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WARNING: May contain coarse language, violence, gore or sexual content. Reader discretion is advised.

Chapter 26. "Let It All Out"

Vilkas squeezed his tail as Shari knelt before him. At any moment, he was prepared to rip it out if it meant he retained his composure. He wanted this. He wanted the attention she was giving him. He knew it was one-sided, but he was learning the heart does what it wants whether the mind is willing.

"So...what are you going to trim? When I look at my sides, everything looks even," he said, trying to keep her away from this area at all costs.

"Well," she said, her eyes fixed on her objective. "It's just a few things. There's a tuft along the base of your sheath that bisects your gonads. And there's some strands that are longer around the preputial orifice that must irritate you when you urinate."

He squeezed his tail a bit harder as her warm breath passed over his fur.

"I did a full exam of your body, but I didn't fully examine this. I've heard some of us beast people are born with feral anatomy. I have had the opportunity to examine some, but they were all female. I find it fascinating." She reached out and traced her finger from the tip to the base of his sheath. "Do you...mind...if I look? I held back before. But...since I'm here..."

He closed his eyes and slowly breathed to try and slow his increasing heart rate. He nodded. "I don't see the appeal. But, if you want to look, then I suppose it's fine," he said with hesitation.

"Pardon my reach, then," she mumbled.

Shari placed her hand against his inner left thigh and slid her hand up to the fork. The back of her hand brushed the side of his sheath and dipped to the underside of his scrotum and over to the other thigh. Her fingers and thumb gently grabbed his sheath and slid down the length. Her fingers curved at the base and glided across the solid

object within the skin until her fingers slipped off. Her fingers returned to slide across the curved underside and across. He could feel her thumb return and her grip tighten.

“Snip. Snip. Sn-sn-snip.”

There was something unnerving about that sound as he felt the cool metal glide along his fur. It was silent for a moment. Her hand shifted until her hand was pinching one oblong object, then her other hand brushed along and pinched the other object. She gently pinched and shifted her fingers along to pinch again. It began to feel like rubbing. Her fingers cradled the skin sac and her thumbs brushed the other side.

“Seems normal. No strange bumps. No howls of pain. Feels solid,” she said and gently squeezed. “Still not masturbating, I take it?”

He squeezed his tail a bit tighter. “What? How is that important?” He asked, his voice strained.

“Clogged pipes are a problem for water to travel through. It causes a backup and more problems later. Same can be said here. It’s not widely researched, but documents have related this with erectile problems, trouble urinating or worse. It’s been said that it’s healthy to relieve yourself. Not too much, obviously. It’s just speculation, but regular release can make them feel squishy. Not taut like yours are. And there’s this,” she said and pressed her fingers in, causing his hips to flex and a grunt to escape his throat. “When these tubes, or vas deferens, are ridged near the testicle. That could be just more speculation, though.”

“Interesting. I’ll keep that in mind,” he muttered.

“Now then,” she whispered. Her fingers caressed his scrotum and snaked around to his sheath. “Nip the tip.”

“Please don’t. I’m sure that hurts worse than the tail,” he pleaded.

She giggled and released one of her hands. Her other hand moved up and down the sheath delicately. He heard her swallow. He pried an eye open to look at her. She seemed to be in a trance. Her body rocked as she breathed. Her partially open maw was inches away and her breath made his groin hot. If he wasn’t gripping his tail, he was sure more than the tip would’ve been exposed.

He squeezed his eyes shut as her hand wrapped around the base of his sheath. She pushed her hand up and held it. He opened his own mouth and began to breathe.

His claws began to press into the skin of his tail. It hurt, but he was determined to hold this intense feeling in.

After a few clips from the shears, he felt partial relief. But she still held on to his sheath. Her hot breath still seeped into his fur.

“Are we done now?” He thought as his heart began to slow down with the wave of relief he felt.

Her hand let go only to grip again by the top. His torso clenched as her hand dropped suddenly. He gasped and opened his eyes as he wrenched at his tail.

Her eyes were fixed on the pink and red rod standing before her. Her steamy breath passed over the exposed flesh causing his skin to prickle. She brought up her right hand and gently pressed her first finger to the tip of the glans. Her finger slipped across the top and along the curve to the ridge, then along the shaft. She swallowed again and brought her nose up to it. His eyes widened as she seemed to sniff his penis. She inhaled through her nose and exhaled through her mouth several times.

“This is going too far,” he tried to say, but couldn’t open his mouth to do so.

