

Noma held her paws out toward the fire, unstrung bow resting across her lap; it was always best to do the maintenance on it as soon as she could, but the cold of the quickly-approaching night made her fingers stiff. At least the mouth of the cave some distance ahead of her warded off most of the bitter breeze coming in off of the nearby lake, and – she briefly flicked her eyes over towards the wall of the cave, at the huge mass of fur lying there with bright amber eyes watching her – she had *him* to warm her up, too.

The original goal had of course been to return to her tribe's camp before nightfall, but after downing not two but *three* stags on their hunt, she felt it would be better to retreat into the nearest shelter they could find and head out in the morning. The she-wolf, flexing her fingers a bit more to ensure she'd gotten all her feeling back, picked the limb back up and peered in close at the hide wrapping along the center. Not that it would be too difficult, that was; Noma herself could carry one of the deer without too much strain, and her companion Stike over there could easily handle the other two across his own back. He'd done it for the five miles or so to this cave, and had done it before.

As if sensing she had him in her thoughts, the big feral wolf lifted his head from the earth and canted his gaze at her. Noma slid her cleaning rag across the smooth, sanded wood of the bow limb one more time, then returned that bright-eyed gaze with a warm smile. No teeth shown, of course: it hadn't been too hard to become accustomed to the differences in the feral's mannerisms and behaviors from her own species', especially considering the time the two spent alongside one another since her bloodrites. Most of it had just become second nature, and sometimes she had to adjust during the time she spent back among her tribe, among the others on two legs.

Didn't take much of a stretch of the imagination for her to consider that she enjoyed her time alongside Stike more. Quite a bit more, for a number of reasons. The she-wolf unwove the bowstring from around her other wrist and began tying it back in place, still facing the fire but keeping the feral in her field of view: he was the largest to come out of the sparse woods populating her tribe's native lands of his season, and possibly ever. Brought together when they were both pups, taught to hunt first separately and then with each other's companionship... and then the bloodrites, and Noma was sent into the forest with nothing but her bow, five arrows, and the big feral wolf who by then came up to the center of her chest.

*That* had been an experience. By tribal law she was forbidden to speak of what she went through during that five-day period, which Noma didn't mind so much. String tied back in place along one end of the limb, she looked her bow over once more before setting it beside the fire, across the wood-and-hide quiver she'd been given for the rites all those years ago. She didn't mind frankly because she doubted anyone would want to hear about it: it wasn't all a pleasurable experience, but it *did* have its peaks. And she'd had her peaks, too, as she'd ended up spending a good portion of the latter three of those five days strengthening her bond with Stike.

That strengthening had always been an important focus of the bloodrites, sealing the connection between hunter and companion. The elders of course never explained or gave examples for what that bond should encompass or involve, deciding instead to leave it up to the hunter departing for their rites; as such, Noma doubted she was the first to decide to become closer to her companion by burying him eight inches under her tail, twice a day for three days. Well – twice a day under her tail, and twice more in her muzzle.

The feral wolf lifted his head back up when he noticed her approaching, then wagged his brushy tail against the foot of the wall. Noma pressed her paw down against his forehead, fingers sinking easily into the warm, slightly coarse fur there; Stike briefly nuzzled up against the touch, then leaned forward to nose at her thigh. There hadn't *only* been sex between the two of them during those days, of course; the first two were spent actually hunting, searching through the woods, hiding among fallen logs and in airy snowdrifts, tracking and following and eventually succeeding.

Tribal law also stated that the bloodrites were the first time during which a hunter was allowed to partake in a hunt alone with their companion, unsupervised and unaccompanied by another hunter. Nobody else to stand between them when they cornered their prey, nobody to claim the kill, nobody else to share the meal with. That was where it started, Noma felt: when she'd just started to shear flesh from bone with her knife, only to have Stike push his nose in between her arm and body to get a bite before she'd finished. He'd never touched her of his own accord before then.

