

The wolfess wrapped the end of the leash twice more around her paw, stiff material of the handhold cutting gently into plush white fur as she did so. A soft breeze, pleasantly warm in the otherwise brisk autumn day, floated on through the park and lightly tossed the skirt hanging around her legs, the folds already loose and light. Small fingers of that breeze crept up along her bared legs, following the patterns of blue markings in snow-toned fur and reaching up along the soft skin and flesh beneath, muscles tightening and relaxing as she walked, up until it tickled at her sensitive fur and poked a little deeper, and...

And Tessa sniffed, licked her chops, and swallowed, briefly catching her bottom lip between her teeth before giving the leash another tug. A tug issued back in response just before her companion trotted up to keep pace with her. She reached her other paw down, curled the hem of her skirt around the pad, gave a little twist and tug – and flicked her skirt up for a quick second before smoothing it back down, allowing the last bit of that breeze to whisper up along her thigh like a gentle exhalation. It set the same little tingle burning in the base of her spine as well as the root of her abdomen; she took a slow look around the park, sighed again, and then focused back on the trail ahead of them.

Early afternoon on a weekday made things manageable out here, along with this being one of the larger yet lesser frequented dog parks in the area. The wolfess scanned the wide fields, close-cropped green grass showing favored spots in slightly discolored patches. A slim otter in shorts and a tank top, arms crossed in front of his chest as he watched a broad, fit German shepherd run wide circles across the green; an African wild dog near him, apparently without a dog of his own but still animated as he told some story or another; then on the other side of the sidewalk another attractive wolfess, this one swathed in mountain greys and charcoal with long hair coursing down over her shoulders, in a brief chat with a maned wolf who actually had to tilt his head back to look at her; then some others just barely out of view towards the tree line far to her side, the smaller, less distinct shapes of their pets running around, filling the air with their own voices, or just lazing around in warm, contented piles.

So all in all, fewer visitors than expected but still more than she preferred. She looked down to her companion once more, the feral Aussie-collie mix bouncing along with the pace with her tail swaying behind her, and felt a faint smile touch her lips. Excitement and anticipation tingled in her chest along with this tickle further down in her abdomen, kept ignited by the former just as much as the curious, investigative fingers of wind did – for, as Paprika here beside her could likely very well tell with the way her nose twitched in that breeze, Tessa wore nothing beneath her skirt today.

Up ahead the sidewalk curved and turned down along a gentle hill, the other side lowering down close to the river that cut through the area here, mostly fenced off save for a section a bit further down the way where folks could take their pups into the water. That was good: that meant more people would be down there than by the little metal bench up at the end of the path, skewed off from the trail and resting in the shade of a tall, tilted oak. Wolfess and shepherd shared a glance; one licked her lips, then the other did as well; and Tessa again tightened her grip on the leash, more out of teasing than urgency, and led the feral over towards that bench.

When she sat down there she made sure to do so with her legs closer together, as spreading them apart would immediately cause her skirt to pull up and curl back and show her little secret. Tessa took a moment to find a comfortable position, fabric resting between her body and the sun-warmed metal beneath her; she swept her tail to the side, squirmed a bit, licked her lips again. Without any underwear, already every little movement and shift in her hips, her lower body, her waist, even her *tail*, adjusted

how she settled against the bench beneath her – and with a plump, protruding canine spade like she had, jiggling with every slight twitch and adjustment, she had to be extra careful with how she moved.

Sure, it got in the way every now and then and annoyed her: trying to sit properly in public, or in the car, where she wouldn't pinch herself between her thighs; and she couldn't wear *most* types of panties, as they had a tendency to ride up between fat, slick lips and pinch there; and God forbid she wear tight-fitting pants during her heat, as she often soaked through even the most durable, heavy duty pairs of jeans she owned. Some of them *still* had her scent on them.

