

“So how did you get here today? If you don’t mind me asking. Since, y’know, normally you’re not... so...”

The wolf gave his biggest, widest grin, though he knew in his current state it might not look like much. Normally it would be out of the question for someone to stand *atop* a table in a restaurant like this, fast food as it was, but his situation was a little bit special. He reached his arms up for the straw poking out from the top of his drink, a pup’s small, and still couldn’t reach – so the pine marten across the table watched a moment, rolled her eyes, then reached forward to push it down towards him at the end of a finger.

He grinned again, nodded his thanks, and clutched the end of the straw in both paws to hold it in place. He had to be extra careful when like this, since a small drop to a regular person often came out as more than a mouthful to him. It wasn’t so bad, though: the other patrons of the restaurant walking by either straight up looked right over him, or if they did see him, they just gave a quick double-take to make sure that they really *had* seen a thumb-sized wolf standing on the table there. It helped that Warren here across from him gave the occasional sharp glare or twitch of the brows to scare them off, though.

“Friend dropped me off.” Nema wiped at his mouth as a last stray drop of his drink nearly poured right out and across him. Across from him Warren smirked behind a paw, then popped another fry into her mouth. “Literally. Carried me over in his shirt pocket, picked a table, and dropped me there. I’m lucky you arrived before anyone came over and tried to take your spot.”

“Mm.” The marten nodded, chewed, and swallowed, throat pulsing briefly. Nema’s reduced stature offered him quite a unique vantage on countless things that more often went overlooked. “I don’t know how you can take yourself seriously sometimes.” For example, from here he could also quite easily see how she tended to keep her arms folded around her chest, and continually glanced out the window at the gathering clouds; how her ears wanted to flick back though she kept them deliberately upwards, how it seemed like she was sweating a bit even though she had visibly done nothing to warrant it; how those cool eyes flicked down across the small wolf between her words, as though she were literally sizing him up.

“Oh, y’know.” Nema padded forward across the table, careful not to step in any of the sticky spots left over from the last visitor, and manage to tug a small chunk out of one of the fries Warren had spread out for him. He had to be extra careful here what with the size of the salt crystals, though it would have been worse were he even smaller than the six or so inches he currently stood. “It’s extremely difficult most days. Ever seen Stuart Little?”

Warren leaned forward again, resting her weight against her elbows on the table. After shifting that way she let a tense sigh waft out from between parted lips, warm humidity washing down across Nema where he stood. He felt his fur ruffle beneath her breath.

“That’s a name I haven’t heard in fuckin’ *years*. Speaking of, though, I – uh, *do* need your help with something.”

He had to bounce the chunk of fry back and forth between his paws, thin wisps of steam curling up into the air. “Dropped your keys down a storm drain again? Wedding ring down the sink? Um... trying to get the plum out of a bottle of umeshu?”

Warren shifted again and looked out the window, then again refocused her gaze on Nema on the table without moving her muzzle. "Something like that," she answered. She seemed unsure of herself. "Free to come over to my place for a bit? I walked here, so I'll have to, um... carry you."

Nema looked at her again. The tense shoulders, the twitching at the corner of her mouth, the apparent breathlessness... it was something he had noticed when she had first slid past him and into the booth here, a different tint and sharpness on her scent. She preferred cologne over perfume by a mile and a half, but still that edge seemed to stick out above the usual aroma the marten chose.

The wolf reached down, picked up the half of the fry that remained before him, and bit down along the end of it. Extra greasy for someone his size, too. "Yeah, of course. Rest of my day's free. Looks like it's gonna rain soon, though."

"Yeah. That's why I ask *now*, since..." Warren shifted in place, bringing her paws together atop the table, fiddling around with her fingers, then parting them again. Unsure and restless; something was definitely bugging her. "Can't get stuck *here* with it. Here, let me just – hang on..."

