

"Hey, uh, Betty?" Lily said sheepishly.

"Hmm?"

"I, uh...I need a break."

Betty shook her head knowingly. "Of course you do," she said, rolling her eyes. "It couldn't have been back while there was all that soft dirt to dig in. No, you just *had* to wait until we were surrounded by concrete."

She laughed, and Lily blushed.

"Yeah, yeah, I know," Lily said. "I can't help it if my digestive system doesn't play along with our surroundings."

"Can you hold it until we get back to the edge of town?" Betty asked.

Lily nodded. "Yeah, it's why I said something now."

"Well, look at you, planning ahead," Betty chuckled, rolling her eyes.

The conjoined sisters turned on heel and purposefully retraced their steps back towards the countryside.

"You know," Betty said, "After all this time, I'd say we've gotten pretty good at this."

Lily smiled. "Yeah. I remember when we first got into that lake, it took us forever to figure out how to walk!"

"And just look at us now; we can even run if we want to."

"But, uh," Lily said anxiously, "Let's not...not right now, huh? I, um...well, you know."

Betty nodded. "Must not be too urgent, huh? I'm not feeling it, yet—oh, wait, there it is." She winced. "Geez, what did you eat?"

"Same as you," Lily replied. "I dunno, I guess those berries just didn't sit well with me or something."

"Sweetie, that's more than berries," Betty said, wincing again. "Oof, here, let's go over here."

They veered off the road just as concrete turned to asphalt and the once-manicured curbs—long since overgrown—gave way to untended ditches.

"Do you think anybody will see us if we do it here?" Lily asked.

"If they do, I'm going to run up and hug them," Betty replied. "How long as it been since we've seen another living soul?"

Lily's stomach growled. "I dunno, but let's talk about that later."

Betty nodded agreement, and the two set to work digging a hole, quickly shifting the soft dirt with their fingers to form an impression about six inches deep and six inches in diameter. It was not their first time working together to make themselves a makeshift latrine—far from it. It had been four years since the event known as *the catastrophe* occurred that left the two sisters—18-year-old red fox Betty and 8-year-old arctic fox Lily—stranded in the rubble of what used to be their home and an unfortunate bathing accident in some radioactive waste-tainted water fused their bodies together at the hips. It was a traumatic experience for both of them, and learning to control only half of a lower a body each and coordinate their movements had been tough. But, they had persevered, and now, four years later, things were as "normal" as they could be for a pair of conjoined sisters who had to learn to do everything together.

Unfortunately, that meant that they also had to go to the bathroom together. Despite years of doing it, it never ceased to be just a little bit awkward.

"So, uh, here we go," Betty said, putting her hand on the waistband of their pants.

"Yeah," Lily agreed, mirroring her sister's movements.

With an unseen cue, they both pulled down.

"Oh, wait, you were doing panties *and* pants?" Lily asked sheepishly.

Betty paused and frowned. "Um, yeah? You weren't planning on taking a dump in our panties, were you?" she teased.

Their bowels grumbled.

"O—okay, yeah, let's just get this done," she said, trying again as Lily grabbed both waistbands this time.

They pulled down and managed to get their shorts and panties off, stepping out of them as their conjoined abdomen growled once more.

"Oof," Lily groaned.

They spread their legs and squatted down, resting their hands on their knees for balance and shuffling side to side to line up with the hole they'd dug.

Betty looked at Lily. "Ready?" she asked.

Lily nodded, and they both relaxed, shuddering as they felt their bowel movement spread their anus, squeeze out, and fall softly into the hole. All the while, Lily seemed *extremely* focused on the task at hand, a look of fierce concentration on her face.

Until Betty slapped her on the ass, that is

"Ack!" the younger girl yelped, upsetting their balance as her leg tried to jump clear without any help from Betty's.

"Betty!" she protested, "What'd you do that for?"

Betty grinned. "You looked *way* too serious," she said.

A sheepish grin came over Lily's face. "Yeah, well...it's good to concentrate sometimes," she said.

They settled back into their position, both of them having clenched during the interruption so as not to make a mess, took a deep breath, and relaxed again. Once more, their waste pressed itself against their puckered ring, pushed it open, and let itself fall into the hole. Their breathing grew regular as the worst of it passed, and they settled in to let things finish up.

