

The train persists across the lush greens, traveling over the wide ocean on the bridge gaping between the forest. A tunnel can be seen from afar, the train arching its way towards it. Sitting at the front of the train lies a chubby fennec fox: A seat-belt strap around his waist while he pilots the train, wearing the usual blue conductor outfit that exposes his hairy chest.

Sitting adjacent from him is another conductor, being a turtle that wears a hat. The two keep their focus ahead, inching their way close to the tunnel.

"Have you heard about the latest meal added to McFurnalds?" the turtle says, stroking his white beard.

"The Flurry Burger? Yes, and I have tasted it."

"How does it taste?"

The fox side-eyes him. "**Bad**. It was like they took the ice cream parts of the Mcflurry, and shoved it into the buns. It just didn't mix well with the meat, honestly."

The turtle bursts into laughter, patting his shell. "I can't blame ya: It's perhaps their most peculiar meal yet."

"Hah. Peculiar is putting it nicely."

Soon a knock at the backdoor is heard.

"Honey! It's me, Jonah: I-I need to talk privately with you *now*," the woman says, her tone low yet soft. The fennec fox blushes, turning his head towards the turtle.

"Quan: I'll need you to leave the room again. My wife...needs our 'talk', if you know what I mean."

Quan snorts, pressing a button that sets the train on automode. "No problem. I get it completely." He gets out of his seat, walking towards the door. Once he opens it, he gazes at this Jonah woman: A doberman dog dawning in her blue dress, red high heels shielding her feet. Wet spots form on the top of Jonah's dress, the turtle simply smirking upon seeing that.

"Harold's all yours', ma'am."

Quan walks by the woman.

"Thanks..." Is all Jonah says before closing the door, locking it.

Harold simply twirls his chair around before his wife jumps on him, the two kissing each other while moaning. Their tongues tangos, their eyes closing—Harold even groping the woman's behind. He wags his tail.

"Mmmf."

"Mmmm!"

The two strips each other down, Harold panting along the way. They become naked, their clothes on the ground. Their makeout-fest persist: The doberman's large tits rubbing against the fennec's big moobs, Harold groping his wife's ass while she does the same to him.

Soon, the two finally pulls away: Saliva trailing.

"Been thinking about me lately?" Harold asks, hovering his hand over to one of the buttons behind him. Jonah caresses his moobs. "Oh I've *always* think about you, my beloved."

The train enters the tunnel as Harold turns on the front lights, allowing the two to see. The light itself is bright, with a bit of slight dimness to not blind the two.

"Hehe, that's good to know." The chubby fennec smiles "Want to play with these bad boys further?"

The doberman wags her tail. "Why even asks?" She leans down, licking one nip while groping the other.

Harold moans, spreading his legs out to give his wife more room. His cock erects, the woman taking advantage to grind her pussy against it. She rubs his belly, sucking on the moob. She bops her head, purring.

"Ngh, always the eager type than I am, hun." Harold's dick throbs, his wife's pussy coating it. The fennec shudders, Jonah swirling her tongue around the tip. She strokes his stomach, patting it occasionally while wiggling on his moob. "Ah yes...just like that."

"Mhm." Jonah giggles, grinding her pussy along his shaft before sliding it directly into her. She rides it, moans circulating from the two.

The anthros huff, the fennec wagging his tail as he closes his eyes. "A-Ah~!" His cock jitters, nudging along the wet tight walls of his wife's pussy. Jonah smirks, lapping up her husband's mantit while gripping the other.

Harold pants, caressing his wife's head. "Keep it up, hun. Loving this a lot, mmm."

Jonah nods, closing her eyes as well. Harold spews pre-seeds into her, the woman swirling her large behind as a result.

The fox sighs in relief. "You really like these melons, don't cha?"

Jonah snorts, pulling back. "That's the idea, hun." She strokes the saliva-coated moob before kissing the other, speeding up the rides. Her green eyes stare at it in glee. "They're as big as my tits. Just felt like fate that we had to be together by then, right~?"

Harold snorts as well, purring. "Fair point. I, mmm, was a bit nervous by how forward you were when we first met. But it eventually worked out at the end."

"Mmhm." Jonah rests her head between his moobs, gazing into Harold's blues. "I saw how unsure and self-conscious about your body. Just wanted to support you however much I can from there."