Her eyes slowly closed as her tongue slid from her mouth and gently raked the bottom of the shaft and across the tip.

“Hah...SHARI!!!” He yelped.

She startled and released his sheath as she fell backwards. She looked up at him with shock that matched his own. They stared at each other as they both heaved air into their lungs. His hand quivered as he yanked his tail away from his body.

“Ah s-...sorry,” she blurted. “I...I...”

He swallowed and continued to pant. She pushed with her hands as she slowly stood from her reclined position.

“I’ll, uh...get the bath ready,” she said and left the room.

His heart pounded and his skin crawled with pleasant chills. He could feel the tightness growing in his shaft. He began to get his breathing under control. “That was,” he thought, but couldn’t put words to the feeling. He closed his eyes and took a deep breath, swallowed and released the breath.

He heard the water running in the other room. The tightness in his groin began to subside. He released the grip on his tail and brought the hand up to rub his head. He brought his hand in front of him and looked at it. "That feels," he thought and ran his hand along his right arm. He reached over to his right side and slid his hand from his stomach to his back. He brought his arm all the way around and pressed the back of his hand against his fur. He rubbed his back down to his rear. He grabbed his aching tail and moved his hand down the length. "That feels good." He looked down and saw the tuft of fur at the base of his sheath that split his testicles was also shortened. He tilted his head and looked at his sheath. "She was right. It does look cleaner. Maybe I should keep it trimmed from now on."

He bent over and picked up the brushes and scissors in his hand, then stood and hopped over to the box. He placed the instruments in the box and closed the lid. He glanced over to his underwear. The cloth was atop a pile of fur. There was no point in putting them on.

"Shari must be washing up first," he thought as he glanced down the quiet hallway.

He turned and sat on the bench seat. He pivoted and placed his left leg along the bench. He sat and listened to the quiet splashes coming from the washroom. He placed his elbow on his thigh and buried his face into his hand. He loosed a heavy sigh. "Is this okay?" He mumbled as he tried to process what happened. His claws sank into his scalp as images flooded his head. Words began to follow.

"Do you love her?"
"Does she love you?"
"Does it matter?"
"Don't listen to him."
"Is it consensual?"
"This is depressing."
"You're depressing."
"Wear protection!"
"Shut up, you deviant."
"Darling, if the woman engages and you want it, it's okay."
"Don't let it beat you up."
"I don't see a problem. Allow yourself to enjoy it."
"Tell her how you feel. Don't wait until it's too late."

"Everything alright?"

He gasped and looked over at Shari. He breathed out and said, "Yeah. I was just thinking." He glanced away from her towel-clad body. "I just feel...overwhelmed," he muttered.

"I...I maybe went too far. Too curious...I think. But, I...I want to ask you something when you get out of the bath."

Shari's voice was calm, yet hesitant. "Maybe she was thinking about it, too," he thought and looked over at her. "Okay. I'll make it quick," he said and gave a small smile.

Shari smiled back. "Okay. I'll be in my room."

He watched her turn and disappear into her room. He pushed off the bench and made his way to the washroom. Shari had her door propped open. He could hear her brushing her hair while humming. He moved into the washroom and rested his crutches against the counter. He carefully stepped in and sank into the warm water.

"What were those voices?" He thought as he rinsed his fur. "They didn't sound familiar." He grabbed the sweet-smelling soap and rubbed it into his fur. "It felt more like the voices of a friend or family giving advice. Was that part of the memories I was supposed to have?"

He groaned and rubbed the side of his head. He lathered up his hand and rubbed it into his face. He dipped into the water and rinsed off the soap. He sighed as he leaned up against the wall. "Was I really reincarnated? I haven't thought about it since that day. It sounds silly. Surreal. Like how Shari described my childhood. And what's with the stabbing pain in my head? Is that supposed to be part of it? Shari said I was fine." He sighed and rubbed his forehead. "I shouldn't dwell on it. I should just be thankful I came to this village. That I met Shari."

He smiled and relaxed against the wall. After a few minutes, he groaned and sat up. He pulled the drain stopper and stood out of the water. He used the handle to hop out of the tub. He dried himself off and grabbed the crutches. He stepped out into the dark hallway.

"You're out," Shari said from the dining area.

The lantern moved from the table and into the hallway. She was wearing a soft, slightly glossy white gown. It was held up by thin ribbon straps. The front dipped to

show the entirety of the white bib and tops of her breasts while the rest clung to her body.

“I was just getting a snack. Did you want anything?”

