

The wolf pulled his arms closer to himself, paws buried in the lined pockets of his jacket; even though he wore that, gloves, a scarf, a hat covering his ears, and long socks, the chill of the day still bit right through his fur and into his skin. The storm had gone on for two and a half days and then abated, though its presence remained blanketed over everything in sight: the lawns of all the houses along this street were covered in smooth, soft white snow, just as the roofs of those houses, the mailboxes, the sidewalk... the roads, meanwhile, bore precarious gashes where cars had flattened and melted the snow into a thick icy slush, showing the dark grey of asphalt beneath.

Even through the scarf wrapped around his muzzle his breath still misted out in the still air. This, at least, was a silver lining to the ever-present grey clouds stretching across the sky: since the storm finished, since he had wrapped himself up and ventured out to make his way to the address in the text message, the world had become *quiet*. Nearly silent – the highway that he knew stood just a handful of streets over might as well have been halfway across the city for all the noise it made.

Silent even as he approached the house, or at least, the one he assumed to be it. Cars sat along both sides of the sidewalk and backed up the driveway. A quick glance toward the curbs let him know that he was indeed coming close to the house number, and as such, the wolf quickened his pace to sooner leave the frigid cold of the winter day.

Being a college student with a job on campus, today had been the first in a while where he had cursed himself for not having a car of his own. Maybe Tessa would allow him to stay the night, depending on what all happened and how late it got... or, maybe, he could get a ride from Lukas. That thought put a smirk on his muzzle and caused a scoff to puff out through the scarf: it had been a while since he'd asked the otter for a ride, and even longer when he meant in his car.

Finally the wolf made it up to the front of the house, though to his surprise found the door open behind the storm door, clear glass giving him a good preview of what he could expect going in. Tessa, a beauty of a wolfess wrapped in soft off-white fur as opposed to his own shadow-black, had let him know about this party and invited him to it about a week and a half ago, as a sudden and somewhat unexpected contact after a little over two months without.

So, then, maybe it had been too much to expect her to come to the door and let him in, when it seemed instead that it was just... come in when you arrive. As he fished his paw out from deep inside his pocket, the wolf wondered how many of these people had actually received a similar invite of their own, and how many took that open door for an invite regardless.

Even before he tugged the storm door open, though, did the noise of the party cut through the otherwise solid silence, perking his ears beneath the cushioning of his beanie. *That* part he didn't like: he had made the decision to come so that he could see Tessa again and hang out with her, not so he could-

-immediately get bumped off-balance by someone backing into him, apparently. The door hadn't even had time to shut behind him. On instinct the wolf offered an apology, and of course heard none in return: the person who had bumped into him, a broad-shouldered bear he didn't recognize, hadn't even seemed to notice it had happened. Nor did any of the three others he faced and spoke to, each with a classic red plastic cup held in a paw. One of them actually held two, and alternated between them when he sipped.

Moving his gaze away from that small group, the wolf threaded his way further into the house and tried to avoid running into anyone else, though quickly discovered the task to be nearly impossible. The entry way spilled out into Tessa's living room, cozy when empty and now cramped, choked with people and voices and laughter and at least two different songs coming from different sources. The warmth he could appreciate, although he had already passed the closet and wasn't willing to toss all his things onto the floor somewhere; nor was he willing to turn around and head back there. He had already come this far, after all, and already felt out of place.

Then, though, the table of refreshments caught his attention, and gave him something to actively head towards. He pulled his gloves off of his paws on the way there with his beanie to follow, shoving all of them into his pockets and hoping that they wouldn't fall out; again and again he felt someone brush up against him, or jerked away from a too-loud burst of laughter too close to his ear, or glanced into the crowd upon thinking someone called his name.

So much *noise* in here opposed to the calm silence of outside and the thirty-ish minute walk over. On the one hand, he had considerable warmth in here and the knowledge that somewhere, *somewhere* out in this crowd, there were friends waiting for him; but on the other hand, he had to deal with everyone else, and the way the warmth had started to press towards fetid discomfort beneath his jacket and scarf, and how the sounds hurt his ears, and... he grabbed a cup of his own and spooned some of the punch into it, then lifted it to his lips.

