

It was late in the evening, and Meredith had her earbuds plugged into her phone. One end was tucked into her left ear while the other end was tucked into her husband's right. They'd both had a long day, having spent all day after work knocking out errands so they could have a free weekend to themselves with no responsibilities aside from making it to church on Sunday morning.

They were listening to a playlist on her phone that was nothing but her favorite 'study to' songs.

Wally was on his back with his arms crossed behind his head while his wife was laid out on top of him. Using his chest as a desktop, she had her phone resting on his chest while she propped herself up on her elbows. With her chin resting on her hands, she was able to read what was on her screen, and occasionally reach over with a hand to scroll with a fingertip.

As the cat relaxed atop her husband, she watched as new messages appeared in the group text. Wally wasn't watching, as he was preoccupied with the sound of music in his ears, his eyes shut, and basking in the warmth of his wife on top of him.

"I told him at least twice a week." Meredith told her husband.

Wally first replied with a hum.

"Pretty sure it's more than that." He said with a laugh.

"Well, I don't want him to think we're lying to him." She told him.

\\_Keith Jacobs

*"I guess that's why you had so much stuff in your secret folder?"*

She reached down with her hand after seeing Keith's last message.

"He just asked if that's why we had so much stuff in our folder." She laughed.

Her husband hummed again, the tune of it sounding like laughter.

"What should I tell him, you think?" She asked for his input.

He finally opened his eyes and started looking thoughtful for a moment.

"Could be coy and just tell him 'maybe', if you feel like being a tease." He told her.

She replied to that with a humph, feeling thoughtful herself. Meredith then started picking herself up off her husband, reaching up to tug her end of the earbuds free so she could comfortably sit upright on her husband's lap.

Wally watched her as she picked up her phone and started messing with the screen. She ditched the group text with Keith and turned the camera on. The cat flipped the phone around so Wally could see the screen, then extended the phone to him.

“What am I taking?” He asked, pulling his arms out from under his head to take the phone in both hands.

Neither of them were naked, at least not yet. Wally was in gym shorts like usual, but topless otherwise, and then Meredith was in one of her oversized cartoon shirts and nothing else. They were as close to being naked as they could get without actually showing off their privates.

Apparently, that was not sufficient for what Meredith had in mind, because she crawled off him and started tugging his shorts down. He wiggled his hips without complaint until she’d freed his legs of the shorts, tossing the item to the floor next to their bed.

She got back on him, pushing his knees together until she was able to straddle him just right.

“Snap a photo of my tummy.” She told him, as she pulled her shirt up to her breasts.

“Am I supposed to be in the photo, too?” he asked.

She wiggled her hips a little more to adjust her posture on his lap. The tip of his sheath, and its little pink nub, was nuzzled up to her pussy almost like it was trying to preserve her modest at the expense of its own.

“Well, yuh.” Meredith said, and he started angling her phone for a few moments before tapping the button to snap a photo.

“Lemme see.” She told him, and he spun the screen around and showed her.

She hummed, then groaned with discontent.

“Take another one but angle it up more. I want it to look more coy.” She replied.

So, he turned the phone back around and played with the angle and position of the phone until he snapped another photo, and then he played with it again and the phone snapped a second time. He did this three more times while Meredith held still with her hands still holding up her shirt.

When he was done, he offered her the phone and she dropped her shirt to take it. She started flipping through the different photos until she settled on one she liked. The photo was all of her tummy with nothing showing except the very tip of her husband’s sheath. You couldn’t even see her pussy in this photo because of the cropping and Wally being in the way.

She smiled, and then laid herself back down over her husband and resumed her earlier position with her elbows to Wally’s sides and her chin on her hands.

“You know he’s coming over tomorrow, right?” He said.

“I know.” She replied, lowering her hand to finally type her reply to Keith.

\\_Meredith Turner  
“Maybe. >:3”

She was grinning. This was actually so much fun!

They’d only just recently started opening up to their friend about their sex life. Not even quite a full week had gone by since their last heavy conversation, but both her and Wally had done their best to try and clear the air between them and Keith.

Keith for his part seemed to be growing excited with the prospect of knowing more about them. Naughty! But so were they! It gave her a big tingly excited sensation to know that someone else knew what they were doing in private. It was fun and exciting, and the safety of it being someone that they trusted was really making her feel a lot more bold than she expected herself to be.

She already knew Wally would be more comfortable, and she honestly thought he was trying to hold back to match her own energy, only taking a step when she took a step. He was worth a lot of kisses for that.

\\_Keith Jacobs

*“I think its pretty cool that you’ve got a relationship like that. Like, I knew you two loved each other, but knowing this extra stuff just kinda, makes it more sincere than I could have imagined on my own.”*

“AWW!” She raised her voice, surprising Wally enough to leave him with both eyebrows lifted.

She picked her phone up and turned the screen so he could see.

“Oh my God.” He laughed.

“Shush!” She scolded him for his use of the Lord’s name.

Wally meanwhile was reaching a hand over to the nightstand for his own phone while she fished for the other end of the earbud. As she was putting the earbud back in, he was checking the group text through his own phone, and then started typing.

\\_Wally Turner  
“lol thanks”

“Oh, don’t be a butt to him!” She scolded him again.

\\_Meredith Turner

*"That's really sweet of you! :D I'm SUPER glad you think so even if Wally is being a booger, but he thinks so too! <3"*

"You're enabling him." He laughed at her.

Meredith UGH'd.

"And you should be, too!" She replied, then reached out to swat him lightly over the top of his head.

"I just feel weird about it, baby." He replied.

She put her phone back down on his chest and scooted up so she could wrap her arms around his head.

"You're a good husband." She told him, then kissed the top of his head.

He wrapped his arms around her middle and gave her a squeeze.

"But you suck at self-expression." She added.

He laughed.

"Ouch." The fox replied.

She kissed the top of his head again. Her lovely husband was better at communicating verbally than putting anything into writing. This is why Meredith did all the writing for the birthday and holiday cards they mailed every year, despite Wally having prettier handwriting than hers.

The cat pulled herself back from her husband and sat straddling his stomach. She picked up her phone and saw Keith hadn't replied yet, so she started typing.

\\_Meredith Turner

*"We took another photo just now if you'd like to see? >///  
<*

*It's not as spicy as the one we gave you last week but I thought it would look super cute pic! :D"*

And then came a very quick reply from Keith, so quick that she couldn't stop herself from grinning with excitement.

"This is so fun!" She beamed while her husband reached out with both his hands to grab her thighs to give her a gentle squeeze.

"Such a hot wife I have." Wally replied, and she stuck her tongue out at him playfully.

\\_Keith Jacobs

*"Yeah I'd love to see! I hope its not weird that Im excited you two are showing me stuff?"*

"You should participate more in the group, Wally! He needs to know we're both comfy with him being a perv." She scolded her husband while rocking her hips hard against his stomach to force an 'oof' out of him.

He laughed and picked his phone back up and started checking the group text. Meredith decided not to immediately reply or send the photo they'd just taken because her husband was now typing.

\\_Wally Turner

*"It's not any weirder than us showing you our nudes lol"*

"I don't think agreeing that he's weird is helping, Wally." Meredith told her husband.

"It IS weird, baby. I'm just letting him know that were weird too and that- oh I know." He suddenly cut himself off and began to type on his phone again.

\\_Wally Turner

*"What I mean is that were all a bunch of weirdos so here*

*Have a dick pic"*

And shortly after Meredith saw her husband's messages appear in the group text a photo arrived and loaded. One of their old photos of Wally's cock loaded into the messages, the portrait of her husband's dick filling the entire screen with all its immaculate detail.

"Wally Turner, you're so bad! My tummy pic can't compete with your wiener!" She scolded him and lifted off his stomach briefly so she could throw her weight back down onto him, forcing an oof from him even as he was trying to laugh at her being upset over the dick pic.

"Guess I'll just have to take a better pic of you then, huh?" He told me.

She let out a 'ugh' and agreed with him that he would have to. Meredith plucked the earbud from her ear and began to scoot herself backwards until she felt a lot more than her husband's fuzzy sheath brushing against her backside.

"Wally, are you becoming aroused from sending a boy a pick of your willy?" She teased him as she lifted her hips and scooted over the swelling pillar that was her husband's cock. At some point between her hugging him tight and him sending a dick pic his cock had exited his sheath and was now swelling at a rapid pace.

