Mr. Lander’s car 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 car’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 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.

I didn’t know if I had a huge turn-on for the ‘daddy’ types, but the ones who’d shoved their hard cocks inside me never had 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 car 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.