

The wolf shifted the fit of his backpack straps over his shoulders as he walked, trying to adjust to a more comfortable position what with the textbooks sagging down in the back. The one for bio fit in nicely right next to his laptop, which he wasn't allowed to use for class but still came in handy at lunch and in his free period afterwards; he had his notes and this last period's graded quiz slipped into place in his math book in the next pocket over, and once he got home he was thinking about taking that out and looking over it.

Though, more likely, that thought would leave his head even before he made it through the front door. He had gotten a fairly solid B on that quiz, and as he always tried to tell his mom, *good enough is good enough*. He *did* promise some of his friends that he'd be on tonight to play around on their Minecraft server; as he trotted along the sidewalk, thumbs still hooked beneath the straps, he already started laying out his plans for the night. The weekend was coming up soon, and they'd be able to sit back and relax and enjoy their time, though he might have to watch his little brother while his parents were out of the house... he tilted his head the other way, pursed his lips, and huffed.

Hani should just hurry up and grow up already. He's three years younger than me but already pretends like he's eighteen too. God, I remember when I was like that. I wonder if he's gonna join us again this weekend. There's the fort to work on, and he has his little generator thing, and I've gotta check in with Florence about our project...

He turned the corner onto his street and strode along, mind delving deeper and deeper into his plans for the afternoon, schoolwork already forgotten. At least he didn't have any *real* homework to do tonight, and if things kept up like that, he'd be free on the weekend as well. He tried to finish everything up during his free period, though calculus came in the period afterwards, and if anything *that* was usually the one to take up most of his time. Again he rolled his head on his shoulders, trying to go through his mental list to double-check he had finished everything... then paused, blinked, and glanced across the street towards a little flash of motion that had caught his eye.

There was Ms. Sarahi in her garden again. She had been around as long as the wolf could remember, showing up every now and again at his or his siblings' birthday parties, coming over for the family barbecues and what-not. A warm, pleasant cougar, fur still the same golden-tan as he always remembered it, eyes a cool silver that often glittered with some hidden humor or enjoyment, he quite enjoyed her presence when she offered it, though so far hadn't really gone out of his way to make her acquaintance. She had always just been "Ms. S down the street", and while he knew she had a handful of kids, he couldn't quite recall how many or what their names were.

So he raised a paw and waved back, giving a friendly enough smile yet stopping short of showing his teeth. That could often come across as rude to some non-canids, and besides, he was certain she was just being friendly as well, and so far wasn't *actually* expecting or wanting him to-

Now the cougar had changed the rhythm of her waving, beckoning him forward across the street. She sat near the flowerbed, paws hidden within floral-print work gloves that almost matched the dress she wore splayed about herself, small feline ears held off at an angle under the edge of her wide-brimmed sun hat. The warmth in her gaze showed that the wolf was wrong, and this time she really did expect him to come over. He fumbled in his pace, looked both ways across the street, looked both ways again, then stepped down off the curb and hustled over.

Once more he shifted his backpack over his shoulders. "Hey, Ms. S," the wolf said as he approached, footpaws rustling through the trimmed grass. Every now and then she grabbed either him or one of his siblings to mow her lawn, usually for a crisp twenty – they had joked among themselves, *"what am I gonna do with this? Who takes cash anymore?"* – and occasionally a freshly baked treat from her kitchen. "What's up?"

"Kyle, sweetie." The cougar smiled up at him, eyes slitted against the sun even beneath the brim of her hat. Her voice carried the same soft, husky note it always had, and at least as far as he could detect, the only real sign of her age showed in the way she spoke... and, as he peered closer, in the occasional little strand of silver-grey fur mottling the marks along her muzzle. "Here I was, just thinking it'd been a while since we've spoken, and then there you are walking along. Had a good day at school?"

"Yes, ma'am." He noted the way her long tail flicked at that, and how her smile and eyes softened just a bit. "Been keeping busy today?"

The cougar breathed a sighing laugh and looked out across the flowerbed in front of her. "Oh, I certainly have to. Since the kids moved out I've had to get back to doing everything myself... ah, but you've heard this spiel before."

For a moment silence fell between the two of them. Kyle felt as though she were waiting for him to ask if he could help, which – under any other circumstances he *would*, and had done so before. He just really wanted to get home to boot up his computer tonight. The cougar tilted her head to the side and pursed her lips, as though caught in thought; she turned the trowel over in her paw, tapped it against her arm, and seemed not to notice the little fragments of moist earth that spilled down and clung briefly to her smooth fur.

"Speaking of," she went on, and Kyle felt his heart drop. "Are you busy this afternoon? I wouldn't mind having you help out around the house for a bit." Once more her smile widened. She reached up to adjust her hat atop her head, the soft fabric of her dress shifting around her. "I'll make it worth your while, of course."

There was just no way he could tell her *no*. The wolf put on his best grin and nodded, once more shifting his backpack. "No problem!" he answered, and looked around the garden. "What do you need me to do?"

She patted her gloves together to wipe off some of the dirt, then reached over behind herself for a second trowel. "Thank you, dear. You're such a delight. I just need you to pat down the mounds around the plants after I bury them..."

He shrugged his backpack off and soon got to work beside and a little bit behind her, trying his best not to get any of the rich planting soil onto his paws or in his fur. While they worked the feline peppered him with the occasional innocuous question or comment – *"so have you graduated high school yet? No? I was wondering if you might know my girl Luna, but I suppose she's a grade ahead of you... say, does your mother know you have that piercing?"*

That one actually caught his attention. The young wolf chuckled and reached up to thumb at it, a broad silver industrial spanning one of his ears halfway up. "Actually, yeah," he explained, the excitement of

the thing still in his voice. "Mom got it for me when I turned eighteen. Well, she paid for it. I don't have a job yet."

"Still living off an allowance, huh?"

"Well, I mean-"

The cougar's laugh perked his ears and drew him to look up from his work. "Honey, I'm teasing. It looks good on you." She leaned forward again, dress swirling around her bare footpaws, to scoop another bundle of flowers into the ground. "Mom and Dad both have piercings of their own anyway, don't they? I think it'd be odd if they didn't let *you*."

