

A Christmas Miracle and a Happy New Year

An original short story instalment by [MtG-Ti] and based on the art of [quotefox](#).
The fourth chapter of the "[Stacy's Dad](#)" series.

It was beginning to look a lot like Christmas...

As an uncharacteristically *light-for-the-region-you-lived-in* dusting of snow fell on your hometown and turned everything in sight that pristine shade of white you knew would be an ugly shade of grey once everyone drove through it and it was eventually plowed into massive mounds you'd rather not even look at, there wasn't anywhere else in the world you'd rather be than home.

...So what if your parents would be on a cruise ship halfway around the world because their tickets were non-refundable, they liked the cold weather less and less the older they got, they'd always wanted to go on a cruise together, and you hadn't planned on coming home from school in the first place? Far be it from you to stand in the way of their happiness! Perish the thought~!

Your folks deserved a nice vacation, so hopefully they wouldn't run into any pirates or anything silly like that...

Even though you'd be home alone for Christmas for the first time ever, you'd still get to spend the holidays in your childhood home, put up a Christmas tree, bake cookies, drink some heavily-spiked eggnog-minus-the-eggnog, and unwrap the presents they'd pre-emptively hidden in their closet for you, *just like always!*

There were some traditions you simply didn't break, after all...

. . .

Unlocking your front door and breathing in the all-too-familiar scent that filled you with the strangest sense of nostalgia — *since you were attending school at the local college and had only been living in the dorms for a solid month or two at most by then* — you couldn't help but call out to the empty space a little wistfully before remembering that there was work to be done.

Your melancholy would have to wait for later, possibly accompanied by three old-timey ghosts ...

At the end of the day, though, Christmas was less than a week away, so if you were going to make your house a home again—! *...Just thinking that phrase made you throw up in your mouth a little, so the first order of business was finding your parents' booze cabinet and taking a shot.*

*A **very** heavy shot...*

...

Half a bottle of *something* later and the house was — *surprisingly, even to you* — tastefully decorated from top to bottom.

The moonshine in your belly must've hit the ashy cinder of an idea that you wanted the house to look good when your parents *eventually* got home, because before you were even a quarter of the way through what you could only guess had been a gift from your dad's boss — *because the swill that didn't even deserve to be called liquor was unmistakably **cheap** and **bad** tasting, its high alcohol content its only saving grace* — the halls were even more decked than you were, the fake tree you'd pulled out of the garage was set up and decorated in record time (since your dad wasn't around to tangle up the lights), and the presents that were waiting for you in your parents' closet (and brought more than a few tears to your eye) were wrapped and put under the tree, waiting for Christmas morning.

You could tell you were just tipsy enough that come morning, you'd forget what they'd gotten you and have a genuine look of surprise on your face when—

♪ **DING DONG~!** ♪

*"...Stupid, stupid, stupid! Why did you ring the doorbell!? If there really **is** a burglar in there you've only given them a chance to escape! The Mouses are counting on you! How could you mess up **this** badly **this** quickly!?"*

"Y-You should know I've already phoned the police and they're on their way~! I know the c-couple that live here, and they're away on vacation right now, so come out with your hands up and make this easy on every—!"

Even in your slightly inebriated state, you'd have recognized the downright *melodious* voice trying its darndest to sound intimidating anywhere, and as you approached the front door and spied the nervous hourglass-shaped silhouette through the frosted glass, the downright Pavlovian way your dick twitched only confirmed it.

Wrenching the door open just a little too quickly in your excitement to see him again, the very clearly very frightened ***"Eeeeeeeeeeeeeeeep~!"*** Marilyn let out was only outdone in cuteness by the way the Christmas-sweater-wearing fox tried hitting you over the head with the silicone whisk he was clutching like a bat and holding on to for dear life.

*Damn, even out of the vixen getup you were used to, he looked **good**...*

You recognized the housecoat he was wearing, but not the fuzzy bunny slippers that were already slick with snow, or the usually hideous-looking sweater that didn't look all that vomit-inducing on him, and drinking in the sight of the bottom-heavy

vaguely-snowman-shaped fox got you the rest of the way to happy-go-lucky drunk minus the whiskey dick.

Quite the opposite, actually...

“ANON!? What are YOU doing here!? Do you have any idea how SCARED I was that someone had—! ...That someone had broken into your parents’ house. Your house...”

Connecting the dots with the kind of delay that made you think he’d gotten into his *own* alcohol cabinet earlier, the blush that blossomed on Marilyn’s face made your dick twitch a second, third, and even fourth time, the sight of the dressed-down fox looking so worried and then so relieved just the kind of thing you’d love to find waiting for you after a long day of—

“Why didn’t you tell me you were coming back, Nonny!?”

The balled up fists pounding harmlessly on your chest as the homme-fatal whined at being seen in anything but the kind’ve outfit that would give you wet dreams for *weeks* put a booze-free blush in your cheeks that rivalled his, and as you drew the great big baby into a warm, tender, and long overdue hug, an *‘I’m sorry’* was the first thing that slipped between your lips.

Before Marilyn’s tongue, that is.

Clearly not caring about any other neighbours seeing — *or maybe knowing they were all out of town since he’d been charged with looking after more than just your parents’ house* — the kiss Marilyn gave you was *electric*.

Like ten-thousand volts straight to the brain that lit up ten-thousand Christmas lights, you instinctively dug your fingers into his cushy ass and pulled his hips even closer to yours so you could feel his massive bitch-stick hardening as your pre-drooling tip homed in on his saggy nuts and woke them up with a well-placed thrust.

His juicy soup-coolers really came to life after that, mashing against your seriously-outclassed lips as he gave your tongue the kind of blowjob that made your eyes roll back in your head.