Then the wolf blinked and raised his eyebrows. At least there was alcohol. Quite a bit of it, too: the characteristic cool burn slid easily along his tongue and throat with the fruity taste of the bunch, the rim of the glass bowl decorated with citrus slices, the bottom holding a few strawberries, a couple sprigs of mint floating along the top. Maybe that was Lukas's doing, assuming he was here... the wolf shifted himself back into the nearest corner so he could look out across the party, taking his chance to more carefully scan through the crowd now that he had retreated.

Much like the bear at the door, nobody else seemed to have noticed his arrival. As he stood there slowly draining his cup he tried to pick out the individual faces in the crowd: a pair of German shepherds who must have been together, given how close they clung to each other's sides; an attractive coyote boy chatting animatedly with a rather effeminate otter; a blond-haired elf, of all things – the wolf had run into humans every now and then further in the city, so it wasn't *too* unusual – speaking with a pair of African wild dogs who, also, had to be a thing. One kept his arm around the other's waist, and the second leaned in to whisper something one of his companion's huge ears every now and then. He kept his eye on them as they wove their way through the crowd, now breaking apart to each speak with one of the German shepherds, now coming this way to refill their own drinks... and then the wolf nodded as one leaned in to place a light kiss against the other's cheek.

The heat of the alcohol in his belly started to warm the wolf from the inside. He shuffled his jacket a little further down his shoulders, then decided to remove it entirely and hold it beneath his arm. Then, he reached to top off his drink.

At one point he did indeed catch sight of Tessa, six foot four inches of arctic wolf poking out above the heads of the crowd, her fur soft grey like the clouds blanketing the sky outside horizon to horizon. Not wanting to shout, he followed her with his eyes and reached out an arm if she ever turned his way, but it took him getting halfway through his second cup for her to notice – and even then, all he received in acknowledgement was a glitter from warm blue eyes and the slightest of knowing smiles touching her

muzzle. Then someone else called her name and she turned again, and was gone into the other room. So the black wolf refilled his cup again, this time unwrapping his scarf from around his neck, then getting tired of carrying his burden and dropping everything to the floor beside his feet. Not like he would be going anywhere.

At some point during the night a red fox, all smiles and tail-wags, came up to him and immediately launched into some story about someone named Vaughan and someone else named Clarissa, interspersed with inane questions like “what do you think about that?” and “did you ever see that coming?” and “you two met in high school, right?”, to each of which the wolf gave a shrug and some noncommittal noise. There went the second half of his third drink in one gulp: not wanting to interrupt and make the accidental conversation even more awkward by refilling yet again, he breathed a heavy sigh of relief when the fox realized that he was not, in fact, who he thought he was, and trailed his story off to an end before stumbling off into the crowd without a backwards glance.

By now the punch had started to run on empty. A smallish aardwolf came up, either ignoring his presence or just choosing to not show he noticed him, and picked the little fruits out of the bottom of the bowl to pop them into his mouth; then a few moments later, the very otter that the wolf had been waiting for slid out of the crowd and towards the table with a large pitcher of frothy, creamy yellowish-white liquid held in his arms.

Lukas’s blue eyes lit up when he saw the wolf standing there. “Kai! I didn’t know you’d be coming.”

He shrugged. “It w-” Then the wolf coughed, cleared his throat, and tried again. Alcohol made his body warm and his tongue heavy. “It was kind of a surprise. I don’t... really *know* anyone, so...”

“You know me.” Lukas grinned, glanced down at the table, then up at the wolf again. He offered the pitcher. “Eggnog? Homemade. It was Tess’s idea, and she helped me make it...” The otter shrugged. “Also distracted me. You know how she can be.”

“Mhmm.” Kai held his cup out; it tipped forward as soon as the otter started pouring, the remnants of his punch mixing with the first and then fading away beneath the thicker eggnog. “So. Uh – what are you here for? I thought you didn’t like parties.”

Lukas placed the pitcher onto the table, then carefully lifted the bowl into his arms. “I don’t, usually. But my boyfriend’s here, and a couple of my friends... I gotta get back, though. I’m on drink-mixing duty.” He turned to leave with a swish of his thick rudder – good to see that he still wore pants that hugged that nice rump – but Kai tried to catch him.

