

Keith knocked on their door and waited, the twenty-something year old goat reaching up to scratch lazily around a horn. It'd been a pain getting here, the drive sucked hard on the way over, and the parking was even worse. The people that lived here had taken all the spots in front of the building, so he had to park way further down towards where the complex had their dumpsters set up. The parking lots here were too small.

It was kind of cold out today, too, and he hugged his laptop closer to his chest as he waited for the door to be answered. He was standing on the second floor of an apartment complex, and finally he heard the deadbolt slide. The door opened and he smiled at the face on the other side of the threshold.

"Hi! Come in!" The little cat told him cheerfully, the girl stepping to the side and swinging the door wide open for the goat to enter.

"Hey!" He replied, following her lead, and stepped across the threshold.

Once he was clear of the door, she shut it behind him.

"So, what kept you? I thought you were going to be here a while ago?" She asked him, and he stood kinda awkwardly in her apartment, laptop in hand.

"There was a fender bender on the interstate, and the cops had the whole lane shut down." He told her, and she made a 'ugh' noise, and then started complaining about how people don't know how to drive safe on the road.

He agreed with her, watching as she stepped quietly through the living room to make her way into the kitchen where she must have been before he'd knocked. As per usual, he discretely watched her make her exit, as her backside was never seen without a tight pair of pants hugging it. She was super cute, but off limits.

There was an obvious meal being prepared on the counter. Alongside a large bag of chips, she had the makings of some heavy-duty looking sandwiches. She was a home taught cook, and very talented, so even though she was only making sandwiches they were bound to be better than anything you'd get from a franchise chain.

"Sandwiches?" He asked the obvious question.

"Yep! Look at what I've got and tell me what you want on it. There's only the one bread option, but I promise it's good! I baked it yesterday." She told him, and he stepped over to the counter and sat his laptop down, leaning over to look and see what she had on offer.

"No tomatoes. The rest is fine though." He told her.

She started slicing open a loaf of homemade bread, about six inches long and perfectly sized for a sandwich. She finished cutting it in half and started loading it up with sliced turkey meat and all the fixings, sans the tomatoes.

"Wally, come out already! Keith is here!" She called out sharply, almost spooking Keith with how sudden her outburst had come.

Moments later a fox stepped into the living from one of the other rooms, the two men saw each other and then smiled.

"Hey! Finally made it!" The fox told him, walking over to extend his hand.

Keith reached out and shook it.

"Traffic held me up." He replied.

"There was an accident on I-4." She added on his behalf.

"Figures." Her husband replied.

Wally and Meredith were a really cute pair.

Meredith was a short, petite little feline with gray fur so pale it was nearly white, and sitting atop her head were neatly fixed locks of short black hair. She kept her hair shorter than other woman, but she still wore it long enough to frame her face well, along with a pair of eyes that matches her husband's own green pair.

Her husband's fur was even paler than hers, too. He was an arctic fox and had the purest white fur with a mop of wavy black hair on his head. If it wasn't for the top of his head and the black fur on his hands and feet, Wally could have dropped into the snow to make an angel and disappear like camouflage. The fact their hair and fur almost matched 100% made them look cuter together.

The fox wasn't as petite as his wife but was still built like a twig. The fact that he was also tall for a fox made it worse, since he had that nerdy dweeb look if you looked at him from any angle that hid his face. Wally's face was the only feature he had that redeemed him as a man worthy of having a wife, since he was handsome enough to be on a magazine cover. It was like God smiled down on the fox's face and only his face, depriving the rest of him of muscle or tone.

God had smiled all over Meredith though.

Petite, just as the goat had described, cute, good cook, kind. She was the perfect girl next door type that would bake you cookies and remember your birthday well enough to send you a card with pretty bubble letter handwriting on the inside. Keith had a few of those sitting in a desk drawer at home from his last couple of birthdays.

"So, what do you want on your sandwich?" She asked her husband.

The Fox told her what all he wanted on his, and then noticed the silver laptop on the counter.

"Oh, sweet! You brought it." Wally said, gesturing towards the laptop.

"Yep! You got something for me to put the files on?" Keith asked in reply, and Wally agreed that he did.

The whole point of Keith showing up today with a laptop was to copy over a bunch of tv shows and movies he'd downloaded for them. Neither Wally nor Meredith was the type to try and figure out how the high seas of piracy worked, so Keith downloaded a bunch of stuff they wanted to watch for free and had it saved on his hard drive. It was all too large to send by email and none of them wanted to bother trying to set up a Dropbox just for some pirated crap.

