

Gerry pulled into his spot at the house and turned the truck off. Tabby sat in the passenger seat while her boyfriend walked around to her side, and like the gentleman that he was, he opened the door for her. She hopped out and kissed him on the cheek to reward his chivalry, then picked the tote bag up from the floorboard. With her tote and purse in hand she followed him to the front door of his home.

With three other pickups parked out front that meant that all of Gerry's housemates were home, and that the front door would be unlocked. Gerry turned the knob, proving that it was indeed unlocked, and invited the vixen inside.

Tabby had grown familiar with the house with the many visits she'd spent here. She knew every room now except for the bedrooms of his housemates. If she wasn't spending time in Gerry's bedroom, she was sharing a meal in their kitchen or sitting with the boys in the living room.

The guys all greeted them when they walked into the living room. She knew all their names and said hello to them. They were very polite with her, but she didn't know them well enough to know if that was just their nature or if Gerry had played a role in it. Whatever the reason was, it made her feel more comfortable here, and she liked that. She used to feel nervous and shy when she'd visit, but that had mostly faded away.

Gerry's house was one of the very few places she could spend time with her boyfriend that was away from prying eyes, and she knew that the boys in the living room all understood what it meant when a girl was left alone with her boyfriend in his bedroom.

When they reached the bedroom, he invited her inside. He hung a lanyard on the door handle outside before shutting it behind them. Tabby had first protested him doing that once he explained to her that the lanyard was a house signal to let everyone know not to even so much as knock. A 'Do Not Disturb' sign, basically. It had left her feeling very embarrassed knowing that everyone that entered the hallway would see that and know what was going on inside his bedroom.

She didn't mind it now. Tabitha Carmichael might have been a good Christian woman, but she'd also made peace with her affections. When she looked at her boyfriend, she saw a man that would become her husband when the time was right. He got bashful talking about it, but every time she brought it up with him there was a nervous energy about him, and it didn't set off any alarm bells with her. It made her excited, and if they were in a quiet place like his bedroom, his nervous energy often left him very aroused.

Sometimes she'd nickname him 'husband' in private, and he usually did react well to that... Especially if they were sharing an intimate moment.

Gerry sat down at his desk, turning his laptop on so he could find music to play, while she sat her purse down on his dresser and slid the topmost drawer open. He'd made room for her in the topmost drawer weeks ago and she now had a spare change of clothing tucked away inside. She sat the tote bag on Gerry's 'side' of the drawer and started pulling items out of it.

She already had one outfit stored in the drawer, which was just a set of normal underwear and a plain skirt and blouse. Now she added a much nicer set of red lingerie and a few tee shirts. She didn't normally wear normal tees, but if she was going to spend more time at Gerry's like this then she didn't have to worry as much about her appearance. At the bottom of the tote was a

pair of gym shorts, which she tucked into the drawer before shutting it. Now she had spare items to relax in while she visited.

Gerry had told her if she wanted to borrow some of his closet spare for any of her nicer 'modeling' outfits, she could. She was thinking about it, but for now she was leaving things at her dorm for that.

Her boyfriend got some music playing, and he turned the volume up loud enough that they could speak easily with each other, but anyone outside would just hear the music.

She took a seat on his bed, and when he turned himself away from his desk, she saw his desktop. He'd changed his wallpaper to a photo of the two of them together, and she smiled. He rose from his seat and moved in front of her, leaning down to cup her cheeks in his hands before giving her a kiss.

"Impatient." She teased him when he broke the kiss and freed her cheeks from his grip.

"I've been waiting five days." He replied, then sat down next to her with his arm snaking behind her back to hug her to him.

"You don't have to wait five days." She whispered to him, and in reply to that he leaned in to give her another kiss. She really liked kissing. It was such a sweet part of being in love.

"It's better when it's with you."

She blushed, knowing what they were both talking about. Tabby could have teased him then, poking fun at him for talking like it was her job to take care of 'his' business like that. She didn't. Five days for him meant more than the five days for her. She lived in a shared dorm room with three other young women.

This Christian vixen, as much as she might have wanted to, simply couldn't bring herself to masturbate at her dorm. Not in the shared living space, or in their shared showers, nowhere. She had no choice but to abstain from having any sort of outlet for her affections. Gerry was different.

He could take care of himself every day, multiple times, and no one would know. Even Tabby wouldn't know, Gerry could be lying to her now, in fact. She knew he wasn't. She put her hand on his thigh and stroked him through his jeans.

