

< Chapter One >

"Hello, ma'am. Mind if I start up a conversation?" The message on her phone read in the plainest of fonts. Monica Blackwater panned her eyes across the screen as her cell rested on the wooden counter. She slid her finger across the glass and read his username at the top of the app. Brandon was the username. Nothing fancy, nothing weird, and nothing that couldn't be pronounced. Just his name. The app, PickyPairing, didn't force users to find a name that hadn't already been taken so it's wasn't unusual at all that he was able to pick a username that was simple like that. Everyone's account had its own unique numerical code anyway so there wasn't much of a reason to lock everyone down to some odd username to keep there from being duplicates.

Monica was at the bar sitting by herself. Her idea of a nice evening wasn't usually one that included a bar, but she did like the atmosphere of certain places. She'd picked out a few venues in the city local to her and knew the ones that were the best for her needs. The white arctic wolf was a bit unlike other women she knew. Not as sociable and extroverted as most of her female friends. Monica actually got a long a lot better with men most of the time. In her youth she was labeled a tomboy rather frequently, but as a woman she was the 'serious' type that spoke less, but acted out in the world with a confident grace.

Her drink was a brandy, half drunk, and purchased for herself by herself. The wolf had chosen to sit and drink at a fairly nice gay bar that her brother liked to frequent when he was in town. Having a brother that chased the underside of a man's tail was a useful thing to have when you're a woman that liked to have a little bit of solitude when she was having a drink. The men at this venue ignored her, since they were all eying up each other, and there weren't very many ladies that came by. So long as Monica didn't disturb the atmosphere no one cared that a tall glass of water like herself sat at their bar by her lonesome.

So Brandon wanted to talk. The app was a part of a website she'd subscribed to. It was called PickyPairing, and it was a small start up. Their idea was to make a free app, which was riddled with ads to pay for it, that gave you all the blanks you could think of to fill. Unlike their bigger rivals you didn't have to pay a monthly fee to get those extra perks. Lots of questions to answer, and endless ways to customize your profile. Anyone that had special needs or was just plain picky about who they socialized with could use the app free of charge and only be bothered by people that fit your criteria. Another user actually couldn't even find you in the search feature if they didn't meet your standards.

This meant that just about everyone that used the app had very few people springing up in their searches. Monica was ok with that. She had her own account set up to advertise herself as wanting either friendship or

romance, but with special criteria. She kept herself simple, and relied mostly on the 6,000+ questions she'd answered about herself over the course of several weeks. She spent a lot of time on buses since she used public transportation to get to and from work. That was a lot of time on her phone answering questions to pass the time.

Her main restriction to send her a message on PickyPairing was that the other person's questions matched hers by at least 80% and that they'd answered at least a third of the questions she'd answered herself. So this Brandon fellow had met both of those parameters. She tapped his name and went to read his profile.

She couldn't remember seeing him in the searches she'd done before, and the reason why was revealed to her. His account was close to a month old, so he was reasonably new. He'd answered 2,500 or so questions. He'd have only just recently found her in his own search results, then.

It looked like his profile was pretty simple, too. He was a donkey and younger than herself. He was still in college by the looks of it, and studying art. Young artsy type. He had a pleasant to look at profile pic, and then a gallery of about 4 other photos, which weren't selfies. Each photo looked like it was taken by a friend or family member, and in each photo he was awkward looking and not very photogenic. Monica was similar, but she was only awkward for photos despite being very good looking to the eye. Her natural introversion just made her shy in front of a camera in a way she'd not been able to shake despite her age. A photo album on her mother's mantelpiece was proof of that. Her brother loved having his photo taken, though. It shocked her that he didn't do endless selfies with how much he loved to smile in front of a camera.

Brandon looked like a normal kid. "Kid." She was his senior, since she was 29. Age gap didn't bother her, but it made her wonder what his interest in her was. Since he was young, and she was pretty, she figured he was aiming for a romantic encounter. Well, not an encounter, but more a relationship. She had her profile set to screen out anyone who was set up to look for hookups. Of course, you can always lie on your profile, but if you've got over 2,000 questions answered then it'd be hard to hide the truth in that. Devil in the details, and all that.

Monica returned to her inbox and reread his single message. He'd called her ma'am. He was acknowledging that she was older, perhaps. And being formal with her. She very rarely got messages on the app, since her criteria screened out so many people on an app with a relatively small pool of users due to it being no older than six months. This is how she liked it. She decided to give the kid a chance and see what he had to say.

"Sure. Conversations are good if they are interesting." She sent the message. Her eyes watched the screen as her free hand sought out her glass of brandy. The rim touched her lips as she saw the 'Brandon is typing...' appear at the bottom of the message window. He replied.

"Great! I hope I can try to be interesting!" He said. He was typing still. A smilie face appeared beneath his message. She smiled faintly herself. Yeah, he was younger than she was. She wondered if he was the kind of kid that used emotes in place of the standard vocabulary. No, he couldn't be. She vaguely remembered answering a question or two about emotes. She'd have screened him out if he was an avid user of the dumb things.

