

The truck rounded the corner, Carl spinning the wheel all the way around to get the oversized vehicle to make the tight turn. Spinning the wheel back quickly, he began to thread the needle between two brick walled buildings. He cleared it with inches to spare. The narrow driveway they were on continued ahead briefly before opening out into a half-filled parking lot. In the corner of the lot was a single dumpster due for collection.

"Don't see anything loose, do you?" Carl, a stoat in his forties, said to his coworker while spinning the wheel again to pull away from the dumpster so he could begin to back up towards it for collection.

"Nope. You're good." Mitch, a rat more than a decade younger, replied while leaning his head out the passenger window to watch for any loose bags or items that had been left by the dumpster.

The dumpster was clear, and Carl used his years of experience driving garbage trucks to expertly back the vehicle up to the dumpster before engaging the mechanism that would begin the process of lowering the arms and locking them into the sides of the bin. As the machine did its work of hoisting the dumpster high and tipping it over into the back of the truck, the two men sat and waited.

"Cherry Lane still on our route today?" Carl asked.

Mitch pulled the printout from the sun visor above him, the stapled document that contained the week's routes.

"No. Still under construction." The rat replied.

"Good, good." The stoat replied in turn.

The dumpster finished dumping, then Carl worked the controls to lower the bin back down to the ground with a loud bang before disengaging the arms. When they were fully retracted back against the truck, he started pulling away to make their next stop on their shift of garbage collection.

Carl and Mitch worked for the city as proud members of the waste management department. They'd been partners in grime for close to three years now, though both men had worked for the city for longer than that. Carl, mostly, since he'd been working for the city for closer to a decade having first worked for a private construction company before going public on the city side of things, then changing jobs to garbage collection since driving trucks was more to his taste than killing his ears with jackhammers or his lungs with powdered concrete mix. Mitch had only ever worked for the city, his first job being part time garbage collection at 18 and now he was 24.

With Cherry Lane no longer on their route they could skip that stop and continue on, saving them a half hour of driving time and ten to fifteen minutes of actual collection.

"Jenny still working at that Waffle House?" Carl asked.

Jenny was Mitch's wife.

"Still is, but she keeps telling me she wants to quit." The rat replied.

Carl nodded.

Mitch's wife was a doe, a year her husband's junior, and always complaining about her job at the Waffle House, and that said a lot about that particular Waffle House since anyone that ever met Jenny knew she might have been 23 years old but she had the temperament and patience of a 90 year old woman that goes to Church each and every Sunday. If her boss and coworkers at Waffle House were so bad that even Jenny would bad mouth them after she clocks out for the day, then you knew it must have been awful.

"She keeps saying that but she don't ever do it." Carl said, spinning the big wheel around to make a right turn.

"I keep telling her there's other Waffle Houses. There's an IHOP right down the street, too." Mitch told the other man.

"She fixated on working breakfast? There's other jobs." The stoat asked.

"She just likes cooking." He replied.

"Well, lots of places let you cook!" Carl laughed. "Hell, I'd pay her to cook for me if I had the spare dough."

"Lots of people would. Think I'll have to just drop her ass off at Denny's and make her ask for an application." The rat told him.

"You and fuckin' Denny's." The stoat replied, shaking his head at that.

Mitch always wanted to eat lunches at Denny's when there were perfectly better places nearby. Like Shoney's.

As they were driving, Carl made another right turn, his eyes drifting to his right-hand mirror. As he watched where he was going, Mitch was staring down at his phone. The stoat noticed what was on his screen.

"Buying yourself panties again?" He ribbed the younger man verbally.

"Looking for something new for Jenny's birthday." The rat replied.

"Two months away." Carl added, knowing that her birthday was still a ways away.

He knew exactly when it was since Mitch brought it up often enough for every man that weren't her husband knew it.

Mitch was obsessed with getting his wife into some sexy ensemble. The little lady had been blessed with a lovely body, a large pair of sweet knockers, almost as sweet as herself if you ever met her. Darling little thing that would stay home all day if she could afford to and just cook and clean. Real homemaker stuff. A very traditional young woman with a strong, if poor, upbringing.

"I can still browse for ideas!" He replied, reaching his phone over to Carl so he could get a better look.

It was a lingerie set from some website. Black lace.

"That don't look her size at all." The stoat replied, noting to himself that the bra cups were a few sizes too small for a woman like Jenny.

He didn't pry into her size none, but she had enough to feed an orphanage of infants if she was asked, if you understood the stoat's drift.

"Just ideas, all I'm saying. I gotta keep looking since she's so hard to shop for." Mitch said.

"You don't have to buy her clothes. I'm sure she'd appreciate something she could use in the kitchen." The stoat wisely advised.

"I got her a bunch of that shit for Christmas, and she complains how there's not enough room in the cabinets." He replied.

The stoat grunted in reply.

They made their next stop, collected the refuse of the good people of San Fernando City, and then both men had to hop out of the truck to collect loose items that had been left around near the dumpsters. This stop was an apartment complex and it looked like someone had recently moved out and tossed a lot of their unwanted items out with the trash.

"Ey! You could give her this!" Carl joked, picking up an ugly plaid patterned footstool that'd been thrown out.

"Yeah, I'd like to stay married." Mitch replied and tossed a box of plastic hangers and other random pieces of trash into the back of the truck.

Carl tossed in the footstool and the pair finished tossing the rest of the odds and ends that littered the base of the dumpster before hopping back into the truck to make their way to their next stop.

"You remember that shirt meme I showed you last week all the girls were doing on the internet?" Mitch asked.

Carl grunted.

"The one where they wear a baggy shirt and pull it backwards?" He replied, remembering the internet shit his coworker always showed him, spending all his time on his phone while Carl did all the driving.

"Yeah. Caught Jenny wear that junk shirt you left at our place weeks back like a nightgown." Mitch told him, Carl having a vague memory of a shirt he'd left there when he'd come by to help fix their front porch.

