

Happy Anniverary

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The door opened, and H'ome walked in with both her arms full of groceries. Corvus looked up and sprang to his feet.

"Here, honey, let me help you with those," he said, taking some of the bags and closing the door behind her.

"Thanks, Corvus," she replied gratefully.

As they began putting the groceries away, Corvus glanced out the window. High above the city in the penthouse of the tallest building in town, they could see clear past the edge of the city limits. Corvus smiled automatically: he liked it so high up. He might not be able to fly, but at least he could have a bird's eye view of the city!

With the groceries put away, H'ome made for the couch and sat down.

"I'll make dinner in just a little bit," she said, "But first, I need to get off my feet for a bit."

"No hurry, H'ome," Corvus replied, moving behind the couch.

He reached his dark blue wings forward, brought them down on either side of her neck, and began rubbing and squeezing his wife's shoulders rhythmically. The gray-green Martian tilted her head back, her eyes closed blissfully.

"Mmm, Corvus," she sighed, "That feels really nice. You spoil me so much!"

The bird grinned. "Well, you deserve to be spoiled—" he replied, leaning in for a kiss.

His pastel yellow beak met her smooth, gray-green lips, and a blush of blue spread across her cheeks and over her nose. No matter how long they had been together, every time he kissed her, she felt like it was her first time.

"—Especially on our anniversary!" Corvus added when the kiss ended. "I have a surprise for you."

H'ome's eyes opened, and she frowned upside-down at him.

"But I thought we agreed we weren't going to—"

H'ome began to protest, but Corvus tightly sealing a rag against her face interrupted her mid-sentence.

H'ome's eyes widened. *What is he—?*

Then she smelled it: that slightly sweet, almost fruity smell with volatile undertones. Her eyes darted to Corvus, who just smirked at her sweetly while watching her intently with his beady, yellow eyes.

"It's not every day that I get to spoil you as much as I want to, dear," he said. "And I *know* you think you're too busy to let me do it, but for today, I get to spoil you every way I know how." His tone turned firm in mock-seriousness. "And this time, you're not going to stop me!"

H'ome listened to him as her mind grew cloudy and her vision darkened. She should have *known* Corvus was going to chloroform her. Why wouldn't he? It was their favorite way to spice up their sex life. She shivered a little bit with excitement, wondering what would happen while she was out cold. Then her vision went completely black.

Corvus waited a few seconds longer, lightly patting his wife's face to make sure she was fully out. Grinning broadly to himself, he picked her up and carried her bride-style to their bed and laid her out, spread-eagled on the mattress.

"Those clothes have got to go," he murmured to himself, already feeling his pants tenting with excitement. He loved seeing his wife like this: unconscious, completely at his mercy, unable to stop him from pleasuring her to his heart's content, unable to tell him, "No, stop; it's too intense!"

Just the thought of what he was about to do made him fully erect, and he grimaced a bit at how his clothes restricted him. He made short work of doffing his shirt and pants and then set about disrobing his wife. Being careful not to hurt her, he slipped her sundress off of her and then took off her bra and panties.

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His feathered fingers quivered with excitement as they instinctively reached between her legs and grazed her perfectly smooth pussy. He spread his wife's legs a little further apart and climbed up on the bed between them. His beak trembled in anticipation as he moved his face towards her crotch. He could smell the faint hint of arousal that lingered from when she realized what was going on. That she liked this as much as he did—and even reversed roles with him occasionally—was such a huge turn-on for him! Unable to stand the anticipation anymore, he pressed his beak to her clit and began teasing it with his tongue, an ever-changing series of short laps and long strokes. Though she wasn't awake to feel it, her body knew what to do all on its own. As he continued his ministrations, he felt her clit harden and begin to stick up. He shivered with delight, slightly aware that he was beginning to leak precum onto the bed, and moved his beak lower. He sighed in pleasure as his tongue tasted his wife's sweet love-juices; yes, her body was definitely responding to his tongue's ministrations on her clit! He plunged his tongue deep into her folds, lapping as deeply as he could and just barely able to tease her g-spot. He was rewarded with a light contraction, and he grinned: even when unconscious, his wife could orgasm, and he'd just felt her first one of the evening.

The thought drove him wild. Overwhelmed with lust, he quickly pulled his beak out and moved his hips up between hers. His whole body quivered with excitement as he brought the tip of his prick up to graze her soft, wet, warm mound. His eyes crossed slightly, and with a deep breath, he pushed fluidly inside.

Oh, the way she gripped him! Even as relaxed as she was, H'ome's pussy was always a tight, snug fit. Corvus loved it. But this wasn't about him, he reminded himself; this was about her and getting her off as many times as he could!

Arching his hips upward a little bit, he felt the firm lump of her g-spot against his glans. He exhaled sharply and rocked his hips side-to-side, up and down, and forward and backward, driving his tip against her sensitive spot. As he did, he reached between himself and her and felt around for her clit. He felt her squeeze him in response as his feathers brushed over it. Letting out an unsteady breath, he began to rub her clitoris with increasing intensity as he drove his penis into her g-spot, slowly speeding up.

He felt her respond, felt her insides beginning to squeeze him in time to his thrusts, felt those squeezes get harder and longer with each one. He gritted his teeth, determined not to get off just yet but feeling so on the edge of doing it!

Then she stirred.

Corvus didn't notice it at first, but then he saw it: her eyes fluttering, her fingers beginning to move.

"No, nono," he said, abruptly pulling out and making a beeline for the living room.

He came back with a rag and a bottle.

"Whoo," he said as he opened the bottle. "Strong!"

He resisted the temptation to inhale the sweet scent: he couldn't afford to be passed-out, too!

"Sleep, honey," he said as he poured more chloroform onto the rag and pressed it to his wife's nose. "I'm not done with you just yet."

"So...in...tense..." his wife murmured, and then she was out again.

"Now, where was I?" Corvus asked.

Eagerly climbing back up on the bed and flipping his wife over, he began driving into her doggy-style as he rubbed her clit furiously. The interruption had done nothing to quench his libido; if anything, getting to chloroform his wife *twice* had only turned him on more. It didn't take long for him to feel his balls contract. He gritted his teeth and shot deep into his wife's womb. His prick lingered there a little while, twitching and eliciting little contractions from his wife in response. As he pulled out, he felt a trickle of their combined juices follow him. He smiled: it would be a little present for his wife to awaken to, a little hint of what had happened while she was asleep.

Corvus sighed contentedly, pulled the covers up over his wife and himself, and then spooned with her.

"Happy anniversary, honey," he said, kissing her.