

Louie was just a regular guy, one of the misfits in his grade that was smart, but more focused on video games and entertainment than he was on sports or women (mostly). He wasn't a jock, he wasn't one of the 'gifted kids' even though he had good grades, and he had no girlfriend. The 18 year old raccoon wasn't without his crushes, though. His next door neighbor was a girl his age that he thought the world of.

They'd lived next to each other since they were seven or eight years old and during the time since Louie more or less stayed the same person while Stacy, a nice wolf girl from a good family, evolved from being a rambunctious tomboy to being a fairly typical girly girl with a love for makeup and clothes. She went from playing little league and kid's soccer to briefly being a cheerleader. Now she was focused almost exclusively on her studies with the big goal of getting accepted to one of the top universities in the country, though she hadn't picked out which one she wanted most yet.

The two of them were friends, but now that they were teens and in high school they didn't interact as much on campus like they used to. They each had their own cliques of friends at school. Louie had his gang of misfit nerds, and she had her group of smart and pretty girls.

After school let out, they saw each other a lot more, sometimes even hanging out at each other's houses, but these days it wasn't to play anything but just for school stuff. Helping each other with their homework or some class project. As much as he crushed on her, it was clear she wasn't crushing on him. Louie didn't know who she had a crush on, as she never revealed that to him. If she had a special someone it was a big secret.

The raccoon just hoped she wasn't interested in -that- guy.

"Is he even getting better grades?" Louie asked her in the school's hallway, the foot traffic of students swirling about them like water as kids their age all came and went from their lockers to the next class.

They were standing in the hallway by Stacy's locker as she swapped out textbooks for their next class. The guy Louie hoped she wasn't interested in was some chad named Chad, of all things! His name was actually Chad! He was just this tall skinny dude, a tan furred horse who had all the making of a jock except he didn't play on any of the school's teams.

Chad was this future dropout, known for skipping classes and smoking behind the gym when none of the teachers were paying attention. He was trouble, him and his black leather jacket like he was trying to be some James Dean poser. He thought he was so cool, but he was just this loser who'd turn twenty one day and spend the rest of his life working as a janitor or a drug dealer. Louie didn't think he was cool at all, but for some reason Stacy didn't share that opinion and thought she could help Chad with his grades so he wouldn't get held back another year. Chad was 19 to their 18.

"I think his grades are, but he needs more help with his algebra. Math isn't natural to him so that's a lot harder. He does better with the sciences, but I'm glad he's not taking chemistry." She replied, then shut her locker, the door locking shut with a metallic click.

"I think he's just wasting your time. He just thinks you're hot, Stacy." Louie told her, which prompted her to heave a dramatic sigh and rolled her eyes.

“He is not! Chad is actually letting me tutor him and he’s working very hard.” The wolf replied.

“But is he really? He sits on the bleachers during PE and just leers at all the girls during basketball practice!” He replied back.

“Louie, stop it, he’s not acting that way with me, and he’s not the only boy that looks at the girls at P.E., mister!” Stacy told him, slinging her bag over her shoulder and poking him in the chest accusatorily.

“I don’t stare!” He defended himself.

“Uh huh, sure. Your whole little group does.” She told him, then started walking.

He followed her, his own books in hand, because they were going to the same class.

“I don’t, I’m not some womanizer.” He replied.

“So, when Chad watches the girls practice, he’s a womanizer, but when YOU get caught looking at ‘Fat Rack’ Jackie it’s ok?” She stopped and glared at him.

“I don’t call her that! I’ve never called Jackie that!” He stammered, uncomfortable with the accusation and the guilt by association. It wasn’t Louie’s fault Jackie had huge boobs or that Rudy started calling her Fat Rack Jackie! That’s not his fault!

“You might not have, but your friends have! And it’s not right, and you know it.” She replied then spun on her heel and started marching off back to their next class.

Louie didn’t know how to come back from that, since it wasn’t even something he was guilty of. They made it to their class and sat down on opposite ends of the room where their desks were. He felt secondhand shame and embarrassment over it for the next hour until the news of what his homework was going to be distracted him.

Whatever Stacy’s ill feelings towards were during school hours proved to be short lived, because when the bell rang and everyone was being let out to go home, she told him goodbye with a smile and a wave, and then he waved goodbye back.

Normally, he drove her home since he had a car now and they were neighbors, but since she was tutoring Chad, she went towards the school library instead of the parking lot. Her mom got off work at three and somewhere around four o clock Louie would look out his bedroom window and see Stacy and her mom pull up into their driveway and hop out.

It’d been a whole week since the last time he got to drive Stacy home, and he was missing it. Stupid Chad.

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The school year was growing older, and in the not too distant future Louie had prom to think about. He was going to work up the courage to ask Stacy to go to the prom with him, since he had to have

at least enough balls to do that if he wasn't going to ask her out. But before then he still had a lot more classwork to get through, and SATs to prepare for.

Stacy was still tutoring Chad after school. It'd been three weeks now, and he'd been warned to stop bugging her about it. He just didn't trust a dude like Chad to keep his hands to himself, and he didn't believe her when she told him that the most the horse had said or done was compliment her hair.

Chad gave him bad vibes, but there wasn't anything he could do about it.

What was worse was that he stopped seeing Stacy arrive home with her mom this week. Monday and Tuesday came and went like normal with Stacy rolling up in her mom's car, but then Wednesday afternoon arrived, and a green pickup truck pulled up at 4:00 and Stacy hopped out. Chad was driving her home. And then he did it again Thursday, and again on Friday! And on Friday she was late getting home, almost 4:30!

Talk about a chill up the spine, Louie did not like that.

He had to bite his tongue, because he knew if he said anything to Stacy, she'd probably blow up at him. The wolf was at her limit with him nagging her about Chad-this or Chad-that. Louie felt totally deflated that his warnings were not being heeded, but there wasn't anything he could do.

The weekend came and went, and like every morning Stacy hopped into his car so she could catch a ride to school with Louie.

"So, how did you do on your last test? The algebra exam." He asked her.

She told him she was just a single point from having a perfect 100, because she misread one of the word problems. The ride to school was ten minutes so they didn't have much time to talk, but she did do good on her test, and he told her she did better than he had, since he'd messed up on two word problems.

"Maybe I need to tutor you, too, if you're slipping up on that." She told him.

"I just need to pay more attention to the questions. I was going too fast." He defended himself.

"Chad does that, it's like the one thing he's awful at. He doesn't want to do the work, so he rushes. Half the work I do tutoring him is getting him to slow down and actually pay attention to what he's doing." Stacy replied, and Louie had to bite his tongue and not saying anything that would upset her.

"Yeah." He replied.

He wanted to say something, but he didn't. If he was going to ask her to prom then he needed to not be in hot water with her. June wasn't that far away.

The rest of Monday went by like a normal day. In and out of classes, Louie hanging out with his pals, watching the girls practice basketball during PE, and Louie noticing Chad was sneaking off to smoke again behind the gymnasium. When the bell rang for everyone to pack up and go home, he hated knowing he was driving away without Stacy in the passenger seat.

