

## **KASKATAN NIGHTS: VERDANT BUNKER**

### **CHAPTER 1: RETURNING HOME**

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Evening in the Wilds; it was both beautiful and dangerous, if one was on foot. Less so on both accounts if one was safely hidden inside the almost cavernously boxy interior of an ancient, eight-wheeled, AI-assisted, CRBN-safe, air-suspension equipped, armored, advanced cargo hauler from an era long, long past. Deep within its spacious, yellow exterior, hidden behind about six inches of spaced, reactive armor, were two such individuals. Both were covered in fur, but their natures and sizes were vastly different, even if they shared a common ancestor.

The first, and larger of the two, was clearly female. Covered from head to toe in brown fur, and with a cream-colored under-jaw and chest, the female sported a pair of breasts which were, by comparison, almost the same size as the male's head, who sat across from her. Couple that with powerful thighs, soft, wide hips, and a more angular, narrow snout, and it wasn't hard to tell her gender. Despite this, the female was also muscular, powerfully built, almost to the point of almost being statuesque. Every motion she made, no matter how small, sent ripples across her fur, outlining the wiry muscle beneath. Furthermore, had she been standing, the bestial woman would have towered at around three inches taller than six feet, and despite the fact that she was also a canine, she was of a much larger breed. A 'dire' wolf, considered to be one of the more powerful and savage subtypes of wolf by nature.. The only other soft thing about her was the curly, fluffy tail that stuck out sideways from between herself and the chair she sat on. She wore her jet-black hair up in a braided ponytail that was, at the moment, laid over her shoulder, across her breasts. Large, mud-coated boots protected her feet, both of which were stained with a dark, red ichor. A pair of heavy-cloth pants with a thick weave around the knees and across the thighs and a tank top which was with some kind of red, sticky substance both kept further features hidden. She was cleaning a very heavy-looking, snub-nosed shotgun of the same gunk that covered her boots and shirt. Rubbing a cloth across the barrel to pick at the gore that had caked onto the end of the thick-rimmed barrel, the great, Lupine female rumbled unhappily, her voice clear and low like the chime of a church bell.

"You know, we could have avoided having to clean up again if we hadn't stopped." she said, staring down at her weapon with an icy stare that matched her equally pale blue irises, "We didn't have to check that last marker. We had -found- what we were told to look for."

The other person looked up. His face, too, was similar in nature, but he was shorter than she by at least five inches. While clothes also covered much of his form, it was not difficult to determine that he had considerable strength as well, but he was significantly more lithe than she was, with smaller, thinner hands, ankles, and feet. His boots were clean, but his entire front was coated entirely in the gore that had only splashed the female's. In fact, because of the color of -his- fur, it was somewhat hard to tell where the gore stopped and his fur began, though it was easy to see that he had 'socks' from his mid-forearm down of black fur that contrasted with the red. His right hand was covered in red, congealed goop, and some of it had landed somehow on his chin and across his long, orange snout. The mess had even gone so far as to extend up his neck on one side and across his neck on his black nose. None of it had made it up

far enough to stick to his triangular, black-tipped ears, thankfully, and they both twitched and flicked perkily as the vehicle around them hummed along as it trundled across the multicolored wilds outside. Staring down at his own weapon, a similar one to her own, the male let loose a sigh and glanced up at her with bright, green eyes. He frowned, then spoke.

“A good scientist-” he began, but was cut off by her.

“-Is a -LIVING- one.” she retorted before he could finish whatever thought had formed behind his lips. She lifted her gaze and began to glare at him, the pale blue of her gaze accentuated by a bright gold sunburst ringed her pupils, “We -KNEW- it was dangerous, and you HAD to tell Penelopi to stop.” she barked, clearly angry with him.

The vulpine male shrunk back a little, pinning his ears back. He knew she was right, but she wasn’t done talking, and so he stopped cleaning entirely

However, her gaze softened. For all that intensity, the female knew when she had proved her point. Still frowning, she began to speak again, but quieter this time. “Look, Rune...” she sighed, “... I know you want to do your job... er... our job-” she corrected “-but sometimes we need to just... you know, not?”

“Rune” said nothing in response once more, starting to rub the gunk off the butt-stock of his weapon. This frustrated the lupine woman, and she withdrew, crossing her arms and grumbling.

“... I hate trying to explain myself...” she muttered.

Rune’s ears started to perk back up, and after a while, he put his weapon aside and wiped his face with the cloth, only to spread the gunk around more. Smeared with more gunk, he smiled softly at her.

“Thanks, Mocha.” he responded, to which the lupine female’s cheeks flushed a little, “... I know you’re right... and I’m glad you had my back,” he told her softly, only for the smile to grow wider as he locked eyes with her. “... but you know I’d have had it.” he rumbled back, his voice rasping a little, like gravel. He bent down to withdraw a long, black blade out of his boot “... I got it in the heart with my knife.”

“Mocha’s” blush spread all the way across her snout the more he spoke until she had to look away, crossing -her- arms beneath her breasts, making them push up and bulge outwards against the hemmed collar of her tank-top. Her small, blushing frown turned into a playful smile as she shook her head, “Go take a shower.” she chuckled softly, “You’re starting to really smell.” then waved him off.

