

Respite

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Sitting up in bed, Tiffany's amber eyes shift as she looks at the sleeping man lying on the other side. Rising slowly and carefully, she does her best not to disturb him as she walks softly into the hall and toward her bathroom. She rests her hands on the rim of the sink, looking down at her nude body, her fur still matted in some spots but ruffled in others. Lifting her head, her eyes race toward the reflective surface that hangs above the sink.

"How the hell did this even happen?" She thinks to herself, staring into the mirror.

Stepping out of her car, Tiffany Styles closes the driver's side door as she stands in her driveway. She stops and smells the sweet summer air, a gentle breeze fluttering her fur. Rust-colored in its entirety except for slate colored feet, ankles, tail and ears, she inherited a portion of her father's coloration. As he is a fox Voeldahn, it makes her quite unique. She pulls up her purse, slinging the leather bag over her shoulder as she walks toward the trunk of her car. Lifting the lid to retrieve her groceries, her tall ears perk. Glancing over her shoulder, the thirty-year-old woman watches for a moment.

"What did I say inside? What did I tell you?! Weed the garden, mow the lawn!"

"That's what I'm doing!"

"In the wrong order!!! You're fucking useless..." Becky growls.

"I'm sorry..."

"Don't be sorry, Ken. Be useful!"

Across the street, the middle-aged human woman stomps up to her son, pushing aside the larger, stronger, eighteen-year-old boy. A domineering, downright abusive woman, she often berates him in public. In their small Kentucky town, roughly an hour away from Lexington, Tiffany has often witnessed the pair at the local market. Ken, who works at said market, would often be forced to placate his mother, working or not, who's more than eager to cause a scene at the slightest provocation. Taking the gas can from his hands, she throws it violently to the ground, the clear, rancid liquid splashing up through the uncapped nozzle.

"Mow the lawn *after* weeding the garden!" Becky demands.

"Fine..." He sighs, rolling his eyes.

With a hard smack across his face, Ken reels and places a hand over his cheek.

"Don't get cute with me... The fuck are you looking at, cottontail?!" Becky snarls.

"Well, hello to you too." Tiffany says, politely waving at her hostile neighbor.

"Don't you have carrots to nibble on?" Becky taunts her.

"... Bitch." Tiffany grumbles.

Returning into her house, Becky leaves her son Kenneth outside, standing across the street from Tiffany. He glares angrily at the front door. To Tiffany, he appears to be imagining all of the ways he could stand up for himself. Turning back, he looks down at the gas can and lawn mower before his gaze lands on Tiffany.

“Hello, Mrs. Styles!” He chirps, waving happily.

“I’m not married anymore, Ken, and I keep sayin’ to call me Tiff.”

“Old habits.” The boy shrugs. “Do you need help with those?”

“I’ll be fine.” Tiffany replies.

“Nonsense. It’s no trouble.”

Quickly darting across the street, he helps her collect her groceries from the trunk of her car. Carrying them up the porch steps and into her kitchen, she’s unable to resist. Tiffany’s eyes scan the teenager, admiring his athletic form, especially the muscles in his arms. Her fluffy tail, shaped like a candle’s flame, dances from side to side as he sets them down atop her table. Being careful not to damage anything, he slowly moves away from the table.

“There! See? No trouble. Didn’t even break a sweat!” He chirps.

“Yeah, I noticed.” She murmurs.

Glancing to his neighbor, the rabbit Voeldahn stands in the archway of her kitchen. At roughly five feet and two inches tall, she leans against the archway, her legs crossed at the ankles and her arms crossed beneath her ample, D-cup breasts. They peak so adorably through her deeply cut V-neck blouse. Blue jeans made out of a stretchy synthetic cling to her slender legs like a second skin, leaving little to his imagination. Long, curly black hair reaches just beyond her shoulders, feathered in a fashion he’s seen in many movies from the eighties. Somehow, the dated style suits her wonderfully.

“Well... You’d better go, before the wicked witch notices you’re missing.” Tiffany speaks softly.

“Right. You have a good night Mrs... Bye Tiff.”