"Oh, yeah, I-" But then Kyle paused, thinking about it. He actually couldn't recall his mother having any that he could see, though she and Sarahi *did* go back a while; maybe she had one in the past, but had since stopped wearing it. He touched at it again, running the pad of his finger along the bar just enough to make it spin; it still had *some* healing to do but was mostly all there, though he did have to be careful with it. He cleared his throat, swallowed, and reached forward to tamp down the next mound, looking up to the cougar in front of him again – and then froze in place at what he saw.

Ms. Sarahi leaned forward where she was wrapped up in diligent work, shoulders bunching and churning with the careful movements of trowel and soil. The loose folds of her dress lifted up along her hips and over the base of her tail, normally held down close to her body from underneath; now, though, it raised up and flicked idly around, paintbrush-tip floating at an angle away from her body while the length of it followed in as well. Due to her dress lacking a hole for the base, any upwards movements caused the entire hem to lift and curl up as well, which now afforded the young wolf a clear, unobstructed view of what the cougar had on underneath... which was, frankly, nothing.

Kyle felt his mouth fall open, and the trowel drifted down in his slackened grip. Smooth, soft fur centered in underneath the base of her tail, gentle tan giving way to sweet, fresh pink, puckered wrinkles pulling in to shape her tailhole. She leaned forward a little bit further, soil-stained footpaws lifting up underneath her surprisingly pert rump – and in the warm afternoon sunlight the wolf felt his gaze drawn down a little bit further, eyes following along the sleek, supple lips, also wrinkled, glistening on full display right there between her legs. Sarahi's body shifted as she worked at the soil, those lips giving a little bit of a jiggle as well. The she straightened up a bit, briefly obscuring the view beneath the hem of her dress again; Kyle jumped and pretended that he had been working the whole time, though kept his eyes raised to get another peek as soon as she leaned forward again. This time the cougar reached far to her side, legs spreading apart; she shifted her weight to one of them, tail flicking up and then over to the side, then right back up again. Everything down there tightened up and clenched together with the stretch, tailhole puckering to show the rim of visible muscle just beneath the surface, then relaxed again.

The sound of a car going by on the road behind them just barely registered in the back of Kyle's mind, so enraptured was he with what the older cougar might have inadvertently put on display for him. Naturally his eyes flicked up to follow the shape of the vehicle reflected in the window glass before the two of them, halfway obscured by the line of bushes behind the flower bed; he kept on going, once more dropping down to look at his neighbor's backside, and then – met *her* eyes, looking back at him there, also reflected in the window.

His heart leapt into his throat from where it had dropped at her original invitation. His cheeks seared with the sudden heat of an intense, embarrassed blush, and he tried his best to keep his ears up and nonchalant as though nothing had happened. The wolf coughed, cleared his throat, coughed again, and busily tried to look as though he *hadn't* been staring. He really wished that she wasn't looking at him now, since he *really* needed to adjust his pants and how he was kneeling.

"Kyle, dear..."

The wolf tightened his mouth and continued patting at the earth there, tail pinning down between his legs. He responded without looking up at her: "Y – uh... yes, ma'am?"

"I think we're about done here for now. Why don't we head on inside," said as she straightened up and stretched her arms over her head, dress spilling down to cover herself again, "and I'll get you something to drink?"

"Oh! Um, I..." Immediately he looked back down her body, then caught himself and forcibly focused on her muzzle again. Already the gears had started to turn in his head: so many videos watched online after his parents had gone to bed, so many little peeks stolen on his phone in the bathroom while working on homework; *could this really...*? "Yeah. Uh, yes ma'am."

Ms. Sarahi smiled again, leaned forward to brace herself against the ground – this time without lifting her tail for him – and pushed herself up, then took a moment to wipe her gloves off against each other. She led him around the front of the house and towards the door, the younger wolf bustling along behind with his backpack slung over one shoulder and trowel haphazardly grasped in the other. Inside he could feel the cool welcome of maintained air against the late spring heat growing steadily more oppressive with summer's approach; he looked up and over and around at the entryway, everything so vaguely familiar yet nothing really *recognizable* to him. He knew that he had been in her house before, but couldn't recall when or why.

The door swung naturally shut behind him, briefly startling him to yank his tail in towards his body. Shelves with books and little knick-knacks, framed pictures of who he could only assume to be her children, little collectibles and keepsakes... already the cougar had disappeared into the kitchen nearby.

"You can leave your backpack there, hon," she called, once more drawing his attention. Kyle did not hesitate in obeying. "Come on in. Don't you be shy."

As he stepped in he saw that she had already removed her gloves and was now washing her paws in the sink, back to him. Kyle couldn't help but hang around for a moment to try to see what that tail would do, now swinging and flicking down near the floor at her footpaws again; the cougar reached, turned the faucet a bit, then flicked an ear and glanced back at him – and again he made as though he had been busy the whole time, now walking over towards the table to have a seat.

"Kyle?"

Once more his heart leapt. "Yes?"

"I'll need your help again. Last time my Marc visited, he put the pot way on the top shelf." Sarahi motioned up towards the cabinets. "Would you mind reaching it for me?"

The wolf did not mention that between the two of them *she* was slightly taller. He swallowed and nodded, then altered his course to come towards her and waited there for a moment, expecting her to move to the side to allow him space. She did not and, thinking he was starting to catch on, Kyle turned his body sideways in against her, lifted up onto his tiptoes, reached up towards the cabinets... and just barely managed to brush along the handle of the teapot there on the top shelf.

"This one?"

"Mm?" Sarahi looked up at him again from where she had started to wash the trowels as well. Her shoulders shook side to side with the motion, thin fabric of her dress swinging in rhythm – and now showing to the wolf quite clearly from this angle that she had gone without a bra as well. The material hung forward off of her body, slightly damp in places from the spray of the sink. "That's the one. Give a moment and I'll get things ready."