A mischievous grin spread over Lily's lips. She did her best to hide it from Betty as she subtly shifted, moving her arm around behind her sister's torso.

And poked her hard on the buttock.

Now it was Betty's turn to jump and yelp. She gave Lily a dirty look, but Lily just grinned.

"Paybacks!" the younger girl laughed. Adding in a not-very-quiet whisper, she said, "I poked your butt."

"I'm gonna poke *your* butt!" Betty retorted, grinning and reaching forward to tickle her sister's sides.

"Ack, no!" Lily cried, "Stop, or you're gonna make me—"

They both winced as a turd noisily spluttered out.

"Told ya," Lily said ruefully, blushing.

Betty shrugged. "Oh, well, it's not like it's the first time," she said soothingly.

They finished their business and found some leaves to wipe off with, taking turns until they both felt clean enough, spread dirt over the hole they'd made, and got dressed again.

"You know, this doesn't seem like too bad of a place to camp," Betty said.

Lily made a face. "I wanna stay indoors," she said.

"After what happened last time?" Betty asked.

Her sister paled. "N—no, maybe not."

They shuddered, remembering how the building they'd been staying in had collapsed with them in it. They'd made it out okay, but it had made them both a little nervous about staying in places where they couldn't see the sky.

"What do you like about being indoors anyway?" Betty asked. "It's always so stuffy!"

"Well, if the wind's blowing, it feels nice to be out of it," Lily said.

"Yeah, but you can't build a fire if it's cold, and it's not like central heating has worked in the last however many years it's been. And if it's hot out, it gets even hotter inside!"

"Maybe indoors is just good for when it's nice temperature-wise," Lily conceded. "Open the windows, let a breeze through..."

"Then why not just be outside?" Betty persisted.

Lily huffed. "You're right," she said. "I guess I just miss when we lived with our parents...indoors."

Betty hugged her. "We'll find them," she said. "I'm sure they've got to be out there somewhere."

"But we went to our old house," Lily protested, "We traveled all the way across the country, and they weren't there. Why do you think they're even still alive?"

"We didn't find their bodies," Betty replied simply. "If they had died, they'd be lying on the floor—that was what I was most afraid of when we went home. But they weren't, so that means they're out there...somewhere..."

She looked lost in thought for a moment and then shook her head, bringing herself back to the here and now. Looking at Lily's worried expression, she smiled and hugged her.

"It'll be okay," she said. "We'll find them, one way or another, and then we'll know for sure. But, for now, let's go find something to eat."

Lily brightened. "You remember those orchards we passed a couple of miles ago?" she asked.

Betty's face lit up. "Yeah!" she said. "There ought to be plenty of food there."

They set out to retrace their steps, walking down the asphalt road. After nearly half a decade without any maintenance to keep it at bay, the grass had encroached quite a ways, until a two-lane road was little wider than a sidewalk now. The outskirts of town began to disappear behind them, the overgrown buildings thinning and then vanishing altogether. Rolling hills rose in the distance, and ahead of them, they could just begin to make out the narrow rows of trees that, untended, had grown wild, tall, and thick. The girls approached the first of these tree rows and eagerly reached up to pull down some sun-ripened plums, and a few rows over, they found peaches. As they reached up to pull the fuzzy fruits down, Lily began to giggle.

Betty frowned, confused, but couldn't help grin as she saw her sister laughing.

"What's so funny?" she asked.

Lily held up a peach with its cleft facing her sister. "Remind you of anything?"

Betty bit her lip. Yes, it *did* remind her of something, but surely that's not what her sister meant?

"Like what?" she asked cautiously.

"Well, it reminds *me* of that spot between our legs where we pee," Lily replied. Cocking her head, she added, "It also looks kinda like a butt."

There was a moment of silence as Betty braced for the question she knew was coming and Lily figured out how to ask it.

"Betty?"

"Hmm?"

"Why's that spot between our legs so big? If we just need to pee out of it, why can't it be small, like a butt?"

Betty laughed. That was definitely *not* the way she would have put it.

"What makes you think our butt isn't big?" she asked, reaching over and grazing her sister's round behind.

"Well, I've seen our poop when it comes out, and it's not very big, but I feel our butt being stretched when it comes out, which means it's even smaller than our poop. So, it can't be very big."

Betty pursed her lips. She couldn't argue with that.

"Well, that spot has to stretch a lot, too, when we have babies," she said.

