

Anna could remember the first time she'd seen her half-brother, Rick, naked. They were both pups at that time, thirteen and fifteen, just at the age where they'd overreact to that sort of thing, with shock and feigned disgust as a veil over a deeper interest. It was on her summer break off school, when the family had gone camping in the forest by the river - herself, Rick, her full brother Dan, and then Daddy and his new pretty she-wolf wife. All of the kids were wolfdogs: Daddy had a thing for she-wolves, having had Rick with one, then divorcing her, then moving on for Anna and Dan, and then divorcing *her* a fair amount of years later... she didn't really expect to get another half-sibling, though. Her dad was a mutt anyway, and he'd started to display grey fur in areas she didn't remember being grey before.

Rick had always been slightly more athletic than any of his siblings, something which Anna started to appreciate as the years went on: it was quite admirable how he could get up at the same time every other day to go on a run the neighborhood, or how he always stuck to his workout schedule, or how he the willpower to go for a swim in the river each morning while they were camping. In fact, that was how she'd seen him naked - the family camped a bit of a distance from the riverbank, but upon waking up early one morning and being unable to fall back asleep, she got dressed and headed over that way, because she liked trying to catch the tadpoles in her paws and feeling them wriggle around.

She hadn't even noticed Rick's absence from the campsite, and didn't really pay attention to the towel and pair of swim trunks that lay on the gravelly bank of the river once she'd gotten there, even though she'd seen both of those just the previous day. Her just-awoken brain simply didn't put it together. That was why, after building a little corral of out rocks in which to place the tadpoles she'd caught, she was surprised when she looked up and saw Rick standing in the river a little distance away, back to her, totally naked.

All she could see then was the shape of his charcoal back curving down to his tail, and then, below that, his rump and part of his legs. Sure, she'd already seen more of her full brother - that was a sibling thing; sometimes Daddy, too, would walk around naked, and both Mom when they were married and Daddy's new wife would shout his name, *"put some clothes on, you sleazy lummo of a dog!"* - but there was just something about this being Rick, her half-brother... after getting more than her fair eyeful and feeling a bit ashamed about it, she turned her muzzle back down to her tadpoles, all of which had escaped, and didn't look back up when she heard him splashing back to shore. Neither of them spoke a word about it to one another.

At that time, Anna was young enough to shrug it off as just an accident, an embarrassing encounter. She only saw Rick every few weekends and on holidays, and he was a *lot* more bashful about being naked around her than Dan, her full brother, was. However, in her family curiosity seemed to hold reign over common sense: her father had been divorced twice due to cheating, Dan was caught with two different kinds of drugs by the time Anna had entered eleventh grade, and then she herself was asked a certain question at a sleepover party with some friends from school.

*"Has a guy ever gotten naked for you?"*

Well, no. Technically no. However, these were her high school friends, and there was no way in hell she'd let herself be the only one to have a negative answer to this question - and besides, it was a few years ago, and she didn't feel embarrassed about it anymore. Hell, she'd actually almost forgotten about it.

"Yeah," she answered, along the way thinking about how she could further turn it her favor, "he's eighteen. Got some wolf in him-"

"So I guess you had a little more wolf in *yourself* than usual that night, huh, Anna?" one of her friends interjected.

She scoffed and continued, heart beating a little faster than she'd expected it to. "Swimmer build, kind of sportsy. He's not on the baseball or football teams or anything - just stays more in-shape than any of us could realistically hope to..." Then, the weirdest part of it to say - she had to pause for a moment: "...damn nice ass."

"Oh, God, I bet that wasn't the *only* nice part about him... how'd you know he was wolf?"

Another of her friends spoke up. "She probably - oh, I don't know - *asked* him?"

"Well, sure, but you know what the say: if his knot's about the same size as his fist, he's a wolf..."

"I know his dad," Anna said, before she could stop herself. Everyone else suddenly stopped what they were saying and then started laughing.

"Oh, *shit*, Anna, you sly bitch...!"

"No, no, not like that! I-" But she, too, started laughing, and they moved on from there.

After that night, though - maybe it was because she'd gotten slightly very drunk and let her mind wander to dark places - the interest definitely *was* there. She couldn't *remember* watching Rick long enough to see him turn around, but after making something up about his size for her friends, she couldn't help but wonder the truth. She hadn't had any sexual experiences with guys and didn't really like anyone, but... judgment leadened that night by alcohol and lust, she found that the one guy in her thoughts that kept her breath and heartbeat high after everyone else had gone to sleep, that made her squeeze her legs together around her paw, stifle a moan by stuffing the blanket into her mouth, shake the bed by how much she convulsed... she had a hard time avoiding the resultant wet spot on the mattress once she'd finished, and then woke up the next morning with a hangover and some of the fur on her rump matted together after having rolled into it at some point during the night.

