

Kat leaned back in this big armchair, taking a moment to just enjoy the quiet of the night, the warmth of the fire crackling nearby, the distant whispering of wind through the trees outside... usually it took her some time to become accustomed to new places, but *this* was something else. The halls, the furniture, the rooms - everything sculpted, crafted for the best of comfort. And, well, it was working.

First night she'd gotten to herself in a long time. Kind of strange how everything had lined up like that, and how she'd just now come to realize it. Eric had gone out searching for new merchandise, Trace and Flora had decided to tour the dining opportunities late this night, Keith and Natani went out to do... whatever it was those two did on their own, and Kat herself... finally could relax for a while. Sure, she always had something she *should* be doing, be that mending clothing or making a new bag or anything else, but when given suitable opportunity and lack of motivation?

She folded her arms up behind her head and closed her eyes, drawing the taste of the warm air in through her nose... and then breathing it out in a low, even sigh. Tonight looked good so far. She had the place to herself, all the time in the world to do whatever she wanted... it *had* been a while since she'd been able to treat herself. She could just lie back here, clear her mind, relax a bit...

But of course, her mind had something else in store for her. Try as she might to forget her worries and her obligations, they kept on pushing their way back into her almost-emptied thoughts: you have to clean the dishes tonight, you need to wash the blankets for the two downstairs beds, you have to make sure the garden is trimmed and the new flowers planted, you have to do this and that and this other thing-

It helped to imagine Eric as the one listing all of these off. So, in her head she pushed him off towards the other end of the room, out into the hallway... and closed the door behind him, allowing his voice to drop off into a muted droning, and from there to nothing at all. That was better.

Now, then, if only she had... if only she had...

From there it wasn't hard to imagine that door opening back up, and then deliberate, relaxed footsteps clicking across the hardwood floor. A tall shadow thrown across the opposite wall, dancing in the light of the fire; the gentle swish and rustling of a long robe over smooth, soil-dark fur; the slight little jump echoing through Kat's body, when she imagined she felt the touch of the back of a paw against her cheek.

*She turned her head, and smiled up at the Keidran standing there beside her. Natani looked good tonight, scale vest draped loosely over his shoulders and opened in the front, curving around the shape of his breasts in that way it did. The material tried its best to cling to his form beneath the weight of that robe he wore over it, something a little extra to ward off the chill of the night.*

*"You feel warm," Natani said, the ghost of a smile lifting his lips. He continued around the side of the armchair and rested his elbow atop the raised back, the movement and swishing of his robe sending a wave of his scent, pleasant and familiar, to join that of the fire across the room. "Are you ill?"*

*"I'm being a cat in front of a fireplace on a nice winter night." Kat stretched her arms luxuriously*

*over her head to further prove her point. "Of course I'm warm. It's the best way to be."*

*"I can't argue with that. All the fun, all the action and danger of running around with my brother on our missions..." The larger wolf shrugged. "Just doesn't compare to getting some time to relax and unwind."*

*Low, calm voice, smooth with just a hint of texture and gravel like fresh-laid mortar. No matter where she was or what she was doing, that voice always sent a similarly smooth shiver down Kat's spine; back when she watched over Natani during his brief coma, sometimes she would rest her head on his chest to feel his slow, steady breathing, and wish that she could hear him say her name just to remind her of that sound...*

Of course she'd prefer the real thing. But imagination provided a good-enough substitute, and besides, this in particular was something she thought about often. Kat shifted in her seat and lowered the shoulder of her own nightgown a little bit, emulating the effects of a paw settled against her shoulder.

*She tilted her head back again, and looked up to see those mismatched eyes glittering right back down at her under the glow of the fire.*

*"What's up?" she said, unable to keep the slight shiver of excitement out of her voice. Having Natani so close like this, having him touch her in any way so that she could feel the warmth of his body, the strength of his grip... no matter what, it always kicked her heartbeat up a good several paces. "You look... devious."*

*"I'm a wolf. Of course I do." His claws clicked across the hardwood floor once more, Natani stepping away from the armchair to come around in front of it. Kat couldn't help but run her eyes up and down that Keidran, his form, his shape so tantalizingly obscured beneath the give of his robe. He-*

That wasn't satisfying. Kat shook her head.

