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"That movie was so boring, baby." She told her boyfriend as they exited the theatre. Brandon was in tow right beside her with their arms hooked at the elbow. He was holding a half empty bag of leftover popcorn that he planned to take with him back to his dorm room.

They'd gone to see a new action movie. Monica had hoped it'd have been good, but it was just some cash grab with aging A list actor to inflate the ticket sales. A rip off of Taken.

"Yeah. I don't know why they thought Nicholas Cage would be a good lead. He's old." Brandon replied. She laughed and wondered if he'd actually seen any of his other films. Some of them were actually good.

"Well, maybe he needed the money." She replied, and she felt her boyfriend shrug his shoulders. "Speaking of money, I feel like blowing some on dessert. Want ice cream?"

"Sure." he told her, and she finished walking him to her car, and then they proceeded to get Baskin Robbins.

Despite how eager and impatient she'd been to make something of her relationship with Brandon she'd somehow managed to find the ability to pace herself. It had been a few weeks now since they'd spent their first night together, and she'd been a very well-behaved woman ever since. She was still operating in the mode of letting him decide how fast they moved with their sex life. Mostly. She'd nudge him here and there, and if he wanted to respond she'd eagerly let him.

Brandon was wrapped around her finger awfully tight. A lesser woman would have used and abused that privilege, but she was being mindful of how vulnerable a person could be when they were caught up to their eyeballs with affection. She was up to her eyes in it, too, but at least she had the extra years of experience to help her process and manage it.

She didn't want to push Brandon too hard or fast, and he seemed quite at home being the respectful and devoted boyfriend that enjoyed spending every weekend with her. She had to make sure he didn't forget to do his homework. Monica knew they'd reached a new level of comfort with their relationship when he'd started poking fun at her for acting like his mom. He was actually confident enough now to tease her!

So, she would tease back every now and then in whatever way she could. A nip on one his ears in public always worked. He'd go beet red in hurry if she did it when people were watching. He'd smile real big, too!

"What do you want to do now?" She asked him. After their first time being intimate with one another she thought it a good idea to try and do something every Saturday. They'd take turns deciding what to do together so that they could explore each other's interests. He'd been sheepish at making a decision so last weekend they'd done what she wanted. That had

been a trip to the mall to do some clothing shopping. It was fun for her, and she made it fun for him by dragging him along to help her find cute things she could wear. He got to pick out a bikini for her.

This weekend was his turn, and he'd started their day off with a trip to Chick Fil A and then a movie. They still had plenty of time left in the day to do whatever they wanted, and then there was always tomorrow, too. She wanted to maximize her time spent with him since they were limited in what they could do on the weekdays.

"I'm not sure." He said, then made a humming sound like he was thinking more about it. They were now sitting in the Baskin Robbins. He'd ordered two scoops of mint chocolate chip while she ordered a strawberry banana smoothie.

"It's only 3 o'clock, baby. Maybe we can go somewhere fun? Sightseeing." She suggested. She watched him scoop up the last of his ice cream and eat it. He always tended to clean his plate, she noticed.

He was looking kind of thoughtful about her suggestion, then gave her a bit of a curious look.

"Can we just go back to your apartment, maybe?" He asked. She propped her elbows on the tabletop and took a sip from her smoothie.

"Getting tired already?" She teased him with a smile. Monica watched him shrug and she had to smile. He was acting all sheepish now and she stuck a leg out and tapped his shin with the end of her sandal. "Hmm?"

"I just thought it'd be nice to, like," he said, then paused, then started again while scraping up invisible ice cream from the bottom of his now empty cup. "Do stuff."

'Stuff', he'd said. She felt her face tingle a bit and she let her sandal slowly rub up and down his shin until he closed his legs together to trap her foot between them.

"Stuff, huh." She repeated. He smiled and nodded. She took another sip from her smoothie and thought about what she might say. Was he asking her to take him home so he could bed her? Oh, she hoped he was! It'd hadn't been that long since they'd last been intimate and honestly, she was right pent up for him!

Well, maybe he wasn't thinking he'd bed her. They'd not gone -all the way- yet, but oral fun was a treat they'd enjoyed a few times by now. Well, they'd enjoyed it every Saturday they were today since their first time. 7 days away from each other was 7 days too many.

