

It all started with her getting a LinkedIn account. Rachel's husband had made her a profile since he was updating his own with some new work contacts and a new certification he'd recently gotten. He encouraged her to fill her account up with her own information. The German shepherd was happily committed to her current employer, but she'd do this stupid website thing just to make her husband happy. She doubted she'd ever take up an offer to work for any other police department, because she genuinely loved working the University beat.

Many years prior she'd gotten her BS in Business at the University of San Fernando and found herself loving the campus and the surrounding area. Her father was a police dog, and so were a handful of her relatives, so being a cop was more or less in her blood from the get-go. After working in a handful of unhappy office jobs she tried out at the police academy and was accepted. Her credentials were stellar, and she was already in good shape from her time in college (softball!)

Rachel White was a 'fit bitch', as the slang goes in gyms all across the States. She jogged daily and kept herself reasonably toned. She rarely ever had to flex a muscle at her job, which was a good thing, but it never hurt to have the athleticism to add bite to her bark if she needed to. The campus life was safe and secure, but petty thieves and creepers still floated around.

It didn't take her very long to add the people she worked with to LinkedIn, since most of her colleagues didn't use the website. What took her longer was adding all the people being recommended to her by the site itself. Mostly they were old classmates she'd had either in high school or college. A lot of familiar faces she hadn't thought of in a long while.

As she browsed, or more like snooped, through profiles of people she used to know she came across one face that she hadn't seen in so long she had to do a double take to make sure it was the same guy. The face of a blue reptile smiled at her from the headshot and she couldn't help but click on him to make sure it really was Rich...

And it was! Richard Height, now a GIS Analyst. His face looked so much more mature than the skinny guy she used to know. They'd grown up together all through school from Kindergarten to their senior year. "Rich and Rach" were an inseparable pair up until they left for college. Richard moved away to go to a different University while she stayed closer to home and went to SanFur U. It'd been more than a decade since she'd last seen him.

The more she thought about him the more she wanted to reach out and say something. She did the mental arithmetic and realized it'd been 13 years since she'd seen him last! There was a way to send messages on LinkedIn, but she hesitated to do it. He wasn't just her best friend from school, but also her first ever crush. A crush that became her first boyfriend whom she shared her first kiss... and first of many other intimate things. She sat in front of her computer screen for several minutes weighing the morality of reaching out to an old flame of hers, and in the end realized

that she would be just as much a changed person and he'd be. He was probably married, too considering he looked handsome in his profile pic.

She sent him a message not knowing if he'd reply. Could he have forgotten her after all these years? Her own husband struggled to remember all of their own 'firsts' and she had to remind him every year. Men.

Not even two weeks had passed since she sent him a hello and she now had his phone number saved as 'Richard' and they were texting daily. He went by Richard now, which was what she had done with her own name. They'd both gone the more professional route of using their full first name instead of the nicknames they used as kids.

Richard wasn't at all surprised that she'd gone into policing, since he knew her family history as well as she did. She was sort of surprised by him going into tech. He was a 'GIS Analyst', which was something to do with 'mapping and data'. Her husband seemed to understand it a lot better than she did when she mentioned Richard's work to him. Trevor worked in real estate development and apparently that gave him more of a window into what Richard did for a living.

Every day their texting revolved around morning greetings and evening goodnights, and a lot of back forth during the day where they caught up with each other. They had over ten years of missing history for each other to fill in.

She learned about his years in college, that he joined a fraternity and had to binge drink until drunk and then run naked across the campus with other pledges as part of a hazing ritual. She didn't join any sororities when she went to Uni, but she was well aware of hazing rituals since she got hazed by her own family when she made it as a cop. That just meant they threw a party for her and doused her in Gatorade without warning her. It was fun.

After he graduated college Richard did more studies at community colleges for extra certifications and then from there, he kept working different jobs bouncing around in search of better pay. The way he talked it sounded like he was living a comfortable life. Her own life was very comfortable, too. A police officer's pay was shit, but Trevor made a lot doing real estate work so their lives were very comfy with their house being in a comfy suburb of SanFur.

Richard lived in Personville, which was a city a few hours north of San Furnando. It was nowhere near as large as San Furnando, but she'd heard about it from her coworkers. It had an ugly reputation for scandal and corruption in city government and the police department there. By the way he described it sounded like he had himself a nice apartment up there. He was notably single, which surprised her. She'd even prodded him about his relationship status since she was sure a guy like him would have found someone. He hadn't, but he didn't sound too broken up about it either.

He talked like he was enjoying his thirties as one half of a DINK (Dual Income No Kids). She could relate to that if she put herself in her husband's shoes. With Trevor's money, if he was still single, he'd been

living it up as a wealthy bachelor. It kind of made her sad that Richard hadn't scored himself a wife though. She'd gone and left him behind on that one.

It did seem to her that he had a friend circle, but it felt more like he had a lot of work buddies. He was like that when they were kids, too. He was an introverted guy that didn't make friends easy so of course all his friends were one he met through work. She was the opposite. Her extroverted nature made it easy to make friends, but when she was younger, she was so awkward looking it left her getting picked on a lot. She wasn't as busty as other girls, she started wearing glasses in the 5th grade, and had to get braces after getting hit in the muzzle with a soft ball.

She'd been a big target for meanness and Richard had been in the same boat as her.

The lizard had been skinny all the way up to their sophomore year, which was when he finally joined track and field and started running and getting a bit more muscle on him. He was still skinny though and his hand eye coordination on the basketball court was terrible. He even got picked on for being so tall, which had always seemed weird to her. The studies all say tall people are more successful, right? She guessed it didn't matter to kids. Richard was always one of the tallest kids in their class, so it made him different from the herd and therefore a target for bullies.

And all through this Trevor knew she was catching up with Richard. She'd kept him informed about her old friend and he seemed happy with himself that his making her a LinkedIn account had worked out well.

"This is why our generation shouldn't have stopped doing class reunions." Her husband had mentioned to her off hand. "People forget where they're from and the people they used to know."

"Ok, dad." Rachel replied with a laugh. They were both extroverts and had large friend circles both in and out of their workplaces. It seemed like they were getting invited to more and more weddings and baby showers the longer they lived where they were. Their circle of friends was expanding both through wedding vows and baby carriages. Her mother kept asking her when she was going to start giving her grandbabies.

One day Richard texted her that he was going to have a week off for Memorial Day and wanted to know if she and her husband had anything big planned. The answer was a yes/no. She had to work Monday, since crime never sleeps, but she and the husband were going to have a nice dinner that evening. She congratulated him on having an entire week off and mentioned it to Trevor in passing.

"If he's got the whole week off tell him to drive down one day. We can take him out to eat." Trevor suggested. It was already the week of Memorial Day weekend so such an invite would be kinda short notice. It was a nice idea, but she wasn't sure the timing of their invitation would be something an introvert like Richard would appreciate.

When she brought it up with Richard over text, he surprised her by agreeing that he should drive down and asked if there was a good hotel he should look into. Rachel didn't know how easy it'd be to book a reservation so close to the weekend, Richard didn't act like he was worried about finding a room anywhere, so Rachel trusted he'd find something. They agreed he'd drive in on Memorial Day and they could do something for lunch or dinner.

The feeling of nervous excitement grew over the course of the next couple of days as the weekend drew near. It'd been so long since she'd seen him! Rich and Rach were going to be a thing again. Old friends would now be friends again, or so she hoped. People changed with time and 13 years was a long time to give a person.

She and her husband finished out the week with her grower more anxious and excited as the holiday drew closer. Then on Monday morning she got a text from Richard letting her know that he was going head their way with intentions of getting in by lunchtime. Trevor thought it would be better if he drove straight to their house and then the three of them could all take a single vehicle out. He could always check into his hotel after lunch to get settled into his room.

Richard agreed to that and she felt like she was on pins and needles. Since she was still on duty that day the shepherdess was in her full police gear doing her campus rounds. This mostly involved her driving around and doing very little work. Campus had little to no crime, but she was also responsible for ticketing anyone who wasn't parked properly. It irritated her that she was writing so many tickets every day.