*He must have discarded the robe upon his first entry into the room, for now he stood before her with nothing but that vest hanging from his chest and a pair of black silk trousers, also clinging loosely to his legs. She had made both of those for him - truth be told, his dimensions were a bit strange for the average wolf Keidran - and it always made her smile to see him in them. Of course they looked good on him; just about everything did.*

*"Tonight's your night, isn't it?"*

*She nodded. Maybe he'd come in for a fitting, or he'd torn his vest again, or he just had something else he wanted to talk to her about or ask her advice on... she would never mind making time for him.*

Of course she already knew the real reason she'd decided to have him come in here tonight. That was made clear in the way she had him stand, weight on one leg, paw loosely gripping one side of his vest beneath his breast, holding it just enough away to show the curve of his... rather sizable endowment there.

Though, actually... once more she adjusted in her chair, and flicked her sandpaper tongue out over her lips. Natani as he was now was perfectly satisfactory enough. More than a few nights

with Kat biting into her pillow, her own paw or a stretch of blankets rubbing between her legs had shown that fact exceedingly well. But, how about tonight...

*No, no curve of breast, no feminine waist, no thinner muzzle or slightly-heavier eyelashes. Slight enough on him, naturally, but - none of that now. Just a play of the dancing light. Instead, here before her stood a totally male Natani, from the broad shoulders to the flat chest to the sharper smile, thicker whiskers, smoother line between the side of his belly and his hip... to the heavier, richer aroma that wafted off of him, the same kind of spice and character that it actually bore, but with a little bit... more. That kind of musk and edge that most male Keidran had, which on Natani made her nose twitch and her heart flutter like nothing else.*

*That was a damn good look on him. When her eyes next met his, they reflected the appreciation and smoldering want that she knew she bore in her own.*

*"Do you mind if I interrupt?"*

*"Oh! No, no, of course not. You can - sit in that chair over there, if you'd like." It did feel a bit lonely in here, to tell the truth.*

*Natani turned his muzzle in the direction she pointed, briefly hiding one of his eyes from view and making it look as though he possessed only that same cool chocolate-brown.*

*"Well - actually-" His ears briefly flicked back, showing some measure of nervousness. When he next looked at her straight-on, he brought his paws up in front of his chest and twiddled his fingers. "I was wondering if I could... I don't know. Pay you back for everything you've done for me?"*

No. This was Natani. More confidence.

*He coughed and straightened up, broadening his shoulders a little more. This caused his vest to spread away and show more of that chest, medium-length fur halfway into his winter coat smooth and flat, well-groomed, and showing the lines and ridges of muscle beneath his flesh. Kat had also pressed all along those muscles while he was out, of course to ensure that there was no serious atrophy or deterioration.*

*"I wanna thank you for everything you've done to help me out. I haven't really had a better friend than you... I mean, I've been trying time and time again to just get some time with you to tell you, but there's always Trace and Flora and Keith and other things, and - wait, you're standing up, what are you doing-"*

*His voice cut off with a quiet 'oof', then, as Kat threw her arms around his body and squeezed him to her. Even with Kat standing on her toes, the tip of her nose only came about even with the center of his sternum, his vest swishing back around her in response to the movement. She hugged him tight, feeling the warmth of his body and his pulse beneath his skin, the taut firmness of his muscles as he brought his arms up to hug her back, the little nuzzling he gave down against her ear...*

*And of course it was hard to miss the slight change in that scent of his. Masculine energy and confidence ebbing back into something cooler, something smoother but no less warm, the same subtle change that always happened after Natani shared a hug with Keith.*

*But, now wasn't the time to worry about small Basitins. Kat tilted her head back but remained in the hug, dropping her arms to around the wolf's waist to give her space to actually meet his gaze again. Quiet confusion dominated that muzzle, with the splayed ears and the scanning eyes and the pursed lips, but something reminiscent of appreciation and... and that same want from before stirred beneath the surface.*

*She could also feel something else stirring along his body, right against her front where she pressed herself against him. Natani squirmed in an attempt to hide that distraction; Kat held him tight and intentionally pressed against it.*

*"You know," she purred, her pause punctuated by a pop from the fire. Now, all the heat she felt belonged to herself and to this wolf she held. "It's kind of silly to thank someone for thanking you."*

*"Thanking y..." He frowned. "I don't think I understand."*

*"Everything I do for you? How I watched over you, how I talk to you and give you advice, how I made this vest for you..." Kat stood back a little bit to run her fingers over the scaled material, pressing in enough to follow the lines of his ribs beneath his fur. A little shiver vibrated through his body at that touch, and then did so again when she settled her fingerpads against his lower belly. "...and these pants... all thanks for you being you."*

