

She struck her thumb across the striker, sending up sparks before a small flame erupted from her lighter. Once she lit her cigarette, she snapped the lighter shut and leaned to the side to set it down next to her purse on the table.

“So, you’re still thinking 7:30?” Her husband asked her over the phone.

“7:30. I might be home earlier, but I don’t know how long I’ll be at the bank. I’ll text you if it looks like something will change.” She replied.

The lioness then took a drag on her cigarette, looking out across the empty room at the window across from her. She could see the ocean from here, such a nice view and perfect for a health spa. There was something tranquil and uplifting about seeing the sunlight glitter across the distant sea, something that really helped the spirit as the spa worked the body into better shape. Whoever thought to buy out the 7th floor of this high rise for a spa was smart.

“Ok, that’s what I’ll plan for then. What if the store doesn’t have those mushrooms you like, do you want something else?” He asked her.

Her husband wanted to cook a nice dinner for the two of them tonight, but her schedule kept changing throughout the week and their 5:00 meal was now looking like a 7:30 one. That was the life of a lioness working at her level. Being the CFO of a Fortune 500 was not for those who dreamed of flexibility and a good work life balance.

“Asparagus will be fine, or scalloped potatoes if you think you can make them.” She replied, taking another drag on her cigarette before exhaling smoke into the air.

“I’d have to use google for that one. I’ll keep it under consideration when I’m in the store, and are you smoking again?” Her husband suddenly asked, noticing the sounds she was making over the phone line.

She adjusted the cellphone against her ear and let out a smokeless exhale, looking over at the burning tip of her cigarette.

“Yes.” She replied.

“Smoking at a health spa ought to be illegal, Delilah.” He told her with a sigh, her husband having wanted her to quit smoking since even before they’d married.

“I was being healthy, dear, right up until I got a phone call from Rich, and then that set me off. I’m currently in a quiet spot admiring the ocean to calm down.” She confessed, putting the cigarette back to her lips.

An empty room, silence, the expanse of ocean at the shores of San Fernando. It was a good place to be to relax.

“What was that about, or do you not want to talk about it?” He asked her.

She exhaled a cloud.

“He called with bad news. Brenda put in her two week notice before she left for the day, and also informed me that an intern misplaced three gigabytes of financial records on the server and we have auditors from the state coming in tomorrow afternoon to review our documents.” She sighed, hints and whisps of smoke escaping through the lioness’ lips.

“Well, that sounds very unfortunate.” He replied with a deadpan.

“Yes, very unfortunate, dear. I’m going to finish my cigarette soon then try and get my business done here before I head out to the dealership.” She told him, her tone signaling that she was wanting to end the call.

“Alright, be safe. I’ll see at 7:30.” He replied, the lioness humming a reply.

“Goodbye, dear, I’ll see you then.” She told him, then they each hung up their phones.

She took another big drag on her cigarette, leaving it between her lips while she swapped her phone to her other hand so she could lean over and drop her cellphone back into her purse. When her hand came back to pluck the cigarette from her mouth, a larger grey furred hand grabbed her by the wrist.

“You really should stop smoking, Del.” A man’s warm voice rumbled from behind her, warm but scolding.

She blew out a stream of smoke into the air in reply.

The arm attached to that strong hand then wrapped around her, pulling her by the wrist until her cigarette was in front of her. The man’s other hand wrapped around from the other side so it could pluck the cigarette from her fingers, taking it away from her.

“There are a lot of things I should stop doing.” She replied, whisps of smoke still escaping her lips as she spoke.

She leaned forward and stepped away from the table, and the man standing behind her, and felt his shaft slip free of her. Her face went flush as she listened to the noise of their bodies parting, wet and lurid. She reached down, grabbing the sides of her gym shorts and pulling them up, wiggling her hips as she worked the tight fabric back into place.

When she turned around, the wolf was dropping her cigarette into what remained of a water bottle, the lit tip hissing as it struck the thin layer of water at the bottom of the bottle. He screwed the bottle shut then casually tossed it to the side to land in a wastebin.