"You're in school?" She asked him. If he was young, then he may also be socially awkward. He looked as much in his photos. It would be cruel to force him to try to entertain her. She had the experience with that from being a young twenty something. Wouldn't hurt to give him a road to walk on if he was willing to try and be interesting to keep her attention.

"Yeah, I'm studying graphic design, and taking some studio courses on the side. Your profile said you had a degree, but it didn't say what it was. Can I ask what you studied, ma'am?" He replied quickly. So they were both using the phone app more than likely. It was about 9 o'clock, too. He was probably at home.

"I got a minor in business, and majored in culinary arts. I work as a chef." Monica's bus rides were to and from her restaurant. It was 'her' restaurant. She used both her minor and her major to build herself up. It was a small restaurant, of course. She hadn't been running it for very many years.

She got started as a chef for an existing restaurant, then branched out by renting a space near the beach and she served alcohol and fun dishes fit for that kind of environment. She was able to make enough to quit her primary job and switch fulltime to her own small business. It was just her working a small shack, then she had to hire a helper, then a second, and finally she had a team of six people, herself included. Her menu had expanded to full entrees, and ultimately she had no choice but to change locations to get additional square footage.

Her menu was mostly traditional American dishes, but everything was made from scratch and included her own touches to make it special. She did everything from thinking outside the box, like how she would use cinnamon in ways you'd not think it to be used, as well as adding international flavors into otherwise American dishes, like having wasabi on a hamburger.

Monica was grateful her restaurant had been successful. It felt good having something she'd built from scratch for herself turn successful after hard work and effort. Real empowerment and confidence filled her soul as easily as the aroma of fresh meals filled her nose when she worked her kitchen.

"Oh, cool! Well, I do like eating, but I'm not much of a cook." He replied. She smiled and sipped her drink. She penned a reply, and was feeling thoughtful.

"It's getting late if you're taking classes. I hope you're not keeping yourself awake so you can chat with pretty girls?" She asked him and tossed back the last of her brandy. When she sat down the empty glass the bartender coughed and caught her attention. Monica nodded and the gentleman began to prepare her fresh glass.

"Well, to be honest I wasn't expecting you to reply so fast! I normally go to bed early since most of my classes are in the morning." he replied. The bartender placed a new glass in front of her and she took a small sip of fresh brandy and let it sit in her mouth a bit before she swallowed. Monica was being lubricated with drink, but she wasn't desperate either. She'd give this kid a chance to woo her, but she wouldn't have him do it at the expense of his classes.

"How about you go to bed, Brandon. Say hi to me tomorrow when it's light out. I promise I'll say hi back." She replied and crossed her legs under the counter. The wolf waited a short bit, and then saw a new message being typed.

"Ok, I will! Thanks for replying so fast, ma'am. I enjoyed getting a chance to meet you!" he said. She chuckled lightly. They'd not actually met yet. He felt awfully eager and she could feel it through the phone. Poor kid was probably expecting radio silence from her. Another dame with a cold shoulder. He looked like a good kid, but not the kind of lad that they'd call a lady's man. Simply too average to knock a girl out of her socks. Monica smiled and took another sip.

She would finish her brandy then take a cab home. Depending on how tomorrow went she might just ask him out for coffee. He'd be the first to get that far if she did. Monica was feeling oddly generous as the brandy warmed her.

"Go to bed, Brandon. I'll hear from you tomorrow, ok? I hope you have a good night."

"Ok, goodnight, ma'am! Thank you!" He replied back and she took another swallow of brandy. She wondered if he drank any, and what he drank when he did. It didn't bother her any that he was too young to drink legally. He was over the age of consent, and that was enough. 19 his profile said. She double checked it, and yep, ten year gap between them. If he was fine with dating a 29 year old wolf with her own small business, then why not give him a chance to impress her.

Monica slowly finished her brandy, and then got herself a cab home.

It was a little after 8am the following day and Monica had her apron knotted and hair tied back with her state required net to keep her locks from falling into the pot. She slaved over the stove in the kitchen while her servers busied themselves bringing out orders of fresh breakfast. The wolf was one of three chefs working, and she wasn't shy about working. Running the restaurant was her job, but it was the cooking that was her passion.

She flipped her trio of pancakes and got a plate ready for them. Powdered sugar dressed the bare plate, then a few slices of butter. A practiced hand with a spatula delivered the sweet saucers to their destination and she garnished it all with a drizzle of maple syrup, bacon, and more powdered sugar.

Their breakfast menu was a mix of standard American fare, and a bit of this and that. Most people ordered what they knew the best. Pancakes, eggs, bacon, coffee. To a lot of her patrons her restaurant was no doubt a higher class IHOP. It had taken her a while to get over that bitter truth.

"Ma'am." One of her servers approached her with a fresh order. She took the note and clipped it above her on the vent. Three orders of pancakes with eggs and bacon for all. At least it wasn't an all day menu. They would switch to their lunch menu at 10.

