

"So tell me what happened?"

"Okay." Kay shifted in the passenger seat of the car, trying to make himself more comfortable. It was clear that Tessa most often drove Lukas around, based on how little leg room there was for him. "I was sitting there minding my own business, settling in for the weekend..."

"Okay."

"When I notice there's an odd noise coming from upstairs. Like, weirder than usual."

"Oh no. You said it was--"

"Some kind of hissing? So I ignore it for a bit, but then I notice the drip. Coming in through the corners up by the top. I wasn't the only one to notice it, either, and soon enough there's an apartment-wide email going out saying there's been a big error in the fire suppression system, and they're working as fast as they can to fix it, but the water's still coming in, and then there's shouting upstairs too..." The mountain wolf let out an exasperated sigh and bumped his head back against the headrest. "Gosh. It's been a day, and it's not even noon yet."

"Sure sounds like it." Tessa looked over and patted his leg, just enough to make his ears flick and tail twitch. She knew what her touches did to him – that was why Kay was so surprised to see her offer to house him for the weekend while the repairs go through. Then, shortly after her *on my way* text, he realized that maybe he shouldn't have been surprised at all. After all, the two had gone from friends to something much greater the *last* time they had spent a weekend together, and that had been about two months ago.

So Kay had been nervous upon seeing her pull up in front of the apartment, watching her roll down the window, seeing the familiar muzzle and warm gaze. She waved him forward and he hustled into the car, instinctively holding his breath... and then when he did get a taste of the air, all he found was the soft perfume the wolfess wore, and the gentle but familiar scent of *her*. None of the strong, sharp, piercing arousal that had so deeply punctuated their last weekend.

The first half of this car ride so far had been spent with the male of these two wolves looking out the window and trying to still his tail, twitching between nervousness and excitement, while he thought through just what the reason beneath her offer had been. Then she had mentioned she had a few errands she needed to do, which sent his mind on yet another course, until she had started asking about what he'd been up to since she had last seen him.

The knowledge was there, of course. Kay had seen it in her eyes when she said that, *since we last, ah, 'hung out'*, with the slight little glimmer and upward turn of her lip. He hadn't poked her about it since then, knowing how some gals got following their heat, but that little bit had been enough to inject some confidence back into him. Just like her, though, Tessa then took that little bit and ran with it:

*"Call me up anytime, Kay. You know by now I don't mind taking you for a ride."*

"Coming up on our first stop here," the wolfess went on, sliding her paw back off his leg and to the wheel. He felt a lingering ghost of her touch there, warm and tingling. "Gotta pick up some groceries. Then the other one, and then we'll be able to relax."

The more time that went on between the two, the more comfortable the other wolf became. It really was nice to hang out with her again, though he couldn't help but suspect she would drag him off into an empty aisle and swing a leg up around his body, just as she had done at that concert two months ago. Part of him was a little frightened of that happening, while another part obviously was looking forward to it, the interest and desire growing the more he let himself think about it. He lingered behind the wolfess, Tessa bent over the shopping cart a few minutes later while she idly pushed it through the store, Kay trying to keep his eyes from repeatedly flicking down. She brushed him with her tail every now and then while they walked, and slowed her pace to match his each time he stepped away.

Kay coughed into his elbow. "So, um, what're we looking for here?"

Tessa half-turned her head to look at him over her shoulder. "Not a whole lot. I had a list but forgot it at home when I came to get you, so I'm just going off memory." The wolfess straightened up and looked up towards the signs above the aisles. "I wanted to get some pasta sauce first. Shekh showed me how to make my own, but I ain't about that life so I still just get the jars. Would you be a dear and go get some milk?"

"What kind?"

"Whole." Tessa looked down at him again as he passed by. "None of that 2% in my house. I like the brand that puts the black cap on it. Well, go on. Fetch. If I'm not here when you get back, I might be over in the snacks."

Kay hustled on out of the aisle, hoping that the other wolf wouldn't be able to see his wagging tail as he went. There was very clearly *something* going on there, but as she was the one holding the reins, he couldn't quite figure out what or why. He let the thoughts roll back and forth through his head as he made his way over to the dairy section, even losing track of why he had gone there. Kay spent a moment looking through the jugs and then chose one to bring back to her.

