

When the couple had woken up Saturday morning, they spent the entire day in a kind of awkward state of silence. Neither had much to say to each other. It was a strange period where both of them had to digest what had happened the previous day, and even when Andrew felt the need to reach out to Emily, he held back. It felt like she was the one holding in the most but wasn't ready to let it out yet. He gave her space, and maybe she was doing the same for him.

What followed that Sunday was a confession from Emily, something that left her husband uncertain of what he thought he knew about his wife. The feline sat on the couch next to Emily, the coyote starting off with a kind of fragile confidence that broke down into her becoming emotional and broken by the end.

When Emily was in high school, she'd been... She was the school slut, and apparently everyone knew it. She was proud of it even at first. Emily developed a horrible reputation, slept around with multiple classmates from her and other schools, and was even pregnant during her own graduation. What Andrew had to listen to was a whirlwind of history that his wife and her family had made sure to hide.

She miscarried shortly after she got her diploma, and since the child had developed into a coyote like its mother Emily had no idea who the father was. They never asked her previous partners for a DNA sample to figure out who the father was, because they didn't want to tell a young man that his first-born son was dead. They kept that a secret from everyone.

After losing her baby she broke down, fell into a depression. Her parents then moved to just outside of San Fernando, about a three hours drive from where they were from. They literally left it all behind so their daughter could start somewhere new where no one would be the wiser. Emily never talked about her childhood much, at least not high school. She'd done a really good job on keeping that part of her life a tight secret.

Andrew had met her when she was only 20 years old. His wife spent two years in San Fernando trying to rebuild herself, and when he'd found her, he had no idea how fragile a person she still was at the time.

Emily sat there next to him on the sofa, slowly coming to tears as she told her story, until he found her in his arms, hugging her tightly. He never said anything, the feline just let his wife talk until she had said everything she needed to say.

But when she finally finished, he didn't know where to begin. What was a man supposed to say after being given so much to chew on? Andrew didn't know. So, he held her tight, and hoped that his feelings for her would translate through his embrace.

She hugged him as tight as she could, having moments of tears while they sat there on the couch that Sunday, slowly learning how to deal and cope.

When he finally spoke to her, he told her he still loved her, and would keep loving her, and she started sobbing once again. He started crying, too. Andrew had no idea his wife had kept so much from him, that her family had done the same. Six whole years.

None of it changed their marriage. Even if he'd known what would it have changed? They got married, shared their ups and downs. She never told him she didn't want children, and they'd even talked about it. They were just waiting a bit longer.

Later, in the middle of the week, Andrew decided to tell her how things were going at work. Nothing seemed to have changed, and John never mentioned anything about Friday, almost like it had never happened. He thought that was a good thing, since it meant working his shift went by smoothly, and he could focus and not have to worry about anything his boss might do or say.

The day after that Emily confessed to him in the evening after they'd gone to bed, hugging him tight and quietly explaining that the reason why she was so vanilla, or even sometimes cold to him in bed, was because she was afraid he would think she was a slut, that he'd figure out what she was like in high school and start hating her, or mistreating her like other men did that she'd been with.

The next day they had to talk again about Friday, which was getting closer. Did she want to continue this? Now that Andrew knew more, knew about her history, he felt it was so much harder to go through with it, but it was Emily that insisted on going through with it, reminding her husband that they didn't have any other choice until she found a better job.

When Friday finally came Andrew worked his usual shift, and on the way out he walked by John's office and saw it empty. He left without saying anything to him, almost grateful for having missed him. By the time he got home he had an unread message on his phone from John.

"Looking forward to tonight." It read.

He didn't know how to reply, or if he should.

Emily had already planned out what dinner was going to be and had everything started when Andrew got home. She'd cooked a stew last week, and so this time she was getting ready to bake a platter of fish. It didn't smell like much when he first stepped into the kitchen, but she'd cooked this a few times before so he knew it would look and smell delicious once it was done.

After she got the pan ready and slipped it into the oven, she left the kitchen for a moment only to return, asking if he'd come with her.

Andrew followed his wife up to their bedroom, and she asked him to help her pick out something to wear for tonight. He sat on the bed while she went through their closet. It was a quiet affair with her holding out items, but Andrew's heart wasn't in it. He didn't normally help her pick out anything that she wore, so this was unusual for him.

"He wanted you to wear a skirt last time." He pointed out.

Emily went back into the closet and stepped out with a black pencil skirt he recognized. He told her he liked that one when she wore it at last year's Christmas party. That put a smile on her face, but she walked it back into the closet and the cat could hear hangers being slid across the metal poles that held them aloft.

She finally returned with two new items.

"Maybe one of these." She told him quietly, holding one up to herself. Both were loose 'flowy' skirts. Something good for summer, and they had a similar 'sway' to them to the sundress she'd worn last week. One skirt was yellow, and the other was a light blue. She'd bought them for the summertime, or maybe even Easter.

"I like the yellow one, but I think you look... classier in the black one." He told her, preferring the pencil skirt more. It hugged her body nicely, revealing her shape. He'd been so proud to be her husband when she put that skirt on. He remembered seeing other men watch her as she walked, and Andrew couldn't lie that he didn't feel a little smug over it. Emily was his beautiful wife. At least until now.

"I like the pencil skirt, too, but... If I wear one of these it will be easier for him to... Do what he wants." She replied quietly, averting her eyes and swapping out one skirt for the other, holding them against herself to see how they compared.

Andrew didn't ask her to elaborate on what she meant by that. He let it go and nodded, and told her she should pick the yellow one, which she did. Emily put the blue skirt away and began to search for a blouse to go with it, and when they were done, she had the skirt laid out with a plain white button-down blouse, short sleeved with a sunny yellow collar and cuffs.

She started stripping out of her clothing to change, and once she was down to her underwear she hesitated before stopping, standing next to the bed, and staring down at the two items she was going to change into.

"I shouldn't wear anything underneath." She finally said after a moment. "He liked that I didn't last time."

Andrew drew in a tight breath and nodded, but then reached out to touch her arm when she began to remove her panties.

"You did that last time. Wear something tonight. For me." He told her, exerting some control over the situation. She hesitated, then smiled at him and nodded.

"Do you like what I have on?" She asked him, turning, and letting him see her clearly. She'd put on a plain pair of black panties this morning with one of her white bras. Nothing fancy. Andrew tried to think. Again, he normally never got to pick out what she wore. She was always in charge of her own wardrobe, and maybe that was her hiding things, too. Maybe she was afraid of revealing what kind of outfits she liked or used to like when she was in high school.

But she was his wife still, and maybe he should tell her what to wear beneath her skirt and blouse.

"I think you should change. Wear one of your thongs." He told her, then remembered one of her bras he'd seen her wear before. It had only been a brief glance since she quickly put a shirt on over it, but for that short moment he'd loved the look of her in that particular bra.

She turned and walked over to their shared dresser and slid open a drawer and began to rifle through her underwear. He stood up and followed her, stopping next to her. She had all her bras and panties in the same draw, and he spotted the bra he liked. It was a pretty sky-blue color, and he reached out and grabbed it, and offered it to her.

"Do you have a thong that would match this?" He asked.

She took the bra and nodded, finding a thong that was blue, but of a different hue. Not the same but close enough, which was lucky since she only owned a tiny number of thongs.

"I think that will look really good on you." He told her, and then hugged her. She hugged him back and lifted her muzzle to his cheek and kissed him.

"I love you." She said.

"I love you, too."

She smiled, and then went back to changing with her husband watching her strip bare before putting her new underwear on, then the blouse and skirt. She looked to him when she was finished, and he smiled at how beautiful she looked. It was like she'd lost a couple years of her age wearing something so vibrant and youthful. She could have been in high school...

Emily smiled at him, and it was a real smile not something forced, and she spun around for him, her skirt flipping out wide around her legs before settling back down.

"You look beautiful, Em." He smiled back, and she looked at him with concern, noting the tone of his voice that he hadn't been able to hide. She stepped close and hugged him again.

When they got back downstairs, she checked on the fish while Andrew sat down on the couch where John had been sitting the week before. He'd probably sit here again tonight. After a few minutes of silence, he joined his wife in the kitchen and asked if she needed any help. Emily mostly had it covered, so just like the week before Andrew was sitting at the dinner table with the table settings made while his wife applied the finishing touches to dinner.

His phone started buzzing in his pocket, and when he checked his messages, he saw that John was letting him know that he was on his way. He'd be arriving on time, 8pm being only ten minutes away.

"He's on his way." Andre said aloud, and Emily nodded to herself.