He nodded in reply. Mitch and Jenny lived in a double wide trailer that was only lightly used when they bought it, but the porch was built by the previous owners with shitty wood and the planks were rotting

out in places and breaking. The two men had to rip out planks and replace them with the better ones, and they had to replace the entire set of steps to save them a safety hazard.

"I got her to do a little photo shoot for the meme. Wanna see?" The rat asked.

"She's gonna whip you raw." Carl replied with a curt laugh.

Mitch got the photos ready on his phone but waited until the yellow light up ahead of them turned red for Carl to come to a stop at the intersection. Soon as the truck stopped, he leaned over with his phone.

Carl reluctantly looked, knowing the doe hated her husband treating her like a trophy. He saw Jenny on the phone screen, looking like she was standing in their living room wearing a familiar oversized yellow shirt. Carl wasn't fat, but he was tall and stoutly built, preferring shirts that fit comfortably over shirts that fit well.

The look on Jenny's face told him Mitch must have nagged her into doing dumb internet shit for a photo or two.

Mitch reached his freehand over and flicked the screen, sliding the photo over like a page in a book to reveal the next one. The stoat lifted his eyebrows and couldn't suppress his urge to whistle. Jenny had her arms behind her, tugging the shirt as far back as she could do so the sides of the shirt hugged her tight like a dress. It didn't look like she was wearing a bra, and those heavy melons were looking just plain gorgeous as they always did.

"Very nice. How long it take you to talk her into that?" He asked.

"I know she is. She thought it was stupid, but it's more clothing than what I normally ask her to wear." The rat replied.

In private Mitch had a hobby of doing little amateur photoshoots where he would nag his wife into wearing something sexy and snap photos of her. He got to feel like a pornographer showing off his gorgeous wife while Jenny allegedly got to feel prettier than normal. She was too shy to dress any sort of provocative in public, her tits being the sticking point to her. That little double wide trailer of theirs was the only place she'd let herself hang out, so to speak.

Carl got to see the evidence whenever Mitch remembered he had new photos to share.

"She wearing anything under that shirt?" Carl asked.

"Nope." The rat replied.

"Very nice. You got any proof of that or you just going to make me use my imagination?" He asked him.

"You know better than that. She still don't ever let me take nudes of her." He replied.

The stoat grunted back in reply, figuring as much as Jenny was that sort of woman.

“Go get her in that swimsuit of hers again.” Carl said, the truck now coasting with his foot let off the accelerator. They were coming up on the driveway they needed to pull into for the next stop.

“The purple one?” He asked.

“Yeah, that was my favorite one you’ve posed her in.” He said back, touching the brake and starting to turn into the parking lot.

Mitch started playing with his phone, and when Carl started backing up to the next pair of dumpsters the rat waited for the stoat to engage the arms to start grabbing the bin. When they both heard and felt the arms lock into the sides of the dumpster to hoist it high, Mitch leaned over to show Carl his screen.

“Why that purple when she can wear this?” He said, grinning.

On his screen was an Amazon order page. Carl studied the order, looking at the tiny thumbnail.

“Wassat?” He asked.

Mitch tapped the screen, opening the item he’d ordered and then pinched and spread his fingers to zoom in. He showed the screen again.

The stoat whistled.

“Thought so. Ordered that yesterday for her and it’ll be in this weekend.” He replied.

“A girl like her ain’t going to wear something slutty like that.” He laughed, Jenny being too pure of heart to wear a skimpy bikini like that. The most lewd thing Mitch ever got her to wear was some modest lingerie, and even then she only let him take a few tame photos.

The most salacious thing Carl had ever seen her wear in a photo was that purple swimsuit, which was only naughty because it was the wrong size, and her tits were struggling to not squeeze out the top and sides like a muffin overflowing the baking tin.

Mitch flashed him a shit eating grin.

“You’ll see. I got my way with words.” The rat told him.

“That so.” Carl replied.

“I think she’s warming up more to the idea of being up on display.” Mitch told him, which made the stoat laugh in response.

“That so.” Carl repeated himself.

As much as Carl loved seeing the little doe and her hefty chest, he knew better than believe that woman would ever put herself on display like that. Just wasn’t in her nature any, but it was in Mitch’s nature to hassle people until they caved.

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Carl stood up straight after being hunched over for so long, letting his back pop. He hoped he wasn't going to feel this in the morning. He stabbed the post hole digger back into the ground next him and looked down the hole he'd just made. It looked deep enough but he'd need to measure it again.

Feet away was Mitch who was doing the same, but his arms weren't as strong as the stoat's, and he was grunting and heaving trying to dig a hole of his own.

He unclipped the measuring tape from his belt loop and started extending the yellow ribbon until it was about five feet long, then he knelt down and slid the ribbon down into the hole. It was four feet and five inches deep, and they needed it to be four and a half feet. This was good, they could just pack it down another inch with the post before they pour in the concrete.

The two men were in the slow laborious process of building an extension to the back porch at Mitch's double wide. He and Jenny had been gifted some money from family and they were wasting it on an above ground pool. They'd already marked out on the ground where the pool was going to sit. They just needed to plant the posts so they could begin building the rest of the frame that would eventually support people and grills.

Carl stood back up. Looking back over at the back of the double wide Carl followed the invisible path of the future porch to where he stood. It'd look nice once it was done. Just a lot of work.

"This blows." The rat grunted, then stabbed his post hole digger into the ground and opened up his hands in a gesture, wanting the tape measure. The stoat tossed it over, the rat caught it, then watched as the younger man measured his hole.

"God dammit." He cursed and dropped the tape to the grass before grabbing the digger again.

The two had already disassembled the original back porch and the wood from that was sitting in a pile in the yard waiting to be reused as part of the wooden frame for the new porch. The brand new wood they'd need was already purchased and sitting right next to the old wood. This was slightly more work than two men should be doing on their own, but it was still Friday and despite being in the afternoon all the other men they knew with calloused hands had day jobs.

