

She unlocked the front door, shoved it open, and her husband pushed her inside. It was the fox that grabbed the door handle to slam it shut, quickly turning the deadbolt to lock it as the cat yanked him away and deeper into their apartment. They nearly tumbled down to the living room floor, but they kept their balance long enough to start kissing.

The pair fiercely made out as Wally Turner walked his wife backwards towards the small hallway that led to their bedroom. They'd only just gotten home, Wally's fat cock straining at the front of his pants, a large wet spot growing from the amount of precum oozing from his tip. His wife, Meredith, had given him nearly an hour's worth of roadhead as they drove home from seeing family in another county, and every bit of it had been edging.

He wanted to split her in two, and so did she.

They made it inside their bedroom, and Meredith started to unbutton her blouse. The fox rushed to his computer, waking it up, hastily scrambling to turn on some music to hide the soon to come torrent of sexual noise. Meredith dropped her blouse to the floor, then began to yank off her pants until she was dressed down to her underwear.

As he turned the player on, he felt her wrap her arms around his middle to start undoing his jeans. As she jerked at his button, and tugged at his zipper, he double clicked on their favorite playlist and then turned up the volume up louder than normal. They'd need it to be loud to hide the noise of what he was about to do to his wife.

He reached down, pushed her hands away, and finished the job. She yanked his pants down and started working them off his legs as quickly as he pulled the shirt over his own head. When the pants were off, he spun around and found her on her knees, thrusting her face into his stretched taut underwear, his enormous cock threatening to rip the fabric.

Meredith yanked his underwear down, his cock springing free to slap her across the face. The fox grabbed her by the hair and held her head still. She was looking up at him with a mischievous grin. He wasn't the only one getting edged. There had been a large damp spot in her own pants, and for the last hour all she could do is rub her thighs together. At least Wally got to feel a mouth on his cock.

With his free hand he grabbed himself, wrapping his hand around the base of his dick. He could feel his knot swelling in his own grip as he tilted his dick to the side, then swung it back to slap her across the face with it.

"Bad!" She panted up at him smiling, twisting her head in his grip to offer her cheek up to him and his fat dick.

He slapped her across the face again, popping her across the cheek as hard as he could, smearing her fur with precum. Wally did this a few more times, marking her with his cock, matting her fur up with his copious excess. The fox made a tiny game of it, he slapped her face with his cock for every ring he could count on his cock. She'd left the house this morning with a nice coat of red lipstick on, but that makeup had long since been smeared off onto his dick from an hour of oral sex. She'd left about ten visible rings on his dick, and so she got a firm cock slap for each of them.

“I’m going to fuck you so hard.” He growled down at her.

“You’ll make our neighbors think I’m a slut.” She told him coyly, reaching both her hands up to grab him by the middle of his dick to hold it still.

“You are a slut. Mine.” He told her, then let go of his dick and grabbed her by the hair, adjusting his grip down to her ears.

She opened her mouth with a big smile, and he shoved his cock down her throat. The cat gagged for a brief moment, then his knot mashed against her lips. He held himself still in her, reveling in the sensation of her throat wrapped tightly around his dick. She gagged again, then some more, until she started swallowing around his cock. It was noisy, lurid, depraved, and deliciously arousing.

As he watched her gag and swallow around his cock, she continued to wear that smile, wrapped cutely around his dick as tears began to bead up around the corners of her eyes. Wally yanked himself out of her mouth, spit trailing after his cock in long threads before snapping and dropping to the floor.

“Your slut.” She growled at him, panting and catching her breath.

He let go of her ears, then grabbed her by the shoulders and yanked her back up to her feet. He kissed her, tasting himself on her tongue, the pair swapping spit liberally while his hands reached behind her back to unhook her bra.

Her bra dropped to the floor quickly, Meredith hooking her thumbs under the sides of her soaked panties to drop them down her legs. She broke the kiss.