"Everything's done. Fish is staying warm in the oven, and I'm heating up some garlic bread in the toaster." She replied, then started washing her hands before coming to join him at the table so they could wait together.

"He's going to want more tonight." She said after a few minutes of silence.

The toaster dinged, and Andrew watched his wife rise from her seat to check on the bread. She slid the pan from the toaster and began to carefully move the slices of bread to a serving plate.

"I think so, too." Andrew reluctantly agreed. Last week had been 'easy', John had even said as much. This week... His boss was going to want more.

When the bread was finished, she returned to her seat, a paper towel rested over the bread to protect it while they waited for their guest to arrive.

"I might..." She started to say, then stopped herself before slipping her hands under the table, Andrew knowing she was wringing her hands in her lap as she looked down, hiding the shame on her face. "Last week, I..."

She lifted her head and drew in a tight breath, and Andrew stood up and stepped around the table to kneel down beside her, catching her arm pulling her hand to his face.

"It'll be ok." He assured her, holding the back of her hand to his cheek. She twisted her hand free and slipped her hand behind his head, the coyote leaning forward to pull him into an embrace, his head resting against her chest.

"I'm afraid of what I'll become when I'm with him." She whispered painfully. "That you'll see what I used to be like."

He pulled his head away and looked up at her, and reached up to cup her face, holding her cheeks in his palms as he stared into her eyes. He was afraid of what he'd see tonight, too, of what he'd hear.

"You're MY wife, Emily. You'll be the same woman tomorrow that you were today, and the day we got married. Nothing can happen that will change that!" he told her, dropping his hands as she drew in an uneasy breath, his hands catching the back of her chair and the table so he could pull himself upright. He reached for her and drew her up with him, tugging her close and hugging her.

"I love you." She said into his chest, her voice muffled by his shirt.

"I love you, too!" He replied, squeezing her tighter.

The doorbell rang, making them both jump. They each stared towards the living room, and the door that waited for them. Andrew checked his wife and saw she had her eyes closed, taking slow breaths, her heart racing. He rubbed her shoulders and kissed her on the cheek. She lifted her head to him and kissed him back on the lips. They let the kiss linger until the doorbell rang again.

"He-He's waiting." She said, his wife visibly nervous.

"I'll get the door. You get dinner out on the table. Just..." He started to say, then stopped himself, thinking, shutting his eyes while he took a step back until he knew he had to leave to get the door.

"Just?" She prompted him.

"Don't worry about me. Whatever he asks of you, just... Do what you need to do." He said, feeling a small awkward lump in his throat as he turned and left her in the kitchen, the coyote drawing in a breath before making towards the stove.

'Do what you need to do', her husband had told her. Emily knew that, but she was afraid of it. She knew what she could do, had lived it, experienced it. What Emily feared most was that Andrew would see her do every bit of it tonight, seeing all of that history coming to the surface after having been buried for so long.

In the distance the front door opened, two men spoke with one voice louder than the other, sounding friendly and in good cheer. Emily pulled the pan of baked fish from the oven, the smell of it was intoxicating. She'd always been a good cook, but she never would have imagined her skill in the kitchen being used like this.

And afterwards her other skills would be put to use, skills she'd thought she'd never use again. For so many years she'd held back from her husband, from being cold towards him to stifling his passion for her. She'd been so afraid of giving herself to him completely, afraid that she'd go a step too far and repulse him, that he'd look at her the same way many others had back then.

"Well, good evening!" His deep voice rang from the kitchen doorway. She turned, holding the platter in her gloved hands. The wolf stood with her husband standing just behind him, looking uncomfortable. Andrew's boss was taller, broader, more fit, making the wolf the sort of man that was just as intimidating to her as he was to her Andrew. Just for different reasons. She put on her best smile, knowing it was a façade, and the wolf probably knew it, too.

"Hello!" She replied. "You're just in time for dinner."

And their dinner was delicious, just as good as it smelled, and John ate well. There was still plenty of fish in the pan for leftovers, but there was enough missing to show that at least one person at the dining table loved what they'd been served.

"This was delicious, Emily. I don't think I've ever had baked fish before." John told her from his seat. He sat at one side of the table with Emily on the other to his right. Andrew was seated across from him.

"Thank you, I don't make it often. I'm glad you enjoyed it." She told him.

Andrew thought she was doing a good job of making conversation despite their circumstances.

John hadn't even made any mention of their arrangement, or even complimented her outfit apart from saying she 'looked lovely'. During dinner John had also kept their conversation partly work related, in which there were plenty of work topics for the two men to discuss that they hadn't discussed at work. Andrew was still trying his best to avoid the wolf at work whenever he could.

"Well, I've had about as much as I can eat. Was the bread store bought?" The wolf asked, but his wife had to correct him that it wasn't. She'd made it herself. Not the bread itself, but the garlic, butter, and seasonings.

He thanked them both for dinner, then asked if they minded moving everyone to the living room. It was starting again, Andrew having almost fooled himself again into thinking that maybe this was a normal dinner, but as soon as the silverware was left down on the plates the mood shifted with John admiring Emily a lot more than he had moments before, clearly looking forward to what was going to come next.

But the married couple agreed and all three rose from their seats. Emily stalled by saying she'd need to put the leftover fish away so it wouldn't go bad. John didn't mind, and he left towards the living room with Andrew following him.

"How about you take a seat there, Andy." John suggested, pointing towards the lone seat by itself where Emily had first sat the previous Friday. Andrew reluctantly agreed, taking a seat while John took a seat of his own on the couch, one leg crossed comfortably over the other while they waited for Emily.

"Finances any better?" The wolf asked.

“Um, yeah, a bit.” He replied, the thousand dollars from last week went a long way. As soon as they deposited it in the bank it immediately vanished to cover their debt, catching them up a bit and giving the two of them some breathing room, but that room wouldn’t last long.

“Good! I’m really glad to hear that. It’ll get better next month, too, soon as I start paying you weekly.” The wolf replied earnestly, John looking over towards the doorway to the kitchen, the men listening to the distant noise of kitchenware being shifted, activity being made.

When Emily returned, she saw her husband was sitting in the chair with only the couch available.

“How about you show me what you picked out to wear tonight, Emily. I see you went with a skirt.” He told her, and she stepped further into the living room, moving in front of the couch to display her outfit for John. Without being told to, she slowly spun herself around so the wolf could see her from all sides.

“Love it. You look real gorgeous tonight.” He told her, and Andrew’s face flushed hot. His own heart was racing, feeling warm at sitting by the sidelines while his wife paraded herself in front of another man. The cat always enjoyed it when other men admired Emily, because it gave him a bit of an ego boost since she was married to him and not any of those other men that might have eyed her from afar.

But this was different. Here was a man admiring her that was actually going to put his hands on her, do things to her... It was only one layer of the familiar sensation he got from being out in public with Emily, but all the other layers he was forced to feel were foreign to him.

“T-thank you.” She whispered, stopping with her facing the wolf. He stuck out his hand, palm up, and the gesture was clear to everyone in the room. She lifted her hand and reached out, taking John’s hand and then she was gently tugged towards the couch and guided down to sit next to him. As soon as she was settled in next to the wolf, John slid his arm behind her back and let his hand come to rest possessively on her hip.

“You really do look good tonight, and I’m glad you picked out a skirt for me this time. It’s nice.” He told her, and she nodded.

“Um, we thought I should, since I didn’t last time.”

“We?” He asked, glancing over at Andrew who felt his cheeks burn a little more red.

“We, we picked the outfit together.” Emily answered.

“I see, well you both did real good. A cute outfit like this shaved a few years off you, you know?” He told her, looking down at her chest.

Andrew listened, and remembered his own thoughts from before, how Emily seemed younger in such a bright and cheerful outfit. John had noticed it, too. He squirmed slightly in his seat, putting his hands on the armrests, and trying to keep himself natural, hoping he could stifle the urge to squirm any further or give away his discomfort.

“I- didn’t. Thank you.” She tried to smile, but it was clear she was embarrassed and unsure of what she was supposed to do. The coyote was stalling, knees locked tight together with her

hands in her lap. Andrew could tell she was suppressing the urge to squirm and fidget like he was, but the result was that she didn't look natural or calm, but stiff. Uncomfortable.

"I'm not going to mistreat you." He said then, the change in his tone was sudden, and the choice of his words rang loudly to Andrew and Emily alike. She blinked nervously and was confused and uncertain how to reply.

