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"I really had no idea you'd be in that class, Brandon. I'm so sorry!" She insisted to him after they'd left the classroom. Brandon kind of laughed and adjusted his portfolio bag over his shoulder and she did the same with her duffle before hooking her arm in with his so they could walk tight together.

"No, it's fine! I should have told you what all my classes were." He told her back.

"No, I made assumptions and embarrassed you. Then you go and do beautiful drawings of me so of course I'm obligated to feel awful!" She told him. That last drawing was still stuck in her mind, too. All three of the drawings were great, but the last one was special. It was her pose he'd been drawing and he'd nailed it. She'd barely paid any attention to the other art in the class. Sure, some of it had been good, but Brandon had rightly captivated her.

"Don't feel bad. I got to see your naked." He replied, and she turned to look at him with surprise. Did he really come out and say it? His flushed expression proved that he had and she started giggling.

"Yes, you did." She told him back and reached over with her free hand and pinched his arm. "But you know I did tell you I could model for you, too, sometime."

He smiled and nodded. "Yeah, I know."

"Don't be shy." She bumped her hip into his. He smiled.

"Can't help it, I guess." He said. "We can go find something to eat?"

She agreed and let him change the subject. She was happy with how today had turned out. Happier than she thought she'd be! Brandon took her back to the cafeteria and they had a 'nice' school meal. She was honestly a bit snooty when it came to food. Her bias was showing as she ate. It reminded her that she really needed to cook for Brandon.

"I want to cook you dinner one day soon." She told him. They sat side by side at the window seats. The cafeteria had a long glass wall that looked out at the grassy courtyard. Mounted to the floor were barstools and counters so students could sit and people watch. There was also nice

scenery. Some ancient looking trees and a lovely water fountain featuring a trio of mermaids playing instruments.

"Really?" He asked her. She smiled and nodded.

"Well, yes! If a professional chef cant even cook for her boyfriend then what good is she for?" She laughed and caught him blushing.

"I think that'd be cool. At your restaurant?" He asked. She popped the last nugget into her mouth and shook her head while she finished it down.

"No. I don't need my team hovering over us and staring from the kitchen every time we eat. I want to invite you back to my place and I'll give you the full housewife dinner treatment." She suggested. He looked down and seemed a bit anxious.

"You sure? I didn't act too cool last time I was-" He started but she stopped him by putting her hand on his thigh. He looked down at her hand first, then at her.

"I want you in my life." She told him. "Be it with baby steps or leaps."

He went quiet and distracted himself with his soda. Monica could hear him gulp down a large swallow. He was flushed and nervous, but he looked back at her and nodded.

"Can you cook me dinner sometime?" He repeated her own question back at her. She leaned over and bumped her nose into his cheek before kissing him lightly. She felt his hand come to rest on the one she'd placed on his thigh. Little baby steps.

"Any evening you're free. I always have a pantry and fridge stocked with food. I can cook anything you'd like to try." She told him, and he smiled.

"That'd be kinda cool." He still sounded nervous. She didn't need to lay it on too thick. This was enough for today, and he'd finished her food before she had. She pinched his leg then pulled her hand away. His own was reluctant to let hers go.

"Well, then you better be thinking about what you'd like to eat and let me know!" She said and stood up to pick up her tray. Brandon quickly

joined her as she dumped her trash into the nearest bin and left the tray on top of it with the rest.

"This weekend?" He asked her first. She smiled and offered her hand, which he took.

"How about Saturday?" She suggested, and he told her that would be 'cool'. She'd prefer it to be warm, but she could settle for cool if that was the pace he needed for now.

She gave him a little bit of space for the next couple of days. They mostly kept in touch via text, but she gave him encouragement to call her if he had the time. He spoke once on Thursday while she laid out on her couch with her finger twirling in her hair like she was still in high school. She felt silly the entire time doing it, but it was a good kind of silly.

He asked her if she knew how to make anything Italian, and she had to laugh. Of course she could cook Italian if that's what he wanted her to make. Her boyfriend ended up suggesting spaghetti. She listened to him explain that his mother would make homemade spaghetti a lot when he was still living at home so he hadn't had it in a while.

This led to her asking about his family. He was from a more blue collar background. His dad worked in the oil industry, which wasn't unusual. A lot of blue collar jobs were in and around that industry. She'd seen the oil fields before. It was kind of hard to miss them on long drives when you'd see the oil derricks off in the distance. Monica always wondered why they still used those. After all these years you'd think they'd have thought up some other kind of machine to yank oil from the Earth.

Brandon's mother was a cashier in her youth, then married his dad, and was a stay at home mom to three children. Brandon was the youngest, but also the first to go to college. He had a brother and a sister that were working and married with children on the way.

She'd asked him how old his siblings were and they were both still in their mid twenties, about a year apart for both of them. His parents had started early on marriage and family, too. It made the wolf curious about how fast she'd be having Brandon's children.

This was assuming they got that far, of course! It just seemed really apparent that his family were 'in it to win it' when it came to putting a family together. She could relate to that. She'd put her own restaurant together awfully quick for a woman who was only now eyeing her thirtieth birthday.

"You need to think up a time when it'd be good to introduce me to them, Brandon." She told him over the phone. "I could let them have a meal on the house at the restaurant."

"I don't think they'd feel ok with getting a free lunch like that." He told her. "Dad doesn't believe in free lunches."

She uncrossed and crossed her legs back the other way. No free lunches, huh.

"Maybe I can be sneaky and give them discounts that don't show on the receipt." She said aloud, and she heard him laugh on the other end.

"You can do that?" Her boyfriend asked.

"It's by restaurant, baby. I can do whatever I want." She laughed, then realized she'd called him baby. That came out very naturally. She paused for a moment and wasn't sure if she'd done a good or a bad.