“No. I’m fine. I was just going to grab something to wear.”

“Before you do that, can I talk to you?”

“I’m all ear,” he said and smiled.

She chuckled. “Cute. Go sit on my bed. I’ll be in in a second.”

“I’m...is this...”

“It’s fine. No one is going to charge in and beat you up tonight. Just sit for me...please?” Her voice and expression seemed sincere.

“Yeah. I’m sorry if I’m still nervous.”

She giggled. “I won’t bite you. Now go...sit.”

He blinked a few times, then nodded. “Okay.”

He crutched into her room and set the crutches next to the mirror. He sat on the side of her bed and turned so he could rest his knee - keeping his foot off the floor. Shari came into the room and set the lantern on her vanity. He swallowed as he watched her push the door closed.

She turned to look at him and popped a grape in her mouth. She munched and held her hand out. She held a grape in front of his muzzle between her finger and thumb. He reached out his hand.

“Open your mouth,” she instructed.

He looked from the fruit to her eyes.

“Don’t be shy,” she said with a smile.

He pulled his hand back and slowly opened his mouth. Shari pushed the grape into his mouth and tapped her finger on his bottom lip as she pulled her hand away. She

smiled and swayed her body as she pressed a grape into her mouth. He swallowed the mashed grape and waited patiently.

“It’s supposed to be cold tonight. I want to sleep with you. I’m the one that trimmed your fur when I knew it was cooling down. Any shivering might agitate your leg and cause it to swell. So...please...sit back and relax.”

Vilkas pressed his lips together as he held his breath.

“You act like I’m forcing you to. If you don’t want to, I’ll understand.”

He narrowed his eyes. “She’s not wrong. And I do. I can’t help feeling like something’s going to happen,” he thought, then glanced down.

He looked up at her. She was chewing another grape and patting her hands as if they were dirty. He gave a nervous smile. He turned and slid further onto the bed. He lifted his feet and swiveled until they were stretched out in front of him. He breathed in as he leaned into the pillow, then breathed out. His eyes widened and his heart stopped when he saw her lift her gown from her head.

“She’s moving around the bed. Naked. Lantern is still lit. Do I say something?” He thought and watched her crawl onto the bed.

She moved close to him, then turned her body and sank into the void between his right arm and his body. She squirmed up and closer to him. She sighed as she rested her head on his shoulder and lifted her right leg over his. She slowly dragged her fingers across his chest.

“Darijus...maybe it’s the cycle...maybe it’s the loneliness...maybe it’s something else...but...I *do* like you. I *do* find you attractive.. I think you are sweet...kind...caring...you’re strong...smarter than you know...and so much more that, maybe, I can’t find the words for. I think you’re going to be just fine living here. I’ve told you before that you can always come to me if you have a question, regardless of how silly you may think it might be. I want to do one final thing for you. And...I hope we can at least still be friends afterwards.”

His brain worked overtime to try and digest her words. Her words sounded pleasant and boosted his morale. But, something about them terrified him.

Shari’s hand reached over and caressed the left side of his muzzle. His thoughts melted away with her touch. She shifted and pressed his muzzle toward her. He stared

into her eyes. His heart began to ache. But the ache was staved off by the smile she wore and the kindness behind it.

She inched her muzzle closer and closer to his. Their noses touched. It sent a spark through him that he hadn't felt when doing it before. She slowly closed her eyes and pressed her lips to his. He felt uneasy with each passing second.

"I don't know what's happening, but I need to stay calm," he thought as he stared at her beautiful face.

Her lips separated from his with a '*scritch*'-like sound. Her eyes slowly opened. She closed them and pressed her lips to his again, then pulled back. He slowly blinked and looked into her eyes.

"When you kiss someone, pout your lips a little. Like this," she said softly and pushed her lips out slightly.

His hand began to tremble. He could feel the trembling move into his body.

"Calm down, Darijus," she said and stroked the side of his muzzle. "I want to teach you the last thing I can. Kissing. Touching. Sex. It can be nerve-racking the first time. It can turn a good thing bad. We won't go all the way, so you don't have to worry about getting me pregnant or anything."

It felt like his heart shrank and exploded alive. He couldn't breathe. His body was shaking so hard that his teeth began to chatter. He felt like running.

Shari reached her hand behind his head and lowered hers to the side of his chest. She gently hugged him as she stroked his head and neck.

"We don't have to. I understand," she softly whispered. "You don't have to say anything. If you don't want to, I won't go any further. We can just go to sleep like this. If you want to learn, just touch me."

