The afternoon bell screeched like a banshee, signaling for everybody that they can jump from their seats. Most did so with relief and wagging tails swishing against the metal desks. Some students already had their winter jackets ready, others left something behind in the lockers, while a majority stared down at their phones.

Me? I remained in the hallway, looking between my cracked phone and through the hectic swath of classmates eager to leave final period. I did too, mostly to avoid another hour of hearing the teachers try to keep our attention for more than ten seconds.

As I leaned against my locker, avoiding eye contact with some of my distracted classmates and holding my arms close to my chest, I started to regret only bringing a light jacket with me to school today. The weather earlier that day seemed fine, even if it was a few days until Christmas Eve. It also didn’t help that Dad was in the kitchen, where I left it last night.

*At least it’s not gonna snow tonight*, I mused, glancing at a tiger jock (nicknamed Odin, who I remembered once sucking off last year in the boys’ locker room) as he chatted with a vixen from the cheerleading squad. Odin’s trousers did little to aid the imagination of any gay teenager. *Mmm, still got a nice ass. Maybe I can milk him again in the future?*

Finally, I spotted the last of Mr. Lander’s students leave his classroom.

“Mr. Landers?” I rapped my knuckles on the wooden door. “You busy?”

The middle-aged Labrador behind his desk looked up, awkwardly acting like the entire school board was spying on us, “Oh. Hello, Mr. Rochford. How’re…” He fidgeted slightly, looking to me and behind the open door behind me, “How’re you today?”

Not the best actor, I’d admit. However, I followed the cliched script.

“I’m good,” I shrugged, curling my tail as a small chill crept into the room, “Listen, uh, my dad and older brother can’t pick me up. Would ya be able to drive me home?”

He didn’t even ask why I didn’t use the school bus to get home.

Nonchalantly, I waited for the Labrador to gather his briefcase and long coat before following him down the corridor. We were quick paced without drawing attention to ourselves. Not to the security guy who nodded to Mr. Landers, not when we passed the main office, not as we were careful to watch out for ice on the asphalt of the parking lot. We stared ahead and remained at an even pace, right foot after the other. Neither of us spoke a word.

My tail curled at the windchill climbing over the dwindling rows of cars. Again, I regretted not taking my thicker coat.

Mr. Lander’s vehicle had certainly seen better days. The icy Illinois weather and snow-laced frost covered the few dents on his lime-green sedan. Once I entered, the familiar, stuffy scents of a married, high school teacher’s preferred mode of transportation hit me in waves. Some of it caused my fur to prickle. One used cigarette. No, two. An emptied Burger Knight meal bag hidden somewhere in the backseat. Stains of coffee from the recent past here and there on the rim of the cupholder. An ancient tree-shaped car freshener hung above the dashboard, swinging back and forth from until I closed the door beside me.

“Phew,” Mr. Landers started up the sedan’s engine, having scraped enough frost away to see through the windshield. “Here, lemme heat you up a bit.”

I almost assumed he meant getting right down to business (“Hey, Mr. Landers, are you sure it’s okay to fuck right here in the parking lot?” I almost asked, nonsensically), until the Labrador turned up the heat. In seconds, pleasant gusts of warm air washed over my nose, tickling the whiskers and ears already freezing to death. Well, not literally.

“Mmmmm, thanks…” I purred softly, leaning closer to the ventilators on my side.

Guided by Mr. Landers, the sedan slowly retreated from its parking spot and exited the lot, passing by some remaining students and crossing guards fleeing from the cold. I couldn’t help but watch the older canine visibly try to seem inconspicuous inside his own vehicle. The Labrador’s black-and-greying fur creased across his long muzzle as he looked left and right and behind him, continuously acting like anybody outside the sedan’s doors were staring at us across the street. Like, they already knew about his dirty little secret.

To be fair on his behalf, a significant portion of Washington High knew mine. I’d hardly even go so far as call it a complete secret. An open secret, perhaps.

“You didn’t bring a jacket.”

“I know,” I half-chuckled, rubbing my fingers together and offering him a smile. “So, how was your day?”

