

Tammy was a 31 year old coyote. A lot older than Kurt, but still really hot. He'd not have figured she was in her 30's either, but he guessed that for a woman that was her goal, right? They'd met online over a year ago on reddit for the new Sims game. He'd been trying to learn about the game because his little sister loves it and he was going to get her a copy. He never played a Sims before and didn't know anything about it.

Tammy had been one of the users there that had helped him decide to go ahead and buy the newest Sims game, and he even ended up getting some dlc that was for it. Ended up being a good birthday gift for his sister up until her grades started dropping because she wasn't doing her homework. That wasn't his problem though!

He and Tammy had kept on talking, because he'd checked her comment history and she seemed kinda cool for an older chick. After massaging her privately to thank her for her help with the Sims thing they'd kept up here and there, but mostly just about their musical tastes. Then one day, out of the blue, she was especially chatty and they ended up swapping discord handles and they were talking daily with each other after that. Her icon on discord was a real life person, and at the time he didn't know if the cleavage was hers or not. Kurt knew she was in fact a she, and not a g.u.r.l., but anyone can make themselves look better with a little google image searching.

It all got really fun when she found out he lived in the San Fur area, because look at that, so did she. They ended up grabbing coffee one weekend. Just coffee. And holy shit did she knock him to the floor. The fact he was a deerhound, and her a canine like him, made that physical connection all the stronger. She was a fair bit shorter than him, since he was a deerhound and all, but had these amazing legs and nice hips. Her whole lower half was amazing with the most grabbable ass he'd seen in months. And above her narrow waist sat a rack he had to force himself to not stare at, but every time she wasn't looking at him he sure as hell was looking at her. She'd even dressed real cute that day, if a little on the modest side. Really showed herself off to any man who had the imagination to 'see' what may have lay underneath.

Nothing got sleazy or lewd. They just had coffee and talked about the things they usually talked about over discord. Normal stuff, but it was a half hour get together that he really came to enjoy, and she clearly enjoyed it to. She gave Kurt her number since they lived in the same area and they could always meet up again, and encouraged that they should get together again. It was pretty sweet to get a girl's number without asking for it for a change!

The only thing that marred the otherwise perfect weekend date was that she was wearing a ring on her finger, but he had just turned 19 and was taking classes at the community college. He couldn't really expect a girl that's over thirty to still be single, and he consoled himself that he'd be better off finding someone younger. Any older and she might have been his mother, but still, his lower brain kept trying to remind him that 'age ain't nothin' but a number'. Oh well. Their conversations were never racey even if he wanted them to be.

Kurt's friendship with her was nice, and it never got awkward because of his secret boner for her. She worked full time, had a husband, but no kids, and he was taking class at the college. They both stayed busy enough that they couldn't meet up enough for it to ever get awkward. Also helped matters that she and her husband were the religious church going types. Tammy was always appropriate with him.

He'd even met her husband. Nice guy, named Randall, or Randy, and was a cat. Again, nice guy, but the two of them were from too different of places. Not much in common besides the shared connection of Tammy. If they talked it was about whatever Tammy was talking about or the weather in San Fur. Randy was a city boy, and Kurt was from the country outside the city. He'd moved into the area for his education, but he was expecting to stay in the city after he got degree'd up. Best to his knowledge Randy did administrative work of some kind for some firm. Looked like a good job best as he could tell. Some kind of HR but the two of them never talked shop enough for him to get a good grasp on what he did for a living.

Tammy worked as a manager for a department store over in the San Fur Galleria. Billiards. Probably didn't make as much as her husband, but Kurt couldn't imagine not making a decent little living for yourself if you're managing a store as big as that and in San Fur. The mall dragged in money by the truck load so she probably made a good bit for what she did.

She texted Kurt around noon and started asking him if he had any plans. He reminded her that it was Saturday and that he never had plans except CoD and beer. Tammy asked him to set the controller aside for the day and hang out with her and her husband. Hanging out with an older couple sounded dull for a Saturday. He liked hanging out with Tammy, sure. She was hot as fuck and they actually had enough in common to keep up a conversation, but the third wheel that was her husband made their get togethers less fun. Randy was a nice guy and all, again, but you know some people just don't click like that. He and Randy were like that.

But he agreed to hang out with them. She was telling him that she and Randy were going to cook tonight and they could easily make enough for three. Kurt didn't cook, but it was apparently one of the things Tammy and Randy did regularly together. Sounded like a boring hobby to him, but whatever floats your boat when you're up in your thirties.

Since he was in school and worked part time on the campus he didn't have much need for a car, but he always kept a jar handy for spare change and stray dollars for an Uber if he needed to go somewhere his bicycle couldn't take him. A few dollars down the drain and he was hopping out of the car in Tammy's neck of the woods, a nicer place where nicer people tended to congregate with nicer cars and as close to a trophy wife as the man could afford. Kinda of like a Beverly Hills Lite.

"Hi!" Tammy said, opening the door and stepping out to give him a tight hug like she always did. He loved her hugs. Those big tits mashing against his chest, hell yes! She brought him inside and he shook hands with Randy and exchange little greetings. There was a faint smell of food coming from the kitchen, but it didn't seem like it was done yet.

He caught noticed that she was dressed awfully cute despite having planned on being home for the evening. It felt nice that she felt his attendance warranted a nicer change of clothes. A nice tight pair of designer jeans and a sleeveless white top with one of those oversized belts around the middle that drew attention to the slimness of her waist.

Randy on the other hand was in socks. Sure, he was wearing khakis, but Kurt figured that was the feline's default outfit choice. His polo was a plain beige one. Randy looked as bland as could be, but comfortable. Loungewear for people that made more money than he did.

Minutes later Kurt was sitting in a chair in the dining room, turned toward the kitchen with his feet propped up in the chair next to him while he watched the pair of chefs make dinner. Lots of fresh vegetables, chopping and dicing. Tammy was leading the small talk and chit chat while she made up a nice fresh salad. Randy was grilling up some stir fry. More veggies and a combination of diced steak and chicken like they were at a hibachi grill. It smelled good, and the two looked like they were pros. Tammy went on to start working on a making them all some mixed drinks.

The two had been married for close to eight years, so that's 8-9 years of cooking experience between them at least, best as Kurt knew. It smelled really good, and when Tammy brought him over a glass of gin and juice, she'd learned not to offer him 'girly' drinks, he was getting pretty hungry off those fumes.

He drank at his gin while Randy was sharing a cocktail with his wife. She was a lover of 'girly' drinks and Randy, not being much of a drinker himself, would just drink whatever she was having. She'd made herself a mix of vodka and lemonade. If there was one thing he really liked about their kitchen it was that they had a wine rack fully stocked with different alcohols. He hoped he made enough money for that in the future to have a nice place like this. The pair lived pretty good. Much better than him in his little apartment.

And damn was it good food. He didn't care enough about food to make it himself, as his figure would have revealed (lots of takeout and pizza, ehem) had it not been for his regular cycling and heavy lifting work on campus. Kurt kept himself fit to attract all the sorority girls. but that didn't mean he would turn away a good meal.

"This is really good." He said at the table once they were all seated and digging in. He was the odd man out this time with his elbows on the table and eating, well, like a 19 year old kid.

"Thank you. Not too hard to make once you figure out a recipe." Randy said, which triggered a cooking conversation between him and Tammy that Kurt mostly stayed out of by stuffing his face with whatever volume of food would have been polite.

Tammy got up and made herself a fresh vodka and lemonade, then stole Kurt's glass and returned it with more gin, straight this time out of simplicity and saving on the juice. Kurt ended up having a salad and

three helpings of the stir fry for dinner. He felt a little bad about it, but they'd made a lot of food and still had enough left to fit into a container for tomorrow.

The evening ticked on similarly as the other times had when they did a group thing. Again, Kurt preferred the one on ones with Tammy at the coffee shop, which was usually how they interacted when it wasn't on discord.

"So, hey, you know computers, right Kurt?" Tammy asked, like she'd just remembered something. She wasn't drunk. Randy had actually had more of her drink than she did.

"Well, I know of them, yeah. I have one." He told her. Kurt was more of a console peasant, but he would buy a game on PC if the console port was shit. She stood up from the table. "You need something?"

"Yeah, I try loading Sims and it crashes now. It didn't use to do that." Tammy was standing and as if to bribe him she made for his glass and topped it off with more gin. "I want you to try loading it and see."

"I can't guarantee I can fix it." He told her and stood up at her urging. Randy said he'd start cleaning up and Tammy ushered Kurt along into the spare room they had as a bit of an office. Their condo was a three bedroom pad. Tammy sat him down at her computer desk, which was messy with an array of paperwork and sticky notes. She squatted down neatly beside him as he touched the mouse to wake the computer up.

He quickly saw the steam icon on the desktop and double clicked it. The background wallpaper of Randy and Tammy at the beach, which was a photo he wouldn't mind having a copy of, and was replaced by the steam window. She didn't have very many games so it was easy to find the Sims. He double clicked it and waited as Tammy fidgeted next to him on the balls of her feet.

The game ran. Started off with logos, then an intro vid which he clicked out of to get to the main menu. Buttons worked. He clicked on the Load button and saw her save files there. "It works, Tammy." He told her and shrugged. "What was it doing before?"

"Well, it was working before. I just thought it'd be nice if I got you alone to ask. I didn't know how you'd react to it if we, well, sprung it on you in front of Randy." She started and looked very sheepish all of a sudden. He looked at her, but didn't know what to say.

