

It was a nice day today. The sunny was out, it wasn't too humid, there was a gentle breeze. I probably could have taken off my shirt if I really wanted to. Not too sure how the locals would like that, though I'm not that bad looking. At least I think I'm not.

A quick glance at my fancy fitness watch showed it was almost a quarter past three. I figured I could get a couple more laps around this park before I should go back home and help finish unpacking. Moving was such a drag. So much work, boxes that needed lifting, furniture that required building, and getting everything just the way you wanted it so that it felt like home. Who knows how long that will take this time?

I spotted a wolf stretching in the grass just up ahead. Not bad looking, kind of cute actually. That got me wondering how tolerant the high school kids around here are and what they would do to a little homo panther. My ears flicked when I heard the sound of someone approaching from behind. I didn't have to glance over my shoulder because soon there was that wolf jogging next to me.

"Hey! I haven't seen you around here before. You new or something?" He had a deep voice, I liked that.

I glanced over at the guy and saw it was that wolf that I passed a while ago. I take back what I said earlier. He wasn't cute, he was a bona fide HUNK! Running shirtless like that, I could see all his muscles flex and bulge, and that chest...

"Yeah. My family just moved here," I said focusing forward.

"Oh, cool! The names Luke, Luke O'Neal."

"I'm Dustin Calverton. Uh, nice to meet 'cha."

"Likewise! You like to run too huh?"

"I guess. It's a good way to keep in shape and it helps clear my mind."

"Me too! In fact, I'm captain of Track team at Aster High." I could hear his tail wagging after he said that.

"Oh, that's where I'm enrolling at."

"That's so cool! You should join the Track team. We are always looking for new members."

"Maybe, I don't know. I just-" My watch thingy started beeping, which meant it was four o'clock already.

"Oh, sorry. I gotta go."

"No problem, I'll see ya around."

The shirtless grey wolf continued running along as I slowed down. Damn, he had a fine ass too. Those tight running shorts hugged the curves of those delicious globes so well. The view was only obstructed by the guy's grey tail swishing back and forth. My own black, lanky tail swayed lazily just above the ground as I steadied my breathing and headed back home.

Mondays are always a drain. The worst part was that it is the first day of school here. I got lucky this time and we moved to this town a week before the start of the school year. Moving during the middle of the school year was never easy, not that jumping in as a Sophomore was any easier. Everyone already had their set of friends and cliques. Fuck, I miss Jessie and Aaron. I wonder how they are doing?

The bus ride to school was crowded, loud, smelly, and all together unpleasant. If the school isn't too far, I'll just walk from now on and skip all this crap. I got off the yellow rolling prison as fast as I could and waited outside the entrance to the school for the bell to ring. I received a tour of the school shortly after my family arrived in this town when we went to enroll me. It's very different when it's crowded. I took out my schedule to see where I should go, room 305B for homeroom. I can't tell if that means the third floor, I don't remember there being a third floor to this building.

I must have looked like one of the freshmen because some bear who looked like one of the teachers came up to me and asked if I needed help. Thanks to that bear I managed to find my homeroom and I was a little surprised when I walked in the door.

"Hey! Dustin! Over here!"

It was that grey wolf, Luke or something. I don't even know why he had to say, "Over Here!" He was practically out of his seat waving a paw to get my attention. I didn't know anyone else so I made my way in his direction. The guy had a huge grin and his tail was wagging so fast, I thought he was going to lift off the ground. I sat next to him and tried not to pay too much attention to him, but fuck me sideways, he was wearing the tightest, sleeveless shirt ever. He wasn't bulky or anything, but god dammit he was my type, clearly built and well defined. You could see his washboard abs over that thin piece of fabric for Christ's sake. How did the teacher's let him wear that?

"Hey Dustin. I didn't know you were a sophomore too."

"Uh, yeah. So wait, you're a sophomore too *and* captain of the track team."

"Yup! I'm just that good at what I do." I didn't think his grin could get any wider.

The grey wolf was practically sniffing me when he leaned over and asked if I'd consider joining the track team.

"Well, I don't know. I'm still-" The bell cut me off and the teacher quieted the class to kick start to school year.

