

The wolf girl quickly shut the front door behind her as she padded outside and towards the driveway. The tall stallion was waiting for her, popping open the driver's side door to step out to meet her. Stacy then came up to him and gave him the biggest of hugs. She felt butterflies in her stomach as she was then led around to the other side of his truck where he opened the door for her and helped inside.

When he climbed back into the driver's seat she scooted as close to him as her seatbelt would allow.

"So, where are we going today?" She asked him, today being another date.

"Was thinking we could swing by Sonic, then maybe afterward we could go driving. I think I know of a place we could hang out for a while before I have to take you home." Chad told her.

The wolf smiled brightly up at him.

"What sort of place is that?" She asked.

He smiled wryly in reply.

"You'll see." He told her.

This was their fifth official date. The butterflies in her stomach were still strong, and she was blushy feeling the entire time he drove them both to Sonic. He paid for her meal, and together they sat in his truck in the parking lot and ate. Chad was a bad boy, very fun, but she thought he had a lot more in him than he let on. Looks can be deceiving, and all those hours she spent tutoring him had shown her more sides to him than the stallion let on about in public.

He was actually quite sweet once you saw past his bad boy exterior. Chad didn't like letting that mask of his slide very often, always trying to keep up appearances, but she could see it. She spent too much time with him for her to not see it.

And sometimes she liked it when he wore the bad boy mask, or maybe not all of it was a mask. He was still a boy, after all, and boys like certain things. Like, Chad liked her a lot. He didn't at first, but he started warming up to her while she tutored him, and little by little she warmed up to him. She'd see those moments behind the mask and get a flutter in her chest, the butterflies, and then sometimes she'd see the typical boy in him, the raging hormones of a young man looking for a girl to get with.

It was a tug of war with her, Stacy not knowing what to do, or when to do it if she did.

At least, she hadn't known what to do until Louie pissed her off so bad she started complaining to Chad. As annoying and overprotective Louie had been acting, it was his fault that she finally got the courage to just tell Chad that she thought she was starting to like him, and then that led to Chad telling her that he thought he was liking her, too.

Not a whole lot happened quickly after that, but they did start texting more with each other, and then that led to things escalating, moving fast, like they'd been on roller coaster as it slowly lifted

them to the top, only to dump them down at high speed for a rush. As it turned out, Chad talks a lot more openly in text, like he can't work up the courage to say some things in person.

His attitude, his confidence, his bad boy persona rubbed off on her one day when they were texting. She was getting upset with him for being so shy and coy, keeping himself open in text only. She made him promise to tell her how he felt in person the next time she tutored him, and then he did. He told her, and for a moment that bad boy mask cracked a little, and she was left grinning ear to ear with so many butterflies in her heart than when she was home that evening, she did the unthinkable.

She texted him that she might be falling for him, and that if he promised to catch her then she'd give him presents forever. He must have thought she was being clever, because he promised he'd catch her one-handed like a pro. She then sent him the first of what would become many presents, a photo of herself she'd just taken. It was her holding up the front of her blouse, exposing her bra to the camera.

That changed the nature of their friendship. They weren't just saying that they thought they liked each other after that. Now, they were holding hands when they tutored and telling each other that they like liked each other. His bad boy mask wouldn't let him make it official, but she was giddy that she had accidentally gotten herself a tall, handsome boyfriend. She didn't know if she even wanted to confess it out loud either.

Chad was the bad boy, he had a reputation, and then she had her own reputation. No one would believe they were actually dating unless the whole school saw them walk down the hallway hand in hand smooching each other.

She remembered the first time he asked her what color underwear she was wearing. It wasn't by text, but in person when they were in tutoring. Both of them struggled to concentrate on the homework after that, with her giggling and him fighting to hide a smile. She told him she was wearing a white pair of panties and a pink bra. That evening she sent him another photo of her shirt pulled up. It was exciting!

He asked if he could see her panties, and then she bashfully pulled her pants down and took a photo of that, too. She was beat red, flushing pink, feeling like she was gonna die from embarrassment, but he loved the photos of her, and then dropped her jaw when he asked if she wanted to see what he was wearing.

She asked him if he was trying to send her a dick pic, but he promised it wasn't anything like that, but that she might see a lump in his underwear where a dick was supposed to be. She let him.

She was besides herself with embarrassment with a photo of Chad's jeans unsnapped and unzipped with a big lump in his boxers. She didn't know if he was hard or not, but it looked big, bigger than the drawing and pictures in sex ed class. She was a virgin, very innocent about sex outside of what was taught in class. It was all so new to her!