Wally excused himself and he left to go to one of the other rooms. A minute later he walked back with an external hard drive in his hand, shaking it gently in the air.

"You don't have a flash drive?" He asked.

"Not one that can fit over 100 gigs of shit." Wally laughed.

"Language!" Meredith scolded him.

Her husband apologized. Meredith was a sweetheart that scolded everyone for their use of foul language.

She had been raised religiously, and both she and her husband attended church every Sunday. Keith didn't consider himself religious much, but he had been to their church a few times around the holidays since they'd invited him with the promise of free food cooked by church ladies. Meredith was one of those church ladies in the kitchen, which made the decision to accept the invites pretty easy.

She and Wally didn't come off as prudes, but the more you hung around them the more you noticed that they rarely cursed, or spoke ill of people, and a handful of other things that might tip you off about their character. They still drank alcohol though, and never acted like busybodies about what other people get up to in their own time.

While the cat stayed in the kitchen and fixed up the sandwiches Wally and Keith both took a seat on the couch so that they could start transferring files over.

"I also put all the music I told you about on here, if you still want to grab them." Wally told him.

"All the AC/DC?" Keith asked.

"Yeah, that and the rest of what we have. I put my whole Music folder on there, so just take what you want." The fox told him.

Keith replied with a 'nice' and plugged the hard drive's cable into the side of his laptop. The folder automatically opened, and Wally pointed at the screen, directing him to the Music folder he'd put there, as well as the folder he made for all the video files he was getting in return.

He right clicked on the music folder and saw it was over thirty gigs. After double clicking on the folder to take a peek, he saw a deluge of album folders, AC/DC being seemingly mixed in at random until you realized it was sorted alphabetically by album name not artist.

"This is everything they got, right?" Keith asked about the AC/DC, since he didn't know all their album names by heart.

“Yeah, I have everything that’s theirs, it’s their whole discography.” Wally replied.

“Sweet.” He told him, then backed out of the folder, and decided to just drag and drop the entire thing onto his desktop to sort through later when he had the time. The goat was confident there’d be more to listen to than just AC/DC once he got to looking.

After that, he opened up two separate folders. One for the folder on his laptop that stored his pirated stash, and then a second for the external drive where Wally wanted everything to go. The goat started clicking and dragging folders from his laptop to the external to start moving all his pirated booty. There were so many things to transfer he only started with a handful. He’d planned to move them in chunks just in case something happened in the middle of a transfer that caused it to fail.

“Sandwiches are done guys!” Meredith called out to them, and Keith sat the laptop on the coffee table along with the external drive, and then he and Wally joined Meredith in the kitchen to eat.

The sandwiches were good, and after they were done eating, they all went back to the couch to watch a movie while Keith held his laptop in his lap, moving files over and over again until he’d finally gotten the last of the movies and tv shows moved to the external, and all of the music tucked safely onto his own hard drive.

After they’d said their goodbyes, Keith had to suffer a trip home through even more traffic because there’d been another fender bender on the interstate. People don’t know how to fucking drive in this city!

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For Wally and Meredith it had been a bit of a rough day.

Wally’s shift at work had been hard. Being employed at RadioShack was bad enough as it is, but today they were swamped with more customers than usual and half of them had acted like Karens. To make it worse, Meredith’s day had started with car trouble.

The fox had to wake up early as always so he could go and open the store, only to get a text two hours later from his wife telling him that her car wouldn’t crank. A phone call later revealed that her battery was dead, so he had to leave work to jump start her car so he could help her get to a NTB for a new battery, which resulted in both of them losing out on hours.

Both of them had to work late to make up for the lost time.

The only thing that helped them was that Meredith knew how to cook and that they had plenty of escapism to jump headfirst into. They always ate dinner every night watching movies or tv shows to relax and unwind after a long day.

Now that it was evening, the pair was getting ready for bed, or at least they should have been. The fox didn’t want to take a shower. He could do one in the morning since he wasn’t going to be in a rush to

get to work. He had the day off. Instead, he started changing out of his day clothes and into a pair of comfortable boxers before going over to the desk in their bedroom to sit at his computer.

When Meredith got back into the bedroom, she was in her birthday suit, her towel likely left behind in the bathroom to dry.