Tomorrow another three guys were dropping by to help so the idea was that they'd have the porch built by Sunday and then Monday the pool would be delivered to the house and assembled inside the opening in the porch. The final build would be a four-foot-high porch that was about even with the top of the pool. The previous owners of the double wide had lifted the trailer up that high when they parked the thing here, so it worked out for them that the pool was already the right height.

"Mitch!" Jenny poked her head out the back door, the only way to exit the double wide was now a step ladder.

"Yeah?" the rat stopped what he was doing, stabbing the digger back into the ground.

"I'm making fresh lemonade; it'll be done in a few minutes if your two want to come in and cool off." The doe told them both, and Mitch looked down at his hole and nodded his head.

Carl was already taking a break from having finished his hole and figured both of them had earned a little rest in the shade, or at least he had. Mitch hadn't made much progress on anything.

"Come on, let's get inside." Carl told the younger man and started making his way towards the backdoor.

Jenny had already retreated inside, and the two men made their way up the stepladder to the doorway. Mitch and Jenny's pad wasn't bad, she knew how to keep house real good. The problem was it was a secondhand trailer home and the previous owners weren't too sharp. A lot of DIY had to be done to keep this place going well enough.

"I've got the pitcher in the freezer to help cool it down quicker. I'll go grab it after a few minutes, ok?" Jenny told them as they entered.

"Sure thing, baby." Mitch told her and found himself a seat on the couch and Carl came over and dropped himself into their recliner.

Jenny had wandered away to the other side of the house, leaving the men by themselves.

"Hey." Carl said, looking over at Mitch who was not laid back with his head tipped backwards onto the back of the couch trying to cool down.

"Yeah?" He replied.

"She gonna wear that bikini you got her when we break the pool in?" The stoat asked.

Mitch laughed, smiling, but before he could issue a reply Jenny walked back in. The doe was dressed plain, but cute. A pair of lady's jeans and a comfortable tee shirt.

"Baby, Carl wants to know if you're going to wear that bikini I got you." Mitch asked, tipping his head back forward to look at her.

She sucked in a big breath and exhaled it sharply.

"Why should I wear something like that in public? I'm not on the menu for everybody to look at, Mitch! Telling everyone, too." She replied, walking back into the kitchen.

Carl watched her depart, her tight rump a nice sight.

"You keep that up and she'll turn to the gospel and join a convent." He told him.

The rat laughed. Jenny stepped back into the living room with two glasses of fresh squeezed lemonade, giving both men a glass.

"Has he been going around and showing my pictures to everybody?" She asked Carl directly, looking right at him from her high vantage of being stood up while the stoat was sat down.

He shook his head.

"If he showed anyone but me, I'd have wrung his neck for you, Jenny. You're too purdy to be shared around like a baseball card." He replied, and she rolled her eyes.

"It's bad enough that he showed you! Mitch thinks I am a baseball card!" She said, turning to look right at her husband, hands on her hips.

"Aw, I do not! You're gorgeous!" Mitch replied, exasperated.

"Like one of them shiny Pokimane cards." Carl added with a laugh.

She huffed and went and took a seat on the couch next to Mitch.

"So, how's it coming outside? I saw you put some holes in my pretty yard." She said.

"We've got almost all the holes dug for the posts, then we'll mix the concrete and start setting the posts in the ground. Should have that done by end of the day." Carl took charge of the construction questions, being that he was the one mostly responsible for figuring out how it should be done.

Mitch wasn't much good for tools and construction, Carl didn't even like him driving the truck at work.

"Well, don't take too long out there. I can have dinner ready for you both if you finish up in time." She told them before leaving back towards the kitchen.

Carl liked the sound of that, Jenny was a mighty good cook.

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The days came and went, and soon enough there was a nice pretty swimming pool sitting in the back of Mitch and Jenny's yard. The deck was built, and thanks to Carl keeping everyone from fucking it up, it was actually level and ran from the back door to the pool just like it was supposed to. The deck surrounded half the pool as planned, a nice addition to their yard.

Jenny missed having a bigger yard full of grass, but she seemed happy to have an amenity that none of her neighbors had. They were the only trailer home with a pool, making them the Joneses for once instead of somebody else.

"Can I get you anything, Carl?" Jenny's voice got his attention.

Carl was lounging in the plastic folding chair, looking out over the new pool while Mitch and the others floated in the water.

"Another beer if you don't mind." He smiled up at her, and she smiled back.

She was such a sweet woman, especially with him knowing what all she had to put up with around the house. Mitch didn't know how good he had it, and seemed to be too dim to realize he was pushing it at times. The stoat wasn't about to complain about being shown pretty pictures of Jenny in different outfits, he was a man after all, but if Carl had been Jenny's wife, he'd be treatin' her a lil bit different, you know?

Jenny walked away to grab him a beer, and he watched her make her exit to the water cooler on the opposite end of the brand-new deck. She wasn't wearing the bikini Mitch had bought her, but she was wearing a swimsuit. It was a light green one piece with a stripe of orange around the middle where you'd expect a woman to wear a belt. It was very modest and didn't surprise Carl one bit that she chose that one to wear.

She pulled a fresh bottle out of the cooler, the glass dripping wet. Between her lemonade and cheap beer, he was feeling pretty well taken care of. That and the food, of course. He'd grilled just about all of it. Jenny turned and he watched her walk back, the stoat keeping his eyes at a respectable level with her eyes so he wouldn't leer too much at her rack.

As modest as her swimsuit was, she still had huge tits and they were filling her top out so much that it could make a man's imagination run wild.

"Thank you, Jenny." He told her when she handed him the beer.

"You're welcome." She smiled at him.

She liked it when men were polite. Jenny was a believer in the golden rule, and Mitch could afford to take a few remedial courses on it himself.

The party drifted on for a few more hours until everyone was starting to get too drunk or too tired. It was the weekend, so it ended late, but by the time everyone was peeling out the only people left to clean up after everyone was Mitch and Jenny, so Carl knew that was about one and a half people, so he decided to stick around and make it two and a half to make the cleanup go a little faster.

