

Happy Anniversary

Chapter 1

"Well, how about here? I like the look of it, and it's got a good rating."

"It's expensive, though. If we're going to go, we can't stay for too long."

"Darling, listen. All I'd like is for, at least, a three-day trip. It's not like I'm asking us to move in somewhere else, buy a new house and build a whole life."

"I know, sweetie, I know".

The two had been having discussions like this for the last week-and-a-half now. The two had been debating what they'd like to do for their first anniversary as a married couple. Back and forth, they'd been tossing ideas into the air, each one extravagant and what they both considered to be "special" enough to mark their first year as husband and wife.

Jordan and Abigail had bumped into each other several years before, attending different classes in University. The young male fox had been studying Digital Media; the young ferret girl majored in Psychological Studies. Jordan had noticed the stunning 5 foot, 10 inch ferret woman as she was walking to her classes, and had taken his chance, asking her out to a quirky little restaurant for a dinner date. Their chemistry, while uncertain and awkward at first, had eventually mixed and become electric, and within 3 years, the couple had been engaged. A year after that, both of them had a pair of matching gold bands.

Jordan was now looking to work for a successful animation studio, whilst Abigail was beginning her internship as a child psychologist. The two of them had been very anxious as their first year of marriage was about to come full circle, spending many hours deliberating and deciding on what they could do to celebrate their union.

Unfortunately, they had yet to reach a proper agreement. Each one had a different idea of what the perfect anniversary gift would be for the other. Not out of selfishness, but rather of courtesy: each of them insisted on giving the other the ideal romantic outing, often at the expense of the others' discomfort. Because of this, they had kept debunking idea after idea, finding it difficult to reach a middle ground.

The two of them watched the computer screen in front of them, scanning the details of the page advertising the hotel they had searched for, this particular one showing a beach-side resort. "But, honey", the lean, red-haired, slightly muscular fox of 23, rebutted. Jordan wore a plain blue t-shirt with shorts of the same colour, in an effort to keep cool in the mid-Spring heat. "I...You know I'm not good at swimming, and I don't like getting sand in my fur. It takes forever to wash out, and sometimes it stings my eyes." Jordan's mind recalled an incident during their first year of dating, wherein he had revealed to his then-girlfriend about his inability to swim. The enthusiastic ferret had decided to help him in learning the basics of keeping afloat by practicing in her home pool.

The attempt resulted in the teenage fox being drenched and exhausted after 5 minutes of flailing. Abigail hadn't given up on him, however, and decided to spend the next few months teaching her boyfriend how to at least stay balanced in the water. While Jordan had learned how to stay atop the water for a short time, he would always sink and have to be dragged back to dry land. After that, the two decided to simply let it end there, feeling that he had learned enough.

"Oh...I'm sorry, sweetie, I guess that slipped my mind", replied the black-haired, glasses-wearing 24-year-old ferret woman. Like her husband, she was wearing a simple shirt-and-shorts combination,

but with the difference of her attire being a white shirt and cream shorts. "I just really wanted to find something nice to do, somewhere...somewhere breathtaking." A glimmer of desire flickered in Abigail's eyes, a glimmer that Jordan noticed. He knew his wife wanted to properly celebrate their anniversary, and he wanted to as well, but their indecision was starting to wear on him.

"Abby...Do we really need to GO somewhere to be happy on our special day?" Jordan stood up from his desk, turning to face his wife, who had been leaning behind him, watching his computer screen as they searched for decent hotels. He reached out and cupped her cheek, giving her a quick but affectionate kiss on her soft lips. "I mean, you and I could just stay here, book a nice restaurant, then come home and make the night..." He wrapped his arms around her waist, bringing her in closer. "...special, just the two of us." Holding her closely, he once again locked lips with his adoring wife.

Abigail moaned into her husband's maw as they embraced, her arms wrapping around his back and shoulders almost of their own accord. She was always enraptured by her lover's gentle touches, be they simple kisses or complete physical entanglements. Sighing as they parted lips, she looked into Jordan's eyes.

"Mmmmm...That does sound like a nice idea. But...I want our first year of marriage to...end on a high note, darling." She nuzzled her head into her lover's neck, recalling how their wedding day had ended. She and Jordan had a wonderful ceremony at a simple chapel, their entire families showing up to wish them both a happy marriage. The reception had continued until late at night, when the newlyweds had decided to retire for the evening. They had made love that night in their hotel room, the deluxe couple's suite, with the fragrance of a dozen cinnamon-scented candles permeating the air, and rose petals leading to the king-sized bed where they lay entangled and panting for many hours into the early morning. The atmosphere and the sheer joy had combined to make their first mutual enjoyment as husband and wife spectacularly memorable; even to this day, she remembered how blissful she had felt.