She longed for a chance to bum rush a thief or tackle a pervert to the pavement. She'd done the latter once! She'd caught a 20 somethings male snooping around one of the girl's only dormitories. It didn't end in an arrest since it was just some dude trying to sneak in to his girlfriend's dorm, but his 'shadow' had spooked several other girls who'd noticed someone prowling outside the windows and that had resulted in multiple 911 calls being made. Rachel took it seriously and face planted the guy.

But now it was getting closer to lunch time and she'd haggled her way into getting a half day today. She'd put in the hours she could then bail out at lunch time with the promise that she'd put in extra time later in the week to make up for the loss. She'd have enough time to get home, get changed, and be ready to go out to eat with the boys.

When she drove down her street and saw a huge Ford parked on the curb in front of her house she started frowning. She never thought to ask what Richard drove, but that monster of a vehicle didn't fit the personality she remembered her ex having. Rachel crept her own sedan slowly past the huge white truck as she pulled into her driveway with her thumb mashing the garage door button. Her husband had the holiday off and was home, evidenced by his own much nicer sedan parked in the left spot of the garage. She parked and let the garage shut itself behind her.

As soon as she stepped through the garage side door she heard her husband's voice alongside a deeper, but very familiar voice. She was still in uniform when she walked into the kitchen with both men turning to watch her enter. Her eyes were instantly drawn to the giant blue lizard standing leaning his butt against the kitchen sink.

"You're tall!" She spat and dropped her keys into the wooden bowl next to her on the counter.

"I am!" The reptile laughed with a big smile. "Did you forget?"

"No, I didn't forget, but I didn't expect you to grow another six inches!" She replied and quickly found herself closing the gap between the two of them to offer the big lizard a hug. Their first embrace in so long was marred by her bulky uniform and bullet proof vest. She pulled herself away from Richard and turned to introduce him to her husband.

"Well, this is Richard." She turned to smile at her husband. The black and white husky had groomed himself a bit better today with his thick coat looking less scruffy than he usually kept it.

"I know, we've met." He laughed at her too little too late introduction. "Now go change or we'll miss our reservation!"

She hadn't been expecting a reservation since she'd left that planning up to Trevor. She excused herself to the bedroom where she stripped off her uniform before fishing out the outfit she'd picked out for herself the day before. She pulled on a white pair of capris and matching sandals. She didn't want to go overboard on white, so she opted for a nice floral print blouse that was a mix of red, white, and blue. It felt sufficiently patriotic for the occasion.

Rachel finished herself off with her wedding ring (she didn't like wearing it on the job where it might get damaged or stolen) and her favorite pair of blue earrings (you don't wear earrings in a job where someone can rip them out of your ear). When she emerged back into the kitchen the boys were both ready and Trevor decided they'd take his Nissan since it was a bit roomier for their taller guest.

Richard had her beat by a half a foot or more and she was taller than her husband by 2. She was going to sit in the backseat, but Trevor grabbed her and urged her around to the driver's seat and told them he'd sit in the back since their guest ought to sit up front.

"That's very nice of you to offer me shotgun, Trev." Richard said as he settled himself into the seat with Rachel cranking the car. She took note of the casual way he referred to her husband as Trev.

"So where are we going?" She turned to look back at her husband.

"Marco's at Market Street. We're supposed to be there by 12:45." He replied and she started driving. Marco's was a very nice Italian restaurant over on Market Street, which was a very nice outlet mall with a bunch of high dollar restaurants. With her behind the wheel they

arrived on time and enjoyed their meals and some drinks. It was a nice change from their usual lunch routines for a Monday.

The boys spent a lot of time talking about their respective work, since they were somewhat related to each in their fields but just in different areas. Her husband's company designed and built a lot of real estate, which he then would help to sell or. From her listening to Richard's side of it it sounded like he worked with a lot of architects. He didn't design anything himself, but his work oversaw some kind of planning stage for construction. It wasn't anything she was too familiar with, but Trevor seemed to understand a lot of it, so they were back and forth pretty good just on the topic of work.

She being the only police officer at the table left her with little to add, or at least nothing new that Richard hadn't already heard through their earlier catching up. Her job sounded boring at best or less important at worst from all the 'big sounding' things the men were talking about. Rachel decided to remind herself of the time she tackled a pervert and pretended it was a lot worse of an incident than it really was. Just something to shore up her ego.

Being a campus cop didn't give her very many bad guys to wrangle. She wrote a lot of parking tickets though, since no one ever paid attention to the signage or they overstayed their welcome on one of the pay meters. It wasn't the most invigorating work at times, but she always found ways to double down on the good she was doing by just being a deterrent. Sometimes she'd drive to the campus on one of her days off just to be a plain clothes officer while she jogged a long route through the campus grounds. She jogged every day anyway so that was an easy way to continue her routine, but in a place where she might accidentally do some public good.

"Zoning out over there?" Richard's voice yanked her out of her thoughts.

"She tunes this kind of stuff out." Her husband laughed and she frowned at him.

"Not always! I pretend like I care when we go to your functions." She pointed her fork at him.

The men continued their discussion until Richard reminded everyone that he needed to find a hotel. The two of them were surprised that he hadn't already gotten a reservation, since it was literally the day of Memorial Day! He seriously underestimated how difficult it would be to find a decent hotel room that wasn't going to gouge his wallet.

"You can stay the night in our guest room. Don't worry about rushing a reservation right now." Trevor was volunteering their spare bedroom. She didn't mind her husband's generosity, but knowing that her ex-boyfriend would be staying the night under their roof felt strange to her. It wasn't an alarming thing, but just something that invoked memories of romcom triangles and soap opera dramas. Her life wasn't anything like reality tv, but the thought did occur to her.

"I didn't drive out here to impose on you two." Richard did the polite thing and tried to refuse their offer, but Trevor being the gentleman that he was doubled down and insisted. She had to smile and agree with her husband then.

"You're not going to find a reservation in San Fernando today, Rich. Maybe tomorrow when people start packing and heading back out if they haven't already done it yet." She advised him, and the shepherdess knew she was right. Hotel reservations were hell to get on short notice in San Fernando. You had to plan a lot better than that or be willing to stay in a garbage motel in the cheaper parts of town. That never went over well with anyone looking to be a tourist of the nicer parts of San Fur.

Richard reluctantly agreed and thanked them for the offer. That didn't stop him from trying to save some face by insisting that he'd go ahead and browse for any hotel rooms that were available. She smiled at that, but not because he might be out of her house sooner but rather that he was still polite like that after all these years. He was a young gentleman back when they were in school. So far that seemed to be holding true today.

After they finished and paid for their meal, which Trevor took care of over Richard's insistence on paying at least for his own meal, they drove them all around Market Street and through parts of San Fernando they knew Richard would never have seen before. They didn't DO all that much beyond enjoying the eye candy of nice scenery. It was more like they were giving an out of townner a tour of the city than any kind of real on the ground adventure. They thought it'd be nice to give him ideas of how he could spend his week here in the city once he's off on his own. The only time she and Trevor could join him would be in the late afternoons or evenings since they both were going to be working full time shifts the rest of the week.

That evening, instead of dining out twice in one day, Rachel cooked dinner for the three of them before helping Richard settle into their guest bedroom. Afterwards, when she and her husband settled themselves into bed, he asked her how she thought the day went.

"I had fun, I think." She told him, and he agreed before mentioning that he liked Richard. The feeling of relief she got from hearing that was a bit surprising. She thought back to the tv dramas and was reminded that she'd been avoiding an important topic with her husband, which was that she and Richard used to date. Well, a bit too late for that. She might could tell him a white lie about it after Richard left.

"We briefly dated in middle school." She could say. The only lie there was the word 'briefly'. Everything else would be lie by omission, and perhaps she could get Richard to play along for her sake, but wouldn't that just make everything worse if Trevor ever found out? She was over thinking it all and fell asleep assuring herself she'd tell Trevor that she and Richard had started dating in middle school and broke up when they graduated.

She'd do it after Richard left to go back home. That seemed best.