"I think they'd notice, but maybe doing it that way would be ok. I know mom appreciates stuff like that. She's easier to please than dad is." He replied. She exhaled with relief that maybe her calling him a little petname wasn't going too far. Maybe she was overthinking how tense their relationship was?

"Do you think they'll like me?" She asked. "You can be honest. I won't die."

She felt a lot more comfortable talking to him over the phone, too. Maybe that's why she was so easily able to call him her baby. He was pretty relaxed, too. Perhaps that's something she needed to try. Just talk to him over the phone. Cut out the awkwardness of the face to face and just have an ear to ear. Obviously not 100%. They'd still meet for coffee and have their dates, but instead of forcing physical contact so earlier on him they could just talk. Brandon was good at talking to her on the phone. He'd get more comfortable with her.

"I think so!" He sounded excited. Maybe he was an introvert. She'd need to check his app profile again. She'd not bothered with that dating app since she and Brandon started talking. Her initial cursory glance at his profile wasn't enough. She could dip in there and do some digging and see if she could learn more about him.

Monica wasn't going to say anything about why she thought they'd like her. She was older, mature, successful, and pretty. Most parents would be thrilled by having her as a daughter in law. Her ego was going to have to remain in check at all times. It always left a bad taste in her mouth when she'd have run ins with the upstart chefs that would put in applications at her restaurant, then immediately try to run her restaurant for her. Overstepping their authority.

Maybe that was revealing some of her own flaws, too, but she was the head chef at The Fine Rind. Everyone else was subordinate. If she ever opened a second location it would be different. She'd need a strong chef to take control of a second kitchen and run it the way she would herself.

"My dad's going to embarrass me." He added flatly, and she giggled.

"Why's that, baby?" She said it on purpose that time. He made a awkward groaning noise on the other end.

"Because he's going to say something weird or inappropriate about me dating a hottie." And she started laughing.

"Well, are you dating a hottie, Brandon?" She asked him with a devilish smile she wished he could see.

"I think I'm dating an angel." He replied, and she rolled her eyes, but still felt her cheeks get warm. An angel! That was so cliché! He needed to pick up a book or two and learn some clever compliments. She overheard a second voice on his end say something. "My roommate says he's going to go puke."

She started laughing.

"Tell him you'll hold his hair back for him." Monica suggested, and Brandon laughed, but she wasn't sure he understood the humor. An innocent teenager like him might not know what drunk girls get up to.

"Should I let you go, I guess?" She asked him. He sighed, and said that maybe he should get himself ready for bed. Monica made a kissing noise and blew him a kiss with her hand that he couldn't see, but would hopefully feel.

"Goodnight Monica. Is Saturday still ok?" He asked before they each hung up.

"Saturday! I'll text you tomorrow, baby." She told him, and they said their goodbyes and hung up. Monica sighed again and stretched her arms and legs before dropping herself onto her side. Well, that went ok, she thought. There were things for her to still do. She hopped up off the couch and went to the kitchen and started reviewing what she had in stock.

She grabbed a notepad and pen and started making a list of what she needed to get from the store. Brandon had told him his mother made homemade spaghetti, but his family wasn't Italian. The wolf chewed on the end of her pen while she pondered what sort of recipe his mother would have used. Probably something simple and easy to do. They were working class folk. His mother was cooking for a big family on a budget more than likely.

Monica decided to keep her own recipe simple rather than try to blow him away with some kind of exotic Fine Rind variation of the dish. Ground meat with simple seasonings would do for the meatballs. He hadn't specified that his mother had meatballs, but it wouldn't be the proper dish without them!

When she went shopping the Friday before she ended up splurging and buying more than what was on her list. She wanted fresh everything. The butcher provided her with a fresh package at her request. Monica had years of experience now at sweet talking butchers into giving her whatever she wanted.

A brand new box of noodles, some fresh black pepper. She mulled over how she could prepare a marinara sauce and grabbed up some fresh tomatoes with some tomato paste. Parsley, garlic, and oregano for the sauce. She decided to use saltine crackers to help with the meatballs. The dry crackers when crushed would help give some firmness to the meatballs when she made them. Eggs. Needed those.

Did he only want the spaghetti? She chewed at her tongue while she stared over at the dairy goods from where she stood in the seasoning section. Maybe she could make a dessert. She smiled broadly and settled on a simple chocolate pudding. She hoped he had a sweet tooth, and dropped a fresh container of garlic powder into her basket.

While she'd been shopping she'd been debating and debating with herself about what to do for the actual cooking. Since she'd technically helped Brandon with his artwork by modeling she had this idea to let him help her cook...

Not every component of cooking was 'fun' to newcomers though. The wolf ultimately decided to get some of it ready beforehand. She'd spend Friday evening making her marinara sauce and the chocolate pudding. The pudding she spiced up a bit just for the appearance. It was a very simple dessert so she took a bar of white chocolate and shaved it into flakes and mixed it into the pudding, then decorated the top of the pudding with the last of the flakes, then pressed three whole strawberries into the middle. Saran wrap over both bowls would keep the sauce and pudding until tomorrow.

The meat she preseasoned and stored in the fridge. She figured she could have him help with rolling the meatballs. That was something the two of them could do right in the kitchen together. She hoped that would work out for them both on Saturday.

Tomorrow came after a not so restful sleep. Monica had been a bit anxious. Brandon had no classes to worry about for both today and tomorrow, but she'd been concerned about when he would actually show up and when he'd want to leave. The last time he'd been in her apartment it had been brief and painful. The wolf had to debate a bit more with herself about how she should prevent that from happening this time. She eventually gave up on the question and decided to let fate decide for them both.

"Would you want to have lunch or dinner on Saturday?" She'd texted him the morning before. Brandon had been in one of his classes when she'd sent the text. That was by design since she knew he'd be checking his phone when he was in class, but wouldn't actually reply until after his class let out. It'd give him a chance to think before he replied to her.