The raccoon drove home alone, and it wasn't until 4:30 once again that the green pickup truck pulled in and let Stacy out. Why was he bringing her home so late now? She didn't act any different Tuesday morning, everything was normal, and yet then again Tuesday afternoon rolled around, and her mom pulled in first, and then half an hour later Chad shows up and lets Stacy out.

Louie's suspicions were too strong, the possibilities of what Chad was doing with Stacy making his skin crawl.

Wednesday morning on the drive to school he asked her, just casually mentioning he saw her get home later than normal yesterday afternoon. She got mad at him for spying on her out his window. Louie tried to defend himself that their driveway is right 'there' and his bedroom window is right 'there', too. It wasn't hard to see their front yard. It didn't help his case any, but she did say that because her mom wasn't picking her up anymore, she didn't have to rush her tutoring sessions with Chad. That's all he got out of her.

But why was her mom not picking her up anymore? How come Chad got to drive her home? Did her mom not know who Chad was?

Thursday, Louie decided it wouldn't hurt to find an excuse to be out of the house after school. He made up a reason to go to Wal-Mart and after his mother gave him a list of what she also wanted from the store, the raccoon got into his car and drove back to school. Since the trip was only ten minutes, he was back to campus by 4:15.

Chad's pickup was in the parking lot, and there were a bunch of faculty still on campus. Maybe three or four teachers and at least one of the janitors, and the school's resource officer was still here. It would be kind of hard for Chad to do anything messed up on school campus with a bunch of adults and a cop still there. That didn't really make him feel any better.

He drove down the road and killed time for a few minutes to buy a soda before driving back towards the school. He made it just in time to see Stacy and Chad walking back to his pickup in the lot. Louie grimaced at the sight, but since he'd told his mom he was going to Wal-Mart he couldn't not go. So, he went to Wal-Mart and got the things on the list and then drove back home.

He parked, hopped out of his car with two plastic bags in hand and went inside. His mom was there in the kitchen, and he started helping her unload the two bags, since half of it was cold stuff from the fridge and freezer.

Through the kitchen window he saw a green pickup truck drive by, and then Louie stepped over to the sink and looked out the window to watch that same pickup truck pull into Stacy's drive way, and Stacy herself hopped out and waved goodbye to Chad in the driver's seat. Louie felt his heart sink and looked over at the microwave and saw the clock read 5:12.

They'd left the school a long time ago! His skin crawled.

It was hard thinking up excuses to be out of the house that wouldn't get his parent's suspicious. Friday was easy, he just wanted to go driving and his mom didn't think anything of it. He passed by the school at 4:20 and saw the two of them walking out to the pickup truck, and then Louie killed a

few minutes of time before making his way back home. By the time the raccoon was pulling in back home Stacy appeared to be home already. Hmm.

Monday, he made another trip to the store, his mother giving him another list of items to grab for her. He got home around 4:00 after having seen the pickup in the school parking lot. The truck pulled up and let Stacy out at around 4:30. They were back to their normal schedule.

Tuesday he couldn't snoop, but Chad dropped her off again around 4:30, and then Wednesday was the same except he got lucky. His dad told him to go run to a hardware store for him. On the way home he took a detour by the school and saw the green pickup in the parking lot like it should be, then later Stacy got dropped off at the normal time.

On Wednesday Stacy didn't get home until 5:00, and he felt the chills again. He wanted to spy on them Thursday, but he needed to help his mother around the house after school. Stacy was home again around 5:00 and he was actually upset that something was going on, but he was afraid to say anything to Stacy about it! She'd just blow up on him again, especially since she'd been acting more distant to him the last few days. He didn't know what that was about, but knowing she was getting home later than normal from her tutoring Chad, it just gave him the heeby jeebies.

Friday, things changed for the worse.

It started normal enough, Stacy was still being cold towards him, but the day itself seemed fine. School let out at 3:00, and then he walked out to his car. With Chad and Stacy being at school so late, and it being Friday. Something about it being Friday just got him worked up, like danger mode. He texted his mother and told her a lie, saying he wanted to drive to a store in order to look for something he wanted to buy. He was ambiguous about when he thought he'd be back home, but he promised to text her when he was coming back.

At 3:00 he left the parking lot, and knowing that she'd be tutoring Chad for at least an hour, if they were really tutoring... He knew he could swing back around 4:00 and see if the truck was still there. He killed time by driving to the store and then grabbed gas for the car. Time was moving so slowly, each minute passing to painfully slow like time itself was freezing. He ended up parking in a nearby vacant lot and played on his phone, then sped back to school a little after 4. Chad's truck was still there.

Doing a stakeout wasn't fun, and it was a lot slower than they made it seem on TV. He was afraid to actually hide somewhere in the school parking lot because Stacy would recognize his car, so he searched around and found a spot just down the road where the girl's played softball. It was next to the school campus but had its own parking lot and there was a spot next to the concession stands where he could look down the road and see if anyone pulled out of the parking lot.

He waited, and knowing it only took about ten minutes to drive from the school to his and Stacy's houses, it was around 4:50 that Louie started getting nervous. He was looking down the road, leaning out into the passenger side of his car, squinting the long distance. It was pretty far away, but not so far away he'd have missed a green truck pulling out and driving the opposite way.

Had he missed them? Maybe when he was looking at his phone? He got nervous and cranked up before slowly creeping the car through the softball lot. He did a quick drive by of the campus lot and

saw that Chad's truck was still parking there, and it looked like a few faculty might be there too, like usual.

A little whisper told him that they were just tutoring a little longer today. There were two big tests next week, and SATs were going to start at the start of June...

Two figures stepped out through the front doors of the school, one tall in a black jacket and one much shorter in a red polo and khakis. It was them! It was just about 5:00 now, so not totally unusual for what they've been doing. Louie should have been satisfied with that, knowing that at least they were actually on campus this whole time before leaving, faculty members still there with them somewhere on campus.

But by this point, he was living the sunk cost fallacy. He'd spent close to two hours spying on them, so now he was going to see it through. If all that happened was Chad pulled out of the lot and drove Stacy right home, then maybe nothing was happening after all... But.

That was a big but, because if that's not all they were doing, he just didn't want to think about that. He didn't even know what he would do if he caught them doing anything or caught Chad doing anything. All he was thinking of was IF they were doing anything and him feeling the desperation to find out the truth.

Since he was already driving past the school, he knew Chad would be driving the same way to take Stacy home. So, he thought of where he could pull over and park without it being obvious. There was a public lot on the way home where the city set up a bunch of dumpsters. You just pulled in and dumped your garbage and then pulled out. He could hide there until Chad drove by and then Louie could confirm at last that maybe nothing at all was going on.

He pulled in, waited, his skin covered in goosebumps, and then a green pickup drove by. Louie started driving again, but out of fear of being too close behind them and being noticed he waited. When he finally turned out to leave the pickup was pretty far ahead of them down the road, but that was a very rich color of green, it stood out, so Louie knew it was Chad's truck.