"Thank you for helping. I'm so glad you stuck around." Jenny told him, and he smiled back at her.

"Not problem at all, Jenny." He replied, dumping a black sack of garbage into the waste bin before packing it down enough to shut the lid. "You go on in, I can drag this out to the road."

She thanked him again for taking care of the garbage, and while he drug it out to the road like he said she went back inside. Carl got to the road, set it up in the proper direction to make it easy for the collection crew to do their job, then started heading back to the house.

He double checked that their grill was extinguished, shutting the lid back tight before picking up a pair of tongs that Jenny had missed earlier in the evening.

When he was done Carl found Mitch inside, sitting on the couch with a beer in his hand, while Jenny was in the kitchen giving dishes a rinse. The stoat walked into the kitchen and handed her the tongs, which she thanked him for, then excused himself to the bathroom so he could wash his hands up.

While he was running the tap he could hear the two of them arguing over something, and when he got back out Jenny was in the living room scolding Mitch over how he was sitting half the time instead of helping. Carl had been right about the rat counting as only half a person when it came time to clean anything up.

"Don't be too hard on him, Jenny, he's just plum tuckered out." He teased and came down to plop his butt into their only recliner.

"He could have done more." She told him, clearly upset that her husband hadn't done enough. It was obvious to anyone that stuck around them long enough that Mitch found ways to embarrass her.

Jenny's momma had raised her right, and Mitch's had been a tad too neglectful, or maybe spoiled him. Either worked. That's why Carl didn't want him driving the truck, he could be lazy or half ass a job, and he didn't want a fuck up to appear on his own record for being on Mitch's crew.

"I did plenty!" He complained.

The doe huffed in reply, sounding defeated in the face of her husband.

"Grab yourself a beer, Carl. You hardly touched the stuff." Mitch turned to him and said.

"You know I don't drink heavy like you do." He replied.

"We're still celebrating our new pool! You can relax and unwind a little bit, can't you?" The rat took his own turn to tease, chiding him about being a light weight and a teetotaler.

Fine, he wanted him to drink, he'd drink.

"Carl, you don't have to drink if you don't want to. There's leftover lemonade I can get you." Jenny told him, but he waved her offer aside.

"No, I'll crack open another one." He said, getting up to stand but Jenny told him to sit back down.

The little doe went to the kitchen and fetched him a beer and began walking it back to him.

"How much beer we got left in the fridge?" Mitch asked her.

"Way too much! You overspent on liquor again." She scolded him, the tone of her voice less playful as she passed the beer off to Carl who took it.

"I can take a few cans with me on the way home." He told her.

"You wouldn't need to if you drank more, old timer!" Mitch said, his own tone betraying his growing intoxication.

"Old timer." Carl chuckled, taking a drink of his beer.

“Really, Mitch. He has to actually drive home unlike you!” Jenny told her husband.

“You haven’t even had anything to drink.” Mitch told her back.

“I had one earlier while we were eating if you’d notice.” She replied and took a seat next to her husband.

The two bickered about the amount of beer that was left until Mitch had her frustrated with the proposal that she should help them drink what they had left. Carl didn’t intervene, it wasn’t his marriage, but he gladly watched Jenny stand up and march back into the kitchen where she grabbed two fresh beers. One was for her, and the other was Mitch’s.

He’d seen the rat drink plenty of times and Carl figured that Mitch now had enough alcohol in him that he’d be sure to drink himself unconscious. He’d done it before, as he’d heard Jenny complain about it before.

She started drinking, Mitch kept drinking, and Carl coasted along with the two of them.

After a short bit the rat’s ears suddenly perked up and he went stiff, turning to look at Carl like he’d just thought of something.

“You know, Carl, I almost had her wear that other swimsuit!” He slurred.

“No, you did not!” Jenny protested.

“That’s not what you said!” He said back.

“Mitch, what I said was that if I was in a good mood I’d put it back on for you.” She told him firmly.

Carl smirked. Well, that ship had set sail hours ago, he thought to himself.

“What mood you in now?” Mitch asked.

The stoat hid his smile behind his beer can as he lifted it to take another drink. Jenny huffed, her expression revealing too much about how little mood there was in the room for a bikini.

“He’s drunk, Jenny.” Carl said, offering a flimsy defense for the other man.

“Obviously! You know I’d hope an older man might teach him something, but he’s just as thick headed as he’s always been.” She replied, turning back to her husband.

“Hey, my head’s pretty decent ain’t Carl?” The rat asked, not even flinching at his wife’s insult.

Carl felt a little slighted, too, as he was the older man in this situation, but Mitch was pretty thick headed. Some boys stay boys.

“I still don’t let you drive the truck.” He replied with a smile.

“And I’m grateful for that!” Jenny added.

“Aw, come on! Look, even the boss went and forgot about me backing over that bicycle!” Mitch protested.

Jenny stood up, beer in hand. Carl waved for her attention and asked her to bring him another. She briefly asked if he was sure, and he nodded. She huffed and kept going.

“And bring me another one!” Mitch called after her.

“You don’t need another one!” She called back, clearly frustrated.

“Just bring him one Jenny. Maybe he’ll sleep extra hard tonight. If he does.” Carl told her from his seat.

“Like a rock!” Mitch agreed.

While Jenny was in the kitchen Carl noticed she poured the rest of her beer down the sink. The little lady didn’t like to drink much, and considering who she was married to he didn’t know if that was good or bad. He would have figured she’d have been a heavy drinker just to put up with him when he was acting his worst.

She came back with two beers, handing the first off to the stoat before giving the other to her husband.

“You should put that bikini back on.” Mitch told her.

“Mitch, I swear.” She replied, upset but at this point checked out. Carl could tell.

Sometimes someone just got you so mad you didn’t explode, you just checked out like you were trying to find the mute button for the TV. Jenny probably coped that way by just letting her husband go off while she had him mute in her head so she could keep from losing her marbles.

“Jenny.” Carl said her name, getting her attention before she sat back down.