That crystal-clear memory of their first time together had certainly left an impression. Never in her life did she ever think she'd find herself looking forward to a sore throat. There was something uniquely primal about being left with an ache or a pain from a lover that you adored. It was like an imprint, a marker, that reminded you who you belonged to. She grinned a bit broadly at her boyfriend who was now looking back at her

waiting for her to answer. He did look a tad nervous. Did Brandon think she'd say no?

"I guess we can call it quits for today, but only if you make me a promise." She teased him with a wry smile and a narrowed gaze. She gave him her best look of mischief, and it worked. Brandon looked back at her with a slight flush just beneath his fur.

"What kind of promise?" He asked her. She lifted her hands up from her cup to clasp them beneath her chin.

"Last time we were together I went down on you." She told him bluntly, and he immediately flushed bright red. "Now it's your turn to go down on me."

He remained beet red the entire walk back to the car, and she was positively proud of herself as she hooked her arm in with his. He didn't have much to say after that, but there was a noticeable pep to his step, and she'd be lying if she wasn't stealing glances at his crotch to see if there was anything being pitched.

The whole drive home was exciting. She envied men, too. If it had been Brandon behind the wheel she could have leaned over and unbuttoned him, but it was kind of hard for a man to do that to a woman. She stole glances at him at first, but finally got fed up with being so coy.

"Baby." She said while making a left-hand turn. They still had a bit of a drive to get back to her apartment. Traffic was being a bit slow.

"What's up?" He asked her. She left her left hand on the wheel so she could extend her right over to her boyfriend, palm up. She gestured and he reached out and took her hand to hold it. She squeezed him, and he squeezed her back.

"Can you do me a favor?" She asked, and she felt him squeeze her hand gently in reply.

"Ok?" He asked. She smiled and checked the rear view as she made to change lanes.

"Help me get your dick out so I can play with it." She told him, and she felt the surprise run right through his hand. He laughed a bit nervously, and her smile broadened. "I mean it! I want to be kinky!"

"That's dangerous, Monica. You're driving." He countered. She tightened her grip on his hand.

"I promise my eyes won't leave the road, baby." She assured him. He didn't say anything, but the wheels must have been turn, turn, turning. When she caught the sight in her periphery of his free hand moving to his crotch, she knew she'd won.

Just like she'd said she kept her eyes on the road with her left hand firmly on the wheel. She could easily hear him unzipping himself. Her

boyfriend had to raise his hips up out of his seat and fight against the seatbelt to wiggle his shorts down low enough for him to free his dick. Her heart rate was going crazy. This was a first for her!

In the corner of her eye she could see he was pitched up full size. He tugged her right hand close and she let go of his hand to find his cock. The warmth of it met her fingertips and she swallowed a mouthful of spit. She grabbed him, and Brandon sagged back down into his seat and found her wrist with one hand to gently cling.

She started stroking him while she checked her blind spot to her left side. One more lane change and she had a moment of freedom on the road. She stroked his cock all the way down to his head and let her hand wrapped completely around his tip. He gasped as she started playing with the end of his dick. She gently applied her brake and flicked her right blinker to switch back to her previous lane.

Her blind spot was clear, and she stole a quick glance at his dick and smiled. She changed lanes again and stroked him back down to the base.

"Love you, baby." She told him.

"I love you, too." He told her back. She leaned carefully to the right and slipped her hand down under his cock to find his balls. She cupped them both gently and gave them a gentle massage before leaned back upright to take another grip of his dick.

"When was the last time you popped, baby?" She asked him. His breathing was getting heavy enough for her to hear him over the road noise.

"When I was with you." He answered. Her ears flicked upright at that and she wore a broad grin. A full week of love all saved up for her. She started slowly pumping his dick from his base up to his head. It was a nice steady rhythm and she felt proud of herself for making him squirm in his seat right at the edge of her periphery. She didn't take her eyes off the road while she pleased her boyfriend.

She applied her brake gently and used one hand to spin the steering wheel so she could make a hard left turn. Her hand slid down to his tip and she cradled him against her palm while her fingertips tried to tease around the edge of his skin. She found the spot just under the head of his cock and started rubbing him with little circles. He exhaled, and she could tell he was quietly breathing harder.