*That brought a slight blush to his cheeks and ears, enough of one that Kat suddenly found it very hard not to close her paws around the back of his head and yank him down to kiss him. That was something she wanted to wait for his cue on. Instead, though, she continued teasing her fingers at his smooth lower belly, pads tracing along the elastic of his waistband, sliding a little bit beneath. The warmth there, the intense twitching heat... it was clear he wore nothing beneath these silk pants.*

*Confidence. Still lounging back in her chair, Kat threw one leg over the arm, started tracing her paw down her own belly towards the simple underwear she had on beneath her gown, shivered with that little touch of pleasure...*

*...and reached over for Natani's wrist, to bring the wolf's paw to that same spot. His ears flicked back and his cheeks burned with that blush, but he made no move to pull away. Kat had to bite her tongue to keep in the little noise of anticipation, against those fingers catching on the band of her panties and sliding them down her thigh a little, against those fingerpads pressing against the fur of her lower belly...*

*She waited until those mismatched eyes met hers again. "Will you let me thank you in a different way?"*

*"Kathrin..." His breath curled out across her whiskers and cheek, like a light touch of these same fingers that now slid their way beneath the fabric of her panties. She couldn't help but shiver around them, and hold his wrist a little more firmly against her. "Do you really think we should-"*

*But before he could finish, she did just what she thought she wouldn't, and pulled him down for a kiss. It took his lips a moment to tighten against hers, but once they did, his intentions and motivations became very clear to her. Those fingers stopped teasing at her and started working, pads carefully working their way down between her lips, getting a feel for her, figuring out just where to touch and caress and press. Kat had to part her lips in the kiss to breathe, already*

*giving voice to little shivering moans and light panting.*

*Again and again she pressed herself against the wolf, loving the warmth, the slickness of his tongue curling around her own, the sharp taste of wolf and his scent so rich in her nose. While he worked at her, she too tightened her paw on him, and tugged the waistband of his silk pants down just far enough - far enough so that a new scent bit into her consciousness and attention, and far enough that she could feel that twitching warmth right at its source.*

*She'd always imagined Natani to be... impressive. The weight, the heft of his full sack on her paw, the plump mass of his sheath right above hanging against his body, the little point of slick flesh protruding from the end... for a moment, Kat just squeezed and felt all of this, her own body clenching and churning back against the pair of fingers that he'd worked in against her. Natani broke the kiss and leaned in over her, only knocking her further off-balance, but kept his other paw firm around her body. He stood up straight again, a strand of saliva linking his lips to hers, and flicked his eyes back and forth over her muzzle. Kat gave a slight, shivering smile, for him to return in moderately more confidence; then he slid his fingers back out of her, made a show of lapping her slick stickiness off of his paw, and started walking her back towards the armchair, her paw still touching and squeezing his sheath and coaxing him further out.*

*Kat squirmed in place, now spread out in an indulgent sprawl rather than sitting upright, one leg thrown over the arm while the other reached out over the front edge and head resting back against the corner. She kept one paw hidden beneath her panties with fingers alternating between running up between her lips and pressing down into herself, just as she'd imagined Natani to do... it helped if she closed her eyes and imagined the scene playing out, and if she pretended that the warmth and wetness dripping down the back of her paw belonged to him instead.*

*Right as he prepared to push her down into that chair and doubtless spread her legs around his head, though, Kat used her momentum and his own strength to hang onto him and spin around him, then steal another kiss - and push him down into the chair instead, his weight bouncing on the cushion. Nice to surprise this wolf, to see those raised eyebrows and half-open mouth... but still he did not complain, even as Kat lowered herself to her knees in front of him, tapped his legs open with her paws, and reached up to both pull his pants further down and to bring him closer to the edge of the chair.*

*Now this was something that she really had spent considerable time imagining and thinking about. Kat settled back on her haunches, unable to keep herself from lapping her tongue out across her lips at the sight before her and the scent that tickled at her nose, fuller and stronger now that she could lean forward and nuzzle against the source if she so desired.*

*Sheath and sack bearing both the same color of fur as the rest of his body, slowly pulsing and twitching with his heartbeat and his little movements... Kat swallowed, licked her lips once more, then leaned in and touched her nose against that hot fur, at once feeling Natani's reflexive jump.*

*Here that scent bit right into her nose, sharp and heavy, strong masculine musk edged with Natani's characteristic spice, and then further laced with the extra sharpness of slow-growing arousal; all in all, it was the kind of scent that just made Kat shiver all over with want and hunger, lightened somewhat by her running her paw down between her legs and against the exterior of her slightly-moistened panties.*