"What?" He asked, seriously not knowing what to say to that. "Something up?"

Tammy fidgeted, then stood up and Kurt followed her with his gaze until she leaned back to put her butt on the edge of the desk.

"Me and Randy have been talking about trying something new. Since we both knew you, and he brought up the topic, we thought we'd ask you. It's

something we're both pretty awkward about, and I didn't want to embarrass you." The coyote said, and Kurt just looked at her, and shrugged.

"Oh come on, I don't read minds, Tammy." He told her. The deerhound felt more awkward with this 'get him alone' schtick than he would have if she'd just blurted it out in the kitchen with Randy looking. What boring old couple shit could get Tammy bothered up by it? They want to add Kurt to their wills? Be a godparent to a kid they were gonna adopt?

The coyote sighed and looked away for a bit then hesitated, like this long drawn out feminine motion he'd seen play out on tv dramas, which he didn't watch.

"We've been talking a lot about," she stopped mid sentence and Kurt could tell she was blushing hard. "We've been thinking about letting another man sleep with me while Randy watches."

Kurt's heart did a weird somersault in his chest and landed face first on the pavement. It took a few moments for his brain to register what she'd said. His lower half was laughing, like it'd known all along, but the upper half of him had been convinced, after having known her for so long, that seeing her in anything less than a cute ensemble was a pipe dream. It'd become so far removed from his mind that there would ever be a opportunity to get with Tammy that her suggesting her suggestion took him off guard completely. His mouth was slightly agape.

"I'm sorry, Kurt, I'm sorry I, we, we shouldn't have." She said quickly, too quickly for him to catch up to her with his mental processes, for him to reply.

"Tam. Tammy." He said and he had to reach out to grab her arm. It looked like she was ready to retreat into a hole and stay there, like a skittish animal. "Wait, start over."

"Start over?" The coyote asked incredulously, blushing beneath her fur.

"Just, you hit me with a lot, Tammy. Just, say it again so I know I'm not wrong." He urged her, and didn't let go of her arm. He stood and she refused to make eye contact with him. She exhaled and with eyes averted she reached out to touch the hand he'd laid on her arm.

"Me and Randy want to do the, the cuckold thing. Like on the internet." She said. Her voice was sounding mighty weak and Kurt's pants were tenting like crazy. He couldn't believe what he was hearing. Tammy and Randy were pretty boring people by most standards, and not only that, but pretty conservative leaning! Just the idea that they'd be thinking this far outside the box for their bedroom fun was a shock in and of itself. "We, we wanted to ask you."

"You, and Randy, want me to fuck you?" He asked her directly. She bite her lip, the look of embarrassment washed over her anew. "You and him sure about doing stuff like that?"

Kurt was 19, but he wasn't retarded. He'd seen people get up to some weird stuff in college. Only been taking classes for a year, but the stories he'd heard come out of guy's mouths about shit that goes down in frats blew his mind. Racy, raunchy, crazy stuff. Even in high school he'd seen some scandals and things that gave him enough experience to know that when things got weird or outside the norm it can backfire spectacularly. And goddamn did he want to fuck Tammy.

He didn't know what she and Randy got up to in the bedroom, but Kurt was a deerhound with some sexual experience of his own. He knew he could perform, but could the cat? Randy wouldn't even have the full package deal of a canine that a coyote like Tammy was built to take. His heart was running at mach 3 just thinking about squeezing himself into a little coyote like her.

"Y-yes. We've been going back and forth on it for a few months. Maybe four or five. We've been hesitating so much because people say you have to pick the right person or it can go bad." She said. Oh shit, Kurt thought, they've been 'researching' kinky sex. God, how conservative can you get.

"You and me haven't known each other that long, Tammy." He told her. What was he doing? He could cram his dick into this piece tonight! It was Saturday, he had nothing to do tomorrow, and both Randy and Tammy had clear Sunday best he knew, except maybe church, but if they're asking him to fuck a married woman then maybe church was canceled for once. Wait, why was he talking her down? Instead of prepping the club for the swing he was making her second guess? She answered before he could think of a way to walk his own talk back a bit.

"Well, I think you're a really sweet guy, and Randy likes you, too. You're young, so, we didn't think you'd have issues. Performing, you know. And, well, I do notice you find me attractive, so..." she tried to explain their reasoning and trained off to inhale a bit. Her hand was still resting over his. He gently let go and thought of what to do or say. If she pulled her top off right then he'd have shoved her against the wall and groped her on the spot, but he had to contain himself.

The situation was delicate, and new territory. He'd fucked his fair share of girls, but those were girls he was dating, trying to date, or just hooking up with. This time, he had a married woman trying to be kinky with her husband, and a friendship on the line he really didn't want to fuck up if it could be avoided. Best case scenario? Life continues along as normal, but now he gets to see Tammy naked and fucked her stupid. Randy watching didn't actually bother him all that much. Maybe having a third wheel would be a drag if it kept him from doing the things he normally liked doing in bed, but he'd cope with that if it meant fucking Tammy.

Would they even let him knot her? That's a time sink right there, especially for Kurt. Damn, too many variables.

"And, I think you're attractive, too. Randy thinks you'd be a good fit. For, you know. Having someone that looks good with me, you know?" She sheepishly added to bookend his own silence.

"So. You're ok with this? And him. Randy is down with all this if I say yes?" He said, maybe a little too excitedly because Tammy flushed a little and nodded her head.

"Yeah. We brought you up weeks ago and thought a lot about it. We trust you to, you know, not do anything we wouldn't want you to." She said, and swallowed. He could see she was fidgeting on her feet and looked more nervous than he'd ever seen her before. The coyote was a woman with a lot of confidence and it was strange seeing her look like this. Cute, too, with his manly side wanting to do something about it like it was instinct to do so.

"You want to go get Randy, or you want to just tell me what you and him were thinking?" Kurt asked her and reached back to touch her, but this time on the shoulder. She quickly brought her hand up, like before, and touched his hand.

"Randy, well, he'd be worse than me right now. He wants to do this, but I don't think his pride would let him get the words out. I'm surprised I'm even standing here doing this, oh God." She laughed nervously and put her free hand to her face and looked away like she was feeling the hot breath of shame drape over her.

"I'm not judgin'. I'm saying 'yes', Tammy." He told her pretty bluntly and she suddenly shivered under the light grip he had on her shoulder and she covered her eyes with her hand and patiently breathed one breath at a time. "Just, if you have rules, or safe words, whatever, let me know."

If it weren't for his jeans he'd be rock solid, but damn if he picked the wrong pair to wear tonight. His package was still locked in his sheath with nowhere to go. It made him feel like, well, ok so he was still a teenager, but this business with Tammy had his engines going like it was going to be his first time all over again. But better. God, he hoped it would go better than his first time.

"Um, well," she removed her hand from her face and she was smiling awkwardly, but looking somewhat relieved. Excited even, despite her extreme embarrassment. "Randy has to watch, and um."

Tammy sucked in a breath and laughed awkwardly. She was still shivering a little from her nerves, but she was recovering enough to get the words out. "If he tells you to stop, you stop. Um, I'm on the pill. We didn't really think much more than that, really? You'll just have sex with me in our bedroom."

"So, I can do whatever I want? Unless Randy says to stop?" He asked for clarification. She looked over at him, but then averted her eyes again, unable for the moment to make eye contact. The coyote nodded.

"That's right." She said.

"No condom?" He asked her another question.

"Yeah, I'm on the pill. I haven't missed a day and we've never had any scares with this brand." She said, this time with more confidence. Tammy was doing better at just answering straight questions than making awkward requests that fell far outside the purview of her normal christian conservative lifestyle.

"Can I knot you?" He asked the question he was more interested in getting an answer to. Most of the girls he got with weren't canine, just by happenstance. He didn't get picky with women. Hot was hot. But, with a canine some girls didn't like the whole 'knot' business, and when they got a look at Kurt in the bedroom even some girls that were chill with it would back away from the idea. Maybe 1 or 2 in ten girls ever let him go to town on her with his knot. Kurt had enough knot down there to lock a girl up in a tie for a good half hour or more depending on his mood.

"Um, wow." She laughed awkwardly and blushed. "We, Randy and me, are ok with that. We know we're asking a canine. It's a really long time since I've been with another canine!"

She laughed a little louder, nervously, and Kurt felt like being bold. He stepped around in front of her and she looked him in the face. He grabbed her other shoulder then leaned in to plant a kiss on her forehead. He chose the safe route and landed his kiss there, something 'sweet', than going for the mouth, which she may have been offended by this early in her little excursion into kinky sex.

When he pulled back she was blushing furiously in front of him and stayed completely silent. She was smiling pretty brightly, but it was clear she didn't know what to say. "Tammy?" He said her name like a question. She looked back up at him.

"Yes?" She whispered, then coughed to repeat herself with more confidence, "Yes? Kurt."

The deerhound pulled his hands away from her shoulders and brought them lower and planted them on the sides of her rack. She gasped sharply, but he didn't stop and held his grip on her blouse and let his hands squeeze the soft mounds underneath. She was shaking slightly under him, and with her standing between him and the computer desk there wasn't anywhere to go unless she forced herself out from between the desk and him to make for the door. She did no such thing.

"I'm just grabbing your tits, Tammy. You and Randy are asking me to shove my dick in you." He told her, Kurt leaned in as he spoke. "That means my big deerhound dick inside your pussy, not just my hands on your tits."

