

Things weren't looking good at home. Their finances had been an absolute wreck since Emily lost her job, and Andrew just wasn't pulling in enough money on his own to keep up with all the payments. They were starting to dip into their savings now.

She'd managed to find a new job as a waitress, but the pay was far less than what she'd been making at the electric company. What had started as her first job when she'd graduated high school had taken her upwards to being a woman of great importance in the company's accounting department, but after the buyout, the new owners had swept through payroll and let a lot of the older, more highly paid, employees go.

They'd sent her packing with a severance package, which helped at first, but that ran out last month.

The cat sat at his desk in his small cubicle and stared at the list of upcoming orders. Andrew had worked here for the last eight years, even longer than he'd been married to Emily. He felt so old now dealing with all the stress, like he'd aged a few years and suddenly became forty, even though he was only 33. He wondered how old Emily felt. She was 27.

The orders they were due to ship out were a lot less this year than previous. Sales were just down all across the board ever since the price of oil dropped. Too many companies were skittish about spending any cash now, Andrew didn't even work for an oil company and yet everyone still felt the ripples whenever the price of oil went up or down.

His wife had texted him this morning that one of her job applications had given her a reply. It was sudden, and she'd have to skip her lunch break to make the interview, but if she was hired, she'd make three dollars more an hour than she would as a waitress at a small diner. He was waiting for his wife to reply to him, since it was 1pm now and she'd have had the interview already.

He was afraid to text her.

"Hey, Andy." Someone from behind him spooked him, making him jump a bit in his seat. He turned to see his boss standing in the opening to his cubicle, a large gray wolf who was an alumnus of SanFur U and liked to brag about his college ball heyday. He always spoke of that in the past tense despite being in his forties while still looking like he was in his thirties. John knew how to take care of himself.

"Ha, spooked yah again, didn't I?" He laughed, then leaned against the partition wall that was his 'door frame'.

"Yeah, a bit. What's up?" He asked, twisting his chair around to face his boss.

"Mikey says we're supposed to be getting an update on that order from Halliburton, but nothing's come in. You know anything?" John asked, and Andrew furled his brow trying to think if he knew anything. Halliburton had put in an order several months ago, but that sale wasn't Andrew's baby. He shook his head.

"I haven't heard anything. Is someone thinking they're canceling on us?" He asked, since they'd already had cancellations happen before. Most of those had been shortly after news broke that the price of oil had dropped.

His boss shrugged and wore enough body language on his sleeve to signal that that might have been the case.

“Can’t say.” John answered, then clapped his hand on the top of the cubicle wall. “Just checking around, hoping an email or call got sent to the wrong person.”

“Nope, I haven’t gotten anything unfortunately.” Andrew replied, and the wolf nodded solemnly before turning to step away.

The whole atmosphere in the company was dour. With sales way down there was talk that Christmas bonuses might get reduced or cut altogether. No one wanted to say it, but layoffs were possible in times like these. The only good thing was that they still retained all their usual yearly clients. Regardless of the price of oil, most companies still had to manage their daily affairs regardless of whatever is going on in Texas or the Middle East. So, there was that going for them.

What bothered him most was that he would have to walk into John’s office to beg for a raise. It was a long shot, and he was almost certain to be told no, but he’d have to try. His phone buzzed on his desk, and he saw the little light blinking at the top. When he checked, he saw it was from Emily.

He took a deep breath and unlocked his phone and checked his messages. He let out his breath and typed in a reply before sitting the phone back down. He clocked out at 5pm each day, but today was going to feel especially long. Emily’s interview had been a waste of time with the position having already been filled. They might consider her in the future if they ever ‘expanded’.

He hadn’t been expecting good news, but he had been hoping to get proved wrong. All the more reason to ask for a raise, but he knew it wasn’t going to happen.

An hour before he’d leave for the day Andrew asked John over Teams if he had time to talk and got the reply that he did. He walked over to the other man’s office, which was a real office and not a cubicle. A knock on the doorframe signaled his arrival, and John was at his desk reading something on his screen.

“Whatcha need, Andy?” The wolf asked. Andrew entered his office and asked if he could close the door behind him. The wolf eyed him for a brief moment before saying that he could. Once the door was shut, he sat down in one of the chairs that sat across from John’s desk.

“I know it’s really bad timing, but I’d like to know if it would be possible to get a raise.” He came right out with it.

John looked at him fairly seriously then before a smile crept across his muzzle.

“You serious? We’re looking at the possibility of losing a \$400,000 long term contract with Halliburton. Everything’s down, sales, prices, optimism. Pretty terrible time to be asking for a pay bump, Andy.” The wolf replied very seriously.

“I know, I know.” He acknowledged all that and was even taken aback by the new information about Halliburton. He didn’t know it was that bad. “I know all this is going on, but Emily got laid off three months ago, and she’s not been able to find a new job. We’re hurting a lot right now.”

"I didn't know your wife got canned. She was at Carson, right?" John asked, and he nodded. Carson was the name of the old power company.

"They got bought out by BG&E, then laid off a lot of people."

"Sounds about right for them. I'm sorry to hear that, Andy, I am, but I can't put in a request for anyone right now. That'd get shut down hard, and it wouldn't look good on you either. If things got better by the end of the year, if things turned around a bit for the better... I could put your name in. Push for something, but I can just do that right now. Sorry."

Andrew nodded quietly and leaned back in the seat before nodding again. He didn't know what to say. He'd been prepared for a no but getting that no stung more in person than it had in his head, and the end of the year was a long way away. Several months in fact, and they weren't going to have the funds to last them that long.

They had two car notes, their mortgage, all the regular bills. They'd have to downsize, or try to, but housing was so damn expensive in this county. They'd have to move further away from work, and spend more time on the road. He wanted easy solutions, but they weren't coming to him.

"You alright?" John asked, Andrew for the moment, not aware if he'd been silent for a moment or if it had been several.

"No, but thanks for letting me try. Thanks for considering something for the end of the year." He replied, then made to stand.

"Is it that bad?" His boss asked.

Andrew wanted to tell him everything, but he didn't have the courage to open up that much.

"We never thought one of us would lose our job, and our bills each month cost a lot. We're having a lot of trouble keeping up with it all. She's working as a waitress right now, but it's part time and isn't helping as much as we need it to." He confessed, feeling awful for admitting his situation to another man. He wanted to dance around the truth that he was a 'terrible breadwinner'. Can't keep his own bills paid.

John sighed, looking genuinely uncomfortable, but then put his hands on the desktop and pushed himself up from his chair before stepping around his desk.

"If things turn around by the end of the year, Andy, I'll make sure something happens, ok?" He assured him, clapping the cat reassuringly on the shoulder. Andrew felt better knowing that, he really did, but the timing wasn't going to help him. He'd have debt collectors harassing him and his wife about the house and car by Christmas.

"Thank you, John. I really mean that." He replied, nodding, feeling small at the same time.

He thanked him again, then let himself out of his boss's office, leaving the door open the way he found it before returning to his cubicle. He felt awkward and uncomfortable for the rest of his shift, not managing to get any work done. He mostly just stared at his screen until it was time to head out.

