

The pair of lovers laid together on the bed for a while, letting time pass them by as they rested. Riding down the slope after the peak of intensity, after the high of such a day, Blake was more than happy to have some time to relax and let herself breathe. Her mind had been running rapidly since they'd gotten dressed that morning, the time seeming so long ago, while so vividly recent. Being dressed in embarrassing and exposing clothes, their trip to the kink shop and being put into restrictive gear, the ride to the park and being walked as her husband's pet, being pet by strangers, their meal together where she ate off of the floor while tied to his chair... ending with an explosive finale together in the bedroom.

Eleven years of love spent together, and every day felt like another of magic. Never perfect, as nothing truly could be. But wonderful? Always. From the intense highs of a day of play together to celebrate, to the calming lows of just resting and relaxing together when they could... it always felt safe and wonderful while she was by his side. And she was more than happy to spend yet another day by his side tomorrow... and the day after that too.

She nuzzled into the dropper's chest where he laid next to her, moving her muscles for the first time in a bit and feeling how sore they were. Walking on all fours for hours and going straight into some very rough sex wasn't the nicest to her body, even with the safety precautions they always took. But that little physical touch, being close to him and feeling the love radiating between them, it was worth anything. She felt his arm slowly reach around to pull her in closer, holding onto each other lazily as they let themselves recover for a bit. They didn't need to talk, nor did they have all that much to say. They didn't *have* to use any words to convey the love they held for one another.

"I love you, foxie."

But the words still held meaning regardless.

"I love you too."

They held that position for some time, neither of them wanting the one to break the spell it held over them, but Echo was the one to finally initiate. Blake felt his grip on her change a bit as he moved his arms to better support her, pulling himself up off of the bed while carrying the fox in his arms. She shifted around to make it comfortable, resting her head against his shoulder and closing her eyes. The gentle motion of his steps carrying her somewhere else felt relaxing, and she couldn't help but let out a yawn, even despite the time of day. Her body and mind were just... more than a bit worn out after everything she'd been through.

Judging by the rough amount of time it took him and the number of doors he went through, she surmised that they were headed to the bathroom, finding her suspicion confirmed at the sound of the water running when Echo turned the shower knob. She could stand to be cleaned up, and a relaxing, warm shower with him didn't sound half bad, so she didn't protest too much as she was set down on the ground, forced to support her own weight after the lovely ride here.

Taking off what few clothes were left on them after their time in the bedroom, the pair stepped into the shower once the water was warm, a simultaneous sigh from the two of them as they felt the warmth washing over them. They spent a bit of time getting their fur fully wet and enjoying the warm feeling before actually starting to get clean, half focusing on themselves and half cleaning up the other person. Blake ran her hands across the scales along her lover's chest while he massaged her back, looking up into his eyes as she did.

He reached down to slowly ease the plugs out of her, taking a bit of effort before they both came out, feeling relief at the sudden lack of a presence beneath her tail that she'd been feeling for so much of the day. As wonderful as the things they'd done today felt, it was always really nice letting the restraints fall away and removing the toys to just relax and be together as themselves, without needing any more than that.

They spent some time both making sure that they and their partner got fully clean, from their walk in the park, from the food Blake had eaten without her hands from where she was on the floor, and especially from the mess they'd made of each other in the bedroom. Letting it all wash away and leave them clean and comfortable felt like another layer of weights falling off of the fox, settling back into the gentle comfort of just being with Echo, of being a part of his life, and him a part of hers.

Once they were both fully cleaned and the soap rinsed off, taking towels to dry off both themselves and each other, they stepped out of the shower. Blake stretched, enjoying the full range of motion she had after a day full of restrictive bondage, before getting suddenly scooped up by her husband once more, giggling a bit at his treatment.

"What, have you still got plans for me today?" she inquired with a laugh, giving him a nuzzle as he carried her out of the room, retracing his steps from before and leading them back towards their bedroom now that they were all cleaned up. Not that she was complaining about the free ride.

"Just making sure to take good care of you on our special day. Though I suppose there *is* one last thing..." the dropper responded, setting his husband down on the bed once more. She watched him pick up the chastity belt he'd left laying on the bed before and bring it over to her, raising an eyebrow as he moved to put it back onto her, but not fighting the idea.