Her eyes were wide like saucers and she was silent like a mannequin with his hands still, yet firm, on her bust. She looked away like she was searching the room for something. Moments dragged out, rather long moments as Kurt waited for some kind of reply from the coyote. The reply came in the form of her hands, smaller than his own rougher ones, coming



to rest over his. She didn't push him away, but didn't pull him closer either. Just her hands acknowledging that his were there. On her tits.

"It'll be really strange." She began softly. "We've never done this before."

Her voice was so low and had lost the confidence she'd mustered from before.

"You're the one that'll be taking my knot when this happens. I'm hung, Tammy. Ain't going to lie to you." He said, neither lying nor bragging. He was a deerhound through and through and just by the virtue of his breed and breeding he was packing more than most canines. He didn't have any other deerhound fellows to compare himself to, but he was sure as shit the biggest dick in the boy's locker room back in high school.

"If Randy is kinky enough to get this far, then I don't think he'll mind much. He'll be too busy jerking off to have worries. You're the one that'll actually be doing the deed, though." He continued. Keep playing good cop, Kurt, he thought. Be the nice guy, the sweetheart. Considerate guy. Kurt actually liked Tammy, so it wasn't hard to be the good person here and make sure the girl was feeling alright with it all.

"Be gentle." She whispered.

"I kinda gotta be." He laughed down at her kindly. She smiled back up at him.

"Well, um. If, if you're ok with this we can go and let Randy know what we decided." She said. Kurt slid his hands off her tits and around behind her to pull her into a tight hug. She sighed and hugged him back. The deerhound felt one of her hands pat his back, something she was want to do when they hugged usually. He dropped his hands to her ass and squeezed her cheeks.

Tammy jerked in his grip and gasped into his chest. He made sure to pull her into him so his crotch would press into her.

"Kurt?" She asked nervously.

"Just making sure. You'll be getting a hell of a lot more than this when we fuck." He told her. "Giving you a chance to opt out before we go back to the kitchen."

Tammy continued their hug silently for several long moments, probably her thinking to herself. Last minutes reservations being sifted through and judged for their merits. Kurt was considering breaking the hug on his own, but felt Tammy's own hands drop to his ass and grab his cheeks.

"I think I'm ready." She said, her cheek pressed to his chest.

"Sure?" He asked her.

"No. But if we don't try we won't find out." She told him, having mustered up some of that familiar confidence again. She pushed away softly and he let her step back. She smiled sheepishly again and made eye contact with him. Tammy told him 'let's go' and she started off to the doorway. Kurt didn't bother turning off the Sims. He had more important games to be concerned with.

Randy was sitting in the kitchen by himself. The dinner table was cleared away and the kitchen was clean. No sign that any cooking had been done. The cat had probably been nervously cleaning every inch of the kitchen to keep himself busy while he knew his wife was asking a younger man if he'd fuck her silly while her husband watched.

He looked their way and couple shared glanced and finally, after some embarrassed looks on her part, Tammy spoke.

"I think we're good to go, honey." She said, awkwardly. Randy himself looked as awkward and nervously stood up. He tried, and failed to make eye contact with Kurt, but the married couple could do little more than be nervous given the situation.

"Tammy let me in on what you and her wanted to try out." Kurt broke the ice. "I'm fine with it. I think it'll be fun."

Tammy was blushing and silent, and Randy nodded in return.

"Good. Good! It's, well, something that's been on our minds." The feline replied.

"When were you wanting to start? Had any plans? A date?" The deerhound asked. He damn well knew that they were probably thinking 'tonight is the night', but it didn't hurt to give them a way out if this soon was too soon. Maybe they'd think they were biting off more than they could chew.

"Well, we weren't completely sure." Tabby said. She was looking at her husband who fidgeted on his own. He made to speak, paused, then began.

"I think we could try something tonight if Tammy was ok with it." He said, and Kurt made sure his smile dish get too wide. Tammy blushed and looked away from Kurt when the deerhound looked her was to get her reply.

"I mean. I'm ok with with it." She laughed nervously and Kurt wanted to wag his tail like a pup on his birthday. She smiled and stepped over to Tammy. She tensed, but not from fear. He felt her shiver when he stepped behind her to put his hands over her shoulders. Randy stood, tail between his legs. Kurt could feel the coyote wagging her tail, discretely, between her own legs.

"Bedroom? Living room?" The deerhound asked. Randy expressed a timid desire to move to the bedroom. Kurt pulled Tammy back and turned her around so he could walk her to the bedroom, which he had a vague awareness of. He could hear Randy behind him flowing along. Tammy was getting more and more nervous a they drew nearer to the bedroom.

Kurt got her through the open doorway and saw they had a nice queen size. Big and soft looking with a solid wood headboard. He wondered if it was all sturdy enough to not slap that nice painted wall behind it. Well, they'd find out soon, the deerhound knew. The bedroom was pretty simple, and very clean. On the wide dresser were various jewelry boxes for his and her items, and everywhere were photos. Mostly of each other. Trips, their wedding, anniversaries. Clearly a devoted couple. Lots of happy smiles and nothing fake.

He was starting to feel weird. There was a lone loveseat sitting against the wall opposite the foot of the bed. It looked more like decoration than something you'd actually want to sit on. Kurt stepped around Tammy, who was busy holding herself by the arms with a expression of meek worry. Everyone was nervous, even him, though he didn't show it. He was going to fuck another man's wife. One of his friends, even. The reminder that he knew damn well what he was going to give the coyote made it worse. Kurt wasn't a lightweight in bed. Should he hold back? Damn.

The deerhound kicked off his sneakers so they landed off in the middle of the room before sitting down on the bed. "So, how do you two want to start this?" He asked with a confident smile he made sure to show.

Neither husband nor wife said anything, but they didn't exchange glances. Neither of them wanted to be the one to say 'let's start the cuckolding'. That's what it was, really. He was going to cuck the hell out of Randy so he could sit there and jerk his kitty dick off to it.

"How about Randy sits over on the loveseat and you come here, Tammy." Kurt made a suggestion. The two looked at each other awkwardly, and then Randy stepped lightly to the loveseat and sat with his hands clasped in his lap. Tammy tiptoed over to Kurt and looked away, but that didn't matter. The deerhound reached out to her hips and turned her around so she faced away from him.

Randy would have had a good side view of his wife being made to sit down in the deerhound's lap. Kurt spread his legs apart so she could really get a good seat over his crotch. She was still with nervous silence as he wrapped his arms around her waist and hugged her into him to sit his chin over her shoulder.

"Feel that?" He asked loud enough for both of them to hear. He wasn't looking at Randy, but in the corner of his field of view he could see him fidgeting a bit in his seat.

Tammy nodded for him.

"Say it. Don't leave Randy out." He said. This could be kinky. Get her be vocal for her husband. Kurt didn't know what she was like in bed, but if she clamped her mouth shut during the whole thing, which there was no way she'd manage that for long to be honest, it'd be boring.

"I-I can," She swallowed. "I can f-feel it."

Her stuttering now was actually kind of cute. Maybe the deerhound could pry loose some sexy little details. Get her to open up about her sex life. Might be useful for when he ruins her coyote pussy. Damn was his sheath stiff as a brick right then.

"What's you're favorite position, Tammy?" He asked her. She breathed a little harder. Kurt hugged her tighter and made sure the extra pressure would pull her a little harder into his groin. The lump in his jeans would be more noticeable. She'd be feeling it press right into her gorgeous ass.

"M-missionary." She said. At least she wasn't so straight laced she didn't know the name. Kinda hard to not know something that vanilla, though. He should assume they knew at least that much about fucking. Kurt looked over at Randy then.

"You? How you like fucking her?" He asked him, making eye contact. The cat looked away, but answered. His mouth sounded dry.

"S-same. Same way." He said. Vanilla.

"I can do that." Kurt said, but then added. "Can I fuck you doggy style afterwards, Tammy? Or you want me to do the same position all the way?"

"I-I don't mind." She whispered. He didn't scold her for talking so low, he was sure Randy heard it. The deerhound lowered and moved his hands about to find her belt. He tried to undo it, but in the end Tammy had to do it for him. Figuring out the massive buckle was like trying to undo a girl's bra. Like fucking trigonometry.

He let the belt fall to the floor, then slid his hands up under her blouse. She shivered against him, then quietly gasped as his fingertips brushed against her underwire. Kurt looked over to Randy. The feline's eyes were wide open with his whole body stiff like a board.

He made eye contact with Randy and smiled. Kurt nodded, like he was asking for the go ahead. Can I go for more? He waited until Randy gave him a rapid nod of his head. Kurt pushed his fingers underneath the wire of her bra and felt the squish against his fingertips. Tammy flinched, and he stopped, but then slowly continued further until he had both tit cupped in his palms. God, her tits were big! He knew they had size, but damn, having them right in his hands?

"Kurt." Tammy whispered. He stopped, then put his chin back over her shoulder and nuzzled her face. Girl's liked that. She was still nervous as fuck.

"Yeah, Tammy?" He whispered back. She hesitated.

"N-nothing. It's ok." She said. He squeezed her tits slowly. Kurt heard her inhale big. His fingers exploring a little he found her nipples. They felt to his touch like they were modest sized little nubs. Soft, but stiffening. The flesh surrounding them was a big wider than other chick's

he'd been with. Tammy didn't have any kids, but these knockers would have been perfect for nursing if she had any.

"You sure?" He asked and grabbed her nipples between his thumb and index fingers. He rolled them gently in his tender grip and she flexed and arched her back.