“Yes?” She asked, the doe seeming relieved that she wasn’t alone to put up with her drunk child of a husband.

“How many beers were left in the fridge?” He asked.

As she sat down, she told him there was a six pack. That’s not so bad, he thought. He got up from his seat, the gears in his head turning, and made his way into the kitchen. Meanwhile, Jenny was calling out to him if he needed anything while Mitch was again telling her to put her bikini back on. The two bickered in the background while Carl found the fridge and opened it.

There was the six pack. He took a drink from his beer and then reached in to pop loose a can from the plastic rings. He shut the door and turned away from the fridge, using his foot to shut the door. He found Jenny was now entering the kitchen and asking if he needed anything. She saw he was now two handing beer.

"I think it'd do you some good if I made sure there was less for him to drink tonight." He told her, and she looked both concerned and relieved.

"You don't have to force yourself to drink more than you want, Carl!" She told him.

"I can handle it better than he can." He replied.

"You know what?" He said suddenly, handing her the unopened beer in his hand.

The stoat went back to open the fridge and popped loose another can. He sat both beers on the counter and turned back to Jenny and took the beer from her hand and popped it open for her, then gave it back.

"I, I really shouldn't." She told him.

"Go ahead, you aren't doing any driving tonight, and maybe it'll make putting up with him a little easier." He told her.

Mitch then entered the kitchen and saw that they were opening beers. He tossed his now emptied can into the bin and then looked enthusiastic at there being a third beer right there on the counter the rat picked it up and popped it open to start drinking it, too.

"You should try to talk her into that bikini, Carl! Maybe two on one will work!" The rat laughed, and his wife tightened up her smile but said nothing.

The rat left, saying he needed to take a leak and once he was gone the doe let out the breath she'd been holding.

"I'm sorry he's acting this way." She sputtered, then lifted her beer and took a sip.

"Drink deeper than that." He told her, reaching out his hand and touching the bottom of the can and lifting it back to her lips to encourage her to drink more.

"How about you just do what he wants." He suggested.

She looked at him, the look in her eyes alone asking him if he was serious.

"I know, but if you do it it'll get him to quit hounding you. I think he just wants someone other than him to tell you how good you look." He told her.

"He's the only one that's supposed to be doing that, Carl! I'm not some piece of meat!" She said, frustrated.

"I know you ain't, but he don't know any better. At least tonight someone with better manners can tell you you're pretty." He replied, and she blushed but went silent.

She took another drink of her beer, a bigger gulp this time. The doe looked up at him then back down at her beer.

"I'm not the kind of woman he makes me out to be. I don't like dressing that way." She told him.

"I know that, too. The way he complains to me at work about what you won't wear and do is enough to tell me that bikini isn't something you'd ever buy for yourself. He makes me look at his phone to show off all the shit he wants to blow his money on for you to wear." He told her.

She flushed red, a mix of anger and embarrassment.

"Just drink the rest of your beer and let him have his way. He's so drunk he'll pass out and be outta your hair the rest of the night." He told her.

Frustrated, she lifted her beer and took another long drink until she lowered it back down empty.

"He really shows his phone to people about me?" She asked, looking hurt.

"About every day, yeah." Carl replied.

Looking hurt, and then angry, she exhaled a sharp sigh and pivoted on her foot. She walked away, a kind of stamp, stamp, stamp to her footsteps telling all she was keeping a lot of how she really felt bottled up. Carl watched her head back towards where the bedrooms were, and in reply Carl moved himself back over to his chair and took a seat.

Mitch came wobbling out of the bathroom a bit later, the alcohol clearly going all the way to his head to spill out his ears. He collapsed back onto the couch, spent a good moment looking around for Jenny, and when he couldn't find her, he dumbly looked over at Carl and asked.

"Where's she go?" He asked.

Carl lifted his beer, stuck out his pinky like a posh prick from Downtown, then gestured to the other side of the house.

"Wandered off that way." He said.

A door opened and shut elsewhere in the house, or more like slammed. The doe had too much anger in her for her to hide, especially since she'd started drinking too. Jenny entered into view, and Carl's eyebrows each lifted in tandem with the dilation of his pupils.

The doe was dressed down to nothing but a skimpy little bikini that did jack shit to perverse her modesty. Held together by a scrawny collection of shoestrings were a trio of Dorito sized triangles. The two up top hardly contained her breasts, the pink edges of her areola poking out from under the sides while the shoestrings did nothing but draw the eyes to all the places she'd least likely to want you looking. The third triangle down below was hugging up to her cleft so tight Carl knew she had to have jerked her bottoms up her legs in an ill-tempered fit.

"Are you happy?" She asked, glaring at her husband.

Mitch meanwhile was so drunk he took a couple of seconds to fully engage with the reality that his wife had finally put the damn bikini on. Rather than looking pleased with himself his expression warped into some drunken flavor of smug.

“See! I told you she was hot!” He shouted, pointing at his wife, seemingly more pleased with being proven correct or getting his way than being appreciative of the fact that Jenny had actually done what he’d been hassling her to do.

Carl glanced away from Mitch and back at Jenny, both admiring how good she looked in the bikini as well as feeling more than a bit annoyed with her husband.

Least he could do is not shout about how she’s dressed.

“You’re absolutely impossible, Mitch! I finally did what you wanted! See?” She angrily replied, raising her hands in the air with exasperation as she started spinning herself around to prove to everyone in the room that all she had on was the slutty swimsuit.

Carl certainly acknowledged it with his eyes, appreciating how the shoestrings hugging her body so tight that they were gonna leave creases in her fur after she finally took it off. The string running up her backside was invisible, caught between her cheeks like a piece of dental floss before finally emerging just under her short little tail to wrap around the curvature of her hips.

She was enough of a good woman in that outfit that he was feeling himself begin to uncomfortably stir in his shorts. Jenny was a looker on a normal day, and in casual attire at that, but seeing her this dressed down was a treat for the eyes unlike anything Carl had seen in person. You’d need a very special magazine to find a girl that was a match for Jenny.