"Babies?" Lily asked, her eyes widening.

"Well, yeah," Betty replied. "Where did you think they came from?"

Lily pursed her lips. "I dunno. I guess I hadn't thought of it before."

They resumed picking fruits and tasting them until Lily broke the silence once more.

"Betty?"

"Hmm?"

"How does a baby get inside of us?"

"Whoo, boy," Betty said. "Well, um, you see, when a boy and a girl—"

"Like each other very much, they kiss, and that's how a baby is made?" Lily interrupted.

Betty shook her head. "Where did you hear that?" she asked.

"Mom said it years ago; I just...didn't remember until now."

Betty chuckled. "Well, it's not quite like that. Mom told you that because it was easier than explaining the truth to someone too young to understand."

"But I'm a lot older now," Lily protested.

"Yes, and you've matured a lot," Betty replied, nodding, "Which is why I think you're old enough now to hear the truth, if you want."

"Tell me?"

Betty pursed her lips. "Okay, well, um, it doesn't have to do anything with a boy and girl liking each other or kissing, but it *does* have to do with a boy and a girl."

"But what if a boy or girl is gay?"

Betty shook her head. "It doesn't matter. To make a baby, it takes a boy and a girl, and that's because we have different parts that have to fit together. We have that spot between our legs, the one we pee out of, and it's called a vagina. Can you say that?"

"Vagina," Lily repeated, and Betty nodded approvingly.

"Our vagina actually has two holes in it," Betty said. "There's the hole we pee out of, and it's little bitty, like you said it should be. But, there's also a much bigger hole, one that babies come out of."

"But what does that have to do with a boy?" Lily asked.

"I'm getting to that. A boy doesn't have a vagina. A boy has a penis instead. It's...it's like a great big finger between his legs that *he* pees out of."

"A finger between his legs?" Lily asked. "That's silly!"

Betty chuckled. "Yes, I think so, but a penis isn't really all that like a finger. It's shaped kind of like a really big finger, but his penis can grow and shrink, and it's not very good for picking things up."

Lily shriveled her nose. "But what good is it if it can't pick things up? And what does that have to do with babies?"

Betty shook her head. "I'm *getting there*," she said, giving her sister a dirty look. "If someone touches a boy's penis, it will get hard, and if he puts his penis in our vagina and reaches orgasm, it will make us pregnant."

"Orgasm?"

"Um, he gets very sexually excited and then spits semen out of his penis."

"Semen? Sexually excited?"

Betty huffed. "Gosh, you ask a lot of questions," she said. "Um, okay, semen is this white, milky stuff that comes out of a boy's penis when he gets very sexually excited. That means that somebody touches his penis just the right way, and he feels something well up inside of him, a really important feeling, and if that keeps going, semen comes out of him. It's...hard to explain. But, girls can get sexually excited, too."

"We can? Will we spit white stuff, too?"

Betty shook her head. "No, but it feels really good."

Lily frowned. "But I've never felt anything really good," she said.

"That's because we haven't gotten sexually excited," Betty replied, laughing. "It's not like we touch ourselves down there very much."

"Down there? On our...vagina?"

Betty nodded.

Lily's face lit up. "Well, I wanna try!" she said, and before Betty could stop her, she'd jammed her hand down in their panties and was feeling around. "It's not doing anything," she said, confused.

Betty blanched. "Um, well, see, you're not touching the right place," she said evasively.

"Show me! I wanna see if it really feels as good as you say it does."

"Believe me, it does," Betty said, swallowing hard.

*Do I really want to show my little sister how to masturbate? she thought to herself. Isn't this kind of...I dunno, wrong? Shouldn't she figure this out on her own? But how's she gonna do that? I'm the only one she ever sees, and it's not like she can try it out without me knowing. Besides, what's it gonna hurt?*

She pursed her lips. "Let's eat and make camp first, and then once we're done, I'll show you some things."

"Okay!" Lily said, quickly reaching up to pick a few more fruits off the tree. "I'm ready!" she announced.

Betty was a little more deliberate in her picking. On one hand, she had stopped masturbating when she and Lily fused, and she really missed the feeling but had decided not to do it until her sister was mature enough to try it. Her heart had skipped a beat when Lily broached the subject, and a small part of the back of her mind was saying, "Finally!"