As Kyle brought it down to her he noticed that she very deliberately brushed her body against his, a faint waft of perfume and natural feline scent wrapping around him. The cougar looked him straight in the eye as she gave her thanks, then flicked her eyes over to the table to silently instruct him to sit again. Not one to leave a lady waiting, again he obeyed – then spent a few minutes trying to figure out the best way to sit, whether that was with his fingers entwined atop the table, or his paws folded in his lap, or one leg crossed over the other, or both straight out and down, or...

Sarahi returning with the steaming pot and a pair of mugs brought him back to the present. "Oh-" he said, and pushed himself up. "Here, let me help-"

"Oh, no, no. You relax. I *will* need your help again later, though." She paused to set everything out. "In my garden, and... elsewhere... do you take milk, or perhaps sugar? It's black tea, with hazelnut in it. My daughter's favorite."

"Um." Kyle swallowed again, staring straight forward down the cougar's chest. Yet again her dress hung down away from her body, showing the smooth, clean curve of her breasts right down and over the little bumps of her nipples... "Milk, please."

"Of course." Still leaning over, she poured him a cup, gave it a stir, then slid it over, and finally sank back into her own chair across from him. The cougar took a moment to settle into place, head resting back on the chair, then came forward again and resumed her smile. "Really, dear, thank you *so much* for coming over. I've seen you heading home from school every now and then, but I'm never ready for you."

Kyle raised his eyebrows as he lifted the mug up, leaning in to give it a sniff. Rich, warm hazelnut with a hint of cocoa, underlined by that natural, rounded bite of the tea, then smoothed together on the milk... smelled like she used whole milk. Slowly, carefully, he took a sip, expected it to scald his throat, then found that the milk had cooled it down quite a bit.

"Mm." He dipped his head and nodded, choosing to watch the way the steam curled off of the liquid instead of risk eye contact again. "I'm always around. Glad to help out."

Sarahi reached forward, plucked up a half-spoonful of sugar, then idly stirred that into her own. "I'll remember that. Could certainly use another pair of paws around here..."

And from there the two carried on the conversation from the garden, over time Kyle gradually relaxing and starting to wonder if maybe he had been imagining things. He caught the occasional glimmer in the older cougar's eye – she would be about as old as his mother, he thought – but usually it seemed as though these were due to some memory or inner thought that she chose to keep to herself. When Kyle had made it halfway through his cup of tea and Ms. Sarahi had just about finished hers, though, the cougar reached to top herself off again and then asked, nonchalantly:

“So do you have a girlfriend yet?”

The wolf nearly choked on his drink. He spluttered a bit, cleared his throat, and got it down, then once more tried to pass it off as intentional – *or, maybe*, he thought, *should I pretend I didn't hear her? No, that would be too obvious, I...*

Still not looking at him, Sarahi stirred in another bit of sugar, and this time added a touch of milk as well. “Mm. Boyfriend, then?”

“Well, I-” He looked down into his mug, swallowed, then downed the rest in one gulp. “I mean... no, but...”

That caught her attention. She paused in her stirring, silver eyes angling up towards him. “But...?”

This was something he hadn't even told his mother, or his twin Kylie. And the only reason he was even *considering* telling Ms. S here was the way she had shown herself off to him earlier, maybe deliberately. *Was it...?* The more he thought about it, the more he wondered; *but it couldn't have been an accident. Right? Maybe I ought to just... well, but I could – but I want to...*

The feline's shoulders shook with a gentle chuckle. “Had your first kiss already? Well, I suppose most kids these days do that by fifteen. And you said you're a senior, right? So then...” She half-turned in her chair and leaned back to take a sip. “Maybe... something in the bathroom during class, perhaps?”

Kyle's ears shot straight up. He forgot his mug was empty, and tried to take another sip.

“Or maybe... under the bleachers by the football field? That's a good one. Or around the back of the gym? My son Matt had *his* first in one of the aisles during an orchestra performance, of all things. Goodness. You bet I chewed his ear off about that when I found out...”

Here she turned forward again, and Kyle quickly turned away to avoid eye contact – but then felt himself frozen in place there, at the sudden sensation of smooth, soft footpaws brushing up along his ankles. As a feline Ms. Sarahi had softer, thinner pads than his own lupine variety, though age and use had stiffened them into slight callouses; they sent little shivers up his legs as she drew them back and forth, toes wide and thick as fitting for a mountain lion, tips of her retracted claws just barely drawing through his fur.

He swallowed again, loudly, and finally lowered his mug back down. The older woman's eyes followed it for just a second before flicking back up to his muzzle, footpaws still rubbing gently back and forth, up and down. Now her tail stirred and jounced behind her as well, belying the excitement that she managed to hide in her expression so well. The young wolf took in a breath, shivered again, briefly

closed his eyes... then pushed his footpaws forward against hers, deliberately turning one to the side to run it atop hers.

"On the..." He had to clear his throat. "On the bus. On a... field trip."

The cougar raised her eyebrows. She rested her chin on the back of her wrist, silent, expectant.

"It was – mostly empty. We were in the back, and nobody could see us, and it was... um..." It felt so *weird* saying the words. Again he looked away, hyper-aware of the way she pressed her footpaws on his, knowing that she angled herself forward and down to afford that view of her cleavage, *remembering* that nothing hung between her body and the fabric of the dress. "It was... just a..."

Sarahi tilted her head, still saying nothing.

Kyle met her eyes, swallowed again, looked away, looked back. "Just a... a handjob."

For a moment longer the cougar remained silent, eyes showing none of her thoughts or reaction. Then she smiled, softly, sweetly, in that kind motherly way she had; her mug *clinked* gently on the table as she set it down just before reaching forward to spread her paw over Kyle's, her touch soft and warm.

"I imagine your parents don't know about that?"

