

Hannah Davies was wearing her best one-piece swimsuit, a cute black singlet with a cutout over the small of her back and a small window just over her collarbone. This was her 'little black dress' whenever she'd go to the beach. Her husband wasn't with her today, as she'd gone with a group of her female friends and their kids. It was mostly for the kids, but Hannah had been invited since she didn't have anything to do that Saturday, and her husband had wanted to stay home.

So of course she wore the black swimsuit.

It was fun while it lasted, sunbathing on a towel while the moms and kids played and built sandcastles, but her own maternal instincts had yet to awaken, and she simply was not that interested in what they were doing. What her instincts were interested in was everything that led to the creation of a child, and that required her black swimsuit to reel in some award-winning fish.

She had a few takers, eyeballs being cast in her direction as they checked her out, but most of them were not to her taste. Too ugly, too short, wrong species, eyes too far apart, bad haircut. She had so many men on display this afternoon that she could afford to be picky, she in a sellers' market and there were plenty of men looking to purchase.

Hannah finally found a guy she liked, a handsome looking red wolf. He looked like he was twice her age, leanly built with a slender yet masculine frame. He was tall, with touches of grey around his face and chest that made her want to purr like a cat. It had taken a while for her to spot him, as he was very unassuming. He was a reader, lying on a lawn chair with a book in his hand and a pair of thin rimmed glasses hiding his eyes.

He'd seen her at the same time she'd seen him, the wolf giving her a smile across the beach to let her know that he was looking at her. She waited until he stood up from his spot and began to make his way up the beach towards the changing rooms and concession stands. The wolf didn't know it, but Hannah Davies was a very good fisherman, and she'd set her sights on a very good-looking fish.

She excused herself from her unsuspecting group and made her own way up the beach under the false pretense of needing to pee. Up she went, having momentarily lost sight of the wolf, and then she found him after a few minutes leaving the public restrooms. As she closed in on him, he was unaware of himself being the victim of a stalker. The closer she got to him through the throngs of beach goers the better a look she got of him, and the more she fixed her affections.

The old wolf would look so good pressed up against her smaller body. A wolf and fox were often a cute interspecies pairing, and she wanted to feel how well he sized up to her. Hannah gave a squeeze with her pelvic muscles, clamping her pussy down onto nothing like she was practicing for the main event.

She caught up to him from behind and studied his hands. He wasn't wearing a wedding band on either, but he did have a nice class ring. With a practiced hand she reached out and touched him lightly on the arm and asked for his attention.

He stopped and turned to look in her direction, only to have to look down his snout to find her. He was very tall, and it was making her very warm and fuzzy on the inside. She didn't hide her eyes, letting the red furred canine watch as she drew her eyes up his older body until they were looking at each other.

"I'm sorry to bother you, but I saw you on the beach earlier and I just wanted to say hi, if you didn't mind giving me some company?" She asked, boldly.

Nothing she said was sexual, but it wasn't strictly platonic either. It was the beginning of a conversation that held dual meanings, depending on the listener.

"I remember you." He replied, his voice a warm and sophisticated rumble.

Between his voice and the shine on that fat class ring she had the impression he had good money. Enough money to perhaps be in the mood for a little vixen's sugar daddy, if only for a short while.

"I'd hope so." She smiled up at him and stepped a little closer.

The old wolf didn't back away or rebuff her, but he was eyeing her curiously from behind his glasses. His spectacles made him look more attractive, intelligent, refined. She wondered what book he'd been reading.

"I can't say I'm befriended by young ladies very often. Shouldn't it be the job of a young man to come and sweep you off your feet?" He asked her.

She moved her hands together, tucking the hand with her wedding band inside the other so she wouldn't spook him away with a ring.

"Lots of young men do, mister gentleman, but I prefer older men." She replied, and stealthily slipped her wedding ring off her finger like a magician's sleight of hand, palming it so she could extend her once-ring-clad hand to him.

He proved his gentleman's credibility by taking her hand gently and shaking it.

"That you do, it seems. You are being far too bold to simply want an old dog's number. I assume you are eyeing me up the same as the young men do to you, is that right?" He asked, wisdom in his voice that was going to start boiling her ovaries at this rate. She was positively smitten.

