

You are Anon Yandel Mous, though you sign Anon Y. Mous. You live in the midwestern United States, in northwest Missouri, right where it touches the corner of Iowa.

You'd been lucky, you suppose. You got into bitcoin around the start of it all, without much success. Sometime in 2009, maybe early 2010, your dumb ass had lost the hard drive you had cold-\*stored your coins on. With it, you had lost all your earnings from mining with your shitty PC. Little did you know at the time that this would be the single most important thing that would happen to you before 2014.

Then, you met the love of your life in 2014. Her name was Charlette. Even as you sit on the couch, watching her fix up a bowl of popcorn in the kitchen, she looks just as beautiful as she ever did. She's lithe, with ample hips and a modest, but not small, chest. Her fur is an auburn color, abruptly turning cream on her belly and muzzle, and had these adorable little black tips on her ears and bushy tail. What'd always got your attention the most was her beautiful emerald eyes. They have this piercing quality about them, as though she could see your soul with them. Your friends at the time always found it a little unsettling. But then again, they didn't end up being your friends anyway, not really.

You had first met her when you moved out of your hometown. You were renting a trailer (Missouri.) in a trailer park just a block down the street from a four-apartment condo. You later came to find that she lived in the rear-ground floor apartment. At the time, you worked as an auto mechanic in a small hole-in-the-wall garage a couple of blocks from the town square.

Your first contact with her was on a Saturday in April of 2014. It was just past noon, and you were driving back from the local grocery store. The sheer choice still overwhelmed you, having come from a small town of less than a thousand, where the only place to buy food was a gas station-convenience store. You had bought a carton of eggs, a gallon of milk, a box of plain cornflakes, and a five boxes of Kraft macaroni. You spent ten minutes alone trying sus out which brand of milk to buy.

You were coming down the street, and noticed something odd; a pair of legs sticking out from one of the parked cars in front of the condo. You slowed down to a crawl, trying to get a better look. Yeah, those were legs. Furred legs.

You did a double take. The immediate area was majority white-human, by a landslide. There was barely a black man, let alone an anthro around here. As you came to a full stop, you noticed their legs straining, digging their bare heels into the asphalt as though trying to pull themselves out from under the car. As you surveyed the scene, you noticed a pitiful little pneumatic jack behind the front tire, and it all clicked.

You opened your door, and asked them if they're alright. They visibly started, a feminine voice crying out beneath the car. There was a silent awkward silence before they answered.

"N-No..." She said, her tone laden with shame and fear. "I t-t-think I'm stuck."

Nodding to nobody in particular, you stepped out from your car. In a couple of strides, you reach the floor jack. It was woefully undersized, barely able to lift two feet high. If it hadn't been such a fun-sized sedan it was made to lift, it may have come down much harder when the jack bled its pressure. As it was, whoever was under there was lucky they didn't have more

ribcage to crush. You take the handle of the jack and begin to work it, slowly pumping air into the cylinder.

The moment there was enough clearance, she slid out from under the car. She shot up, breath heaving. She looked like she was on the edge of tears. Her eyes met yours and she finally started to cry in earnest.

“I-I-I was t-trying to change m-my oil and I g-g-g-got stuck” she stuttered, tears flowing freely as she clutched at her arms.

You asked her how long she was under there and she stopped for a second, no doubt thinking about it.

“A c-couple of hours.” She spoke.

You sighed. Good samaritans just don’t exist anymore, do they? You told her to wait there, and you went to your car, rounded the back, and popped on the trunk. You moved your groceries aside and went for your socket set and the block of wood you always kept in the car. You marched back to her car, equipment in hand as she watched. You slid the block underneath the front axle, before bleeding the air from the jack. The nose of the car sat a foot and a half off the ground thanks to your ghetto jack-stand. You got on the ground, lying supine, and slid yourself under the car. You went to work looking for the drain plug. It wasn’t long before you located it, on the left side of the oil pan, the spout jutting from the wall of the shallow pan as opposed to its floor.

You slid out until you could reach a hand out from under, palm up. You asked her to put the 9/16 socket on the wrench and hand it to you. It took a few seconds, with a lot of fumbling, but she put the socket in your hand in the end. You scooted back under, and tried the socket. Not quite big enough. You repeated the same song and dance, but with the 5/8 socket and it fit. A little loose, but it would work.