The new street she was on wasn't too busy with traffic, and she picked up speed to reach the posted limit. She kept rubbing him like a worry stone until she decided to change it up. Her hand went back down, and this time she stopped at his base and let her fingertips explore him all over. Whenever they were together, she'd get a literal face full of his dick, but so far she'd not managed to just give him a pure handjob. Not having the luxury of using her eyes made her so much more aware of all the little details she'd have otherwise overlooked with her eyes. Her fingertips were teaching her all sorts of things.

She continued her education with her fingers by finding every vein and fleshy feature he had. The squishy ring that encircled the middle of his dick was full of blood and she teased that, too. Brandon put his hand over her wrist and urged her gently to stroke him slowly. Monica complied and made a happy hum at him as she flicked her gaze up to her rearview mirror. A big shipping truck was changing lanes behind her. The driver caught her notice through the windshield. A chubby man with coke bottle glasses. The next red light was just up ahead of her.

There was a loud crash followed by two car sirens and the blaring of horns. Brandon was now going soft in her hand with his hand gripping her wrist tight. Monica had stopped the car at the light when another vehicle had rear ended a Prius in the lane to their left.

"Oops." She said to no one in particular while looking out her window to examine the damage. Broken plastic from a Honda's headlight was spilled onto the road with the Prius' owner getting out and shouting at the driver of the Honda. The light turned green. "They should have been paying attention, huh?"

"Maybe we can wait until we're home?" She heard him ask, and his willy was now very much soft. She glanced over at him while she accelerated and began to creep through the light to leave the fender-bender behind them. He was still holding onto her hand tight while his other hand gripped the overhead handle. He looked spooked.

She laughed.

"Ok, baby." She told him and focused on the road with her hand leaving his crotch for him to zip himself back up.

When they got home she was full of energy and he was fully recovered from the earlier spook. He was so recovered in fact that he was hugging her tight from behind as she tried to shut the door behind them to lock it.

"I love you." He told her from over her shoulder, and she giggled like she was ten years younger, then turned the deadbolt.

"I know, baby." She replied and twisted herself around in his arms until they were face to face. The wolf clamped her mouth over his and she grinned through their kiss as his hands found her rump. The kiss was broken, and she reached low to shove her four fingers into the front of his waistband. With that as her handle she tugged him into the living room.

"What do you want to do?" He asked as she let him go and started hunting for the remote. She let her tail swish behind her as she started hunting for her music. She found something pleasant to play and turned the volume up.

"I want you to seduce me." She told him and stepped up to him with a fresh new idea. Her arms snaked around his middle and she pressed herself close to him. Without a word she buried her head under his chin. He

awkwardly reached around her to hug, and then she started swaying back and forth.

"We're already dating." He told her.

"Seduce me anyway." She replied and kept rocking their bodies slowly back and forth before letting one foot take a step. Awkwardly he followed her footsteps until they were dancing terribly to a song that didn't match their waltz.

"I don't know how to dance, Monica." He whispered and hugged her tighter. She laughed quietly and rubbed her cheek against him.

"Neither do I." She told him, and together they danced like it was prom night. The song ended and switch to the next one in the list, and it was a tune with a slower tempo that better matched the motions of their ocean. She slipped both her hands into his back pockets and made sure they stayed there.

Brandon cradled her tight against his chest and grew bold. She felt one of his hands slip between her shoulder blades until he was fumbling around in search of something. He found it, and then there was a silent click against the fur of her back. Her breasts relaxed against her boyfriend's chest as the tension from the shoulder straps quickly faded away.

"I love my baby." She whispered and flexed her fingers against his backside. He had a cute butt that didn't need seeing to be believed. She could feel it.

"My angel." He hugged her and she blushed and rubbed her cheek against his neck until her chin was resting over his shoulder.

"I don't have wings, Brandon." She pointed out.

"I'm glad." he whispered and squeezed her even tighter. "Wings would be really hard to draw."

She started laughing!

"Brandon!" He pulled one hand from a back pocket and gave him a light swat on his butt.

"It's true!" He told her and didn't stop hugging her. Monica pulled herself away and drew both hands up to his cheeks to cradle his face.