Walking slowly past her, their eyes briefly lock. Her vivid amber orbs follow his own blue spheres. The teenager, brushing his shaggy blonde hair from his brow, struggles to subdue an even wider smile. Looking down at the shorter woman, the five foot and ten-inch-tall human is struck by her appearance. Her animalesque, black nose twitches as she sniffs the air. Flushing, she turns her head away, looking into her kitchen. He continues his journey, exiting the house.

“Damn, that’s some good aftershave.” She murmurs.

Packing away her groceries, Tiffany can hear the sound of the lawnmower as Ken disobeys his mother. Glancing outside, she can see Becky emerging to berate him, only for the boy to point and bark something. The look on his mother’s face pulls an amused chuckle from the bunny Voeldahn. Standing at her window, she cannot help but stare at the teenager for a moment. Admiring his looks as he mows his lawn, a strange feeling overwhelms her. At twelve years his senior, she’s never looked at him in this fashion before, not until her husband surprised her with divorce papers and a younger lover.

Now somewhat ashamed of herself, she pushes the inappropriate thoughts from her mind and turns away from the window. After packing away her things, she continues about her day as she would have, washing and drying her clothes, sticking next week’s schedule on her fridge door, and catching up on some office work before dinner. Loosing track of time, she’s snapped out of her work by a thunderclap and a loud flash of lightning. Looking toward her living room window, she hears another thunderclap, a prelude to the rain that slowly drips down from the darkened sky.

Rising from her comfortable chair, she stands before her window and looks outside. No sooner than she plants herself before the window, a torrential downpour begins. Crooked, godlike fingers of vivid blue light streak the sky, as if holding up the clouds. Fond of the

rain, she marvels at the sight as a waterfall cascades over the edge of her roof, just past her covered porch. Her brow furls and she narrows her eyes as something catches her attention. Across the street, a light turns on. Throwing the storm door open, Becky's hands violently shove Ken out of the house before closing the door in his face.

A horrified Tiffany watches with mouth agape as Ken stands outside of the house, banging on the doorframe and screaming to beat the storm. Without a roof over their porch, the rain soaks his clothing within seconds. The porchlight turns off as Becky abandons her son to the elements. Angry, saddened and appalled by her cruelty, Tiffany rushes to her front door. Stepping out and onto her covered porch, she cups her hands around her short snout.

"Ken! Hey, Ken!" She calls out to him.

It takes two attempts before she yells loud enough for him to notice her. Turning, he stands on his miniscule porch, watching for a moment as she motions for him to come closer. Dashing through the muddy yard, he crosses the street, slipping on the wet pavement. His hands splash into a pool already forming near Tiffany's mailbox. Pulling himself up, he crosses her lawn and reaches the steps, his shoes making a strange sloshing sound as he trudges with soaked clothes up the steps to reach her.

"Are you alright?!" Tiffany quickly asks, checking him for wounds.

"I'm fine."

"What happened?!"

"Oh, she threw me out again." He says with a frustrated sigh.

"... In this?!"

Ken merely shrugs his shoulders.

“Where does she expect you to go?!”

“She reminded me that there was an old dog house outside.”

“... What a sick bitch. Come on inside, before you catch your death.” She says, ushering him to her front door.

Entering her home, he promptly removes his shoes and socks, asking for a bag to place them in so that he doesn't track water and mud throughout her house. Even in his current situation, he continues to remain pleasant, something that surprises her. Placing the shoes and socks into a garbage bag, she tosses him a large beach towel to dry himself. Cuffing his muddy pant legs, he walks carefully as she leads him toward her bathroom.

“Take a long shower. I'll wash your clothes.” She says.

“Long enough for you to dry them?” He asks.

“No, silly. Daryl left 'em behind; you're 'bout his size. You can wear those. I'll leave 'em by the door.” She continues.

“He won't mind?”

“Daryl ain't comin' back. You can keep 'em.”

“Okay.”

Ushering him into her bathroom, she waits outside while Ken strips down just beyond the door. Opening the door a crack, he holds out his clothes for her to take, dropping them into the open garbage bag.

“I'll get these washed.” She assures him.

“Thank you, Tiff. I really appreciate this.”

"It's nothing... Hey... Did you eat dinner?" She sheepishly asks.

"No. Why?"

"How's steak and potatoes sound?"

"It sounds great, but if it's too much trouble-"

"Nonsense!" She chirps.