Tessa had indeed left the aisle from which she had sent him, so Kay cradled the milk in his other arm and looked up at the signs to find where she had gone. When he did find her she was standing up on her tiptoes to grab something from the top shelf, just before looking at it, shaking her head, and placing it back.

"Milk," he called down the aisle. The wolfess's ears perked and she looked over at him, her tail giving a little stir. "Whole. Black cap. Your majesty."

"Oh, and he's polite, too." She nodded towards the basket. "In there. Good dog. Milk is always better the fresher it is from the source, don't you think?"

Again Kay paused. Tessa kept her warm eyes on him, waiting for his answer. "Um."

The wolfess remained there for a moment before letting her smirk return. She nodded towards the basket again. "Expiration date, honey. You got one that's a couple weeks out. That's good. Go on and grab yourself a snack... oh, really? That one?"

"What's wrong with it?"

"Oh, nothing. I've just never pegged you-" Tessa's eyes again flicked to his muzzle, and then to the shelf. He felt his heart jump at those words, then shoved down the embarrassment that came afterwards. "-as someone who likes that kind of thing. Oh, well. Learn something new every day. We're done with food, so we'll be heading over to the other side of the store next."

Kay had a couple of things in mind to chat with her about, just to try to bridge the gap between what he expected from her and what he was getting, but each time he tried to bring it up the wolffess glanced at him and smiled, or swished her tail against his, or pointed something out for him to look at, or even at one point bumped her hip against his and smirked again. Her scent wafted back into his muzzle from the closeness, yet again reminding him of their last weekend spent together. Kay had hardly been able to feel his lower half after that weekend.

"Okay..." she began once the two came close to what he assumed was her goal. Past the medicine, beyond the shaving supplies and deodorant, over to the pet section... "I need your help with something."

That was exactly what she had said to him last time, too, when he had woken up in her bed on his back with her legs spread around his head. *I need your help with something. I'm still in heat.* It was a slight tickling behind his ear that brought him back to the present here, though, and when he turned he noticed that she had reached over to scratch along that ear, an inquisitive smile on her face.

"Hey. You there? Yeah, yeah, hold on to something if you're gonna kick your leg. I know it feels good."

"Sorry! Sorry, um..." He reached up and rubbed at the spot after she dropped her paw. "I got distracted thinking about something. What's up?"

"I've been considering getting myself a good, big dog, just to keep me some company around the house." Tessa crossed her arms over her chest and wandered slowly down the aisle. "Help me pick a collar."

"Shouldn't you wait until you know what breed it is?"

She reached forward and ran her fingers behind a metal chain collar, the links jingling softly as they went. "Oh, I already have one all picked out." Blue eyes settled on his muzzle yet again, that collar just now swinging free from her paw. "And I learned just today that he'll be coming home with me. So, come on. Metal or cloth?"

There it was again, that slow heat that crested upwards into intense realization, emphasized from the blush in his cheeks and the stirring of his tail. Kay swallowed, held her gaze to make sure he had understood her meaning, and folded his paws behind his back so that he wouldn't fidget. He nodded toward the shelf.

"Cloth."

"Yeah, it's more comfortable for them, isn't it? The metal ones always make me think big, mean, disobedient, and the one I've got my eye on is none of those. I don't think a breakaway is necessary... oh, color? Green, maybe, or..." Tessa leaned in to peer at another row of the collars, then tilted her head

just enough to glance at the other wolf beside her. Kay felt himself immediately straighten up. "...No, blue would be best. What do you think?"

"Blue is good. It's, um..."

She reached forward for the one in front of her. "Yeah. It is, isn't it? I've already got a leash at home, thankfully. I think it'll match." With that she straightened up, looked it over once more, and then with her gaze on Kay, tossed the collar into the basket with the few other things. "Great. That's it, then. Let's head out."

Kay remained mostly quiet on the way back, keeping his head turned to look out the window just so that Tessa wouldn't be able to see his face. Even so, he could still feel her gaze on him every now and then, and felt her paw drift down to touch his leg. She liked doing that, it seemed, and it made him feel even more that she had plans for him.

"Do you know how long the repairs will take?" the wolfess asked, after turning the radio down. She kept it on the classic rock station most of the time.

Kay cleared his throat. "Hard to say. When I called in how the railing on my balcony fell off, it took them a week just to reply to the email..."