“Oh, you know…so and so…” he trailed off slightly, refocusing on the road. “One of your classmates tried to cheat on today’s quiz by hiding the answers on his pencil. I won’t tell who though…”

“Stan Renard, wasn’t it?” I partly smirked as I rubbed my fingers together, now feeling the circulation return, “Dude was bragging about it to anyone who would listen on the bus.”

“Either he isn’t too bright, or he wanted to get into trouble with me.”

“We may never know…” I joked, eliciting a low laugh from my customer for the night.

Aside from a couple anecdotes or a side-glance, me and Mr. Landers spoke very little during the drive. According to the sedan’s radio clock, playing a smooth ballad of soft rock and an hour off the correct time, it was half past three o’ clock, yet the yellow streaks of sunlight could barely be distinguished over the Christmas lights that adorned almost every single house we passed by. Some of the ice and snow and slush even reflected it back into the car. They reminded me of neon signs atop Lakertown’s downtown buildings.

Mr. Landers stood out from typical older Johns I had let fuck me from time to time, if he paid in cash. Aside from the standard wife and cubs to decorate the closet door he lived in, what surprised me the most involved his sense of integrity. Mainly, that he only decided to ask me for a blowjob or fuck session once I no longer attended his AP History class during my junior year, but the deal-breaker came once my eighteenth birthday arrived in May. He’d known about what I provided for a long time, but unlike a couple of the other older furs I allowed to discreetly use me in the past (such as ex-Coach Grumman and a couple creepy Johns at the truck stops), Mr. Landers absolutely refused to see age as simply a number.

Thus, he waited until I passed his class at the end of the school year—my eighteenth birthday falling on May 4th—before asking me for some of my ‘services’.

He wasn’t too bad looking either. The drooping skin on his cheeks, greying hairs in his fur and the hint of a beer belly did little to decrease the fact he had once been a lady’s man during the Eighties. His sharp blue eyes, which either switched between icy or tropical warm depending on his mood, always made me feel especially giddy when they teared up in pleasure.

The ‘Daddy’ types who usually shoved their hard cocks inside me never owned a touch of finesse. To them, my spotted feline body was just another fuck toy to use until they ejaculate into the condom, which I always insisted they provide. Otherwise, they could fuck themselves.

(Hey, even I had some real standards.)

My town dwelled on the outskirts of Lakertown as a suburb for those who couldn’t tolerate living in the city, let alone afford it. Very little helped make it stand out against the other median-to-low-income suburbs. However, I always found a small, quaint charm to the way it looked whenever the holidays rolled around. The Christmas decorations were always trite and sometimes too neon, like it was some competition the bored housewives tried to win every year. My dad and brothers never got involved in it though, not with a limited amount of money to pay for the month’s upcoming electric bill.

I imagined moving away from that town. Making it out on my own once I earned enough money, doing what I did best. I imagined moving somewhere warmer like Cape Fiesta or Las Estrellas. Anywhere that made sense for an ocelot like me.

Suddenly, as soon as Mr. Lander’s right paw began resting atop my left knee, I pulled back from my daydreams to find ourselves parked in the abandoned parking lot of a closed-down mini-mall, the trees behind us giving good cover. Not to say the winter nighttime did little to help the atmosphere.

“Mr. Landers?” I whispered as the dashboard grew dark, pulling the interior into darkness.

“Right away.”

Smiling at me, the silhouetted Labrador reached into his pocket and handed me the one-twenty as per our agreement, having the decency to wait for me to pocket it before doing anything.

“Oh, Mr. Landers…” I giggled at his cautious fingers, roaming up my shivering upper thigh until they touched my beltline. “Eager now, are we?”

“Mhm,” he grunted enthusiastically, leaning forward to nuzzle my neck and inhale my younger feline musk with his cold we nose, “I hope the cold out there isn’t too bad?”

A long purr escaped the back of my throat, resonating with each lick he made, “Not with a big dog to keep me warm~”

We reached the end of our foreplay and went straight to work. Experience taught me to let the John go with the motions but know where to draw the line. Unless they had extra cash to spend, I never let them go beyond what they already paid for. And Mr. Landers managed to scramble enough disposable income for the whole package for tonight, able to do whatever he wanted with me, plus a 10% discount for driving me to a secluded spot.