The stairwell he used to leave every day was on the opposite end of the floor, and that took him by John's office. It was a familiar daily routine to walk by his boss' open door, with them often nodding to each other and throwing out some parting words for the day. Today was no different, save one thing.

"Hey, Andy!" John stopped him this time, making him back up to look into the wolf's office.

"Yessir?" He asked, reacting formally to the authority John had used to grab his attention and haul him back to his doorway.

"Would you and the wife like to have dinner somewhere tonight? My treat, so you don't need to worry about it." He asked, and Andrew was surprised by the offer, and a bit embarrassed. He told him he wasn't sure, since he'd have to talk to Emily to find out what she was planning on doing for dinner tonight. He left the office having told John he'd ask his wife and let him know what their answer was.

Emily had quickly agreed, since she knew how bad things were as well as he did and felt responsible for their dire straits. Getting a chance to save money on a meal they were going to be having anyway was a good idea to her, and since it was his boss offering, she thought it'd be rude to refuse.

And it'd give them both something pleasant to enjoy. They needed that. Emily even wore one of her cuter dresses, a nice green floral print that paired well with her favorite purse. Andrew and his wife had met when she was 20 and already working at the power company. After a year of dating they got hitched. Emily was as beautiful today in her green dress as she'd been at 20, a lovely coyote with sharp feminine features that gave her a distinct profile he couldn't miss even a mile away. Wherever she stood, Andrew could spot her.

John told them where to go, and it ended up being a newer restaurant. Maybe only a year old. It wasn't a franchise chain, or anything cheap, but the prices on the menu seemed reasonable for a middle-class dining experience. Neither he nor Emily were willing to order anything too expensive even though John was just ordering whatever he wanted.

He picked out an appetizer and bought himself a beer while Andrew and Emily both were happy drinking just water with lemon. It wasn't clear on the menu if they charged for tea, so they just got water. That was always free.

Emily picked out an entrée salad for herself and decided to leave it at that. She didn't want to impose any more on her husband's boss than she already was. It had been her idea to push to accept the invitation, but that wasn't because she'd hoped to take advantage of him. Dinners like this on someone else's dime weren't going to be commonplace, and she knew that this man would be responsible for any future raise her husband might get.

She really hoped that she could get a better job soon, but every position that was similar to what she had before wanted someone with a college degree. She'd never gotten that far, having graduated with her diploma then worked her way up from the bottom. Even though she had years of work experience none of these companies wanted to bring her in. What interviews she did get were for lower paying jobs like the waitress gig she had now. All those jobs paid very similarly and weren't going to be any help to her husband who was now the sole breadwinner.

Emily had met John a few times before, but only at work functions. She seemed to recall that he had been married when they first met, but that was two years ago. There wasn't a ring on his finger anymore, she noticed. She assumed a divorce, and her husband hadn't said anything to correct her, but it wasn't either of their business anyway. For a wolf his age, John did look younger than he actually was. Some men aged well, but maybe that was just his breed. His gray pelt might have just hid his wrinkles a little better.

The meal they shared was nice, and the conversation wasn't all dour. She and Andrew tried not to bring up their finances, and instead just acted as the appreciative guests they were on the boss' dime. It was very kind of him to invite them to dinner at his expense.

After they'd finished Emily was sure to thank John an extra time after he paid the bill, discovering only when they reached the doors that it had started to rain. It wasn't often they got rain like this in San Fernando, but it did happen! They stepped out the front door and stood under the fabric awning while figuring out what to do.

"Em, just wait here and I'll go run to the car." Andrew told her before turning to John and offering his hand, thanking him again for dinner.

"Sure thing, Andy, any time. I'll stick around with the missus until you get the car pulled around." The wolf replied, and they both watched poor Andrew quickly dash out into the rain to make it to their car across the parking lot. They'd parked so far away from the door not realizing the cloudy weather was bringing rain with it.

"Guess it pays to keep an umbrella handy." John laughed, watching as her husband soaked himself trying to make it to their car.

"Oh, I know! It just doesn't rain like this very often, so you don't ever think to check the weather." She replied.

"I know it didn't come up much during dinner, but Andy told me all about the problems you're both having right now. Not much I can do about it at work right now, but I promised him I would put in a good word for him if things pick up at the office." He suddenly changed the subjects, surprising her.

"Thank you, we both thank you. It'd mean a lot if something like that could happen." She replied, feeling a fresh wave of shame hit her, knowing so much depended on long shot, or what felt like many long shots. Her interviews weren't getting her anywhere, and she was the one who'd gotten laid off!

Her husband was already the primary breadwinner with him shouldering the majority of their bills. Her salary paid the rest and let them live a bit better. Now, without her solid income, it was such a disaster. She regretted not going to college, or even just something part time at a community college. Some kind of certification or small degree. With the best paying jobs all wanting a degree she was struggling to get a foot into anyone's door.

She knew Andrew was putting a lot of the burden on himself right now by trying to fight for more money.

“Andy acted like things were bad enough that Christmas time would be too late to do anything. If that’s true, and things don’t change for the better in the next month or so...” John’s voice trailed off then and she turned to watch his face. He was looking down at her with an easy looking smile.

“Yes?” She spoke up, inquiring for more.

She felt something touch her butt, and she gasped when it rapidly became clear that the wolf had put his hand on her bottom.

“If things don’t change soon, and you need the help, just tell your husband to come talk to me about it and I’ll figure out something to hold you both over. Can’t promise a raise, but I can promise to keep your bills paid, if you understand.” He told her, his hand rubbing a circle around one side of her rump, Emily too frozen in shock to do much more than let her mouth hang open as she struggled to think of what to do, or what to say.

She’d never... she’d never been harassed like this before; she didn’t know what to do!

Andrew was in the car and driving toward them through the lot. The wolf’s hand vanished from her rump and reappeared on her shoulder as he stepped out closer to the edge of the awning.

“Remember, if you need help with those bills, tell him to talk to me. I’ll help out.” He repeated himself, then stepped out into the rain when Andrew pulled up and opened the door for her and gestured for her to run. She quickly dashed through the rain and jumped into the car with the wolf slamming it shut behind her and patted the top of the car before waving goodbye to them.

She was wet, wiping water from her face and trying to catch what was falling from her hair.

“We both got soaked, oh no!” Her husband laughed at their misfortune.

She didn’t know what to tell him. What was she supposed to say! He’s Andrew’s boss! She knew what she was supposed to do, what an HR representative would tell her she should do, but Emily couldn’t even get full time hours! Her husband was the only thing holding off the debt collectors!

Emily was in too much shock for her husband not to notice something was wrong. They talked about it when they got home, and it ended up being her that talked him out of going to HR about what had happened. His job was all they had left to depend on, and they couldn’t dare risk something happening if no one believed him about what had happened at dinner.

At first, the hardest thing was to say nothing. Andrew had to go to work and pretend that nothing had happened, and just do his job like he always did. It really burned at first, and on the first day he almost broke down and went to HR to file a complaint. He almost did, but his wife had texted him at lunch asking him if he was doing ok, and that calmed him down.

They’d spent the entire weekend after the incident talking about what to do. The hardest decision they’d made in their marriage ended up being... to do nothing. Do nothing and hope he could still get a raise at the end of the year.

