

# Chasing Foxy

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**Please do not post my story elsewhere.**

*It's the girls cross-country race and my tricky vixen gives me the run around.*

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There's a new girl I've seen around college, a striking redhead that I sometimes pass in the corridors between classes. She's not taking any of my three subjects, so I've not had the chance yet to find out her name. I've noticed her a few times now, she's a redheaded version of me in many ways, she's small and petite and keeps herself to herself just like I do. The first time I saw the new girl I had to turn to take a second look at her and her wonderful long hair, take a few moments to admire the foxy ringlets cascading down her back. She must have sensed someone looking at her because she turned around as well, and I quickly looked away before she had chance to realise it was my eyes that had been gazing upon her. I saw her again the following day, this time I did let our eyes meet and we nodded an acknowledgment of one another. The next time our paths crossed we nodded once more and both added smiles to our greeting. The day after that we nodded and smiled and even said "hi" to each other. We had spoken at last, but I thought at this rate it will be Christmas before I get to know her name. I don't know why I'm so shy of her or why I think she could be my friend. It's not as if I fancy her or anything, I just feel drawn to her and think she could be my soulmate, someone to share my thoughts with and listen to all my woes. I wonder what she's really like and where she lives and hangs out. I want to know all about her, what music she likes and what kind of boys she goes for. I'd like to spend some time with her to talk about her dreams and ambitions. I'd like to know her favorite color and her star sign. And for some strange reason, I'd love to know if her breasts are covered in freckles as well as her pretty face and nose. I could do with a close friend here but it's not so easy as I don't get involved with any college activities except one, and that's with Mr Wilson and his girls cross-country running club. I'm good at running, and once a week I take on all comers and beat them all easily. I'm a full one minute faster than my closest competitor. I've got the right build for it with my small frame and good legs, and I don't have big boobs to lug around like most of the other girls do. We need at least ten to sign up each week or Mr Wilson simply won't bother with the next meeting. Somehow we always manage to rustle up enough runners, and as usual I'm the last one to write my name on the noticeboard. Mr Wilson's very proud of his noticeboard, there's a map of the course, a list of each fastest time, a few photos that never survive the boys writing saucy comments on for long,

and the latest entry form for the week. As I scribble on the form it's my turn to feel eyes burning upon me, and I look around to see my foxy mystery friend staring at me. We smile once more at each other and she chuckles a little all shyly. This is my chance, an ideal moment to introduce myself, but the moment is lost when a tutor interrupts her with some papers he wants her to see. I shuffle off and leave them to it, but not before we've exchanged smiles again and both given a little wave, another new gesture of our would be friendship. When I return there I can't help but notice a new name on the running club form. "Hazel" is entered after my name, and I guess straight away that it's my mystery friend. She could be good at cross-country, I might have a decent runner to challenge me for once. I seem to have Hazel on my mind all the time now, and it's weird how we're always so bashful of each other. We've had more than one chance to exchange a few words but somehow we both always seem to hold back. Maybe just as well, the other day I almost went up to her to tell her how lovely I think she is, that would have been a strange opening remark from one girl to another. I wonder if she thinks I'm attractive? It doesn't matter I suppose but I hope so. I don't see her again until the next day when the running club meets up at the back of the college. My heart sinks at first as there's no sign of Hazel and she wasn't in the girls' locker room where most of us get changed. All the regulars have turned out and together we make a fine looking group of young women, especially with Melanie amongst us, she's gorgeous, and treats any occasion as a chance to dress up like a porn star. I'm just getting over the shock of seeing Melanie in her new, x-rated running outfit, when Hazel appears looking all bright and perky in her little black shorts and white sports vest. Her long red hair is tied up in a ribbon behind her head, except for a few strands that she's left to hang wild. She looks lovelier than ever and even more Celtic with her arms and shoulders covered in freckles - so she could have some peppered around on her breasts. "Hi, you're Steffanie aren't you?" and it's only me that she says more than "hi" to. "Hello Hazel." I don't let on either how I know her name. "I hear you're the best runner here," she says to me. "By a mile," I tell her. "Well, we'll see about that," and she playfully pokes me as she makes her challenge. I'm all excited that Hazel has turned up, so is Mr Wilson who loves it when a new member joins his club. I reckon he gets off on having a whole bunch of girls under his control. Not that he has much natural authority over us, he's in his own little world but he's nice enough, so we never give him too much trouble. He does his roll call thing and checks to make sure Hazel knows where she's going, and then he makes his usual "inspirational" coaching speech, before lining us all up for the start. "Catch me if you can," Hazel calls out to me. And straight from the off she goes storming along down the grass track, going far too fast for the early pace. Either she's completely mad or she has no experience whatsoever of cross-country running. She'll soon burn herself out at that rate, but she presses on at her frantic pace and in no time at all she's a considerable distance ahead of the field. I trot along with the pack at our usual speed and we're all using Melanie as our early pace maker. I'm right behind her and many a guy would pay good money for the view that I have of her bum. She's really gone for it this week in her new tiny tight shorts, determined as ever to hang on to her crown as the hottest of all the college babes. Melanie is very sexy and pretty and everything, but she wouldn't be my type if I were a guy. My type would be a girl more like Hazel, the more thoughtful kind of girl that I could show my true feelings to and be all