"Hello! Good morning!" Brandon's message over on the PickyPairing app left her phone buzzing in her pocket. She'd checked it the moment she had the chance to. With the hour closing in toward 9 they had hit a brief lull in their traffic. It'd pick back up again around 11 if the day's business followed any trends.

"Good morning to you, too, Brandon." She replied. The young man was already typing a reply. She waited and decided to step out of the kitchen. The downtime let her pull rank from time to time and escape to her office. The small room in the back was austere. She had a desk, a single shelf full of knick knacks, and some family photos.

Dropping into her seat she realized how much her feet were relieved at the sudden lack of her bodyweight. Monica checked her messages while rolling her ankles to stretch them.

"I hope I'm not bothering you! I'm sitting in a lecture hall, but the professor called in sick so I'm kind of just stuck on campus." Brandon told her. She tapped his profile and navigated back to his pictures. She smiled again at how awkward he looked in those photos. It made her curious to find out if he was that awkward in person. He'd look a lot more handsome if he had some extra confidence.

"No, I'm on break right now, Brandon. How are you? Are going to go home?" She asked him.

"No, I have mostly morning and afternoon classes so I think I'll just waste time on campus. I can go to the Willy and do homework." He told her.

"It's nice to see you're serious enough to do your homework." She said. A smile crept back onto her face. Monica wasn't sure what she was doing. Her messages didn't feel energetic at all. She was being bland and disinterested. The wolf watched the little faint text at the bottom of the app tell her he was typing another reply.

She'd been drinking when she was messaging him before, but even now that she was sober she was still intrigued. If it turned out she had let Brandon initiate something that would go off without a hitch Monica would probably be able to get to whatever base she wanted to get to if she tried. That wasn't her style, but she knew the power was there at her fingertips. Brandon was most likely the type of guy that struggled with women. He had the cute look, and was no doubt very nice, but he lacked the confidence to be assertive enough to take risks.

"I try! Has your day been going good so far? Running a business doesn't sound easy." He said, and she smiled. Monica would have to make a decision for herself. The donkey was interested, and so was she but to a lesser degree. If she waited around for him to make the first move she might be waiting for several days or more, but her curiosity was too strong for that. Her patience too thin, as well. If this interaction between the two of them was to go sweet or sour she wanted it figured out sooner rather than later.

"It's been a normal work day. It's not too hard to do if you work hard at it." She replied. Her message was sent and she mulled over her next one for a moment. He was typing a reply.

"That's good to hear! My classes aren't so bad since it's mostly art stuff, which I like. I'll have to take some required courses eventually I don't really want to do, but I guess that's the rules. They make us take a class on public speaking." He told her.

She sighed and looked at the clock. She couldn't sit in her office forever. Monica started typing a message. "Brandon, my break is about over, so i'll have to talk with you again later today."

The wolf regretted sending the message when she did, and now she had to type a second one. What spilled out in the message window was a hasty decision to push their interaction on to the next step. Monica wouldn't wait around to see what the younger man would be brave enough to do. "Would you like to meet in person for coffee one morning?"

Monica watched as the little bar of faint text appeared and reappeared to let her know that Brandon was struggling to write a reply.

"Yes, please! That would make my day!" He replied, and she smiled warmly. She could see in her mind a happy young man excited that a girl had asked him out. Very endearing. Monica had herself set, then. She was going to see what this young man was all about for better or worse. It was just a meet up for coffee after all. If he was no good then there wasn't any harm done.

"Well, let me get back to work. I'll message you later today and we can figure out when to meet up, alright? I hope your classes treat you kindly, Brandon." She told him.

Monica returned to work, and she did see another reply from him before the stovetop took all her attention. It was another eager message that put a smile on her face. She felt pretty good, and the rest of her day went along very nicely.

The University of SanFur was pretty big. She'd adjusted her work schedule so she didn't have to be there when the restaurant opened at 6 for the breakfast menu. She wondered if she'd miss most of the breakfast rush while she was off galavanting on the university campus, but even if she did it would all be fine. Monica had good people working for her that she could trust to run the place while she was gone.

Like usual she relied on public transit and found herself stepping off an early morning bus at a street corner in the middle of the campus. An ocean of young people were swarming the grounds in all directions going to morning classes or setting off to grab some breakfast.

She'd messaged Brandon on the app and together they made a date to meet for coffee this morning. Brandon had excitedly tried to suggest the very next day, but Monica had to shoot him down on that. She wanted coffee, but her business came first. She wasn't able to plan a morning until 2 days later.

The in-between was full of cute little messages from Brandon that left her feeling warm and desired. It was nice, but only because she was curious about him. The wolf was very familiar with being showered with the interest and affections of men. She could toss it all off like rain off an umbrella. Brandon's was sticking though, at least for now.