"You have me captivated, mister fancy. I would like to get more than your number if you'll let me have it." She told him another phrase worthy of a dual meaning depending on who was receiving it.

He chuckled.

"That so." He replied with a wry smile.

"Mhm." She nodded, batting her eyes.

"You were with a group of other women and some children." He told her.

"Not my children. I was just tagging along. They won't keep me from leaving." She told him back, her eyes sharp and hot.

He chuckled again.

“How good are you at handling rejection, young lady?” He asked her, and she only briefly flinched.

He wouldn’t. He wasn’t going to.

“Terrible. I hate it. That’s why I spent all day watching the beach to find a man that’ll tell me what I like to hear.” She replied with an almost haughty smile. “And I think you would enjoy what I have to offer, mister hard to get.”

He chuckled a third time, and she was beginning to like the sound of it, the sophisticated laughter of an older educated man. The wolf leaned down, bringing his lips to her ear.

“I’m an unmarried workaholic, young lady, and today is one of the very few days I give to myself. Are you going to promise me that you’ll make it worth my while to share it with you?” He asked her in a firm, attractive whisper.

She lifted herself up onto her tip toes and twisted her head, landing a kiss on the old wolf’s cheek before bringing her lips up to his own ear.

“I’m no stranger to love, mister coy.” She lightly smacked her lips. “I promise you will find plenty to love about me if you get me out of this swimsuit.”

He stood up, looking down at her with a smile.

“I’m driving a black Audi in parking lot B. I will go back to my towel and pack my things. I expect you to arrive at my car the same time as I do.” He told her, then turned and started walking away with purpose.

Hannah grinned broadly, tucking her ring back onto her finger and making her own way back to her towel. She had to quickly tell a series of lies to the other ladies, wave some goodbyes, then skedaddle with her handful of items in hand. Once she was far enough away from the girls, she slipped her ring off a second time and tucked it into her purse.

She made to it parking lot B, and found the red wolf waiting for her, the older man having just shut his trunk. He was now wearing a tropical themed button-down shirt with a pair of brown sandals. He was looking even more attractive with the laid-back look of a vacationing pensioner.

He told her to pack her car and to follow him out the lot and to his condo. He was firm, concise, like she was suddenly an employee of his. The vixen gave him what he wanted, rushing back to her car in a different lot, then driving around to lot B to find that he was waiting for her in the driver’s seat. He pulled out, and she fell in line behind him. The way he drove away from the beach almost like he was testing her. The wolf was driving normally, forcing her to stress out to keep up and catch every light in time.

When he began to pull into a neighborhood of condos she started rubbing her thighs together. Hannah Davies was about to get the sugar daddy sex of a lifetime, she could feel it! These condos looked nice, gated entry, perfectly manicured lawns and gardens. The wolf had his own garage, but

there was a nearby parking lot for visitors, so she pulled into a vacancy there, then hopped out of her car.

He'd closed the garage door behind him, and the wolf was nowhere to be seen. She walked up the sidewalk to what she thought would be his front door, and before she could push the doorbell it swung open. He was standing there, looking down his nose at her, then invited her inside.

"Nice place." She told him as she stepped across the threshold.

He surprised her with a hand on her arm, his grip firm. Her heart began to race excitedly as he leaned down to put his lips next to her ear.

"You are not to sit on anything. Your fur is covered in sand." He told her, dousing her with cold verbal water at the same time.

He then let go of her arm and told her to follow him. She was upset over him ruining the mood, but she followed him anyway. He took her down a hallway and into the living room. It was a large room that shared itself with a kitchen and dining room. Hardwood floors, beige walls, furniture was all dark oak, and every piece of fabric was either red or gold. There was a display case against the wall filled with various trophies and awards.

He entered his kitchen and began to remove a cigar from a wooden box.

"Are you allergic to the aroma of tobacco?" He asked her.

"Nope. Smoke all you want." She replied.

As he prepared his cigar, she began to pull the shoulders down of her swimsuit, but he put a stop to her with a word. He wanted her to leave it on. She made a face, but did as she was told, putting her strap back into place and fixing it with her fingers. He lit himself up and gave the cigar a puff. Only once he was satisfied did he leave the kitchen to join her in the living room.

