

Happy Anniversary

Chapter 7

The day had finally arrived. Their anniversary began with a warm and welcoming breakfast service from the hotel staff, compliments of the establishment for the “happy couple, for their special day”, as the lady at the door stated. Among the menu were pancakes topped with whipped cream and a cherry; waffles coated in syrup; eggs and bacon, perfectly crispy; and a large bowl of grapes for appetisers. Jordan and Abigail helped themselves to the delicious meals set before them, and by the time the trays were cleaned of food, they were both well-fed and fit to burst from the meal. They both agreed it was a great start to the day.

After they were finished with their breakfast, they shared a sensual bath together to revitalise and wash themselves. It was a hard thing to resist having each other right then and there in the confines of the warm water, but they held themselves back for the sake of their anniversary. Still, they could not resist some small touching, mostly around the neck and chests; at the end of their bathing session, both their privates were flushed and warm, but still untouched. The two immensely enjoyed the intimacy; they considered it pre-emptive to the main show tonight.

The rest of the day leading to the evening dinner went by rather quickly and uneventfully. Lunch was delivered to them as they were enjoying another moment down by the indoor pool; it surprised them that they were allowed food down there, but the lady who delivered it, the same woman from before, insisted it was fine. As they ate, they encountered Alastair and Vivian again; this time, the pregnant lioness seemed a bit more confident about talking with the married couple.

While they spoke and dined, Jordan’s gaze seemed to wander, as if of its own accord. He found himself looking again and again at Vivian’s swollen belly, wondering how she must feel, being forced to carry such a heavy burden around all day and night. He was reminded of his promise to his wife that he would tell her about his hesitance. He began to ponder it then; it wasn’t a conversation he was looking forward to, as, to him, it was a particularly painful subject, one that he was very unsure about himself. He had the feeling that Abigail would understand, even try to help him resolve it, but...

For how much he loved her, and he loved her deeply, talking about something this personal was difficult for Jordan. He shared plenty of secrets with Abby over the years, light-hearted and harsh alike; however, this was something that had ingrained itself into his mind a long time ago, and it wasn’t easy to dispel it, he knew that much. And yet.....For how hesitant and, admittedly, terrified he was about revealing such an issue to someone else, he took comfort in the fact that he knew Abigail would stand by him for it. That thought alone made him calmer, more readily able to tell her.

“Honey? Are you okay?”

Jordan shook his head. Abigail was staring at him...and he realised he had been staring, too.

At Vivian’s belly.

A hot flush overcame him, and he quickly averted his gaze downwards. "I-I'm sorry! I was lost in thought, and...Uhh....I'm really sorry, Vivian..." He couldn't help it: his cheeks were on fire now, and he almost broke out grinning, he was so abashed.

For her part, Vivian let out a soft giggle, resting her hands on her belly. She seemed unfazed by Jordan's staring. "It's okay, really. I'm used to being looked at...It's not...not like I blend in, I'm so huge."

Alastair moved over to her, threw his arm around her. "Hey, love, now don't you think that being big is bad, eh?" He planted a small kiss on her cheek. "You're beautiful and still sexy, Viv."

The two nuzzled, Vivian seemed to be perking up at the reassurance. While the lion couple where bust embracing, Abigail turned to her husband. On her face was a look of questioning; she was clearly wondering what had caused Jordan to stare at Vivian in such a way. Jordan explained that it was nothing lewd or sexual, and that he would promise to elaborate that night. Abby was satisfied with that, as she did not want to cause any sort of row between them again.

The hours passed after that. Before they realised it, it was already 9 pm; the two had a quick shower before dressing appropriately for their dinner date. Abigail came prepared with an elegant green dress that seemed to shimmer, as if the fabric was woven from the purest emeralds. The back of the dress was split into a V-shape, ending at a point towards the centre of the spine; the front wrapped around her bosom to support it; and towards the legs, the fabric split at the knees, allowing her comfortable movement. She completed the ensemble with a new pair of black heeled shoes, which were thankfully comfortable to walk in.