He shook his head. "You're not going to--"

"Kyle, honey. I already said I'm not going to tell them. I didn't raise any liars, and I'm certainly not one myself." Gradually her fingers squeezed around his paw. "So keep that in mind when tell you... *if you'd like, I can offer you a lot more than just a handjob.*"

Time seemed to stop for a moment. Kyle actually felt dizzy. Unintentionally he clamped back down on her paw, footpaws still playing against hers. "Ms. S! I--"

"Don't you worry about it," she went on in the face of his outburst, still calm and confident. "I can guide you through it, honey. I want you to enjoy yourself, and I know how much nerves can throw a wrench in the works. We can take it slow, at *your* pace – and you don't *have* to say yes. If you don't want to, we can both forget I asked, and I'll see you tomorrow to finish up the flower beds. Okay? But if you *do*, then--"

"I *do*, but--"

Again she raised her eyebrows, apparently surprised by his boldness. As was he, truthfully. Realizing she was waiting for him to continue, he coughed again and tried to gather his thoughts.

"I'm, just..." He looked down to the table, saw his paw in hers, felt her gently touching and feeling at him... "It'll be my – first time, and, uh... thank... you?"

She smiled once more and tilted her head. For a moment Kyle wondered if that was pity in her gaze, but the thought blinked out of existence as quickly as it had cropped up, since then she had stood upright and was now tugging him gently along behind her, the end of her long tail deliberately curling back

around his body and once more lifting the rear of her dress. Still he felt nervous trying to steal little peeks, though judging by the way she looked back over her shoulder at him, and how she tilted it up and to the side to show more of her soft rump.

Through the living room, then down the hall a bit, around one corner, around another shortly after... Kyle noticed the furniture and the decorations on the walls, but they left his mind as soon as they left his field of view. His heart pounded in his chest and throat, and his mind swam with ideas and scenarios, imagined on his own as well as seen in videos and read in stories and comics online. Still that strange feeling swept over him when Ms. Sarahi pushed open the door to the master bedroom of the house, and he stepped in to see the cool, quiet, still space all around him: the well-made bed, the simple furnishings, the twin nightstands bordering each side of the king-size mattress, only one bearing a lamp, alarm clock, book, and a few other things. Curtains drawn, tall dresser pushed up against the wall, door to the master bathroom just slightly ajar... he felt like a puppy again, clambering into Mom's bedroom late at night since he couldn't sleep.

Only this time it was someone *else's* mom, and for an *entirely* different reason. Sarahi's paw slipped from his and she turned to face him, muzzle angled just barely downwards for her slight height advantage. Yet again he swallowed in an attempt to banish his nervousness and thumping heart, and forced himself to maintain eye contact. He felt out of place here, and couldn't help feeling as though she were about to scold him or something.

"S-so, uh..." Kyle glanced away, then looked back again. "What do I...?"

Sarahi smirked again, though it was still sweet and gentle. She cocked a shoulder, tilted her head, then turned back around, lifting her paws up to her shoulders. "You..." she purred, now rolling her shoulders forward, "can help me out of my dress. There's a zipper in the back. See it there?"

"I – yeah."

"You know what to do."

Slowly, carefully, he reached forward, still anxious about actually *touching* her. Silver eyes watched from over a shoulder, and when the wolf finally rested his paw against her back, they fluttered shut and she pressed gently back against him. The same warm perfume washed across his nose, so faintly familiar after all of those visits she had made to his family's house over the years, yet this being the first time he had actually tasted it up close, from the source. So many things flashed around in his head, thoughts and worries about what she would think of him if he did *this*, or what the result might be if he did *that*... and then, after a few seconds spent with his finger and thumb clutching the zipper, the cougar turned her head again, reached back, found his forearm, and gave it a slow, soft tug downwards.

She guided him into undressing her, calm and steady. Kyle couldn't take his eyes away from the sight of her smooth, bare back revealed through the part in the dress, the angles of her shoulders coming in towards the center, patterns just vaguely visible in her plush pelt; down it went, half of it her guidance and the other half his own growing confidence, towards the root of the zipper right above the base of where her tail still stirred and flicked. Gradually the dress began to drift down off her shoulders, and it took only a slight nudge for her to guide his paws up.

This time Kyle placed his paws there of his own accord, feeling the bumps of her shoulders press up into his palms, and the line of her collar bone against his fingers. He swallowed, shifted where he stood, then pushed down along her upper arms, sliding the dress off as he went, smoothing her fur down, finally getting a *feel* for her. Soft fabric grazed along softer fur, catching along her elbows, her hips, her belly... and then it all drifted free, spreading out around her footpaws as though it were part liquid.

Still his paws remained along her arms, fingers teasing in towards her sides. The cougar lifted them up to allow him the touch, then squeezed gently back around them; then she reached across her body with her own, entwined her fingers with his, and drew him forward along her chest, spreading his fingers around the wide heft of her breasts. Softer than he expected, yet still firm enough that he just couldn't resist squeezing in – which, also surprisingly, made her immediately stiffen and sigh against him.

"O-oh," he breathed, startled. "Sorry, I didn't mean – to-"

"No, no..." and she just squeezed his paws back around her breasts. "Feels good. *Really* good. Especially if you... do..."

She grasped his paws and guided him in more firmly, pressing in with the heels of his palms and then gyrating in towards the center. Bit by bit her paws fell away from his, leaving his to do the squishing and kneading, grinding and pressing; he rested his chin on her shoulder from behind and watched the way the skin and flesh molded beneath and between his fingers, short soft fur sticking up in the spaces between, pink skin of her broad nipples providing a warm contrast against the sandy-tan of her fur. Sarahi rested her weight back against him, to the point where he actually had to brace himself and push up against her; then a few moments later she opened her eyes, a bit dazed, and smiled up at him, her angle allowing him to just barely see the other tip of what had so caught his attention in the garden, the lines of her hips angling down through a slightly rounded, soft belly, and then in a little bit.

One of Ms. Sarahi's paws came back up to cover his own, then drew it down along her chest. He felt the lines of her ribs beneath soft fur and flesh, then bare belly, then the little puff of pubic fur that spread out between her thighs, and – then the cougar rumbled softly in her throat, stopped there, and gripped his paws to turn herself around.

