

Walking up the familiar steps, Monica held her boyfriend's hand tightly in hers, letting the memories of their first time here wash across her. This would be their second trip to the San Fernando Museum of the Arts, and she'd purchased two tickets for them online so they could enjoy an extra special date. The tall, professional wolf wanted to make today an extra special day, since it was now their four-month anniversary.

It honestly didn't feel like it'd been four months, it felt like it'd been much longer! Time was flowing strangely for them both with so much happening in their lives. There had been a constant flurry of activity between her running The Fine Rind, which was her restaurant, and Brandon getting through his classes. The drama of their relationship from the beginning and them working out how they could spend time with each other while also fulfilling their other responsibilities.

And their families! Oh, Monica had a hell of time trying to stop her father from cracking jokes about his daughter robbing the cradle due to how much older she was than her boyfriend, and then there was her older brother Austin being a terrible tease.

Brandon insisted his family was ok with him dating her, but she suspected he was dealing with drama behind the scenes just like she was. They'd both met each other's family now, and those meetings went very well on the surface but they'd only been together for four months, after all. To the two of them it felt like a lifetime, but to the outside world it hadn't been that long. She wondered what everyone else was really thinking about this unlikely pairing of people.

"Do you know what kind of exhibits they're hosting?" He asked as they showed their tickets to the door staff.

"Nope! It'll be a surprise."

"Think they still have that painting of the horny tree?" He asked her, the two of them now walking through the lobby.

She wasn't sure what he meant by 'horny tree' and told him as much. When he explained that it was the painting she'd seen at the student exhibition where the tree had breasts and a vagina she laughed. She did remember that one.

"Oh, I hope not. I'd like to see something more classical and traditional."

She pulled him in closer and hooked her arm in with his before clasping hands again. Prompting him to pick a direction, the donkey pulled her to the right and they started off down the east wing of the museum which led to a long hallway filled with statues. Each was protected by a red rope barrier, but you could still see them quite clearly.

"I think they had these here before." He mentioned, and she agreed. Many of them seemed familiar.

They took their time in the museum, since she'd driven them there early enough that she wasn't worried they'd miss their reservation. The two of them explored the remainder of the east wing, then found themselves in the same room where the senior exhibition had been months ago. It was now filled with a fresh set of artworks from Japan.

Brandon seemed to take a lot of interest in this with him pulling his arm away from her so he could pull out his phone and take pictures. As she watched him enjoy himself, a smile creeping wider across his face, she smiled to herself. This gave her a chance to watch him, enjoy him, appreciate him. He was a lot younger than her, had a pep in his step that she no longer had despite only being in her early thirties.

She loved him.

"These are real woodblock prints! I wonder if their originals, oh! They have The Great Wave off Kanagawa!" He was so animated as he admired the art. The one he was looking at now was of a big tidal wave, illustrated in the Japanese style she'd grown familiar with by eating at sushi places.

"They're very nice!" She agreed, stepping up to him and putting her arm around his back to lean in close.

"These were made with carvings. They carve the image on a piece of wood then paint it with ink so they could stamp it on paper. One of the earliest examples of artists mass producing their work." He explained.

She let him have his fun, tagging along behind him as they continued their way through the exhibit. When they'd finished the east wing, she pulled him away and back past the statues they went to investigate what else the museum had to offer them today. It was a lot of fun with the wolf enjoying herself vicariously through her boyfriend. She'd done well picking this date out, and she was almost feeling smug about it.

When it came time to leave her phone started buzzing. She'd set an alarm to remind her when they needed to head out so they wouldn't miss the reservation. She'd called two weeks ago to schedule it, since the place she wanted to go to was often busy on Friday evenings. It was a very nice restaurant on the boardwalk that mostly served seafood. Very fine dining, certainly more so than The Fine Rind.

In fact, she had to make sure Brandon was dressed the part. He didn't own much as a college student, but she helped him by finding a nice button-down shirt that went well with his best pair of dress khakis. She bought the shirt for him and a belt she thought would match well, then tore the tags off them before gifting them to him so he wouldn't know how much she'd spent at the mall on him.