"You can join me." He told her, taking a drag on his cigar before exhaling the smoke.

"I don't smoke, mister bad habit." She replied.

"I wasn't referring to my cigar. You know where my cock is, and I'm sure a woman of your status knows how to take a drag on it." He corrected her, and she briefly felt her fur ruffle with offense at his words. That ruffle twisted into a purr as she dropped to her knees in front of him, and began to rub her hands across the front of his thighs.

She could feel that his lean body was toned, his fur slightly coarse to the touch. Hannah grabbed the top of his shorts and began to pull them down, and with the wolf being so lean of body it was easy to wiggle the item down until it neatly dropped to the floor at his feet.

As he stepped out of his shorts, she was left to admire the package she was presented. He had a coin purse the shade of a dark russet red, heavy and sagging between his legs with what looked like

two of the fattest chicken eggs a canine could have for nuts. A trail of ash grey fur hung in a shallow tuft at the bottom of his sack and made a trail leading up to his sheath.

The vixen rubbed her palms up his thighs, then moved to them to his package. She cupped his nuts, lifting them up in her hand until she had to tuck them under his sheath. They were heavy in her hand, and despite how much they seemed to sag with age, they felt and smelt every bit as fertile as a younger man's would have. Her other hand reached to his sheath and touched the tip of her middle finger to his opening.

She started licking her lips as her one hand massaged his nuts like two big worry stones, and then started to run a circle around the tip of his sheath with her middle finger. The sheath was short, but thick, looking like a felt wrapped pill bottle. Above her the wolf was watching her, taking a drag on his cigar. She stopped toying him with her finger, and wrapped her whole hand around his sheath and tugged the soft skin down, exposing his pink tip.

When she started to wrap her lips around his tip, he wrapped his own around the cigar for another drag. The vixen did her job, working to earn the sophisticated dick she'd been yearning for. A man of his age did not produce his erection quickly, and she was afraid that he'd be the type to lose it too fast in the middle of the act. As his cock thickened under her attention, she started twirling her tongue around his swelling tip until his length was slowly sliding deeper into her waiting mouth.

He reached down and started playing with her ear, rubbing at her with his thumb and finger.

"Adequate." He told her, and she started humming quietly over his dick, quickening her pace to draw him out more and more.

She had no idea how big his dick was, and he was swelling so slowly she couldn't guess when he'd actually stop growing. He was almost big enough to stroke the roof of her mouth from just behind her teeth and back to the edge of her uvula. Several nice and girthy inches of red wolf dick. She'd be happy if she got an extra inch out of him, not her biggest partner but still nicer than her husband's little pecker.

Hannah removed her mouth, then began to lick up and down his shaft until he was fully lubed up and glistening. His cock was quite gorgeous, a pretty shade of light red that wasn't quite meeting the definition of pink. No knot. She knew where it should be, but it wasn't swelling. She kissed it, massaging his nuts a little more firmly while her other hand started rubbing her own thumb and index over the tip of his dick.

He finally stopped growing in size, and she measured him the same way she always did with a man when she gave him head for the first time.

Hannah let go of his nuts and let them settle back down between his legs, and then let go over his cock. She pressed her nose down against his balls right at the base of his dick and began to kiss him. His cock came to rest over her muzzle, his tip caught up in hair and dripping enough precum for her to feel it soak into her scalp. He was at least twelve inches now.

"A connoisseur of cock, are you?" He asked her.

"I am, mister thesaurus." She told him, letting her face slide out from under his cock so she could look up at him. She didn't stop kissing his ball sack.

"You can stop being cute. I'm interested in fucking a whore, and whores can address me by name." He told her, then puffed at his cigar.

She felt herself getting rankled again, but it turned her on. He was gently talking down to her, almost dismissive of her.

"And what's your name?" She asked with a pout.

"Bradley." He told her. "Now pull your swimsuit down so I can see your breasts."

She reached up and started tugging her straps down, wiggling her one piece lower until it was bunched up around her waist.

"You can call me Hannah." She told him, once she was topless. She wrapped her arms under the tits and hugged herself, putting her petite body on display for him.

"I can, but I'll continue to use whore until you've proven yourself worthy of better." He replied, then blew smoke down at her.