"So, you ready to head out?" Chad asked her, both of them now finished with their meal.

"Yep! So, where are you taking me?" She asked him again.

“You’ll see.” He told her again, smiling.

He cranked up and started driving them out of the parking lot. She had no idea where he was taking her this time, the roads weren’t familiar to her.

Chad had his hand resting on the stick shift, and she reached over and put hers over his. She felt it every time his hand moved to change gears, driving a manual like it was the easiest thing. Holding onto him, she felt the fluttering in her chest again. She liked being around him, especially now. Now things were very different. They felt more than boyfriend and girlfriend, they’d gone the distance with each other.

Because things didn’t stop with just her sending him a few pictures of her underwear, or Chad showing her his boxers. It kept going, his bad boy side coming out every time she knew he was horny. She got horny, too. It felt weird being horny, as it wasn’t something she’d really felt before. She never had anyone she felt that strongly about, so this was all so new, like an adrenaline rush every time things started to heat up between her and Chad.

She was the one to ask him if he wanted to see her without underwear. He did, and she bashfully showed him photos. Actual naked photos! She had to bury her face in her hands long after she’d sent them, terrified of what he’d say in reply, and when she finally checked, she gasped and let out so much held breath, breathing a sigh of relief when he told her she was the hottest girl he’d ever seen. That couldn’t be true! She wasn’t a pop star or movie star. She was too normal, but he still thought she was pretty and that made her heart sing.

Then he asked her if she wanted to see him naked, too. She about squealed herself to death, but she remained calm and collected even as her hand nervously jumped across the phone screen to tell him that she did.

She did squeal when he sent the photos. Her handsome boyfriend was so handsome! He looked like he could be in a boyband! And she’d finally seen a real man’s... A real man’s junk! It was right there! She’d never seen a man naked like this before, especially not a horse. He was just hanging out, his penis long and thick looking, but it was too floppy to be hard. She didn’t have the courage to pry or ask him dirty questions. She could only admire how hot he looked and tell him she thought he was the most handsome man ever.

The next time she tutored him after that she vowed she’d kiss him. That was almost a mistake, because once she started, she couldn’t stop. They kissed for half the tutoring session, hardly getting anything done at all. But she was happy, and he was, too. On the way home from school, he’d reached over and tugged her across the seat to sit next to him, and with a big grin he took her by one hand and put it over his crotch.

He told her “this is your fault, Stacy” with a laugh. He was stiff in his jeans, a big hot lump under her hand and she was grinning with this big dumb shy smile. It was electric, like a bolt of lightning had struck her and she was just awash with all these wonderful emotions.

After he dropped her off at her house, he must have gone home and touched himself, because he sent her a brand new photo of himself. His erection took up the whole height of the frame, long and

thick, stiff as a board! She felt like passing out looking at it, it was so... So incredible! She could never describe it words how it made her feel without sounding totally silly.

She touched herself to him that night, staring at all the photos of him that she had. It wasn't her first orgasm, but it was her first orgasm to a boy she knew. She had to then ask him over text if he'd ever touched himself to her photos. He told her that he hadn't, and she asked if he was lying.

"Maybe." He'd said.

She told him he was allowed, too, because she was touching herself to him. She had all his photos on her phone in a special folder. He was so handsome!

And then she got to see it in person on that fateful, special day.

"Oh, I know where this is!" She told him suddenly as they took a new road, the wolf now recognizing exactly where they were going.

"Yeah, but you probably haven't been to where I'm taking you." He replied.

This was the community recreation center where most of the town came for sporting events. She'd been here a lot of times, but never the way Chad had driven. The recreation center was a big outdoor place with a bunch of fields for all kinds of sports. When she'd been little she played one year of softball before she decided she didn't like sports, but for that year she was down here all summer. Most of the time she was just a visitor to watch someone else play.

Chad drove them into the recreation center, but instead of parking in the lot he kept driving, and found a dirt road that led off the beaten path and around the main property.

"Are we supposed to be going back here?" She asked him.

"It's not fenced off, and they don't have signs saying stop." He told her and kept driving.

She looked around at her surroundings with curiosity, watching as they left the recreation center behind and went deeper into a forested area. They kept going until the dirt road led off into a large gravel lot that looked like it might have been used for camping. There was one single tin roof awning with a picnic table under it, and a few old rusty looking grills planted in the ground with metal poles.

If this part of the center was still used it wasn't very often. She'd heard of people doing camping and cookout stuff, but never at the rec center.

"Uh huh." She replied.

"No one comes out here anymore because there's that new spot on the other side of the recreation center. And it's a Wednesday, so no one wants to be here on a school night except us two." He told her, then found a place to park.