romantic with. I reckon that way I'd have the best of both worlds, as they do say the quiet ones are the hottest in bed. And guys love that don't they? We leave the college grounds and Hazel is still rapidly increasing her advantage. Up and down the rolling mounds of the next field we go, with me running in rhythm now to the hypnotic wobbles of Melanie's bum cheeks before me. By the time we're through the small copse I'm starting to lose sight of Hazel. She's still going far too fast and in half a mile or so we'll be jogging past her burned out body no doubt. There's no sign at all of my new foxy friend when we cross Lime Tree Avenue, making our way behind the big fancy houses. Melanie decides to speed up a little, she speeds up even more when we hit open country and tackle the long slow rise around the newly ploughed fields. This is crazy, we reach the turn for home and we've not even caught a glimpse yet of Hazel ahead of us. Melanie's bum is bouncing around but her pace still isn't enough. I decide I'd better break early and easily glide past the sexy college queen, driving myself harder than I've ever done to win. "Go get her Steffi," Melanie calls out as I pass her. I think it's so sweet of Melanie to say that and offer me her support, maybe I might be making two new friends today. Melanie is a pass around slut but she's all full of heart, she never has a bad word to say about anyone. She tries so hard and I do feel a bit sorry for her, seeing as she always comes last every week. The other girls respond to my breakaway and try to keep up with me. We're all being spurred on in pursuit of our fox, all of us going much faster than usual. Everybody wants to be in on the action and see if I can catch up with the elusive vixen. We head along Lime Tree Avenue once more, this time passing along the front of the big terraced houses. I begin to pull well away from the pack as we reach the last leg, back on the track where we started from. I turn a corner and there she is, a couple of hundred yards or so ahead of me I see Hazel, she's standing in the copse looking back like she's been waiting for me. As soon as she sees me she waves and sets off running for home. This isn't real, she can't possibly have got where she has without cheating, but I'm determined to still beat my crafty new friend. I'm driven on by her blatant skullduggery, and I'm eating into her lead with each step that I take. I'm closing the gap but I'm running out of breath and there's only two fields left to go. She's still going quite fast and I realise I can't catch her, there's not enough left of the course and Mr Wilson is beside himself with excitement as Hazel arrives at the finish. "My God Hazel, that's... that's a new college record!" She collapses breathless at his feet, with me collapsing as well as soon as I get there behind her. I've never been so exhausted. "Your best ever time Steffanie!" says a thrilled Mr Wilson. The other girls troop in one by one, all of them with a personal best announced by our coach. His enthusiasm is infectious and there's quite a buzz going around the girls cross-country running club. There's only Melanie left to finish and even she's going to smash her best time. "C'mon on Melanie, c'mon," we all shout and scream to encourage her home. She's giving it all she's got, her big boobs wobbling up and down as she struggles along. She's completely spent bless her, but there's no way she's giving up. She's only a few yards to go and we're all so thrilled for her when she finally makes her new record time. "Well done girls, well done," Mr Wilson exclaims. "What a great day we're all having." All the girls are delighted with their new best times, and I guess most of them are secretly pleased that I've finally met my match in Hazel. They all think Hazel won fair and square, none of them saw her standing in the copse and I'm the only one that's aware of her cheating. I've no doubt

