

Months as a couple turned into years, from roommates where the seed was planted to the exciting moment shared as a Pyrenees and Tigress walked down the aisle amidst cheering from their cherished friends and loved ones. A limousine awaited them, outside the park where vows were spoken and the veil lifted, lips sealing that broke the spring air with claps and the soft playing of music being played. Newlyweds climbing into the back, paws clasped together. The door was closed and away they were driven to the reception across town.

The Tigress, her shining emerald colored eyes radiated mirth from underneath the locks of curled crimson red hair as she beamed at her husband. The Pyrenees smiled happily, his fluffy tail beating strongly against the door as he leaned over and once more proceeded to kiss his bride with an energetic passion. With a giggle the Tigress wrapped her arms around the neck of her lover and met his kiss readily, holding him close as she felt a warmth surge through her body from her core to her extremities.

The limousine slowed to a stop, causing the couple to peer out the darkly tinted windows to discover an accident has slowed traffic. While the Pyrenees quickly sent out a message to friends waiting at the reception, the Tigress grinned wickedly, leaning forward to turn up the music of a local rock station. The Pyrenees cast his wife a curious look, which quickly turned to shock as her garter suddenly snapped against his nose and bounced away into the floor. She gave him a look as she crawled forward and started to claw the seats opposite of theirs. Her body arched, butt thrust back towards her husband, she looked back over her shoulder and gave a pitiful 'mew', breaking into a grin as she lifted her tail. Knowing they were limited on time and before their driver could catch wind of their actions, the Pyrenees slipped off the seat and behind his wife,

quickly leaning over her and unzipping her dress to reveal her bare back. He sits up, feeling the limousine tremble beneath him as the driver eased forward as the traffic began to move slightly. The Tigress uttered a sultry moan, pressing back and lowering her upper body down, heads between her outstretched arms as she rolls her hips and grinds her rear against the Pyrenees' groin, feeling something warm and firm press against her curvy behind.

The unzipping of her dress couldn't be heard over the heavy bass and growling vocals from the band on the radio. Nobody could see the couple as the Pyrenees removed his wife's dress and slid it down her body to let it pool around her knees before shrugging off his dinner jacket and dropping his trousers and underwear. Letting his member fall free from its cloth confines he looks down as he sits back and views the presented delicacy he was about to enjoy. His wife's ebony lipped sex was puffy with arousal and he could see beads of liquid at her lips and clumps of white fur looking slick along her thighs.

He couldn't contort his body to be able to taste her, that would be a gift he would enjoy later. The limousine vibrated underneath him and the tigress, idling at a red light that gave them a few extra, precious, minutes. He mounted his wife, arms slipping to either side of her body as his bare chest pressed against her back when he molds his shape to hers. Her heavy purring is felt, rather than heard due to the raucous music. Tinted windows shielded the lovers from wandering eyes in neighboring vehicles as the Pyrenees curled one muscular arm around his wife's waist and slightly hunched his hips. His wife giggled, feeling his clumsy tool poke and rub against her toned thighs.

She reached back and grabbed his hot member through her legs, her tail curling around her husband's torso as she guides his tapered tip to her hot sex.

He didn't need much guidance after that, feeling her hand move away, he drove his hips forward, sliding his tip easily through her slick vulva and up into her wet furnace of a tunnel.

The limousine moved, shuddering as the driver slowly crept forward through the intersection, oblivious to the muffled noises emanating from behind the privacy glass. The driver couldn't see in his rearview mirror the Pyrenees pounding into his wife, the view of the tigress' ample breasts being pressed into the floor and rocking forward and back with each invasion of her husband's cock. The driver couldn't hear the wet slaps of the couple's wet groins smacking into each other, the slick sucking of the tigress clenching around her mate's tool as he retracted himself and her gasps and outcry's of being fucked. A truck pulled out in front of the limousine suddenly, the driver slamming on the brakes to avoid an impact. Only then did he hear the clatter of the couple falling on top of each other, he hoped it didn't affect his tip too much.

The Pyrenees had unexpected assistance from the driver, the sudden breaking making him fall on top of his wife in mid thrust. His weight, coupled with the motion throwing him off balance, acting as the rewarding hit home as he hilted himself in his wife and with relish feel his knot "pop" inside of her clenching tunnel as it underwent orgasmic spasms. His wife squeaked, a strange, strangled outcry of bliss of being filled and stretched. She was in the middle of her second climax when she felt his seed being

squirted into her tunnel. She grabbed at the carpet and the opposite seats, claws digging into the upholstery as she tried to push herself up and back on her mate's tool.

The Pyrenees panted, feeling his wife shudder and quake beneath him. His breath becoming ragged as the waves of pleasure steamrolled his emotions. He sits up, uncurling his arm around his wife's stomach and sits back on his heels, large hands grabbing the tigress' ass and pulling her cheeks apart for him to look at her stuffed sex. He pushes her forward, watching her lips expand, his knot locked firmly behind her entrance. He smiled and enjoyed the sight of her tied body for a bit before he started to gently tug back and push on her rear. The reception sight was coming up and they both needed to redress and be somewhat presentable before they arrived.

Much to the tigress' dismay, she felt the pressure building behind her sex. She clenched, gripping his tool and knot within her, not wanting to lose that sensation of being full just yet. Reluctantly she forced herself to relax, hearing a wet sucking sound as her mate's knot and tool were pulled free. She could feel the cum inside her trickling down her tunnel as she sat up, hair a mess and fur matted heavily on her thighs and groin. A dark stain on the red carpet beneath soon had small white drips dotting it as she sat on her heels with her legs spread. Her husband was already redressing, the first thing he offered to her was her panties, crimson red like her hair and very damp in the middle. Reluctantly getting dressed she could only wonder how the reception was going to go with the scent of sex clinging to her and her husband as they mingled.