"Are you hungry?" She asked him.

He shrugged his shoulders with uncertainty.

"Kinda, I guess?" He told her from between the tight grip she had on his cheeks. She freed him and reached down to her jeans and undid the button. She wore a mischievous grin while she started unzipping without ever

letting her eyes wander from his. It suddenly dawned on him that she wasn't asking if he wanted her to cook him dinner.

"Oh!" He signaled his understanding, which was paired with a flush just under his furry cheeks.

"Yes, baby, 'oh'." She replied, and then scooted her pants down over her hips. He stopped her by darting out with his hands to take her by the wrists. He pulled her hands away and knelt in front of her as he took a grip of her pants on his own. She was looking down with delight as he yanked her jeans down below her knees, then stopped.

She was watching him look up at her crotch. There would have been a noticeable damp spot in her panties. Monica opened her mouth for a silent gasp as her boyfriend wrapped both arms around her legs and planted her lips over her mound. She caught his shoulders with her hands and felt him kiss and licking at panties just over her pussy.

"You can take those off, you know?" She reminded him, but he didn't acknowledge her. He was getting her soaked just with his spit as he was making out with her down there.

She let go of his shoulders with a hand and grabbed onto one of his ears. He looked up at her, and she saw him smile at the same time as his tongue drug its way over her fabric covered lips. She felt him reach a hand up the back of her legs until fingertips danced across the edge of her underwear.

As her boyfriend fished his fingers under her thong and into her slit she had to take both his ears in her hands to keep herself stable. With a pair of lips at her clit and fingers digging in her she was beginning to breathe faster with knees feeling all the tingles.

"Baby." She said, and he looked up at her. She was in love with those eyes. He twisted his hand around she felt him hook his fingers to plant them where she'd shown him once before. The quick study that was Brandon instantly touched in just the right spot and her right leg shook briefly before she got it under control again.

"Baby!" She exhaled and tightened her grip on his ears. "I should be sitting."

He kissed her over her clit hard in reply and started rubbing inside her in tight little circles just like she'd taught him. Her breathing got heavier, and she had to lean a bit of her weight onto him so keep her balance as her legs naturally grew weak.

Monica was no slouch in bed. Her stamina was always great, and her being a bit rusty from her years spent single hadn't dulled how long her body could last. That was all assuming that her only worry was how to outlast her partner's fuse, of course. If her partner knew how to use their hands, they could break her down as quickly or as slowly as they wanted. Her last boyfriend managed to pull that off only two or three times.

Brandon's amateur touch was sending little lightning bolts of thrill through her spine as he somehow managed to score some beginner's luck. The first time he'd done this she'd slowly walked him through it until she helped him get herself off. They'd been playing with her pussy and clit together, and then she'd sucked his cock as a reward for being such a good student.

Now her pupil was beginning to make her legs tremble as she tried to keep herself upright. Brandon slipped himself from her folds and grabbed the back of her thong and using his teeth he nipped at the front. He tried to pull her thong down and against her better judgement she let go of his ears and grabbed the side straps and helped him free herself of her underwear.

He loosened his grip around her legs and let the thong drop. Before she could settle herself back into holding his ears, he dove back in with both his tongue and his fingers digging into her cunt. Brandon locked his arm back around her legs and her knees clapped together with her thighs pinching his snout between her thighs.

"Brandon!" She felt herself shaking from her knees up as she scrambled to keep her balance as a new wave of sensations echoed from her belly and up into her ears. Two fingers slithered through her folds and hooked sharply until his fingertips were again pressed against her pleasure spot.

Her jaw locked tight and she honestly tried not to scream as her orgasm hit her quicker than she was expecting. If it wasn't for the hands on his head and Brandon's firm stance, she'd have toppled both of them over. Her fluids were dribbled all down her thighs to collect around her knees. She opened her mouth at last to gasp and take in air.

"Jesus, Brandon!" She tried to pat him on the shoulder to make him stop. He was still eating her cunt out hard with his tongue running firm circles over her clit and nether lips. He was insatiable and her legs were turning full to jelly. She nearly fell right then and there, but the arms wrapping tightly around her legs squeezed harder and locked her upright.