Where they were supposed to meet was an on campus cafe, and she finally found it after some challenge. It was surprising hard to find what with how the building was designed by someone with no concept of common sense. It was like a mindless attempt at a piece of modern art. It seemed like the architect had been so enamored with the challenge to design an ugly and obtuse building that he didn't question himself on whether he should.

Monica entered the front door and had to walk around like she was inside a giant snail shell before she finally figured out the cafe was actually on the second floor, which then required her to find the stairwell. It was a pain in her ass. At least the view from the windows was nice once she finally got there.

She'd arrived a little early despite the trouble she had with finding the cafe. She found a small empty table near the window and sat down and surveyed her surroundings. The cafe was open and full of tables. Many students mingled over their coffees and teas and she could peek out the window and see that the other nearby buildings weren't really for classes. At least one was a library, and then another looked like a store for supplies. This part of the campus was like a central hub that all students flowed through at one point or another.

"Ma'am?" A voice nearly spooked her, but she kept her composure. She turned to take a look at the speaker and found a well dressed college aged kid standing at a safe distance from her table. The donkey was nervous as he could be holding onto both straps of his backpack like they were a lifeline.

"Brandon?" She asked, and his smile confirmed his identity.

"Yeah! Hi! Monica?" He was so anxious. She smiled and turned herself more toward him in her seat. The wolf hoped he wouldn't be this awkward the entire morning, but she'd give him a chance to prove that her interest

wasn't misplaced. The least she could do was help him ease himself into the situation.

"That would be me!" She added with some pleasant cheer. "Do you come here often?"

"Uh, most mornings." He laughed a little and stepped over and found the seat opposite from her.

"Do you want to get some coffee first?" She reminded him, and she watched as he suddenly remembered that that was why they had agreed to meet up.

"Oh, yeah yeah! We can. Totally, Monica." He said quickly and stood back up. Monica suppress her grin as he avoided direct eye contact with her. He was awfully shy about this now wasn't he? "Let's totally go get coffee."

They both stood, and she noticed that he was for the first time realizing that she was actually taller than he was. Wolves like her and her brother tended to tower over most folk. It made some men reluctant to approach her, but Monica couldn't determine yet where Brandon stood in regards to her superior height. She wasn't going to pull out her phone to check, but she didn't their difference in height could have been any more than 2 or 3 inches! Monica let the donkey lead the way to the cafe where they stood in a very short line. She ordered a dark roast after gently waving off Brandon's awkward attempt to pay for her coffee. "I work for a living, Brandon. I can buy my own coffee."

He seemed a bit dejected after that. Brandon had no doubt been brought up being told to hold open doors, throw down his jacket, and 'pay for everything'. She got her dark roast ordered and he'd ordered the same thing as her.

"Don't look so down. I'm not a teenage girl that expect guys to buy her everything. I do own my own restaurant." She reminded him, and hoped it would be enough to get him to not think too much into her paying her own way this morning. As far as she was concerned money wasn't the final deciding factor in a relationship for her. She had her own business that gave her all the financial security she needed and wanted. Whatever her partner had to offer was merely icing on her proverbial cake.

For a boyfriend and husband she wanted someone who could offer good companionship, and probably kids if the whole deal happened... provided that it happened within the next 5 years or so. She was slowly getting to that cut off point for kids. Monica didn't know what the rule was for the women in her family. Her mother, her aunts, and her cousins, all popped

out their babes in their twenties then quit trying after that. If there was ceiling to her fertility she'd discover it the hard way. Even if she crossed the line she could always adopt. Plenty of ways to have kids. Monica asked him about the weather on campus just to see how he'd respond.

The weather had been classic California goodness the past few weeks so there clearly wasn't much to say about it, but the wolf wanted to make Brandon talk. He had a nice voice she found pleasant to listen to, but his anxiety was clearly there in spades. He was not much of one to interact with women. Probably been single his whole life.

When they got back to their table Brandon volunteered his own small talk.

"So what's it like having a restaurant?" He asked. She'd been asked that a lot of times. It was almost a cliché question, too. Similar to asking a pilot what it's like to fly, or a surgeon what it's like to cut someone open.

"I think it's fulfilling. I love cooking and it lets me do what I'm passionate about and make a living while I'm at it. I'm been very fortunate to get the success I've had." She gave a time tested response. Brandon did seem interested in her career by his reaction. "You? What's it like being an artist?"

Having turned the question back on him he seemed shy to reply. The donkey shrugged. "I'm not that good. Been drawing for a long time, but only really being taught how to since I started taking classes. What I really want to do is work in advertising. I think it'll be a good job."

"You want to make advertisements?" She asked him. There was a hint of incredulity in her voice. She was imagining billboards and front covers of magazines. You see the work, but never the person behind it. Even with her own restaurant people knew who the woman was that build the kitchen that the food was cooked in. No one knows who did the most recent cover of TIME or People.

"No. I mean," he struggled. "It'll be a good job I think to have. When we were doing the career fair in high school it looked like SanFur had a lot of job openings for that kind of stuff. I think if I went into that I'd actually have a career. I wouldn't do it for fun."