"Since you didn't stop me from coming a second time, which you could have, I figure you must really need the money." He continued when neither of them said anything. "As much as I want to fuck you, Emily, and as much as my name is John, I won't be the type of 'John' that leaves a hooker in worse shape than how he found her."

Emily was blushing beat red beneath her fur, looking down between her knees while Andrew couldn't help but squirm. Certainly, everything the wolf was saying was something good to hear, but the fact he said it at all had come as a surprise! At least, it had to him, and to Emily he wasn't sure. He couldn't get a read on how she felt.

"You can watch us, Andy. I don't even care if you jerk it, since she is your wife." He turned his attention to Andrew, and the mere suggestion of him pulling his dick out while he watched his wife with him... How was he supposed to respond to that! Watching them last time did give him an erection, but he hadn't wanted it! Was that why he was telling him this? Andrew's face felt as hot and red as Emily's with embarrassment, and even shame, from the reminder of how his body had betrayed him last week.

"I- I'd like you to stay with me." Emily spoke up, if still a whisper, her looking to Andrew who shared a look with her. She didn't want to be alone with John, and that... made sense.

"I won't mistreat you, Emily." The wolf told her again, leaning his head down to hers and nudging her with the end of his snout affectionately. She shivered, drawing her hands up to her chest to hug herself. She looked like she didn't know what to do.

"Look at me." He told her, and she looked at him with her eyes. "All the way, look at me."

The authority he wielded with his voice left her turning her head to look straight at him, and he lifted his other hand to catch her chin. He drifted his face to hers until they were practically nose to nose.

"I'm going to leave you tonight exactly as I found you, looking like the prettiest little housewife I've ever seen. I can't be doing that if I hurt you any, understand?" He told her.

She didn't say anything, didn't nod for the hand on her chin.

"I promise, tonight I'm gonna take good care of you from start to finish, and when I leave, you'll be right back in that cute skirt of yours." He told her, and Andrew could have heard a pin drop with how silent the room felt apart from John's deep voice.

Despite the hand on her chin, Emily nodded.

"Whenever you're ready to start, just let me know, and we'll start." He tells her, then let go of her chin to lean back into the couch, his other hand still resting on the side of her hip while Emily sat



there embarrassed and confused, eyes darting to her knees, then to the floor, then to her husband.

The wolf was going to make her choose, and she was struggling to make the decision herself. She looked away from her husband and back to her knees, to her hands, which were fidgeting in her lap. Andrew knew she was afraid of what would happen once they got started, and he was honestly afraid, too, now that it was so close to happening.

Andrew didn't know what would come next, but Emily feared she did. When she looked back to him, they shared another look, and darted his own eyes to John who was patiently waiting next to her, making no attempt to speed the process along.

Emily didn't look away from him, her face was pleading, like she...

"It'll be ok." He told her, his voice coming out far quieter than he'd hoped. She nodded, agreeing with him.

"I- We, can, um, start." She whispered, body quietly shivering next to the wolf's.

John slid the hand on her hip upwards, and right beneath her blouse. She gasped as his hand stopped somewhere next to her breast before sliding forward. Andrew began to shiver as he watched his boss grope his wife's chest, the unseen hand rotating beneath the white fabric like he was trying to knead Emily's breast like a lump of dough.

She shuddered against him, looking down and keeping her hands in her lap while the wolf fondled her.

"It's gonna be alright." The wolf told her, mimicking Andrew's own statement while John dipped his snout down into the crook of her neck, the cat hearing his boss draw in a lungful of his wife's scent.

John's free hand reached over and grabbed Emily by the thigh closest to him, his fingers running up along her fur until he was pushing her skirt aside. His hand disappeared under her skirt just as the other had vanished beneath her blouse.

"Ah!" The coyote gasped sharply, squirming hard against the wolf, her hands trying to pull her skirt down as John dug his hand deeper, Emily gasping even louder and breathing rapidly as her body was groping and kneaded.

Andrew's eyes were wide as saucers, his hands back to his knees as clenched fists as he tried to keep still, his heart racing, feeling angry at himself as the gasping and breathing of his wife slowly turned him on, his cock betraying him again until he had to shut his eyes and suck in a deep breath.

Her gasping continued until it stopped, turning into something different, muffled. Andrew opened his eyes again to find Emily biting her lip, breathing hard through her nose while John hugged her tight to him, the wolf looking down at her crotch, her fists balling her skirt up in her hands while his own dug deeper between her thighs.

His arm was rhythmically gyrating against her, rising and falling beneath her skirt with the coyote's gasps barely being contained by her mouth, the girl's jaws clenched shut as tightly as her eyes.

"That's it." Andrew heard the wolf whisper, and then suddenly John started jerking his hand rapidly under Emily's skirt, breaking her tightly sealed lips apart with a sharp gasp that left her eyes popping open. She grabbed his wrist, tried to stop him, but failed, tried using both hands and failed, too.

"Almost there." He kept going, his hand moving even faster under her skirt now, Emily gasping so loudly she was almost howling, her husband only now picking up the sound of something wet as the wolf's hand furiously moved from beneath the flowing fabric of his wife's skirt.

"God!" She doubled forward, chest heaving, Emily's body shuddering from head to toe as her legs trembled and shook in front of her. The wet sound was louder now as John leaned forward with her, the girl hunching forward, gasping deeply, and moaning as the sloppy noise of wet slapping rose even louder from between her legs.

Andrew was watching, speechless, as his eyes remained glued to his wife's face. Her eyes were wide open, mouth hanging agape. Emily was looking skyward, her pupils half hidden by her eyelids as she continued to shudder between the wolf's chest and her own thighs. When she finally slowed down, hers gasping having devolved into a laborious pant, John removed his arm from her under her heaving chest.

As soon as Andrew caught sight of his boss' hand, he noticed John's fingers were dripping wet. He swallowed a mouthful of spit, felt himself sitting in a state of shock of what he'd just watched. Emily panted a little louder, the coyote's face red under her fur as she stared bewildered at the floor.

"How about you show me where the bedroom is." Andrew heard the other man say, and Emily nervously nodded her head, making to stand with wobbly legs. The wolf rose from the couch with her and once they'd both stood she looked to her husband, shame stitched across her face, her chest still rising and falling heavily.

She swallowed, and looked to John, and nervously took him by the hand and began to walk him towards the stairs that led to their bedroom. Andrew, still in shock himself, stiffly stood, and followed behind the pair as they rose the steps. As the cat made his own way up the stairs he found wet spots across every step, the liquid glistening under the stairwell's light.

He swallowed again and looked up to see his wife's back turned towards him as she guided John to the bedroom. The fur between her thighs was soaked dark and wet all the way to her knees.

When they all reached the bedroom, John grabbed Emily by her hips and cradled them in his hands, rubbing her sides up and down through her skirt.

He turned, then noticed Emily's vanity.

"Sit there, Andy, if you're intent on watching us fuck." The wolf told Andrew, the cat noticing the little cushioned stool. The white vanity had been a wedding gift from Andrew's parents,

something to welcome their new daughter into the family. The cat quietly stepped over to it and drew the little stool out from beneath the vanity to sit.

While he got comfortable at the vanity the wolf continued to roam his hands about Emily's body. He had her facing the bed, neatly made for whatever would happen tonight. He turned her around to face him and started unbuttoning her blouse from the top working down.

With each button undone, more of her chest was exposed, the blue bra they'd picked out becoming visible more and more until John took the sides of her blouse and pulled them apart, tugging the item off her shoulders and yanking the blouse down her arms.

Emily stood there, nearly trembling, her chest rising quickly as she held her eyes shut, her lower lip caught between her teeth.

"Look at me." He told her, and she opened her eyes and looked at him.

"Don't close them again. I like seeing a girl's eyes when I'm screwing her." The wolf said, and nodded sharply, but said nothing.

Emily continued to look at him, her eyes nervously moving about the wolf's features, Andrew could see it. His pants felt tighter, far tighter than they had any right to feel as he sat on his little stool, hands again balled into fists over his knees as he watched the wolf patiently take in the sight of the coyote in just her bra and skirt.

The wolf stuck his fingers under the waistband of her skirt and slid them around until he had his hands at her backside, John stepping in close almost like he was hugging her. He undid the back of the skirt and let the garment fall to the floor with the blouse before taking a big step back and eying her up and down.

He was smiling, a big look of satisfaction on his face.

"Fucking gorgeous. I always knew she was a looker, Andy, holy shit." John chuckled, then started walking around Emily until he was behind her, the coyote no longer knowing where to look with the wolf standing behind her. His hands appeared in front of her chest, cupping her breasts in his hands before he mashed them together.

