

Today had been one of *those* days for Shrike. The kind of day where it could never pinpoint exactly what went wrong, the annoyance and exhaustion instead coming from a thousand little somethings that toppled poor Mr. Vicario over. His lithe form crouched down as he slinked into his home under cover of night, the moon waning so thin that it seemed as if a slit pupil were glaring down at Shrike- judging him, perhaps. His clawed hands did their best not to make the old door creak, but exhaustion made him clumsy. It's good he wasn't out on a job himself right now... such a mistake would be catastrophic. No, the only thing that happened now was that Shrike was denied the pleasure of silently slipping into he and Annette's bed, pushing himself under the covers and holding her tight whilst she slept. His eyes quickly adjusted to the darkness of his house as he began to strip down after work, undoing his tie and tossing it limply onto his shoulder whilst he pulled his shoes off, then his socks- he was glad to let his feet breathe now. Most shoes weren't exactly made to accommodate his strange feet very well- it was a wonder he hadn't gotten lotus feet yet. Once all was said and done Shrike looked up from his shoes and stared down the hallway in the direction of his bedroom. And as he did so, he was met with an all too familiar sight. Annette, glasses slipping slightly off her face, wearing nothing but slippers and a disgustingly tacky leopard print bathrobe (one that Shrike had grown to love, in part due to its *astonishingly* soft texture.) "Ah. I didn't mean to wake you up- apologies." Annette just chuckled under her breath and walked over to Shrike, very gently wrapping her hand around their waist as she stared up, lids only now starting to properly raise as she got out of her groggy stupor. "Y'know, f'anythin' I should be thanking you, not forgiving. Not always I get t'see my *lovely* husband, 'specially not when he's so..." Her free hand motioned vaguely to Shrike, and only now did he realize he'd been slouching so much that it went from normal to concerning. His spine straightened as best as it could in the cramped home, his gaze similarly going up to avoid Annette's. It felt guilty. "It's... well, I just don't want to wake you at such a late hou-" Before Shrike could continue speaking he felt Annette's nails digging ever so slightly into his back, her hand gripping him as she suddenly pulled him into a hug and let out a sigh, her face pressed lightly against his chest. "We been married how long, an' you worry 'bout wakin pretty lil' me up? Y'oughta know by now I don't mind, Shrike. S'part of what comes with marriage, silly." Shrike's mouth opened and he tried to say something. His vocal chords vibrated ever so slightly, his hand raised up as he tried to fight back but... she was right. He really shouldn't worry so much about this sort of thing. Exhaustion had simply gotten the better of him. With a sigh, Shrike gave in and hugged Annette back, slipping out of the hug for a moment only so he could crouch down and place a kiss on her forehead. And then he planted one right on her lips, holding it for a moment as both of their eyes closed. Though she'd prepared to stand back up straight and simply lead Annette back to their bedroom... a voice whispered into Shrike's ear, her wife holding onto him even tighter. "Y'know... been a while since we got some action. Maxwell's over havin' a sleepover for the night, s'you wanna have a lil you 'n me time?" Shrike's ears twitched and his face turned a shade of red so potent it was like he'd gotten a tomato thrown at his face. His claws dug a bit into Annette and made her pull herself even closer to Shrike, her breath hot and steamy. The side of Shrike's face was

so very warm. The growing tightness in his pants was impossible for him to ignore, and he realized that one of many reasons he was so miserable today was because he had been getting a bit pent up. "I... Yes. Yes. You needn't say anymore, I would love to spend time with you." He couldn't even bring himself to say the word sex right now. He was such a combination of pent up, embarrassed, and exhausted that his mind was working on autopilot. He *sloooooowly* rose up and held onto Annette's hand as the two of them began to make their way to the bedroom in the dead of night. There was no sound in that moment. No crickets chirping, no cars passing by, not even the hum of electricity since all the lights in the house were off. Shrike made sure to take the lead as it made its way to the bedroom, eyes so used to wandering the halls of this house that he could practically make out every single grain of the wooden floorboards below. Pfah. He was letting himself get distracted because of how damn nervous he was. Though Shrike's grip on Annette's hand was gentle and firm, his other hand was unconsciously shaking so bad that he could practically hear his bones rattling around underneath his skin. Guns didn't scare Shrike Vicario. Getting his arm torn off wouldn't scare him. But his wife offering to have sex with him, to share such an intimate moment... the thought of it titillated him and scared him just the right amount despite how often they'd had sex. His trembling hand pushed open the door to the bedroom and then flicked the light on so that Annette could see better. "Ladies first," she mumbled whilst moving past Shrike and dropping her bathrobe. The air outside the house had been warm and humid in spite of the night, so Shrike was given the lovely sight of his wife fully naked as she turned around, grinning smugly. She knew just how to press his buttons. Oh, he loved his wife so fucking much. A tent had formed under his pants and only now did he realize just how tight he'd strapped his belt, only now did it set in that he'd gotten pants that were one size too small. That's how it certainly felt, at least. His breath hitched as Annette made her way closer to Shrike, breasts bouncing ever so slightly as her still-slippered feet danced across the floor teasingly, her arms finding themselves around Shrike's waist once more. "Y'know, I ain't marry a statue. Gawn, Shrike. Have fun." Annette had done it: she'd turned Shrike into a pile of jelly. His hands shook so bad that Annette couldn't help but notice, pouting and grabbing onto one of Shrike's large hands before pressing it against one of her supple breasts, her husband's claws brushing up against her nipple and causing her to shudder in pleasure. With the air already so warm, her husband's cold claws making contact with her skin was something that she knew she couldn't get anywhere else, and she needed it. Her hand moved off of Shrike's quickly though her husband still very gladly continued to fondle her. With both hands free and tension rising in the air so quickly that it could choke both of them, Annette's hands found purchase around Shrike's waist, grabbing onto the hem of his pants and quickly pulling them down, taking a fair amount of effort considering how Shrike always made sure to wear clothes that actually fit him properly most of the time. Annette wasn't met with the sight of Shrike's boxers, though. No. For some reason that she found equally confusing and charming, it seems like he'd decided to go to work today in lingerie, its cock struggling to push up against the skin-tight black lace. The very tip of her cock was poking out from underneath the panties with a drop of pre-cum beading at the tip and getting ever so slightly