That was at first.

The diner where Emily worked wasn't giving her any additional hours. The owner was playing favorites with some of the staff, most notably one of his granddaughters whom he'd recently hired. If there was ever a chance for someone to put in an extra hour or two, Emily would get passed over. It was unfair! She was the oldest waitress working there and she had to listen to the other servers talk about parties and other nonsense like their paychecks weren't going to bills and mortgages!

And she'd put out so many resumes. Emily was looking worse every day, depressed that she went from being an equal part of their marriage to being the anchor holding them down. He tried to pull her out of it, to encourage her to keep checking the want ads, to just not quit, but it was hard. It was so hard for both of them when the phone would never ring for her, or when she would go to an interview she'd hear nothing back.

It wasn't like the economy was bad. The city seemed to be doing ok, but why wasn't it doing ok for them? It had gotten so hard, and they were behind on their bills now. He paid what he could when they could, and he was so close to just maxing out their credit cards just to push the inevitable back another month or two. Emily begged him not to do it and had started spending her free time trying to find a cheap apartment they could try to move to that wasn't too far away from his work.

They thought they'd have more time, but when a collector started asking about Emily's car they panicked. Hours were spent on the phone, and they emptied some of their savings out to make up the missed payment. Why did they come after them so quick? Didn't collectors have to wait longer than this?

The incident with John came back to haunt them. The weekend after they almost lost the car they had to sit down and talk about what to do, and Emily was the one that brought up his boss, and his offer. Neither knew what he was offering, except to help pay their bills. Neither of them wanted to say out loud what that would mean for her, but he'd touched her butt... They knew what that meant.

Andrew watched the clock as it closed in on 4 o'clock. He was going to talk to John.

At the top of the hour Andrew typed a message to John on Teams and let his finger hover over the enter key. He sent it, asking if he had time to talk before Andrew left for the day. It didn't take long for the reply.

He left his cubicle and walked to John's office. He didn't need to knock on the doorframe to signal his arrival. The wolf was waiting for him with a smile, who then gestured for him to come in.

"Shut the door." He said, and Andrew complied.

Once the door was shut, he sat down across from the wolf.

"So, what's on your mind, Andy?" He asked.

He'd rehearsed this so much in his head, but now that he was here, he'd lost his confidence.

"My wife, uh, told me about..." He trailed off, feeling hot in the face the moment he needed to say it. He spent a small moment collecting himself.

"She told me what you told you at dinner the other night." He said, losing the courage to bring up that the wolf had touched her.

"I'd hope so. I'm guessing things are still bad at home? You've not talked to me much since that evening so I'm out of the loop." The wolf replied. Andrew looked up at him, and saw the wolf wasn't...

He didn't know what he was expecting. He'd talked himself up into thinking he'd step into his boss' office and find a snarling monster on the opposite side of the desk, some creature of obvious villainy, like a cliché stereotype from a Lifetime movie. All Andrew saw sitting across from him now was the same tall ex-jock of a wolf that used to play college ball. This wasn't what he'd expected, and he was at war with his own memories trying to fit the events of the other night in with the eight years of experience he had working alongside John.

Is this why his wife left him?

"No, things are still bad. Pretty bad." He finally admitted.

"I hate to hear that, Andy. If you're here and bringing up what I told your wife, then I guess you're curious about something?" John asked.

He nodded back.

"Do you need help?" John asked.

Andrew felt uneasy, but he nodded. It was the hardest, easiest gesture he'd ever done.

"Well, I can help you. I'm sure your wife told you more about what me and her spoke about that evening."

Told him more? Or did he mean him touching her? Andrew didn't know.

"I'm not sure what you mean." He replied.

"I'm not going to spell it out, but I gave her a big enough hint for her to know what I could do for you both. It's just a matter of us coming to an agreement."

An agreement? He felt more uncomfortable now, the reality of the offer becoming all the more tangible the longer this conversation lasted. He moved his mouth to reply, but silence was all that emerged. He didn't know what to say. Was any of this real, was the raise even real?

"Were you lying about helping me get a raise?" He asked.

"No. No one is getting raises if we don't see an increase in sales. Might not even get full bonuses this year because of it. I can't do anything about your pay until we see an improvement in business, and if we do, I'm going to put in a request for you just like I told you I would." The wolf replied.

"Ah, I... Alright." He replied, hanging his head down, unhappy, but... He didn't want to believe he was being lied to.

"So, do you need help?" He asked again.

With the chance of getting a raise so slim, and months away at that, Andrew didn't think he had any choice. Emily was trying her hardest to find better work, but...

"Yes."

"I can think of some ways you and your wife can earn some extra money on the side. I can cut you a check once a month to help hold your finances together." John replied, and Andrew looked up at him to see if the wolf was serious.

Just by his expression alone it seemed like he was. There was a gentle smugness to him, he was smiling, but Andrew really didn't want to believe the wolf was looking down on him. He wanted to believe John wasn't some kind of monster, just... trying to... help. He hoped.

"W-what for? What would we do to earn it?" Andrew asked, his mouth dry as a bone.

"If you and your wife are serious about earning some extra money, then we can have dinner again tonight to talk about it." The wolf replied.

"What do we have to do, John?" He asked again, mouth feeling dryer.

"Go home to Emily and ask her if she's serious about earning some extra money, and if she is, then we can have dinner tonight and talk about the details then." John replied and gave no indication that he'd say any more than that. Andrew tried to swallow but couldn't.

"Get back to your office, Andy. Finish up whatever you've got left and head home. I won't say anything if you leave a little early. You and the missus have a lot to talk about, ok?" He told him.

Andrew nodded, confused and uncertain, then stood up from his chair and started towards the door.

"Andy?" The wolf pulled his attention back towards him.

"Um, yeah? Yes, sir?"

"Dinner will be at your house tonight, just so you know."

"Oh. Yeah, I, we'll let you know." He replied, then opened John's door and stepped out.

Like a zombie he returned to his cubicle and sat at his desk, staring at his computer screen. He didn't get any work done, and then he packed up and went home a half hour earlier than normal. As he quickly descended the stairwell steps, he felt more and more uneasy. When he got home, he'd had to tell his wife that his boss wanted to sleep with her for money. This was going to be just as hard as the night he'd touched her at the restaurant.

"I just don't understand!" Emily said, breathing quickly, pacing the living room floor. Her husband sat alone on the couch. One look at him told her how deflated he felt, she could see the worry and concern on his face. Her Andrew couldn't even bring himself to look at her.

"He wants to have dinner. To talk about it." He replied.

"He's... you never acted like he was this sort of person."

Her husband had mentioned his boss a lot whenever he talked about work, and she'd even met him a few times. He seemed like such a nice man! Then he gropes her at the restaurant, and now this! She ran her hands across her face, shutting her eyes and straightening out her hair. She started pacing again.

"I didn't think he was."

"I, I believe you." She replied, stopped in her tracks, and inhaled. If only she hadn't lost her job! If only she could find something better!

"He, uh, I don't know for sure that he wants sex."

She could tell her husband was lying, but not to protect himself, but for her.

