

It seemed like everything that *could* go wrong, *had*. First he'd lost his prey; then another predator had caught it, right in front of his eyes; and then he himself had gotten caught as well, one thick-muscled arm curling around his throat and another under his arm, for a blindfold to then be wrapped over his eyes and a coarse rope tied around his wrists. The terrain in these woods had been hard enough when he could actually see where he was going.

It had been another wolf that had stolen his prey from him, and one using only his jaws and his claws. The resultant half-second of shock provided enough of an opening for the others, though, and since he'd positioned himself downwind of the elk, the others also turned out to be downwind of *him*. Now, though, with a strong paw squeezing around each forearm to guide him forward, he could smell them clearly enough.

Both males, mountain wolves, close relatives of his own species. One was old enough to be his father, and the other young enough to be his brother - and on the third, trailing behind them with the elk slung over his shoulders, the metallic scents of blood and hunger covered everything else. Almost everything, at least: with his sight blocked and his path laid out for him by these two, the captured wolf had a lot of time to focus on other things, and one that stuck out to him on the others was the palpable odor of... *disruption* was the best word for it.

Each had his own scent, of course, but those were similar enough to mark them packmates at least, family members at most. Despite that, though, one note beneath both of those tickled at his nose, and led him to lift his head and sniff at the air every time it wafted back to him. It was... sharp like pine needles, dry like sunbaked dust and about as airy, though still heavy as the stones that caught his toes and scraped beneath his pads. Hard to put a name to, hard to describe, but one that he knew he knew.

He kept his ears perked as they dragged him wordlessly along, trying to figure out if he knew where they were bringing him. The wooshing of wind in the trees all around rose and fell, rose and fell in a slow unsteady rhythm; at one point there was the quiet bubbling of a smooth stream somewhere off to his left, followed by the rushing sound of a waterfall shortly after; and then fallen pine needles and low-lying brush grabbing at the fur of his ankles and footpads turned instead to long, soft grass, tickling and brushing, and he could feel the heat of the sun overhead staring down at him through an open sky.

His nose twitched again, the next breeze carrying with it the mix of many more wolves. Another second and his ears picked up the same as well, little snatches of conversation or the crackling of fires, rustling of fur and hide clothing, quiet predator's footsteps in long grass. An unconscious snarl curled back on his lips - that was his natural reaction to coming near an unfamiliar pack, especially to getting tossed into the middle of one like this - but then the blindfold was swiped from his eyes, and for a moment, his defensiveness bubbled down into shock and, briefly, confusion.

Nobody gave him a second glance. First glances, sure - but never a second. Palette of whites and cloudy greys and shadow blacks, earth browns, sandy tan. There could be no way that all of these were of the same blood. The two that kept a firm grip on his arms let him look around and take everything in, from the tents set up apparently at random throughout the clearing, to the large fire that burned in the center of the camp - towards which the third wolf lugged the prey that didn't belong to him - and then the low cave near the treeline across the way, and over all of the others.

His ears had been right about the hide clothing. The females here all wore simple coverings around their chests and hips, while the males... the captured wolf squirmed against his captors and swallowed. None of the males wore anything. Not only that, but the same scent he'd picked up on these beside him also hovered around *them*, too, stronger, heavier, richer, and magnified by the fact that just about all of them showed some amount of pink, glistening wet flesh poking out of the end of plump sheaths between their legs. The more he watched them, even as the males on either side of him pushed him forward, the more he could see something familiar burning in their eyes, and a hunger lurking behind the way they licked their chops, and how they glanced around as if they had gone two days without water.

His eyes focused forward again: he was being pushed towards the cave across the camp, still without a word from anyone. Very quickly, though, awareness of all the other wolves in the camp faded, especially once the three of them crossed into the cool shade of the cave - and the scents in his nose receded to bring in the one that he knew from the start was the reason for the other males'... *twitchiness*.

Indeed, he could smell her before he could see her. Canid eyes took little time to adjust to the darkness deeper in the den, and before long his sight verified what tickled at his other senses beneath the thick, musky aroma and the rhythmic panting, moaning, gasping... and for a moment he wasn't sure whether he should wait for the she-wolf to notice him or avert his gaze.

