

The fox held his breath as best he could. What a damn situation he had ended up in, like something out of some wild porno flick: out here camping in the woods, climbing up between some trees to set his hammock up and away from the ground, and then of course he slips, loses his balance, falls... and ends up suspended upside-down against the ground, shoulders and head bent at an angle with one leg resting back across the trunk of the tree and the other ankle hiked up towards one of the branches where he had managed to tie the first knot. And then *because* he had been getting ready for bed, he had already changed into his pajamas which, naturally, tore quite easily on the way down.

So now Matteh hung like this, upside down, sheath and balls hanging out for any passing camper to see, shoulders and back all scraped up and tail surely missing a few tufts of fur where he had brushed against the rough bark of the tree on his way down. And not only that, but the footsteps he had heard earlier belonged not to a fellow camper, but to a wild, feral wolf instead, and now it stalked forward towards him, interest and curiosity on its muzzle.

He held still, trying to make himself look like he wasn't a threat, silently willing it to lose interest and leave, but of course he had no such luck. Nose close to the ground, pelt sleek shadow-black dusted with specks and trails of silver and tan, the beast came closer and closer until the caught fox could feel its breath on his face, even with his eyes closed and head turned to the side. He tried to keep his fear and nervousness down, but still his tail tried to tug down and between his legs, spread on display as they were. He felt vulnerable. He felt in danger, he felt...

Nothing, for a moment. There was some more snuffling, and then the noises and dampness of the feral's breath disappeared. Matteh kept his eyes closed for that moment, waited a bit, and then, curious, opened them – and instead of the wolf's muzzle saw its backside, tail raised. *Her* backside, that was: beneath that hiked, fluffy tail, hanging down under the pert, puckered tailhole, pinkish-brown skin coming together in tightly overlapping folds, was her plump and heavy spade, swollen out, black flesh glistening with dripping moisture and arousal. The fox's nose twitched, curled, and flared with the humidity wafting off of it. She was *deep* in her heat, that much was obvious, and even despite his current situation and thoughts, the pheromones still had their effect on him: bound upside-down as he was, with her waving that jiggling protrusion of fat flesh so close to his muzzle, his hips gave a few reflexive thrusts, and he felt the cool air of the forest tickle at his tip as it slid out of his sheath.

The she-wolf wasn't interested in that, though. Hot amber eyes flashed back at him for a moment, and as if teasing him she widened her stance – her hanging sex, not quite *drooping* as it still held tight and full – and took a half-step back. A small drip of that clinging juice flung free and landed across the fox's nose, immediately making him shake his head to try to get it off. This only succeeded in wrapping it around to the other side of his nose, filling his nostrils with her rich, lupine scent, and as he struggled and tried to lap it off, the feral she-wolf took the presented opportunity, spread her legs further, and squatted down onto him.

The sheer wet heat of it pressing down against his lips and the end of his muzzle was enough to startle Matteh into stillness. One of his legs kicked, and then the other, and only by widening his jaw could he wiggled the end of his snout free from her sizeable spade, the slick, sticky flesh wrapping snug around his mouth and lips. He pulled free with a wet *smack* and gasped for breath, thick ropes of that stickiness hanging between his lips and hers, but she wasn't quite ready to let him go yet. Tail still hiked, forepaws braced against the ground in front of her, the she-wolf gyrated and ground herself back down against his muzzle, smushing and smearing herself around over his lips and cheeks, quickly matting and soaking his fur with her scent and wetness.

Her tailhole rubbed against his chin as well, and each time he tried to turn his head or catch another breath he could feel her reflexively clench in response, ring of muscle tightening in place and catching along his fur. He grunted and gasped, each swallow and lick of his lips succeeding only in drawing more of her scent, her taste, and her dripping slickness. Even when he could pull free, it still dripped into his nose and along the back of his throat, forcing him to cough and splutter – and then she just lowered herself back down again, burying the first inch or so of his muzzle inside of her, wet inner walls squeezing all around him, cutting off his breath, sucking back at him when he tried to squirm free. The more she pressed, the deeper he found himself buried, and the more he could breathe only *her*.