As you turned the drain plug loose, you shifted to the left, as to avoid most of the oil. Despite your best efforts, you couldn’t avoid getting splashed a little, closing your right eye just to be safe. You waited patiently for the oil to drain before threading the plug back in, tightening it finger-tight before torquing it down with the socket wrench. You promptly slid out from beneath the car and asked the fox girl, who was staring at you quizzically, if she had any oil.

“Oh, right. It’s here in the trunk.” She said, her tears beginning to dry. She went around and rooted through the trunk of her car while you went to the front. You felt under the edge of the hood until you found the latch, and pushed it to open the engine bay. She came back a second later, arms laden with four, one-quart bottles of motor oil, and a long-stemmed funnel. She set them down on the radiator as you unscrewed the cap of the oil input.

The small bit of old oil still sticking to the dipstick was maybe twice as thick as it should have been, evidently long overdue for a change. She watched over your shoulder as you put the stem of the funnel into the oil input, and cracked open the first quart of oil. It took only a few minutes to pour all four of them. The task at hand done, you awkwardly extended your hand, told her your name, and asked hers, as you hadn’t caught it the entire time you worked on her car.

“Charlette.” She said, shaking your hand. You told her to call you if she has more car trouble, pointing out your shabby blue trailer near the front of the park down the street.

“Hey anon...” She said as she looked up at you, staring into your eyes. Those emerald eyes glimmered with equal measures gratitude and adoration, practically sparkling. Something unfamiliar stirred in your chest as you got lost in them for the first time. “Do you want to go for coffee sometime?”

Your words you failed for a beat or two, unable to form them in your mind. You managed to get a dumb sounding ‘sure’ out, and another few moments before asking if tomorrow at ten in the morning was good. She smiled; a full toothy grin full of spirit.

“Yeah, that sounds good anon.” She’d said.

The rest is history of course. You’d hit it off, been friends for a while, then shifted into dating. That part of life had its ups and downs for sure. Then you’d proposed after three years, and enough hurdles overcome to prove that you really were for one another. She said yes, of course.

And then, fate began to reward you. Six months after your engagement to Charlette, your parents moved out of your childhood home in that little town of less than a thousand, and they wanted you to look through your old stuff from when you first moved out. And lo-and-behold, what do you find? An inconspicuous little hard drive labelled with a strip of green masking tape sharpied ‘BTC’.

A little over ten thousand bitcoins were cold-stored on that drive. When you lost it, they were worth maybe forty dollars, fifty would be pushing it. But when you found it? Over one hundred and seventy-five million dollars.

That brings you to now, sitting on the couch in your living room while Charlette pops popcorn. If your poor background has taught you anything, it’s never to overspend on simple things; your couch is just ever so slightly better than budget tier, with cushy cushions and reclining seats; the TV that you and your wife are about to watch a movie on is just slightly bigger than average, and you got a good deal on it by buying secondhand. If you’re being honest, one of your few vices with regards to spending is the popcorn. Fuck if you’re not paying for microwave popcorn when you could spend just a little more for the theater-grade stuff popped on the stove.

The steady popping in the kitchen slows and stops. A few moments later, Charlette walks into the room holding a big bowl of popcorn. Her ample hips sway as she pads across the dim room, wrapped in nothing but her fur. You’d found out very quickly after she moved in with you that she was a nudist at home, the feeling of fabric on her fur apparently irritating her.

She sets the popcorn down on the coffee table, and sits in the couch to your right. She scoots in close, her left thigh pressing against your right. You wrap your arm around her shoulder, and with the other hand you press the eject button on the DVD player remote, closing the open tray and drawing the disk into the device. It loads for a moment, the logo bouncing across the screen.

Once the movie starts proper, you both get comfy. You each lay down on the couch, heads resting on the armrest. You have to rest your head a little lower however, as she always insists on being the big spoon, despite being six inches shorter than you. Being on the edge of the

couch makes her anxious, and you've got no objections to being held by your woman. The movie itself doesn't matter very much to you either. You've never been much a film buff. What matters to you is spending time with Charlette.

It's about ten minutes into the movie when she strokes back and forth across your chest with her hand. You don't mind, of course. You've never been overly touchy-feely, but you know she is. You enjoy the affection. She keeps at it from that point on, slowly tracing her fingers from the left side of your chest to the right, then back again.