She awoke the next morning to her internal clock. It was several minutes before her real alarm would go off on her husband's side of the bed. She didn't need the clock to wake herself up, since Rachel was a woman with a morning routine so set in stone it was automatic to her.

Rachel pulled herself quietly out of bed and tossed off her panties and fished out a fresh pair along with her sports top and bottoms. Every morning started with a 30 minute jog that took her to the local park and back. She'd get back home and do a change over to her uniform and be back out the door. Since it was Tuesday she'd be heading into work to do her normal shift. Her entire week was a normal shift save the haggling she'd done to get off early for Memorial Day.

When she made it to the kitchen, she found Richard was awake and drinking himself a coffee.

"Morning." He greeted her with a smile.

"Found the Keurig, I see." She replied. Rachel didn't drink coffee, but her husband did. He'd fill up a thermos every morning and be out the door with it on his way to work.

"I did, but you don't have the flavor I like. I'm enduring your husband's decaf." He told her and took a sip. She hummed a reply to that and walked through to the door to the garage. Next to the entryway she and her husband had a few pairs of shoes and she slipped on her running shoes.

"Going out?" He asked her from the kitchen, and she saved her answer for when she returned to the kitchen to fish her water bottle from the dishwasher.

"I'm going to go out for a run. My routine." She told him to which he nodded with an approving smile.

"I told myself I'd be taking a vacation this week, but I guess I can break it by going out for a run with you. If I can join?" He asked her while she filled her water bottle at the sink.

"Sure! I'd like that. Did you bring a change of clothes?" She asked him since the lizard was only dressed in a baggy white tee and some loose gym shorts. "Or are you going to run looking like you're back in PE class?"

He laughed. "I have more to wear in the suitcase, Mrs. Fashionista."

"Then go change! Do you have a water bottle?"

"Ok! And no, can I borrow one?" He answered her as he tipped his coffee back to finish its contents before leaving to go to the spare bedroom. She told him she had spares and by the time he was back in the kitchen with a fitted muscle shirt and a nicer pair of running shorts. Rachel realized that his original outfit was much more modest. It didn't take a close inspection for her to figure out how toned he'd gotten himself. They way his shirt and shorts hugged him left little to the imagination.



However, it did remind her of how nice it'd be nice if her husband had abs that chiseled. The idea of rubbing her cheek on a washboard set of abdominals was a pleasant thought, but Trevor didn't have the dedication to stick to an exercise routine like Rachel could. He was letting himself get a tad chunky now. It was great for hugs and cuddles, but it was very obvious that she was the one that was the resident athlete of the marriage.

She handed him his water bottle before snatching a pen from the holster next to the fridge. Since Trevor was going to wake up to an empty house in a few minutes or more she wanted to let him know that she and Richard had gone out for a run. Rachel used a sticky note and stuck it on the microwave door where her husband would surely see it with the contrast of yellow on black.

"Ok, let's go. Time's a wastin'." She told him and grabbed her own bottle and started out the garage door.

"Don't mind the door it closes on its own." She told him as they passed underneath the door.

Rachel started with an easy jog that Richard had no trouble matching, and when it became clear his stamina on the trail was probably as good as hers or better she picked it up until they were both at a modest run. The route she took each morning followed the sidewalk through their subdivision until it hit the crosswalk.

She pressed the call button and jogged in place while Rich simply stood and waited for the green man to appear, and then they were off again. The shepherdess led the two of them down another sidewalk for about a block and then the gated entry to the local park was on their right.

It was a quiet morning, but at this early hour most people weren't active in the park yet. She knew there were a small number of people that walked or ran as early as she did, but a lot of the time she was more or less on her own. Her morning runs were sometimes a moment of solitude with the world consisting of just the shepherd and her own foot falls.

Richard kept his pace easily next to her and it was strange to have a running companion for once. She'd always wished her husband would pick up the hobby, but best he could give her was to wear his fitbit and get his steps in all throughout the day. He had a bit of belly pudge he needed to work off.

"Nice park." He said.

"Thanks." She laughed, since she wasn't the one that built it. The park predated her and her husband moving into the subdivision. It wasn't particularly large. If you were to walk its circumference it might take you fifteen minutes. It was mostly used by picnickers since the city built in several small concrete lots with awnings and fixed grills. Someone from the city would set up a low budget fireworks display on the

appropriate holidays. There had probably been one yesterday for Memorial Day.

Her bottle of water was half empty, and she naturally drew herself to a stop next to the one rest station the park had to refill it at the water fountain. The rest station was just a small square building with two single occupant bathrooms. It had two water fountains and trash bins for visitors.

She liked this park, but over the last year and half she'd come to notice that troublemakers liked to sneak in at night and do drugs behind this same rest station. It was tucked back into the corner of the park with a large wooden fence and dense foliage sitting behind it. It was a secluded spot where a bunch of punks or homeless people could sit back and do whatever they wanted to do.

And so being the cop that she was she would jog through and snoop behind the rest station to check if there were any stray needles or other paraphernalia. Last thing she wanted to hear about was some little kid getting stuck with a used needle.

"It's quiet here. No joggers." He mentioned to her after she'd filled her bottle back up.

"Yeah, it's always like that this early in the morning. It's kinda nice. Lots of parents and kids show up later in the day." She told him and watched as he took a big gulping drink from his water bottle. He'd not broken much of a sweat, but excess water dribbled down his chin to fall to his chest. She looked away and found herself falling into the habit of snooping behind the rest station.

He was trying to top off his water bottle as she wandered around the corner of the building with him playing catch up as she fell into her routine of scanning the grass and bushes. The caretakers for the park trimmed the trees and bushes back here, and would pick up any trash they found, but she couldn't help herself. The compulsion to step behind the building and take a peek made her feel like she was starting off her day right as an officer.

"Is your favorite color still blue?" He asked from behind. She was taken aback by the sudden question and turned to face him. Rachel shrugged and was glad she wasn't wearing her blue earrings at the moment. She owned an assortment of jewelry, but her husband had long learned that once she found herself a favorite item, she tended to wear the hell out of it. Her favorite pair of blue earrings were sitting in their special spot in her jewelry box.

"Yeah, I still like it, why?" She answered and felt a very old memory come to mind that had her flushing on the inside. A very long time ago she'd decided that her favorite color would be the same color of someone she liked very much. She turned away from her ex and stepped further behind the building and continued to watch the grass.

"Sometimes people like to sneak back here to do things they aren't supposed to do." She tried changing the subject. Rachel didn't know what prompted his question but her own intuition had her thinking of old memories that he no doubt shared. That's assuming a man his age could be as sharp as her after ten years of being apart.

"I'm really glad fate got us to meet again, Rach." He used her nickname this time, and she sighed. It wasn't anything fantastical as fate, but more like a well-meaning husband. A funny coincidence that they'd meet like this after so long. It still felt very strange at times, but it made her happy that she had been able to pull something off that website that was good. Not everyone gets to bring someone back from the past like this, but him asking about her favorite color was filling her with conflicting thoughts.

"I am, too, Rich. You'll need to come and visit us more after this." She told him before feeling his hand on her elbow. He pulled her around and hugged her before she could do anything more than draw a quick breath. Rich held her tightly while her eyes were wide as saucers with the feel of his solid body pressed against hers. She could feel the tone of his chest and abdominals against her breasts and stomach, and much lower than that she couldn't deny the firm lump that was now pressed against her lower abdomen.

"Rich, I-." She started but couldn't find the next part of what she intended to say if she even knew what it was.

"I wanted to hug you like this. It's been a really long time." He spoke low. She felt her arms tremble with the growing instinct to wrap them around his middle. It'd been so long since they'd cuddled together as boyfriend and girlfriend. The young man she used to date was a romantic. A dopey, skinny, adorable romantic that loved kissing and cuddling. A hug like this is one she remembered falling into and soon as she remembered her younger self resting her cheek against her boyfriend's chest, she was now doing the same with Richard.