That fantasy was one thing she *did* remember about that night. The party was on a weekend, so she had the whole of Sunday to spend thinking about it and feeling a mixture of disgust and timorous interest: the guy in her fantasy had been canid in form, maybe a dog or a wolf or, say, a cross between the two, with the same general fur markings as Rick - from the dark charcoal-black dominating his back which melded to a more stormcloud-grey at his front, including the dark splotch over his left eye. And, then, this guy had the same sort of voice, smooth mid-tenor; when she'd thought about what it would be like to get down on her knees for this guy, she'd imagined him saying "c'mere, Anna," the same way Rick had done when he'd accidentally hit her with a baseball - soft, gentle, sweet...

She and her half-brother had never really been particularly close until she'd made up her mind to text him that day, after putting quite a bit of thought into what she'd enjoyed herself to the previous night. Of course she didn't tell him - God, no. She just opened up the conversation like

she would with anyone else that she wanted to be closer friends with, and it seemed to be working. Just what her motivation was, though, even Anna wasn't fully sure.

Of course, asking him to show her his cock sounded like a lot less foolproof of a plan once she was sober, and that idea quickly left her head once she'd actually *thought* about it - but she felt bad about starting a conversation only for it to die so soon, and kept talking to him throughout that day. It became a fairly regular thing, and after a week, she didn't feel quite so weird about the fantasy that started all of this.

Then a guy at school caught her eye, another canid - though this one was a German shepherd, definitely zero percent wolf. He was about Anna's height (where Rick was a full head taller), roughly the same body type, which put him at a bit less athletic than her half-brother but still quite skinny. The thing with *him* started when they sat at the same library table during her study hall period. They bumped shoulders on their way out, and she got a whiff of his scent, and... well.

That night, it was thoughts of that scent (as well as others of the shepherd's) that accompanied her into orgasm, though when she'd fallen asleep, she dreamt of a charcoal wolfdog that did the same thing.

While she was interested in this shepherd, her attraction - as she'd started to reluctantly call it, only to herself - to Rick waned a little, but never disappeared completely. Her 'me-time' started to be dominated by a mixed palette of black and brown and cinnamon rather than black and grey and lighter grey, but every now and then it would shift suddenly back to the same fantasy that had burdened her mind that one night at the party... just as she started to talk with Rick more, Anna began hanging out with this shepherd, first during the school day and then outside of it, listening to music together and then going to movies.

Daddy thought he was a nice guy, and approved of how he was taking calculus a year before most students. Anna didn't even have to ask for his blessing for the shepherd to take her to prom: when she told her father of the date of the dance, his response was "if that German shepherd asks you out, you say yes, y'hear?"

At the dance there were breathalyzer tests for students to both enter and to leave. This night, Anna *wasn't* drunk, as she had been with her friends when she'd discovered her attraction to her half-brother: this night, she was totally sober and aware of what she was doing when the shepherd pressed his lips to hers in the front seat of his car, when she moved his paws down her sides, when she walked through the front door to his darkened house and then found herself pinned to the wall, when he rested her across the couch and sidled up between her legs...

This was definitely, inarguably German shepherd on top of her, thrusting forward, sinking into her, biting gently into her shoulder - she could half-open her eyes and see the coloration of his fur, could breathe in through her nose and pick up the same scent that she did on that day in the library - but, a little annoyingly, she couldn't help but think of one other guy, one person who had dominated her desires from the start. She closed her eyes, she swallowed, she let her mouth hang open and let the moans ooze sweetly out, slightly muted for fear of being heard - but instead of living the reality of German shepherd on her, she instead fell back to her fantasy of it being a charcoal-furred wolfdog on top of her, pumping in and out of her, breathing her name - he had wolf in him; the two things that suspended her fantasy from being totally immersive were

that, one, the teeth on her shoulder would be a little sharper, and two, she figured she'd feel at least a little discomfort from his size.

Two weeks later, Rick was the first person to be told of Anna's breakup with that German shepherd. She acted moody and depressed in the conversation with him, when in reality she was quite relieved and happy she'd done it - the shepherd *was* one of the nicest guys she'd ever met, and he *did* smell pleasant, but he could be clingy at times, and had *cried* when she'd accidentally moaned someone else's name during sex. Rick had already gotten off for summer break, and as such, he was in town staying with his mother, about a ten minutes' drive away.