The first week of school was, rough, to say the least. The school schedule here was very different for my previous high school where we just had the same seven class periods each day. Over here, they had four classes a day and a two day schedule. So you had your A day classes and your B day classes. That just made it more confusing as to what textbook and school material I needed to remember to bring. Add to that I had difficulties finding a lot of the classrooms, it was a major pain. I don't know if I would call it fortune, but a certain energetic wolf always seemed to be available to help me.

It turns out Luke and I had a lot of classes in common, so I ended up following him around for most of the latter part of the week. I guess I can't be too hard on him, he was very friendly and was a nice guy once I got to know him. Turns out we share some similar interests besides just running. Plus, he introduced me to a lot of new furs that I wouldn't mind making friends with. The only downside, and I wouldn't really call it a down side, was that he was very persistent in getting me to join the track team. I had to tell him that I needed some time to think about, what with all a new town, a new school and homework, essentially a new life. He seemed to back down after that, but he'd toss out the suggestion every now and then.

A month had passed since school had started and I finally felt settled in to this new life. The house was completely unpacked, my room felt like my room, school was going great, I was keeping up with grades, and had a budding social life. A knock at my door disturbed my Saturday morning sleep and a quick glance at my clock told me it was only a quarter 'til eight. I groaned and threw the covers over my head hoping the knock was a mistake. Unfortunately, it was not and another, louder knock came followed by the voice of my mom announcing that one of my friends was downstairs. I grumbled and searched around for a pair of shorts to throw on to cover up my indecency before I dragged my sleepy ass to answers the door.

"Good morning Dustin." She was far too cheery in the morning.

"Good morning mom," I replied around a yawn.

"Your friend Luke is at the front door looking for you. I told him I'd see if you were up."

I huffed at that. "Well, I'm up now. Who did you say was at the door?"

"He said his name was Luke. A grey wolf it looked like."

All I could think was what the hell was that crazy canine doing here this early. How the hell did he even know where I lived? "I'll go talk to him," I said walking down the stairs.

This guy must run on rainbows and sunshine because that silly grin of his appear and his tail started flapping as soon as he saw me. Fucking Christ, he was shirtless again and wearing some tight ass running shorts. It was a good think I threw on some underwear too because my morning wood was throbbing hard at the sight of the studly wolf.

"Good Moring Dustin! I thought I'd stop by and see if you wanted to go on a run with me to start the day."

"Do you know what time it is?" I said grumpily.

"Yup."

I we had a stare off, my grumpy frown verses his happy, happy grin. I sighed in defeat after a moment, I hadn't really had any time to run since school started and I was already up, even if I didn't want to be.

"Sure, just give me five minutes to get ready."

"Alright, I'll be right here!"

I passed my mom on the way back to my room.

"What did your friend want?"

"He wants me to go run with him. I told him I'd be down soon."

"Oh that's so nice. Is he just your *friend*?"

"What?"

"You know, *friend*," she said with strong emphasis on that last word.

"He's not that kind of friend. He's just a friend is all," I huffed.

"Okay, just wondering. He's pretty cute though."

"UGH! MOM!" I bolted for my room and slammed the door.

It was fifteen minutes before I was relieved, decent, and ready to go back down stairs. My ears flicked when I heard laughter from the kitchen. I stopped at the door to find Luke sitting there with my parents chatting it up.

"Ah! There he is," my mom said noticing me first. All eyes then turned to me.

"Good morning son," my dad said around his coffee mug.

"Hey Dustin," the wolf said with a smile.

"Good morning dad," I said as I grabbed a banana and made my way to the door. "You coming Luke?"

"Right behind you. Thanks for inviting me in Mr. and Mrs. Calverton."

"Oh, it was our pleasure," my mom said politely.

"Stop by anytime." God dam, he'd even manage to charm my father.

The grey furred canine definitely had a spring in his step as we made our way to the park where we first met. We talked about school and stuff along the way and while we stretched.

"Don't you get hot in all that black fur? Why don't you take your shirt off?" the shirtless muscled wolf asked while stretching on the ground.

"It does sometime," *but I don't have a body like yours* I said in my mind, "but I don't mind, I'm used to it."