"I know." She replied but couldn't muster anything else to say in that moment. This was becoming such an intimate moment that she was afraid of saying something more. A hug was just a hug, especially if it was between friends. Especially if it was platonic. She kept on telling herself it was platonic even as she put her arms around him at last. It felt so good to be held like this! Her husband was shorter than her and couldn't hold her in an embrace as strong as this. Rich was overwhelming with his size and he topped all her exes after him. He was a gem that she'd discovered as a child and one she'd thought she'd lost forever.

God, and now he was hugging her like this in the park! Everything was quiet around them without anything to disturb them at all. It truly was a moment just for the two of them as her nerves and anxiety betrayed her by relaxing. Rachel could hear his deep breathing through his chest until he shifted his head above her. She felt him exhale against her cheek with his snout pressed to her fur. She remembered how nice that always felt. Too many men in her life failed to perfect the way to draw their lips to hers.

When she felt him maneuver himself closer for a kiss she didn't realize it until she felt his tongue against her lips. They parted and she was shocked right out of the reverie as Richard was now pressing himself against her for a deeper kiss.

Her hands jerked away from him to find his chest and she pushed herself away. His own arms immediately let go and she took one too many steps back and she lost her balance and toppled backward. As she fell, he jumped forward to catch her, but was an inch too short on his reach and missed. As she fell, he dropped to a knee to soften her tumble with his hovering over her body as she now lay with her back to the grass and wild eyed with surprise.

"I'm sorry, Rach." He spoke in a hurried whisper. She blinked and felt her heart racing as his kiss played back in her mind and at the familiar taste of his tongue on her lips.

"I'm married, Richard." She blurted out and drew her arms up over her chest defensively. He hesitated over her with his jaw muscles twitching in anticipation of words that never passed his lips. He licked them with eyes never leaving hers.

"I know." He finally said after a moment.

"If we'd not lost each other would there have been a chance?" he spoke again, and Rachel felt her heart flutter and race a little bit harder. She pulled her arms up higher to cover her face. It was too easy for her to remember the days after he'd moved away. They never really broke up. He didn't say the words, and she didn't want to either. They just said their final goodbyes to each other after he'd packed for college. That was the last time she saw him, and the long distance after that let them fade more and more until she had only his memory in her heart that never refused to depart.

Rich then became the lens through which she saw all other men for a long time. It never worked out for her. She dated tall men, dated reptiles, anyone with some blue to their body. None of them fit the mold of the young man that had shaped her desire in a man. Then after years of accepting that she'd have to stay single, she met Trevor who was nothing like Richard, and somehow that clicked. She struggled to draw in a breath as she fought off the urge to cry.

"I love him, Rich." She said with her voice at the brink of breaking, then she nodded to him firmly. "You'd have been the one."

"Life isn't fair. Sometimes things don't work out." He said and gently helped her off the ground. Rachel nodded in agreement and tried to collect herself as she was helped back onto her feet.

"You're married." He said, and she nodded. "Trev's a lucky man."

She nodded again, and finally looked back up at him. His eyes were locked on hers and he sighed.

"I'm sorry I did that. I shouldn't have don't that with you, Rach. You walked me back here with no one around and I just... made a mistake." He told her, and she nodded. She was tired of only nodding to him for replies.

"It's ok. It does look like a sketchy thing for a married woman to do." She replied and put a smile on her face while reminding herself she was a married woman.

"Would it be asking too much now for one last kiss before we head back?" He asked her, and she felt her breath catch again at his boldness. After all this he still wants a kiss. He'd been bold back then, too, but he wasn't the awkward boy asking for his first kiss anymore. Richard was now a man that towered over her and had worked hard for years to make himself into something.

Remembering their first kiss she nodded and stepped close to him. He leaned in, but her hands drew up to his face to catch him. Rachel did then what she had done when they were kids, and kissed him on the cheek.

"Does that count?" She asked. He watched her for a second with mild surprise, then she wanted to believe that he must have recognized why she'd done what she did. He smiled and leaned himself back upright.

"Yeah. You're still the only girl I've been with that was ever that sweet to me." He told her with another smile.

"Well, some things don't change." She replied and wiped her hands over her cheeks to check them for moisture and found none. She'd kept herself together that much at least. "We should start back, or I'll be late for work."

He agreed and they got back on the trail and jogged in silence until they reached her house. Trevor was awake and already dressed for work in the kitchen as he waited for the Keurig to finish filling his thermos to the brim.

"You know she keeps trying to get me to go jogging with her every morning? She's insatiable." He said just as he pulled the thermos from the machine and pushed on its lid.

"It's an acquired taste, Trev. Once you get hooked on running you can't give it up." Richard replied as she kissed her husband properly on the lips, as if it was a way for her to make up for what she'd done in the park, and as a way to show her ex that she was giving her husband the kiss that Rich had surely expected to get when he'd asked.

Her husband was such a good man. Good natured and gentle if a little bit of a push over when they got into spats over anything. As she rushed to the bedroom to change into her uniform, she felt the heavy weight of guilt that her husband of three years was too good a man to think she'd ever hurt him. She had work to do and slapped herself lightly on her cheeks a few times to focus herself on her day.

She'd tiptoed so close to having an affair and she didn't want to think about it.

And think about it she did for a few more hours until work had her distracted enough to forget. When she got home, she was back on the worry train, but saw Richard's car wasn't parked out front when she pulled in. She was the only one in the house with Trevor being about an hour behind her in getting home.

There were no notes in the kitchen from him or Rich, but she wasn't sure if that was even a habit her ex would have had since he was single. He had no one to leave notes for. She changed out of her uniform and into something comfortable and casual. She peeked into the guest bedroom and saw it was still tidy but with a bed that had obviously been slept in recently. His suitcase was on the floor next to the wall with the lid up. Rachel wasn't going to snoop through his things, but she did check to see if there was anything to wash from the guest bathroom. Nothing that needed a wash.

Alone with her thoughts she started texting her husband to distract herself by asking for ideas of how to spend the evening. Fortunately for her he'd already been thinking of ideas, so she let him fill her in on the details over a phone call as he drove home from work.

They went out to dinner to a local steakhouse they'd been to a few times before. It was a bit upscale, and Rich was adamant that he be allowed to pay the tab this time. It made her feel a bit better that she didn't notice Rich acting any different toward her husband and Trevor was behaving as his usual self. Nothing she saw even indicated that Rich was letting the morning's events bother him. She smiled through their dinner and vowed not to let it bother her either.

The next day Rachel pulled herself out of bed and into her running outfit. She had to rifle through her drawer until she found the one she wanted. She had dozens different pairings to pick from, but today she wanted to wear pastel and black. What she produced was a black of leggings with a blue trim at the waist and a matching pink tank top. A part of her thought that wearing blue might show that she wasn't mad at Rich for yesterday's almost-affair.

But Richard wasn't in the kitchen or any of the other rooms she'd passed by. The door to the guest bedroom was still shut so she wondered if he was still getting changed, but with the clock ticking she was worried she'd end up running too late to start her shift on time. She had to knock on his door to check on him, which resulted in him opening the door shortly after. He was dressed in just a white tee and a pair of boxers she didn't let her eyes linger over.

"Not gonna run this morning?" She asked him, and he paused for a moment.

"Well, wasn't sure if I should, so I didn't get ready." He told her, and she took her own turn to pause. That was very thoughtful of him, but she didn't want yesterday to put a gap where one didn't belong. 13 years was

a big enough gap as it was and her conscience in the moment decided that it would get no wider.

"Get dressed, Rich. It's nice having a running partner for a change. Please?" She asked him, and he gave a sigh of defeat shortly after and told her he'd get changed, but she urged him to be quick with it. By the time he was in the same outfit he wore yesterday she'd already topped off his water bottle and hers and she was shooing them both out the door. She was a little behind schedule, but it wasn't anything driving 10 over couldn't fix.

As they ran, she didn't let silence hang between them. She kept up small talk with him, but it was mostly inconsequential things. Poking and prodding him about how he spent all his time the day before, and what he was planning on doing today. He seemed to have a few ideas, and she agreed with him on a few of them and encouraged him to go for it.