"Oh, wow. If you're staying here for a week, you're gonna have to help me out around the house."

"Yeah, of course! I wasn't planning on... just..." Kay trailed off as soon as he looked over at her, seeing that so-familiar glimmer in her eyes. He closed his mouth.

Tess waited, shrugged, then turned back to the road right as the light turned green again. "I do have some things I'll need your help taking care of when we get there. After unloading the groceries, I mean. Not good to let milk sit out in the heat," again glancing over at him, "no matter how fresh it is."

"Oh. Um. Yeah. I guess... I guess not."

"Almost there. You remember the way, right? Well, maybe not." She tapped her fingers along the rim of the wheel. "Last time you were over, I don't think I let you leave much."

Kay straightened up in his seat. "You didn't."

To that Tessa chuckled and patted his leg again. "Yeah. That makes sense. Don't worry, puppy. I won't keep quite a tight leash on you this time."

Yet another thing to keep his face hot and his tail stirring between his back and the seat. Kay again turned to look out the window and let those words make their mark on him, trying not to look too closely into them. Before long, though, they finally arrived at the wolfess's place, and she entreated him to carry the dog collar and nothing else while she took in the other three bags. He stood there in the kitchen with it hanging from his paw while she went around, putting away the milk, the pasta sauce, the few cans of chili she had gotten, the bags of chips – and then she handed him the snack he had picked out for himself as well, which set his tail to wagging a little bit again. Tessa smiled at that.

“So. Um.” Kay turned to follow her as she went. “What is it you need help with?”

She bent over to slide the milk into its place in the fridge. Her rump and tail stuck out beyond the door, both soft, the latter bushy. “Oh. Right. It’s something you’re rather good at, if I’ve heard right.”

A handful of things immediately went through the male’s head: *you need me to fix something in your car? Adjust your tires? Change your oil? Or there’s some piping issue in one of your sinks? Or maybe you just need someone to boost your self-esteem a bit?*

This time when she passed by, the wolfess dragged her paw along his lower back, her fingers drifting down around the base of his tail to give a gentle, playful tug. A soft shiver bounced through his body and he stood at attention, waiting for his task. Tessa’s breath washed out warm against his face when she walked by, letting that paw come around his waist with her fingers sliding beneath the waistband of his pants for another tug.

“You can keep me warm on the couch for a movie.”

His first response was to sigh with the relief, and then his second was to straighten up and try to hide another blush, and then his third was to try to hide his excitement, and then his fourth was, again, to sigh softly. That was *basically* an invitation to cuddle, wasn’t it? Kay waffled about in place for a moment and then coughed into his paw, stood upright, and flourished his arm out towards the couch. “After you.”

Somewhat to his surprise, though, Tessa instead headed back over towards the counter where the last bag from their trip to the store sat. “One thing, though. See, normally I wouldn’t let the dog on the furniture. You wouldn’t be opposed to...” She half-raised her paw, the cloth collar hanging from a finger. “...putting this one and proving to me you can be a good boy, would you?”

Really, she hadn’t even had to ask. Kay knew that, and he knew that Tess knew that too. Wordlessly he stepped forward, tail wagging stiffly behind him and eyes trying their best to avoid hers, and he angled his head forward. Tessa looked a bit bemused for a second, then lightly tilted his head back up, smiled, pushed it a bit up and back with one paw on his chin and the other along his jaw. Her touch sent a shiver down his back and a little electric jolt through another part of him.

Another shiver started as soon as she slid the collar over across the back of his neck, then yet another when she brought it around the front. He felt the familiar texture of the cloth, the stiffness of the metal rings, the slight bite of the plastic clap as she drew it close in front... the sensation of that fabric sliding across his fur as she tightened, the *click* that sealed it in place there. “My,” the wolfess murmured, her breath warm on his face, “Look at you. I’m wondering if the collar was even necessary.”

Kay swallowed. “Well-” He cleared his throat. “Of course it was. I’m a big, mean dog. Totally... totally unpredictable. I could-”

Abruptly Tessa’s fingers wrapped in beneath the collar, two underneath with her thumb around the other side, and she yanked the slightly-shorter wolf up onto his tiptoes to put his muzzle about even with hers. Kay’s breath caught in his throat and he felt his teeth grit against the force and pressure.