“What’s my husband going to do to me?” She asked him with a pant.

He growled, smiling through his teeth, leaning down to nip at the side of her neck. She tried to growl back, reaching up to grab him by the ears, playing with them between her thumb and fingers.

“I’m going to split you in two.” He told her, moving his head up the side of her face until he could take one of her ears between his teeth. He gnawed playing at her while she giggled and murred up at him.

“The neighbors will hear.” She teased him, knowing full well how true that might be.

“Hear how big my dick is when it splits your cunt like a log.” He snapped and shoved her backwards.

She gasped, her butt hitting the bed and before she could react her husband was on top of her, his strong hands dragging her deeper onto the mattress while she wore the dumbest looking giddy smile on her face.

“Wally!” She scolded, smiling, practically beaming with excitement as her husband started getting rough with her.

“You like my big dick?” He asked her, his voice a growl, his eyes staring into hers as he hovered on top of her, like a wild man prowling the forest on his hands and knees, looking to prey upon her.

She swallowed really big, the saliva build-up running down her throat just like a heavy dose of her husband’s pre straight across the tongue. Meredith was so excited she was drooling, spit running down the side of her face when she went to answer her husband.

“I love your big dick!” She told him, reaching down to grab his cock with both hands.

She squeezed his thick length with both hands, stroking him, forcing a sticky stream of precum to drool out from his tip and over her belly. He bent down and dug his teeth into the side of her neck, gnawing now at her fur, nipping at her tender flesh. All this did was make her yank on his cock, wrapping her palm around the tip of his cock, the other reaching out to find his swollen knot.

“I want you to break me with it!” She pleaded with him, rapidly stroking her palm against the end of his dick, his slick pre spilling freely from his tip and rapidly soaking her hand as it dripped down over her stomach.

“I’m going to make you howl.” He growled into her neck.

“Yes!” She replied, sliding her other hand off his knot to start jerking his dick eagerly, pumping him with one hand while the other continued to massage his messy tip.

“My wife is such a horny slut!” He growled back putting his hands around her neck, moving his teeth up, dragging his tongue across her cheek before his jaws found her ear.

“Your slut! Teach me a lesson, you horny pervert!” She choked back at him, his hands squeezing her neck. She shoved both her hands down his cock, aiming his dick down to line it up with her sopping cunt. Her legs were already spreading, inviting him, his tip finding her wet and tender lips.

When she pressed his dick between her folds he growled into her ear, dropping his hips down hard, forcing his prick deep into her cunt. Meredith gasped, eyes bulging, her hands coming to rest on the sides of his hips as the wind was knocked out of her as his enormous size squeezed the air out of her.

“I love you!” She whimpered, drawing her hands behind his back as his hips began to move, roughly pumping her cunt now that he was buried inside her.

Thirty seconds later and the entire bed was rocking sideways, the force of Wally’s thrusts shaking the frame, rattling the metal and wood alike as his knot loudly slapped against her bare cunt. The cat was grunting under her husband, drooling, soaking the sides of her mouth and running freely down the sides of her head until even her hair was getting wet.

The fox was rutting her wildly, jackhammering her with a feral abandon, his hand was still wrapped around her neck as he pressed her down to the bed, his mouth hanging open, panting and growling as she fucked her like a wild beast. He’d been so pent up, so desperate to finally have that sweet release, and now it was all coming out of him violently.

A painful pressure was building up behind his cock and balls, days' worth of seed unspent was begging to be let free, boiling with anger at being so long unspent. The fox growled again, his voice now a rasp.

"Beg!" He shouted.

"Please!" She shouted back from within his double-handed grip.

He ground his knot against her cunt, the knob of swollen muscle a bright reddish pink and covered in veins. Wally smashed it against her opening, her well trained and well fucked hole opening up for him like a yawning chasm. His little wife howled, his hands suddenly clenching to squeeze her throat silent, the cat's legs shuddering as his knot forced her open. The painful pleasure of being forcibly taken sent her over the edge, the cat spasming under him, her body on fire as his knot sank inside her with a wet pop.