She was sprawled out across the cool stone floor of the cave, head thrown back and muzzle hanging open, clothed only in her own fur and a few whitish streaks of what could only be one thing, matting down the black fur of her lower belly and sides. Another, smaller male pounded fiercely away at her from atop her, his own muzzle pressed firmly between her breasts while his hips worked fast and hard, and while his footpaws repeatedly adjusted across the dusty floor for footing. Hard, wet slaps of his body against hers as he bred her echoed within the cave, and the she-wolf's legs squeezed around him - until she let out a low rumble, looked down at him, and then effortlessly flipped around so that *he* was the one with his back to the floor, and *she* was the one atop him.

Maybe it was she who was large, and he was just a normal-sized wolf; either way, she dwarfed him, and looked as though she could take his entire head in one paw as if she were holding an apple. Instead, though, she pressed one of her paws against his chest, making no effort to keep her claws from digging into his skin, and continued the rhythm he'd started against her - though faster, harder, hungrier. She bore her hips down against him, squeezed him inside of her, blanketed his own moans of pleasure in her own... and then gave a few smaller churns of her hips, before she tugged up off of him. The male lifted up beneath her with her pulling against his swollen knot - and then settled back against the ground once she'd come free, drained in more than one way. The captured wolf raised his eyebrows at that. If a full knot couldn't keep her filled-

Then, though, those bright golden eyes settled on him, and she turned - and he *really* figured out what was going on. Dripping, swollen flesh between her legs, lips engorged in the peak of her heat; that strong, rich scent, like blood and urine and arousal, hit him and knocked all coherent thought of his head for a few tense seconds. Muzzle still hanging partially open, tongue out in quiet panting, she started to close the distance towards the three of them, the other male's fresh seed dripping from that glistening pink and down along her inner thighs. The fur there looked unkempt and unwashed, and - his nose twitched again, outside of his control;

that exhausted male, just now managing to pull himself up to his elbows, was not her first today. Nor her third, or her fifth, or...

As she approached and looked down on him from shoulders some two feet above his own, he could very clearly see why the other males in the camp teetered on the edge of arousal. The aroma of her heat, rich and heavy, stuck to the back of his throat and hung in his nose. Each inhalation felt like drawing in a noseful of thick, hot steam - and he couldn't stop himself. Each time he cleared his throat or swallowed, trying to keep a straight face and return her challenging stare, turned that scent into something just short of a taste... and before long he could pick out these other two males on the air as well.

That wasn't surprising. He felt glad that he himself at least had this simple sash and loincloth: as much as he personally disliked the current situation, his body deeply enjoyed being so close to a she-wolf in the midst of her heat. He tried to keep his eyes on hers - to look away would be as much a display of submission as dropping to his knees and bowing his head - but that proved to be a bit tough what with that swollen spade between her legs, jiggling slightly as she shifted her weight from one foot to the other.

When she spoke she never quite closed her mouth, still panting as though she'd run from one moon to the next without a break. The she-wolf lazily pointed with one paw, some sticky body fluid hanging between her fingers. "Ban, Thu - who have you brought me? This scent is unfamiliar."

The other males jumped at being addressed, minds most likely elsewhere. No need to look to know that she had the same effect on them, too.

"Mother-" The one to his left swallowed, and let out a sigh that echoed hers. All snarls and claws in the woods, and now a twitchy puppy before her. "A - trespasser, in your forest. Hunting your prey."

Citrine eyes burning as bright as the sun looked him up and down. Whether that flame came from distaste or lust, he couldn't tell - and it was also hard to determine from the height difference, but he thought that gaze lingered at his loincloth for a moment longer, piercing through the coarse fabric. As if she'd physically brushed him with those slightly damp fingers, he shivered, and gave an unintentional throb. *Could she not stand so close to me?*

Briefly, her pink tongue flitted out across black-fleshed lips. "Is that right." It wasn't a question.

The wolf to his right coughed into his fist, and shifted awkwardly where he stood. "Ah - yes, Mother, he-"

"Thu."

He straightened up and shut his mouth.

"Go take care of yourself. You too, Ban."

