

"You should be banned from ever playing this again." Someone said from the nearby couch. It was quickly followed by laughter from the rest of the party goers.

The living room of the home was filled with several people, all friends of the homeowners. Snacks and alcohol were flowing freely between multiple pairs of married couples and a few singlets. The couch had been moved from its usual spot to make room; four dents being left on the carpet to reveal where it had once been. The coffee table was pressed against the far wall and was covered with various foods and drinks for the consumption of the guests.

In front of the couch in the center of the room was a new fixture, a large plastic mat for a game of Twister, and currently on that mat were four people trying to play while a fifth person sat cross legged next to them with her finger next to the spinner, ready to flick the needle again.

"It's illegal to discriminate, you know!" Wally replied, the ivory fox adjusting his hand on the big red circle he'd just slapped his hand over.

The skinny man was currently abusing his slender frame and height to slowly win his third game of Twister in a row. He now had his right hand on red, his left hand on green, and both feet on a pair of yellows. He didn't have to work hard to keep his balance with his limbs spread out in a triangle.

Playing with him was his wife, Meredith, who was occupying the right side of the mat with her hands and feet taking up positions on red, blue, and her own pair yellow circles. In addition to his wife was his buddy Keith and another mutual friend, Matt.

Keith was crouching in the top right corner of the mat, struggling. The goat's feet were each on a yellow and blue circle, but he had to cross his arms over each other painfully keep a right hand on red and a left on the last free yellow. Meanwhile, Matt was bent into an L shape as he was in the opposite corner trying to maintain three colors at once in an awkward way. He was more twisted up than any of the other three trying to reach for a red circle through the tangled bodies of Wally and Meredith.

Everyone at the party had been drinking, so it was only a matter of time before people started failing the simple task of competing in a children's party game. Matt was the first, the next color being called was green. He tried to reach his better hand to circle but Meredith got in his way with her own hand, forcing him to reach further for the next one until he lost balance and touched a knee to the mat, disqualifying him.

Now there were only three.

The next color came, and Wally moved his left foot easily to an adjacent color, same with Keith who found better footing after being allowed to uncross his arms to move his left hand to a green circle on his left side. With every new color called the game was hit with waves of difficulty and ease. Meredith, at one point, was forced to start crawling under her husband to awkwardly find a circle that wouldn't rob her of her balance.

The game continued for several more rounds until Meredith was stretched out across the mat from one side to the other with every limb on a different color, the two men being too quick to grab circles from her and leaving her with only sour options. Wally was on top of her in the worst position, his left foot at the lowest blue circle while the right foot was painfully stretched to a red circle near the top of the mat.

His hands were each on blue and yellow but his legs were spread to their limit, and not even his long skinny legs could help him.

Keith was doing better, trapped in the corner of the mat but only occupying three of the four colors. Meredith lost with her next move, the cat finally running out of steam and dropping to her belly. After she crawled out from under her husband, Keith and Wally competed until the fox found himself in an impossible position. His goat rival had been quicker on the draw and had started to block the fox out of easy to reach circles, boxing Wally into an awkward spot until at last Wally had to reach too far over his friend, and his foot slipped on the mat. His knee touched plastic and he was out!

With that last round of Twister completed the party had grown tired of the games and switched back to mostly drinking and eating more of the party food that had been put together mainly by Meredith and her cooking skills. She'd made a collection of small appetizer sandwiches along with an assortment of cheeses and fruits. The alcohol had been a combination of inexpensive red and white wines and some light beer.

It wasn't too long however that most of the party goers were getting tired or too drunk to continue with the festivities. What had started as a group of twelve people dwindled down to only two in the span of about an hour with the last person to leave being Keith, who'd volunteered to toss garbage into the dumpsters on his way out.

The two that were left were Wally and Meredith, the lovely tenants in their home that wasn't a home, but rather just an apartment that was honestly too small to be hosting a party of twelve people, but they'd made it work somehow.

"That was really fun!" The cat said, even though she was grateful that everyone had finally left.

Both of them were fairly extroverted people, but it's easy to stay energized for a party when you aren't the ones responsible for planning it, preparing for it, acting as hosts, and then cleaning up after it.

"Yeah, it was." Her husband agreed.

