

Happy Anniversary

Chapter 2

BEEP. BEEP. BEEP.

The constant blare of the alarm clock sounded in Jordan's ear, rousing him from a peaceful slumber. If he had dreamed, it was already slipping away; he remembered something about a 100-foot-high cherry, but other than that, the rest was ethereal, gone.

He rolled over onto his side, his maw almost immediately becoming entangled in a forest of black hair. Spitting, he tried to clear it from his mouth, but silently as he could, as the owner of the raven locks was still unaware of him being awake.

Disentangling from his lover's hair, the male fox slipped out of bed, stretching his whole body as he tried to wake his mind and body simultaneously. Rubbing the sleep out of his eyes, he shuffled over to the bathroom adjacent the couple's bedroom; it was a convenience, being able to find a place with a washroom as nice, and as roomy, as the one they had now.

Shutting the door behind him, he stripped off his shorts and boxers that he had forgotten to remove last night. The inside of his underwear had a sticky stain on the spot where his groin would lay; that would need some washing later.

Now standing fully naked, he turned to admire himself in the nearby full-length mirror. Jordan wasn't what most people would consider incredibly athletic in stature, but at the very least, he had the strength in his arms, legs and torso that most people would admire. There still a very fine fold of fat around his waist, but it was not as noticeable as he thought. Thankfully, it was starting to disappear and become more toned.

It was hard to believe that he didn't have this body for most of his life. By the time he had met Abigail five years prior, Jordan had had a very distinct layer of flab to his body, and his muscles weren't very powerful, barely able to lift most weights. Meeting his then-girlfriend had inspired him to start exercising and becoming healthier in his habits, as Abigail had been, and still was, something of a fitness lover. While neither of them were paragons of Olympic athleticism, they still were both able to maintain a fair amount of healthy lifestyle choices; by the time they were engaged, Jordan had managed to lose 50 kilograms and could run faster than he thought possible.

His hair was a bright red in colour, tied back in a ponytail at most times, but left untied and falling to his shoulders now, stretching down to the middle of his back at the longest times. He often was teased for wearing his hair that way, but he didn't like the idea of his hair being caught in a trap or branch or anything that might snare him, so tying it up to prevent that seemed the best way to him. Besides, he had always had a fascination with hairstyles, though he had rarely admitted this to others; even telling Abigail had caused her to giggle at it, but never once did she think it was a bad hobby.

His face wasn't too much to look at, but he had thought it was handsome enough: his cheeks seemed to be a little puffed, probably from the change from being overweight to lean, with a nice red-brown shade over his face, similar to the fur colour on his body, with shades of white underneath his maw. A small gash above his right eye cut diagonally across his eyebrow, narrowly missing his eyeball; it was an injury he had sustained when he was much younger, his mother had told him, when he

accidentally run into a low-hanging branch. Thankfully, it hadn't damaged his eye in any way, and it had healed nicely, although the scar would most likely be a permanent addition.

His eyes were a deep, bright green, much like his father's were, though he had never been able to compare: his father had died in a traffic accident before he was born, and his mother had been forced to raise him by herself. He was saddened at the fact that he never knew his dad, but from the photos he had seen, of a strapping fox with the same kind eyes as he possessed, and from his mother's adoring descriptions of her lost love, he was still proud of being his son.

After finishing his moments of self-admiration, he turned away from the reflective glass and started towards the shower, turning on the jets of water. Usually, this shower took a longer while to become hot than other times, making it frustrating to find a suitable temperature. However, since the weather was already stifling, even this early in the morning, Jordan decided to go for a cooler shower.

As the water reached the perfect temperature, cool and refreshing, Jordan stepped into the shower cubicle, drawing the curtains behind, bracing himself as the spray of water drenched his fur and caused him to shiver slightly. At least the cold jets made him more alert; a cold shower was better than coffee or tea for him any day.

As he reached for the body wash, his mind drifted back to the night previous: the feel of his lover's warm sensitive flesh against his tongue still felt fresh. He could almost taste her juices once again, dancing on his tongue as she had climaxed. Just the thought of it began to cause a stirring in his loins, the tip of his knotted member poking through his sheath.

At the last moment, he caught himself, trying not to dwell too much on sexual thoughts; not from abstinence, but as a personal challenge to himself. While he enjoyed masturbating, indeed, it was one of his favourite pastimes since he first reached puberty, he was trying to be more restrained in his self-pleasuring. He liked the feeling of being able to control his urges, and he knew that denying them, for at least a few days or weeks, would make the next release feel phenomenally better. The only time would let himself be given over was if...

Jordan jumped at the sound, startled and feeling his heart pound like a jackhammer as the shower curtains were drawn back. Panting heavily, he began to relax as he realised it was simply his wife, fully nude and smiling, come to join him in the shower. She stepped onto the cool tiled floor, wincing the same way Jordan did when the cool water doused her fur; Jordan noticed her nipples hardening at the cold touch, causing his groin to heat again, despite the cold shower.

Abigail stepped close to her husband, her fur and hair already sticking to her body; without speaking a word, she moved in closer to the naked fox in front of her. She pushed her wet bosom to his own, and, holding on to him to avoid slipping, stood on her toes and kissed his wet muzzle. The feeling of his body next to hers in the morning was refreshing to her.

Watching his naked wife join him in the shower was almost too much for Jordan to handle; by the time she had kissed him, his red and knotted member was already erect and showing, though he tried to avoid rubbing her with it, as he wanted to try holding back for as long as he could. With a free hand, he reached back and turned the hot tap for the shower, increasing the temperature of the water to match the heat of the moment the two were experiencing. Each time they shared a bath or shower together, it was difficult for them to keep their hands to each other.

