

TOGETHER AGAIN

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“Thanks, Miranda! See you tomorrow!”

Esme closed the door behind her and dropped her shopping bags on the floor to hang her coat up. “Gods, what a day,” she mumbled as she picked the bags up again and took them into the kitchen. She placed the bags on the counter and began removing items, sorting them out as she did so. As she turned to put butter and milk into the fridge she noticed the flashing red light on the answering machine. Pressing the ‘play’ button, she listened to the computerised voice stating the number of messages. The first message was from someone at work asking for her to chip in for a wedding present for the boss. The second was from her husband. “*Hi, love,*” he said. “*Just letting you know that my plane was delayed, and that I’ll be home soon, around seven o’clock. Love you.*” Esme smiled. She was looking forward to seeing Paul again for the first time in a month, since he had been sent to Australia to oversee a business expansion project.

The young vixen finished putting the groceries away, then put the bags into the plastic recycling bin. “Now, a nice hot shower,” she murmured to herself as she padded out into the lounge on her way through to the bedroom. She went to her wardrobe and picked out a nightgown, a comfortable red velvet number with slim shoulder straps, then padded into the en suite bathroom.

Not bothering to close the door behind her, Esme reached into the shower cubicle and turned the water on. She felt the light breeze created by the cold water blasting out of the shower head, and drew back with a shiver. While the water warmed up the vixen stripped off her clothes, starting with her bright white shirt, and moving down to the navy blue pleated skirt, both of which were part of her uniform. Off came her white knickers, then her underwire bra. She sighed with relief as she removed that part of her attire. “I’ve really got to get a bigger size,” she muttered to herself.

Feeling that the water temperature was how she liked it, Esme slipped into the shower, closing the door behind her to prevent water from splashing onto the tiled floor. She let the hot water sluice over her body for a minute or so to get her fur fully wet, then reached for the large bottle of vanilla-scented shampoo from the wall-mounted rack. A generous amount was squirted into her hand, and massaged into her hair, chest and back, the latter with some difficulty, then into her legs.

As she rubbed the lather into her breasts, Esme felt her nipples hardening, and she realised how long it had been since she had been sexually satisfied. Well, until Paul came home, she’d have to provide her own entertainment.

Mrrring with pleasure, the vixen tweaked her nipples into full hardness, then trailed her fingers down to circle her navel. She shivered a little; doing that always made her tingle. By now the water had washed most of the shampoo out of her fur, so she grabbed the bottle of conditioner and squirted a large dollop into her left hand, before spreading it like she did the shampoo. This time she made her movements more sensuous, lingering over her breasts and pussy mound. “Mmmm,” she murmured as she slipped two fingers between her labia, exploring the heat within. She delved deeply into her pussy, coating her fingers with her sweet juices, then lifted them to her mouth, sucking on them slowly.

As the conditioner was slowly washed out of her fur Esme continued fingering herself, adding a third finger, and rubbing gently against the sensitive nub of her clit. She leaned against the wall, moaning softly as she brought herself to climax. Her other hand rubbed over her breasts and stiffened nipples, increasing the pleasurable stimulation.

Within a couple of minutes she cried out as the wave of orgasmic ecstasy swept over her, almost making her collapse to the floor of the cubicle. She rode the pleasure for as long as she could, plunging her fingers in and out of her slick pussy until she couldn’t stand it any longer. With a shudder she sank to the floor, panting hard. “Oh, man, that was *good!*” she muttered when she had gained enough breath.

Esme sat there for a few minutes, just letting the water run over her, before getting up and turning the water off. She opened the door and stepped out onto the fluffy bathmat on the floor, then grabbed a towel off the heated rack. When she had rid her fur of most of the water she put the

towel back on the rack, then took her hairdrier out of the vanity cupboard. Plugging it in, she turned it onto its medium setting and ran it over her body, making sure she didn't miss a spot. On a whim, she even spread her legs and blew the almost hot air over her pussy. "Ooh, that feels nice," she murmured, making a mental note to try that again sometime.

She finished up drying her fur, put the hairdrier away, then went back into the bedroom to put her nightgown on. *I'm sure that Paul will appreciate my lack of knickers*, she thought. Going to the full-length mirror she examined herself, turning side to side to see how she looked. "I wonder if I should wear something more...suggestive?" she asked rhetorically, before saying, "Nah. This is good enough." She glanced up at her hair and frowned. "But this isn't."

Esme rummaged around in her dresser for her favourite hairbrush, which always seemed to disappear when she wanted it, and began pulling it through her hair, wincing as it caught on tangled strands.

After the customary one hundred strokes (plus a few more, just to make sure), Esme put the brush away and left the bedroom for the kitchen. "What shall I have?" she muttered as she perused the contents of the fridge and pantry. "All this food, and I don't feel like cooking anything."

Just at that moment she heard the front door open, then close again. "Honey, I'm home!" came the unmistakable cheery voice of her mate. A moment later a slim timber wolf with a slightly grizzled muzzle and a torn ear appeared in the kitchen doorway, a big smile on his face. "A kiss for your long-suffering husband?"