“I think you look beautiful in the bikini or out of it, Jenny.” Carl told her warmly, making some effort to give her a compliment that her husband should have been making instead.

Before she could even stop her spin to acknowledge his comment Mitch was interrupting her with his own drunken slurring.

“Her tits are just about to pop out! I knew they’d be overflowin’ when I bought it a size smaller than she wears!” He laughed, and the doe’s face contorted into something hurt and ugly.

“You said this was my size!” She angrily replied, aiming her body at her husband, hands dropping to her hips, the spitting image of a mother scolding, but with the face of a wife that had reached her limit.

“You look gooder in shit that don’t fit!” He laughed back.

Now Carl was feeling second hand embarrassment and sympathy anger on the doe’s behalf. And maybe a little guilt for talking her into playing dress up for an ass that apparently doesn’t know when to quit.

“Jenny, can you help me find something in the kitchen?” Carl broke his silence and stood.

Grateful for the chance to escape she agreed and followed him to the kitchen while her husband tried, and failed, to whistle at her backside.

"I figured he'd act different, but I was wrong." Carl said once he was standing on the linoleum.

"He's always like this! I'm just a piece of meat to him!" She replied quickly in a hushed whisper while her eyes watered up.

Carl suddenly felt sick that he'd acted like a dumbass. He was too old to be doing shit like thinking a bikini would solve somebody's problems. Being the gentleman that he liked to think he was he took her shoulders in his hands and rubbed them.

"You aint a piece of meat, he just doesn't got a head on his shoulders. He thinks too much with the one between his legs." He told her.

She lifted her hands to her face and wiped away a few stray tears as she tried to put herself back together as quickly as she could.

"I thought giving him what he wanted would calm him down, and it didn't. I'm sorry Jenny." He told her, and she took a step back and the stoat let his hands fall from her shoulders.

"He's always like this. I give and he takes, God forbid he ever act like I'm worth more to him than a cup size or a sandwich." She vented.

"You are, Jenny. You are." He reassured her.

She sniffed, and then asked him what he needed help finding.

He told her he just wanted to give her an excuse to leave the living room since it looked like she needed it. Jenny was standing there right in front of him, wearing this slutty shoestring bikini, but she was far too emotional over her husband situation to even be aware of how much fur she was showing to a man not her wearing her ring.

"Thank you." She replied.

"Let me go back in there and talk to him. Not that he'll remember any of it tomorrow." Carl told her, decided he should just man up and defend Mitch's woman.

Normally a man is supposed to defend his own woman, but what do you when you're the problem?

"You don't have to, I can just, deal with him after he sobers up." She told him, but he refused.

"No, he probably doesn't respect me any more than he does you, but at least I'm his boss." Carl replied.

He turned to leave the kitchen, quickly finding himself back in the living room only to find Mitch had slumped himself over onto his side. The rat's mouth was ajar, his beer hazardously perched in his now limp hand and on the verge of tipping over to spill.

"Well, at least you're finally out!" Jenny at last lost her temper.

The doe stormed over to her husband and snatched the can from his hand, and the way she did it revealing the beer was likely empty from how little weight it appeared to have.

"You make me do this for you and then you just pass out, like always! Like some filthy trophy you can't even bother to keep polished!" She shouted before standing up and nearly started to cry.

Carl was bearing witness to the personal matters unrelated men weren't supposed to see, but here he was seeing it and listening to Jenny begin to cry wasn't doing him any favors. He came up behind her, stealing the can from her hand and pulling her away from the couch while she struggled to control her emotions.

"He's out like a light, just leave him be and take good care of yourself while he's out of your hair, Jenny." He tried to soothe her, but it wasn't like he had the touch or silver tongue to be any good at that sort of thing.

Carl drove a garbage truck, not a therapist's chair.

The doe turned, facing him now and looking up at his face, still looking like she was about to cry. The anger had faded, probably too much work to stay mad when it was just easier to cry. Women could be like that.

"Tell me I'm pretty without making me feel like shit." She nearly sobbed up at him.

Carl felt the sudden cold awkwardness come over him, but her wounded face was too much for him to refuse.

"You couldn't find me a prettier girl on the TV, Jenny. He doesn't know how good he's got it havin' you for a wife, and I honestly regret telling you to put that stupid bikini on. He hasn't done jack shit to deserve seein' you looking like that." He told her.

It looked then like she was going to start shedding fresh tears, then she reached out to Carl with both hands and sharply took him by the face. In a move that surprised him, she tugged him down and his back bent with it like she was trying to double him over, and then she kissed him on the lips.

The stoat's eyes bolted wide open, whatever intoxication and inebriation he'd been feeling was quickly shoved to the wayside by the doe's unexpected pounce.

He didn't stop her, the force and intensity of her kiss being like that of a teenage girl's. It was something so strong that it drew old memories up to the surface, of those fleeting moments from Carl's youth, of his failed relationships as a younger man. When she broke the kiss, still cradling his face in her hands.

"I haven't kissed him like that a long time." She told him, her voice breaking beneath her watery eyes.

Well, that was that prick's loss.

Carl reached out to her, quickly taking her by the shoulders and pulling her close so he could dive back down to her. Pressing his lips to her's he took the initiative from her, forcing his tongue into her mouth

and let himself roll into the strong habits of a man that understood women. She gasped and yelped with surprise, but that lasted all but the briefest of moments, because then she reciprocated.

They gripped each other's bodies tightly, their faces mashed together as the alcohol fueled their passion and spirit, kissing noisily in the middle of the living room while the rat still lay slumped over on the couch, out cold like a fish.

When their mouths broke free of each other they were both gasping for air.

"Never seen a prettier doe in all my life!" He grunted at her, grabbing her right under her armpits and lifting her clean off her feet.

Jenny yelped with surprise, her heavy tits shaking in the air, bursting free of the tiny bikini top. The stoat tossed her over his shoulder and started walking to the one place where he knew the two of them belonged. With one foot he kicked the door open to their bedroom, finding that the master bed was neatly made and well kept. The pristine, smooth surface of a perfectly manicured bedspread was ruined when he tossed the doe down onto her own bed, her tits now full on display while Jenny panted and pulled her legs together to lock her knees tightly to the other.