Monica sipped her coffee and thought about that. He was aiming only to find a career that got the bills paid. "Do you plan on having any artistic hobbies on the side?"

"Oh, well, I have stuff I like doing, sure! I doodle sometimes, but I don't plan on making money off of it. I just like doodling and playing video games. Not the most exciting."

"Being a talented artist is pretty fancy, Brandon." She smiled. He no doubt played video games she thought to herself. He was young enough to be in the generation of kids that grew up on games and electronics. She had some video games growing up but it wasn't her thing. She had mostly played softball as a kid for her hobby or went rollerblading.

"I mean, I guess." Brandon was shrinking slightly under the spotlight she was putting him under.

"What kind of classes do you take to be in advertising?" She asked him.

"Well, mostly computer stuff right now. We're learning photography and graphic design. How to use the software. One of my next projects will have to be a fake magazine cover. My professor made everyone in the class pull slips of paper out of a hat. 5 slips per student and we have to use the words on the paper to design the cover." he explained and she listened as she sipped more at her dark roast.

"What were your words?" Monica asked out of curiosity. He opened his mouth, but hesitated as he thought on it.

"Heat wave, scandal, swimsuit, election, and BBQ." He rattled off the words. She lifted her eyebrows.

"And what kind of magazine cover is the class suppose to be making? People?" the wolf asked and he shook his head.

"We weren't told to copy existing magazines. He just wants us to jumble it all together as something we come up with on our own. Grading for ingenuity and cleverness, he said." Brandon explained before adding. "I'm going to make mine have fake news stories about how to dress while eating BBQ and how a heat wave led to a swimsuit scandal during an election."

"That last one sounds odd." She laughed.

"I kind of want it to be funny, but I haven't started working on it yet. We still have another project to finish and turn in before we move onto the magazine cover." He said. Monica was seeing a better part of the young man now that she was getting him to open up and talk more freely.

Now that the wolf could see him when he's discussing a topic he knows something about there were hints and teases at a more confident man lying beneath the anxious exterior. That was good to see.

Monica kept him on that topic and kept poking and prodding him to discuss his major. Graphic design sounded a lot more technical than she would have guessed on her own. When she thought of the arts she had a classical view of it. She expected paints and pencils with great canvases or blocks of stone to be chiseled. Slapping together a magazine cover didn't feel like art to her, but now that she was listening to Brandon describe it she knew there weren't many other departments besides the arts that could teach such a skill.

She kept him talking happily with her about his career hopes and dreams and she was happy that there was a way to get him to open up. With every word he spoke she wasn't just listening to his story, but also listening carefully for the man he'd be in a few years time once he had a couple more birthdays under his belt to mature him.

The wolf slipped her phone out of her pocket. She'd completely lost track of time as they chatted back and forth and saw that it was now half past 7. Monica lifted her eyebrows.

"Brandon." She said in the middle of him explaining how Adobe Illustrator worked. "When is your first class today?"

He stared at her for a moment then hastily yanked his phone out of his jean pocket. "Oh no!"

Monica laughed and stood up from the table and gestured for him to do the same. He was pulling his backpack over his shoulders and trying to drink the last of his coffee down in a gulp.

"Go to class before you get kicked out of school by your professor!" She chided him.

"I didn't even know we'd been talking so long." He said. The wolf stepped close and gave him a light hug, which left him dumb founded. His arms awkwardly returned the hug and she could hear him audibly swallow.

"I had fun this morning, Brandon. We'll talk more, ok?" She asked. Brandon nodded with a big smile and she took his shoulders and turned him to face the door. "Now go! I have to get back to work, too."

"Ok, Monica! I had fun! See you, bye!" He nearly tripped over his own feet as he excitedly left her at the table. Monica was smiling a lot as she left the cafe. She was frowning by the time she reached the ground floor door. She'd gotten so lost on the way out that she'd stumbled into two 'artistically' labeled ladies' rooms. There weren't any students around to ask for help as they were all in their classes.

Her smile returned when she was back out in the fresh warm air of SanFur, California. The wolf pulled her phone out and opened up the app again to find Brandon's profile. She thumbed in her cell phone number into the message field and hit send. He'd earned himself a girl's number today. Monica hoped that would make up for him showing up late to one of his classes.

While she helped push out the last plates of breakfast to hungry patrons Monica sent Brandon a short little message that he could call her anytime after 7. The restaurant closed earlier on weekdays than on the weekend. She'd be on her bus ride home or at home by the time Brandon called. She wanted him to call her as opposed to the reverse.

It was like a game of tag by the way she saw it. He'd tagged her first by sending his initial message on PickyPairing, then she tagged him with the request for coffee, and now she'd wait and see to him dialing her number. Monica knew she'd get that phone call. The only question she had would be if he dialed her up as soon as the clock struck 7:01 or if he'd be fashionably late so he wouldn't look desperate.