Rune stood up and left his knife on the workbench behind his chair. Much like a workbench, both of them had one, illuminated by a warm, yellow light that was hidden up beneath a long, six foot cabinet above. Turning around, Rune hoisted the weighty gun up onto the workbench, here it thudded gently against the surface of the polished steel desk. Some of the gore from whatever he and Mocha killed earlier fell off onto the table. He sighed and resolved to clean it up later then went to remove his shirt.

“H-hey! Don’t do that here!” Mocha bristled, staring at him intensely. “You’ll make a mess!”

Rune stopped dead and nodded, lowering his arms and putting the shirt back down slowly, “I mean... the mist kills all the stuff that could hurt us. This stuff is harmless, now,” he reasoned.

“Yeah, but it still fucking stinks, and it’ll just get everywhere. You know how difficult it is to clean this floor.” She motioned, pointing at the pits and scrapes, and occasional patches of light, hard rust. “I’ll be smelling it for weeks if a big glob of it ends up falling off of you.”

Rune pursed his lips, glancing down at where she was pointing and nodded reservedly, “I see... I see...” he said, feigning solemnity as he walked toward the airlock that separated the cabin of the crawler from the cargo bay. At first it seemed like he might just go into the airlock without further comment, but he stopped short as soon as his hand touched the lever to release the pressure seal. Looking back, he raised one eyebrow and added with an innocent, mocking tone, “... You know, I’m starting to wonder if you’re just easily flustered~!”

Mocha bristled again and growled this time, centering her gaze on him.

“You’re gonna find -out- how flustered I can get if you don’t get the heck out of here and stop threatening to fill my nose with rotting -SKITTER- because you can’t stop thinking with your DICK for more than five seconds.”

Rune knew he was pushing it and drew his lips inwards again, raised his eyebrows and nodded. “Ack-kay,” he whispered to her, baring his teeth a little, “a-kay. Calm down, I understand. Just keep the warrior princess chained up, alright?”

Mocha roared and chucked a pencil at him. “Get IN there!” she screamed, ending it with a little laugh. Deftly, he dodged it, slipped inside, waving as he went with a big, stupid, playful grin. The door shut a second later, leaving Mocha alone to shake her head and grin, whispering softly, fondly, “Fucking jackass...” She hissed, giggling a little, “... warrior princess... If it weren’t for this ‘warrior princess,’ you’d be skitter-food...”

Of course he couldn’t hear her, but Rune was grinning and laughing softly, too. Silence met him though as he stood in the airlock and sighed, calming down after his short, playful ‘fight’ with Mocha. The airlock was a dismal place, and one that Rune wasn’t fond of. There were a lot of reasons for the unease he felt inside its confines, but part of it came from the terrible lighting within. The airlock was lit almost entirely by four dull, red lights that marked the four exits to the room itself. The grey, rust-streaked walls had no plating or decoration and seemed to be made entirely out of one giant piece of cast steel with exposed metal ribbing for additional support(probably against crushing from the outside, if he had to guess). Between the thick ribs of steel there were exposed conduits, pipes, and panels which interlaced among each other and passed to and from parts unseen, giving the room a further ramshackle look that sometimes made his hair stand on end at night when he moved from the cabin to the bathroom, of which the only entrance to was through the airlock itself.

There were four doors in the room with him, each one lit up by a dull red light, including the one he came through, arranged in a north, east, south, west manner. From his vantage point at the southern door the northern door stood across the room, leading to the cargo bay. The east door led to the bathroom and consisted of a steel frame and window which nearly took up the entire door itself, separated half-way from the floor by a steel bar for support. That was where he wanted to go, but Rune couldn't help himself from throwing a glance over to the medical bay, to his left.

Just looking over at it gave him the creeps. The door was offset, closer to the southern wall, and a long window let people peer into it, but not the other way around. He could never quite figure out why it was that way, but he had a few guesses that probably harkened back to old horror films he had seen as a kid. Worse than his imaginings were the memories. More than once he, Mocha, or both of them together had been injured and spent time in the small confines of the room, which was mostly taken up by medical equipment. He had a few scars that were ONLY scars because of the medical bay. Remembering some of those times really made his skin itch and stomach churn, and the darkness behind the unlit room's windows did not make him feel any desire to gaze at it any longer.

The windows of the bathroom, like the medical bay, were dark, but unlike the medical bay he knew that it wasn't full of needles and bad memories from accidents in the field, some of which had nearly claimed either the life or limb of himself or Mocha. He did his best not to think about such things and reached out instead to pull the lever on the bathroom's access panel, which automatically forced the door open with a low hissing sound.

The room was immaculately clean, shining like new porcelain, and judging by the gloss of the room, it very well could have been made with a single, giant piece of polished ceramic or porcelain. The only exception was the floor, which was made of soft, gray tiles that squashed beneath the vulpine's feet, with small, approximately half-inch holes bored all the way through them for grip. The bathroom itself was larger than the airlock, and its interior extended somewhat into the cargo bay, though there was no access from the bathroom. The toilet was in-built into a large, soft-edged fixture in the corner, facing perpendicular to the door's entrance so that it could be easily accessed. A pair of stainless steel sinks inlaid into a large, ceramic bulge that extended from the wall was all that separated the toilets from the rest of the room.