He was going to scold her enough as it was when he saw the menu. Brandon was smart enough to know how expensive a restaurant was when they didn't put prices on the menu.

Looking at him in the parking lot as they made their way back to her car put more smiles on her face. She thought he looked nice in his new black pinstripe button-down, and she was certain he thought she looked nice, too. Since he was wearing black over his brown fur, she decided to dress in white over her own ivory coat. Her white capris went marvelously with her eggshell blouse, the short sleeves ending in lace. She left a few buttons undone so her push up bra could make her cleavage stand out more. She was a very fine looking canine that her boyfriend could show off.

Looking at the clock as she cranked her car left her feeling relieved, since they wouldn't be late for the reservation. She'd not told him where they were going yet, so when they arrived at the Imperial Palace, he didn't know what to expect. Monica drove them to the front entrance where a pair of valet boys opened their doors, leaving Brandon confused as to what to do. She told him to hop out so they can park the car for them.

She left the keys in the ignition and thanked the valet as she walked around the car to hook her arm in with Brandon's. Tugging him along she leaned in to plant a kiss on his cheek.

"I'm treating you good tonight." She whispered.

"You treat me good every night." He reminded her.

"Extra good this time."

The Imperial Palace was a Japanese restaurant whose exterior was a replica of the traditional Japanese pagoda. The building appeared to have four floors, but only the first two were real so far as she knew. Once you stepped inside you had the option of first or second floor seating with the second floor being exclusively table dining whereas the first-floor featured tables, sushi bars, and hibachi grills.

Her reservation would have their table on the second floor, which is where the hostess led them after she gave her name. The interior was beautiful, and Brandon seemed to be especially enamored with it. It had been a coincidence that the museum had a Japanese art exhibit, but Monica wasn't complaining about her stroke of good luck.

"This place is cool." He told her quietly, the donkey seeming to take note of the professional and classy atmosphere.

They were brought to their small table for two where a waiter pulled their chairs out for them before they each sat. The menus were already on the table for them, each bound in leather with a third menu sitting upright in the middle with a list of drinks available.

“Order whatever you want, baby. It’s our anniversary.” She reminded him and opened her menu. She watched as he did the same, him cautiously flipping through the laminated pages with some confusion.

“I don’t know what most of this is.” He admitted.

“What kind of Asian food do you know you like?” She asked.

“Ramen noodles. Rice.” He told her, and she fought to suppress her grin. Rice and noodles.

She thumbed the page over, skipping past the sushi options and skimmed the ‘rice and noodles’. This restaurant was very high class and high dollar, but even with a menu like this they had familiar dishes you’d see at cheaper venues. They had some options for fried rice it seemed, and plenty of noodle dishes. She could recommend some of the Udon, maybe?

Brandon did tend to eat a lot of salads, but that was because he was afraid of ordering anything expensive. Maybe she could order them some edamame as an appetizer. That’d be nice, she hadn’t had that in a long while.

“Udon is good, it’s the noodle soups with the really thick noodles. It’ll come with a lot of fresh ingredients mixed in. It’s not like top ramen.”

“I think I’ve seen pictures of that before. I don’t know if I’m brave enough for that.” He admitted.

“They do have fried rice.” She pointed out with a smile, but he shrugged.

“Wouldn’t it be weird to order that at a place this nice?”

She grinned again.

“No, baby. It’s on their menu. I’m sure people order it all the time.” She replied just before their waiter arrived, bringing with him a small cup of onion soup for each of them. The soup was simple, but at the Imperial Palace it was richly done. They didn’t skimp on the quality or quantity of the mushrooms, and the onions were always very fresh in her opinion. It was such a simple dish, very flavorful, but never enough to fill your belly. Perfect to keep your taste buds occupied while you waited for your main course.

“What might I bring the two of you to drink?” Their waiter asked.

“Ice water for me, please. Do you serve Black and Gold here? I didn’t think to check your menu.” Monica started.