This part was a little less comfortable, but it wasn't anything new for the small wolf. Warren picked him up by the collar of the shirt and then rested him in her palm, then once they made it outside shifted her passenger to the crook of her arm – which nestled him warm and firm up against one of her breasts through her shirt and bra, though if she noticed, she didn't do anything about it. This close, and with her bustling along the sidewalk to make it back home before the sky opened up, Nema had the time and opportunity to investigate and dissect just what was going on with her scent: anticipation and embarrassment came out first and foremost, with nervousness and shame lurking beneath... his mind started working ahead wondering just what she would need help with, with a few obvious answers skirting around the edges.

*There's a reason she asked me*, he figured. *Myself at six inches tall today. Boy. I sure wonder.* One distinct note lingered beneath everything else, the smooth, cool bite of her favorite cologne mixing with her own naturally pungent mustelid scent. Nema tried to ignore that one, even though he knew it provided the key to everything.

As it went, though, Warren couldn't quite hurry quick enough to beat the rain, and right as she turned the corner to her neighborhood both of them ended up soaked through to the skin. That dampened the scent a bit and replaced it with the heavier, more familiar stench of wet fur, which wasn't entirely unpleasant on its own. She had started panting by the time they had made it up to the door, and here the marten had to shift Nema over into her other arm to fish around in her pocket for the keys, then back again to check the *other* pocket, then back yet again.

It was a cold rain, too. At least the house itself was comfortable: as soon as they made it in Nema gave himself a shake all over, which led to Warren holding him by the shirt collar again and levelling a glare at him, dangling there in front of her.

"Sorry," he said, sheepishly. The marten held his gaze another moment, then rolled her eyes, shook her head, and took him over to the coffee table in the living room.

"You get yourself comfortable," she said. "I have to go, um... get changed."

“Can I have, like a little washcloth or something?”

“Yeah, I-” She paused where she stood near the threshold, then looked back at the bite-sized wolf again. “Well... yeah, might as well. I’ll be right back.”

Something was *definitely* going on. Nema took a look around, then pulled a drink coaster up closer so he could stand atop it, and let the cork surface catch the rainwater dripping off of him. Off in the other room – Warren’s bedroom was the first down the hallway, just barely out of view from here – he could hear her shuffling around, muttering, and occasionally cursing beneath her breath. Nema sighed, looked down over himself, squirmed around a bit, and then finally elected to pull his shirt off from over his head, wet cloth sticking rather unpleasantly to matted fur underneath. His jeans felt even worse, so after another moment of consideration he grumbled, sighed, and then removed those as well, doing his best to keep the mess contained here on top of the coaster instead of messing up the nice finish of the table.

When the pine marten did return some minutes later, she had changed her outfit completely as well as given her fur a quick comb. Nema looked up at her, tail wagging in anticipation for his washcloth, but saw none. Warren looked to be in a rush again, head down and eyes shifty, holding her hoodie down in front with one paw while the other clung close to her side.

Nema leaned from one side to the other, trying to see if she clutched it in her fist. “Do you have the – um...”

Her ears perked, but she didn’t look down at him until another second later as though caught within her thoughts. “Huh? Oh – no, sorry, I... forgot, um... Nema...”

He looked up at her again. Maybe stripping down to his boxers was a bad idea: he wrapped his arms around himself against an encroaching shiver. “What’s up? Can we make this quick so I can go take a bath in, like, your sink or something? I’m gonna start stinking if we don’t-”

“Can it.” She pursed her lips. Nema couldn’t help but grin; that was classic Warren, sharp and rigid even when nervous and unsure. A second later, though, she sighed and sat down on the couch nearby, still holding her hoodie down between her legs. “I mentioned I need your help with something.”

“Yeah. I’m just worried I’ll get, like, pneumonia or something, I-”

She glared again. He fell silent.

“Don’t laugh.”

Nema tilted his head. “What’s up? You know I’m here for you.”