He popped his door open, and she did as well, both of them climbing out, but Stacy was feeling unsure of what sort of date they were going to have out here. She had her suspicions, which were

making her feel warm and giddy. When she joined him in front of his truck, she grabbed him by the arm and hooked hers in with his.

“So, what are we going to do?” She asked.

“Gonna show you a quiet spot I found last year.” He told her, and together they began to walk.

He led her out of the gravel lot and into the grass. It didn’t look like this place got mowed very often, but it wasn’t too bad. Now that she was closer to everything, she could see the big metal grills weren’t that old or rusty, they could probably still be used if you scrubbed them clean with a brush. Chad kept them moving, until they found a big oak tree that stood by itself several feet from the tree line.

The campground was big, grassy, surrounded by trees, but someone must have felt bad for this big old tree and left it standing instead of cutting it down for more room.

Chad surprised her by stepping up to the tree trunk, and then unhooked his arm from hers. She didn’t know what he was doing when he laced his fingers together, lowering them down like he was making a step.

“What are you doing?” She asked, and then he jerked his head up for her to look up.

She looked up.

“Oh!” She gasped and saw that up above them was an old wooden tree house. She’d not seen it before with how thick the limbs and leaves were on the tree.

“Step. I’ll give you a boost.” He told.

“There’s no ladder! We’re not supposed to be here!” She fussed, but he assured her it was fine, he’d been up there before himself.

She thought about it, then lifted her foot and took a step into his hands. She kept herself steady with a hand on the tree as he boosted her high. The bottom of the treehouse was right overhead with a square cut out that used to be the entrance. She grabbed it, and with a little bit of struggle, Chad pushed up on the bottom of her feet until she was well over his head. Finally, she could crawl into the treehouse.

Leaves and broken limbs filled the small cube of wood. It didn’t have a roof and the wooden planks had that old soggy feel of timber that had been left to the elements for many years. It quietly creaked under her weight, but nothing felt like it was going to break. Chad was down below, crawling his way up the tree trunk until his head popped through the opening, then pulled himself up and in to join her.

The treehouse was obviously meant for kids, as two teenagers were already filling this place up.

Her heart was suddenly racing. This was a good hiding spot, much better than the back of Chad’s truck. Why, with them here, anything could happen, and no one would know!

“You’re being naughty again.” She teased him as he sat down next to her, using his hand to brush aside some of the twigs and sticks in his way.

“Why is that?” He asked.

“You’ve taken me to a hiding spot.” She said, scooting close to him.

“I think you like my hiding spots.” He told her back, then leaned over to start kissing her.

She let him and kissed him back. Kissing was so wonderful, so intimate. She was glad he brought her here now, sitting in a tree, K I S S I N G. When he put his hand on her chest she wasn’t upset with him, because she was already lifting her own hand to grab him. She push his hand to the right spot, right over her breast, felt him squeeze her gently though her shirt and bra.

He broke the kiss and told her to sit up on her knees, and she did. He started scooting over on his butt until the trunk of the tree, which was growing through a hole cut in the center of the treehouse, was behind him. He leaned his back against the tree, spreading his legs out.

“Sit.” He told her, gesturing now with his hands and she had to pull up her skirt so that she could sit in his lap.

He started kissing her again as soon as she’s settled into his lap, his strong hands grabbing her by the chest, groping her, as her own hands found his face and held him tight. She smiled into their kiss, happy that he was touching her, holding her in his lap. She didn’t stop him when he grabbed the bottom of her blouse and lifted it, in fact she started helping him.

She pulled off her shirt, and then reached back and unclipped her bra. She sat both down next them and then Chad was back to touching her, feeling her breasts in his hands, playing with her now stiffened nipples. He thought she was so pretty, and she was alight with excitement in his lap with a powerful warmth growing between her legs. Of her own accord she reached behind herself. She found the small button at the back of her skirt, then wiggled it loose.

Neither of them wanted her to move from his lap, so she pulled the skirt up, and together they helped work the skirt up her body so she could wiggle her arms through the hole. The skirt then joined her shirt and bra. All she had left was her panties, and they were back to kiss with her almost naked in Chad’s lap.

“So hot.” He told her, reaching behind to squeeze her butt.

“You’re very handsome.” She told him in reply.

She felt him cop two big feels of her rump, then tug. He lifted her up, Stacy helping by rising up onto her knees until he’d pulled her to his chest. Her stomach and breasts were in his face now, and she was cradling her to him, hands roaming her backside.

“Can you take yourself out?” She asked him.

“You bet.” He replied, and his hands left her backside.