He was sitting on the couch for now, tired and resting, while Meredith was in the kitchen tidying up by tossing things into the dishwasher to deal with the next day. When she was finished, she came back into the living room with a wine glass in each hand. The cat filled them both with fresh wine from the bottle on the coffee table, then took a seat next to her husband and handed him one of the glasses.

"More?" He asked her, referring to the additional wine he was now being expected to drink.

"More." She agreed, and gestured with her glass towards his, letting their glasses clink together before bringing it back to her lips to sip.

He took a sip. The pair savored the wine before lowering their glasses down to their laps.

"I didn't expect Twister to be a big hit." Wally told her after they'd sat for a while.

"Me, too. I figured everyone would want to play cards, but we ended up having a lot of fun laughing at each other." She replied.

The party they'd hosted wasn't for anything special. It was just an excuse to get a bunch of people together. Of the ten that had come by, all the married couples were people they'd met at church, and then the single ones were friends from work. They had a pretty good social life between church, work, and family.

"I guess I could have dressed more appropriately though." He then added, and Meredith giggled in reply.

"Just don't wear those shorts next time. Poor Keith!" She giggled again, thinking of their mutual friend.

The fact that Wally had worn shorts was perfectly fine, and the party was a completely casual affair with everyone attending dressed like it was still the middle of summer, but neither Wally or Meredith had expected Twister to become the unexpected hit that it had. Those comfy gym shorts Wally had been wearing ended up proving to be quite the showpiece for anyone watching the fox while he was doing the splits from one side of the mat to the other. If he was sitting normally or walking around they did well enough to keep him modest, but soon as those skinny legs started stretching out they began to ride up his thighs.

And Keith had gotten a face full of the fox's crotch during their last game and was promptly teased for it. It wasn't public knowledge that Wally was hung, but every now and then people would notice he had a lump tucked between his legs. As modest as he tries to keep himself it was sometimes hard to hide, but with much of their friend circle being modest, churchgoing people themselves everyone was polite, and it was never talked about if they'd ever noticed.

"I think he'll survive." Wally told her in reply.

She made a humming noise in response, and after a long moment she leaned close to her husband and began to snuggle up to him. He put his arm around her and hugged her tight in reply.

"Do you think he really deleted that folder?" She asked suddenly, swiftly changing subjects.

"He said he did." Wally told her after a sip of wine.

"I know, but do you think he did?" She pressed him on it.

He thought about it for a long moment. It had been well over a month since 'the incident' had happened. Wally had made the mistake of copying over their entire music collection to a hard drive for Keith to take home with him. Keith was giving them pirated movies and tv shows they'd wanted to watch, and in return he was getting a copy of an extensive music collection.

But, unfortunately for Wally and Meredith, Wally had no idea that his wife had been using his music folder as an archive for all of their homemade pornos. What had been labeled innocently as ASMR was actually home to a collection of smut that was nearly as extensive as their music collection! Well, Keith downloaded all of it to his laptop when he'd visited to do the file swap, and then when Meredith figured out what her husband had done she flew into a panic which resulted in an awkward texting session with Keith to make him delete the folder without looking at what was in it.

"He has been awfully nice to us lately." He eventually replied.

"What's that supposed to mean? He's always nice to us." She asked.

"Yeah, but he's been extra nice. He clearly wanted to leave a long time ago when everyone else started bailing, but he stayed behind and then offered to take out the garbage." He told her.

"That was really nice of him. You think he's feeling guilty?" She asked, and he shrugged.

"He might be." He told her, and then she hummed in reply.

"Could be worse. We lucked out that he was the one to get the copies instead of someone else. If he didn't delete them, I don't think he's the type of person to do anything with it." He continued.

"He's gonna watch them!" She scolded him.

"We are pretty hot." He replied.

She scoffed, then took a sip of her wine.

"Do you want me to talk to him?" He asked.

"No. If he didn't delete them, I think you're right. I'll just have to learn to live with the knowledge that someone is jerking off to us." She confessed with a sigh.

"We are pretty hot." He repeated himself, and this time she giggled.

"We are. A really hot pair of twigs." She agreed, and he took his turn to laugh.

"And he doesn't go to our church! Can you imagine the trouble we'd be in?" He added with a laugh, while his wife groaned in reply.

Wally stuck out his foot and tapped the edge of the Twister mat that was still spread out over the floor. All the furniture was still where they'd moved it. Keith had offered to help move everything back, but they sent him home, telling him they'd deal with it themselves tomorrow when they felt like it.