She started squirting, her cunt clamping down hard around his cock.

He stared down at her, drooling dripping and slinging from his teeth as he looked further down at the damage he'd done to his wife. Her stomach was bulging, he could see exactly how much dick was in her, the size of his cock rearranging her insides to make itself fit into her little feline body. He wanted to watch this, he needed to see what he was going to do to her. Wally let go of her neck with one hand, sliding the other on top of her neck, pinning her down harshly as the cat continued to shudder and shake, her howling now a gagging noise fit for a sleazy porno.

He grabbed one of her legs and held it firm, his eyes locked onto that lurid and filthy bulge he'd put in her stomach. The painful nagging in his groin continued to grow and swell, his heavyweight nuts drawing up against his body like a boxer's fists preparing for a jab.

When his orgasm hit, it felt like a punch. A thick bolus of cum rocketed through his cock, bloating the belly of his dick as it traveled down its length. When his first rope of seed made its exit, his little wife squealed and dug her hands into him, squirming as she took it.

And she kept on taking it, each rope of cum exploding out of him like firecrackers as Wally saw stars and heard explosions all the while the bulge in her belly throbbed in sync with the twitching and jerking of his cock. Each new batch of seed he dumped into her forced her belly to grow more taut, slowly expanding to take in each and every hot ounce of jizz.

And the fox watched it all, blinking and drooling through his climax, watching as he filled his wife up to the brim until he could hear a gurgling in her belly that proved he was soaking her nice and deep. She started to cum again, yowling through the grip on her neck, and ugly and lurid noise that only ever came out of her throat in the bedroom.

As his balls rhythmically rocked up against both of their bodies, cum finally began to spit and squirt out from the tight seal around his knot. He let go of her leg and put his hand on her stomach, rubbing his palm over her belly.

"Wally." She whined, drawing his attention back up to her face.

The cat's eyes were fluttering, her mouth open and panting. Wally leaned down and put his mouth over hers, and when he started kissing, her body reacted on instinct. She started kissing him back, hungrily so, while her hands groped at his body hungrily.

The fox moved his hands down, finding both of her legs, and hooking his hands behind both of her knees. He drew her legs up, higher and higher until her thighs were pressing against her full stomach with her knees trying to reach her chest. She grunted, groaned, whined through their kiss as he molded her body into the position he wanted it.

When he pushed her knees to her chest and began to tug his knot back, she grunted hard into his mouth. He broke the kiss, still tugging at his root as he tried to pull himself free.

"Wally!" She gasped.

"My slutty wife." He grunted at her, giving his cock a good tug, feeling how tightly she was wrapped around him.

"W-wait! Too soon!" She whined, pawing at his chest.

"Gotta pop my wife's cork." He told her, panting as he continued to tug, keeping a constant pressure on her as his hips moved backwards while his hands held her down to the bed.

"Wally!" She shouted, right as his knot began to tug at her opening, her cunt yawning wide as his knot tugged itself free with a loud pop.

A deluge of cum followed, spilling out of her, flowing around his pink pillar as the fox slid the rest of himself free of her. Her cunt was visible gaped, a steady drool of cum leaking out of her while the cat pouted from below.

"There we go, cork popped." He told her, watching as his own cum continued to ooze from her like foam from a champagne bottle.

Before she could protest any further, he returned to kissing her, letting go of her legs so he could lay down next to her. Whatever irritation she might have been feeling faded quickly, refocusing now on kissing her husband at her side while she lowered her legs down.

While he kissed her, she caressed him, loving how full she felt, and loving more how she could still feel exactly where he'd put his hands on her. Her head, neck, legs, every spot had that lingering tender feeling where her husband's force had been applied.