“Wait. Lukas.” He jiggled his cup. “There alcohol in this?”

The otter scoffed. “Of course there is. Used the rest of my good rum in it, so you better enjoy it.”

Then he was gone, too. Kai watched him until he lost track of the soft brown fur amid all of the other bodies, then gave it a taste. It *was* pretty darn good. With a sigh he leaned back into the corner and resumed watching the party, waiting for the commotion to pass. Somewhere along the way, though, he started feeling restless, and as such pushed himself away from the wall, wobbled a little bit, and started threading through the room, neither sure where he was going nor if he would get there.

The noise, he didn't notice so much anymore. Coat, scarf, and everything else forgotten where he had dropped them, the majority of the warmth coursing through his body came from the drinks and the repeated bumps and brushes against him – and, halfway through the room, of little taps and squeezes from other folks, muzzles watching him pass by, eyes appraising his body, paws reaching to get a handful of his rump or, once, a good feel of what he was carrying in his pants. That one startled him, and when he looked it was a slim, somewhat short red fox, different from the one before, who gave him a lazy grin; Kai returned it to the best of his efforts, but still shouldered past him.

He found Tessa again. Cup now empty of eggnog, he left it on the bar separating the living room from the kitchen and reached for another glass, the thought never once crossing his mind that it could belong to someone else. The she-wolf was busy cleaning other glasses in the sink, though when she finished she turned around and took another second to notice him... and then surprise subsiding, settled her chin on her paw and rested her warm gaze on him again.

They used to be roommates once, Kai and Tessa. Quiet, broody black wolf and social, unrestricted white. He had tired her out at least as much as she did him; so many emotions had bridged the two from shared looks, frustration and contentment and anger and enjoyment and so, so much lust, desire, need. Maybe it was the booze, but he thought he could see some of these last flickering in those eyes now.

He felt a twinge between his legs, more than what had stirred from the wandering paws in the crowd. Maybe Tessa could see the same in him: her broad pink tongue flicked out across her chops for a moment, tall ears flicking this way and that with the noise of the party.

"Things're starting to wind down," she said, low voice still cutting easily across the bar to Kai. He took a sip of the drink, found it a bit sharp yet still to his taste, and took another. "You got here kinda late."

Kai bit back a small burp. "I – took a nap, woke up late... had to walk. Through the... the snow." He shrugged.

"Yeah, well, you've just been standing over *there*," with a nod of her head, "so maybe it's for the best. I don't wanna bore you."

"*You* don't." The black wolf leaned in, trying to emulate her grace. "The party does."

Tessa chuckled, letting her paw fall away from her muzzle. "God. Always the charmer. Wouldja care to hang around for a bit after?"

There was that twinge again. Kai looked down into his glass: the drink was a smooth, warm violet, fading to reddish-pink at the top. A cherry sat on a colored toothpick near the rim of the glass. "Yeah. Sure. What for?"

"Help clean up."

Briefly, disappointment bit into Kai's interest...

"And, besides, it's been a while since I've seen you, and I think it'd be good to spend some one-on-one time together."

...and then hope flared back up. He grinned as the other wolf straightened up, fixed the fit of her shirt, and turned to rejoin the group. All strength and self-assured confidence, so different from the Tessa when they had first met – the shy, quiet Tessa who seemed afraid to open a conversation with the brusque Kai, the Tessa who blushed whenever he saw her less than fully clothed, the Tessa who bit her lip and gasped and shook and begged for him to go harder when the two finally did give substance to what had been growing between them over those months renting an apartment together.

Now she had personality and charisma overflowing, control and strength evident in each shift to her expression and dripping from every word, a house of her own... Kai tried to turn while still leaning against the bar, though half-lost his balance on the way there and slopped some of his drink over his paw.

Now, he felt like *she* would be the one to hoist *him* up onto the bathroom sink. She had purchased at least one strap-on in the time since they had last spoken: Lukas had kept him aware of *that*.