"No," she said, her other paw on her waist. Slowly she began to release the tension on his collar. "You couldn't. Not unless I tell you to. Now, come on. Let me walk you over to the couch."

That more than sealed it for the wolf. She *knew* what she was doing, beyond any doubt; even as they walked she kept her fingers through his collar, putting just enough force that he had to repeatedly quicken his step in the short distance across the kitchen and into the living room. The mid-afternoon light came in fresh and warm from the windows around the couch, painting the room in a soft glow and helping to bring out the warm sheen of the wolfess's fur, just slightly off-white like a distant cloud. Her fingers slid from his collar and ran down his shoulder, again igniting another shiver there; Kay looked to her for instruction, and then obeyed when she just nodded towards the couch, other paw still on her waist. He went over there, sat down, and folded his paws in his lap, looking up at the wolfess for further instruction.

Instead of giving any, though – no *get the remote or make room for me, no take off that shirt but leave the collar on or go get the leash, you know where it is, and bring it back in your mouth like a good dog*, Tessa simply crossed the room after him and took her place at the other end of the couch, half-sprawled over the arm. The cushions creaked softly with her weight settling in alongside his, and then did so further when she motioned for her to join him. Kay scooted over a bit, then a little more, and then seeing the look on her face sighed, hid an eye-roll – she smirked at that again – and brought his legs up to come over on all fours, towards the wolfess lying there with her legs crossed along the couch and arms open to welcome him.

"There we are," she murmured as Kay came into place above her. Tessa lifted her arms and Kay lowered himself down to settle warmly into the other wolf's embrace. "That's better, isn't it? Already you're off to a good start."

So far her hand was much more lenient than the *last* time the two had hung out, yet it still retained the clear, identifiable firmness that had gotten him so worked up back then, too. The rest of her wasn't quite as firm, though. Kay squirmed a bit to find a comfortable position on top of her, eventually settling into place with one arm between her back and the couch and the other hanging off the front, and his legs wrapped around one of hers: she was soft both in fur and in flesh, neck and shoulder a perfect place for the male wolf to bury his muzzle while his paws ran their way down her sides, fingerpads grazing softly over smooth curves and little folds in her fur, giving way easily yet slowly to his touch and grip. He rumbled softly and let himself sink down against her, then did so further when one of her arms made its way up his back, back down, and then up beneath his shirt, claws tracing lightly along his spine.

The two remained like that for a moment, Kay's tail stirring behind him while Tessa gently stroked his back, before he lifted his head. Her scent stuck in his nose, sweet and pleasant with just a touch of rich savory spice beneath it. "So," he said, "how about that movie?"

"Mm." Tessa shifted beneath him. Kay lifted up a bit to make it easier for her, and to relieve some of the pressure on a certain part of his body. "Not quite yet."

"No? Enjoying my presence that much, huh?"

"No." Blue eyes washed across his face again. "Well, yes. It's just that there's some more pressing matters to attend to."

“Yeah? Such as wh-”

Tessa slowly lifted her leg, just enough to press it up between the other wolf’s. His words withered in his throat and he felt the blush return and deepen, and yet again he avoided meeting her eyes; part of him had hoped she wouldn’t notice, and then obviously, another part had hoped she *would*. He panted softly and pressed down against the warm pressure, giving a little twitch and throb in response. She knew what she had done with the collar, of course. That much showed in the satisfaction on her face, and in the way she repeatedly grinded that leg against him.

“Such as this.” Using that leg for leverage she lifted Kay up a bit, then used the freedom to run her paws down her body and start to pull her shirt up. Amid soft off-white fur, small spots of pale pink nipples along her stomach started to come into view. “But, you’ll get your turn. Good dogs know how to wait to get their treats. Don’t you?”

Kay’s mouth felt dry. He swallowed and then did so again, trying not to sound like he was panting. “I – yes, I...”

“Mhmm.” Tessa briefly contorted with pulling the soft fabric off over his head. Then, that done, she pulled herself up along the arm of the couch and propped herself up there. Kay sat back and looked over the familiar sight beneath him, thoroughly pounded into his memory over that weekend and then revisited time and time again in fantasy. “Help me out here, would you?”