"No need to make yourself uncomfortable while running. Besides, you have a great body, show it off."

I just snorted at his comment and continued stretching.

"What? I'm not lying, you look good. No need to be shy. It feels great too. The wind rushing through your fur." Luke got up and rumbled as he rubbed his hard abs as if to simulate the feeling.

I had to look away and for once was thankful my fur was black and could hide my blushing. That still wasn't enough to stop the sneaky wolf from grabbing from behind. He managed to wiggle his paws under my shirt and started rubbing my belly. My tail whipped around and ended up thrashing against his.

"Plus, I wouldn't a nice view to look at while we run," he whispered into my ears.

"Fine, fine just let go. Jeeze!" I said wiggling out of hold.

I pulled off my shirt and placed it under a tree. Luke watched joyfully the entire time, his tail fanning himself from behind. I didn't want to admit it, but it did feel really good to take the shirt off. There was a nice breeze that swept through my fur and helped cool off my skin which was on fire the places that naughty wolf had managed to rub.

We set out at an easy pace, but then things started to pick up when I tried to get ahead of him. I wasn't trying to pass him or anything, it was just getting hard not to stare at that ass in those tight shorts, the sculpted globes dancing beneath that swishing tail. Shit, the guy even had great muscles in his back, and his arms flexed with each movement. I bet his pecs even bounced if you looked at him from the front. Something was getting hard indeed.

Luke was content to stay behind me for about a mile, then he started jogging in front, just to the right of me. I was right dammit, his chest did bounce a little and the view of his arms only made things harder. Worst of all, the fucker caught me staring and winked at me. That's when I speed up to get away from him. It got to the point that we were running at a pretty intense pace.

I feel like I'm a pretty good runner, I would even go as far to say, I am better than average, but the wolf was keeping up with me step for step. I guess he wasn't joking when he said he was the captain of the track team.

I heard a loud exhale and saw him slow down a bit so I did too. We came to a stop shortly afterwards to caught our breaths. My tail thrashed around as I glanced at him taking deep breaths.

"You're pretty good," the grey wolf panted.

"You're not bad yourself, for a wolf," I added that jab as a joke.

"Is that so?" He gave me one of those looks like he wanted to challenge me to something, and sure enough. "How about a race to see just how good we are? At the end of that street is a bright blue pickup truck, first one to slap it can say they are the best."

I should have just said no, go back home, watch TV, play some videogames and knock a couple out; but he had a cocky smile that was begging to be wiped off. "You're on."

The mutt sprang up instantly, bouncing on the pads of his footpaws while his tail wagged with renewed vigor. *Stupid canines.*

We setup in the middle of the quite street. I could see the blue truck at the end of the road, it was about a fourth a mile I judged, a cake walk. We agreed to start when the soccer mom closed the van door after unloading her pups. I caught a quick glance at Luke who still had on that cocky, goofy grin and looked hunky in that hunched over pose. His tail stilled and I turned to stare straight ahead, my ears cocked towards the signal waiting for the sound of the door closing. It came like a gunshot, the slam of the door, and I sprang forth accelerating to full speed.

These moments are why I like running, time seems to stop and speed up all at the same time: everything around me becomes a blur except the finish line, the feel of my claws digging into the ground and pushing off the pavement, and the drumming of my heart, the beat of my steps, the tempo of my breath, and the air whooshing past me creating wondrous music. I'll give it to that wolf, the wind rushing through my fur and caressing my skin, going shirtless definitely added to the glorious sensation.

The big blue truck got closer and closer with each second that past. I was starting to get winded and I could feel a burn creeping into my thighs, but I was far from slowing down. I didn't look around to see where Luke was, I was so focused on the finish line, nothing else mattered. The distance was closing fast and I kicked it into high gear giving it everything I got. I reached a paw out to slap the tail of the truck and just before I made contact, my ears flicked from the loud sound of something smacking against another object.

I came to a stop in the yard just beyond the vehicle, sucking in air like I a vacuum cleaner. I let my tail drag on the grass as I stood up straighter and looked around. The grey wolf was lying on the ground to my left and fuck if he didn't look hot in that position. One knee up while he threw his hands over his head, his impressive chest heaving and his abs tightening and relaxing with each breath he took. Maybe it was my imagination, but I think I caught a whiff of his musk and it made me want to dive right into one of his hairy pits and take it all in.

