

It was a pleasant day for a walk. The plantlife along this route had always stayed within its lane, the short bushes and brush curling in along the pathway in sections and then pulling back in others, sparse trees all around knotting together further up towards their canopies and speckling the dirt and gravel way in patches of warm sunlight. The wolf tilted his head back, eyes closed and mouth open, and took in a slow, steady breath: there lingered the taste of the other day's gentle rain still clinging to the bark and soil, mixed with the pleasant touch of fresh-blooming flowers and, somewhere off the path, the distinct heady aroma of a certain type of berries... tail swaying behind him, he shifted his paws in his pockets and looked back to the path before him.

"This walk was a great idea, Andra," he said, half-tilting his head back. The large Zamazenta strode beside and a little behind him, her sleek red fur catching the light of the sun and shimmering as though it were of soft metal threads instead. "Good to get out of the house and do something. Was there anywhere in particular you wanted to go?"

Andrasta's yellow eyes twinkled, and for a moment her broad pink tongue flicked out over her chops. The Pokémon angled her gaze, as sharp as the corners of the shield-like plates making their way down her neck and hackles, towards Nema beside her.

"How about you tell me?"

Nema swallowed and looked straight forward again. Along with the scent of trees and plants and rich earth and flowers, he couldn't deny that he had picked up something else as well, both on the breeze blowing from behind them out here as well as trapped and swirling around the walls of the house before they had left. A warm, sharp yet subtle scent, one with a bit of an acrid bite to it, one that put a flutter in the back of his throat and a little tingle in his loins.

Even though he had just settled his paws in his pockets, the wolf slid them right back up and folded his arms behind his head. He turned to look over the other side of the path, where that berry bush in question waited tantalizingly just past the treeline, at the far end of a field of knee-high grass.

"I would think..." he mused, trying not to look at how Andrasta had started to pad forward a bit. Her sheer size made this difficult: Nema standing at his full height barely came level with the middle portion of her shoulder, his eyes centering right along the center of a crisscross scar from some past battle there. "Off the path a bit. Not over there – the grass would get in the way... not over *there*, either, since we can't cross the river..."

Warm breath puffed down across his ears and head and trickled down his shoulders. This breath quickly turned into a shiver, rippling its way down his body and out along his tail. "Are you sure?" the Zamazenta rumbled, her voice low and sweet.

"Um..." Had he read her wrong? The stark size difference between the two meant that Nema could help out quite efficiently with getting into the Pokémon's hard-to-reach places, and sometimes in a way even more satisfying than if she were to find a partner within her own breeding pool. There was no way; he had *tasted* the scent of her heat and arousal straight from the source, countless times before, and that was doubtless the aroma that spiced the air around him. Had he been the one lingering behind, and she the one walking in front... "Yes?"

Up ahead the pathway took a slow yet clear curve around, more following the bank of the nearby river through the trees than hugging it. Further down that river flowed out and emptied into a lovely sparkling lake, across which sat the nearest major city in the region. Nema himself lived near there, but still well outside of the city limits – while walking out in the open alongside a Pokémon certainly was not looked down upon, things became a little difficult when the said Pokémon stood over nine feet at the shoulder.

Andrasta began to fall back a bit again, lifting her head back up to its normal position as she did so. Nema let out a little puff of relief; it wasn't that he didn't enjoy those times – quite the opposite, actually – but he didn't want to half to walk all the way back home while dripping and smelling of Zamazenta heat and arousal, where anyone who passed him would be able to tell what had happened. Last time it had happened, it took three separate washings to get the scent and the slime out of his clothing, and the Marshomp providing the water had its nose wrinkled throughout all of it. They might have to turn back soon anyway; though the sun came down through the trees now, out on the distance and over the lake Nema could see where the blue of the sky started to disappear behind knots of clouds, white to pale grey to a deeper ash color, thick and lumpy like overdone marshmallows. The rain would provide an excuse to turn back and head home, and then *that* would-

Andrasta's huge muzzle suddenly brushed and bumped into him from the side, her nose pressing against the spot where his arm met his shoulder and fully knocking the much smaller wolf off balance. Nema stumbled to the side, one paw reaching to grab onto her and the other to brace himself against a nearby tree, though both of these missed: having expected to catch himself at this point, he cursed out loud, half-turned again, and then tripped over another protruding root.