"It is pretty fun." He smiled.

\\_Keith Jacobs

*"Wow! I wasn't expecting something of you Wally lol*

*Thanks for sharing!"*

Meredith settled herself back into her husband's lap and tried to wiggle her way into the same position she'd been in before when Wally had snapped a photo of her tummy. His cock was now standing at a full erection, laid out across his stomach and quietly twitching with his heartbeat. She could tell her husband's heart was beating quick just from watching his cock as she continued to settle her hips into the position she wanted.

She didn't like the sound of Keith's reply and was now worried that maybe dick pics weren't something their friend was interested in. Meredith was worried that Keith might not enjoy seeing just stuff of Wally since she was usually the centerpiece of all the amateur porn they'd made of themselves.

\\_Meredith Turner

*"You don't mind stuff of just Wally do you? D:*

*We didn't think you were into dudes so I hope you still like the dick pic! DD:"*

"Meredith! Baby, you just told him that you're pretty sure he's not gay, but you still hope he likes seeing my dick." Wally started laughing.

She frowned hard at him.

"No! That is not what I meant, you giant turbo booger!" She called him out with a scowl, making the fox laugh some more in reply.

\\_Keith Jacobs

*"No I don't mind! I just don't want to weird either of you out if I say too much*

*I'm glad your sending me stuff of you both!"*

"See, he's fine!" Wally told her once Keith's replies came in.

Meredith pouted and started typing on her phone.

\\_Meredith Turner

*"Ok!! :D I'm super glad! Now we know we can send stuff of both of us!!*

>|||< *But now I have to take another photo because Wally's is better D:<*"

"Your pic looks fine." Her husband told her.

"I'll be better once I have a companion for it!" She replied, then stuck her phone out for Wally to take.

He put his phone down on his chest and took hers from her and was already getting ready to take another photo. What Meredith wanted to do now was show off something of her own.

The cat reached down and pulled her shirt up and over her head before tossing it behind her. She grabbed her husband by the dick and lifted him up until he was resting flat against her tummy. After a bit of wiggling and shifting she had herself where she wanted him and pressed his cock tight against her, then like she was using him as a measuring stick, she touched the tip of her index finger to the spot on her tummy where the end of her husband's dick reached. She was very proud of how deep she was able to take her lovely husband.

"Ok, snap a photo then lemme see!" She told him.

He took a photo, then spun the screen around so she could see. She squinted her eyes and stared hard at the small photo, found it to her liking, then told him to get ready to take another photo. Once he was in position she let go of his dick and let it slap heavily across his stomach, but she kept her fingertip in place. Now Keith would see her cute tummy with her finger telling him just how far Wally could reach.

"Very kinky." Her husband told her as he took the photo.

"Yuh!" She replied and leaned forward to snatch the phone away from him so she could look at both pics closely.

They were good enough, could be better, but she wasn't going to fuss too much! Wally, meanwhile, had picked his own phone back up and was checking messages.

\\_Keith Jacobs

*"You aren't obligated to show me stuff!"*

\\_Wally Turner

*"Yeah but she's super horny right now so Im being used as her personal photographer."*

As Meredith grinned at her husband's message, she was getting ready to send the photos of herself. As she scrolled sideways through her list of photos, she did what Wally had done before and scrolled way past the new stuff and started looking through older photos she had saved on her phone. She had all kinds of stuff of the two of them from dick pic pics, sex pics, selfies...

She didn't know if it was too soon to start flooding Keith with photos. Maybe they should keep it slow? She started gnawing on the side of her lip with concentration as she debated it with herself while the boys chatted.

\\_Keith Jacobs

*"Oh wow lol"*

*"So I guess you're horny too then if you had that photo? Feels weird asking haha"*

\\_Wally Turner

*"That was an old photo I had on my phone"*

*"I am horny though as you're about to see soon as she sends the photos"*

\\_Meredith Turner

*"I was lookin through my stuff!"*

*"Here Keith, what do you think of my tummy?"*

Meredith then sent the very first photo they'd taken that only featured her tummy and a hint of her husband's sheath.

\\_Keith Jacobs

*"I think you have a cute tummy!"*

She already had the next photo ready to send, then tapped the screen. The photo of her holding her finger, and nothing else, to her stomach appeared in the group text, and then just like that the little notification under it said it had been delivered to two people.

And then she sent the final photo with her husband's cock on proud display.

\\_Keith Jacobs

*"Oh wow! Your so huge I cant believe any of that fits!"*

Meredith suddenly felt as super horny as Wally had described her earlier, with her body all tingly under her fur and excited.

\\_Meredith Turner

*"We had to practice for a long time to finally make it fit actually! :D"*

\\_Wally Turner



*"I have to cram it into her like I'm trying to shove a refrigerator into place lol"*

"Oh my GOD, Wally!" She gasped. "Don't describe it like that!"

"Language, Meredith, language." He teased her for her own use of the Lord's name, which made her zip her lips knowing he'd busted her red handed.

\\_Keith Jacobs

*"I wish I'd actually watched all of your clips now, then I might have actually seen what that looks like lol"*

\\_Meredith Turner

*"You didn't watch any of it?! D:<"*

\\_Keith Jacobs

*"I saw several photos, likes dick pics and stuff of him inside you, and then the videos I did watch were ones where he was tied in you. I felt too guilty to go looking at any of the others."*

"Well, I guess we know how much he actually saw of us now!" She replied to her husband.

She'd assumed he'd gone through the whole folder! So much ultra secret Turner Family knowledge was there in that folder and Keith didn't plunder it all! Meredith wasn't mad at him so much as just shocked that Keith had resisted the temptation to go snooping even though he had the freedom to!

\\_Wally Turner

*"Well, it's hard to film myself shoving a refrigerator into place when one of us has to hold the phone in our hand. Most of the stuff in the folder were all selfies."*

*Easy things we could film with one hand. You weren't missing out on epic homemade porn films lol"*

\\_Meredith Turner

*"Yeah! We don't have the means to actually film good stuff by ourselves so we learned to make do!"*

*>///  
< I hope you liked what you saw!"*

\\_Keith Jacobs

*"I did! You are both super hot! I'm really excited you're sharing this stuff with me! Are there any rules you want me to follow when we talk about this stuff? I'm kinda worried I might upset either of you by doing the wrong thing"*

"Like what?" She asked Wally.

"Guess we should have already thought of that, huh?" He replied.

She sat herself upright. While staring down at her phone she made the face of concentration, and then Wally started typing on his phone.

\\_Wally Turner

*"Keep anything horny in the group text, like a quarantine so we don't have to worry about checking our texts in the middle of church."*

"Oh, that's a good one." She praised her husband, then started typing on her own.

\\_Meredith Turner

*"If we tell you something is off limits, respect it! And umm..."*

\\_Wally Turner

*"This isn't an open relationship. We're just letting you watch lol"*

"He's never made moves on me." She told her husband.

"I know, but we're opening doors to our bedroom here, so might as well put it in writing." He replied, and she made another concentration face and decided he was right.

\\_Keith Jacobs

*"Those are easy! I promise I will do my best and listen to anything you tell me. I'm really excited!"*

Meredith smiled big at their friend's reply, then noticed Wally was typing again.

\\_Wally Turner

*"Does that mean your jerkin' it over there? lol"*

She balked at what her husband had just asked but was also excited to find out the answer.

"We can't bully him too much!" She said to him in a whisper.

\\_Keith Jacobs

*"Im trying not to but I might start if I keep looking at these pics"*

Meredith felt so turned on, she was practically squirming atop her husband. The fox reached over and dropped his phone on the nightstand.

“Ask him if he thinks you’d look better sucking my dick or riding it.” Her husband told her, making her nearly gasp.

“Wally!” She scolded him.

His expression hardened, his hands reaching out to take her by the hips. She felt his grip and she suddenly tingled extra hard all over her body from his touch.

“We might be going too fast.” She whispered.

“Ask him.” He repeated.

She shivered and looked down at her phone.

\\_Meredith Turner

*“>////< Wally wants to know if you’d think I’d look better giving him oral or riding him. He’s making me ask because he’s a villain!! D:”*

“I want to do terrible things to you tonight.” Wally told her, and she felt herself get goosebumps just from the tone of his voice.