"I know what he meant that night, Andrew. He wants me." She replied, the confession making her tremble. She dealt with men like him before, but that was years and years ago. Emily had hoped to never have to again. She walked over to the couch and sat next to her husband. She reached out to embrace him, and he pulled her into a hug and squeezed her tight.

"I'm sorry." He told her, burying himself into the crook of her neck and she held him tighter. The only person keeping the collectors away was Andrew, and he couldn't do any more than he already was. She swallowed a painful lump and leaned her head against his.

"It's not your fault." She told him and meant it. None of this was his fault.

"It still hurts. I can't do more." He replied, and she inhaled deeply.

As she cradled him in her arms, she recounted all her failed interviews, the calls that were never returned, the many rejections for increased hours at work. Her husband couldn't get a raise. She exhaled slowly.

"He said he could cut us a check once a month?" She asked him, and he rose up straight, looking at her. The look on his face wasn't pretty, but he nodded.

"Did he say how much?"

He shook his head, then she nodded to him in return. She reached up to wipe under an eye then took in another deep breath before letting it out.

"We should... we should..." She tried to say it but failed. Emily had to stop and collect herself.

"You don't have to do anything, Em." Her husband told her, reaching to grab her by the hand. She squeezed it back.

She nodded back quickly but put herself back together and exhaled again.

“You should text him. Invite him for dinner so we can talk.” She said it at last. The air around them felt cold, and after a few long moments her husband finally nodded and reached into his pocket and pulled out his phone.

As they sat on the couch, they both stared at the dark phone screen until Andrew pressed the button, lighting the screen up. He unlocked it, then tapped to his messages. He took a turn to inhale, and she touched him on the shoulder and rubbed him.

“It’ll be ok.” She encouraged him, even if she didn’t feel it herself. He nodded and started typing a new message. After a few moments he hovered his thumb over send... then pressed the button. When the message was sent, he exhaled, nearly gasping. He’d been holding his breath the whole time.

“It’ll be ok.” He repeated her words back to her, and rubbed her thigh reassuringly, putting on his best smile for her even though his eyes were watery as he said the words.

“It’ll be ok.” She agreed.

John had been very forward, almost commanding, over text once he got the invitation for dinner. He’d told them that 8pm would be the time, which was rather late for a dinner to happen. He also asked for their address before Andrew could freely give it. He and Emily complied to both parts. Dinner would be at 8pm at their residence.

There was plenty of time for Emily to cook something. As soon as the arrangements were made, she left for the kitchen and began to plan something for her to make. Emily had always been a good cook, and Andrew genuinely loved her cooking. Tonight would be... an unpleasant seasoning on what would have otherwise been a delicious meal.

While Emily made dinner Andrew kept her company so she wouldn’t be alone. He didn’t know how to cook anything on his own, but he helped where he could. She was making a stew with ingredients she’d already had on hand. It looked very good, but he couldn’t find his appetite, and he suspected Emily couldn’t either.

As the time ticked by, they could only watch the clock and keep their hands from becoming too idle. Dinner was ready before 8, but it was a stew, so she just set the stove to low heat to keep the food warm while Andrew helped her set the table for three. When they were finally done with all the arrangements it looked rather nice. Emily had put some frozen dinner rolls in the oven cook and they’d be ready by the time it was time to eat.

When the doorbell rang a few minutes before 8 they both froze in place. Andrew was sitting at the table while his wife stood in the kitchen wiping down clean countertops just so she could keep herself busy rather than falling idle while her thoughts about tonight rampaged through her.

Andrew stood up and approached his wife first and hugged her. The doorbell rang a second time and they both began to feel a bit of panic set in. He felt Emily take his hand, but it was

Andrew that led the way to the door. He checked the peep hole, saw John standing on their doorstep, then unlocked the door.

He gave one look to his wife, and she tried to force a reassuring smile for him. He turned back and opened the door.

"Evening! Andy, Emily." The wolf nodded to the two of them in turn.

"Evening, uh, John. Welcome." Andrew replied, and stepped aside, Emily standing close behind him as stepped back along with her husband as the pair made room for the wolf to enter. John stepped inside their doorway and took the door handle away from Andrew and shut the door himself.

The wolf stood still for a moment and surveyed their living room before smiling.

"You've got a beautiful home, thank you for inviting me." He said then.

"Thank you." Emily spoke up for the first time.

He smiled at her, then perked his nose up and sniffed the air.

"That smells delicious, by the way! What are we waiting for, let's dig in, why don't we?" He told them both and they awkwardly agreed before showing John towards the kitchen.

Andrew offered his boss a seat at the dinner table while Emily fetched dinner. He didn't feel right sitting down alone with John, so he joined his wife and helped her bring the pot to the table to sit between the three of them, then added the small platter of dinner rolls to the arrangement.

The seat John had taken was to the left, and Andrew chose to separate his boss from his wife by taking the middle seat. When Emily finally sat down, she was seated across from John, and they began to serve themselves their dinner.

John complimented the cooking once he began eating, and then asked Andrew about something work related. Andrew answered, and John was just sitting there conversing about their work. The way the wolf was talking shop so casually, just as he had at dinner the other night at the restaurant... The amount of normalcy coming from his boss was... unnerving.

He'd come here to... He'd come here for Emily, and yet nothing about that had come up yet during their meal. Andrew didn't know what his wife was thinking or feeling, but she'd been mostly silent all throughout dinner.

"So, how has work been for you, Emily? Andy hasn't told me too much about what it is you do."

The wolf was not steering the conversation towards her, and Emily was forced to speak at last, answering his question as best she could only to discover that John had more questions. His boss was nosing about her employment, but in a polite way you'd expect from someone in a casual setting. Andrew was increasingly becoming confused, almost to the point of him doubting himself.

It felt like he was being gaslit by his own hand, his memory wanting to reject the events that had only occurred hours prior at work when he'd sat down in John's office. It felt like John was implying so much... He was sure of it!

When dinner drew to a close, and they'd all eaten their fill, John suggested they sit in the living room. Andrew agreed, uncertain of what would happen once they got there. Emily excused herself for the moment by mentioning she'd need to put the leftovers away. The two men left the kitchen and John found himself a spot in the center of their couch. The sofa was large enough to fit 3 or 4 people so Andrew took a seat on the far end of the couch next to John. There was space between them, so he did not feel so awkward being near the other man. He could have picked the chair, but he felt Emily would want to sit there to be as far from John as possible.

When Emily joined them, she sat where Andrew predicted she would, and was now seated to the right of her husband while John sat to his left.

"So, would a thousand a month help you out?" The wolf asked, surprising them both.

A thousand dollars?

Andrew was shocked by the number, considering what that would mean, and knowing full well that an amount like that would make it... It would be possible to hold on till the end of the year. He looked to Emily who must have been thinking the same thing, she had her hands tightly clasped in her lap and was staring a hole in the floor.

"Um, yeah. It would." He answered.

"I figured it would. I can't pay you that much for the whole year, but I can earmark three grand to start off, and then after that I'd have to cut back. Probably halve it. If we still get Christmas bonuses, I can probably just give you mine to make up for the halved payments." John explained in the most nonchalant manner, and it felt like he must have been thinking hard on this himself, just rattling off the plan he had in store for them so matter-of-factly.

