

The male lapped at his chops as he poked his nose through the underbrush, sensitive lupine nose tingling, stinging with the intensity of scent that drew him forward. The world always seemed entirely *new* after his shifts, everything transformed into a different perspective, a different viewpoint, a different understanding. Still he maintained his awareness and presence of mind as before the monthly change, all his past memories mixing with his current state into a mix of sensations, desires, thoughts, and instincts sometimes too overwhelming to handle.

Tonight, though, all of that centered in on one single goal, bubbling up from the deepest core of his feral instincts. In the clearing before him stood a lovely, beautiful she-wolf, tail hiked as she looked back at him with need glittering in her amber eyes. From here the male could see the wrinkled pucker of her tailhole, winking in rhythm with her needy clenching, and then the thick, plump weight of her in-heat spade hanging down beneath, jiggling gently side to side as she lowered herself down. The fat lips of her sex tugged up and out with each of those clenches, black exterior skin showing a brief flash of hot, wet pink inside, complete with a thick strand of that liquid arousal dripping down.

The male leapt up through the bushes and approached her, just her scent enough to enforce its effects on his feral, animalistic senses. Her head turned in following him as he approached, ears and tail up; the male nosed up underneath that tail, felt the humid heat of her body emanating out, sniffed and nuzzled and licked... and knew that he would remember all of this in exquisite detail once he changed back into his regular body, from the scent to the taste, to the sensation and feelings. The curiosity had raged in him before, but never had he actually taken the step to indulge that instinct – but now that he was so close, he found there was nothing he could do against it.

He hopped up over the she-wolf's back and immediately felt her brace herself for him, hindlegs spreading a bit further, tail wrapping around his body, muzzle angling back to show her throat. The male clamped his forepaws along her sides and brought himself forward, hips already moving and thrusting all on their own towards that wet heat. Heavy balls swung and bounced underneath him, and the plump, supple skin of his sheath slid back and forth with his movement until he finally found the wide, welcoming entrance of her spade, those warm lips pursed out to meet him and draw him in further.

A few more thrusts, and – that delicious hot slickness slid in all around him, squeezing gently at first and then tightening with each clench of the other feral around his length. Again and again he pressed deeper into that clinging, wet warmth, the outer lips of her spade tugging out along him every time he drew his hips back; the longer he went on the more he worked himself into place atop her, squeezing his muzzle down alongside hers, panting open-mouthed across her shoulder, feeling her shape, her figure, her *presence* underneath and around his own.

It was everything he had expected and wanted, and still more. The two wolves pressed into each other with the rhythm of their mating, the male swinging his hips forcefully forward against her until he could feel the plump meat of her spade squishing in between them, pushing against the lips of his sheath and slipping the sensitive skin back further. His sack swung in rhythm with those thrusts, and as he went on he found the resistance there inside of her to steadily grow as she tugged and squeezed against, interior rings of muscle wrapping tight along his contours, gripping, holding there.

Many times before during his shifts had he encountered difficulties like this, the intense, primal desire and need to breed and spread to himself, yet never with any relief other than carefully dexterous paws or, usually, his own tongue and muzzle. The sensation of his knot as it swelled from beneath his sheath, pushed past the elastic rim, popped free, and then continually grew, shuddered through him with sharp

familiarity – but this time he felt it accented further by that tug coming from the she-wolf around him, her deliberately squeezing around him.

Again and again she pulled at him, each time pulling a little tighter as his knot continued to swell. The sensation and strength went out of the male's legs, leaving him hunched over her with his hips fervently, helplessly shivering as he continued to thrust, hypersensitive wad of muscle pushing into her, stretching that spade, filling the dense, wet flesh, then getting stuck there. A bright, powerful throb of pleasure arced through him before he could really make that distinction of being *stuck*, then again, and again, and everything else disappeared; the she-wolf threw her head back with a rumble in her throat, just as the male gritted his teeth and pushed himself down against her, entire body shuddering with the throes of this tingling, overwhelming finish.

Every time he tried to pull back, her body clenched back around the root of his shaft again – and milked out yet another shaky spurt of seed deep inside of her, until the male felt the drool dribble from his parted lips. Without her body underneath him here he knew that he would collapse into a puddle. Slowly, gradually, he lifted himself up, chest heaving in unsteady panting, and shifted to dismount from the she-wolf who still shuddered beneath him; in doing so he felt himself slip down off her body, and tug exquisitely back at his knot – and in another moment he found himself rump to rump with her, sack hanging down sideways from his inverted shaft, with each tug and squeeze sending a sharp shiver through his body, making his back arch and breath hitch all over again.

So he would be here for a while, then. The male lapped at his chops again, senses still overwhelmed with the weight of her heat, and adjusted how he stood. He looked up to the sky, then winced as the she-wolf squeezed around him again, still hungry, still in heat, with the wet slickness of that constant arousal dripping down the male's inner thighs from their coupling.

He couldn't help but wonder what would happen if he were still tied to her once the end of his shift came.