In the center of the room was a long bench, far longer than needed for the two occupants of the crawler, even if they were both in the shower at the same time. It ran lengthwise nearly the entire room, its edges stopping short enough on the side closest to the door that it would not impede someone from standing in front of the sinks. The side of the bench farthest from the wall dropped off about two or three feet away from the wall. Like all of the other 'furniture,' if one could call anything in the room that, it too was made of porcelain or white ceramic, and was attached to the floor in such a way as to be immovable.

Rune spent a lot of his time in this room. Like many males, he thought best in the rain or under the streams of water from the numerous nozzles that lined the ceiling of the crawler's bathroom.

Rune crossed the room as the door closed behind him with a hiss and a heavy ‘chunk’ noise. There, he reached up and began to turn the knobs, starting the water. A few minor adjustments later, and the fox smiled, satisfied with the temperature, quickly soaked from head to toe in his clothes. Unperturbed by what some might have viewed as forgetfulness on his part, the vulpine male strolled, whistling, toward the middle of the room to take up a spot on the white, hard bench. He sat down on the bench and rolled his shoulders and neck, letting the water pour down over him and completely soak his form. Some of the gore and blood that coated his fur and clothes began to slough off onto the floor collecting in the gray holes at his feet. The sound of a gentle breeze suddenly filled the room, and the water and gore that had quickly built up around the pads of Rune’s feet began to dissipate, being sucked down beneath the floor by the holes in the tiles to places unknown. Rune sat like that for a moment, then reached up to massage some of the gunk from his face; whatever ended up on his hands fell down onto the floor below, where it quickly disappeared as well.

The red-orange fox then stood, stretched, rolled his shoulders again, and he cracked his neck before letting loose a relaxed sigh. There, he began to remove his clothes, starting with his boots, which he unclipped like a pair of roller blades until they were completely loose. Stepping out of the boots one by one, he quickly removed his socks and set them aside on the bench with his boots. He groaned with satisfaction, wiggling his toes against the soft surface of the pads beneath his feet, and he took time to relish the soft feeling of the suction against the bottom of his sore feet. He did not enjoy the sensations long, however, and quickly worked to remove his shirt. He peeled off the shirt like a second skin to reveal the exquisitely defined abdominals that years of being on the road, fighting for his life, and ‘surviving’ Mocha’s occasional rough-housing had chiseled into him. As he held the shirt at arm’s length, where it hung heavily and limply, those muscles rippled and twitched, keeping his torso powerfully upright, much like the rest of him. Even his pectorals were well-defined, despite the fur that covered him, and they, too, bounced and bulged gently to assist his arms in keeping the soaked shirt aloft. Turning around, he wrapped the shirt up over itself, folding it into a neat square and sat it next to his boots. He arose once more to his full height, back rippling with lithe, tight cords of twitchy, reactive muscle. Rune stretched towards the ceiling once more, closing his eyes to let the water splash and crawl down over every potent curve of his explorer’s physique.

This also did not last long, as he was still short of completely naked. Rune let his hands fall upon the waistband of his field-pants then leaned his head back and closed his eyes, taking in a moment of peace. Eventually, he pulled at the buckle on his belt, which snapped back with a soft, metallic clicking noise so that he could remove the entire belt in one, long motion. Holding it aloft as well, he curled it up like a roll of tape, and placed it beside the shirt. He permitted himself another moment of solace with his fingers on his waistband once more, and sighed again as he tilted his head back to let the water fall over his face. After a short moment like that, he was satisfied and his hands slid towards the button on his pants, and began to shimmy them down towards the floor with lazy, almost half-hearted motions, exposing the well-trimmed fluff of his crotch to the open, wet air. However, there he stopped and grinned to himself. Saying no words, the vulpine male opened his eyes and shot a glance to the window and was not disappointed.

Standing at the half-length aperture that looked out into the airlock bay, was a large, lupine figure, watching. Her eyes stared, bored into him as if he were a prize beyond her reach, and better yet her tail was wagging slowly. Back and forth. Back and forth behind her.

Runemerely closed his eyes again, however, and dropped his smile so that he could put on an act once more. Having an audience was no reason to stop the show, after all, and this audience in question was -always- welcome. Contrasting easily against the white world he occupied, Rune continued to push his pants lower towards the floor, bending slightly at the knees and hips to slowly reveal inch after inch of his rear which the single-person audience could see, was strong, round, and well shaped. Facing sideways, so that the figure outside could see him in profile, the outside lupine's tail wagged only harder as his crotch came into full view, inch by inch. At first, the thick member which hung between his thighs could scarcely be seen, but the mere fact that she could be hungering, aching, for what she could only -see- from the other side of that glass, made it begin to twitch and bulge, swelling outwards from his crotch, engorging, rising, and thickening as it expanded to push it free of his sheath. Soon, in all its glory, Rune's doggish, tapered tip and a slowly growing, deliciously red and shining canine knot was revealed to the entranced wolf who stood out in the airlock bay, watching.