“What am I wearing tonight?” She asked out loud after she pulled open a dresser drawer.

Wally looked over at her from his computer, admiring her from this angle as her petite little body leaned forward to let her peek into the drawer she’d opened.

Since he’d been talking to his buddy Keith about music so much lately it was riding on his mind a lot. So, he was looking through his options trying to dig up something fun to listen to that he hadn’t in a while. There was so much classic rock in his collection that he’d not listened to in so long that it was honestly a challenge deciding what to pick.

“Is that a question for me to answer or are you talking to yourself?” He asked her after a moment.

If it was a question for him, he had more than a few answers to give her.

“I’m talking to myself again.” She replied.

The drawer she was looking into was split into two halves. The section on the right was for her panties and bras, and the left side was where she neatly folded and stacked her bedtime shirts. A bedtime shirt for Meredith was any of the cartoon tee shirts Wally bought her as gifts. Every time he went into Target, he’d walk through the aisle of clothes that had the nerdy racks of shirts and if he saw one he thought she would like he’d buy an extra-large one for her. She normally wore small sized shirts, but if it was extra-large in size, she could use it as a big comfy night shirt.

She pulled out a stack of shirts, then balanced them on one hand like it was a platter of food. With her free hand she pulled out a pink shirt, then put the stack back in the drawer. When she finished putting on the shirt, he turned to look at her, saw that it was her pink Powerpuff Girls shirt that was so old the artwork on the front was beginning to fade away from repeated washings.

“What do you want to do tonight?” He asked her, now back to scrolling through his music collection.

She stepped up behind him and put her hands over his shoulders so she could lean over and look at what he was doing.

“This the stuff you wanted to give to Keith?” She asked.

Meredith didn’t listen to the same music he did, so most of this music wasn’t anything she’d been too interested in.

“Kinda, I just felt like listening to some of it, but I don’t know what I’m in the mood for.” He told her, feeling like he was hungry in the kitchen but had no appetite for anything specific.

He was just staring into the fridge full of music mindlessly scrolling through albums and songs.

“Do you think you can put on our playlist instead?” She asked him, kissing him on the top of the head.

He thought about it and decided that he could. When Meredith said ‘our’ playlist she meant a special playlist the two of them had put together. It had been a project of trial and error where they had dumped a lot of their favorite music into a single playlist, and then over time they added and removed music from it until it was only fifty something songs. There wasn’t any rhyme or reason to the mix of genres, only that they were songs they’d both agreed that they liked.

Wally switched over to the media player and double clicked the playlist. The first track began to play, a smooth jazz instrumental that Meredith had picked out. She’d gotten into listening to jazz when she was in college and wanted to listen to music while she studied for her education degree.

Unironically listening to the ‘music to study by’ YouTube channels.

“Turn it up some more and come to bed.” She told him, the cat was now pulling the covers back on their bed before grabbing their pillows to fluff them.

He turned up the volume, and as he made to rise from his chair, she told him to turn it up a little bit more, and that was the final clue for him to know what she wanted to do tonight. He clicked a few times, boosting the volume up some more until it was loud enough to earn the adjective, but not so loud that they might disturb their neighbors. This was her preferred volume for nighttime when they were alone together in the bedroom.

The fox got up from his computer desk and joined his wife who was already sliding under the covers. He sat down and began to slide himself in beside her, but soon as he let his back touch the sheets she was tapping on his stomach.

“Let’s do a video.” She whispered to him; the cat now rolled onto her side to look over at him.

He reached down and started to take off his boxers, pulling them off his legs and dropping them onto the floor. Wally then looked over to the nightstand to find their phones. His was plugged in by a cord, but hers was cradled in a wireless charger.

Reaching over, he plucked her phone from the charger and handed it over to his wife. Her phone had a better camera, and so she liked using hers instead of his.

“What are we doing?” He asked her as she played with her phone.

“I’m going down on you.” She whispered.

She didn’t need to whisper, but for all her daring and boldness in committing the act of filming amateur porn of themselves, she was terrified to speak of it too loud or too often. They did go to church every Sunday and so filming porn, even if it was just for the two of them, left his wife unwilling to shout it to the heavens that she liked having her husband film himself fucking her. Understandable.

He wasn't as religious as she was since he didn't really grow up with it the same way she did. They'd known each other since the sixth grade, but their families were very different. She was from a more traditional household that was very openly faithful.