"You want to play Twister again?" She asked him, watching his foot tap and rustle the plastic mat.

"Only if I get to use it as an excuse to have sex with you." He told her.

"You don't need an excuse to have sex with me. Just ask, you dummy." She told him, then stretched herself up so she could reach his cheek with her lips to kiss him.

They kissed, and when they were done, he picked himself up off the couch and took the wine glass away from Meredith to sit it along with his own on the coffee table. Meredith stood up to join him, but he turned her away to walk her back to the couch where he made her sit down again.

She was smiling as she watched her husband kneel down in front of her, his hands running up the sides of her legs until he was searching for the tops of her leggings. His fingertips found them, then began to tug her leggings all the way down with her wiggling her butt on the couch to help him along.

Once she was free of them, she spread her legs and let her husband put her head between her thighs. Wally planted his lips over hers and began to make out with her nethers while her hands reached down to tussle his hair. As his tongue lapped slowly across her folds, she couldn't help but to purr, relaxing deep into the couch as he had his way with her orally.

"Wally." She whispered his name, running her fingers more through his hair until she felt him plant his lips over her clit.

Very gently, he began to nip at her tender flesh, little teasing love bites. She bit her lower lip, then retracted her hands. She reached up to run them through her own hair as she felt her husband begin to suckle on her. She was getting so wet that she could watch how soaked his muzzle was getting from her juices. He popped himself from her petals with a wet smack before licking his lips.

"Think you're ready?" He asked her.

She nodded, still gnawing on her lip.

He stood up, putting his hands on the couch to her either side so that he could lean over her. He put her lips to hers and they kissed again, Meredith tasting herself on his lips as they made out. She reached out with her hands and found his waistband. He broke the kiss and stood up, letting his wife grab the top of his shorts, wiggling her fingers under the waistband of his shorts and underwear so she could pull it all down his skinny legs.

While he was pulling off his shirt and stepping out of the crumpled remains of what was left of his clothes, she leaned forward and pressed her face against his bare crotch. Eating her out had gotten him excited, and his red tip was already poking out from his plump sheath. She kissed him on the nuts, rubbing her nose against his sheath until she felt his hands run fingers through her hair.

He stood there in front of her patiently while she nuzzled and caressed his groin with her face, slowly encouraging her husband to rise to his full attention until the fox's cock was jutting out from his hips. His third leg was twitching, Meredith planting kisses up and down his length to make sure he was at full mast before going any further.

"Blowjob?" She asked him, looking up at him while her hand snuck between his legs to fondle his heavy sack.

As she cradled them in her palm, he could tell how pent up he was. That'd been the trend these past few months, something about their lifestyle must have really been activating his almonds because he was dumping a lot more cum than either of them remembered. Not that he was complaining, or Meredith for that matter.

He hummed thoughtfully at her question.

"Not tonight." He told her.

With him feeling so pent up, and with all the drinking he'd done tonight, he was mostly interested in just cutting lose and letting his wife take it all where it belonged.

She nodded and slipped off the couch to kneel at his feet then moved to all fours so she could crawl over to the Twister mat with her husband walking with her until he was crouching down beside her.

He pushed her, rolling her over onto her back and then he was on top of her. The plastic crinkled under their bodies as they started kissing again, the fox slapping her cock over her trim stomach before sliding his legs between hers. She wrapped hers around him, hugging him tightly with her arms while he reached up to stroke fingers through her dark hair. The noise of their kissing grew louder, and they grew more passionate.

Meredith could feel a wet spot growing on the stomach, Wally's cock was drip, drip, dripping sticky pre all over her tummy.

The fox started to dry hump his wife, raking his bare cock up and down her stomach while his heavy nuts draped across her damp slit. She cooed up into his mouth, still kissing him, but reveling in the feel of his fur brushing across her lips while he in turn reveled in the sensation of his cock thrusting against her belly.

Once they broke their kiss her tummy was stained with pre, and he lifted himself off her enough to reach down and angled his cock down to her entrance. Wally groaned as he slid himself within the cat, Meredith groaning along with him as his girth stretched her open.

"Wally." She panted, feeling her husband bottom out in her, all except his steadily growing knot.

Without any foreplay to get him close to his finish, the fox was going to have to spend a lot more time punishing his pussy. Wally shifted his legs, moving himself onto his knees so he could sit up and grab his wife by the legs.