The male looked over her again, distinctly aware of the warmth of her body beneath his. He straightened up and watched her, looking for any sign of what she wanted while several different ideas flashed through his head, each one flustering him further. After a second, though, the other wolf sighed softly, reached up for his wrist, and guided him down, first slipping his fingers up between her breasts underneath her bra, then sliding it over... Kay shivered and leaned in a little bit, letting himself feel that smooth, soft heat and the gentle yet firm squish of the flesh through the fur. His eyes met hers, and her paw fell away from his; he continued over, palm brushing across the rounded point of her nipple. From there he squeezed in again, quietly relishing the shiver and grind that the motion brought out of her, and then leaned further in over her to continue towards the side, fingers leading the way as he caressed her shoulder to her back.

Tessa lifted up a little bit further, wrapping one of her arms around his lower body for balance. Kay pressed his chin against her shoulder again so he could see what he was doing, forefinger and thumb finding the clasps of her bra, grip slipping for a second before coming back into place... and with a bit of a squeeze and flick it came free, the tension around the wolfess’s shoulders and chest lightening, the weight and pressure against Kay’s own increasing. She sighed softly as he sat back in her lap, shifting her arms so that the straps of her bra drifted down and hung loose.

Then, simply, she raised one paw – her bra flipped down along her wrist with that movement, hanging limp off her other before she shook it off – and pointed down to that same breast, the one that had tingled along Kay’s palm with its touch. The confidence and expectation on her face, the *firmness* of her expression... Kay met and held that look as he slid back down, the material of the couch brushing and pulling against his fur as he went, his other paw pressing into the soft give of the wolfess’s belly.

He touched his nose to her neck again, felt his blush deepen further when she tilted her muzzle down to plant a gentle kiss to his forehead, and then nuzzled in along the line left in her fur from the grip of her

bra. Kay let his eyes flutter shut as he drew in her scent, warm and humid and a bit flattened from the smell of clothing, yet if he pressed deeper he could still draw out the spice that was undoubtedly Tessa. He smiled, sighed softly, circled down... and then felt the soft, slightly-wrinkled skin of that nipple against his lips.

When he half-opened his eyes he looked up to see Tessa lying there watching him, a soft smile on her muzzle and warm encouragement in her gaze. Still watching her, Kay parted his lips, sighed again over that sensitive skin, swallowed, and then let his tongue flick out, teasing over the soft little spot there, then curling over, swirling around, pressing in. The wolfess shivered and wriggled beneath him, one of her paws coming down to lift her breast against his muzzle; Kay continued, tightening his lips around her nipple and giving a little tug, drawing his tongue back to suckle gently.

That pulled a warm, shuddering sigh out of the wolfess, with her eyes drifting shut as well. Kay closed his again and pressed his muzzle further into the softness of her chest there, jaw shifting slowly, slightly with his sucking, interrupted every now and again with a flick of his tongue over her nipple again. Tessa's legs spread beneath him, one of them drifting over to hang off the couch while her other half-wrapped over his; she sank down to position herself more solidly beneath him, tilted her head to the side, let another breathy moan out between her lips; she let that one paw continue down, first to cup the male's chin and hold him in place, and then to trail down her belly, over the other smoother, flatter nipples between her fur.

Last time, Kay had spent about as much time on each of those as he had along her breasts. The male wolf swallowed again, tightened his lips, let his teeth brush gently along Tessa's nipple, pulled outward, and let it come free from his maw, before flicking his tongue over his lips and moving to follow her paw down her belly.

"There you go..." the wolfess breathed, spreading her legs a little further. She lifted up for him; Kay pursed his lips and found the first of those belly nipples in its line, then gave it the same treatment of lick, kiss, suckle, lick, tug. "That's it. Good dog... good... *ah...*" Again Tessa raised up once Kay made his way down from that first in line along her belly to the second, and again to the third. He could feel the intense heat of her body radiating up from between her legs, where her other paw had disappeared beneath the waist of her pants. "Ah, Kay..."

The male looked up at her, still focusing in place at that last nipple where his chin brushed again and again along the fabric of her pants. Tessa usually wore jeans, always with a bit of stretch to them so she could sit them comfortably along her waist and thighs; it was this same stretch that allowed her to keep her paw there, fingers visible shifting beneath the material, and this same stretch that permitted Kay to pull away from that last nipple, give it another kiss, and then move down to take one of the flaps of her fly in his teeth and pull it down over the button. The wolfess slid her paw out of her pants to that, another familiar scent briefly washing over Kay and reinvigorating him.