Wally's family by comparison really only went to church during major holidays, partly because his mother hated the idea of dolling herself up nice six days out of the week instead of five. She worked in an office building and had to dress nicely every day to keep up appearances, and doing all that work one extra day was too much of a chore when she could instead sleep in.

"Lights off? Lamp on?" He asked her.

After a moment of thought she agreed. He sat up and slid out of bed to turn off the bedroom light.

Walking naked through his bedroom wasn't unusual, and neither was being asked to film an amateur video. Wally used to get instantly excited by the prospect of it, but now they'd filmed so many of these things that the initial excitement had faded. It wasn't that Wally didn't enjoy it any, it was just that he'd done it so many times that he'd cooled down.

But that was a good thing! He'd cooled down enough that it took longer for him to pop an erection whenever they got started, which made the videos better since it gave his wife more time to work in some foreplay to get him hard. Meredith enjoyed it more when she had to coax him to attention. The videos were all for her, so her enjoyment was the goal.

Some women liked romcoms or romance novels, but his wife would never allow herself to touch herself to anything other than her husband. Their private collection of smut was her way of indulging herself whenever Wally wasn't around to take care of her.

The fox walked back to the bed, clicking on their bedside lamp before sliding back into bed next to her. She was ready with her phone and handed it over to him soon as he was flat on his back.

He took it, then rotated it on its side and aimed it down his slender body, watching the view on the screen. The lamp beside him gave plenty of light to see by as Meredith slid herself over and crawled on top of him before scooting herself all the way down his body until she was in position to do the deed.

"When?" He asked, wanting to know when he should be tapping the record button.

Meredith was in control of these little videos since it was her idea to film them in the first place. She was usually the one who directed the action, dictated their positions, the whole works. He watched her lay her head down over his bare crotch, adjusting herself until she was comfortable, using his body as a pillow until she relaxed and went limp like she was sleeping.

"Ok." She whispered, and he clicked the record button.

He held the camera steady and filmed her 'sleeping' on him until after a few moments she started 'waking up'. As she pretended to wake up, she nuzzled into his crotch like he really was a pillow, burying her nose into his balls until she finally opened her eyes and looked up at him.

She didn't say anything, but her eyes looked shy and embarrassed while her partially hidden smile revealed she was excited. This kind of roleplay made her happy. She had fun doing these videos, and they were always fun to make. Some couples played Scrabble, others did wine tastings, and Wally and Meredith filmed their sex life.

Meredith started by kissing his balls, and then began nuzzling his sheath. The more she quietly worked him over, with the utmost affection she could give, he felt himself naturally begin to stir to life. As soon as his tip peaked from his sheath, she was there to lick across him, encouraging him to keep growing until his shaft was rising high in the air in front of her face.

She pulled a hand up to gently wrap it around his shaft, holding him upright as he continued to swell to his full size. Her face was still behind his shaft, the phone only capturing either side of her face as she nuzzled the underside of his dick with love and affection. Meredith brought up her other hand, and with both of them available she started stroking him.

The confidence she had when she played with his cock was a far cry from where she'd started. These days, what Wally was watching was totally normal behavior from his wife, but she'd been such a stickler about 'doing things the right way' when they'd dated that they had waited until their wedding night to actually have sex.

They'd literally never been with anyone but each other, and the fright of finding out her husband was far larger than anything she'd imagined had made for a very awkward first time. It didn't shake their commitment to each other or their married, but their sex life wasn't like some sleazy porn story on the internet where two people just DO IT the first time like it's easy. It took an entire year before Meredith was finally able to take his knot!

But now, after having been married to each other for almost four years, Meredith was very confident while working with her husband's equipment.

While one hand worked his shaft, the other massaged the base, goading his knot to tighten up with blood, swelling in her palm. This kind of foreplay was easy for Wally to endure, holding the phone carefully and filming as his wife brought him to a full erection, her nose nuzzling against the underside of his cock, her lips dropping little kisses on his now swollen knot.

It was fun foreplay, as he enjoyed having his junk loved on and played with, but it was also easy to just sit back and let her do her thing while he kept his cool and relaxed. All he needed was the willpower to hold the phone so she could have an extra video to add to her collection.

She wrapped her wrapped around his sheath and tilted his dick towards her, the cat lifting her face while dragging her tongue up the underside of his cock. When she had his tip lined up with her lips, she slipped him inside her and began to give him slow, affectionate head.

