

Teaching Her How to Dance
by Havoc

“Being ignorant is not so much a shame as being unwilling to learn.”

-Benjamin Franklin

Richard walked into his favorite nightclub around ten o'clock in the evening, freshly showered after getting off from work at the university. He liked this club better than others because it catered to the crowd in his age group. Richard was a fox fur just shy of middle age, in his early forties, and the club, Moonlighters, was not what one would expect to find in a college town like Treetop. Instead of the typical college club, with thumping techno music and neon lights, this club had quiet jazz and a dusk-like atmosphere. The place was a quiet respite from the noisy campus one would find just a few blocks down the street.

Richard fit right in with the rest of the people here. Most of them were furs around his age, although some younger people also came into the club, and like him they were showing a bit of gray around the muzzle. Richard was in better shape than most of them, however. While many furs his age had let themselves go, he believed in staying healthy. Though not athletic by any means, he was tall and trim. His rusty red fur and green eyes had always appealed to ladies since he was young, and he continued to be rather lucky in the romance department.

Making his way through the tables in the club's dining area, Richard walked up to the bar. The bartender, Allison, was a kangaroo in her late thirties who had started at the club five years ago. She had seen one of her regulars coming as soon as he'd walked in the door and had Richard's favorite drink, a rum and coke, ready for him when he took his seat.

“Evening, Allison,” Richard said, picking up his glass and taking a sip. “Lovely as always, I see.” He looked the kangaroo over, taking her in. She was short and slightly above average weight, with ample bust, auburn fur, and black eyes. Usually she wore a button-up shirt and khaki slacks, and tonight was no exception. Allison was a very attractive woman, but Richard wasn't really that drawn to her. He did enjoy a little playful, flirty banter with her now and again, though.

“Oh, stop, you old flatterer,” Allison said, picking up a glass and wiping it out with a moist cloth. “You’re never going to get into my pants, you know. Might as well quit trying.”

Richard grinned. “One of these days I’ll wear you down. What will you do then?”

“Nothing, I’d make you do all the work,” Allison shot back. She winked at him and went down the bar to serve another customer.

Chuckling, Richard turned around on his bar stool, leaning back against the bar with his drink in one paw. The club was about half full tonight, with most of the patrons sitting at tables in the dining area. A small stage was set against the back wall, with a four-piece jazz band atop it, playing some smooth number that had a few couples up and dancing on the floor in front of the stage. The crowd seemed to all be about Richard’s age, and everyone seemed to be paired up.

All except for one person. At one of the corner tables, Richard could see a fur sitting all alone. He focused in on that person, curious. Most people who came here didn’t sit alone unless they were going to be sitting at the bar, like he was.

This individual was a lot younger than anyone else in the place. It was a female, a vixen wearing modest clothes, just a shirt and some plain jean shorts, with a pair of worn sneakers. She had dusky gray fur, almost black in color from what he could tell in the lighting. Her tail hung limp over the side of her chair, but it was a very luxurious tail at that, more fluffy than most fox tails were. The lone female had her drink clasped between both paws, and she was mostly focused on that, occasionally looking up to glance around the club before returning her gaze to the table in front of her. She couldn’t have been twenty years old yet, or at least that’s what she looked like to Richard.

Intrigued, Richard waved Allison back over.

“Ready for round two already?” Allison asked as she came up, reaching for a clean glass.

“No, thanks,” the fox replied, holding up his own half-empty glass. “I just had a question. Who’s that over there?” He pointed, holding his paw back so that the girl wouldn’t notice if she happened to look over.

“Hm?” Allison followed his finger, and her eyes lighted on the vixen. “Oh, I don’t know her. She’s never been in before.”

Richard stroked his muzzle with his free paw. "What's she drinking? Young thing like her...I'd say a nice white wine?"

Allison shook her head. "No, she's just got fruit juice. Her ID says she's only nineteen. Not like it matters; she didn't even try to ask for alcohol. I just know because I had to check her ID to make sure she was old enough to be in here."

"What's a girl as young as her doing in a place like Moonlighters?" Richard wondered aloud. Now he was interested. "Give me one of what she's having. I think I'll go talk to her."

Allison dutifully poured a glass of fruit juice and handed it over. "Go easy on her, Richard." Her voice had a tone of warning in it. Allison always was protective of paying customers.

"You know me," Richard said, winking and getting up from his seat. He started crossing the club, making his way over to the vixen's table.

"All too well...," Allison said under her breath, returning to her bartending duties with a slight smirk.

Richard approached the young female fox's table just as the band finished up a song. There was a smattering of applause from the crowd in the club, and then the band went into another song, a little more bouncy than the previous one. The girl didn't notice Richard's approach, so he cleared his throat when he was standing next to her. He thought she would jump out of her skin.

"O-Oh...!" she yelped, looking up at him. She put a paw to her heart, as though trying to get it back under control. "U-Um...I..."

"No need to be alarmed," Richard said, putting a friendly smile on his face. "I just saw you from the bar, sitting all alone, and I figured if I was going to sit alone at the bar, I might as well sit alone with you. Do you mind?"

"I...I...", the vixen mumbled, looking unsure of what to think. "I...guess not..."

"Thank you." Richard was already beginning to be charmed by this young girl. She seemed very shy and out of place. He took the seat across from her and set the drink he'd brought for her down, pushing it over to her. "I asked the bartender what you were having and brought a refill. I hope you don't mind."

She looked surprised. "I...No, of course not...Thank you." Moving her mostly-

empty glass aside, she took the new one that Richard offered.

“I’m Richard,” Richard said, offering a paw over the table. “What’s your name?”

“L-...Lillian...,” the vixen replied, slowly placing her paw into his. Her grip was very light, and her paw shook a little. She was obviously nervous and very timid.