Brandon ended up replying to her question with one of his own by asking if dinner was ok with her. She'd hoped to let him pick, but now he was letting her pick. Being honest with herself she knew she'd prefer dinner over lunch. Having him for the evening would be nice. She just didn't want him to feel like she was setting him up to stay the night and have bedroom activities happen.

That ship would sail for them eventually, but this was too soon, she thought. Much too soon, but she could always just wing it Saturday and see everything goes. Monica told him that dinner was fine and to let her know if he needed help getting to her apartment. She'd already made sure that he had her address.

But today was now the big day so she sent him a good morning text after she'd gotten herself up. She got a very belated reply from him. He slept in normally on weekends, which was fine by her! She was always an early bird getting the worm. The way Monica saw it she never had to worry about her lover waking her up before her alarm could.

Her plan for today was to drop by the restaurant for a few hours, have lunch there, then leave to do any last minute things so she wouldn't have to worry with them on Sunday. It wasn't that she was expecting to have Brandon with her Sunday, but she just needed something to do to keep herself calm. Anxiety was gnawing at her since this would be a pretty important date with Brandon and she'd felt a constant weight settling over her shoulders for it.

When she left for work she took her car. Normally she'd take a bus since there was a regular stop nearby that ran at the time she wanted to leave every morning. The stop she'd get off at was not nearby the restaurant and she had to walk it, but that just helped her stay fit. She took her car on days when she had errands to run or needed to fit into a schedule a bus wouldn't accommodate.

Since she had her car this time she made an excuse to drop by the grocery store again. Honestly, she didn't need anything. She'd already gotten everything she needed, but this didn't stop her from buying more things to keep herself preoccupied like some tired female cliché. Monica killed time by grabbing a fresh bottle of shampoo and a new brush for her tail. She stopped by the frozen foods and figured she could buy some toaster oven garlic bread.

That was probably the only food item she'd not thought of before. On the other end of the store they had fresh bread, but at this point she didn't feel like adding more to the meal. The meatballs being handmade would be enough.

When she left Monica stopped by the pharmacy section and browsed a bit. She passed by the feminine aisle and sighed. Tampons, pads, tests. She wasn't on the pill yet. Monica steered her nearly empty buggy into the aisle and she found the corner full of condom boxes. Yes, she very much wanted to buy a box of condoms, but she did not know which ones she should get. The wolf smiled at the mental image of her arriving home with a plastic bag full of a dozen different boxes of condoms.

Wouldn't that make for an interesting first time? Like that scene from 40 Year Virgin where the main character is ripping through an entire drawer of condoms, except with her she was trying to find one that would fit. Monica sighed again and pushed the buggy over to the pharmacist's window. There were better things than condoms in modern day America.

Monica got all of her prescriptions filled at this Kroger so the lady behind the window knew her by sight. The wolf wasn't on any regular medications at the moment, but she was prone to cold and flu about every year, and she used to get all her birth control from here as well.



"Why, hello! Long time no see." The middle aged badger said when she saw Monica walk up to her window. "Don't think I've seen your name come up on my register, Ms Blackwater." She said.

"Oh, I don't have anything to pick up, but I was in the store grabbing a couple things and I wondered if you still have the birth control I used on file." She asked out of curiosity. It'd been months since she was last on the pill. Since she was single, and had been single for so long, she'd finally wondered why she was even bothering. Her sexlife was dead and she wasn't religious enough to pull a Virgin Mary.

"Oh, I'm sure you do. Let me see if it's still valid." The badger told her and started checking her computer. "Yep, it's valid, but your prescription will expire in about two weeks and you'll have to get your doctor to write a new one for you."

"Oh, good! Can I get that filled now by any chance?" Monica asked. The badger checked and told her if she didn't mind waiting she could actually have it ready for her before she left the store. She hadn't expected that! She felt herself get anxious again and was now full of butterflies. Monica checked her phone for the time. Brandon was going to try and get to her apartment around 7. It was early afternoon so she had plenty of time.

"Sure! I can kill a bit more time here before I need to leave." She told the pharmacist and then proceeded to return the box of frozen garlic bread to its freezer. With all this time she now had to kill she could afford to browse the bread aisle.

When Monica got home she quickly got everything ready. The ingredients she didn't need to worry about spoiling she already had out on the counter. The meat and such was still in the fridge, but she wasn't worried about that. It was fine. She hadn't checked the bathroom yet.

She rushed and made sure nothing was out on her counter, checked the toilet for cleanliness, then the sink for stray fur. The wolf licked her thumb and tried to wipe a speck of toothpaste off her mirror, which only made it worse. She had to get the Windex to clean it.

By the time she was done with the bathroom and her own bedroom she was feeling sweaty. She was getting more and more anxious as the time closed in and she was in a hurry to make sure her apartment was in good order. She'd not worried this much about it the last time Brandon was here, but now it felt so much different. This was a proper date from her to him. A real chance to replace the old memory with a newer, better one.

Stop worrying, she thought to herself. After a big deep breath she slowly exhaled it while she once more stood in her kitchen. She cast her eyes about her counters and saw everything was as it should be. Her dining table was clean. She wished she'd gotten flowers or something else decorative for it. It was just bare polished wood, and that was upsetting her now.

The wolf went to her closet and rifled through a rubbermaid until she found one of her candles. She popped the lid open and gave a sniff. Too strong, she thought. She put it back and went through her collection of candles one by one. She always had the luck of getting candles from coworkers and her mother around the holidays or her birthday. She never used them.