Jordan, meanwhile, dressed himself in a sharp and clean black suit and white undershirt, with a fresh piercing blue tie draped around his neck. His trousers were a matching shade of black, with subtle stripes running vertically along the material. The fabric was soft against his fur, and was very flexible, too, allowing him to move freely. Like Abigail, his shoes were newly bought before they left home, the same colour to match his ensemble, and very snug around his feet. Overall, he felt he made quite a dashing figure; although, upon seeing his wife, looking just as beautiful, if not more so, than she did on the day he married her, he suddenly felt plain by comparison.

"Wow..." Jordan spent a good few moments admiring his wife in her dazzling dress, almost at a loss for words. "You look...I mean, that is..." A hot flush came over his face and, abashedly, he felt another region of his body grow warmer with it. "You look as beautiful as when I married you, honestly." He let out a small chuckle, surprising himself with his own shyness at his lover's appearance. It was true, too; her emerald outfit now reminded him of her bridal gown she had donned exactly one year ago.

Moving towards him with seemingly perfect grace and elegance, Abigail pulled herself close to her husband. On her body, Jordan could pick up the scent of jasmine; her perfume was little, but it wafted off her like waves, which he appreciated. Jasmine was his favourite scent; it always reminded him of the first time they had made love together, when they had lit several candles scented with it permeating the air as they united. It was a habit of theirs, lighting aromatic candles to enhance their lovemaking.

Abigail draped her arms over Jordan's shoulders, leaning up to kiss his lips, long and passionately. After a time, she broke away, smiling. "And you look like my husband, on the day I married him." Jordan could almost feel the same heat radiating from her cheeks, mingling with the sweet scent of her perfume; it was almost enough to drive him wild, toss her onto the bed and be with her as he did that night a year ago.

Almost. But they had reservations, so they decided to leave now and make their way down to the hotel dining area on the ground floor. The area also acted as an auditorium, stage, and ballroom, depending on the situation. Since there was no large event happening tonight, it was being purposed as a simple dining area; the room was filled with two dozen tables, each one covered with a clean white cloth, the cleanest and nicest cutlery adorning the setting. Small candles enclosed within containers sat on each one, casting mood lights across the area, adding to the illumination from the chandelier hanging 20 feet above. Overall, Jordan had to admit, it made for a very romantic setting.

They were soon chaperoned to their table by a female jaguar whose nametag read "Renee"; she led them to a table close to the stage, a "Reserved" sign laid on the table. Once the couple was seated, Renee handed them two menus, removed the sign on their table, and walked off to continue her duties.

Abigail broke the silence first. "This place really is wonderful, isn't it?" Her voice was awash with adoration; so rarely did they visit anywhere formal, the times when they were a part of "higher-class" events or venues came as a special time for them. "And look at the choice of food here! Filet mignon, rare and well-done steaks! OH!" Her face broke out into the widest grin. "Jordan! They have risotto!" Jordan knew risotto, in any form, was her favourite food.

"Well, darling, if you want it, go ahead and order for it. This is OUR night, remember? Far as I'm concerned, nothing is off-limits tonight." Jordan returned Abby's smile with one of his own as he says this, reaching for his wife's hand at the same time. He wanted to make sure their first year as a wedded couple ended perfectly, and for him, that meant making sure his wife had as much fun as he did. "I'll stick with the chicken parmigiana; it looks delicious."

"And dessert, right?" Abigail's eyes were larger than moons, she was so excited.

"Absolutely, my love."

With that, the two ordered their prospective meals. While they waited, they spent the time chatting together, reminiscing about the year gone by as a married pair. They recalled the day they were wed; Jordan still remembered how dumbstruck he had been by his bride's magnificence, the way her wedding gown made her into an absolute picture of perfection. Similarly, Abigail had been very much smitten at the sight of her lover in a suit, a dashing figure he had cut; seeing him all ready and waiting to exchange vows had made her heart soar, and remembering it this night brought those feelings back to her.

Once their plates were served to them, their chatter declined so they could properly enjoy their meals. Each bite set both of their tastebuds into overload; the food was perfect! Every morsel of meat

they ingested made them moan and sigh with delight. It took all their strength not to cause a scene about how marvellous the dishes were. Before they were aware, their plates were soon picked clean; dessert came soon after, a four-layer ice-cream cake for them to share, layered with strawberry, chocolate, vanilla, and banana, coated in rich chocolate sauce and a ripe cherry to top it off. That, too, was finished soon after, with more moans of adoration from them.