“But...m-my friends call me Lily...or they would if any of them were here...”

“Lily,” Richard said, nodding. He looked Lily over, checking her out. She did indeed look very young. Her clothing was modest but close-fitting, showing off more of her figure than the cut of the clothing might have intended. The vixen was slender, with no bust to speak of; she was quite flat around the chest area. She was also very short, at least a foot shorter than Richard, maybe more. In fact, he would be surprised if she were more than five feet tall. Closer up, he could see that her fur was in fact a very dark shade of blue, very unusual for a fox. Her fur clashed with her eyes, which were tinted with a pale yellow hue. Nevertheless, despite her unusual appearance, Richard thought her a very pretty girl. “So, what are you doing here all alone, Lily? This isn’t really the type of club for someone your age. Wouldn’t you rather be at one of the techno or dance clubs?”

Lily shook her head, her gaze turned down to the tabletop. “I...No...No...I mean...I was at one of those earlier, but it was too noisy...I wanted someplace quiet...”

“Quiet. Well, the place is certainly quiet tonight. Bit too quiet for a Friday night, if you ask me.” Richard chuckled. “But there are plenty of quiet clubs for your age group, you know. What made you pick this place?”

The tips of Lily’s ears turned red. “I...Well...” She looked up at Richard. “It was...the first place I found...” She looked back down at the tabletop. “I’m...really new in town...”

“Let me guess,” Richard said, leaning back in his chair and crossing one leg over the other. “You’ve just come into town, and this is probably your first night out since moving here. You must be a new student, correct?”

The vixen nodded. “Yes...I...I transferred in...Th-The school near where I live...used to live...was just a technical school...I wanted something more...”

Richard leaned back in. “Where are you from?”

“Cowry...My family lived on a farm...”

Country girl, Richard thought to himself. This is the probably the first time she’s

ever been to a big city like Treetop. Poor thing must be pretty overwhelmed. Or maybe she's just naturally shy. Probably the latter. If she was just an outgoing girl who was overwhelmed, she'd still be in one of the younger places. Aloud he said, "I bet this is a lot different than down on the farm. A lot more people?"

Lily nodded, and for the first time she showed a hint of a smile. "Y-Yes...There weren't even a hundred people in my hometown..."

Richard smiled warmly. "Traditional family, too, I bet." He sipped his drink. "Have you ever been away from home before?"

"N-No..." For a moment, Lily looked a little frightened. "It...It's hard...I've been here for a week, and th-this is the first time I've been out of my apartment...Everything is so big, and there are so many people..." She covered her face with both paws. "I-I'm sorry...You must think I'm some kind of...hick..."

"Not at all," Richard said, feeling sympathy for her. To be alone, away from home for the first time, and adjusting to a much bigger community than ever must have been dreadful for an introvert like Lily. She must be feeling awful. Richard put a paw on her shoulder. Her fur felt very soft through her shirt. "Hey, listen. I know what will cheer you up." The elder fox set his drink down and swept a paw out towards the stage. "Let's dance. Come on." He stood up, taking one of Lily's paws in his.

She remained seated, looking up at him with worried eyes. "But...I...I don't know how to dance...I never...I mean, my parents never let me...They didn't want me dancing with boys..."

Richard laughed. "That's okay. I don't mind teaching you. I might be an old fox, but I don't mind teaching a young thing like you a few moves." He tugged gently on her arm. "Come on, just one dance."

"W-Well...I...Um...", she mumbled, looking down at the tabletop again. For a few minutes, Richard thought she would refuse, but then the vixen looked up. "S-Sure...One dance...But I won't be very good..."

Richard smiled, and Lily allowed him to lead her out to the dance floor. By this time, the jazz band had struck up quite a lively tune, and some of the couples had started swing dancing. He thought that would be a little much for a beginner like Lily, so a more simple dance would have to do.

“Okay, Lily,” Richard said. “Stand in front of me.” He directed her with a paw, and she did as he said. She was indeed as short as she had appeared at the table, coming up only to Richard’s chest. “Now, just let me arrange us into the proper position...” The fox placed one paw on Lily’s slender hip, and felt her jump in shock. “Is something wrong?”

“I...N-No...,” Lily assured him. The deep red tint of the inner flesh of her ears told a different story. “It’s just that nobody has ever...um...put their paw on me like that before...”

Richard fought the urge to laugh aloud. “It’s just a dance, Lily. Don’t be embarrassed. People do it all the time.” He moved her arms so that one was around his back, and took her other paw in his. “Now, I’ll lead you through the footwork.”

The dance was a very simple one, and Richard took it slow to start with. Lily stumbled at first, and Richard’s footpaws were trodden on more than once, but eventually she fell into the same rhythm with him. After a few minutes, Richard began to gradually increase the tempo, taking the vixen up until they were moving as fast as the other dancers. Lily’s smile increased with the speed of the dancing, until she was giving a genuinely happy expression, looking as though she were having a good time.

When the song came to an end, Richard stepped away and gave her a short bow. “That was a very good dance, Lily. Thank you for letting me dance with you.”

“U-Um...,” Lily said, clasping her paws in front of her. “I...Um...Could we dance again...? That was kind of fun...I didn’t know dancing would be that fun...”

Richard was delighted. “Of course!” He listened as the jazz band started playing a slow song, heavy on the saxophone. A perfect follow-up to what they had just played. The fox and the vixen came together again, and Richard began teaching her a much slower, more romantic sort of dance. Lily’s tail was wagging now, and she seemed to be a lot more comfortable with herself than she had been before. Unconsciously, her paw drifted up Richard’s back until her arm was positioned in more of a hug than a dancing stance.