“Oh, daaaaaaaaaaaaaadyyyyyyyyyy~!” Marilyn exhaled without thinking, his eyes closed as he embraced you back just as strongly, wrapping his arms around you so that the whisk he’d been holding onto fell to the ground with a dull thud.

You really hadn’t meant to leave your new boyfriend alone for so long, but with classes and tests and dorm events you knew would be important for making connections in future you’d—

“MY MACARONS~!”

Those two little words and the way Marilyn shrieked as if you'd just splashed him with a bucket of ice-cold water spoke volumes, so, releasing the femdile from your clawing, kneading grasp and savouring the way the heat left on your hands contrasted with the crisp air outside, you almost didn't catch how quickly the fat-assed succubus (♂) picked up his whisk and dashed back towards his house to try and rescue the baked goods he must've left in his oven.

...He knew where to find you now, so if you didn't hear fire engines roaring down your street in the next ten or so minutes, *he'd be back*. While it was certainly better not to think of the worst case scenario, in the unlikely event he **did** end up needing a smoke-free place to sleep for a couple nights, you at least had the room.

. . .

An hour and a half — *or roughly three more shots* — later, your doorbell rang again, a fancy tin and an even fancier note left waiting on top of your porch.

With Marilyn nowhere in sight after you ran to the door as fast as your uncoordinated legs would bear you and stuck your head out to get a good look all around, the only traces he'd even been there at all were the macarons that you (thankfully) hadn't been responsible for burning, his sweet scent in the air, and the high heel shoe prints in the snow.

Imagining him dressed to the nines and either dashing all the way home fast enough to break several world and Olympic records, or just finding a hiding place to watch you without being noticed, you carefully picked up the heartwarming gift and took it inside to have something to sate your hunger if it wasn't going to be Marilyn himself...

Good lord were the cookies ever delicious!, you thought as you inhaled the first two before even locking your front door or calming down enough to properly savour them, the hand-written note helping prolong the life of the delicious morsels resting on your kitchen counter because of how long it took you to decipher the ornate script he'd used.

The ever-so-slight double-vision you were experiencing wasn't helping any either, but it was already on its way out as you started to sober up...

"Dearest Anon,

*"Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year~! I can't believe we've been such close neighbours all this time and I never noticed how much of a **stud** was living in my own backyard~♥!"*

The heart alone had so much dedication put into it that you could easily imagine Marilyn slaving away over the parchment by candlelight for **hours**, and you had to put the page

right up to your face to examine every microscopic detail of it properly, a burst of his hypnotic perfume wafting off the paper and right into your veins once you did.

Christ, imagining the cookie sandwich you were holding was his nonexistent pussylips no thanks to the colour that seemed to match the lewdest parts of his coat perfectly, you plunged your tongue inside it, rooted around for a bit, and kept reading with an angry stiffy that demanded you run over to your *pet's* house and pipe his ass until it was overflowing with a white, creamy filling of a different kind...

*"Stacy's spending her break at school, so I'm all alone and have the whole house to myself right now. Since you're home alone too, maybe we could spend the holidays together~? I was baking those macarons to mail off to her tomorrow, but I can always make another batch if you want to... **devour them...**"*

Every word Marilyn wrote came alive with the sort of sexual frustration that told you just how blue his balls were, so it was only right — *since you prided yourself on being a good neighbour* — that you go over and help him warm them up before they burst.

"Won't you be my Santa and bring me a Christmas miracle, daddy~♥? I've already hung up all the mistletoe we'll need, so all that's left is the man I want to kiss all over.

"Forever yours,

"Marilyn~

The kiss mark left on the page was so thick and heavy with his usual shade of lipstick that you couldn't help but imagine painting his lips **white** instead. So, grabbing your coat, putting on your shoes, triple-checking you locked the front door, and that the stove and all the lights were off, you rushed over to his place faster than even a hundred reindeer could pull a sleigh, feeling more sober and more sure of yourself than ever before.

*There was only one gift you wanted this Christmas, and **by God**, you'd get it one way or another!*

. . .

The weather seemed to take a turn for the worse with every feverish leap and bound towards what you couldn't stop thinking of as 'Stacy's house.'

The casual dusting of snow had turned into the sort of blizzard that saw snowflakes falling in clumps so large they reminded you of your fox's perfect eyelashes, and a bitter

wind was joined by a bitter cold that seeped into your bones and inspired you to race straight into the warmth and safety of the powerful thighs you couldn't wait to feel wrapped around you.

While you were already guaranteed a white Christmas, it seemed like Jack Frost himself had intervened to make sure you were snowed in and trapped in your fox's den until New Years, a thought that hardly troubled you compared to how much it excited you.

*Getting to spend your entire break under, on top of, and **inside** Marilyn!? You couldn't have asked for a more perfect opportunity to pop the big question you'd been mulling over all month...!*

. . .

Opening the door that had been left unlocked for you, and taking off your snowy boots and frosty coat to store them someplace they'd be out of the way, your eyes were drawn to a wide red ribbon that stretched the length of the hallway only to disappear up the stairs.

Besides the obvious smell of delicious baking that filled the house, your well-trained nose picked up the scent of your **bitch in HEAT**, and you climbed the stairs two and sometimes three at a time to fill your burning lungs with even more of the pants-tenting aroma and get to its source that much faster.

Your treasure trail ended where the ribbon was tied to a doorknob, the door it was attached to left slightly ajar so that both light and the nose-tickling scent of horny DILF could leak out. All that was left was opening it and claiming your prize, but before you could even take one step inside to start the real festivities, the sight of what Marilyn had between his puckered lips stopped you cold...

With your vision narrowing and taking on a reddish hue that matched your rising bloodlust, there, held up by his fat bottom-lip was a (thankfully) unlit **cancer stick**...