"Y-yes!" She whimpered. Kurt glanced over at Randy, and the cat was still gluing his eyes on them both with wild and wide peepers. The deerhound kinda knew the look he was seeing. It was like a mix of arousal and horror. Shock, really. He turned his head to face the cat, then smiled. You good? He mouthed the words. Randy looked like he swallowed a lump and nodded. His hands were balled up into fists and were resting on his thighs. His khakis were tented. Damn right they better.

It was still weird being watched, but, well, maybe Kurt was an exhibitionist. Or maybe Tammy was so damn fine that he didn't give any shits about being gawked at while he molested her. Probably the latter.

"Gonna tug your top off, Tammy." He told her and let go of her breasts. She gasped and felt him pull up on her blouse, but she stopped him. He stopped. He nuzzled her cheek again and slowly, she exhaled, and lifted her blouse on her own. Up, up, up it went tentatively until he finally helped her pull it over her head and let her arms free themselves from the shoulders. Her bra was a white lacy thing. Cute, sexy. "Cute bra."

She smiled and nodded. Kurt leaned back and saw the clasp of her bra. He pulled his hands behind her and undid the clasp and her tits dropped. Push up bra. He slipped the shoulder straps off her and she let the bra fall before covering her chest with her arms protectively.

"Mind standing, Tammy?" He asked her nicely. She looked at him, then stood. He noted that she'd hesitated. The sight of her back was nice. Fine fur covering up whatever athleticism it took for her to carry those sweater puppies around. She had a night taut body with all her softness hanging off her chest and hips. An hourglass you could turn upside down for hours and never tire of it.

Kurt pulled off his shirt and tossed it to the floor. Bare chested he asked Tammy to turn around and she slowly did. Without making eye contact she was the most endearing babe he'd ever seen. Covering her tits with both arms and standing stock still with her knees together. He smiled and pulled his legs together before scooting himself back a little further on the bed for a proper seat.

"Straddle my lap." He told her. She looked at her husband, and then Kurt did the same.

"S-sure." Randy said. He had his palms rubbing his thighs nervously. Tammy looked back at Kurt and started slowly approaching. Without her arms to support her she struggled to do as asked. The deerhound grabbed her wrists and with a little effort pulled her arms off her chest. She held her breath and Kurt didn't hold back his gaze. He drank in the sight of her chest with his eyes.

"I always thought you had a perfect rack, Tammy." He said aloud, and she coughed and was caught between a nervous laugh and a smile.

He guided her more until she was clumsily straddling his lap. With both hands on her ass he held her in place and let her sit there with her hands on his shoulders.

"Mind if I kiss your wife, Randy?" He asked and gave the cat sideways glance. Tammy didn't say a word, and the feline nodded.

"G-go ahead." He said, then made a noise like he was clearing his throat. "She-she's with you tonight."

He wondered how long the nervous jitters were going to last for, but he couldn't blame them he supposed. They were stepping pretty far outside of the marital tradition. Oh well. He leaned in and forced his lips onto Tammy's. She jerked herself back in surprise. Kurt smiled at her and made a quick kiss gesture with his lips to encourage her. Tammy pursed her lips then leaned back to him and together they kissed.

The deerhound let it be a pretty tame kiss at first. A first date kind of thing, but after about a minute of that he got bored and lifted a hand to the back of her head. With her held in place he stuck his tongue in her mouth. She made a 'oomph' noise, and struggled, but he intensified the kiss to a outright tongue fucking. He liked to think he was a damn good kisser, and no one before Tammy had ever complained about his talents.

After another couple of minutes or so of this the coyote was relaxing against him and kissing him back. He didn't need his hand on her head any more and wrapped it around her back and held her tight with his other hand still clamped firmly on one of her asscheeks. Tammy had a nice mouth and now that she was actually reciprocating properly with the kiss he was discovering she was a good kisser, too. Maybe not skilled, as he was basically plowing her mouth with his tongue like a starved animal, but she was at the very least fun to kiss.

Kurt stopped the kiss and left her to pant. She was out of breath with her lips and mouth soaked with spit. They'd been ferociously kissing and it showed. The deerhound looked back over to her husband and saw that he had one hand over his crotch and when the feline caught him looking over he moved his hand away. Ha. Someone else felt weird being watched it seemed.

He had a thought. Kurt wanted to drink a little more. Why not.

"Hey, Randy. Mind if you grab a few beers and bring them in here? We won't get up to nothing until you get back." Kurt asked the cat.

Randy hesitated, then stood.

"S-sure. Yeah." he said. He was tenting his khakis pretty hard, but he wasn't packing much, best as Kurt could tell. He wondered what their

reactions would be when he finally showed off what he was packing. "You want anything, baby?"

Tammy looked at her husband, then swallowed.

"No. No, I'm fine, honey. I think I want to be sober this time." She said. Randy scurried off out the door like he was in a hurry. This time. Kurt liked the sound of that. Already thinking that there would be a second time. Nice.

"I'm going to drink a beer first, then we'll keep going." He told her. Kurt was trying to think of what to do next, and the beer break would offer him an excuse to pause the festivities to squeeze more thoughts in. She nodded and smiled. He kissed her on the nose and she blushed and smiled a little more. "Don't you do yoga?"

"Yes, I do." She told him, curious.

"After I finish my beer I'll tell you to strip naked. Think you can do that leaning down pose yoga chicks do?" He asked her. Kurt was thinking of that kinky looking one where you go full face down ass up while you're standing.

"You mean, the standing dog?" She asked him. He nodded. She squirmed in his lap.

"I, I can do that. I think." She told him.

"If you can't do that then what will you do when I want to actually start fucking you?" Kurt asked her. She opened her mouth to speak, but Randy rushed into the room. He'd walked in with a dinner plate being used like a serving tray. He'd put several bottles of beer on it and had a bottle opener in his hand.

"I went ahead and brought what we had." Kurt smiled big and liked their taste in beer. He outstretched his hand and gestured for a beer. Randy popped open a bottle and stepped over to hand it to the deerhound. The cat and his wife exchange looks and smiles. It was clear they were both still nervous and adjusting, but damn were they awkwardly going along with it.

He took a swig and swallowed. Kurt knew that Tammy wouldn't be a problem. He'd go slow and easy, but eventually, once he got his dick in her deep enough it was only a matter of time before she cracked and acted like any other chick he'd fucked. Well, he took another drink of his beer. He'd not had a girl resist him yet, and he'd been with a few. Tammy was different from the sorts of girls he typically bedded, but still. Tammy was still a chick, and a bitch at that. He knew it in his gut. Tammy would be more than eager to get fucked if he was careful about getting himself there.

Randy? He was good to go so far. Maybe the spectacle of seeing his wife get fucked by a freight train would shock him into silence so he'd just sit there and jerk off while Kurt got his business done. If the cat was

this far into getting cuckolded, then Kurt didn't figured he'd put up much fight. He'd go along with it so long as Kurt played his part.

The deerhound really had never done this. He'd never even fucked a chick who'd already bagged herself a guy. All his lovers had been single and bouncing from cock to cock on campus. Why bother with drama when you could just get an easy fuck from a hook up?

"So, me and Tammy were talking while you were gone." Kurt kept it normal and conversational, despite the fact that their situation was anything but. She looked at him with wide eyes. "I wanted her to strip for me and show me a yoga pose. Think that'd be fun?"

He'd directed the question at Randy, who was now sitting down again with the supply of beer sitting in the plate over on the dresser. He had a beer of his own which he cradled in one hand.

"Sounds good." He said. Kurt looked back to Tammy and took a drink of his beer. He kissed her on the tip of her snout and she smiled when it tickled her. He dove in again to nose at the fine fur of her neck to plant a kiss there.

"Strip for me, Tammy. I wanna see you pose cute." He told her. It wasn't a question, but he was still nice about it.

She slid off his legs and pushed herself away. The coyote didn't cover her chest this time. That kiss had loosened her up a little bit, it looked it. Standing a couple feet away she unsnapped the buttons on her jeans and followed up with an unzip. Her jeans were nice and tight on her legs and it took a few moments to scoot them down her legs. Kurt took another swig while he admired her body. She was fucking hot and he was going to wreck the shit out of her. Her underwear was a white thong, too. It matched the bra.

Tammy ignored Kurt for the most part and focus solely on undressing herself. Her thong dropped down her legs with her eyes aimed at the floor. Another drink, and he was looking at that pussy for the first time. It looked damp. Damn right it'd had better been damp.

"I guess." She started. Tammy dropped one hand over her crotch while the other covered her chest again. All in all a poor job of keeping herself modest looking. She was still a curvaceous hottie standing naked in front of him. Nothing left to the imagination. Kurt was smiling strong. "The... standing dog?"

The deerhound nodded and the coyote girl slowly turned around. He was surprised she did that, but she probably knew what Kurt had been expecting her to do and she was being a good girl. With her ass to him, and it was a fine ass indeed, she planted her feet and bent over and with no effort, showing her skill built up from her yoga classes, she touched hands to the carpet and got herself in the pose.

"Stay like that a bit, Tammy." He said. Her tail was draped down the middle of her thighs. Of course. "You ever watch her do yoga, Randy?"



"Y-yeah." He said. Kurt would, too, if Tammy was his bitch.