Her eyes were watching him, and he carefully lifted the camera so it hovered just in front of his mouth, her eyes locked on his while the phone would capture footage that still looked like she was staring at the camera lens. The illusion in the video would be unbroken, a sweet girl looking up at her lover while she gave him a blowjob.



She batted her eyes, and he started flexing and curling his toes. He could feel himself begin to leak precum into her mouth, and she was letting it collect on her tongue until it became too much, then she'd swallow. It was an audible gulp that he could hear, and the camera caught it too. She made sure it was obvious she was swallowing, too, putting on a show for the camera and making her gulps as physical as they were audible.

If anyone else were to watch one of these videos, they would be able to see that she had something to swallow, gulping it down, hoping to convey that there was enough in her mouth to justify such an obvious effort.

And to be honest, there usually was a lot to swallow considering he was kinda messy.

She drew her head back, audibly sucking on his cock until all that was left in her was his tip, then she shoved her head back down. She gulped, gagged, holding her head down so deep on his cock that his knot was pressed tight to her nose, crinkling it up.

Meredith pulled herself back, popping off his cock with a gasp, his shaft glistening wet with spit.

The fox tried to stay quiet, but there was only so much he could do. His breathing was growing heavier, surely audible in the video, but Meredith liked that.

These videos were as much ASMR as they were a visual feast. She could listen to them, or watch them, whatever she was in the mood for. Sometimes she'd have her earbuds in, locked in her own little world as a video played out, the cat listening to the noise while her imagination painted a different picture than what was playing on her phone screen.

She as licking up and down his shaft now, polishing his cock slowly and patiently, never letting her eyes wander from his for very long.

Carefully, he let go of the phone with one hand to signal to her with his fingers how close he was. She'd gotten so good at giving him head that he always had to warn her so that she'd be ready for it. She smiled back at him in reply, then put his dick back in her mouth.

She engulfed him again, all the way down, mashing her nose against his knot while she cradled the large, plump orb between her palms. What came next was a rapid, almost angry, pumping of her neck and head. She bobbed up and down on him aggressively, gagging and sucking, noisily, wet, sloppily.

Wally started to squirm under her, toes curling again, his back arching. He was audibly panting now, the cat's eyes popping open to stare up at him. She watched, she waited, and right before he felt himself pop his cork, she popped off him completely instead.

His cock stood there proudly, angrily even, dripped with her spit and his own pre as it throbbed in the open air. She still held him by his knot, the cat watching his dick twitching and jerk impotently as he'd been so near to orgasm, but she'd stopped just short of letting him cut loose.

Gently, she pressed her face to his cock, rubbing him across her cheek until she was making a mess of herself. When she was satisfied, she put his tip back into his mouth and started nursing him, very very gently.

After a moment, she looked back up at him, and let go of his knot with one hand to flash him, and the camera, a peace sign. That was one of her signals to stop recording, and so he tapped the button and ended the video. He dropped her phone to his chest to let her know she was no longer being filmed, but she didn't stop nursing at his dick.

He was so close to release, that all she was doing to keep him at the very edge, his dick spitting precum like crazy as she teased and tortured him.

"Baby, please." He told her.

She smiled cutely around the end of his dick before slipping his mouth off of him.

Meredith then began to crawl back up his body, her baggy shirt dragging across his cock, making his muscle tighten up at the sensation. When she was finally face to face with him, she kissed him, and when he kissed her back, he suddenly tasted himself. A whole lot of himself!

His wife began to French kiss him, snowballing her husband with a mouthful of his own precum, and together the two of them kept on kissing until his cock began to calm down, the edge of orgasm now very far away.

"You made a lot today!" She whispered to him, the fox knowing she was referring to his pre.

"I guess I was a little pent up." He told her, admitting to himself that the amount she'd snowballed him with was more than normal.

"You don't have to wait for me if you need some relief." She told him, kissing him again on the lips.

They had sex pretty regularly, so he never really felt the need to jerk off. He usually just waited until they had sex again, but maybe something was in the air lately getting him more bothered than normal. Not that it mattered, he was having sex tonight so it was fine.

"You're a lot better at it than my hand." He replied before kissing her back.

After a few moments of them kissing, she broke the kiss and furled her brow down at him.

"What?" He asked, confused.