*There couldn't possibly be a bigger turn off for you than a **smoker**, but you'd never tasted smoke or ash on his tongue or between his teeth anytime you'd explored them, so before you could growl out something vaguely resembling a question, Marilyn started to explain himself.*

Sort of...

*"Come in, **Santa dear**~♥ You must be here to give me my **punishment** for being such a bad, **bad** boi this year~!"*

The wink he sent floating across the room melted the look of disgust right off your face, and the way Marilyn awkwardly pulled the cigarette out of his mouth and tried to clean off his tongue like he was trying to get the taste out of his mouth calmed your rage to a light simmer, *but then why was he—?*

“Pssst~! Anon~! I found it in Stacy’s room! Just play along, honey~♥!”

Snapping the *offending object* clean in half before safely throwing it in a nearby trash can, Marilyn gave you another wink and shake of his massive ass and droopy-looking balls as his cock shivered and spewed huge strands of precum onto the floor and—

OH! Slapping your face in embarrassment at not realizing what was happening, *or was supposed to, anyway*, the ‘bad boy’ you were clearly there to ‘punish’ bent over a low half-wall until the ass that was pointed squarely at you eclipsed everything but the rippling cock poking out beneath it.

Crossing the gap in just a couple strides and using the extra momentum to deliver a sharp slap to his ass you were pretty sure even Santa himself would’ve heard, the way Marilyn’s body rippled with the shock; his cock throbbed and jumped until it smacked against the wall; and especially the way he sucked air in between his teeth to let you know that one *stung* was ***pure sex...***

“I’m soooooorry, daaaaaddy, don’t spank me moooooooooore~!”

Without missing a beat, the other massive creamsicle-cheek soon had a matching red handprint on it and Marilyn might as well have been kissing the floor with how deep his slutty backbend had become and how low his head was hanging.

There was no denying the technique was effective, though, since it earned him the yule log he’d been dreaming about all month, plopped right between his massive cheeks before you used your rolling-pin to trace the still-stinging strike zones that had been oh so thoroughly *tenderized*.

...Both you and he knew that his prostate was next on the list of things in need of punishment, so hefting his massive balls just to get a feel for how long it’d been since he’d last drained them, and feeling them churn in your hands as the seed within roiled around desperate for release, you ever-so-gently let his balls drop while spreading his ass wide open and sinking as deep as you possibly could inside his thoroughly pre-lubed hole in one smooth motion.

A deep, fully satisfied sigh escaped both of you in tandem, but Marilyn added on to it with a, *“W-Welcome home, honey! It’s been too long~!”* under his breath.

Helping him shrug off the Christmas-themed robe he was wearing so you wouldn’t be tempted to rip it off him or get it dirty, and then grabbing his waist and leaning on him to signal that he needed to spread his legs a bit wider so you had a better angle of attack, you started the slow-but-steady and constantly accelerating motion of your hips, whispering a *Choo-choo~* in his ear as your Polar Express got up to speed.

. . .

*“Oh **God**, yes, oh **FUUUUUUUUUUUUUCK~!** Right there, Anon, **right! fucking! THEEEERE~!**”*

A splattering of real cum hit the floor that time, and Marilyn's ass begged you for its creamy reward with a shimmy, shake, and squeeze, but you weren't even *close* to ready to blow yet, so you just kept pumping.

*No, you wouldn't be ready until you taught him a **very** important lesson...*

The cigarette was one thing, but he'd trimmed his tail much too short! You loved that tail! *Its scent, its silky-soft luxury! What happened, and who convinced him short tails were rebellious, or in fashion, or **whatever** they said to get him to trim it!?*

*“I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I'm **SORRRRRRRRRRRRRRRYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYY~!**”*

His second orgasm pumped right between your fingers as you leaned over him, resting your full but not-too-considerable weight on his back as you rubbed and squeezed and wrung his massive cock out with both hands.

It almost wasn't fair, having such a thick, juicy, and totally irresistible cock to go with his mammoth, marshmallow-y ass, but that was just the way the dice fell sometimes!

*“It's natural, **ALL NATURAL!** J-Just my summer coat falling out! **It'll be back in no time, honeeeeeeeeeeeeeey~!**”*

Oh...

A couple extra softer slaps on his ass as you stood back up to your full height helped cover up your embarrassment, and Marilyn's eyes doing cartwheels and somersaults told you he didn't really mind the misunderstanding anyway.

*“I'll never cut it, Anon, **I promise!** I didn't know how much you loved it, but I'll grow it out for you from now on! I—! I'll go get **extensions** if that's what you—!”*

*No, no, he didn't have to go *that* far, as erotic as the thought of him making himself even more attractive to you was... He was perfectly submissive and breedable just the way he was; you were just worried he'd fallen in with the wrong crowd...*

Rubbing his back to let him know how glad you were that it seemed like he'd learned his lesson about smoking, *you let him know you'd help him overcome his oral fixation by letting him suck on something much healthier and more natural from then on.*

“Ooooooooooh yeeeeeeeeeeeeessssss, pleeeeeeeaaaaaaassssssseeeeeeeee~!”

Hearing the dulcet tones of Marilyn's baritone, or maybe even bass, rumbling out of his chest as he *purred for you* shook you to the core just as thoroughly as the vibrations that travelled up your cock and into your balls, guaranteeing him a great big creamy reward by starting your shot clock a little early.

...Fuck! Not that you *didn't* want to cream the foxhole you were still balls-deep inside, but you had way more puns to burn off first—!