Lifting her legs he pushed them down onto her, the front of her thighs now resting on her chest, looking down at how much he'd opened her up with his cock.

When he started humping, she grunted. The plastic mat rustled and crinkled under them violently as the fox worked his hips in and out of her quickly. He wasn't screwing her to tie his knot, he was just warming both of them up. A quick, steady, flurry of thrusts that lightly battered her nether lips with his now swollen orb, making sure her tunnel was slick and wet with his pre and her own juices.

She panted even louder, reaching down to touch her fingers to her clit. Meredith rubbed herself, her husband closing his eyes and letting himself switch to autopilot, the steady rhythm of his hips hammering her lightly again and again while her fingertips swirled circles around her button.

"You." Wally panted down at her, pushing her legs apart enough so he could get a better look at her while she played with her clit.

"You close?" He added, tilting his head back to focus more on the rhythm of his hips and less about the action happening below him.

She shook her head, then noticed he wasn't looking.

"No! Keep going!" She replied and started moving her hand a little faster.

She shut her eyes, focusing only on her own pleasure, of the slipping and sliding of her husband's cock, at her fingertips tickling and teasing her delicate bud. Wally was panting hard, trying his best to maintain a steady quick rhythm that was slowly wearing him down. The skinny fox had good endurance, a man that knew his cardio, but he wasn't the Terminator. He needed breaks in between long sessions of working his hips against his wife.

He exhaled deeply, his chest rising and falling greatly as he kept it up as good as he could, the cat below him quickly rubbing her clit with her middle finger. Meredith began to bite at her lower lip, breathing quickly through her nose. She was loud enough for Wally to hear her, and he was grateful, because that meant she was close!

Moments later she began to shudder, and her hand jerked away from her pussy, her back arching while she gnawed hard on her lip, happily moaning under her husband finally started to slow himself down to a crawl.

The cat exhaled, satisfied and smiling, the fox slowly rocking his hips forward and back so he could catch his breath.

"Out." She told him, and he stopped his hips, retracting his length from her folds. A messy amount of clear pre spilled from her parted lips.

As he slid off his knees to sit on his butt, she reached back down to slip two of her fingers inside herself, purring as she felt how loose she was now. Between having her husband dumping so much pre inside her and popping her cork once, she was well lubricated kitty, and she was enjoying how elastic her cunt had become from their pleasant warmup.

"You want me to get the phone?" He asked her.

She opened her eyes and looked down her chest at him. Her lovely husband was sitting cross legged, his large vulpine cock standing at attention, twitching, dripping, and looking so needy.

"So you can send it to Keith by mistake?" She replied with a cheeky smile.

"No." He laughed.

After a moment she shook her head.

"I think you need both your hands to take care of that." She told him, referring to his cock.

"You flipping over?" He asked her, and she nodded back to him.

She lazily rolled herself over on the plastic mat, and as she did so she made sure her legs spread apart to catch her husband in the middle as he continued to sit and rest. His hands found her thighs and began rubbing them up and down.

He started laughing again.

"What? She asked, wiggling her butt at him.

"Just," he was panting still.

"I'm about to fuck you in the same position we were in when we gave Keith an eyeful." He finished.

It was her turn to laugh.

"I don't think either of us will be quite so stretched out when you get started, baby." She told him and tilted her rump up as an invitation.

"Well, something is about to get stretched out." He laughed in reply and continued to rub her legs affectionately.

"Did I finish my wine?" She asked him suddenly.

He turned, looking over at the coffee table. There was a sliver of wine left in her glass and more than that left in his own.

"No." He told her.

"Bring it. It was too good to waste." She grumbled, retracting her legs from him and rolling over onto her side to face the direction of the coffee table.

He stood up, stretching his back as he walked to the table. He first checked the bottle, saw it had some left in it, then carefully started pouring what was left into each of their glasses until they were both as even as he could make them. He licked the bottle's opening clean, then sat it down and picked up both glasses.

The fox sat down next to his wife and offered her a glass, and she picked herself up to cross her legs, taking the glass.

She gestured with her glass, and he lifted his own and they clinked.

"Tonight was fun." She said, then started drinking.

He agreed with her and did the same. They both quickly downed the last of their wine and before anything could happen to their carpet Wally took both of their glasses and returned them to the coffee table before sitting back down with his wife, who was now trying to crawl into his lap to kiss him again.