“Can at least finish what you started, before you decide to quit anything.” He told her, the large man, a handsome grey wolf, told her.

He was still leaning against the table, the two of them in a private room for personal trainers to use with their clients. His gym shorts were tugged down his thighs with his half hard erection still on prominent display. Her husband had called her in the middle of their session so they’d been forced

to grind it to a halt so she could deal with the call, the anxiety of her talking on the phone with her husband while her personal trainer's erection was hitched inside her had been the real reason she needed a cigarette.

Brenda putting in her two week notice was a non-issue as she'd been telegraphing her departure for weeks now, and there was a replacement for her ready in the wings. The intern that had misplaced the three gigabytes of legal documents had also found those legal documents an hour later, thus averting disaster. Her husband did not need to know either of those two things, as knowing the truth would have been a much greater disaster than anything that audit could do to them. She very much liked being married to her husband.

"Like that cigarette?" She asked.

"Like my dick." He told her with a smile.

She huffed, and approached him, dropping to her knees in a manner that an obedient woman would have done, and not a powerful woman working in enterprise.

There was no fanfare, foreplay, nor formalities to be had. The lioness simply opened her mouth and wrapped her lips around the wolf's cock and began to dutifully give him oral. She'd been having this ongoing affair for the last three months, spending one day a week with her personal trainer. She'd started seeing him four months ago, and after four visits with him she'd made the decision to approach him with an offer.

The wolf was formal, professional, charismatic, healthy, and attractive. He was what she needed, and he agreed to her terms for an affair. She wanted him sexually, and she would give him submission and obedience in exchange that their trysts were secret, and that her needs were satisfied.

"Are you swallowing today or do I get to put it somewhere else?" He exhaled, his voice full of satisfaction now that he was receiving a blowjob.

She could already feel his erection stiffening quickly to his full size. He was a very well-endowed man, perfect for what she needed him for. It was one of the first things she'd noticed about him, right after his muscular physique. One of the motivators to ask him for an affair was that he did not seem shy about using his gym attire to announce his endowment.

She drew her head back until just his tip was sitting in her mouth, and then she swirled her tongue around his head for a moment before removing herself completely.

"If I let you finish inside me, I will be late to pick my car up from the dealership." She told him, then resuming sucking his cock with interest.

Her hands were already assuming their proper positions. One was cradling his scrotum, holding his heavy testicles. She did this for her enjoyment, not his, because she enjoyed how virile he was. Delilah held the fantasy in her mind that a man like this would not only breed her, but could give her triples just to show off his virility. It was a lovely fantasy.

Holding his nuts in her palm, feeling their weight, was exciting to her. Meanwhile, her other hand was now wrapped around the wolf's knot, massaging and squeezing him gently. His precum was already beginning to spill freely from his tip, which she was sure to swallow down every time the volume grew enough to justify it.

"You don't have to wait for me to shrink, I can just tug it free. That'll save you twenty minutes at least." He told her.

She looked up at him, his knot now resting at her lips with his tip rubbing at the entrance of her throat. She rubbed her tongue in a circle around the underbelly of his cock, then started drawing her head back, dragging her tongue across the belly of his dick until her lips popped free of him.

"And leave me dripping all over the floor." She replied, then resumed giving him oral sex.

"I do like watching my cum drool out of you." He told her in return, which made her flush warm.

She had her fixations, and so did he. She'd initially selected him for the aforementioned reasons, he was a stud of good quality. Once their affair began in earnest, they began to uncover each other's desires. All of it was to the betterment of their affair, but some of it was to her frustration. It was hard to keep an affair a secret when your partner's cum refuses to stay put in your womb.

He was hung, had large nuts, his body was filled to the point of overflowing with stamina, and he had the body strength to twist her into a living pretzel. She needed a virile stud that she could submit herself to, someone she could confidently allow to rearrange her insides like she was a prostitute. Her husband was a meek, gentle fennec. He could never do the things to her that she most wanted, it just wasn't in his nature. She had to find someone else that could satisfy her baser needs.