On the other hand, that same protective part of her that had made her stop masturbating for Lily's sake was having its doubts and worrying that it might still be too soon.

*We'll take it slowly, she reassured herself, and once I show Lily what to do, we'll let her take it at her pace.*

They made camp much faster than usual. Normally it was a pretty laid-back affair, but with Lily eager to see what Betty had to show her, Betty feeling anxious with anticipation, and the temperate weather making it possible to make do with far less shelter than they would have needed had it been particularly cold, they got some fallen branches, built a small lean-to, and snuggled up under the makeshift shelter.

No sooner had they crawled underneath than Lily gave Betty an expectant look.

"So...?" she hinted, grinning ear-to-ear.

Betty chuckled. "You're gonna hold me to this one, huh?" she asked. "Let's get our clothes off."

They stripped off their shirt, shorts, and panties, and then lay there on the soft ground. Betty's heart was pounding with anticipation, but she did her best to look calm and relaxed as she looked over at her sister.

"Are you ready?" she asked.

Lily nodded eagerly. Betty reached down and put her hand below her navel and then began moving slowly downward. Lily watched intently, not quite getting it until her sister's hand moved closer to their shared hips. As her sister's fingers moved into shared territory, she suddenly felt the gentle caress.

"That tickles!" she said, curling her toes.

"I know, but bear with me for just a little bit," Betty replied, moving her hand lower.

Lily settled down as Betty's fingers grazed just above their mound. Betty sucked in an anticipatory breath, but Lily, not knowing what to expect, did not.

Betty's finger grazed their clit. Lily's eyes went wide, and her mouth opened to let out a soft moan.

Betty grinned. "See?" she asked.

"Can I try?" Lily asked.

"Of course; it's your body, too," Betty replied.

Lily eagerly reached down, and Betty took her hand and moved it into position just above their clit.

"Slowly and gently," she murmured.

Lily bit her lip and moved her hand down just a little bit, letting her middle finger graze over their clit. They both sucked in a gasp, their backs arching. For Lily, it was such an unfamiliar feeling, and for Betty, it was a very different feeling for someone else to touch her there. Lily stroked again, and their hips raised off the ground, craving more of that delicious touch.

"Y—you can rub it hard, too," Betty managed, panting with arousal as Lily stroked their clit once more.

"I—I can?" Lily asked.

"Here," Betty said, reaching down, giving them a gentle stroke, and then following up with a much firmer one.

"Ohh!" they both chorused, their backs raising off the ground.

"Oh, my gosh!" Lily cried. "It...it feels so...so..."

"It gets better," Betty breathed.

"Better?!" Lily squeaked in shock.

Betty nodded and began to rub their clit, scrubbing up and down and then in circles over the pleasure-center roughly with her finger. Her heart began to pound with anticipation, and Lily began to writhe.

"O—oh...B—Betty! It...it feels funny...itchy!" Lily protested, her toes curling and her hands balling into fists.

"I—I know," Betty panted, feeling their wetness on her fingers. *Oh, finally! It's been so long since I last got off!* "J—just hang in there a...a little longer."

Waves of intense pleasure from their clit rippled through their bodies, making them both tense, arch their backs, curl their toes, moan, and make fists, sometimes in sync and sometimes at different times. Betty's finger moved faster and harder until they were both panting and gasping in rhythm.

"O—oh, B—Betty, s—stop! It—it's too much!" Lily cried.

"Just...a...little...more," Betty gasped.

All at once, they both cried out as a stream of hot, wet fluids ran out of their pussy and dripped onto the ground below them. They collapsed onto their backs, their eyes rolling back in their heads as they basked in the afterglow.

"Ohh, wow," Betty murmured. "That felt so good."

Lily nodded and then bit her lip.

"B-Betty...did we just...pee ourselves?" she asked, embarrassed.

Betty chuckled. "No," she said. "That was us cumming. You remember how I said boys would make white, milky stuff? We don't make milky stuff, but we got wet nonetheless!"

Lily continued biting her lip thoughtfully, and then she grinned.

"I liked it!" she said. "Can we do it again?"

Betty chuckled. "Sure, if you want. But, there are other things we can do, too," she said.

"There's more?" Lily asked, her eyes widening.

Betty laughed. "Oh, yeah," she said. "There are whole parts of us we haven't even touched, yet, and let's not forget our boobs."

