

*"You were great at your concert tonight!"*

Something I got from my parents after every orchestra performance, but no matter what, it still made me light up and caused my tail to wag behind me. This time, two days ago, my stepdad had said it with a little more energy, a little more sincerity... and that, too, ignited a different flame somewhere in the middle of my chest. We both knew why, but it wasn't something we'd talk about with Mom right there.

Or something we'd really... ever talk about. Not since it had first happened, at least. That always brought up a little shadow of a doubt in the back of my mind, some heavy weight of guilt, but Bryan's smile and his little wink usually quieted all of that. Especially this time, since after I turned to say goodbye to one of my friends and then looked back, he was holding before him the same video game that I'd had my eye on for a week or two.

*"You didn't tell me you were having a solo in the last song,"* he said, *"so I figured I wouldn't tell you that I was getting you a little surprise reward."* So that made me even more waggy, and then he ruffled my headfur as if I were still a pup rather than a high school senior. Not that I minded, of course.

I was just at least glad that the little electric shivers I got from him touching me had gone down a bit. After Tuesday, there'd just been so much - *everything*, that I unconsciously avoided him the next two days. Maybe he thought I was having regrets, or that I wasn't sure, or something else.

Even after we'd gotten home that Friday night, I could tell that some of that worry still bothered him. He peeked his head into my room while I was getting that game set up, waited til I looked up at him, *"how ya doin', champ,"* regular dad things. I smiled, wagged a little, told him I was doing alright, and asked if we had any ice cream left over. Good news: we did.

Saturday, I spent hardcore binging that game and totally neglecting my homework, hardly getting up unless my stomach really growled at me or if shifting my position squeezed my bladder. It's a weird feeling when you look out the window at one time because the sun outside is casting a glare across your TV, and then you look again once you notice the glare is gone - and it's actually like ten PM already.

Then Sunday I started to fall into much the same rhythm, but caught myself halfway through (as in, around 4 in the afternoon; I'd just woken up at 2) and got up to start working on homework. Not twenty minutes into that, there was a short series of knocks on my door, and this time it was my mom who leaned in.

"Hey, honey," she said, black-furred fingers resting easily across the threshold of the door. "I'll be driving up to visit my sister while she's in town, and will be staying there for dinner. So I won't be back until later tonight."

"Yeah, sure. I just... have..." and I waved down at my notes, pencil still held in one paw. All I could think about was that dang game, though. *Necrostar*, it was called, and brought you through a wing of a galaxy trying to track down the source of corruption in the solar system... some cool stuff. "...some homework I need to do." Then: "Is Dad going with you?"

She gave a small, soft smile. Mom had never really made a secret of how happy it made her that her husband and I get along well, and that I call him Dad sometimes. "Oh, no, he'll be staying here. He has work early tomorrow, and - he said something about your video game?"

At that, I couldn't help but breathe a light laugh. Every now and then when he had nothing really to do, Bryan would come into my room, boot up my Xbox, and sit around playing something while I worked on homework or played my own game on my computer. Honestly, I think those little sessions were to thank for us being as close as we are.

And. You know. This past Tuesday in the department store dressing room, too. And Mom going up to visit her sister for most of tonight would mean that...

So she said goodbye, and I love you, and all of that... and left me struggling somewhat to focus on my homework, heart now beating a little powerfully in my chest again, and pants slightly tighter now that the only memories my mind would focus on centered in on the same thing that drove my fantasies before bed each night.

Well, not *each* night. Just each one since Bryan had pinned me against the back wall in the dressing room, sliding his slick sheath down over my hard cock again and again... you know. Just another thing that set our relationship off as different and... *unique*, I guess the word was.

Tall ears perked up at the sound of the garage door a little while later, just revitalizing the nervousness that thrummed in my heart; low rumble of Mom getting her car started and pulling out, sound of the door closing... and then silence in the house, other than the hum of the air conditioner and the muted beat of the music I had playing through my computer speakers. If I turned it up too loud, it drew my attention away from what I had to do, and already I had trouble focusing.

Then, right as I managed to get myself into enough of a groove to finish a few more math problems of my homework, there was another knock on my door - and this one sent a sharp jolt of surprise down my back. Bryan stood partially outside the door when I turned to look, one paw on the knob and the other halfway in the pocket of his pants. Like usual, he looked good today: he was pretty good with color and fashion, which was why I wanted to bring him along to help me pick out an outfit for my concert Friday. It's just that we got a bit distracted along the way.