"Okay." He replies, through the door.

Racing downstairs, she takes his clothes to her washing machine, prepping the device. She shakes out his socks, shirt, and then pants, dumping the first two into the machine as the barrel fills with soapy water. Taking a moment to check his pockets for anything that won't survive the wash, she comes out with his soaked cell phone and a familiar foil package. Heavily wrinkled and nearly expired, she flushes beneath her fur as she holds the unopened condom wrapper, her eyes turning upstairs as she hears the shower water running down the drain. Setting the condom aside and tossing his pants into her washer, she reaches back into the garbage bag and pulls out his black boxer-briefs.

"Oh..."

Pausing yet again, a thought crosses her mind.

"No, no, no... I'm not some pervert." She murmurs.

Quickly tossing his underwear and shoes into the wash, she closes the lid. Walking away from the machine, she pauses and looks at her hand. Reaching up, she holds her hand before her face, getting a quick whiff. Immediately embarrassing herself, she plays it off as if checking to make sure that she needs to wash them, though no one but herself is downstairs. Once upstairs, she washes her hands and collects some clothing that once belonged to her husband, clothes

that he'd forgotten in a small wash the day he left. Half-way through the admittedly swift preparation of steak, Ken emerges.

"Hey, I-"

Glancing back, she's struck by his appearance. With his hair damp and slicked back, he wears the clothes she's provided him. Daryl's blue plaid shirt and rather tight black jeans fit him surprisingly well, showing off his athletic frame and strong arms, as well as a noticeable bulge in the groin. His blue eyes look to her and a smile crosses his face as he approaches the table.

"I really can't thank you enough for helping me like this. You're so nice." He says, taking some silverware to set the table for her.

"Oh, it's nothing. I'm almost done here." A wide-eyed Tiffany stares at the steaks.

Presenting the food, the pair sit across from each other, eating and drinking in relative quiet. Though Ken routinely glances to her, he doesn't say anything, merely smiling pleasantly. Tiffany, surprised by how enamored she is of the handsome teenager, finds difficulty in speaking; she feels like a nervous, teenage girl in his presence.

"Ken?" She finally speaks.

"Yeah?"

"What made her so mad? Why'd she throw you out?"

"Oh, just the usual." He sighs.

"I've never seen her do that before. That's extreme, even for her."

Ken turns his eyes from his plate, glancing toward Tiffany with a strange look. Half embarrassed and half ashamed, he sets his fork down, pressing his hands together and bringing them before his face.

"She walked in on me, looking at some lewd pictures..." He admits.

"Oh... Ahem... Well, it must've been pretty extreme for her to throw you out in this." She remarks, thunder clapping in the background.

"Just Voeldahn girls."

Her face burns as she feels herself flushing. If her fur weren't already rust-colored, she'd worry that he could see it. Now thoroughly embarrassed, she looks down at her plate.

"I didn't know that 'bout you."

"My mom is a spiteful, racist bitch, but I'm nothing like her."

Setting her fork down, she looks up at him. Staring each other in the eyes, they share a warm smile.

"That's good. You're a sweet guy."

"Thanks, and you're a sweet girl. If you don't mind my asking, why did Daryl leave?"

"I don't mind. That son-of-a-bitch is dead to me."

"Was he mean to you?" Ken asks, his eyes showing great concern.

"Nah. At least not like you're thinkin'. The pervert tried to get me into weird sex stuff. I wasn't raised like that; I didn't want to sleep with other guys in front of him, or bring more people into our bedroom."

Ken's face turns dark red as the fare-skinned human listens to her story, his eyes growing wide in surprise.

"I thought he was kiddin' at first, but when he started gettin' pushy... I told him outright I wasn't havin' it. He got mad and we didn't talk much for a while... Then one day he came home with a sweet little thing and some divorce papers. Left me the house and car, but wanted a clean break. Luckily I could afford both." She explains, her anger with her ex-husband making her briefly forget her attraction to Ken.

"Wow. I can't believe that." He murmurs.

"Which part?" She chuckles.

"All of it. The part where he wanted to share you is just... Damn... I'd never be able to do that to a woman as hot as you."

Both pause at his words. Tiffany looks up as Ken closes his eyes, succumbing to embarrassment. Her lips curl up around her snout, peeling back as she flashes a toothy grin.