Tabby had had enough intimate moments with her boyfriend to know if he'd been... abstaining from masturbation. He was just so 'productive' when he stopped playing with himself!

"I've been thinking about you a lot." She told him.

"Oh? Anything bad?"

He kept his head next to hers, leaning into her with his arm still hugging her tight. His head was nestling into the crook of her neck affectionately. She drew in a deep and quiet breath, catching the scent of his cologne.

"No, silly. I was thinking about your last photo shoot. I liked it a lot."

He'd done a photo shoot for a clothing company, and he'd been wearing a very nice tuxedo, something a husband might one day wear. It gave her lots of pleasant thoughts and left her idle hands itching to touch herself the more she dwelled on the mental image of her handsome gazelle in a dapper suit, all dressed up for her.

"The tux, or the swimsuit I did after."

"Both." She replied, her preference was for the suit since it held a special meaning to her. It was something she'd have to wait a long time to see in person. The swimsuit was something she could see every day if she asked him.

"You looked very handsome in the tuxedo. Like a proud groom." She told him and lifted her hand off his thigh to find and stroke his cheek.

"Is that so?" He asked.

"Mhmm." She replied.

"And what about the swim trunks?" He asked her, lifting his own hand to catch the one at his cheek, holding her hand against his face while he nuzzled himself into her palm.

"I think they gave you a size too small. It was rather revealing."

"What did it reveal?"

He was looking at her dangerously, the little tease!

"Something a future husband ought to not be showing on camera." She teased back.

"Is it something a future wife would be interested in seeing up close?" He told her, and she blushed.

"Gerry." She smiled.

"You get to call me husband, but I can't ask you to be a wife?" He chuckled, and she gasped.

"We aren't even graduates yet!" She giggled, cheeks flushed hot. Tabby had not expected him to say something so bold! She was so flushed hot she wanted to fan herself.

He reached out to take her chin in his hand and turned her towards him, then kissed her.

It'd been five days since they'd last sat on his bed, and she'd been thinking about him so much.

"Would you like it if I acted like a wife?" She asked him, and he nodded, nuzzling her again gently. When she got her answer, she slowly slipped herself off the bed and carefully lowered herself to her knees.

He spread his legs, and she found a spot for her head on one thigh, letting her cheek come to rest against the denim. Her hand found his other thigh and slowly stroked him up and down his leg.

"I think you're very handsome." She whispered, her volume almost too low to be heard, but Gerry was right next to her listening, and she felt his hand come to rest on her head where he began to stroke her hair.

"You're very beautiful." He told her.

"I hope I'm more than that," she replied. "I'd like to be a good wife."

"Do you want to practice?" He asked her, and she blushed, looking up at him.

He was smiling mischievously down at her. She nodded her head, knowing full well that she did. Tabby lifted her head off his thigh and reached both hands out to his crotch where she began to undo his jeans. Once she had him unzipped, he helped her remove them, sliding them down his legs until she could slip his shoes off and the jeans right after them.

Her boyfriend sat bottomless on his bed with his erection swollen with blood in front of her face. She admired him with her eyes while her hands returned to his thighs, stroking his fur slowly up and down while she put her thoughts together.

She didn't know what he'd like her to do today, but she considered that she wasn't as good at using her mouth as she was at using her breasts. She leaned in, sliding her hands up his thighs until they found his cock. A little practice would be good for both of them. She started licking him, then kissing his balls. His nuts felt so heavy and tight.

"Did you really wait five days?" She asked.

"I didn't waste a drop."

"You're going to make such a mess." She blushed, knowing how much he could shoot. Everyone said Sex Ed in school was terrible, and she didn't get much of anything better from her parents. She learned that sex makes babies, and what condoms were. She learned about the pill.

She was glad she got that terrible Sex Ed, and she was glad she was raised as a Christian. If she'd been like other girls, learning on her own about sex from the internet and porn... She might not have saved herself for Gerry. The more she was intimate with him the more she discovered what she loved about intimacy.

Tabby loved the big messes her Gerry would make, she learned to love her own breasts because they were something she could share with her partner, she even enjoyed... swallowing. She lifted her head and kissed him up his cock.

"Is it really my mess if you're the one that makes it?" He asked her.

"When it's your turn tonight, are you going to claim the mess you make as yours?" She asked him back.

"I am good at getting big messes out of you." He teased her, leaving her blushing. She tilted his cock down and opened her mouth wide. She slipped him inside and she began to gently nurse at his dick.