"Now it's *your* turn," she purred, leaning forward a bit to put her eyes level his eyes. "Do you want help, or would you rather handle it yourself?"

As much as he wanted to feel her paws on him – which he hadn't realized until just now, feeling her fingers entwined with his own – the young wolf nodded, flicked his ears upright, then gave a nervous chuckle. "I – let me, um..." He started doing it himself, beginning with his shirt and then moving on from there. For a moment he felt like a fool as the collar of the shirt caught on his chin and muzzle, then he struggled with working the sleeve off of his arm; then he stood there in front of the cougar, feeling her gaze trace back and forth over his lithe body.

Then it was time to feel silly again, as he briefly forgot how to undo his belt. This was something he had to do every other day for gym class, yet there when chatting with his friends it seemed so simple and easy. Now he felt the pressure of her eyes, the anticipation and excitement, the *expectation*, and found himself getting nervous all over again. He fumbled with the button of his pants fly, then crouched down a bit to try to get some better leverage, then grunted and gritted his teeth – then jumped when the cougar reached forward with her own paws, also leaning forward.

"Here," she murmured, breath soft against his muzzle. "Let me help."

Smooth and easy for her, the little *pop* and *zip* of the zipper... then she slid her fingers into the space between his pants and his underwear, soft form-fitting boxer briefs that hugged his sheath. A shiver sparked up his back at that contact, then again when she turned her paw to cup the slowly growing bulge there. The other paw worked around to the side as well, then her thumb came in and beneath the waistband, hooked there, tugged down... and she angled her fingers up to do the same in front – and brought the young wolf's sheath and the first inch and a half or so of his growing arousal out into the cool air of the room.

"There we are," she went on, still soft. "That's better, isn't it...?"

"Yeah," Kyle breathed, letting himself press forward into her palm. His pants drifted naturally down his legs while both of her paws returned to his front, one now cupping and caressing his sack while the other squeezed gently at his sheath, working it back and forth to draw him further out. "That... really is, I... *hah...*"

It felt good, but... his nervousness still squeezed in around him, and even though the cougar pushed and squeezed and brushed along all the right places, even though she drew his supple sheath over his revealed tip, squeezed it there, and massaged it around, even though she ran the pad of her thumb over the oozing pre and then carefully swirled it down along the lip of his sheath to curl it back, Kyle could feel himself start to hit a wall. Embarrassment started to flood back in, and it took deliberate effort to keep his tail from curling up around one of his legs.

"S-sorry, Ms. S, I, ah..." He swallowed, once more unable to meet her eyes. "I'm just – really nervous, and I..."

"That's okay. That's totally alright, honey. Like I said, we can start slow. Did you bring a condom?"

What a question that was. At first a little quip sparked in his mind, something along the lines of "*well, when you asked me to help out in your garden, I wasn't expecting this,*" but then the wolf realized that he did indeed. He nodded, coughed, then awkwardly leaned over where he stood to swipe his pants back up from the floor, and from there fished around in his pocket until he found his wallet.

"Right... here," he muttered. As he flipped it over the very obvious ring of worn material where he kept it came into view along the backside, but when he tried to tug it out it stuck to the inner pocket material a bit, and then that ring remained visible even after he removed it. "Hang on. It opens on... this side, I think..."

Silver eyes angled down towards it in his paws. "Kyle."

"Yeah, let me – just..."

"Can I see that?"

Another wave of embarrassment hit him – *my first time, and I need to get her to open the dang condom* – and then the cougar plucked it from between his fingers. She rolled the little flat package over.

"This expired a year and a half ago."

Yet again his heart dropped. "They... do that?" Then, disappointment and dejection: "So I won't... be able to...? Wait, wait, I can just – run down to the store right quick, and, uh-"

"Kyle. Kyle." She slid her paws up along his wrists and held them there, waiting until he looked her in the eyes again. "Don't worry about it. This is okay. You know what you can do?"

"What?"

The cougar smirked once more, briefly flicked her tongue out over her lips, then stepped back towards the bed. Kyle wasn't sure what to expect at first, but when she slowly turned herself around, knelt down, then draped herself across the edge, rump hanging out with her tail raised at the base. Gradually she lifted it further, then angled herself back, then reached one paw to sink her fingers into soft fur and flesh and spread herself open – with the other coming in, first and middle finger spread, to draw all of his attention down to that sweet, slick pucker. So, so close to him, and all it took was a little push backwards to bump the upper rim of her tailhole against the revealed tip of his shaft. Another shudder raced through him, and when she leaned forward again a thin strand of hanging pre hung between the two points, then dripped down and broke across her lower finger.

"Here," she went on, looking back at him over her shoulder. Side to side she swung her hips, deliberately clenching and squeezing, ring of muscle winking. "Use your mouth first."

"Use my-?"

"Is that okay?"

He was nodding before he realized it. Kyle swallowed again, mouth dry now at the worst time. "Yeah," he breathed, and closed the distance. Slowly he lowered himself down to his knees behind her. "Yeah, that's... that's okay, I'll just... ah..."

Even from that little brush, that slight poke and prod, he could *smell* himself on her. Rich, warm scent of older feline, completely devoid of the perfume that she wore about her shoulders and muzzle; heavy and bittersweet, tangy, then outlined with the much more familiar, brighter scent of his own musk, wafting from that little strand of wetness now dripping down between the wrinkles.

"Take your time." The cougar gave another pucker, then slid those fingers back to spread herself further. "Play around with it. Have fun. Explore. I'll let you know if you do anything I don't like."

"Thank you, I..."

"Just take the plunge."