And the wolf wanted to see her pussy stretch around his cock as he sank his knot into her, he wanted to feel her belly swell with his seed, and he loved watching his copious excess drip and drool down her wobbly legs after he was finished with her. He needed his ego stroked by watching the results of his virility, just as much as she needed that virility demonstrated on her, and in her.

And most of all, as loathe as she was to admit it, he loved to drag her into the sexual confessional where she would confess to him how badly she needed his cock. She loathed to admit it, because every time she gave him what he wanted she'd climax harder than anything she'd experience with her husband. Laying out her desire to the wolf, unashamed and unabashed, was true ecstasy. The trouble with truth is how ugly it can be if the wrong person were to hear it.

"Please? It'll give me a chance to get you off today, too." He negotiated with her.

She slipped off his cock, licking her teeth clean of the sticky slick precum he'd been continuously pumping into her mouth. His cock was still visibly leaking, a thin streamer of precum running from down tip, a streamer that was now reaching the swell of his knot before finally dripping to the floor. His nuts had felt especially full in her hand. If she let him inside her, gave herself up to him, she'd be left a full mess by the end of it.

Even if he yanked himself free, that twenty minutes saved would be spent in the bathroom making sure she was cleaned out enough to keep herself from leaving a cum stain in the rental car, and another one in her Audi after she picked it up from the dealership, and then to keep anything from spilling down her thighs as she walked into her home where her husband would be waiting for her.

She sighed, looking up at him.

Delilah began to stand, and the smile on the wolf's face made her spine tingle. She suppressed her own urge to smile, knowing what she was about to receive, keeping a straight haughty face as she stood herself upright and putting her hands on her hips.

"And what position would you like to put me in today?" She asked.

"Go to the mat, on all fours." He told her, and she finally smiled.

"Ok." She replied and spun on the ball of her foot before walking over to the yoga mat. Only thirty minutes or so ago she'd been laying on that very same yoga mat, the wolf helping guide her through a routine of stretches before they moved to the table where he began to fuck her.

Now, she was kneeling and crawling onto the mat, unable to suppress her excitement as the wolf joined her, squatting down behind her as his cock dripped across the floor.

She lowered herself down to her elbows, lifting her ass in the air as she felt his hands grab the sides of her shorts. As he wiggled them down her thighs, she wiggled her butt at him, lifting her tail high and offering herself up to him and his cock. When he mounted her, she purred as his thick length slipped back inside her waiting tunnel, and as his body loomed over her own, his weight settling against her backside, she felt his hand come to rest over the back of her head.

He pressed her face to the cushioned mat, and she moved her hands to the mat's edge, grabbing onto it. She was shivering as she felt his other hand grope one side of her ass, then slid across her fur until the base of her tail was caught in his grip.

"I'll do this quick for you, so you won't be late." He told her, and she wiggled her hips.

He started thrusting, squatting behind her on the balls of his feet, the lioness biting her lip as he began to rut himself into her.

It was slow and steady at first, but he quickly found his balance and stride and started jackhammering her loudly. The collision of their hips was like a raucous applause as she gnawed on her lip, breathing quickly through her nose as she gripped the edge of the mat tightly.

She pushed her hips back at him, feeling his bulbous knot strain the lips of her pussy, tugging her labia taut as he mashed his body into hers. He was grunting and panting behind her, until she could no longer bite her lip. She spat out a breath, then moaned. Her first moan led to many more, her eyes screwed shut, her back arched, her toes flexing and curling.

Every inch of him was stroking her insides, slipping and sliding between her walls as her cunt greedily gripped and clung to him. The pitter patter sound of their juices pelting the plastic mat was

musical, her partner's masculine grunts lyrical, she was in heaven being bend over and taken. He was in full control, his hands gripping tight to her hair and tail, holding her in place where she took everything he had to give her. The strength of his body flowed into her, each thrust a sledgehammer's swing against her backside as he delivered each inch of his thick dick to her womb.