She was good at making messes, too, much to her surprise.

As she went down on him, he watched her work, eventually taking one of her ears into his hand and massaging it. While she swallowed more and more of him, he began to quietly pant until he broke the 'silence' between them. He started by telling her how beautiful she was, and she looked up at him to flutter her eyes.

He gasped a bit, Tabby knowing she was doing a very good job right then. Gerry continued his praise, mentioning her last photo shoot, pointing out which outfit was the favorite he'd seen her pose in, teasing her with little things the photos made him dream about. When he ran out of things to say he told her about the art she'd posed for last, expressing hope that she'd model again for an artist soon so that he could see more.

She was wet between the legs, lapping up the praise just as much as she was his cock. The vixen started bobbing her head faster, finding a good rhythm and working her tongue along the underside of his cock while a hand gently played with his nuts.

"Oh, oh wow." He breathed deeply, letting go of her ear and putting both hands on the bed beside him. She looked up and saw he was leaning his head back, his mouth hanging open to pant. She started swallowing around his cock, the noise coming out of her in big gulps as she worked hard to stimulate her boyfriend as much as she could.

He started patting the bed, trying to signal to her that he was close. Tabby shut her eyes and began to bob faster to help him finish in her mouth. It came as a genuine surprise to her when he reached to grab her head to push her away.

"Wait, wait, wait." He panted. She stopped, pulling her mouth off him, and licking her lips before rubbing at her mouth with the back of her wrist.

"I want to save it for later." He explained, before asking her to stand up for him.

She put her hands on his knees and used them to push herself upright.

Soon as she was standing he reached his hands out and held her hips in them, stroking his palms up and down her sides until he pulled her into a hug with his cheek coming to rest on her tummy.

"Is it my turn?" She asked, and he nodded against her with a masculine hum telling her that it was. His hands reached behind her and found the button of her skirt. She felt him undo the button before tugging down at the small zipper. As the zipper dropped the skirt began to fall loose around her hips until she wiggled her hips. The only thing holding it up was Gerry, and when he leaned back the skirt dropped. She stepped out of it and bent over to pick it up.

After folding the skirt over the back of Gerry's desk chair she returned to stand in front of her boyfriend, left in only her top and a pair of plain white panties that had a damp spot growing in the center. He ran his hands up her legs until he found the sides of her underwear, then tugged those down, too.

The panties dropped, and she stepped out of them while her future-husband began to lift her blouse to plant kisses on her soft stomach. She took the blouse from him and held it, lifting it

high and carefully tugging it over the impressive swell of her breasts. While he tickled her tummy with kisses, she pulled off the blouse and tossed it over the back of the chair to join her skirt.

She let out a quiet gasp as his fingers found her pussy, beginning to stroke across the delicate folds of her slit. Reaching behind herself she popped the clasp for her bra and let her girls free, dropping the bra to the floor. He never slipped his fingers inside her, only the outside. He was very careful with her pussy, as that was something she was saving for later, much later.

But that didn't stop him from finding ways to give her pleasure. He was so good with his mouth that she'd have to cover her mouth every time he ate her out. She'd get too loud. Gerry would tease her about being so noisy, and at first that had embarrassed her too much. The vixen just didn't know how to think about it, but today she was a different woman.

She had more confidence now, and with Gerry she didn't have a care in the world.

Well, except that his housemates would all hear her... 'singing'. She still didn't want that to happen!

Now that she was completely naked for him, he nudged her to step back, and when she did, he rose up from the bed and kissed her on the lips, wrapping his arms around her, the vixen blushing as she felt his cock press and poke at the crotch and thighs. He gently spun them around until the backs of her legs were pressed to the bed.

He broke the kiss and asked her to sit, and she did. While he took off his shirt she watched with excitement as he stripped himself bare. Tabby leaned backwards until her back touched the bed, and Gerry didn't need a stronger invitation than a vixen spreading his legs for him. He knelt down in front of her and planted a wet kiss over her mount and started dining.

It never took long for him to work her up to speed, her chest rising and falling quickly as she took in steady controlled breaths. She needed to stay in control as long as possible, because if she didn't, she'd get noisy, and then Gerry would have to hold her mouth shut. She couldn't do it on her own, she always lost her grip and would... ahem.

Despite the danger, she covered her mouth with her hand as he continued to eat, bringing her closer and closer to her climax. As her eyes began to flutter, her toes started curling tight while her back arched off the bed.