The small talk lasted them until they were in the park again, and for the first time in a very long time she thought to just run right past the rest station, but Rich veered toward it himself. They both stopped and he excused himself to the restroom while she lingered outside and topped off her water bottle.

Well, she thought to herself, she was here already so she might as well do her routine. Wandering back behind the rest station again she saw little had changed since the day before. No sign of drug use or littering with the groundskeepers doing their jobs well. The shepherdess noted the spot on the grass where she'd fallen the day before, and then her ears perked at the sound of Richard leaving the men's room behind her.

"So, about yesterday, did you really mean you were looking to see if people were sneaking back here?" He asked her after catching up to her side. She exhaled and nodded.

"Yeah. Sometimes kids drink or do drugs back here. Other times might be somebody homeless trying to set up a tent. It's different things, but most of the time I never find anything. I just know it's possible, so I take the time to check. Makes me feel better." She explained. As he listened, she could tell something was off.

"So, I completely read you wrong yesterday. I'm sorry, Rach. I thought you were trying to imply that you wanted us to sneak back here." He told her, and she swallowed and lifted her hand to scratch at a nonexistence itch on her neck. She flushed and felt awkward. How did she tell him yesterday? What was her wording? Did she really sound like she was inviting him to follow her out back?

"God, Rich, I didn't think of that." She finally said, and he apologized to her again for taking her the wrong way.

"A part of me didn't think that was what you were doing, but another part of me had hoped you were. I made a bad call." He explained to her. Rachel took in a deep breath and let it out.

"Well, I'm a cop not a lawyer. Leave it to me to get the words out wrong." She said.

"Don't blame yourself." He tried to laugh it off, but her brain wasn't going to let it go now. It hadn't occurred to her that she might have provoked him yesterday. It didn't change anything, but now she felt more of the responsibility settled onto her shoulders. She turned away from him then, but just like the morning before he took her by the arm to turn her back.

Flashbacks came and went as he told her again that he was sorry. She heard him explain he only missed her and didn't know how bad it had gotten until he'd seen her again in the flesh. She'd missed him, too. He left a huge mark on her mind and body that never fully faded. He'd unwittingly shaped parts of her life so permanently that she knew they'd never change.

"Stop." She told him, and he quit speaking mid-sentence. Trevor shouldn't have made her that account, she knew it now. Rachel knew she shouldn't have reached out to Rich like she did. She shouldn't have texted him, and she should have pushed back against her husband's quick decision to invite the lizard back into her life.

Her husband was only trying to be kind to her, and now she was alone with her ex-boyfriend dancing at the edge of an ugly affair. She felt her eyes begin to burn as she pressed her palms to his chest. Rachel felt him hesitate in front of her. The shepherdess had to blink away the watery film.

"Do you remember how you used to make me feel better?" She said with her voice cracking. All of the reptile's prior hesitation vanished and he leaned himself close and took her cheeks in his hands. He kissed her, and she resisted with a halfhearted push of her hands. She clung to the idea that she could push him away for a few moments until her fingers found the edge of his shirt collar.

His tongue speared deep into her mouth and sparred with her own. The way he kissed her was radically different from the way he used to. It was seasoned, experienced, as if he'd spend a decade honing it into an art form. At last he pulled himself back with her clinging to his tongue with her lips until he freed himself. Richard held her face in his hands and looked down at her with such a look of intensity on his face that she felt frozen in place.

"I used to kiss you, and when that didn't work, we'd cuddle." He told her, and she nodded and remembered all the times they shared together in quiet hiding places.

"And if cuddling wasn't enough I'd kiss you more," he added and leaned back close until she could feel his breath. "and I'd touch you down there until you'd giggle and moan for me."

Her heart was thudding against her ribcage as she watched his eyes.



"Did the kiss make you feel better?" He asked her, and she still felt frozen in place under his gaze. "Do you want to be my little spoon again?"

"I-I shouldn't." She whispered as he leaned so close his snout grazed against the bridge of her muzzle. He kissed her over the nose and took her by both her arms. She started shivering and stepped away.

"W-we shouldn't." She insisted as her arms broke his grip, but he followed her as she stepped backwards. She couldn't look him in the eyes anymore out of fear of what she would do if she set her gaze on his again. The hard bark of a tree touched her back and she startled herself.

Rich was upon her again with his hands grabbing at her shoulders, and before she could stop him he was kissing her again. The shepherdess didn't stop his invading tongue, but she did manage to moan. It began with a note of sorrow that quickly evolved into one of pleasure. Rachel started sucking on his tongue until he took his turn to break the kiss with a trail of spit connecting their lips briefly before it snapped.

"I used to finger you, remember? I'd hold you tight and dig in until you were crying my name--"

"Richard!" She pleaded even as her knees drew together nervously with her hands balled into fists and pressed to his broad chest.

"I don't care!" He told her with his eyes now almost glaring at her. Her breath caught in her throat and his right hand left her shoulder to fall low until two fingers hooked themselves under the waistband of her leggings.

"If you want this to stop just give the word, Rach. I can pack my shit and be gone in an hour. No more affair." He told her with his own voice sounding breathless and intense with desire. Even as he gave her a doorway to freedom his right hand twisted until his palm came to rest against her taut stomach before slipping deeper down the front of her leggings.

His strong fingers brushed over her mound between the leggings and her panties until she felt his middle finger trace right down the center of her pussy.

"I don't want to lose you again!" She whispered sharply as water welled up in her eyes.

"Then shush." He told her and let his left hand jump from her shoulder to the back of her neck where he grabbed her tight by the scruff. She gasped and arched her back as his hand yanked her head back. His mouth closed over hers again and she was again suckling his probing tongue as his middle finger found the edge of her panties and moved it to the side.

Her fists grabbed at his shirt as soon as she felt his finger curl into a 'c' inside her. Rich was already finding the spot in her cunt that her husband took ages to find. She gasped as his finger was quickly joined by

his index with his thumb curling against her until it, too, was hooked into a 'c' shape. He was massaging her inside and out with the knuckle of his thumb expertly rubbing against her clit as his fingertips assaulted her g-spot.

Rachel clamped her knees together in feeble protest, but his fingers were already dripping from how sopping wet she'd become. He jerked his hand up and she let out a muffled bark of surprise. The wet sound of his hand mashing and stroking her cunt was turning the inside of her ears a bright pink.

When he jerked his hand again, he didn't stop. Rich was roughly hammering her on the inside with his fingers while letting his thumb fall free of her clit. He didn't need to target both sides of his pussy anymore. The noise of his hand against her cunt was like a sprinkling kicking on full blast. Rachel's back was arching so much she was pushing the back of his left hand against the trunk of the tree. She could hear the crunch of bark as it fell down the back of her top.

Mentally, she was overwhelmed and struggling. She didn't want to cheat, but God his hand was attacking her like nothing she'd ever experienced! Nothing about this reminded her of the old days when they were the inseparable Rich and Rach. She never remembered him being this good with his hands! The two of them had been amateur and sophomoric in all their love making attempts.

His fingers slipped from her cunt then and she felt his middle and ring finger press fully over her cunt. He broke their kiss and she gasped before sucking in a lungful of air.

"Rich!" She whined, and he smiled down at her before renewing his grip on her neck.

"Not so loud, Rach. Someone might hear." He told her and started rubbing her clit in little circles. She shut her mouth, and finally had the sense to reach for his hand to take his wrist. She lacked the strength to stop him, and in fact all she managed to do was encourage him to rub her harder. She was soaked all down her thighs and her leggings were turning dark from all the excess they were catching.

"P-please, not here!" She begged him. Rachel could see the rest station behind him and knew that if anyone came to the park, they'd not be hard to spot by anyone running by.

"And go back home so Trev can watch?" He laughed as he said it and the thought of her husband seeing what she'd become was like a lightning rod of shame. It hurt her deep, but at the same time the ecstasy pouring out from her ex's fingers and into her body made her feel hotter than she ever had before. Without giving her a chance to reply he dipped the fingers he was rubbing her with right back into her sodden tunnel. She felt him hook his fingers in her and she tried, truly tried, to stop him by pulling his hand away. All that did was jerk his fingertips right back into her g-spot and she lost the fight.