Warren struggled with her words for a moment, eyes dancing from one side to the other, never landing on the little wolf directly. She took a breath, swallowed, sighed it back out, shifted where she sat... “I was, um... *playing around* earlier, and-”

Nema smirked. He thought that was where this was headed. “As you do.”

“Shut up. I was playing around earlier, with a little... vibrator, and... um...”

This time when she looked up, she finally met Nema’s eyes again. The two held that look in silence for a moment and then, slowly, nervously, the marten moved her paws, lifting her hoodie up in front – and spread her legs as she did so, the cushion of the couch shifting and adjusting beneath her weight. Pale coffee-cream fur angled down between the darker, rich soil tones of her legs and base of her tail visible underneath her, then split in a soft, gentle pair of pink lips, glistening wet, slightly swollen in the arousal that Nema had been able to sense on her earlier. Along the folds of her fur and skin a single little belly button piercing glittered, visible just beneath where she held the hem of her hoodie. From here Nema could tell that she had even removed her bra, too.

The marten swallowed, again avoiding her friend’s eyes. “It got stuck. Y’know. *In* there. So I was wondering if you could, maybe...”

“Uh huh. Exactly like I was thinking.” Nema made a show of rolling up the sleeves he no longer wore, then reached down and adjusted the way his boxers fit. One benefit of being so small like this was that it could be a lot harder to tell if he ever happened to show off any unintentional excitement – which, Warren sitting back and spreading her legs like this... “Keys down the storm drain situation.”

She glared again. “Don’t make me bite that pretty little head of yours off.”

“I’ll help, I’ll help. Can you just – let me...”

He trailed off, and for a moment there was only silence in the room save for the rhythmic pattering of the rain on the windows. Then Warren abruptly leaned forward, swiped the little wolf up in a sleeve-covered paw, and rested him precariously close to the edge of the couch – yet also precariously close to the source of this heat and humidity. Up close like this he could *tell* that the morning had worked her up to a nearly unbearable point, through arousal as well as regular irritation both. The wolf swallowed, *tasted* her on the air here in front of him, then reached forward, held his paw out in the air that felt so thick and humid that he almost expected his fingers to start dripping, and looked up at her once more. Still she avoided his eyes.

“Is it... *on*?”

For a moment Warren looked down at him, muzzle halfway hidden behind a sleeve. Then she shifted her other paw and showed him the remote to the vibrator, the working light off.

“That’s good, at least. Or... bad?”

Her cheeks and ears tinted a slightly richer shade of red beneath her fur. “Shut up. Get to work.”

“Yeah. I gotcha. Going quiet. Um...”

Nema swallowed again and readjusted where he stood at the edge of the couch, cushions squishing gently beneath his footpaws. There was frankly nothing he could do about his own physical reactions and responses: being *this* close to his friend like this, her legs spread not only around his head, but around his entire *body*, soft fur tinted and glistening with her arousal, scent rich on the air... he licked his

lips, half-turned his body, and reached forward, bracing one paw just beside her lips – the flesh there was soft, supple, silken – and then cupping the fingers of his other to a point.

As soon as he started to slip up between those lips, a little shiver arced through Warren's body, and her legs spread around him twitched and threatened to clamp him between them. Hot, sticky slickness wrapped around him from all sides, the clinging wetness already coating his fur and soaking through to the skin beneath; he ran his paw up, spreading his fingers and pushing into the soft flesh there in trying to find what he couldn't see. Warren tightened up around him, muscles hidden just past the surface squeezing and shifted, then let out a tense sigh; Nema took another step closer, face reflexively wrinkling against wall of warmth and scent.

Not that it was unpleasant, of course. At his size everything was magnified and expanded, and already he wished he had kept his pants on for the way his boxers tented sharply out in front. The wolf turned again, pressed his other paw in between slick walls of flesh and dripping arousal, then jumped as Warren gave a little jerk all around him.

"Ah – *hah...*" she breathed, belly pulsing with a shaky breath. "S-sorry, you just..."