Her breathing quickened for a moment before she gasped sharply into her palm, shivered from head to toe as he pulled her first orgasm out of her. She whined into her hand, moaning through her palm while Gerry left her shuddering on the bed. When he came up for air his muzzle was damp with her juices.

She hadn't even finished recovering yet when he stood up and grabbed her hips to roll her over onto her stomach. When he started crawling onto the bed, she knew it was going to be his turn next, and she let go of her muzzle and started crawling further onto the bed so her legs wouldn't hang off the edge.

He collapsed on top of her, his cock wedged like a sausage in a hotdog bun between the cheeks of her ass.

“Your turn now?” She panted, and he planted a kiss on the back of her neck before humming an affirmative to her.

His hips started moving, sliding his length up and down between her cheeks to dry hump against her, his hands snaking beneath her body to grope at her tits. Nice firm strokes rocked his body against hers, showing her the steady and powerful rhythm he could use against her if they ever went further than just a dry run.

Tabby knew he longed to take her as a husband should, but he obeyed her wish to save her pussy for marriage. Sometimes she felt bad that he was denying him access to something he wanted, which is why she tried so hard to be the best she could be when it came to using her mouth, hands, and breasts. She gave him everything that wasn't her vagina, and she gave it to him well.

As Gerry began to pick up his pace, humping against her faster and faster, rocking her body quietly over the bed, she suspected he wanted to finish over her back and tail. She tilted her butt up to him, offering herself to her boyfriend and encouraging him to do whatever he needed to do.

He drew his hips back, his dick slipping between her thighs and with his next thrust he slid his length downward and across the lips of her sex. She shivered, tingles shooting up her body as she felt him tickle across her entrance. She tilted her rump, trusting him completely, and he dutifully reached down to grab his cock and aim it back between her cheeks.

Gerry pressed forward, slipping between her ass and while his dick slipped on through she felt the head of cock brush against her pucker. She gasped into the bedding, grabbing little handfuls of the covers while her boyfriend kissed the back of her neck. He wrapped his arms under her and hooking them over her shoulders so he could get back to humping her with nice solid thrusts that rocked her body.

He whispered to her that he thinks he's ready, and she lifts her ass higher for him, letting him 'mount' her as he pleases. His voice was low, but his grunting was happening right into her ear, letting her know every moment of pleasure as his cock, still slick with spit and precum, rapidly slid between her cheeks.

She could feel the underside of his shaft rubbing across her asshole, the virgin pucker being steadily and deliciously teased in ways she wasn't accustomed to, but that didn't stop her. She continued to offer her ass to him, wanting him to take his turn with her body.

Tabby had no idea what the Bible said about anal sex between men and women. All she knew was that it was a sin if it was between men, but that's all she knew. The only sin she knew she was committing was premarital sex, but anal wasn't specified as best as she could tell... She was thinking too hard about it. Every time Gerry dry humped her like this he teased her pucker, it was impossible for him not to! He was such a large lover that he filled her cheeks to the brim, his length thoroughly stroking between her valley and leaving everything coated in their combined juices.

She could hear his balls slapping against her backside now, his steady quick thrusts drawing more noises from him while she held her ass up in submission. In moments like these she'd wonder what it would be like if he was inside her...

She got flustered, hiding her face into the bed while Gerry picked up his pace, rocking the bed gently beneath them while his grunting grew louder. She squeezed the bedding tighter in her hands, letting her mind wander to the sensation of his cock stroking across her puckered anus. She flexed the muscles in her ass, she let out a gasp as she dwelled too long on the thought of him sinking inside her back door. Tabby was so close to offering her boyfriend something naughty.

"S-stop." She whispered, and Gerry slowed down, then stopped. His nose brushed against one of her ears.

"What's the matter?" He asked, hugging her to his chest.

"You're rubbing against, uh, my backdoor." She said, and he shifted his hips while apologizing. She felt his dick leave the space between her cheeks, the emptiness that replaced it was cold and awful. She wanted him back there.

"Do you want me to finish a different way?" He asked her, planting a kiss on her cheek.

"Have you ever thought about making love to my backdoor?" She asked him, burying her face hard into the bed, trying to hide herself. Gerry hugged her, his muzzle finding the crook of her neck.

"I have. You have a really cute butt." He whispered to her. She began to quietly shiver nervously as his body heat soaked into her.

She was blushing so hard. Did he really think about doing that! Her heart was racing.