He matched speeds like they did on TV and just chilled, watching the green truck drive down the road ahead of him towards Stacy and his own house. Chad didn't drive the speed limit, so Louie had to go faster than he wanted, knowing that his dad always warned him there were at least two cops that liked to drive up and down these roads every day.

When Chad's truck reaches the intersection, one right turn away from their street, the green pickup stopped at the sign, and then turned left. The opposite direction. His heart skipped a beat, and he felt the chills all over him. He sped up and reached the intersection next, and then waited for a semi to drive by the other way, and then he made a left turn to follow.

He couldn't see Chad's truck anywhere! He'd vanished! Louie kept driving, straining his eyes. He had no idea where'd they'd gone to and after an hour of driving around in confusion his mom started texting him about where he was, and so he was forced to drive home. He pulled in at his house and had to lie to his parents about what he'd been doing. That 'thing' he'd wanted to buy he couldn't find and had tried multiple stores.

When he got up to his room the daylight outside was still kinda bright, but when he looked out his bedroom window at Stacy's house, he could see that it looked like she had her desk lamp on in her bedroom. She only ever had that on when she was in her room studying. She must have been home, and he never saw a green pickup drop her off either, so it must have happened while he was lost and confused for that hour.

He didn't want to think about what she and Chad were doing during that lost hour, but he did anyway. Chad the loser that thought he was so cool, alone with Stacy... It soured his mood.

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Saturday afternoon after lunch, Louie was playing video games. His weekends were mundane, just doing the same thing he always did. He played video games most of the time, sometimes hung out with friends, and then crammed for homework on Sunday. Everything was going fine, the raccoon easily being distracted by his normal routine, until a car horn honked outside. No one ever honked on his street, so he leaned over and peeked, and instantly furled his brow with dire confusion at the sight of a green pickup truck sitting in Stacy's driveway.

He jumped up and went over to the window, hiding behind the thin blinds as he watched as the vague silhouette of the tall and lean horse sat in the driver's seat. Moments later Stacy left out her front door dressed casually in one of her frilly shirts and a skirt that dropped down to her mid-thigh. Why was Chad picking her up on a Saturday! Was this a fucking date!

Louie panicked, confused, upset that his crush was actually hanging out with Chad! He was supposed to ask her out to prom later! Now fucking Chad was picking her up for only God knows what on the weekend?

His heart was pounding, and suddenly his video game was no longer interesting in the slightest.

Louie's dad had left to go help his uncle with something, and his mom was doing her book club. Since he was home alone by himself, he didn't need to ask permission to leave, so he ran to the kitchen and grabbed his keys from the key rack next to the fridge, then peeked out the kitchen window to see the pickup truck pulling out of the driveway to head down the road.

He left the house, locking the door quickly behind him, then got into his own car. By the time he was on the road himself he finally realized what he was doing. All in a panic, he was now going out for a second round of staking out Stacy and Chad. He didn't even know where they were going, couldn't even see them on the road. He only knew the direction they drove down.

When he reached the intersection, he knew they could have gone in any of the three possible directions. Maybe it was just after school tutoring again? He could drive to the school. So, he drove to the school, turning left and heading that way. There was no sign of the green pickup. When Louie reached the school the parking lot was empty, so he was at a loss now as to where they might have went. It wasn't like he lived in a tiny community. They could have gone anywhere for any reason.

He shouldn't have drove to the school. No one was ever here on the weekends, not even the resource officer swung by. Their school wasn't huge like some of their rivals in the area, not big

enough to have any kind of drug problem a cop would need to try and sniff out. The only drug problem at their school was just losers like Chad sneaking behind the gym to smoke Marlboro's.

Smoke Marlboro's...

He drove his car around the parking lot, and then parked it out of the way and next to where the school dumpsters were. Now he wasn't in the parking lot anymore, his car was tucked away more or less out of sight. Louie hopped out of the car and started walking around the main school building, following the familiar paths he'd walked since he was little. The school was eerie when it was empty of people. The only sound was the AC units still running on the rooftops and at ground level.

Sure, there wasn't a green pickup truck in the parking lot but if you wanted to go somewhere empty and smoke where no one would find you, you could drive down the dirt road behind the gym like you're trying to get to the baseball field behind the school. The softball field was down the road with its own lot, but the baseball field was directly behind the school, and everyone had to park in the main lot in front. But you could still drive to the baseball field, people did it all the time for stuff!

He reached the gymnasium, knowing the whole place was locked up tight. Louie snuck around, creeping quietly, feeling stupid the entire time. He could be on his own personal wild goose chase and find fuck all! He couldn't cut through the gym to find Chad's usually sneaky spot, so he went all the way around.

The raccoon found himself walking through an alley between the gym and the middle school building he'd never followed before. Felt weird being in a place he'd seen hundreds of times but never explored, especially when it was so empty and eerie. When he reached the corner of the gym he stopped, coming to a halt just shy of exiting the alley. He carefully peeked around the corner, looking down at the length of the gymnasium and the dirt road that led to the baseball field. Nothing. This is where Chad would sneak to, but there was no Chad and there was no Stacy.

He felt retarded.

He turned left, pivoting to walk back the way he came, and as his vision spun degrees a flash of green caught his eye, and he nearly had a panic attack at the sight of Chad's truck parked behind the middle school building in the middle of the dirt road. Louie jumped back into the alley, then pressed himself to the wall so he could peek around the corner. They had to have seen him, but when he looked there was no one in the truck. It was a single cab pickup with a big window in the back, so there wasn't really anywhere to hide in it.

Louie relaxed, but now he was determined. He wanted to know where they were, but with the school locked up he had no idea where they'd go? Maybe out to the baseball field and the bleachers? If that was what Chad wanted to do, then he could have just driven his truck out there and parked closer. Weird.

Chad was a loser, but Louie didn't think he was the kind of loser to break and enter a locked building, and he didn't at all believe Stacy would have allowed that to happen!

"But we're at school." Louie heard Stacy's voice, low as a whisper.



He was confused, ready to jump out of his skin, not knowing where the voice had come from. There wasn't anyone here!

"No one's ever here on a Saturday." Chad's voice replied, much louder than hers and clearer.

It was coming from the truck, but no one was in the cab...

"Are you sure? We shouldn't be doing anything like this, we- we aren't even dating or anything." Stacy replied, whispering still.

Louie realized it was coming from the back of the truck! The tailgate was up, so he couldn't see into the truck bed, but that must be where they were! His heart suddenly began to pound in his chest, not just from what he was hearing but from knowing that they were hiding in the bed where no one would see them!

The raccoon twisted his head on a swivel, looking all around. On his side of the dirt road was the school, the green pickup hidden behind the gym and middle school buildings. On the other side you had a tall cyclone fence with those green plastic strips threaded through the metal. This was the perfect spot to sneak to have a smoke, no one could see you. Why would anyone notice a green pickup tucked behind a green fence?