"Hey Ari, I'm gonna be starting dinner soon," he began, a little abruptly. "Burgers sound okay? I found some patties pushed back in the freezer, so I just figured..."

"Oh. Yeah, sure." I glanced back down at my homework sheet, a little over half done; here I was trying to think of something clever to say, but nothing came to me. Another moment and I looked back up at him, and returned the older maned wolf's smile. "That sounds good."

Then after he left again, I settled right back into that same pit of wondering just what the hell was gonna happen between the two of us. Before Tuesday I hadn't really put much thought into it past the occasional slightly-guilty "*well, what if...*" but then *that* had happened, and there was no longer any denying that it *had* happened, and that I had enjoyed it. I mean - Bryan's lips and teeth on my neck, one of his paws on my shoulder, his other keeping his sheath squeezed around my cock... me emptying my load into that slick, supple skin was proof enough of how I felt about it.

Then afterwards, when I'd dropped to my knees to clean him up and feel the weight of *his* growing erection on my tongue - he'd squeezed his paw on my shoulder, pushed me back, "*not now*". As if he were planning to put that off until another time. Naturally, we didn't have a chance during the week otherwise since Mom usually gets off work before he does, and they're both here on the weekends...

...usually, at least. Except for the times where Mom goes up to visit her sister. Then it's just me and Bryan, me and my stepdad, alone at home for the night. Together. And now we've got all of that out on the table between us, and while part of me enjoys that and wants to pick it up and just freakin' run with it, there's another part to which nothing else could possibly seem like a worse idea.

Gradually the sound and smell of the burgers sizzling over the stove floated in from outside my room, and then my awareness of a mostly-empty stomach dominated everything else for a bit. Homework slowed to a stop, as did (thankfully) my thoughts and swirling fantasies about my stepdad... at least until he came back in with one plate in each paw, and a two-liter of soda clumsily clutched under his arm. I had to scramble up out of my chair to help him before he dropped everything.

Within about five minutes he'd finished his own burger and had started booting up my TV and Xbox, while I munched idly on mine to give me some energy to finish this damn homework. I kept on telling myself, I'm not gonna slack off 'til I finish this, I'm not gonna take a break because all of yesterday was my break.

Dad wouldn't let that fly, though. On three separate occasions throughout the night, he'd call up to me, "hey Ari, can you help me out with this?" or "hey, I think I'm missing something here..." or something of that sort, so I'd breathe a little laugh and come sit next to him to help him, our fingers brushing together for the slightest of moments. After the third time, his eyes met mine while I was standing up to head back over to my desk (I had three problems left!), and we held each other's gaze for a moment... until a noise from the screen drew his attention back to the game with a hissed "oh, shit."

From there it was another twenty or thirty minutes, during which I'd had ample time to finish up and then boot up one of my own games on my computer, before Bryan called me over again. This time it was a problem that took a bit of concentration and skill, and before I knew it, I'd settled into place beside him with his weight resting lightly on my shoulder and my eyes fixed on the screen.

"I had trouble here, too," I said, at one point sitting back again. That would make the third time I'd died trying to get him through it. "It's tough because it's dark and you can't really see what's going on."

"That's exactly what I was saying! I'm getting too old for these games." Bryan shook his head and huffed. "I'm also getting too old to be staying up this late. I'm tired."

"What? But it's only..." ...and I pulled my phone out of my pocket... "...eleven thirty..."

"Yeah, and your mother usually has me in bed by ten. So if I... drift off..." The older maned wolf crossed his arms in front of his chest and dropped his head down, bright amber eyes peeking up at me. "Wake me up if you get me through that, okay? I still wanna play some."

Of course that brought my pounding heartbeat back. It was like - like he was just *telling* me, and the way he looked at me right then... for a while I struggled with the beginning parts of the level again, simply because I was mentally elsewhere. Even after I'd clawed my concentration back and gotten some progress, every now and then a small whiff of his scent curled around my nose and sent another electric shiver down my back.

Somehow, caught halfway between the game and the real world, I actually ended up getting through to the finish - and then reached over to shake my stepdad awake, but stopped, and thought about it. Sure enough he'd fallen asleep right there beside me, legs sprawled out in front of him and arms crossed in front of his chest, and then here I was with my paw half-reached over towards his thigh.