"You didn't take your vitamins! All I taste is cum." She scolded him, and he took in a big breath and let it out as a sign.

He'd been taking men's multivitamins for the last couple of months. His dad's heart had given the family a bit of a scare so his mother was on a big health kick with the men in her family, and so since her baby boy was still young she urged him to take better care of himself and recommended he take these vitamins. They tasted awful and left an aftertaste that Meredith used to detect if he'd remembered to take them or not.

Wally had forgotten to take them.

“Go take them!” She scolded him, rolling off his body before pushing at him until he rolled out of him.

He hurried into their bathroom, his cock comically swinging from side to side as he reached the counter, found the stupid bottle, and fished out exactly two pills before swallowing them down with water. When he returned to the bedroom his balls were blue, his tongue was probably green from the color of the gel capsules, and his orgasm so far away.

His wife invited him back into bed, which he accepted and when he was again lying down on his back she retook her place on top of him, his cock slowly softening between their stomachs.

She took both of their health very seriously and was even taking his own vitamins so that he didn’t feel left out. The cat lifted his lips to his face and planted a kiss on his forehead.

“What do YOU want to do tonight?” She asked him, scooting herself further up his body to hug his head into her chest, her husband now forgiven for his forgetfulness.

He hummed thoughtfully into the valley of her small, perky breasts. Putting his hands around her waist he thought about what he’d like to do. Obviously, he wanted to have sex with her, but since she was asking him, that meant she was wanting him to decide how they did it.

“Missionary.” He replied between her attentive breasts.

“Mating press?” She suggested in return.

It was only two words, but it was more than enough to convey that the two of them had become very knowledgeable about sex in their years together.

After a moment, he hummed in the affirmative.

“Mating press.” He replied.

Soon as he’d said it, she freed him of her hug and sat herself upright to begin tugging up her shirt. She pulled it over her head and tossed it behind her to the foot of the bed. Rolling off him, she settled herself down into the center of the mattress, the cat already drawing her knees up to her chest for his benefit, locking her arms tight around them with a hug to keep them in place.

The fox rolled over to join her, rising to his knees and crawling behind her. His cock had been softening, but now it was waking back up with the promise of more action. As soon as his tip pressed against her slit, he was fully erect again in a flash.

He gently pushed ahead, parting her walls, and letting his thick length slowly slide down her tunnel. While he moaned from the pleasure of her warm embrace, the cat groaned from his size.

He took over control of her legs, putting his hands behind her knees to pressed them to her chest so she was free to roam her hands elsewhere. She started pawing gently at his sides before letting them roam up to his slender arms. He was a naturally skinny guy, but she never seemed to mind his lack of muscle.

He had the strength and stamina when it counted. As she stroked him through his fur, he began to slip himself deeper inside until his knot bumped against the lips of her sex.

She exhaled, Wally watching her shut her eyes and gnaw at her lower lip. He held his hips still, letting her take a moment to adjust to his presence inside her. She was too petite for him to rush into sex. The cliché that ‘the motion of the ocean’ is more important than size takes on a very different meaning when your cock is big enough to bulge your wife’s stomach when your balls deep in her.

He looked down at where their bodies were connected, his own breathing quickening, his heart rate picking up speed. The fox looked back up at her and waited until she opened her eyes again. They locked eyes, and after a moment she nodded, and then he began to make love to her.

On his knees, gently rocking his body into hers while he held her down, he let himself enjoy the moment. He shut his eyes and listened to the noise of his cock slipping in and out of his wife while the bed quietly creaked under them. Meredith was quietly grunting; his size milking noises out of her with every gentle thrust. It didn’t too long before he began to feel the sensation of an orgasm boiling up inside him again. He’d already been denied once tonight, so his next climax was feeling especially angry with him. It was a hard, hot sensation that was approaching much faster than normal, like a tidal wave rushing the shoreline.

He yanked himself free before he could let that sensation get too far. The fox then shifted position while his wife waited. When he got his rocks off in her, he wanted to be on his feet, in a proper squat to give her the mating press she’d earned and deserved. Once he was on the balls of his feet, he lined himself back up with her tunnel and slid himself back inside with a grunt.

“Not stopping until I’m done.” He told her, his voice sounding breathless.

“You can get rough.” She panted at him, already bringing her hands up to her face to cover her mouth.

He nodded down at her.