Finally she found a candle that smelled like some kind of wood. It had notes of cedar and wasn't overpowering. It wasn't much of a feminine smell so Brandon probably wouldn't mind. She lit the candle and put it in the middle of the table. It looked so damn lonely all by itself. Monica ended up retrieving three other candles that had different shapes to their containers and tried making an 'arrangement' on her table. It was terrible and she put them all back except the one she'd lit. It would just have to do for now.

And it was just terrible! She needed to make a trip to the store sometime and buy something for her table. Shows just how often she had guests over for anything, didn't it! She ran her fingers through her hair and instantly regretted it. She was fixing her hair in the bathroom again when her doorbell rang. She rushed herself out of the bathroom.

She quickly checked her phone and saw it was too early for it to be Brandon. About a half hour too early! She was suddenly in a panic and had to take deep breaths while slowly making her way to her door. A check through the peephole revealed it was her boyfriend! She rocked back on her heels and adjusted her blouse and patted her hips. Exhale. She opened the door.

"Evening!" She said with a smile having hidden her anxiety behind her pearly teeth. Her boyfriend returned it with one of his own. His hands were behind his back all nice and formal and she noticed he was dressed in a nice pair of slacks and a polo. He looked so awkward in that outfit that it was clear he must be as nervous as she was. Brandon pulled his hands out from behind his back and offered her a single narrow glass vase with a rose in it.

"Hi, Monica." He told her and she caught the tremor in his voice that confirmed he'd been having his own worries about tonight just like she

had. The wolf smiled at the gift of a rose and stepped out past her door and grabbed him gently by the arms.

"I love roses!" She kind of lied. Flowers were nice gifts, but she didn't have a preference. But if Brandon wanted to buy her roses he was more than welcome to buy her as many as he wanted! She would learn to love them thorns and all.

"Good! I'm glad!" He sounded so relieved and she tugged him in for a hug. She was careful about the rose and they shared a hug before she ushered him inside so she could shut the door. "I'm sorry I'm so early. I didn't time my uber very good."

"No, don't worry! You didn't have to be here at 7." She assured him and took the rose from his hand. She inhaled its scent and smiled at the delicate flower, and then at him.

"Now I have something to set the table with." She told the whole truth this time. Monica took the rose over to the table and blew out the candle so she could move it to the side. She put the skinny vase in its spot. Much better! Brandon had followed her along and she caught him looking over at her kitchen. "Now that you're here you can help me cook us dinner."

"Cook?" He replied. The poor boy sounded startled! She giggled.

"Well, yes. If you're going to be my boyfriend then you'll have to learn how to help in the kitchen!" She insisted and took him by the shoulders and turned him to face the kitchen. "Beside, I got to help you draw, didn't I?"

He smiled and blushed at the same time, but found himself nodding with her. She had him trapped into helping her out now!

"I don't know how to do much more than use a microwave, Monica." He admitted. That didn't matter to her. Most of what they were doing tonight would be simple. She leaned in and kissed his cheek.

"Do you know how to play with play-doh?" She asked him, and he gave her the funniest look. Twenty minutes later they were standing at the kitchen counter with plastic gloves. One by one they were grabbing the meat from the bowl and rolling it into balls about the size of a healthy walnut. As far as Monica was concerned If you could turn a lump of play-doh into a ball then you could make a meatball just fine.

Once he understood what he was being asked to he was a quick learner and they had a full cookie sheet of meatballs made. She'd bought so much meat that she knew it'd be more than either of them could eat. She'd made sure she had enough sauce for all of it, too. Her idea was to send him home with a container of leftovers. A little trick to keep him thinking of her even when he was standing at the microwave at his dormitory.

"I don't think I've done this since I was in Kindergarten." He said. He finished rolling the last ball and placed it in the remaining open space on the platter. Monica kissed him on the cheek again and picked up the cookie sheet and had him follow her over to the stove.

"Well, now you get to help me cook them!" She told him. With a frying pan she heated some vegetable oil and she showed him how to brown the meatballs until they were just right, by her own metric, and then move them over to an empty bowl. It took a little time, but they had them cooked and set aside and she disposed of the oil and then pulled out the marinara sauce and put it in the pan to heat. Once she had it simmering she lowered the heat and put the meatballs back into the pan and covered the whole thing with a glass lid.

Now all that was to be done was prepare the bread. Monica talked him through slicing the bread into thick slices, and then they took turns buttering and seasoning each slice before popping them all in the oven.

"This is a lot of work." He told her. She laughed.

"Baby, this is an easy dish to make. Just wait until Thanksgiving and I'll show you how to fry a turkey without making it explode." She told him with a mischievous smile.

"I know it does that!" He said real loud like it was an accomplishment. She held a tight grin and broadened it as he suddenly looked embarrassed at his outburst. "I mean, my dad fries turkeys every year. I've helped him before. He told me you have to thaw it out first or it'll explode."

"Guess I'll have to find something else to teach you then." She replied and went to lean in for another kiss. She really enjoyed finding excuses to kiss him. He turned his head before she could give him a peck and their lips met. She pulled back and eyed him happily. "I'm glad you're catching on."

His reply was a smile and the kitchen timer went off to let them know that the meatballs had been in the pan long enough. She retrieved them from the stovetop and sat the pan on a trivet before popping the lid. The

smell had already been seeping into the kitchen, but now it was free to blast them both with its aroma.

"That smells really good!" Brandon told her, and she made sure to bump him in the side with her hip.

"You helped cook it." She reminded him. The wolf fetched two dinner plates and had Brandon help her set the table. She had a jug of tea in the fridge and poured each of them a glass.

Their toast didn't take much longer to finish and together they ate what would be the first home cooked meal they'd made together. It was a bit too simple and easy a dish for Monica's taste, but the look on her boyfriend's face while he ate it was more delicious than anything she had on the Fine Rind's menu. She wondered if she could find a way to capture that look into a dish.