“Yes, ma’am, we serve Black & Gold. Would you like a small or a large for the two of you?” he asked.

“Can I have the option of just buying the bottle?”

“Of course! That won’t be a problem. And you, sir?” He asked, turning to Brandon.

“Um, water please. With some lemon.” He replied, and the waiter nodded.

“I can get those for you now, unless you already know what you would like to order? An appetizer, perhaps?”

“The edamame please,” she said, then turned the menu by a page and saw a small photo of little fried balls of bread. “And an order of the Takoyaki please.”

“Of course, I’ll bring that out to you shortly, ma’am, sir.” He said, nodding politely to each of them before departing.

Brandon flipped through his menu again but didn’t look sure of himself.

“Just order the fried rice, baby, I’m sure it’s very good.”

“You sure?” He asked, looking back up at her. She lifted her two fingers up to press against her lips, then blew him a silent kiss.

“I’m sure.” She smiled, and he hid a small grin as he looked back down at the menu. She’d already decided what she wanted before they’d even arrived. It’d been months since she had good sushi.

Their waiter quickly returned with their glasses of water, and a brand-new bottle of Black & Gold sake, freshly opened and heated to a perfect temperature. She waited to see if their waiter would ask for Brandon’s age, but he didn’t. Instead, he served them both up two small cups of piping hot sake before asking if they were ready to order their entrees.

“You ready?” She asked her partner, and he shrugged and agreed that he guessed he was.

They each placed their orders with their waiter promising to return with their appetizers soon. She picked up one of the small serving cups of sake and offered it to Brandon before taking up one for herself. Before he could take a sip, she gestured to him to raise his glass, and they tapped them together with a dull thunk of clay.

The young man took a sip, and she watched his expression with amusement.

“I think it just cleaned my teeth.” He told her, and she laughed, sipping her own and savoring the flavor and enjoying the sensation of sake burning in her mouth before finally swallowing it down, her tongue licking her teeth to test how well the alcohol had cleansed them.

"It's nothing like beer, Brandon." She replied.

Their appetizers arrived and she had to show him how to properly eat edamame from the shells. He seemed to enjoy the flavor, but not so much the effort it took to eat it. Now, the Takoyaki? He enjoyed that a lot more, since to him it was just a hushpuppy with meat cooked inside it. She laughed when she pointed out that he was eating octopus, the face he'd made was too cute!

She talked him through the trauma and helped him eat the rest of their appetizers, her not even concerned with their entrees since she was confident in her abilities to put away good sushi, and if Brandon couldn't finish his they could take it home. Leftover fried rice would serve as a great foundation to whip up a fresher dish the next day, since she was a professional chef after all.

The wolf was already wondering if she could make sushi with leftover fried rice... Or a rice ball? She didn't think the rice would stick together properly for either of those. Maybe she could just stir fry some fresh veggies along with some chopped chicken and toss it in with the leftovers to liven it up.

When their entrees arrived Brandon looked pleased with what was being sat in front of him. The simple dish was chock full of delicious protein, fresh scrambled eggs, and a half dozen veggies like carrot and bean sprouts. Her own sushi was simply divine, and she refused to eat a single bite until Brandon agreed to try one himself.

He didn't like it, his face revealed that instantly. She didn't need to ask. Sushi was unique and not for everyone and the texture and flavor of raw salmon most likely didn't appeal to his taste. She'd ordered a combination plate of different types of nigiri and uramaki that she got to pick from a list.

Brandon might not have liked it, but she found it delicious. She'd always wanted to include more Asian fare to The Fine Rind's menu but could never justify the penalty of overcomplicating her menu, or hiring a sushi chef. A trained professional was not cheap and there were so many sushi places in her area that she'd be wasting money trying to fight her way into that market.

"Thank you for dinner." He told her, and she immediately knew he was feeling pangs of guilt for letting her take him here.

"You're welcome, baby. I love you." She reassured him, crossing her legs under the table and sticking out the topmost leg. Her foot found him, and she rubbed at the side of his knee.