As Tessa had said, of course, the party started to dwindle down with Kai's ears flicking over towards the sound of the door and slurred goodbyes every now and then, and him vaguely aware of the room becoming less crowded and cramped. He had long since lost track of the fox who had thought he was someone else, though now picked out a smaller, stouter arctic fox who also looked out of place... and whom Lukas seemed to be stoically ignoring, always on the opposite side of the room, always floating around Tessa in conversation with her.

Finally, though, as time continued to tick by, the tall wolf clapped her paws and shouted above the noise that everyone needed to get their things together and head out. By then most everyone *had* already left, though the last few stragglers looked back at her, thought about whether they wanted to go up to the challenge... and then conceded and left, leaving only the two wolves and Lukas between them. For the past couple of minutes the otter had been running bottles of alcohol back outside, likely to his car, and also likely a lot fewer than he had arrived with.

Kai, having since found a vacated chair and fallen into it, watched as Lukas stood up on his tiptoes to say one thing more to Tessa. Both of them looked the wolf's way, then back to one another; Tessa whispered something back, Lukas raised his eyebrows and giggled behind a paw, and then he, too, said something in return. Tessa's eyes flicked back towards Kai and remained on him for a moment, and she licked her lips again.

"Well," Lukas said then, much louder – it actually started Kai, who had started to doze off a bit, "I think I'll be heading out, too, as much as I'd love to stay the night again. You two take care of each other, alright?"

He grinned as he left, though Kai only vaguely saw it. Tessa stood over by the closet, one paw on her waist and the other on the doorknob. Once the front door closed behind Lukas, though, the wolfess immediately nodded over towards the table where Kai had first started indulging: it was now mostly empty, save for a few toppled cups and some spills.

"Lukas makes a good drink, doesn't he?" she said after a while.

Kai looked up at her. "Huh? Oh – yeah. Yeah, I... saw him mixing..."

“He’s been practicing a lot. I have him over every now and then to, ah... serve me.” The wolfess motioned over towards the table. “Speaking of. Be a dear, Kai, and go wipe that off for me?”

He couldn’t deny her, of course. With some effort he pulled himself back up, found the roll of paper towels on the floor and kicked near the wall, then did his best job at cleaning it up, including tossing all of the plastic cups into the nearby trash. It was one of those broad plastic tables with the joint in the center for folding and easy storage – and of course when he turned to tell her that he was done, her eyes flicked up to his muzzle and she told him to do just that.

So he did, and carried it over towards the closet; Tessa opened it and slid past him, giving his rump a pinch as she did so. Kai meant to glare at her but found the movement to make him dizzy, so he set the table down for a moment, leaned against it... and then after a moment slid the table into the closet, up towards the back wall. It got caught on something, though, and after some unsuccessful forcing, he tried to kick the thing out of the way, failed again, and finally decided to just keep the table up with his shoulder while he leaned clumsily over and pulled at it with his paws.

It came free with a few tugs, and the sudden movement knocked him backwards onto his rump – but thankfully the table remained upright. Kai cursed beneath his breath, reaching back to rub at where his tail had gotten caught beneath himself.

“Oh, I’m – *fine...*” he said, intentionally loud. “No need to ask, *oh, Kai, what was that sound? Are you okay? I’m-*”

“You *are* fine.”

Tessa’s voice, directly above, startled him. He craned his head back and looked up past an admirably hefty chest to her muzzle, amusement showing on her face. The wolfess tilted her head.

“Oh, good, you found the box. I was gonna get that out once we finished cleaning up, but, hey... no time like the present, right?”

Confused, the male looked back down to what he held in his lap, then felt his ears twitch with something touching them – and looked up again to see those breasts quite close to his head, Tessa having bent forward over him. Even through the haze of alcohol on his breath and the general lingering stink of the party, she smelled *fantastic*. Familiar and fantastic.

And – he craned his head a little further back – aroused, too. Interested and impatient in the same way that he was. It was a soft, gentle touch to her scent, a near-imperceptible spike of spice between her natural aroma and the perfume she wore, but it was definitely *there*. He looked back down again just in time to see her remove a length of rope and a pair of handcuffs.

Kai’s ears shot upright, and something else on him stirred to life as well.

“Why do you – *have* those?”

“Oh, come *on*.” Tessa hooked an arm beneath his to hoist him back up to his feet. “You *know* why.”