Her heart was excitedly pounding in her chest as her husband’s hands continued to grip her tightly. His cock was angrily throbbing, precum drooling messily all over himself with every twitch.

“Gonna be mean to me?” She asked him, then started to gnaw at her lower lip while gazing into her husband’s eyes.

The look he was giving her was electrifying, she needed her husband so bad! Her eyes dropped back down to her phone. Keith had replied!

\\_Keith Jacobs

*“I don’t know! I think you’d look good either way? Like, this is a hard question lmao”*

“He says I would look good either way, that we asked him a hard question.” She told her husband.

“He’s being shy.” He replied with a growl and began to tug her hips forward.

The cat slid forward, Meredith using her own legs to help propel herself forward until she was seated firmly over her husband’s cock. His thick meaty length was pulsing against the lips of her sex, and sticky clear precum was oozing from him so much that the fur of his tummy had grown dark and damp.

\\_Keith Jacobs

*"You riding him! That's my final answer! I'm sure your great both ways, but if I had to pick only one thing that would be it. Why did he want to know? lol"*

"He changed his mind! He said riding you!" She nearly shouted, her breathing coming out of her in quick pants like she knew what was about to happen to her.

Wally let go of her hips and stole the phone from her hands. Without him holding on her she was suddenly giddy, suddenly free, and with her newfound freedom she impulsively began to rock her hips forward and back across his wonderful cock, stroking her petals across his bare legs until he was starting to glisten with her wifely nectar.

She watched him eagerly, seeing that he was now typing on her phone. Whatever it was, it was a longer message, but he was typing fast. His hands were jittering with pent up energy. When he was finally done, he reached his hand over to the nightstand and dropped her phone on top of his own.

"What'd you tell him!" She demanded, planting her hands over his chest while he reached back out to grab her by the elbows.

"I told him that he just picked how I'm screwing my wife tonight, and that I'm going to break you in two." He growled at her, and before she could even consider scolding him, he was yanking her down by the arms and they were kissing.

Her better judgement was telling her that she should scold Wally for moving things too fast with Keith, but right now she'd never felt so excited! The pair was making out so hard that they were drooling over each other.

Wally shoved her away, told her he loved her, and while her heart was busy fluttering he sat himself upright and tossed her to the bed next to him.

She was grinning ear to ear as he grabbed her by the back of the head, his hands gripping at her short hair like a set of handlebars. The pain she felt as he manhandled her, rolling her onto her belly, his strong husbandly hands forcing her to bend and twist to his every whim, it all lit her body up like a Christmas tree. She was gnawing almost painfully at her lip when he finally got her on her knees, her ass in the air, her left cheek mashed to the bed.

"I love you!" She told him, and in reply he tightened his grip on her hair, the tug at her scalp doubling her heart rate as she felt his enormous cock nuzzle up against her slit.

"Pretend he's watching us, baby." He told her right before he crammed his dick in her like he was shoving a refrigerator into place.

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Meredith shut the fridge with the back of her foot, her body already turning away as she carried the carton of buttermilk to the counter. In front of her now she had the last piece of the puzzle to make, since the rest of tonight's dinner was already prepped and ready for the fryer.

She had her mixing bowl in front of her, and scattered all around it were the other essential ingredients that she needed. She measured and poured the cornmeal into the bowl, and with a whisk she began to mix together several dry ingredients. First, a bit of flour, and then some baking powder. She threw in salt and pepper for a touch of seasoning.

Once fully blended she used a second bowl and measured out her buttermilk, then whisked in a single egg. On a cutting board she had two neat piles of freshly chopped green onions. She dumped the onions into the wet bowl and mixed them well.

With a smile she began to gently mix the wet ingredients into the dry in small amounts until she had one big heaping amount of fresh batter, perfect for frying up a batch of delicious hush puppies.

"I summon my husband!" She called from the kitchen.

Wally was in the living room watching tv, but upon hearing her call he got up and joined her.

Meredith had already set up their deep fryer on the stovetop, but they hadn't turned it on yet. Once she clicked the switch to turn the fryer on it'd be a short few minutes away from boiling hot, and then they could get to cooking. It would be so quick once they got started that she decided to wait until Keith arrived for them to actually start dinner.

Wally had gone to the store and bought a bunch of fresh fish, which Meredith had already cut up into big chunks, and then with her husband's help she'd sliced up several potatoes into homemade fresh cut fries. Tonight's dinner was going to be a very southern inspired fish fry! Just fish, fries, and a hush puppy recipe she found on the internet.

"Whatcha need?" He asked her, peeking into the bowl of yellow and white goop that would eventually become fluffy brown balls of bread.

"I think I have everything ready. I've got cornmeal and flour all mixed up in that shaker thing you bought. I hope it works." She told him, pointing to the clear plastic container that resembled Tupperware, but was really intended to help you fully coat meat and vegetables with your batter before you fried it.

She'd never used that to cook before since she usually just put on some latex gloves and did it the old-fashioned way of using two bowls for your wet and dry dips.

"Mom said it was easy. I can do it for you so you can blame me if it goes wrong." He told her.

"So then I can take the blame for ruining the hush puppies?" She asked.

He replied with an audible 'Mhm'. She replied back with a 'Mhmm' of her own. Wally was not a cook; in fact, he was terrible at cooking. What he was good at was watching her cook from the sidelines, eating her food, or following very simple instructions that even a toddler could understand. She hoped the introductions for the silly plastic container thing would help.

"So, what'd you need, other than to tell me everything is going according to plan?" He asked, when it became clear she was not actually putting him to work.

"I haven't checked my phone. How close is Keith?" She asked, since last she'd heard from earlier in the evening their friend had left his apartment and was on his way.

Wally shrugged and made that face he'd make whenever he had no idea.

"He hasn't texted since he left so he's probably getting close. Traffic shouldn't be bad today." He replied.

She ugh'd. She did not like being in the kitchen with food that she couldn't cook! Whenever she cooked, she usually never had to wait on anybody, she could just get in the kitchen and work her magic until it was ready, and then they'd eat.

"If he's late he's late, the food won't spoil if he's here five minutes later than you'd like." He assured her, grabbed her by the shoulders from behind.

"I know! I'm just redirecting my emotional turmoil to the cooking." She told him.

He slid his arms around her shoulders and hugged her from behind, squeezing her tight with a gentle rocking motion from side to side.

"I'm nervous, too." He told her, then stuck his muzzle over her shoulder and gave her a peck on the cheek.

They'd gotten so horny last night chatting with Keith that she was worried they'd gone too far and too fast. Nothing Keith said in his other texts made her feel he was upset about it. It was actually reassuring, and really exciting, that he was so happy that they were sharing their sex life with him.

"He's going to be here in person! What if we ask him to film us! We're going to have to actually say the words, Wally!" She had to get it off her chest, like she was venting to the heavens and the frowning Lord above.

"It'll be alright. We'll play it by ear and just act normal. Just because we have the group text doesn't mean he's going to walk in the front door and ask to see my dick." Wally told her.

She ugh'd again and buried her face in her hands.

"That would actually make asking him easier, but I know he's just going to behave himself." She said, her voice muffled by her hands.

"Better behaved than we were last night." He laughed, and she was suddenly beside herself with embarrassment.

She and Wally had been so turned on by their conversation with Keith that she was still sore from how hard he'd given it to her. If it weren't for her biting into the pillow their neighbors might have called the cops thinking someone was being murdered. Her pussy still tingled from how roughly he'd knotted her the night before, and that lingering ache was a gentle but firm reminder of her husband. As much as it made her feel warm and fuzzy on the inside, it also made it hard to sit.

“That means we’ll have to actually initiate.” She grumbled.

He planted another kiss on her cheek, then pulled away from her. When she felt his hand swat her on the butt, she jumped.

“Wally Turner!” She scolded.

“Snap out of it before he gets here! You don’t want him thinking we’ve got marital problems, do you?” He teased her with a smile while she made a face at him.

“Ok, fine!” She replied, and grabbed the plastic lid that went to the bowl full of batter and pressed it on.

While Wally left to go back to the living room, she rinsed out her dirtied bowl of leftover wet ingredients and began to clean it. Her hands were still soaking wet when the doorbell rang, which nearly left her jumping out of her fur. As she quickly dried her hands with a hand towel Wally answered the door.

