

Let's Eat Out

Summary: *If you're eating out your son's ex-girlfriend you'll have to be quiet if you don't want him to know.*

Characters: Anouk (coyote, female) x Hale (wolf, male). Guest starring Hale's son.

He's already two fingers into her flushed, greedy pussy, when the front door suddenly falls shut, the unwelcome sound drifting like a gunshot into his upstairs bedroom. His son's perfunctory "I'm home!" takes only an additional second to reach their ears.

Anouk whines as he stops thrusting his fingers into her, but he shushes her, partly amused, partly worried that his son might hear.

They've not exactly told the boy about this; there is just no easy way to tell your son that you're fucking his ex-girlfriend like you're in rut.

"I'll be down in a minute," he calls through the wide open door and hopes the boy won't come upstairs before he's finished with Anouk. He turns back to the insatiable coyote, who is now rubbing herself against the pillow that she has dragged impatiently between her legs, drenching it with her musky scent.

"Christ," he mutters under his breath and can't help but stare at her flushed face, eyes almost black with arousal, her dirty-blond hair in disarray and sticking to her sweaty cheeks – she's beautiful like this, sprawled out across his sheets, her perky breasts bouncing in time with her frantic movements, too horny to wait for him to satisfy her.

She whines again, then, needy for him in a way nobody else has ever been and he hastily complies, patience flying out of the window. There won't be time for any of their plans now, but he can at least get her off before taking his son out to dinner.

"You'll have to be quiet," he tells her firmly and pulls the pillow out of the way to get better access to her leaking pussy. His mouth waters at the sight and he gets a good grip around her tights, spreading them wide and dragging her closer to the edge of the bed.

"I'll be quiet," she promises barely above a whisper and shoves the meaty part of her thumb into her mouth, biting down with her pointy teeth to keep the moans from spilling.

"Good girl," he replies fondly and buries his snout between her silky folds. He loves how the first taste of her always shocks him right to the core, loves her rich flavor that curls enticingly around his tongue as he licks into her with sure strokes.

He laps as much of her fluids out of her as possible, works his jaw and makes his tongue as flat and broad as he can to give her the stretch she needs. Her hips jerk up from the bed and he holds her down, feeling the muscles in his arms bulge as she tries to use all of her strength to get closer, to feel him deeper.

He tugs her folds apart and worries his teeth against her clit in retaliation and feels utter satisfaction when she's hardly able to choke down a scream. He does it again and again, alternating between sucking at the sensitive nub and fucking her relentlessly with his tongue until Anouk is a writhing, sobbing mess on the bed, tears leaking out of the corners of her eyes, when she finally gushes out of her pussy as she comes with a near-silent, long-drawn keen.

He sucks her come into his mouth with slurping sounds, swallowing greedily, and teases her clit with his thumb until she's made it through the aftershocks. Then he leans back and surveys his handiwork. She looks wrecked – her face flushed scarlet, sweat and tears making her fur glisten in the weak light streaming in from the hallway. Gasping breaths cause her spent body to quiver restlessly, and he wants nothing more but to mount her until all she's spilling is his come.

But unfortunately he has a son to distract, and hopes he'll get him to stay with his best friend for the night.

"Be ready for more when I get back later," he tells Anouk and waits for her languid nod, before getting up and leaving the bedroom, closing the door gently behind him.

He stops by the bathroom to wash his hands and face, absentmindedly making sure that his

appearance doesn't give him away and thinks of anything but the sated girl in his room in order to get rid of the pronounced bulge in his pants.

When he finally manages to calm down somewhat, he jogs downstairs and finds his son doing homework on the kitchen table. Walking closer he peers over his son's shoulder at haphazardly solved trig problems.

"Let's eat out," he says with a smile as he clasps his paw around the back of his son's neck in lieu of a greeting, still tasting Anouk's musk on his tongue.