She gasped, the wolf grinding his crotch against her backside, her delicate hands clasping together tight, nervously fidgeting in front of her trim stomach. Andrew fidgeted, too, struggling in his seat while he watched his wife being put on display, the wolf now hooking his fingers under the cups of her bra and pulling them down, her pert and ample breasts popping free.

Each nipple was proudly erect, stiff as a board, her body ignorant to the circumstances Emily was in as she shivered against the strong body of the wolf behind her.

Andrew watched as John cupped her breasts again, grabbing her nipples between his thumbs and index fingers, twisting and pulling at them gently while Emily let out a squeak before clamping her mouth shut tight.

She looked once to her husband, then away, furiously blushing, no doubt ashamed of herself for not just being on such lewd display, but for how her body was responding to the big wolf behind her.

"Your tits are incredible." He growled to her, and she squirmed, her legs locking together like she was carrying a dime between her knees.

He reached behind her and unsnapped her bra, tossing it aside by the strap.

John put his hands around her again, massaging her hips before grabbing the sides of her thong and pushing them down over the curve of her hips. Her underwear dropped only to catch between her locked together thighs. When he started fingering her again she began to moan from behind her tightly clenched teeth, nostrils flaring as her breathing quickened against her will, one of her small hands grabbing at John's wrist.

"She gets wet quick, Andy!" The wolf laughed, the bigger male glancing at the cat before looking back down at his handiwork, Emily struggling to keep her knees steady as two big fingers dug in between the lips of her pussy.

Andrew shivered, his cock straining at his pants tighter and tighter, the pressure becoming uncomfortable with his gaze glued to the sight of the wolf's finger hooking inside his wife's bare pussy, the noise of them slipping and sliding rapidly between her folds filling the silent room.

"W-wait!" Emily broke her silence, her legs buckling, the wolf wrapping his free hand around her, holding her tight around the chest with one arm while he rapidly pumped her pussy with the other.

"Cum!" He told her sharply, his head leaning over her shoulder.

"I- I can't!" She shouted, her mouth hanging open as her legs buckled, the liquid dripping off John's hand running down her legs and onto the floor.

Andrew squeezed his fist tighter, trembling from head to toe as he watched his wife throw her head back, her mouth hanging open as she broke down into a rapid pant, chest heaving from behind the wolf's strong arm.

"Cum for me, slut!" He ordered her, and she shouted, not a word, but a noise. Andrew watched the wolf expertly tugged his fingers free of her sodden tunnel, then with just three fingers held out straight he started rubbing her clit like he was trying to tear through a scratch off ticket.

"God!" She screamed, her body shaking even harder, more violently than she had downstairs at the couch. She fought against her, struggling, legs spasming and kicking while Andrew sat dumbfounded at the display he was witnessing. He'd never seen his wife act this way! She'd never behaved like this with him, this was a different person!

Andrew held his tongue, sitting back in the stool, realizing all at once that Emily was right. As the coyote howled, thrashing against the smug wolf whose fingers still continued to maul her cunt, she was a different person. This is what she was afraid her husband would see.

He felt cold, hot, shivered, trembled, his cock harder than he'd ever felt it. The swirling maelstrom of emotions in his body were too confusing to pick apart from one another. The only things that rang loudest and clearest were his own arousal and the potent shellshock of watching his wife morph into another woman before his eyes.

John removed his hand from her cunt and wrapped both arms around her, holding her up on her feet nice and tight while she panted, her breathing hard and heavy, tears beginning to soak her cheeks. Andrew watched her eyes flutter, his wife dazedly staring down at the floor while she caught her breath until she began to drool, her having enough cognition to realize it before shutting her mouth and swallowing a mouthful of spit.

"You cum like a firecracker, slut. Love it!" John growled, sounding smug and cheerful together.

Emily was too winded to reply with words, but to Andrew's ears it... sounded like she'd hummed a yes. His heart was racing, he couldn't lie to himself. John was right, his Emily had cum like a 'firecracker', something so intense it couldn't be described as anything other than an explosion! Was this her? Was this what she was like before they'd ever met?

"You said she likes it when you bend her over to fuck her, right?" the wolf asked, looking straight at Andrew who immediately stiffened when the attention was placed on him.

"Uh-y-yeah." He stammered, his voice wavering with nervous energy.

"Well, guess that's what I'll do once she gets me lubed up with spit." He replied, looking back down at her, and her still trembling body.

"Come on, stand on your own feet." He told her, and let his arms slip from around her. Andrew felt the instinct to leave the stool, to leap to her aid and catch her, but he was glued still as the wolf caught her himself with his hands on her shoulders.

Emily's feet were planted on the carpet, her knees rocking quickly back and forth for a moment before she swallowed another mouthful of spit and rose upright on her own. On trembling legs, she wobbled, but was standing, and John let her go.

Then she turned around on her own and faced the wolf, reaching out to his jeans and started undoing them. Andrew couldn't see her hands work, but as he listened to his boss' pants open, her tail was swaying from side to side. She yanked on his pants, drawing them south, and the wolf pulled his shirt up and over his head before tossing it aside.

His wife stepped out of her panties, then knelt down to pull the jeans down further. That enormous cock was already half erect as soon as it was free of his clothing. Without being told to do anything Emily leaned in and started kissing and licking at his boss's nuts. She made out with them like they were lovers, the wolf's cock hardening and lengthening with every powerful beat of the man's heart until his full length draped heavily over her face.

While she kept her hands busy removing his jeans, she kept her mouth full of the wolf's sack. When John was finally able to pull his feet free of his shoes, then kicked aside his jeans, Emily grabbed his cock and started swallowing it. From his tip to his knot her muzzle engulfed him, barely a gag from the coyote as she started working her head over his prick, lubing him just like he'd told her too before.

She wrapped both hands around his sheath and tugged until his knot popped free, the wolf giving a sigh of relief.

"Good girl." He growled down at her.

She was looking up at him while she sucked his cock, quickly and easily moving her head up and down his girthy shaft like it was a talent of hers. Emily throatied him again with only the smallest trouble, a quiet gag filling the room before she drew her head back until his cock left her mouth with a wet pop. His cock was drooling with spit, as lubed up as it could have ever been.

"You like sucking dick, don't you?" He asked her, and she nodded her head silently before pressing her head back underneath his cock. The spit coated log dripped over her head, and Andrew's eyes widened as he watched his wife begin to nuzzle herself up against the massive dick draped over her face.

He grabbed her by an ear and pulled her head away, wrapped his free hand around his knot and flicked his dick, slapping his cock across her cheek a few times. Andrew watched, shocked, as his wife actually tilted her head, straining against the hand on her ear, offering her face to the tool she was being gently bludgeoned with.

"Ready for me to park this dick in your cunt?" He asked her.

She nodded her head, and he let her go and stepped to the side.

"On the bed. Face down, ass up." He told her, and Emily obeyed. The coyote crawled up onto the bed, the wolf swatting her on the ass as she passed him by. Her ass swayed with every foot of progress she made until she was in the center of the marriage bed, ass lifted high in the air with her tail draped over her back, chest pressed flat to the bed in a display of flexibility Andrew had never seen her do before.

"That's a good girl." The wolf replied, admiring her from the foot of the bed as he crawled up to join her, planting both hands on her ass to pry her cheeks apart, his head diving in to lick across her cunt before planting a kiss over her folds.

Emily shuddered, squirmed, moaned. She was burying her face into the bed, her hands grabbing handfuls of the covers as she arched her back more, offering herself up fully to John while her husband continued to sit helplessly by the vanity several feet away.

Andrew swallowed a hard lump in his throat, the lump in pants even more painful with how tightly he was straining against his clothes. It angered him that he was so hard, but watching his wife on display like this, seeing how beautiful she was even with the terrible circumstances... He shut his eyes to hide but forced them back open. He wanted to look but also wanted to hide!

The wolf rose up on his knees and started massaging her backside, letting his hands explore her ass for a few moments before he finally licked his chops, sliding his tongue across his lips to gather the last of the married woman's flavor. Once he was satisfied, he reached for himself, the cat no longer able to see the wolf's cock now that his boss' back was turned towards him.

From where he sat Andrew couldn't see the moment his wife was taken by another man, but he could hear it. The moment John's cock touched her lips she gasped quietly, then as he sank between her petals she began to groan, almost painfully.

"Tight little slut, aren't you?" He growled, and Emily squirmed.

Then she gasped again, a sound that quickly turned into panting as she pulled tight at the bed, her body tensing up from head to toe. The wolf sank himself deeper, his hips sliding forward slowly, and she groaned again until the noise drew out long and loud while the wolf's hips pressed onward.