Her heart was suddenly pounding in her chest, then she heard Wally greet Keith, then heard Keith’s voice. She felt her fur try to stand on end as her nervous anxiety threatened to get the better of her.

“Hi!” She told their guest with a smile as she entered the living room.

She wore a smile, doing her best to keep cool. Wally had obviously just shaken the shorter man’s hand, and now she was coming in for a hug as was natural to her.

There was an awkwardness to the hug, Keith’s body language betraying him, revealing he had no idea if he was supposed to accept the hug or if he shouldn’t. It ended up being an awkward side hug.

“Hi! Thank you for inviting me over.” The goat replied.

As Meredith pulled away, taking a step back from Keith to give him some space, she couldn’t help but hyper analyze the two men. Her anxiety was making her so sensitive she could have heard a pin drop in the bathroom and know exactly which tile it had hit.

Keith was already shorter than her husband, so him standing just inside the doorway, tucking his hands into his pockets, just screamed at her ‘small and nervous’. Wally was taller, but he was standing stiff and straight as a board with that familiar body language of his that she’d learned to read as ‘I don’t know what I’m doing so I’m just going to stand really still’.

“Well, come in! Close the door!” She urged the two of them.

Wally shut the door as Keith stepped deeper inside their home.

When her husband didn’t immediately say anything, she felt her stomach twist up in knots until she couldn’t contain it anymore.

“Ok! Let’s go to the kitchen! I’m sure you’re both hungry!” She told them both, then quickly pivoted on her foot and began to march with purpose to the kitchen.

As her heart continued to pound, Keith asked her husband how things had been, and Wally replied that things had been good. The most uneventful small talk conversation began behind her, which was not normal for the three of them since at least one of them always broke out into a topic that interested them. Like, a real conversation and not just chats about the weather!

“Keith, I hope you don’t mind fried food because that’s literally all you’re eating today. Me and Wally wanted to try some new recipes, or mostly me, but he’s going to help! It’s not ready yet but it shouldn’t take very long to do so you can find a seat at the counter and chill out while we get it ready!” She interrupted them, the nervousness she was feeling was almost explosive inside her as she preoccupied herself in the kitchen with the cooking.

“I don’t mind, what are you making? Fish right?” The goat asked her.

“Yeah, fish, french fries, and some hush puppies.” Wally answered on her behalf as he entered the kitchen behind Meredith.

Keith found a seat at their small bar while Meredith got her husband’s attention and started telling him to get the shaker-container thing ready.

It took the two of them a few minutes to figure out the best way to actually bread the fish and french fries. The container had three parts. The first part was the bottom, and that’s where you dumped all the dry ingredients you wanted to use as breading, and then the second part was a filter, and then the third part was a funny lid.

You put the dry ingredients in the one side and the meat or veggies in the other, shut the container nice and tight, then shook it. And that’s it.

It took a few more minutes before they got a small bowl of buttermilk ready to dip everything in before using the container. It felt like so much work just to get started with this silly Made for TV thing, but once she got Wally busy shaking it with a purpose, he was actually producing results. Chunks of fresh fish were coming out of the container fully breaded and arriving onto the platter next to the stove that she’d set up beforehand.

She turned on the deep fryer and popped the lid to the bowl of hush puppy batter.

Looking at all the food they were about to make, she worried that she might have prepared way too much. She’d have to send a bunch of it home with Keith.

“Hush puppies are those round cornbread things, right? Like at sea food restaurants sometimes?” Keith asked as he watched them prepare.

The preparations were now mostly waiting as the deep fryer warmed up to a boil. It was slowly getting there.



“Yep! Same ones! I’ve never made them before so I thought this would be a fun thing to try.” She replied.

Soon as the fryer was ready, she and her husband took turns frying their dinner. Wally was in charge of dropping in the fish while she carefully spooned out the appropriate amount of batter to fry a hush puppy.

As they tried their best Meredith made small talk with the men, watching the misshaped balls of dough cook to a golden brown before fishing them out with a ladle.

The metal pan she’d prepared to put everything in once it was cooked quickly began to fill up with fish and hushpuppies, and the last thing to join it were the now freshly breaded homemade fries. The apartment was full of the aroma of hot cooking oil and the scent of salty food. She hoped she didn’t oversalt the breading.

“Don’t add more! I’m sure I put enough!” She scolded her husband who was trying to shake salt over the fries.

“You can never have enough salt for fries.” He told her.

“Uggh.” She replied and stole the entire pan from him to move it to the dinner table.

She sat it down on the table, using a coaster as a buffer to protect the wood from the heat of the pan.

“Can you grab the condiments, please.” She told her husband, and the fox complied by fishing the ketchup from the fridge.

“You keep your ketchup in the fridge?” Keith asked with a weird look on his face.

She frowned at him.

“There’s nothing wrong with keeping it in the fridge!” She replied.

“Oh, now you got her started.” Her husband said with a sigh.

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After they’d finished eating Meredith insisted that Keith take home a container of leftovers for him to eat. Keith didn’t know how to feel about microwaving fish in his apartment, but the food had been really good food, and he didn’t want to be rude and refuse it. It was also free. Free was good. He ended up relenting, giving her his approval to pack up whatever she wanted him to take home, and while she stayed in the kitchen to tidy up after dinner, he and Wally went to the living room to crash on the couch.

They both sat down, each of them on either side of the couch while the fox turned the TV on to whatever station it was on last. It ended up being the evening news.

“Were you still wanting to learn how to drive a forklift?” Wally asked him.

“Yeah, I actually got approval from boss man. I’ll have to pay for the class myself, but if I pass it and get my certification then he’ll actually reimburse me for it. Like, some workplace advancement initiative they have.” The goat replied, hoping that once he saved up a bit more, he could actually take his classes and get the certification. Having a license to drive a forklift would actually give him a foot in the door for a lot more places than just Amazon.

“That’s cool, I don’t remember if they did that when I was still there.” Wally told him.

“I don’t know how long it’s been a thing. I only found out because I kept asking about forklift positions and then he told me about it.” He replied.

“Probably don’t want everyone trying to all become forklift drivers and then quitting to work somewhere else.” The fox replied.

“Maybe.” Keith replied.

They both heard hands clap twice in the kitchen, followed by Meredith calling out that she had gotten all the food put away.

“Don’t let any of us forget to send the fish home with you, ok?” She told them as she stepped into the living room.

“We wont.” Wally told her, Meredith walking over to sit next to her husband.

Keith didn’t know how long he was expected to hang out after dinner, but he felt it would be rude to quickly bounce after eating the free food. He was feeling super nervous still. Like, it was just yesterday they had that cool conversation over text and with all the pics they’d shared...

He just felt awkward that he was now in person in their house! It was like being around them that first time after the whole music folder fiasco, except this time it was way worse? At least last time he had lied at first and they weren’t acting like they knew he still had everything on his computer. This time, they KNEW that he knew what they did and had even shown him pics on their own!

“We can change the channel from the news.” Meredith griped at him, reaching over her husband to grab the remote off the arm of the sofa.

“When do you think you were going to take the classes?” Wally asked.

“I don’t know, I Google’d how much it costs to take them and I’m going to need to save up a bit more before I can.” He replied.

“Ah.” Wally then said with a nod.

“Classes for what?” Meredith asked, who was now clicking through channels.

Keith told her a quick version of what he'd told Wally, and she was acting excited for him, asking if the forklift job paid more. It did, the starting pay being like five bucks an hour more than what he currently made.

"That's good! Get good grades, pass your tests!" She told him.

He told her he was going to try, and then she turned the TV onto one of those channels that only played music. It sounded like elevator music, like some kind of smooth jazz.

The three of them sat there silently with the music playing for a little bit, Keith honestly working himself up to excusing himself since it was kinda awkward now that they'd all eaten and there wasn't anything else going on. Meredith was fidgeting with her phone while Wally used the remote to skim other channels on the tv, but never changed it from the station playing music.

Meredith started playing on her phone then, and that was basically his signal that he might be overstaying his welcome. They normally talked a lot when they hung out together, but maybe last night left them with cold feet since they chatted about sex so much, especially with how it ended with them running off to screw? He didn't know.