I imitated a dog’s whine as the Labrador’s paw manhandled my backside to pull me closer to him. It felt awkward at first, given the space between our seats, but placing my left paw on the parking brake gave me some balance in the chaotic way he explored my youthful body.

Blindly, my right paw traced up his bulge until I began pulling at his belt buckle. A low chuckle came from Mr. Landers as he got the hint. Pulling away from his nuzzling to scoot the driver’s seat back for some extra room, he unbuckled his belt and unbuttoned his brown trousers until the scent of male dog suddenly filled the car.

A lack of visible light in the dark sedan didn’t matter. Not for me or Mr. Landers. I could practically smell his manhood and feel its erect heartbeat in my palm. I heard him groan and stifle pleased grunts as I groped the canid shaft, stroking it up and down from the tip to its knot concealed in a layer of thick fur. It stiffened when my lips teasingly brushed against the throbbing, leaking head. Then, the taste nearly overwhelmed me as I slowly suckled down on his cock, causing a chorus of moans to erupt from the pent-up teacher.

“Ohhh, f…” the Labrador bit his lower lips and hissed, “Ahhh, yeah, like that…like that, kid…Mmmfh…”

Part of me wanted to try and break my previous record (two minutes and fifty-six seconds!), but for Mr. Landers, I bided my time just for him. Especially on the underside of his warm shaft. After using the sedan’s joystick (hahaha!) to support myself in the awkward position, but making the most of it, I swirled and nibbled up his length and breathed at the tip before diving down on the tapered tip.

Most of the mainstream Johns I’d had the pleasure to repeatedly pleasure often complemented me on how I used my tongue and lips. Some furs, mainly canines, preferred felines to not lick along the length unless they were explicitly careful with the barbed tongues, while others got off on it (understandable thing to consider). Landers was of the latter variety. He almost always whined and panted like a dehydrated fur in the middle of the desert each time I licked up and down his erection, specifically with my barbed tongue back and forth across and around the sensitive head, tracing along the veins until Mr. Landers shuddered to climax.

“Mmmfh, on my God…” he huffed, gripping my hair and guiding my head up and down. “Grrrr, I’m cumm—Ahhhhhh…Oh, shit…Ohhhhhh~”

Spurts of canine cum trickled down the corner of my lip and cascaded into the recesses of my throat. I breathed in and out through my nostrils, making my whiskers twitch against his pubic fur, and swallowed almost every single drop. After a couple years of practice with closeted jocks and experimental classmates in need of release, you’d think I’d have the procedure mastered by now. Then again, the older canine’s cock was meatier and thicker than the ones I usually worked on.

Meanwhile, glancing up at him, Mr. Landers sat in his chair panting and taking deep breaths. A car light from the road momentarily illuminated the cabin to reveal him laid back, tongue lolled out while staring lovingly off into space. Then, the headlight’s beam drifted away and returned us to the December darkness.

“Gah,” I gasped away from the length, licking away the salty cream from my lips before snickering lightly, “Awww, are ya tired already, Mr. Landers?”

The Labrador laughed shortly, each one followed by panting sighs that almost made it sound as if he’d almost finished a marathon. “I’m…I’m fine…”

“Mmm,” I teasingly trailed my fingers up his round stomach and to his chest, still covered in a buttoned brown shirt and tie. “Is there any way I can help you get some energy back, Daddy?”

“Please stop.”

Like that, some of the mood deteriorated, and I curled my tail. “Sorry.”

“Charlie, I don’t like being…reminded…how old I am,” he breathed in and out.

“I know, I know, I’m sorry…I was just trying to get ya back into the mood again,” I shrugged. “Do you need a minute? I can give a partial refund if you just wanna call—”

“Nah, nah, nah, I’m fine…” the burly Labrador laughed agaimn, then sighed. “Just gimme a moment or two…”

Pulling away to relax in my seat, I glanced out the windshield

Feel my phone buzz in my back pocket, I checked to find a couple of robocall voicemails and three text messages, from Alan. Probably after he finished his shift at McLarnald’s, only to discover I wasn’t home yet.