Nema was standing on his tiptoes. He had *thought* he might be reaching up a bit too high; another push and squeeze there earned another jerk and rumble, and as he dropped his paws down, still pushing and slipping along warm flesh buried between soft lips. He pulled his other arm out to better catch his balance, and had to flick his wrist to try to throw some of the hanging strands of dripping slickness and gathering arousal off... and, honestly, he *would* have brought it to his muzzle and gotten a taste, were Warren's eyes not on him at that moment.

"Oh." The wolf turned a little bit closer, found a distinct, gentle ridging... and then a space inside, inviting and welcoming his fingers, his palm, his wrist, his forearm. Those interior walls shifted, tightened, squeezed around him as he pressed in deeper, fingers spread out against them so he could keep on going. Warren's breath caught in her throat; she shifted, tilted her head back, let out another tense sigh, then sucked in another gasp immediately after. "Here we go. Can you – can you push?"

"I've tried..."

"I think I can feel it in there. Push?"

Nema could only see half of her muzzle from where he stood, the mound of her lower abdomen as well as her swollen clit obscuring his view – and what a view it was – but still he saw her close her eyes, set her jaw, swallow again... and then *felt* the result. It was like he hit a wall from inside, with everything around his arm suddenly clamping together and squeezing around him, wet flesh mashing and mushing with the muscles underneath fitting to the shape of his paw. He stumbled in place, braced his other paw more firmly along the first handhold he could get, and ended up spreading Warren around his body.

Up the arm and towards his shoulder, until he had to turn his muzzle fully to the other side so that he would still have space to breathe... already her warmth dripped down his side and soaked through his boxers, the heady, intoxicating scent serving only to accentuate his awkward position. As smoothly as that muscle action had started did it dwindle and retreat, this time with the pressure sucking along his arm and shoulder and nearly sealing this entire side of his body in against her. He turned his head again, then squirmed, tried to extricate himself, and felt her sex sticking and pulling around him.

“Warren-”

The marten shifted and squirmed again, this time with her legs coming up and together above his head. Another shiver arced through her whole body, soon followed by a higher, breathy moan; then she parted her legs again, footpaws bracing against the table, and rocked her hips up and down against the wolf, briefly lifting him up and away from the couch. By now there was more than just her interior slickness that coated his body: dripping, oozing arousal, worked up to this point from the wolf's presence and insistence, had started out between her thighs as well, effectively eliminating whatever handhold he might have had before. Each time he adjusted his stance on the couch he felt his footpaws sink into wet fabric, the thick, clinging strands of juice working up along his ankles and sucking along his fur.

“If you would just – hold still and... let me...”

The marten shivered all over again, those same interior muscles working and tightening and then, finally, relaxing. Her chest heaved in slow, unsteady breaths, and when she looked down at him again, sweat had started to trickle down the side of her muzzle.

“Sorry,” she said. “Sorry. It’s just – with you down there, ah... *digging* around, I just...”

“I know.” Another silver lining to his reduced stature was that it could be *very* hard for someone else to tell if he was blushing. Nema widened his stance, pressed his one buried arm in against her interior walls, and turned his muzzle against the puff of hot, humid air wafting off of her, so he could reach his other up and in as well. Rich, wet smacking and slurping, the movement of inner walls and flesh, another dribble oozing out and around his footpaws... “Hold still. I can – *touch* it, but if I could... just...”

This turned out to be the hardest part. Slickened up as he was by everything the marten had coated him in, Nema tried his best to reach in and grab old of the buried toy, snug behind another inner ring of muscle. Warren gasped, squirmed, and tightened around him again and again, then shuddered each time he turned his head to try to get at a better angle for the way his breath wafted out over her swollen clit, and how his shoulders nestled up between sex-slickened lips. The surface of the vibe was at least as slimy as his fingerpads were, and on four occasions he grabbed hold of it only for it to slip free.