When Brandon finally called her later in the day it was proven to be the latter option. Monica was already home and had her shoes kicked off and shirt and pants strewn over the arm of her sofa. It was her usual time to strip and shower, but with the young man on the other end of the line she was content to pad around her apartment in just her panties and sports bra. She saw herself in the mirror she had up in her bedroom and felt she looked good with the grey sheer articles over her ivory fur.

"Did you get into much trouble today?" She asked him with her phone pressed to her ear. The wolf had nothing important to do this evening besides shower, eat, and get to bed. The errands accumulating on her list could wait until the weekend when she had more time to herself. Her restaurant was open 7 days a week, but she only worked about 40 of those hours unless it was a major holiday and the kitchen needed the extra hands. She liked rotating her hours around to work on days where the traffic was the highest and found that her Saturdays and Sundays were often shorter. Of course she always had the option to arrange to have a day or two off, as well, if she felt she needed it. That was one of the perks of owning your own small business.

"I didn't really, but it felt like a walk of shame to come in late and slink over to my computer and sit." he replied, which made her chuckle as she flopped herself back over onto her queen size. She shifted herself over to her 'spot' in the bed where she always slept, which left a slight indentation in the mattress she could ease herself into comfortably. Made her think that she ought to rotate or flip the mattress to even out the wear.

"Well that's good that it was only just that. Could have been worse, Brandon. Your professor could have asked you to explain why you were late and you'd have to tell him it was all because of some girl." she replied. It was clear that she was reminding Brandon that he'd been privileged to some success today that he should be proud of.

"Yeah! That's true." He laughed. She didn't know where he was at the moment.

"So are you enjoying your evening now?" She asked him.

"Yeah I'm just laying in bed. I'm kinda caught up on a lot of my work." So Brandon was doing about the same as her. Monica didn't think she'd let herself stay on the phone for too long. It was a Thursday and they both still had responsibilities the next morning.

"Well that's good. So do you think you'd want to meet up for coffee again sometime next week?" She went ahead and pushed forward. He'd taken his step to call her now, and Monica was then free to push him a little herself. She would see how these little coffee meetups went before thinking or considering anything else. Though if he mustered up the courage of asking her on a real date before she could make any moves herself, then she might just reward him with a yes.

"Sure! Wow, yeah!" Brandon replied excitedly. She smiled and stretched herself out and wiggled her body until her pillow was resting beneath her head a little better. An idle thought entered her mind of how nice it would be to have a steady boyfriend again.

Monica had been single for a few years. Her last relationship became rocky and eventually ended on bad terms. Her business was eating up all of her time when she first opened it and it left her crazy stressed. She'd never run a business of that scale before, or at all really, and the pressure was making her into a bit of a whistling kettle. The wolf was to blame for her ex walking out on her. She'd blow her top at him to vent her own stress even though he was often doing nothing at all to provoke her.

It took time for her to mature a little more to get herself out of a bad place mentally. Hooray for finding a good therapist! "That's great, Brandon! I just hope I don't make you miss any more of your classes!"

"Me, too! But I really enjoyed having coffee with you, Monica. I really did." He continued and she let him go on. "I hope I don't come off as over excited or anything like that, ma'am."

She laughed.

"I'm not your boss or your mother, Brandon. You don't have to call me ma'am." The wolf told him and he followed it up with an awkward laugh of his own. He probably hadn't intended to be so formal, but it had just slipped out. She wouldn't let him stay embarrassed for long. "So what days are usually best for you to have a morning thing?"

"Um, oh..." The donkey hesitated with his thoughts for a brief moment. Monica crossed one leg over the other and used to calf to scratch an itch on her shin. "Wednesday is the best day I think. I have a morning class every day, but I think Wednesdays are the best for me, but I can do whatever morning is best for you though, Monica! Really."

"You're not the boss of your classes, Brandon. I own my restaurant. I can show up whenever I want in the morning." Which was true, Monica thought to herself. "How about next Wednesday we get coffee again? And set an alarm on your phone so you don't forget to go to class, alright?"

He laughed and said he'd do that, then added, "And Wednesday would be great, Monica! I can't wait!"

The young man was clearly happy and excited at the fact he was getting to meet with her again. In his mind it was probably a 'date'. If he managed to keep her interest he'd learn quick what a real date with a woman was like. She'd make him a homemade meal, serve him some alcohol, and all for free. Monica was old fashioned with her men. It made her think again about having a boyfriend.

She did all the cooking for her and her ex. It was nice. At first she had been afraid that working as a chef would kill her love for cooking, but it fortunately didn't. When she worked in someone else's kitchen she was making someone else's menu. It wasn't her recipes. It was different. Subpar. When she cooked for herself she was using her own book, and always adding and improving it.

"Well it's settled then! I'll be there same time as this morning. I think it'll be fun." Monica replied and let her free hand drift to her stomach to scratch an itch before adjusting the hem on her thong. She lifted the grey fabric and let it snap back down over her fur.