*The further she pressed her nose down into that hot fur, the more Natani spread his legs and*

*settled back into the chair. Kat gladly nuzzled up against him, taking in that scent with every drag of her nose and then letting it back out in a low, shuddering sigh, down into that slightly-thicker pubic fur. She could feel the wolf's balls settle against her nose and into her nuzzling, moving slightly, stirring at her touch... and then once she tilted her head up and did the same to the base of his sheath - oh, she felt that stir, too. More than that.*

*Hard to keep her mouth shut, hard to keep her tongue from lolling out between parted lips. Already she panted openly, both under the effects of her own paw and fingers working against and inside her as well as this aroma before her nose, strong like all the other times she'd imagined it, pungent without being unpleasant. Of course it only sharpened further the closer she came to the lip of that sheath, brown fur receding to show fresh, moist pink flesh around the rim and that veined red cock within, slowly growing before her eyes. Every time she panted out over it, Natani throbbed slightly.*

*"Kat..." he murmured, and swallowed - and then sucked in a shivering gasp of his own once she nosed up against the base of his cock, folding part of the rim of his sheath down over itself. Intoxicating - that was the word for it: she could feel his slickness on the surface of her nose, could taste it as it clung to her lips while she continued to move up, placing kiss after light kiss along the contoured underside, watching the way the wolf shivered and squirmed under her gentle ministrations. It was as if he'd never gotten this kind of treatment before.*

*Kat rolled over to the other side of the chair, taking the opportunity to kick her panties off and spread her legs more fully. In this movement, she switched paws as well, and settled her now dripping wet fingers against the side of her muzzle, so that that warm slickness stuck to her nose and rolled down her cheek... and, eyes closed, imagined her own familiar scent to be Natani's instead. This warmth on her face, this electricity vibrating through her body, this powerful need and desire - all his. She let out a low huff of breath, and let her eyes flutter shut again.*

*Eyes closed like this, she had to go off of everything else to guide her. One paw between her own legs and the other cupped beneath the wolf's sack, Kat continued to move up along his length, now sliding her tongue out between her lips against his warm, wet flesh. Even just with this she could feel the tension in his body start to melt away: he settled more comfortably back in the armchair, he spread his legs loosely around her body, he pushed his hips down to grind against her muzzle...*

*...and then he lifted them up, as soon as she closed her mouth around the tapered tip of his length. Taste to go with that scent, salty and sharp with that liquid musk that kept the interior of his sheath healthily moist, and - still it made her salivate, and shiver, and eagerly swallow it down, even though its slick stickiness meant she had to swallow two or three times. For a while she lingered here at his tip, lips just past where that taper came down to a sort of blunt end.*

*Most of Eric's books focused on the female Keidran, and her body and behavior and biology, but Kat had looked through his collection probably more thoroughly than he himself had, and pulled out all the ones that interested her. She'd read up on the physiology of males, particularly lupine Keidran. Opening her eyes a little, she looked up to see Natani watching her through languid contentment... that then flickered into something brighter and more urgent when she brought her paw up and rubbed along the base of his sheath, rolling the slick skin back and forth, back and forth over the slight bulge of his knot.*

*It wasn't a conscious reaction of his. Every time she stroked down, he lifted his hips back up into*

*her muzzle and her paw, sliding a little bit deeper along her cupped tongue and between her lips; his jaw fell open, his broad tongue hung out of his mouth, he panted just as she did earlier... Kat squeezed around her own paw, having to hold herself back for a moment. His scent so rich in her nose, that matching taste embroiled strong in the back of her throat and coming back to her every time she swallowed, her own saliva mixed with the slickness of his arousal and pre, also salty, hot, slick...*

Again and again she lapped at her fingers, making sure to lick off all of her own slickness. It clung to her lips and the roof of her mouth and tickled at her nose when she breathed in, which all just made it even harder to focus and keep her thoughts straight and her fantasy going hot and hard. It'd been a long time since she'd been able to indulge like this, and seeing as how she could feel the little drips roll down the back of her other paw between her legs, she really needed it.