Once more Tessa reached down to tilt Kay's muzzle up, slightly-slickened fingers grazing along the fur of his chin. That scent wrapped up and curled around him, stirring his tail to wag again. "Look at you," the wolfess purred, stroking softly beneath his chin. Kay leaned into the touch and wagged more. "Doing what's expected of you without being told. Good boy. Finish your task and then start on your next one, won't you?"

This time Kay brought his paws up to continue. The heat of her body and her growing arousal seeped easily through her pants, soaking into his palms as he undid the zipper of her fly. Tessa lifted up for him, then, his fingers curling in around the waist of her jeans and the softer fabric of her panties beneath; Kay watched her fur as he pulled her pants and underwear down, soft greyish-white pulling free from the tension of elastic and fabric. The wolfess sighed softly and relaxed, her body settling into place along the couch as Kay continued down, fingerpads following along her legs as he continued to slide those jeans down and off of her body. He had to scoot back along the couch to make room for it, then wrapped one of her legs around his body again, followed by the other... and then started in forward again, this time leaning down early and bringing himself close.

Tessa spread her legs, again letting one hang off the side of the couch. Kay looked up at her past the soft curve of her belly and then the heavier weight of her breasts, each nipple lining up to it a pinpoint of soft, saliva-slickened pink in the field of snow. His nose twitched and wrinkled with her scent, drawing him in further, closer, hungrier; it was just as he remembered though without the sharp, intense edge of heat, this time with only the pure, sweet spice of arousal.

Of course, he loved it. Kay came forward on the couch, braced a paw against Tessa's inner thigh to spread her a little further, met her eyes once more... and then closed the distance, broad tongue dragging out and between her lips, curling up along slick flesh, flicking at the end. The wolfess immediately twitched and huffed into a fist, the tendons of her thighs around Kay's head tightening; he dove right back in and buried his nose against the little puff of pubic fur there, also slightly damp with the heat of her arousal.

Again and again he could feel her legs tighten and relax around his head, and noticed her footpaws squeeze against his lower back to hold him in more firmly. His jaw worked and churned against the wolfess, tongue slipping, dragging, digging deep, then coming back out, flicking up, swirling around... he gave her clit just the same treatment as he had each of her nipples on his way down, though a little more gentle. The flick of the tongue, the swirl around the point of flesh, the soft suckling, the curling beneath. As he focused his attention there he brought in his paw from her thigh, two fingers sliding easily along the combined slickness of his saliva and her arousal, and then pressing slowly, gentle up into her.

"Ah..." One of Tessa's paws wandered across her lower belly. At first he thought she was teasing over each of her nipples, and then he realized: she was trying to grasp a leash that she had never put on him. Kay perked his ears and lifted his head a bit, giving him space to breathe in her scent; Tessa finally settled that paw between his ears, rubbing softly and urging him right back down into place. "Good... good dog, you... *mmh...*"

Every time she said it, it made his tail thump against the back of the couch. The inconvenience of the morning's mishap forgotten, all that mattered now was the two of them – or, rather, all that mattered was him pleasuring her, making her tighten those soft thighs around his head and shoulders, digging in so that she pressed against his lips and dripped down his chin, forcing the energy and pleasure through her body so that her ankles dug into his lower back and her claws bit at the back of his head. A pair of fingers still rhythmically pressing into her, his other paw wrapped around her soft thigh, the wolf pressed down into the cushions of the couch beneath him, Tessa's scent and taste and warmth keeping him right there, twitching, eager, *involved*.

Above him Tessa shifted a bit, pulling herself back towards the arm of the couch. Kay followed, taking the opportunity to swirl his fingers in his mouth and suck off her sticky taste; then she did so again and again, legs pulling on the male's shoulders to bring her with him, until he had his muzzle buried firmly in her lap with her bent over him, paws squeezing his head, belly pressing against his muzzle, entire body shivering with tension like a tightly-wound spring waiting to burst.