"Besides, wouldn't it be wonderful to get out of the house every now and then," Abby continued. "We rarely do anything outside anymore. I know we're busy a lot, but...Come on, hun!" She looked up into her lover's eyes, putting on her best wide-eyed "cute face", as they lovingly referred to it. "Can we pleeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeease go somewhere nice for once? PLLLLLEAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAASE?"

Jordan could have sworn her eyes had become moons, they were so large. Within seconds, he had succumbed to her adorable charms; he never was able to resist when she made that face at him. "Alright, alright. We'll go out for our big day." Reaching down slightly, he tilted her head up to face him, leading down to deliver a tender peck on her lips. "We'll find a nice place, okay? Somewhere we can enjoy together."

Abigail nodded her assent, smiling. "That's all I ask, darling."

"Alright then", Jordan replied, returning the smile, kissing her once more, lingering on the touch for longer than before. Flicking his tail, he released their lips, gazing into his wife's beautiful blue eyes, seeing his own eyes, green like a deep forest, reflected in them. Jordan pulled her closer to his body, their lips locked; a passionate moan escaped him, eliciting a similar response from Abigail. Without thinking about his actions, he felt his hands slide down her back, coming to a stop on her curved rump, giving the ferret's right buttock a playful pinch. Suddenly, the ferret pulled away from his embrace, panting slightly.

"Uhhmm....Are...Are we gonna...I mean...Can we...I'd...like to...Can we do that thing?" She asked, blushing hard, referring to the playful term they had taken to calling their more intimate sessions. Abby had always gotten a little embarrassed when referring to it indirectly; not from childish

immaturity, but because she believed that allusions to the act were much more arousing than blatantly naming it.

Jordan gave a quick shrug. "If you want, I'm alright either way."

With a few moments spent to consider the offer, Abigail nodded. "I think...I'd like that."

Without a word, Jordan smiled, slipping his hands down to Abby's hips, admiring the curve and feel of her waistline. Hooking his fingers into the fabric of her shirt, he lifted her top up, slowly, exposing the slight curve of her belly, raising the cloth over her bosom, which was of a moderate size, a fact that Abby had complained about many times, but Jordan never seemed to care about, he thought she was beautiful with them.

Since the heat was particularly high that evening, Abigail had decided to forego the use of a bra, claiming that it was too hot to feel that restricted, a decision that Jordan relished as he admired his wife's luscious, soft breasts, the nipples already perked and erect, rising and falling with each deep breath she took. In response, Abigail performed the same motions for Jordan, raising his shirt above his arms, revealing his flat torso, slight muscles showing around the stomach and breasts. The two pulled each other closer together, feeling the heat from their naked tops radiate outwards, adding to the already warm evening climate.

The two lovers slowly shuffled back towards the bed, Abigail parting from her husband for a short moment to sit her rump on the edge, rotating her body to lie on the mattress lengthwise, staring up at her life mate as he followed her. Jordan reached down to caress her belly, circling her navel with a single finger, eliciting a small giggle as he tickled her fur. Moving his hands down to her shorts, he slowly unbuttoned her attire, loosening the pants from her waist, allowing him to slowly slide them down her thighs, easily slipping them past her feet; once they were clear of her lower body, the fox flung the shorts across the room, a gesture that always aroused Abigail, as she knew it was a sign that they wouldn't need them for a long time to come.

Leaning down, and being careful not to crush her tail, a mistake that he was guilty of committing more than once, Jordan's muzzle came closer to Abigail's inner thighs. His nose pressed against her soft fur, leaving simple kisses along her leg, each one travelling slowly down towards her panties. Tonight, she had elected to wear a white pair of underpants, with small flowers imprinted all over. Pressing his maw close to her pelvic region, Jordan nudged her flower-patterned panties, extending his tongue, deliberately running it along the fabric where he knew her delicate, sweet lower lips lay beneath the cloth, drawing pleasure from the gasps from his lover, and the heat from her loins.

Once he felt like he had teased his wife for long enough, the male fox slipped his digits into the sides of his partner's last remaining piece of clothing, sliding them down and away from her body, as if the fabric was an obstruction to their ultimate goal. Now fully naked and exposed, Jordan took a moment to drink in the true beauty of his mate's body. Abigail's legs were a dark shade of brown, with splotches of white covering her feet and underside of her delicate legs, ending in small, and in Jordan's opinion, cute feet. Her hips and bust were a brilliant tone of white, giving her a very attractive hourglass-like figure, with her belly, which was not entirely flat but was by no means chubby, having just the right amount of fat and muscle to be considered sexy.