And Wally was now starting to apply another force, sliding his hand down her front, and over the rise of her tummy, and then down to her tender nether lips. His fingers found her, and she grunted into their kiss when he began to stroke along the sides of her clit.

He toyed with her gently, her abused pussy protesting, but her clit oddly satisfied by the attention. Her husband's knot did wonders for the insides, pummeling her gspot perfectly, but her clit only got any attention when he was pounding away. Her clit wanted more attention, even if her overstimulated body wanted to rest.

Wally kept it up until she felt the rush of another climax. She whimpered from the ache in her pussy, but when the orgasm finally hit, she bucked her hips up into her husband's hand and her entire body shivered and vibrated until he finally pulled his hand away. The aftershocks of pleasure kept her skin tingling.

"B-bully." She accused him.

"Your bully." He told her.

He must have used that time fingering to catch his own breath, because he then shifted, lifting himself up and grabbed her by the hips. The fox twisted her, spinning her around until she was left laying on her belly, cum spurting out of her cunt from the weight of her own body on her stomach.

"Wally, no." She pleaded with him as he threw one leg over her and straddled her thighs.

His fat cock dropped between the cheeks off her ass, and she felt his hands grabbing her around her waist.

"Meredith, yes." He replied, pulling, lifting her butt up as he rose onto his knees. She could feel his still swollen knot pressing up against her sodden tunnel, his cock drooling cum down between the cheeks of her ass as he lifted her butt in the air, her knees tucked under her for doggystyle while he knelt behind her.

"I have to work tomorrow!" She told him.

"You suffered a tragic shower accident and slipped on the soap." He replied back and crammed his cock back into her cunt.

She let out an ugly grunt, feeling him squelch back inside her, mixing up the slurry of cum already inside her and forcing more of it to drool thickly down her inner thighs. His knot bumped against her entrance.

"What does that even mean?" She asked him confused.

"It means you have an excuse for why it hurts to sit!" He replied and started bucking his hips.

She howled, his knot battering up against her petals. Wally leaned forward, catching himself with a hand on the back of her head. As he pinned her down, he rolled off his knees and onto the balls of his feet. Now squatting behind her, he wrapped a hand around the base of her tail and began to jackhammer her as hard as he was able.

The bed frame resumes its noisy chorus, badly synced to the rhythm of music in the background as the fox did his best to put the furniture to the test.

Her cunt resisted, taking its beating like a champ, but before long it finally gave in after a few dozen thrusts. His knot popped back inside her, the cat shuddering from the sudden impact of his cock tip

against her innermost reaches. Wally let go of her tail, then planted his hand firmly on her ass. He shoved her forward, and his knot loudly popped back out of her.

Meredith howled, shuddering even harder as the abuse on her cunt drove her to another orgasm. The absolute masochism of her sex drive was driving her wild even as her rational mind told her that she wasn't going to sit straight for a week.

"Fuck me!" She howled, burying her face into the bed.

"Language!" Wally snarled back at her, shoving his dick all the way back in her violently as punishment for breaking her own rule about cursing.

This time her pussy hardly had the strength to resist, her lips easily parting and stretching around his fleshy orb before letting him sink back inside. She was so full, so stuffed, like she was being served up for Thanksgiving Dinner. Her husband then let go of her hair, grabbing her by the ass with both hands.

He gripped her so hard it hurt, then he started fucking her with renewed vigor, like he'd found a sudden second wind. He yanked his knot out of her, and she grabbed handfuls of the bed and gritted her teeth as she felt his knot slam back against her cunt. He popped inside, then he yanked it back out.

Wally was snarling, voice growing hoarse, drool dripping freely from his chin as he rutted his wife as hard as he could, giving her all that he could. He knew she had a filthy streak, a needy side that wanted to be fucked roughly until he had her twisted into a cum glazed pretzel. She shouted his name into the mattress, barely muffled by the bedding until one of her hands shot out to the side, desperately groping for a pillow.