"Our boobs?" Lily asked, cocking her head.

"Sure," replied Betty, reaching down to pinch her own nipples. "Like this. Try it and see."

Lily skeptically imitated her sister's actions and then gasped in surprise. "It—it feels like electricity going through my nipple!" she said, awed.

"See? And if you do it just right..."

They both gasped as the sensations of Betty's pinching and rolling her nipple hit them both in the groin.

"No way... How did you..."

Their backs came off the ground once more as Lily figured out how to do it and sent a current of pleasure straight into their crotch.

"Oh, my gosh..." Lily panted, pinching and rolling her nipples harder, "I think I could do this all day."

"Before we were fused, I used to," Betty laughed.

"W—wait," Lily said, abruptly stopping and looking at her sister. "You mean that all this time, you knew a way that we could have been feeling good like this, and you didn't tell me?" she asked, sounding hurt.

Betty stopped, too, and sighed. "It—it would have been weird if I'd mentioned it," she said. "And since you didn't ask, I wasn't going to bring it up." She smiled and resumed rubbing her breasts, closing her eyes.

"But now you know."

She gasped and opened her eyes abruptly, looking down to see Lily's hand on her breast.

"I wanna make you feel good, too," the younger girl said.

Betty hesitated. "N—no, we shouldn't. I mean, we're sisters, and—"

"So what?" Lily asked, a strangely intent look in her eyes. "Who's going to care?"

Betty faltered, and Lily grasped her sister's breast more intently, almost possessively rubbing it between her fingers. "Do *you* care?" she asked.

The older girl bit her lip. "I—I don't, but if someone saw us..."

"We haven't seen any one in *years*, Betty!" Lily protested, letting go over sister and lying back. "And if they saw us, I'm sure the first think they'd say is, 'whoa, look at the freak,' not 'look at those two playing with each other's boobs!'"

Betty sighed. “I—I know,” she said, reaching over to put her hand on her sister’s shoulder. “But—I dunno, I guess I’m used to things the way they used to be sometimes.”

Lily huffed, and a thought crossed Betty’s mind. She forced it down at first, but it came back, stronger. Her heart racing, she reached over and ran her finger over Lily’s nipple. The younger girl gasped and looked at her uncertainly.

“You mean it?” she asked.

Betty nodded, and Lily’s face lit up as she reached over to take hold of both of Betty’s breasts and began to rub and massage them. As she did, Betty’s dexterous and practiced fingers quickly began sending ripples of pleasure through both of them. Lily fumbled a bit and then got the hang of it, and the two of them had themselves feeling nearly constant ripples of pleasure bubbling up from their respective bodies.

“You—you said there was something else we hadn’t touched?” Lily asked breathlessly.

In response, Betty trailed her fingers down her sister’s body, grazing tantalizingly over her belly button, over their clit, and traced around the outside of their pussy.

“It feels really good if you put something up inside,” Betty said, slipping a couple of fingers up into their slippery, wet slit and feeling around for their g-spot.

The moment she found it, they both doubled over and let out a moan.

“Oh, wow...” Lily gasped. “It—it’s like before, but...deeper.”

“You like it?” Betty asked, and Lily replied with an emphatic nod. “Then you rub our clit, and I’ll do this,” she said.

If the feelings before were intense, the feelings now as they stimulated both their pleasure-buttons were borderline overwhelming. Several times, Lily stopped rubbing their clit, a little nervous at how intense it felt. Betty would slow down, ever respectful of her sister’s feelings, and in no time at all, Lily would start up again.

“We’re getting close,” Betty panted. “This time, don’t stop. It’ll be a little intense, but trust me on this!”

Lily whimpered out a response as they continued to rub themselves hard. Seconds later, they both moaned loudly, their fluids soaking Betty’s fingers as they climaxed.

“Don’t stop!” Betty gasped. “Keep going!”

Despite the overwhelming feeling, Lily took up her sister’s challenge and kept rubbing for all she was worth. Mere seconds later, they climaxed again but continued feverishly rubbing themselves even as they cried out in ecstasy.

On their third orgasm, they both lay back, panting and exhausted.

“Oh...wow...” Lily breathed, reaching over to take her sister’s hand.

Betty smiled and squeezed her sister’s hand affectionately, closing her eyes contentedly.

“Betty?” Lily asked.

“Hmm?”

“I love you.”