His phone buzzed, and since Meredith was playing with her phone, he felt safe to check his own. It was a text, and when checked to see what it was, he furled his brow curiously, then glanced over at the person who'd sent the message. She was sitting right there, why would she send a text? He tapped into their group text and read what she'd sent.

\\_Meredith Turner

"I'm sorry we're being awkward! D: D: D:"

"I'm right here, Meredith." Keith told her, chuckling.

"What?" Wally asked, diverting his attention away from the TV and at the two of them.

Meredith leaned back against the couch and sagged into the sofa, lifting her phone and its screen so Wally could read it.

"Really?" He asked her incredulously. She nodded.

"It's cool. We had a dinner, the food was really good." Keith assured them both, feeling like last night might be the reason things were awkward.

"Thank you!" Meredith sat back up, then took in a big breath and let it out.

"We're just being weird because last night, we're sorry!" She added.

"I'm not being weird!" Wally protested.

"You're not saying anything so that means you're being weird!" She rejected his protest.

“You’re both ok! You told me last night we’re all a bunch of weirdos, it’s cool! I mean, we hung out plenty today. I can leave if that’d be better?” Ketih replied, now kinda squirming in his seat like he meant to stand.

“Keith, ugh, no! We want to be weird, but not the kind that makes you want to leave!” She said, exasperated, cupping her face in her hands and falling back against the couch.

Wally put his hand on her shoulder and squeezed, a surprised look on his face like he’d not expected Meredith to have an outburst like this and now he was scrambling to play catch up with her.

“I mean, yeah, we’re not pushing you out the door, just we’re both kinda weird right now.” The fox said, shifting in his own seat trying to both comfort his wife as well as talk directly to Keith.

Jesus, things we’re awkward now!

“Ugggh.” Meredith lamented through her hands, then wiggled her palms so that all she was covering with her hands were her eyes, her snout fully visible.

Keith watched her gnaw anxiously on her lip before she spat out a held breath.

“I mean, maybe it would be good to call a time out and talk more later?” Wally added, trying to salvage a worsening situation.

Meredith sharply pulled one hand away from her face and swatted her husband on the leg before bringing back up to hide her eyes. Wally looked visibly confused.

“I didn’t ride him last night! He bent me over and made me bite the pillow!” She blurted out, then moved her hands to cover her mouth as she hid behind her hands.

Keith’s eyes went wide hearing her voice say those words, and then he saw Wally’s face had gone slack, his own eyes bulging wide as embarrassment overtook him.

“I thought you didn’t want us to go too fast.” Wally told her, almost robotically, his embarrassment now turning the fur of his face a bright pink.

“He shoved his refrigerator in place, and I came really hard!” Came her muffled voice from behind her hands.

Keith’s heart was pounding, and he dropped his hands to his lap to cover his crotch. His pulse was running so quick he was feeling it in his loins as his dick began to swell against his will. Wally’s face turned even redder as he gawked at his wife, then at Keith, completely frozen speechless.

“Th-that’s really cool!” Keith stammered out.

Wally was still frozen, then with the hand he still had on her shoulder he started panic shaking her like he wanted her to rescue him.

“Say something, you booger!” She then said, dropping her hands, revealing her own face was a bright flushed pink.

The cat glared at her husband, who looked so surprised that he started working his jaws to talk but no words came out at first.

“Um, yeah. I, uh, got tah, I got tired of her sitting on me. So I flipped her over and did it that way.” He finally spoke up, verbally floundering.

That swelling in his shorts picked up speed, running out of control with no way for the goat to stop himself from popping a stiffy. Everything in his brain was telling his cock to stop, but his lower end didn’t seem to understand the delicate situation that its owner was in!

Meredith was now silent, leaning forward to reach out and steal the remote from her husband so she could nervously turn the volume of the TV up, then she switched to her phone and lifted it into the air, nervously shaking it in the air while she gnawed on her lip.

She started typing, her hands a jittering mess. Keith’s phone buzzed in his hand, and he looked down.

\\_Meredith Turner

“We’re think you’re really cool, keith!!!! I’m strying not to die right now but I just want you to know were cool with talking about tis stuff!!”

Keith watched her type, then read the message on his end. She must have used up all her stamina blurting all that out loud and now she was using texting as a crutch.

“Do I need to get my phone?” Wally asked.

“No!” She replied.

“We don’t have to talk about stuff like this in person, we can keep it to texting.” Keith panicked, trying to suggest an alternative.

She made the biggest moaning ‘ugh’ noise in her throat then started blabbing again.

“But that’s why we’re so awkward, Keith! If we don’t talk about it, we can’t fix it! I have to follow my own advice from church!” She lamented, sagging back into the couch like she was depressed.

“From church?!” Keith stammered back at her.

What the hell are they doing at their church!

“She does marriage counseling.” Wally answered.

Oh, yeah, she did mention that once. But about sex stuff? Still, at church! His confusion over her counseling wasn't enough to tighten down his shorts, as his erection was now running at full mast as he cradled his phone in his hands. He was trying to hide his tent, but there was no way to do that, and he was pretty sure Wally knew what the goat was doing by keeping both hands firmly over his lap.

"Keith, ask us a dirty question!" She said, putting him on the spot.

Both Wally and Meredith were still blushing pink and with the attention now on him he swore he could feel his boner get even harder.

"Um." He managed to say at first, struggling to think of something.

"How about, uh... How was, uh, your first time. What was your first time like?" He finally asked.

Both of them paused, Meredith looking over at Wally, then reaching out to push at his leg like she wanted him to say something.

The fox awkwardly shrugged.

"We tried to do it, but, like, I didn't fit. I was too big." He answered, his voice now a bit quieter than it had been before.

Meredith made an ugh noise again.

"I didn't know he was that big, because we waited until marriage! I tried to help him fit it in anyway. When that didn't work, I just cuddled him because he was really upset that he was too big for me." She replied, and Wally then looked at her like she'd said something she wasn't supposed to.

"You fit now!" She defended herself.

"And then I gave you a blowjob, but Wally was my first and only, so I was really bad at it and I think I got you with my teeth." She said, looking at her husband even though she shifted her attention from Wally to Keith midway through her sentence.

"You did, but you got better about that." He replied.

This was still so fucking awkward, but his dick didn't care. He was so fucking hard, he was about to start shivering with nervous excitement.

"What was it like when you finally made it fit?" Keith blurted out.

They looked at each other for a moment.

"We'd been practicing a lot, and one night I was on top of her, and it finally fit." Wally replied sheepishly, squirming on the other side of Meredith with his own hands coming to rest in his lap.

Keith couldn't keep his eyes from darting between them and Wally's crotch, because he knew the fox was hiding something just like he was, but he wanted to see it! Keith's heart was going like crazy and he couldn't believe he was sitting on the couch with them like this, that any of this was happening at all!

"I remember feeling myself stretch for you, but it wasn't enough. I reached down between us to grab you." Meredith picked up where the fox had left off, lifting her hands.

Keith's dick painfully strained against his shorts as he watched the cat curl her fingers and lace their tips together like she was wrapping her hands around an invisible ball. Wally's knot! He sat up straighter, imagining her underneath Wally, holding onto his huge knot like it was a fat apple!

"And I had to tug at you to pull you all the way in." She was so nervous, visible shivering just like how Keith felt he was on the verge of doing.

Wally looked so embarrassed, but he nodded that he remembered that.

"You were really tight, like you were choking the life out of me, but then I think I finished instantly." He replied.

"It was incredible!" She lit up, bringing her hands together and holding them to her chest as she looked at her husband.

Wally's embarrassment wasn't enough to stop him from looking at her and smiling in reply to what she'd said, and that was so cheesy! If they hadn't been talking about their first time making his knot fit, then you could have said this was an adorable moment, but all Keith could think about was...

"Both of you are incredibly hot." The goat blurted out at that.

That brought their attention back to him, and under the spotlight of a pair of gazes he suddenly regretted what he'd said. But.

Both of them were smiling, pink in the face, but smiling.

Meredith looked back at Wally and was suddenly too sheepish to say anything, but her mouth was working silently to speak, and failed at it. It was like she was groping for words, or maybe she had them but was afraid to say them. Keith jumped in his seat when the cat suddenly jumped up to her feet and grabbed Wally by the wrist.