About an hour in, she nuzzles into the back of your neck, and takes a long drag of air. Her breath shudders as she exhales, the warm and moist air tickling the hairs on the back of your neck. You abruptly become very aware of the bust pressed against your back, and of the stiffness of the nipples on it. A tent begins to pitch in your briefs. Charlette's hand begins to wander lower as it strokes, down past your pectorals, to your abdomen, and finally slipping past the elastic waistband.

Charlette fishes your growing erection out from your briefs, your member standing stark against the dark fur of her hand. Her hand is practically burning hot, made all the warmer by your rapidly growing arousal. She coos softly into your ear as she grasps it, and begins to stroke.

Her hand starts at the base, stroking up your shaft until she reaches the head. She rubs her index finger across the very tip of it at the apex of her stroke, eliciting a near inaudible gasp from you each time. Every few strokes, she runs her thumb across the top side of your tip instead, always sending jolts of pleasure up your spine. You certainly wouldn't be so sensitive at your own hand; no, her touch is practically electric across your length.

"God, you're so fucking hot" she whispers in your ear, even as she grinds her finger back and forth across your tip, leaving you speechless at her ministrations.

She begins to slowly rub the palm of her hand against your tip, muttering encouragement the whole while. The tension in your muscles slowly builds, your legs coiling as your peak steadily approaches. With each cycle of her hand, you gasp, and your length pulses base-to-head.

And just as you begin to approach your peak in earnest, her hand withdraws. The head of your dick is glistening with precum, as is her hand, and your manhood pulses, almost raging against the sudden loss of sensation. Before you can raise a complaint, she turns your head to hers and draws you into a kiss. Your tongues briefly battle as your lips lock, sliding past and entrapping one another. You couldn't say how long it lasted, only that you are both gasping by the time it's broken.

"Let's not be hasty here babe..." She says in a low, sultry tone. She smirks. "You know I wouldn't want to waste a load..."

With that, she slides out from behind you on the couch, leaving you to lay on your back. She practically glides over you, nestling herself between your legs, those perfect tits of hers resting upon your thighs. She looks up into your eyes, those vast emerald orbs glinting with joy. You nearly lose yourself in their depths as she grasps your cock in her left hand. Her eyes never break from yours as she places a slow lick from base to tip. As she reaches the tip, she twirls her tongue around it, prompting you to claw at the upholstery of the couch. Without any further ado, she takes you into her lips.

She only manages to get halfway down your modest length. She's never been any sort of deepthroat queen for sure, but she makes up for it with tongue action. Even as she begins to bob her head back up, you can feel how she masterfully slides her tongue along the bottom of your cockhead, while wrapping it around to tickle the top of your shaft. The warmth is something else as well. It's sweltering within the confines her maw, only making the slippery sensations all the more intense.

Just as you think this blowjob can't possibly improve, she begins to play with your sack, all while gazing up into your eyes, even as her head makes another descent upon your dick. It takes all of your willpower to not throw your head back at the sensation, the combined warmth and slip of her mouth, and the tingle of your skin as she lifts your left nut, then your right, then back again.

This goes for stroke after stroke, her moaning around your shaft adding to a cacophony of sensation. She finally breaks eye contact as hers roll back, you have no doubt that she's pleasuring herself with her free hand. If you know her, she's going by a rhythm; and way her moans repeat is certainly evident. She whines low, sending your cock rumbling in her mouth as she runs two fingers across her lips, from the back of the slit to the front six times, then a louder moan which increases the intensity considerably as her fingers converge to brush her clit.

Before you know it, your own climax is approaching, and fast. She knows almost as soon as you do. She closes her eyes and sinks down onto you as far as she can go. The first pulse of cum bursts forth into the back of her throat. She begins to pull up by the second, and by the third your cock rests upon her tongue, aimed into her waiting mouth. There's a fourth spurt, a fifth, a sixth, and a seventh.

You come down from your orgasm to the sight of her, eyes locked to yours, and a considerable load of your spunk pooled upon her tongue. She withdraws it, playfully flicking the tip on the underside of the head of your cock, tilts back, and swallows. She opens up again, the cum gone.

With sudden vigor, she runs her tongue along the underside yet again, setting upon the mixture of cum and saliva coating your length. Such a sensation so close after already having came sends jolts up you. She works fast, going base to tip where she can reach, left and right of center, then the left and right sides, and then finishing with an agonizingly slow lick along the top, this one going tip-to-base. This is enough to send you into a second dry orgasm, gasping as you buck at the feeling.