"And trust me: You've done so much to help me feel proud of this body at the end." Harold groans. "I can't thank you enough, hun." His cock twitches, his climax nearing.

The doberman smirks. "I'm glad I can help my beloved."

Harold mews. "Ngh, indeed."

Jonah then brings her tits to Harold's face. "Now play with these so that we're even~"

The fennec snorts. "Of course" He stuffs his face against Jonah's tit, fondling with the other. The two moan, shuddering in place as they both latch onto each other with lustful love.

Harold nudges his finger against Jonah's tip, the woman mewling. "Oh fuck! Just like that, Harold!" Juices ooze. "I-I'm going to—AH!" Jonah sprays more of them over his dick, her tail wagging nonstop.

"M-Mmf." Harold starts cumming a decent amount into his wife, the seeds circulating throughout her. A bit of it leaks out as Jonah keeps riding him, lactating over his hand and his tongue.

Jonah's tongue hangs loose, the woman having hearts for eyes. "Aaah...~" Her rides slow down, leading the two to pause in place. This is where Harold pulls away from her tits, both gazing into each other.

Their hands rest on their melons, fondling and groping—downright *squeezing*. They giggle.

"Do you still have our strap-on with you?" Jonah asks.

Harold turns to the cabinet beside him, smirking. "Of course. Why wouldn't I bring it knowing you, love?"

Jonah shuffles a bit before pulling herself off his dick, moaning. "Good." She opens the cabinet, grabbing the strap-on pertaining the red-colored canine dildo. "Because any handsome husband like you deserves a nice pegging from his beautiful wife." She attaches it around her waist. "Wouldn't you agree?"

Harold sighs happily, turning around. He wiggles his fat, big ass, caressing his chair. "Indeed. It only makes sense considering my 'assets', as you put it~" He soon gasps to the dildo smacking between his asscheeks, his wife whistling.

"Haha, yep." She smacks his ass, those buns rippling as the man groans. "It's only logical that one would want to have fun with them, mmm." Jonah slides the artificial dick into her man, Harold moaning along the way.

"Ngh."

She thrusts into him, gripping his waist as she huffs. The doberman moans, her breasts jiggling as her ass quakes. Harold groans: His moobs flailing, his ass wobbling—the yellow fennec shudders in pleasure, his hole clenching around the dildo.

"Ah yes. Harder hun, mmm," he states, pressing back on the shaft. Jonah smirks, slamming into him over and over, the knot pleading to enter.

"Mmm. You look so adorable when you get pegged, you know~?" Jonah says, her tail wagging.

Harold snorts. "Yeah. I remember being paranoid at the thought because of how, mm, I thought it'd affect my sexual preferences." He can feel his wife's tits nudging his back, the woman licking his cheek.

"This was, mm, before I discovered myself being bi, anyways. But even then, it was comforting to know that straight men can like pegging, too."

The doberman giggles. "Indeed." She gropes Harold's moobs, fondling them as he moans softly. "I'm glad to have gotten you out of your comfort zone and explore yourself." Smirks. "Granted, you were a bit too stubborn about it, but eventually you gave it a shot and found out parts about yourself you didn't know."

"Yeah." Harold spews pre-cum, grunting. "Once again, thank you so much for it, mmm, helping me discover myself."

"Mmm." Jonah kisses Harold's cheek. "You're very much welcome, love!"

The fennec's cock twitches with delight, his climax nearby. "You can speed up now. I'm getting close, ngh~"

Jonah nods, picking up the pace: Both of their asses quaking and swerving like a tsunami, moaning happily. The anthro dog pants, the dildo's knot being close to infiltrating the hole.

"Ah! That's it: Have your ass be nice and fucked by your pretty wife~"

"Yes! Don't hold back either~!"

Eventually Harold releases his seeds all over the chair, moaning happily as Jonah slams into him: Knotting her beloved husband~

"Aah!" Jonah mewls, nuzzling the chubby fennec. Harold shudders, biting his lower lip.

He pats Jonah's head, the two exchanging purrs. "That was...lovely."

Jonah rests on his shoulder, both seeing light at the end of the tunnel. They look at each other with fond gazes before smiling, saying the following:

"I love you."