"I love you, too, angel." He sounded so bashful. Her boyfriend really was a shy type when it came to letting a woman treat him nice. Such a man.

She smiled and uncrossed her legs, then purposely reached out with both feet to grab him around one of his ankles. As soon as she did, she felt him close his legs together, catching one of her ankles between his own. Now they had each other trapped. There wasn't even a table cloth to hide their foolishness, but she didn't care.

When they'd both finished their dinner, their waiter bringing the check without needing to be asked, him dropping a casual request if they'd be interested in any dessert, which neither of them were. He'd dropped the cheque next to her, which didn't go unnoticed to her. It must have been very clear who had the money between the two of them with how they both dressed. She should wait a few weeks and take Brandon out to the mall and slyly get him to try on a few things.

She paid for their meal, and after letting Brandon hook his arm in with hers, she let him walk her out of the restaurant. Monica planted a peck on his cheek as they made their exit, the evening finally having arrived with the sun now but a memory. The night air was crisp and pleasant as they waited for the valet to fetch her car. She was going to tip the valet, but Brandon insisted that she let him, and she allowed it, putting her purse away as Brandon opened his own wallet and handed the gentleman what looked like a ten dollar bill.

Once back inside the car she asked him where he wanted to go, and he just gave her a look that told her plenty. 'You have more planned?', was the look, and she laughed, and asked if he would like to stay the night. Of course, he did, his hand reaching over to grab at her hand. She drove with her left hand so she could hold him with her right.

She wasn't left-handed so driving was a bit of a challenge, but she endured it for him, eventually pulling into her complex's parking lot after several minutes of her making small talk with Brandon about his classes. She enjoyed listening to his updates about his art assignments, especially since she was a part of some of them. She'd modeled for him many times now, and she enjoyed seeing him find creative ways to show off his girlfriend through his art.

With the car parked she walked him home, the excitement of the evening laying bare before them as she dropped her purse by the door and kicked off her shoes, inviting Brandon to do the same. She teased him a bit with hugs and kisses, the young man responding well to it and placing his hands on her backside as she cuddled with him in the middle of her living room.

It reminded her of when they danced to music, and she asked him if he wanted to try dancing with her again.

Their evening was so warm, with Monica turning on some music and letting the two of them do their best impression of dancing. Their footwork hadn't gotten any better, but maybe they could take lessons one day. In the meantime, they did a slow waltz, looking into each other's eyes, Monica at last leaning in to kiss him on the neck before revealing that if he wanted to go the whole way with her tonight, then they could do that.

His demeanor shifted, but it wasn't in a bad way. He seemed excited, her feeling the energy from him with his every touch. He was getting more and more handsy with her ass until she finally had to reach up to unbutton the top of his shirt, dipping her head down to plant a kiss on his exposed chest.

When she came up his hands had left her backside and were now at her blouse, finding her bottom button and undoing it. She reached to her top button and started undoing them until they met in the middle, her boyfriend pushing her blouse aside to expose her cup clad breasts, his head diving between her mounds, his hands reaching around behind her back while she took hold of his shoulders.

He fumbled unskilled with the clasps of her bra but managed to unhook it before she had to do it herself. She shook herself, helping her tits fall free of their prison, then dropped her arms and let both items fall to the floor. Brandon was kissing at her breasts now, her heartbeat strumming away like a quick tune from a bass guitar.

"Baby, I love you." She whispered, and he answered her by lifting his head up from her breasts and pressing his lips to hers. He was getting more confident and bolder with her in private, and she loved it. His hands took her by the wrists, and he lifted them, placing them over his shoulders as he knelt down in front of her.

She watched as he snapped the button on her pants, then carefully undid the zipper, his hands roaming her legs then to tug at the fabric, pulling them down with the help of a wiggle of her hips. She wore a thong today, and as he finished pulling her pants down, he leaned in and grabbed the top of her thong with his teeth and tried tugging them down.