In contrast to the annoyances, though... Tessa nonchalantly looked back and forth over both directions of the sidewalk, each one cresting the rise of the hill and soon disappearing from sight. Taking the bus home from work or sometime, depending on her mood, even just walking down the street in the mornings, where *every single movement* sent an electric shiver through her abdomen; or, since she stuck out so far anyway, it was never too far a stretch to slide her favorite vibrator up and nestle it deep, and keep it in place with one of the few pairs of panties that *did* properly fit her; or, for example, days like today where she could sit down on a bench, look around again, then scoot forward towards the edge of the seat so that the rear hem of her skirt hung down and the front remained in place over her legs, and where her dog could sniff around, nose up, and settle into place there in the space between her spread thighs.

This time instead of a gentle breeze it really *was* a warm exhalation that trickled up her thighs, sensitive from the constant back and forth rubbing of slick, supple flesh through short fur. Before and beneath her Paprika wagged her tail slowly, leash hanging limp between her collar and the older wolfess's paw; Tessa swallowed, scooted forward a bit, felt the distinctive touch of a cool, wet nose bumping up against the point of her spade, and looked down the sidewalk again.

"Here we are..." Tessa murmured, and settled back. She pressed her back against the textured support of the bench, shifted her legs a little further apart, rested her paws near her knees so she could fold her fingers beneath the hem of her skirt and tug it down a little bit further... but, really, anyone that came from either direction along the sidewalk would be able to see straight up beneath the blue-toned fabric, towards soft white fur and then the flash of rich, glimmering pink there in the center. So long as it wasn't obscured by Paprika's digging, nuzzling muzzle, though: another breath and another bump of that nose, and Tessa twitched and jerked upright, this next shiver vibrating out between her shoulders. "Good girl. Be careful. Go slow, I don't – want to... *ah...*"

Immediately she found herself trailing off, those sensations between her legs tingling, growing, focusing tighter and warmer. The feral dog buried beneath her skirt lapped slowly at first, broad wet tongue settling against the front of her spade and pulling up once, a second time, a third, each one pulling the sensitive flesh just barely apart before letting it smack back in against itself. Before long Tessa couldn't help but gently kick a leg in turn with that sensation, smooth dog's tongue slurping up, slipping between folded lips, dragging sweetly... but messily.

She *was* still a feral dog, after all. Tessa shuddered again and tightened her fingers around her skirt, bunching the fabric up in her palm; she lifted her other paw and draped her elbow over the back of the bench, using the leverage to lean forward and press herself more firmly down against Paprika's muzzle. The collar and leash jingled softly from down between her legs, and if she perked her ears she could quite easily pick up the wet slopping of dog's lips against wolfess's, Paprika's broad, flat tongue now

digging deeper, slurping and swirling at the thick, clinging strands of arousal steadily dripping down and certainly soaking the back of her skirt as well as catching in the liens of the bench.

Yet another shiver arced its way up Tessa's shoulders, and the wolfess lurched forward, legs briefly tightening around the feral between them. It took deliberate effort to settle back, but by now both paws had slid away from her skirt so that it rode halfway up her thighs: floppy mutt ears bounced between her knees, and as the fabric climbed higher, warm chocolate-brown eyes flashed up as well.

The wolfess covered her mouth with a paw, deliberately catching a finger between her teeth to try to keep down the growing grunts, gasps, huffs, and breathy little moans, each one coaxed out by another drag of that tongue along her spade: warm sunlight trickled down, glittering across white fur like fresh fallen snow. Every time Paprika dove back in, sharply intelligent feral eyes still fixed on the wolfess above her, her nose mashed snug against the peak of Tessa's sex there, squishing the supple flesh in, leaking another thick dribble down along the fur of wolfess's inner thighs as well as dog's muzzle. Now Paprika worked as though she were drinking from a bowl of water, jaw coming forward and tongue digging deep, sliding between slick walls of flesh and flicking up, electric pleasure lancing up and out through her abdomen.