"Love my husband." She told him.



“Love you, too.” He replied, then swatted her on the butt.

“Hands and knees.” He told her.

She smiled and crawled out of his lap to assume the position, dropping from her hands to her elbows while arching her back to turn up her rump.

Meredith was right though, neither of them were going to be stretched out like they were during their games of Twister. But just like Wally had told her, something of hers was about to get stretched out. The cat had her elbows spread under her, hands on the plastic mat to keep herself steady. Her knees were locked together, leaving herself looking like a cute little tripod that knew how to wiggle her rump.

He crawled on his hands and knees to get behind her wiggling rump, taking her petite booty in his hands and massaging it.

She started giggling.

“What’s so funny?” He asked her.

“You think he’s watching our porn tonight?” She asked him.

“After getting a face full of my crotch grinding on your ass, yeah. I would be.” He replied.

She giggled again, finishing it off with a warm little ‘mhm’ noise before turning her head to face the floor, wiggling her rump at him again to invite him to get started.

The fox walked on his knees until he was where he wanted to be, carefully stroking her tail in the process. When his cock was within penetration range, Wally felt refreshed. Their little break had given him plenty of time to let his body recover and now he was feeling fit to give her another session.

With one hand on her tail and one on his dick, he slipped himself back inside. He sank himself in deep, his hips rolling forward gently until his knot bumped against her lips.

“Same as last time?” He asked her.

He saw her shake her head at the floor.

“It’s your turn, you pick.” She replied.

“Sore and bowlegged.” He told her, lightly swatting her butt with his now free hand.

She wiggled her ass from side to side, turning her head back to look at him again from over her shoulder.

“We still have to make it to church Sunday.” She scolded.

“It’s Friday! I can’t ruin you that bad.” He laughed, then swatted her on the butt again.

He watched her face, seeing her start to gnaw on her lower lip.

"Try to." She told him.

"Try to, huh?" He asked.

She nodded.

He let go of her tail and let both hands fall onto the sides to her upturned rump. Wally looked down at how his cock was stretching her tunnel open and felt himself start to salivate. Meredith was a petite little woman that almost couldn't handle the worse that Wally could give her in the bedroom.

"You're gonna be mad at yourself later for letting me." He warned her.

"I know." She told him, wiggling her butt again, grinding it into his lap.

He exhaled, deciding to give her what she wanted.

Wally withdrew his cock until all that was left was his tip, and then he squeezed the sides of her ass so he knew he'd have a good grip. He slammed his cock home into her.

"Wally!" She yelped, her tail flicking and flopping over her back.

"You sure?" He asked her again, drawing his cock back like the hammer of a gun.

She purred and wiggled her hips one more time, almost plucking herself off the end of his dick. He slammed himself into her, and the cat yelped suddenly at the intrusion. Her hands were pawing at the plastic mat, her back arching, and then she started rocking her ass at him aggressively.

"Wally!" She said his name, firmly, letting him know that she meant what she'd said.

His heart started racing, the thrill of being given permission to let loose exciting him so much he had to scoot himself closer to her on the floor, planting his knees closer and letting his hands slide from her ass and down to her waist.

With a firm grip around her middle, he started jackhammering her, putting everything he had into every thrust. Meredith shouted into the floor, her hands balling up the plastic mat with a white knuckled grip as he force fed her his fox cock.

He panted, grunted, growled over her, the loving embrace of her pussy struggling to swallow him down as he pounded it like a battering ram.

They might have been a mostly average looking pair of twigs, but when you only needed to fuck for long enough to squeeze a knot into a hole, Wally had the strength where it counted. That's all they needed, just to tie the knot, and then they'd both cum! So, he fucked her as hard as he could, digging his toes into the mat behind him as his feet and knees dug into the floor with his every thrust.

His fingers dug equally into her sides, keeping her still as stone under him. She howled under him, a hand breaking hits grip from the mat to clap over her mouth. She was gripping the mat and her mouth as hard as he was her waist, the fox cramming his knot up against her entrance.

As she yelped into her hand Wally was feeling his knees begin to ache from the floor. He stopped thrusting, and quickly yanked himself free of her, slinging a long thread of precum across the mat. While his wife recovered, he lifted himself off his knees and onto his feet, squatting behind his wife and slipping himself back into her.