*Where r u Charlie?*

Almost opting to ignore it, I relented after a second text came. This time, from Dad.

*You out somewhere? You’re not home yet.*

I could not resist rolling my eyes, even dramatically in the confines of the dark vehicle. Of course, Dad wouldn’t be one to notice me gone, unless he was either pissed at me about something or Alan reminded him about it. Ever since our middle brother Dennis got himself sent to jail the previous year for attempted armed robbery, it seemed as if all the scrutiny and annoyances that went towards the disruptive middle cub was instantly turned in my direction.

*Out with a friend*, I texted them both. *Will be back soon.*

Then, Dad texted me, *You left your fucking jacket. It’s freezing!*

That text, I ignored for the most part and distracted myself with a quick scroll through the newsfeeds on social media, blindly liking whatever post came my way. Especially the ones that were pornographic.

I hadn’t noticed Mr. Landers calm down from his panting exhales, but I did notice it when his large, black-furred paw started to caress my back. A purr rose from the back of my throat, particularly when he scratched behind my neck.

“Mmmm,” I licked my lips, seductively knowing he could see it in spite of the midnight setting and the soft glow of my cellphone. “You doing good now, Mr. Landers?”

He chuckled, “Sure am, kiddo…for the most part. That blowjob really took some energy outta me.”

“Well then,” my paw rubbed his knee closest to mine, “if it’s all fine, then you wouldn’t mind if I help *take care* of you for the next half hour, do you?”

The Labrador’s answer didn’t need any more explanation. He paid me, after all.

He focused more on inhaling my scent as he let me straddle him in the driver’s seat, so I zoned out while also keeping an eye out for any stray lights coming from the nearby roads. During this, he unbuttoned his shirt and lowered his trousers a bit to free his equipment, now springing back to full strength.

“So beautiful…” he murmured into my ear, unbuttoning my jeans like an eager frat boy about to fuck the hottest sorority chick on campus. “So beautiful.”

“My ass or me?” I quipped, then gasped when Mr. Landers nibbled on my right nape, “Ah, ow! Easy with the teeth.”

“Sorry,” he replied with a kiss to the same spot. His cold nose sent another shiver right up from my swishing tail to the base of where my neckfur stood on end. “Mmm, your smell is so…intoxicating…”

In preparation for the night’s activities, I had gone into the bathroom during my final class period and lubed myself up (it’s always good to be handy in case. What really helped though was that nobody assumed you kept lube next to the deodorant in your locker). That way, after I teased the old dog for several minutes to work him up to full erection once again, even with the XL-sized condom on, it slid inside thanks to gravity.

Mr. Landers certainly had the girth, but it was nothing. Wincing but refusing to go beyond anything louder than delightful whimpers—those certainly made his length twitch inside me—I slowly eased myself centimeter by centimeter until the canine’s tapered cock found itself entirely inside of me.

Half the time, whenever I got fucked by somebody inside of their car, I tried my best to remain focused. If I got lost in the intensity of the job and didn’t entirely keep an eye out for the cops, there was the chance I’d end up getting arrested. Like Dennis did.

Granted, it was entirely likely that someone such as Mr. Landers would face an even larger punishment than what any judge would hand down to me. The school board would have definitely fired him, for sure. Principal Walker too, had the old bear been caught fucking me during the previous year, before he officially retired.

Fortunately for us, getting him to cum a second time around went quicker than initially expected. After flexing my ass cheeks and letting him lunge his cock in and out of my rear, while making sure to tickle his ankles with my tail, Mr. Landers really went to town on me. However, he was extremely careful not to knot me this time around. The last time I accidentally allowed a canine of his size to stick himself in me and get us mounted, we nearly got caught by his fucking parents (Thank God, they were drunk and barely detected me slipping out the door).