Her face was one of the more attractive features that Jordan enjoyed about her: thin, with sparkling blue eyes, "like the purest sapphires" Jordan had once called them. Around her eyes was a "mask" of brown fur, a lighter shade than that covering the rest of her body, with the rest of her maw covered with the same white shade that covered her torso. Her hair was a shade of black that would have put the darkest moonless night to shame; it almost seemed to glow with an otherworldly lustre,

and it came down to her shoulders easily, with bangs falling on either side of her eyes, framing her face in a way that accentuated her beauty.

Taking all of this in only made Jordan more and more attracted to her, as it did every time they were together, especially in circumstances like this. He laid flat on his belly, focusing his gaze on his lover's loins, which seemed to quiver with anticipation, her lower lips already coated with a small layer of excitement. Bringing his muzzle close to her womanhood, he let out a deep, heated breath, the warmth of it causing Abigail to shudder at the breeze of warm air on her swollen folds and enlarged pearl.

Closing his eyes, Jordan let his tongue flop out, panting slightly at the thought of what he was about to do. Hesitating not a moment longer, he brought his pink tongue down to his wife's womanly embrace, running in along the soft, pink, slightly pulsing flesh from the bottom-up, spreading the folds as he caressed her sensitive zones, being sure to pay attention to her engorged nub. As the slick fluids of the fox's tongue coated Abigail's most erogenous area, she gave an involuntary gasp of surprise, followed by a deep sigh of pleasure, her legs flexing and her thighs squeezing together as the rush of heat from her maidenhood dulled her senses.

Clasping his hands around her thighs, Jordan continued to groom his partner's damp and heated folds, alternating between slow and deliberate licks and fast and relentless flicks across her love button. With each rubbing of her nub, the ferret woman let out gasp after gasp; even from his position between her thighs, Jordan could feel the intense heat radiating from her whole body. Spurred on by his lover's loud gasps of pleasure, and her barely contained screams, Jordan lapped up every drop of her precious vaginal juices, feeling his own arousal pressing against his boxers as he felt his lover grow closer to the peak of her ecstasy.

Feeling her hand on his head urging him on, Jordan's efforts on his wife's sex increased in pace and intensity, the tip of his long tongue slipping down to her entrance, soaking up the sweetest parts of her arousal juices, sliding in to massage her canal as well as her pearl. Within moments, Abigail's breathing had become loud and needy, her vocalizations of pleasure no longer being contained, now fully allowed to rein free, as with each wave of delight in her loins caused her to scream and moan in earnest.

Soon after, the pressure building with Abigail's groin could no longer hold back; with a wild bucking of her pelvis towards her husband's head, her hands gripping both his head and the fabric of the bed sheets, Abigail let out a powerful and unrestrained scream of mixed ecstasy and relief as an explosive pulse of heat spread outwards from her vagina, fanning out and causing her whole form to shake and shiver, fire igniting within her veins. Torrents of sexual juices gushed out of her moist genitals, coating her lover's maw in the sticky residue, but she paid it no heed, as her mind had become a blank slate, the overwhelming pleasure coursing through her entire being overriding her thoughts.

It had been far too long since she had had an orgasm that wondrous, so the magnitude of her current one, and the subsequent aftershocks, were too much for her to handle; as the joy in her loins reached its peak, her vision began to cloud, her body losing vitality as she felt herself sinking into blissful unconsciousness. Within seconds, she was soundly asleep, occasionally twitching as the effects of her orgasm began to subside.

While she slept, her fox husband removed himself from her nethers, licking off the sweet fluids from his muzzle, delighting in the taste of her juices. He observed her as she slumbered, thinking how peaceful she looked in the afterglow of her climax; although he felt a little jealous that she had peaked and he had not, feeling his own arousal aching for the same release. He quickly banished the thoughts, however: he didn't care that he didn't receive the same attention as she did. All that mattered to him

was that she was content with her pleasure, and giving her that happiness, in whatever form it might take, was something he wouldn't have taken for granted, not for a moment. Besides, he could always take care of his own needs another time.

Stepping off the bed for a moment, Jordan lifted his resting lover's legs and back as he pulled the covers out from underneath her, going slowly so as to not wake her. Gently, he blanketed the dozing ferret, then moved to the other side of the mattress, slipping in beside her, nestling her in his warm embrace. Abigail gave a slight stir at his touch, but otherwise remained in her dreaming state.

Pulling her long ebony hair back, Jordan leaned down to plant one last kiss on his wife's cheek and moved to her right ear, holding her closely as he whispered, "Goodnight, my darling. I love you". With that final statement, he closed his eyes and began to drift off into slumber alongside his life mate, a smile creasing his lips as he imagined them sharing their dreams together.