This time she was rankled hard enough to make a face. She wanted to say something biting in reply but struggled to think of something good.

"You are rude." She weakly pouted. "I'm letting you have sex with me, and this is how you treat a lady?"

At least she recovered in the end. He laughed openly down at her, taking another draw on his cigar.

"A lady doesn't cheat on her husband." He told her, and the look she gave him told him too much.

"I saw your ring before you palmed it like a thief. Your name will continue to be whore until I've decided you're worth dignifying with something proper. Lay down on the floor." He told her, and as ruffled as she was, she obeyed him.

Hannah Davies laid back, spreading her legs so the old wolf was left standing between them. Her back hit the floor, and then she reached down to grab the sides of the one piece. She tugged up on the fabric, pulling the swimsuit against her cleft until a nice camel toe was showing. The wolf exhaled smoke, watching her.

"Very crass." He replied, then stepped away, leaving her sneering at him.

She was putting in an awful lot of effort for not a whole lot of gain! She watched the wolf discard his cigar into an ash tray next to the couch, extinguishing it before wedging it tight into the tray. He began to remove his shirt, and then tossed it over the arm of the couch before returning to her.

He crouched down onto the balls of his feet, reaching down to grab the side of her swimsuit right next to her cleft. He tugged the fabric aside before slipping his fingers roughly inside her.

She waited for him to finger her, but instead of fingering her it just seemed like he was stretching her out with hand.

“I can see you get used quite often.” He commented.

“And what’s that supposed to mean, Mr. Bradley?” She scowled at him.

He scoffed down at her, then shifted his body so his knees tapped the floor, and then he was on top of her. His big lupine body made her feel tiny, and his fat cock was hanging heavily under him as he crawled over her until they were eye to eye.

“Is your husband well-endowed?” He asked her.

“No.” She scoffed back at him wryly.

“Then your husband is either a dimwit or a cuckold.” He told her as he grabbed himself with one hand, pressing his tip against her damp slit.

Before she could give him a snarky reply he dropped his hips, and his tapered tip slipped past her petals and sank deep within her tunnel. He didn’t even give her any time to adjust, not that she needed it. Hannah could lie to all the men she fucked, but she couldn’t lie to herself. Her pussy was well used, probably saw more use at the hands of other men than her own husband.

“A crass little vixen with a velvet socket.” He told her, exhaling over her face. The smell of his cigar was on his breath, which irritated her a little, but finally feeling the old wolf sink his pecker down to his sheath was more than enough to satisfy her.

She reached for him grabbing him by the hips and squeezing him tight. Without a swollen knot on him like most canines he was able to hilt her completely in a single stroke. The wolf’s length was stuffing her, but not as much as some other men have managed before. Her little black book of phone numbers was filled with all sorts of shapes and sizes.

His fuzzy sheath was pressed up to her nether lips, like the bristles of a soft brush. He exhaled again, sounding so satisfied himself.

“When’s the last time you’ve popped your cork?” She asked him.

“So crass.” He replied, withdrawing his hips.

He wasted no time and began to rut her. His thrusts were quick, soft, measured. He was working his hips just like you’d think a man would if he was making love, which wasn’t something she experienced too often. Most men fucked her with wild abandon, giving her the rough treatment, trying to rearrange her insides while the tugged at her hair and calling her disrespectful names.

She started to gently drag her fingernails through the fur of his sides, meanwhile, the wolf shifted his body on top of hers until he was comfortable. Rocking his hips, both hands on the floor next to her. He was rhythmically pumping away at her with that soft brush-like fur of his sheath touching across her stretched petals again and again.

“Didn’t tell me when.” She panted, moving her hands to his chest.

“Last week, if you must know.” He told her, almost panting himself.

She hummed happily up at him, spreading her legs wider for him, drawing her knees out and tucking her feet in until she was pressing the balls of each foot to his leg.

“Are you trying to be gentle with me, or are you just too old to give a young lady a good time?” She teased him after a few minutes of him pumping smoothly into her.

“I assume you are accustomed to being fucked like a harlot?” He looked down at her, his hips never losing their pace nor their stride.

“Yes.” She replied, putting as much alluring heat as she could muster into her voice. You could only pack so much lust into a single word, but it was enough to make the wolf chuckle.