Even if he paid them less than a grand after the first three months, that's still a lot of money! It gave Emily enough time to find a better paying job, and then maybe they wouldn't need the payments anymore. This was especially true if he got a raise!

A frightening doorway was opening, and he felt cold and hot at the same time. He couldn't dare to make this decision on his own.

He looked to Emily, who seemed more uncomfortable, wringing her hands in her lap until she noticed he was watching her. She looked at him, and the pair seemed to share a silent understanding. She knew it was her decision to make, but she was looking to him for guidance. His mouth felt so dry.

"Em?" Was all he was able to say, afraid to say more, more afraid he'd lose his voice like a teenage boy whose voice was breaking.

"What would I have to do?" She asked quietly, not even looking towards the wolf, but back at the floor.

"If you're asking me that question seriously, and with the intention of earning a thousand bucks a month, then how about you scoot on upstairs and change into something nice for me. I like skirts." John replied, his boldness shocking them both and leaving the pair staring at the wolf. Andrew's hands felt clammy as he held them tight to his knees.

He should have felt angry over this, should have the strength to be a man and throw his boss out. He should have gone to HR, but bills were piling up, what was he to do? He felt weak! Andrew drew in a difficult breath, then movement caught his eye and he saw his wife hesitating in her seat before she finally stood up.

He and Emily's eyes met, and they shared a brief moment that ended with a look of shame on his wife's face just before she turned to leave. Both men watched her flee towards the stairs and she vanished up the steps.

Andrew let out the breath he'd been holding.

"Emily is a beautiful woman, Andy. You're lucky."

He nodded, even if he didn't feel lucky at that moment.

"How often you two get busy? Dead bedroom, or no?" The wolf pried.

Andrew felt his face go flush with embarrassment and shame. The sex life he shared with his wife had always been pretty good, but lately with the problems... it'd been dry. They were both anxious and stressed, and Emily was dealing with depression. Her self-worth was at rock bottom, and then there was today. All of this.

"It used to be better. Not lately."

"Understandable. Hard times do that." He replied.

Andrew nodded and looked toward the empty stairs.

"What's her favorite position, and does she give good head?" He asked, and Andrew felt himself shiver. He was so cold, face burning. There was a ringing of tinnitus in his ears, like he was in shock. Hearing the questions was like a thunderous bang right next to his head, deafening him. This was really going to happen, wasn't it? He tried to swallow, but there was nothing to swallow.

"Andy." His boss said his name.

"Um." He mumbled, trying to sort through the fog of his own disorderly thoughts.

"She, uh, doesn't enjoy, uh. Oral. She doesn't do it very often." He answered that question.

"So, what does she like?"

"When I bend her over. She likes that." He confessed. Emily always enjoyed it when he would get rougher with her, but she sometimes gave him mixed messages about it. He was afraid to try things with her since she was usually... pretty vanilla. She wasn't even fond of giving him a

blowjob, it was something she thought was gross. If he got it at all it'd be for his birthday, or maybe on their anniversary, and even then, she'd never let him finish in her mouth.

His boss hummed his approval, and the two men continued to wait. It normally took Emily a while to get ready if they were ever going out somewhere but given the current situation he thought she was stalling. Afraid to come downstairs.

When she finally emerged, it was the noise at first. There was the creak of the top step, a loose board that Andrew always said he'd fix but never did. When he looked up to watch the stairs John did the same. Andrew then saw his wife slowly take the stairs down, dressed not in a skirt but one of her sundresses.

Any other evening he'd have thought she was the most beautiful thing in the world, but the wolf sitting next to him tarnished the moment. She'd chosen white, the color of purity, but there was nothing pure about this. From the waist down the dress was pleated, the thin layered fabric flowing over her legs, and above the waist the dress was buttoned up from her navel to her neck.

The dress had the shortest sleeves with little ruffles to them. It was a beautiful dress she'd worn outside during the spring and summer plenty of times. It was one of her favorites, and maybe that's why she wore it tonight. Something comforting to her during uncomfortable times.

"Beautiful." John agreed.

She reached the bottom of the stairs and awkwardly stood there, unsure of what to do.

"How about you come closer and show off. Give us a spin." John told her, and she looked to Andrew before looking back down at the floor. She quietly left the stairs and approached the couch. Emily stopped a few feet away from them, then put her hands out to her sides and slowly turned around in a circle, showing the two men her entire outfit.

"Wonderful. It's not a skirt, but it's the next best thing." He replied.

She tried to smile, but it was clear she was still uncertain and uncomfortable. John reached his hand over between himself and Andrew and patted the couch cushion.

"Have a seat."

Andrew's heart started to race. They were inching closer and closer to something, and he was just sitting there glued to the couch while his wife was slowly taking steps toward him. She turned and sat down next to her husband, her right side pressed against his to make sure there was a gap, even if narrow, between her and John.

"While you were up there changing, Andy told me you like being bent over and fucked." John told her, Andrew suddenly feeling a chill run up his spine as he felt his wife next to freeze up. She turned and looked at him, like he'd betrayed her, shame overcoming him.

"He, uh, was asking questions." He confessed. She audibly swallowed and looked back down to the floor. She nodded.

"What's that?" The wolf asked.

"Y-yes. Yes, I do." She admitted, then turned to look at her husband, shame on her face just like his own. They were both just sitting there on the couch at his boss' mercy.

"That's good. I like that in a woman." He replied, and Andrew could feel his wife suppressing a shiver.

"Since you went and changed clothes for me, I'm going to assume you're serious about earning that extra money?" He asked.

A moment passed and Andrew could feel Emily trapped in a moment of indecision, her hands tightly clasped in her lap while she stared down at the floor. He wanted to do something! He swallowed another dry mouthful and reached out to her, placing what he hoped would feel to her like a reassuring hand. When he touched her, she turned and looked at him, then unclasped her hands and reached out to place hers over his.

She squeezed his hand tightly and turned her head back to the wolf and nodded slowly. When she did, Andrew felt his heart sink. He could feel a shiver, too. Both of them were standing at the edge of a dark precipice. Everything past this point would... be different. Life would be different.

"Well, if that's what you and your husband want to do, then all I need from you is to cook me dinner, same as today. Every Friday at 8pm. After dinner, you and I are going to spend the evening together. Andy here can do whatever he wants, he can even watch. Doesn't make a difference to me." The wolf told them but was speaking more to Emily than to her husband.

"W-what would we do?" She asked, her voice sounding weak and frail.

"Whatever I want, but tonight I'll go easy on you. Keep it nice and simple. I only need you to suck my dick." He told her, and Andrew felt himself flinch. His wife was taking in a sharp breath, looking off into space while her hand continued to squeeze his tightly.

When the seconds of silence threatened to become minutes the wolf broke the silence.

"Your husband told me you don't like sucking dick."

She shook her head.

"N-no." She replied weakly.

"But will you suck mine?" He asked.

Andrew watched her face, her expression tightening up as she pursed her lips like she'd bitten into a lemon, nearly chewing on her lip. She nodded her head quickly in defeat.