Anna's little act worked. He asked if she'd like him to come over to stay the night, to hang out with her and make sure she was okay. She said yes. Her father was happy to see his son, saying "what a surprise! I was just planning leftovers for dinner tonight, but that won't do! I think I'll make steak!" which was another thing that brought out the wolf in Rick: he licked his chops and showed his fangs in a bright smile, saying "Oh, Dad, you don't *have* to" while wagging his tail at the same time. Anna remembered how she'd seen that tail up to its base and beyond those few years ago, in the river.

One thing that had brought Anna and her half-brother closer together while growing up (as well as set her apart from her female friends at school) was her interest in video games, not as pronounced as Rick's or Dan's but still definitely more than the usual female student her age. That night, while Daddy was out at the store, she and Rick sat near each other on the bed in her room playing the co-op of the new Halo game, with her slyly scooting closer to him at tactical intervals; she took his lack of moving away, even when her thigh came into contact with his, as reassuring, but didn't do anything past that. She was more nervous than she was the first time the German shepherd had invited her over...

...so, she knew that she was doing something right by finally giving into this want. She had plans for the night.

This wouldn't be the first time for Rick to stay the night - by far, no. Oftentimes he'd stay over here when visiting, and this would only be different in where he'd sleep, usually on the couch in the living room; after dinner, though, Anna came back into her room (where her half-brother was scanning through the achievement list of the game) and said, just as excitedly as *he* had when he'd suggested the same thing a few years ago, "hey, let's camp out in the backyard!"

"Aw, really, Anna?" he said, but his tail wagged, and she didn't have to try at all to persuade him. He even offered to put the tent up by himself, but she wouldn't let him. She *did*, however, allow herself the pleasure of watching him while he worked, seeing the very same body that she'd seen nude all those years ago, now a lot more filled-out and better-proportioned.

"The hell you lookin' at?" he suddenly asked after jamming one of the stakes into the ground. He had a bright grin on his face.

"Your shirt's too small," was her response, something made up off the top of her head. The more she looked, though, the more she realized this to be true: she could clearly see the outline of his pecs, as they distorted the 'BALL!' text across the upper front of it. By now, Rick was... nineteen, or twenty, or something; Anna didn't really remember his birthday. Both of them were too old to enjoy this sort of thing, but she garnered a sweet sort of nostalgia from the idea of it,

and could tell that he did, too, in the wagging of his tail when he climbed into the tent with a collection of scary stories that they used to enjoy in their childhood.

Anna couldn't quite place her finger on what it was that had bolstered her resolve so much in the past few days - for, what... three or four years she'd been teasing at the thought of being attracted to her half-brother (which she hadn't mentioned to anyone other than a forum or two online), sort of half-came to terms with it around the start of this school year, and then dated and fucked a German shepherd, and - all of a sudden - found herself wanting more than ever to see Rick naked again, a lot closer, a lot more personally. It looked like he was going to make it very easy, too: when he'd gone in to grab the story collection, he'd also stripped off his shirt (he'd developed more prominent abs since she last saw him shirtless) and changed into pajama bottoms, with no waistband of underwear sticking out beneath his belly button. Anna had to tear her eyes away from the lines at the edges of his abdomen that would lead down into the V of his groin.

The stories weren't anywhere near as scary as either of them remembered them being, even as the light from outside pitched into darkness and as the wind made the trees above them whisper. At one point Rick asked if she was doing okay - "I remember you used to be scared of the dark" - and she said yes, though still took the opportunity to move closer to him. He smelled like musky wolf boy, quiet spice, a hint of sweat; the closer quarters made her feel like that scent slowly filled up the tent.

Were Anna drunk again, she felt that she wouldn't be able to keep her paws off of him or herself. Hell, she was having trouble now, and hadn't drank since that party.

Eventually Rick closed the book, stretched his arms over his head in a lavish yawn, and said "Hey, I'm sleepy, I think I'll head to bed... wake me up if you need anything, alright, little sis?" and then rolled over onto his side on his sleeping bag, as the night was too warm for him to climb into it. Anna followed his example but remained stoically awake, waiting for any change in his breathing pattern, staring up at the roof of the tent to see the ghosts of sparse stars through the mesh window. She could always see a lot more when they went camping.

God, it felt like her heart would burst out of her chest, and she almost feared that it would wake Rick up... but after what felt like twenty minutes, his breathing changed into something slower and smoother, and she could feel his body relax beside her. She remembered learning something about the different stages of sleep in school, so she decided to let him lie for a while...