He was so excited that he was fumbling his efforts, so she reached over and hooked her thumbs under the side straps and tossed the pair down to join the pants around her ankles. She wiggled her feet, Brandon helping to free her from the last of her clothing, and then at last she stood bare ass naked before her still fully clad boyfriend.

She felt left out, so she pounced on him, as he was still kneeling down in front of her. She pushed at his shoulders, knocking him backwards and as he lay still on his back she yanked his shirt up, pulling it over his head as he lifted his arms. When he was free, he pulled her into a hug, squeezing her tight, their lips meeting and mauling each other as the energy of their foreplay escalated closer and closer to the inevitable union of two lovers.

The wolfess broke free of his embrace, hands drifted low to his pants so she could pull them off him, and as she did so his cock sprung free and fully erect. His dick didn't need any fluffing, he was already dripping clear pre from his tip. As Brandon wiggled his feet from his pant legs Monica went down on him, one hand stroking his cock while the other found purchase on her cunt.



She worked them both, making sure her pussy was sopping wet and ready for this monster cock her sweet donkey boy was going to give her. Monica had made them both wait so long for this day, trying to go slow, trying to make sure everything was right, and making sure her birth control was locked in and working. Seeing how virile the men were in his family with their twins and triplets had left her instantly worried of an unplanned pregnancy, and not knowing what she'd do if an accident like that happened before they were ready.

But now was the time, Monica dragging her tongue up his shaft and popping his whole head into her mouth so she could suckle and nurse on him. She'd come to love the unique flavor of his cum, something she'd never expected to do with a man, but here she was, loving every second of Brandon's scent and taste.

"I love you." He panted, her eyes looking up at him to bat their lashes. She played it up, relishing in the control she had over him as she made oral love to his dick. It'd been so long since she'd had a cock in her pussy that Monica knew he was going to 'wreck' her. Just thinking about what he had the power to do to her left her feeling dirty.

But it was a good kind of dirty, the kind of down and dirty feeling you get when you're full of passion without a care in the world. They'd taken their time, had done everything right, and she'd made sure no condom was needed. She was going to pop her boy's cherry tonight and find out for herself what it felt like to be Miller family wife.

Popping off his cock she crawled up his body, kissing him, his arms wrapping around her middle to pull her in close. She needed him, needed to feel his throbbing erect pump quietly between their stomachs, but her cunt was aching for real release, it needed to be filled.

"I'm ready for you, baby." She whispered hotly in her ear. He was nervous, felt nervous, so much pent-up energy wound tight in his body.

"Here? Or?" he asked, she was uncertain if he was stalling or sincere.

"Wherever you want to take me, baby. I don't mind." She kissed him again.

When he rolled them both over, she instinctively spread her legs for him, expecting to feel the sweet satisfaction of his cock filling her passage, but he had her fooled. He pulled her upright, then grabbed her under the ass to stand them both up until he was just barely carrying her to the bedroom. His display for manhood both amused and aroused her as he dropped her on the bed before telling her to scoot further in.

He climbed up after her, the excitement she felt bringing her back to her teenage years when she felt love for the first time. His cock swung under his as he crawled after her, Monica stopping in the middle of the bed and waited for him to come to her. He stopped short, dipping his head between her legs, and laying himself down on his belly to kiss at her lips.

She ran her hands through his short hair and massaged his scalp as he took his turn to taste between her legs. She exhaled hard, almost moaning, as her tender lips were feasted upon. He'd learned how to eat her cunt about as well as she'd learned how to swallow his cock. The more he kissed and licked at her the more she needed to feel him inside her.

Monica wasn't playing coy today, no little feminine games of chase or bait and switches, she wanted him inside her! She grabbed his ears, rubbing and massaging them between her thumb and index finger just the way he liked. He pressed his lips to her clit and started suckling at the nub until she was a hair trigger away from popping. Brandon must have noticed, because he stopped right before she finished, a needy moan escaping her lips.

"Baby, baby." She moaned some more, the time now arriving for him to crawl over her, his cock brushing along her inner thigh. She felt him, then spread her legs, Brandon slipping between them and letting his dick lay across her stomach as he came in for another kiss on her lips.