"Is this something you've been thinking about?" He asked her, rolling his body back into place on top of her with his rock settling back where it belonged between her cheeks.

Tabby wasn't sure she should say! It might be a sin! A sin on top of sin, like a stack of pancakes covered in premarital seed. She let go of the bed and pulled her hands to her face and cupped her cheeks so that her fingers covered her eyes. Gerry's hands found her shoulders and started rubbing them.

"Tabby?" He checked on her.

She started nodding.

"Yes." She replied.

"You think this is something we're allowed to do?" He nuzzled her neck gently, his hands still rubbing small circles over her bare shoulders.

She inhaled before letting it out slowly. When she let go of her face she grabbed the bed again, wanting something to grip tight to while she thought.

"We shouldn't be doing what we're doing now." She admitted. He kissed her on the side of the neck, then did it again in the crook of her neck.

"We can stop."



"I don't want to stop." She confessed, the vixen not wanting to shut out her boyfriend. It wasn't just that she knew he desired being with her, but that she desired being with him! They weren't married, but this was something precious to them, these moments alone where they could love each other as husband and wife even though neither wore rings nor had stood before a pastor in the Lord's house.

"I'll follow you wherever you want us to go."

"I want to let you do things that a husband would do." She whispered, and he shifted his body over hers slightly, pressing his muzzle to her ear and nuzzling up to her.

"We can experiment. If we try anal and you like it, then we have something new we can do together. It also means you can save yourself for marriage." He whispered back gently.

They'd already crossed the line about premarital sex. If she let him up her backside the line would already be miles behind them, and she'd still get to save her pussy for their marriage bed.

"I think I'd make a good husband, but if I got to practice, I'm sure I could be even better." He told her a bit more loudly, then kissed her on the cheek.

"I think you'd be a good husband, too." She smiled, her cheeks flushing a bit.

"Would you be a good wife?" He asked her, and she blushed a bit harder.

"Of course, I would! Shower you with kisses every day." She smiled, turning her head a bit more so he could kiss her cheek more easily, which he did.

"Think you'd get even better if you practiced first?"

Quietly, she thought that she would. She knew what he was going for, and she was feeling a flutter in her stomach as she thought about it herself. Practicing at being better lovers before they became husband and wife.

"Will you let me make love to my wife's backside?" He whispered into her ear, and she couldn't stop her grin as she began to shiver under him. How could he!

"You tease!" She giggled, her inhibitions melting as her 'husband' nuzzling at her cheek again to plant little kisses.

"I'm practicing." He reminded her.

"Is that so?"

"Mhm." He replied and spread his legs. She felt it, his hips settling a little more firmly over her butt with his cock grinding a little tighter against her.

"Gerry..." She said his name, the last threads of uncertainty hanging on by the fingernails.

"I love you." He whispered to her. "I'll follow wherever you lead me."

She flushed hard, her hands flexing into the bedding as she gripped it tight.

"I love you, too." She told him, sincerely.

"Will my wife let me practice being a good husband?" She asked her, and one of the threads holding her back snapped. She let go of the bedding, then grabbed it again. Her hands felt electric with idle energy, desperate to do something like her whole body was activating, but without any direction to go in.

"Gerry..." She panted his name into the bed, squirming under him as he nuzzled himself deep into the crook of her neck.

"I want to fuck my wife." He whispered hotly into her ear, turning up the fire of seduction. She shuddered then, swallowing a mouthful of spit, her mouth salivating. Another thread snapped.

"I... I might let you." She replied, almost giving in.

Gerry then lifted himself up and began to move off of her, surprising her. When she turned to ask him what he was doing he was already off the bed and reached out to grab her hips. He tugged, and she started sliding towards the edge of the bed until her legs slipped off.

Before she could even ask him what he was doing he'd already knelt behind her and placed both hands on her cheeks. When he pulled them apart to expose herself to him, she gasped. When he dipped his head between her cheeks, she gasped harder, another thread snapping.

"Gerry!" She nearly shouted as his nose touched her pucker, then his lips. "Wait!"

His thumbs found the sides of her asshole and he started pulling it open, tugging at her sensitive virgin flesh. She started shivering, nervous and excited energy overwhelming her as the reality dawned on her of what he was about to do. She was speechless when she felt him kiss her entrance.

She gasped sharply when he licked her and buried her head into the bedding when he started eating out her backside, lubing up her entrance with his spit. Threads of resistance and hesitation were snapping left and right as her boyfriend prepared her asshole for fucking.