Kay had to draw his tongue back into his maw to give it a bit of a rest, instead focusing again on the clit between the folds, lips running softly back and forth, pulling gently along it as he sucked. A small, quick flick once, and again, and again, each time cranking the wolfess's legs tighter around his head... and, then, that spring did indeed burst. It came first as a sharp inhalation of breath, squeezed right back out through an unsteady moan; and then it followed with a buck from her hips, and a second; and then those soft legs squeezed tightly around Kay's head, squishing in him in fur and skin, and Tessa bucked again, the rest of her breath springing out of her just as the peak of her arousal did the same. It splashed against his lips and the roof of his mouth, and even as Kay clamped his lips shut around her again he could still feel it spurting out and down his chin, coating his tongue and throat, filling his head with the slight salty-sweet taste of her orgasm.

He gladly swallowed it down, breath puffing out hot and heavy between her legs as she continued to dribble down from that one peak. Kay licked at her again and again, tongue lapping up the dribbling leaks and sending ever more shivers through her body with each movement. Her leg dropped limp off the couch and the wolfess slumped back a bit, chest heaving with heightened breath the further from her peak she drifted.

Kay remained in place for a moment, then swallowed again, straightened up, and moved to wipe his mouth on the back of his paw – before Tessa seized that wrist, held it firmly away, and instead took care of that herself, lips trailing in along the dripping fur of his chin, tongue following. Both of these met his and locked, her taste on his breath quickly joining her own as she continued there, tongue curling and swirling against his and inside his mouth. When the kiss parted their breaths hung there in the space between, hot and heavy, each tasting like the other; then, gently, one of Tessa's paws found Kay's shoulder and started to push him back, the other looping beneath his collar to more smoothly lower him down.

He felt the pressure on his arm pushing one way, and then the same against the back of his neck pulling the other way, both shivering slightly with the residual exhausted tension in the wolfess's arms. Kay sprawled back, folding his paws behind his head and adjusting a bit to give her more room on the couch; she guided his legs apart with hardly a brush from the back of her paw, then immediately set to giving him nearly the same treatment as he had her. While she worked at his fly Tessa pushed her nose beneath the hem of his shirt, lifting it up to give herself access to the smooth, soft fur of his lower chest and belly. Her breath wafted gently across his skin there, still hot and humid. Kay squirmed softly with the sensation of her pursing her lips to kiss his belly, then a little bit lower, and lower... and then her breath puffed down into the space between the waistband of his boxers and his body, pulling another twitch out of him.

"My, my..." the wolfess purred, briefly looking up at him. She easily tugged his pants halfway down his thighs. "Look at you, all ready to go."

Kay averted his eyes, trying not to let her see his continued blush. "Can you blame me?"

“No. Of course not.” Those paws came in again, fingers curling under the waistband and stretching it down, just far enough to settle beneath his sack. First he felt the cooler air of the living room, soon followed again by the much warmer sensation of her breath trickling down across his shaft. “I’d expected it of you, honestly. It’s just the thing I would hope to come from...” She leaned in, settling her weight partially against his leg, and lifted him up with one paw. Kay felt the sensation of her lips against his underside, again pulling a twitch out of him. “...a good dog like you...”

In that moment he had prepared a response, though very quickly it just dribbled right back out of his awareness. Soft, smooth wet warmth of her lips wrapping around him, of her tongue cupping his shaft, of her muzzle sinking slowly down onto him... the wolf sighed and rested his head back, hips instinctively pushing up into that sensation. Tessa worked slowly yet confidently on him, forefinger of one paw sliding down to press his sheath back past the bulge of his knot, thumb and fingers of her other curling down to caress his sack and roll it gently back and forth; she pressed down until he thought he could feel the pressure of the back of her throat, and then pressed down further until her lips slid in against his knot; and then she came back up, swirling her tongue around as she went, until only his tip remained between her lips. There she suckled softly, met his eyes, swallowed down his taste, and dove right back down to do so again, and again.

Kay’s arm drifted off the side of the couch and hung loose at his side, his head slowly rolling from one side to the other beneath the effects of the pleasure. He wanted to reach down and caress her head, to rub behind her ear and guide her movement as she had done for him, but at the same time knew that that wouldn’t be proper of him. Instead he just watched through half-lidded eyes, lips parted and breath coming in unsteady gasps, as the wolfess bobbed between his legs, alternating between leading with her paw and using only her lips and tongue. He could feel when she tightened around him and suckled softly, could feel when she played that deft tongue over his tip and along his underside, could feel when she wrapped her fingers in around the base of his sack and tugged softly; he could feel her responses to his twitching and throbbing, quick and gentle yet so effective, like instinctive little answers to his needs.