After they finished Brandon volunteered to help her clean up the kitchen. While she set him up at the sink she kept herself busy by transferring the leftovers into plastic containers for him to take home with him. There would be more than enough to keep him fed for a few meals if he didn't overeat.

Out of habit she found herself pouring a glass of alcohol once she was done and invited Brandon to come sit with her on the couch. She'd normally have brandy if she was drinking, but since she was with Brandon she didn't dare risk getting drunk. As she settled herself in with her legs folded under her she was reminded of the last time the two of them sat on this couch. She hid the bad memory behind her glass of cabernet.

"Don't let me stay too late if you need me to get home, Monica." He told her, and she cocked her head a bit to the side.

"I'm not worried about how late you stay. More worried about you staying safe out there if your out at night by yourself." She told him with a hint of sarcasm. "Don't think that I want to run you off, baby."

That was all true. She wanted a lot of things, but life was making them difficult to acquire. Difficult just to figure out.

He smiled and shifted in his seat. The young donkey scooted over closer to her until they sat side by side and she leaned her shoulder against him. With her wine glass cradled in her hands she dropped her head onto his shoulder.

"Can I have some?" He asked. Monica had never seen him drink, or even knew if he did. She handed her glass to him and found herself grinning with amusement as she watched him drink a big gulp rather than take a sip. He wasn't any good at savoring wine. She doubted any of his peers seriously drank it. They probably all drank nothing beer and liquor shots. Lots of binge drinking.

He frowned at the glass. "Not sure I like it."

"You're drinking it wrong." She corrected him. She took the glass back and gave it a sip. Just enough to let a sufficient amount rest on her tongue to taste. She let the red liquid float over her tongue so she could pick up the trace elements of the many ingredients that made up its complex flavor. The spices, pepper, hint of plum, and the subtle backdrop of the wooden barrel. She swallowed it at last.

"You take a smaller drink and let it settle over your tongue. Give it time so you can really taste it. It's how 'fancy' people drink."

She handed the glass back to him and he tried it again with a sip. The look on his face wasn't any better. Maybe he just didn't like reds.

"Next time I'll bring out the brandy. It's what I usually order for myself when I'm out drinking." She told him. He took another drink of her glass and it was almost empty.

"That's not a very girly kind of drink." He replied.

"There's nothing wrong with brandy, and cosmos are too sweet for my liking. I prefer my alcohol to be dryer, like this." She said and took the glass back from him and tipped it back to drain its contents much like he would have. She didn't need to be fancy all the time.

She leaned forward and sat the empty glass on the coffee table, then went back to Brandon to snuggle close. Without hesitation she took his arm in hers and clasped his hand.

"I'm not going to rush us this time, baby." She whispered to him and put her head back on his shoulder to let herself relax. She wasn't going to rush. If all they did was cuddle on her couch in silence that would be fine with her. A nice quiet romance.

"Can we make out?" He asked her, and she started giggling and sat herself back upright. A cuddle with a kiss was fine, too. The wolf grabbed his chin and turned his face and they kissed. It was slow at first, but Brandon wrapped his arms around her and pulled her in closer. He was getting faster and more eager. She could feel how excited he was. The young man was trying to let himself go with the flow and it was setting her own heart to beat faster.

She matched his excitement with her own eagerness for more and her hand left his chin to slip behind his head and she forced her tongue into his mouth. Little by little Brandon picked up the tricks and started kissing her with as much intensity as she was kissing him. She didn't even care if they were getting sloppy. Her lipstick was smearing onto his lips like she was marking him as her own.

She rolled herself toward and swung her leg over his lap. He gasped with surprise into her mouth as her weight settled over him.

"Feeling good?" She asked him and cupped his cheeks with her hands. He looked so nervous, but he nodded his head quick and the wolf felt him put her hands awkwardly on her hips. Good! She leaned back in and started kissing him aggressively.

His hands wrapped around behind her and she felt him timidly explore her back. Her tail was wagging while she made out him like she was still hungry despite their dinner. One of her hands slipped around behind him and she squeezed him tight. With her other hand she started attacking his ear playfully with her finger and thumb to rub the thin skin of his ears between her fingers.

It didn't take very long at all. Monica could feel his pants tighten against her crotch. Reason hadn't abandoned her and she was already debating how she would take care of her boyfriend's tent. It'd been far too long since she'd given a blowjob! When she was still with her ex she remembered him joking with her that it didn't surprise him that she was a fan of oral. Something about her being a cook and using her mouth. At the time she mostly just rolled her eyes at the observation.

But, no matter how hard or how often she rolled her eyes at the idea that she loved giving head... Didn't change that she really loved it. It wasn't because she was a cook or enjoyed eating either! The wolf just liked the giving aspect of it. Her ex enjoyed getting blown well enough, but he preferred sleeping with her to getting his orgasms. It hadn't occurred to her how much she missed the blowjobs until after he'd left her. Rubbing one out wasn't as satisfying when you didn't pair it with a nice glass of giving head. Maybe that made her weird. She didn't care. The old memories of making her ex cum with her mouth and hands were pleasant if tinged with regret and guilt about how their relationship had ended.

Monica wondered how she'd feel when she made Brandon cum. The tent he was pitching under her was straining his pants, and she could tell that he was becoming tense all over. The way his arms hugged her tightly and how he was frantically kissing her told her all she needed to know about how she was making him feel.

She freed his ear and grabbed him gently by the top of his head and pushed his head back to break the kiss. They were both panting. She drew the arm out from behind him and cupped his cheeks again. She stroked his face and stared into his eyes. He looked up at her confused while his chest heaved. The wolf leaned forward and pressed her nose to his.

Her hips rocked forward once slowly, then backward. Again. She did it again and again slow until she was feeling herself grow as warm between her legs as he was stuff. Her panting breath exhaled over his lips faster and faster as her gyrating picked up speed in his lap.