It came to the point where every inhalation brought with it a measure of that wetness, trickling up his nose, interrupting his breath, making him cough and squirm and just taste her even more deeply, bearing down his lungs as well as his throat. The she-wolf sitting atop his muzzle squirmed and wagged her tail, thumping it against his chest as the fox struggled more and more. Then, though, just as abruptly as she had decided to use him as a seat did she stand up again, hind legs shaking a bit, fat spade dripping anew with thick globs of arousal mixed with vulpine drool. Still coughing and spluttering, Matteh squirmed in place and reached to wipe at his muzzle, deliberately ignoring his own arousal twitching fully hard against his belly.

The she-wolf, however, did not. When he had wiped at least some of her stickiness off his muzzle he looked up to see those same amber eyes glistening as she watched, muzzle pointed up towards his lower body hoisted up above his head.

She took another step forward. Matteh stiffened. Then another, and another... and yet again he felt that wet, hungry breath, this time against something much more sensitive.

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“Oh, come *on*...”

Despite his situation and his admitted interest and involvement in the circumstances, there was still a primal shock and nervousness that shuddered through his system at watching this take place. A huge, *very* hungry feral she-wolf stepping forward alongside his restrained body, sniffing and nosing at his own arousal hanging down across his belly, twitching and throbbing with both the beat of his heart as well as the little reflexive tickles that the sensation put through him. Hot, humid breath puffed out across him again and again, the she-wolf drawing deep of his scent and learning who he was.

Quick, sharp inhalations, one after another after another, always preceding a louder, fuller outwards huff just so she could do it all over again. Down along his length, with the wet-leather sensation of her nose making him twitch again and again; then up along the underside, the she-wolf occasionally flicking her tongue out to lap his natural slickness off of her snout; then in along his sheath, and really *in*, making him squirm and gasp and tug against where the rope still kept him bound; then up and between his balls, hanging down along the base of his sheath... it was there that she focused, strong paws adjusting her stance just a little bit further so she could angle her muzzle in, sniff deep, and then start licking all over again.

It tickled at first. Matteh gasped and squirmed and bucked, his caught foot twitching and tugging at the rope, then let out a sigh – and shivered, and despite himself, felt another moan trickle out between half-

parted lips as the she-wolf continued there, her broad, flat tongue flicking out, curling around the back of his shaft, and then slipping back into her mouth. Her scent and taste still stuck so strongly to his nose and throat, and with her standing above him like this he could quite clearly see the plump, moistened flesh hanging down between her hind legs, faintly jiggling with every half-step she took.

Annoyance mixed with frustration all over fear, and then just like before, all of this washed away beneath sensation and hesitant pleasure as she continued along his length, dragging that luscious tongue from the underside of his tip all the way to the rim of his sheath, far and forceful enough that he felt the skin there tug and curl back, then slip forward again when she drew away. Matteh gritted his teeth against it, each lick making his body curl up towards itself a little bit, and forcing his caught footpaw to kick and twitch and stretch out. It felt so damn *good* – which was precisely the opposite of what he wanted it to.

Still, though, this wild feral wasn't quite satisfied with just tasting him as he had her. She focused there for a little bit longer and then drew back, and for a moment watched her prey's muzzle with sharp eyes of her own, while her tongue flicked and curled out to clean her chops, sticky and slimy from fox musk and his little spurts of regrettably eager pre. She glanced down over him – the forest-brown and stone-grey tones of her pelt melded to a clearer, warmer creamy white along her underbelly – and then stepped over the fox's body, effectively clamping his arms at his sides and paws up by his head.