Her scent remained thoroughly ground into the fur of his muzzle, just as her taste lingered on his tongue and the back of his throat. It was all Kay could think about, all he could see, every time his eyes fluttered shut again – those soft white-furred thighs spread around his face, the soft pink flesh beneath his lips and tongue, the feeling of her grinding forward and up against him just as he now did to her... his claws started to grate along the material of the couch beneath him, belying his approach to his own peak though he tried to hold himself back from thrusting into her muzzle. Tessa noticed and responded in turn, of course, bringing both paws up to the base of his shaft, one to push his sheath back and the other to wrap beneath his knot and to tug him upwards into her muzzle, seeking his release, urging him to finish.

Very soon he felt himself start to come close, and then that approach turned into a sharp downward slope from which he knew he would not be able to return. The wolf squirmed and groaned, every muscle in his body tightening up; his hips pushed up deep into the wolfess’s maw and throat, his claws dug into the couch, his other paw squeezed firmly on her shoulder – and then he bucked once, twice, again, and again, sharp and urgent and then quickly losing force and energy, until he dropped limp back against the couch beneath him, chest heaving and body drained. The sheer pleasure washed over him and weighted him down, muzzle falling to the side and paw dropping from her shoulder. Tessa remained down on him, lips pressed against his bulging knot and cheeks ballooning out a bit with the volume of his load, before she began to slide back up along his length. Kay twitched again with that sensation, her

tongue flicking over his tip, and then managed to open his eyes just in time to see her leaning in over him, the cushions squeaking softly beneath their combined weight.

Then her lips met his again, a finger keeping his chin lifted; and then his own taste suddenly flooded into his mouth, hot and slick and sticky while mixed with Tessa's saliva and soon his own as well, her pushing his head right back into his mouth between the kiss. Her finger under his chin turned into a soft caress of his muzzle, holding him against her while both of them sucked at the other's tongue and swallowed down his mess, both of their tastes mixing and combining until neither could tell them apart.

Again, finally, the kiss parted. Kay slouched back on the couch, panting, and Tessa settled between his legs with her paw wiping at the little strand of stickiness that had dripped from the corner of her mouth. Still twitching, still partially hard, the male chuckled softly and rubbed behind an ear, one of his many instinctive responses to being embarrassed; Tessa smirked yet again, tilted her head, and then reached forward to bat his paw away and take up the rubbing for him, drawing him closer towards her bare chest. Kay nestled into place there, the wolfess's arms soon wrapping around his back to hold him there. She leaned down and planted another kiss to his forehead, then gave him a soft yet urgent yank to the collar to shift his gaze to hers again.

"Okay," she said. "Now we can watch the movie. I've got a couple for us to pick from."

Kay grinned and settled his paws on her hips. A small tug and grind, a push upward... "Great. The movie is, of course, the main and only reason I was excited to come over."

Tessa rolled her eyes and pressed back down against him, squeezing a gentle *huff* from between his lips. "Uh huh. Oh yeah, I forgot to mention – since you're staying here free of charge 'til your apartment situation gets sorted out..."

"It should hardly take the weekend!"

"...there's one stipulation I've got for you." Tessa leaned in again, spreading her fingers over the male's shoulder. Kay tilted his head up and back, expecting another kiss, and then instead felt himself yanked forward, the collar coming tight against the back of his neck when she pulled on it. "You gotta wear this the whole time."

Of course, that brought his blush to return. He swallowed and reached to adjust its fit on his neck.

"What, and nothing else?"

"Well, I hadn't decided." The wolfess's paw continued up to his head again, guiding him slowly over as she also shifted her position. He followed easily and smoothly, letting himself get drawn down against her shoulder while her fingers played through the soft fur near his ear. "We'll figure that out, puppy. We've got the whole weekend." She reached for the remote. "However, we haven't got the whole weekend to figure out this movie..."

Kay chuckled and straightened up again. Already he could tell it was going to be hard for him to go back to his apartment afterwards. It had been last time, too, and now he still had all of those same feelings as well as some new ones stirring in his chest.