...while she brought up her memories and fantasies, first taking the time to strip off her jeans and shirt and lie down in her underwear, then slip a paw into her panties. She imagined that it was Rick's finger instead of her own that traced up along her slit, teased into her, circled around her clit; she imagined that it was his pre that she licked off her finger, imagined that she could feel his breath on her neck when she pushed that finger further into herself, soon to be joined by a second... everything was entwined with an electric nervousness of doing this so close to him when he'd just fallen asleep - what would she say if he woke up, rolled over, and found his half-sister pleasuring herself beside him? - but, the thought admittedly just worked her up even more.

Anna thought about how it would be if things were reversed: what if she had gone to sleep, and then was roused back awake by gentle panting beside her? What if she rolled over and saw

Rick lying there, one leg up, pajamas tugged halfway down his legs, with his hard shaft clutched in one paw? She certainly wouldn't mind moving down his body, pressing her nose against his length, peeling his paw away so that she could then trace her tongue up along it...

God, it got too much. Anna tugged her paw back out of her panties and then rolled Rick onto his back before she could put another thought into it; her half-brother sniffed and swallowed in his sleep, but did nothing more. She pulled herself up, got into a kneeling position on all fours above him, looked down his body... his chest rose and fell, rose and fell in slow, steady breaths - inhale, pause; exhale... inhale, pause; exhale... - and his whiskers or ears would periodically twitch... and, then, there was the waistband of his pajamas, which were also a little too small on him: the legs ended about an inch and a half above his dark-furred ankles.

The loose fabric of the pajamas didn't do much justice for what they hid, but after Anna brought a paw down his belly and pressed it into the center of them, after a brief second to psyche herself up to the act... well, she'd never thought he packed anything less impressive than what she felt just beneath the fabric, warm and firm while still retaining the supple softness of flesh.

Of course, as she rubbed her paw against the bulge that slowly grew, that softness too gave way to a more resilient firmness - and the warm scent floating around the tent grew in intensity. *I can't believe I'm doing this*, she thought over and over, *should I really be doing this?* But no matter what, she still went on: she squeezed the shape of his cock in his pajamas, rubbed it, moved her paw down to feel his sack - full, heavy; he probably hadn't had a chance to paw off today - and then finally brought it back up to tug his pajamas a short way down his front.

The sight that met her eyes matched every fantasy of hers, and upon first laying eyes upon his hard shaft, uncovered, throbbing, and inches away from her muzzle, she had to take a moment to straighten up and slip her other paw back into her panties. This time she *really* had to work at keeping quiet, as the consequences of being discovered would be quite more dire than if it had been that German shepherd's parents; sitting back on the balls of her feet, she focused on herself with one paw while slowly, gently stroking Rick's shaft with her other, watching how it throbbed each time she brought her paw up, feeling the pulse and rich heat each time it descended.

After a while she tugged his pajamas down the rest of the way, so she could see his sack as well. About halfway down his front, her half-brother's fur turned to an ash-grey color, which carried down along his sheath and sack - and, before she could stop herself, Anna had moved back, leaned down, and traced her nose up along him, from beneath his sack to the end of his cock. A shiver rippled through her body - the scent of his musk mirrored that of his sweat, but sharper, more spiced, quietly different - and, God, she enjoyed it.

She kept an eye on his muzzle while nuzzling up between his legs, but he still did not stir. That was good. It felt only natural, then, to mimic the movements of her nose with her tongue then, first in short licks and then from base to tip, base to tip, from beneath the slight bulge of his unswollen knot - she remembered what her friend had said about a wolf's knot - to the tapered tip of his length. Anna watched his face partially to see if he'd wake up, and partially because it was so much better to know that this really *was* Rick, her half-brother, whose cock she nuzzled and licked, whose length she closed her lips around and slowly dove down on...

His taste wasn't quite so sharp as his scent, though it still coated her tongue and throat after a few slow bobs, and she gladly let it take over her senses. The fur of her fingers and the fabric of

her panties had slowly gotten more and more soaked - and, again, she couldn't take it anymore: she went down on Rick once more, cupped his length in her tongue, came back up, swirled her tongue around his tip, and then got up to position herself over him. His paw gave a small twitch, as did his cock, but no more.