My thumb hovered over the controller's start button, mind too occupied with other things to really realize I hadn't paused the game yet. Once more my gaze flicked up to Bryan's - to my stepfather's - face: eyes gently closed, whiskers relaxed, lips just barely parted with his quiet snoring, practically inaudible beneath the sound of steady breathing. So many times had this happened before, but this would be the first where I didn't just laugh and shrug it off, where instead of saving his progress for him and shutting off the system, I had one paw stretched out towards his lower body, close enough to feel the heat emanating from that part of him.

Same heat that had squeezed all around me in the dressing room and brought me to finish...

By habit, my nervousness led me to glance back at the open door of my bedroom, even though I knew Mom had left quite a while earlier. Last time, we were so confident, me with my heart pounding in my chest and my underwear straining a bit tight, but now... what had changed?

AS it turned out, though, in my hesitation I'd inadvertently let my paw slowly drop... until it settled against the stiff fold of fabric covering the zipper of his fly. A moment of surprise, the slightest of grinding back against my fingers as my stepdad shifted in his sleep... and then, I realized what had been missing.

The touch, the drive. The actual contact, getting things started. At the store he'd had his paws on my waist, on my shoulders, holding me steady as I tried on the outfit he'd picked out. And here, now, my paw between his legs, other soon coming to join it after I let the controller roll out of my lap and onto the floor. Then, galvanized into action by that touch, I rolled over onto my knees between his legs and leaned forward to start at that fly, to pop the button through the slit, to hold one part of the waistband in one paw and then draw down the zipper with the other.

There I could feel a kind of pressure, a weight pressing back against my fingers and wrist, the tension of wearing pants just a bit too tight in front... and then, the main thing that made my ears shoot up and caused me to tear my gaze from his muzzle and direct it back down to where I worked... well, it was the same that made me worry about someone figuring out about what we'd done back on Tuesday. This time, though, instead of lingering on my breath, his scent wafted right up from his open fly, from between my fingers already warm with his intense body heat.

Everything just seemed to be going right tonight. Mom leaving, Bryan falling asleep in my room... and then apparently having chosen to omit wearing underwear today. There, between the smooth earth-brown fabric flaps of his opened fly, a plump sheath and full, heavy sack,

partially covered by his pants, obscured at the edges by his bushier pubic fur. And - same scent that had rolled up over me in the dressing room, a little muted from his shower the other day, but still enough to make me shiver and drink down another breath of it.

Before I fully knew what my body was doing, I'd started to lower myself down, to spread my body out so I could lie on the floor between his legs and, while propped up on my elbows, come level with the end of his sheath. From the end of that short-furred, slightly moist skin, a little tip of wet fleshy pink protruded, and stirred gently with his breathing and his pulse; perhaps he was having the start of an interesting dream. I'd soon help him along.

Scent so different from my own, though still maintained the same sort of quality from both of us being maned wolves... and I knew I shouldn't, but it just made me want it even more. This being the guy my mom married - I guess I had to get my tastes from somewhere, right?

...Wow. *That* was a weird, uncomfortable thought. In an effort to push that out of my mind, I reached my paw up, faltered... and then settled it right against my stepfather's sheath, finger and thumb wrapped lightly around the end, wrist resting against the heat of his sack.

Stronger feeling of *I shouldn't be doing this* than when another cellist in my orchestra had pushed my legs apart in a bathroom stall and went down on me, but just like back then, no part of me really wanted to stop. Especially the part beneath my other paw, palm cupping my own stiffening bulge, fingers idly working at my fly while I rolled the end of Dad's sheath slowly back and forth across his tip, and from there coaxed him further out.

Another glance up to his muzzle, to see that his mouth tightened a little bit, his ears flicked back, his whiskers twitched. Even if he wasn't aware of what I was doing, his body could certainly feel it and respond. And, oh, it *did*: the movement of his sheath over his shaft, back and forth, brought him steadily out to and then past the length that he'd gotten to in the dressing room. I couldn't help but lick my lips and lean in a little closer: the smell of his fur and his flesh, liquid musk keeping his shaft wet and glistening in the light...

...soon with also a thin coating of saliva to do the same. What else was I supposed to do? Here I was on the ground with my stepdad's legs spread around my body and his cock in my paw, still gradually growing beneath my squeezing and stroking, coming out towards my muzzle and nose. Again and again I touched my lips to that slick flesh, to feel its heat and breathe its scent... and again and again I flicked my tongue out against the underside and drew it up, each time starting a little bit lower, a little closer to the lip of his sheath.