And look at him now. The she-wolf smirked as she lowered herself to her knees, this time spreading her paws along the fur of his side. Strong muscle there, the same tight cords that rippled throughout his entire body; muscle beneath healthy flesh and smooth skin, thick winter coat. That brought her thoughts back to her rites – the toughest part had been washing his scent out of her fur on the final day. Well, only *most* of his scent, of course; with the “return when your bond is as solid as the stone of the mountain” stipulation, it would've been borderline sacrilege to completely wipe away the evidence of everything they'd achieved during those days. Whatever it was the elders sought to verify that claim, Noma felt it *wasn't* the rich bite of the feral's urine, soaked into her fur from head to toe and back.

She'd already made her claim on him by that time, so Stike must have felt the need to mark his claim over her. The she-wolf hadn't minded, of course. Quite the opposite, in fact, and it *had* been an excellent way to temporarily ward off the chill of the night, surprising as it was at the time. The second instance Stike hiked his leg above her head, she lifted her muzzle up into the stream and willingly, gladly, took it: since she'd seen it coming that time, she could properly react and respond as she'd wanted. Naturally, that involved managing to flip the much larger feral onto his back and taking him under her tail again, draining his balls inside of her just as he'd drained his bladder across her.

Noma worked her fingers through the knots and tangles in his pelt, gently biting her lower lip; the feral rested his head back against the ground and let out a satisfied *huff*, easily giving into his huntress's ministrations and attention. He was a wild animal who could easily, definitely, take care of himself, sure, but – something about the touching, the active cleaning and maintenance between the two of them that felt as though it helped to tighten that already-solid bond between them. It had become a nightly ritual for the two of them, with Noma starting first with her bow and then moving onto the feral, combing his fur with her claws and brushing his tail, freeing the little clumps of dirt or snow, picking the twigs out from between his rough pawpads.

Sometimes he'd get a little impatient, too, and would bump his muzzle against her while she still worked on her bow, or he'd nuzzle against her cheek from behind and start grooming her. That usually made her laugh, and then sigh and squirm and moan and eventually jerk and shiver, since it always – *always* – ended up in him pushing her over onto her back and nuzzling down her chest, continuing his 'grooming' as he went until his nose inevitably lifted up beneath the hide waistskirt she'd made, still sniffing and licking and digging against her.

The she-wolf's little smirk relaxed into a contented smile, shifting her attention from Stike's side down towards the softer, longer fur of his belly. For *this* part of him the trust came a big tougher, despite how she'd had her muzzle down a little bit further before, but now there was no hesitation or reluctance – in fact, once she had both her paws digging into the heat of his belly, the feral wolf gave a low rumble and shifted how he lay, rolling onto his back with one hind leg hanging up into the air and the other lying across the ground just beside Noma's own legs.

"Ooh..." she purred, looking over towards his muzzle. The feral licked his chops, swallowed, and cocked an orange eye down at her. "You like that, don't you? We ate well today. Feels good, you big, scary beast?"

That part she meant. Years had passed since her rites, and in that period of time she'd seen every side of himself the feral wolf had to offer – in fact, one of their catches today came from her botching a shot and instead plunging her arrow into the hind flank of the deer, which luckily pierced a nerve or a muscle deep enough that it could no longer flee. It came as no surprise that a feral wolf's beastly side came out strongest right as he leaps out from behind a sparse brush to take down and tear into the first prey of the day, hackles sharp and lips curled. Noma actually used to hesitate to join him when that happened, thinking he'd turn on her.

A silly fear, really. She leaned in and nuzzled against his side, feeling the way his slow, steady breath pushed out against his ribs, and hearing the heartbeat beneath. That had been the very *point* of the bloodrites, binding the two together as close as they could without actually becoming one – even though the two had done just that, at least in *a* sense of the saying, several times throughout it – so that each action, each breath, each movement could be shared between hunter and companion. Or, as Noma preferred it, huntress and hunter: he had as much stance as she did.