Breath caught in her throat; Tessa jumped, and tensed together, and then relaxed, then tensed up all over again; her tail flicked and swung through the space in the back of the bench, and one of her legs half-lifted. This time the breeze that blew tickled right up along her soaked thigh, dribbling warmth quickly cooling under the breath of the wind, Paprika's wagging tail brushing and bumping against her shaking ankles, the feral slurping and huffing with her muzzle buried deep and-

And Tessa jumped, heart suddenly in her throat, and smoothed her skirt back down when a shadow cresting the sidewalk from the right intruded into her field of view. A quick, sudden tug on the leash pulled the mutt first deeper in and then back out from beneath her skirt. Both of the canids looked up and along the sidewalk, Tessa with her ears flattened back and eyes wide, Paprika with her broad, dripping tongue flicking up and around over her chops as though she had just dug deep into a bowl of cream gravy. Thick strands of stickiness dripped from her jowls, swinging and hanging in the breeze as she turned her head to watch the visitor as they passed by, a broad-shouldered black wolf with sharp green eyes.

He looked at Tessa as he went by, and she looked up at him. There was no way she could stop her chest from heaving, though, and her tail still swung and jerked behind her; his nose twitched on the breeze as he passed by, and the wolfess watched in horror as he lifted his muzzle and looked around, short whiskers flicking and twitching, and then angled in towards her again. She half-lifted her arm from around the back of the bench and gave a wave, then tried to nonchalantly turn to look out over the nearby river.

Still, though, all she could think about was the tingling heat and need between her legs. Without watching him but still listening to his gentle footsteps along the concrete, she slid a paw up her leg, pulled her skirt back just another inch and a half, and with her other gave another tug to the leash... and then tightened up all over again when the feral's muzzle slid back into place, pressing wetly in against her plump, dripping spade. Tessa felt another thick dribble ooze out of her and between the dog's lips, catching along the fabric of her skirt and oozing through, plopping into a puddle along the sidewalk beneath the bench.

Again and again she tensed up and drew forward, until someone passing by might assume she had a fierce stomachache instead of an attentive muzzle between her thighs. Strong legs squeezed in around Paprika's shoulders and body and the wolfess above her shook and jerked. She doubled forward again, both paws now pressing in along the shepherd's head, holding her down, mashing her snout and tongue deeper into the fat spade parted around her mouth, dribbling, dripping, oozing – and then, suddenly, spurting and spraying, Tessa's breathy moans carrying up and over the breeze rustling through the tree overhead.

She shivered, and shuddered, and banged her paw with the handhold of the leash against the back of the bench, and jerked again – and popped free from Paprika's muzzle, thoroughly spraying the feral with the peak of her arousal, jetting up and out and leaving a darkened shadow across the sidewalk. Legs shaking and hips bucking all their own, Tessa thumped back down against the bench, buried a paw beneath her skirt, and dug those fingers in against herself, wet heat dribbling down along her pads and soaking through her fur.

She couldn't stop herself. The wolfess swallowed, panted, and doubled over again, spade slurping and sucking back at her fingers as she worked them in along herself, sticky slickness spreading around, oozing from between the slats of the bench, widening the puddle beneath her – until another pulse and buck echoed through her, and then a second pressure released as well. This heat started faint and weak at first, then grew and strengthened, arcing out and between her fingers, spraying against the bench and washing down like a waterfall pouring over a bed of boulders.

"Good... good..." she panted, trying to keep her legs spread and skirt out of the stream. One arm crossed along her lower belly to add a bit of extra pressure against her bladder as it already trickled and streamed out of her, staining white fur yellow and filling the air with a scent stronger than the spike and heat of her arousal, swirling around the two of them like a thick cloud. "Good girl, Pa – Paprika... *hah*... I just... have to..."