"Gerry, Gerry, Gerry." She repeated his name in the mattress, the bedcovers muffling her voice under the noise of the music playing. She was in so much shock she didn't know how to feel about her boyfriend giving her a rimjob! When she felt his hand reach beneath her mound, his fingers touching her petals she gasped sharply.

Tabby clapped a hand over her muzzle, her boyfriend rubbing her clit and eating her asshole at the same time, making her squirm and twitch until she was moaning into her hand. When he finally stopped, she felt like she was teetering on the edge, almost about to pop.

Gerry rose up from his post behind her and took sides of her ass in his hands and spread her cheeks apart. When his thumbs settled in next to the asshole she groaned as he started pulling her asshole apart, testing her elasticity with his hands.

"Do you want me to try?" He asked her.

She hesitated, but the threads that had held her back were gone, and now her only choice was to nod fervently into the bedding. The bed creaked under Gerry's weight as he crawled onto the bed, pulled her across the mattress and away from the edge. When he was done, he settled himself over her the same as he had before, his cock lying between the cheeks of her ass.

Straddling her thighs, she felt him sit upright, pinning her to the bed while his hand rubbed his cock between her cheeks. She heard him spit, feeling something wet land between her cheeks, her face blushing furiously as the end of his cock began to press against her pucker.

She jerked her other hand to her muzzle, holding her mouth shut tight as the pressure against her asshole grew until a grunt was forced from her. The terrible tightness of her backside gave way, her boyfriend groaning as he sank his head into her back entrance.

As her legs began to tremble, her eyes began to flutter as she felt him sink deeper inside. The way his cock stretched her open was leaving her panting from beneath her double handed grip, her nose flaring with every sharp breath. It... didn't really hurt? He felt huge inside her! It felt so strange, the stretching pull of him opening up her backside felt no worse than pulling a thumb or finger to its limit to pop a knuckle, the tight strain of skin, the burning sensation of the stress as the digit reached its limit just before the 'pop'.

Then something gave inside her, she'd been so tense, but suddenly she relaxed herself and her boyfriend sank a quick two inches in her backside. She gasped, almost breaking the grip on her muzzle.

"You doing ok, Tabby?" He panted, whispering to her, leaning over her now, his hands now finding her shoulders to caress her gently. Gerry leaned over her a bit more when she didn't immediately reply, checking on her, his lips finding her cheek to kiss and nuzzle her.

He felt so big, he felt so big! His weight settled onto her more as he laid himself across her body, covering her like a blanket. She felt so full! Tabby began to shiver under him, her chest rising and falling rapidly as she began to pant, almost like the wind was being pushed right out of her lungs from the enormous pressure inside her.

"Tabby?" He asked her again breathlessly.

With great effort she pulled her hands away from her muzzle.

"N-no more! D-don't put in any more." She stammered, gasping under him, and burying her face into the bed while her fists grabbed handfuls of the bed.

"I can't, I'm all the way in. Do you want me to stop?" He asked her, panting as well.

He was all the way in! She gasped again, her toes curling. Her legs wouldn't stay still, she was trembling from head to toe. Tabby didn't feel bad, she just didn't know how to feel.

"You don't look like you're hurting." He told her and kissed her neck.

"It's... weird." She admitted.

"You're incredible!" He panted. "You're so tight."

She didn't know how to reply. He shifted his weight and rocked his hips backwards. Tabby felt the tug of his dick on her insides as his cock slipped backwards, pulling at her insides as he began to withdraw.

"Holy shit, you feel incredible!" He gasped, his hands gripping tighter to her shoulders.

Her eyes fluttered as he continued to withdraw. The more he withdrew of his cock, the more Tabby's eyes rolled toward the ceiling until she felt herself clenching her teeth, drool running down the sides of her mouth. She'd never felt this way before! Is this what sex felt like?

For the first time she had a man's cock inside her, and as he slowly withdrew himself, she felt this overwhelming sense of emptiness inside her body, and the more it grew the more she hated it.

"Wait!" She spat, gasping as if for air.

"Tabby?"

"D-don't!" She said, forcing her face back to the mattress, trying to muffle herself as she grunted.

Gerry stopped his hips, then pushed them forwards again, his cock sinking back inside her slowly. Her eyes began to flutter again, her hands gripping tighter to the bed as the terrible girth of his cock reopened her insides and filled her to bursting.

She let out a whine, loudly, the noise ending with moans.