Brandon grabbed her hips and started pushing and pulling along with her movements. Her grin grew wide into an open smile as her gaze sharpened as her engine grew hotter. She was dry humping him as firmly and quickly as she could. His hands tightened on her hips and the sound of his rapid breathing was like music. How far could she take this?

"Got a condom, baby?" She asked. He shook his head. Monica licked her lips.

"No-o!" He said louder than he intended. She kissed him, then let go of his face. It was good he didn't have one, or that she wasn't on the pill yet. She was going to devour her boyfriends cock! Monica hugged her boyfriend tight and drew her knees up until she was squatting on her feet over his lap. Her knees dug into the back of the couch and she start grinding her crotch harder into his. The bulge in his lap was getting a vigorous stroking and she was so fucking wet!

He grabbed her tight by her ass and she growled happily into the kiss. She sat down over him and wiggled her butt while his hands desperately groped and squeezed her. He jerked his head away and broke the kiss.

"W-we." He was panting hard and fast.

"Baby?" She asked him and buried her nose into the crook of his neck and nipped his fur with her teeth.



"W-we don't have a condom." He repeated her earlier question. She brought her nose up and brushed her cheek against his before going back in for a quick kiss.

"I'm going to give you head." She told him and made sure she was watching his eyes when she said it. His lips quivered as he struggled to reply. What came was a stutter.

"R-really?" He asked, and she giggled! She wanted to suck his cock so bad!

"Yes!" She told him! Monica hadn't felt like this in years! "And I'll be back on the pill soon, baby."

He was trembling now. She felt him squirm under her. His hands were shaking as he clung to her ass. A part of her wondered if she was pushing him too far, too fast, but when he started to smile from his lips to his eyes she knew she'd not done anything wrong. He dove forward and pressed his lips back to hers and together they mauled each other with another passionate kisses. He was getting so good at kissing!

Her hands found his shoulders and she shoved his back to the couch and reluctantly slide off her feet to exit the squat. Her shift from squat, to straddle, to standing in front of him was probably not the most erotic or sensual display. It was pretty sloppy actual. She was very out of practice at being 'sexy' for a boyfriend. Monica was a rusty wolf, but she'd set her mind to finding a remedy.

Brandon was looking up at her with a big dumb and happy smile on his face, which told her that he thought she was gorgeous no matter how graceless she might have been in the moment. She reached up to her collar and found the top button on her blouse and undid it, then moved slowly down until the final button was undone just below her bust.

She felt a swell of smug pride fill her chest as she watched his eyes widen as she tugged off her top. Her push up bra was shaping her tits and giving her ample cleavage. A quick decision was made to slowly pivot on her heel so her boyfriend could watch as she unhooked her bra. Off it came and she tossed it to the floor.

"Did you miss them?" She asked them when she turned back around with her breasts on display. His eyes were glued to her chest and nodded. So cute! Oh, she felt so fucking smug! Seeing him so captivated by her just intoxicating! The brown fur of his cheeks even looked tinted red. She slowly knelt in front of him.

He darted his eyes up to her's, then back down to her tits, and then rapidly to her hands as she touched his knees to push them apart.

"Y-you're sure?" He asked nervously.

"Yes, baby." She replied with her best sultry voice. Her heart was pounding in her chest and she was burning up between her thighs.

"O-ok!" He stuttered and he looked so tense. Monica leaned forward and put her hands on his hips and tugged him until he got the hint and let himself slouch low on the couch until his butt was right at the edge of the cushions. She pushed his legs a bit further apart and then reached for his button.

"You're cute when your shy." She told him with a smile. The single button holding his waistline together came undone. Her fingers found the zipper.

Brandon stammered something nervously in reply that didn't sound like words. He was trembling all over, but he still wore this wild energy on his face. His expression was nervous joy and his hands were gripping the cushions. She slowly pulled the zipper up and over the tent of his pants. As she freed him she could tell that he was going to be on the big side. No surprise there since he was a donkey. She made sure she visibly licked her lips for him to see. Letting him see that she was hungry for him.

Oh, and he was wearing briefs. That was cute. She slipped a hand over his underwear and felt the bulge pushing up at the fabric. He felt hot and there was a subtle twitch to his mass that told her how fast his heart was beating. Probably faster than her own.

With both hands she took the top of his underwear and pulled them down. Brandon's cock popped free and her eyes shot wide open. Her boyfriend's dick tilted sideways from its weight, but with every beat of his heart it grew stiffer and straighter. Before she knew it she was biting her lower lip.

"Do they make condoms in your size?" She teased. He opened his mouth to say something, but he was left speechless. Monica wrapped her hand around the middle of his shaft. Her heart was thudding hard and fast in her chest as she gave him that first squeeze. He was hot and firm in her hand and it would easily take three of her fists stacked on top of each other to compare to his length. Oh, and she began to smile, too! The tip of her thumb couldn't touch the end of her middle finger. They were both going to be remembering this evening.

She puckered her lips and gently blew over the head of his cock. He was a big uncut boy. He shuddered as the cool air blew over him and she slid the hand on his cock up to his head. Monica wanted to see his balls so she used her other hand to hunt for them.

The wolf was probably pink in the face from how hard she was beginning to blush. Absolutely flushed with excitement! What was she getting herself into? She found them, and just one nut filled her palm like an egg. She darted her eyes up and looked at him while biting her lip a bit again. She was in for a trip wasn't she? Now she decided that she'd tease her boyfriend a bit. He'd earned it.

"How often you use this, baby?" She asked him.

He flushed harder and opened and shut his mouth a few times. She wrapped her hand around the head of his cock gently and started rocking it up and down real slow. The hand cupping his nuts gently massaged them.

"Come on. Tell me!" She insisted with a smile. The donkey laughed nervously.