"I... I do?" The male wobbled a little bit, though found it in himself to turn and watch her head over towards the kitchen.

A second later she returned, dragging a chair behind her. "Unless you were too drunk *that* time, too, to remember?"

Clueless, Kai frowned, eyes still on her. The wolfess crossed her arms, still holding the bindings, and rolled her eyes.

"Okay. Here."

Having settled the chair in place where the table had originally been, she crossed the room to him, placed a paw on his shoulder – and then a forceful tug and a blur of movement and he found himself sitting in that chair, with her standing behind him taking his wrists into her paws. Mostly, though, he was aware of the heat of her body so close to him, of the weight of her breasts near the back of his head.

"First of all..." Tessa rumbled, "your paws were like *this*..."

Kai felt the handcuffs click first around one of his wrists, then over around the other as well. Instinctively he tugged: she had looped the chain behind one of the support bars of the chair's back, locking his paws in place.

He squirmed where he sat, trying to find a more comfortable position. Rolling his head too far back made the world spin. "Tessa..."

"And then... let's see..."

Lazily he followed her as she came around to his front. The cold of the night and discomfort of the party had completely faded: all that mattered now was her, in a somewhat loose-hanging shirt and jeans that hugged the softness of her legs.

Kai burped and tasted the burn of that last drink, as well as the creamy sweetness of the eggnog beneath it. "What are you..."

Then, suddenly, the wolfess was on her knees between his legs. Kai tried to sit back and straighten up against the chair, unsure about the sudden advance but certainly welcoming it – until he felt the rope tighten around his ankles, first binding one to the chair leg and then coming around for the other. He kicked weakly, then saw Tessa judge the tie and lean back over to tighten it again.

"There." She stood back up. "How are you feeling?"

The male looked down across himself. "A little bit... tight. Are you *sure* we-"

"Yes, I'm sure. It was for your moving out party. Lukas was there. But there was..." Thinking, Tess rested her weight more onto one leg as she looked the other wolf up and down. "Oh! That's right! And your pants were..."

This time when she dropped to her knees, she remained there. Kai watched as her fingers swiftly popped the button of his fly free, with the zipper soon to follow; then with a muttered word, he lifted up off of the chair so that she could slide his pants and boxers down his legs. Then, satisfied, she raised her head back up, and brought her nose in towards his sheath and the point of flesh sticking out of the end.

“That’s better.” Her breath wafted out warm and humid around him; Kai squirmed at that, feeling the tingle as she continued to coax him out. He already knew that getting drunk put him in this sort of mood, and what with Tessa so close by *and* tying him up... it had been hopeless for him.

Though, probably, she had known that in advance.

“But, then, something’s *still* not quite right...” The black wolf was about to ask what, though Tessa preemptively answered by wrapping her paw around the back of his sheath. With fingers and thumb in place she gently massaged there, dragging the soft-furred skin forward and back over the slick length of his cock, working it steadily further out. “Yeah.” She straightened up a bit and brought her other paw up, caressing his shaft as it continued to grow; Kai bit his lip and lifted his hips up into her touches, so soft yet *so* delicious. “*Here we are...*”

The male swallowed again, squirmed, and let a tense breath out between clenched teeth. Soft blue eyes glittered up at him just past the red flesh of his length; Tessa touched her nose to the underside of his shaft, slowly drew in his scent, then pursed her lips forward and planted a soft kiss right at the edge of his sheath.

“Tessa-” Kai briefly bit his words off as a moan and throb racked his body. The wolfess between his legs smiled and slid her tongue in around the base of his cock, fully hard now, with the bulge of his unswollen knot pulling at his sheath; she wriggled in beneath there, stretching the supple skin a little further, slicking saliva between hot skin and flesh. “Did this – *really* happen?”

He felt her amused laugh puff out around his cock and into his pubic fur. She continued digging her tongue into his sheath for a moment longer, then slid it back out, swallowed, and lowered her muzzle down, to lift her nose up between his balls.

“No,” she breathed, then nuzzled in a little more firmly. “But it is *now*.”