"Baby!" She gasped again as his fingertips started matching the pace of his tongue with little circles of her gspot. The wolf's eyes were going crossed even as her eyelids fluttered nearly shut as the second orgasm built up in her loins like the Mississippi during a hurricane. It was coming and she was powerless to stop it as the rising tide threatened to breach the levees.

With a wet smack Brandon pulled his snout out from between her trembling thighs and looked up at her. He was smiling with an evil mischievous grin, and the thumb attached to his probing fingers rotated up and planted itself firmly against her clit, and then he started squeezing her with a crab's claw grip with rough circles.

"Brandon!" She shouted and bucked her hips against him as she was forced into her next climax. Her levee was shattered by the brute force of her



boyfriend's grip on her cunt and she squirted all over his hand and left a puddle to form on the carpet between her feet.

"Please!" She wailed as her fists clamped down painfully onto his ears. She was crying now with her eyes going crossed. She felt her face scrunching up into an O face she'd never felt herself do before. Somewhere behind the ringing in her ears she could hear her boyfriend laughing and panting below her with so much excitement.

The arm around her legs relaxed and she didn't even have the sobriety to try and catch herself. Brandon caught her instead and let her collapse against him. She was very carefully laid down onto her back where she was then treated to a dozen fervent kisses all over her face and neck as Brandon eagerly groped and felt her all over.

"Baby..." She panted before he clamped his mouth over hers. The sound of him undoing his pants was clear. A hasty zipper pull sang in her ears, and his body weight dropped heavily over hers as both his hands reached down to pull off his pants.

"I love you!" He told her after the kiss ended. His hot breath was washing over her and she bumped her cheek against his and nuzzled him.

"Baby!" She wrapped her hands around him. "Love my baby."

"Can I?" He panted against her with the weight of his large cock now resting over her stomach. Her heart jumped and she had to bite down on her lower lip. She wanted to kick herself that she had started the pill sooner. She didn't want to rush things and end up having an accident. Monica didn't want to have to put Brandon through an accident they weren't ready for.

"No, baby. Not yet. Too soon." She whimpered into the crook of his neck with genuine sorrow. She wanted him inside her so badly. His arms came up and he cradled her face in his hands. He kissed her again hard and after several long moments he broke the kiss.

She waited as he reached back down and grabbed her legs and spread them for himself. At first, she thought he was going to fuck her anyway, and that send a shiver of excitement through her body, but then her legs were pushed further up and she was left feeling confused. When he was doing moving her into place her knees were pressed to her chest with his cock firmly trapped between her thighs.

Now she understood what he was trying to do, and she slithered a hand of her own down her front to find the end of his cock. He was piping hot with young blood and rigid as she'd ever felt him.

"I love you, angel." He told her and started working his hips against her. She groped at his shoulder until he leaned down further so she could wrap her arm behind his neck. Monica buried her nose into his neck and ran her fingernails through his fur. His hips sped up until she was squeezing and flexing her thigh muscles to keep a firm hand like grip on his cock.

She wanted him to fuck her like this! He had strong legs and the sound his balls made as that slapped her ass was musical. Monica wanted her handsome man to make her his bitch! Damn the fucking pill! She bit her lip again and stifled her need for a cock stretching out her tunnel by distracted herself with both hands roaming across his body.

One hand found the base of his tail, which she grabbed and gently pulled to coax him onward. His panting was getting faster and heavier as her remaining hand found the back of his head. Wet pre was spilling in thin ropes over her stomach until it was beginning to pool and drip off her sides.

Of course, leave it to her to suddenly worry over making a mess of her living room. The sudden realization that when he came, and he most certainly would, it'd be ALL over the living room carpet! She didn't want to spend the rest of their day trying to clean cum off the floor!

"Brandon!" She said his name and grabbed the back of his neck. "Wait."

He kept thrusting between her thighs. She turned her head and looked at his face. His eyes were rolling back as his orgasm built up within him just like hers had earlier. Quickly, she let go of his tail and patted him on the cheek. Her boyfriend snapped out of it and looked at her even as his hips kept moving like a piston in an engine.