And, then, she crouched over him, tugged her panties to the side, angled him up towards herself, and... started sinking down onto him, instinctively clenching around his girth, shivering at the intense warmth and mixed feelings of sharp desire and tense nervousness. Already she enjoyed Rick more than her German shepherd ex; with *him*, he'd finished before she had her first orgasm, while with her half-brother, she'd just started sliding down on him and already she could feel the energy of it building in her abdomen.

Now was the time to live out the foremost of her fantasies, where she held him down and fucked herself on him. Anna sank down onto Rick a short distance, caught her breath in her throat, moved up a little, sank down a little further, repeated - again and again, having to pause a little longer each time, until her rump pressed down against his hips and she could feel the slight bulge of his knot against her. Just having him inside her, clenching around him, feeling the heat of his length and the presence of his body beneath her... with one paw she brought herself to the edge of orgasm, stopped, just breathed for a moment, and then started to pull up.

Sinking down again was what pushed her over the edge for the first time, and she did so with a short series of gasps and rather tight clenches around him that tugged a light moan from between the sleeping wolfdog's lips. Already Anna was shaking all over, but still she wanted more, *more*; slowly she picked up in speed until it was less pulling up and pushing down on him and more bouncing on his length, churning her hips forward and back, pressing down onto him... at one point she had to put her arms out for balance, and almost pinned his shoulders to the sleeping bag beneath the two of them before she caught herself and instead put her paws to the ground instead.

"God..." she breathed through clenched teeth, feeling a second orgasm fast approaching. She couldn't tell how close Rick was - it was hard to tell with sleeping boys - but she had started to feel his knot grow in size beneath her, which half-annoyed her. That meant she couldn't have as much of his length in her as she wished. While riding him, she kept her other paw down between her legs, rubbing at herself just as quickly as she bounced on her half-brother's length - and when she came again, the fur of her palm blocked most of the juices that spurted out as a result, while the rest dripped down Rick's length and soaked into his thicker pubic fur.

Anna hadn't noticed it - as she was almost totally oblivious to most of her surroundings: all that existed was her and Rick - but at some point, her half-brother's paw had come to rest beside her leg, and now his claws gently dug into her flesh. She continued riding him, bouncing up and down, no longer caring about the *slap, slap, slap* that her movements made; his breathing had changed again and now resembled her own, short, fast, raucous, and his lips had pulled further apart while his eyes squeezed tighter together.

And then, Rick came, too: she felt it first as a rather powerful throb, and then his hips lifted up into her and he breathed out a low, shuddering sigh - and then rested back, chest heaving but eyes closed, still asleep. Anna remained hilted on him for a few seconds longer, then pulled herself up off of him (and promptly fell back to her knees, as her legs would not hold her up) and dragged her tongue up his length one more time before hiding it in his pajamas and settling down to sleep herself.

The next morning, Rick didn't act or speak as if anything had happened, which greatly reassured her: at several points during that *session*, especially near the end, Anna had worried that he'd woken up - but nothing about him changed. Sure, she felt a little guilty about doing all of that while he was asleep, but... well. Now she'd have memories as well as fantasies to enjoy herself to.

The half-siblings woke up around noon (it was Saturday) but only bothered getting up and putting the tent away around one-thirty; after heading back inside, their father let them know that he had plans to play cards at a friend's house that evening, and as such would be gone overnight. Rick and Anna received this news with excitement for two different reasons: Rick exclaimed that that meant they could stay up all night playing video games, while Anna kept her reason to herself.

Dinner that night, which came a lot faster than it felt like it should have, was leftover steak from yesterday - which was about as good as when it was first cooked. Having almost gotten to the end of Halo the previous night before setting up the tent, the two wolfdogs finished that and then moved on to another game, though one that was only singleplayer; they decided to take turns.

Halfway into Anna's second turn, their father rapped on the door and let them know he was leaving. "Alright," both of them intoned, not taking their eyes off the screen; the sound of the front door opening, closing, and locking could barely be heard over the noises of the video game.

Anna had followed Rick's example this morning by dressing only in pajamas. She was lounged back on her bed, elbows resting back on her body pillow, when her half-brother abruptly stood up, went over to close the door, and then came back - but he didn't sit back down.

No: instead, he knelt down in front of Anna, guided her to open her legs with a paw on either one, and then leaned forward to tug her pajamas and panties down. Instantly her heart started beating just as fiercely as it had the previous night...

...and it kept on beating like that, through two orgasms brought on by a rather deft tongue.

"When did you wake up?" she panted afterwards, a hot blush permeating her cheeks.

Rick leaned back, wiped his mouth on his paw, smiled up at her.

"I didn't fall asleep until after you'd had your fun..."