"Carl." She seemed to sob, but even though her voice was rich with painful emotion he saw in her eyes that she wasn't upset with him.

"Let me." He told her.

Her legs opened, and he yanked off his shirt and dropped it to the floor. The doe was already reaching down to tug the bottoms to the side, giving him access, but instead of giving her the dick she was expecting he dropped to his knees and planted his face between her thighs.

"Carl!" She nearly shouted as his mouth met her mound, dragging his tongue long and wet across her folds before energetically devouring her petals.

It'd been a decent while since he'd last tasted a girl's peach, and Jenny's was as juicy as they could be, enough to help him forget that other peaches even existed. Her hands found his head, running fingertips through his fur all while he took care of business. With every lick, every suck, every little nibble he did what he knew to do to get a woman ready for the main course. He kinda needed to.

When he was done, he grabbed the sides of the bikini bottoms and yanked them up her legs and clean off her feet. As he stood his erection was tenting his shorts, and as he worked himself free the doe was staring up at his face, still panting, and looking both awash with the pink hue of blush and the nervous anxiety of a woman who'd just found her virginity after years of it being lost.

Cheating on your husband might make you do that.

She didn't look down until she felt his tip begin to drag across her body as he crawled over her. He heard her gasp, a familiar noise, and then he silenced her with another kiss. He wrapped an arm under her back and began to drag her into the middle of the bed until his cock was pressed against her slit.

The doe was already wet for him, and when he began to press himself inside the sheer grip her velvet folds had on him was all he needed to know about what Mitch was hitching her with. She squirmed under him, panting through their kiss as her hands pawed and kneaded at his chest.

She was so tight around his cock as he slowly sank within her that she could have surely felt his heart beating through his dick.

He broke the kiss and she moaned for him, the sweetest sound he'd ever heard cross her lips.

"Gonna do you right like you deserve." He whispered down at her, and he felt her hands cling tighter to him.

The stoat grunted, sinking himself deeper inside the little doe. Jenny gasped, almost like a whimper as her tight grip enveloped him from tip to base in a flash. She was so tight he grunted again as soon as the end of his dick tapped the natural limit of her tunnel. He actually had to stop, holding himself still as he adjusted to the feel and fit of a woman so snug she was threatening to take his breath away.

Below him, she was gripping him tighter and tighter, gasping and panting into his bare chest, her cheek pressed into his fur as the rest of her body squirmed and wriggled. The doe was adjusting, too, and when Carl looked down to check on her, she was crossed eyed, mouthing out the words 'Oh God' silently in between gasps.

"You're doing fine, Jenny." He grunted, and then withdrew his hips.

As he pulled back, she moaned for him again, louder this time, her hips being pulled along for the ride as her cunt gripped his cock tight. He got himself free halfway, then pressed himself back.

She groaned, a feminine noise that left her nearly clawing at his back, but he didn't mind. For a woman this tight she was a champ, clearly built for men bigger than her husband.

Carl started rolling his hips into hers, strong slow strokes of his dick leaving the doe clawing and gasping more passionately than before. She whimpered his name, a sound that sent shivers up and down his spine as she uttered his name in a way he'd never heard before.

He ducked his head down low, and kissed her atop her head, and she instinctively looked up at him. With a clear path ahead of him, he leaned lower and kissed her on the lips again. With her mouth covered by his own he started to buck his hips. She grunted into his mouth, but he didn't stop kissing her, he kept going, muffling her cries as his hips pumped harder, working his tool in and out of her despite her vice grip tunnel's protests.

Finally, he needed air, breaking their kiss with both lovers gasping.

"Carl!" She shouted, clawing her hands up his body to grab tightly at his neck.

She tried pulling him into a hug, and accidentally popped herself off his dick in the process. Carl kissed her again, his cock now cold against the cool evening air. He grabbed the doe and rolled them both over until he was on his back. She collapsed atop him, kissing him aggressively, her heavy tits spread across his chest.

He groped at her backside, squeezing her little ass and dragged her up higher until her crotch was again resting over the end of his dick. The stoat grabbed himself and angled it just right, and then pushed her back down on his cock. Jenny gasped through their kiss, hungrily kissing him despite being split wide open all over again.

She drew her knees up to his sides, and to Carl's surprise she started riding him. Just rocking and grinding at first, but despite her grunts and gasps of discomfort, she started bouncing. Only a few inches of his cock as slipping in and out of her at first, but after a minute of continued kissing she'd forced herself into a rhythm that had him moving half his cock through her tunnel.

Jenny was the one to break the kiss she'd started and did so loudly with a loud exaltation.

"God, Carl!" She whined, eyes shut, throwing her head back as her hips slammed down into his hips, hilted herself on his cock from tip to base.

She looked back down at him, gazing longingly into his face before restarting her hips. She began to energetically ride him, quickly forward and back motions of her hips, the noise of his cock pistoning inside her landing on the stoat's ears at about the same volume as the creaking of the bed springs.

He grabbed her by her narrow waist, gave her a squeeze, and started bucking up into her.

She shouted, eyes briefly rolling back as the impact of his first thrust clapped their bodies together. Her tits bounced, the heavyweight masses jiggling on her chest as his second thrust landed. Jenny was grunting, full mouth open, her hands clenching into his chest as she redoubled her own efforts to ride him.

Carl was seeing a new side of the doe he didn't think existed, the beautiful woman wildly riding him and matching his intensity blow for blow as she noisily rode his dick just as hard as he was giving it to her.

To his credit, he resisted the urge to grab her by the breasts and maul them with his mouth, but he sure as hell wanted to. He wanted to bury himself between them, mash at them with his hands, play with them like a kid on Christmas morning.

His balls were drawing up tight, and for a brief moment he worried about dumping himself dry inside her.