The erotic tapping from inside her, the tip of his dick rubbing and stroking at the entrance to her womb, left her shuddering. She finally came, opening her eyes and staring up at the ceiling as her body quivered and quaked.

"That's it, cum for me." He said, and she was.

She greedily continued to gobble up his cock as he pounded away at her, his grunts turning into laborious growls as he quickened his pace. He was going even faster now, harder, launching himself into her so hard that the mat was noisily sliding one millimeter at a time across the tile floor.

Delilah gasped sharply, feeling her cunt stretch wide, then close shut as his knot threatened to tie her. He'd failed, but her pussy had nearly given in. Moments later it happened again, and she was gasping, whining, wiggling her hips to invite him inside, but he didn't enter. He was doing this on purpose.

"Please!" She begged him.

She felt her cunt yawn wide, his knot pulling her apart just before retreating, making her whine.

"Beg me properly, tell me what I want to hear!" He growled down sharply at her, and she stiffened with pleasure before melting again.

"Knot me! Knot your bitch, baby, make me your slut!" She shouted into the mat, and at last he gave her what she wanted.

He slammed himself up against her, her pussy gaping wide to accept him, and it did. His knot popped noisily inside her, filling her to the limit. The extra inches gained from taking his knot shoved the tip of his dick up against her cervix, wedging itself tightly at the opening of her womb. She could feel her insides twisting and shifting to accommodate him, making room for all that length and girth.

Suddenly, he yanked back on her hair, pulling her face off the mat as he forcibly dragged her upwards. The wolf kept tugging, hauling her backwards until she was upright on her knees, his other hand leaving her tail to wrap around her chest to hold her steady.

His muzzle dropped down into the crook of her neck, then his tongue licked its way up the side of her face.

"My bitch." He growled, letting go of her hair and dropping his hand down to her belly where his cock was noticeable pushing at the inside of her stomach. She felt his touch, felt the place where his tip was pressed.

She looked down, saw his big strong hand rub at the small lump where his cock was buried.

“Cum in me, please. I need it.” She whined.

“Good girl.” He replied and removed his hand from her stomach.

He took another grip on her hair, shoving her head forward painfully, his free hand left her chest and dropped back down to her tail.

She was staring down at the mat, seeing the puddle of juices that were pooling on the mat’s surface.

Then he started fucking her again, wildly, violently, his knot jerking back and forth inside the tight confines of her married pussy, doing things to her that her husband could never possibly accomplish. She came again, and hard, howling as his knot drug itself repeatedly over her gspot, hammering away at her pleasure center in a way that fingers could never replicate. The primal sensation of a cock inside her was all consuming, and it devoured her from head to toe.

She came again, even as the previous climax still echoed through her body. Delilah was drooling, her eyes dizzy and out of focus, the room a blur to her senses as the cock inside her stirred her up and stretched her out.

When her partner finally snarled, she was wearing a stupid grin, a happily slutty smile that would have shattered her husband’s heart as the wolf unloaded himself inside her. She screamed in pleasure, spit slinging to the mat below, her body quaking violently with a third orgasm as the ropes of seed slammed into her gut and forced their way deep into her womb where it all belonged.

As his cock jerked inside her, her belly slowly distended, growing in size as the volume within reached levels that were painful. She groaned, still shuddered from head to toe, the wolf’s balls drenched with the produce of her repeated climax.

“Baby!” She whined as the pressure reached its peak, pushing her past her limit until tears began to shed, soaking the fur of her cheeks as her orgasm rocked her from below.

The echoes of pleasure continued to reverberate through her body even as the painful fullness seemed to consume everything else. As she wept, she still smiled, and the wolf behind her finally came to a stop, panting gruffly.

“Good girl, good fucking girl.” He gasped and panted at her.

“I’m you’re slut, baby.” She replied, her voice was as much of a mess as her face now was, a shell of her formal professional self.

She was a slut right now, a cheating slut with a wolf locked tight inside her. She was owned by him, shackled by him, trapped in the thrall of his enormous cock as he held her aloft by a grip on her hair and tail. She was his, totally, and her swollen belly was proof of it.