That was all there was to it. *Just take the plunge*. Still getting over the sensation of seeing this in person for the first time, so close, Kyle swallowed open-mouthed, drew in a breath – now he could *taste* that scent and musk as well, coating the roof of his mouth and back of his throat like a thin layer of humidity – then leaned in... and pressed his lips against the cougar's rump, mouth agape, completely sealing her

tailhole within. There he remained for a moment, just soaking in the passive heat that emanated up off of her, then he swallowed again, half-closed his eyes, turned his muzzle so that the base of her tail rested over his cheek, and tried out a lick.

Then another, and another, each one a little more bold than the one before, a little more sure of himself. The taste wasn't at all what he had expected, of course, though a little bit of that came through: the slight, distant bitter tang mostly hidden beneath the same coating of thicker scent, accentuated further by something warmer and deeper... again and again he drew his tongue over and across her tailhole, first following the lines of wrinkles as they puckered in towards the center, then drawing sideways over them instead. He swirled back and forth, sucked his saliva back off of her, swallowed again, then brought his paws up to spread her with his thumbs; the cougar gasped and sighed, slowly melting against him with her tail resting down across his head.

Kyle took that as a good sign and continued doing just that, now working his chin to aid his motions. Already his jaw was starting to ache, though: he felt like he did during lunch at school, when he brought one of those pudding cups but forgot to pack a spoon with it. Gradually he thrust his hips forward and back, forward and back as he continued to slurp and lap at her tailhole, loving the way that he could *feel* her responses almost before he hear them: the little twitches and clenches, the slight readjustments in her paws on her rump, when she relaxed and pushed back... and, slowly, his tongue started to slip in further, deeper as he pried through the natural resistance of the muscle, teasing in until exterior skin gave way to warm, wet internal flesh.

The young wolf drew back, panting softly, saliva smearing his lips and nose and dripping from his chin, thick and sticky. He swallowed, licked his lips, looked down to see Ms. Sarahi's now slightly parted tailhole, that soft pink showing the richer red just barely hidden inside – and then the smooth, soft slit of her lips beneath, swelling slightly out with arousal, slick and soft. He so, so wanted to try *that* out, too, the scent of it driving him wild. So close to what he had imagined, yet still so far different. Enticing, intoxicating, tempting: for a moment he sat back on his haunches, keeping Sarahi spread with one paw while he dropped his other down to squeeze and stroke at his length, halfway hard now and quickly growing more so. Even just the sight and knowing that he was finally here, finally *doing it* ignited a bright fire in his loins. Still stroking himself, fully hard, fully into it, he leaned in, pursed his lips to her tailhole – which in turn puckered out against him – and licked, and kissed, and sucked, and slurped and swallowed.

Then slowly, gradually, heart thumping in his chest, he started angling himself down, letting his nose run along the tender flesh of her tailhole, turning his head to the side and dropping his thumbs towards those soft, supple lips that hung down just a short distance below, and-

"Kyle." Ms. Sarahi looked back at him. "Don't think I can't tell what you're doing. Not yet. However, I think we *are* about ready to..." ...and instead of verbally finish her statement, instead she just reached back with another paw, trailed two fingers over her saliva-slickened tailhole, and then smoothly, easily pressed those two in, until the ring of muscle slid in around them – and then pulled open with a soft *schlk*.

He couldn't believe it. The wolf swallowed, jaw hanging open, and brought himself to his full height, paws resting carefully along her hips. She looked up and back at him, smirked, and wriggled herself back against him – which once more made him shiver and sigh at the sensation, the expectation, the anticipation. Her fingers slid back out of her tailhole, briefly showing the rich red flesh inside, before the

muscle winked shut again... or at least, as close to shut as it could with the younger wolf's thumb spreading her rim, his other paw guiding his tapered tip in towards the center.

"So I, just..." He cleared his throat, nervous of actually *touching* her with this part of him for some reason. It felt like that would seal the deal, that it would bring into place everything that the two had built up here. Still he tasted her on his lips and tongue, the back hinge of his jaw aching, his throat feeling as though he had just spent a little too much time sucking a little too hard at something he shouldn't, but still; with her facing away from him he licked his lips, swallowed again, then sniffed at the air before him, drawing in the same mixed scent of her musk all over again. "Go for it?"

"Yeah," she answered, again squirming in front of him. The cougar braced her arms against the bed, pushed back... and grinded her soaked tailhole up along the underside of his shaft, drawing another shudder and throb out of him. "You just... go for it. I'll let you know if anything comes up." Once more she pressed back against him, this time giving her tailhole enough of a flex that Kyle felt it purse and squeeze against the underside of his tip. "I want *you* to enjoy this."

"But what if you d-"

"Don't worry about that. I will." Here she rested her chin atop her paws and slid forward, positioning herself more fully against the bed. "Go at your own pace. I'll let you know."

That just left him to take the step to actually do it. Kyle licked his lips again, steeling his confidence, then leaned in and down, and... and he rubbed the tapered tip of his shaft up around the cougar's tailhole, feeling the way the slick heat of his own saliva slid along his sensitive flesh. She clenched and puckered at the touch, then relaxed again, pushed back, invited him forward. He tilted his head back, slid his paw back towards his sheath, slid the supple skin back a little further, then finally, *finally* started forward, slowly, carefully. That layer of gathered drool combined with his own natural slickness provided what he assumed was enough lube, and he watched, stunned, as he began to press up underneath the cougar's tail, that ring of muscle stretching smoothly around his tip, encompassing and squeezing around it, then sliding further down – and wrapping him in sharp, intense heat, sucking all around him and enclosing him in its presence.

Immediately Kyle tossed his head back and let out a breathy, shuddering sigh of a moan, hips shaking with the sensation. In front of him Sarahi seemed unbothered so far, eyes closed and gentle pleasure visible in the set of her lips; it seemed that she kept herself deliberately relaxed for his entry, though every now and then the occasional squeeze shivered back through him. Tension and tightness squeezed around him, at once holding him in place while still tugging him in further; he shuddered again, leaned forward over the cougar, ran his paws up her sides, then tried to use his hips to push himself in further, loving the way that the ridges of her tailhole stretched around his shaft and squeezed. Firm ring of muscle gave way to sleek, slick soft flesh inside, hot, *wet*... and still he couldn't believe this was happening.