"Lift your tail for me." He told her. She made a noise he couldn't quite make out and her tail fidgeted up against her body. Slowly, hesitantly it lifted a few inches, then a little more, building up courage, then finally she flipped it up and there was her beautiful ass in full view with her cunt nestle in between. Kurt tilted the bottle back and drained the rest of its contents down his gullet. He stood up from the bed.

"Open another one for me, Randy." He said without looking and he stepped up behind Tammy. He gently grabbed the base of her tail and she squeaked. "Easy now, don't fall."

"What are you gonna do, Kurt?" She whimpered. Her legs were shaking slightly.

"Can I kiss your pussy?" He asked and he heard a bottle clink elsewhere. Kurt shot a glance over and saw that Randy had fumbled the beer bottle he was holding. The cat was watching him with eyes wide again. Kurt smiled and while he waited for the cat to do something Tammy spoke up.

"O-ok." She said, and Kurt wasted no time to turn himself back and squat behind her to lean in and plant his lips to hers. She squeaked and her legs faltered. Kurt shoved a arm around her thighs and pulled up on her tail to keep her from falling. He stuck his tongue into her pussy and she gasped loudly and stood up with his nose pressed between her ass cheek with his snout making out with her cunt.

"Kurt!" She shouted, but it wasn't an angry shout. More like surprise to his ears.

With Tammy now standing upright on the tips of her toes Kurt took his hands and planted them on her hips to hold her still while he licked and slurped at her pussy from behind. She tasted so fucking good! It wasn't too difficult to slither his tongue in and out of her either. She was already getting to be a wet slut down there and he was only adding to it with his spit. She'd need all the help she could get once he started wedging his prick in her. The deerhound kept at her pussy for a couple of minutes while the coyote panted and squirmed helplessly.

Tammy wasn't doing a damn thing to stop him either. He had no way to see what she was doing, her gorgeous ass filling up his view pretty thoroughly and all. Her tail was wagging though, that was for sure. It was swishing over the top of his head. Kurt was better with his right than his left, so he took that hand and slipped it between her thighs.

Her cunt, soaked to the bone with his and her combined juices, gave his fingers zero resistance. Two fingers slipped inside and he could hear her begin to whine as his fingertips hook inside her to start probing for that special spot.

"Kurt!" She yelped. Kurt found the spot. Her knees were threatening to buckle and he took his left hand to wrap his arm back around her to lock

her legs into an upright position. He jabbed his fingers back into her gspot, and she yelped again and her hands grabbed and clenched at the arm around her legs. Her grip was tight, but fluttering.

"Kurt! That's too much!" she pleaded with him, but her knees buckled and the only thing keeping her from falling was the arm around her legs and his hand in her cunt. The rest was all her desperately trying to keep herself upright. Kurt pressed his thumb over her clit and started pinching and massaging her in a crab claw motion. She let go with one hand and he could hear her crying out into the palm of her hand as she tried to muffle herself. Both legs were shuddering and everything above the hips was vibrating for the deerhound in reply to his excellent work on her cunt. Kurt didn't need to be told that she had a good time.

By the time he withdrew his fingers from her cunt his entire hand was soaked with her girl cum. 'God damn does this bitch get wet, don't she?' Kurt thought to himself. Most girls didn't even get this wet, at least none of the ones he'd been with!

When the deerhound finally had his fill of torturing her from behind he rocked himself back on his feet and stood up. Kurt leaned close behind Tammy and licked her across the back of the neck possessively. She was now panting hard and heavy with both arms wrapped tight across her chest. He looked back at Randy and caught him with his fly open and hand on his dick. The cat covered himself in a panic and Kurt grinned. He saw the opened beer sitting on the floor near to him, and he strode over to pick it up.

"Having fun so far?" He asked Randy. The cat could only cover himself and nod in reply. The deerhound turned back to see Tammy watching him as he came over to her again. He kissed her on the mouth and she didn't flinch. Didn't seem to bother her that his mouth was covered in her pussy juice. She kissed all the same and it was a deep and passionate one.

Kurt turned them both around so Tammy's back faced her husband. He got himself a double handful of her ass and groped her while he continued to make out with her. Once the deerhound had his fill of the foreplay he nosed at her cheek and whispered to her, "Unzip me."

The coyote looked down at his jeans and he watched her begin to undo him slowly. He grabbed her by her shoulders and rubbed them gently. She was excited, nervous, trembling. It was hot. Tammy's began to pull down his zipper. He could see her eyes were going wider and wider the closer she got, pupils dilating with unconscious desire.

"Kurt..." She breathed quietly. He felt her shaking slightly as her hand slipped into his jeans. He could feel her fingers and palm brush against his stirring pride. Kurt let go of her shoulders and reached down to hook his thumbs under his waistband to loosen his jeans up to drop them.

Tammy gasped, eyes now certainly wide, as the deerhound shook a leg and dropped his jeans to his ankles before kicking them off. All that remained was his boxers, now tented by his erection, freed from the restrictive confines of their denim prison. Wasting no time, he took her

by one hand and slipped her fingers under the elastic of his boxers. "Go on, Tammy."

Kurt glanced over at Randy whose curiosity and arousal was driving the cat to leaning to the side to try and see what was going on between the two of them. He felt Tammy wrap her hand around his cock, which was rapidly filling out his sheath and reaching its full size. She caught his eyes and he figured right then that yes, he was for a fact, the biggest dick she'd ever seen.

"Told you." He said. The deerhound could hear Tammy swallow. "Think it'll fit?"

She looked up at him with her hand hesitantly stroking his length. The coyote looked back down at the size of the dick in her hand and slowly shook her head. Kurt leaned in and kissed her on the forehead, which prompted her to look back up only to be greeted with another kiss on the mouth. He grabbed her wrists and made sure both of her little hands were at his crotch as he guided her to keep stroking him until the slight bump of his knot popped free of his sheath. He wasn't at full mast just yet, but he'd get there pretty soon with all the hot blood Tammy was sending down to his prick.

"Will you let me try, Tammy?" He asked her, and she nodded quickly for him. "Good girl."

The deerhound looked back over at Randy and grinned at the cat. Kurt figured it was about time to move on to the main course. He hadn't gotten a blowjob yet, but if he couldn't fit in her cunt then she could always finish him with her mouth. Kurt took her by the shoulders and turned her around while trying to also keep his cock hidden from her husband's view. Once she was facing her husband Kurt dipped his head next to hers and whispered right in her ear, looking right at Randy to make eye contact. "Were you and Randy hoping I'd have a big dick?"

"Y-yes." She whispered back, bashful and covering her chest once more. Randy was visibly aroused and trying not to jerk his very average cock in front of his wife and mutual friend.

"Louder, so we can all hear." Kurt whispered to her again. He reached down and lifted his cock to pressed her length between her ass cheeks. She gasped as he ground it into her and hotdogged her with a slow rocking motion that her husband would have barely noticed.

"Ye-Yes." She swallowed and hesitated. "We hoped you'd have a big dick."

Randy's ears folded back and he looked like he was blushing, too. Kurt kept his smile friendly, but he wanted to grin like a villain. He licked the edge of her ear instead and kissed her neck.

"Tell him how big my cock is." He told her quietly. She was fidgeting in front of him by shifting her weight from one leg to the other.

"B-baby." Kurt could hear her lick her lips like they were dry. He could see she had all of Randy's attention. Passing her a glance he could see she was trying not to smile too broadly, despite her nerves. "Kurt has a really big dick."

"T-that's," Randy stuttered. "That's great!"

Kurt could tell Randy was getting pretty hard off watching his wife with another man. He nipped her on the side of her neck and started licking her up to the jawline as he began to explore her sides with his hands until his palms were cupping her breasts.

"I-I don't know if he'll fit, baby." She whimpered to her husband as Kurt groped her tits firmly. He mashed and squeezed them playfully until he had her nipples between his fingers to roll them and pull at them. The coyote was squirming and grinding her rump back into his crotch to stroke his prick with her ass.

"Th-that? Wow, that big?" He asked back, and Kurt saw her nod quickly. Kurt let go of her tits and slipped a hand over her chin to insert his fingers into her mouth. She started breathing rapidly through her nose as he encouraged her to suckle his fingers as his other hand fell between her thighs to stick two digits into her cunt, as well.

"Do you think she's ready to get fucked yet, Randy?" Kurt asked the cat. He made eye contact and Randy replied with a rapid nod of his head.

"Y-yeah." He said after a nervous gulp.

"You ready for me to fuck her?" The deerhound asked. The cat swallowed again and gave a firm nod. "Good. Go lay on the bed, Tammy. Put your head at the foot of the bed."

He pulled all his fingers free of her and gave her a light swat on the butt. Tammy reluctantly stepped away. One step, then two, then finally she scrambled over to the bed, eying her husband happily, as she crawled onto their marriage bed and rolled herself over onto her back. Kurt saw she wasn't even trying to be modest as she flung her knees apart and kept them spread. Her hands fell to her thighs where she anxiously began to rub them up and down her fur.

Randy, on the other hand, was distracted by Kurt's dick. The deerhound gave the cat a smile and a nod, making sure to grab his own dick and stroke it lazily as he walked over to their bed where Tammy now lay. It actually felt pretty good to be gawked at by Tammy's husband. There certainly was a kinkiness to it he hadn't expected to feel. It felt good to be the 'better' man in the room, and that fact he was younger on top of that made it better! He was literally the young stud here, and he was about to take another man's wife as his bitch. As he put his knee on the bed to begin his crawl over to Tammy his knot was already at full size and he felt harder than he had in years.