One more glance both ways, with a nagging suspicion to look over her shoulder as well, and then Tessa straightened up, leaned back, spread her legs, and took the risk to flip her skirt up across her belly... and then with fingers pressing in against the plump lips, spreading herself wide, she sighed, swallowed, and let the stream go, arcing up and across the sidewalk. Paprika jumped and skittered out of the way, though still her tail wagged: she watched as Tessa emptied herself right here across the bench and sidewalk, nose and ears twitching.

Heart still pounding, the wolfess had to push to get herself to finish through the nervousness, knowing that at any moment someone might come up over one of these hills and catch her in the act. Near the end she bent forward over herself again, other paw coming in to keep her skirt up and out of the way – but just as quickly did Paprika settle back into her place there, tongue lapping at the dribbles as they went, catching and spraying that rich heat as it came. By the time Tessa finally finished up her legs were shaking all over again, and her own scent hung high and strong in her nose. After a moment Paprika poked her head up from underneath her skirt again, lips now dripping with fresh mark as well as the evidence of her arousal – and as Tessa looked down, a tired smile on her face and the leash hanging limp from her paw, the wolf started to make a second round from the opposite side of the sidewalk.

So much for *that*, then. The wolfess stood straight up, wobbled on suddenly unsteady legs, and then hurried to wrap the leash back around her paw so she could tug Paprika after her as she made her way back towards the car. An intense blush heated her cheeks as she went, and even as she walked she felt

the soaked back of her skirt cling to her legs, and the little dribbles continuing to drip down from her spade and thighs and spread out between her footsteps. The thing was, she had to pass right by this black-furred wolf to make it back: he straightened up, frowned, and looked from her to the bench, and even as the two canids crested the hill and started back down Tessa could still feel his eyes, and *nose*, directed her way.

"I'm sorry, girl," she panted. Paprika looked up at her once they made it to the car; Tessa looked back around the park and saw nobody was coming her way, but even from here she could see the stain along the sidewalk, dark in the sunlight. "I know we came here for you to play, but..." *...but I ended up playing instead.* Not that that was a bad thing: it *had* been planned, and she *had* fully expected to end up bent over Paprika's muzzle at some point during the day, whether out here at the park or back at home.

Besides – Paprika needed some time of her own, too. The wolfess tugged the back door of the car open and herded the mutt inside, making sure to scoop an already-slick paw up between the feral's hindlegs... and receive a wet, squeezing warmth down to the first knuckle on two of her fingers, sinking in and squeezing there. The shepherd's footing faltered at the edge of the seat and for a moment she stood there in place half-squatting down, hindlegs shaking and tail hiked and wagging as she bucked and ground downwards into the cupping paw; Tessa leaned forward over, gave another murmured "*good girl*," and churned her paw against her a few times, adding the feral's scent and stickiness atop her own before she pulled those fingers out and went around to the driver's side.

Naturally her driving towards home was a bit shaky and uneven, what with that one paw sliding back and forth between that warm, dripping spot between her thighs and her muzzle, sticky fingers spreading across her nose, over her lips, along her tongue. Strong, rich coppery scent of feral dog atop her own deeper, fuller musk, mixing together into something that made her nose curl and tickled at the back of her throat yet still maintained this tingling arousal between her legs.

Every time the wolfess drew to a red light she had to squirm and lift up off the seat, and every time she winced as the plump flesh of her protruding spade stuck and sucked against the material beneath her. That was an odd feeling all its own, though of course Tessa was no stranger to having that particular part of her sucked on before; it was just it had never been a bare car seat doing the sucking.

*Well...* She eased a footpaw down onto the pedal and lurched forward, then turned onto the street that would lead to her place. *Not in a few months, at least.*

Every time she looked up in the rearview, Paprika's intelligent eyes flashed again up her way, the shepherd-collie mix letting her tongue flop out of her mouth and wagging her tail whenever they looked at each other. Still it was very obvious that she had just buried her muzzle in *something* wet, as the fur along the base of her chin hung down in thick matted strands. Tessa smirked and licked her lips, noticed that Paprika made the gesture back, and then focused again on the road, one paw guiding the wheel and the other playing idly between her legs.