Soon, their meals were finished, and both of them were stuffed, well-fed. They sat for a while as they waited to digest their meals, during which they conversed again, this time over how the Pantheon was “the nicest place they’ve ever been to”, as they repeated again and again. Once they were done letting their stomachs settle, they called for the wait-staff to indicate they were finished; the bill for their meals came soon after, which they promptly paid for. After they were done paying, the two stood from their table and made their way to the exit, thanking the staff for all their service.

By the time they made it back to their room, it was almost midnight! They hadn’t realised it had taken so long! Of course, they didn’t mind; all that mattered to them was that their night had gone perfectly so far. However, it was not over yet; they both knew what was coming next. All that remained was to get it started.

The two were busy shuffling off their shoes and clothing when Jordan noticed something on the bedside dresser that hadn’t been there before: a bottle filled with some sort of clear liquid. Beside it was a note. It read, “For the happy couple, compliments of the Pantheon staff. Drink, and enjoy a greater union.”

Huh, he thought. An odd choice of words, for sure. “Greater union”? Maybe...It’s an aphrodisiac?” He showed it to Abigail; she read the note and considered the bottle’s contents.

“If you drink much from a bottle marked ‘poison’...”

“What?”

“Alice in Wonderland. Just...reminded me of it.”

“Well, I don’t think the hotel wants us dead, darling. Everyone’s friendly, remember? Besides, if they wanted to poison us, the food would be a better choice.” Jordan chuckled in good humour; Abigail joined, silently admitting he had a point.

Deciding not to appear rude, they portioned out the bottle’s contents by half, into two glasses, which they clinked together and gulped down simultaneously. The liquid had a cool taste to it, with a hint of mango to it, oddly enough. It was odd for Jordan, since his favourite flavour was mango. Had he asked his wife what she tasted, she would have answered differently; “lime” would have been her response.

Almost instantly, a strange stupor fell over the married couple. Their heads began to feel dizzy, their eyes widening as the effects of the strange liquid took hold. Jordan reached out to steady himself, his hand brushing against his wife’s shoulder. The instant their bodies made contact, a jolt of pleasure

coursed through his body and, judging by her similar reaction, Abigail's, too. Amorous feelings began to well up in their chests, a powerful, primal longing for relief and ecstasy came over them, causing them to breathe heavily.

Still, they tried their best to fight against these sudden urges; as much as they wanted to, and indeed, as much as they were expecting it, the onset of this lust was too shocking for them to properly comprehend. The two steadied themselves on the nearby dresser, just as the urges began to make their knees quiver; the warmth they felt in their faces spread outwards, travelling down until it reached their groins. Jordan felt himself blushing profusely as he tried to control his manhood as it started straining against his undergarments; this started to prove futile, as the effects of the liquid he had just ingested soon clouded his judgment, making him crave the sensations more and more.

Similarly, Abigail was shifting her thighs together, trying desperately to distract herself for the intense warmth radiating beneath her dress; it was a nice dress, too, and she was worried she'd end up staining it if she became too agitated. In a snap decision, Abigail hooked her fingers under the straps on her shoulders and released the dress from her body, letting it fall away in a heap; quickly, she picked it up and laid it elsewhere, so it wouldn't become crumpled. Now she stood, her bra and panties as red as her face and nethers, panting heavily as she felt herself growing slicker and more moist with each passing second.

However, by shedding her top clothing, she had unintentionally sent Jordan into a greater heat than he already was. Seeing his wife in a bare form, showing more of her body, pushed his lust into frenzy; unable to hold himself back, he pounced on his lover, roughly wrapping his arms around her, kissing her powerfully and sloppily, running his tongue all over her neck. Each moment he touched her, he felt his concealed penis twitch and grow harder; if he kept going like this, he was worried he would ejaculate before they managed to become nude. Extricating himself from her for a moment, he frantically removed the top of his suit button by button, soon becoming naked from the waist up, flinging his shirt to join Abigail's dress.