Something else on their scents, something that he hadn't managed to pick out earlier: submissiveness. Stark submissiveness, dull and muted, hard to identify simply because it had

always been there on them. Despite himself, he couldn't help but quirk his muzzle in a small smile.

"Yes, Mother," the others said, slightly out of sync with one another. They each bowed, took a half-step back, and then turned and left the cave as quickly as they could... which left him standing on his own, paws still bound behind his back, with this she-wolf standing before him. Now she had one paw resting on her hip and the other - the damp one - at her muzzle, that same tongue idly flicking out between her fingers and cleaning off the mess. Some distance behind her, the male she'd just drained was just now managing to lift himself to his feet.

She swallowed, and breathed out another shuddering sigh. That paw on her hip floated down between her legs, her fingers squished and squeezed in on her plump sex, a little bit more of that sticky whitish mixture oozed out in a thick string... and the scent of both her heat and the far male's seed hit his nose. "What is your name?"

His mouth moved without him telling it to. "Kaytu." With that aroma, she might be able to make him do anything for her. And he didn't think he'd be able to say no.

"Obedient." She pursed her lips, and then wiped her paw off on her thigh - before she held it out towards him. "I am Radha. But you may call me Mother."

*What is she...?* For a moment, all coherent thought left Kaytu: his nose and whiskers twitched with the warm air wafting from that paw, fur of the she-wolf's fingers matted with that mixed slickness. Such an irresistible hunger burning in his abdomen, buzzing in the back of his head... she didn't even *have* to tell him, and he was leaning forward, brushing his mouth along those blunted claws, parting his lips to curl his broad tongue in around one of those fingers, between them.

That taste flooded his muzzle from the first lick, sharp and strong as he'd expected and yet so much more at the same time. It felt almost as though he were watching through another wolf's eyes: he was aware of what he was doing, of suckling gently along those fingers and dragging his tongue along her fur to lick, to scrape off all of that sticky bittersweetness, yet he couldn't stop himself. And the more he tasted her (and *him*; that other male skittered by the two of them, apparently trying to avoid notice after having served his duty), the less he could resist.

The black she-wolf's lips curled up in a satisfied smile, and she turned her paw over so that Kaytu could continue along the backs of her fingers, calloused fingerpads pressing in against his cheeks and beneath his tongue, up against the roof of his mouth to tilt his muzzle up and force him to hold eye contact again. He had to look up past her breasts, maybe a bit larger and heavier amid her head than usual, and at the edges of his vision, a few more pairs of nipples lined her lower chest and belly, drawing a track in sweet pink down towards what she held between those thighs.

"You are the second to wander into my territory, dog." Radha abruptly slid her fingers out of Kaytu's mouth, then wiped some of his saliva against his chin before reaching up to scritch between his ears. Right now, he wasn't sure he *wanted* to look away from that face. "And I'm sure you know that you did so at an excellent time."

*Excellent...* Kaytu mouthed that word, but wasn't certain whether he said it or not. Radha's sly smile returned, and that slightly-moist-again paw drifted down from his head to his shoulder, and then squeezed there and started to press down...

"Were you to stumble into here if I were off my heat, I would have a... considerably less pleasant punishment for you, for the both of us." Try as he might to remain standing, the she-wolf just had too much strength in that arm. Slowly but not particularly reluctantly, Kaytu lowered himself to his knees... and then started to lean back as Radha stepped forward, bringing that pulsing flesh dangerously close to his nose. "But. Lucky you. If your service is satisfactory, I may offer for you to join my pack, to keep you around to serve again. If not... well. You shall find out then."

Nothing he could do. Nothing else he wanted to do here, as she guided him through just what he *did* want: the she-wolf's paw held him in place there, nose not an inch from her wet, dripping flesh, driving him absolutely wild with desire. Any of his concern and worry about being captured had long since faded to the back of his mind; all that mattered right now was this female in front of him, the dripping spade so close that he could lick it if he tried. That other male really *hadn't* been her first: so close to her and with his nose constantly twitching and tickling, now breathing as though *he'd* been the one to run without a break, he could pick out a multitude of other scents on her.