She spat out a whimper, her back rising and falling quickly as she drew in quick breaths.

"Almost there."

Andrew could see the one hand on his wife's hip, the wolf gripping her tightly, then he yanked her ass back. Emily yelped, her eyes bolting wide open like saucers, her body shuddering.

"God!" She shouted, her mouth then falling into an open pant.

Andrew fidgeted in his seat, unable to see what he was doing to Emily, but he could hear it! It was driving him nuts with shame burning bright on his face, the deadly thrill of arousal turning his cock into an angry rod. He discovered he was quietly panting, confused on his little stool, eyes glued to the wolf who held Emily's backside in his hands while his hips slowly ground into hers.

"J-John." She whimpered, and Andrew's ears perked up at the sound of her low voice.

"You're doing fine. Just sit there a spell while your cunt learns how to swallow its dinner." The wolf told her, his hands slowly rubbing her ass now while he kept her rump glued to his thighs, keeping the coyote still while she adjusted to the size of his cock.

After a minute had passed them by, John began to withdraw his cock, making his wife gasp and shudder as he did so. When he pushed himself back in, he started fucking her, the motion of it was slow and gentle, easing his big prick into her body at pace she could endure.

The longer his hips rocked against hers the more he increased his pace. The coyote pawed at the bed, squirming and grunting with every thrust that met her hips, but as his speed increased so did the frequency of her moans. By the time their rutting reached a steady drumbeat pace, Emily was breathlessly panting, trying to push herself up onto her elbows while John had his way with her.

"Atta girl." He growled, slamming her hips back into his, her howling for the first time on his cock.

When she'd successfully pushed herself onto her elbows John stopped, drawing one leg up to plant a foot on the bed, then started fucking her again, using his hands as anchor to solidly rock her hips in sync with his own thrusts.

The noise of their union was loud, filling the bedroom like a studio filled with half naked starlets and their stunt dicks. John was merrily panting over her body, enjoying the tight sodden folds of a married cunt while the coyote slowly lost herself to the wolf's dick.

Her cries were loud, passionate, her hands clawing at the bed while her tail flipped back and forth across her back. The grip John had over her backside was almost enough to hide the energy with which she was throwing herself back at him, her eagerness to get fucked being drawn out of her with every collision of their hips.

Andrew watched as his own wife howled again, her body shuddering as an orgasm took her, the noises she made sounding like a foreign language. She'd always been so modest and reserved before, and yet here she was on their bed letting loose everything she'd been hiding for the six years of their marriage.

John started rutting her even harder, slamming into her hard enough for the bed to start rocking, the wooden frame popping and creaking. Emily's howls stopped, swapping to loud exaggerated panting as she struggled to stay up on her elbows.

Soon, her panting grew high in pitch until she began to shudder again in climax. The sounds she was making were loud and continuous, a noise maker that kept shifting from one string of notes to another until she was shouting again, the coyote falling back to the bed with her hands clawing at the covers.

"That's it!" The wolf growled loudly, leaning over her more, letting his weight begin to press her tight to the bed.

The wolf's heavy nuts were swinging less, drawing up little by little to his body. The cat watched as his boss railed his wife like she was a whore, his erection teetering on the edge of release as a stain of pre grew across the fabric of his pants. Each and every noise escaping Emily's muzzle sent shivers through him, she sounded so incredible. He'd never heard her like this before!

"Ready, slut? Ready to earn your pay!" He growled down sharply at her, and she kicked her legs out, letting both of them fall flat to the bed and against each other.

John kept fucking her, digging his knees into the bed to her either side, removing his hand from her shoulder and moving it down to her hips. With a double handed grip, he slammed himself home in her, no doubt cramming his obscene knot tight against her entrance.

"Fa-Fuck me!" She screamed, making Andrew jump in his seat, his erect teetering on the edge of release.

"Beg for it!" He snarled, baring his teeth, and threatening her with a love bite.

"Pleh-Please!" She shouted.

Andrew felt a shiver up his spine, excitement like lightning at the sound of her voice, so unfiltered and oozing a feral desperation he'd never heard from her before.

"You gonna be my whore from now on?" He growled again, and she started going crazy underneath him, her body rocked against him, grinding her ass back against his hips.

"Yes!" She screamed again, her legs beginning to shake behind her.

She screamed again, her body shuddering as the wolf slammed his hips in one more time, holding himself deathly tight against her body, the muscles in his arms and legs tightening up, flexing, straining. Suddenly, John's body slid forward with a wet pop.



The coyote yelped, a sharp and shrill noise, her toes spreading wide, head buried into the mattress before she started thrashing. She was howling into the mattress, pulling at the bedding. The wolf snarled and started bucking his hips into her again, tight short thrusts that grew in intensity until the bed was left rocking beneath them again.

When John snarled, hitching his hips up against the young wife beneath him she fell silent before throwing her head back, gasping. Her body went rigid for a moment before she melted back into the bed, a look of satisfied bliss on her face as her eyes rolled back, the wolf still snarling as his hips gently rocked into hers with a steady, intent, rhythm.

"Oh... Oh..." She panted, he growled, the coyote's most recent orgasm still echoing through her, but she was catching her breath now, basking in the glow of the wolf's own potent release.

"That's it." He growled down at her, still hitching his hips up against her ass.

"Oh, God..." She panted harder.

"Keep milking my cock."

For a solid minute or more after that the wolf continued to rock his hips into her, growling down at her, encouraging his 'slut' to continue drawing out every drop of cum she could. Emily panted, her voice echoing an ongoing and breathless 'Oh God!' as the wolf kept on filling her.

When he was finished, he wrapped his arms around her and rolled them both over. Andrew sat upright, eyes wide as his wife was flipped over with her back to his boss' chest. John grabbed one of her legs and pulled it to the side, exposing to the cat the point where their two bodies met.

Andrew swallowed hard, his body shivering as he stared with eyes glued at the firm tie the wolf had planted in his wife's cunt. His knot, lodged deep in the coyote's mound, tugged her lips white taut, the bottom of the huge bulb peeking out from within her while the rest of his cock bulged her stomach from her clit up to her navel. The noticeable swell around her tummy revealed the extent of his copious orgasm, the memory of how well John had painted Emily's face and chest the prior week flooded back to the cat.

"You did great." He was talking to Emily, who was quietly panting, her chest drawing in each breath nice and slow as she recovered.

"Andy, get my phone out of my pants pocket." The wolf said, his big hands groping the coyote's tits while the girl slowly roused, squirming in his lap while the two of them waited out the tie. The wolf's nuts were still quietly churning, too, a gentle twitch every other second signaling that John wasn't quite finished with her yet.

Andrew heard him, but felt frozen in his chair, afraid to move. He couldn't believe what he was seeing!

"Now, Andy, not next week." John spoke a little louder, the authority in his voice drawing the cat upright and onto his feet. His legs felt weak as he staggered forward on autopilot until he was kneeling on the floor fumbling his hands across the wolf's discarded pants until he found a hard lump in a side pocket. He pulled the phone out and stood, his erection rubbing harder against his clothing and threatening to make his knees buckle.

"You paying attention, slut?" He asked her now, reaching up a hand and grabbing her by the chin.

Her eyes looked to her husband, she blushed, then turned her head to face John, giving a small nod.

"Did you like getting fucked like a whore?" He asked her.

Andrew watched her visibly swallow before nodding to the wolf nice and slow.

"Good girl, that's what I want to hear."

He twisted her head back towards her husband.

"You want him to snap a photo of us together to celebrate?" He asked her, and to Andrew the look on her face was a look of confused acceptance. She started nodding, the corners of her mouth curling into a shy smile.

"Atta girl. Snap a photo of us, Andy."

"W-wha?" He stammered, then the wolf turned his gaze to the cat.

"Take a photo. I want a souvenir to take home with me tonight." He told him, and Andrew gulped, the front of his pants began to strain even tighter as he nervously aimed the cellphone at... his wife. He tried to turn the phone on, but it was locked. He couldn't believe he'd even tried to open it, that he hadn't refused.

"I-it's locked." He said, looking at the lock screen then up at his boss.

"2281."

He gulped again, and put in the code, unlocking the phone, and revealing the wolf's home screen. What greeted him for a wallpaper was a perfectly scenic photo of a sunset throwing gold and red over a lake. In the top right corner was the camera app, and he tapped it, and aimed it at the pair.

A moment of hesitation passed, then he did it. Everyone in the room could hear the snap of the app as it captured the scene. Emily was watching him, looking at her husband with a dopey smile as she snuggled against the wolf's warm body.