The wolf grunted back, then grunted again as he began to pull at his cock. He let go of her hair, and she dropped limp, face hitting the cushioned mat. The pressure on her stomach from doubling over made her groan and grunt, it was too much. He let go of her tail and with both hands he took a firm grip of her ass and began to push.

She groaned louder, wincing, as her cunt began to yawn back open. Her eyes were fluttering, and she clawed at the mat, until finally his knot popped free. The sound of cum splashing and spitting from from her cunt like a fountain made her flush beat red, but she was happy. The pressure slowly faded as her cunt drooled and spat the wolf's load out of her and down her thighs.

He seemed to vanish for a moment, then suddenly there was a hard slap across her upturned ass, making her gasp. He moved around to her front, and plopped himself down in front of her, his crotch right at her face with his cum coated cock now draped across her face.

She crawled forward, pressing her face into his crotch and let him rest over her.

"Good girl." He cooed down at her as she began to kiss and lick at his balls.

They remained this way for a few minutes as they recovered, until finally he moved first and picked himself back up. Once he was gone, she sat herself up, feeling the cum stuck to the fur of her crotch and thighs. She was a ruined mess, every movement making the cum slosh inside her, squeezing more of his seed out of her.

By the time she was standing upright, the wolf was back by the table with a bottle of fresh water in his hand, watching her. She spread her feet and let him watch as her hands came to rest over her stomach. She pressed and clenched her pelvic muscles. Cum spilled down her thighs, oozing liberally from her cunt for her partner's pleasure. He wore a smug expression, taking a sip of his water with a smile on his face.

"Good girl, now get wiped up and dressed so I can start cleaning up after us. You don't want to be late, do you?" He asked her, and she exhaled, and began to carefully walk on wobbly legs. She reached the table and found a roll of paper towels, and began to pat herself dry, wiping off excess cum, stuffing a wadded sheet carefully up into her vagina.

"Thank you for today, baby." She told him, as she pulled her shorts back up and into place. She was still a mess, stunk of the wolf's cum. She had to use a paper towel to start wiping her face.

"You're welcome, Del." He told her, then stepped close and grabbed her sports bra, tugging it up until her tits popped free.

She did nothing to stop him as he leaned down to kiss one of her nipples, then licked across the other nipple so that they were each given some affection. When he was done, he tugged her top back down, but she had to grab it herself and shift the bra back into its proper place.

"I'll text you next week, have a good one, baby." She told him, then grabbed her purse and stepped around him. He gave her butt a swat with a hand as she walked by.

"You, too, drive safe." He told her.

When she stepped out of the private room, leaving her partner behind, she quickly jogged to the nearest showers and rushed herself into a frenzy of cleaning. By the time she was back outside and sitting herself down into the rental, she was dressed back in a sport casual outfit, her soiled gym attire stuffed into a plastic bag, tied tightly shut to hide the smell. The paper towel in her vagina had been replaced with a heavy flow tampon and a wad of toilet paper. It was uncomfortable, but it was necessary.

She managed to complete the rest of her errands, from the dealership and then to the bank without leaving a single stain, though she could feel that volume of seed inside her threatening to break the dam. By the time she pulled into her own driveway at 7:21, she was smoking another cigarette to calm herself down.

“You’re early!” Her husband told her, surprised, as she walked into the kitchen a full 9 minutes ahead of schedule.

She dropped her purse onto the counter, and approached the short fennec whose head only came up to her shoulders. She leaned down and hugged him, the two sharing a kiss. The smell of dinner was strong in the room, her husband applying the finishing touches to what they were soon to start eating.

“How long until it’s ready? I want to run up and change.” She told him.

“Another ten minutes, tops.” He replied, and she smiled down at him.

“I’ll be right back then.” Se replied, pulling away and hurrying upstairs to the bathroom where she spent the next five minutes trying to drain another pint of cum from her pussy before her husband had the chance to notice.

Dinner ended up being lovely, her husband was a marvelous cook.