"Carl!" The doe started wailing, her entire body beginning to quiver and quake like she'd just suffered a seizure.

She went limp, collapsing on top of him while he continued to buck his hips up into her soft and inviting body. He continued to fuck her through her orgasm while her luscious tits spilled out over him.

The stoat considered his options and quickly decided to toss his worries into the bin where they belong. He wrapped her into a hug, then yanked her off his cock with a wet pop. Carl rolled them both over and he grabbed her tits in both hands and squeezed them around her plump nipples.

Her hands grabbed his, and her fists clenched, not to stop him but to encourage him. He did start playing with her tits, loving on them and exploring them. His cock naturally found its way back between her petals and then he hilted himself in her.

His balls wanted to pop, his cock throbbing angrily inside the doe as he started thrusting down into her. In seconds he was jackhammering her with both hands planted firmly on her tits, the stoat putting his body to work to pin the doe down on the bed while his cock did the job it was designed to do.

"S' close!" He rasped into her ear, his hips clapping against hers like a hammer on an anvil. Her hands were clawing at his, wrapping so tight around him her knuckles were turning white under her pretty fur.

Thirty seconds after that the bed was violently creaking as he welded his eyes shut and pile drove himself down into her one last time, feeling his nuts yank tight to his body right before he felt the most explosive orgasm since his teens. His eyes rolled back as his back began to twitch with pleasure, the underbelly of his cock swelling as the first rope of cum surged through him.

"Carl!" She called his name again as that rope clapped against her cervix, her delicate hands slipping their grip, catching him around his wrists, and so tightly that it felt like she'd put him in handcuffs.

His cock surged a second time, and she howled, feeling him rocket off inside her with a third throbbing surge of cum. His eyes lowered back down as his cock slowed down its eruption, the stoat discovering that Jenny was rolling her hips under him, her hands pulling his hands deeper against her tits while her legs wrapped around his waist.

Carl looked her in the eyes, and saw she was crying. A moment of fear hit him, but her mouth was wordlessly asking him to kiss her, so he did. Neglect was a powerful drug, and that kiss was proof of how long Jenny had been hooked on it. He pulled his lips away from hers, panting from the intensity of it.

"How long does he stay out for?" He asked her.

He briefly saw shame flash across her face, then it surged back to the anger he'd seen in her before.

"Until morning, late." She told him curtly, looking hurt all over again.

"Then I've got plenty of time to polish you like he ought to been doin'." He told her in reply, then yanked his hands off her tits and cupped them around her face, pulling her into another kiss that ended with his hips rocking roughly into her to start a second round, and her hands clawing at his back like she was looking forward to getting a few coats of wax.

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Carl changed gears in the truck, then started heading down the next street, leaving the trio of now empty dumpsters behind them. Their next stop was a couple minutes away, and the stoat was suffering. Not from any sort of hangover, since he hadn't drank anything since Saturday. He was suffering being in a cab by himself with Mitch with a slightly smarting conscience and a whole heaping load of irritation.

"I swear all she does is bitch and complain. And did you really need to take the last of the beer with you?" Mitch belly ached from the passenger seat as they made their daily rounds.

Before Carl had peeled out from the house Jenny did make him take all the beer that was left. He felt bad leaving her behind to clean up the mess they'd made, but she promised she'd take care of it and was more worried that her husband would see that the stoat had stuck around all night.

"She wouldn't let me tell her no. Was easier to just do it for her." Carl didn't really have to lie about that.

For the next several minutes Mitch continued to complain about how hard he was getting it at home, since apparently after he sobered up on the couch the morning after their pool party Jenny laid into him real good. Not a surprise seeing as how much of an ass he was acting. Not that the rat saw it that way, of course. He was quite happy to park his head up his own ass when it suited him.

They reached the intersection, and Carl made a left turn soon as the light let him. Their destination was ahead of them on the right side, a small shopping center with three little businesses.

"We got a big pile out there." The stoat interrupted his copilot, seeing that the pair of dumpsters in the lot had several garage bags and some cardboard boxes sitting around them.

"I see 'em, I see 'em." The rat complained, shifting his irritation back to his job and away from his marriage.

Carl started spinning the wheel, turning the truck around so he could begin to back his way up to the dumpsters. Once he stopped the truck Mitch jumped out to quickly grab the trash and toss it in the back so Carl could initiate the arms that would grab and lift the first dumpster.

While the rat was dealing with that, Carl did something he rarely ever did, which was to pull his phone out on the job. He didn't have the fanciest smartphone, just a cheap piece of junk that was just barely able to meet the demands of the modern world.

He spotted Mitch in the side mirror, reading the rat's lips to see he was still complaining with the only ears listening being his own. Carl tapped at his screen and checked his messages.

While Mitch finished tossing the garbage into the truck, the stoat smiled down at the photo Jenny had sent him. The doe was standing there in their little bathroom, dressed only in a skimpy swimsuit, her heavy tits popping out of the cups while she held her phone in one hand and fondled herself with the other. That big smile on her face making her look younger and brighter, like she was a brand-new woman fresh and ready to tackle the world, even if all that meant was putting up with a Waffle House.

He smiled wryly down at his phone, thinking to himself that it was a damn tragedy that Jenny threw that bikini in the garbage before Mitch could wake up and stop her. It was a real shame that no one would ever get to see how pretty she looked while wearing it. A woman like her wearing a slutty little item like that? A once in a lifetime kinda deal.

"Would you like it if I took more photos for you?" She'd asked him shortly after she'd sent the photo to him this morning.

The door to the truck opened, and Carl tilted his phone away from the rat out of caution.

“Since when do you stare at your phone all day?” The rat asked.

“Since I started using that Amazon shit to order parts for my truck.” He lied. Well, half a lie. He did buy parts for his truck.

The stoat turned off his screen to put the phone away, the last thing Carl saw of Jenny was her excitedly telling him that she’d be sending him more photos as soon as she could. A real shame something terrible had happened to that bikini. Perhaps if the man that bought it knew how to take better care of his things he might not have lost it.