Knowing precisely what her husband felt, Abigail decided to follow his example; she slipped the straps of her bra off her shoulder as she did for her dress, and soon it, too, joined the pile of clothes left discarded. Jordan marvelled at his wife's exposed breasts, as they heaved, rising and falling with her breathing; her nipples were perked high and hard, indicating her arousal. Jordan again brought himself closer to Abigail, this time directing her to the bed; the back of her knees hit the wooden frame, causing her to topple backwards on the mattress. This didn't stop Jordan, however: He simply fell with her, his muzzle landing on her chest, his tongue caressing and teasing his lover's erect nipples, circling her areola as his hand massaged her other breast.

The feeling of her husband's tongue exciting her nipple, and his fingers tracing her bosom, turned the intensity of Abigail's lust to unrealised heights. Her panties were undeniably soaked with her juices now, her loins quivering with expectance. She reached down, past her fox lover's form, to reach her hips; her fingers found her panties, and, shifting her legs, she managed to wiggle them down her thighs, slipping them past her feet.

At this time, Jordan's tongue and lips moved downwards, caressing her stomach with a frenzy of smooches, moving steadily south towards her now exposed womanhood. As his muzzle tickled around her pink and juicy folds, he, too, slipped his hand down to his waist, fumbling slightly with his belt as he tried desperately to shed his remaining clothes. Soon enough, he managed to remove it, and quickly shuffled out of his constricting trousers, allowing his now fully-erect member to stand proud and needy in the open air. He turned his attention now to his wife, glorious and glowing in her natural form. Placing his hands on her hips, he quickly flipped her onto her stomach, eliciting a barely restrained groan of excitement from both parties. Lifting her rump into the air, he brought his salivating maw to her pulsating folds, where he slowly and purposefully ran his entire tongue across her delicacies.

The intensity of Abigail's moans was nothing quiet as Jordan orally pleased her needy nethers; she was close to writhing in ecstasy, each flick of her clitoris causing her to bury her face into the sheets and clutch at the mattress, all the while whimpering, BEGGING for more. She had never been so lustful with Jordan before, not even on their honeymoon. This was like a dream, one she hoped would never end, it was so GOOD. Silently, she prayed that she didn't come too soon; she wanted him to take it all the way, so she could orgasm hard and wonderfully. Unconsciously, she began wiggling her hips, presenting herself more to her husband, pleading, hoping he would understand.

He did.

Removing his maw from her flower, he pushed her waist down slightly, shifting his body to properly align their privates. The tip of his throbbing length was dribbling clear pre-cum, urging Jordan on to take her then and there. Laying her down flat on her front, he lay above her, lowering his hips to position his rod; he quickly found his prize, her waiting entrance, and with but a second's hesitation, he thrust himself in.

Immediately, the intense heat of Abigail's canal overwhelmed his penis; he had never felt her so aroused, so excited, so SLICK before! And himself...He felt like all that mattered was reaching that perfect climax with her, to be as one in their pleasures. If he still had rational thought on his side, he might have wondered if that strange bottle was the cause of his primal mating feelings. As it was, he was too far engrossed in making love to Abigail to even consider thinking.

With a relatively decent rhythm, he began to thrust his hips, and in turn, his manhood, against Abigail's posterior, sliding in and out of her slick and inviting canal. Within seconds, both his cock and her vagina were drenched with love juices; so invigorating was their mating, Abigail was already on the verge of orgasm in such a short time. Each pounding of Jordan's tip against her most erogenous point caused her such ecstatic feelings; she had to bite her lips, fingers, or the sheets, just to stop from crying out and attracting attention.

However, with each movement of her lover's pulsating steel-hard member rubbing against every inch of her insides, and each time it struck that fantastic point, it became harder for both of them to slow down, or to stop from vocalising their sexual satisfaction. After what felt like hours, Abigail suddenly and violently shook beneath her husband; her blood felt like it was ablaze, her insides squeezing and clenching against her partner's sex.

But Jordan was nowhere near done yet. By his reckoning, he was barely half-way to orgasm; however, he was steadily approaching that point. Spurred on by his lover's waves of pleasure coursing through her genitals, massaging and coaxing his own, he picked up the pace of his love-making, urgency and necessity driving his slams. Now, neither one could stop from calling out as they mated; Abigail was letting out louder and more impassioned moans as she came closer to a second orgasm, while Jordan allowed several male and dominant grunts escape his maw.