"Good boy, Andy. Now I'm about to yank my dick out of her. Film it." He commanded, and Andrew nodded, his finger tapping the screen until the red button appeared for him to begin filming.

"O-ok." He replied.

The wolf began to shift, moving his hands under her legs to reach down at her ass. Emily obediently aided him, spreading her legs wider apart as the wolf found her ass and took a firm grip. When John began to lift her off his cock, Andrew struggled to keep his hand from trembling as he filmed them.

That huge plug of a knot strained her lips from within the coyote's cunt, the swollen orb refusing to be unplugged from the warm socket it'd be planted in. She began to whine, squirming against him, until the knot began to slip free. With each millimeter of ground lost a thin rope of seed squirted out from around the seal. She yelped when his cock popped free, a deluge of slimy cum spilling free of her hole as John pulled her up high enough to let his entire length slip from her body.

"God!" She gasped, chest heaving.

"That's a good slut." He told her, then rolled her off him and onto the bed. The wolf's cum was everywhere, on her body, his body, the bed, and even more drooling from her freshly gaped pussy.

Andrew watched the wolf's cock, still at full size and positively drenched in cum, then looked over at his wife who now lay on her side panting as cum oozed from her. His knees trembled, the tightness of his pants proving to be too much for him. When he felt his own orgasm hit it left his knees buckling and he fell. The camera was still filming, and as he shivered from the climax exploding in his pants he fumbled with the phone to stop the recording.

As a damp spot grew in his pants and looked up, saw his boss looking at him with a wry smile.

"I think your husband liked the show." He turned to Emily and got her attention. Instead of looking at Andrew she looked to John, and the wolf grabbed her and pulled her to him.

Andrew's heart skipped a beat when her eyes fluttered, her lips puckering to give the wolf a kiss. He was shivering excitedly, completely confused, but nearly gasped when John turned his head away, avoiding her lips. His hand grabbed her behind the head and with a handful of her hair he tilted her muzzle down.

"Whores don't kiss their clients, slut. If you want to kiss something, then kiss my dick until it's clean." He told her, and Andrew's eyes could not have been any wider.

With a whine, and something that almost sounded like a pout she twisted her body around and put her head in his lap, her mouth immediately going to work to suck his dick.

Andrew watched as his wife eagerly started licking him clean, alternating between using her tongue and her entire mouth. Every few moments she'd swallow a mouthful of cum, then go right back to cleaning every inch of his rigid tool until he was left glistening with her spit.

"She's a good cock sucker, Andy." The wolf growled, the sound of it a low and satisfied rumble. Emily's hand was cupping his heavy nuts, massaging them gently while she licked up the last of the seed that had been spilled over himself.

"What's your favorite position, Andy?" He asked.

"Huh?" Andrew stammered, still on the floor and holding the phone.

"Go grab the stool and drag it over to the foot of the bed." He was told, and he struggled to his feet. "And put the phone down, you don't need it anymore."

He dropped the phone to the floor and stumbled over to the vanity and picked up the small stool and walked it back to the bed.

"What's your favorite position to fuck her in?" He asked again.

The cat's brain felt fried, he struggled to think, trying to recount all the times he and his wife had made love, trying to think of an answer.

"When I ride him." Emily whispered, the girl's head still in the wolf's lap. Even though she was busy nuzzling and rubbing her face against the other man's cock she was still listening well enough to answer when her husband couldn't.

Andrew stared, swallowing a mouthful of spit as the wolf grabbed her by the hair again and hauled her away from his cock.

"Show me."

She nodded and swung a leg over his lap and settled herself over his crotch. Andrew watched as she straddled his enormous dick, letting her cum drenched cunt drool over his length as she rocked her hips. Emily was grinding her cunt over his cock, coating it in a fresh layer of cum as more of the slimy substance oozed from her hole.

The coyote lifted herself up, planted her hands on the wolf's chest as he laid himself down onto the bed, drawing his arms up and crossing them under the back of his head.

Andrew felt like he was watching a brand-new woman, someone that was the spitting image of Emily, but was now a sultry vixen that knew exactly how to rock her hips back and forth as she ran her hands down her sides before slipping them between her legs. Andrew's legs felt weak, and he dropped down onto the stool, and was transfixed by his wife's backside as it swayed from side to side.

She reached down and grabbed the wolf's cock and lifted it up, nestling his tip against the dripping lips. When she sat down, she gasped, throwing her head back as he sank inside of her until the knot bumped at her entrance.

Emily leaned down and put her hands back on his chest and started riding him.

Andrew knew what this was like. She enjoyed doing this for him, holding her delicate hands against her husband's chest as she gently rode him, rocking her hips forward and back with a special kind of grace. The quiet sound of her voice cooing down at him, her little gasps. It was his favorite position, getting to look up at his wife's tender face and beautiful eyes as she made love to him.

The coyote hoisted her hips high, rising on her knees until the wolf was almost about to slip out of her cunt, before slamming her hips down. Again and again, she lifted her hips, amateurish at first but with each attempt she found herself a rhythm she liked. Not even a minute had passed since she'd started and Emily was slapping her ass down into the wolf's lap, gasping and grunting over him.

The cat watched as his wife's cunt, from his front row seat, swallowed his boss' cock from knot to tip, and as quickly as she could manage. Her pussy lips were stretched taut, Andrew's eyes

dancing from her strained labia to the cum slick cock slipping and sliding within her, and even down to the wolf's fat nuts, each bigger than Andrew's pair put together.

His heart was racing, watching this other side of his wife, seeing her assume the same position he knew from her so well, but applied to another man in a radically different way! His heart ached, but so did his cock as it swelled stiff again in his pants. The cum stain had grown cold, but his dick didn't care. The cat gripped his knees again, swallowing more spit down as he watched his wife begin to slap her ass down even harder.

She was grunting louder, panting louder, moaning for the wolf.

"Up on your feet, slut. Be a professional about it." Andrew heard the wolf say from the other side of the coyote.

Emily stopped, lifted one knee up and planted a foot down next to the wolf's hip, then did the same with the other.

She started riding him again, his hips bouncing now, hard and fast with John's hands reaching out to grab her by the ankles, holding her steady.

"That's it, slut, ride it!" He encouraged her, growling, his fists clamping down around her ankles tighter.

Emily was struggling, her panting and moaning louder still, but she was growing tired, quickly reaching the edge of her athletic limit. She didn't stop though. Andrew watched as she rode the wolf as hard as she could until she whined sharply, crying out as her legs began to give out, and even then, she was still energetically rocking her hips against his, grinding as much as she could.

"Atta girl!" John shouted and let go over her ankles.

Andrew couldn't see the wolf's face, but John pulled his hands out of view and grabbed something in front of her, then he spread his legs and planted his feet into the bed. He bucked his hips up, lifting the coyote briefly. His hips dropped and she quickly fell with him, the girl shouting with surprise.

As soon as she dropped, he bucked into her again, and then again, he kicked his hips up off the bed repeatedly, throwing the coyote off him only to be yanked back down. Andrew briefly caught a glimpse between their bodies, seeing that the wolf held both of her wrists in his hands, holding them tight to his chest.

She started wailing, each hard thrust of the wolf knocking her up a few inches into the air until she slammed back down onto his cock with force, knocking the wind from her lungs. She was shouting, panting, moaning, trapped into a state of brutal ecstasy that sent shivers up and down Andrew's spine.

He was being so rough with her, but she was loving it!

John didn't stop until a full minute had passed them by, the wolf frantically slamming his hips up into the coyote until his knot popped back inside her, making her howl in orgasm, her body

thrashing and shuddering over his. Once he was tied in her again, he wrapped his arms around her and squeezed her to his chest.

He pumped a second load of cum into her not long after that, using a long series of short vicious thrusts to bring himself to climax inside her, and Andrew sat there on his stool watching the entire thing. This time he had the clearest view of another man's balls throb and twitch as they filled her, his wife. Those huge orbs seemed to contain an endless supply of cum, draining everything they had into the coyote until John finally sagged onto the bed and relaxed himself, and his arms. Emily was limp atop him, her back rising and falling quickly as she caught her breath.

The wolf reached down to grab her ass, squeezing her cheeks, and kneading them before grabbing her legs and carefully spreading them out until she was doing the splits, then he pulled them up and hooked them over his shoulders so he could sit himself upright. He'd maneuvered her limp body with enough grace that Andrew knew it wasn't the first time he'd done something like this to a woman.