Her boyfriend stopped short of hitting himself in her, then leaned carefully over her and lowered his hands from her shoulders and placed them over her hips. He quickly pulled his hips back and slammed them forward, sinking everything inside her.

Tabby yelped, her body spasming, legs sticking out straight just before devolving into a shuddering mess as the vixen loudly groaned and panted on the bed. Gerry kissed her on the neck again.

"I think you like it." He told her.

She didn't know how to describe it! He drew his hips back and again and began to thrust slowly into her, just pushing and pulling an inch of dick at a time. She clawed at the bed, struggling under the sensation of his cock plundering her backside, moaning, and drooling on the bed. With his next thrust she yelped again, almost like a whine.

Her face flushed hot with embarrassment at the noises she was making, desperately wanting to cover her mouth, but she couldn't make her hands open, it was like she was caught in some husband-induced paralysis!

Gerry pulled his hips back again, and she loudly moaned as his cock slipped from her with a pop. She was left panting, her asshole shutting back tight while her boyfriend hopped off the bed and grabbed something. When he returned to the bed he laid himself back down over her and she suddenly saw his hands come into view.

He held her panties in one hand, then grabbed her chin with the other. He shut her mouth, her drool dripping over his fingers, and then he wrapped her own underwear around her muzzle and tied them into a knot.

"To keep you from getting too noisy." He told her, and she grunted loudly through her tightly bound mouth as her boyfriend speared up her backside again, his cock stretching her backdoor open wetly, sinking balls deep until his nuts were pressed tight against her ass.

"You want me to keep going?" He asked her once he was firmly embedded in her.

She grunted and nodded her head quickly. Yes, she wanted him to! When he started fucking her again her jaws fought against the panties binding her mouth, her muffled cries and moaning valiantly trying to escape. She clawed the bed, Gerry mounting her with steady smooth strokes that left him panting over her.

Tabby could feel his breath falling over her back and head, his exertion leaving him breathing heavily like he was at the gym.

"I love you." He gasped into her ear, leaning close to her head, speeding up his hips to drill into her a little bit faster, a little bit harder.

She whined in reply, rocking her hips back at him.

"Pretend it's our wedding night." He whispered into her again, and she whined harder, her boyfriend's hips loudly slapping into her soft ass. He was plowing her, fucking her, owning her ass like it belonged to him!

"MHM!" She hummed out from behind her panties.

"My wife's ass!" He told her, burying his head back into the crook of her neck, his hands gripping tighter to his sides as he drilled her even faster, his hips rising and falling against her butt. Their love making was noisy, the bed was creaking under them while the clapping of her ass against his hips was nearly as loud as the music that played behind them.

"MHMMM!" She hummed even louder, following it up with a desperate whine that left her drawing her knees up under her, raising her ass and keeping it there, offering it to her 'husband'.

"You're so beautiful! You're perfect! Your ass is incredible, Tabby!" He gasped into her ear, his hands gripping so tight she could feel him digging through her fur. He was rutting her like a feral animal, jackhammering her backside like he'd lost all self-control.

She whined for him, her body shivering from head to toe until her eyes rolled back. Tabby screamed through the panties, her orgasm trapped inside her mouth as she came for him, his cock drilling her ass harder and faster. She came from being fucked in the ass!

"I love you so much, Tabitha!" He almost shouted, then slammed his hips against her ass hard. He ground himself against her, grunting heavily, then yanked himself free of her asshole.

He ripped her hands off the bed, then forced her to turn over. She was on her back, staring up at him, and she played the role of the obedient wife as he lifted her legs and held them against her tits. He mounted her again, his cock sliding easily inside her once-taut little asshole.

Gerry kissed her on the lips, then put his hands on her shoulders to pin her to the bed.

“You’re MY wife!” He told her, his eyes boring down into hers, and she squealed for him. He started fucking her, pile driving his cock into her ass until he was grunting with every thrust, his balls slapping against her backside, the noise of the union flooding the room with grunts and her muffled squealing. She was thrashing and squirming under him, giving herself up to husband fully and completely.

She grabbed him by the arms, clinging tight to him.

He kissed her again, the panties tied around her muzzle prevented her from kissing him back, and she started thrashing harder, knocking one of her legs loose and wrapping it around him.

Gerry let her other leg free from her chest, and she wrapped both legs around him. While she clung tighter and tighter to him, drawing him in as close as she could, he kept fucking her as hard as he could.