He didn't even think he'd ever been this horny before. Kurt was playing it cool and feeling more confident. He didn't think it should have been

this intense, but still, he felt it like lightning raging in him. A hot arousal both familiar and foreign. The deerhound didn't just want to fuck Tammy until there was a bitch shaped crater in the mattress, he needed to fuck her like it was it a fucking heavenly decree!

"K-Kurt..." Tammy panted as he crawled over her while keeping on on his hands and knees. His larger frame hovered over her with both his arms holding him over her. He looked down at the dick swinging between his legs and noted it was drooling pre and twitching excitedly. God, this was going to be great!

"Hey Randy." He said, forging an idea in his mind. He looked up at the cat who was looking more surprised than excited just in that moment. Kurt looked down at Tammy, who would have looked more confused had she not been so distracted by the deerhound hovering overhead. She gave him a questioning look. "How about you walk over and hold your wife's hands?"

Kurt was smiling, but inside, he was grinning like a mischief maker. The cat can't jerk himself off if his hands are too busy clinging to his wife's. Assuming she wasn't holding onto him with a death grip, which she might very well end up doing if she wasn't taking his dick very well or easy. It'd be a bit of dick move to make the guy to stand there with all this AAA live action porn in front of him wouldn't it? So he could get really frustrated sexually. Maybe he'd cum hands free, who could really say?

"S-sure." Randy agreed pretty reluctantly and stepped over. Tammy looked up at her husband, a happy look on her face, and she seemed to be taking to the idea pretty swell. Of course, her reasons for liking it were no doubt wholesome. The coyote was, up until today, the perfect role model for any young woman looking to wind up happily married til death do you part.

Kurt watched them take hands, and while they were distracted with each other the deerhound leaned back and stealthily grabbed his dick while Tammy asked her husband to kiss her. With perfect timing they were, for a moment, absorbed with each other and Kurt pressed the end of his cock right to her cunt and...

"-Ah, Fah!" Tammy shattered the kiss with her husband and started panting, and like Kurt had thought, her hands were gripping her husband's tighter than hell. The deerhound had, without preamble, just stuffed the coyote with maybe an inch or so of fat dog dick. She was tight as fuck! Randy was about as average as a feline could get, and nowhere near the girth required to prepare Tammy for a real canine stick, and never in a million years enough to prepare her for, well, Kurt.

Randy was gripping her hands right back and staring wide eyed, now that his gaze had found the source of his wife's panting and gasping. She was taking it... well, she was taking it, but not easily.

"Y-you ok, honey?" Her husband asked her, and she bit her lip and breathed for a moment or so before trying to give a reply.

"P-please, be gentle!" She pleaded, and Kurt forced himself to relax. He didn't want to ruin this. Everything in him wanted a second, and third, and fourth round with Tammy, and the last thing he needed was to cross some line and pow, never again. Not to mention he actually liked hanging around Tammy! Getting her in bed or not, he'd not want to lose out on a good thing.

"Sure thing, Tammy. I'll go easy, nice and slow." He told her, and watched her nod as he pushed in a little more, making her back arch as she sucked in more air in a slow gasp. Her cunt was gripping him like a vice already. His hopes of knotting her were slowly fading away. She was going to take more than just one go to loosen her up for his whole dick, and that was assuming a lot of how much dick her cunt could take! It fucking sucked being a hung as he was sometimes. More than once he'd been turned down on a good fuck because 'Oh God, no! No way is that going in me!' Being 19 years old hadn't prepared him for the reality of being rejected for having too much.

Now that he had a little extra dick in her he could pull out. It was a sorry excuse for a pelvic thrust, but what more could he do when her straw was straining to take a baseball. It was slow and torturous, for both him and for Tammy. He wanted to wreck her cunt so hard, and his muscles were getting twitchy. It was actually taking a lot of effort to just kneel there quietly as he gently boned her with just two or three inches of dog dick.

"Randy!" She said, and Kurt looked up and saw her make a kissy face, or try to, she was panting with effort and her husband knelt down to kiss her again. At least she wasn't bailing out on the job, but if she did Kurt seriously hoped she'd give him head. Her mouth probably felt great, too. Her kissing was sure as hell olympic level.

Kurt felt himself getting more and more needy. Her pussy was too damn inviting, and so he started pushing in more. He watched with eyes glued to Tammy, her face obscured by the back of her husband's head as they kissed. She gasped, but to his surprise she jerked a hand away from Randy's and grabbed her husband by the head. Tammy forced the kiss harder, and Kurt shoved in more dick one centimeter at a time. She was panting, visible from the rise and fall of her chest, and whimpering into her husband's mouth. God this was fucking hot!

She wasn't stopping him. Randy tried looking over at her crotch, but any effort he made to move his head was met with a renewed need from her hand to focus on her and her lips. His free hand found the hand on his head and clung to it. It was awkwardly romantic, and Kurt took the chance to push more of himself in. He glanced down, half-fucking-way in. Fuck, she was so fucking tight!

Tammy started to whine, and arched her back more. It was like she was struggling, but she wasn't stopping him. Her whines grew louder, the panting becoming harder. She broke the kiss, and clung to her husband by pulling his to hers and holding them there as she panted and gasped with an open mouth.

"God! Kurt!" She shouted and flexed her legs wider as the arch of her back reaches its apex, then finally Kurt figured out the cause of her reaction when the tip of his cock met her cervix. He felt the barrier and took another look at his cock. Almost three quarters of his cock was now firmly embedded in her cunt. His knot still hadn't touched her lips, but it was close. If he could manage to knock in maybe another inch or so... maybe. His hopes were getting so damn high for this! Fuck, he wanted to knot her!

He kept going. Tammy went back to kissing her husband. It was passionate and harsh, and it looked like it was all taking Randy by surprise. She held his face with both hands as she used his mouth to muffle her noises as Kurt took a gamble, and gave her a short jab. She yelped into Randy's mouth, but didn't stop, he jabbed again and held himself firmly against her cervix. She yelped again and then began to whine. He kept pushing. Her whines grew louder until she started kicking the sheets, but still she wasn't making him stop! Kurt planted both his hands on her tits and shoved her back down to the bed.

He groped her breasts roughly and rocked his cock into her without ever letting up on the pressure. How far could he go with this, he wondered wildly? Tammy jerked one hand away from her husband's face and reached down to her chest to grab at one of the hands planted on her tits. She clung to him, and he stopped moving. In reply to his sudden stillness she frantically batted at and groped his hand, making him move his palm over her tit in a urging motion. When he started pushing back against her her whines started up again and began to sound a little more like moans. Her feet were still kicking at the bed.

The edge of his knot finally kissed the lips of her cunt. Fuck yes! He jabbed into her again, excited, and forcibly ground his fat ball of a knot into her, and she gasped and shouted in her husband's mouth and fiercely latched onto his hand. Her grip was like the cliché expecting mothers as her legs were caught up in the stirrups of a maternity ward, except this time the only one pushing was... well, certainly not her, but Kurt. That thought was more arousing than it should have been. He was cramming his knot against a married woman's cunt and in front of her fucking cuckold of a husband!

The new pressure and sensation of his knot grinding into her clit sent her off, and she shuddered under both men until she was forced to break the kiss for air. She screamed and clung to both men as she vibrated underneath Kurt with her cunt spasming around his cock. She was already stretched to her limit and with every convulsion it was like a clamp rolling up and down his shaft with the rapid contractions of muscles that were losing their collective minds.

She was still twitching when he sat upright and made himself comfortable. Kurt looked down to see she was soaking the two of them and he gave her clit a press with his thumb and she jerked.

"R-Randy!" Tammy said breathlessly. She still had Kurt by one hand, but she reluctantly let go and hugged her bewildered husband and started kissing him again. Wasn't that cute. The deerhound started smiling though

when the coyote bitch nudged Randy aside and gave him the happiest look he'd seen on a girl, post fuck. "Oh God, Kurt." Her voice was one part lusty and one part grateful.

The coyote flexed and stretched her back with his big dog dick still firmly crammed up in her. She might have struggled to take it at first, but it looked to Kurt like he'd managed to make a little extra room in her. That or she just started cumming so much she didn't care if there was too much cock in a too little sock.

Kurt figured he could fuck her, like really fuck her, if he wanted. Yeah, she could take it. The deerhound was pretty sure, and he wanted to fuck her! "Mind if I have my turn, Tammy?"

She squirmed under him and asked him what he meant.

"Randy, go grab me that other beer. I need to cool down before I start fucking her again." Kurt said. He wanted to be a little more drunk. The buzz wasn't strong enough to his liking and he always fucked better when drunk. Not 'I'm gonna hurl' wasted, more like 'bend over, slut' kinda drunk. The cat backed away from the end of the bed and quickly went over to the plate where the beer was. The deerhound took note of that boner jutting out from the cat's crotch, completely neglected. "Think you're good for another one or two orgasms, Tammy?"

She looked up at him, then smiled and gave him a nod. Her husband came back with a beer and Kurt snatched it from his hand to start gulping it down. The cat was still standing next to the bed, his eyes staring wide at the point of connection between the deerhound and his wife of many years. "You like that?" Kurt asked.

"Huh?" Randy was pulled out of his reverie.

"Seeing my dick stretch out your wife's cunt." Kurt clarified. "You like seeing this?"

The make it his point even more clear he rocked his hips back to let a inch or so of his cock slip back out of her pussy. Randy swallowed and gave the deerhound a strong nod. "Y-yeah, it's really hot, Kurt. I-it really is..."