She inhaled his tongue, giving him the most passionate kiss she could summon, her hands groping at his shoulders, his back, and down to his ass. This slim young body electrified her, making her feel so powerful that she'd been the one to catch this wonderful, talented man.

"Are you sure?" He asked, he sounded breathless. She quickly slid her hands behind his head and forced another kiss on him.

"Please." She replied, taking him by the ears again, affectionately rubbing and whispering to him that she wanted him, needed him, to please let her feel him.

The wolf could feel his heart beating hard in his chest as he grabbed his cock and angled it down, his huge length bumping against her body before his hips lifted, making the room required to line himself up with her.

Before he could do it, she looked him in the eyes, and kissed him gently, encouraging him with quiet words, finally feeling the blunt tip press against her sopping lips. She gasped at his first push, the excitement sending her over the edge, her body shivering from head to toe, her face breaking out in a happy smile she couldn't suppress.

He sank into her, Monica's ears perking upright as she listened to his noises, his initial gasp, then a moan, the deeper he sank into her pussy the louder he breathed, and the harder the older wolf was left panting.

Brandon was so big! He stretched her more and more, every glorious inch of him prying her open until she was breathless and helpless under him, her ears folding back as the pleasure and pain blended together. She was in submission to him, the young man collapsing over her body as soon as he tapped at her cervix, neither of them knowing how much was left to go.

She was in heaven, her chest heaving as she weathered the storm in her cunt, loving every second of finally having him inside her. After a few moments of him staying still she reached for his ass and squeezed, rocking her hips against his.

“Let me feel you, baby. Whatever you want to do, let me feel it.” She panted.

He kissed her neck in reply and wrapped his arms around her shoulders and held her tight. When he started thrusting, it was slow and gentle. His girthy prick tugged at her insides in ways she’d never felt before. No ex-boyfriend had ever left her feeling so full!

Then he pressed into her quickly, making both of them grunt. It sounded like he was gritting his teeth, his hips picking up speed as he rocked into her rapidly, each thrust pressing himself deeper and deeper into her, her hands gripped tight to his back.

“Oh, God!” She spat, grunting again, throwing her head to the side as he continued to quickly hammer into her, his breathing coming out fast through his nostrils as he hands gripped tighter and tighter to her, his whole body beginning to shiver and shake as he neared his peak. She knew he was close, he was too sensitive, and she was too tight, he couldn’t last much longer than this!

When he came, it erupted from him like a geyser, and for the first time she understood just how much he was pumping into her body. She always swallowed him to the hilt, taking every drop into her belly, but now he was flooding her passage to the brim, his body shuddering over hers as he grunted with exertion. She turned her head back and pulled him in tighter, cradling his head into her neck while wrapping her legs around him to keep him close and making sure his cock planted every drop into her cunt.

She flexed her kegels, squeezing at him as tightly as she could so every drop could be milked until the first gush of excess spilled out of her, squirting in thick sticky ropes to coat the bedspread and soak down through the sheets until it stopped at the ‘love proof’ mattress cover she’d bought for just this occasion.

When her lover was finished, his body went limp over hers, the donkey’s breathing coming quickly and deeply. They laid there quietly while she stroked his back and ran fingers through his hair. He may have been the one doing most of the work, but Monica felt tired, too. The sudden rush and exhilaration had really bitten a chunk out of her stamina.

“That was really cool.” He told her after a while, she’d have laughed if she’d not been so out of breath.

“Just ‘cool’, baby?” She teased him and felt him nod his head into the crook of her neck.

“Really really good.” He panted and lifted himself up just enough to pull her into a tight hug.

She let her body relax, letting her legs down as he cradled her against his chest. His cock was still hard, stretching out her insides. It took a lot of head to get his dick to soften, so she wondered how long he'd last now that she was giving him access to her pussy.

"We can go again if you'd like." She told him, scratching at one of his ears.