While she was grabbing a pillow and pulling it to her face, he continued to knot fuck her, as violently as he could. Her cunt wasn't even trying to keep him in or out anymore, it was just a well-used hole, hot and slick. His previous orgasm had her so well lubed that his hips were flying, zipping forward and back until he drew himself upright, eyes tightly shut as he openly panted while his hips were running on autopilot.

Somewhere in the background noise of the room the bedframe had begun to squeal, a metallic noise of metal on metal as nuts and bolts pushed to their manufacturer's limit. Meredith then hit her own limit, the sensation of her husband's knot moving like a blur over her gspot was too much. She popped, she squealed, crying into the pillow from the intensity of it.

The pressure behind his balls was growing again, he could feel his insides preparing for another load. His pent-up seed was still longing for release, one orgasm wasn't enough to extinguish it. When his climax hit him, his eyes fluttered, he saw stars.

His nuts leapt up against his body, the furry sac locking tight into position with enough force that Wally more than felt it when it happened. His second salvo of seed rocketed out of him, charging its way through his insides almost painfully until Meredith was squealing into the pillow as she felt it pelt against her cervix.

The fox continued to thrust, the bed continued to squeal along with his wife, and his climax did continue until finally his body began to flag and sag with exhaustion.

Wally let go of her hair and allowed himself to fall off the balls of his feet to drop his butt to the bed, yanking his spent dick from her with a slurp. She was frozen almost still, only her chest moving as she continued to cling to the bed while her ass was still held high, cum draining out of her and down both legs.

He recovered first, his cock was still hard, gently leaking whatever was left of his climax. Cum was still drooling down the belly of his dick like it was still spoiling for more.

After a while, she began to push herself up onto trembling arms. He sat forward, reached out and grabbed her so he could pull her backward and into his lap. They were both panting as he wrapped his arms around her and held her tight to his chest.

She grabbed his hands and squeezed them. It took them several minutes to recover enough for either of them to do much more than pant.

“Love you.” He whispered to her.

She hummed in reply, leaning her head back so it fell into the crook of his neck. He dipped his muzzle down and placed a kiss on her shoulder, then on her collar bone, before moving up to her cheek. Her makeup was a disaster.

“The neighbors are going to give us the side eye again tomorrow.” She grumbled after a few more minutes of rest.

“They don’t suspect as much as you think they do, baby.” He replied, thinking of how if anything they are more irritated by the loud music. Although the bed frame might be a little louder than their music...

“You underestimate the church rumor mill, mister!” She told him back.

“You talking about the noise or the sitting?” He asked, nuzzling her from behind.

She replied with one of her ugh noises.

“Both. Too many people thinking too much about our bedroom.” She told him.

He pushed her away, letting her drop forward, the cat letting out a big oof as her full tummy was suddenly compressed against her own legs. As she called him ‘rude’ he grabbed her by the hips and lifted her off her lap to sit her down next to him. The bed was covered in cum under where they sat. They’d need to rip these sheets off before going to bed if they didn’t want to wake up looking like a pair of frosted flakes in the morning.

“Then you need stop oversharing in your little marriage counseling sessions, madam!” He told her, if she was worried about what people at church were saying.



"I don't tell them everything we do! But I have to give advice, and I think there's about four women who keep making up these stories about us being sex pests." Meredith complained and started venting.

As she kept talking, describing to him who in the church she thought was being rude and telling stories about them, he picked her legs up and laid them over his shoulders. It wasn't a sexual act, but just something to get her legs up and in a position where he could rub his hands up and down them affectionately.

The longer she talked, the softer he got, and the more cum oozed from her pussy. They might have to yank the bedding off the bed tonight and just sleep under a throw blanket. He'd made a much bigger mess of her than normal.

"You talk to the pastor about any of this?" He asked her finally.

Of the four women Meredith was talking about he knew all of them, but not on a friendly basis. They were just people that happened to attend the same church as them. All four were middle aged, and at least one of them gave off Karen vibes.