"Well, that's a helluvah compliment!" She giggles.

"I didn't mean to say that. I'm so sorry, I... God, I knew I'd make this weird..." He murmurs.

"It's fine... It's true though, right?" She innocently asks.

"Are you kiddin'? I haven't seen a more beautiful woman yet, Tiff."

"So, you been lookin'?" She winks.

With his face beet red, Ken looks to her with a little smile, nervously answering her question with a subtle head nod. Her confidence soars. If it were tangible, it would have grown large enough to tear the roof from her house.

“Where are you stayin’ tonight?” She asks.

“Well, my phone’s dead, and wet, so I don’t have anyone to call. My mom took my keys... I don’t know.” He shrugs his shoulders.

“... Sleep on my couch.”

Though Ken’s initially hesitant, she doesn’t take no for an answer. After dinner, Tiffany and Ken wash her dishes together. Ken is surprisingly helpful. She wonders if perhaps he’s trying to work through his embarrassment. Entering her living room, she quickly directs him to her sofa, suggesting several genres of movies they can watch. After settling on a film, she sits beside him on the couch, the remote held firmly in her hand.

“You don’t have to entertain me like this.” He says to her.

“It’s fine.” She giggles. “I’m off tomorrow; I don’t have a curfew.”

“Good.”

As the film begins to play, she adjusts the volume to their comfort. With no further use for the remote, she leans across Ken, her breasts near his face as she tosses the remote onto the end table near the sofa’s armrest. With her hands on the armrest, her body over his, she can hear him sniffing the air. Looking over to him, their noses touch as she stares him in the eyes, so close that they appear to fuse together. Their breathing heavy, they lean forward, planting a kiss upon the other.

“I’m sorry!” They both exclaim, simultaneously backing away from each other.

“It’s alright.” A startled Tiffany murmurs.

“Yeah. No harm, no foul.” A nervous Ken mutters before clearing his throat.

Sitting down beside him, Tiffany turns her head away and brings a hand to her lips. To Ken it appears as if she's wiping away the kiss. In point of fact, she licks her lips with the tip of her tongue, beneath her hand, amazed that they'd kissed and savoring the moment. Glancing back to him, she rests her hands in her lap and sits quietly. He stretches out his arm, draping it over the back of the sofa and behind her. "Be good." Tiffany thinks silently to herself. "You're the older, mature one. Be a good girl."

To her credit, she sits quietly and watches the film with Ken, however, both soon grow bored of the movie. With her eyelids feeling heavy, Tiffany slides over slightly, her head turning toward him and resting against his bicep. She opens her eyes to Ken brushing strands of hair from her brow and around her face.

"Hey. Are you tired?" He asks, a pleasant smile worn on his lips.

"A little." Tiffany nods.

She closes her eyes again. Inhaling with her little nose, she can smell his skin as she leans closer. Her brain is well aware of her desires and promptly demands that she resist. "Be good! This isn't appropriate! Think about this for even a millisecond!" It screams inside of her head. Ken brushes more strands and she slides even closer, until her head rests against his shoulder. Curling his arm around her body, he locks her into place. "Just say no! What's wrong with you?! Hellooo!" Her brain shouts.

"Wow... Your fur is so soft..." Ken speaks softly.

"Mhm." She nods, her hand resting on his leg. "What are you thinking?" She asks, slowly opening her eyes and gazing into his.

"That if I had a woman like you, I'd never let you go." He answers sincerely.

“You’re so sweet.” She coos, stroking his cheek softly with her clawed fingers.

“Daryl’s an idiot.”

“Don’t make his mistake.” She leans closer.

With heavy breaths, they prepare themselves. Unable to resist any longer, Ken leans in and plants a kiss on her lips, the second they’ve shared. Whereas both can claim responsibility for the first, Ken now acts on his own, while Tiffany sits tucked beneath his arm, absorbing his affection like a dry sponge. Kiss after passionate kiss makes their temperatures rise. Her loins grow moist as Ken stiffens within his pants. Her chest heaves, pressing the full orbs of her breasts against him as his tongue slips past her lips and explores her mouth. Quickly entwining, their tongues wrestle with each other.