His reply came in the form of a kiss on the lips. They spent the next few minutes kissing while his hips slowly roused once more, rocking steadily into her body. The noise of his cock slowly pistoning in and out of her was wet and sticky, and she loved hearing it. When she felt his hands come to rest on her hips he was already thrusting into her just like her had before, the young man's chest draped over hers as his inexperienced body attempted to fuck her with everything it had.

She grabbed his shoulders and pushed him up.

"Let me flip over!" She told him, already squirming her body around. His cock slurped out of her, cum pouring out of her tunnel and over the ruined bed.

By the time she was on her hands and knees he was already behind her and lining his cock up. Without wasting any time, he crammed his dick back in her, forcing a grunt from her lips. His hands gripped her hips tight, and he started fucking her, long deep thrusts pounding away, his inexperience leaving his strokes wild and untrained.

"Baby!" She shouted, her eyes fluttering, the enormity of his dick sending her over the moon as he laid claim to every inch of her insides. Her arms were shaking, and with his next thrust she lost her balance and fell forward, falling and catching herself on her elbows with her boyfriend leaning over her ivory body, cock hilted deep in her cunt.

Oh, he was fucking her! It didn't matter that he was a virgin, he had his dick right where she wanted it, and his grip wasn't going anywhere! Every thrust of his hips felt harder and deeper than the last, knocking grunts and barks out of her. Her ears were folded back, and her tail was instinctively hiked high and brushing across his chest.

He was fucking her like a real canine, bending her over and making love to her like he owned her, and she knew it was true when he sent her over the edge, her cunt clamping down around him when she came. Her climax hit her so hard she fell from her elbows and landed on the bed with her cheek to the bedspread, hands clawing at the bedding as he clawed at her hips.

"Baby! More, make me your bitch!" She shouted; her mouth left open in a pant while her drool soaked into the bed.

"A-Angel!" He grunted, doubling over her back, his next thrust harder than the others, knocking the wind out of her and leaving her breathless and dizzy. When he landed on top of her she was

forced flat to her belly, the donkey pulling his knees up and hooking his hands over her love handles. When he renewed his thrusts, the entire bed was shaking.

Her wall was punished with a rough spanking from her poor headboard, which was left struggling, the wood creaking from where it was bolted to the bed frame. She heard something fall off her bedside table as their vigorous love making left the furniture rocking.

“God, Brandon!” She was going nuts, clawing harder at the bed as he pounded the hell out of her with so much energy she didn’t know where he was even getting it. A young man ten years her junior was showing off just how much difference there was in stamina between them.

She felt him kiss her on the back of the neck, his nostrils flaring as his breathing kicked up a notch, his hands leaving her love handles and finding purchase on her waist. Another deep thrust later and she was cumming again, the wolf going into full submission. Her toes were flexing and curling, eyes rolling back, her pussy squirting hard and soaking his balls.

He lasted only another thirty seconds, but it was the most intense half minute of her laugh as he pummeled her with everything he had left in the tank until at last his balls hiked up high and she felt his cock violently jerk inside her. Cum exploded from his tip, and the second round of seed finished what the first round started.

Monica swore she could feel his cum seeping deep into her belly, burying right down into her womb until the excess was spitting back out of her ruined cunt and over his balls.

Her voice was hoarse, and her body was limp. The only strength she had left was being used to cling desperately to the bed and to keep her tail lifted. He collapsed again on top of her, his body feeling twice as heavy now. With him draped over her she couldn’t move if she wanted to, but she was happy where she was. A minute of silence later and she could feel his cock beginning to soften, those two rounds being enough to satisfy her younger lover’s libido.

“I love you.” He panted, still sounding out of breath. He wrapped her in a hug and squeezed her tight. “I love you so much!”

“Baby.” She replied, panting herself. He found her hands with his, pulling them free of the bed before lacing his fingers in with hers. With a squeeze of his hands over hers she felt complete. All those years of being single and alone, the workaholic wolf never allowing any time for herself to grow outside of her business. Now she could try growing something else, something warm that’ll last her far longer than a cold brick and mortar business.

“I love you, too, baby.” She replied.