“Already right back into it?” she teased, though he made his intentions clear as he pulled out something from earlier that day – the cage she’d had him try on while they were shopping together. She looked intrigued as she saw it once more, giving him a smile. Was he really planning on doing more so soon?

“I just thought we might be more comfy like this.” He set the cage aside as he pulled out a new diaper for her, moving easily through the motions of getting her padded back up, the comfortable diaper settled around her waist, back to where one was not too long ago. “I think I’ll let you handle my half of this, if that’s alright with you. You’re pretty experienced, after all.”

Echo sat down on the bed himself, hand outstretched to the fox with the cage in his palm. She smiled and stood, taking the cage and tapping the inside of his legs for him to spread them out for her. She took her time, getting the ring settled and pushing on the cage itself, locking the two together and leaving her husband locked alongside her. She picked out a much larger diaper for him, showing just as much practice and experience as she perfectly applied it to her lover, leaving him swaddled and comfortable just as she was.

Echo hopped up off of the bed and made his way over to the closet, picking out the outfits he’d planned for them to wear together – a pair of sleepers, each designed after their own favorite pokemon. The much larger one was mostly a light grey, with a tan underbelly, not too unlike the dropper who it was meant for. The smaller one was orange, with a fake flame tipping the tail and a pair of small wings on the back.

Blake reached out to accept the charizard outfit he handed her, putting it on as he stepped into his own rhydon onesie. Pulling it up around herself and threading her arms into their holes, she felt the hefty tail swinging behind her and the small motions of the wings occasionally bumping into her back as they followed her motions. The pair pulled up their hoods at the same time, looking to each other with a smile before Blake moved in for a hug.

They held the embrace for a bit, tightly holding onto each other before it finally broke, looking into each other’s eyes. The silence held for a moment longer, savoring the moment with each other, before the sound of a growling stomach broke it. “How about I make us some dinner, hm?” Echo asked with a chuckle, getting a nod back from his partner below him.

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Blake kicked her feet slowly in the air, sitting on the countertop nearby where Echo was cooking dinner for them. He had the mitten part of his onesie off to allow him to cook, but she'd left hers on, feeling comfortable in the cozy costume as she watched him at work. With the meal nearly done by now, she saw him finishing the last bits, hopping off of the counter and making her way over to the table to sit as he carried the food over for them, plenty excited to fill up her stomach with some good cooking.

It hadn't been *too* long since lunch, but an early dinner was nice to have after the intensity in the bedroom earlier, and their stomachs certainly agreed on that fact. And with the way the meal tasted, Blake wasn't upset about the decision to eat early in the slightest. She noticed Echo watching her reaction and blushed a bit, letting out a laugh that he gave right back.

"I take it I did a good job?" he asked with a smile, taking a few bites himself to confirm it as he waited for her reply, clearly enjoying the experience himself. As if he *needed* the confirmation that he'd done well...

"Of course, you always do. ...Well, almost always." She watched the drotter roll his eyes at her response, smiling back at him. He was a great cook, but mishaps happened, of course. And what kind of a partner would she be to let him live those down?

A comfortable silence passed between them as they ate, their bodies more than eager to regain all the energy they'd spent previously. It was always nice to just *be*... to be with each other, the feeling of comfort around, nice food and comfy outfits, winding down after a long day. There could be another new adventure tomorrow, or any time in the future. After all, they had the rest of their lives ahead of them to look forward to.

As they finished up their food, bellies full and happy, they carried their plates over to be cleaned later, Blake stopping afterwards to look up at Echo with a raised eyebrow, unsure of if he had any more ideas running through his head. The tilt of his head at her expression gave away pretty easily that he didn't have anything in particular in mind. "What's that expression for?" he asked quizzically with a chuckle, the fox offering him a smile.

"Just making sure you weren't being sly about supposedly being done with your wonderful plans for the day," she responded, reaching up to her collar to unhook the leash that had been dangling from it. She stood up on tip toes to reach up, clipping it to the drotter's collar instead, her hand running down it and taking the end in her hand.

"Oh? Someone planning on taking charge?" he questioned, though his eyes widened as she tugged at it suddenly, pulling him along behind her as she made her way out of the room. He laughed, following her

lead happily, the reins passed on to her for whatever she might have in mind. "I suppose I'll just have to find out, huh?" Echo smiled as he was led by his foxie, trusting that she'd take good care of him.