“This is...nice...,” Lily said. She let her cheek rest on Richard’s shoulder, closing her eyes and letting the music take them.

The elder fox turned his head to look at her, and his nose touched the top of her

head. He hesitated for only a second before taking a tentative smell of her fur. The scent that filled his nostrils was wonderful, a mixture of flowers and exotic fruits, whatever was in the soaps she bathed with. A moment later he feared he'd gone a step too far, because Lily twitched and moved her head away from his nose, picking it up from Richard's shoulder and staring at the floor. Their dance faltered for a few steps, but then Lily resumed just as she had been before, putting her head back on his shoulder.

For another hour and a half or so the pair danced, enjoying the music and each others' company. It was only when Richard happened to glance towards the bar that he realized what time it was, and mentioned it to Lily.

The dark blue vixen looked surprised. "M-Midnight already...? Oh dear...I need to be getting home..." She pulled away from Richard, looking and moving towards her table, where her handbag was. Pausing a moment, she turned back, offering Richard a shy smile. "Th-Thank you for the lovely dancing..." With that, she kept going to her table to retrieve her bag.

Watching her go, Richard was suddenly seized by a desire beyond anything he had felt before. The desire was partly motivated by the picture she presented upon turning her back. From the front, Lily was cute, petite, and charmingly shy. From the back, she was all of these things as well, but now Richard could see the sway of her hips, which contained a sensual and sexy swagger that made her tail flit from side to side. The swagger was a gesture that Richard was sure she was not consciously doing, and if she realized that she had been doing it, he was certain that she would stop, stare at the floor, and look ashamed.

Quickly, Richard rushed off the dance floor, heading back over to the bar. He was there just long enough to toss down a twenty dollar bill, far more than his and Lily's drinks would have cost, and leave, before Allison could react to give him his change. He heard her start to say something to him as he hurried away from the bar, but payed it no mind; his attention was squarely focused on the nineteen-year-old vixen who was almost out the door.

Lily was out on the sidewalk by the time Richard got to her. She was looking up and down the street in front of the club. Being from the country, Lily probably expected there to be a bus that would come by, but Treetop was not so big a city as that. The buses

and taxis stopped operating around eleven.

“Need some help?” Richard asked, coming up beside her. He chuckled as Lily jumped and stifled a cry of fright, whirling to the side to look at him. The fur on the back of her neck stood up, and he could tell that she had not been expecting him to follow her out of the club.

“O-Oh...R-R-Richard...,” Lily gasped, covering her mouth with one paw. “Y-You startled me...”

“I’m sorry,” Richard apologized, rubbing the back of his neck with one paw in a sheepish fashion. “I just saw you leaving and wanted to make sure you’d be okay outside. It is rather late, after all, and the streets can be a little dangerous for a girl on her own.”

Lily looked out at the street. “I...I was going to wait for a bus...”

“They’re not running this late,” Richard said. “How far is it to your apartment?”

“It’s...um...” Lily looked down at the sidewalk. “It’s a few miles...I...I guess I’ll have to walk...”

Richard laid a paw on her shoulder, and idea coming to him. “This might seem a bit forward...but would you like to come to my place? It’s only a few blocks away, and this is no time to be walking through the city for very long. You can sleep on my couch and get a bus to your place in the morning. What do you say?”

The young vixen seemed very taken aback by the offer, and the suggestion made nervousness dance its way across her face. Richard wondered for a moment if she was thinking...but no, certainly not. Her anxiety was probably just because she wasn’t expecting a virtual stranger to extend her an invitation. She probably wasn’t thinking about *that*.

“I...W-Well...Um...,” Lily mumbled, not meeting his gaze. She looked up and down the street once more, and then she nodded absently to herself. “A-Alright...Thank you for the offer...”

The older fox took the vixen’s arm and began leading her down the street, away from the club and towards an apartment building visible two blocks down. There were a few other pedestrians out at this time of night, and Richard was amused to think that they probably saw the pair as father and daughter. Richard was certainly old enough to play the part of Lily’s father.

Arriving in front of the building, Richard opened the door and held it for Lily. She went ahead of him, moving to the elevators and looking around the lobby. Richard closed the door and followed her, stepping in front and pressing the call button to bring down an elevator. Richard's apartment was on the top floor, giving them plenty of time to spend together in the small enclosed space. While the elevator moved up, Richard put a paw at the small of Lily's back, pressing his palm lightly to her. He heard her take a small, sharp breath, her tail jerking once as she felt him touch her. It was hard for him to suppress a smile as she glanced to the side; she was simply adorable.

"You know, Lily," Richard said, "I'm a little surprised that you came with me. You barely know me." He gave her a friendly smile. "What if I was a bad man?"

Lily looked startled by that idea. "I...I didn't even think of...of that..." Her ears drooped a little. "Y-You're not a bad man...are you...? You don't look like one..."

"What *do* I look like?"

The vixen thought about his question for a few seconds. "You look like a nice man..." The tips of her ears showed a bit of a blush. "You remind me of my father..." The sincerity of her words gave Richard a warm feeling.

Presently, the elevator pinged as it reached the top, and Richard led her down the hall to his apartment. Once in the front door, Richard opened the closet so that Lily could put her purse away, and pointed her to the living room while he slid their shoes against the wall. Richard's apartment was a fairly sizeable one. It only had one bedroom, but it also had a lot of other living space. Besides the living room, Richard had a separate TV room, a large kitchen, and a dining room. The place was furnished with lots of vintage furniture, but it was not because Richard had a thing for vintage furniture. They were just the furnishings he had always had. After almost twenty years of regular use, pieces like his leather armchair were worn, and the wood on everything was peppered here and there with scratches and dings. While nothing could be called shabby, the apartment did have a "seasoned" look to it.