Now that he was on the balls of his feet the ache wasn't bothering him anymore, and he hitched his hips hard into her, rocking her hips back into his with a firm grip on her ass. She yelped, and he slid his hands up her sides to take her by the waist again, and once he was ready, he started jackhammering her again.

His wife started howling, the cat clapping her other hand over the first to keep her mouth tightly covered as he fucked the hell out of her with everything he had.

As Wally screwed her, his teeth were clenched, his chest heaving with exertion as the noise of his knot battered her cunt echoed wetly through the living room. This was the sort of lovemaking they could never film, as neither of them would have had a steady enough hand to capture anything on film that didn't look like a found footage flick made by a pack of amateurs.

His balls were aching for release, but he couldn't pop unless he knotted her. To do anything less either blue balled him or produced a half-baked climax that left him quickly recovering to finish the job.

The fox bent himself over his wife, moving one arm up to plant his elbow against her shoulder to push her chest down to the floor. She landed with a muffled oof, his knot grinding tight against her petals, while his other hand let go of her waist to slither down between her legs.

He found her cunt and started roughly fingering her clit, using two fingers to slip and slide across her button while she gasped and yelped into her hands. Her body flinched, back twisting and squirming under him while her cunt rhythmically milked his shaft.

Wally couldn't thrust very much without a hand on her waist, but he was aiming to get her wetter first, using an arm to keep her face down and ass up while his hand milked another orgasm from her pussy before he milked himself for one of his own.

She shouted his name, muffled by her hand.

"Cum for me again." He grunted down at her, the cat whining back at him in reply.

He started working his fingers over her again, and she howled. The fox knew she was aching, and bad. She was overstimulated, probably hurting from his touch, but when her body began to quiver under him he knew he was doing it right. He started moving his hand faster, like a blur, so fast that his hand and wrist was starting to ache from the intensity of the motion.

She buckled, falling from her knees and dropping flat to the mat.

She was howling louder, her muffled voice sounding hoarse as she came hard under him. For all her complaining and scolding about how sore he left her after sex, she always came the hardest when he fucked her the roughest. His wife was a loving, sweet, little masochist.

As her body continued to convulse, he wrapped his arms around her before rolling them both over. Her back was now to his chest, and he put one arm around her as tight as he could, then reached all the way down her front until he found his knot.

He wrapped his hand around the swollen ball, cupping his knot the same way he'd have held one of their wine glasses, and then he crammed his hips up into hers.

She shouted sharply, at full volume, her hands no longer covering her mouth.

The fox let go of her middle and clapped his own hand over her mouth and held it shut so their neighbors wouldn't hear what he did to her next.

With his other hand still grabbing himself by the knot he gave her another hard thrust of the hips, using his hand to roughly pull at his knot to mash it against her cunt as hard as he could. Her cunt was forcibly parted, her lips straining taut as his fat knot began to slowly squelch inside her.

His arm was shuddering with exertion until his entire length finally popped inside her, knot and all. She howled into his hand, and he shouted too. With his knot now firmly buried in her, he moved his hand up to wrap her arm around her middle.

Wally started jackhammering her with short, vicious thrusts that left her screaming and howling into his hand, her own hands clawing at the arm around her middle while he roughly dragged his orgasm up from the depths of his balls. He felt the pressure building up in him as the tight vice grip of his wife's cunt squeezed the cum straight out of his shaft.

He snarled through clenched teeth, his own body shuddering under her as his knot throbbed larger, his nuts quaking and twitching as ropes of seed shot up into her belly. He kept thrusting until his legs started to give out, he was thoroughly exhausted and let himself sag limp to the plastic mat, which was now covered in wet puddles, but none of it was cum.

Spit, precum, girl cum, but not one drop of vulpine seed had escaped the vice tight grip her cunt had on his knot.

As he relaxed and tried to catch his breath, his cock continued to work its magic while his wife's vice grip cunt locked every drop of cum safely inside herself. As she sagged limped over him, too, he let his hand weakly stroke her stomach, caressing the bulge where his cock was planted, feeling the pulse of his dick as he continued to squirt more seed into her.

He couldn't explain why he was cumming so much lately, but with his cock still twitching inside the cat he wasn't in the right headspace to question it. Meredith tried to say something but was muffled by the hand he still had clenched over her mouth. He let go of her mouth and moved it down to grope one of her breasts.