"Do you swallow?" he asked.

She took in a sharp breath and shut her eyes, then shook her head.

"You're going to swallow mine."

She nodded, defeated, chewing on her lip. Andrew felt lower and lower as his wife agreed to one request after another, him knowing the requests weren't going to end here with tonight. Each Friday would bring more requests, more demands, more of all of this.

"You can start whenever you're ready." He told her.

Emily was frozen in place, her eyes still shut even though she nodded after he'd said the words, acknowledging what he wanted from her. Andrew watched her, felt her hand trembling over his. He swallowed again, and when she pulled her hand away, he closed his eyes and held them shut, taking in a quiet breath of his own when he felt her move, her weight shifting.

Behind his closed eyes he could feel her scooting off the edge of the couch, her thigh slipping out from under his hand and leaving it feeling cold from her absence as she knelt on the floor. He didn't want to open his eyes as he listened to her shuffling in front of the couch. He was afraid to look, but this was his wife! Emily was doing this!

He was now resisting the urge to chew at his lip, his hands balling into tight fists where his fingernails dug into his palms. He was angry at himself, angry at their situation. He forced his eyes open, noticing they felt wet, and watched as his wife awkwardly knelt in front of the wolf, his boss, another man. Not her husband.

She was staring painfully at the wolf's crotch, her hands visibly trembling as she laid them to rest on his spread knees. John was watching her patiently. He made no move to quicken her pace. It seemed like tonight Emily would decide the speed at which she lost her dignity, the speed at which her husband lost what was meant to be exclusively his.

Emily lifted her hands and shut her eyes, reaching out for John's crotch until she touched the fabric of his slacks, letting her fingers tremble their way to where the button and zipper would be. Andrew put his hands back onto his knees, clenching his fists as he struggled to watch as the snap of a button was heard, then the slow draw of a zipper.

When she got the zipper undone, she paused, and hesitated, but John 'helped' her by hooking his thumbs under the sides of his slacks and pushed them down along with his underwear. Emily was staring into the wolf's crotch, her hands pulling back towards her chest as she took in a difficult breath before reaching them out again to grab the sides of his open fly.

She wiggled the sides further apart, exposing more of himself to her, and to Andrew. He looked away in embarrassment, anger, before shutting his eyes again.

"Ever been with another canine before?" He asked her.

Andrew didn't hear her answer, but she must have shaken her head.

"I'm sure you'll do fine." He replied.

He forced his eyes open and looked to his wife, her nervously gnawing on her lip as she slowly inched herself forward, trying to lean towards another man's crotch. Her hands were on his thighs, trembling quietly as she grew ever closer to his crotch. Andrew couldn't avoid seeing his boss's member.

There was a plump, thick looking sheath resting heavily between his legs, and beneath that was a... very large set of testicles. Poking out from John's sheath was a bright red tip, nearly an inch of flesh that was slowly growing from the wolf's arousal. John was being patient, but seeing him becoming aroused by his wife was...

He swallowed another dry mouthful, the sensation of a painful lump forming in his throat ached him. Emily visibly swallowed, her throat working down a lump of something as her nose grew close enough to John's sheath to smell him. Andrew wanted to look away when his wife first touched her lips to the end of his boss' cock, but... this was his wife! He didn't want to look away. He felt that he had to endure this just as much as she was.

Emily had the end of his shaft in her mouth, her eyes screwing shut while her cheeks hollowed out slightly as she tried to nurse at the emerging shaft. She didn't do oral very often, but she understood how to do it, and she tried. From behind closed eyes she slowly bobbed on the swelling shaft. His sheath began to thicken, spit or something clear running down the red meat as she struggled more and more to bob her head over his growing length.

When she gagged and withdrew her head, coughing, John's cock was rigid and twitching, swelling quickly now in front of her face while the wolf casually watched Emily stare at his enormous cock. She was looking at it, a face trapped between the emotions of fear and confusion. What had once been just a stick of red lipstick had grown into a rod that could put her forearm to shame.

"Am I bigger than you're used to?" He asked her.

With a worried look, his wife couldn't take her eyes off it. At its widest point John's cock was thicker than her own wrist, and his knot was still buried tight within his sheath, looking like it was to be even thicker.

"Y-yes." She whispered, her husband swallowed hard again, knowing it was true. He was smaller. John was a big wolf and had him beaten by many inches.

"You'll figure it out. Keep going."

She shut her eyes and opened her mouth. Andrew watched as his wife hesitated for a moment, almost unwilling to try again, but then she opened her mouth wider, spit visibly dripping from mouth when she wrapped her lips around John's dick again.

Andrew watched; fists still clenched on his thighs while his wife slowly bobbed on John's cock. After what felt like a few minutes she'd picked up her speed, her eyes still welded shut, but she'd stopped gagging when she pushed her head down as far as she was willing to go. A full third of his dick was disappearing into her muzzle before reappearing again, her hands trembling still on his thighs.

John reached out and took one of her wrists, making her open her eyes to watch him as he made her put her hand on his dick. He didn't need to tell her what to do, she started pumping his shaft in her hand while the rest stayed in her mouth.

Seeing her do this... Andrew was angry about the money, angry about the collectors, the debt, the fucking power company! As his wife bobbed up and down his boss' cock she was making a

quiet sucking noise, a wet sound as spit dribbled from her lips and ran down his length to drool over her thumb as she pumped him as commanded.

John's sheath was stretching and straining around the swollen orb of his knot, the ball of muscle struggling to pop free of its fuzzy prison. Emily slipped her mouth off his dick, her eyes shutting tighter with lips like she'd bit into a lemon, then she swallowed. It was a loud noise, like she'd swallowed a lot of something, then opened her mouth to gasp.

"Messy, aint it?" The wolf asked.

She nodded, opening her eyes from atop a grimace, her now staring at the wolf's tip. Andrew saw a bead of something clear ooze out from his tip before it leaked down the underbelly of his cock like a thin stream. The stream didn't stop, it was just constantly leaking. All of this had been pooling in Emily's mouth, and she'd... swallowed it all. She never swallowed. Emily thought it was gross and would spit it out.

Seeing his wife swallow that made him feel jealous, but also angry. As he began to feel himself strain against the fabric of his jeans, he felt an even greater shame. He shouldn't be feeling this way about his wife with another man! He squirmed in his seat on the couch, his dick pushing uncomfortably at the inside of his underwear, trapped by the stiffness of his denim.

Emily looked further down his cock, beneath her hand, and saw the sheath wrapped tight around his knot. She swallowed again, audibly, and moved her hand down and wrapped her fist around his sheath, holding the bulging meat in her palm. She began to tug the fur and flesh of sheath down, and the wolf sucked in a breath as his knot popped loose. What had been hugging snugly around his knot was now bunched up neatly behind it, the bright red orb coming to life in Emily's hand as it twitched to its full enormous size.

"Thought you'd never been with a canine before?" He asked her, exhaling with relief as the pressure over his knot was relieved.

She looked away from both men.

"I- I know it's uncomfortable. If it's," she weakly replied, "If it's left stuck."

"You learn that in Sex Ed?" He chuckled quietly.