When he got to the living room, Richard found Lily sitting on a long, dark green couch, looking around. He came up behind her and placed his paws on her shoulders, leaning down to speak in her ear. "Can I get you anything? Something to drink, perhaps? Or would you just like to get some sleep?"

“I’m not really tired, yet,” Lily said, her eyes still moving around over the apartment’s interior. “I guess a drink would be nice...”

Richard went into the kitchen and got down two wine glasses from a cupboard over the sink. He poured a glass of white wine each for the two of them and carried them back, sitting down next to Lily before handing hers to her. Lily peered at the wine, and then raised the glass to her lips, sipping it slowly. Her eyes widened, and she coughed a little as she swallowed.

“O-Oh...,” she spluttered. “That...I’ve never tasted wine before...That is wine isn’t it...?”

“Yes,” Richard said. “You like it?”

“Um...Well...,” Lily stammered, trying not to be rude. “I...Not really...I prefer juice...”

Richard chuckled. “Not a problem. Be right back.” He got up again, taking Lily’s wine glass and returning to the kitchen to rinse it out. After pouring her a glass of juice from his fridge, he came back. She was much more pleased by the juice and seemed to relax a little more, starting to chat a little about this and that. Richard asked her more about where she came from, and what growing up in the country had been like. In return, he told her a little about his own life. How he had grown up in this city and was now teaching economics at the nearby college, and what things were like living among buildings and lots of other people. Lily listened quietly, the tip of her tail waving back and forth as she began to feel more comfortable.

After about twenty minutes of this, Richard felt ready to take things up a level. The whole time they had been talking, he had been inching a little closer to Lily, and she had been drawing closer to him at the same time. About when she had finished talking about her home, he had put an arm over the back of the couch and then moved it around her shoulders. While speaking about his own childhood, Richard had brought his tail around his back and behind Lily’s, curling the ruddy tip around her hip.

“Lily, I need to be honest with you about something,” Richard said, trying to keep the nervousness he was feeling out of his expression. “I don’t mean to make you uncomfortable, or anything like that, but I didn’t invite you here just to give you a place to stay for the night.”

Lily looked over at him, the rim of her glass touched to her lips. “Hm...?”

Richard took a small breath and held it for a few seconds. “Lily, I invited you here because you’re a very pretty young lady. And...And I’d like to have sex with you.”

There was a dull thump as Lily dropped her glass in shock, and she coughed, spluttering on a mouthful of juice that had gone down the wrong way. “S-Sorry...! I’m sorry...,” she choked, looking around frantically for something to use to wipe the spilled juice from the couch. Richard reached over to a corner table and grabbed a pawful of tissues, quickly cleaning up the small mess. Lily watched him clean, flinching only a little as he wiped a few splatters from her legs and shorts. The middle-aged fox used that short time to calm down his heart, adrenaline making him a bit jittery from the boldness of what he’d just said. When he couldn’t find anymore spilled juice, he got up to go throw away the used tissues. After he got back, he found Lily hunched over where she had been sitting, covering her face with both paws. At first Richard was afraid that she was crying, but when he sat down again he saw that her ears had turned crimson, and she was just incredibly embarrassed by what he’d said.

He put an arm around her shoulders. “Lily? Are you alright?”

“Y-Y-You... You...,” she stammered, slowly turning her head and peeking through her fingers. “You... You want to...to...to...h-h-have...”

“Yes,” Richard said. He smiled at her, rubbing her shoulder. “I want to have sex with you, Lily. I think you’re pretty and cute, and I want to be with you, even if it’s just once.” He gently pulled her paws away from her face so that he could look into her eyes, those wide yellow eyes.

Lily looked away. “I...I don’t...I don’t know...”

Richard put both of his arms around her, pulling her close to him. He could feel her heart beating against his chest, and he bent his head down to whisper in her ear. “Have you...ever had sex before?” She shook her head once. “Have you ever even been touched by anyone? Seen another person naked?” Again she shook her head, her shoulders starting to shake a little bit.

“N-N-No...,” she whimpered, her voice quavering. “Never...I...I wouldn’t...wouldn’t even know what to do...”

Richard leaned back from her, gazing directly into her eyes. “Would you let me

teach you, Lily? I promise not to do anything bad to you. I won't hurt you." He brought his face close to hers, waiting for her to lean back, to turn away. When she didn't, he pressed his lips to hers, feeling their softness and warmth. She whimpered again, putting her arms around him and relaxing into the kiss. Richard could not believe what was happening. The last time he had been with someone as young as Lily, he had barely been out of high school. Now, as a fox in his forties, he was again getting a taste of the pleasures that a youthful partner could provide.

Not breaking the kiss, Richard moved his paws to grip the bottom of her shirt, and ever so slowly she began to draw it up her body. As though she were in a trance, Lily lifted her arms, letting him pull it up and over her head, the hem catching her ears for a moment before coming free. Richard carefully draped the garment over the back of the chair and looked down at Lily. She was not wearing a bra, because of course she didn't need to. Her chest was almost perfectly flat, with barely a hint of womanhood projecting out. Where her shirt had been, her dark blue fur gave way to a creamy shade on her stomach and chest. Cute, perky nipples barely poked out from the fluffiness.

Lily almost didn't seem to realize that she was naked from the waist up for a few minutes, until she looked up and saw Richard looking down. Then she gasped and covered herself with both arms.

"Why are you covering yourself?" Richard asked.

"I...I just...," Lily said, looking into his eyes. "I...I don't...I mean..."