Everything happened at once: the bush coming in to scratch and tear at his fur and clothing, the stout tree trunk to the other side bumping him over a bit, the soft, thick grass to cushion his fall, scratching at his pawpads and poking through the fabric of his shirt. The world swam for a moment around him, the dizziness of the sudden change in position washing over him; he closed his eyes, brought a paw to his forehead, held it there, and then after a moment pulled himself back up into a sitting position.

"Nema."

His ears perked and flicked back. The wolf turned and looked over his shoulder to see Andrasta, huge and beautiful, coming from around a tree that he could have sworn hadn't been there before. In fact – he turned around again, legs spread in front of him, and frowned. There was no bush through which he fell, no tree against which he had bounced. Just open clearing, tall soft bluish-green grass parting around his legs where he sat, a faint mist resting over the air even though the rains hadn't come yet... he rubbed at his head and scratched at an ear, looking back over towards the approaching Pokémon.

"Andra," he said, more exasperation than concern in his voice. "what was that? Where are we?"

"You wanted some alone time," she answered, keeping her head down as she approached. With them like this, her standing at her full height and him sitting on the ground, she would be able to quite easily walk over him without his ears ever touching against her underside. He could probably raise his arm all the way up without brushing fur. "So I took care of it."

“Well, I was-” He moved to stand up, only for her warm, broad nose to come and push him back down at the shoulder again. The wolf stumbled again, swung his arms out, found nothing for support, and landed flat on his rump all over again. “Hey! What are you-”

The huge canine kept on pushing in and nuzzling down, her breath trickling out hot and heavy across Nema’s face and shoulders, the humidity leaving him feeling a little bit damp as though the mist around them had begun to dig its fingers into his fur. He grumbled and tried to push her away at first, though her warm breath combined with the insistence of her nuzzling and the ticking of her whiskers soon had him chuckling and pawing uselessly at her broad neck and shoulders.

“Making time,” she finally answered, “and a space, for you and I. Since you wanted to go off on our own so much.”

“I said that since – you *literally* asked what I thought – *you* wanted to – oh, gosh, Andra...”

At that point she had poked her tongue out of her mouth just a little bit, the rounded end of it still easily wider than Nema’s entire head and muzzle. One lick along his chin and jaw, then another down over his shoulder, then a third along the side of his face as he tried to push her away. The wolf turned, eyes squeezed shut and lips pursed, and received another lick across his front, then yet another further down along his chest.

“Hey-” he grumbled, trying to keep his mouth closed. Andra turned to face him more fully and came forward, starting to push him back down onto his elbows. “Stop that! Andra, I’m serious, I... I’m...”

The licks became slower and more deliberate, more of her large, broad tongue coming out and curling up over his fur and skin. She tilted his head up and back with one, a hot cloud of breath puffing out and wrapping around his muzzle and senses as she did so; then she turned her head and nuzzled in along his cheek, her jaws working, the smacking of strong, wet gums in his ear making him jump and shiver. Huge teeth nipped so gently at his shoulder and made him shudder, and then her tongue slid out right there as well, the thick, clinging saliva of the massive canine easily soaking through Nema’s shirt.

Through parted lids Nema looked up, seeing no sky overhead through the thin grey mist that kept the trees shrouded. Another shiver arced down his back as Andra moved down, settling the front of her body down against the ground so that she could lick and lap at his chest and belly, his shirt lifting up beneath the strength of the muscle.

“Okay,” he managed, trying to pull himself up again. The already-soaked fabric smeared and stuck to his body. “Okay, that’s enough, Andra, I already – need to...”