Besides, the few times he *did* lunge and pounce her were for a very different kind of hunger. Noma continued brushing her fingers through his fur, running over the occasional small hairline scar or soft bump of a nipple amid the thick pelt; their nightly ritual of mutual grooming didn't only turn to something more when Stike was the one doing the grooming, of course. The she-wolf licked her lips and swallowed, shifting her paws further down his body towards the center between those strong legs of his. Now the two were fully comfortable with each other's presence and bodies, each and every part of them: Noma had felt that wrist-thick sheath across basically every inch of her body, and had hefted those full balls in both paws (since she *had* to use both), and over her nose, and on her tongue, and right beside the base of her tail...

Again, it seemed as though Stike could tell what rumbled around in the she-wolf's mind. He shifted again and raised his leg a little higher, the movement sending an enticing jiggle through that particular part of him; Noma licked her lips again and brought her paws in around it, one lifting up behind his sheath and the other coming down to lightly caress his sack.

*That*, he liked as well. Even more so than the belly-rubbing: as soon as he fingerpads brushed down through the shorter fur there and against the so warm skin, his raised hind leg gave a small kick and the feral rumbled in his throat again, hips soon following that leg. Then again, and again – and then Noma found herself bumped back onto her rear, paws splaying out against the ground behind her for balance as Stike wriggled and rolled over to stand up above her. Now *this* was a view she'd long become accustomed to, with the barest glistening red-fleshed tip of his cock peeking out of those supple sheath lips, the whole thing swinging gentle side to side with his movements and his breathing... the she-wolf

swallowed, shifted her weight to one paw, and brought the other up to heft his sack again. Full, heavy; of course they were, as she hadn't gotten him off since yesterday. Looked like their ritual would have to continue-

-in another few moments, apparently. Right as Noma started to lean in to purse her lips around that tip, as she'd done so many times before, Stike hiked one of his hind legs again and turned himself partially to the side. In the second and a half of warning she was given, Noma raised her eyebrows and lowered herself back to her elbows, making sure to close her eyes and open her mouth – and then the stream began, fast and hot and so rich, splashing first against her chin and then quickly trickling down her neck and shoulders, upper chest, between her breasts, down into the fur of her belly.

Such hot *intensity* there, the salty, acrid scent quickly filling her head and curling her nose... it used to do that in a bad way, used to nearly make her turn away in disgust, but now she enjoyed the bite behind it. Noma shifted, swallowed through her parted lips, and straightened up to take the feral's sheath in a paw and angle it more closely down towards her, at the same time pushing that thick skin partially back to show more of his tapered tip. His stream bounced and pulsed with his heartbeat and his breathing, giving little arcs, small sprays across her upper chest and easily soaking her to the skin.

*Good way to warm up* – both inside and out. The she-wolf hooked a forefinger and thumb around the back of the end of Stike's sheath, pressing her wrist up against the still-hidden portion of his length and tilting that revealed tip up again... and closed her eyes again, letting her tongue hang out of her maw to catch that stream directly across it. Even with his mark just splashing across her tongue and lips and dripping down her chin, she could *taste* it as though she'd sealed her lips around his sheath and taken three good mouthfuls right down her throat and into her belly. After all, she knew from experience what *that* felt and tasted like; she'd done it a couple of times before. The temptation was there, too – Noma brought her tongue back into her mouth, swallowed down his hot spice, shivered with the way she could feel the sharp heat crawling down her throat and into her belly, then parted her lips again, panted, leaned in... and did just that, keeping her lips pursed as she came in for a kiss against the warmth of his tip and concentrated heat and musk streaming out of it, splashing against her muzzle and down her body.

She very quickly found out from there that she'd gotten him right as he'd started to finish up, though, and took that as an excuse to push his sheath as far back as she could here with her lips to take the weight of his cock on her tongue, and the last few drips of his mark into her belly. Being such a large wolf, though, those 'last few drops' turned into another few mouthfuls, Noma letting it fill her muzzle to the point it pushed out on her cheeks before swallowing down, then having to do so again and again, feeling almost as though she'd seized a sizzling coal from the fire behind her and shoved it down her throat. This, though, was *far* more pleasurable than that: the slick wetness that dripped down her inner thighs was not *all* Stike's mark.