She ran her fingers up and around this hanging lump of hot, wet flesh here, mashed and angled a bit against the seat beneath her; it squished and slid, surface slick and dripping with arousal and piss and saliva, and even as she turned her paw back and forth to wipe it off and smear it clean, still there was always more there. Soon the fur along the back of her paw and between her pads looked like much Paprika's: matted together, showing streaks of slick stickiness like molten glue, hanging down in thick,

heavy strands... Tessa grumbled softly, licked her lips again, and then turned up into the driveway, along the way bringing that paw to her muzzle and swirling her tongue gently through the mess.

It was definitely mostly *herself* that soaked into her paw here. Of course it was, maybe with just a little bit of dog drool, but... Tessa already resolved to change that. She knew that Paprika knew her intent, too: as soon as the wolfess flipped the key in the ignition and the engine sputtered to a stop, as soon as she peeled herself off the seat and again stepped around to the rear door, the mutt bounded out, tail wagging, and ran up to wait by the door into the rest of the house.

“Yeah, yeah,” the wolfess purred, taking a moment to organize her skirt around herself. Still her heart thumped and fluttered from that experience back in the park, and the streaks and puddles of evidence she had left along the bench there and the surrounding sidewalk... and that damn black wolf’s face watching her, too. She would remember him, and he would likely remember *her*. And if not her, then *certainly* her scent. “Be patient, Paprika. I just have to-”

As soon as the door opened the mutt was away down the hall, tail hiked as she ran – with the evidence of her own arousal bouncing behind and beneath her with each step, cream fur quite clearly showing the darker marbled flesh of puckered tailhole and feral sex hanging beneath. Tessa closed the garage door behind her and stood there a moment, arms crossed over her chest as she pushed the nervousness from the morning away.

*That wasn’t the wildest thing I’ve done*, she told herself, *and I’ve come off free every other time. Nobody saw anything. We were planning on that the whole time.* She drew in a breath, held it, and then let it out, and then started down the hall as well, this time slipping her fingers beneath the hem of her shirt to start pulling that up and over her shoulders. When she made it to the bedroom at the end of the hall it slid easily off over her head, the pleasantly cool air of the house now running its fingers, sweeter and gentler than the adventurous wind out in the park. Cozy and familiar, Tessa sighed, reached back, and unhooked her bra, then let that drop down her front as well; the edge of the material tugged gently at the smooth, flatter nipples spread out along her belly beneath her breasts, little pinpoints of sweet, swarm pink poking out from amid the snowy off-grey of her fur.

As expected, as soon as she nudged the bedroom door open with her shoulder she found Paprika waiting there by the bed, sitting down at its foot like any other good girl would. Immediately upon seeing the wolfess, though, the feral bounded down with her head and forelegs close to the ground and hind end hiked up, tail wagging – and then at a chuckle, nod, and motion from the other, she hopped up onto the bed, careful not to step along the bared sheets toward the pillows, and padded gently around.

Tessa crossed her arms over her chest as she watched the feral, then rolled her eyes and reached down to slip her skirt off. The waistband of it caught along the protruding tip of her spade, briefly tugging it down and then letting it slip back up again – with a thick strand of *something* swinging off, hanging there, and then dropping to the carpeted floor below.

“Oh, come on,” the wolfess rumbled, finally naked. She ran her paws briefly up and over her body, one coming up between her legs with fingers finally freely slipping in, sinking deep, slopping around in wet sticky flesh, while the other spread over her belly, touched and felt at those little lines of nipples then came up further to caress and squeeze her left breast, the warm metal of the single piercing there providing a pleasant, scintillating resistance. “Calm down. I know we were in a rush, I know you didn’t get a chance to do your business-”

In front of her at the edge of the bed, halfway sitting down again, Paprika huffed and grumbled.