Of all the stupid hunches to have, Louie had to guess the correct one...

"You don't have to be dating for this. We're just hanging out is all." Chad replied, his voice smooth.

Louie was frozen in place, unsure of what to do. He could announce himself, call them out for what they were doing. This proved the raccoon had been right after all! He knew Chad was up to something, that fucking loser! He could shout and give them both a huge scare!

But he didn't. He was still frozen in place, more spooked at having actually guessed correctly. Now he was actually having stage fright, unable to make a decision. One loud and proud voice wanted to shout to prove he was right about Chad, but then another equally loud voice was afraid. If he shouted, he'd cause the biggest of messes with Stacy, it'd all blow up! He couldn't ask her to prom if he shouted, but was that even possible now that Chad had talked Stacy into the bed of his truck to do who knows what?

While the raccoon was trapped in his indecision, unable to move, Chad must have made a move of his own.

Stacy started coughing, and then that was followed up by Chad laughing. Louie froze cold, bewildered. Staring at the back of the truck, the pair invisible to his eyes, what the hell were they doing, the wild thoughts running through his head were painting all kinds of images, things he'd seen on the internet, women choking and gagging until their makeup was running.

And then a puff of smoke went up in the air.

"You don't have to if you don't want to." Chad laughed, the smoke thinning out in the air until it vanished.

Louie was hit with a wave of relief. Jesus, they were just smoking. The idea of her going down on anyone, let alone CHAD was just awful! He was overthinking everything but wait... No! He wasn't overthinking at all! Sure, they're just smoking behind the gym, but Louie was totally right about Chad being a loser that's just trying to make moves on Stacy!

Stacy started coughing again, and Chad laughed.

"I think you'd have better luck with this." The horse said.

"I don't smoke." She replied, and Louie's heart sank.

Then what was she smoking?

The raccoon had no idea what was going on inside that truck, he was too far away. Sure, he could hear them, but Stacy's voice was a whisper, and Chad just naturally talked loud. Louie was standing maybe twenty feet away... He thought to say something, again to shout at them, but he didn't. His mouth was dry as a bone, so instead of manning up and saying something, or even just LEAVING he knelt down, took a small step and listened to the sound of gravel crunch under his shoe. He stopped cold.

They'd hear him! He couldn't spy on them and figure out what they were doing if he couldn't get closer...

Another big cloud of smoke went up and out of the bed of the truck. At least one of them was smoking...

He reached down and grabbed his laces, tugged them loose, and then slipped out of his shoes. With just his socks on he took one step, his foot silent on the dirt and gravel, and then he took another. Slowly, he crept towards the truck, his heart racing as he got closer and closer.

When he reached the truck, he was moving so slowly he was barely moving. The fear of being caught crouching next to the truck overwhelmed him, his heart beating so loud it was drumming in his ears. The only noise that came through loud and clear was the sound of Chad exhaling another big plume of cigarette smoke into the air. From his low position next to the pickup, he could see the smoke fade and disappear into the air.

Silence, apart from the quiet noise of fabric moving.

Stacy gasped; it was a wet noise.

"You don't have to." Chad spoke up.

"It wouldn't be fair." She replied, her voice easier to hear, but it was obvious she was whispering, bashful.

What were they doing!

Carefully, Louie pulled out his phone, his hands trembling like crazy. He turned his screen on and had the good sense to remember that he had his sound turned up. He nuked the volume to zero for everything, then turned on his camera app. He thought to use his phone to peak over the edge of the truck but that'd be crazy! They're both RIGHT THERE, how would they not see a phone poking up over the side of the truck?

He turned his head, looking for the side view mirror. The reflection in the driver side mirror was just the gym and dirt road, and the sky. Raising up slightly on his toes he peaked through the window and looked for the rear view. Nothing. He couldn't SEE anything!

"It's not a big deal." Chad told her.

"Chad. It's more than a little big." She replied, almost incredulously.

His heart froze, then restarted, his imagination running wild back to those thoughts of women choking and gagging on dick in internet videos. Was she seriously trying to suck his dick! Stacy! She's- She's not that type of girl! Stacy was an honest to God good girl, sweet and everything! That wasn't something a girl like her would do at all!

"Well, I mean it is, but that's not what I meant. I don't need mine just because you got yours." The horse replied, then a plume of smoke appeared overhead from another drag on his cigarette.

Louie was dumbstruck. She'd gotten hers? What did he mean, how long have they been here behind the gym? Not that long, Louie had followed them from the house... Hadn't been that long, had it? Ten minutes, fifteen? He didn't know, he wasn't really paying attention... Ten minutes to drive to the school, he got to the parking lot and sat there for a bit, then he went over and parked his car by the dump.

Did Stacy actually let him fool around with her that fast?

"That's very sweet." She replied softly.

While he was squatting there next to the truck, trying to understand, his attention was stolen by the sound of silence being broken by the noise of kissing. Keeping still he just hung out next to the truck with his phone out, just listening to the two of them make out in the back of Chad's truck. After a few minutes, Louie began to worry that if he wasn't careful either one of them could stand up and spot him. What would that make him? Whatever high ground he might have had would go up like cigarette smoke if they caught him spying on them like this.

"I got something in the glovebox we can use, if you want to try that instead." The horse said then.

"That's going pretty far. We're not dating, that's kind of a dating thing." She replied.

"I was going to suggest that if you wanted me to get mine, then you could use your hand. Protection would keep both of us from going home with stains." Chad replied.

Louie was shivering like it was bitterly cold, wide eyed. He didn't need to see what they were doing, they were talking plenty enough for him to get the picture. Wait, in the fucking glovebox! That's not in

the bed of the truck, and he started to panic, what was he to do! He started to crouch lower, looking under the truck to see if there was room.

“Oh... Well, if you want to. I’d like that.” She replied, and Louie’s heart might have broken had it not been for the unbridled terror of being caught overwhelming him.

The entire truck then began to rock as one body began to move. A shadow cast over the ground next to him, and when Louie’s wide eyes looked up, he was staring at the back of Chad’s head as the horse jumped out of the truck from the other side. His heart was pounding so hard it hurt, and then the passenger side door popped open, the raccoon ducking his head low to see the horse’s feet on the ground. The sound of something clicking, popping open, then a rustling of a hand through whatever was in the glovebox.

Louie carefully lowered himself down, all the way down, painfully slow but deathly silent, until the sound of a glovebox being slapped shut happened. The door of the truck slapped shut, and the truck began to rock again, its suspension making enough noise to give the raccoon just enough courage to slide under the truck where he couldn’t possibly be seen.

“That’s what they look like?” She asked.

“Never seen one before?” He asked her back.

“Not outside sex-ed.” She replied.

There was the sound of plastic twisting and breaking, then moments later another plastic noise. Louie knew what condoms were, but he’d never used one, he was a virgin still.

“You know how to do it or should I?” Chad asked.