She seemed more than insistent. His shirt came up over his shoulders, his chin, his muzzle beneath that steady licking, until he saw no option other than to reach up to pull it the rest of the way off – and all he could smell in those few seconds was Andra and her breath, heavy and heady, cloying with a particular acrid bite at the back of it, yet not particularly unpleasant. The wolf squirmed beneath the intense heat of her body, her dense chestfur settled comfortably around her legs.

Once he had stripped his shirt off he realized that she had been watching him. Bright golden eyes appraised his half-naked body, most of his revealed fur similarly soaked and matted. At first he had thought she was just being affectionate, showing him the appreciation and love that a Pokémon of her

size and strength couldn't really do in a public place, but now that he sat down facing her like this... the Zamazenta made a show of licking her chops, broad pink tongue flicking out of her maw and curling around and over.

In the span of that second and a half Nema got a full view of the sharp white rows of fangs inside, each one at least as long as his paw with fingers extended. Black, wet lips curled back to show fresh pink gums inside, rippled and glistening with the coating of slickness; as her maw widened for her tongue a couple thick ropes of saliva stretched and hung between upper jaw and lower, one of them popping in a small spray of spit while the other jiggled and hovered in an exhalation of breath. Then, as smoothly as she had opened it her mouth closed again, though not for long: she leaned in again towards her paws, splayed around Nema's body, and nosed at his belly again.

The wolf reached down and placed a paw against the bridge of her muzzle. With his paw in place there, fingers splayed, he still couldn't cover the blue-leather flesh of her nose. "I know what you want," he said, and instinctively pulled back a bit. Her lupine nose meant she had his same sharp predator's sense of smell, which in turn meant that she likely could smell him as much as, if not better than, he could her – and all of the licking, the attention, the closeness, doubtless pulled a response from his body.

"I know what you want," he said, reaching down a second paw to push her muzzle away. Naturally, though, he wasn't anywhere near strong enough. Andrasta shifted a bit and came up his body a little closer. "And you're not gonna get it. We still have to walk home after this."

"I'm not gonna get it," she rumbled, breath dripping out over his body so thick and heavy that it almost felt like liquid, too. "Or you're not gonna give it to me?"

"I don't see what the-" Nema jumped and reached back, pressing his paw into the earth behind and beneath him, for support as Andrasta leaned in and dragged her tongue up along his belly and chest again. The powerful, sticky muscle pulled against the grain of his fur, sending another slightly-less-pleasant shiver through his body. "-difference is, I could... just... ah, jeez, my mouth was *open*, I..."

This time she wouldn't stop. Again and again the huge Pokémon lapped at the much smaller wolf, each time coming from a slightly different angle, until his entire upper body dripped and stank of her drool and breath. Nema held his arms out to the sides and tried to shake the clinging stickiness off, but to no avail – and while he busied himself with that, Andrasta came forward and leaned over him again. He looked up just in time to see her jaws part once more, black lips curling smoothly back to show those wet gums and glistening teeth, and then... for a second, nothing more.

Hot, wet, *heavy* air wrapped all around him as soon as Andrasta closed her lips around the smaller wolf, those huge fangs settling in against his lower belly and back, enough that he could feel the points digging in at his skin without threat of them punching through. The Pokémon breathed through her nose now, yet he could still both hear and feel the low, slow rhythm, hissing in and out, filling the space around him with that dank, cloying breath; he looked up and around, eyes slowly adjusting to what little light made its way in between her lips and fangs, and wrapped his arms around his head as a rather thick and heavy glob of clinging saliva dripped down, broke atop his muzzle, and spread down, oozing gradually and leaving a thick layer of its presence stuck to his fur.

"Andra..." he called, his voice vibrating and echoing back over himself. The Zamazenta around him partially lifted and turned her head, knocking him off-balance so he had to reach out for support. This

time, though, he ended up pressing his spread fingers directly in against the interior side of her gums, fingers splaying around the rounded base of one of her fangs with the wet meat, firm yet supple, squishing back against his pads. "Okay. That's enough. I'm already – *God*, this is... *so*..."