He broke my ogling when that goofy ear to ear grin returned and his tail started wagging over the lawn like a weed whacker.

"Looks like wolves are better than panthers," Luke husked.

"As if, I'm just out of practice," I said between breaths.

"Excuses, excuses. Hey, give me a paw will ya."

I grabbed the extended paw and hoisted the wolf up to his footpaws. In this close proximity, I got a good dose of his scent. It was enough to make me lick my lips.

"Thirsty huh? Me too. Let's get something to drink."

"You brought a water bottle with you?" I asked skeptically looking up and down the wolf clad in only a pair of tight track shorts.

"Nah, we can just go inside and get a glass."

The wolf turned around and started walking towards the large two story house of whose lawn we were on.

"What?" I questioned, but still followed.

"Inside. This is my house," the wolf said pointing to the building, that cocky grin back on his muzzle.

I snorted at the stupid mutt and followed him inside. It was a really nice house, big too, maybe bigger than mine. Wolves definitely lived here, I could tell just from the smell, though one particular wolf was stinking up the place with his musky scent that was starting to get to me. It was also noticeably cooler in the air conditioned building and I soon realized I was walking around a friend's house shirtless and probably reeking of stank.

"Uh, maybe I should wait outside. I don't want your parents to-"

"Don't sweat it man. They are gone for the weekend so I am free to make the place as messy or smelly as I want. I just have to clean it up before they get back."

I followed Luke into a pretty nice kitchen, it was big, had an island, granite countertops, and hunky wolf ass sticking out of the fridge. I almost didn't catch the bottle of water he threw at me it.

"Thanks," I said before chugging the cold liquid.

"Don't mention it. Hey! You want to play some videogames? I got that new Xbone shooter game if you want to give it a try."

"Hell yeah! Have you unlocked all of the Titans yet?"

"Got them all on the first day, skipped school just to play it."

The grey wolf lead me up a flight of stairs and past a couple of closed doors until he stopped at one particular door and turned the knob. The whole room reeked of his scent, which wasn't unpleasant in the least, it made my nose snuffle and stirred other parts of my anatomy. He invited me into the room with a flick of his tail and I glanced around. It was a pretty typical teenager's room, though not as messy as I expected from the energetic wolf. There was the occasional article of clothing lying around along with a backpack, textbooks, a duffle bag, and other things. He had a desk with papers strewn about and a pretty nice rig, a made bed, unlike mine, and various posters of movies, sports, and bands. There was also a big dresser that double as his TV and console stand with two bookshelves to the side that maybe had only eight actual books on them collectively.

"Hey, mind if I get comfortable?"

"Naw, go ahead," I answered back while skimming the games on his bookshelves.

"You can too if you want."

"Thanks, but I-" I couldn't believe what I was seeing. Luke was standing by his closet in just a fully packed jockstrap looking at me with that goofy grin of his. I mean, I guess I said he could get comfortable, and it is his room after all, but Christ! I wanted to say I didn't really have much else on besides these shorts and underwear, but all I could do was stand there dumbfounded and stare at the studly wolf.

"What's wrong? Cat got your tongue?" the wolf chuckled at his horrible joke. "I usually just take everything off, but I figured I should have some decency with a guest and all. Of course, if you don't mind me getting really comfortable..."

I was hardly processing what he was saying. I all I could concentrate on was that bulge in his jock. Oh God, I wanted to see it so bad. Next thing before I know it, he's on top of me, his musk washing over my nose, more intoxicating than before.

"It looks like you want me to get really comfortable," a voice whispered into my ear. My tail lashed behind me and my ears flicked at the hot puff of air. "I think you should too."

I don't know what I expected to happen after that, a hot kiss like in a porno I supposed. I didn't expect to be pantsed, underwear and all. Despite my embarrassed state, my face wasn't the only thing flush with blood and I tried to hide my stiffening sheath from him.