The young wolf gritted his teeth as he continued to push in, all of that sensation pressing back along him. This time the shudder began down in his loins and arced up his body, to the point where he had to slip his paws from Ms. S's sides and brace them against the mattress instead, pinning her lower body between his own and the edge of the bed – and the change in leverage caused him to sink even further into her, pressing forward into wet flesh until the rim of her stretched tailhole pressed back against the lips of his sheath.

When he pawed off at home, sometimes he liked squeezing that lip of supple skin beneath his fingers and tugging it gently along as he went, letting it bulge and balloon out around his knot as he got closer and closer, then finally letting it curl back with that quick, rich peak of pleasure – but this time even as he slowed, that tight ring just continued on back, meeting his sheath in a slick, sticky kiss, pressing it back, rolling it over the slight bulge of his as of yet unswollen knot, then squeezing in place there. Sarahi wriggled her hips side to side, finally letting a tense breath out between partially gritted teeth, and turned to look up at him again.

“Everything okay back there?” she purred, voice only slightly strained. “You feel... *ah...*”

It took Kyle a moment to gather his thoughts enough to speak. “Yeah,” he answered. “Yes ma’am, I – *ah* – uh... it’s-”

Again she wriggled her hips, now pulling forward, then sliding back to hilt him beneath her tail again. He sucked in a breath between his teeth and couldn’t help but grind forward a few times, fully pressing his hips to her rump, feeling the squish and warmth of fur on fur, flesh against flesh.

“Yeah?” The cougar reached up, wiped her mouth off on the back of her paw, and then lifted herself up a little bit, now starting a slow, careful rhythm in his lap. “Take your time to get accustomed to the feeling. I – know it can be a lot. But once you’re there, feel free... to...”

So he took over. Just as she had directed, he did so slowly at first, both to let himself learn the feelings and sensations as much as for her to do the same: as much as she said that she could handle it, that she was experienced and would let him know, still he couldn’t help but worry. As the first time he had ever done anything like this, he knew neither his own nor anyone else’s limits, and preferred to err on the side of the caution – though the way it felt tugging back out of her tailhole, feeling the residual slimy heat of saliva and internal wetness slicking the surface of his shaft, then dripping down towards his sheath and rolling along his sack as he went further, made it quite hard to keep that rhythm. He just wanted to wrap his arms around her body and thrust in, quick and deep, and feel her squeezing hungrily around him... *and I can have that*, he told himself, now deliberately maintaining that smoother, steadier rhythm. Out towards his tip, hold there, feel her clench and pucker around him, then slowly back in, inner flesh blossoming around and against his girth, like a pair of thick, wet lips, like the softest, wettest, warmest hand he had ever felt, all the way in along the contours of his lupine shaft towards the base.

Kyle *literally* couldn’t imagine how that might feel to her. Every time he pushed up underneath Ms. Sarahi’s tail, the cougar arched her back, rumbled deep in her throat enough that he could feel it vibrating through her body, then raised her hips and grinded herself back against him a little more firmly, burying him an extra half-inch that he didn’t know he had available to give. Each thrust brought him further and further along, the muscles of his still unswollen knot tightening there at the base, bulging gradually out, adding an extra ridge and bump to his already sleek length. Back and forth Ms. Sarahi pushed herself over it, her breath taking on an extra hitch as it continued to grow, until at one point she pushed back, pressed there, squeezed, then squeezed again...

“Ms.... S-” the young wolf panted, about to lose his balance on top of her. He slowed in his rhythm, straightened up and took the opportunity to look down between them, one paw sliding back towards the base of her tail. He lifted it with his thumb and leaned back, now able to hear as well as feel the slick rim of her tailhole tugging forward around his hard shaft: all the lines of sticky slickness, saliva and

internal wetness both, streaking across his shaft and then hanging down in thick, frothy ropes; the slight discoloration around her rump from the moisture, the small, sticky puddle that had started to creep down the edge of the mattress; and then, most enticing of all, the *scent* of their mixed sex, lupine and feline, sweat and saliva, his musk and hers. “You’re not... gonna try to...?”

The cougar had to clear her throat before she could get a sound out, and when she did so, she looked back over her shoulder at him. Now she lay with her muzzle partially sideways on one arm, the other clamped underneath her body; Kyle leaned back and took a look, and then also saw as well as felt the slight tugging and back-and-forth motion of her fingers between her lips there.

“What?” she breathed, voice tense and tight. “Your knot? No, honey, no.” She squirmed, sighed, then squeezed around him again. “Not *this* time, at least.”

That meant there would be another. Kyle already figured – or at least *hoped* – but... already he could tell that this would be something on his mind every night for quite a while to come. Every day he came home from school, walking back from the bus stop to his home just a few houses down, he’d be unable to keep himself from raising his head and ears to see if he could get another glimpse of this cougar in her garden, or to see if she were waiting for him, or –

Again she pressed herself back against him, tailhole pulling taut against his knot. He gasped, shuddered, then gripped her sides with his paws, feeling her fur, her skin, her ribs underneath. He held there, wrapped an arm around, let the other slip up her body, and once more doubled over her, grinding his hips in against hers as he thrust, pushing through the tension and resistance that came naturally from the action. Both of their panting picked back up, and while he couldn’t help but let his voice through on each and every one, quick and insistent, Sarahi seemed to maintain a better hold on herself than him – though his muzzle bounced and jostled atop her shoulder as she worked at herself with that paw, her own peaking pleasure coming through against him.

He closed his eyes and sank into the sensation, all of her muscles and inner walls squeezing and sucking around him, full and comfortable. After a time the young wolf lifted one footpaw up onto the edge of the bed in an attempt to find a better angle for himself, his lower back starting to ache from the movement as well – but by now Sarahi pressed herself up and back against him in turn, reciprocating each thrust forward with one of her own back. Every muscle in her body had started to gradually tighten around him, one of her footpaws reaching back and brushing against his own, her tail wrapped around his waist in attempts to keep him buried, her shoulders up and head hanging down, eyes shut, mouth open in breathless panting.