that she cheated, but I can't figure out where. There's nowhere to shortcut the course that I can think of, except... except for the big houses on Lime Tree Avenue, but they're all in a terrace and their back walls are so high and impenetrable. So it can't be there, there's got to be a shortcut somewhere else that I've never noticed before. Everybody but Hazel and I file off back into college, with Mr Wilson eager to announce Hazel's amazing new record time on his noticeboard. The poor, sad man doesn't suspect for one minute that her so called achievement is all an illusion. "I must phone the County, enter you in the regionals Hazel," he says before he goes. "Oh God," whispers Hazel. "Well?" I ask her, when everyone has gone. "Well what?" "Where did you cheat?" "I never did," she says laughing. She knows very well I realise she's lying, but she won't admit that she cheated. She's annoying me by not owning up, yet at the same time I'm enjoying the funny way we've found our new friendship. She keeps teasing me about winning the race, and I won't let it drop that I know she shortcut the course. "I'll race you again," she says. "I'll prove I'm the fastest." "Where to?" I ask her. "Back to my house," she suggests. "Where's that?" "Lime Tree Avenue of course," and the cheeky little fox is off again. "Come on blondie catch me," and she's already given herself a head start. I knew it. I'm soon after her, but I'll have to push myself hard with my tired legs, she's got so much more energy left seeing as she cheated in the first race. She's fifty yards ahead when we reach the copse, I'm keeping in contact but I'm fast losing my belief that I can catch her. It's like chasing shadows chasing this nifty rascal and my legs feel heavy and I want to give up. "Hazel stop," I call out after her, but she keeps on going and heads around the back of Lime Tree Avenue. I have to keep running if only to see where she goes. She runs a little further before stopping, and I'm expecting her to make a big deal of her latest victory. Instead she turns smiling to face me and pulls out a key on a string from her bosom. She waves it at me and then disappears through a wooden garden door. I can't wait to catch up with her. I'm shattered now though and take my time walking up to and through her garden gateway. There's no sign of her, she's disappeared again, she can't be far away and then I hear her closing and locking the garden door behind me. "Caught you at last," she says, with a great big smile on her face. "I thought I was supposed to be catching you?" She doesn't reply to me, instead she frees her hair from it's ribbon and unravels and tosses her lovely long red mane. She looks adorable as she walks up to me and places both hands on my shoulders. "You're such a dumb blonde Steffanie," she tells me. "No I'm not, I knew you cheated." I'm quite hurt my new friend thinks I'm stupid. "I'm sorry sweetie, but I wasn't talking about the race." "What were you talking about then?" "This, my love," and she kisses me on the cheek. It's a long kiss, or rather lots of little ones as her lips move kiss by kiss to my neck. As she kisses me she removes my hairband and runs her fingers through my blonde hair. I suddenly feel trapped here in this garden with the fox I was chasing, the tables are turned now and it seems that it was me all along that was really the quarry. I don't want to escape from her though, her lips feel nice on my neck and she smells divine despite our perspiration. When she stops kissing me she holds me closer and I feel our breasts pressing together. She has such a nice smile and her brown eyes are all full of love and happiness. She adjusts my hair and pulls away some strands that are sticking to my hot, moist forehead. "You still don't really get it do you my darling?" she asks me. "I think I do Hazel." I get something good, but it's so strange and unexpected. "Oh Steffanie," she says.