"No." She replied.

"You should say something. Might not be anything he can do about it, but Mrs. Judy rule the roost over most of the Bible study stuff?" He asked, referring to the Pastor's wife.

"No, that's Brother Thomas' job, she just helps. Why?" She replied.

"She works in HR somewhere, don't she? PR is like a part of her job; I don't think she'd appreciate it if people were gossiping and spreading rumors about the sweet little lady that helps them do marriage counseling." Wally told her, reaching up to rub her feet.

She made a grumpy face.

"Maybe." She replied.

His dick was now soft enough that it was beginning to retreat back into his sheath, the remains of his knot now hidden with only a couple of inches of pink shaft poking out.

"Just think about it if it's bothering you." He told her, then lifted her legs off his shoulders.

He kept pushing her legs, lowering them down over her body until her ankles were next to her ears. She was watching him, letting him manipulate her body until she had to ask him what he was planning.

"Hold them." He told her, and she wrapped her arms around her legs and held them against her chest.

He got off his butt, and started crawling backwards so he could give his wife a kiss on her tummy, then another one a little lower down. He crawled backwards until he was lying on his belly with his

wife's cream filled pie right in front of him. Wally stuck out his tongue and gave her a lick, catching a mouthful of his own cum in the process.

When God blesses you with a pair of nuts like Wally's, you learn early that being squeamish around cum just isn't in the cards. It gets everywhere. It gets over you, it gets over them, inside and outside, and in places where it shouldn't belong. It also helped that Wally could suck his own dick.

The fox then began to focus his attention on her clit, swirling his tongue around her pink puffy nub, tasting a mixture of both his and her flavors. She began to purr and squirm, squeezing her legs tighter as she let out a big groan, her overstimulated pussy being pushed further beyond its limit.

With one hand he slipped two fingers inside her, curling them into a C shape as he searched her gaped cunny for her gspot. He'd already hammered this special spot enough tonight with his knot, but now she was going to get it again, and he knew he found it when he felt her tense up and gasped.

Meredith was still so tender from having her husband fuck her, but he was being gentle. As he nibbled and suckled on her clit he gently rubbed at her insides until the cat began to wince.

"Wally, stop." She panted.

He popped his mouth off her cunt, sliding his fingers back out of her to wipe his own cum from his chin.

"Hmm?" He asked.

"My pussy is toast. Let me be your cock warmer again instead." She gave him an alternative, and he hummed back to her in agreement.

Before he left her pussy, he pressed his lips to her sodden and soaked petals again, giving her pussy one last big kiss and an even bigger lick. He dove his tongue inside her like he was French kissing her cunt, then pulled himself away, holding his lips tightly together.

When he began to crawl up the bed and over her, the cat spread her legs and grabbed him, pulling him into a hug. He pressed his lips to her, and when she started kissing him the fox surprised her by snowballing her with his own cum. She made a cute noise of surprise before hungrily kissing him back until he was draped across her on the bed, the pair kissing madly until both of her faces had become smeared with each other's spit and his cum. Between the two of them there wasn't much left that was clean.

"Naughty." She told him after he broke the kiss long enough to start reaching for his dick to line himself back up with her entrance.

He pressed his tip back against her petal, and he slid inside. His dick, though weary, was rousing again, slowly growing to fill his wife's inner reaches one last time. She reached out to him; Meredith taking her husband by his waist and held him tight until his big bully of dick hilted itself back in her completely. His knot, only half-swollen for now, settled itself inside with minimal effort.

“You already came twice tonight, Mr. Greedy.” She told him, conveniently ignoring that she’d cum at least five or more times herself tonight.

He started to slowly rock his hips into hers. It was a gentle rhythmic pace, nothing fancy nor anything crazy. The bed wasn’t even creaking.

“I know, but if I can pump another load into you then I think my nuts will be as toast as your cunt.” He replied, referring to the issue of how much cum was left in his balls.