With the small *pop* of her suckling, a moment later Noma pulled back off of the end of the wolf's cock, the tip giving one last spray of rich piss across her hanging tongue. Such a strong, sharp taste dominating her thoughts and her senses, making her feel as though she'd just filled herself with bright, vibrating energy... Noma licked her lips, refreshing that taste a bit on what she'd missed and spilled across her muzzle and chin, and leaned in to nuzzle up along the side of Stike's slowly-twitching, slowly-growing cock, still held up in one paw with the other now rubbing gently towards the back of his sheath near his balls.

Just what she'd needed on this cold night. The she-wolf moved forward on her knees, already knowing she had more than enough room beneath the larger feral's body, and pursed her lips against his heavy hanging sack, bringing her paw around to squeeze them against her muzzle as she did so. Just what she'd needed, and now she felt she needed something *else* – something that Stike could definitely provide, and something they'd shared multiple times before.

"Stike..." she purred, her breath dissipating out into the thick fur along the base of his sheath and sack. The feral above her stirred, in more than one way, and adjusted his stance: those heavy balls jiggled and swung back against her muzzle. A moment later she moved back, kissed the still-dripping tip of his cock, and wiggled out from underneath him and to her feet; those same amber predator's eyes flicked over towards her, the feral expectant yet patient. Just like always. "Stike, love, will you claim me tonight?"

The feral raised his muzzle up as Noma caressed his jaw with her paws, also somewhat wet, and then gave a small *huff* towards her. Broad pink tongue lapped out across his chops and then did so again in him picking up his own mark on her; she'd felt that tongue across the entirety of her body before, too, also several times. She leaned down to touch her nose to his, then jerked back and giggled after that tongue drew across her lips as well.

"Is that a yes, then?" Noma made her way closer to the fire – just enough to feel its heat; wearing the feral's piss so thick in her fur warmed her now, but once it cooled off... once there she lowered herself back down to her knees and from there to all fours. "I can't say no to you, and you can't say no to me, can you?" Tail raised, legs partially spread, paw between her thighs with a pair of fingers teasing up in at her...

...and she could hear another lick of the feral's chops followed by the soft *tp-tp* of his claws across the stone floor. Twitching nose, wagging tail, hanging tongue... then hot breath right beneath her tail, as hot and wet as she herself already was, followed by that tongue making one quick yet deep drag up along her sex and her tailhole. Then again and again, Stike focusing at each in turn: the slickness of her lips against the heat and reflexive clenching of her tailhole; Noma bit her lip and squeezed her eyes shut, intentionally hiking her tail further into the air to allow him easier, deeper access. Honestly she would be satisfied with just *this*, with his tongue digging against and into her, pulling her closer and closer to her peak... but then when the feral licked his chops yet again, huffed against her rump, and started shifting forward above her, she realized that *this* would be much better.

Since she could fit beneath him to taste his mark without a problem, Stike did not have to rest his weight atop her to mount. Noma had tried lugging the feral around if he rolled partially onto her in his sleep, so she knew how difficult that would have made things for her: if she pushed herself up and lifted her head, she could just barely feel the warmth of the underside of his belly against her back, with the much more concentrated wet heat of his cock thrusting forward, frantic, needy, near her backside.

Couldn't risk pups, though, not in *this* season and especially with *this* wolf. Noma swallowed and adjusted, lifting her rear further up, trying to find the tip of his length as he worked his hips... and then she jerked forward when it came up against her, sliding across her saliva-slickened tailhole, teasing at her and pushing in once he found it. The first few times the two had done this, Noma had certainly felt the regret the day after when every step sent a sting up her tail and when she felt she could hardly clench, as though the muscles had been completely stretched and worked, but... obviously, that had never stopped her from doing it again.