“So,” Tessa went on, and leaned in to put her muzzle about level with the feral’s. Immediately the shepherd bounded back up and wagged her tail again. “Why don’t you be a good girl and turn around, and we’ll see about taking care of that for you?”

Paprika let out a short, sharp bark, enough to make Tessa’s ears flick back, but then just as quickly and obediently she did as told, spinning around on the edge of the bed so her hind end face the wolfess halfway leaning over. The blankets and mattress creased and dipped beneath her footpaws – it was a good thing Tessa had put out the duvet the previous night – but before long the wolfess’s attention slipped away from the state of the blankets, and the dog’s only slightly messy footpaws.

Here before her, beneath that raised, wagging tail, glimmered that same marbled-flesh tailhole and sex that she had glimpsed in the hallway, that she had gotten a handful of on the way back into the car, that had been stuck in her mind since the previous night. Tessa licked her lips and slowly lowered herself down beside the bed, dropping first to one knee and then the other – and then she reached up, gently yanked Paprika’s hind legs back towards her with one paw wrapped around her ankles, and pressed the other down along her haunches by the base of her tail...

...and then the wolfess leaned in, twitched her nose, and gave the feral much the same treatment that she had given to *her*. The bump of nose to plump, hot flesh, the little inhalation, the soft sigh of hungry breath out along inner thighs... naturally Paprika’s scent came across similar to her own yet still so different, dog to wolf, feral to not. A bit more metallic, a bit sharper, yet muted in its own right... and, of course, *intoxicating*. The wolfess found herself settling into place there, now with both paws along Paprika’s upper thighs to keep the feral spread as she ran her nose back and forth and around the already-moist flesh, drawing faint lines in the thin layer of clinging slickness, pulling in that scent.

Lungs and head full, the wolfess leaned back, swallowed, and then sighed again, able to feel the thick moisture of Paprika’s growing arousal in the back of her throat. She reached up and wiped at her mouth, licked her lips again, and then once more leaned in, this time with that paw slipping in to spread the feral’s plump lips, stretching her apart to show the wet walls of fresh pink flesh within, streaked and dripping with gathered wetness.

“Look at you,” she murmured – and held her fingers in place against the reflexive clench back, in response to her breath tickling those walls. “Eager and ready to go, aren’t you, girl?”

Above her head Paprika’s tail gave another wag and sway, close enough to tickle at her ears. She grinned, wet her lips again, and then pursed them forward and came right in to settle against the feral’s in a slow, soft kiss which quickly grew in force and depth. Paprika’s leg held in her paw stiffened first, then relaxed and twitched – and Tessa flicked her tongue out and in between the feral’s spread sex, curling up along those sensitive inner walls, smearing off the rolling drips of arousal and wrapping those strings up into her mouth.

She tasted of dog, and heat, and piss, and *need*. The wolfess swallowed down that first taste and then did so again, the resilient stickiness still clinging to her throat, before she pinched her lips off and dove in for another lick, and then another, and yet another. Each time she did so she felt Paprika clench and then relax above her, waves of pleasure vibrating through the feral’s body. Meanwhile Tessa let her paw

slip from this plump spade, thick lips settling back around her chops as she slid in and dug deep, slurping and sucking gently at these interior walls and folds, swallowing down the strings of stickiness that oozed steadily out. Again and again she dragged her tongue up and over, muzzle occasionally popping free from the feral's squeezing sex, plump flesh jiggling and bouncing in the residual motion; she swallowed again, sighed, tilted her head, and then drew Paprika's spade into her mouth, lips closing around lips so that she could tug, pull, and suckle all the while rolling her back and forth over her tongue, as though trying to coax the juice from an orange slice.

The deeper she dug against the feral's backside, nose pressed up against the rough, tight pucker of her tailhole, the further and stronger Paprika bucked down against her, hips grinding forward and back and hindpaws spreading apart. The wolfess grinned between and around those wet lips pressing back against her, mashing and molding within her muzzle, interior walls parting and pressing deep around her tongue and further filling her mouth with that scent and arousal. She sucked and swallowed, sucked and swallowed, sticky heat dribbling out to cross her tongue and fill her cheeks – and in front of her Paprika arched her back and bent down, rump hiked up into the air for her attention.

