The cat was hoping their little peace offering selfie would be... A bit more tame? Seeing themselves in the mirror with her tummy slightly pooched with her husband's cum, and Wally's dick poking an inch out of his sheath...

And she was still wearing the towel on her head! She reached up and grabbed it before tossing it to the floor out of view. Her hair was a tussled mess, but it was authentic, organic. Real.

“Well, if he can’t handle this then he can’t handle watching us have sex.” She confessed.

“I think he’ll live.” Wally told her, then snapped the photo.

Keith was chilling at home, sort of decompressing after his day. Right after his lunch with Wally he’d committed one hundred percent to deleting everything he had of Wally and Meredith, and soon as he got home, he did it. The goat made sure to do it first thing, and to do it quickly like ripping off a band aid so he couldn’t somehow talk himself out of it or make an excuse.

Just, BAM, it’s done and over with, and after he did it a small weight lifted off of his shoulders. He felt a little better about it, but it wasn’t like he was out of the woods or anything.

The dark cloud was still hanging over his head, and he could only lounge around the rest of the day with little to no motivation. He was basically depressed, he knew it. At least this was something he could probably sleep off, getting some rest to help him sort through his mental bullshit and be ready to do whatever he felt like doing tomorrow.

By the time sunset was on the horizon he was hardly feeling any better, just lounging on the couch and watching reruns of Ninja Warrior. The Japanese one.

The notification light on his phone started blinking, so he picked it up off his thigh and turned it on. A swipe later and he saw he had been added to a group text. Keith first expected it was some asshole spamming a bunch of people’s numbers with a prank text or some scam, but it was actually from Meredith and Wally.

His heart sank, or maybe it twisted or turned itself over. It was that weird feeling you get whenever something happens in your life but you’re not sure if it’s something good or bad. That ‘waiting for the shoe to drop’ feeling. He opened the message and saw there was one big behemoth of a text message from Meredith, but nothing else. Wally was on the list of people included in the message; the group was just the three of them.

He started reading the text, an uncomfortable sense of dread pumping through his veins as he didn’t know what to expect.

_Meredith Turner

“Hi, Keith! :D

I’m glad you and Wally had lunch today! He told me about how you and him had a talk about the stuff we accidentally gave you. Since I wasn’t there today I wanted to tell you myself that I’m not mad at you either. I still count you among my bestest friends and me and Wally both have long forgiven you! <3

At first, we freaked out, but whatever anger we were showing was aimed more at ourselves and not towards you since it was our mistake! Everything we put in that folder was private and only for us and we never thought anyone else would see it. But because we didn’t communicate with each other like we

should have Wally didn't realize what he'd done until it was too late. Afterwards it really made us think a lot and we both decided that of all the people to find out about our secret side we were really grateful that it was you. You've been a really good friend to us and we trust you with knowing about that side of our marriage. You've always been a good person!

Wally told me you said you were probably going to delete everything, and maybe by the time you read this text you already have, but if you hadn't done it yet I want you to know that I agree with Wally. You don't need to if you'd like to keep them. We don't want you to feel pressured or bullied because we goofed up.

And really I just really wanted to talk to you myself and by text. We thought that maybe texting was better since it wouldn't be as awkward for you to talk about this if it wasn't in person. Again we're not mad at you Keith! We trust you! And you are our friend!! <3

We both to hear back from you soon since we want our friendship to continue and for a long time. Since Wally took you to Jubees I think we should plan a threesome trip there as soon as we can, since I really would like to go there again soon! >:D

If we don't hear from you tonight, then I hope you have a super good evening and sleep really good!"

Keith sagged backwards into his couch, staring at his phone screen. He tapped the screen and dragged his way back to the top of the message so he could reread it. First the top, then skipping around. He was disassembling and reassembling the text with his yes, rereading it in chunks as his brain sorted out the mess of emotions he was feeling. Everything he felt from his lunch with Wally was jumbled up alongside what he was feeling now from Meredith's text.

It didn't make him feel better to read it. Knowing they thought this way, and especially hearing it from Meredith, just made him feel more like more of a heel. She could only suck in a deep breath and stare at his phone.

When he finally gathered the energy to try, it took him several attempts to write a reply, and each attempt was stymied by indecision that left him staring at his phone for minutes at a time until finally he found the right words to cobble together. He wasn't happy with what he wrote, but he couldn't do any better than this.

He sent it.

The awkward rambling reply he sent them was a mess of more apologies for not deleting the files like he said he would, as well as telling them that he did finally delete them, and that he was happy that they see him as a friend after everything that had happened between them. Admittedly it was a much shorter text than the one she'd sent him, but oh well.

Several minutes later they replied. 'They' as in texts coming from both their numbers, which clued Keith in that they were both actively staring at their phones just like he was.

After reading what they had to say, he knew that they didn't want him to be upset with himself. Like, consciously and logically he knew they had forgiven him, but emotionally he was still stuck in a funk of depression. It was draped around him like ugly glue.

He replied back, thanking them again. He didn't say he was sorry, as he'd said that enough times already. Keith told them, as briefly as he could since he wasn't a wordsmith, that he just felt like he was in a funk due to everything. He added that it wasn't their fault or anything.

He may have even been making it worse. This wasn't something he knew how to handle, like a chicken being asked to perform tricks or an alcoholic being told to mix a drink virgin.