He stopped thrusting, then began to shift until his cock slipped out of her now sodden hole. A sticky clear string of precum connected his cock to her cunt before it snapped. Hannah watched as the wolf rolled over onto his back next to her.

“You want to get fucked like a harlot, then show me you know how to service a man like he’s just paid you.” He told her.

She hopped up, throwing her legs over his lap. She sat down on his stomach and started running her fingers through the scruffy hair of his chest.

“Ok.” She told him, lifting her hips and reaching down to grab his cock.

She wedged it between her lips and sat back down, letting his length slip back within her in a single smooth motion. The vixen then moved her legs, switching to a squat on the balls of her feet, both hands firmly planted on his belly. She was smiling impishly at him, since if he wanted her to ride him like a whore, he was in for a good time. Maybe he’d finally give her some good dick if she got rowdy with him.

Wasting no time, she began to ride just as she’d intended. With a foot of cock up her tunnel, it was easy to draw her hips up several inches before slamming herself back down. She was young, fit, and with her fine set of legs. A merciless vixen of sin. She rode him hard and fast, the wet slapping of their hips colliding filing the living room with raunchy noise like a whorehouse.

The wolf was holding onto her wrists, his grip tight. They were staring at each other, and Hannah found the pleased look on his face so appealing that she started feeling smug about it. Now, she had the upper hand, and began to gyrate her hips. She did it in different directions, starting with a



forward and back motion, then side to side, followed up with a circular motion, never letting him predict her next move.

She knew how to ride a good dick, and the wolf's dick was a very good dick. His lack of a knot was something new for her. Every time she'd be with a canine he'd be so eager to sink his knot into her and then the thrusting all but stops. She got to enjoy the red wolf much like how'd she'd enjoy a feline or any other man.

"Oh, there it is." The wolf sighed, his mouth shaping itself into the most satisfied looking smiles.

"Getting close, Mr. Bradley?" She panted; the vixen was wearing herself out on his cock.

"Oh yes, quite." He let go over her wrists and reached out for her.

The wolf took her by the shoulders and pulled her down flat to his chest, and finally the old man started fucking her. He began to buck his hips up into her, giving her that energetic rush of thrusts every man knew to do when he was on the cusp of climax. She hoped she'd get to cum, too, but at this rate she didn't know what to expect from the-

Oh!

His knot was swelling! The wolf's absent bulb was now revealing itself, the old man was probably too old to get his dick up all the way without a little pill to give him a hand. As he bucked himself into her, she resumed her previous gyrations. She helped him as much as he was helping himself, rolling her hips into his lap as he slammed himself home into her again and again, all the while his knot woke up inside her.

Thicker, and thicker, her cunt was feeling the satisfying stretch of a canine opening up her tunnel so he could lock himself tight inside her with a firm breeding tie. She imagined what he must have been like in his prime, his powerful thrusts and energetic need. He must have been a good lay back in the day!

"You- You've been knotted before?" He grunted at her.

"Of course!" She told him, clinging tight to him as she waited for him to reach full size inside her.

He chuckled. His knot, rubbing back and forth inside her with an ever increases friction was starting to drive her wild. For the first time she felt like she was finally get her turn to enjoy something! Hannah ground her hips harder into his, eagerly working against the wolf's own thrusts as she made sure she was getting as much as he was giving.

"Then I'm eager to find out if they were as big as me!" He grunted sharply, surprising her.

One of his hands reached behind her back, grabbing her tight by the base of the tail. He used it like a handle, holding her ass down, jabbing his cock up inside her viciously while his free hand reached behind her head to grab her tight by the hair. His grip was like iron, and he was literally squeezing her tight little body into his own as his knot continued to slowly expand inside her.

She clung to him, his now enormous knot stretching her wide, wider, and wider still until she was certain he was probably the thickest canine she'd ever-

He started laughing, almost rasping from how hard he was panting. His jaw hung open, his laughter that of a smug and satisfied man. Hannah realized his knot was still growing, the taut ball of meat in her cunt was still swelling until her poor tunnel was stretched to its very limit.

"Jesus!" She grunted into his chest, the hand on the back of her head holding her face against his scruffy fur.

"That's it!" He said, his knot now so large he could no longer thrust.