With their passion rising as swiftly as bubbles in water, Ken leans into her. Tiffany stretches out her legs as he lies her down on her sofa, resting over her on his elbows. Their faces seem to be fused together as the pair can’t stop kissing. Only the feeling of Ken’s hand sliding up her slender body and squeezing her ample breast breaks the endless chain. Gasping as he fondles her chest, Tiffany flushes, a stream of their saliva connecting their lips like a bridge. He kisses her cheek and works his way down, soon kissing and nuzzling her neck. Her hands grip the blue plaid shirt and she nuzzles him back with her short snout, rubbing her face against him almost violently.

“Your fur is *really* soft.” He says while she nuzzles his neck.

“Mmm, and you smell sooo good.” She coos.

Kiss after kiss on his tender flesh makes him shiver. Reaching down, his hand inadvertently rests over her groin. Though he wasn’t sure what he was even reaching for, he never imagined touching her there in such a bold manner. Gasping again, Tiffany moans as he feels the damp heat of her vagina through her elastic jeans.

“Bed.” She gasps. “Take me to bed.”

“Okay.” He nods.

Though at first, she spoke so that he’d let her up. However, her eyes grow wide as Ken kneels beside the sofa and scoops her into his arms. Carrying her like she was his, her bare, paw-like feet dangle over one of his arms as she looks to him, flushing beneath her fur. Her arm wraps behind his neck, her fingers caressing his cheek as he carries her into her bedroom at her silent direction. Setting her lovingly atop her well-made mattress, they resume their passion within seconds. Unable to control herself, Tiffany pulls at Ken’s pants, undoing the top button and pulling down the zipper of the black jeans.

He removes the buttons, but she quickly tires of the delay. Slipping her clawed fingers into the unbuttoned upper portion, she grips the garment and surprises them both by ripping it open, popping off every remaining button. She lowers her head shyly as they ricochet off of the floor in the distance.

“Damn.”

“Sorry.” She giggles.

“Well, alright then!”

She lifts her arms as she pulls her blouse from her body. Coiling his fingers over the waistband of her pants, he pulls them down, yanking her partly down the bed with her shirt still above her head. Laughing aloud, she tosses the shirt from her arm and onto the floor.

“Easy. You don’t want to break me, do you?” She asks with a wink.

“Never.” He answers back.

Looking into his eyes, she's taken aback by a warmth that she hadn't expected. It dawns on her that Ken isn't just preparing to enjoy the body of an attractive woman; a part of him appears to genuinely care for her. As she removes her bra, Ken pushes his pants and underwear down, stepping out of the leg holes. She pauses as she stares, looking at his erect member as it sits before her.

"... Wow." She gasps.

"What?"

"Huh?" She turns her eyes up to him.

"What?" He asks again with a chuckle.

"Nothing."

She grins, biting her bottom lip at the prospect of enjoying such a considerable organ. Quite girthy, and with substantial length, he easily surpasses her ex-husband in size, as well as the few men she's slept with before Daryl. Ken peels off her panties, raising her legs in the air as he lifts them off. Holding her legs up for a moment, he smells her loins before giving them a lick. It surprises Tiffany even more than his size; she's never had a man taste her before, at least not without her begging for it.

With his hands on her inner thighs, he goes to work, licking around and gently inside of her vagina, focusing heavily on her clitoris. She writhes and wriggles, unable to fathom how such a young man could become so talented. Few have driven her wild in such a manner. Gripping her ample breasts, she moans and groans, wincing from pleasure. He focuses on her for some time, until she can feel a stirring. She reaches out and rests her hand atop his head, her clawed fingers weaving through his blonde hair.

"God, Ken!" She gasps. "How are you so good at that?!"

"Internet." He says with an innocent smile.

"Well, get up here and show me what else you learned."

Ken doesn't need to be told twice. In a matter of seconds, he's spread her legs and placed himself between them. Hovering over her, he leans forward and kisses her passionately on her lips. Tiffany can't believe how nervous and embarrassed she feels as she tastes her own juices on his lips and tongue. She feels so naughty, in a delightful way. Tiffany pants as the underside of his immense package presses into her nether lips, smooshing into them in a very enjoyable manner. He begins to grind against her, almost as if he were intentionally teasing her with his size.