Kind of amazing that he'd managed to fit at least half of my own shaft in there alongside his own - not saying that I'm particularly well-endowed or anything. Not that I'm *not*, of course. It's just... here I turned my head sideways, tilted him down a bit in my paw, pursed my lips right at the base of his revealed shaft... it's just that his sheath didn't really seem *that* spacious.

That is, until I slid my tongue down beneath the rim of it. Warm, supple skin, slightly wet like the rest of his cock, kind of... kind of slick and sticky at the same time, like the inner surface was coated in a thin layer of that slickness. Good room to swirl my tongue around, to dig it in along his growing knot beneath his sheath, to tug and pull the rim of that furred skin beneath my lips. It easily gave way around my tongue, to the point where my jaw actually started to ache a bit: here I was, head sideways and pressed into my stepfather's lap, his balls against my chin and my nose in his pubes, seeing how far I can dig my tongue into his sheath.

When I first drew back, a thin strand of saliva and his natural musk hung between my mouth and the end of his sheath, for me to then lick off. His taste hung on my tongue and in my throat, heavy without being too strong, enjoyable. By now I'd of course worked myself up, so I pulled myself into a more comfortable position, kept one paw right down at the base of his cock to continue rolling that skin over his knot, and... and closed my lips on his tip and dove slowly down.

Slightly different taste, just as hot, just as sharp. I could feel him pulse and grow between my lips and on my tongue, could feel his body's little natural reactions: the throbbing, the twitching of his hips, the slight tensing of his muscles. While working, head bobbing steadily up and down, I slid a fingerpad around along the slick puddle of saliva that I'd left rolling down the underside of his sheath, and slowly, carefully slipped that beneath the same fold of skin. Every time he throbbed, he squeezed back a little bit around that finger; making sure to be gentle and careful, I pressed it further down into his sheath, into the warm, clenching flesh, muscles reacting to the touch and the stimulation.

Then, I did the same for a second finger, and tugged the underside of his sheath open a bit. Things were getting a bit tight as his knot had started and continued to grow, bulging out deep beneath the skin, pressing my fingers against the warm walls. Probably wouldn't feel too good if I moved them in and out, even with this convenient lubrication (claws, and all) so instead I just... kept them there. Kept them there while I moved back off of his cock, licked his taste off my lips, and wrapped my other paw around his shaft, so I could look up at his face once more.

My heart skipped a beat. He'd woken up along the way, and now watched me with languid half-lidded eyes, pink tongue hanging limp out of his parted lips. He noticed me looking at him, flicked his gaze up to mine, tried for a tired smile... and lifted his hips up, pushing a little more firmly into my one paw while squeezing around the fingers of my other. His knot, even just half-swollen, pushed its way up past my knuckles and up past the rim of his sheath's skin, and - popped past, folding that skin back and into place.

Bryan licked his lips, and swallowed, and breathed a light sigh while continuing to churn his hips - and then, suddenly, he threw an arm around my neck, yanked me forward, and pressed his mouth to mine, the sudden movement almost pulling my fingers out of his sheath. Instead this just resulted in them swirling around to the other side of his cock, which caused him to let out another shuddering moan right into my mouth, lips parted against his and that same pink tongue curling up against mine.

He put no real effort into keeping this a closed, clean kiss: his jaw worked against my own, lips connecting and breaking apart again and again, tongue sliding in, swirling around, coming out for a fraction of a second for him to catch his breath, making its way back in again. Such a weird feeling, knowing this was the same guy who'd been picking me up from school every other day since I was in seventh grade.

He didn't smoke or anything like that, so thankfully there was none of that on his breath or in his mouth. Just... saliva as slick as my own, hunger, desire, arousal. Position was a bit odd, with him keeping my muzzle against his while still I worked my paw over his shaft and kept my fingers pressed into his sheath, feeling each throb and squeeze, all beneath the slick warmth of his body. From there I could wrap my other thumb down around the spot along his shaft just beneath his growing knot, and tug and pull in rhythm with his thrusts.

This, of course, just sharpened those thrusts, and made him have to break our kiss a little more often to let out little noises and grunts and sighs, and to catch his breath. Naturally, he didn't get a chance: his body kept on bucking and grinding, and he hungrily nipped and sucked at my upper lip and my tongue, keeping me firmly in place there half-bent over him, my own hard cock straining a bit uncomfortably in my pants.