Once more Warren's legs clamped shut over his head, suddenly wrapping him in hot, wet pressure all over again. If anything, though, the change in angle just allowed him to grab onto the rim of it.

“Nema, you – *ah-*”

“I’ve got it. Let me just – *here* we go...”

And he tugged, and tugged – and nearly tumbled backwards off the couch, only to be caught against Warren's inner thigh when she wrapped in around him again. The toy stood at about half his own height, warmed to the core and dripping at least as much as he was now. Were he not already coated in the same stuff he might have tried to keep himself out of the splash zone, but at this point...he looked down over himself and sighed. It looked as though he had just leapt into one of those pools full of lube.

Before he could say or do anything else, though, he felt himself hoisted up and into the air, this time by a forefinger and thumb clutching carefully about his midsection. To someone his size the vibrator was much too heavy to hold, so he left it where it dropped, and soon came face to face with the flushed, panting pine marten where she lounged back on the couch. Her lips remained half-parted, tongue visible in gentle panting; she met his eyes, her own half-lidded, then looked up and down his body, and twitched her nose.

"You smell..." He felt her breath puff out over him, cool against the heat of the juices soaking through to his skin. "Like me."

Nema squirmed in her grip. "Well, *yeah*, what do... you..."

He trailed off. Warren reached up with her other paw, hooked the hem of his boxers beneath a claw, and then slowly, smoothly tugged them down. The wet fabric caught along the bulge of his full arousal, hard and twitching; the wolf saw her eyes light up when she saw this, then bunched the little piece of clothing into a ball and tossed it to the side somewhere, a miniscule bit of lint along the couch.

She licked her lips again. Every little exhalation, halfway through her nose and half through her mouth, curled and tickled along the underside of his shaft and sack and gave him a twitch and throb. Nema had no idea if that was more of Warren's arousal or rather his own pre dripping from his length.

"Can I ask another favor of you?"

Nema swallowed; all he could taste was *her*, and this in turn just served to give him another throb. The marten's other arm had worked back down her body, and even though she held him facing her muzzle, the way her shoulder slowly, gently gyrated accompanied by the soft slurping and sucking sounds from down below, told him just what was happening. He tried to look away but found himself drawn right back in.

"I feel like you're gonna make me do it regardless of my answer."

"I'll take that as a yes then. Good boy."

Warren shifted again, sinking further down on the couch and spreading her legs. This time Nema was afforded an overhead view of what he had just dug his arms to the shoulders in, a pair of fingers swirling and sliding between wet lips, coming up to tease and pinch at the nub of her clit, then slipping back down to sink in to the knuckle. When she drew that paw free and spread her fingers, the same thick strands of slickness hung down between her pads, curling and wrapping around her palm.

"This is the part where I'd toss you into my mouth to get you nice and wet," she went on. Nema watched as she raised that paw to her muzzle and sucked her own taste off of her fingers. "But thankfully, you've already got that part covered. Now that you've gotten that toy out, what would you say to taking its place for a bit?"

As expected, the marten hardly gave him time to respond before she presented him with his new task. She had to lean down a bit and lift her hips up off the couch to angle him towards her goal, and when she did, it was the heat he felt first, with her scent again wrapping around him a moment later. Nema squirmed and wriggled, still somewhat embarrassed that if anything, this was serving only to further fuel

his own arousal. The way she held him still allowed him to move his arms, and as she brought him closer and lowered him down he reached them up and out, trying to push back and away... and instead received handfuls of soft fur soaked through with gathering arousal, then smooth, slick skin and flesh.