When the fox started moving his hips again, it wasn’t the slow pace of love making. He was now set on fucking her silly, and she had her hands firmly clapped over her mouth so none of their neighbors would know just how good her husband had gotten at roughing up her pussy. The music playing might have hidden their activities from their neighbors’ ears, but inside their bedroom you could forget it was even playing in the background. The sound of his cock wetly slipping and sliding in and out of her tunnel was the only thing either of them was really listening to now.

Her cunt was soaking wet, sticky and slick, well lubed for what he was going to put her through tonight. She’d told him he could get rough with her, and since it was the weekend, he knew he didn’t have to worry about making her too bowlegged to work the next day.

Wally gritted his teeth, tightened his grip on the backs of her legs, and then started jackhammering her as hard as he could. With his first thrust, his knot slapped her cunt and her hands clamped tighter around her mouth to stifle a scream. With his second, his third, and every thrust after, he clenched his teeth, screwed his eyes shut, all while Meredith’s screams leaked out through the muffling grip of her hands.

This was why she wanted their music to play at this volume. Even with her hands covering her mouth so tightly she couldn't hide the noises she made, and Wally's vulpine knot was simply too thick for him to guide it inside her with ease. Cats didn't take knots without a fight, even if she wanted it there. Wally had to make it fit every time they had sex, and often one of them had to reach down to give it a helping hand.

This time, with both of her hands clamped over her mouth, she was of no use to him as his hips violently pummeled the backs of the legs. He was going as fast and hard as he could. Skinny though he was, he was on his feet all day at work, and they liked to go on long walks in the local park. Between that and their regular schedule for sex, his skinny legs were still toned with wiry muscle that gave him enough strength in a pinch to deliver a package when it counted most.

Drool was leaking through his clenched teeth, falling to her now writing body in drips and drops until he finally broke his grip to gasp. He was openly panting, the rise and fall of his hips, all his effort to mash his knot against her entrance, rapidly taking its toll on him.

All the while Meredith was below him, crying out through her hands, struggling to maintain her silence enough to not alert their neighbors to what they were doing. Wally looked down, slammed his hips against hers and watched as his knot mashed angrily against her entrance. He started rocking his hips from side to side, working his knot against her harder and harder but to no avail.

"Need. Help." He spat, his tank of energy dangerously close to empty, his miserable day draining him faster than he would have expected.

He dropped down onto her, letting go of her legs to wrap his arms under her. When he tugged her into his chest, she pulled her hands away from her mouth and buried her face into his chest. The fox felt her hands reach down their stomachs until her fingers began to wrap around his knot.

The fox started roughly jackhammering into her again, the cat's delicate hands gripping onto his knot as tightly as she could, pulling him down against her until he locked his hips against hers with one final thrust. Rocking his hips again, side to side, forward and back, he struggled along with his wife as they worked together to force his knot into her tight little passage.

And she shouted wordlessly into his chest, his lean body hardly capable of muffling her cries as she panted, moaned, breathlessly crying out only two words.

"Please!" She shouted into his chest, the fox feeling her hands tremble around his knot.

"Fit!" Her arms were vibrating with the strain of exertion as she yanked him harder against her.

And he kept rocking and grinding his knot into her, grunting, and panting into her hair, the cat crying out more and more until she finally worked her legs around his middle to leg-lock him. When she tightened her grip with her legs and he felt the force of it drawing him closer to her, his eyes began to roll back in his head.

She went quiet, both of them did.

His knot, more than a size too large for her petite little body, finally sank slowly past her petals and popped inside her with a sudden wet slurp. The sensation of it was mesmerizing for both of them, like the carnal act had a magical power to click the mute button on both of them, locking them into the experience as passive observers.

Until the tight squeeze of his knot was too much as he felt the angry violence of an orgasm rip up from his balls. He grunted once, his entire body shuddering as his climax washed over him, his two fuzzy nuts locked vice tight against his body. When the first rope left his body, Meredith gasped, her hands glued tight to her pussy, cradling her own swollen mound as it struggled to contain her husband's knot. She felt each pulse of his cock both inside and out, the ropes pelting her insides and the throb of his knot against her hands.

While he shuddered and shook on top of her, she quivered beneath him as she felt her stomach swell with the fruit of her husband's loins. Her silent orgasm continued to rage alongside her husband's while her hands counted each twitching of his knot.