"Roll over!" She told him, and he reluctantly stopped, and she pushed up against him and together they rolled and switched places. She had to scramble to turn around on top of him until she was face to face with his twitching and drooling member. The veins were bulging with blood and a steady stream of thin pre was dribbling from his tip. He was so close that she could tell just by looking!

Monica swung one leg over his head and was straddling him. His arms wrapped around her and took two big handfuls of her ass. With both their minds thoroughly in the gutter they each went down at the same time. His lips kissed hers with his broad tongue lapping once again at her petals. While that transpired her own mouth opened with a drop of drool falling from her lower lip as she pressed her mouth to his glans.

She wrapped one hand around his nuts and gently massaged them. They felt heavy and full in his tight sac. He was positively pent from all their foreplay, and the fun he had between her thighs. She spun her tongue in tight circles around his urethra and lapped up all the dribbling pre he was slowly spitting.

He was close, and his hands were fiercely clinging to her ass as he hungrily ate her cunt. She was being made to pant over his cock as he slowly worked back up to a climax. She squirmed and rolled her hips over his face while he dined and started pumped her free hand up and down his shaft.

With a firm squeeze on his dick she started at his base and drug her hand all the way up with her fingertips tightly pressed into the underbelly of

his cock. A fat glob of messy precum oozed from his tip and she drank it down before enveloping his head in her mouth.

"Angel." He gasped behind her and his legs were twitching. She rolled her mouth around his head and a rope of pre shot against the roof of her mouth. She swallowed and popped off him. She wasn't going to make him wait any longer.

"Baby, stop." She said and when he didn't stop eating her out, she lifted her rump and looked over her shoulder. "Stop! It's your turn, baby. Let me work."

He stopped, and she could hear him panting heavily beneath her. His hands were massaging her ass cheeks and she wiggled her rump for him. She went back to kissing his cock and with a hand slowly stroking him up and down. His balls were drawn up tight in her hand. Absolutely ready to burst. They just needed her help to push them over the edge and down into her gullet.

Once more into the breach she went. Her mouth opened wide and she engulfed him, but this time she wasn't planning on stopping with just the head of his cock. No, instead she was well practiced in touching his nose to his nuts. As her head descended down his pole she swallowed and clenched her eyes shut until beads of tears formed at the corners of her eyes from the effort. Her girthy boy was a challenge to deep throat, but this wasn't the first time she'd done it.

She slid the hand cradling his balls around behind his sac, so she was cupping them. Her nose booped into his nuts and she tried taking a deep breath through her nose, but it was a struggle. She managed it anyway and found his masculine aroma and the subtle hint of his shampoo filling her sinuses and she moaned over his cock.

Brandon's hands were now clutching her ass with a sense of desperation. She forced her eyes open and backed her head off his dick about half way. A few inches of dick were all that remained outside her mouth and she forced her head back down with a side to side swivel motion of her head. The entire time she could feel his impressive girth stretch and strain her neck until she again bumped her nose against his balls.

"Monica!" He shouted and his hands started moving. One caught her by the base of her tail. She hiked her tail high and lifted her ass like she was ready to be mounted. Her tail was becoming a weakness for her and she was dripping wet at the mere thought of him yanking her tail up and cramming every fat inch of himself into her cunt. That's what her future husband was going to be doing to her, and she was going to teach Brandon how it was done! God, hurry up you stupid pill!

She surprised herself with a squeal when his other hand found the back of her head. He started, very briefly, by running his fingers through her hair. Then he grabbed a tight handful of it and pressed her roughly into her crotch. She gagged and swallowed around his dick and she let instinct kick in. She pulled back her head until she was pushing against his hand,

then he pushed her back down. His hips were rocking upward and soon enough the erratic rhythm between them came into proper sync.

Together they worked in tandem to aid the young man in breeding her throat good and proper. He yanked up on her tail and jerked his hips up. She gagged and felt his balls beginning to twitch in her hand. A moment passed, then her love shouted her name again and bucked his hips again into her mouth. His ass left the floor while the hand at her head roughly shoved her nose into his now shuddering ball sac. When his nuts started squeezing out his load, she felt it vibrate through her palm.