Louie waited for an answer, but if there was one it wasn’t verbal. Moments passed, his heart racing as he laid on the uncomfortable dirt road under the truck. Having never seen the underside of a truck before, he was awash with the unfamiliar. Unfamiliar smells, unfamiliar sights, all icing on the ugly cake that was his stupid, retarded predicament, stuck under a truck with his feet to the engine and head to the tailgate.

“Have you done this a lot?” She asked.

“A few times.” He answered.

Silence after that, and it lingered.

“Spit on it, it’ll be easier.” His voice broke the silence.

After that, there was a quiet ‘puh’ sound, then another, like Stacy didn’t know how to spit for real. Then, the truck creaked from someone moving, then there was a proper spit sound like Chad had stepped in to help. Silence again, but after a little while Louie could start to hear the subtle noise of something moving. He didn’t know what a condom felt or sounded like when you wore it, but he could only imagine that this is what he was hearing, her hand moving up and down Chad’s...

Thinking it kinda hurt. She was jerking him off, only a foot away from him in the bed of the truck. That loser was getting a piece of Stacy before Louie could even ask her to prom, even if that piece was just her hand. And, he guess, a little of her mouth if everything else he'd heard was any indication...

"Is this what I'm supposed to do?" She then asked, her voice sounding very shy.

"Yeah, it's one way to do it." He replied.

"Is there a better way, or something? I don't really know." She told him.

"Are you wanting me to tutor you in handjob?" He laughed.

"Well! I guess that's only fair." She replied loudly at first before falling back to a whisper.

Louie lay there motionless, listening to words he'd never thought he'd hear be spoken in person let alone at all in any circumstance. He didn't even know if he could climb out from under the truck now, he was in a sour pickle. The dirt road would not let him crawl across it silently...

"When I do it, I squeeze a little tighter and go from the bottom and all the way to the top, yeah like that. No, little more, bump your knuckles up against my flare." Chad had the balls to say.

She giggled nervously.

"What?" He asked her.

"I've seen that word but never heard anyone say it." She replied bashfully.

"Well, at least I don't have to tell you what it does then." He replied.

"No." She giggled again. "I know what it does from sex-ed class."

He laughed.

"You're gonna see what it does in person in a little while." He replied, and Louie wanted to crawl into the earth and die.

He figured he deserved this, being trapped under a stupid truck for being a dumb retard who had to follow his not-girlfriend around. Now that he was forced into this position by his own stupidity, he could think a bit straighter, actually reflect a little. He should have just played his video games and ignored whatever Stacy was doing or not doing. Easy to say now that he was under a pickup truck.

"Does it get big? Yours." She asked in a whisper.

"I'd say so. I don't go around comparing dicks with other dudes." He replied.

"That big?" She replied, the conversation sounding like someone skipped a dialogue option.

“Thereabouts, yeah. I’m usually too busy enjoying myself to pay much attention to what it’s doing.” He replied.

Louie didn’t know, he didn’t want to know.

After that, just relative silence. He could hear the continue movement of a quiet body, no doubt Stacy’s hand stroking a loser’s dick while her bigger loser of a friend laid under the truck. This continued for what felt like a few minutes, though he wasn’t checking his phone to time it. Whatever was happening, was just trucking along at a steady pace until the moment was broken by a sudden change.

“What’s wrong?” Chad’s voice.

“You’re really big.” She replied.

“Not for your hand.” He replied.

“I mean, I don’t think you would fit.” She told him very quietly.

His heart started to pound a little harder, the winter chill washing back over him again and making him shiver.

“Wasn’t planning on finding out if I fit. Unless you want me to.” He told her.

After that, silence, but then the truck creaked ever so slightly, and then the sound of kissing. Normal kissing, at least, because as Louie laid there shivering, his goosebumps started to rise and dance under his fur as the ‘normal’ kissing slowly turned into ‘louder’ kissing. Big wet smacks, mouthy noises, Stacy making some kind of gasping noise.

“Wh-will this make me a slut?” She gasped, almost whimpering.

“Sluts fuck whoever is willing, you aint that kind of girl.” Chad replied and started kissing her again.

From that point forward they didn’t talk, just noisily kissed as the truck creaked every so often. Every time the truck made a noise, the suspension signaling another shift of a body above him, Stacy made some kind of gasping noise. Every time it was louder, too. Fabric began to rustle, slide, and then Stacy was free from whatever kiss had held her, and now she was openly panting.

“You promise?” She asked him, whimpering, her voice louder than a whisper like she was losing the power to keep control over her volume.

“I know you aint that kind of girl.” He told her back, not answering her question.

She must not have cared because the next thing out of her mouth was a bigger gasp, and not just a single one. It was a bunch of them, rapid fire, panting. Louie could hear the sound of something rubbing, but was too dimwitted to sex know off hand what that might be, but it was enough to get a big reaction out of her.

“B-big!” She panted loudly.

“Shh, this is the easy part.” He told her, and then the truck creaked loudly as something heavy moved.

Then she gasped, or she tried to. It sounded muffled, like a long and long moan coming out through tightly held lips.

“Shh, easy part.” He repeated himself, and she just kept making that noise, and it started doing things to Louie he wasn’t expecting. He’d felt nothing but cold up until now, but hearing her above him make that muffled noise, knowing in his heart what Chad was doing, he started pitching a tent in his shorts.

“Shit, you’re crazy tight.” He grunted, the truck beginning to gently rock.

Then the truck creaked again, and then a moment later a third time. The suspension began to quietly signal every small movement happening in the bed of it, Louie being plenty smart enough to know what that meant, and every time there was a creak there was a muffled noise from Stacy.

“Chad!” She broke free of whatever willpower was keeping her quiet, but that ended quickly as the renewed noise of kissing took over. Loud and sloppy, that was the loudest thing at first, until the truck began to creak even louder.

He didn’t know much about trucks, but when the back of the truck began to rock visibly along with the noise of the suspension Louie had to assume that was normal. Just normal truck behavior when two people are fucking in the back of it.

“Just look at that!” Chad said in the loudest of whispers.

“I- I’m a slut!” She gasped sharply, and Louie felt cold again, his erection softening.

“If you were a slut I wouldn’t need protection, and you wouldn’t be this tight!” He told her, his voice firm.

The truck stopped moving, then there was the noise of kissing.

“But!” Her voice, then more kissing.

“I’m gonna fuck that nonsense right out of you!” And then the truck started moving again, the suspension creaking rapidly as Stacy’s sharp gasps were quickly muffled by what sounded like another sloppy kiss.

Whatever the horse was doing, he was doing it hard, the entire truck’s back end rising and dropping like the beat of quick drum. Blending in with the creaking of the suspension was the growing sound of a wet slap, coming just as rapidly as everything else. Every time the truck sagged low, there was another wet slap, a heavy weighted slap, and a muffled squeal from Stacy.

That squeal continued, loud even though it was muffled, like a shrill noise escaping into another person's mouth. The truck rocked harder, the sound of at least one struggling body overhead, feet were kicking in the bed of the truck.