*Just as she'd sort of expected, taking Natani entirely into her muzzle would be... a bit of a challenge. Slowly, steadily she bobbed along his length, intentionally keeping his supple sheath held up past the bulge of his knot that only continued to twitch and slowly swell out. As arousing as it would be to feel her nose buried in that little ruff of pubic fur that ran down from below his bellybutton to the membrane hanging between the back of his sheath and his lower body, it seemed at least equally hot to her if she would have to strain a little bit to touch her lips to his knot, to feel that tip against the back of her throat and just briefly cut off her breathing.*

*When she started to come back up this time, she could taste the saltiness of his pre even stronger. Just like she'd read in the books, it was a pattern of arousal much akin to that of the wild feral wolves: fast growth, repeated sprays of liquidy pre, then sudden swelling of the knot with orgasm... once more Kat cracked her eyes, first looking up to see Natani's expression of growing tension crossed with sweet, relaxing pleasure, and then down towards his claws digging into the cloth arms of the chair, and down further towards the twitching mass she kept clenched beneath that now-taut skin.*

*She dove down once more, held him in the back of her throat, squeezed her eyes shut against the slight gag, then came back up - and released his sheath, noticing the wave of relief that flowed through his body once she did. Again, a natural reflex: he thrust his hips into her paw, fingers wrapped beneath the base of that growing bulge of flesh, hot and wet and hard. Kat tugged right up beneath it with his thrusting and nuzzled down to curl her tongue up beneath it as well, once more refreshing his sharp taste and scent in her head.*

*At this point she decided she'd given herself enough time, and slid a pair of fingers back into herself with no lack of gasp, moan, shudder, to continue with her thumb tracing over her clit. She swallowed and panted against the base of Natani's knot, not caring about the drool or pre or whatever it was that rolled down her chin and dripped down across Natani's sack and her breasts pressed up against the front of the chair. She could clean up later.*

*His scent had just continued to sharpen alongside his peaking arousal. Kat dug her lips in the tight, hot space between the base of his knot and the wrinkled lip of his sheath, tongue working its way against both and nose eagerly taking in that aroma, making her squeeze and clench around her fingers, and pant out against his flesh.*

*All at once, Natani started to gasp and buck up against her face, and she felt the first of several powerful throbs right against her nose. Then, a spray of loose cum across the side of her face, and a second... and she quickly straightened up and clamped her lips around that tip again,*

*receiving the third and fourth and remaining dribbles against the back of her throat and surface of her tongue. She could hear Natani's drained panting, the little tired exhalations that rumbled with his low voice, raspy in exhausted bliss.*

*She rolled that taste around over her tongue, also sharp, also salty, but with a definite base to it over his pre. This was Natani's taste, the flavor of his peaked physical pleasure - and Kat gladly swallowed it down, and enjoyed how she could feel it roll down her throat. With that still on her breath and his twitching cock still leaking out the last of his load onto her tongue, it didn't take long at all before she, too, was tensing up all over, sucking in breath after heavy breath, squeezing her eyes shut... and she had to come up off of the wolf's cock and bury her nose against his balls once more, biting firmly into her lower lip with the irresistible throes and waves of her own climax.*

*Every breath still carried his scent, every swallow bore his taste - taste of his musk, taste of his arousal, taste of his seed. Right as Kat started to settle back against her ankles again, her ears perked at the sound of Natani unhooking his claws from the threads of the chair... and then she found herself lifted up against him, his hard cock twitching against her own tingling, dripping sex, with him pulling her in for another kiss.*

*No doubt he could both smell and taste himself on her lips and tongue. No doubt he didn't particularly mind, either, with the way he tilted his head to the side and swirled his tongue once more into her maw, deepening the kiss as much as he could... and then he broke away from it, and drew that same tongue out across his own lips. He gave a tired smile.*

*"I think that'll be thanks enough..."*

Every part of her body tingling with the intensity of that release, it took Kat a few moments to find the strength to straighten up - and then she jumped and scooted backwards, a very warm and very wet spot right in the center of the seat cushion squishing beneath her weight. She'd kind of... lost track of herself amid her own thoughts and fantasies and self-pleasure. She remembered biting down on her lip like that, remembered frantically squeezing her legs around her own paw... vaguely remembered a rush of squirting wetness with her peak.

Timidly, she leaned over to peer at the hardwood floor, hanging onto the arm for support. So it hadn't been *that* wild. The only evidence of her climax had dripped down into a bit of a puddle right beneath the front of the chair.

Drool dripping down the side of her face, fur of her muzzle and cheek matted down from when she'd wiped her own arousal there, paws shaking, heart pounding in her throat and ears... she needed a bath now, but it'd take her a good while to find the strength to be able to walk.

Exhausted, she settled her head back against the chair and breathed out an unsteady sigh. In the hearth before her, the fire still crackled amiably. She closed her eyes once more, licked her lips as if to catch the last of Natani's saliva that she imagined to be there...

*...and murmured in return, "No, it won't. Now you really owe me, after all."*