Then she stood – Kai lifted his head to follow her muzzle – and leaned over him, intentionally positioning herself so he could see right down into her shirt. Tessa reached down and gave his hard cock a couple slow strokes, making him grit his teeth and hump into the air again, and then she turned around to head back over to the box still on the floor near the closet. There she dug around for a bit, then pulled out a collar and short leash; satisfied, she nodded to herself and came back to him, though stopped a short distance away.

“Cold out there today, isn’t it?” she said. Kai frowned, though immediately had his attention drawn away when the wolfess reached down to strip her shirt off over her head. She wore a lavender bra today... and, apparently, matching panties as well: his eyes flicked down with her paws, thumbs hooking beneath the waistband of her jeans to tug them down *just* far enough, before coming in to undo her own fly. “Well? Kai?”



“Huh?” He coughed, forcing himself to look back to her face even as she bent over to slide those panties down her legs. Out of the corner of his eyes he saw her twirl them on one finger, then toss them aside. “Oh. Um, y... yeah. It is. It was – snowing when I walked over here, and...” And she reached behind her back, tilted her head, concentrated a moment, and then let the bra fall forward off her shoulders. “And... um...”

Then she came forward towards him again, collar and leash still dangling from her other paw. Kai trailed off, eyes drifting down again to take in her full form: soft white fur and softer curves, rounded breasts and thighs, slight tummy, all *wonderful*. He felt himself throb again, and then yet again when she raised a leg to brace her footpaw at the edge of his chair, and lean in over him.

Tessa grinned. “And you’re gonna help me keep warm.” Then before he could respond, she clasped the collar around his neck, tilted his muzzle back with a paw so she could attach the leash to it, then looped it around her paw a couple of times – and pulled him right back in again, this time pushing her hips forward so that his nose pressed into the squish of that tummy.

He swallowed, sighed languidly, squirmed. He had been right about her scent, of course: right here, so close, that little sharp spice curled more easily into his nose, drew him further down... Kai glanced up at her, saw her expectant expression, and pursed his lips against her lower belly and began to line a trail of kisses further down. Tessa loosened his leash just enough to allow him to tilt his head the rest of the way down, and then with a little bit of nosing against soft fur and some exploratory tonguing... Kai ended up sending a shiver up the wolfess’s back, and realized he had found what he was looking for, and what she had wanted him to find.

So, with the world still slowly spinning around him, he closed his eyes, tilted his head, leaned in closer, and closed his lips right around the bead of her clit buried among warm snowy fur. This wasn’t something he had had abundant practice with, his experience limited almost solely to this same wolfess, but the times he *had* done had certainly taught him: with his nose buried and ears perked he listened to Tessa’s breathing, to her small gasps and grunts and shivering moans.

Kai pulled against the handcuffs to lower himself a little further down, and drag his tongue up between already-slick lips. Again and again, each time digging in a little more firmly, letting her taste and arousal spread across his tongue and soak into the fur of his mouth, pulling her scent in through his nose; Tessa’s grip faltered on his leash and then suddenly redoubled to hold Kai’s muzzle in place, her hips grinding in rhythm against his licking. He opened his eyes again in time to watch her lower her other paw down, slide a pair of fingers in alongside his muzzle, and spread herself for him; he took the silent cue and focused more along the revealed flesh, soft and silky and *intoxicating*, almost.

Without thinking he tried to pull at his handcuffs again, to bring a paw around in front to handle himself while taking care of her, but the soft rattle and grind reminded him of his position. Tessa, too, noticed: as soon as it happened Kai heard her breathe a soft laugh, then place her paw back between his ears to hold him in place. He tilted his head back, swallowed, then dove right back in, dragging his tongue up once more so he could then swirl it around her clit.

“You’re-” Tessa’s words briefly cut off, interrupted by a shuddering intake of breath. Kai felt her push forward against him again. “-*mmf*. Eager, aren’t you?”

Once more he pursed his lips on that small, soft point of flesh, suckling gently as she spoke. Kai swallowed again and kept his muzzle in place, letting his breath wash out between her thighs. "This was – *your* idea..."

"You could've said no." Those fingers came down again, rubbing in along her clit for a moment and then sliding down between her lips. Kai flicked his tongue out across them; Tessa turned her paw to let him slip his tongue between her fingers, then drew them back up along herself.