Whatever he had planned to say never made it out. As though in response to his complaints, as though in reflex, Andrasta's thick, broad tongue pushed up and forward and pressed in against the wolf's chest and front, the width of the thing allowing it to fold around his body and entirely wrap him in its slick, wet heat. He felt her *swallow*, then, the pressure and suction pulling him up and back nearly off of the ground, though Andrasta kept the back of her tongue forward and tight so that his head and face just mashed into soft, tense muscle instead, the little bumps of taste buds wrapping around and caressing his nose and lips.

It was hard to breathe in here, each one he took in just another of hers recycled back and forth. The pressure of her breath filled his mouth and chest, hot and heavy so that he had to take two or three or even four to feel the full effects of one lungful of fresh air, the humidity in it stale and cloying. Even though her saliva hung off of his lips and dripped down his chin and tongue, he didn't need to swallow to be able to taste her – since she had crept into his nose and mouth and throat and chest, so that his paws raised and pressing out against the roof of her maw and inside of her lips felt like they pushed and touched and grasped at just more air, thick and wet and sticky.

As quickly as she had dived down on him did the Pokémon lift up and away, though she kept her jaws closed and lips tight as she did so – so that her mouth pulled and sucked up off of the wolf, tongue drawing out and following afterwards. The clear, clean air outside at once felt cool and dry, despite the warmth of the season and constant mist hanging around; Nema coughed and spluttered, unsure whether it was her spit or his own that he had half-swallowed there, and tried to wipe at his mouth and face even though this just spread the slick stickiness around further. He took one deep breath, then a second, and a third, and could still taste and smell her on every inhalation.

The wolf spread his arms out, watching the way the heavy ropes of saliva pulled away and hung down along his fur, and then shook his paws out in an attempt to shake them off. Still they clung to him, carrying the same strong yet flat touch of musky headiness that had wrapped so tightly around him while within Andrasta's maw. While trying to wipe himself off, grumbling and cursing beneath his breath, he noticed the Zamazenta smirk at him, lick her chops a few times, and then stand up, assumedly to go walk off to do something else now that she had efficiently ruined his day – and gotten him all in the mood, too. That was *just* like her: here Nema was, dripping from head to toe in another of her bodily fluids, twitching in his own pants with no way to relieve it, simply because he wasn't too on-the-ball when it came to taking care of *her* needs, and...

And a shadow crossed over him, blocking out the faint sunlight that came down through the hovering mist over the clearing. Nema paused in scraping his claws through his fur to try to get the drool off and looked up, ears first flicking back before they came up and forward again, mouth falling open and staying there. Andrasta stood nearly at her full height now, putting her far above him with his rump still flat on the ground, and she kept *her* rump directly above his head. Tail raised, red blade-like section hiked and smoothly articulated behind the blue-furred end tuft, the huge female widened her stance, lowered down a bit, and backed up a little further.

"You're ready, now," she rumbled, her voice seeming to come at him much louder than it should have. Nema rolled his eyes and sighed, though made no attempt to move out of the way: when she wanted

something from him, she *knew* how to get it. He always ended up wanting it too, of course, but that wasn't something he'd consciously tell her.

"Really." The wolf gave up on trying to wipe himself off. It looked like he'd just end up soaked all over again anyway. "Am I?"

Andrasta gave a slow, deliberate shake of her hips in response to that. Above him, about an arm's length away with her crouching partially down, hung the slick black flesh of her heavy lupine spade, swollen and parted a bit with her heat to show the pink interior flesh. This close Nema could hear the humidity of the flesh there, the wide, soft lips pulling briefly apart and then smacking back together again with the swinging, another strand of sticky fluid hanging between them just as what he had seen so many times while caught inside her maw.

Andrasta shifted a little further, moved her huge hindpaws back a bit to clamp Nema in place where he sat, lowered herself further... and before long he could smell this part of her too, stronger and richer than her breath, so much more intoxicating. He half-raised his arms over his head, a thick glob of her liquid arousal already starting to trickle down along the folds of flesh and hang down in the open air before him. There was the rich scent of coppery musk on top of the more acrid bite of ammonia, mixed through with another less-specific scent that he could only identify as Andrasta's, and then the undeniable pheromone portion that distinctly brought out a response in him, another wolf.