As Abigail approached another wave of ecstasy, and as Jordan came closer to his first, an unusual event occurred on the two. Looking as an outside observer, one would say the two of them were blurring together; perhaps the heat of the moment was affecting perception?

To them, however, it was a different story. As Jordan frantically attempted to reach climax, he failed to notice, so drunk on lust and mating need that he was, that each time he slapped his waist against Abigail, he seemed to...sink into her. As if his hips and hers were fusing, then separating with every thrust. For her part, Abigail, too, was so incapacitated by her orgasmic feelings; she couldn't have cared less about anything other than her climaxes.

Jordan then decided to lay his whole body on top of his wife's, almost completely smothering her, while still maintaining his rhythm. His hands reached out and found hers, clenching them tightly; his lips couldn't stop themselves from planting kisses all over her neck and shoulders. All the while, he continued to slam his manhood into her, harder and faster with each hot and bothered breath that passed his lips.

He could feel his climax approaching, after what had seemed like an eternity of blissful love-making. As it came closer to climax, it happened. Their separate hips suddenly slipped together, plunging Jordan's penis deeper than it had even been; their legs soon followed suit, blurring and blending, unable to distinguish between Abigail's slender, smooth frame, and Jordan's masculine, muscled thighs. Within seconds their entire lower halves were joined; flawlessly, seamlessly, perfectly; they were as one, hips moving as a single unit.

Jordan's member, however remained his own, lodged firmly inside his lover, his canine knot secured by her entrance. With smaller thrusts, they continued on to climax, making their efforts more needy and powerful. As they kept up their pace and rhythm, their two torsos touched closer, the hairs on their bodies fusing, mixing together; soon, there was no distinction between Jordan's back and Abigail's, it had become all one entity. The same soon occurred on their arms and hands: Jordan's large paws soon enveloped Abby's, blurring the same their other body parts had. Within a moment, only one set of hands clutched at the bedsheets in ecstasy.

If they had been able to see beneath them, they would have noticed that Abigail's body was shifting beneath them. Her breasts began to expand, growing larger, rounder, and fuller; her nipples grew more sensitive, tickling and adding to her excitement as they rubbed against the soft fabric of the blankets.

The rest of her body underwent changes, as well: Her muscles in her arms, legs, and chest all become stronger, more toned. Even her back began to take on a more masculine, more athletic shape; her buttocks grew tauter, her tail mixed with Jordan's to create a hybrid, fox-and-ferret appendage.

Finally, above her groin, a small protrusion was making itself appear; it pushed out just above her clitoral hood, a small, furred pocket of sorts. Beneath it, two large orbs manifested, growing heavy and warm. From the small sheath, a red point emerged, growing steadily more solid and heated; in time, it had grown to enormous lengths.

Abigail had a penis now.

But this mattered not to the mating couple; all that they could think on was the imminent simultaneous orgasm they were about to experience. Jordan turned his head to face his wife, planted a loving kiss on her lips; with the contact, their heads merged at last, melting and reforming, completing their transformation. In its place rested a female ferret's head with fox ears and a "mask" around the eyes.

With that final fusion, it happened. The new union of Jordan and Abigail exploded with unbridled joy as their dual genitals, Abigail's flower and Jordan's manhood, erupted in orgasmic delight on the same body. A geyser of male semen shot out from their member, spraying creamy white essence over the bedsheets, some of it splashing onto the new hybrid. From their female sex, orgasmic fluids, sweet and salty in taste, gushed out from their canal, mixing with their male seed on the bedspread.

After an eternity passed with them enjoying their chemical high, the feelings began to subside, and soon, dizziness and sleep came over them. They rolled over, avoiding the puddle of mixed juices on the bed; within seconds, their eyes were closed, and slumber took them. They would not notice their changes until the next morning. Until then, they dreamt in earnest.

Beside them, the clock rolled over to midnight; their anniversary had passed. But they would still feel the effects of it.

For a long while to come.