"I'll just make an even bigger mess if I pull out of her now. We're going to the shower." He told Andrew as he twisted himself on the bed and threw his legs over to stand, carrying the coyote in his arms with her legs sticking straight up between them.

Soon as he stood up with Emily in his grasp, he turned them both to look at the damage they'd done to the bed. Huge wet stains littered the middle of the mattress, soaking the bedding right through with sexual fluids.

"Why don't you make the bed, Andy, so your wife doesn't have to." The wolf told the cat before turning away and carrying the girl into the master bathroom, using his foot to kick the door nearly shut, only a thin crack being left between the door and the frame.

Andrew stared dumbly at the bathroom doorway, then back to the ruined bed. He drew in a breath and started to stand, thinking then about where Emily kept the other changes of bedding, feeling... obedient. Like a stunned zombie he started stripping the bed down of the soiled covers and sheets while the noise of a shower started in the distance.

Everything was covered in cum, and Andrew had to fold everything just right to keep anything from spilling onto the floor as he piled the ruined bedding next to the bed. While he retrieved the fresh sheets from the closet, he thought he could hear voices coming from the bathroom, and soon enough he began to hear a masculine grunting just over the roar of the water.

It made his heart race, his eyes moving to the thin crack in the doorway, wondering what they were doing in there if it wasn't taking a shower. Men didn't grunt if they were just trying to get clean. Andrew tried to ignore it, tried to tug the fitted sheet into place with his attention split between the shower running and the subtle evidence of a male growling and grunting.

Andrew had the fitted and flat sheets on the bed when he suddenly stopped, hearing John loudly grunt. Was... were they...

He hurried stepped around the bed towards the bathroom but stopped as soon as the grunting ended. Andrew shook his head, confused, not sure why he was so intent to see what they were doing, or why he wanted to watch. He made himself return to the clean bedspread, shaking it out and throwing it on the bed to fit into place.

Emily was a stickler for appearances, and he knew she would come in after him and change out the pillowcases for ones that matched if he didn't do it himself, so he returned to the closet with a set of four cases and began to change out the pillows.

He was on the third pillow when he heard Emily start screaming in orgasm, her shrill howling making the cat's knees buckle, his hands resting on the bed to hold him upright as his cock strained at his soiled pants. Andrew gulped, his mind glued to the mental image of the wolf hunched over his wife's body, cramming his huge cock inside her while her hands clawed at his muscular back.

It took all his willpower to focus on making the bed. He made it happen, and when the pair finally turned the shower off and stepped out of the bathroom, they were both freshly dried off, and standing together like a pair of... beautiful people.

Andrew almost hated how good they looked standing side by side, with his wife wrapping her arm around the wolf's like she was a school girl hanging off her crush's arm.

Emily looked at her husband, then at the freshly made bed and the pile of dirty bedding on the floor and smiled. She was in a daze, but recognized the effort, and she appreciated that her husband had done a good job of making the bed even if he'd picked out the wrong bedroom set for this time of year. The coyote knew she could change it out later after everything was cleaned.

John removed his arm from hers and gently clapped his hand over her ass and pushed, moving her forward until she was forced to take a step, John guiding her to stand in front of him. His hands found her shoulders and he held her still, aiming her at her husband who was still sitting on the little stool from her vanity.

"You were an excellent whore tonight. Worth every penny I spent." He told her, his lips next to her ear, his voice a gentle rumbling growl that made her heart flutter. Being forced to stand in front of her own husband like this, John admitting to such things in front of her Andrew, made her feel weak and warm. She nodded in agreement.

Emily had been a good whore, she knew it. She did everything he wanted her to do, and she'd... enjoyed it. Oh, she'd enjoyed it so much that the shame of it was now bubbling up to the surface, her poor husband staring at her with a look of anxious confusion, uncertainty, but... his pants were damp in the front. Had he cum from watching John and her?

"Now don't be shy, slut. How about you tell your husband what you told me in the shower." John told her, and she froze stiff, her knees locking together.

She didn't even care that he was calling her a whore and a slut. That's all she was now, a bitch that took a man's money and slept with him to earn it, right?

But she'd said things to John in the shower! She'd already sucked his dick plenty tonight, but... she didn't even hesitate to suck him off again once they got the shower running. His cock was incredible, and after she'd swallowed his cum he fingered her again, hard and rough with his big, strong hands. God, he was so good in bed! It was shameful how easily she melted under his attention, she couldn't have stopped it from happening if she'd tried, and she had! Right from

the moment he'd started fingering her on the couch she was done for, she was destined to be his whore.

And now he wanted her to confess everything to her husband...

"John asked me if I liked it." She whispered, and soon as she said it John squeezed her shoulders and whispered back to speak louder.

"I told him I loved how big his cock is." She admitted, looking away from her husband, at anything that wasn't her Andrew.

When John had dug his fingers into her cunt, drawing out yet another explosive orgasm in the shower stall, he'd asked her questions, filthy things like what she liked and how much she liked it!

"His cock is so huge, Andrew, I thought he was going to break me, but he didn't. I loved it when he knotted me, how full he left me feeling, like I could actually feel him reaching up to my stomach! I love it that John cums so much more than you can, God there was so much, and it tastes wonderful!" She confessed, her breathing speeding up, face burning red with shame as she laid it all out in the open just how much a whore she was, unable to look her husband in the eyes as she continued.

"N-no one has ever made me cum so hard in my life, I'd forgotten how much fun being a slut was, that getting fucked like whore could feel so good, that I'd ever loved it this much!" She finished, looking down and squeezing her eyes shut. Her body vibrated with a boiling mixture of arousal and shame, her pussy wet again and dripping between her clenched thighs.

John chuckled warmly next to her ear, and his hand left her shoulder and grabbed her by the chin and turned her head to face her husband.

"Open your eyes, slut." He told her, and she obeyed. She was his whore, of course she'd do whatever he wanted.

Emily looked, saw her husband staring at her with the widest eyes, a look of shock on his face, his legs spread with his hands trembling in tight fists on his knees. She saw he was pitching a tent in his pants. The fact that there was a damp spot in his pants meant he'd already cum once tonight, and yet there was ready for another go! Was he... turned on by her, by all of this? She looked back up at her husband's face.

She watched him swallow, and try to reply, but he was speechless, nervous, almost shivering.

"Does he look angry, like he's about to hand you a stack of papers?" John whispered to her from over her shoulder, Andrew looking away to him then back to her, his face telling her more than his missing voice could. He didn't look angry, but he did look confused, and tense. He looked so aroused...

She let out her held breath, the noise of it leaving her body like a gasp, and she drew in a shaky breath. Emily was so afraid to let herself feel even an ounce of relief.



“Andy is a bit of a cuck, he just didn’t know it until now, and it’ll take some time for him to figure it out himself. You’re gonna have to be there for him to help him out with that.” John continued, moving his hand back to her shoulder to give her what felt like... a reassuring squeeze.

He stepped around Emily, and Andrew thought the wolf was coming to him, but instead bent down to start picking up his clothing. The cat was confused, aroused, speechless. He watched his wife as she began following his boss around, bending over to help pick the wolf’s clothing up off the floor, shaking them out and checking for wrinkles.

“You’re done for the night, Emily. Thank you for the wonderful time.” He turned to her with a smile as he began to pull his shirt on. She nodded before replying that he was welcome. Hearing the wolf say her name was almost jarring, as Andrew had gotten accustomed to hearing him only refer to her as only slut or whore.

“I’ll say again that your cooking was delicious, Emily. Would you mind running downstairs and making me a plate of leftovers to take home?” John asked her, and she clasped her hands in front of her stomach and nodded happily.

“Oh, of course, I- I can do that!” She replied, looking away from the wolf then to her husband, then stepping back before doing a pivot on her heel. Andrew watched Emily, still naked, hurry out of the bedroom to make her way downstairs.

The wolf continued to dress himself, zipping up his pants at last leaving John the same now as he had been when he’d first stepped into the bedroom. Andrew was about the same, except the massive erection that wouldn’t go away, and the cold cum stain on the front of his pants.

“Stand up, Andy. Don’t have to sit like that just to watch your bull put his clothes back on.” He told him, and the cat stood, nervous and awkward, the wolf referring to himself as a ‘bull’ added another layer of confusion to what was already a mess.

“Your wife was the most incredible lay, best I’ve had in years!” He laughed, clapping Andrew on the shoulder, and pulling him in, the friendly demeanor coming from John reminiscent of the workplace banter they’d share before all of this got started.

“Um-uh, thank you. You’re welcome.” He replied, unsure of what else to say.