"You could – at least let me get my pants off first..." he grumbled, reaching down to work at his fly. Perhaps it *was* a boon that she had brought them into this mysterious little clearing somewhere; he wouldn't have been comfortable stripping down just off the pathway of some route somewhere. "Also, how do you expect this to work? You're *much* bigger than me."

Andrasta glanced over her shoulder again, the overlapping plates of the Zamazenta's facial shield wrapping and turning smoothly. Amusement glittered in her golden eyes, ringed with the charcoal-black line of fur that came down around her mouth and lower jaw, only accentuating her sly, hungry smile.

"Same way we made it work last time," she answered, and lowered her back side a little further. Nema instinctively blocked his muzzle with his arm; this close he had started to feel the wet, cloying heat of her sex as it approached. "I made myself a little bigger here, too, to help compensate..."

The Pokémon didn't give him much more time to think, or complain, or even readjust. He squirmed where he sat, sighed, took another breath – and then felt those thick, dense lips push and wrap around him just as the lips of her mouth had, though these had a certain elasticity to them, a squish and squeeze that at once pushed back against his arm and muzzle and yet pulled and sucked him in at the same time.

And the *warmth*, too, the heat of her body and arousal, clinging and dripping to his saliva-soaked fur and seeping in through his skin. Nema closed his eyes and tilted his muzzle up and back, nose and awareness immediately hammered by the force of the Pokémon's shivering, twitching arousal, and her need to have him – *all* of him; nothing less would satisfy – inside of her. The noise of her spade parting around his outstretched arm, his head, his muzzle, caught and captivated his ears, the heavy smacking of hot wet flesh pulling apart from itself and stretching open, sinking and pressing down around him... and then the *sensation* of it as well, so similar to the feeling of her tongue and gums wrapping around him yet so much softer, so much slicker, so much more.

The wolf shivered and let his breath out in a low sigh, the heat of this exhalation bouncing and reverberating right back over him just as he had expected. Around him the Pokémon shivered and shook the deeper she brought him inside of her, hind legs spread and tail hiked as she lowered herself further. Every now and then a tight, hungry clench issued through her body and muscles, squeezing her entrance around his shoulders, or his chest, or his midriff, or his belly, so that even with him pressing out along her walls from inside, he couldn't keep the slick, squeezing flesh from wrapping around and pushing in against him, sliding easily over already-slickened flesh, leaving its own layer of slimy stickiness in place over everything else already there.

As he reached out and pushed back to try to make room for himself to breathe, the heavy humidity of her arousal filling his lungs and awareness just like her breath had done, it felt more like pushing in against a wall of dense, fleshy sponge: his fingers pushed into the slick silken walls and squeezed back, thick drips of fluid arousal rolling down the backs of his paws and arms, hanging off in heavy strands, sticking and smearing and dizzying the poor little wolf with its strength.

Andrasta didn't push all the way down on him, though – or at least, not yet. She settled down until her rump pressed against the earth and the fat bulge of her spade lips squeezed against his legs and thighs, rhythmic clenches twitching and tightening while she worked herself into a more comfortable, more pleasurable place. Nema sighed again and swallowed, then did so a second time, a third, and a fourth: yet again all he could taste was *her*, his throat and tongue dripping with the Zamazenta's arousal and eagerness, his breath reflected back and forth with her interior musk again and again. Hot and wet and humid and dark, there was nothing he could do but reach out inside of her, make room for himself among the squelching, squeezing walls, and let her ride him out.