The lupine could, apparently, wait no longer.

Rune's pants didn't even have time to hit the floor; The door opened as he was bending down and in rushed a thunderous pair of feet, attached to a female wolf. Bent low, head down and forwards, eyes locked on his body, the grey mass of muscle scooped him up by hugging low around his ass. Shepush-carried the smaller male directly across the room to pin him to the wall and growl, but her tail wagged back and forth, despite the baring of her teeth. Rune only grinned back and snapped his jaw at her, making a dull, hollow noise as the fabric of his lover's shirt and pants were quickly darkened by the wetness of the shower cascading over her. For a moment, the two stayed this way as droplets formed, fell, and joined their fellows on the floor below, to disappear into the holes in the padding. Panting, Mocha closed her eyes, and then, without a word, reared her head back and pressed her lips to his mouth, tail wagging until the moment his hands wrapped around the back of her neck and pulled her in, for a deeper, more wanting kiss. Rune smiled as he imagined what was happening behind her, that normally curled tail of hers doing exactly what he expected, and slowly unfurling to hang behind her, its fluff matted down and soaked by warm, flowing water.

TRune could have relished that moment forever - his feet dangling around her arms, half-wrapped around the broad, strong back of the massive lupine female. Some might have thought all of this to be odd. Backwards. Fortunately, those people were never around, thanks to the life the two led and, even if anyone had thought or said anything about their inverted relationship, neither of them would have cared. Much. Beside, a lot had happened in a hundred and fifty years since The Fall, and these two were on the leading edge of a wave of progressivism. Again, not that they cared much.

However, Rune found himself sliding down as Mocha released her grasp on him, her head following his lips down as his heels planted themselves on the ground. Their lips parted with a soft, wet chirp, and the two of them stood still, panting for a moment from the lack of breath during their amorous exchange. Mocha was the first to speak.

“You tease...” she huffed.

Rune grinned. “You know you love me...” he retorted, “... and I know you love a show...”

Mocha growled and grabbed him by the wrist, pulling him over towards the bench with a comparable gentleness as opposed to before, when she had pinned him to the wall. He still stumbled, falling back to catch himself on the bench with his palms and fingers, his well-muscled, round rear smacking wetly against the plastic surface of the thing. It was the only part of the bathroom that he -didn't- like... if only because the bench wasn't quite wide enough for his lover, and because the damn thing was as hard as a rock.

Much like a certain asset on the vulpine male at that moment.

Rune looked up from where he sat, slightly dazed by being tossed around so much by Mocha. Her eyes were affixed on his own, and a small, toothy grin peeled open her maw as she looked him over with a lustful hunger. There was something wonderfully frightening about the way she smiled, like she was always on the brink of tearing someone limb from limb. It was part of the reason she was feared by so many. He was one of the few who knew the difference between her smile and her snarl, and he loved having that knowledge mostly to himself. He noticed her pupils were dark and wide, forcing the yellow starburst of her irises to constrict, cutting a gold ring into the ice-blue that made up the majority of her intent and overwhelming gaze. Not that she was alone in this, as his own bright, wide green eyes had undergone a similar transformation - the pupils round and deep, drawing her in as she knelt next to him.

“I was afraid today.” Mocha began. “It was so close...”

It was his turn to interrupt, however, and he did so with a single index finger, pressing it to her lips. He smiled and retorted, “... I'm not going to die out here. Not in a million years. You might have killed it, but I had already twisted the knife into its heart. There was no way I could have left you alone. As long as I have that in mind, I can fight until you arrive, or until we're both enjoying the afterlife.”

Mocha's tail wagged, and she reached up to wipe her eyes. She was crying, he could tell, despite the water falling around them both and the steam misting around them. “You cocky bastard...” she muttered, and she swiftly pushed her snout towards him and licked his cheek once. Then again. He turned his upper body just enough to cradle her head against his chest and began to nuzzle against her broad snout. Soon enough he felt a hand reach over him and slide across his form.

“Speaking of cocky...” she muttered, her palm flat against his belly as it pushed through and parted the wet fur of his cream-colored belly, slowing as it crossed over the expanse of his abdominal muscles which twitched and rippled at her hand's passing. “... I guess I better play with this while I still have it, huh...?” she asked.

“Mocha...” he gasped gently, “... I'm -not- going anywhere...”

She shook her head and grinned, her large canines bared, hotness forming on her brown-furred cheeks, flushing the space between her snout, even going so far as to extend down the creamy tan of her neck and chest, "... Not with an erection, you're not..." she retorted and pushed her fingers through his trimmed, soft crotch-fur, until her middle and ring fingers split around his girthy shaft, just below the knot. There they stayed for a moment, rocking his cock back and forth by lifting her index and middle first, lowering them, then rising her ring and pinky fingers just a little to make his cock wave lazily in the rising steam.

Rune knew when to be quiet. Now was one of those times. Instead, all he did was give in to his baser desires, letting his hips rise and his taint contract, legs falling astride each side of the bench.