Warren rubbed him up against herself, back and forth just as she had surely done with that vibe earlier this morning. It felt strange to have his fur pushed against its grain, but the smooth slickness and soft humidity rubbed into him, smearing that scent even deeper into his fur. It would take *days* of showering to wash it out at this point. Warren still wasn't done, yet: one of her footpaws gave a kick and twitch and she sucked in a gasp, then ran her impromptu toy's upper body down and up, then back down between her slick lips again, spread between the fingers of her other paw. Scent and taste flooded around him, and warm flesh spread and mashed like liquid; sweet, glistening pink parted and wrapped around his arms, his shoulders, his chin, his muzzle, and then that wet heat blossomed, spread over, and sucked him deep.

Still wriggling, which certainly only added to the experience for Warren above and now *around* him, Nema watched as those sleek folds of flesh spread and wrapped around him. Her walls spread around his body and squeezed in along him, flattening him at bit of an angle as she pushed him deeper up inside of herself, his muzzle angled and bracing against the inner walls of muscle as they twitched and clenched. He could still breathe, though it felt like doing so in a gym shower where everyone had turned the temperature up beyond the max, the air as thick and wet as his fur at this point, just as heavily tinted with her musk that he might as well have pursed his lips against these inner walls and sucked the slickness right off. Which, with the way she was pressing him up into her, wasn't too far from the truth.

Light and sound muted and muffled out, giving way to just the wet, sticky sucking and slurping all around him, these same walls pressing in on his form and then relaxing back, again and again. He felt her fingers spread along his body and move down, pushing him in, holding him there even as he pushed his own much smaller paws out along her insides. All of this scent and taste, filling his nose and mouth and senses – high and rich and sharp, intoxicating and heady... Nema turned his head again, felt Warren shudder and squeeze around him again, and slid his arms down along the slick slime that stirred and dripped all around him. Everything he did just brought her closer to her, especially as she pressed him deeper inside of herself, the cool air of the world giving way to wet, swampy heat here inside.

Just like how he could breathe, he could still move, although everything around him adjusted and tightened in response to his motions, with Warren's muscles giving both reflexive and deliberate contractions around and against him. He felt as though he could slip out at any moment, yet a paw held carefully between her legs along with rhythmic squeezes down here kept him in place or pushed him right back up, again and again, his lips dripping with both his own drool and her arousal, and his own excitement brushing and rubbing against these walls, twitching and throbbing with the sensation of being so deeply buried. All it took was twisting his body in one way, or pushing his hips in another, and then that sweet, hot pleasure spread all around him and made him squirm all over again, which in turn made Warren shudder and tighten yet again, which just added back to the cycle... at this rate Nema might not even have to reach down to take care of himself, but still. What harm would it make?

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The pine marten rested her head along the back of the couch and let another shudder rack her body, her legs briefly lifting from the table in front of her before they dropped back down. One paw remained down between her legs while the other rubbed and massaged at her clit, making sure that the small wolf



stayed buried snug inside of her. Each of his little movements and adjustments she could feel, reverberating out through her abdomen and making all of those buried, hidden muscles respond in turn. Some of it was uncomfortable or unexpected – that was another part of why she had made sure he was *completely* naked before pressing him up into her – but everything else...

She swallowed, exchanged the positions of her paws, and brought one to her mouth to lap and lick off her own oozing scent and taste, before sliding it right back down. It felt *fantastic* to squeeze around Nema and push him a good few inches out of her, then slip her fingers along the underside of his body to push him right back in, like the toy someone of his size deserved to be.

It just felt *good* to have him inside of her like this, to have this resistance and girth in place every time she clenched and tightened, and feeling him move around and respond to the things she did around him. As soon as Warren managed to squeeze his footpaws up inside of her as well, she ran her fingers down between her lips and then pressed those in as well, burying herself up to the knuckle to really ensure that Nema was wedged nice and deep... and then she gritted her teeth and pushed again, able to feel her interior walls swelling and mashing around his head and shoulders to push him partially back out into her paw. Once there she gripped onto him, the wolf's pelt soaked through with thick, dripping internal slime, and then pressed him right back in, against pushing and squeezing muscles.