"Chad!" Stacy shouted before the horse quickly silenced her again, telling her to shush as the rocking the truck heaved from whatever thunderous thrusts the stallion was subjecting her to.

It now sounded like she was crying out, squealing, shouting through someone's hand, a long and continuous string of wordless noise that broke Louie's heart as the unmistakable signs of an orgasm racked Stacy's body as the horse fucked her in the bed of the truck.

"Shit!" Chad suddenly rasped, the truck's movement stopping in an instant.

Stacy was loudly panting, no longer muffled, her voice breathless as the two bodies shifted in the back of the truck. One of them was now moving about overhead.

"Wha-why?" She asked, still breathless, her breathing just like a track runner's after a big race.

"It broke." Came the reply.

There was a wet plastic noise, followed by a brief window of silence until there the noise of another plastic tear. There was a crinkling, followed by more wet noises.

The truck began to rock again, but then Louie froze with renewed fear as the truck violently shook, and a pair of feet dropped behind the truck. The raccoon tilted his head back, looking up towards the end of the pickup. Still clad in jeans and his boots, Chad was now standing behind his own truck, and then the tailgate was popped and lowered.

The raccoon stared up at the end of the truck and was suddenly thankful that he'd crawled under there it now. There'd have been no way he could have stayed hidden if he'd still been next to the truck like before.

"Come here." Chad said, one body above began to move. The truck barely rocked, then Stacy's fluffy brown tail dropped over the edge of the tailgate, and it was swishing left and right like Louie had seen dozens and dozens of times before. It was a happy swish.

But it was only her tail that fell off the tailgate, the rest of the wolf was still in the truck, and then Chad knelt down.

Overwhelmed with fear, Louie gawked as the jean clad Chad dropped to one knee, but thankfully not so low that the horse was able to see beneath the truck. Whatever had his attention was too alluring, too distracting, because not even the horse's chin dipped below the gate.

A brand new noise started, a wet sound as Chad's head moved his head in a tight circle just above the tailgate.

"Oh, God..." Stacy breathed out.



Chad was eating her out, but that was the least pressing matter for Louie, as suspended over the ground, long, large, and throbbing, was Chad's massive equine cock. The raccoon was barely a foot away from its plastic wrapped tip, the condom stretched taut along his rigid tool from its girthy tip and all the way down past his thick medial ring.

The reservoir at the end of the condom already looked full, a wet bulb of clear juice that seemed to grow slowly with every twitchy of his dick. How was a condom supposed to work on a dick that big! This was a cock a porn star would have, like some kind of professional pecker Louie would see on the internet! No, it was something Louie had seen, there were men in videos before with cocks like this!

No wonder the condom broke, it looked like it was sized for a pony and not a full blooded stallion! That long, black and pink marbled pillar needed a condom much larger than the one it wore.

And how did he manage to make that ting fit inside poor Stacy, the reality of how far Chad had gone with the wolf was dawning painfully on the raccoon. Of course, it'd long dawned on him, drilled into him with the steady drumbeat of the squeaking and creaking suspension, but seeing the cock that was doing the deed twitching inches away from his face? This was a punishment.

The horse then stood back up, his hand falling below his waist to grab himself by the dick. His flared tip disappeared above the tailgate before both hands descended to adjust his jeans, bunched tightly around his hips. He tugged his nuts free, twin fat orbs that hung heavily below his thick pillar. When the hands went back up, one remained on the base of his cock.

He started flicking his cock, a wet slapping noise coming from above as the horse fixed his feet on the dirt and gravel.

Louie watched as the horse drew his hips back, back, back some more until that lengthy tool was lined up with an unseen target, Stacy's wagging tail partially obscuring the horse's cock and balls but left it undeniable that she was laying on her back with her ass right at the edge of the tailgate, her legs up high and invisible.

Chad pushed forward, the sound of a wet kiss coming from the tailgate, which was quickly followed by an even wetter squelch as he pushed himself inside with a groan. Stacy groaned too, her voice low and husky, far different from what Louie was ever accustomed to hearing from the wolf. Nothing he was seeing; hearing was anything like the Stacy he thought he knew!

His thrusts resumed, the new angle of attack rocking the truck forward and back instead of up and down, but the creaking of the suspension was all the same. Except this time, Louie was given the view of a wildly wagging tail and a pair of legs. Every so often her tail would swing just right, her fur giving way to a view of the horse's swinging nuts.

One of her legs dropped into view, a pair of panties dangling around her ankle, her shoes still on her feet. The horse quickly grabbed her leg behind the knee and pulled it back up and out of view. At no point did Chad slow or stop his thrusts, he was going at her like a machine with a steady rhythm.

A sparkle caught Louie's eye as he watched the end of the tailgate, the sun catching on something small. That small glint then dropped from the tailgate, only for another sparkle to appear. The

raccoon gawked, seeing that a thin clear coat of liquid was growing at the edge of the tailgate until it grew too heavy and fell as a droplet, the wet union of two bodies creating a growing supply of nectar that was now overflowing.

Stacy was huffing almost huskily, groaning loudly, gasping sharply, as the stallion plowed her.

“I’m getting there.” Chad rasped, sounding winded from exertion.

Suddenly, the horse grabbed her and drug her ass back more, the fur of her butt now visible at the tailgate, a fresh streamer of nectar falling to the ground below her as the wolf’s juices spilled freely. The raccoon was fixated on the soft fur of her ass, her swinging tail, his cock stiffening in his shorts as his eyes glued themselves to that narrow glimpse of her backside.

This was something he’d always wanted to see, but this wasn’t the way he’d wanted to see it!

His hand was clenched tight to his cellphone, and he turned the screen on. His hands were still shaking, but he tapped the camera app. This is what he’d dreamed of seeing, just, this wasn’t how it was supposed to go! He pushed the button to record, capturing first the underside of a rocking pickup, and then as he tilted his phone, he steadied his hands.

For the camera, the sight of Stacy’s tail wagging over the edge of the tailgate into view, the evidence of her carnal act, and proof that Louie was right now captured on film. But the raccoon wasn’t thinking of evidence or proof, he was only thinking that this was something he’d wanted for himself, and the camera was just capturing it for him.

With the noise of the two’s union overhead so loud, Louie felt confident, so he shimmied his body and scooted closer to the tailgate, the camera capturing more of the pair until it was clear as day that a furry brown rump was being rammed by a jean-clad pair of legs. Those fat nuts were obviously attached to a horse, and now that Louie was closer to the action he could see that Chad was cramming so much more of his fat dick into Stacy than he could have ever imagined.

Chad was hung, seeing that condom clad pecker was proof enough that he was huge, but Stacy wasn’t some tall amazon. The horse was squeezing a large pole into a small hole, and somehow making it fit. No wonder she was making so much noise, groaning so much, as the horse rearranged her guts like the dudes in porn did on set.