"Oh God!" She whined as she climaxed. It hit her so fast she'd not expected it and her legs started to shudder at the knees. Rich shut her up with another kiss as his hand went right back to mashing her buttons. Her hips bucked against his hand and her knees parted. As he milked the orgasm out of her she was nursing at his tongue again with her moaning and whining coming from between their lips as a muffled tune.

As her body gave in fully to her climax Rich let his hand slow down and with it the intensity of her orgasm. After several moments he finished their kiss and let his hand slowly rub a full palm up and down her pussy as a gentle massage.

"I didn't pack condoms." He told her before planting a kiss over her forehead. She's still panting through the afterglow as her thoughts slowly come around to what he'd said to her. It wasn't like Rich to go anywhere she was going without having a condom handy, but she was a modern woman now with a container full of pills in the medicine cabinet.

"You don't need one." She told him and in reply he kissed her again on the forehead before extracting his hand from her crotch to lift it to her muzzle. She could smell herself on his fingers and she didn't fight him when he began to finger her mouth. Her own flavor drifted across her tongue and she naturally began to suckle him like a babe.

"You're going to miss your shift. You think Trev will mind if he leaves before we get back?" He started asking her questions and her cogwheels were already turning to find the answers. Rachel had already crossed the red line in the sand no spouse was to ever cross, and her ex was now hunting for his chance to bury himself in a married woman.

She gently bit down on his invading digits, but not hard enough to hurt him. She pushed at him with her tongue and he pulled them free with another trail of spit connecting them. The shepherdess still felt enough shame to keep her mouth shut, so instead of giving him the word she slid herself down into a squat.

As she dropped, he neither said a word about it nor tried to stop her. His hand left the back of her neck and she was left squatting on the balls of her feet with his enormous bulge tenting his shorts in front of her face. Her heart was racing, but not the same way as it had been prior. Now all she felt was a furious pumping of something more than blood in her veins. He'd milked something filthy out of her with a single hand.

Her hands found his waistband and she was already recounting all the times they'd had sex. She remembered he was well endowed. In fact, he was so large that the first couple times they tried to do it he couldn't fit it all inside her without hurting her. To top it off he tended to pop his cork early from how tight she was. It took a lot of effort for them to reach a point where he could hilt his youthful, but hefty member.

None of her other lovers could compare to the tool that had taught her what love making was. Rich had literally ruined her for all other men, and now that she was married to Trevor her ex was about to ruin her all

over again. Her husband wasn't small... In fact, he'd have suited her just fine had she been a normal woman with no history being with bigger men. But Richard could have been a pornstar had he not gone to college.

She tugged his shorts down and gasped as his cock jumped out to slap her lightly against the cheek. The shepherd was caught in the headlights of the massive cock now jutting straight out from her ex's crotch. She didn't remember him being this big! A thick vein atop his cock was turning a dark red as he twitched and swelled to full size.

"I didn't just get taller, Rach." He told her from above and she answered him by placing a hand on the side of his dick. He was hot to the touch and when she tried to wrap her hand around him, she felt her face go pale under her fur at the idea of taking him to the hilt like she used to.

"You outgrew me." She whispered. Rachel was in awe of this stupidly long and thick dick throbbing right next to her face.

"You'd be surprised how much a cunt can fit when you leave it to a professional." He chuckled above her and she felt his hand touch the top of her head. "Suck it."

She thought to glare at him, but the grip he had on her neck was still leaving a tingling reminder of his authority over her, and in that moment she felt more comfortable giving in to him than to play at resisting. Her right hand reached into his shorts to cup his heavy nuts, and she felt her heart skip a beat as she explored their size and heft.

One hand stroked him as the other palmed hungrily at his balls. Not even a minute after having taken to the balls of her feet and she was rubbing her cheek against the broad side of his cock like she'd been born a cat instead. He had a heavy masculine aroma about him that she didn't remember him having before, but after a decade some memories fade faster than others. She loved what was currently filling her nose as she dragged her cheek back and forth across his cock.

When she touched her tongue to his cock at last, she felt her skin tingle until her fur. The taste of him was clean in her mouth with only the most modest hint of salt from their run. His hand was still atop her head and running his fingers through her hair. His cock was drawing her in deeper and deeper until her muzzle was pressed deep into his crotch to inhale the scent of him. She lapped her tongue at his nuts and then drew a long lick from his crotch up to the end of his cock. Rachel ran out of spit on her tongue by the time she reached her destination and had to wet her tongue and lips again.

His broad cockhead was almost too big to fit in her mouth, but the perk of being a canine with a longer muzzle was that a girl didn't have to open her mouth that wide to make something fit. Her husband might have only been half Rich's size, but that didn't mean he wasn't good practice for giving good head. The shepherdess was good with her mouth and she had her ex's cockhead spit shined and glistening before she moved further down to kiss and lick around the shaft.

"You used to be able to press that nose of yours to my belly." He said, and she looked up at him as she drug her tongue once more across the side of his cock. Her shame was gone for the moment, and with each new lick and kiss on the fat dick in front of her she felt that shame wasn't coming back anytime soon. Sure, at some point it was going to come back and kick her in the teeth but that was a problem for 'future Rachel' to deal with.

She planted a new kiss on the end of his dick and let her lips catch a messy dollop of precum. The shepherd grabbed his shaft right behind the head and smeared his head against her lips like she was putting on lipstick. The fingers that were running through her hair grabbed a big handful and he tugged her head forward. Her teeth pressed against the firmness of his head and she parted her lips and let his crown pass right by.

Immediately she swallowed back the urge to gag. Few things could ever make her gag these days, and she'd been that way ever since middle school. The big blue reptile was who she had to thank for that! She'd been a stubborn girl that could in fact press her nose to his belly, since she saw that in an old porno as a kid and was determined to replicate the act herself for her then boyfriend.

However, Rich was hung like an A-list porn star now, and she was feeling her jaws strain as she accepted another inch of him in her. The shepherd looked up at him as she began to rock her head back and forth in a gentle motion. Easing, beckoning, urging another half inch here, and another half inch there, all into her hungry mouth. Breakfast wasn't normally in her schedule, but her stomach was craving fresh dick now, and her pussy was still just as drenched now as it was when he'd yanked his fingers free of her.

When the head of cock pressed firmly against the very back of her mouth, she easily swallowed the urge to gag. It'd been so long since she'd given head like this, but the old tricks she used were coming back to her quickly like hopping back on a bicycle. The way to breath between descents, how to suppress her gag reflex, the best way to keep her teeth from nipping at her lover.

"That's great, Rach. You're doing great." He groaned from above her and let his hand loosen up on her hair so he could go back to running his fingers through it. The way he was almost petting her was revving her engine up more and more. The affection coming from his hand with the obvious power he could inflict over her left her cunt tingling nonstop. She could still feel the spot where he'd taken hold of her neck! Rachel had never been particularly submissive, but God she was feeling it now!

Her bedroom fun usually played out as a mutual back and forth of who was on top, but then again the only man who'd ever been dominant with her was Rich, and her memory had always told her that it was just a young man's inability to control himself. Now, however, it was becoming clear that Rich was a very dominant man, and she fucking loved it.

She looked up at him again and used both hands to grip his shaft. With a slow tender motion, she dragged her hands up and down his cock to slowly pump his dick. Each time she drew her hands toward her she felt the head of his cock press tighter against the very opening of her gullet. It wasn't painful at all. Just a steady growing pressure that only eased up when she'd swallow. She was salivating like she'd starved herself of several meals, and all that spit was keeping his cock lubed up so good that the excess was dribbling down her lower lip and out of the sides of her cheeks.

Some of that dribbling might have been his precum, too. Every few seconds she'd feel a squirt hit the back of her throat, and it'd trickled down with every swallow. He tasted so good! She felt his hand tighten up on her hair again, and before he could even give her a tug, she was already rocking her head aggressively to work more of his cock down her throat. The shepherd felt his crown squeeze tighter against the opening of her throat and with a small tug from his hand on her head she felt it pop past her uvula and her eyes instantly bulged open.