After a while longer Tessa slid gradually back along that protruding spade, still suckling gently as she went, and then finally came free with a low, wet *pop*, Paprika's sex bouncing a bit with the residual tug. A thick, glistening strand of *something* dribbled and hung out from the point there, waving slowly in the air; Tessa licked her lips, swallowed another two times, and then leaned in to lap it up, first laying it across her tongue and then slurping it forward, finally pressing her lips to the feral's and again suckling there.

"How's that?" she cooed, leaning around to get a look at Paprika's muzzle. The shepherd kept her muzzle pinned down against the bedsheets across splayed paws, eyes half-lidded and tongue hanging out between loose lips. As she watched Tessa brought a paw up again, three fingers held together to start rubbing and wiping along her now saliva-soaked spade. Two of those fingers pushed against her lips while the third dug gently in, only for the others to pinch together and join it, spreading the feral a little wider, sinking into this warm, squeezing flesh. "I told you I'd reward you for being good today, and – gosh, were you *ever*. You deserve special treatment, wouldn't you think?"

Paprika's eyes fluttered partially open and the dog's muzzle twitched in a low, hungry rumble. Tessa smirked and pressed her fingers in to the knuckle, giving them a few little wiggles and tugs so that the feral's rump shook and shivered, and one of her hindlegs lifted from the bed and kicked. Deeper Tessa pushed, turning her paw around to brace the pad of her thumb up against the feral's tailhole, and there she dug and tugged and pressed, this time with Paprika's sex slopping and pulling around her fingers instead of her lips and tongue, which still bore that scent so strongly. As she worked there, leaning forward over the shivering, shaking dog and pulsing her paw and fingers, Tessa slurped her tongue over her lips and chops again and again, lapping off the clinging stickiness and swallowing down her taste.

Still, though, it couldn't compare to getting that straight from the source, so as Paprika's tail started to curl up towards the base of her spine, and as she pushed herself down into the wolfess's palm, Tessa leaned down and applied her maw again to the base of her spade while her fingers remained buried inside. Thick lips spread apart around her fingers, providing easy access for her tongue to dig and drag and slurp. This time every movement brought with it another shiver and clench, sleek interior muscles tugging back along her buried fingers and enveloping them in sticky warmth; Tessa continued to dig and press, spreading her fingers inside the feral as she tried to work her tongue in alongside them, lapping and slurping up the stray drips that oozed out and down.

In front of her Paprika pulled in a sharp huff, then let out another rumble, and then a grunt. The wolfess peered around her hoisted, spread rump, licked both of their lips, and in one quick move slid her fingers back out of the feral, replaced them again with her tongue while her lips closed around her plump spade, and she sucked and swirled and swallowed – and then squeezed tight onto the dog's haunches as a few fierce throes of pleasure arced through Paprika's body, the dog's tail pulling upright, her body lowering down towards the edge of the bed so that Tessa had to bend down and scoop her muzzle up, her legs shaking and footpaws digging in against the blankets-

-and then just as Paprika had done to Tessa back at the park, suddenly there was a buck, a tight clench, a noise... and then a burst of hot wetness against and into her mouth, quickly followed by a second and third. The wolfess's cheeks ballooned out with the volume of that intensity, and she drew abruptly back, first spluttering as the sharp taste and edge caught her off-guard – but then she opened her mouth from those few inches away and, fingers again spreading the shaking, bucking feral before her, caught the next few sprays across her tongue and in her mouth, letting Paprika paint the inside of her muzzle with her mark and her pleasure. Part of it made her nose and muzzle scrunch up and stung at the back of her throat, but still... as those spurts died down she came forward and once more wrapped her lips around Paprika's spade, swollen and shivering with tension and pleasure.