"I..." Tammy spoke up. "I've had so much fun tonight." She reached out a hand out to her husband. The two took hands and Kurt could see her squeeze his hand, then he squeezed back. He took another long drink from the bottle.

"So, when I finish this beer I'm gonna flip you over, Tammy." He interrupted their moment. "Then I'm going to fuck the hell out of you."

She smiled excitedly and Kurt could feel her tail trying to thump the bed behind and underneath him. Randy was smiling, too. The deerhound tipped the bottle back against his lips once again and chugged it down until he smacked his lips for air when he finished. Randy was already offering a hand to take the bottle, and Kurt handed to it. While Randy deposited the



empty bottle over on the plate Kurt yanked his dick from his wife, which left her gasping and moaning from the sudden vacuum he'd left in her.

"God, you're so big, Kurt!" She whispered. Now that his dick was again free to the air, and still as rock hard as before, Tammy could again see just how much canine cock Kurt had managed to wedge inside her. "I can't believe there was room."

"Y-you're, uh, really hung, Kurt." Randy spoke up next. He was sheepishly standing there next to the corner of the bed looking at the pair on the bed. His dick was stiff and glistening, as well, and it looked like the cat was trying to keep from covering himself up from embarrassment.

"I'm glad you both like it. Would have sucked if you told me I was too big." Kurt replied, and swatted Tammy on the side of her hip. "Roll over, Tammy."

Tammy obeyed, rather eagerly, and rolled over onto her stomach. She gasped with excitement when she felt the deerhound grab her by the waist to pull her up to her hands and knees. She was looking over her shoulder with eyes bright with excitement. Yeah, Kurt knew she was good for a hard fuck. She probably didn't actually know she was, but Kurt could tell. He'd seen this attitude from bitches before. Tammy's little engine was ready for a refueling, and Kurt was ready to fill her up until his pump ran dry.

"Go ahead and sit, Randy. I doubt you're legs will hold you up once you start jacking." Kurt grinned over at the cat, who blushed and stepped his way backwards until the backs of his knees found the loveseat.

"A-are you close, Kurt?" Tammy asked him. He smiled at her and leaned over to grab her by one arm. He pulled her back and she met him halfway for a kiss. With all the alcohol in him he was getting sloppier with his tongue, but she didn't seem to mind it any and kissed him back just as sloppily.

"Nah. I got a bit more stamina in me than you think." He told her back. Her tail was swishing against his six pack. "How about you tell your husband how good it feels while I get myself off in your pussy."

She visibly blushed. Tammy bit her lip and looked over at Randy, who was resisting the urge to touch himself. "I-I can try, Kurt."

The deerhound lined himself up and shoved himself back in with one stroke. Her cunt clamped down around him as he penetrated her and she shouted and gasped in response. He put both hands on her hips and pushed her away before slamming her back against his hips while he gave her a good thrust. She barked and panted.

"Kurt!" She shouted, but she wasn't sounding upset about it. He did it again, this time letting his knot grind against her clit a little. "Kurt! Oh God!"

"Come on, Tammy, don't leave Randy out." Kurt said through teeth he'd begun to clench. He was looking down at how her cunt stretched around his dick and as he tugged and pulled at her folds with every labored thrust. Her pussy wasn't getting any looser, and he loved the hell out of how much she was clenching down on him!

"God, Kurt! Randy!" She barked again after a particularly hard thrust. "He's huge!"

The deerhound didn't bother looking at Randy anymore. He was too focused on the sweet ass in front of him. He swatted her on the rump and she yelped. Her tail was wagging so much that he had to grab it by the base to hold it still. It was still thumping and twitching even whilst trapped in his grip

Tammy grunted and yelped as he continued to pound her cunt with little to nothing holding him back. He was so consumed by the sensation and visual of her damn near virgin tight cunt that he'd not noticed that Tammy had dropped her chest down. He gave an upward glance, saw she was face down, ass up, then smirked and gave her another hard joust with his spear.

"Fuck! He's so big!" She cried out like she was caught between pleasure and panic. He slapped her ass again. "Randy!"

Kurt glance up again, saw his new bitch clawing at the bed spastically as she shouted and grunted like a whore on his dick, then gave her husband a look. The cat was glued with all senses on the pair fucking on his bed. Randy was quickly jerking himself like a machine and Kurt gritted his teeth and snorted. He could fuck her harder, see how they liked that.

The deerhound leaned down and put his free hand on the very back of Tammy's neck and gripped her tight by the scruff. She whined and arched her back for him. "You love my dick, Tammy?" He growled down at her.

"Yes!" She shouted and whined for him. The coyote sounded so pitiful. "I love it, Kurt!"

"Damn right you do!" He bucked his hips and hitched himself into her hard. Letting his knot grind again against her cunt and clit he purposely pulled at her neck and tail just to be mean. Bitches loved this shit, didn't they? When a man roughly claimed them and made them their bitch, he meant. Tammy was loving this. She was panting and whining like a dirty slut as he plugged her hole with his cock.

Kurt listened to her wail out to her husband again about how big his dick was, then he started jabbing into her with short strokes. His aim was to make his knot pop her clit a bunch of times to get her off. If she was this wet and needy she had to have a few more O's left in her. The more she got her rocks off the more likely she'd insist that she and Randy keep doing this little cuckold shit, right? Make the bitch want it, and Kurt was gonna do everything he could to make that happen.

"Kurt, God, Kurt!" She tried pushing herself up, but he held her down, and her panting became whining and whimpering as she squirmed awkwardly until her back started to shiver, then her entire body. "Oh my God!"

The bitch started cumming again and Kurt just let her hose his dick down as he refused to let up. He fucked her orgasm right out of her then once she sagged limp again against the bed he forcibly pulled her up by the back of the neck.

He let go of her neck once her back was to his chest and wrapped his arm around her for a headlock. Kurt got a good look at her face, gave her cheek a long deliberate lick, like he owned her, and couldn't wipe the smirk off his own face. Tammy had this dumb airheaded look on her face. A light headed, dazed look like she was on another planet or up in the clouds.

Kurt let go of her tail and reached around to feel where his knot was jammed up against her cunt. Her lips were stretched so tight he could feel it just by touching her lips. He started rubbing her clit and her pitiful whining started almost immediately. He looked at Randy, whose wide eyes were locked onto the two of them as he sat now with both hands on his thighs as it looked like he was forcing himself not to touch himself any further. His dick was rigid and sticking upright like it could pop at any moment.

Tammy whimpered and pleaded, with slurred speech, for Kurt to fuck her. She'd been screw right into being his dumb little coyote whore, hadn't she? He looked at the fucked stupid look he'd given her and let his hand leave her cunt. He wrapped his arm around her middle and with both arms now firmly wrapped around the coyote's neck and waist he hoisted her up, halfway off his cock, then dropped her hard down on his cock. She shouted, "Kurt!"

"You want me to cum in you, Tammy?" He growled audibly into her ear, and loud enough for Randy to overhear him. She squealed and fidgeted in his grip and he could tell her body was screaming at him 'YES!'.

"Please!" She whined out to him. Her tail was flicking and swishing for him between their bodies. Kurt lifted her a second time and dropped her down once more, which made the coyote yelp and squeal all over again. "Kuuurt!"

God, did she sound like music, Kurt thought. The deerhound never believed he'd ever see this side of the coyote. Tammy was supposed to be this straight as an arrow church faring lass. He started bucking his into her roughly and she yelped and whined every time his hips hitched up into hers. With the double armed grip he had locked down onto her he had no trouble being rough with her. She didn't weigh enough to make it troublesome to slap her cunt with his knot like it was a paddle.

"Kurt! Fuck me!" She shouted and he clenched his teeth and snarled into her ear loudly. She whimpered hotly as soon as he did. He was on the cusp of biting his tongue just to hold himself back from venting his nuts. He wasn't ready to cum, no, not yet! His balls were aching and eager to

drain, but he insisted that he got Tammy off again. As much as he could, he needed to get the coyote to cum like the cheapest, easiest, slut in the city. Make her squirt, make her scream his name, the whole fucking nine yards.

"Fuck!" He shouted and bit the inside of his cheek. He snorted through his nose and doubled up his speed and pounded her as fast as he could until his legs and back were burning hot with the coyote dangling almost limply in his arms as she was fucked out of her mind. "Beg! Beg me to bust a nut!"

"C-Cum!" She started wailing for him about his cum. "Please, I want it! Fill me, please!"

"More!" He snarled. She started fighting him, but not to get away. Her hips had found new life and were rolling and grinding into him against his own erratic thrusts. She started clawing at his arms with her own while she screamed for him.

"Kurt! God, Kurt!" She continued. "I want your hot cum, I want it so much!"

Kurt knew he was near the end of his rope. He lifted her, using up the last of his reserves, and started dropping her down onto his cock as hard as he could. The deerhound didn't give a fuck at that point about hurting her. If she wanted his cock and cum she was going to fucking get everything he had to give her!

"I want it, God, I want it! I want it!" Tammy started convulsing. Again she was falling limp as hot juice spilled from her cunt again to further lube her tunnel up for the barrel of his cock. "Kurt! KURT!"

As she screamed his name that final time, her body shuddering, he felt it. He fucking felt it! Tammy's cunt was starting to give, Kurt could feel her lips begin to stretch around his knot. He couldn't fucking believe it! It wasn't much, but it was enough to compel him to redouble his effort and pound her even harder, his whole body threatening to give out from the taxation on his bankrupt muscles. Tammy kept on wailing and shouting more, growing more and more incoherent as her cunt was slowly, torturously, forced open wider and wider to accept the thick bulb of his knot.