"Yeah, I totally can't wait! Do you mind if I keep up with you over the app at all?" He started to say. The wolf let her hand come to rest over her crotch idly as she smiled with her eyes shut. Besides the sound of Brandon's voice she could hear the subtle hum of life around her. Cars outside in the parking lot, the AC pushing air through the vents, and the steady hum of the refrigerator in the kitchen. "It'll be a few days until we see each other again."

He was a nice kid, Monica thought. The young donkey's excitement was nearly infectious. It'd been a long time since she had a guy pine for her like this, and if she was being honest it felt pretty good. Genuine eagerness dripped off his every syllable.

"I don't mind at all, Mr Brandon." She told him with a smile and opened her eyes again to be greeted by her bare ceiling.

"Mister?" He replied with amusement in his voice. In a brief lapse of her maturity she stuck the tip of her tongue out then started smiling. She was really feeling the infection wasn't she? Perhaps it was some kind of hope she was feeling. An unexpected treat dropped before her. A kind of promise, or potential, of what could come from her talking with Brandon. Then again it could just be desperation she didn't realize she'd been harboring deep within.

"Just getting you back for calling me ma'am." She laughed, and then he joined her. Brandon had a pleasant laugh. She was feeling hope, she mused. If he could turn out to be more than he was right now then she'd have it made. Her intuition was usually right about most things and she was feeling the little whispers that she should see where this road went. Something good was on it. Brandon just needed some polish. Become less a teenager and more a man.

"Oh! Well I better not make that mistake again!" He said, but she could hear the sarcasm. He was the type of boy raised by his elders to say 'please and thank you' and 'yes ma'am' to anyone older than himself. He'd call her ma'am again no doubt and then he'd get embarrassed by it, and she could tease him.

"You better not. 29 is too young to be called madam. Maybe next year when I turn 30." She joked with him slyly. Letting it drop that she would be having her next birthday the following year. It was a way of suggesting that he might see that birthday himself. Who knows, maybe he would? She

was feeling good about this right now. Life could always change without a moment's notice and she hardly knew Brandon, but she was a big girl, too. Big girls could take the unbeaten trail and tame it. Monica would see how well she fared starting next Wednesday.

"I hope I'm around for it." He told her, which meant he got it. She smiled and rubbed the hem of her thong idly with her middle finger for no reason other than to smooth it.

"Don't worry about messaging me any, Brandon. You can actually text my cell phone. You don't need to use the app anymore." She told him while changing the subject, and upgraded him from dating app to texting in the process. Let him smile about that this evening.

"Oh, sure!" Brandon replied. Monica felt it was time to end the call. She had to eventually eat, and her fur wanted a nice cleansing shower, too.

"Mind if I let you go for now? I need to shower and get ready for bed." She asked him, and he told her he didn't mind. "Don't apologize for keeping me, Brandon! I asked you to call."

She laughed and he apologized again. Monica could hear the reluctance he had in his voice. He wanted to stay on the phone, but she had to softly put him down.

"I hope you have a good night, Brandon. Hear from you soon?" She said.

"Sure, sure! Goodnight, Monica! Thanks for talking!" He replied excitedly, and she replied with a pleasant 'you're welcome' and another goodnight.

Monica hung up and dropped her phone down on the bed next to her. Her middle finger traced up and down the thin grey fabric of her thong. She had things that needed doing, but her mind was full of excuses now. With her phone next to her and laying silent she could focus better on her surroundings. The wolf could focus better on her thoughts as the hum of her apartment filled her ears.

She kept moving her hand slowly over herself as her thoughts walked her back through her conversation with Brandon. A mental note here, and another there, she was pondering. The ivory lady was making the fabric of her thong damp. Monica was beginning to feel the familiar tingle in her loins. A gentle warmth that only grew. She didn't masturbate very often, but after her phone call she actually wanted to tonight. It wouldn't hurt to vent a little, she thought.

"Huh." She breathed it out like a noise rather than a word. A mildly frustrated huff. Her hand continued to run a finger up and down her fabric clad slit as she idly thought about Brandon. The kid was a good one, she repeated to herself once again. If she said it enough times perhaps it'd become true, she thought, and felt one corner of her mouth curl in a wry smile. A nice younger guy, Monica admitted, but there was so much room for improvement on his attitude. Deeper thoughts and musing as her hand explored herself through the sheer thong. It wasn't a bad attitude, no, but rather a weak and flimsy one that withered when he was around her.

Brandon had been too nervous around her, and her fingers slipped under the edge of her thong to find her pussy. She was soaking wet and hot to the touch. Brandon was too anxious around her that she wanted to smack him to make him grow a better spine. He showed signs of potential when Monica got him settle on a topic he was strong with, but he needed that strength at all times! The wolf could encourage him to stand up straighter and smile more confidently when he greeted her. Two fingers entered herself silently, but her teeth gently bit her lower lip before letting go with an exhale.