Quickly swallowed around his cock she fought the urge to gag as his huge pillar of a dick worked open the beginning of her throat. She could feel her neck straining gently from his girth, and then his cock jumped inside her and she felt warmth run down straight down into her belly as he delivered another healthy rope of sticky precum to her.

"Take you time, Rach. You're doing great." He growled down at her.

Time? Oh God, the time! Rachel panicked and could fight off the urge to gag this time. She yanked her head back, surprising Richard in the process. When she popped off his dick, she was left sputtering and in a fit of panic.

"I- I'm going to be late for work! We have to get back, Trevor will notice we're late-" Rich wrapped his fist around her muzzle and clamped her mouth shut. His other hand was still grabbing her by the hair, and she folded her ears back in submission as he growled down at her again.

"We'll think up a good lie for you to tell everybody on our way back to the house, ok?" He told her. She didn't believe him! What lie could she tell that would keep her husband from thinking she was cheating on him! Her eyes must have told Rich everything she was thinking.

"Trev's a nice guy, Rach. You didn't have any problems going on before I showed up, did you?" He asked her and kept a firm grip on her head. She was breathing hard and past, but shook her head to tell him no. She, no they, were happily married! They were! She was cheating, cheating on him, the shame was rushing back and her knees were now locked together even as her pussy was still dripping wet from all the fingering. She felt ever - wetter- now that she was in a full panic! Why? Her adrenaline was pounding through her veins-

"Then we'll just tell him, if he even asks, that we took a different route because you wanted to show me around a bit more before you took off for work." He told her. "Would he believe that?"

She didn't have enough fingers on her hands for her to count all the places you could stop by to get coffee or window shop. God, Trevor was an easy husband to take care of! He was so good natured and trusting she could give him a terrible lie and he'd buy it hook line and sinker, and she'd even done it before! He still didn't know where that 1,000 dollars -really- went after all! She'd been too ashamed to tell him she let a cousin have money to pay off a loan, that he never paid her back for. She had to lie about where it went.

She was tearing up at the corners of her eyes as she nodded up at the big blue lizard.

"Ok, then tell your boss you had to drive Trev into work today, it was an emergency and you did the best to make it in on time." He added. Her heart was still pounding, and she didn't want to believe two big lies in one day would work, but God his fucking cock was still throbbing and twitching in front of her face and her cunt was running like a damn faucet!

He let go of her muzzle, which gave her a brief moment to say his name, but he silenced her again by kneeling down in front of her to kiss her. His hand yanked on her hair and drew her in tight for another kiss that drove his tongue past hers to fuck her throat just like his cock had been trying to do. She swallowed around his invading digit and grabbed tight at the front of his shirt.

His free hand grabbed at one of her breasts before using it to shove her backward. Her back hit the grass and he was on top of her with his hands dropping to her hips to find her waistband. He yanked them down her ass and up until he had her knees locked together by the bunched-up elastic of her leggings.

Rachel felt his cock rest its full weight down over her cunt as he pressed her legs down over her tits. His body looming over hers with his hands locked around her ankles like a pair of handcuffs. With a smooth motion he slithered his head between her shins and dipped his head low to kiss her again. She returned it eagerly now and was well past any point of no return.

"Line me up." He told her in a brief moment of their kiss being broken. Her hands followed the curve of the sides until she was reaching below her ass to find his thighs. Her fingertips danced across his skin until she found the root of his cock. Dancing more with her fingers she traced the length of him until she was at the very tip of his enormous cock.

Could a woman's heart beat any faster? She knew it would be a struggle to fit this monster in her! It'd been so many years since she'd had anything bigger than her husband inside her. The idea of Richard laying claim to her body again was sending shivers of lightning through her body as she realized that Rich wasn't just her first and largest lover, but that he was going to cement that now for all time with an even bigger cock! How on Earth could she ever consider another man after this?

Would she even feel Trevor after this? She was trembling as her hand coaxed his cock back across her folds. His hips naturally followed the pressure against his dick and let himself slide back into position. She shivered more as his skin drug gently across her slick opening. When she felt the enormity of his head come to rest against her entrance she thought again about her husband.

Rich was going to absolutely ruin her cunt for him, wasn't he? She felt a flutter in her chest, like she was going to have a panic attack. Rich started kissing her harder and let his hips push forward. The head of his cock was slipping away from her entrance and she pushed it back into place with her fingers.

Her eyes fluttered as his head breached her tunnel with its girth. An inch filled her, and the stretch was incredible. The fluttering in her chest grew and grew until he let out a low growl that rumbled through his chest and into her waiting mouth. The fluttering blossomed into a climax and she started shaking under him as he sank another inch in her.

The more her body shuddered under him the deeper he sank until the resistance was reaching its peak. She was whining into their kiss with her fingers desperately clinging to the insides of her thighs. She was gripped tight to her fur and tugging with all her might in hopes it would help him pry her cunt open just a little more. Just enough to fit him in!

He broke the kiss with a very satisfied hiss as she was clamping tighter around his cock.

"You're so fucking snug!" He grunted. Rach watched him look down and saw a smirk form across his snout. He looked so fucking smug and proud of himself.

"Y-you're huge, baby!" She whined up at him. He looked back up at her and dipped his head back down low. She tipped her muzzle up to meet him for a kiss, but he dodged her and planted a kiss across the bridge of her nose, then licked her down the top of her muzzle and up between the eyes.

"Halfway in you now." He growled, and she whined louder. Only halfway? "I know you can fit more."

"Richard!" She cried and let go of her thighs so she could reach up to his hands. He was still pressing her legs down with both hands now gripping her by the back of her knees. Rachel gripped him tight as he pulled his hips back before slapping them back in. The sheer noise of it turned the inside of her ears a bright shade of pink.

As he pressed her to the grass with his hips now slowly pumping away at her she couldn't block the lurid noise of his cock slurping in and out of her, each thrust being doubly accentuated with a wet squelch. Each time his hips retreated she could feel his withdrawal as a sucking sensation only for it to be quickly replaced with an overwhelming fullness that could be felt right up to her stomach as he worked more and more of his cock in her a centimeter at a time.



Every thrust pulled a labored grunt from his lips as he mated her raw and bare in the middle of public suburbia. With a sudden hard thrust and she yelped and felt her face go pink to join her ears. She clapped a hand over her muzzle to hold her own mouth shut.

"That's right, slut, don't want us to get caught." He said with an exhale as he retreated his hips back once again. S-slut? He called her a slut and she felt a rush of excitement dance over her. Now he was pulling his cock all the way back until she felt only the broad crown of his head remaining just inside her entrance. When he slammed his hips back in her knuckles went white from her grip on his hand and muzzle. That didn't stop the noise of her yelp from escaping as a dulled muffled bark.

He was so fucking deep! It felt like he was probing right up into her belly and her toes were curling taut. His hips were moving faster and faster against her and he wiggled the balls of his feet to better his position himself over her folded body. The slurping and squelching was joined with wet lip smacking as her cunt oozed a foamy froth. Richard pressed into her deeply again and the shepherd lost her breath like it'd been pushed clear out of her lungs.

Her legs started shuddering overhead as she felt his cock touch at her somewhere she'd forgotten existed. A spot deep in her belly next to her womb that sent lightning bolts of pleasure up through her spine to dance across her senses. He was bottoming out in her, and going further, making her tunnel stretch to accommodate his bitch breaker of a dick.

She started to pant hard and fast with another faux panic attack that reached its crescendo as another orgasm. The whole of her body shook with her climax as her hand left his own to slap the grass next to her as she thrashed and jerked under his big body. She was screaming herself hoarse through her white knuckled grip as he attacked her biggest weak spot.

How could she have forgotten all the times he'd made love to her with that fat dick and sent her body into a tailspin of wild shuddering like she was an earthquake in mortal form. He had that perfect reach and the perfect luck to find that spot right next to her cervix that most women never got to experience firsthand. Now he was making her feel it all over again, but stronger and with the skilled precision of a pro!