"Come in the house and we'll get some drinks," There's no comment from her about her little piece of sly trickery, there's no need really as it was always so obvious. It was funny though, she must have planned the whole thing and she did have me going for a while. She's got me going again now, with the way she's behaving and the intimate words with which she's addressing me. "Come on, don't be shy my love," and she leads me by the hand up to to her house. "There's nobody here, my parents are on holiday," she tells me. The house is delightful with high ceilings and the kitchen is cosy despite being the biggest I've ever seen. Hazel pours us some lemonade and starts undressing right there in front of me. She has no shyness with me at all now and she's intent on washing her sweaty running kit. Off comes everything, including bra and panties and she looks so sweet as she struggles stark naked with the washing machine door. "Well come on, strip off, and I'll wash your stuff as well," she tells me. "I..." "What's wrong, have you got to be somewhere else?" "No I ..." "Well you can't keep those smelly things on." She's right, but the situation feels a bit unusual to put it mildly. There's no reason to be modest though, so I start stripping off and hand over my sweaty kit. When I'm naked I instinctively want to cover my bare pussy and breasts with my hands, but she's not worried about our nudity, so I'd only feel silly if I did. "This machine dries as well," she informs me, as she adds powder then sets the dial. When she's finished sorting out the washing she stands to face me full frontal and I get my answer as to whether or not she has any freckles on her breasts. I can't take my eyes off her small bosom. "Now what's wrong?" Hazel asks me. "Your breasts." "What about them?" "They've got no freckles." "So? Don't you like my freckles?" "No. I mean yes. It's not that. I've been wondering what your breasts look like." "Really? Have you?" and she's delighted and flattered to hear it. I didn't mean it like that. I don't know how I meant it. But I have been thinking about her breasts and now that I can see them I want to touch them. More than that, I feel as if I want to suckle on them and know them more intimately. I don't know why, I just think they're so lovely. "Do you like my breasts then?" she asks me. "They're beautiful." "Thank you. So are yours." She walks up to me and my eyes are all over her wonderful body. Her foxy pussy, her smooth pale skin, the soft gentle curves of her feminine hips, and of course those heavenly bosoms. When she's standing directly in front of me, she takes my hand and places it on one of her breasts. Very slowly I cup my hand to feel the soft flesh and I gasp with the pleasure of touching her. "I've been thinking about you too," she tells me. She feels and caresses my breasts, as she does so little shocks run down my spine. I stiffen and tense but then relax with a sigh. Her touch is so delicate and gentle, she slowly leans forward and opens her mouth to kiss me. Our lips are fractions apart and our breathing is labored and heavy. I think I'm going to faint. This is all too much. When her mouth meets mine I'm frozen in space and can't respond. I don't need to respond, Hazel's lips do the kissing and just the tip of her tongue enters my mouth. Her kiss excites and entrances me, her lips draw me into a whole new world of softness and beauty. I feel lost in this enchanting new place and only Hazel can guide me. "Would you like to kiss my breasts Steffanie?" She's inviting me to step further into this wondrous soft heaven, and I can't answer her with words even though I want to. All I can do is to nod my head frantically like a small, excited child. Hazel smiles, she places a hand behind my head and gently lowers me down to her bosom. "Now you understand us, don't you my love?" I nod my head once more as I suck on her nipple. I

understand everything now and don't want to turn back, I want Hazel to lead me ever deeper into this bliss. "Can you stay with me tonight Steffanie?" My mind races with thoughts of what further delights she has in store for us, and it feels like an eternity before I can find the words to answer her new temptation. Hazel patiently awaits my response, her hand fondly caressing my head as I stand bowed before her, still with my face to her breast. This is so beautiful, I want to stay here forever, melting with my new lover and enjoying this new kind of love. "I'll have to phone my sister. Let her know I'm staying with a friend." "We're going to be much more than friends Steffanie." "I know. Will you teach me Hazel? Teach me how to be yours?" "Of course I will my love." And my foxy lover has already started my first lesson. steffanie xxx