Mocha was happy with his response, but she still withdrew and took a step back to look at her 'quarry.' He was a hot mess... but she was worse and still wearing her clothes. In some ways, that was on purpose, since she knew he loved seeing her soaked, one way or another. To that end, Mocha's brown body was wrapped tightly now in a much heavier, almost see-through tank top that revealed the line of her bra, and the breasts underneath practically bulged out of their cups. Her pants were also completely drenched, along with her boots, but they revealed no more than before. She knew from Rune's gaze that he was thinking about what was beneath those pants, though, and that he knew almost too well exactly what was hidden away. Mocha reached down to unbuckle her pants, removing the belt in a swift motion. She tossed it, then went to undo her boots, stepping out of them to reveal broad-toed feet with thick, powerful tendons that flexed and led up into thick, sturdy ankles. Like Rune, Mocha wriggled her toes against the soft pads beneath her feet and groaned a little, but unlike him, she had no patience for relaxing too long... not when there was a needy mate waiting on her! She kicked the boots aside with a sweep of her right leg, sending one tumbling away, while the other merely fell over. She left them both where they lie, and then-

She froze, apparently not having noticed Rune approach her in the warmth and the steam. He was always stealthy, something she adored. He was the only one who could sneak up on her, something she never got tired of him doing, even if she was not sure he always did it on purpose. Sliding up against her body, he rested his head on her breasts and one of his hands on the outside of each of her thighs. His touch was reassuring, and at the same time it ignited a small fire beneath her sternum that spread throughout her chest cavity, spreading slowly down into her belly until it reached low, between her legs. Her breath caught in her lungs as he stared up at her with a frown, then a small smile, and followed up by nuzzling between her ample, bulging cleavage. She watched him close his eyes as the heated sensation of her belly bubbled and roiled beneath her skin. It grew more and more intense as she felt his hands roam across the breadth of her rippling, muscular thighs until they reached the inside of each. The squeeze which followed was surprisingly harsh and made Mocha's knees quake and buckle. Her arms quickly flew up in response, landing on his shoulders for support... support that she found stable thanks to the shorter vulpid's extraordinary strength for his size. She had 'trained' him well, and he had become the strength and rock that she relied on when she could not rely on herself. She was certain that he felt the same way, especially as the need for -more- of him filled the space behind her middle, extending lower along a gently swelling line that centered above the soft, aching mounds of her sex, still hidden behind her pants. She both hated and loved how slow and methodical he was with her sometimes. Her anticipation was building, swelling inside her with a wonderfully frustrating ache. Her insides roiled harder as she felt



his hands finally catch the waistband of her pants and start to mess with the buttons that kept them attached to her hips.

Rune could sense the building tension inside her by the way she breathed and by the subtle quaking of her body. His gaze centered on her chest for a moment, and even though she was wearing a thick, ballistic-fibre bra, her nipples bulged outwards subtly beneath. So, he didn't keep her waiting long and quickly pulled the button from the loop, and in a single, quick motion he switched his hands' positions and pulled down on the wolfess's pants while dropping to a knee.

"Shirt, bra. Off." he growled lowly, his voice graveling again as he remained below her breasts, knowing full well that she couldn't see him. "... Now."

He had learned to assert himself from her... something that he knew Mocha adored.

"I want to see our puppies." he rumbled gently then leaned in to kiss the mound of her thick, soft vaginal lips, making out with them almost as passionately as he would with the ones on her face. His tongue playing across her panties, which were thankfully free of any stain from the dead skitter they'd killed an hour before, only for him to bite down on the very smallest edge of those bright, pink, silken undergarments with his frontmost teeth. Then he growled and tugged, softly.

"You're gonna tear them..." she panted, her thighs squeezing together a little as her knees shook, "... Stop -pulling-..." she whined, a rarity for her, and one that showed her trust in him, "...it's the last pair I have...!"

Out of the corner of his mouth, he managed to rumble out his demands again. "Then, shirt. Off. Now, or I'm going to tear these off so fast that it leaves rug-burns on your fat, fuckable ass," he growled softly. He knew her ass was anything but fat, but she seemed to get an odd pleasure out of being talked down to; It was something that he attributed to both her nature and the fact that most people were absolutely fearful of showing off a brave face in front of the dire-wolf female whom he called a mate.

Mocha -shuddered-, her abdomen clenching and her thighs writhing with tensing muscles. He did not always talk to her like this. In fact, she knew it was on purpose that he kept the act rare. She begged him to do it more, but somehow the fact that she was denied this side of him as often as she liked it made it all the more enticing and satisfying when he did act the way he was right then.

"Okay... okay...!" she whispered, panting as she crossed her arms in front of her body, making her ample bosom squish and bulge even more against the fabric of her tank top and the bra beneath. Mocha grasped the edges of her shirt and began to tug upwards, peeling back the fabric to expose the cream-tan coloring of her belly and an impressive set of powerfully toned and honed abdominals that twitched and rippled every time she felt Rune's hands slide, his fingers tap, or the nuzzling of his snout. She was barely able to move the shirt's mass up beneath her breasts before she felt another sensation - a wet tightening around the soft of her mound - as Rune pulled her panties up, mimicking the upward motion of her shirt. The warm, wet fabric squished up against her sex, rubbing and sliding upwards against her clitoris, which sent a radiating shock of intense pleasure through her belly, up her spine, and

down her legs. It made her teeth hurt and her mouth salivate. She could not complete the task he had demanded of her.