“Wh-what?” Stacy told him, still panting long and loud.

“Gonna cum!” He replied, his hips going even faster now.

“O-oh!” Stacy replied, her voice suddenly higher than before, filled what sounded like excitement.

Louie’s hopes of having her for himself were crushed, but his cock was pitching a tent, his body confused by the signals it was being given from his eyes, ears, and from his heart.

The horse grunted, then drew his hips back. A long streamer of clear nectar sparkled in the air before dropping to the ground, Louie getting an eyeful of cock as it backed its way out of Stacy until the raccoon was left staring at a thick medial ring, wrapped tightly by a glossy wet condom.

Chad shoved himself back in and she shouted, her other leg dropping into view before Chad lifted up again.

“Your gonna feel it!” He grunted, resuming with quick and heavy thrusts.

She didn’t have a chance to reply, too busy grunting and gasping as the horse took her. Then her feet appeared, one to either side like her legs were spread eagle. Chad snorted, slowed down, then bucked his hips once, then twice, before slowing again. He drug his hips back like he had before, drawing out most of his cock.

“Feel it yet?” He rasped, and she groaned.

“Wha-?” She asked, and Louie was confused, too.

“My flare!” He grunted back, answering them before as he slammed himself home. She shouted again, her legs falling off the tailgate and left to dangle.

With every thrust her legs shook, her tail still wagging like crazy under her, as the droplets of sparkling nectar continued to drop in growing volume to the ground. All the while Louie gawked at them both as he filmed the action, the penetration just out of view but so so close.

“Chad!” She seemed to plead with him, her legs now kicking.

He grunted, speeding up his thrusts as his body leaned over the tailgate, no doubt holding onto something as he bucked into the wolf harder and harder. Stacy drew her legs up, struggling at first, until she found purchase. One leg wrapped around him, and then the other, until she had him leg locked and in her clutches.

“Almost!” He grunted again, voice sounding like it was coming out through clenched teeth.

“Chad!” She squealed his name, her legs visibly tightening up around the horse.

Her tail no longer wagging but was instead twitching and shuddering with the unseen electricity of orgasm. Her squeals continued as her climax took her, and Louie was awestruck as a suddenly deluge of clear juice spilled out from around the horse’s cock and down over his balls, pelting the ground like water spilling from a bottle.

Stacy was squirting! She was a squirter! Louie shuddered himself, his erection tightening in his pants and painfully straining against the fabric as he captured on film the intensity of the wolf’s orgasm as she hosed the stallion down before soaking the dirt and gravel beneath her.

“That’s it!” Chad hissed, lunging forward before shouting in anger a moment later. He ripped his hips backwards, breaking free from Stacy’s leg lock at the same time.

As her legs dangling over the edge, shuddering and twitching just like her tail as the wolf squealing and moaned through her ongoing climax, Chad was left cussing. The stallion’s enormous cock fell into view, the condom torn halfway through with a copious mess of precum spilling liberally from

his tip. Chad's reached down and grabbed himself, finding the broken condom and pulling it angrily off his dick, ripping it to shreds in the process before casting it to the ground.

He was still rock hard, tip spitting precum dangerously close to where Louie was resting, but at no point did Chad ever dip low enough to spot the raccoon.

"Grab the other one!" Chad told her, but she was still caught in the throes of orgasm.

"Wh-whaat? Gab?" She replied, her speech slurred, the sound of her voice erotic and terrible at once as Louie longed to touch himself as much as he hated the thought of it.

Suddenly, Chad grabbed the wolf by her legs and pushed them back into the bed of the truck.

"The condom! This one just broke!" He told her aggravatedly.

"Again? But tha' was two." She replied, slowly recovering her wits.

"I know, but I can't cum in you without one, grab another from the box!" He told her, seemingly grabbing her and pushing her back into the bed of the truck judging by how the pickup was now rocking and shifting overhead.

"There's only one left." She told him.

The truck shifted suddenly again, and then her shoes dropped off the edge of the tailgate.

"I'm close! It'll be enough, just enough for us to finish." He told her hastily.

The horse quickly began to unwrap the condom, quickly rolling it down his dick. When he was done, he grabbed Stacy and started dragging her backwards, twisting her body around until more than just her feet reappeared over the tailgate. Her legs dropped, knees pointed towards Louie, with both feet hitting the ground. Now both of them were standing at the back of the truck.

And with Stacy's skirt hiked up high around her waist, Louie got his first ever view of the wolf's pussy. Sopping wet and dripping, her inner thighs were a damp mess from her squirting, that pussy was glistening so much the raccoon was mesmerized. A fat cock ruined his view, that enormous condom-clad pillar swinging, a firm grip at its base, and Louie tightened his own hand around his phone as the camera captured the moment when the stallion pressed his half-swollen flare against her petals.

Her pussy looked so tight, so tight that he could see how much tension was on Chad's cock as the horse pushed his hips forward, his flare being squished between those taut lips until it popped inside her. She groaned, her backside lifting instinctively, her legs rising up onto her tiptoes as Chad let go of his dick and took her by the hips. He yanked her backwards and she let out an ugly grunt as his piston sank back inside her.

Chad wasted no time and resumed rutting her, making up for lost time as he began to jackhammer the wolf with wild abandon, and neither he nor Stacy bothered to control their volumes anymore.

The camera in Louie's hand caught everything, every stroke of that fat cock as it plundered her body, and every grunt, every gasp, and every shout.

"God!" She let out a sharp cry, rising higher on her toes, as high as she was able while the horse behind her doubled over her back, hunching his hips deep inside her, his balls swinging like weights under him, slapping the back of her ass and thighs. His dick was spearing up inside her so deep Louie didn't want to believe it was real.

"That's it! Gettin' there!" He grunted through clenched teeth, the wolf beginning to squeal as a fresh river of slick squirt began to run down both thighs. As her legs shook from the stallion's thrusts, Chad's balls began to slow draw up tighter and tighter against his body.

Louie could see the skin of the stallion's nutsack draw up taut, his whole pouch contracting as it drew close to his body, angry looking veins growing more pronounced until at last the swollen pair were locked tight to his body, angrily mashing against the wolf's thighs with every heavy thrust.

"Cha-add!" She squealed sharply.

Chad was fucking her violently, slamming himself home into her while Stacy let out a howl, her legs shuddering until she lost her footing. Both feet left the ground, kicking wildly as Louie watched her squirt in real time, a sudden gush of clear nectar sparkling in the sunlight as it noisily pelted the ground.

"AH! I fe-eel it!" She squealed again as the horse grunted louder and louder over her.

The raccoon scooted closer, feeling a droplet or two of her nectar hitting him in the face as he got closer, his hands finding the strength to hold the phone up as he caught her pussy on camera as it spasmed and winked around Chad's girthy tool like it was gulping him down.

"Fuh, Oh fuck!" The stallion grunted, almost painfully as his body suddenly seized up like a statue, his legs locking tightly in place with Stacy still squealing as her feet were lifted off the ground, legs left to twitch while they dangled.