She listened as he fumbled with his jeans, hearing the snap of a button, then the pull of a zipper. He had to shift and squirm a bit to wiggle his pants down enough to free himself. When he did, she touched her hands to the tree and pushed away. Stacy looked down, saw Chad stroking his growing dick with his hand, his length quickly swelling stiffer and stiffer until he was standing completely erect like a flagpole. His plump flare was at the end of his dick, and she bit her lower lip looking at it.

Never would she have thought horse boys would get her so... She felt so on fire watching him! She was a wolf, so she always used to imagine other wolves, or maybe another kind of cute dog. She'd thought one day she'd have a husband with a knot, and they be tied together intimately every time they made love. Now she looked down at that flare, knowing it would grow big and fat like any canine's knot. It was a different kind of tie, a feeling she'd felt once before.

When Chad had nearly gotten her pregnant, after he'd broken so many condoms trying to make love to her. She shuddered, her hands gripping the tree tightly. She felt so hot, her pussy was wet, Stacy imagining what it would be like to feel Chad inside her again. She'd been having dream after dream of him, sometimes quietly cuddling, sometimes tutoring at school, and sometimes with him on top of her with his cock twitching inside her to make her a mother.

But today Chad wasn't pulling out a condom. He grabbed her by the hips and moved her back down to sit. His cock was sticking up between her thighs, his flare coming to rest at her breast level. She didn't hesitate.

Stacy wrapped her hands around him, squeezing his shaft and stroking him. She'd gotten only a few chances to touch him like this, but every time she did it was the most excitement she'd ever felt!

“I was thinking we could fool around.” He told her then.

“We're already fooling around.” She pointed out.

“I mean, if you wanted you could suck me off for real this time, and then I could eat you out. Or you first, then me.” He suggested.

“You should take something off if we're going to be making a mess.” She told him.

She started helping him take off his jacket, then his shirt. Little by little they made a pile of clothing next to them until all that was left were his pants. She made him break their little position, climbing off his lap so he could take off his pants and underwear. Stacy was already removing her panties.

People would see an empty truck in the gravel lot and assume its owner had gone for a walk in the woods, never knowing that he and his girlfriend were both naked in an old treehouse.

He told her to stand up, and she did, with the stallion pushing her back up against the rough bark of the tree. She watched as he knelt down and began to kiss her stomach. He started at her navel, then worked down to his crotch. When he kissed her down there, she gasped, smiling, lifting her hands to her face. This would be the second time he kissed her down there, and suddenly he was licking her!

Her knees clapped together, Chad digging his face into her mound, licking and kissing her eagerly until she felt him force a hand up between her legs. She was smitten with him, shuddering against the tree with wild excitement as he started fingering and eating her out at the same time, making oral love to her pussy while she held her mouth shut out of fear of making a single peep.

Stacy felt two of his fingers slip deep inside her, then twist around back and forth until they started to curl. He started rubbing her in a place she'd never explored herself. Whenever she touched herself, she was always outside, paying attention to her lips and the little nub that sat at the top of them. Chad was buried deep, kissing her on the nub while his curled fingers stroked and pushed at a soft squishy spot inside her pussy.

It drove her nuts, her legs trembling, the pleasure of him making oral love to her rapidly drawing out something she'd only felt once before, which was when he'd taken her virginity. Her legs, shaking like crazy, were threatening to give out from under her, while she was breathing hard and fast into her hands as something inside her exploded.

A thunderous explosion echoed up from her pussy and rang throughout her body as her first orgasm took her from head to her toes. Chad had to catch her as she collapsed, legs like jelly. He had to pull her hands away from her mouth to kiss her, his cock hard as a rock and trapped between their bellies as he kissed her. When she started to recover her wits, she kissed him back in earnest.

She had to stop them both, their prolonged kiss leaving them panting.

It was his turn, and she wanted it to be his turn, she wanted to make love to his cock! She grabbed him, but without the strength to do anything, all she could do was encourage him to move for her. He stood, his enormous cock on display, its tip glistening like a polished trophy from how much he was dripping.

Just like how he'd kissed her, Stacy kissed him. She planted her lips over his flare, smearing his precum over her mouth, giving him the sloppiest of kisses. She didn't stop.

He moved slowly around to lean back against the tree, Stacy following him, planting more kisses across his flare until she'd left her mark on every exposed piece of skin. Both hands were holding onto his barrel of a shaft, tight of grip, hot of intent.

With so little experience, she didn't think she was doing a good job of giving him oral. This would be her third time doing it. The first time she'd sputtered and failed, leading them to having sex instead. The second time was cut short because it was getting late, and her mother had started texting her about when she was going to be back home.