"Keith, please stay! I need to talk to Wally!" She said, her voice wavering with how nervous she was.

She dragged a confused Wally up to his feet, and for a brief moment Keith saw an obvious lump in the fox's pants before his hands covered himself again. She tugged him away towards the hall and out of side with Wally asking her what was the matter.

When they were out of sight Keith shifted in his seat, practically gasping and sucking in a big lungful of air as he used this moment of solitude to recover. He pulled his hands away, saw how stupidly

tented his shorts were, he tried to adjust himself, hoping he could point his dick in a different direction so he could hide it better. He heard a door shut, and he had no idea what they were doing.

Were they discussing if they'd gone too far? They were supposed to be a pair of goodie good God-fearing types that attended church each and every Sunday! Meredith was a marriage counselor for her church! Maybe she got cold feet over talking so much about themselves in person? Maybe Wally was right about them going too fast? And too fast for what? It was only just last night that they were sending him selfies and dick pics and asking him if she would look better sucking his dick or riding it!

He was so confused, but he was more aroused now than he probably had ever been. This was a feeling that pornography on his laptop couldn't compare to. It was a feeling rivaled only by actually having sex with someone!

The sound of the door opening back up nearly made him jump out of his fur again, his hands zipping back to his crotch to cover himself.

Meredith stepped into view first, and Keith's eyes widened. Wally followed behind her, and together the pair walked back to the couch to sit back down where they'd just been. Neither of them were wearing the same outfit they'd been wearing minutes ago, and Wally's bulge was now even bigger than it had been before!

Wally was wearing the same shirt from earlier, but he had taken off his pants and was now wearing a pair of gym shorts. Meanwhile, Meredith had changed into something completely different, just an oversized pink tee shirt that hung off her shoulders like it was a dress. He sat perfectly still and watched them with confusion, not knowing what was to come next with how weird this evening had gone.

"Wally and I..." the cat told him nervously, "Have been thinking about you for a while."

Keith's heart nearly fucking stopped. She elbowed her husband lightly.

"We want to know if you would, uh, maybe be ok with watching us do stuff." The fox quickly added.

His heart restarted, but he was feeling so light headed!

"Watch you?" He asked, his voice coming out as a squeak like he was experiencing a second puberty.

"And film us! We... We think you could hold the camera. For stuff." Meredith told him.

Keith struggled to look at them in the eyes, his own shock and embarrassment had his eyes darting away. He was trying to process what was going on, they even changed clothes, did they mean for him to do his right now? Were they asking him to film them, like a real camera man? Like make a porno!

He noticed Wally's was nervously wringing his hands together in his lap, and that lump in his shorts was now absolutely massive, having grown bigger in size. The fox couldn't hide that monster. Wally



was tenting his shorts like he was about to go camping in Meredith's pussy. He felt lightheaded again.

"Is this real?" He laughed, in disbelief.

"If you want it to be!" Meredith told him, her voice sounding worried.

She noticed, they both noticed, that he was staring at Wally's crotch. She reached over to take her husband by one of his wrists and tugged his hand away, and then very sheepishly Wally removed his other hand and let his crotch be on open display. His shorts were tenting so hard the fabric was pulled taut, and the pointed tip of that fabric pyramid was twitching, a damp spot forming in the fabric that slowly spread as more slick juice leaked from his tip.

"Holy shit." He whispered.

"Don't cuss!" She scolded him, and he quickly apologized. She hated it when people swore, but Jesus this was a moment worth swearing for!

"W-what do you want to do?" He stammered right after his apology, not knowing what they had planned.

"We both thought that we could start small, and maybe just try a blowjob." Wally spoke up, the look on his face screaming anxiety.

He looked so embarrassed at being on display, that it really proved that whatever bravado Wally had over text was completely lost when it was in person. That was true for both of them! This was real life, not the internet, they could hide behind a screen or put their phone on silent.

"I- I think that'd be cool!" He quickly replied, because at this point anything would be awesome to see!

Still red as a beet, Meredith then slipped her way off the edge off the couch, and Keith felt his cock twitch in his shorts, a wet spot staining the fabric against his wishes. He clung to whatever thin shred of modesty he had left, as it was obvious to the other two people in the room why Keith was firmly keeping his hands in his lap.

"You can use your phone to film us if you want. It doesn't have to, uh, be either of ours." The fox told him, and that's when Keith's phone suddenly felt a lot bigger and heavier than it really did.

He'd have to pull his hands away from his crotch to film them, and his heart threatened to beat its way through his ribcage as he hesitantly lifted his hands and turned on his phone. His cock was tenting his shorts, although nowhere near as much as Wally's was to his own. The fox was so fucking massive!

Keith turned on his camera and turned it sideways while Meredith got on her knees in front of her husband, her hands resting on his knees while he slowly spread his legs for her on the edge of the couch. The fox leaned back, putting both hands on the sofa cushions to support himself while his wife looked over bashfully at the goat, and asked him if he was recording.

He quickly shook his head, then tapped the red button before looking back at them and nodding his head that he'd started to record.

Then she started. The feline began slowly, totally embarrassed, but Keith could see how she was squirming on the floor and the way her thighs seemed to be rubbing against themselves. The cat let her hands slide up her husband's legs until she was feeling around the mighty tent his dick was pitching, until at last she found the elastic band.

Keith swallowed a nervous mouthful of spit, watching as she pulled the shorts down her husband's dick, bending the tent over until the elastic band began to slide up and across the swell of his erection. The band then popped free of the fox's drippy tip with a snap, Keith gasping as he witnessed the pillar in person for the very first time.

It was colossal, a gorgeous pink and fleshy pillar decorated with veins along the sides that were angry and full of blood. At the bottom was a stupidly thick knot, fat like a red delicious apple and probably just as juicy.

Both of them looked over at him, Wally besides himself with embarrassment, only able to look at Keith briefly before looking away, but Meredith looked excited. She was still flushed pink, but the excitement she felt was clearly stronger than any other emotion she was feeling.

She started tugging at his shorts, Wally closing his legs together so she could begin to slide them down his thighs until they reached his knees. The cat crossed the Rubicon, pulling them down beyond the point of no return until the shorts were a wadded up bundle on the floor with the fox's cock pointing straight up in the air.

Keith's handles trembled as he tried to hold his phone steady, his eyes positively glued to Wally's massive dick, his fat fuzzy balls bunched up under the swell of his knot from how the fox was holding his thighs together.

His legs parted, spreading his knees wide and the goat watched as those heavy nuts sagged back low until they touched the cushion. His balls were so big, and they looked so damn heavy! He stared at them wide eyed until he began to let his eyes wander up his shaft until he spotted a stream of precum drooling from his tip.

"Do you like Wally's dick?" Meredith asked, and he nearly jumped out of his skin. Again. He was going to be hairless at this rate if it kept happening.

His mouth felt so dry all of a sudden, but he nodded.

"It's really cool." He told her, then looked over at Wally who couldn't make eye contact. "You're really huge, dude! Seriously, cool."

He wanted to like, make sure they knew he was into this, that he was excited. Like, he was down to film this, but wow was he nervous and going crazy on the inside. Wally, to his credit, did smile at the praise and thanked him. The biggest thanks, however, was the extra heavy dollop of precum that formed on the end of his dick before rolling all the way down his shaft to his balls. Now the narrow

stream was turning into a fucking deluge, like a cork had been unplugged from the bottom of a Igloo ice chest.

“Do you always leak this much?” He asked.

Wally shrugged, nodding.

“He does!” Meredith said, then pinched her husband on the thigh. “You can talk more!”

“Yeah, I always get messy!” Wally forced himself to say.

“That’s pretty cool!” Keith replied, feeling so goofy. Like, yeah, it is pretty good that you drool like a leaky hose! Feels really fucking weird to say it out loud in person, though!

“Are you going to give me a blowjob?” Wally asked his wife, rocking his head forward like he was gesturing to his dick.

Now all the attention was back on her, who had up to this point been kneeling there with her hands on her husband’s knees, making no effort to actually start sucking off her husband. She started biting on her lower lip, then began to inch her way forward on her knees.

She dipped her head towards his dick, then stopped and pulled away. She giggled nervously, then tried to do it again and failed. Meredith was getting cold feet, and she was starting to tremble. The fox leaned forward so he could sit up, and then let his hands come to rest over hers. Keith was eying them both, eyes darting up and down at the two of them.