And ride him she did, pressing down and grinding him between hot meat and soaked earth, pulling up and alternating between squeezing and sucking, and pushing him back out. Nema just kept his eyes and mouth closed and let her do what she liked, feeling his body repeatedly lifted up off the wet grass and then set back down as the huge Pokémon dropped her hindquarters onto him again and again. He had never gotten his own pants all the way off, though between the pulling and grinding and pushing they were quite close to coming off anyway, his hard shaft caught within soaked, dripping fabric, tightening a little further each time he had to breathe in, every time the plump walls of her exterior spade squeezed back around his legs and body again.

All of her shuddering and twitching and shaking he could feel, vibrated and magnified down through this slick flesh, ringed throughout with tense, hungry muscle. Nema grunted and sighed inside of the Zamazenta's sex, tossed and shaken and dragged around, until he felt everything around him move and adjust – followed by the distinct *thump* and shift in balance of Andrasta rolling over onto her back, tossing him around in the slight space inside of her until gravity did the work and pulled him the rest of the way in. Her lips parted and squelched briefly as his legs tucked in, and a beam of sunlight came in through the mist and the flesh, and then he was wrapped in hot, wet darkness all over again, rhythmically clenching and shaking beneath her growing arousal.

"God..." Nema murmured, breath stinking of the same delicious musk that wrapped so tightly around him and soaked into his fur. "Come *on*, Andra. Did we have to do this – *today*-"

Inside of her like this, it was easy to tell when she started to focus her attention on herself. He had seen her do it before, rolled over onto her back like this with her hind legs limp and spread, tail flat against

the ground, tailhole rhythmically squeezing and pulsing with her heartbeat and the tension in her body, while the Pokémon reached her forepaws down and pushed, rubbed, spread, pressed her pads against the sensitive wet flesh of her spade.

The sounds of her enjoyment took over almost everything else, wet smacks and sucks and squelches ringing in his ears and pressing all around him. It was hard to tell which pressure came from Andrasta's paws squeezing down on top of him, and which came from her body's natural convulsions and contractions. Not that it mattered much, as Nema ended up squeezed and pressed against hot, musky walls again and again, faster and harder the longer it went on. Again he tried to keep his arms out, just to give himself room to breathe in the slight spaces when Andrasta's sex pulled open beneath her attention, but the rhythm, the squeezing, the shaking, the...

The sheer *tightening* of these wet walls all around him, muscles hidden behind wet flesh wrapping and sheathing him tight in their sticky embrace, squeezed the musk-tainted breath right back out of him. Nema could feel Andrasta's peak as it grew, emerged, and exploded, all centered right here in these shivering walls around him. His arms constricted against his body beneath those contractions, and all around he felt the Zamazenta shudder, shake, buck, and lift up – and then suddenly there was no more air to breathe, what little space he had made for himself inside of her swollen and rushing with hot, thick fluid, soaking him more than he already was.

It came in spurts, in waves, pushing out against his back and swinging him forward, spraying out around his shoulders and body and carrying him towards the Pokémon's spade, shivering and jiggling with the force of her orgasm. She wouldn't let him escape, though: right as he saw the light of the sun start to come in through that centerpoint-fold of flesh, her pawpads came in again and squeezed back, closing off the entrance and causing the rest of her juices to swirl and settle around him.

"Andra-" Panting himself even though he hadn't *done* anything, Nema reached up and out to try to pull himself out of her. Her paws in place combined with the aftershocks of her peak kept him squished firm inside. "Come on, let me – I just need to-"

But he knew she wasn't going to let him out. She was a dog, a wolf, like himself, and wolves tie after mating. She would expect, would *need*, the much smaller male to stay locked inside of her, here with squelching, sucking flesh and thick, sticky ropes of liquid arousal, until the time came where it would be appropriate for his "tie" to slip out.

If anything, he could at least get more comfortable. The wolf sighed, settled back onto the pillows of hot, still-twitching interior meat, and then moved to slide his pants the rest of the way down off his legs. Wet fabric stuck to slick fur, and another wave of her scent, sharp and rich literally *straight* from the source, washed through and filled his head.

He could at least *enjoy* his time left in here. It wouldn't be the first time, after all, and knowing Andrasta this was unlikely to be the last.