Kurt bit down on his lip, the pain helping to fight the pleasure boiling up from his groin as he fought back his climax. The lips of her cunt squeezed down on him as he buried his root deeper and deeper into her, trying to knock his knob into her with the hardest jabs he'd ever been allowed to give a girl. Tammy wasn't just allowing it, she was reveling in it like a slut doped on every kind of back alley ecstasy you could swallow. Kurt couldn't even understand her anymore. Just shrill ecstatic gibberish that might have been his name in repetition.

He lost his balance and let himself fall backwards. His back hit the mattress, Tammy rose off his cock enough to break his knock away from her strained folds, but the deerhound was having down of that. He exhaled

hard, a gut deep exhalation that was paralleled by a hard thrust and both his arms slamming the coyote down onto him.

The lips parted, flesh flushed red with hot horny blood turning pinkish white with strain, she started howling as another climax hit her. Then Kurt felt his eyes roll back as his knot finally, mercifully, breached her entrance and popped inside her in a sudden sharp motion that sucked his cock inside her tunnel until his tip was crushed up against the entrance of her womb.

The beige spackled ceiling overhead turned opaque white and bled out to coat the entire room until Kurt was blinded by the sensation of his cock firing off a hard load into the coyote that was howling and whining pitifully over him as her climax echoed through her, a prolonged ordeal brought on by the help of the oversized knot lodged locked up in her.

Kurt's senses were muted except for the impossible tightness gripping the full measure of his cock as his balls and taint twitched and flexed every time he shot another hot rope of seed into her. He felt like he'd blown his very soul up into her cunt by the time the room returned to full color. Tammy was limp and panting with her arms and legs dangling over to either side of him. He could still feel his cock twitching inside her. The stream was slowing to the trickle, but he'd continue to fill her up still with whatever was left in his nuts for the next several minute as he came down off his high.

Together the pair laid there in near silence while they both recovered. It took... a while. He was feeling the burn all over his body now. Tammy was staying quiet, but her hands had found their way to his arms and she was clinging to him. He'd loosened his grip and let his hands fall to her tits. In a lazy way he was using them like worry stones to massage and squeeze as he laid with his head tilted back against the bed.

"That was amazing." She whispered. He cocked an exhausted grin. 'Yeah, it was.' he thought.

"Yeah." He replied. Kurt had forgotten all about Randy. He reached down to grab one of her thighs, then rolled the two of them over onto their sides. He held one leg up so it draped over his own to keep her thighs parted.

Now on their sides he could look over at the cat. Randy was still clutching his dick with a steel grip even though he'd long since gone soft. The signs of a very average cumshot were splattered across his hand.

"I think we're all gonna need a shower." The deerhound said. He thought to himself, now looking at Randy's face, that he'd probably get no complaints from the cat if he ever wanted another go at his wife. That was a look of shock and awe if he ever did see one. Yeah, Randy was probably going to be game for another night of this.

"You made it fit." She said, sounding exhausted and breathless, and now a little hoarse. No kidding, she was screaming like a whore the whole time.

"Uh huh." He chuckled. "Didn't I, Randy?"

He looked at the cat and noticed below him that Tammy seemed to remember then that her husband had been watching the whole time. Kurt looked back down at her. He could tell she was looking right at Randy, and there was a smile on her face.

"Honey?" She asked. "I-I hope you had fun."

Was the bitch having second thoughts, he'd have laughed if he wasn't so tired.

"Y-you were both hot!" the cat said, fighting back a need to stutter. "Really, Tammy!"

Kurt could tell that the coyote looked both happy and relieved. Her tight, and affectionate, grip never lessened on his arm. In fact, it grew tighter. He rolled them both back over onto their backs and dropped his arms low to grab her legs. His cock was getting a little softer now so he grabbed her by the ass with both hands and pulled her up.

"Kurt!" Tammy gasped as the pressure grew up he grunted, and she sharply yelped, as he yanked his knot right out of her.

"God!" He heard Randy said with shock. Kurt could feel her cunt drain his spunk out and down between their legs and over his crotch.

"I'm gonna go shower. Mind if I use yours?" He asked neither of them in particular as he rolled Tammy off him. He wanted to hobble over and give himself a hot rinse. Let the married couple sort out their exhaustion by their lonesome for a few minutes. His orgasmic high was wearing off more and more and he did feel a small urge to duck out of sight and a shower would serve that need just fine.

Randy was already telling him he could while he padded across the bedroom to the bathroom door with a thin trail of spunk running from his wife's cunt and down across the carpet. The shower was quick and hot and by the time he was done his dick was back in its sheath, and the alcohol and sex was trying to actively knock him unconscious. He had to shake his head of water to rouse himself enough to not look that out of it.

When he was done he found the cat trying to hump his wife missionary on their bed. He wasn't interested in checking to see if he was getting it to work and instead he drifted out of the room and down the hall to where their spare room was. Sharing a bed with a married couple wasn't going to be his style.

He dropped himself onto the mattress, still naked. Tonight had been fucking stellar. He smiled to himself. Tammy had been fucking stellar. It would take until morning for him to sober up enough to really digest everything that had happened to him so far.

The deerhound didn't know how many minutes had gone by either, since laying out on the bed, but Kurt felt like it was time to pass out. His eyes were burning and weary. The bed in the spare room was soft as hell, too. He didn't even bother trying to get under the covers. Like a hot summer night he felt comfortable just lying on top of everything in bare fur and let sleep take him that way. There was a knock on the door. After a few moments he could see the door crack open and a familiar canine face peeked in.

"Yup?" He asked.

"I didn't mean to wake you." Tammy said and opened the door a little wider. It was hard to see in the darkness.

"I hadn't gone to sleep yet. What's up?" The deerhound asked her and lifted himself up to sit. The coyote tiptoed her way in quietly and came to sit on the edge of the bed near him.

"Randy went out like a light. While you took your shower we had sex. I think he broke the record on how fast we could do it!" She laughed quietly. Kurt smirked, yeah he bet Randy did cum pretty quick for a cat that gets riled up by watching a guy like Kurt ruin his wife. He wasn't going to tell Tammy that though. "And, gosh, I can't... stop leaking."

She giggled nervously and he grinned at her in the darkness. He bet she couldn't.

"We did put on a good show." He told her that instead of commenting about how she might be drooling some leftover spunk onto a church pew the next morning if she bothered to show up. To keep her from feeling bad about it.

"More like you did. I don't think I really did anything." She countered, which was true enough. Kurt usually called all the shots and threw all the pitches. He certainly did tonight.

"True. So, what's up?" He asked her again, wondering why she came sneaking into the spare room where he was going to be staying the night. He heard her sigh.

"I had so much fun tonight, Kurt. I really did. I know, I could tell, that Randy enjoyed himself, too. I'll make sure he tells you tomorrow, too." She started and quietly continued. "I hope we can do this more often. I don't Randy would mind at all, but I'll still ask him. I don't think he'd say no. I haven't seen him... you know, this horny in a long time."

Kurt leaned forward and grabbed her by and arm. She reacted with surprise, but let him have his way until he'd pulled her all the way onto the bed to sit with him in his lap. Kurt could now tell that she must have showered, and maybe Randy, too, but he wasn't going to go grope another man's fur to find out. The coyote was dressed for bed in a tshirt and tiny pair of shorts. He bet she looked cute like that, like she was prepared for some all girl's sleepover.

"I'd be down for it whenever you two are." He told her honestly and hugged her. Her back was to his chest and she grabbed his arms and held onto them. "Thank you for picking me for this."

"You're very welcome, Kurt. We're both really glad to have met you." She replied back.

Kurt nuzzled her neck and gave her cheek a lick. He was sleepy as hell, but still found himself being drawn to her sexually.

"It's late, Kurt." She laughed.

"I know." He said. "I'm just feeling affectionate."

"I don't mind that at all. But me and Randy still have to make it to church tomorrow morning. I wanted to tell you that we could drop you off by your apartment on the way there. I didn't think you'd feel like attending a sermon."

Kurt chuckled and nodded his head. "You were thinking rightly." He said.

"Mind if I ask a favor?" Kurt asked her. She put her hands on his and squeezed.

"So long as it lets me go to sleep soon." Tammy giggled. Fortunately he wasn't trying to pop an erection, but her ass was pressed right up to his sheath. No telling what was running through her head.

"Mind if you wake me up early tomorrow and give me head?" He asked. She giggled, sounding embarrassed again like she had much earlier in the evening.

"I think I can do that." She told him and twisted herself around to kiss him on the cheek. "I don't know if it'll fit in my mouth though."

"You didn't think it'd fit in your cunt, either." He told her right back. She looked away and laughed.

"You're right." The coyote replied softly.

"Give me a proper kiss and then run off to bed, Tammy." He told her. She turned herself around until she was on her knees. Their lips met and their kiss slowly turned from a quick peck to a passionate make out session. When she finally pulled away she slipped off the edge of the bed and stood.

"Bright and early, Kurt." She said and waved with her fingers. He made a kiss gesture with his own lips and told her goodnight.

He fell back to the mattress after he left the room and exhaled hard. How the hell was he suppose to ever get to sleep now knowing ahead of time that Tammy was going to suck his dick as soon as the sun rose in the morning? He didn't much think that one through did he?