Richard thought he knew what she was worried about. "Your breasts are very pretty, Lily. And they're just right for you, honey, no matter how small they are." He moved her arms, sliding his paws down them to hold hers, and dipped his head forward. Lily sucked in a sharp breath as he kissed first her left nipple, and then her right, and then he closed his lips around the right and began to softly suckle at her.

"O-Ohhh...," Lily mumbled, her voice a quiet moan. She took her paws away from Richard's and put them on his shoulders, timidly pulling his head firmer against her chest. He smiled, nuzzling her breast and sucking harder, putting his tongue out to circle around the very tip of the pink nub between his lips. The vixen's nipple grew erect in his mouth, hardening from the direct stimulation it was receiving. After spending several minutes on her right breast, Richard moved his head over to the left, showing it the same

affection that its twin had enjoyed.

When he felt that Lily was ready to move to the next step, Richard pulled his head away, with significant reluctance, from the heaven that was on her chest. “Lily, could you stand up for me, please?” Richard coaxed the vixen up from her sitting position while himself remaining seated, and had her stand in front of him. Keeping his eyes on hers, he reached for the clasp on her shorts, but she suddenly reached down and held his paws away.

“N-No, I...I...,” she murmured. Lily swallowed nervously. “I...I’ll...do it...”

Richard nodded, smiling at her. To this point, he had been taking control of things. Letting Lily have her way with this particular thing would allow to have a bit more control over the situation, and if she was feeling nervous that would help her feel more comfortable. He sat back and watched Lily as she fumbled with the button on the front of her shorts. By now Richard was very aroused, and he glanced down at his lap to see a slight bulge. He wondered if Lily had noticed his growing erection. For that matter, he wondered if Lily even knew what it meant. So far she had seemed fairly naïve about sex, and having never seen a male naked she definitely didn’t know what to expect. Richard was pleased that he would be the first.

Lily finally managed to get the button undone. She paused for a moment, closing her eyes, and then unzipped her shorts and pushed them over her hips, letting them fall down her legs. She stepped forward out of them, and Richard was treated to an adorable pair of pink cotton panties. They fit Lily’s personality well.

“Lily...,” Richard said. He put his paws forward, resting them on her waist just above her hips, and pulled her a bit closer. “Turn around for a moment.” Lily covered her face with both paws again and obeyed, turning her back to him. Richard’s heart fluttered as he beheld the most perfect rear he had ever seen in his entire life. If Lily was beautiful from the front while naked, that was nothing as compared to how she looked from the back. Her ass was perfectly shaped, curvy and full, and he put his paws out, cupping both cheeks in his palms. The blue vixen’s tail jerked, raising up a little, and Lily gave a little yip of surprise.

“Oh, Lily,” Richard whispered, his voice throaty with intense arousal. “You’re so sexy...”

“D-Don’t say that...,” Lily whimpered. “Th-That’s embarrassing...”

Richard smirked, and placed a paw on the small of her back, pressing down. He made Lily bend over just a little, allowing him to see between her legs. Despite her words, he saw a small dark spot right where he expected to, proving that although she was certainly feeling embarrassed her body was still becoming aroused.

He turned her back around. “But I have to say it, honey. It’s true.” He pressed the tip of his muzzle against her belly, nuzzling her fur. “I think you’re beautiful, and sexy, and the more I see you the more I want you.” Richard kissed her belly and licked her navel, eliciting a small giggle from Lily as his tongue tickled the sensitive spot. He hooked his index fingers into the waistband of her panties. “Lily, may I take these off of you?”

Looking down at him, her tail swaying from side to side, Lily slowly nodded. She didn’t hesitate as long as she did when Richard had first said he wanted to have sex with her. Giving her a warm and reassuring smile, Richard started to pull down. Her panties folded over as he dragged them down her body, and he forced his eyes to remain on the garment, saving the first sight of what lay underneath for when the panties were completely gone. Avoiding sight did nothing to protect his nose, however. When her panties were halfway down her legs, he caught the first whiff of her scent. He thought his erection might tear through his pants. The young vixen smelt more enticing than any female he could remember being with, and he was convinced that if Lily had actually been in heat then he wouldn’t have even waited to be out of the club before taking her.

Richard lifted Lily’s feet for her, taking the panties off first one leg and then the other. He tossed them on top of her shorts, and then finally he brought his head up, letting himself see what her panties had been hiding.

He was not disappointed in the slightest. She had the cutest little virgin sex, nestled among a grove of wonderfully soft-looking light blue fur. Lily was wet, her pubic area sparkling in the lamplight with dew-like moisture. The smell was as intoxicating as the most potent liquor, and Richard drew a deep breath through his nose, savoring it. She was obviously aroused, her lips swollen underneath the downy fur. Her body wanted it even though her mind did not yet know what exactly “it” was. Richard let his eyes glide back up, his gaze skimming across her trim belly, up past her flat chest. He saw her

mouth, slightly open as she panted a little, and then his green eyes were on her yellow ones. Her eyes were drooping, arousal giving her the appearance of one who is in a waking dream. Perhaps she even thought she might be dreaming. Richard certainly thought he might be, he was so happy.

“You have the prettiest little pussy I’ve ever seen,” the elder fox said, not a hint of hyperbole in his words. Lily gave a small gasp, covering her mouth with one paw, her ears reddening once more. She at least knew what that word meant. Richard smiled, raising up in his seat enough to kiss her on the lips again. He cupped her cheeks in both paws, making the kiss deeper than the last time. He ran his tongue over her lips, probing and prodding at her mouth for a few seconds before gently forcing his way in. Lily moaned softly, her tongue meeting and sliding along his own. Her mouth tasted sweet, flavored by the juice she had been drinking.

Richard broke the kiss, sitting back down and looking up at Lily. “Help me take my clothes off, Lily. I want to be naked with you, so that you can see what a male looks like. Would you like that?”