*“...Don't worry, daddy, your good little **girl** will be sure to act up more later if you aren't done **punishing her yet~♥**”*

Speak of the devil and he'll wring your balls dry, Stacy's dad had once again read your mind as he started to twerk his ass and bounce his balls into yours, the gentle, rhythmic contact making your timer run down twice as fast by reminding you that **you** were in charge.

It didn't matter how hung or how strong or how tall or how—!

Wrapping your arms around your vixen's middle so you could brutalize his prostate with a few extra-fast, extra-hard thrusts, knowing the big-dicked sub would pop the second you did pushed you right over the edge and into a swirling whirlpool of lust, love, and ego.

Completely speechless thanks to the sheer amount of cum you were filling him with and spraying right up against his extra-sensitive prostate, Marilyn actually collapsed onto the wall, using it to hold up his chest as you held up his rear and staggered an inch or two forward to ensure he wouldn't spill so much as a drop of your seed even as he poured oceans of his own onto the cold, hard floor below where it pooled between your feet and his curling toes.

As the goopy mess spread out more and more, you couldn't resist the urge to stoke the great big firehose from base to tip and huff some of Marilyn's delicious scent straight off his twitching, arched back, and *that* little move earned you another groan that went from bass straight to soprano as a second orgasm shot through the cock you were still holding on to and you felt the powerful *bitchmeat* throb and convulse.

*What a high! Knowing you were responsible for his mind-shattering pleasure when he had a dick that was easily three times as big as yours...! What a shame that something so powerful looking was so fucking **USELESS~!***

As a growl built in the back of your throat at the *not-so-nice* thought of turning the kind of tool he had into nothing more than a decoration, all that was left was to finally stake your claim and let the rest of the world know what the two of you already knew in your hearts but had never said out loud: *that Marilyn **belonged** to you, and you to him, in the strongest and most unbreakable way possible.*

Filling him from bottom to top with the kind of **heat** you knew would make his head spin, the way his balls cradled yours and encouraged you to drain every last swimmer you had inside him like you were trying to turn your DILF into a MILF got an extra gear or two spinning, and the thought of Marilyn in a wedding dress and then bridal lingerie

earned your paramour another couple ropes and another couple shakes of your hips against his.

What a Christmas miracle...

. . .

Finally pulling out of Marilyn's brutalized hole with a wet ***schlorp*** that uncorked his ass and meant your seed gushed out and over his creamy balls until he remembered to tighten back up and keep it inside as best he could, you walked the two steps around the little-wall-that-could to your Christmas-present's front end to snake your fingers through his hair and pull back his head until his jittery, unfocused eyes met yours.

"...I lo—" was all you heard your broodmare (♂) slur before you cut him off and shut him up with a deep kiss and then bite on his ear that you *sincerely* hoped would leave a scar as proof as your ownership.

It seemed he felt the same way based on the massive crater his by-then dry-orgasming cock left in the wall once it swung up to punch it, and either his excitement was just that powerful, or the wall had just had enough punishment by then, but either way, you went right back to kissing him until both of you ended up short of breath and you were pawing at each other.

The third orgasm you'd bullied out of him in as many minutes meant Marilyn simply couldn't stay conscious or upright anymore, eventually sliding down the wall and collapsing into the puddle of splooge you'd helped him make, but the smile on his face and the way his dick bobbed even as it shrank back down from its titanic size told you he was alright.

Probably needed a big glass of water or two, but he'd be alright...

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With the sun having just finished setting and the storm outside making sure snow kept on falling at a steady, record-breaking pace, there was a greater-than-one-hundred-percent chance you'd be staying the night. So, once both you and Marilyn were done taking showers, you started brushing out his coat and paying special attention to his tail to help him get ready for bed.

*...Getting in together could've saved both time and water, but you both realized pretty quickly that that would've defeated the purpose of actually trying to get **clean**, so you'd made the sensible decision to take turns instead. And since your fox had a lot more to scrub, shampoo, and whatever else he usually did to take care of his luxurious coat, you'd gone first so you could help him dry off afterwards.*

Honestly, the more you looked at the stubby-looking thing — at least compared to its previous boa-length — and ran your fingers through it as you brushed, the more the

shorter tail started to grow on you (no pun intended) because of how easy it was to *yank*.

You wouldn't need to wrap it around your arm to get a good grip on it since it wasn't as big and bulky as before, and it was a lot easier to lift up and out of the way of his luscious ass, too, so there were certain pros to go along with the obvious cons.

...The cons *obviously* outweighed those pros because you dearly missed the extra volume and softness your vixen had wrapped your whole body up in before, but it wasn't like it was the end of the world, or **permanent**, so you'd just have to make do and count the days until his winter coat came back in again.

As you stood behind your slightly-less-fluffy boyfriend while he sat on a cute little bench in front of his bedroom vanity, the mirror meant you could still see the smile on his face and the little glimmer in his eyes as he suddenly spoke up to console you.

"It'll aaaaall grow back, sweetie," he whispered shyly, dragging a brush of his own down the fur on his chest, arms, and stomach, having read your mind yet again, or maybe just noticing the slight disappointment on your face as you played with his shorter tail.

That was definitely a relief — *and clearly there was more to learn about fox anthros than you ever realized since you panicked at first* — but you were more than ready to start if he was willing to teach you. *After all*, if something as simple as the length of his tail changed the way you felt about him, then—!

"...Anonymous, I think it's about time we had a rather important *talk*."

The temperature in the room dropped by about ten degrees as soon as Marilyn spun around to face you and the word 'talk' was uttered, but even though visions more horrifying than you cared to recognize as real possibilities spun around inside your head, you stood up straighter, put a hand on Marilyn's shoulder, and readied yourself to convince him why your love was—

"I can't lie to myself about what you're doing with me behind my daughter's back anymore... I can't lie to her about it either... It isn't fair to either of us...!"