Never once. Even now there was some of that discomfort – that would never go away; taking Stike’s cock from the tip was like pressing Noma’s own paw, fingers and thumb all bunched up to a point, against her tailhole – but the feral had learned to go slow and take his time. Noma dug her claws against the ground and sucked in a breath of the cool, char-tinted air through her nose, still unable to avoid the sharp sting of the feral’s piss and loving it: the slow back-and-forth of her own hips on his tapered tip, working herself back along that warm, stiff flesh, stretching slowly, bringing him deeper and deeper into herself to satisfy that want that only *he* could, that only *he* had been able to... a shiver racked her body, and Noma reached out to the side to wrap her arm around Stike’s foreleg near her shoulder. A moment later the feral leaned down and lapped between her ears, making her bob down and giggle again.

That giggle turned into a breathy moan, though, at a hitch from the feral’s hips forcing his girth to sink deeper into her. It was slow going, as always, but she *wanted* this – and wanted *him*, especially. Already she could feel the same need vibrating through the feral’s body, that tense and intense want and energy building up in his muscles, his strong legs, his thick shaft and heavy balls coming slowly closer to her rump; Noma briefly uncurled her arm from around his leg to reach back and spread herself, at the same time pushing back further. She could feel each and every throb of his cock, from both his pulsing heartbeat and from the not-so-little jets of hot, slick pre emptying out into her, helping with the lubrication that a creature of his size so desperately needed.

Noma focused on the crackling of the fire and the heavy panting of the wolf above her as she worked herself back, until she could feel the thick, soft skin of his sheath against her rump. Such warm, full pressure along her insides, keeping her in place beneath him, feeling as though he pressed down on her belly from inside... getting started was always the slowest, hardest part, and now that she’d managed *that*, she could take the rest. The she-wolf let out a tense breath and lowered her upper body to the ground, resting her chin on her arms.

Just that small change in angle and position she knew put extra pressure on the feral’s cock, though, and enough to overcome that careful inhibition that he’d kept for her. No sooner had she lowered herself down did Stike start to pull back out of her, only to slam right back in – and jerk her forward an inch across the dusty ground, a surprised *yip* on her lips. Then again, and again, and again, each thrust faster, harder than the one before, carrying more force and more need behind it and quickly and easily pounding into the she-wolf’s rump, each time filling her anew with that squeezing pressure.

“Gods...” she panted, half-lifting herself up by holding onto Stike’s leg again, then losing the energy to do so and settling back down against the ground. The feral leaned further down over her, entire body lurching with the speed and force of his thrusts, his lips curled partially back with the effort and breath coming out in hot, hard panting; once he started to get close, he’d squeeze his muzzle down against her shoulder and neck and forcibly hold her against the floor while pumping his seed into her, just like he always did. Noma spread her legs a bit further, intentionally pulling the larger wolf down on top of her in preparation – he went fast, and he went *hard*.

Not that that was a problem, of course. Couldn’t take too much of such a well-endowed beast railing her like this, and she wasn’t even on her heat this time. That pressure along the inside of her belly only continued to grow, teased and tickled a little further every time Stike buried himself to the sheath inside her rump, his tongue hanging out of his mouth and, every now and then, a thick drop of sticky drool settling against the ground beside her head, or her nose, or her cheek between his thrusts. She didn’t even have to reach back to pleasure herself: Stike handled all of that, just by relieving his own pleasure under her tail.

*Relieving.* Noma couldn't help but smirk at that, though that smirk quickly turned to half-strain and half-pleasure as the male started to try to press his knot past the not-so-tight ring of her tailhole. That pressure in her belly wasn't *just* from the size of him filling her insides over and over: each thrust, each pulse and throb of his length inside of her sent another sweet shiver through her loins, magnifying and strengthening the shivering, twitching pleasure that he always instilled in her.

The big wolf didn't even have to *do* anything to earn that reaction from Noma. Sometimes she could get herself off just by burying her nose in his neck and breathing deep of his natural scent, one paw idly toying between her legs; more often than not, though, it was between the back of his sheath and his belly where she had her nose, or lifting up between his balls, or with her lips pursed and suckling at the end of his sheath, or under his tail, or along his tongue as thick and soft and wet and warm as the skin of that sheath. Noma squirmed, swallowed, let out another shuddering pant, felt Stike do the same above her, and tried to both relax and push back against him, that still only half-swollen knot teasing at her...