Gasping suddenly, a howl of over-pleasure exploded from her chest, ripping free of her maw as she threw her head back and instinctively grabbed her own breasts, squeezing harshly, bunching the fabric up in her hands as she threatened to lose control.

“Aaaaannnghuuuuwwwooooooooooooo~!” bellowed the lupine woman as Rune, still beneath her, grinned, growling and pulling more at her panties, straining the fabric even more as the normally dulcet tones of Mocha’s voice arose further in octaves, getting higher and higher and higher until...

Mocha’s knees nearly buckled completely as she felt a rush of emotion and release wash over her brain and plunge back down into her belly. In the following sensations, she felt as if her belly was swelling, and she took in a deep, gasping breath, only to experience the familiar, wonderful experience of cumming against Rune’s face, a splash of feminine arousal and release bursting out, like the howl, all over her thighs and his snout. Rune only pulled harder as Mocha’s fingers took hold of her shirt with an ever-more powerful grip, stretching the fabric as her hands and muscles seemed to work on their own, her body disobeying her commands as it took every last ounce of willpower to stay upright.

Rune snarled and rumbled against her as he pushed himself upwards to a low, standing position. fighting her body as it threatened to collapse by wrapping his arms up around her lower back and shouldering her upper body as she fell atop his back, he refused to let her panties go, but also refused to let her fall. Feeling her breasts spread and squash against his upper back as she curled overtop him made him confident that she was held up well above him. Sure that she would not fall, Rune pulled his head upwards and backwards, her panties still in his teeth, and growled as he raked the top of his head and his ears against Mocha’s twitching, tensed abdomen.

“N-nghhooowuuuu~!” cried Mocha as her arms grabbed at his hips, and in the heat of the moment, she tried to pull against him, accomplishing nothing. He snarled, pushed her up against the wall and -tore- her panties from her body entirely with a wet -SNAP-. The torn panties left Mocha speechless for a moment... just before another orgasmic fire tore through her belly and left her panting and scratching across his back, to pull at the hair on his head, and generally abuse him by any means that she could manage as her mind was overwhelmed with pleasure and bliss to the point where she could not breathe! It took her a moment to calm enough to do much more than shake, as wave after wave of release rolled over her lower belly, radiating warmly, then cooling, then radiating again across her middle, where it spread down her legs and to the tips of her toes, forcing the wolven female to curl her toes time and again for a short while.

Rune thought he had her right where he wanted her. He was certain that he was going to take her after that. However, he found himself picked up by the very hips she had grasped earlier, and carried, upside-down, over to the bench in the middle of the room. He was deposited unceremoniously on the bench, and it was only thanks to the reflexes that years of being in the Wilds, and the years of being with her, that he was able to avoid falling from where she put him down or smacking his back or tailbone against the hard, ceramic surface of the bench. Rune looked up at Mocha, wondering for only a moment

what she intended, but the panting wolfess left him with no doubt as she pushed him down with a heavy, forceful palm to the chest, then straddled the bench, looming over him.

“You... you... think... you’re... “ she panted, “... you’re so slick...” she huffed.

Rune grinned, “Never. That title goes to you...” he retorted.

Mocha laughed, gasping for breath, then gave him an evil, snout-scrunching grin, “You... fucking smartass...” she growled, “... I’m going to shatter your...” she panted again, unable to catch her breath. Still, she reached down between her legs to take Rune’s cock into her hands, the massive palm encompassing it easily as her thumb rubbed up under the sensitive area of his shaft, pushing the wet skin upwards beneath his tapered cockhead. “... I’m going to fuck your hips into dust...” she sighed, “... that... that was my last PAIR!” she snarled, bending over to press her snout to his, to the point where it hurt her nose, so she KNEW it hurt his!

Her vulpine lover, however, despite closing his eyes in pain, laughed and gasped at the same time.

“I’ll get you new ones...!” he promised, “... whatever kind you want...!”

Mocha was satisfied by that answer and pulled away from his snout, gently massaging his cock in her palms with a loose, soft-flicking wrist. “... That will do...” she said, “... maybe I won’t have to fuck you to death... besides... terrible punishment...” she grinned.

“I dunno~” Rune responded, rubbing his snout to assuage some of the pain that still tingled from her aggressive snout-bopping, “... I don’t think I’ve learned my lesson~” he teased, “... best if you do both... except only just fuck me until I’m ALMOST dead...”