Wally then let go of her hands and reached out to cup her face in his. He leaned down and kissed her on the forehead, which would have been adorable and sickeningly sweet in any other context, but with his enormous cock angrily twitching in his lap Keith had no idea what to describe this candid moment as!

“Do you want me to, help you?” He asked her directly.

She drew in a deep breath, shutting her eyes before making a stern face of concentration, then let it all out which must have felt great on his dick. She nodded her head up at her husband.

Wally glanced over at Keith, then back down at his wife. The fox put his left hand back down on the couch, so it was out of the camera’s way, and then with his right hand he gently grabbed Meredith by one ear and guided her down to his dick.

With his help, her lips touched his tip, and she started sucking his dick. Keith squirmed a bit on the sofa, scooting himself closer to the edge of the couch as his hands grew more difficult to control. Holding the camera steady was so damn hard, this was going to be such a shit video, like it was filmed during an earthquake! What kind of camera man can’t keep himself still?

A minute after her lips had wrapped around his tip she didn’t need her husband’s help anymore, and now she was freely bobbing up and down his shaft. Her hands were no longer on his knees.

One had moved up to his waistline, holding onto him and stroking his fur, while the other was wrapped firmly around his knot to hold him steady.

She'd been silent at first, so quiet that the music on the TV would have probably hidden any noise she'd have made, but now she was slurping. Between her spit and the steady stream of precum oozing from his tip that fox's cock was now glistening, and you could hear just how sloppy the head was he was getting!

"H-how far down can you go?" He dared to ask, and Meredith stopped about four inches down her husband's dick, opened one eye and looked at Keith.

Seeing her give him the side eye while her lips were wrapping around his cock made his dick jump. He couldn't bring himself to look down to see if there was a wet spot visible in the fabric, his gaze was firmly locked on the beautiful cat with her mouth locked onto a cock.

"Show him." Wally told her, the fox watching his wife, his mouth slightly ajar, quietly panting as he moved his hand off her ear to put it back on the couch cushion.

She popped off him, wetly at that. A thick line of pre oozed down the underbelly of his dick, an amount that put Keith to shame. His own dick leaked a little when he jerked off, but not like this, and only when he was close to popping his cork. Wally was just a precum machine, a factory pumping out slick lube like it knew it was never going to fit in a woman's hole without all the lubricant it could get. A self-lubricating wife-breeding machine!

He only knew he'd laughed at his own comment until he heard it himself, and then suddenly blushed hard.

"What's funny?" Wally was now looking at him.

He didn't seem as embarrassed as before, but he was still flushed.

"I just, uh, you're leaking so much. Self-lubricating." He awkwardly said.

The fox grinned, chuckled briefly.

"Just wait until I actually dump my nuts in her." He told him, and that made Keith physically shudder with excitement, like it had no business hitting him that hard! Wow!

"Keith." Meredith's voice stole his attention away from Wally.

Once she saw he was watching her, she squeezed her hand around her husband's knot, and then opened her mouth wide, tongue fully extended. She leaned in, looking at Keith, then touched her tongue to the underside of Wally's dick, and then licked him all the way to his tip. All that slick and sloppy precum collected on her tongue until it was spilling off the slides.

When she reached the tip she closed her mouth around him, then slowly lowered her head. She kept going until she started gagging. Each time she gagged, she swallowed. Her throat bulged with

each gulp she made, the noisy gagging telling Keith all he needed to know about how hard she was working to fit that dick down her throat.

She held the hand on his knot rock steady, and with her other hand she wrapped her thumb and index finger around his shaft right at her own lips, then quickly pulled herself back with an audible pop. She smacked her lips, gasped for air, and with a clear line of spit hanging off her chin the cat was starting to look like a different woman from the one who'd cooked Keith dinner only an hour earlier.

Meredith was panting excitedly, staring hungrily at her husband's dick. She then looked over at Keith, her gaze fixed onto him with so much intensity it startled him.

"See!" She told him, then looked back at the dick in her hands.

Keith looked, and she still had her left hand wrapped around him. A full eight or nine inches down from his tip.

"That's a lot!" He stammered, and to that she grinned. It didn't look like she was feeling that shy anymore, and that turned Keith on even more than he knew was possible.

His dick was quietly twitching in his pants. He finally glanced down, saw the wet spot, and then looked back up like he'd been caught red handed.

"You can take them off if you want." Wally spoke up, his voice stronger than before, the fox now following his wife's footsteps of shedding his embarrassment one twitch of his dick at a time.

"He doesn't have to; you don't have to Keith. Only if you're comfy." She told him.

"M-maybe later. This is, uh, your video. It's about you two." He tried to say.

Meredith smiled, Wally shrugged, then the fox surprised Keith by scooting forward and making an effort to stand. His wife didn't look surprised, and as her husband stood up, she scooted backwards to give him room to stand. What did surprise her was when he stepped away from the couch and walked, with his massive erection swinging and dripping precum everywhere, to stand in front of Keith.

Keith didn't know where to aim the phone, he just dumbly held it and let it follow the fox as he walked around and stopped. Wally told Meredith to move over in front of him, and she crawled across to floor to comply, and when they were done Keith was sitting on the edge of the couch with a perfect side angle view of the married couple.

This time, there was no hesitation from the cat as she started sucking off her husband. She was eagerly giving the fox a blowjob, and now that her husband was standing, she was showing off. With Wally being so tall and her so short, all she had to do was tilt her head back and let her husband's shaft plunge down her throat. Her lips touched his knot, and then she started... Making out with him.

She wrapped both hands around his knot and started squeezing, rocking her head from side to side as she noisily gagged on him, tears forming at the corners of her eyes. It was like she was trying to kiss his knot while deep throating him, and Keith didn't think he'd ever seen that trick in a porno! Holy shit!

To Wally's credit he was standing there above her like a champ, his chest rising and falling quickly as he panted, but he was standing rock solid none the less. Keith's legs would have buckled if a girl ever tried to deep throat him while standing.

"You two are so hot!" He told him breathlessly.

Wally shot him a sideways glance, and for a moment he looked smug. The fox looked back down at his wife, the cat looking giddy and eager as she throated herself on his dick. Her knees were locked together, her hips wiggling from side to side as she unashamedly rubbed her thighs together. She was probably soaking wet under that shirt!

"Can you, can you take off your shirt?" He asked.

Wally grabbed the hem of his shirt and pulled it over his head, then tossed it over onto the couch where they'd been sitting earlier. The fox's lean body was on full display, and without any shame Keith gawked. Wally had no business looking that good! Maybe it was his erection talking, but the fox was hot!

But that's not the shirt he was asking about!

"I, uh, wanted Meredith to take hers off." He told them, his voice betraying him. He still sounded so nervous!

"I see how it is." The fox replied, then took one step backwards and pulled himself away from his wife.

His cock slipped free from her, then exited her pursed lips with a pop. She literally gulped after his dick left her mouth, a visible lump dropping down the front of her throat as she swallowed something. A long streamer of precum was messily drooling out the end of Wally's dick, and every time his cock twitched the stream would grow a little stronger, like a tiny bit of extra force shot from the tip of his dick with each beat of his heart.

"Don't bully him." She teased her husband, then grabbed the bottom of her oversized shirt and tugged it up.

Keith gasped, watching her naked body appear before him until her shirt was a bundled mass in her hands. She tossed it over to the couch to join her husband's. He gasped a second time when she picked herself up off of her knees to squat onto the balls of her feet. She twisted herself around to face Keith, and boldly flashed him and the camera by swinging her knees apart.

The goat got a big eyeful of the cat's sopping pussy, the lips of her sex a bright blushing pink, glistening with nectar, the fur of her thighs a dark damp mess of arousal.

“You’re going to make him cum before I do.” Wally told her, then stepped back towards her and took her by one ear.

“Nuh, uh.” She told her husband, then like she’d accepted it as a challenge, put her mouth back on his dick and started blowing him with gusto.

She grabbed him by one of his knees, then reached up with her other hand and found his balls. As her head bobbed forward and back, she started massaging his nuts. Keith inched closer to the very edge of the couch, as far as he could go without slipping off it. He wanted to be as close to them as possible, his hands shaking, the phone capturing the worst picture possible while his eyes feasted like kings.