“Yes...,” Lily said, only a hint of embarrassment remaining in her voice. “I...I want to see...”

Richard dutifully began unbuttoning his shirt, pulling it from his pants so that he could get the last few buttons. Lily helped him take the shirt off, gathering it in her paws as he pulled it off his arms. He took the shirt from her and draped it over hers on the couch, and then he reached down and unbuttoned his own pants before leaning back in his seat, looking at Lily expectantly. She remained still for a few seconds, nibbling on her bottom lip, and then she kneeled on the floor, taking two fingers from one paw and grasping Richard’s zipper. As she tugged on it, it came undone, a tent rising in his underwear as some of the pressure was released. Lily’s paw began to shake as she saw that, and she wasn’t able to finish with the zipper. Richard helped her, getting the zipper all the way down and lifting his rear from the couch to push his pants and underwear down. Lily looked away as his full nakedness came into view.

Once his pants and underwear were off, Richard settled back down in his seat, reaching behind to adjust his tail into a more comfortable position. The elder fox watched as Lily furtively glanced down at his lap several times, each time jerking her gaze away

as she got used to the idea of seeing his penis. Finally, the teenage vixen turned her head all the way, forcing herself to give an unbroken gaze to Richard's throbbing member. Richard wasn't especially large, but he imagined that Lily would think otherwise, having never seen a man's cock before. The fox was glad that he still maintained his full sexual potency, and that he wasn't plagued by any of the problems that other males his age tended to have. His red member was fully extended from his sheath, and his balls were full, although his knot had not started to grow yet. It would not until...but Richard would not let himself think about that yet. He was already doing all he could not to throw himself on Lily right now.

"I-It's...It's big...," Lily whispered. She timidly put a paw out, looking at Richard's face. He gave her a nod, letting her know it was okay. Lily extended a finger and lightly touched the pointed tip of his member. A drop of precum squirted out, coating the end of her finger. Lily pulled her paw away and looked at the liquid curiously, rubbing her finger against her thumb and swirling it around. "S-Slippery..." She gave a nervous giggle. "What is this...?"

Richard took a shivery breath, fighting off the almost narcotic effects of Lily touching him. "That's called precum. It starts coming out when a male become very, very aroused." He tipped her chin up, smiling. "Like how you're very, very wet right now."

Lily's eyes went wide when he said that. "O-Oh...I..." She looked down. "Y-Yes...Yes, I suppose...I am..." She looked back up. "But...why am I...um...wet?"

Oh my...She doesn't even know that? Richard thought. Sheltered girl indeed.

Richard placed his paws underneath Lily's armpits, helping her back up onto the couch beside him. "Well, Lily. When a woman becomes very aroused, like you are, her vagina produces lubrication." He put his paw on her lower belly and began moving it down. Her eyes became focused on his paw, her own paws starting to fidget in the air in front of her. "And when your vagina becomes very wet, that means you're ready for a male to put his penis inside of you..."

With those words, his fingers finally brushed the top of her pussy, lightly stroking into the soft, moist fur between her legs. Lily gasped loudly, clenching her legs together and pushing Richard's paw away. She looked at him with wide and frightened eyes. Richard moved his paw to the top of her thigh, rubbing her reassuringly. He nuzzled her

neck, whispering softly, telling her that it would be alright. His other paw came over and held one of hers, interlocking their fingers and squeezing tightly. Soon Lily relaxed again, turning her head and pressing her face into his shoulder. Richard moved his paw back between her legs, pushing them apart and going for her sex once more.

There, his fingers found a treasure trove. He could feel intense warmth radiating out from her nether parts, bathing his fingers in humid wonder. While he kissed at the top of her head, licking her ears fondly, he teased his fingers through the soft fur and met moist flesh. Lily moaned into his shoulder as new feelings began to course through her body. Richard just stroked his fingers up and down, sliding his middle finger directly along her virgin slit. She became wetter and wetter with each second, each stroke, and the fox moved his fingers so that a fingertip was pressing directly between her lips. He pushed them apart and probed for the entrance to her vagina. Lily was trembling against him, her tail whipping at the couch, not daring to pick her head up.

Finally, Richard found what he was looking for. Lily spread her legs wider by instinct as his finger circled around, swirling in the moisture. She was so turned on by now, her shyness overwhelmed by the sheer desire for him, *any* part of him, to enter her body. Her hips pushed forward, trying desperately to force him inside of her. Richard chuckled, and pressed his finger in. His cock throbbed as he felt how tight she was. Her body was squeezing his fingertip, and he was barely able to slip it inside.

“You’re doing great, Lily...,” he whispered. “Does this feel good? Do you like this?” His thumb began to rub in a small circle, pressing down on where her clitoris would be. Lily cried out, rubbing her muzzle against Richard’s shoulder.

“Y-Yes...,” she whimpered. She squeezed his paw as tight as a vice. “I-It feels...so good...I...I never knew it would feel so good...Ow!” She suddenly tensed up, letting go of the paw she held and jerking the other paw from between her legs. Richard had just pressed his finger deeper and, her body not being used to having something inside of it, the motion had caused a sharp pain.

“Shhh...Shhh...,” Richard soothed her, softly rubbing her belly. “It’s okay...I went a little too fast for you. You’re too tight right now. You need to loosen up a little bit.” He bent his head down, giving her a tender kiss on the lips. “Lie down, Lily, with your head on the armrest.” He held his paws behind her back, moving her and guiding her onto her

back. Richard slid down the couch so that he had a better position and put his paws under her knees, lifting and separating them. From here, he had a completely unimpeded view of her pussy. She was dripping wet by now, moisture sliding through her fur and dropping onto the couch. Richard didn't care. He could always clean the couch later, and right now he just wanted to give Lily complete pleasure.