The large, stiff organ flops forward, the head and part of the shaft reaching up to her belly button and rubbing against her rust-colored fur.

"Oh shit... Sooo soft!" He exclaims.

"Inside is better." She coos. "Don't make me wait, baby." She pleads, nuzzling his cheek.

Pulling back, he takes hold of his member, teasing her opening with the head. He begins to push the substantial tip into her aching pussy, only to pause.

"Wait."

"Huh?!" She looks up at him.

"I had a condom in a pants pocket." He says.

"Oh, sweetie..." She nuzzles his neck. "I'm clean and safe; Daryl had me on the pill and I've never stopped. Besides..." She kisses his neck softly. "That condom never would've fit that thing." She giggles.

“Oh...”

Only a second later, Tiffany's fingers coil, her claws pressing into the flesh of his side as she groans. Ken grunts as he jams his oversized, human organ deep into the bunny Voeldahn's hot, wet and hungry loins, stretching them to their limit.

“AAAGGHHHGOD!” She exclaims.

“NNNNNGGGGGSHIT!”

Both can't help but turn their heads downward, looking between them. Tiffany's eyes bulge as she peers between her large breasts, watching the impressive penis invading her tight yet eager vagina. Ken marvels at the sight as well, backing out a bit before driving himself in even deeper. It takes him some time before he manages to finish, eventually sheathing himself within his lover's body. Tiffany wastes no time, wrapping her arms and legs around him and holding him in place. She crosses her ankles just beneath his buttocks, nuzzling him with her snout and kissing his face.

“Oh god, Ken. You're so... Fucking big.” She says between gasps.

“Sooo... Tight.” He sighs in pleasure.

“Not... Hhf, soft?” She teases.

The pair share a giggle before Ken leans in and kisses her passionately. She can feel the affection he has for her in his kisses as he strokes her face with his fingers, holding himself up with his forearms. With her body fully accepting him, and now ready to carry on, Ken begins to work. Short, soft strokes grow longer and firmer, driving Tiffany wild. The powerful phallus spreads her vaginal canal, forcing her to envelope him with every body rocking thrust. Soon, the bedframe quietly creaks as Ken sways his hips. The teenager's full,

heavy testicles plop against the fur covered flesh of her buttocks, taunting her with the inevitable.

“Nng, nng, nngahh! So, nng, good.” He grunts.

Lying back and enjoying her lover, her fingers rake his flesh. The only sounds she hears are the subtle creaking of the bed, the shaking of the mattress, and their carnal grunts, groans and panting. One sound, however, soon overpowers the other. Plop, plop, plop, as his scrotum strikes her body. Gazing up at him with longing, her fluffy tail dances gleefully. With her teeth gritted in pleasure, a thin stream of saliva runs from the corner of her mouth, forming a river through the fur of her cheek. Resting her black nose against his neck as his body sways, her claws caressing her lover, she can hardly control herself.

She unclenches her jaw as his chin rests near the top of her head, made easy by their near eight-inch difference in height. He shivers from the sensation; Tiffany presses the tip of her tongue against his collar bone, dragging it along one side of his throat in a prolonged, upward stroke.

“Nng-fuck!” He grunts.

Pounding into his lover even harder, Tiffany realizes she’s discovered a sensitive nerve. Her lips curl into a sinister grin as she prepares to exploit it. Lick after teasing lick drives him even harder and faster. The already incredible pleasure skyrockets until she isn’t even able to control her tongue anymore. The stirring in her body is now as powerful as it ever was. Unable to hold back, Tiffany squeals loudly, digging her claws into Ken’s back. Her back arches, toes curl and loins clamp like a vice as she cums hard, a geyser of burning hot liquid splashing all over Ken’s genitals.

“AHH! AHH! AGHAAAAD!” She exclaims.

“Nng! Holy shit!” He gasps, looking downward.

With wide eyes, Ken watches Tiffany's little pussy squirting, expelling a copious amount of clear liquid all over him. It coats them both, matting the fur on her buttocks and dripping from his scrotum as he continues unimpeded. His arms slide down, his hands grabbing firmly to her buttocks. She's familiar with this position and certain what he plans to do next. Tiffany is more than eager to feel his flow deep within her; perhaps it'll quench the flames? Doubtful. To her surprise, however, Ken slips an arm up and rests it just below her shoulders, suddenly pulling back.