"I mean, you didn't really *ask*."

Here, the wolfess straightened up, tilted her head as she looked down at her prisoner, and scoffed again. "Still." She pulled her leg off of the chair to briefly stand in her full nude beauty in front of him, toying with his leash for a moment; then, though, she came forward and straddled his lap, looping that leash around her paw and bracing herself on his shoulder with her other. Seeing what was coming, the male lapped her taste off of his lips and rested back in the chair, hard cock still twitching at attention. "I just saw an opportunity and thought I'd take it."

"What?" Kai watched her reach back, slide saliva-wet fingers up along his cock, and angle him up towards her. He tried to lift his hips up prematurely, but Tessa just adjusted and pulled away accordingly. "Me being – drunk?"

"What? No. Well, maybe." Tess settled his tip into place, still balanced right at the edge of his reach beneath his bonds, and worked her hips forward and down *just* enough so that he felt that sweet, wet heat start to sink down around him. "You did that to yourself. It *is* fortunate that you're a horny drunk, though, or else..." Slowly she pressed further down, and bit her lower lip as she did so. Kai rested his head as far back against the chair as he could. Her paw started to drift down from his shoulder along his chest, and from there to his belly. "...or else this would be a bit difficult..."

Kai squirmed again, which resulted in him wiggling a little bit deeper inside the wolfess. Both of them sucked in a sharp breath, to be let out from Tessa as a shivering moan and from Kai as a low grunt. "Wait-" he managed, still wriggling; "don't – press there, I... drank a lot..."

Tessa gave his leash a slight tug and, of course, pushed her paw into his lower belly as she adjusted herself on his length. "Hm? Don't press there?"

Kai gritted his teeth. "Yeah, yeah – no, I – gotta pee..."

"I figured." The wolfess shrugged. "Too bad we sent Lukas home already. You and I both know he would've been willing to help you out with that." She continued lowering herself down, eyes fixed on Kai's muzzle as she did so; the male strained with the sensation, letting his tongue loll out of his mouth just as his hips shook in trying to lift up into her. He so, so wanted to leap from the chair, yank her legs over his shoulders, and pound down into her.

Eventually, though, Tessa settled down in his lap, slick lips kissing against the bulge of his knot. Once there she let out a slow, shaky breath, then wriggled her hips side to side to work herself a little bit further down, and then immediately started back up again, pushing her paw against Kai's hip to pull herself. His head came forward under urging from the collar and leash, nearly brushing against the other

wolf's shoulder; Kai tugged on the handcuffs again as she came towards his tip, then lowered his muzzle down.

He touched his nose along the upper curve of her breast, drawing her lovely scent in slightly uneven breaths. Tessa rode him slowly yet deliberately, forcefully pushing against him each time she hilted him.

"Is that..." Kai pushed down another small burp. "Is that comfortable? Sitting like that?"

"It's a little hard on my thighs." Tessa shifted her posture, still straddling the male in his chair. She leaned back a little bit, sucked in a breath at the change of feeling, and pushed back down on him again. "But, it's nothing I haven't done before... and I *know* it's worth it."

He lifted his head with a grin. "Yeah?"

In response Tessa tugged his leash again, pulling him right back down between her breasts. "Yeah. I want one thing out of you tonight, and you bet I'm gonna ride it out of you."

Tessa wasn't a liar. She never had been. Kai rumbled with pleasure, though quickly had to refocus on his own breathing: the wolfess quickened her pace and rode him more hungrily, rocking his body forward and back against the chair, squeezing around his cock in just the right places and grinding down on him. Soon he had no choice but to squeeze his muzzle against the warmth of her body and breathe through gritted teeth, ankles repeatedly pulling at the ropes with his attempts to lift up and thrust into her; Tessa's own breathing came loud and fast in his ear, then even more so when the wolfess wrapped her arm around his shoulders to keep him tight against and inside of her.

Already he could feel himself coming close to the edge – she was right about *that*, too, when it came to what alcohol did to him – and Tessa could feel it in him, as well. Kai kept his muzzle against her chest, teeth gritted and eyes closed, and repeatedly pushed up into her; he pulled in fast breaths through his nose and let them hiss out between his teeth, tense moans growing; and then right as he felt the pressure start to grow, the wolfess suddenly lifted all the way up off of him and remained in the air above him, leaving his hard cock to twitch and throb against the fur of his belly in trying to finish yet never quite reaching it.