Louie was so close he could hear it, the moment of climax as those twin orbs rocked violently in place, twitching and rolling in place as the first of many long rivers of cum pumped loose into the condom. It was a noise he'd never heard before in a porno, even the ones with shitty SFX added in. It was a muffled, wet, squelching noise as an untold amount of equine seed exploded in ropes from the horse's shaft, no doubt spilling hard out of his now fully swollen flare.

Stacy was wordless, just noise, her body quaking as Chad's balls continued to rock and roll against his body. They remained like this for a long moment, the stallion stud locked perfectly still, panting and grunting, while his nuts finished their job, until Louie heard Stacy's squeal even more sharply like a switch had suddenly been flipped. She started to kick her legs again, her entire body squirming and moving underneath the big stallion, but he remained firmly locked in place.

"Chad!" She gasped sharply.

A white ooze began to appear from the lips of the stretch taut cunny. Louie then heard a weird, muffled gurgling from inside her, and then her squealing stopped, morphing into a low and satisfied groan while her legs sagged limp with her toes hovering just over the ground as Chad continued to hold her up and in place against his hips.

The white ooze grew in volume until it began to liberally drip down her cunt and thighs, finally the first drops of it hitting the ground. The drip then became a drool, and then it turned into a spill as the condom ran out of room in its reservoir and finally began to force the excess back out the way it came, and down the wolf's legs.

When Chad finally finished, relaxing his body for the first time in what felt like minutes, her limped legs touched the ground, wobbly like they were made of jelly.

"Chad." She panted, breathless, her voice now sounding very tired.

"Holy shit. That was great!" Chad replied, panting just as hard and breathlessly.

Louie was enthralled by the sight of all that cum running down Stacy's legs, her cunt stretched wide to fit such an enormous dick. The stallion began to draw his hips back, a small deluge of cum following in its wake, a small river of cum spilling to the ground as inch after inch of plastic wrapped cock slipped free of her cunt. His flare snagged at her opening, its size locking it inside her like a canine's knot, and Chad had to tug it free. It popped loose, Louie's eyes bulging at the size of it, a swollen equine flare equally as menacing and bulbous as any canine's knot.

And it wasn't covered.

Chad's impressive flare was exposed to the open air, the tatter remains of the condom wrapped snugly around the backside of the flare like a cock ring. As if to prove the point, to really drive it home to Louie that his long time friend and crush had just been seeded by the stallion, the horse's cock twitched. A last hurrah of climax spit a single rope of cum from his tip, and half of it caught Louie on the face and the rest over his arm.

He flinched, but fortunately didn't make a sound.

"Oh fuck!" Chad shouted, his face unseen but he suddenly stepped back from the truck and began to run around the pickup to the passenger side.

It sounded like the horse was digging for something, and while he was over there, Stacy tried to pick herself up on weak legs, more and more cum drooling down her legs now that there wasn't a cock keeping her plugged. Louie heard the familiar sound of a glovebox being opened, but he was too busy staring at her cunt, gaped and glazed with Chad's thick and sticky seed as it glugged out of her tunnel and down both her legs. Chad quickly returned and crammed a wad of napkins up against her pussy.

"Hold these! Come on, hold them!" Chad was panicking, but Stacy was weirdly relaxed, almost moving in a daze as Louie watched her hand come into view to grab and hold the napkins in place against her soaked through and sopping pussy.

Shortly after, Chad pulled her away and back towards the passenger's seat, then once Louie heard the door slam shut the horse ran back to the tailgate and two hands grabbed it. Louie shrunk himself as far away from the back of the truck as he could just in time for the tailgate to be slammed shut. Chad then ran to the driver's side and opened the door.

"I'll take you somewhere and get you cleaned up, we'll figure something out!" Louie heard him say as his door slammed shut.

The truck cranked up, and then began to speed off. Louie remained on the ground, frozen in place as the pickup sped away before making a sharp turn to left to drive around the high school building.

Louie looked down his body, saw the truck was gone, and then sprang to his feet and ran to find somewhere to hide until he knew the pickup was long gone. He found a spot next to some air conditioning units and hunkered down until he was sure Chad and Stacy had left the school.

He was panting, heart pounding even after several minutes of silence had passed. The raccoon looked down at his phone and saw that he was still recording. He tapped the red button and stopped it. He saw a new icon appear in his recent photos and tapped it, showing all the photos and videos he'd taken recently. At the very top was a long video with a thumbnail of a rusty grey metal background.

He wiped his hand across his face, the stench of Chad's cum sticking to him like glue, and then he started to unzip himself.

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Louie didn't ask Stacy to prom.

He'd already decided he wasn't going to anymore, but then he discovered it wouldn't have mattered anyway, since apparently, she was now going to go with Chad. They weren't even dating, just doing their daily tutoring sessions. He wasn't even spying on them anymore; he couldn't muster the concern or care. Seeing them fuck just sucked the wind out of him, knocked it out of him like a kick to the nuts.

Chad would drop her off at her house every weekday around 5 or 530, and then on the weekends he'd pick her up on a Saturday and bring her back a few hours later. He didn't need to spy on them to know what they were doing, since the video on his phone was all the proof he needed. His crush on Stacy died quickly after that one day, flushed down the toilet along with his own spunk as he jerked off to Chad fucking his load into her, something of a daily ritual where he relived that painful moment while keeping his hand around his dick.

It wasn't fair, Chad was just some loser! Louie was glad school was almost over, that he'd be graduating soon. He didn't want to drive Stacy to school anymore, but he did it because he was afraid of what people might think if he stopped. He was afraid they'd find out he knew about them. Stacy probably knows something is off between the two of them, since he stopped bugging her completely about tutoring Chad, and she'd stopped acting cold towards him after about a week of neither of them bringing it up.

She was smart enough to know something was going on with their friendship, but apparently too stupid to know when a loser wants to put his dick in her.

Louie wasn't talking much to her at all, either during the mornings or even at school. More than just his crush got flushed. It was hard to see her the same way as he used to. He couldn't see her without also imagining Chad locked tight behind her with his nuts pressed against her thighs. She'd been used up, taken by another man, and it left a sour taste in his mouth. He didn't even go to prom; he didn't want to see them together.

Louie's grades dropped, and Chad's improved, and when they graduated Louie went from being an A student to a C. His grades were carried only by the fact that half his teachers weren't pushing them very hard with homework and a lot of it was easy street. And Chad didn't flunk out, and passed with mostly Cs, like the two of them were now academic equals much to the surprise of his parents and teachers. Stacy never seemed to notice.

Louie felt extra bitter at graduation, because the two of them had finally started dating after prom, but only because Stacy couldn't hide the baby bump anymore. The raccoon could even pinpoint the exact day she must have known she was showing, too, because he remembered when she started dressing in baggier outfits every day. Louie should have felt some satisfaction at seeing both of their reputations get dragged, and especially hers, but he didn't.

He just felt like a loser.