The rapid twitching of his nuts was followed by the familiar expansion of his cock as his cum shot its way through him. The belly of his dick stretched her throat and her eyes fluttered as the air in her lungs was beginning to run thin. He erupted deep in her neck and the hot sensation of cum filling her belly rose up high in her senses. His hand never left her hair as he forced her to take each and every angry rope of cum he had to give her.

He was so pent up! She was started to choke for air and soon enough her eyes were rolling back with the remains of her makeup drooling down her cheeks to leave black stains of mascara on her ivory fur.

But her boyfriend was a wonderful young man that seemed to always remember when he was supposed to pull her off him. With his hands still firmly gripping a thick wad of her hair he yanked her head back and she felt, in the dim light of awareness as unconsciousness threatened to take her, his cock pulling at her throat as it slid free.

With a wet pop his erection escaped her mouth and she coughed up several ounces of cum that hadn't yet managed to make it to her stomach. Cum pooled over his crotch just above his dick and his hands relaxed on her head and tail. Monica went limp and dropped her cheek to his groin and her face began to soak up the stray ounces of jizz with her fur. As she caught her breath she didn't care about appearances and simply rubbed her face into his crotch and cock and let his cum coat her face thoroughly. Better on her face than the carpet!

"Baby." She whined and let her hips settle down of him. He was rubbing her ass gently now and his lips leaving tender kisses on her pussy lips. He was such a good boy. She turned her head and looked up at the still stiff cock that was standing upright with the help of her face. Her muzzle was helping to prop it up in the air as cum continued to slowly drool down his shaft until it reached her face.

She loved how he never went soft quickly. This was going to be so much fun once they started having real sex. He could fuck her good and then lay on top of her like he owned her. She'd love feeling his dick sit still in her pussy as he throbbed out the last of his orgasm. This would be so much nicer than a partner that went limp as soon as he blew his load.

"I love you, Monica." He said from behind her. She hummed a happy reply and started rocking her head side to side to rub herself against his

dick. After several minutes of them quietly laying on the floor he finally spoke up again.

"Do you want me to carry you to the shower?" He asked her. She hummed another happily reply, that yes, she did. After that she was treated to a very affectionate boyfriend gently crawling out from under her to pick her up like she was a bride being carried across the threshold. She was way past worrying about the stray cum stains on the carpet. She had a light beige carpet so it probably wouldn't show that bad anyway.

Once in the shower they took turns washing each clean of all the evidence of their lovemaking, and the entire time Brandon was struggling to contain himself. She knew he wanted to grab her again and do all kinds of filthy things to his woman. Her own engine was purring hot the entire time. He made her feel so wanted and desired that it was almost intoxicating, but they couldn't very well have sex all day. His dick was still hard, and her stroking him clean with soap and water only got him rock hard like he was still a virgin at the edge of her bed. It made her heart race that this big dick of his just didn't want to quit. She'd never tried to find out if he could go a second round, but clearly, he had the stamina to!

"Let me finish with cold water." He told her and kissed her on the lips. She wrapped her arms around his middle and wiggled her body against his.

"Ok, baby. Be thinking about what you want to eat tonight. Give me some good ideas." She told him and planted a kiss on him. Once he told her he'd think hard about what to eat she backed off and stepped out of the stall.

Now free of the shower she took a fresh towel and dried herself off as best as she could, then stepped out naked into the living room to stomp paper towels over all the visible cum stains on her living room floor. Good enough. She'd never cooked naked before, but something felt very kinky about it.

Instead she went to her closet and pulled out one of her chef's jackets and pulled it on like it was a bath robe. Then, barefoot and naked save her jacket, she rummaged through her kitchen to see what sort of dishes she could whip up. Brandon later emerged with a towel around his waist asking if she had anything to make a stir fry with.

"I can make fried rice, baby. With a random combination of ingredients!" She told him with hands at her hips. He looked her up and down with a happy smile at the sight of her naked with her chef's jacket left open down the front.

"Please don't fry anything with your jacket open." He told her, and she started buttoning her jacket. Perhaps he was right.

"Sit at the counter and watch me cook your dinner." She told him, and he sat at the island and watched as she cooked for him. They said the way to a man's heart was through his stomach but considering how their day went

it was more the other way around. She could certainly feel her own dinner sitting nice and warm in her stomach.

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