Esme giggled and padded over to embrace Paul, wrapping her arms around him and pulling his head down for a long, passionate kiss. "Mrrr, I've missed you so much," she murmured when she released him. "I was almost going crazy without you."

"Same here, love," Paul replied, breathing in deeply to smell the fresh vanilla scent of Esme's body. "As much as I like my job, I really hate having to leave the country every few months to manage things." He sighed wistfully and shook his head. "Anyway, I'm back home now for another three months, so don't worry about me leaving too soon."

"That's good. I —" Esme's next words were interrupted by the growling sound of her empty stomach. "Oh, yeah...I haven't eaten yet." She wrinkled up her nose as she looked at Paul. "What say we just order out tonight? I really can't be bothered cooking, and I'm sure you'd rather have something easy."

The wolf nodded. "Sounds okay with me. Let's call out for pizza. You know how I like mine."

Esme nodded and went to the phone, glancing at the phone list on the wall before dialling. "Hi. I'd like to order a medium Hawaiian pizza, with extra pineapple and cheese, and a small Vegetarian special. Oh, and a bottle of Coke too, please. Okay? Thanks, bye." She hung up and turned to Paul again. "They'll send it out in a few minutes. They have a delivery up this way anyway."

When the pizzas arrived Esme paid for them, then set them down on the lounge coffee table. "Get the remote, will you?" she asked Paul just before he sat down. "There's a programme about the Amazon on in about five minutes."

Paul retrieved the remote from the top of the TV, and sat down next to his wife on the couch, reaching forward for a slice of his Hawaiian pizza. He pressed the Power button, then '5', and settled back to snuggle Esme while he ate.

They ate silently through the half-hour programme. When it was finished, there were only a couple of slices left in their boxes. "Well, I'm satisfied. What about you?" Paul asked, slipping his arm around the vixen beside him.

"Well," murmured Esme with a subtle lilt in her voice. "My stomach's satisfied. I can't speak for the rest of me, though."

"Oh." Paul nodded, his face lighting up with a grin. "How about I take you into the bedroom and make wild passionate love to you? Would that satisfy your hunger?" He got off the couch and bent down to slip his arms beneath Esme's legs and back, staggering a little under the weight before he stabilised. "Either you've put on weight, or I've got weaker in the Australian heat," Paul muttered, moving slowly towards the bedroom.

Esme batted Paul lightly on the muzzle. "Only you could get away with a comment like that, hon," she murmured sweetly, but with a hint of steel.

“I hope so. I’d hate to think that another male would be special enough to be allowed a slip like that.” He manoeuvred sideways through the bedroom door, and laid Esme on the bed, who promptly got into a seductive pose. “You really know how to make a male desire you,” he murmured, lavishing a slow kiss on her muzzle.

The vixen smirked, showing her teeth. “Of course. I’m a female; I have to know these things to keep you on your toes.” She reached up and pulled Paul on top of her, wrapping her arms to keep him close while she engaged him in a long, hard kiss that almost literally took his breath away. His expression of surprise was rather comical; she had a hard time not laughing.

When he was released, he stared at Esme for a few seconds. “Whatever you’re on, keep taking it!” Paul exclaimed with a grin. As he looked his mate up and down he gradually became aware of a pressure building up in his groin. Esme noticed, and shifted position to stroke a hand lightly across his crotch, before grasping the zip in her fingers and pulling downward. The bulge in the wolf’s underwear pushed out through the hole opened up, easing some of the pressure on it. Esme looked up at him, then gently squeezed his throbbing cock through the fabric.

Paul inhaled sharply and tensed up momentarily. “Oh, gods...please, let it out,” he pleaded.

“Only if you get me naked first,” the vixen teased, carefully raising the zip again in a quick movement.

“No fair,” grumbled Paul. He bent down and took hold of the hem of the nightgown, feeling the velvet slide through his fingers, then proceeded to slowly lift the bottom of it up. His eyes widened when he saw his wife’s pussy mound revealed. The pressure in his crotch increased to almost unbearable levels at the sight. He hastened to pull the nightgown completely off, so he could behold his mate in all her female glory.

Esme, true to her word, released Paul’s maleness from its confines, sliding his trousers down to his ankles, then hooking his underwear out and dropping them too. The tumescent lupine organ in front of her eyes throbbed with his heartbeat, and a single drop of precum was formed at the tip. She swiped at it with her tongue, making Paul shiver and moan softly. Glancing up at the pleased expression on his face, she lightly grasped the thick cock and lowered her muzzle on to it, taking only an inch or so in to tease him.

“Mmm, Esme,” Paul murmured, running his hands through her wealth of red-brown hair, scritch-ing behind her ears. “You’re so good to me.”

The vixen suckled gently on the spongy cockhead in her mouth, gradually taking in more of her husband’s length until it nudged the back of her throat. There were still two inches visible, but she wasn’t up for trying for those as well. She swallowed around the thickness and pulled her head up again, sucking hard, before going back down again.

Paul moaned softly, thrusting a little in time with Esme’s head-bobbing. He was almost on the verge of orgasm already; as much as he loved the warmth and wetness of her mouth, he didn’t want to finish off there. “You’d better stop, love,” he warned, “unless you’re thirsty.”