Andrew watched as she shook her head no, shutting her eyes. He was confused, since he thought she'd never been with a canine. He never pried much into her life before they got married, but...

"I bet he wasn't as big as me." The wolf stated, and Emily nodded her head in agreement.

"N-no. Smaller." She agreed. Emily had been with a canine before him, Andrew just learned. Now he was wondering against his will what other secrets might have laid buried in his wife's past. He shut his eyes and drew in a difficult breath.

"Am I your biggest?" He asked. Andrew opened his eyes quickly and caught Emily staring down at the hand she kept wrapped around the wolf's massive knot.

"Yes." She said quietly.

"He your smallest?" He asked.

She shook her head, something about that making a small vain part of himself feel better, his own cock straining harder against his jeans despite the situation, despite logic and reason telling him he should be furious about the whole thing and knocking his boss' block off!

"How many you been with?"

Emily looked uncomfortable, struggling in front of the wolf as her hand slipped up his dick, sliding off the knot and up the wolf's shaft to begin stroking him again. His copious precum was oozing more heavily over her hand, running down to trickle around his knot. There was a visible wet spot over his balls that only grew larger.

"How many?" He asked again.

Her jaws tightened up, her eyes looking away in shame until she drew in a deep breath. When she released it she answered.

"Thirteen."

Andrew's eyes opened wide. That many! They'd been married for six years! She'd only been 21 when they'd first gotten married, how could she have been with so many men?

"Thirteen?" He asked, his voice cracking, fear evident in his voice as he tried to figure out how she could have been with so many if they'd been married for so long.

Emily darted her eyes to head, her mouth hanging out to speak, then she saw his face and she shut her mouth. Her eyes looked wet.

"Before you. When I was younger." She replied, weakly.

"You must have been a bit of a slut in high school, weren't you?" John chuckled.

She jerked her head back to him, then looked down, her jaws tightening back up as the look of 'getting caught' lay etched onto her features. Andrew didn't know what to think. He hadn't grown up in the same town as Emily or went to the same school. He didn't know much of anything about her life before they'd met except for what she'd told him herself.

"Nothing wrong with that. You got yourself a nice husband and settled down, right?" John asked her.

She nodded firmly.

"Nothing wrong with that either. Keep sucking, you're not done." He told her.

This time she quickly returned to her job, like she was escaping from a possible deeper interrogation. Andrew quietly watched, the cogwheels of damned curiosity continued to turn in his head, his marriage having been turned repeatedly upside down until everything lay scattered. He was confused, hurt, ashamed, aroused. He couldn't get himself to go soft!

She sucked him; lips wrapped tightly around his shaft while her hand quickly pumped his shaft. Andrew stared at her, noticing the skill with which she bobbed over the wolf's dick, like she knew what she was doing. Like she'd done this plenty of times before, and maybe she had. Before Andrew.

"That's much better." John replied, leaning a bit back on the couch and letting Emily have all the time she needed.

The wolf had stamina. If Emily had been doing this to her husband, he wouldn't have lasted anywhere near as long as John. It took several long minutes of his wife constantly bobbing and sucking, stroking, and jerking, noisily swallowing mouthful after mouthful of precum before the wolf's chest finally began to rise and fall quickly.

"I'm getting close." He tells her.

She started sucking him faster, her hand moving like a blur to make him cum.

"That's it." He exhaled hard.

"Remember to swallow!" He spat, leaned his head back.

Andrew looked at the wolf's face, the pleasure of an up-and-coming release washing over his face as he shut his eyes, a broad smile forming across his muzzle. He looked down to Emily, his wife fervently pumping his boss' cock while she kept her eyes screwed shut, slurping, and bobbing quickly, her head rocking from side to side like she was working her tongue hard within her muzzle.

John arched his back, and suddenly growled. His entire body jerked, Andrew actually catching the moment when the wolf's nuts first jerked tight to his body. His cock throbbed in Emily's hand, his wife squeaking with surprise when the first rope must have hit inside her mouth. Her eyes shot open with surprise, but she didn't shut them again. She looked up at John and stared at him.

Andrew watched as his wife swallowed, a large gulp that visibly descended down her neck until it disappeared, then she swallowed again right after. Gulp after gulp, swallow after swallow, as the wolf continued to growl and groan out his climax Emily nursed his cock and took everything he gave her until finally Andrew saw a bead of something white form at the corner of her mouth.

She started to gag, then pulled her head back, coughed once, a rope of thick cum shooting across her cheek while a deluge of seed poured from her open mouth to spill across the front of her dress.

John looked down, and reached for her, taking her by an ear and holding her still while his other hand grabbed his dick and aimed. He shot several more ropes of cum, Emily holding her mouth open for him without being told to. He coated her face, neck, and chest with cum before his orgasm tapered off. The wolf was panting heavily when he finished.

Andrew was left shivering in his seat, having just watched his wife do the unthinkable. His mind was racing, his cock was jabbing against the inside of his jeans painfully even as he hated

everything he was being put through. He was so confused, hurt, and there sat Emily on her knees covered in another man's cum, her mouth still hanging loosely open as she panted.

When it became clear that John was finished, she closed her mouth, then reached up to her face, but the wolf reached out and snatched her wrists.

This surprised them both.

"You're not wiping that off. You're going to wear my cum until I leave. If it's in your eyes you can wipe that away, but the rest stays." He told her firmly and didn't let go of her wrists until she nodded to him. He let her go and she carefully reached up to her face and wiped cum from around her eyes. The rest soaked into her hair and fur, dripped down into her lap. She was covered in slimy filth. Andrew couldn't produce that much even if he'd been edging for a month straight, and that wasn't even counting what was sitting in his wife's stomach.

"You did a great job, Emily. I haven't gotten my dick sucked like that in years." He laughed, leaning back into the couch, his cock still erect and standing at attention despite him having just gotten off.

Emily didn't reply, only weakly nodded.

"Stand up." He told her, and she nervously fidgeted, then pushed herself up to stand in front of the wolf. Cum dripped from her muzzle and down onto the floor with more droplets and strings of it coming to join the first the longer she stood.

He reached out to her, grabbing her by the hips and twisting her in place until she stood facing her husband, Andrew watching as she turned her head away in shame, eyes once again shut.

John grabbed the hem of her dress and lifted it, Emily gasping when she felt herself becoming exposed to the open air. Andrew swallowed, and for the first time he tasted spit. His wife wasn't wearing anything underneath her dress.

"I guess you were assuming I'd be fucking you tonight, huh?" The wolf said with a wry smile, John running his free hand up the inside of her thigh until his fingers touched the lips of her sex.

"Just look at how wet she is, Andy. Her fur is soaked right through." He said, turning his head to Andrew, then looking down with his eyes before smiling even bigger. He laughed.

"I guess you both enjoyed this more than you were letting on. Look, Emily, your husband is sporting a hardon for you." The wolf told her, and she nervously looked at her husband, saw the erection Andrew was now trying to hide behind his hands, and she looked away again. Both husband and wife were left ashamed and embarrassed in front of each other.