Not only that, but he could see them, too, the black fur of Radha's inner thighs thoroughly matted and sticky with dried cum as well as her own juices. As if sensing his desires - and she probably knew full well what those were - her paw released his head... and the first thing Kaytu did was press his nose against one of those thighs, endlessly hungry from the taste he'd been given earlier. Again and again he lapped up along that fur, very quickly coming closer and closer to the sex hanging down before his eyes, intentionally pressing his nose up against it, wetting his muzzle, drawing deep of her heavy, musky scent.

The she-wolf shivered as his licks along her thigh turned to nuzzles between her legs, and then from there to kisses, and from there... Kaytu swallowed, maw hanging open in fervent panting, as he pushed his nose up *into* that waiting flesh, feeling the same clenches and squeezes that had still failed to hold the other male's knot. Her scent shot electric jolts of pleasure and need down his spine, and made him straighten up and nuzzle even deeper into her - until he could draw his tongue along her walls from the inside, the first inch and a half of his muzzle buried. No way to breathe other than to get a lungful of pure, undiluted heat.

"There you go..." the she-wolf purred, and returned her paw to his muzzle. As he licked, as he suckled along her salty-sweet flesh and swallowed down the slickness that stuck to the back of his throat, she actually tried to pull him in deeper - until he actually couldn't. Slick, wet walls, squeezing and sliding around his muzzle, thick aroma stopping up his breath and filling his mouth and lungs. He hadn't even noticed that she'd pushed him the rest of the way down to his back, and now had her strong legs on either side of his head, riding down onto his muzzle, further adding to the gooey wetness rolling down his chin and cheeks.

Strong paws still on his head, holding him up inside her while she rode and grinded and panted atop him, footpaws brushing against the sides of his chest... this was a *bit* uncomfortable with his own paws still bound behind and now beneath his back, but he wasn't about to complain. Not that he really could, anyway: hard to breathe, and those breaths that he *did* take, he wanted to savor. He actually had trouble keeping himself from thrusting up into the air, footpaws braced

against the dusty cave floor; the inner side of his loincloth had long since become slick and soaked with his leaked pre, coaxed out from the intensity of Radha's need.

When she did lift up off of him - his jaw had started to ache from the motions, and if he went much longer without a deep breath of fresh air, he might faint - a few thick strands of sticky fluid still connected his lips to hers, and slowly dripped down against his neck and upper chest. Heavy breathing from both wolves now, Kaytu feebly humping into the air and whimpering with his own need, tongue repeatedly coursing out across his lap up as much of that wetness as he could. Again it smelled and tasted like blood old and new, muted acridness of urine, sharper spice of her natural musk, a few other things that he couldn't quite place.

Another drip to the top of his muzzle made him focus his eyes again, to see if she were still waiting above him - but, no: she pushed herself down along his chest and belly, intentionally grinding her flesh against him and leaving a thick, sticky trail in his fur towards his loincloth. Kaytu looked up and instead caught sight of sharp yellow-white fangs between parted lips, clear saliva drooling slowly from her maw, all sorts of hungry. Another drop splashed right against the front of his muzzle, just beneath his nose... and his first instinct was to lick it off, adding that flatter, blunter taste to the stirring mix already in his mouth.

So focused on that and on grinding up against the wet heat soaking down through his loincloth now, Kaytu actually jumped a little bit with the feeling of claws dragging gently through the fur of his cheeks, tilting his muzzle up to yet again look the she-wolf in her eyes.

"You'll do well," she rumbled, and reached back with one paw not to push the smaller wolf's loincloth down his legs, but instead to slice a claw through the strap and completely remove it. Kaytu swallowed - another drop of saliva fell down against his tongue afterwards, catching him by surprise - and squirmed beneath her weight, her heat, her desire. With a churn of her hips, a grind of that hot wet flesh against his throbbing cock, and a low exhalation, she closed the distance between their muzzles - and took up his work of lapping her own slickness off his face, one paw holding him firmly in place. She didn't even bother to keep things clean, replacing that musk with the sticky wetness of drool, until his muzzle dripped entirely with that instead.