"N-not very often. I have a roommate." He replied. She stroked her hand down halfway before returning it back up to his head.

"No privacy there?" She asked him curiously. Monica stroked him down halfway a little more firmly. She felt her hand tug at his skin. He was alight with nervous energy under her fingertips. She gently blew over him again.

"I, um. Uh." He was turning beat red with his hands anxiously kneading the cushions. Maybe she shouldn't tease him so much? She thought about it while she had her hand wrapped around his head again. She squeezed, and he flinched. At first she thought she'd done wrong, but he moaned. He clenched his teeth and looked away in embarrassment. She could only grin.

"I'm the only person that's going to hear you, baby." She said, and squeezed his head again slipped her hand up to roll her palm over his tip. He gasped and tried to stay silent until he finally arched his back and let out a quiet moan. She brought her knees together and couldn't keep herself from rubbing her thighs.

"M-Monica." He was panting for her now! She licked her lips and eyed his cock again. She leaned in and stroked her hand down just below his head. For the first time in their relationship she put her lips on his dick. A

single kiss to the taut turtleneck of his cock. Her ex was a canine with a sheath. This was a different kind of dick than she was used to, but that just made it more exciting and special. Her first time with an equine was his first time with anyone!

She began to slowly lick around his tip while her hands continued to massage his nuts and stroke him slowly. He was busy flexing and squirming and the more he gave in the more of a thrill she felt. Monica had him writhing under her attention as he moaned and panted for only her.

She lowered her muzzle and buried her nose into his balls. There were a bunch of things she remembered loving to do with her exes. She kissed one nut, then licked the other. They had so much healthy weight to them that she was getting hotter by the minute. Her thighs were trying to start a friction fire with how she was excitedly rubbing them.

He tried opening his legs wider and sagged deeper into the couch as his hands let go of the couch. She saw they were trembling as he moaned her name. His palms were rubbing nervously over the cushions and she reached out a hand and grabbed one of his. He instantly took her hand and held it. She stuck out her tongue and started running it up the underbelly of his cock.

Brandon squeezed her hand as her mouth opened up around his tip. She swallowed him down, but only got a small part of him in her muzzle. His girth was making her jaw strain more than she was ready for. His blunt head made it in, but she'd be in for a workout to get him any deeper.

She blew air from her nose and sucked in a big breath and gave him her best first effort. Her head pressed down and she started to gag around his dick. She gave a gentle push every other second to test the waters of how deep she could take him. His back arched and she heard him suck in air. The sudden movement jabbed his dick in deep and she gagged hard. She popped off him with spit drooling from her lips and over his dick. She was left trying to catch her breath.

"Oh God." He moaned and leaned his head against the back of her couch. She licked the spit from her lips and saw that'd smeared her lipstick over his dick. Judging by the smear she'd at least gotten a third of him down, and that wasn't too bad for a first try! She wanted to do better.

"Having fun?" She asked him. She sure was! Monica was thrilled they'd come this far. Everything before now was just a step that had led to today, and even her previous fuckup was something that had led them to this moment. Mistakes or no her boyfriend was now sitting on her couch moaning for her and that was something making her far happier than she

ever expected to find herself. It'd been so long since she'd had a partner and now she had Brandon.

"Monica." He was almost breathless, and the cock in her hand was still so hot and stiff for her. Needy! He swallowed and opened his mouth with a smack. She listened as he tried to catch his breath.

"Yes, baby?" She asked him and pressed her cheek to his cock. The warmth of his shaft felt good against her face and she gently rubbed her fur against him. It didn't bother her if she was getting spit all over herself. He took in another breath and looked down at her. He was blushing furiously as he watched her rub her face against his length. His eyes were looking all over the place.

"I, um, might be close." He admitted. That was ok. She smiled up at him.

"Do you have any special requests?" She teased him. Men had their preferences. Her Brandon was a virgin, but surely he'd seen enough porn and had a vivid enough imagination to have some ideas about what he'd like. He was stammering and swallowing trying to reply. "Come on tell me."

She kissed his shaft and never let her gaze leave his eyes while her face went back to rubbing against his length. A fresh touch of liquid heat dripped over her muzzle and she momentarily eyed his cock and saw he was beginning to leak a nice clear trickle from his tip. This interested her and she put herself to work by lapping up her boyfriend's precum. It kept coming in a slow drip and drizzle.

"I-I don't know." He answered. She glanced back up and catch him watching her with intense fascination, but he couldn't keep his eyes on her while she watched him. He was too nervous and shy. She giggled and pulled herself away.

"Then I'll decide." She said and let her hand drift up his shaft until she had his head cradled in her palm. She leaned close and blew air over his tip. A fresh bead of pre formed over his tip and she licked it up. She squeezed her hand gently, and in turn Brandon's hand squeezed tighter over hers. He was taken over by a wavering moan as she applied more gentle pressure.

Her goal was to give him a firm stroking over his head. Really tease him. As her hand moved up and down she saw she was pulling back the skin. The wolf adjusted her grip around him for a better hold and tugged her hand down nice and firm. The skin came down with it until his whole head popped free from its curtain. Brandon grunted and went tense for a moment

as the skin strained white just before freeing his head. The swollen glans of his cock was proudly on display and larger than it had been before!

"Big boy." She said half teasing and half with awe. The wolf licked his exposed glans and swallowed him whole again. The soft hot flesh was delicious against her tongue. The flavor of his cock and the hot pre filling her mouth was amazing! She happily let him fill her mouth with even more even as her own spit pooled around her enclosed lips.

She decided to nurse him. She took the hand he was holding and moved it until their fingers were laced tightly together. Her free hand began to pump his cock from her chin down to his balls. She'd make him cum right in her mouth!