She smiled down at him, fondly this time, no scrunching snout, no snarls, and cooed softly, “... I suppose you’re right...” and with those words she sunk down onto her lover’s shaft slowly, carefully guiding it upwards into her hot, slick depths. So controlled was her descent onto him that he arched his back and pushed his ass down against the bench beneath him. Mocha felt his canine shaft twitch against the pliable, muscular walls of her vagina, hardening further inside her, curving gently as it reached ever closer to the inevitable crescendo. However... perhaps to his dismay... Mocha knew Rune almost as well, if not better, than he knew himself. Squeezing around his shaft, she had always been tight, but coupled with the sheer muscular nature of her body, it was all the more noticeable when she forcibly constricted her muscles around him. The effect she loved to feel and watch, especially when his toes started to curl and his chest began to rise and fall more deeply. That was the best part... it meant he was close... and whenever he was, she’d hold herself there, let her muscles tighten and stay that way until his chest stopped rising so dramatically... edging him further and further until his hands reached up to press against the sparse, shallow scars of her abdomen. The best part? She had learned to control this state so well that she could inch her way down for minutes at a time, almost bring him to orgasm, only to let his body calm over and over until he was completely inside her... all six inches.

Nothing satisfied her more than this... except when he took control, of course.

The larger female wasn't done with him yet though. Mocha reached back behind herself to feel for his testicles, cupping them both in her hands to gently massage those two, forcing them to slide around against one another as she thumbed and jostled them in her palms.

"Getting desperate~?" she asked, "I bet you'd -love- to put TONS of puppies in my belly, wouldn't you?" she asked, "Make me big and round with a huge, ridiculous litter that I can't POSSIBLY carry around easily?" she cooed, grinning as she leaned forwards.

Rune's eyebrows arched inwards, "M-Mocha..." he whined softly, "... You don't have to-", but he felt an orgasm coming on, and though he tried to buck up against her, she kept him from doing so, holding him in perfect stasis until his over-eager cock settled down within her. Mocha only shook her head, "Don't you worry my love~" she assured him, "... One of these days all those little swimmers in there are just going to throw me into the deepest heat that anyone in history has ever had!" He heard her tease fully, his ears drinking in her words despite the guilt that twinged in the back of his mind. He swallowed and gasped, the heat of his own blush making his eyes water, not that it mattered. He couldn't see anything with the water from the shower falling down onto his face... and that... he realized, was her intention...! So, in the dark he sat, trapped by his one and only, and forced to imagine whatever she wanted him to.

Mocha had Rune where she wanted him now and released his testes from her grasp so she could lean forward and shield him from the falling water with her body. Just for a moment. Long enough for him to feel her insides squelch around his shaft and look up at her. "I'm getting pregnant today... one way or another." she said, leaning in for a gentle kiss, before withdrawing again as his hips rose to try and buck upwards and into her. This reaction was what she expected, what she wanted, and as she pulled away, she drew her hands along his body with trailing fingertips, until she was sitting atop him, rocking back and forth. The water and steam forced his eyes shut again, exactly as planned. Mocha took the time to reach back and unclip her bra, and she removed everything in one go, tossing it aside where it slapped wetly against the wall, sliding down a short distance before falling, and landing on the floor again with another, deeper, harsher smacking sound. Now, with her breasts free to hang heavily off her chest, dense and full enough that they only sagged a little, Mocha almost wished that Rune could see them. She knew how much he loved the way her nipples and areolas bulged almost obscenely from their surface, even though she had never borne any children.

Unable to see, Rune could only feel and hear again, and he was surprised when he felt familiar, albeit wet, palms wrapping around his own. His ears twitched and rotated, centering in on her voice as he heard Mocha speak. "... Feel?" she asked, "... Feel how warm and swollen it is there?" she asked, forcing his hands to press against her lower middle. He could hear her breathe in, but the effect of her middle pushing out, against his hands, was more powerful than his knowledge of why it was happening, when combined with the words she spoke next. "I'm in heat. It was your kiss, you know. Remember how we were warned as kids?" she asked, "... about how kissing made people have babies... I guess it was partly true after all~"

Mocha smiled as she saw his reaction, felt it inside. His cock twitched, and his breath shuddered. She loved having this much control over him. It was gratifying to know that her words could do so much, and so she pushed it further, "All it will take is a little bit you know..." she told him, "... and I'll be full of kits for sure..." Another twitch, "... Oh... but actually... I think I feel something happening already..." she added with a sultry, almost whining, groaning tone, "You must have cum a little just now!"

In the blackness of his own mind, he could see the images she wanted him to experience. Her groaning, the swell of her lower belly against his hands, bloated with an extreme heat that he had fantasized about, only admitting in the past few years that he had a desire for pups, and to have a family. That he thought unmitigated, feral heats were amazingly hot, something that was frowned upon by their society. How he wanted her to go into one and just get oh-so-massively pregnant, but that he knew it wouldn't happen, couldn't happen, and shouldn't happen... and that it was a guilty fantasy.

"They're growing already~" she teased, rolling her hips forwards so that the lower portion of her belly started to put pressure against his hips even more, "... Can't you feel them? I'm so... gosh... I'm so -fertile-!" She exclaimed happily, her words echoing across the white walls and down into his brain, to make him pant with the desire for release. He could feel his heart rate climbing, feel the rush in his ears and the ache of need. His cock was about ready to burst, aching with the fact that he had been aroused for so long. "It's gotta be like... five..." she moaned, grinding against him. "... No... maybe ten!?" she asked, as if surprised. "... Oh there's more...!" he heard her exclaim. "Gods yes..." and each time Mocha told him there were more, she felt her belly press further and further up his body.