After a short walk, the pair stopped at the couch, Blake maneuvering him around so that he stood in front of it, for her to gently push him back onto it. She clambered onto his lap as he sat down, the leash still in hand as she placed her palms on his shoulders, the height difference not nearly as prominent in this position. A beat passed, and she leaned forward to give him a kiss, holding it for a bit before pulling away, the two sharing a gaze of love.

"Maybe just a bit," she answered after a delay, sharing a laugh between them. "I may not have anything in mind, but some cuddles from *my* pet don't sound too bad right now." Grinning as she turned the tables, Echo leaned back and pulled her closer, leaning her against his chest as they sat together, arms wrapped around each other to enjoy the closeness and comfort of their lover's embrace.

"I think that can be arranged." Moving positions, Echo turned to the side and laid down across the couch, leaving Blake laying on top of his chest, the fox feeling it rise and fall with his slow, steady breaths. As she laid on top of him, scooting down just a bit for her head to rest against his chest, she could feel and hear the gentle beating of his heart as the two of them settled down.

"I should probably start coming up with ideas for my end, huh?" she asked jokingly, though the cogs were starting to turn in her head as she considered them. "Maybe you'd enjoy a day like mine, with a few twists?"

She heard Echo chuckle beneath her, feeling the bouncing in his chest. "Oh, do you really think you'd be able to tame such a powerful beast like me?" he asked in turn with a bit of sarcasm, knowing she was more than capable of keeping him on a leash. And a few tugs at the one clipped to his neck served to remind him of just that, Blake pushing herself up off of his chest to look down at him with a domineering glare.

"Oh, I'm sure it would be *easy*," she replied, settling back down onto him, but keeping eye contact as they spoke. "After all, it's not too hard to put you under, is it? You sure make for an excited and compliant puppy once I drag that part out with a few choice words..." She knew how to push her husband's buttons, and she could see the blush forming on his muzzle as he tried to avert his eyes, already looking flustered. She always loved to see him like this... while it was tons of fun to submit and let him take control, it was just as fun to turn it back around on him and take his leash in hand.

She twirled her hand a bit to wrap the leash tighter around it, holding it taut to have the bit of gentle pressure on his neck from the collar pulling him towards her. "I think that would be nice, hm? Taking care of my pet for a day, after he set up time to take care of his. Plus... it's only fair to have my turn, right? Getting to see you with swirls in your eyes as you follow all of my commands and tricks like the good pet you are inside..." Blake leaned forward just a bit and nuzzled his nose, giving her flustered husband a quick kiss.

"I guess I'll leave that up to you," he replied, clearly excited about the idea, and wanting to see what she might decide to do once she was the one in control. He may be very good at putting on the dominant persona, but they were both switches, and she was a master at pressing all of his buttons when she wanted to. There wasn't all too much he could do to resist once the fox decided she was the one holding the leash.

"Then it's a plan!" Blake smiled down at him and shifted her position back a bit, untwirling the leash from her hand but still holding onto it. "I'll have to think about what to do... but for now, I think I'll just enjoy spending some comfy cuddle time with my pet." With another smile shared between the two of them, she moved back and laid down on his chest once more, resting against her lover, letting her arms drape down and wrap around his sides.

She felt the gentle weight of his own arms moving up to wrap around her, holding her body against his in a comfortable and loving embrace. The warmth and love spread between them as they laid together, their breathing slowing and deepening as they relaxed, feeling the constant rhythm of each other's breaths against their chest, listening to his heartbeat and feeling the calmness settle over them.

Eleven years. It felt like forever, and like it was only a blink at the same time. Life together, its ups and downs, the ride the two of them had been on alongside each other. Struggles and wonderful moments intertwined in a tapestry of their lives, woven in with each other like they'd always meant to be a part of each other's life. New patterns added each and every day with each new experience, every journey, every fun moment filled with joy and life.

How soon would it feel before the next year had passed them by, another anniversary spent together, doing something small or big, but spending it together nonetheless? A year of smiles, of struggles, of persevering together, of supporting each other, of holding onto each other's leash and leading each other forward. Of knowing, no matter what, despite everything else, that...

"I love you."

"I love you too."