"Hehe, don't be shy. Like I said, let's get comfortable," the naughty wolf chuckled. "I think you look great." I could feel his eyes all over me, taking me in. My ears went further back and my tail slinked between my legs.

Luke dropped to the floor, not on his knees, but in a squat and I saw those powerful thighs flex. He took my paw that was trying to cover my dick, which was slipping out further by the second, and moved it aside with only a little force.

"Really great," he rumbled.

I didn't have much time to react before he managed to poke his nose at the base of my sheath. I sucked in a breath and almost doubled over from the cold, snuffling sensation as my big cat cock rose to full attention. I felt something wet swipe over my balls leaving the skin of my furry sac feeling cool in the air conditioned room. After getting a moment to recover, I was able to finally look down and see the wolf going to town, lapping at my fuzzy nuts with his tongue.

The fucker winked at me for before he hooked a finger around the base of my cock and angled it down. I couldn't tell if he took the whole thing or not, all I knew was that my dick was in a wet cavern surrounded by intense heat. I felt a strong grip on my thighs and was grateful because I nearly clasped. Luke must have done this before, I was moaning the second he started bobbing his head and sucking on

me. His tongue swiped over my barbs making me purr like a motor boat. My paw somehow found a way to his head and was guiding him up and down my glistening shaft. I started scratching behind his ears and saw his tail start to wag.

The end was coming, I could feel it. My hips were bucking involuntarily, desperately trying to drive my dick as far as possible into the hungry wolf's muzzle.

"Ah! Luke... I..."

I couldn't hold it back any longer and he was sucking harder than ever, that tongue of his swiping all over my dick and barbs causing my tail to thrash behind me. I gripped his head and held him down as my cock twitched and squirted load after load of my seed down his throat. I got to give it to him, he took it all and didn't back off, though some of my jizz did drip down the sides of his muzzle. It looked nice on him like that.

The grey wolf sprang to his foot paws right in front of me and licked my muzzle from the bottom of my mouth to my nose. My sense of smell was instantly overloaded with the scent of wolf and my own climax.

"Thanks for the protein shake," he said with that goofy grin and pulled me into a hug.

I could tell he was wagging his tail because his hips were moving ever so slightly and that is when I realized there was a big, hot bulge pressed right into my oversensitive prick. I looked down between us to see a nice sized canine cock sticking out past the waistbands of his jockstrap. Below that was a big knot sized bulge still in the jock pouch. I stuck a paw in between us to grab hold of his wolf cock. I could feel the heat radiating off of Luke's member even before I wrapped my paw around it. His shaft throbbed in my grip as I slowly began stroking up and down the shaft, with each pulse of his dick I could feel my own arousal coming back to life.

Luke's tongue was lolled out in an expression of pure bliss. I gave his cock a squeeze and returned a lick right up the front of his muzzle. The taste of wolf and my own spunk filled my mouth and I purred at the dirtiness of it all.

"What are we going to do about this?" I asked.

"I know a game we could play. It's called bury the bone."

"I like games," I whispered in his flicking ear.

At that moment, I pushed my paw into the pouch of his jockstrap and gave his knot a good squeeze. The wolf whimpered like a little pup in my paws.

"On sec," he husked out.

He pulled away from me, but I held on to his cock forcing him to make it slide out of my grip. My paw had become soaked in pre by that point. Once he was free he took off his jockstrap and tossed it to the

corner of the room. I decided to step out of my own cloths and watch him as he got on his knees and bent over to dig around under the bed. The sight of the wolf in that position was enough to cause me to shoot a healthy load of pre. Sadly, he got up and stood in front of the bed and placed a shoe box on the mattress.

Curiously, I watched as he removed the lid to reveal a cat and canine dildos, some anal beads, a couple of cock rings, and a big bottle of lube. Luke glanced over his shoulder when he heard me snickering .

"I like to play games too," he said with a wink.

He took out the bottle of lube and placed the box with the rest of his toys on the floor before he turned to me. "How about you get on the bed on all fours?"

I didn't put up any objections or resistance, just a smile and a bat of my tail as I got into position. He must have appreciated the view because he gave my right cheek a good slap.

"You have a great ass. You really should show it off more," he said as his paws molested my gluts.