"So... I need you to choose, Anonymous. I need you to choose just one of us, and if it's her, then I'll underst—"

The manic grin of *relief* that spread across your face without you even realizing it seemed to piss your future hubby off something **fierce** because the playful bats of his fists against your chest weren't quite so playful anymore...

"Stop it, this is serious! *You have to take this seriously!* I—! I don't want to lose you, but I can't choose my own happiness over my daughter's anymore! This is—! *This is wrong!* I've betrayed her and I don't think I can ever—!"

As indignant as Stacy's dad tried to act, when you bent down and pulled his head into a steamy little kiss, he didn't make a single move to resist you, and the longer the kiss went on, the less angry he seemed about it and the more pliable he became.

Cupping his cheeks, playing with his fur, rubbing the cushy spots under his eyes to get him to close them so you could surprise him with even more kisses— There wasn't a single thing you did that Marilyn objected to or fought you over, and that meant the world to you.

His thick, juicy lips clearly weren't too shy or feeling too guilty to crash against yours over and over again anymore, and his tongue sought yours out as you explored the inside of his mouth and traced both the gentle and jagged lines of his teeth. In fact, as his breathing sped up and he leaned closer and closer to you, your kiss added a hug that only intensified the molten-hot feelings you were baring to each other.

"...I want you to choose me," he suddenly whispered as soon as you broke the kiss for air, his usually soft and silky hands clutching at you with an unbreakable strength.

The start of a tear had begun to form in the corner of one of his immaculate eyes, and not wanting to see him cry or ruin his makeup — *because that was your cock's job!* — it was clear that that exact moment was the best and only opportunity you had to come clean.

So you did... You told him everything.

*You were **never** dating Stacy... Not for a second. While she **might** describe you as a friend, that's all you were: **friends**. There never seemed to be a good chance to tell him the truth before because you wanted to keep the lie up a little longer so long as it meant you got to keep seeing him, and spending time with him, and falling in love with him, and—!*

Starting with the biggest bombshell of all, you'd never seen Marilyn's eyes so wide before, but they only got bigger and bigger the more you explained and the more heartfelt your explanation became.

So much for sparing his makeup, Stacy's dad had burst into full on tears by the end of your confession.

Seemingly inconsolable, the best you could do was hug him and hold him close and try to shush— ***"Ahahahahahahaaaaaaa~!"***

Wait, what—?

"I can't believe it~! I can't believe it!"

Instantly cutting any and all tension in the room to ribbons, the joyous, raucous laughter that seemed to explode outwards from deep in Marilyn's fluffy chest took you completely and utterly by surprise.

The yips and barks and squeals reminded you of the obvious fact that he was a fox at the end of the day, while at the same time telling you just how *uninhibited* the noises were. The always-perfect (in your eyes) fox had both succumbed and surrendered himself to the feeling that had filled him from his head to his toes, and both of you were simply along for the ride until it ran its course.

Once it did peter out, though, and Marilyn was clutching at your chest as if it was providing him shelter from a raging storm, all you could do was wait for him to catch his breath and try to explain what in the hell was going on.

"I was—! *Oh Nonny!* I was so afraid! *I was so afraid that I was being a terrible, horrible, **selfish** father for ever making a move on you in the first place, and then not breaking things off with you afterwards, but **now**—!*

"I really was worried about her! I didn't want her to have to quit school because she couldn't resist getting on her back and spreading her legs for you~! ...*I can hardly resist it myself*, so I thought—! *Oh good lord, I can't believe I ever thought I was **protecting her**~!* That it was **OKAY** for you to take out your lusts and your urges on **ME** so long as it meant she wasn't—!

*"But then I fell for you! Head over heels! Heels behind my head! Legs around your back~! I couldn't tell which I wanted more: you, or **grandkids**! Because those were pretty much **guaranteed** with a great big human cock like yours! ...You would've bloated her poor little womb and filled her with a whole **litter** of kits that I would end up taking care of with a smile on my face so she could finish her degree while getting her back blown out on the regular and—!*

"Thank you, *thank you, **thank you!*** What a **RELIEF**~! *I can't say I'm terribly pleased that you seem to have **tricked me**, you bad, **bad** boy, but there's nothing to feel guilty about anymore~!* I can have you all to myself now! *You were **never** Stacy's, I **never** stole you, you really only ever lied by **omission**, and even **that** was me making assumptions, so—!"*

It was your turn to stun someone into silence as Marilyn covered his whole muzzle with both hands, his ears piqued, his eyes wide, and his tail ramrod straight. He'd sensed the change in the atmosphere even before you made your move, and by the time his brain processed what his misty eyes were telling him, the floor was utterly yours.

Knowing it was then or never because you couldn't possibly hope for a better moment, and smiling with the kind of sincerity that made your fox's heart skip a beat, you put on

as serious a face as you could given the circumstances so there wouldn't be any further misunderstandings and got down on one knee.

Thanking your lucky stars that you hadn't forgotten it in your excitement because the storm still raging outside meant you probably wouldn't have been able to go back to your house for it until the new year, the red velvet box that had been hiding in your back pocket slowly made its appearance so you could finally crack it open to reveal the sterling-silver snowflake pendant and black silk choker it was meant to hang from.

. . .

The charm had all but called your name one day from a table that had been set up at a campus showcase where various local craftspeople came to hawk their wares.

There was no ignoring the way it caught your eye after a streak of light bounced off of it and pretty much directly into your brain, and when you walked over to inspect it, there was no denying that the simple and (most importantly at the time) affordable necklace was beautiful and a perfect match for Marilyn, either.

In fact, the mental image of your foxy boyfriend wearing it with pride was as clear in your mind as any of your fellow students walking to class around you, and the wholly intrusive thought of it hanging from his neck as he deepthroated your cock sealed the deal.