“Ah... *hah...*” she managed, then shifted to switch arms beneath herself. For a moment Kyle felt her fingers reaching back, splaying across his saliva- and slickness-soaked sack, before returning to their focus between her legs. “Kyle, you...”

“Y-yeah?”

“Keep going...”

“Ms. S, I’m...” What a *sensation* this was. Being a teenaged, high school *senior*, Kyle was already well acquainted with what it felt like to get off, but his only experience had been with his own paws – and then that one time he had mentioned on the field trip, which had been its own special experience. This

was all of that and more, the pressure building up in his loins like hot liquid electricity. Still he could feel each squeeze and twitch, both of these coming faster and more urgent as Sarahi assumedly pushed closer to her peak as well. "About to—"

Then the *ferocity* with which the cougar squeezed around him startled him, to the point where he had to brace both his paws on the mattress on either side of her again. She slammed her rump up and back against him, nearly threatening to take his knot anyway.

"*Inside*," she hissed, paw working fast and hard between her legs, fingers slopping and slurping against herself just as Kyle continued beneath her tail.

For this he certainly didn't have a choice. "Good boy," she breathed, "*good...*" but nearly before she had finished the word, Kyle felt himself tumble over the edge: his hips jerked and bucked beneath him, he gritted his teeth together so hard that he thought he might have cracked one of them, he felt his back arch, his tail hike, his mane fluff – and then that pressure built up, peaked, and then finally burst. He couldn't help himself: he wrapped an arm tight around Sarahi's midsection and squeezed her up against him, feeling the surprisingly strong muscles hidden beneath her fur as he pumped deep into her, hips thrusting with each spurt inside of her, the cougar's tail hiked at the base and wrapped around him; she gasped, shuddered against him, arched as well, and then she was shaking and shivering too, claws shooting out and sinking into the fabric of the bedsheets, then one by one pricking free.

For a moment the young wolf just stood there over her, hips forward and pinning her between himself and the bed, residual throbs and spurts tumbling out of him. He could *feel* the sticky heat of his load shot out inside of her, some of it already oozing free from her tailhole stretched around him; he swallowed, licked his lips, opened his mouth, felt the creak and crack in his jaw from how tightly he had clenched, then gave another slow, gentle thrust inside of her, the hypersensitivity rocketing through him. Warm wetness soaked up against his balls and clung there as he pulled slowly out, briefly stopped by the cougar squeezing around him again. The idea flashed in his head – *does she want me to stay in?* – but then that squeezing turned to a slow but deliberate pushing, which flooded him with feeling and sensation all over again. Sticky slickness slurped along his shaft, and he found it quite easy to angle his hips and slip backwards out of her, especially when she reached back to spread herself. The rim of her tailhole stretched free from around his length, and he pulled slowly out of hot, wet interior meat, rich reddish-pink streaked with milky white.

"Was that..." He paused, just now noticing the streaks of wetness soaked into the front side of the bed, spraying out and down from where Ms. Sarahi still lay. The cougar squeezed all her muscles again, unloading a thick glob of that white down along her backside, then shakily lifted herself up to her elbows. "Was that – alright? I really don't... know..."

"You were *wonderful*." With some effort she rolled over onto her back but still kept her legs spread, likely deliberately drawing Kyle's teenaged attention down to that spot right between her legs. Still she played idly with herself, thick feline fingers soaked and sticky with arousal, slipping easily between lips plump with residual enjoyment. "I'm envious of whoever will be able to call you theirs. Keep on coming by and, maybe," and here she reached forward, having to lift herself up a little bit further until she sat in front of him. Kyle shivered as her paw descended along his length – then gritted his teeth, jerked, bucked, and felt another weak spurt spray out of him, once she parted her middle and ring fingers and gripped behind his knot, the swollen muscle filling her cupped palm. "Maybe we'll see about giving *this* a try, too."

There was nothing he could do for a few breaths save for just that: breathe. Then when he was able to open his eyes again Sarahi lay back across the bed, legs still spread, paw still working at herself. Unsure what to do, Kyle waffled before her for a moment, suddenly feeling nervous and embarrassed. "Uh," he stammered, "yes ma'am, I..."

But he couldn't look away. This would be the first time he had seen one in person, and now that she was putting it on full display for him, he felt like he *needed* to look and watch. He felt like one of the characters in a favorite comic of his, kneeling down by the edge of the bed and watching, enraptured, while a pair of friends went at it right there... only he was standing up, and instead of a pair it was just the deceptively lovely cougar from down the street.

The *mother of at least four kids* cougar from down the street. He swallowed, waiting for that invitation; warm silver eyes watched him expectantly, and then finally realizing that *that* was the invitation, Kyle swallowed again, awkwardly started to lower himself down, and leaned in, nose twitching with this new, enticing scent, this stinging musk that drew him in closer and-

"Ah." Sarahi stopped him with a pair of wet, sticky fingers to the forehead. "You've had a full day of learning already, haven't you? Stop by tomorrow and I'll have some *homework* for you to do." She tilted his head back, smiled, then turned her paw to caress his chin... and wiped those fingers off across his lips and nose, streaking the musky slickness there. Immediately the wolf's ears and tail perked upright, and he felt another electric shiver jolt through him.

"Yes, ma'am," he said, without thinking about it. Now he couldn't look away from her muzzle, eyes held fiercely in place by her own.

"Before you go, though," she went on, and lay back onto one elbow again. The cougar lifted one leg, rested it over his shoulder, then used that as leverage to pull herself off the bed a bit – and then instead of angle her sex in towards his muzzle, she lifted herself up and back, reached down to cover herself with her palm, and spread those same two fingers around her well-used tailhole, the rim tugging apart at even that slight pressure. Another loose glob of pale white dribbled out and hung down along the base of her tail.

"Didn't your mother teach you to clean up your messes?"