For a moment he thought that, again, she was going to just plop herself down and squeeze his head between the cool, moist earth and the hot, just-as-moist flesh of her backside, her heavy lupine spade hanging down above his muzzle, scent and slickness dripping down and washing over him. The fox swallowed, tasting her in his throat just as powerfully as if she had already wrapped her lips around him again, and found that he couldn't draw his gaze away from these thick folds and the inviting pucker above it, until the feral turned her body of her own accord. Matteh's eyes followed the swing and bounce, the little strand of thick glistening juice that swung off, the sway of her tail... and only then realized what she had lined up to do.

From this angle he simply could not ignore how *big* the feral was. Sharp predator's eyes glimmered down at him, the she-wolf taking an almost playful posture above him with the front of her body lowered down, warmth of her fur pressing against his chest and her breath wafting down across his face, while she hiked her hind end up into the air. Matteh swallowed again and tilted his muzzle to the side, nose wrinkling at the scent of feral wolf breath strung through with his own musk, as well as not exactly wanting to look straight into the grinning mouth of a wild beast.

This meant, though, that he wasn't looking when she angled herself back against him, and when she slid her rump up along the underside of his length, then back down again... or when the tapered tip of his length caught inside the slick, velvet walls of her sex, found the entrance, and then began to slip smoothly in. His teeth gritted again and his back arched against the forest floor, at once pushing himself deeper inside of her as well as trying to squirm away: that delicious wet heat squeezed all around him, sucking along his length as she continued to push herself back against him, strong forepaws pressing against the earth on either side of his body and effectively wedging him between her backside and this tree from which he still hung.

"Ah – *God*, I... *hah*..."

Matteh swallowed again, throat dry yet still sticky with her taste at the same time, and licked at his lips again. The feral she-wolf grinded him against the tree behind him, having already worked him up to the knot past her plump lips. Here she lowered herself down a bit further, nearly lying down with her chest to the fox's; he splayed his arms out, not necessarily wanting to touch her but still afraid that she might chomp at his throat at any moment. Again her muzzle fell open, and her broad tongue rolled out in hunger and passion, and then she started riding him against the tree here, hindlegs pushing and pulling, lifting herself up and forward and then sinking back, working him in a rhythm against and inside her.

Every time she pressed down against him, lips of her spade against the rim of his sheath, another shiver of sharp, sheer pleasure arced up and down his body, forcing him to curl his toes and clench his fingers. Again and again she went, picking up speed and force as she rode him there, and Matteh could faintly, distantly feel the rope around his ankle start to come free – but at this point there was nothing he could really do about it.

Again he gasped and swallowed, then had to turn his head to the other side as a thick, wet glob of hungry saliva dropped out of the she-wolf's parted muzzle and splattered along his cheek. Then another, and another, heavy ropes swinging out and bouncing with the rhythm of her body on top of his – and there was nothing he could do to resist, the fox's paws going down to trace carefully along her haunches, to hold her down, and to lift and thrust right back up into her. The same wet warmth that he had felt along his muzzle now clamped just as tightly along his sensitive length, tugging and squeezing, wrapping him in delicious heat... she had started to soak the fur of his groin as thoroughly as she had his muzzle and neck, oozing warmth spreading out through his pelt and dripping between his thighs.

Her scent dominated everything else around him, easily flattening his own musk even along her breath, so close to his face. Even if he managed to make it out of this – he tried his footpaw again, felt a little more slack come through in the loop, tugged again – and back to the showers, he already knew for a fact that this stench of feral she-wolf heat would hang around him like a wet shawl, clinging to his face, his shoulders, his waist. It stung at his nose and tickled at his throat, and yet at the same time it continued to fuel this fire burning in his loins, this irresistible pleasure shooting through him every time the feral pressed back onto him, and every time he thrust forward.

The fox could *feel* the clenching of her muscles all around him, from the rim of her spade to the deeper interior walls, pulling and squeezing all along his length, trying to keep him buried deep. His rear scraped and brushed against the rough back of the tree and he could feel the dust of the earth underneath starting to work its way into his fur, but at this point Matteh cared about none of that. He glanced down for a moment, felt his heart leap in his chest when he saw her half-closed eyes and teeth bared in a pleasurable growl, then looked away again just in time to receive another dribble of oozing saliva across his throat.