She giggles, a giggle which would be almost girlish if not for the last ten minutes. You look down at her, hovering near the base of your cock and locked with your eyes. Your length rests against her left cheek, only reduced to half mast despite the assault it had weathered. She coos softly as you rub her other cheek with your left hand, trailing it up to come to rest upon the top of her head. She crawls up, coming to your chest and snuggling against you, her face nuzzled into the crook of your neck.

"Come a few minutes, how about we try for another one *in* me?" She says with a coy smile.

You reassure her that you only need a few minutes. Charlette's breathing is still short, a sure sign of her continuing arousal. After about a minute, she begins to slowly grind against your

thigh, whimpering and huffing into the crook of your neck as she does so. For sure a, much clearer sign.

Before long, Charlette has worked a leg up over your trunk, and positioned herself above your still half-hard dick. The cream fur of her belly and breasts thins somewhat as it approaches the prize, revealing a blushed, engorged, dripping slit. Without anything to stick in for now, she does the next best thing for herself; she lowers down the rest of the way, and begins to slowly grind along your cock.

Her rhythm is slow. She starts low, slowly grinding along up the shaft. She moans quietly, her left index finger between her front teeth. She continues until her protruding clit brushes up against your banjo string, eliciting a gasp from both of you. She keeps this up for a few minutes, and before long, your member is once again rock hard.

Charlette leans in face to face, her left hand grasping you as her right brushes against your cheek. Those eyes of hers lock to yours as she lines you up with her entrance. Your hands move to her ass cheeks, and she prods your cockhead against her entrance. Without a word, you begin to pull on her hips, to pull her down onto you slowly and tenderly. Her eyes cross, and a trailing, open mouthed whimper escapes her. She gasps once you fully hilt yourself. She slowly straightens, and gyrates her hips left, and then right. Her moans are soft as she does.

That isn't to say that she is the only one taken by sensation; her insides are tight, vicelike even. The heat and slippery feeling of her mouth pales to her pussy, the heat like an oven.

She lifts up off you, until your tip is all that remains within. At the peak of her ascent, your hands send her slowly back down. Her whimper becomes a full throated moan, and her walls clench, sending pinpricks of pleasure down your length.

This repeats a few strokes, picking up speed as you both go.

"Haaa~... put a litter in me Anon! Fuck me!" She says breathlessly, her eyes closed as she focuses on the feeling.

You don't need anymore prompting than this. Your hand leaves her gorgeous ass, and travels to the small of her back. You pull her close, and readjust your grip. Your hands go up and over her hips, to grip her ass under the bottom. Then, you buck into her.

Charlette looses a near scream of surprise at the sudden increase of pace. You don't let up, however, letting the rapid slaps of your crotch against hers and your balls against her rear entrance mingle with her near incoherent babbling. She grips onto your shirt, folding under the sensory assault between her legs. The angle is perfect, as not only are you plunging deep, but are also rubbing her clit at the peak of your thrust.

She babbles snippets of encouragement to you in between her screaming moans, mostly a staccato burst of breathless "Fuck me!" and "Yes!" in between. Her face begins to scrunch as she draws in deeper to your chest. Then her eyes shoot open and her mouth gapes as you adjust your angle of attack.

"Ohmigod, right there anon! Fuck!" She practically screams as you hit her pleasure button.

You keep pounding sure to maintain that angle. You are rewarded with, not a series of moans, but a prolonged scream of overwhelming sensation. The equally frenzied ministrations of her burning hot snatch are beginning to bring your climax.

“I’m gonna cum, I’m gonna cum!” She babbles out, the tension of her coiled muscles and curled toes almost to the breaking point. At the edge of your own cliff, you hilt yourself one more time. This pushes her over the edge, her walls seizing around your cock as her screams and moans reach new volumes.

You unload into her, shot after shot pumping deep into her pussy. Not one to rest upon your laurels, you apply some leverage to reverse positions. From there, you stroke her clit with your thumb. It had taken your third go in bed before she’d divulged her like for overstimulation, and this has been your signature move ever since.

Her heels dig into the upholstery and her arms cling to you as you drag out her orgasm. After a minute, it subsides, and so do her moans. Her eyes catch yours one more time, a contented smile upon her face, before they flutter closed. The both of you lay upon the couch on your sides, basking in the warmth of the other, the remaining hour and a half of your movie forgotten. You drift off with Charlette in your arms.