So you bought it...

It wasn't a ring (yet), and it wasn't gold (yet), and it didn't have any diamonds (yet), but its beauty was a lot like Marilyn's: understated but nevertheless undeniable if you had the right eye for that kind of thing.

The twinkle in your eye as you paid for it without so much as haggling put a smile on the old vendor's face, and sensing it was a gift for someone important, she threw in the box for free and wished you 'the best of luck' with 'whatever girl was lucky enough to catch the eye of a young man like you.'

She couldn't have been more wrong, but it was the thought that counted...!

. . .

Waiting until Marilyn took a breath to properly 'pop the question' and *officially* ask him to be your boyfriend, you were reminded of the patriarch's hidden strength when he effortlessly lifted you off the ground to spin you around and pepper your face with fat, wet kisses as he ecstatically agreed with a long, unbroken string of "yes"es you could only make out when he finally figured out how dizzy he was making you.

Holding you steady until the world stopped spinning, the way he languidly rubbed a paw up and down one of your arms helped your motion sickness almost as much as the burning passion in his eyes you couldn't look away from.

“...**Yes, Anon.** I will. You didn’t even need to ask, but I’m so, so glad you did~♥”

The kiss Marilyn gave you was about as chaste as they come, *but it still got you rock hard and straining at your zipper, the feeling of your fox’s — and you could absolutely call him **your fox** from then on! — lips pressed against your own and so full of love outperforming even the greatest aphrodisiac in the world.*

Once he’d kneeled in front of you and pulled his hair to one side so you could put the choker around his neck, the real thing was even sexier and more beautiful than you’d imagined, and the slutty, craven kiss he gave you **ACTUALLY** made you cum in your pants.

*As if he was fighting to steal the last bit of air from your lungs, Marilyn’s lips and tongue dominated yours and all of your senses until the only things you could feel, see, taste, smell and hear were **him**. Until the only thing you could think about was **him**. Until the only thing you wanted was **him**...*

He didn’t need to call you daddy, he didn’t need to make his ass clap, you didn’t need to bully his cock, and he didn’t even need to touch yours. His kiss— **All of him** was full of so much fucking love for you that you couldn’t hold back from creaming your jeans on the spot.

Marilyn knew it, too...

Holding the back of your head so you couldn’t pull away or find relief from the overstimulation he’d somehow managed to force on you with little more than his tongue and lips, your cock raged from within its cloth prison and dropped the kind of wad that left you weak in the knees and made it so Marilyn had to hold you up to keep you from hitting the floor.

But still, he just kept on kissing you.

Dragging your orgasm out from a burning building, and then down the road and all the way to the hospital, you were jizzing air by the time he finally pulled away and let you have a breath that wasn’t completely and utterly saturated with **him**, and you had to take it quick because the way he threw you on the nearby bed took your breath away all over again.

*What was—? **Ah**...*

Whether as a “thank you” for the heartfelt gift you’d just given him, *or just because he wanted to reclaim what was his*, Marilyn had turned into a hunter on the prowl, shimmying his lithe and shapely body over to you so he could take your pants off and get a noseful of your incredibly stained boxers.

“...Y-Y-You don’t mind, d-d-do you, h-honey~?” he slurred and stuttered, licking his chops as his eyes swam around in his head.

It didn't seem like 'no' was an acceptable answer, but your hungry fox wasn't willing to wait for your enthusiastic 'yes!' before he snaked his long, flexible tongue through the fly of your underwear and started to clean up the mess he'd made you make anyway...

His hot breath washing over your skin even though it had to filter through the cotton of your boxers got your thoroughly-spent cock stirring and your balls working overtime again, another load already in the making as he feasted on the previous one.

Forgoing the use of his hands and embracing his feral roots — *or so it seemed* — the way Marilyn used his teeth to nip and tug at the thing keeping him from licking your sticky body clean was cute enough that you might've lost your boner, but insanely hot enough at the same time that you only got harder...

Which is why, when you started to tent the fabric weighed down by your earlier 'excitement,' he almost literally jumped at the chance to chomp down on a void you created and tug the thing down your hips and towards your knees.

At least, until he got a good taste of what was inside it...

The way Marilyn's breathing hitched and then sped up as he sucked and chewed on your boxers was just about all the warning you got before he abandoned the 'wrapper' to focus on the 'popsicle' he'd revealed.

Sure, he dragged his slobbery licker over your thighs and around your balls, but it didn't take him long to introduce his tonsils to the very tip of your cock and start nursing on every inch of your rigid length.

Which only lasted as long as it took for him to confirm you were back to one hundred percent hardness.

THEN he opted to fuck his own face against your crotch, his cold, wet nose peppering your balls with the kind of gentle kisses that pulled your hands from the bed where they were clutching the sheets for dear life straight to his fluffy, twitching ears where they'd remain super-glued until you pumped a load just as big as the last one right into his stomach...!

Or so the smoky eyes that were staring straight into yours all but ordered you...

The kind of aggression Marilyn was showing off made you wonder what would've happened to you if you'd successfully guessed his size and gotten him a ring after all, but the way his throat contracted around you and he fucking **SWALLOWED** to massage you from base to tip made you forget all about how much you loved and *r-respected* and **ch-ch-cherised** the fox that was erasing the word 'pussy' from your vocabulary!

Like a woodpecker on meth, your boyfriend's head was a blur except for the Cheshire-like grin on his face, and the second you found the strength to lift your hips off

the bed and meet him mid-face-fuck, his hands shot under your ass like bolts of lightning and he started jack-hammering you into him on autopilot.