A whole morning with that damn vibrator inside of her, pushing her past the point of pleasure right into annoyance and discomfort, and then now that it was out she had found she just wanted that sensation back. And when she shoved Nema deep and tightened around him – she didn't *need* to clamp her thighs together, but even when she did so, his squirming inside of her still made her hips jitter and thrust and forced her to bite down on her finger to keep from moaning out loud – she could feel his arms inside of her, one pressing out from inside to give himself some space and the other working a fast rhythm, gentle to her perspective but certainly fervent to his own.

The little... Warren smirked through her arousal, then gasped and shuddered again as internal nerves and sensations made her buck, and tighten, and jerk along the edge of the couch, still oozing her pleasure out into the already-soaked fabric. Not that she could blame him for it, though: here she was enjoying herself around him, so naturally it was only fair for him to enjoy *himself* inside *her*... and if anything, the knowledge just added a little bit of something else to the whole situation, with Warren leaning back on the couch and pulling her legs up again, now keeping herself pinched shut with one paw while the other slid and rubbed at her clit, fast and hard. If she closed her eyes and swallowed down her panting moans, she could just imagine what it would look and feel like for Nema inside of her, nestled tightly within warm, wet flesh and having a hell of a time.

She shivered yet again, slowed down a bit to stave off the approaching peak, then felt it coming anyway – and with a shaky paw reached out for the vibrator.

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Nema kept his mouth open and eyes closed, now freely letting the marten's inner juices drip down his face and throat, breath and belly both laden with the rich musk of her arousal. He kept one arm stretched up and out to allow himself at least some room to breathe the hot, heavy air, while the other worked steadily at himself, the wolf's shaft thoroughly slickened by these same juices keeping him effectively glued in place, fur soaked and matted through. Whatever Warren was doing to herself

around him, it made her internal muscles clench and squeeze and jitter all around him, which in turn just worked the wolf up further.

For a moment he paused in his pawing, reached up to run his palm along one of the sleek walls of flesh, then lowered that to his mouth so he could suck the dripping ooze right back off – and then he did so again and used this as extra lube once he got back into it, a brand new heat tingling in the base of his abdomen. All around him Warren tightened, shuddered, and squeezed tightly enough that he had to wedge his muzzle sideways against the walls pressing down on him, and then the sudden burst of heat and liquid all around him showed to him that she had just hit a peak.

Knowing that she had done this around him, knowing that he was likely at least half of the reason *why*, was then enough to push him over his own edge. He jerked in place, leaned back as far as he could with the soft flesh molding around him, spread his legs, thrust up against these inner walls – and then gasped, and moaned, and moaned again as the peak of his pleasure arced through him, sending spurts of milky white up and against these rich pink walls, his own load quickly dissolving and dissipating among the sheer volume of wetness already caught there. He sighed, gave a squeeze and a tug down at the base of his knot to pull the last few dribbles out along his own belly, then ran his fur through the already-wet fur there to smear it in place.

For a moment the pressure around him lessened. No longer was Warren keeping him buried inside her with a paw; he had ended up so deep inside that he had to start wiggling and squirming and pushing himself back down towards her entrance, which just caused those muscles to shudder and clench all over again, but before he could quite reach it there was suddenly something *else* there, something smooth and rounded and... Warren's inner walls moved around to accommodate its girth, squeezing and sucking around it just as it had for him. It was hard to see just *what* it was, but with the smoothness of the surface, the rounded head, the straight and solid length... Nema wormed himself a little bit further back, then felt Warren tighten up around him all over again when, suddenly, this new thing jerked to life, and sent a sharp vibration shivering out through her insides.

That made sense. He reached up to press at the flesh dripping down over his head and raised his legs as far as he could, trying not to come too close to it. There was nothing for him to do from here other than let her ride it out as long as she wanted. Nema pulled in a breath, swallowed, then had to do so another two times against the thickness of the air before he felt like he had actually done it.

At least if she got it stuck again, it would be a lot easier to push it out from *this* side.