"... Twenty..." Mocha smiled, watching his body tense beneath her, feeling him try to hold on, wanting more and more, fearing that as soon as she came, it would be over. Which was true. She wasn't going to play TOO much after he blew his load... after all, this was something he liked, and she had to use it to her advantage as much as possible... which meant only once in a while! "Oh... thirty... gods, give me more, Rune!" she moaned, "So many more!" She felt Rune's strong grip against her ass.

"Your butt..." he grunted out, hissing through his teeth in an amazing effort to hold back.

"It's so heavy and HUGE, right? It's getting bigger along with my belly... I know! This is all your fault... how are we gonna find clothes for me!? Especially when..." she paused as his cock stopped twitching, his hips bucked upwards, pushing as deep as he could go inside her, thighs tightened. Mocha smirked, leaning down as far as she could, only to let her breasts squish against his chest. If he weren't so close, she knew that her boobs touching his chest when her 'belly' was so big might ruin his imagined scenario, but... with how close he was now? Not a chance. She leaned around and breathed deeply in his ear, knowing that got to him more than anything, "... there's a hundred in me...?" she stated, more than asked.

Rune felt his taint unclench, balls pulling upwards. Pleasure exploded from between his legs, shooting up the length of his shaft and filling it entirely with wondrous ecstasy! In the moment, his cock felt like it might truly explode as thick wads of white-hot seed bubbled up and mixed in with semen to explode from his red, canine tip. Just as the first sticky glob burst up into Mocha's belly, filling up what space was left thanks to her extremely tight vagina, Rune felt the heated, subduing wave of release shoot

down his toes and ripple up his spine, making the muscles along his back, calves, and the bottom of his feet contract, arching him upwards against his heavier mate. With breasts as big as his head squishing down against his neck, he almost had trouble breathing, but loved every moment of it as the pleasure reached his ears, making their triangular tips spark and tingle like the rest of his body. He heard Mocha moan and could tell that this wasn't part of the act. Somewhere in the back of his mind, he knew she was truly enjoying herself.

In truth, Mocha was. She loved the strange feeling of his penis twitching inside her, like it was alive and had a mind of its own. She adored the warmth that filled her belly and the odd satisfaction that followed of having something of his inside her. The way it gently sloshed for a while... the full feeling. She adored it, especially when, three expulsions in, her womb was already chock full of his stuff, and he was still cumming. With such a well-done job, Mocha permitted herself to pant and lose herself again in the passion, her lips descending once more to kiss him on the mouth, reaching over her breasts and his shoulders to hold his head in place as she put the full weight of her body on his. She knew she couldn't enjoy that long; she would otherwise crush him. So after a very brief, deep, loving kiss, Mocha reached above her lover's head and planted down her hands, pushing up while keeping her belly firmly pushed down against Rune's, while he slowly came down from his orgasmic high, still twitching inside her as the last bit of his seed pooled into her stuffed womb.

Her weight was something that he adored. Her presence. Her strength. The fact that she was so wild and healthy. Everything about her was perfect, except for one thing. For all the teasing about her getting pregnant, and for all the fun they had pretending, for all the times she dressed up or shoved pillows under her shirt... there were just as many angry accusations against him, just as many cries of dismay in the night; this was because, for all the desire he had, and she had...

... Mocha was infertile. They could never have children the way they wanted to, and it turned out her body was entirely hostile to implantation.

However, in those preceding moments, where the two passionately explored the fantasy, the kink, and the fun of impossibility, they took solace together. They enjoyed themselves, and even after their guilty mutual pleasure, wherein he felt guilty for letting her play like that on his account and she felt guilty for teasing him like that, they had agreed not to mention it to one another in some unspoken contract. Instead, Mocha stared down at Rune and sheltered his face from the water above with her broad, strong back, her breasts dangling low to brush Rune's snout with their bloated nipples. Her breasts wobbled over and over to make his snout wiggle involuntarily in protest, a problem that was entirely the result of their difference in stature. He even had to tilt his head backwards quite a bit to see her beautifully savage, smiling face as she stared down at him fondly.

"I'm keeping them, you know." she said, having caught her breath enough such that she could giggle a little, a rare thing that he had only heard from a well-satisfied wolfess, "... You can't make me give them back."

"Too many to give back." he echoed, "... Where would I put them anyways? It's not like they can go back in."

Mocha grinned even wider. A small tone resounded through the chamber. Both looked around but made no move to get up, instead turning their gazes back to one another.

“Guess you’re going to have to carry the heaviest load again.” Rune said with a snicker, “Although, you’re stronger than I am.”

Mocha rolled her eyes, “As if I’d have it any other way. Besides... you’d like it if I suddenly spilled in the middle of the hallway at HQ.” she told him.

“I like it if you do, OR if you don’t...” he added, wrapping his arms over her lower back to hug her firmly, nuzzling up into her thick, fat breasts, “... As long as you hold it a little while.”

Another tone rang out, and the two sighed in aggravation.

Why couldn’t life always be like the past half hour?