larger with every throb of Shrike's cock. Annette couldn't help but lean forward, pressing the very tip of their dick up against her lips, her tongue swirling around Shrike's swollen cockhead. Soon the sensation of cold on her nipples was doubled as Shrike leaned over Annette in a position that honestly looked quite awkward, though he could care less about how horrendously arched his back was. He just wanted to fondle her, to grope at her breasts and flick her nipples, feeling her head bob and shake in response to the stimuli. He'd not even gotten his shirt off or properly placed his tie down, too into the act to dare interrupting it. "Annette, I love you... please- ah, please keep going." Shrike wasn't the best at dirty talk but there was still a telltale desperation in what he said as he hunched over his wife, groping her whilst she sucked the very tip of his cock. She could only take the foreplay for so long, though. She pulled away from Shrike quick enough that his claws ended up scratching her nipples ever so faintly- not enough for it to hurt, but the feeling was strong enough that Annette let out a moan, wiping away a bit of saliva on her mouth that formed a string between her soft lips and her husband's cock. "Mmm. Y'know, let's try something different. Ain't feel like gettin' the strap ready tonight." Annette backed up towards the bed and bit her lip, plopping down onto it and spreading her legs nice and wide, giving Shrike a full view of her body. It couldn't help but start rubbing against its crotch at the sight, not even bothering to take the panties off and instead frantically palming at its bulge, the tip of its cock throbbing wildly. "Ann-Annette, I'm-mmnh, I.. I need you so badly." Shrike practically lunged on top of Annette, hands holding her forearms down *gently* whilst she grinded against her wife's cunt, every push forward making her clit smooch up against Shrike's tip, precum mixing with Annette's natural wetness and causing a string of fluid to form between the two. It really was like they were kissing...

Shrike's breath hitched and came out so hot that it practically steamed. His back arched horrendously so that he could continue grinding against Annette's crotch while managing to still look down at her comfortably, nose taking whiffs of her hair so that he could fill his mind and nose with her very presence. The lacy panties were soaked at this point with a combination of various fluids, but it only encouraged Shrike to start going faster. Annette wanted to indulge her husband a bit, though- not to mention that she wanted to spice things up for herself as well. She scooted up the bed and kept her thigh pressed up against Shrike's cock whilst he kept thrusting away; eventually she'd moved up far enough that she was face to face with Shrike. One hand reached down so that she could touch herself since Shrike was no longer humping- the other hand gripped gently onto Shrike's mouth, opening it up so that Annette could get a nice *long* look at her husband's sharp teeth. "Y'know ya want to..." was all she whispered as she guided Shrike's mouth down to her shoulder, gently pressing those impressive fangs against her skin. She shuddered at the feeling and soon noticed that Shrike's thrusts had sped up considerably, a whine coming out from her mouth whilst she frantically tried to reach orgasm. Soon enough her fangs found purchase in Annette's flesh, gently piercing it and only going about an inch deep. Shrike would never want to genuinely hurt her wife, but at the same time she most certainly wanted to leave a mark in the morning. Annette moaned as pain mixed with pleasure, two fingers squeezing on either side of her clit as she

rubbed maniacally, “Yes... yes, ohm’god... You’re doin’ so good, keep goin’ sweetheart.. Please, I love you...” Shrike’s teeth sunk just a bit deeper into Annette and caused her to let out another moan, throwing her head back and accidentally pulling her enough away that Shrike’s mouth dislodged from her shoulder. It took but a moment for him to bite down again, and that sensation proved to be too much for Annette. She hadn’t touched herself in so long that she was even more sensitive than she expected- her orgasm washed over her in waves as she shook, her leg wobbling and pressing harder against Shrike’s trapped dick. One thing led to another and soon Shrike was moaning and crying as he pushed himself hard against Annette, tears streaming down his face from the sheer pleasure of the orgasm mixing with his insane love for his wife. White cum shot out all over Annette’s leg, painting the inside of her thigh with a few drops even managing to land on her cunt. The two of them just convulsed and held onto each other like that for a solid minute, riding out their orgasms on that beautiful night. Eventually Shrike had to relent though, and she pulled her mouth off of Annette before flopping down onto the bed next to her, shirt wrinkled and panties a dirty mess. No words were exchanged between he and his wife as he laid on his side facing Annette, scooching closer and wrapping his arms tightly around her so that they could cuddle. “Thank you, Annette. That was. Indescribable. I. I love you.” His eyes stared into hers as she wore a dopey smile, kissing Shrike’s cheek. “Love y’too, ya big pussycat. Surprised y’ain’t bothered taking them off, though I can’t complain since y’look so damn cute in ‘em.” With that, Shrike could feel his cock stiffening once more. He pulled his panties down enough for his cock to finally come out, his shaft pressing between Annette’s stomach whilst he cuddled her. “Well, that can be amended. If you’d like, we can rest and-” Annette grinned and grabbed onto Shrike’s ass, squeezing it. “Go fer another round? Y’ain’t even gotta ask.”