You didn't need to thrust anymore — *in fact, you couldn't have if you wanted to* — because Marilyn was in complete control. Using that same strength from earlier, he lifted you into his by-then twisting and slurping face and let gravity pull the two of you apart.

There was no escape, no mercy, and no universe where you *didn't* cum your brains out all over again while squealing like a little girl as he forced you to face-fuck him through the entirety of your latest orgasm (and then some), so why not embrace it?

Finding the wherewithal to proclaim your love as you started shooting and treating your tormentor's uvula like a speed bag ended up being a great big fucking **mistake**, but the second dry orgasm Marilyn's throat-game would milk out of you once you were all out of jizz would haunt your wetdreams in the best way possible for months to come...

Making eye-contact as his throat worked to pull every last drop out of your balls and into his hungry, needy, **slutty** stomach, you could almost hear him saying "*Gimme everything, daddy~!*", but that was probably just your lust-pickled brain making things up as your third orgasm — *one of your first and only entirely dry orgasms, in fact* — knocked you right into unconsciousness.

"Sweet dreams, baby~♥" was the last thing you *actually* heard your fox whisper over the sound of him licking his chops, sucking his fingers clean, and swallowing greedily before letting out the cutest and most arousing of burps as darkness overtook you.

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A few errant rays of sun had managed to slip into the bedroom through the smallest of cracks in the tightly-drawn curtains to start waking you up from the best sleep you'd had in your life.

Marilyn had tucked himself underneath your arm, the softness of his fur mixed with the heat coming off his voluptuous body making it feel like you were in front of a warm and cozy fireplace, and as your cock started to stir at memories from the previous night, so did your boyfriend.

"...Good morning, sweetie," he crooned, looking up at you with doe-like fuck-me-ragged eyes, both of your cocks working together to tent the blanket you were sharing.

"**Someone's** excited...! Goodness, you're just *insatiable*, aren't you, *darrrrling~?*"

Fffffffffffffffuck, the way Marilyn moaned and rolled his Rs and breathed on the side of your face as his paw slithered over your body and straight to your cock was downright torturous!

He knew all your weak spots and just where to press and squeeze to get you leaking like a broken firehose, but while you would've loved nothing more than to leave a fox-shaped hole in his mattress, the ache and creak deep in your bones told you they were empty and food and water were necessary as more than just fuel for your sex machine's engine.

An especially loud gurgle from your empty stomach voiced your concerns much more eloquently than your mouth ever could — *especially since words were just as hard as your dick at that moment* — and taking the not-so-subtle hint, Marilyn slunk out of bed and put on a little show for you as he dashed off to the kitchen to get to work on something for the two of you to eat.

“French toast coming right up, my love~!” he'd whispered with a blown kiss, the wobble of his phat ass heading out the door meaning you'd end up waiting another couple minutes for the necessary amount of blood to fill your legs so you could walk properly.

. . .

The sheer amount of Michelin-star worthy French toast you found waiting for you downstairs boggled the mind...

Maybe Stacy was a big eater, or French toast was the secret behind Marilyn's *over-endowment*, but even in the event he wanted you to carbo-load for some marathon sexy-times, there was just too much toast and not enough room in your belly to take another succulent bite...

Right after you took one last one, that is.

Good lord, wearing nothing but an apron as he manned his stove and churned out golden-brown goodness like a machine certainly gave you an appetite, but as your eyeballs started to swim in the high-quality real Canadian maple syrup waiting for you on the kitchen island, you knew Marilyn would have to do most of the work because you could hardly move, let alone thrust.

*“Don't worry, honey, there's more than enough time for **that** later~ Right now, I just want you to enjoy yourself! So feast your eyes and fill your belly, **stud**. You deserve it after you filled mine last night~♥”*

How many more times could Marilyn take your breath away with his natural beauty...?

Without a single drop, flake, or iota of makeup on, his unbridled happiness at having your little misunderstanding cleared up was radiating off of him in the kind of glow you normally thought only— *That only—*

“...Honey? Is everything alright?”

With yet another morsel of custardy goodness pierced on your fork and en route to your mouth, a very special thought that had crossed your mind before but was causing a multi-lane pileup now resurfaced with a vengeance.

*Marilyn was glowing like he was **pregnant**... Obviously that was impossible, but what if it wasn't...? What if you simply hadn't tried hard enough? Hadn't wanted to knock him up badly enough? As bad as you wanted to right there, right then!?*

For one reason or another, seeing your femDILF *au naturel* — out of his usual dick-stiffening trappings and especially vulnerable — drove you to the edge of breeding madness, your hearty breakfast completely forgotten after one *final* final bite.

There was something **else** thick, fluffy, and mouth-watering you wanted to sink your teeth into instead, and you knew you'd never be able to get enough of it either...

"A-Anon...!?"

Marilyn had caught on all too late, his ears twitching and his head on a swivel once his nose picked up the scent of a strong and powerful predator going into rut.

A handful of his instincts were telling him to run since he couldn't possibly compete with an 'objectively superior' male, but the vast majority were telling him to bend over, hike his tail, and get ready to get filled with a **VERY** heavy litter of kits.

"*Oh, daddyyyyyyyyyyyy~!*" he squealed in euphoric terror before making a mad dash to the stairs, if only to avoid being rutted unconscious on the kitchen floor.

The spine-tingling roar that escaped your lips and echoed in the otherwise empty house caught up to him in no time, though, making him go weak in the knees so that he had no choice but to crawl his fat ass up the last few steps before you caught him and hefted your prey over one of your shoulders with a Herculean strength neither of you would have thought you were capable of before.

Luckily for Marilyn, he was already planning on replacing both his and Stacy's bed frames because the pile of splinters you were about to reduce both of them to wouldn't make for very comfortable snuggling...