All the wolf could do was hold her still, rocking his hips against her vigorously. The vixen started to pant, loudly, her fingers digging into his shoulders as his knot finally slowed its growth. Her mouth had fallen open, his enormity knocking the wind from her lungs as she felt his rapid heartbeat pounding inside her through the root of his massive cock.

Then the wolf snarled, his hands gripping her even tighter until it hurt. His cock began to violent jerk inside her, the first rope of many slamming into her belly, quickly soaking deep into her every crevasse. He was so knotted up inside her that every pulse of his dick made it feel like he really was rearranging her insides to make more room for dick and his lupine seed.

She gritted her teeth, the pressure swelling up within her, the knot pressing and twitching violently against her gspot, it was all becoming too much. Like a light switch being flipped, the vixen could feel a powerful climax building up in her body, rushing through her like water through a garden hose.

And he just kept unloading! Her stomach was becoming so taut from his ongoing orgasm that she had to tap out, patting him on the shoulder foolishly like they were just wrestling and she was giving him the win, but the wolf only chuckled through his climax, panting and growling with satisfaction as his old dick marked her young insides as his own with every fresh twitch of his cock.

"God! W-wait!" She panicked, feeling so full like she was gonna pop, but that didn't stop the rush of her own climax. It reached its destination, lightning striking up and down her spine as electric pleasure lanced up from her cunt and through her spine until she felt it at the top of her head.

She began to shudder, eyes going crossed, the vixen shivering from head to toe as she struggled to push herself away from the wolf and his wrought iron grip. She failed, only managed to hear a strange gurgling noise from deep within her belly as the wolf's hot cum forced its way deeper inside her, finding purchase on every square inch of real estate the vixen had in her cunt until her very ovaries were being painted white like a wedding cake.

Hannah finally let out a squeal, forced out of her like the wind from her lungs, her body a trembling mess as the water hose of pleasure finally let loose. Her pussy began to rhythmically flex and squeeze around the wolf's cock, her clit a spasming little button as she squirted violently at last. As the old wolf drenched her insides, she drenched his stomach until the runoff was creating a puddle on the hardwood floor beneath them.

His chuckling turned into a weary laughter as he finally sagged limp to the floor. While he was busy relaxing, his cock was still hard at work, and when the wolf finally let go of her hair and tail to let his hands rest, she tried to pick herself up and push at his chest. She tugged herself away from him, trying to yank at the dick lodged inside her, and that only made the wolf laugh a little more as copious drool dripped freely from the vixen's slack muzzle.

"Y-you bahstard!" She weakly slurred, cum drunk but pissed, tugging again but failing to do anything but earn another strange gurgle from her guts as her belly, now nice and taut with cum, tried to settle itself. Her stomach now looking like her husband had finally put a kitten inside her.

He reached up and grabbed her by the face and pulled her back down until their noses touched. He kissed her, and the taste of his cigar was still lingering on his tongue. He broke the kiss after a few moments.

"Impressive, you truly are a talented little whore." He told her, and she was too overwhelmed by the pressure in her guts to give him any sort of sharp retort.

"Most women spit and spew my seed all over the place after I tie them, but here you are locking it all inside nice and tidy. I'll forgive you for making a puddle of your own on my floor if you can manage to hold my cum inside you until I can walk us both to the shower." He continued.

"Y-yuh're 'oo big!" She told him, grunting as she struggled to tug herself off his cock again, failing all the same. Her climax was flagging, the pleasure giving way to a renewed sense of clarity.

The bastard didn't tell her how huge his knot would be!

"Nonsense, you popped like a firecracker. Now zip it while I carry you to the bathroom. I'll give you my number before I send you away, so your little black book can have another entry. I'm sure I'm not your first." He told her, then with a grunt began to lift himself, and her, off the floor.

She groaned and gurgled the entire way to his bathroom, but she did not spill a drop of his seed until he had her pressed to the shower wall. The old wolf eventually shrank enough for him to pull himself free, but by then he was catching his second wind.

By the time he send her away she had a new name and number listed in the notepad on her phone. She was going to have to limit him to once a month, because there was no way she was going to keep a cavernous birth canal hidden from her husband! Mr. Bradly was a bastard, but God was he so fucking thick!