Noticing where Richard's gaze was focused, Lily quickly moved her paws between her legs to cover herself. "D-Don't...Don't look there...It's dirty..."

Richard held her gaze for a few seconds. "Lily, no part of you is dirty." He leaned down, his head going between her legs. He nosed her paws out of the way, keeping her legs spread, eager to do what he had been looking forward to doing ever since he had taken her panties off.

"Wh-What are...What are you...ah...ahhh...", Lily gasped, her eyes rolling into the back of her head. Her head lolled to one side, her tongue hanging out a bit as she felt something warm and slippery being dragged across her pussy. "Th-That...I...Ohhhh..."

"Tasty...", Richard mumbled, sliding his tongue along her damp nether regions. The vixen had a flavor unlike anything he'd ever had the pleasure of tasting. She was rich and musky, a bouquet of tastes that danced around his mouth and filled his nostrils with its aroma. Richard slipped his paws underneath her bottom, lifting her rear and holding her as he licked. Lily was gasping and making small, high-pitched noises of pleasure as he worked.

Lily was experiencing sensations that she never would have thought possible. Richard's tongue glided over every nook and cranny of her sex, flicking around and pressing down in places that made her spine tingle and her heart race. Before, the idea of someone putting their mouth where the elder male was would have disgusted her, but she found it hard to feel disgusted when he was making her feel so good.

She slapped a paw against the edge of the couch, her fingers tensing and her jaw clenching as his tongue wriggled its way between her labia, probing at her entrance. The vixen growled deep in her throat, an animalistic sound that she hadn't meant to make. Lily realized that she was losing control of herself, the attention on her before-now-untouched sex driving her crazy. She was losing control, and as embarrassed as the young female was, she would have been lying if she'd told herself she wasn't enjoying it very

much.

Suddenly, Richard stiffened, taking his tongue away from Lily and straightening up. “Lily...” Richard hurriedly got off the couch, moving his arms underneath her body and lifting her up.

Lily’s heart pounded as he cradled her as carefully as if she’d been a fragile porcelain doll. “Wh-...Wh-What...” Her vision was a bit hazy, the sudden removal of Richard’s oral stimulation leaving her head spinning. Almost as a reflex, her arms wrapped around his neck. He felt so strong as he held her, reassuring and warm.

Richard shivered, feeling Lily’s tail swaying, brushing against his member which stood proudly and rigidly out from his body. “Come with me.” He carried her from the living room, taking her down the hall and towards the bedroom. She was as light as a feather, and he dropped his head to kiss her as he walked.

The bedroom was dark as they entered it, but Richard didn’t turn on the lights. His eyes adjusted quickly to the darkness, and in any case he knew where to step and where not to step. Walking by memory he got to the side of his bed and laid Lily down atop it. Moonlight shone through the open window, glinting off of her widened eyes as she gazed up at him. Richard held the wagging frenzy of his tail barely in check as he got onto the bed, situating himself so that he was crouched above Lily. Her paws rose up to his shoulders, clutching tightly.

“I...I...,” Lily stammered, her voice shaking with anxiety.

“Shhh...,” Richard said, brushing her cheek with one paw. “No words, Lily. Everything will be fine. I promise you that.” She nodded, her lower lip trembling. Seeing this, Richard lowered his face to hers and kissed her, holding her and taking it no further for the moment. He stroked her shoulders, scratching roughly into her soft, silky blue fur. She began to calm down, and she put her paws around his back, rubbing along his shoulder blades and spine.

Lily pulled her lips away from Richard’s, her heart hammering. “I...I think...I’m ready...” She managed a small smile. “I...never thought this would...y-you know...happen, when I went out tonight...” The teenage vixen put a finger to his muzzle, trailing it along the fine, thin gray fur there.

Richard licked at her fingertip, making her pull it away quickly, a giggle escaping

from her lips. "Well, Lily, neither did I," he said. The fox placed his paws underneath the small of her back and brought her up, rocking back so that he was sitting on the bed with Lily in his lap, her legs straddling him. Lily's breath caught in her throat and her tail curled around his as she felt his member pressing against her pussy, pulsing with each beat of his heart.

"Ah...," Lily squeaked, her paws tensing on Richard's shoulders. "I...Oh...J-Just...Just be gentle..."

"Of course," Richard assured her. He extended his arms, making her lean back. "Look down, Lily. Watch. We'll start off slow..." Lily looked down, gazing between their bodies to the spot where Richard's penis was pressing against her, and her eyes widened a little as her ears burned red. Richard took one paw off of her back, keeping her propped up with the other, and moved it down to wrap his fingers around his erection. He angled it down, nudging the tip just within Lily's entrance. She gasped, her short claws digging into Richard's back as he began to push, but her eyes never turned away. She watched, riveted, as Richard slowly slid inside her wet, warm sex.

"Nnnh...," Lily groaned, her tongue hanging out slightly as she panted a bit. "I-It...It stings..."

Richard bent his head forward, continuing to push as he nuzzled at her flat breasts. "It will hurt a little at first, Lily. But I promise it will feel wonderful in no time." He worked his way inside of her slowly, rubbing her back soothingly as she whimpered and moaned. Richard couldn't believe how tight she was inside. She was definitely a virgin; there was no doubt at all about that. Her hot walls clamped down on his invading member as slipped into her, squeezing him like a vice.

Finally he was almost all the way in, the lips of her sex just kissing the point where his knot was beginning to swell. Lily was breathing heavily, no longer looking down. The vixen's pale yellow eyes closed and she leaned forward, her chest up against Richard's. She nosed his neck, slowly kissing him before resting her chin on his shoulder.