"Want me to cum in you, slut?" He grunted down at her and she whined long and loud through the grip on her muzzle.

"Dump my nuts in you? Make you squeal like a whore?" He growled at her and she spasmed again as her climax renewed itself. Rich never talked to her like that! Not even her husband talked to her like that! Her legs clamped tight together and she locked her ankles behind his neck. More pleasure rolled across her like a wave and she ripped a divot out of the grass and squeezed the soil until her fingers hurt.

"Say it, slut! Tell me you want it!" He snarled at her and let one hand leave the back of her knee to yank her hand off her muzzle. The only thing keeping her quiet vanished and she shouted his name as the blood flooded her face as she knew someone could have heard her.

"Rich!" She shouted his name again, and he bared his pearly teeth at her.

"Say it or I'll blue ball this cheating pussy of yours!" He growled again and she let go of the dirt she'd been crushing and reached down to her ass with both hands. With an iron grip she took a hold of her ass and spread her cheeks as wide as she could so that her cunt couldn't be any more inviting to the filthy lizard looming over her.

"Fuck me!" She cried, shameless, desperate, "Cum in your slut!"

"That's a good bitch!" He snarled again and slammed his cock deep in her belly. He held himself still for a moment, and she almost thought he was going to cum, but no, that was just the beginning. Now that she'd begged him for it, he was giving it to her as hard as her body could take! His cock was pumping in and out of her until her cunt spit and his precum was squirting out of her in noisy ropes.

She felt his balls slapping against her ass with each thrust and somehow, she was still managing to breathe through the incredible fullness she felt. It felt like he was so deep in her belly that she could feel him pressing at the back of her belly button, and he probably was! He was going to cum in her married pussy and dome her stomach out with cum like she was some cheap whore!

"Yes!" She clawed harder at her ass and she shuddered again in climax. It was unfair! He was fucking her stupid! She tried to grit her teeth to keep her mouth shut, but she couldn't stop herself from moaning and grunting as she weathered the assault on her now utterly demolished pussy. He was going to leave her gaped, and she was cumming like crazy from it!

"Gonna make you mine again!" He shouted and lunged forward. She felt his balls come to rest against her ass and his full weight leaned forward. His hands slipped off her knees and to the grass by her sides.

"God, yes!" She cried out and broke her grip on her ass to reach behind him to find his own. The chisel gluts filled her hands and she tugged him tighter against her as his hips rocked against her in a steady rapid rhythm.

The heavy weight of his nuts twitched angrily against her even as they rose ever higher up her ass until the shepherd knew they were pulled up tight to his body. When he clamped his mouth over hers again, she welcomed it. Their combined spit drooled down the sides of her face as his prick jumped inside her the first time.

A powerful throb echoed through his shaft until it reached his tip with the whole of his shaft going taut. It felt like his cock was growing bigger inside her, and then the first rope of cum hit her. Hot and sticky seed drenched her insides until all she felt was a tingly warmth where his cock should be.

His climax lasted longer than their kiss with each new throb pumping another wave of sticky swimmers to invade her eager pussy. The frothy mess that had been oozing from around his dick was now being joined by the squirting and splurting excess of cum her smaller body couldn't hope to contain. She could her belly going taut against the front of her thighs as he bloated her.

He was now catching his breath over her with his ever exhale washing across her face. At last she could come down from her own orgasmic high. There were no more intoxicating climaxes to be had and they could now enjoy the shared silence of a mutual afterglow.

"Did you enjoy yourself?" He asked her after a while. Her hands were still gripping his ass, but he broke free of her when he leaned back to extract himself. She didn't blush this time as his cock slid noisily free of her. She could even hear the cum splatter across the grass like heavy rain.

"Always." She replied. He always made sure she enjoyed herself. She was glad that that was something that hadn't changed about him after all this time. He'd gone and left her a very satisfied woman.

"I got a little carried away with my dirty talk. Hope that wasn't crossing a line," He said next as he stood up to stretch his legs. She remained exactly as he'd left her, with her legs still pressed to her chest with her hands sliding up behind her knees to keep them there. It was like her instincts were telling her to hold this pose so his cum could drain nice and deep into her womb to say hi to her ovaries. She was still on the pill, but he'd fucked her too good for her to care about the fine print.

She had to smile at him asking now if he'd crossed any lines. He'd gotten her to cheat on her husband only a few days after rekindling their friendship in person. No one had ever gotten into her panties as fast as that.

"I liked it." She answered. If this is what it was like to get 'fucked like a whore' then she was hoping he'd keep doing it. Maybe she'd get second thoughts later, but right now as his cum still drooled out her gaped cunt she wasn't about to give her ex up again. She was keeping him this time.

"Old habits die hard, I guess." He mentioned. She watched him grab himself by the base of his dick to drag his hand down his dick. With one motion he'd scraped the cum off his cock and with a flick of his wrist most of it was now splattered to the grass. What a trick.

"You didn't used to talk like that." Rachel replied as she finally let herself move with a roll to the side. Cum was now soaking through the fur of her thighs and ass. No longer fearing getting caught she decided to pull her shoes and leggings off to save them from the mess Rich had made of her.

"Oh, well, I started doing it after I kept being called a softy on set." He started, then stopped himself. "Ah, shit."

"What?" She said as she stood up on weak legs. They felt like jello, but somehow held up under her weight.

"Tuition was really expensive and my parents were having a hard time keeping up with the payments so I got a part time job. It was, uh, after I joined a frat and some guy thought I'd look good in porn." He explained. "Wasn't sure how I could tell you I was moonlighting without it coming off as inappropriate."

Rachel would have been shocked had he told her that over text a week ago, but now that a fresh glob of his cum was rolling down her leg to tickle her ankle she didn't feel surprised at all.

"So, like, you did a real porno?" She asked him and pickled her leggings and shoes up on wobbly legs. He was trying to make himself look modest, but she could still see a smug smile fighting to emerge at the corners of his mouth.

"Yeah. Dozens of them, and I still get the royalty checks in the mail. They're a lot smaller now since the vids are old, but I won't say no to extra money." He told her.

"Holy shit. Just go check if its clear for me to sneak into the bathroom. I need to wash your cum off." She told him.

As she tried to process the news Rich walked out from behind the building and snooped around to see if there were any park goers. She'd gotten fucked by a real porn star! No wonder he had her twisted around his finger like a pretzel. When he called to her that the coast was clear she quickly stepped out to jump into one of the bathrooms. She felt bad that she had to use all the paper towels, but she couldn't risk tracking any cum back into her house.

"Ready?" He asked her when she emerged with her leggings and shoes back in their proper place. She was still leaking his cum, which prompted her to shove a paper towel up her cunt. Not a comfortable solution but when your ex is a fucking hose, she didn't know what else to do.

"Yeah, we need to hurry." She replied and he swatted her on the ass to get her to start running. Her running was awkward at first, but she fell into the rhythm of it as her legs began to return to normal working order.

"We ok?" He asked her as they ran. They stopped at the cross walk to wait for the green man to appear. Traffic was too busy to jaywalk. She reached out to grab his hand where she gave it a squeeze.

"If my marriage survives today, I think so." She admitted to him. He squeezed her hand in return.

"I think you'll be fine. Guys like Trev aren't the suspicious type." Rich tried to assure her, and she knew he was right. Her years of being with her husband taught her she could slip a lot past him if she wanted. He was a very trusting man.

The green man appeared, and he tugged her hand and goaded her to start running again. She kept holding his hand until they were back on her street where she finally let him go to keep any neighbors from seeing something suspicious.

She might have made it in to work late, but her coworkers didn't raise any alarms over it after she told them her lie about driving her husband in to work. Trevor didn't seem concerned either after she lied to him about why she and Rich didn't get back before he left for work. He happily took her at her word much to her relief.

Rachel had dodged a bullet today, and she went to bed with her husband feeling like a weight had been lifted off her shoulders. Even with the guilty still hanging over her like a dark cloud she still felt like there was a ray of light peeking through the grey fog. Tomorrow was a new day and she was excited to find out just how hot her old flame could burn.