She was no stranger to the taste of a feral dog's peak. Tessa closed her eyes and suckled gently, drawing out all the drips and clinging strings of stickiness from Paprika's sensitive finish, careful not to brush too deep or too sharp; one of her paws again drifted down between her legs, her own arousal kept up and at the edge from the attention and service. Fingers already slickened with the feral's arousal slid easily in and between, and a shiver ran the course of her body as she swirled her tongue back in between those lips, and... and as those faltering sprays slowly built back up into first a trickle, then a dribble, and finally a smooth, steady stream.

Not on *her* carpet. Above and in front of her Tessa could feel Paprika's embarrassment, but still the wolfess dove in and provided herself for her: she cupped the tip of her sex along her tongue and let that stream pour out and fill her mouth, swallowing down past the sharp coppery taste and intense heat as it bubbled and filled her belly. The wolfess wrenched her muzzle in and pressed up against the feral's backside, nose digging against slick, puckered tailhole and lips pushed to the base of her spade, throat and jaw working as she drank straight from the source, half-mouthful after half-mouthful, heat and salt spreading out, burning her throat... further fueling the arousal that still simmered between her own legs, until she couldn't tell whether the slick wetness oozing down her thighs and around her fingers came from herself or from spillage out the corners of her mouth.

Eventually, though, she just couldn't keep up, and with another splutter and cough parted her lips around the feral's spilling spade. This rich yellow heat dribbled out from the point and between her lips, spreading across the edge of the bed and dripping down from there, filling her nose with its rich mark as thoroughly as it had her throat – but thankfully Paprika had almost finished anyway, as before long it soon fell back to a trickle, then a few final drops coming free. Here Tessa had no problem dragging her tongue between those freshly-wet lips again, smooth and velvety now as opposed to the clinging, sucking stickiness of dripping arousal from earlier.

Salt and spice flooded the wolfess's mouth. She straightened up and drew back, wiped her wrist across her muzzle, and looked down to see pale yellow staining the white fur there. She would have to take a shower herself, and then also wash these sheets... Paprika looked back at her with embarrassment and

exhaustion plain on her muzzle, though still she stood with backside hiked into the air and tail flagged. Her swollen sex pulsed and jiggled with her heartbeat and breathing. For a moment she stayed there, unsure of her judgment... and then that tail started to sway slowly, warm skin of her tailhole shifting gently with the movement.

Tessa grinned as well, and wiped at her mouth again. Her legs shook a bit underneath her as she rose back to her full height. "See? That was worth it, wasn't it?" Here she leaned forward, intentionally bracing her hips against the feral's bared rump – and as she bent over Paprika and rubbed at both her chest and her ears, the wolffess gave a thrust and push, and squished her spade against the feral's. Slick warmth squeezing together, slipping over one another, mashing into a wet, sticky kiss... and then each sucking against the other as she pulled back again, yet another shiver bouncing through her body. "Although..."

The wolffess took a half-step to the side and this time braced her thighs against the edge of the bed. Slowly Paprika lowered her haunches and looked up at her, head tilted in questioning... until Tessa reached down with a paw and spread herself between her fingers, pulling up to angle her warm pink spade forward. A stray drip leapt off and left a dark spot along the blankets.

"I'm thinking you'll owe me for the trouble of washing these sheets." She gave herself a jiggle; immediately Paprika's tongue flicked out to lap over her chops. "So, how about you... just..."

There was a scuffle as the dog re-oriented herself atop the bed, and then once more Tessa shivered with the sensation of warm breath trickling over her thighs, this time without the sensation of a skirt keeping it downwards. She licked her lips, tilted her head back, closed her eyes, and shivered in sweet pleasure as the feral's deft tongue flicked out and up again.

They *did* have other plans for the rest of the day, but so far... Tessa shuddered and bunched up a portion of the soaked, still warm sheets in between her fingers. So far it looked like they might have to postpone those plans.