It wasn't until his arm tightened firmly around my shoulder and he tugged his muzzle back away from mine, though, that I could tell something was changing. I licked his saliva off my lips, swallowed it, glanced down at his churning hips and pumping cock, looked back up at his muzzle... and saw him with his eyes half-closed and lips just barely parted. Bryan met my eyes, licked his lips - then gritted his teeth, bucked up...

...and then did so again, and again, and again, his first spurt shooting up and hitting himself in the chin, then second and third coming out across his shirt, fourth weaker one dropping into his pubes. Heavy, cloying smell of cum, paired with his labored breathing and warm musk... it actually took a bit of effort for me to pull my fingers out of his sheath what with his knot squeezing down on them, and when I did manage it, his body gave another little twitch.

My stepdad lounged back against the side of my bed, chest heaving with heavy breaths. He rolled his head back, he let his jaw hang open, his tongue hung out of his mouth... all the while his hard cock, red-fleshed and glistening with slickness, pulsed and dripped against his lower belly.

Slowly, lazily, his eyes met mine again. On a whim I brought my paw to my muzzle, sniffed at my fingers - thick, meaty scent, not at all unpleasant - and then swirled my tongue around them. He watched me through the whole thing.

"So," the older maned wolf started after a while, still panting. I gotta admit, it was a bit... mesmerizing, watching his cock twitch and his knot swell and relax and rhythm, straining against the rolled-back end of his sheath. "Now we're even. Right?"

*Even.* I glanced down at him again. Guess size came with age: if he were to try, there'd be no way in hell he could fit as much of himself into my sheath as I had into his. Some of his cum had caught on my thumb; still keeping eye contact, I brought that to my muzzle, tasted it... licked it off. Thick, bittersweet, just barely starting to cool in the air of the room. Wonder what it would feel like to have that shot down my throat and across my tongue. "Yeah, Dad."

"Although..."

To be honest, I don't know what I expected. Seeing the look in those amber eyes, combined with the way he drew his tongue over his chops - as soon as he started to move, I did too, sitting back against the base of the TV stand and spreading my legs apart. There's definitely something in having an older, more experienced pair of paws working at your pants and bringing your cock out into the air, and then feeling those lips, that tongue wrap around and dive down on me, still eager to clean off my dripping pre even though he'd already finished...

This wasn't something I really thought I'd ever see: my stepdad with his head bobbing in my lap, my shaft between his lips and balls held gently in his paw. He had a lot easier of a time going down on me than I had on him, quickly pressing his nose down into my somewhat-shorter

pubes and remaining there (I even jerked my hips up a bit, which he took without complaint or gagging), and then coming back up. With my own knot already quickly growing, he couldn't *quite* snake his tongue down and into my sheath, but... that didn't stop him from trying.

Didn't take long at all before I, too, had a paw on the back of his head and was holding him in place, my hips bucking upwards of their own accord into his muzzle - and Bryan stayed there, tongue cupped around the underside of my shaft, dutifully swallowing down each spurt I had to give him.

When he came up, a little string of milky white hung down from his lip and caught in the fur of his chin, and he was just close enough so that I could... jerk my tired body forward and drag my tongue up along his mouth, which led to him holding me there and slipping his own tongue back against mine and into my muzzle for another longer, slower kiss.

Nose kept pressed against mine, my stepdad gave me a sly little smile. Now both of our scents swirled around the room - a bit of a different mixture of male musk than I was used to picking up on the air. "That's two good performances in just as many days." That smile widened.

In response, I just rolled my eyes and lightly batted at his shoulder - and turned my muzzle away so that he wouldn't see me laughing. "Dad..."

"No, but seriously, it *is* bedtime, though." He rested back on his feet and peered around me, at the TV. "Oh! Hey, thanks for getting me past that level. I didn't notice."

"Huh?" I looked back at it too. Even though the *You Died!* screen still showed, beneath it was the characteristic finishing screen. "Oh, yeah, sure. And, um, thanks for..."

With a show of groaning and grunting, he pulled himself up, and stretched his arms over his head. Dude was hardly forty years old, but acted sixty. Didn't bother doing his pants back up, though; for a moment I briefly considered rising to my knees and drawing my tongue up along the underside of his shaft, still twitching and now standing out at an angle from his body. "Yeah, sure. Just remember..." And there was that grin again. "We're not *even* anymore."

Right as he reached the door of my room, my response: "How late is Mom gonna be out?"

When he turned, it looked like he made sure to let me see his cock again. Dads, man.

"Not late enough."