I began to rumble at the feeling of his paws massaging my butt, those digits digging into the skin and rubbing everywhere. What caught me off guard was when he yanks my tail and jammed his nose right into the base. I gasped as I heard him take a deep breath inhaling my musk at the source. I could hear rumbling behind me and his tail flapping, but I didn't get much time to think before something wet swiped over my exposed tail hole. I moaned at the sensation and my cock throbbed when I realized it was his tongue and not a lubed finger. Luke was a naughty wolf and that was turning me on fierce.

The tell tale sound of a cap opening and lube being squirted filled the room moments before another wet object, two fingers this time, circled around my back entrance. I clenched reflexively at the touch and that seemed to only spur him on. He began pushing directly on tailhole until he managed to breach my gates. My head fell to a pillow when his digit began to explore my backside. I was mewling like a kitten when the second digit wiggled in and started swishing around. The whole time, Luke kept explaining the importance of a good and proper stretching before a workout.

A moan and a shoot a pre escaped me when he found my prostate and began pushing it like he was playing a videogame. I was panting by the time he pulled out. The bed shifted when the wolf crawled onto the mattress and positioned himself right behind me and spread my cheeks apart. He pressed that slick pillar of meat right against the crack of my ass and started slowly humping. I purred from the hot sensation teasing me, I wanted him inside me and fast.

Luke must have picked up on my desperation, and I'm sure he was just as desperate. He tugged on my tail as he positioned his wolf prick right against my tailhole and kept pushing until he entered my back passage. I bit into the pillow from the twinge of pain and tried to relax. Hard to do when it felt like a huge, throbbing bat was being lodged in your backside. The eager wolf kept pushing until his knot was flush with my entrance.

"Fuck your tight," he exclaimed as he took a second to catch his breath and relish in the moment. He leaned over me, his chest against my back, our bare fur touching. I could feel him breathing heavy lying on top of my like that.

He placed his paws on top of mine and laced our fingers before pulling back and driving himself forward all the way to his knot. He kept my paws pinned preventing me from reaching beneath and giving my drooling member some much needed attention as he pounded my rear with gusto.

"Ah, fuck! You're...you're squeezing hard... so tight," the pleasure wracked wolf spewed from above.

Not the most eloquent talker when it comes to fucking, but he made up for that with energy. I wouldn't have guessed we just went on a pretty intense run less than half an hour ago with how fast his hips were flying and filling my ass with hot, canine cock. All I could do was moan like a bitch and push back against his thrust like a slutty, cock hungry kitty.

"I... I need," he panted through heavy breaths. I could feel him drooling over my neck with lust.

"Do it dammit! Fuck me harder," I roared wanting it as much as him.

That ass pounding pace slowed down a bit, but each thrust from the lust driven wolf was more powerful. I could feel that knot knocking at my backdoor intently.

The hunky wolf squeezed my paws tightly and bit down on my shoulder in a mating bite as his knot pushed passed my defenses. I let out a mix of a groan and a moan as the large, bulb of flesh filled my rear. Short quick thrusts jammed that big fucking knot right against my prostate and I lost it. Without even touching my dick since the bitch mounted me, a spasm took over my cock forcing streams of my spunk to shoot out all over Luke's bed sheets, my stomach, and I even got some on my chest.

Luke's reaction to my orgasm was a climax of his own. I could feel each pulse, each twitch, each throb of his dick lodged so deep in my ass as he filled me with his seed. After what felt like a hundred shots of hot, wolf loads filling my gut, he finally collapsed on top of me. I was too weak to hold both of our combined weight and fell right into a pool of my own juices. We laid there for a while and enjoyed the post-orgasmic bliss, tired, panting, sweating, and me covered in spunk. At some point, Luke has started grooming my fur around the area he bit down, further marking me with his scent. It was a good five minutes before either of us could do anything. Not surprisingly, it was Luke who was first to bounce back.

"So," Luke exclaimed energetically, like he hadn't just fucked me at an intense pace, "seeing as how we'll be joined her for a while, I wanted to talk to you about joining the track team." I looked over my shoulder and saw that stupid grin of his and his goddamned tail wagging.