"You both did really good tonight for it being your first time at this kind of thing." He told them both, letting go of her dress so it fell back into place. He leaned his back against the couch and shifted in his seat to reach for his wallet in his back pocket. While he opened his trifold his cock was now noticeably shrinking. Andrew and Emily both watched as a thick wad of green bills became visible in the wallet's pouch.

John counted out ten separate bills and separated them from the rest of the herd before pulling them out. He offered the money to Emily who hesitated at first, then with trembling hands reached out and took it.

“An upfront payment of a thousand. You’ll pay me back what I owe for the next three weeks, Friday at 8pm just like tonight. After that I’ll pay you \$250 each time I drop by. Do this until I’ve paid you three grand, and after that we’ll negotiate a new price.”

The married pair listened silently, both staring at the money now resting in Emily’s trembling hands.

“That sound acceptable to you both?” The wolf asked.

Andrew didn’t want to answer, so he looked to his wife. She was looking at him, too. They both hesitated until Emily finally nodded.

“Y-yes.” She said, then swallowed. She looked John in the eyes and put on her best smile, if a forced one. “I’ll have dinner ready by 8.”

“Excellent!” He replied before pushing himself up to stand. Andrew paused, wanting to stand, but his erection was still jabbing noticeably behind the denim.

“Dinner was delicious, Emily. Thank you both for having me over tonight, but I wouldn’t want to overstay my welcome.” He said, wrapping a hand around his shrinking cock and wiping cum off with one motion. He lifted his hand and wiped the cum off on Emily’s hair in what could have otherwise looked like an affectionate gesture.

She stood still while he did it, letting the wolf have his way until he dropped his hand and started doing his pants back up. When he was finished, you’d not have known he’d just been given a blowjob. Emily was the only one covered with any filth.

“Well, it’s getting late. I’ll be looking forward to seeing you again next Friday, Emily, and you at work on Monday.” He said, finishing his sentence with a look towards Andrew. The wolf nodded politely to them both before turning to leave. Andrew finally made himself stand, his legs feeling weak. Emily grabbed Andrew by the arm, her hand firm but trembling as they followed the wolf through the living room towards the door.

“Goodnight.” John tells them both as he stood in the doorway, then smiled at Emily before turning to leave. Emily surprised them both when she let go of Andrew and reached out to grab John by the arm. The wolf stopped and turned to look at her.

“Will every night be like this?” She asked, voice weak and frail.

“It’ll get easier, since I’ll be doing most of the work from here on out.” He told her with a smile. Emily retracted her hand, and the wolf departed with another smile before pulling the door shut behind him.

When they both heard John’s truck crank Emily let out a tight gasp, like she’d been holding her breath for hours. Andrew saw her suppress a shudder, and he instinctively reached out to hug her, but she stepped away from his arms and handed him the money.

"I-I need to shower." She told him quickly and retreated towards the stairs, running up the steps as she began wiping away at her face with her hands.

Andrew stood there at the door for a few moments, looking down at the cash in his hand. He heard the shower turn on in the distance, and then turned to look at the couch. He needed to sit, but found wet spots all over the carpet where Emily had...

He put the money on the kitchen counter and grabbed a few sheets of paper towels, wetting them down with water before returning to the couch to try and clean up the cum from the carpet. Guests would notice if there were strange stains on the floor. Andrew wasn't a good housekeeper, but he tried to soak up what was there, and after a few minutes Emily returned wearing a pair of his shorts and a tee shirt.

She saw what he was trying to do and left to the kitchen and came back with a bottle of cleaner. Emily knelt down next to him and began to help him clean.

"I'm sorry, I-" She said after a moment, her voice beginning to break before she could continue.

Andrew stopped what he was doing and grabbed her, pulling her in tight. She was limp next to him, her face dropping to his chest.

"Don't. You shouldn't be sorry for anything, Em." He told her, painfully, as a hard lump formed in his throat. The carpet wasn't important.

He stood up, drawing her up with him and making her put the cleaner down. They could deal with the stains later. With little effort he made her leave the living room and walked her up the stairs, his wife now like a zombie as she ascended the steps with him coaxing her forward from behind.

Emily sat on the end of the bed when she got there, her eyes fixed to the floor until he sat down next to her, hugging her again. He tried to put everything out of his mind, but the mental images were still glued there tight. He could still see her bobbing her head on John's cock, he could remember vividly the cum plastered to her face and chest.

Even as she smelled of shampoo and soap next to him, he could remember the scent of the wolf's cum as it filled the living room. He was still hard, damn him, he was still hard after all this time!

He hugged her, Emily reluctant to reciprocate, but as he clung to her, she gave in, grabbing tight to his arms and clinging to him with her hands as their heads leaned against each other.

Andrew tilted his head, moving in to kiss her, to comfort her, but she jerked her head away.

"You can't." She replied, her voice wavering.

"You're my wife." He told her, and tried kissing her again, but she turned her head again.

He shifted, taking her by the shoulders and made her face him. Looking into her eyes he told her again that she was his wife and leaned in to kiss her. She let him, and as they kissed, he could taste something strong on her tongue, a shiver running up his spine as he knew what this

taste must have been. He shuddered against her, his cock stiffening harder in his pants until he pushed her backwards onto the bed.

"I love you!" He told her, pinning her down, and she swallowed a lump in her throat as she nodded.

Emily knew he loved her, loved her more than anything, as he descended on her. Her husband pushed his hands up under her shirt and found her breasts, and she wrapped her arms around him. She clung to him as he fervently roamed her body, her husband becoming so needy and intense that she gasped when he forced her legs up, yanking her shorts down while he hastily fumbled with his jeans until he was on top of her.

When he mounted her, feeling him slip inside her like a teenage boy she swallowed a painful lump, the cum tainted spit running down her throat as she continued to taste the wolf on her tongue. Her husband kissed her again, their tongues entwining within her mouth as he started rutting her quickly.

She loved him, she started crying for him as she clung tightly to his back. He broke the kiss and gasped, she felt him cumming inside her. As he filled her, she thought to the wolf, knowing he would be cumming inside her next week, and the week after, and the week after that. With every twitch of her husband's cock, she recalled the powerful force of the wolf's climax, the way his thick seed exploded from his tip, the volume, the intensity of the flavor.

Emily came, and she came hard. She wept from the intensity of the swirling emotions roiling inside her. She'd gotten off after having been used by another man, from her husband desperately trying to reclaim her as his wife. Andrew sagged on top of her, holding onto her tightly.

"I'm so sorry." She sobbed into the crook of his neck, Andrew pulling his arms up and cradling her against him.

"Don't be! Don't be!" He begged her, his voice wavering as he rocked her back and forth.

Emily had slept with another man, and would have to keep sleeping with another man, and all because she couldn't keep her job, because she couldn't find a better one. As she wept, she remembered her confessions, the look on her husband's face as he learned things about her she never wished him to know. She had so much to confess to him, so much to reveal. She couldn't let him find out while the wolf took her, while her husband watched her act out a performance she knew all too well.

"It'll be ok!" He promised her.

"It'll be ok." He assured her, and she nodded her head into the crook of his neck.

It'll be ok, Emily thought as her husband comforted her, praying that he wouldn't stop loving her when he discovered what kind of woman he'd married.