"Monica!" He gasped. His free hand grabbed her shoulder tight. Hearing him say her name like that egged her on so she went to pumping him even faster. With every pump of her hand she bobbed her head to rub his head against the roof of her mouth. His hand squeezed her harder and the grip on her shoulder grew even more desperate. His whole body was growing taut as his muscles twitched and shuddered making him writhe beneath her.

His moaning became a rapid panting. A fierce bravado overtook her, and she got ambitious, so she shoved her head down hard. The head of his cock smashed against the roof of her mouth before sliding back as far as it'd go. She gagged for it, but didn't let it stop her from trying. Her hand was now moving up and down his remaining length like a blur as the muscles in her arm began to burn from the workout.

"M-Monica!" He frantically patted her shoulder. "Monica, w-wait!"

She gagged again, then pulled back only to drive back down harder with a wet sucking noise. Monica was roughly bobbing her head up and down the first third of his cock while her hand pumped the rest of him. He was so close. His back was arching, and Brandon's hand grabbed her shoulder tight with warning.

"I- I'm gonna!" His voice was coming out in a struggle. She knew he was desperate to hold himself back, but that only made her want to force his orgasm right out of him and into her waiting loving mouth! He let go of her shoulder, and tried to let go of her hand, too, but she wouldn't let his hand go. She clung to him tightly as his free hand found her head. He was trying to be gentle when he pushed back at her head, but she simply shut her eyes and plowed herself back down.

"M-mess! Monica, it'll!" He started to shiver under her and her head immediately started to rock from side to side to make the fat tip of his cock rub at the back of her mouth. She was gagging and tearing up from the strain at her throat, but making her boyfriend cum was more important than any temporary discomfort she felt from his size.

And a 'mess'? Monica didn't care about messes. She was going to swallow him down and everything he had to give her. The only times she could remember not swallowing was when she was in her teens and an amateur at sex. Once she managed the courage to swallow the first time with her first long term boyfriend she always gave the men in her life the full oral experience from the first lick to the last drop. She just loved doing it! Brandon was going to give her everything he had, and she'd happily accept it!

"Oh, oh God!" He gasped and he fell back against the couch and his whole body started to violently shudder under her. It was mostly in his legs with one kicking out and trembling next to her as she felt the hand on her head grab tight to her ear like a clamp.

Monica pried her eyes back open as the hand on her ear yanked her down. Her boyfriend was staring up at the ceiling with his mouth agape as his climax claimed him. She dropped her hand down to the base of his dick just in time to feel his nuts jerk against the side of her palm.

The back of her throat finally gave out from the pressure being applied to it and the head of his cock slipped right down into her gullet. Monica gagged only once, and his hand held her head down until you lips were kissing her own hand as she deepthroated him.

His balls had only just jerked against her hand, and now they jerked again. His cock throbbed in her mouth and she felt the underbelly of his dick swell against her tongue as the first rope of cum shot from him. That first rope pegged her somewhere deep in her neck, then a second one came. Monica wasn't even panicking.

Her thighs started to shudder and she shoved her knees apart. As she felt her boyfriend use her throat for the first time her pussy exploded. She soaked herself as her climax ripped up her spine leaving her quivering on her boyfriend's cock with muffled whines escaped from around his cock.

The wolf rode out his climax until he finished with a hard exhale that left him sagging limply against the cushions. Both his hands relaxed and the wolf pulled her head off of him with a wet pop. She sucked in several lungfuls of air and began to cough and sputter. She touched her crotch with her hand and she could still feel her legs twitching. Spit and cum

drooled from her lips and she had to wipe her mouth with her other hand as she caught her breath.

"Oh my God!" he told her. His voice was full of panic. "I'm sorry, I'm so sorry!"

She coughed again and felt how full her stomach was. It felt like she'd gone and had herself another big helping of dinner. Monica looked up at her fear stricken boyfriend and licked her lips. Planting both hands down on the couch next to him she pushed up and stood up on wobbly wet legs. Her pants were so soaked. She never thought she'd see the day where she'd cum handsfree.

Brandon's eyes followed her up as she stood, but they darted back down when she crawled into his lap. She threw her tits in his face and wrapped her arms around his head to yank him close. The wolf smothered her boyfriend and straddled him with her cum soaked legs.

"I love you." She whispered in his ear and squeezed his head into her chest.

She felt him wrap his arms around her back and he squeezed her hard in a tight embrace until she felt herself exhale from the strength of the hug.

"L-love you, too." He stuttered from between her breasts. She had him muffled with her tits. She laughed and ruffled a hand through his hair.

"You're staying here tonight. Gonna keep you nice and safe until tomorrow." She told him with a smile. She put her chin over his head and cuddled him. He gave her a hum of agreement. Not having condoms ended up working out for them. The bottle of BC sitting on the bathroom counter better hurry up and start working though. She was going to love giving him head, but she wanted to hurry up and give him all the other 'firsts', too.

There was no rush if he was staying the night so they cuddled for a good while on the couch. It didn't escape her notice that his cock had stayed hard for the majority of the cuddling. She'd worn out his big noodle with the blowjob, but it was back up and stiff against her stomach after about ten minutes. She had herself a big horny teenager for a boyfriend. It was both cute and flattering to see him so eager.

She eventually got both of them to bed after a quick strip that left them both naked in her bed. He was such a gentleman about it despite his erection. She would have given him another blowjob, but she didn't think



she had the room in her tummy for another helping of dinner. He'd have to wait until breakfast time.

"I love you." He told her after she pressed him to his back so she could drape her body over his like a blanket. He wrapped his arms around her middle and hugged her tight. She resisted the urge to spread her legs and grind. She was still as needy as he was with his length pressed to her belly.

"I love you, too, baby." Monica replied and gently reached up to grab one of his ears. She rubbed it between her fingers until he fell asleep.

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