Despite his efforts to keep his red-hot shaft away from his lover's body, she took full notice of his arousal, and with a glint in her eyes, she began to kneel, being careful not to slip. He knew what she was about to do, and he was tempted to shy away, to try and avoid her touch. It wasn't for fear of her giving him the same kind of oral pleasure he had given her last night; he was simply embarrassed in a way, feeling that she didn't need to do anything of that magnitude. Abigail had often called him out on that, insisting that it was her decision to pleasure him that way, and that he didn't need to be so scared of it. He recalled those times now, and holding on to her message, he relaxed himself, breathing deeply and calmly as he watched his lover come eye-level with his genital region.

Looking up at her husband, Abigail brushed her raven-dark hair out of her eyes, giggling a little. Above the torrent of the shower, she spoke. "I want to pay you back...for last night. I know you must have been aching and...well, it seemed rude of me, falling asleep..."

"No, sweetie", replied the fox. "I was happy enough just to see *you* happy. You're not obligated to repay the favour." He gave her a small smile, reaching down to the top of her head. "But, uh...Since you're down there.....I'm not saying 'no', exactly." He felt his face growing warmer as he spoke, the anticipation starting to rise in him. He wouldn't deny his wife the satisfaction of seeing him in pleasure, especially not at the cost of his own joy. He loved her, that much was obvious, and he knew that anything she wanted to do for him was because she felt that same love for him.

So it was with consent that he closed his eyes and nodded, signalling that his mate could continue with her actions. As much as he enjoyed orgasms on his own, whenever his wife assisted him, he knew she would do her best to bring him to climax as powerfully as possible. Besides that, on his own he would feel too 'in control' of his pleasure, as if holding back. With Abby helping, however, he knew he could let go without restraint.

Kneeling in front of him, Abigail took a moment to examine and admire her husband's member; it was a large-sized penis, about eight inches in length when hardened, with a small bulbous knot towards the base, the same deep red flesh as his entire shaft. Even from where she knelt, she could feel the throbbing member in front of her ache at the need to release, a need she was happy to provide. Shuffling forward, she pressed her nose and muzzle to Jordan's tip, feeling the intense heat of his red rod upon her body; involuntarily, she felt her hand move up to his dangling scrotum, cupping the two orbs in her petite hand, fondling them slowly.

She felt him tense slightly as she began to caress his sensitive area, rubbing her lips up and down his pulsating shaft, feeling the warmth of it on her mouth. Darting out her tongue, she tasted droplets of the shower water splash against the pink surface as she circled Jordan's tip, slowly and lovingly, as her hand reached to angle his cock down to more easily pleasure him. The slick flesh of his member, mixed with the warm running water, created a unique taste that ran down Abigail's tongue as she continued to please him.

Opening her maw wider, she leaned closer to her lover's needy manhood, enveloping the tip and shaft as far as she could, being careful not to choke on it. She could feel Jordan's tension pulsing through the red, heated flesh that now filled her mouth. She wrapped his organ with her deft tongue, massaging his warm sex all along the length, tasting small drops of his pre-cum rolling down her throat.

Jordan was panting and groaning as he watched, and felt, Abigail caressing his cock with only her mouth; he had to grab onto the shower railing to steady himself, his legs felt like water as the pressure in his loins built more and more. In some corner of his mind, he wondered how long they had been in the shower together, and how much hot water they were wasting with their sexual antics. That

part of his thoughts was being blocked out however, as his focus was on maintaining his erection and his balance. He wondered if this was how Abby had felt last night, when he had given her the same treatment. If so, then he was almost thankful for the connection: he loved the idea of sharing intimacy with her, especially in ways such as this.

Pulling back slightly, Abigail kept her lips wrapped around her mate's cock, focusing now on the tip, while her free hand stroked the rest of him up and down the shaft. She could feel the soft flesh underneath her palm harden with each passing second; she knew he would orgasm soon, and she wanted to make sure he would come with the same intensity she had the night prior.

A few moments of intense pleasuring passed, and soon Jordan was tensing his body in preparation. His grip on the shower rails tightened, his eyes squeezed shut and his teeth were clenched close. Groaning hard, he felt his manhood twitch and harden to its peak, feeling the rush of his male fluids coming up from his orbs. The pleasure he felt as his essence escaped his sex, and entered the awaiting, eager maw of his wife, was exquisite: he had been refraining from self-touching for about 4 days now, and the pent-up relief was welcoming. He could have sworn his stocked seed would have filled an entire bucket; his ejaculate was enormous in volume.

Abigail, too, enjoyed the sensation of Jordan's orgasm; the warm splashes of semen across her tongue and throat were sweet and delicious, and she graciously lapped up each drop she could, though some still slipped by and dropped down onto her collarbone and breasts. The shower would clean that away, though, so she paid it no mind; instead, she focused on the taste of her lover's come in her maw. The feeling of it inside her, in any way, was a joy that she couldn't have matched even if she tried; the feeling of her true love in ecstasy was as much a joy for her to see as it was for him to feel.

Carefully cleaning up the rest of the remaining white juices on the knotted penis in front of her, Abigail stood, cleaning off the residual traces of the fluid from her bust, watching them wash away into the drain. She turned to face her husband, meeting his gaze, noticing how wide his pupils had become; she could tell it had been a while for him, as well. Pulling herself closer once again, she laughed, confusing Jordan somewhat.

"What is it?" he asked her. "What's so funny?"

Composing herself, Abigail replied. "Nothing. It's...heehee, it's just..." She cut off there, surprising him with a swift kiss to his lips; he could still taste some of himself on her tongue. Breaking off, she giggled again, a hint of pleasure in her tone.

"How's that for a good morning, hun?" she asked coyly.

Returning the laugh, and the kiss, Jordan replied with equal giddiness. "One of the best."