

Arty stared open mouthed at his wife. Her Marilyn Monroe dress was pulled up past her waist, and her dripping panties were in her paw. Her scent was so strong that even Arty's dull nose could smell it. Kris' pussy was dripping onto their carpet, leaving a small puddle between her feet. Arty watched as she slipped out of her dress, took off her bra and wig, and tossed her damp panties over to him.

Arty was completely caught off guard. Not only did his wife want to have sex with him (a rarity these days,) but she was even giving him a display. He held her damp panties in his paw, and brought them to his muzzle. He first inhaled, drowning himself in her sultry scent. Next, he tasted them, savoring the flavor of his wife's juices. The otter quickly stripped out of his Castiel costume in record time, and soon stood stark naked, with his erection throbbing. Kris climbed into bed and leaned back against their pillows. Her legs were spread and her pussy was on display. Her ample chest heaved as she breathed deeply.

Kris gave her husband a "come hither" look and the otter quickly rushed to his wife. He wanted nothing more than to slide his cock into his wife and leave a nice creamy mess inside her, but he knew he had to pace himself to make things last. Instead of putting his length against her labia, he leaned in and gave her dripping cunt a careful lick. Her juices almost flooded his muzzle as he licked her pussy. Kris rested a paw on her husband's head, using her other paw to pinch one of her nipples. Her juices covered Arty's muzzle, and just when Kris felt like she couldn't take much more, he lifted her clitoral hood and bathed her clit with licks. Kris covered her muzzle to avoid making too much noise as she shuddered with an orgasm, squirting in her husband's face.

"Thank you Sex for Dummies" Thought Arty, to himself.

Kris leaned back against their pillows as she caught her breath. She almost couldn't believe it, Arty hadn't once been able to make her cum with anything, but suddenly he just gave her an orgasm like it didn't take any effort. Something was off, and Kris knew it. When she caught her breath she pulled Arty in for a kiss, his mouth tasted like whiskey. She held the kiss for a few minutes before breaking it and asking a very important question.

"Arty, how drunk are you?" Asked Kris.

"Drunk enough that I'm worried I won't be able to cum..." Responded Arty.

"One way to find out, dear." Grinned Kris, spreading her labia for her husband.

Arty nodded and placed his otterhood at his wife's pussy before sliding in. She was incredibly wet and slick. It took almost no effort to go from unsure thrusts to jackhammering in her. Kris hugged her husband and bit his neck. In her mind she

thought that just about now was when Arty would prematurely cum and her fun would be over, but as she waited for him to ejaculate she realized that it wasn't happening. Arty cursed under his breath while he felt unable to finish inside his wife.

"Fuck... I can't cum." Groaned Arty.

"Honey, that might be a good thing, I could get pregnant." Comforted Kris.

"You're right, but I was really looking forward to cumming inside you and making you cum for me." Sighed Arty.

Suddenly Kris had an idea, and she knew by now Arty would be so slick with her juices that she wouldn't have a problem. Kris stopped Arty from thrusting and had him pull out. She gripped his lubed up cock and guided it a little south, where he felt it brush against her tailhole. Kris pushed his length inside her, and Arty quickly got the idea.

"Are you sure? You've never wanted to try anal before." Questioned Arty.

"I'm sure, so get to it. But start out slow." Grinned Kris,

Arty held Kris' legs up and slowly pushed his cock into his wife's tailhole. He was so slick that he didn't have any trouble pushing in. Her tailhole was much tighter than her cunt, but Arty soon figured out that this wasn't the position for this. After accidentally slipping out for the fourth time he made a request.

"Kris... can you turn over to give me a better angle?" Asked Arty.

Kris nodded and turned over, getting on all fours. Her tailhole as on display just under her short fluffy tail. Arty got behind her and slowly slid into her again. When he hilted in her he felt her clench around his cock. He took his time, slowly building up to a quick pace. Kris slid one paw between her legs and teased her clit as he thrust into her. Despite the alcohol impeding things, Kris' tailhole was so tight that Arty felt a building pressure in his cock, he was going to fire off soon.

"Kris... I'm going to cum soon, I can't stop it..." Moaned Arty loudly.

"Let it go inside me... I'm almost there too..." Whimpered Kris.

Arty had dreamed of hearing those words. He never had been able to pleasure his wife before and that bothered him, but here he was getting her to cum, He gave one final heavy thrust into Kris and the bed shook. Kris let out a piercing moan as her tailhole contracted around Arty's cock while she came. Arty shot off inside his wife, spurting rope after rope of slick otter cum into her tailhole. Arty held himself inside his wife as

they came together. After they came down from their orgasmic highs Arty leaned forward and hugged his wife from behind, then slowly pulled out. His slick cum quickly flowed out of her tailhole, and Arty just enjoyed the view. Kris slumped to the side and stretched, dripping cum onto their bed.

"I don't want to get out of bed..." Said Kris, a smile on her face.

"Then don't. I'll go down stairs and you take your time here." Smiled Arty.

Arty got dressed and made his way downstairs. He couldn't hide his happiness at finally making his wife cum. When he got downstairs everyone was looking at him, but he shrugged it off and found his children. They were looking at him with a bashful look like they knew what had happened. But Arty was too proud of himself to care. Eventually Kris came back downstairs and the couple acted like nothing had happened. It was a good night for sex, it seems.