Soon then she could hear the wet noise of her middle and index slipping in and out of her rapidly. Her own haste surprised her. Monica didn't need much of a warm up tonight. The engine was already running at idle and Monica just needed her to apply pressure to the pedal. The wolf quickened her pace for over a minute until she felt a tightening in her abdomen. Monica needed to get off. Yet another surprise for her, as she normally was very reserved when enjoying herself alone.

Her passion had always required a lover to share it with. Masturbation had been a passionless act. It was just a stress reliever to a single wolf like her. Tonight was so much different than the norm. There was a empty hole somewhere inside herself that was desperate to be filled. Nothing physical, but more of a sense of longing. She bit her lip again. The feeling of emptiness pulled at her with gentle tugs until her hand was fighting to keep up with the growing need.

The wolf stopped and pulled her hand away so she could clamp her thighs together and lift her knees to her chest. Monica pulled her thong down and up over butt and thighs until she was able to free her feet from it, which was then quickly discarded with a toss to the floor.

Her idle hand grew antsy and groped her own breast right through her sports bra and her knees fell to her sides. She was now laying spread eagle on the bed for her own pleasure. Monica was into it, and she shut her eyes to let her imagine run wild. The wolf gave in to the hunt and sought to plug the emptiness she felt with what it needed. She saw

herself laying on her bed just as she was in real life, but Brandon was on top of her. A lover. Someone she could do more than vent her stress with.

He was a sweet shy boy, but Monica still imagined him laying atop her. He wasn't anxious or full of hangups. He was confident and kissing at her neck powerfully with both of his hands mashing her tits just like her own hand was currently mauling one of her nipples between a thumb and finger straight through the thick fabric of the bra until her frustration forced her to shove her hand beneath the hem and under the cup. Pinching her own nipple made her gasp.

She exhaled hard and felt her fingers traced down her bare snatch until her middle and index finger again slipped inside. The fingers drew back until her clit was nestle right between her fingertips. Monica shivered as she teased her bud with her hand slowly and gently.

This is what she needed. The young man in her mind's eye ground his cock against her pussy, but did not try to enter her. He was teasing her with his hot breath and she enjoyed it. Monica loved his warm body pressing against her own. She admired the fictional youth in her head and let her memory of the real Brandon fade away in favor of the idealized self she imagined for him.

Her hand sped up. The fingertips slipping across bare wet flesh to rapidly tease and tantalize her clit until her heart was racing and wrist slowly aching. She needed to get off and the young man in her imagination was bringing her slowly to orgasm with his hot breath and deft kisses. He stopped touching her breasts and moved to grip her firmly by her hips.

Monica let go of her own tit and let the hand fall to her hip. She grabbed as much flesh and fur on her side as she could. She tried to pretend it was Brandon holding onto her tightly as his hips lifted, but still ground his heavy dick against her bare body. She wanted him to fuck her like a man. He was meant to lay claim to her and own her body and soul.

She bit down on her lip and her breathing began to hasten through her nose as she got closer and closer. Her hand was aching more from wrist to fingers and was rigid as steel as her fingers sped through her folds as quickly as she could make them go. Her clit was screaming at her from underneath from the torturous pleasure she was beating it with. Rough and angry she attacked her body, and she replied by arching her back and spreading her toes.

Her chest rose and fell rapidly as her breathing was coming out harder and harder. The pressure within her mounted and grew until the thick and

lengthy tool finally pushed against her lips from inside her mind's eye. Her imagined self looked down and saw the healthy young cock jutting from her lover's body. It was all for her and he pressed his head against her needy lips with a firm thrust.

Monica could no longer bit down on her lip. She started panting as her legs lifted her butt off the bed. Her back pressed hard into the mattress as the bedroom was filled with the noise of her fingers rubbing her soaked cunt at a blistering pace with her panting growing in volume until the young man in her mind shoved himself bare and raw deep into her cunt. When her pussy stretched out around his imagined tool her cunt in realty exploded beneath her fingers.

The wolf shouted noise. Wordless cries filled her bedroom as her cum splattered over her hands and all over the comforter. It was a powerful and drawn out affair as her hand kept mauling herself until her legs gave out and she fell back to the bed with a wet spot growing beneath her rump.

With her panting slowing down she stared weakly at the ceiling. She couldn't remember the last time she squirted like that, or if she ever had. After several minutes the bed was cold from all the girl cum she'd soaked it with, and in turn she was getting cold. Her fur was wet and catching a chill.

The clock read that it was half past nine. She could shower, then make a quick bite of food before heading off to sleep. Monica would sleep good after a climax like that, she thought to herself as she got her breathing under control. Finally sitting upright she bumped her phone with her hand. The wolf picked it up and checked it for splatter, and fortunately it was dry as a bone. It had been saved by her good luck since there were wet spots only inches away from where the phone had been sitting.

She woke the phone up and checked her call history. Monica stared at the top entry and thumbed it. After she finished setting Brandon as a favorite contact she plugged it in to charge on the nightstand and left to take herself a shower. The young man in her imagination would probably never exist, but it didn't stop Monica from believing that there was still value in seeing what Brandon could become with a little seasoning.