As his orgasm continued to pulse inside her, the pair each calmed down, albeit very slowly. Their bodies were entwined together like a ball of yarn, arms locked onto each other, their legs wrapping around each other until they were both sagging limp in the center of the bed.

When they'd recovered, he was still locked inside her, his cock continuing to pulse rhythmically within her. The pair untangled themselves until they were both laid out flat for missionary, with Wally now cradling his wife's face in his hands to kiss her.

"I love you." He told her, in between kisses.

"I love you, too." She told him back, in between those same kisses.

Several long minutes later, she patted him on the arm, and he knew to roll them both over. They were still tied, but his cock was finally fallen to sleep inside her. The pulsing had stopped, and he could feel that his nuts were no longer trying to drain themselves.

"You really were pent up today." The cat whispered, pushing at his chest to lift herself upright until she was sitting on his lap.

"Looks like it." He laughed, his exhaustion obvious by the lack of strength in his voice.

She looked down at her stomach, obviously swollen with what was now locked inside her. Meredith patted her stomach, then looked back up at him.

"I look kinda pregnant, Wally." She giggled, rubbing her taut stomach.

"I know who would be happy to hear that." He laughed, which left her rolling her eyes.

These last few months his mother had started asking them when they were going to finally give her some grandbabies. They always told her 'not yet.' A few minutes later, once their hearts had both calmed down a little more, she started looking for her phone which had gotten lost somewhere along

the way. They found it under his back, and then she started playing with it again while she continued to sit on his lap to wait for him to start shrinking.

“Let’s film another video.” She whispered.

“Ok.” He told her.

She handed him the phone, and he didn’t need to ask her what the video was for. He aimed the camera down at where their bodies were connected and tapped the record button as she began to finger herself to orgasm while his knot was still lodged deep inside her.

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Keith had only just sat down at his desk, and only because the desperate stream of text messages on his phone were insisting that he go and delete something ‘Right Now!’ from the folder of music he’d copied over from Wally’s hard drive the day before. It didn’t take long, seconds really, to find the folder of music, and then seconds more to locate the folder he was meant to delete. Inside the folder of music Wally had given him was another folder mixed in with all the other albums of music, and instead of immediately deleting the ‘ASMR’ folder like he’d been told to, curiosity got the better of him. He double clicked and opened it.

And then the goat found himself staring at his screen, his eyes growing wider by the moment as he scanned the folder’s contents. There were well over a hundred icons in the folder, his hand glued to his mouth with an iron grip as he scrolled the middle wheel. More icons. Every other icon had a thumbnail that left his jaw dropping lower to the ground.

He was frozen in place by what he was seeing while his other hand was clenched his cellphone with a white-knuckled grip. The screen on his phone was still on and open to his messages. A steady stream of rapid-fire texts was still being sent to him in real-time from a very distraught pair of friends.

The goat moved his cursor over to a particular graphic looking thumbnail, and he double clicked. A new window opened and a video began to play.

Keith sat and watched with shock as his best friend’s enormous knot popped free of his wife’s pussy. He couldn’t believe how much had been inside her! It looked huge! A deluge of thick and sticky cum following it, all to the tune of smooth jazz and Meredith cumming her tits off, her petite body writhing in her husband’s lap while her fingers rubbing her clitoris.

The video left his eyes widening even more as he watched. When she pulled herself off his lap, the rest of the fox’s lengthy dick slurped out of the cat, even more cum gushing out of Meredith’s now gaping pussy. Keith leaned backwards in his office chair, totally in awe.

The video ended shortly after she dismounted her husband, the last frame of the video being the view of Wally’s enormous cock laying flat across his flat stomach, coated in jizz and measuring up well past his navel.

He broke his hand away from the mouse to type a reply to Wally's panicked texts, telling him that he'd deleted the folder and for him to stop freaking out.

As more text messages continued to pour into his inbox, Keith went back to the ASMR folder and opened another video. As it opened and began to play, he struggled to process his discovery. Wally and Meredith had been this friendly religious couple he'd met through his last job. He'd never have believed they'd be the types to film porn of themselves without having seen it himself!

Keith debated deleting the folder, and its contents, like they'd asked him to...

In all his years of downloading media he'd never actually felt like a pirate while doing it. But seeing that his friends had obviously forgotten where they had hidden all their buried treasure, Keith was beginning to feel a peg leg stiffen up in his shorts. It might not have been anywhere near as large as Wally's but it was still enough to keep a pirate's hand company!