The male humped weakly at the air. "Tessaaaa..." he growled, yet again tugging at the handcuffs and ropes.

"What?" Light fingers traced down along his slick cock, making it twitch and jump in his lap again. Slowly she wrapped her paw back around it and guided it back into place, though did not resume her pace; she idly coiled and uncoiled his leash around her paw, putting just enough tension in it to pull him away from the chair and then let him settle back.

"Come on..."

Tessa leaned in, close enough that Kai could feel her breath on his face. "And do *what*?"

He thrust upwards again, able to feel the wet heat of her body but not its source. "Ride me. Make me – make me cum."

That paw squeezed around him. "And?"

"And what?"

"What do you say?"

"Please..."

Her nose trailed up the line of his jaw. "What was that?"

"Please..."

Finally she obliged, and sat slowly back down on him. Tessa had given him just enough time to come down from that peak, though the climb back up to it once she picked up her rhythm came and went nearly before he could breathe a word of thanks. Her body pressed against his, her thighs squeezed his legs, her breasts bounced and squished against his chest; Kai squirmed, and thrust, and gasped, and gritted his teeth... and then sucked in his breath and rattled the handcuffs as the tension racked his body, building to a fierce peak before-

-before Tessa lifted up off of him at *just* the right moment so that he spurted out into the air and across his own chest, then again into the fur of his belly, and again, and again. Breathing heavily, the wolfess sat further back along his legs and watched him empty himself across his own body. Slowly the heat, the pleasure, the pressure all died down, leaving Kai panting in the chair with his cock still twitching and leaking against his belly, and Tessa sitting back watching him catch his breath. The leash hung loose from her other paw.

He licked his lips and swallowed, looking up at her. His mouth felt dry. "What?"

"Oh, nothing." She leaned in again, resting both arms over his shoulders. "You look good doing that, is all."

"What? Cumming?" Kai tugged at his handcuffs, making sure that they rattled against the chair. "You should come over to see it more often. I try to do it at least once a day. Could you – could you get these off me, now?"

Tessa rose up off of him and smoothly walked around to his back. He felt her breath against his back. "No... well, yes, that too – but mostly I mean you struggling while all tied up." One of the cuffs came free with a click, finally giving his slightly-chafed wrist rest. Tessa looked it through the back of the chair so they hung loose from the other wrist, which followed the first in another moment. "I always forget you're into this. You always try to be so *dominant*. Or used to, at least."

Kai rubbed his wrist with each paw, enjoying the relief. Freed, he leaned down to undo the ropes around his ankles... but again felt the world suddenly tilt and lean with the movement. He settled back against the chair. "I'm drunk."

Tessa came in front of him again, arms crossed. "Is that your excuse? Or just an observation?"

He thought on it for a bit. “Both?” Then, eyes running down her still-nude body and back up: “Can... can I stay the night here?”

“You’d better.” The wolfess watched him struggle for a moment, then rolled her eyes and dropped to her knees between his legs again. “God, just – let me get that, too...”

“Are we done? I’m... tired.”

“Hmm.” Tessa looked around the room. “Not quite. We’ve got even more clean-up to do now,” blue eyes flicking down towards the white-streaked fur of his belly, “and I’m just *more* in the mood now.” Here she looped his leash around her paw again and again and again, tightening it until he had no choice but to stand up – and even then he still had to look up to meet her eyes. Yet again he felt her breath on his face. “You were a good boy tonight, Kai. Not too slow, too, considering all the booze you have in you... I was there when Lukas rode you when you got drunk at *his* place – and how he got your knot in and out of him at least ten times before you finally popped.”

Kai burped again, then reached down to lift his slowly-softening shaft off of his fur. Slick wet flesh stuck for a moment; he shivered sweetly with the sensation. “Will you let me do that to you?”

The white wolf appraised him a moment, then turned to head into another room. She left her clothes on the floor.

“I’ll think about it and make my decision on how much you help me clean the house...”