“I love you, too.”

“No,” Lily said, leaning over, “I *really* love you.”

Betty opened her eyes and frowned at her curiously.

“I—I’ve been wanting to say it for a long time,” Lily admitted, “But it just never seemed like the right time like it does now. Do you—do you think we could go on a date?”

Betty blinked. “Oh!” she said, her eyes going wide. “You meant love, like...girlfriends?”



Lily nodded, brightening. "Yeah, like girlfriends!"

Betty considered it. "Well, I—I suppose we could. What did you have in mind?"

Lily blushed. "Well, I always wanted to go on a first date at an ice cream shop," she said. "I mean, I doubt there are any, but..."

Betty's face lit up. "I saw one in town before we headed back this way," she said. "There probably won't be any ice cream after all this time, but who knows? Want to do it tomorrow?"

"Yeah!"

"Then it's a date."

They grinned, and though Lily wanted to kiss good night on the lips, Betty told her to wait for the first date. They went to sleep feeling excited.

The next morning, they got up and began walking back to town.

"Are you sure it was an ice cream shop?" Lily asked.

Betty nodded. "I'm pretty sure it was," she said. "We'll find out."

They arrived on the outskirts of town an hour later, and sure enough, off to their left was an old ice cream shop. They walked in—very few, if any, doors were locked, they'd found—and stepped up to the counter.

"Okay, honey, what do you want?" Betty asked, lightly teasingly.

"I want a root beer float," Lily replied.

Betty raised her eyebrows. "Wow, tall order. I was gonna suggest an imaginary ice cream cone."

"Hey, you said they might have ice cream," Lily teased back. "If they have that, why not root beer, too?"

They laughed and shook their heads as they walked along the counter, reading all the names of ice cream that had long since disappeared.

The sound of a freezer compressor turning on made them both jump.

"What in the world?" Betty asked, looking around for the source of the noise. "There's no way anything is still running after all these years..."

"You said they might!" Lily squealed. "Let's go see!"

They stepped behind the counter and listened for the sound. Going through a vinyl curtain, they found a freezer and a refrigerator, both of them running.

"No way..." Betty gasped.

On a hunch, she reached over to flip the light switch. The lights came on.

"Wow! This place actually has electricity!" she said, amazed.

"Let's see what they have!" Lily said.

Betty rolled her eyes and chuckled. "Never mind heating and cooling; you just want ice cream," she said.

"Duh."

They went over to the refrigerator and freezer, and each opened one.

"I think it was just meant to be," Betty said, shaking her head in disbelief.

The refrigerator contained, among other things, an unopened two-liter bottle of root beer, and the freezer contained, among other things, a large tub of vanilla ice cream. They eagerly looked around, found some cups, and made themselves each a root beer float.

"Uh, uh!" Lily said as Betty started to drink hers, "Let's go to the table like a real date!"

Betty grinned sheepishly, and they put everything away and made their way back out to the dining area. Sitting at a table, they grinned at each other and had their first taste of ice cream and root beer in four years.

"Oh, my gosh, I think I could cum just from this," Betty moaned.

"Cum?" Lily asked.

"Orgasm, get off, get sexually excited," Betty said.

"Oh! Um, that reminds me... Um, Betty? I really like your butt."

Betty blinked. "My butt?" she laughed. "It's the same butt you have!"

"And I *like* it," Lily giggled.

Betty rolled her eyes. "Well, I do, too," she said.

There was a brief silence as Lily worked up the nerve to ask what she really wanted.

"Um, Betty? Can I—can I kiss you?"

Betty looked up from her float, bit her lip, and then nodded slowly.

They moved in close, and then their lips met. They both gasped. The intimate contact somehow felt almost as arousing as their fooling around the night before. Not even Betty had kissed someone before, and the feeling was electric. They each sucked in a breath and held each other, feeling themselves growing wet as they made out.

Gasping, Betty broke the kiss and took a few deep breaths. "W—wow," she said. "I didn't know that could feel so good."

"Me, either," Lily agreed. "So...does this mean we're girlfriends now?" she asked.

Betty grinned. "I guess it does," she said.

Lily squealed in delight and attacked her root beer float with gusto.

"You know," she said after a few minutes, "I guess all that's left is for us to get married."

Betty froze with her ice cream halfway to her mouth.

"Let's save that for another day," she laughed.