She giggled and kissed him.

“Naughty husband.” She said again, moving her hands up until she was cradling his face in her palms.

“So, have you decided to see how long you can go without touching me? It’s not even November yet.” She asked him.

He chuckled, still rhythmically rocking his hips, sawing his log in and out of her slow and steady. Wally kissed her, she kissed him back, and he let the kiss linger for a bit before he answered her.

“It might be fun to try. I don’t know what’ll happen if we tried being chaste for a change.” He told her. Being chaste was just a polite way to say it.

The truth was that it was a topic that had already been on both of their minds for the last week or two.

Keith had asked them a question during one of his horny Q&A sessions. He’d asked how often they had sex, and then asked what was the longest they’d gone without each other. One thing led to another, and the goat teased out the truth that even when the two of them had been apart from each other for days at a time, Wally never went longer than two days without getting a load off, either with his wife or with his hand.

The fox’s teenage years taught him that Wally and celibacy didn’t mix well, and so being a good boy that was saving himself for marriage, he used his hand on the regular. If he didn’t, he’d eventually embarrass himself at school, and usually during gym class when it’d be the hardest to hide himself since everyone was made to wear gym appropriate attire. And so, he never really discovered how long he could go without popping. How long could he go before mother nature finally got its way and drove him into his wife’s pussy out of desperation? Or would it even go like that, maybe nothing would happen. Neither of them knew, but they were kinda curious to see!

“Do I get to tease you?” She asked him.

“It wouldn’t be much of a challenge if you didn’t.” He replied.

“I’m going to bully you so bad every day.” She whispered, kissing him on the lips.

“Then you’re going to have to get me off first.” He told her in reply. “Gotta have a fresh start for tomorrow.”

She giggled, then groaned as his knot started stroking her abuses insides a little harder, his hips gently rocking with a steady rhythm. His legs and back were going to be angry at him tomorrow, but most importantly his cock. They call it munching the carpet when you're using your mouth, but when its several rounds of dick in the hole, the carpet bites back. Friction burn is no laughing matter, but that was for the Wally of tomorrow to groan about over his morning coffee.

Meredith reached her hands around behind her husband and found his ass, gripping his ass cheeks and tugging him forward before pushing him back. She egged him on, encouraging him to thrust even though her poor pussy was battered to hell and back. She was going to be one worn out and sore pussy tomorrow!

Once he got going, his pace was quick and sloppy. She could tell he was losing steam. His strokes were no longer rock steady and stabile. He was moving erratically, his body in chaos. His stamina was beginning to fail him, so she pulled her hands up to his head and took him by the ears, drawing his head down into the crook of her neck.

She probably wasn't going to cum again, the cat knew, since her pussy was too sore, but that didn't mean that she couldn't help her husband get off one last time. Meredith put her lips to his ear, panting up at him as he ruggedly thrust.

"Cum in your slutty pussy." She told him, encouraging him.

As his hands gripped her tighter, his breathing turning to labored grunts as he worked himself into her, she kept drip feeding him whispers of encouragement until finally she felt him begin to tremble.

Her husband let out a strained groan at the same time she felt a rope of his cum pelt her already coated insides. It sounded painful, and he collapsed across her. There was a second rope hitting her deep, and then a weaker third, then finally the subtle twitching of her husband's cock as the ropes of seed faded to a dribble.

"You must be nice and empty now, baby." She cooed into his ear, patting and stroking at his back now.

He chuckled.

"You're gonna have to sit on that donut pillow I bought you tomorrow." He replied.

Meredith drew in a big deep breath and exhaled it hard. She wasn't supposed to ever have to actually use the hemorrhoid pillow, but with a husband like hers, a gag gift doesn't stay a gag for long. Half her coworkers think she has backdoor problems and the other half thinks her husband is hung like a stallion. Telling them all a lie would be just as bad as telling them the truth!

"Ugh." She groaned.