"Oh...Richard...I...I....," she mumbled, her voice low with an unfamiliar, newfound erotic tone. "I...I l-l-...I like this...Y-You feel so close to me..."

Richard stroked the top of Lily's head, tracing a finger around the inside of her ear. "That's because I am, honey. I'm as close to you as any man can be." The elder male

shifted to a more comfortable position, jostling Lily a little and eliciting a sharp moan as he stirred within her. "Let's dance, shall we, Lily?"

The age-mismatched couple started a slow rhythm, with Richard's guidance, as they began to make love. Lily clung firmly to him, her head staying on his shoulder as she made low and sweet sounds of pleasure. Since it was her first time, Richard took things very gently as she had requested, not moving very fast or hard. He always kept one paw on her back to keep her steady, but his other paw went all over her body. Richard let his fingers fly over her nipples, tweaking them and smiling when it made her jerk against him. He rubbed his palm around the globes of her pristine ass, slipping a finger underneath her tail to stroke her sex as his penis slid in and out. Most of all he paid attention to her tail, stroking along it and fluffing out the downy, dark blue fur that grew there.

Sharp moans called to Richard's ears as Lily began to move her own hips, taking some of her own control over their lovemaking. "R-Richard...", she gasped, her paws clenching on his shoulders. "I...I w-want...want to move..."

Those words, issuing from the mouth of such a cute, lovely young vixen, were music to Richard's ears. "If that's what you want, Lily, then I have no intention of stopping you." He turned around, moving so that his back was to the head of the bed. Leaning back, he laid down. Lily was now sitting on his waist, perched on him with her labia firmly pressed against his fully-swollen knot. Instantly, Richard felt the intense urge to grab her hips and thrust into her as hard as he could, burying his knot inside of her. He almost did it. Almost. But he restrained himself and kept his paws to himself. The shy, restrained nineteen-year-old was taking charge of things, and he had no intention of causing her to stop.

"I...I don't really know what to do...b-but...", Lily said, before closing her mouth, swallowing on her words. Perhaps, Richard thought, she was finally ready to keep her reservations to herself. After a few seconds of what he could only guess was mental preparation, Lily placed her paws flat on his stomach and raised her rear, sliding him out of her. Her ears fiercely red, she then lowered herself once more, returning his cock to exactly where it was supposed to be. The tiny vixen squeezed her eyes shut, her mouth opening and her tongue coming out in a sultry pant, one that was almost incongruous

with her personality. But Richard found it intensely sexy, and he could not take his eyes away from the sight of her as Lily started to rock up and down on his erection, truly starting to fuck him in that wild way that only newly-deflowered virgins can.

Before long, Richard found it impossible not to have his paws on her. He grabbed her waist firmly and began humping upwards as Lily came down, now focused on tying with her. He couldn't have stopped now even if he had wanted to. The sensations that Lily was giving him were much too poignant to ignore, and Richard finally allowed himself to relinquish control of his actions to his instincts. Lily did not seem to mind in the least, as her own movements did not slack off in the slightest. If anything, she quickened her pace, her body knowing exactly what it wanted even if her thoughts were unclear. Richard's knot began to make its way inside, making more headway with each upward thrust into Lily's tight body. She was howling in pleasure now, her claws snagging in his fur and his skin, little pinpricks of fire that spurred him on and made him try all the more frantically to make the breach.

Finally, with a wet, slick sound, Richard gave a huge push and forced his knot into her vagina. Lily cried out in a mixed utterance of pain and passion, her paws flying from his body and her body falling down atop him, her orgasm tearing through her and making her body tighten up more than anything Richard had ever felt. Richard was right there with her, his canine body kicking into overdrive and doing exactly what it was designed for, and he came too. His semen, like champagne in a bottle, was released from the pressure that had been building up since he'd disrobed Lily on the couch, flowing into her in a near-steady stream as his cock spasmed rapidly. Richard wrapped his arms around her, hugging her tightly and uttering his own groan of ecstasy, keeping her as close as he possibly could. This little vixen who had come home with him and was moaning and whimpering into his shoulder, sounding happier than anyone in the world could have been at any moment in time...

Forty minutes later, Richard's knot finally came down in size enough for him to gently pull out of the now-sleeping Lily. He rolled her to the side, trying not to wake her, and pulled the covers over them to keep them warm. Sliding in close, he wrapped his arms around Lily and snuggled with her fondly, replaying the night's events in his head.

Yes, it had been a very good night, indeed.

Lily lazily opened her eyes and tilted her head up, looking at him as he looked down at her. “Ah...” Her ears burned red again, now that her sexual desire had been satisfied. “I...I...That is to say we...”

Richard licked the top of her head, and whatever embarrassed and shamed excuse she might have been thinking of died on her lips. She smiled and cuddled up close to the male who was twenty years her senior, nuzzling his chest. She seemed about to fall asleep again when Richard heard her speak up.

“Do you...um...I mean...,” she murmured dreamily. “May I...stay here tomorrow, too...?”

Richard felt a little thrill in his chest as his heart fluttered, and he couldn’t resist a quiet laugh. “Of course, little one. Nothing would make me happier.” He placed a paw on the top of her head, scratching between her ears. “It’s late. Sleep now, and I’ll see you in the morning.”

He had barely finished the sentence when she began breathing deeply and evenly, fast asleep. Richard kissed her forehead and let his own head sink into a pillow. His last thought was that his youth was not in the past, after all. It was here, sleeping right next to him. This time around, he wouldn’t let it slip away.

“There is a fountain of youth: It is your mind, your talents, the creativity you bring in your life and the lives of people you love.”

-Sophia Loren