"Wally." She whined, squirming on top of him.

"I love you." He panted.

One of her hands reached down to grab the one he was using to stroke her now swollen stomach.

"Trying to get me pregnant again." She playfully scolded him, the tone of her voice too lighthearted to mean anything serious.

"You'll look cute pregnant when it finally happens." He told her.

She groaned, moving her other hand up to the one he was using to grope at her tit. She clung to both his hands until he stopped stroking her and started lacing his fingers in with hers so they could relax quietly on the mat.

After a moment, he laughed, thinking back to earlier in the night.

"Aren't you glad we don't record videos like this?" He teased her.

"God, that'd be so awkward." She groaned.

"Imagine watching a real porno of us." He told her.

She groaned again but squeezed his hands reassuringly.

"We are pretty hot." She struggled out a laugh, but it was obvious to Wally that his wife was still trying to adjust to having his dick lodged up in her, as well as the large volume of cum he'd dumped into her.

Their living room floor was uncomfortable to lay on, so he picked himself up, lifting her along with him, until he was sitting upright with her stuck in his lap. Fortunately for him the plastic mat was smooth and easy to slide across, so he scooted the two of them backwards until his back hit the edge of the couch cushions, so he had something soft to lean against.

She was groaning and making noise the entire time as he shuffled backwards, his knot locked tight in her and leaving her stomach a cute swollen bump like he'd finally gotten her pregnant after months of his mother asking WHEN she was finally getting grandbabies. Except, she wasn't getting grandbabies yet, at least not until he and Meredith moved into a larger apartment that had room to raise a kid in.

"We could get Keith to hold the camera for us next time." He teased her, putting his hands back over her stomach to rub at her.

"Wally! As if that's even an option!" She scolded him, clapping her hands back over his and digging her fingers in between his own.

"I'm just teasing." He laughed.

"It's bad enough he's got the rest of our collection!" She fussed, squeezing his hands.

He laughed in reply and put his head into the crook of her neck. Instead of saying anything he just hugging her and rested, letting the moment fall quiet while they both recovered from their lovemaking.

“What would he even think if we asked something like that? We’re not that kind of couple!” She broke the silence.

“Our collection says otherwise, baby.” He reminded her.

She made a loud ‘ugh’ noise.

“That’s different though! Married couples are allowed to do that sort of thing!” She protested.

“Yeah! We are.” He agreed with her, lifting his chin from her shoulder to kiss her on the cheek, but only caught the air due to the angles of their faces being wrong.

She tilted her face towards his and told him, ‘again’. He kissed her again, and landed a direct hit on her cheek.

“And Keith goes to church!” She continued to protest.

“No, he only goes to OUR church because we invited him a few times.” He reminded her.

She replied with another ‘ugh’. Wally then tried to lift her off his lap, testing the grip she had on his knot, until she groaned and asked him to stop. He did, settling her back down into his lap. Her firm grip on his member was still as tight as ever, and his cock had hardly shrunk since they’d stopped having sex. He wasn’t cumming in her anymore, but his vulpine rod wasn’t ready to give up on her yet.

“Are we still on the mat?” She asked, looking down.

“My butts still on it, yeah.” He replied.

She was happy about that since she expressed worry about spilling a load of cum all over their floor. Washing their bedding once or twice a week was bad enough as it was, and neither of them liked the idea of doing a deep clean on their carpet.

“We could get a tripod for my phone and set it up.” He suggested, offering an alternative that didn’t involve a third party.

She let out another of her ‘ughs’ but didn’t have a reply beyond that. After a few lingering moments he felt her pussy clench down on him lightly like she’d just flexed a muscle.

Meredith then groaned, holding onto his hands a little tighter, before ugh’ing once more.

“Maybe.” She replied with a playful huff.

Wally felt her clench down on him again, like she was thinking of something that was making her pussy want to clamp down on her husband.

After a short while had passed, she quietly began to squirm in his lap, making him wonder if she was feeling another orgasm coming. To test his theory, he pushed one hand down to find her pussy and started playing with her clit. She gasped when his fingertips brushed over her nub.

“Wally!” She almost shouted, arched her back before the effort left her groaning from the belly full of cum she was still carrying.