His boss then stepped close and put his arm around the cat’s shoulders, the wolf leaning in close to his face, close enough to leave the feline feeling nervous, almost submissive.

“I fucked Emily like she was a whore; we all know that. You, me, and especially Emily.” He told him quietly, seriously, Andrew feeling hot and cold at the same time as the wolf’s grip tightened around him, almost predatory.

“When she’s working to earn her pay, she’s my whore.” He told him, his lips dangerously close to the cat’s ear, making him shiver with the flashes of memory, the wolf’s body laying claim to Emily’s, fucking her raw, fucking her hard, making her howl and scream in climax, Andrew’s cock stiffening even harder at the recollection of it all.

“But outside of our arrangement, I’ve got no intention of treating her like that’s all she is. When she’s not my whore she’s Emily, your wife, and she’s the sweetest little housewife I’ve ever met, and the best damn cook whose plate I’ve had the pleasure of cleaning.” He finished, giving the

cat's shoulder a gentle squeeze, the confusion playing out across Andrew's face must have been noticeable, because the wolf chuckled in reply.

"I might be fucking your wife, Andy, but I'm not an asshole. Right from the start I told Emily I wasn't going to mistreat her." He told him.

Andrew nodded, confused still.

"I- I mean, yeah. I mean, thank you. Thank you." He nearly stammered, trying his best to reply, the combination of emotions in him making it so difficult to keep his thoughts straight!

John stepped aside, freeing the cat from his grasp. With both men dressed, the wolf pointed to the pile of dirty bedding and suggested that Andrew should walk that downstairs if that's where the laundry room is kept. The cat agreed and he bundled the items up, smelling the scent of another man's cum from the soiled fabric.

When they got back downstairs Andrew quickly left for the laundry and tossed the bedding into the clothes hamper. When he got back, he found his wife leaving the kitchen with a Tupperware container full of food, still just as naked as she was before, looking almost vibrant.

"Thank you, Emily! I'll be sure to enjoy this tomorrow." The wolf told her as he took the container from her. They were now all standing in the living room near the front door.

John reached down to his pocket, found it empty, then chuckled.

"I forgot my phone. Can you run up and grab it, Andy? I'm sure it's on the floor somewhere." He told the cat. Andrew nodded, looked to his wife, then turned to make a run back up the stairs.

Emily was left alone with John, the large wolf looking at her with a pleased expression on his face.

"You were wonderful tonight, Emily. I really enjoyed fucking the hell out of you." He smiled warmly at her, leaving her flustered, a strange joy filling her even as she shivered with embarrassment, the shame from before not having abandoned her yet.

"You're welcome." She smiled back, and she knew it was a warm smile. Despite all her confused emotions, John had fucked her so good. There was no way she couldn't look at him warmly after all he'd done to her tonight.

"I already told Andy this, but you need to know it more than he does. I'm only going to treat you like a whore when you're earning your pay. The rest of the time you're the sweetest housewife I know, whose cooking I enjoy eating. I told you before I wasn't going to mistreat you, and I meant it." He told her then, leaving her blushing.

"Thank you." She whispered in reply.

He reached out and cupped her cheek in his hand, the feel of him reassuring her, comforting her.

"You don't have to act all shy and submissive 24/7 with me. When I'm not getting my dick wet, I'd like to see you act like the lovely wife I know you are, ok?" He asked her, and she slowly nodded.

Emily swallowed, nodded again with more confidence and tried to smile. She actually tried to remember what it was like just being herself, just being normal, and drew in a deep breath. When she exhaled, she smiled again, knowing full well that she was standing naked in her living room, something she'd normally never do, but despite that she tried to look at John not as the man who had just fucked her, but as her husband's boss.

"I'm really happy you were able to come by tonight for dinner, John. Me and Andrew appreciate having the extra company." She smiled, answering him as she knew she would have had she never lost her job, had they never gotten so desperate that John would offer to pay her for sex.

"And I'm very glad I came by. If my ex was half the woman you were I wouldn't have divorced her." He replied, and that made her ears perk up. For nearly a month she and Andrew had assumed John's ex-wife had been the one to divorce him, considering what type of man he was.

Was he that type of man? She was so confused! Who was John?

"I found it." Her husband's voice arrived from behind them as his footfalls signaled his descent down the stairs.

"Took forever. Did it get kicked under the bed?" John asked Andrew as her husband approached and handed him his phone.

"Uh, yeah, must have gotten there when, um, when I dropped it." Her husband replied.

Emily suddenly remembered. Right there on John's phone was a photo and video of her with John. Her husband had been the one to take them. The coyote was in a different state of mind when that had all happened, and she was 'sober' now. She stepped forward, approaching John with her hand reaching out for his phone.

John held still and let her do what she wanted, which was to take his phone into her hand before handing it back to her husband.

"You should have at least one normal photo of me before you leave." She replied, hoping that the men understood that she was referring to a photo that wasn't of her... getting fucked like a whore.

"Can you take a photo of me with John, Andrew?" She asked her husband, smiling at him to reassure him that everything would be ok. He nodded and stepped back, working to unlock John's phone.

"You can't call it a normal photo if you're naked, Emily." John told her, the wolf watching her as she scooted close to him to be in a photo, her body leaning against his, her hands clasped in front of her lap, the coyote pretending she was taking a nice photo with her husband's boss after a pleasant evening.

"You want to run upstairs and throw something cute on?" He asked her, but she shook her head.

"This is fine." She assured him, and then John wrapped her arm around her shoulders, and they smiled as Andrew snapped a photo of them together.

When Andrew returned the phone, John checked it and looked at the photo and showed it to Emily. She saw what could have been a normal photo had she been wearing clothing, but she didn't mind. This man had fucked her like a whore, fingered her to orgasm, sank his knot in her twice, dumped his nuts in her. They were past the point of worrying about modesty. If he wanted a photo of her in clothing, then they could take some next Friday when he came back.

John thanked them both for the wonderful evening, and their hospitality. He reminded her of how good her cooking was and gave her a gentle squeeze on the shoulder. Before he excused himself to leave, he leaned in and whispered into her ear.

"Take good care of Andy tonight. He needs it."

And then they parted ways, John telling them goodnight while her and her husband did the same, Emily telling him to drive safe.

Once he was gone, and the front door was shut, she let out a held breath and turned to her husband. She looked into his eyes, saw every emotion under the sun looking back at her. He looked confused, hurt, aroused, excited, scared. He needed it; John was right.

"Em, I-" Andrew tried to tell her something, but she cut him off by stepping close and pressuring her lips to his. She grabbed his pants and forcibly undid them, knocking her husband to the carpet and crawling down his body as she yanked at his pants, snapping his button, and forcing the zipper down.

Emily didn't give her husband a chance to protest, or even process what she was doing, because by the time he finally found a word to say it was her name.

"Emily!" He gasped, his voice making her shiver as she pushed her face into his crotch, swallowing his cock down to its base, her pussy still wet and aching with arousal from before.

His dick tasted like cum, his crotch reeked of his seed, but he was her husband, and this was his taste and his smell. It was different from John's, but that didn't matter. Emily was a slut, had always been a slut, and she loved the smell and taste of cum today just as much as she had when she was a teenager. She'd just hidden that from Andrew for six years, neglecting him out of fear of what he would think of her.

She was past that fear now, her dear husband having watched John fuck her senseless, knot her, cum inside her. He'd seen her at her lowest, seen her howling like a whore.

Emily looked up from his lap, looked right up at her husband as his chest rose and fell quickly with excitement as she bobbed over his cock, giving him the blowjob he should have gotten on their honeymoon, but she'd been too afraid to give. When he blew his load, it was a lot smaller than she knew was normal, but he'd already cum once today, so that was to be expected. She swallowed it all the same, tilting her head back to expose her throat so he could see the moment she swallowed his cum and let him watch as it slid down her throat.

"Th-that was incredible!" He gasped, but she wasn't done with him.

She crawled up his body and pressed his back to the floor and grabbed his softening cock to stroke it back to life, because she knew her husband needed it. They had a lot to talk about. There was everything about John, about her being a whore, and even about him being a cuck. Later. They could talk about it tomorrow, or the next day, any time that wasn't right now.

Emily pressed his cock inside her, and she rode him just the way he liked it, harder than she ever had before. When he came for the final time it left his body like a whimper, weak and powerless as his exhausted body sagged to the living room floor. She'd left him panting even though it was her body, her muscles, that were aching from exertion. He tried to say her name, but she shushed him with her mouth over his. They could talk later. Right now, Emily needed to take care of her husband.