...until with one more forceful push from the feral, it popped past her rim and tied inside of her, a sudden wave of sharp tension from the stretch forcing every muscle in her body to tighten. Noma pulled her claws across the stone beneath her, slightly muddy from the amount of feral mark soaked through her fur and dripping off of her, and first tried to pull forward to lighten that pressure on her, then pushed back to keep Stike as deep inside of her as possible... and the male wolf bore down on her from above just as she'd expected, muzzle settling into its place at her shoulder and forcibly holding her back on him, his heavy balls against her rump and pulsing as they emptied into her. Soon she could feel the wet heat from his load filling her out, too, locked inside from that thick knot pulling at her tailhole. That pressure grew, increased, multiplied, made her squeeze her legs as close together as they could with her brimming pleasure, teeth gritted and eyes squeezed shut, one arm coming up over her shoulder to keep Stike's muzzle against her... and then she, too, hit her peak.

It all came at once, the sudden burst of hot, intense pleasure shaking through her lower body, forcing her to squeeze and relax, squeeze and relax around the feral's knot. Noma gave voice to several panting moans, breathy and raspy and probably loud enough to be heard outside of their cave and above the wind of the night... and then she felt something else, too, something riding along the sweet hot jolts of her orgasm piercing out through her thighs and into her abdomen.

Not like she could help *that*. All of that pounding and pressure against her belly from inside, the squeezing, the pulling, the pulsing... the she-wolf shivered and lifted herself up against Stike's belly with his cock still buried and tied inside of her, arms shaking under the effort it took to hold herself up as her bladder forcibly emptied itself between her legs. Again, she couldn't stop that if she'd tried, the hot wetness spraying down into a puddle beneath her and trickling down the insides of her thighs, each of the smallest movements from Stike above and inside her putting a little more force behind that emptying and making her squeeze it out a bit faster, pale yellow in the light of the fire past her belly slightly swollen from the weight and volume of his load still leaking out into her.

None of that was *his*, of course. Noma, panting, flopped back down to the ground with her muzzle to the side, Stike's similar panting washing across her face and into her open mouth; the feral gave a tired yet satisfied lick along her cheek, partially pulling her lip up. She tried to return it but didn't bother putting much effort into it. She could still feel *his* mark roiling in her belly, and in a different way than his seed from her other end. Not that that would have been a new feeling, though. Certainly not. Finally, though,

her own stream dribbled to a finish, punished bladder leaking out its last between her legs; Noma squirmed, swallowed, gave one last push, and felt Stike reciprocate by pressing forward into her again.

*Then* she gave her last. Now her own scent wafted up to join his, still stirring in her nose and now mixed with the musk of his arousal as well... a weak tug on his knot sent a vibrating tingle through her stretched rump, though made no sign that she'd be able to pull off of him to go again anytime soon. They would have to wait for that tie to go down on its own. That was alright too, though: even though Stike shifted to settle down atop her, the bigger feral made sure to keep his body positioned so as not to crush the much-smaller huntress beneath himself, instead nestling Noma partially beneath his belly and against his leg and his neck.

Noma let out a soft, satisfied sigh and turned as much as she could, to bury her nuzzle in the thick fur of his neck. If she could get him to move a bit further, she might be able to do her usual and drink his scent while working at herself again, all while waiting for that tie to go down... but, again, he'd thoroughly drained her, in a couple of ways. She doubted she'd have the energy to move until the following morning.

No problem there, though. Stike, also still panting, turned his head to drag his tongue across her forehead followed by her neck before settling back down; Noma leaned in and returned the gesture, though only against his neck within her reach.

Just like the final day of her bloodrites, only this time, it was only Noma's muzzle that reeked of Stike's piss, and not his that smelled of hers. She could still remember the way that had felt, her clutching behind his ears while his tongue deftly worked at her, pushing her right up to the edge of her orgasm, then over, and far beyond until she could do nothing but double over his head and squeeze him tight for balance, draining her dry...

The she-wolf shifted again. Maybe she *would* see about hitting another peak tonight.