But this time she would finish him; she was going to!

With one hand she held him steadily, then with the other she tried to stroke him. She used big strokes, until Chad started coaching her. First, one hand right behind his flare, hold him tight. Kiss him there, lick up every drop of precum, and then use the other hand to stroke. Chad told her he liked to touch himself a certain way, to start at the medial ring, then stroke up to the flare until both hands bumped into each other.



So that's what Stacy did, pumping him quickly from his ring to his flare, tapping her hands together while Chad panted and groaned from above. The tip of his dick was leaking more and more, a constant messy stream that she had to make sure never dripped. Ever now and then she'd feel his dick jump in her hands, like a whipcord snapping.

Chad had such powerful orgasms. She remembered vividly that moment at the back of his truck when he'd filled her so hard that he busted the condom wide open. Her heart was now racing like lightning, because she was working hard toward making him bust over her. No condom to catch it, just her face right there at his tip.

"I'm getting there, k-keep going." He panted down at her.

"Are you going to make a mess on me?" She asked him, her lust now at such a fever pitch that she wasn't asking out of worry for her appearance or worry of being caught red handed by her parents when she came home.

She was asking because deep down that's what she wanted.

"I-I have stuff in the truck. Jesus." He panted louder, his chest beginning to heave.

She started stroking him even faster, eagerly fighting to make him cum, to make her boyfriend empty his balls all over his girlfriend. This was going to be the first time she would make him cum on her own, and she was rubbing her thighs together as she did it.

Stacy was excited, heart pounding in her chest as his cock jumped again in her grip, a thick clear streamer pelting her across the face. She put her mouth over his tip, touching her tongue to his opening and began to suckle him.

"Oh, Jesus, Stacy. S-squeeze, squeeze right behind the flare, keeping going." He was panting down at her, her eyes darting up to look at him.

Her boyfriend was cradling his face in his own hands, eyes lifted skyward as his expression melted into pleasure, his chest heaving up and down. Her hand clamped down behind his flare, making him grunt, and she started stroking him faster until her arm started to burn from the effort.

"Oh, fuck! Fuck!" He suddenly grunted, his body locking tight and going as rigid as his dick.

Below his cock, his balls must have snapped to his body. She could hear it, a heavy fleshy thud as his nuts clenched. His cock flexed in her grip, snapping taut before something incredible happened. As she stroked him, the underbelly of his cock bulged wide, and as her hand moved like a blur, she could feel how quickly the bottom of his cock expanded as the first rope of cum shot down his cock.

It felt like an eternity to her, but it was really a short, sweet moment of ecstasy. The hand wrapped tightly behind his flare felt the cum bolt through her grip, her eyes bulging wide at the sight of his flare expanding to its full size just like a canine's knot would have done. Then her face was met with

a hot blast of sticky white seed. It pelted her across the mouth, Chad grunted, suddenly shuddering as his balls dumped their full load into Stacy's now open mouth.

She didn't swallow anything, just held her mouth open in shock, her eyes wide with surprise, as the first thick rope became a second, and then a third, each time his cock snapping taut to force all that hot seed out of his rigid tool.

Her mouth was flooded by the first rope, the sharp taste of his cum an explosion across her taste buds. The second rope had nowhere to go but across her face, forcing her to shut her eyes to protect them. The third spilled across her face, adding to the mess that then fell down across the chest. It was so much that she pulled his dick down, the fourth rope pelting her square in the chest and drenching her down her belly.

She opened her eyes, felt the heat of his seed all over her body as his cock continued to jump and twitch, sending thick stream after stream across her until at last Chad sagged limp against the tree.

His cum was all over her, from head to toe, the only part of her that was spared was her backside. If it was attached to her front, it was coated.

"Jesus, Stacy, you drained me." He panted, his voice full of shock and surprise as he panted and tried desperately to recover.

She looked up at his happy, satisfied, surprised face, then back down to his cock, which was now slowly going soft in her double handed grip. She looked further down at her body, saw how drenched white she was with his cum.

She looked back up at his face, saw he was looking down at her, still smiling, so pleased with her, almost looking exhausted from just how hard he'd climaxed.

Her heart was fluttering, the butterflies all inside her wanted to break free and explode. For the first time she felt more than just warmth from between her legs. What Stacy wanted more than anything was to feel her boyfriend cum just like this, but inside her. Just like last time, except unlike last time...

The butterflies were drawing up a primal urge within her, something powerful. Something too powerful for a girl like Stacy to control.

What Stacy wanted more than anything was to make him a daddy.