Again, though, not that he wanted to complain, nor *could* he: that done, she lifted her backside up just slightly, readjusted her position, and slid easily back down onto him... and *that* sensation knocked him right back out. Kaytu had since forgotten why he was even here, other than to give this she-wolf everything she wanted from him; he didn't mind the ropes keeping his paws bound behind his back, or the slight discomfort from pressing back down onto them, or anything else, really. His mind buzzed her presence, and every time she pushed herself down onto him, hot and slick and wet and wonderful, he lifted up and gave her everything he could.

And just like that other male, his knot could not quite fill her up. Saliva-slickened lips squeezed and pressed down against his sheath, bulging over his swelling flesh - and then another bounce, and another, and another, slid that skin down, all the way back. Kaytu drew in a sharp breath through nostrils still laden with her musk, shivered, squirmed again... and was pushed right back down against the cave floor by a paw that he had no doubt could crush any bone in his body, were Radha to try.

It felt a bit like she might crush his hips, with the way she rode him into the floor. All of her muscle and weight bearing down on him, squeezing down past the base of his knot and riding forward, scraping his paws, his back, and the base of his tail across the rough stone floor... but

the pleasure of her movements by far overtook all of that. Kaytu let his head lurch back, let his jaw hang open so he could pant openly, still able to feel the warm wetness of her thick saliva in his fur.

Warm wetness everywhere, actually: every press down on him squeezed out more of the liquid of her arousal, spattering a short distance up his belly and matting down his fur there. Radha growled softly, and Kaytu could feel her start to clench more fully around him; he knew that feeling. She was wanting him to fill her up, wanting to feel the full force of what he had to give her. Another spice came out on the scent wafting up to tickle at his nose with each thrust, something bordering more closely on imminent, pulsing need - and Kaytu could feel it himself as well, as a burning flame in his abdomen, a series of shivering electric jolts, building up, pushing out...

...until he gritted his teeth and lifted as firmly up into her as he could, burying himself deep past those swollen lips just as his muzzle had been earlier. A few more hungry clenches squeezed around his knot, gave a few tugs... and started to milk him, Radha's paw closing in on his chest, claws digging into his skin beneath his fur. Such sharp, intense pleasure, overwhelming like her scent in his nose, like her taste still dripping down the back of his throat, the smaller wolf let out a string of low, shivering moans as he could *feel* Radha drain him dry. Through eyelids threatening to shudder closed, he could just barely see a hint of that same sly, satisfied smile lift up the corners of her muzzle, and she brought her footpaws down under his legs to keep him buried up inside of her until the last of his throes faded. Even then, though, just the *sensation* of remaining inside her caused him to twitch and shiver. And she knew it.

She intentionally remained down on him for a while longer, bringing her other paw in to drag through his chestfur and make him shiver all over again. "Mm," she went on, and gave another churn of her hips; Kaytu gasped. "You'll do very well. What would you say to staying around for a bit? I feel like if I breed you just right, I can get some very good results..."

Hard to speak. Hard to find the breath to do so, and hard to find the capability. Now he kept his eyes closed since the world seemed to swim around him; whether that was the pleasure, the exhaustion, or the effect of her musk on him... "Yes, Mother," he managed, and licked his lips. Taste of hers. Couldn't think of anything other than her, looming above him, maw opened and panting like him, heavy breasts looking like they needed a good pair of lips wrapped around those pert pink nipples. Same for the flatter, more hidden ones along her belly; if he had the ability to lift himself up, Kaytu might have leaned in to see how those felt running beneath his tongue.

"Good." Those paws tightened, and - he braced himself for what would be the sharper, brighter sensation of her forcibly tugging herself up off his knot. When it did come, it exceeded what he expected and just about pushed him all the way to a second orgasm, especially with his the feeling of his own cum and more of her thick liquid arousal splashing out across his length as she rose back to her full height. "Let's get you untied, mm? You have some cleaning up to do, and you have already proven to know your place."

Still swirling, still swimming. Without her waiting for him, he might not have been able to pull himself up, chest rising and falling in tired breaths. With her smell still strong in his nose and all over his entire body, flooding his senses... he felt as though he'd do anything for her.

Leaving was the last thing on his mind for now.