With your final fully-conscious thought, you let the matriarch in waiting know you'd turned off the stove and polished off the last of the toast but were *still hungry*.

The relieved smile all but melted off his face when your raunchy musk finally hit him, and with a bestial but submissive yip, your vixen assumed both her role and the position it demanded...

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"A-Anon, that was—!"

...More than a little embarrassing, you had to admit, once you were conscious and back in control of your battered and bruised body.

Carrying Marilyn the short distance to his bed certainly took a physical toll on you, but growling and screaming “GET PREGNANT!” at him over and over again every time you filled him to a leaking point took a different, mental sort of toll.

The well-fucked and thoroughly ‘bred’ vixen beside you didn’t seem to mind all that much given how wonderfully full his by-then distended stomach was, and how deliciously empty his own nuts felt after the war of attrition you waged on his body, *but the cringe was undeniable all the same, and far too powerful for you to block out without an especially stiff drink...*

“...You know I would if I could, Anon.”

While it wasn’t *necessarily* the last thing in the world you expected to hear, that ten-tonne icebreaker still got you out from hiding behind your hands because of how much it confused you.

Wh-What?

“There were plenty of times I thought I definitely didn’t want to be a father, and others I doubted my own abilities to raise Stacy into the beautiful young woman I know she’s becoming, but there were even more times — *when I looked into her eyes or rocked her to sleep or tried to cheer her up whenever she was crying* — that I wished she had a brother or sister to play with... Someone that would be with her long after I was gone.

“I think you’d make an excellent father, *daddy*, and I just wish I was able to give you that chance~♥”

Lounging on the only unbroken bed in the house, you couldn’t help but look around the guest room and imagine how you’d fit a crib and a change table inside it.

To think that Marilyn was that serious about you... It brought a tear to your eye and made something *other* than your penis grow three sizes.

What would you name him or her? you wondered as you fell asleep in your future-husband’s arms, sharing an unexpected but not unwelcome tender moment between bouts of white-hot passion.

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The rest of the short holiday break passed in much the same way after that: surprisingly tender emotional moments sandwiched between ball-draining, bed-breaking, drain-clogging fuckfests that left either you, Marilyn, or both of you unable to walk until you absolutely had to stop bumping uglies to drag yourselves out of the bedroom, bathroom, or even the hallway to get something to eat or drink lest your smiling and emaciated bodies be found in the new year.

Living off each other's love was a nice thought, but sharing a meal together was even nicer...

Perhaps because of how hot and sweaty things kept getting inside Stacy's house, the weather outside cleared up just enough that you managed to go back to your parents' house for Christmas day, too, if only to show your hubby around and open the presents that had been left for you.

It was hard to ignore the happy tail-wags that likely meant Marilyn was planning out a stealthy route to come visit you in the middle of the night in future, but once you showed him how much better your route to his house was, you didn't have a choice but to take him up to your room and pretend you'd just brought a sexy little coed home with you.

The tasteful Christmas-themed (or perhaps just coloured) lingerie he'd put on without you knowing was easily the best present you could've ever wished for, and besides what Marilyn would later refer to as his 'engagement collar,' the toe-cramps from over-curling and the tail cramps from over-wagging served as pretty good stocking stuffers.

*If only because his lingerie included stockings and your absolute favourites, **garter-belts...***

. . .

"...When do you have to go back to your dorm?"

The heart-wrenching question was a massive, glowing, neon-sign of a question mark looming over your relationship as a whole — *at least for Marilyn* — but you refused to let something as silly as— *okay, not 'silly,' but **temporary** as school get in the way of true love!*

...Probably not until the second week of January or thereabouts, you lazily whispered back, holding onto Marilyn's hand like you were already an old married couple, looking to comfort and console him.

"...With Stacy out of town, you could always come stay with me, you know."

*...Now **there** was an idea, but you'd already ponied up for the next semester and—*

"You don't have to worry about that kind of thing anymore, darling."

Marilyn sure didn't pull any punches, but an offer like that was far too generous.

While you were painfully aware of just how loaded your vixen was, your grades would probably be in danger if you spent every minute of every day balls-deep in his ass like you could already tell you wanted to, so—

“I understand~♥ It’s not like you’ll be in a different city, and you can always drop by on the weekends if there’s something weighing you down that you need some help relieving~♥”

Once again reading your mind — *or maybe just being in the same boat as you were and not wanting to go more than a week without you being inside him* — the idea of slowly but surely losing control over the course of a week until you burst through his front door and railed him over the kitchen island or the nearest sofa got you *stirring* again.

“Now **Anon!** Try and keep that monster in your pants *and out of my mouth* or the next thing we know, your parents will be home~!”

The tittering giggle that was music to your ears got your gears turning again...

*Your parents... You’d need to — because you **wanted to** — introduce Marilyn to them as soon as they were back home, and—!*

“One thing at a time, Anon~! ...*Maybe we could break the news to them **and** Stacy all at once.* It might save us a little headache so long as we aren’t caught before then~♥”

Stacy! *Good lord, you’d completely forgotten about her! ...Thank God you weren’t in high school anymore or she might rip your throat out for embarrassing her publicly by fucking and (eventually) marrying her dad.*

...Uh, yeah, telling everyone all at once was probably a good idea, if only to try and leverage their individual embarrassment over causing a scene in front of each other against them.

*Christ, that sounded worse than you meant it to, but **dammit!** You were going to minimize the blowback no matter how you had to do it!*

“Good boy~♥”

A loving kiss led where all your loving kisses tended to, and before you knew it, Marilyn had wrapped his tongue around your base and was clearly intent on leaving your room smelling like a horny fox had dumped a litre of useless spunk all over the floor...

Truly, it was the most wonderful time of the year.

END...?