Thick, blunted claws scraped at his arms and upper chest, and every time she rode down against him he could feel the pucker of her tailhole against him, the she-wolf angling herself down and back to work him as deep inside as she could. He twitched, and throbbed, and jerked, and gasped – and, thumbs digging into her haunches, tried to tug himself back and out, yet found that he couldn't. Then there was a pulse, and a second, and a third, and this time the fox had no choice but to throw his head back and let out a shuddering, breathy moan, as the she-wolf yanked his finish out of him and deep into her, his knot swelling up while locked past the lip of her spade, filling her tight with himself and his peak.

Matteh squirmed and jerked as the throes of pleasure shot through him, each throb mirrored in the she-wolf's own body as she clamped right back down on top of him. He pushed in, felt slick, supple interior flesh squish and squeeze and mash around him, tugged back – then felt his pulsing, swollen knot catch along her clenching muscles, twitched, and emptied yet another spurt deep inside of her, his legs kicking against the tree with the one now fully free from his little accident earlier. Still, though, the feral's weight remained pressing down on him from above, now that she had fully settled down against him with her rump in his lap and her forepaws braced along his chest.

*Pulse, pulse...* exhausted and drained past his will, Matteh slumped down along the ground, one leg twitching, chest heaving with unsteady breathing, entire lower body still tingling with the forceful pleasure from the unexpected enjoyment. She allowed him remarkably little wiggle room, with every little adjustment in his position pulling another full-body shiver, sigh, and possibly yet another little squirt out inside of her, but even where he was now Matteh could feel the resilient, clinging stickiness that had soaked through his pubic fur, down around his sheath and sack, and pooled beneath him, heavy strands of it still rolling down from the lupine's sex stretched around his knot.

Only afterwards did the caught fox realize he was no longer trapped. Or, at least, he had gone from one trap to another: his back ached from being held upside-down so long, and now he could feel that ache sinking deeper what with all this extra weight pressing down on him from above, the feral's chest and belly against his, her heart beating and breath puffing against his own. Still he avoided her muzzle, though this point it was like trying not to get wet while it was raining.

This was a completely different kind of struggle. Shame and reluctance flooded through his system now that he was on the downhill: he slid his paws down her haunches – to which she shuddered and rumbled softly – jerked slightly when his fingerpads brushed against the twitching, clenching ring of her tailhole, then shifted down a little further... and tried, in vain, to lift her up from around his knot. Instead that squeezing wet slickness just shifted around his length and sank down further, which yet again pulled a shudder, moan, and reflexive thrust out of him – which in turn made her do the same, forepaws spreading out along his shoulders as she lowered her muzzle down close to his.

He didn't want to be here, yet at the same time very much *did*. Still, though, every time he tried to shift beneath her weight, or to try to lift her off of him, that rumble in her chest and throat deepened and sharpened into a growl of warning, her intent quite clearly visible in the curl of her lip and the saliva that still hungrily dripped from her lips. Matteh knew he was doing himself no favors by repeatedly trying like this, as every tug behind his knot sent him through another series of short, fervid bucks and thrusts, until he felt as though he had emptied everything he could possibly have to give her – and then some more afterwards. A new trickle had started tickling along the underside of his shaft, towards his sheath; whether that was his own load dripping back out of her, or something else...

The fox sighed and thumped his head back against the ground, looking up at the sky through the distant treetops. What would he even *do* after this? Would the she-wolf let him go about his business and leave, or would she expect him to come with her, or... he gritted his teeth as another natural contraction vibrated through her body, yet again making him arch his back up against her. She rumbled as well and dug her nose into his neck, frightening him with the risk of those sharp fangs.

Resigned, he squirmed one more time, closed his eyes beneath the resounding wave of exhausting pleasure, and half-wrapped an arm around the she-wolf – only for her to growl immediately after, so he swung it away. It looked like whatever happened next was up to *her*.