She choked around his dick when Wally’s hand gripped her ear tighter. Keith watched as the fox reached out with his other hand and grabbed the other side of her head. Now he had her in both hands, tight grips on both ears. Meredith had twisted herself around on the balls of her feet to face her husband, but her knees were still spread. The hand she’d held on his knee was now between her legs, and it was moving.

Keith couldn’t see it, but he about died when he realized she was fingering herself! Holy shit!

He about lost it right there from the thrill of it!

“Where do you want me to cum? In or out?” He asked.

He realized that Wally was asking him!

“I, uh, really?” He asked, his voice cracking.

“Yeah, down her throat or over her face and tits?” The fox asked, his voice firm, his eyes locked hotly onto Keith, sending a shiver up the goat’s spine.

The fox was so different now, the fur of his face having lost most of its earlier pink tint. Keith looked back into those eyes and felt himself shudder, like he wasn’t looking at a embarrassed shy dude anymore, but instead was being stared down by a professional... Wife breeder. A fucking stud!

“Duh, d-do what you would normally do!” He stammered in reply.

“She’s going to blame you if she gets fat.” He replied, then yanked his hips backwards, nearly slipping free from his wife, then he slammed them back forward.

The noise Meredith made was... The most disgustingly erotic thing he’d ever heard. It was a gag, a gurgle, a grunt, an oof... And it was WET!

Meredith pulled her hand away from her pussy, her fingertips glistening, and then with both hands she grabbed tight to her husband’s hips. The fox started fucking her, actually fucking her face. Keith gawked from the sidelines, watching as Wally used his wife’s mouth like it was a pussy, plugging away with grunts and pants, making his wife loudly and wetly gag with each thrust.

Her eyes were shut, tears forming at the corners of her eyes, what little make up she'd worn today beginning to run down to her cheeks. What he was doing to her looked too violent for a girl to enjoy, but then her hands left his hips, and she started clawing at his sides, groping at the fox's ass. She was dragging her fingernails through his fur, digging them into the meat of his toned ass.

Behind all the gagging were moans, cute feminine moans muffled by all those stupidly thick inches of dick.

Suddenly she started squirming violently, her feet twisting on the floor, her knees slapping against her husband's legs as she struggled to stay upright. A muffled squeal sounded out from her throat as her eyes struggled to open, her eyes rolled back in her skull as her back arched and something wet hit the floor.

Keith gasped, his eyes dropping down her writhing body as another splash hit the floor, then another, she was squirting all over the fucking floor!

Wally kept bucking his hips into her face until his legs began to buckle. When he started grunting, his hands locked so tightly around her ears her squealing turned into a yelp, then her hands dropped to her husband's knees. He slammed his hips forward, and she acted like she knew what was happening. Her hands quickly wrapped behind his knees, enveloping both his legs into a tight hug, and then Keith heard Wally snarl.

He looked up, watching as the fox's lips curled up over his teeth, Wally's eyes welded shut as he hitched his hips into her one last time. His legs buckled, knees clapping together as Meredith hugged him tight to keep him from falling over.

For a moment it seemed like they'd gone completely still, but they hadn't. Wally was quietly jabbing his hips into her muzzle, grunting quietly as his eyes finally opened, staring off into space. Buried deeply into his crotch was Meredith's face, her nose scrunched up painfully, gagging with every short thrust of his hips, but there it was...

The evidence.

The front of her throat was bulging with dick, and with every passing second it would throb. Wally was cumming straight down into her belly, and each jerk of his cock was making his wife's throat bulge a little more before it relaxed. His orgasm was lengthy, more than a minute of continuous twitching, until she began to cough, a streamer of white seed spitting from the corner of her mouth. She coughed again, her eyes fluttering while another streamer of cum spat out of her nose.

Meredith began to quickly pat her husband on the back of his leg, and finally the fox began to relax and pull control of his legs away from his wife so he could stand under his own power.

Once he was steady, he started to draw himself back, but let the end of his dick stay in her mouth as she looked up at him. She was now nursing at the end of his dick, her face a ruined mess of cum, spit, and the tattered remains of her makeup.

"Jerk me off." He grunted down at her.



She reached up and grabbed the barrel of his dick and start quickly pumping his shaft. For more than a minute she jerked him until his knees began to shake again, and then with a single satisfied grunt, Keith watched the fox's dick violently jerked. She squeaked, her cheeks blowing out before she could start swallowing. Cum spat out from around her lips and dripped down her chin, then more of it began to ooze from her lips like she wasn't even trying to gulp any of it down anymore.

The cat broke away from her husband, a rope of cum blasting her across the face. As soon as she felt herself being marked by her husband's cum, she went still and let a second rope mark her. Wally took over, grabbing himself by the knot and slapping her face with his dick as a third and final rope spilled from himself. Cum was now drooling down her face and across her chest.

The floor under the feet was a warzone of bodily fluids.

"Mostly in her." He laughed, then looked over at Keith.

"I love you." Meredith said, and Wally looked back down.

"Love you, too, baby. Do you think Keith enjoyed the show?" He asked her.

She looked over at him then, her face an erotic mess of fluids. Her hair was a disaster, her fur was matted. She looked well and thoroughly fucked. He never in a million years would have believed Meredith Turner could look like this! And then just look at Wally!

Wally was standing there like a fucking stud, his cock still rigid, drooling cum all over the floor, coated in jizz and spit. It looked like he could still go another round! God, he was hot! They were both so fucking hot!

"You were both awesome!" He told them, he looked down at his phone, saw it was still recording.

"D-do you want me to send you a copy? I-I don't think I did a good job, I'm shaking too much." He apologized to them.

"You can text it to me." Meredith told him, then stood up with the help of her husband.

Once she was back on her feet, he kissed her, ignoring all the cum and spit and going right for a deep kiss. They let that kiss linger, too, long and sloppy until Wally's own spunk was smeared across his face.

Keith felt now was as good a time as any to stop recording, so he did. His finger tapped the button. He was still shaking all over, like a constant trembling he couldn't control.

"Ok! Let me go clean my husband's gunk off and I'll be right back!" Meredith said, sounding like her normal self, and then she skipped away towards the hall.

"You ok?" Wally asked him, the fox now standing proudly in front of the goat, completely unashamed of his own nudity.

"Y-yeah! Just, awe struck." He tried to laugh.

Wally replied with a laugh of his own, then stepped back over to the couch and dropped down next to Keith. He could feel it, the rush of excitement, the thrill of Wally sitting naked and erect next to him.

The fox started reaching for Keith's phone. For a brief moment Wally's hand brushed against his own, and he finally busted his own nut. Keith let out the most embarrassing grunt, and that wet spot in his shorts grew several times in size. The fox started laughing, snatching the phone from Keith's shuddering hands and let the goat finish soiling his shorts while he started checked the video.

"Jeez, you really didn't do a good job." Wally told him as he started playing the video back with the sound on.

"Uh... Uh huh." He panted, still finishing hands free in his own shorts and being left breathless and embarrassed.

Meredith returned a few minutes later, the wet spot in his shorts having finished growing in size and was now turning cold to the touch. She was still naked, but her hair and face looked spick and span. You'd only know she'd just had sex from how soaked her thighs and pussy were. She looked at him, saw the spot on his shorts.

"When did you pop?" She asked, genuinely curious.

"When I grabbed his phone from him, and I touched his wittle hand." Wally laughed, and Keith nodded.

"Oh, that's cute! But don't be a booger to him! Now take your pills before you forget." She told her husband, extended her hand and dropped two big green pills into the fox's palm.

"Fine." He took them, then one at a time he tossed them back into his mouth and swallowed them painfully, making an ugly face as the pills must have tasted gross.

"Lemme see!" She then said, taking Keith's phone and sitting down next to her husband to watch the video.

She remarked that the video was really shaky, and Keith apologized again that he didn't do a good job. Meredith assured him it was perfectly ok, since this was their first time.

Their first time? Was she implying that there would be a second time!

"You want me to do this again?" He asked.

"Well, yuh! You'll get better at holding it steady with practice. Maybe if Wally touches your hand first before we start, you'll do a better job!" She told him with a big cheesy smile.

"Now who's being a bully?" Wally asked.