A giggle escaped Esme’s throat as she slipped her muzzle off Paul’s cock one last time. “I am, but I can wait to have a drink. Right now, I’d rather have that magnificent member deep within my body.” She shifted position, lying on her back with her legs spread, showing off her slightly pout-ing pussy.

“So would I,” murmured Paul, climbing onto the bed. His cock throbbed almost painfully with the need to be buried within Esme’s hot cunny, but first he wanted to tease her back. He lowered his head to between her legs and licked her slit, a slow, deliberate movement of his tongue. The tip delved inside, tasting her sweet juices, and brushed against her swollen slit.

Esme gasped softly, tightening her legs around her mate’s head as he pleased her with his agile tongue. This was much better than using her fingers, she thought. She rubbed her breasts as he licked, tweaking her nipples until they felt rock hard between her fingers.

Paul’s long tongue slipped deep into the vulpine pussy surrounding it, massaged gently by the pleasurable contractions of the muscles. He inhaled deeply of the musky scent, experiencing a slight euphoria, and an increase in his desire to make love to his beautiful wife. The juices leaking from Esme’s slit started flowing in greater quantities, and almost seemed to taste sweeter. He licked harder, wanting his wife to orgasm in his mouth.

“Oh, oh, oh!” panted Esme as she was driven quickly towards her second climax of the night. “Yes, Paul, yes!” Her pussy suddenly went into spasms, and a surge of endorphins swept through her system as she came hard around Paul’s muzzle. She felt her pussy juices squirting, knowing that Paul would savour them to the utmost before swallowing.

The wolf lapped hungrily at the spurts of whitish pussy cream, opening his mouth to catch as much as he could. Esme was always quite generous when she came, a quirk that Paul highly enjoyed.

Eventually the supply dwindled to nothing, and Paul was left licking his lips to glean any more drops that he might have missed. He raised his head and looked at his mate’s face. Her eyes were closed, and a big smile creased her muzzle. Her breathing was gradually returning to normal from the quick panting that had prevailed before. “Ohhhh, gods,” she muttered, opening her eyes to view her husband. “That was incredible.”

“But wait! There’s more,” Paul quoted. He sat back on his haunches, and showed his still hard cock, down which trickled a thin stream of precum. “My turn!” With a quick movement that surprised even him, Paul leapt forward onto Esme, positioning himself above her, his cock poised to enter her soaking pussy. He gazed into the warm vulpine eyes beneath him, and lowered his head to press his lips against Esme’s. As they met, he pushed slowly into her hot depths, groaning softly in pleasure. He spent a few moments just revelling in the silkiness of Esme’s pussy, before starting the thrusts that would bring him to climax.

They kissed with increased passion, exploring each other’s mouths with their tongues, as Paul slowly fucked Esme with long, gentle strokes. “Mmmm,” mumbled Esme, wrapping her arms around the wolf’s body, holding him close. “I have *so* missed you, hon.”

“So have I,” Paul murmured through yet another kiss. “I wish I could take you with me on my trips.”

As Paul thrust again and again into Esme’s pussy he became aware of his knot swelling up, trying to gain entry to lock them together. The urge to slam his knot into his mate’s cunt was strong, but he didn’t want to hurt her; it *had* been over a month since she had last taken it. His dilemma was solved by Esme clasping her hands on his buttocks and pulling. “Gimme that knot, Paul,” she urged, her voice holding a hint of animalistic lust in it. “I want all that cum to stay inside me.”

Relieved of that decision, the wolf shifted into a higher gear, yiffing Esme hard and fast. Each thrust pummelled his knot against her pussy, until one particularly hard thrust shoved the bulbous swelling between her labia and deep into her body. Paul groaned loudly and stopped thrusting momentarily, allowing his knot to expand and tie them together, then resumed, his thrusts now very short and rapid.

The moment of orgasm was so intense he momentarily saw stars. His thick wolfcream, pent up for so long, splashed deep into Esme’s clutching pussy in several long spurts. He was joined in ecstasy a few moments later by the strong muscular squeezing of his mate’s cunny, milking him of his seed.

Eventually Paul collapsed on top of Esme, then rolled over to cuddle her tightly. They stroked each other slowly as the wolf finished spending himself within her body. “Thank you, love,” murmured Esme, licking his muzzle and kissing gently. “Now I’m truly satisfied, having you inside and beside me.”

“The pleasure is all mine...and yours,” he added, chuckling softly. He scratched his mate behind the ears, eliciting a pleased sound, rather like a purr, from her throat. “As I think we’ll be joined for a while, what say we get an early night, hmm?” He yawned widely as if to emphasis the suggestion. “And we’ll have all day tomorrow to play, it being Saturday.”

“Sounds good to me,” murmured Esme, running her hands up and down Paul’s back. She flexed her pussy around his cock, making him gasp in pained pleasure, and yawned as well. “Suggestion noted. Goodnight, hon,” she said then, giving Paul one last kiss for the night.

“Goodnight, Esme. Sleep well.”

“Oh, I will...you can count on it!”