“MY gorgeous woman, MY beautiful vixen, MY heavenly little Tabitha Albright!” He grunted, each confession rumbling into her ears while her voice fought against the panties that bound her muzzle shut. Him saying HER name with HIS surname sent her over the edge, her body trembling all over with renewed force!

She wanted to answer him so badly! God, Lord in Heaven, let her speak! Tabby had lost it, she’d never felt anything like this before, and her boyfriend, NO, her husband! Her husband was confessing to her, and she couldn’t answer him back except through her body. She hugged him, squeezed him, clenched her asshole down around his cock, buried her head into the crook of his neck same as he was with her.

The bed’s creaking was growing louder as he hammered her harder, his voice going ragged as he kept up with his confessions, his grunting, the consummation of their ‘marriage’ growing in its intensity.

“Ah-Ahlmoose.” He grunted hotly into her ear, his movements growing jerkier and unrefined as he neared his limit.

Then she had an epiphany! She could just remove the panties herself, and so she did.

She grabbed the knotted underwear wrapped around her muzzle and tugged, pulling them off. She gasped, sucking in air, then tossed the panties aside and clamped her hand down behind her ‘husband’s’ neck and held him tight.

“Fuck me, Gerry!” She shouted at him, her passion unleashed, unbridled, her legs locking tighter around him, her other hand rising up his back to grab the base of one of his horns.

“Cum in your wife! Please!” She shouted again, and Gerry suddenly froze up. He gave one last powerful grunt, and she felt his nuts begin to jerk against her ass. His cock started throbbing,

and her mouth hung open as she felt the pulsing waves of her husband's seed flood her backside, soaking deep into her body as he continued to groan out in ecstasy.

Just feeling him lay claim to her body pushed her over the edge again, and she threw her head back, screamed, howling out in climax with her entire body joined the chorus with taut muscles and spasming limbs. She shuddered and shook under him as he exhausted himself inside her. Minutes passed them by until her voice was hoarse, and his body was draped limply over hers.

They each sagged onto the bed, just a pair of ragdolls like Raggedy Anne and Andy.

While they caught their breath the music continued to play evenly behind them, and for a long while they enjoyed just being in each other's physical presence.

"That was incredible." He broke the silence first.

"I love you." She replied, almost in tears.

He found his strength and lifted himself up, found her face and pressed his lips to hers. When the kiss ended, he laughed.

"We probably shouldn't roleplay like that too often." He told her.

"Roleplay?" She asked, confused.

"The husband-and-wife stuff. You went a little crazy there at the end."

She... went a little crazy? It took her a moment, then realized there was a knotted pair of panties next to them on the bed. The vixen turned beat red, suddenly aware of how loud she'd screamed, and not just ANY scream! Everyone in the house would have heard her... She drew her hands to her face and covered herself.

"I'm sorry." She said from behind her hands, her embarrassment all-consuming.

He grabbed her wrists and tugged her hands away.

"Whenever you'd call me your husband to tease me, I used to get uncomfortable. Like you were pulling my leg or something." He confessed, and she calmed down, feeling that her boyfriend was speaking seriously to her all of a sudden.

"But after a while I figured out you meant it, and now I'm figuring out that when I tease you back, I think I mean it, too." He finished and kissed her again.

She continued to blush through their kiss until it ended.

"It's not roleplay if it's true." She replied.

"But we're not married."

"If we are in our hearts, then I'd like to think that counts." She told him, and she wrapped her hands behind his head and tugged him in for another kiss. When that, too, ended he laughed again.

“What?”

“If we’re married in our hearts, does that mean I get to fuck your pussy next?” He asked.

She pinched him gently on his ear.

“No. We’re going to save that for our wedding day, to make it more special.” She corrected him, knowing that he’d love nothing more than to claim every inch of her body, and he would one day. She would happily let have everything he wanted from her.

“Whatever my wife wants, she gets.” He told her and planted another kiss on her.

“And whenever my husband wants... my backside...” She whispered up to him, “He just needs to ask.”

“I love you.” He told her.

“I love you, too.” She replied and hugged him tight.

When the pair finally left the bedroom to ask what the housemates were planning for dinner, since Tabby was still planning on staying the night with her boyfriend, everyone was polite enough to ignore the fact that she’d just screamed herself hoarse in Gerry’s bedroom. Nobody was willing to bring attention to the fact that the sweet little Christian girl had the biggest set of lungs on campus, but Tabby did notice that the boys were a little... congratulatory towards Gerry. She could only smile since she agreed with them. Mr. Albright was going to be a wonderful husband one day.