Keith felt like they were probably stalking the group text, and he needed a moment to breathe. He sat his phone down and stepped away from the couch. He hadn't eaten yet, and would need to, but all he had the energy to bother with was a granola bar. Between that and what was left of his jug of apple juice, he'd eaten the most meager of dinners and would no doubt be crazy hungry the next morning.

He came back to the couch, saw the light was blinking that he had a notification. The goat sighed and sat down, knowing deep down that they weren't trying to bully him. Wally was probably over there being really chill while Meredith was probably super upset and worried about him. They were really good people. He picked up his phone and checked his messages.

There was only one new message, and it was from Meredith again. He read it and felt butterflies in his stomach start to fight with all the other shit he was feeling today. He actually had to reread it to make sure he wasn't crazy.

_Meredith Turner

*"Me and Wally talked about it just now and we wanted to know if it would be of if we sent you a naughty selfie of ourselves. >///
< Since you deleted everything else this would let you have at least one thing to keep for yourself. We'd like you to have it since you're our friend! And we want to share this part of ourselves with you! <3 You don't have too though! D: You can just call us weirdos and we wont send anything!"*

He read it again. What did they mean by naughty? Like, seriously like the stuff he just deleted? Them having sex? All of a sudden he felt a nervous energy, goosebumps all over. He started typing a reply.

_Keith Jacobs

"You'd really send me a photo??" Was all he said.

_Meredith Turner

"UGH yes Keith! D:<" A reply from Meredith popped in only moments later.

_Wally Turner

"She's been pulling her hair out waiting for you to reply lol" Another popped in from Wally right after.

Keith waited, then awkwardly typed in his next reply. He told them that if they really wanted to share something with him, they could, and that he'd promise not to delete it unless they told him to. He maybe didn't need to add that last part, but it was on his mind.

Then a picture appeared in the group text from Meredith.

Keith was instantly flash banged by a photo of her and Wally standing naked in front of the full length mirror he knew they had hanging in their hallway. It wasn't them having sex like he had assumed, but it was still enough to light up his goosebumps and make him sit up straight on his couch.

They were both smiling at him through the camera lens with Wally holding the phone in front of himself while wrapping his arm behind Meredith's back. She had her arm wrapped around his back, too, with the other planted firmly on her hip.

He just kept staring at this photo they'd taken just for him, not some stolen contraband he wasn't supposed to find, but a picture they'd actually taken just for him!

Keith's hands were shaking a little with nervous energy as he started typing a reply, trying his best to make sure he told them enough about how much he appreciated the photo. Last thing he wanted was to give them too muted of a reply and leave them thinking he didn't care.

_Keith Jacobs

"Thank you so much for the photo! It's amazing! It's a really great selfie I promise I'll cherish it!!"

_Wally Turner

"Jeez Keith now we know what to start getting you for your birthday lmao"

Wally teased him, making the goat reread his own message and flush a little at how intensely he'd responded to their selfie. Meredith must have started scolding her husband over it because Wally quickly replied right after that.

_Wally Turner

"We're really glad you liked the photo! lol"

_Meredith Turner

"Wally is just being a butt! We're both happy you really liked it!!! >/////<"

He smiled, feeling some relief for the first time in what felt like a long while.

Keith scrolled back up in the messages to look at their photo again, tapping it to open so it dominated his screen. This time he pinched the screen and zoomed in on them, first at the faces. They both wore sheepish smiles with a touch of blush to their cheeks. When Keith had first looked at the photo he saw their smiles, but now he could see more clearly that they were embarrassed, though Wally seemed to be hiding it much better than Meredith.

That was understandable, since they were taking a nude photo to send to Keith on purpose. And... Then he started panning the photo down to check out Meredith's perky little tits, drawing in a deep breath with butterflies in his stomach. Knowing that they took this photo for him to see just... That's the biggest permission a man could ever get to check out someone's tits! He panned down, anxious excitement guiding his fingers as he lowered the photo down to their hips to see that Meredith's stomach looked a little fuller than he knew it should have been. She had some cute hips, but was overly a slender lady.

And then his eyes rocked to the side, his finger panned the photo over to Wally who was showing an awful lot of pink from his plump sheath. For a fox that was supposedly flaccid he was rocking an awful lot of rocket! His heart was beating quickly in his chest as he felt his own dick stiffen in his shorts the longer he stared at the photo.

He zoomed out, then panned back up to their smiling faces, saw that Meredith's hair looked messy and tussled. Was this... sex hair? He panned back down to her belly, a flashback hitting his mind of the first video he'd seen of them in their secret stash. His friend Wally could dump a lot of nut...

Putting all this info together...

_Keith Jacobs

"Did you guys have sex before you took that photo?"

_Wally Turner

"Earlier tonight yeah. Can you tell? Lol"

_Meredith Turner

*">///
Shushhhh! You can talk about dirty stuff later!! We should all get ready for bed since it's a busy weekend!!! D:"*

Feeling nervous, excited, and more than a little sad that Meredith was stepping in to cut them off from talking more... The three of them ended the conversation for the night by sharing goodnights, with Meredith adding last that they'd stay in touch real soon to plan a lunch date for all three of them at Jubee's since they went there without her today.

He didn't know he'd look either of them in the eye without breaking out into a sweat or turning red. He'd figure something out! If they were willing to share this side of their marriage, a side no was supposed to know about, then what was a little embarrassment between friends?

Wasn't anything he couldn't survive.