He rises to a kneeling position, taking her along for the ride and picking her up, as if she were a doll. With her legs already wrapped around his waist, she quickly wraps her arms around the back of his neck, holding on tightly as he nearly stands. Plopping down onto his buttocks, he sits upright, making her ride him.

“Oooh! So manly!” She coos, kissing his face over and over.

“You liked that?”

“Mmm...” She nuzzles his cheek and lovingly kisses his neck.

“Good.”

She jumps, squealing for a moment as he smacks her firm butt, giving the tender flesh a squeeze.

“Show me how much you liked it.” He whispers into her ear.

Pulling in her legs, she plants her digitigrade feet just beyond his pelvis, holding onto his shoulders as she squats over him. He leans

back onto his elbows, watching as she slowly bounces up and down his considerable member. Her body trembles and her eyes narrow, nearly rolling back as she rides him. Every subtle feature is noticeable inside of her stretched vagina, her nether lips visibly struggling to contain his phallus. Ken watches with a rather innocent expression, amusing her even more. She chuckles at the sight, but also at a particular thought.

“What?” He asks.

“You’re, nnf, just, nnf, so damn, nnf, precious.” She replies.

He leans in, kissing her several times. Continuing her work, she’s now certain of one thing. She wouldn’t have ever been able to resist these circumstances; Ken has far surpassed Daryl in every way. Sitting down atop him and stretching out her legs, she’s thankful for her divorce. The last thing she’d want is to feel guilty for enjoying her teenage lover after the fact. With his full balls pressed against her butt, resting beneath her happily swaying tail, she wraps her legs around him and grinds into him. Sitting completely upright, he wraps his arms around her and looks her in the eyes.

Ken kisses her so passionately, melting her very core. She vaguely recalls Daryl kissing her like that on their honeymoon. The teenager’s hands stroke the sweat drenched fur of her back, rubbing softly. Her body’s musk floods her nostrils, which previously could only smell the pleasant scent of their intercourse. While she feels somewhat self-conscious, Ken doesn’t seem to notice at all. He holds her even tighter and pulls her even harder against him. Her nether lips and clitoris grind against the bare flesh of the human boy’s pelvis, stimulating her further. Their tongues once again entwined, he grips her butt with both hands.

The girthy phallus almost swirls within her body as she sways back and forth, rubbing them both in all of the right ways. Kiss after kiss, Ken attends her lips and neck. His hands leave no part of her

body untouched, eagerly exploring her damp, matted fur. Every pause for a breath is followed by tender nuzzling. His unbridled passion is unlike anything she's ever felt before. Combined with his size, stamina and talents, he's swiftly proving himself to be the best lover that she's ever had. Her pleasure, always kept at a nice simmer, builds to overflowing once more.

"Ahh... Ahh. Ahh! Ahh!!! AHH!!!! NNGGAAHH!!!!!!!" She squeals as she cums hard.

"Nng, NNG, NNGGSHIIT!" Ken growls.

Squirting on her lover once again, her narrowed eyes watch him as she holds tightly to his shoulders, panting for air. Wincing almost painfully, he rests his lips over her shoulder, his head bowed forward. Her eye nearly pop out of her head as she feels it. Jet after powerful jet shoots deep into her body. The burning hot ooze gushes from his penis, flowing through her cervix and into her uterus. His volume is such that it soon creates a backlog that seeps into her vaginal canal, following gravity toward her nether lips. The sensation of being filled with his fertile seed pushes her over the edge once more, giving her another powerful orgasm.

"Ahh! Oh god! Ken!" She exclaims, trembling over her lover.

"Nnnggghhh. Hhhff..." He gasps.

She slumps forward, nuzzling the nape of his neck with her nose.

"Damn, Ken. Hhf... You have, hhf, sooo much!"

"You're welcome."

Both of them share a little laugh, their cheeks pressed together as they sit, fused. Feeling the incredible size of his release flowing within her, she turns her eyes toward her groin.

"It's 'bout to spill." She remarks.

"Uh oh."