Anyway, Mr. Landers definitely proved how old dogs could learn new tricks. I knew this firsthand as I felt his familiar huffs on my neck once he started filling up the condom with his spunk, and when he almost made me ejaculate all over his chest, but managed to pull out before he felt the urge to knot me.

“Oh shi…Oh God, that…t-that was…”

“Y-Yeah…” I exhaled, almost completely exhausted myself.

The aching emptiness that came from a John pulling out left me to ponder about…well, things. This time, after quickly buttoning my jeans up before sitting back on the passenger seat, I focused on the world outside the sedan. The world outside the vehicle’s comforting interior.

The freezing, gloomy nightfall reminded me of the setting from that old movie I grew up with. In my horny-infested mind, I could not recall the name of it, but it was named after a town in North Dakota, had a pregnant cop as the main lead and ended with one of the bad guys getting shredded in a woodchipper. The nighttime seemed so pitch black, it felt like an abyss.

Pity, because I wore my favorite clothes for him; a pair of blue skinny jeans, capped with tight black speedos for underwear (the closet cases deep down LOVED it when I wore those during P.E. classes, during changing) and a loose red t-shirt depicting the lead singer of Led Zeppelin, the only band me and the old dog loved. Seriously, no matter how much I tried to persuade him during our afterglows, Mr. Landers refused to give any other of my suggestions a try. Not even after I promised a discount or two.

“I’m still not going to listen to ‘Billie English’ or whatever she calls herself,” he insisted after having buttoned up his pants and calmed down from his second ejaculation. Warming up the car again, Mr. Landers cheekily remarked, “It just isn’t my thing. She looks like one of the goth students who insist they are tortured on the inside.”

“That…” I giggled shortly, “That I kinda have to agree with. Doesn’t mean the music is bad though.”

“Would you mind grabbing something in the glove compartment, by the way?” he changed the conversation, pointing blindly as the interior lights illuminated everything again, “It’s the anti-scent spray.”

I gladly followed his instructions and got the can out, letting the Labrador spray us as well as the entire sedan’s front portion. Both of us cough a couple times at the overwhelming fumes, but we put up with it. We needed to, lest his wife catch scent of a strange ocelot’s scent all over the seat cushions and the inside carpeting. Or hell, even the scent of her husband’s unfaithful acts.

Mr. Landers sometimes talked about it, his desire to come out. He knew the risks though. While Illinois banned our kind from being discriminated against in work and at school, it didn’t mean it couldn’t happen anyway. He argued sometimes that, fur all he knew, a parent or two could claim he’d be unfit to teach and start trouble. Parents always liked to start trouble with teachers that happened to have different so-called lifestyles than them.

However, I knew that one day, the handsome, middle-aged Labrador would find the strength to divorce his wife and find himself a nice boyfriend. Just not yet. And certainly not someone who used to attend his AP classes.

Mr. Landers dropped me without much ceremony a block from my house. And as always, he looked nervously between me and the streets.

“Hey uh…thanks again, Charlie,” he cleared his throat, smiling earnestly at me,

“Thanks for the ride, Mr. Landers,” I winked at the Labrador, then leaned back in from the door to whisper, “And call me ‘Cherry’. All my clients do.”

“Why’s that?” he asked in the same whisper. “I’ve-I’ve heard some classmates call you that, but I’ve never heard the reason.”

“Let’s just say a drunk classmate tried impressing me with a stupid pun, and it worked,” I shrugged, then immediately began to shiver when a gust of cold wind blew into the open door. “Anyway, I’d better get going. You have a Merry Christmas, Mr. Landers.”

“Merry Christmas then, Cherry. And a Happy New Year too.”

He didn’t drag a conversation out. He patted my ass as I exited the car, winked at me, then drove off down the dark street. Just another satisfied customer to end the dreary, shivering night. Luckily, the walk to my house wasn’t faraway, and right when I spotted a light snowfall begin to drift down from the cloudy sky, I couldn’t help but wonder if Mr. Landers and I could one day escape our lives.

For him, it meant revealing his lust for dick to the world. For me, it meant no longer needing to take dick to have a decent income. Whenever that happened, I just hoped that Dad got something decent for dinner.