“We can even set up both of our phones and capture two different angles.” He told her, the cat’s pussy now rhythmically clenched and twitching around his knotted shaft while his fingers moved in a slow circle across her clit.

As she grew closer to her own peak, she was dragging him along with her, the sensation of her hungry pussy swallowing and gulping up and down his cock was driving him wild.

“Wouldn’t that be fun?” He grunted, hugging his free arm tight around her chest as she continued to squirm.

She gasped, wrapping her hands around both his wrists before she started panting.

“But h-he could do better!” She told him, on the cusp of her next explosion.

“What?” He asked her, stopping his hand and leaving her stranded at the edge of her next high, his fingers no longer rubbing her clit and denying her the release she needed.

“Keith! H-He could do better!” She whined, her hands gripping him tighter.

He felt his own cock suddenly stir inside her, his heart rate picking up speed as he listened to his wife.

“You want me to ask him?” Wally asked her back, and immediately felt her cunt clamp down firmly around his knot.

“Wally!” Meredith whined, now biting her lower lip.

She started squirming harder, the tug and pull on his dick drawing him closer to his own release. The idea of having someone film them having sex was exciting him, and clearly it was exciting her, too! With one arm still wrapped around her chest he started gently tugging up on her body, letting the vice tight grip she had on his knot work his cock with gentle motions.

“I can ask him.” He gasped, tucking his head back down into the crook of her neck, his other hand moving once more across her clit. He resumed fingering his wife while she squirmed even harder in his lap.

“H-he’ll think we’re weird!” She whined long and loud, desperately clawing at his hands as he sped up his attention on her.

He jerked her up off his lap, the tug on his dick nice and tight, before letting her drop back down. She grunted loudly, his hand speeding up to become another blur on her clit. As he mashed her little button

she started breathing hard and fast through her nose, gnawing at her bottom lip as she struggling to stay quiet enough to keep the neighbors from hearing.

"If he!" He grunted roughly at her.

"Didn't delete them, then he must think we're hot!" He grunted a second time, feeling his balls twitch hard, but not enough for his cork to pop.

"He- He'll see-ee uss!" She squealed, her body suddenly locking up tight, cunt spasming around his knotted shaft.

She was almost vibrating, her orgasm making her twitch from head to toe, her cunt rhythmically pulsating around his cock as she clenched and squeezed down on him. Wally let out a gasp, feel his orgasm fast approaching. It started in his prostate, almost reluctantly after having already cum once, but it began to worm its way through him. A hot, tight pressure mounting behind his balls as the pleasure rose up through him and his cock.

"He already has!" He hissed through clenched teeth before wrapping both of his arms around her chest so tight that she gasped as the air was forced from her lungs.

His hips jerked, his balls quickly following as they began to jump between his legs, more ropes of seed being forced down through the belly of his cock. Meredith squealed even louder, her head falling backwards against his shoulder while he dug his muzzle deeper down into the crook of her neck.

As he dumped another load of cum into her, her belly grew even more taut, the cat's squealing turning rapidly into a labored moaning as her own orgasm tapered off. Her arms fell limp to her sides, and when the fox finally felt his second wind simmer down, he let out an exhausted sigh. Now, after two orgasms, he felt well and truly drained. He just didn't have the stamina tonight for anything else.

"Wally..." She groaned up at him.

He reached both his hands down, finding her stomach first and feeling how full he'd left her. His hands kept going lower until he was cupping her ass with his hands, and then he grunted as he began to lift her off his lap.

"Wally!" She whined until she started squealing again.

All the backed-up pressure in her cunt made it easy to force his knot free of her pussy. His swollen orb popped free, and what followed was the sound of a wet and steady oozing as his seed spilled out of her in thick globs only to run down over his balls and to the plastic mat below. She gasped, then breathed a sigh of relief as the pressure dropped in her gut and she could feel normal again.

"We..." She panted, trying to catch her breath.

"We what?" He asked, panting too.

"What if he says no?" She asked, her hands reaching down to find his.



She laced her fingers in with his as they listened and felt the cum continued to drool out of her and onto the now very soiled Twister mat. It was practically unfit for use now, as neither of them would have felt comfortable asking anyone else to touch it after what they'd done to it tonight.

"Do you think he'll say no?" He asked her in reply.

After a moment she let out one more 'ugh'.

"We are pretty hot." She answered with one of her playful huffs.

He laughed.

They were pretty hot.