Ken runs his hands along her legs. Though at first, she's confused; it makes sense when he suddenly lifts her up and lies her back down. After checking to make sure that he wouldn't accidentally hurt her, he flips her backward and onto her back, now leaning over her on his hands and knees once more. He presses against her, his member already fully sheathed within her body.

"Better." He says.

"Mmm-yeah. Much better." She coos.

They remain in that position for some time, merely nuzzling, kissing and cuddling with each other. Finally, he withdraws his half-flaccid organ from her stretched loins. Again, she finds reason to chuckle; even in that state, he's still the largest she's had. Lying beside her, Ken wraps his arms around her, holding her tightly yet carefully. A tinge of guilt creeps into Tiffany's heart, looking at her resting lover. He takes such comfort from her; it's written all over his face.

"Ken?" She softly speaks.

"Yeah?" He asks, his eyes still closed.

"What was this?"

Opening his eyes, he stares into hers. He hesitates for a moment, turning his eyes down as he leans in, resting his chin on her shoulder.

“What did you want it to be?” He asks.

“I don’t know... What did you want it to be?”

“You’re so special, Tiff. Caring, sweet, kind, generous, beautiful... This whole time I couldn’t help but think that you’re everything I’ve always wanted in a girl. I’ve known you in passing for a while, but this changes things. I don’t know what it means for you, but if you’d like to know me more than just in passing... I’d love that.”

Her lips curl into a little smile as he speaks. Her fears that he’d be done with her after this night begin to subside. Rather than proclaim her delight, she cocks her head and smirks.

“You askin’ me to go steady, Kenny?”

“I’m in the market.”

“Well, maybe I am too.” She winks.

“Hm... I guess you’ll have to do, then.” He teases, pulling her closer.

“Oh, shut up!” She giggles, pushing against his chest.

Sharing a little laugh and even more kisses, they soon find themselves caught once more in the throes of passion. Lying on her belly, a pillow gripped tightly in her arms and one just beneath her toned stomach, she stares at Ken’s forearm as it sits before her face. Grunting and groaning, she squeals as she squirts, cumming on her lover yet again. Leaning far forward, he stretches out, resting his sweaty chest against the damp fur of her back. Wrapping his arms around her torso, he weaves them between herself and the pillow, gripping her ample breasts in his hands.

Looking over her shoulder at her lover, Tiffany grins from cheek to cheek as he leans in, kissing her so lovingly as he slowly pumps his organ into and out of her. His warm embrace and the care he shows her is far beyond mere sex for the sake of pleasure; this is making-love, and she's never had it better. Eventually, Ken can no longer resist her and cums again. His second explosion is nearly as copious as the first, only marginally less in volume. This time, however, there's simply nowhere for his seed to go. Before he even considers pulling out of his lover, it seeps around her nether lips, dripping from her well-used pussy, while Ken's phallus still occupies it.

The lovers lay beside each other yet again, gasping and panting. Tiffany snuggles up to Ken, burying herself in his chest, one leg resting over his.

"Mmm, this has been such a good night." She happily sighs.

"Yeah."

"So sweet and long-winded. Just a really big night, and with so much volume." She coos.

"That's a funny way to describe a night." He chuckles. "I don't really want it to end either."

"I'd do it again." She says.

Looking to each other, they both pause. Gently stroking her cheek, he leans in, softly kissing her lips.

"Me too." He whispers.

"Are you even happy living with your mom, considering how she treats you?"

"No. Why?"

Her lips curl into a little grin around the corners of her snout. Standing in her bathroom the following morning, Tiffany looks at her reflection, an identical grin plastered on her face. No matter how she reflects on the previous night, she can't think of one thing she'd do differently. Her tall, bunny ears perk as she hears her lover rising from the bed in the next room and slowly drawing near.

"Hey, Tiff. How'd you sleep?" Ken asks, stepping into the bathroom.

"Never better, Kenny." She coos, turning around to face him.

"I haven't either." He says, wrapping his arm around her and giving her a loving squeeze.

"Do you still want to spend the day together?" She asks, her arms wrapping around him and her nose just beneath his chin.

"Of course! I'm looking forward to it." He chirps.

"Good." Tiffany grins, hugging him even tighter. "... Do you still want to move in with me?" She sheepishly asks.

"Only if you'll have me." Ken replies, softly petting her head.

"Always." She coos.