"What do I do?" He thought as he looked up to the ceiling. "I don't know what to do. Isn't this too much? I want to learn. I'd hate to feel like this if it happens again. If I leave her and fall in love with someone else..."

Shari's hot breath passed over his neck. She kissed his neck. Her leg shifted and rubbed along his. Her hand moved to the side of his head and began to pet him.

“But I’m in love with h-h-her,” he thought and was interrupted by his body melting. Her breath and her kisses calmed him. “No! I can’t. I shouldn’t.”

Shari dragged her claws through his neck fur and to his chest, then began to dance along his stomach.

“I...I...we...but...”

His heart slowed to a calmer thud in his chest. This touch made him aroused before. It was soothing to him now. He lost himself to her touch. She kissed his neck again and moved her head back. He looked over at her. He reached over and slid her hair from her neck to over her shoulder. He held the back of her neck and stared into her eyes.

His eyelids lowered as he dipped his head closer to hers. He pressed his lips to hers and breathed deep through his nose. Her scent filled his nose and warmed his chest. Their lips parted before he gently pressed his lips to hers once more. A moan escaped her throat. She dug her hock into his calf and pressed into his thigh. Heat like fire seeped into his fur. She parted her lips and tapped his mouth with her tongue. He pulled back slightly.

“Follow my lead,” she whispered and kissed him.

Again their lips parted and came together again. Again he felt her jaw open and her tongue slipped against his lips. He parted his teeth and let his tongue cross them. Her soft and slippery tongue slipped over his as she pressed her lips harder into his. Her tongue slithered over by his teeth and burrowed under his tongue, then across to the other side. She did this again. He let out his breath into her mouth as he began to do the same to her. Their tongues snaked over each other and intertwined. Her breath became hotter and more frequent. He could taste and smell the sweet fragrance of the grapes.

Her leg slipped up and stretched across his thighs. She pulled her head away from his and she stared at him with glazed eyes. He felt the bed dip by his chest as she hovered over until she was sitting on his thighs. She looked down from her perch and rubbed her hands down his chest. She arched her back as she slid her hands up his chest and over his shoulders. Her soft breasts dragged over his bare chest until she pulled up. She moved her hands under the pillow and kissed him again. He felt her legs tense up as she pulled herself back and sat on his thighs again. She held a ribbon in her right hand and pulled it behind her head. Her left hand joined it and she began to tie her hair.

She lowered her hands behind her neck and dragged them over her shoulders, then across to her breasts. She moaned and swayed her hips as she brought her fingers to and in the short, downy fur. Her hands arched out from her breasts and she brought her fingers to her nipples. Her hips swayed and she bit into her bottom lip with her eyes closing. She moaned again. Her hips swayed and she moaned again, then she did it again. She drew in a deep breath and opened her eyes. She dropped her hands to her thighs.

His heart thudded in his chest. A lump rose in his throat. His mouth felt like it was drying up with his breathing. His eyes scanned every inch of her lovely form. Her eyes filled with desire. Her chest expanded and collapsed with every breath. Her stomach was smooth, then rippled with her muscles clenching. Everything about her was...

"Beautiful," he whispered.

Shari reached out with her right hand and pressed a finger to his lips.

"Kissing and touching," she began and removed her finger. "They are important parts to showing your love. Always be gentle at first. Not all women like strong advances. Now," she said and moved her hand across to his wrist. She lifted his arm and placed it on her stomach. "Touch me. Anywhere. But, be gentle. And don't linger over one spot for too long."

She moved her hand away from his and to her sides. He wasn't sure what to do. He rather enjoyed the feel of her stomach and how the muscles moved beneath his fingers. He moved his hand over her soft fur. Slightly up near her breasts, then down near the heat that emanated from her groin. He did this a few times, then stopped. He swallowed. His mouth felt dry and it was a bit uncomfortable swallowing. He inhaled and felt his hand tremble a bit.

He pulled back his clawed fingers and pressed into her fur as he brought his hand up. Slowly, and a bit jerky, his fingers made contact with the soft mound of flesh. She moaned softly as his fingers dropped into the fur. One of his fingers flicked against the hard, pink spot near the middle. She sucked in a breath between her teeth.

"Careful. That's really sensitive," she warned.

He nodded and swallowed again. He spread his fingers to avoid that spot for now. He slowly flexed his fingers. They sank into her fur, then into her skin until they

found something inside that was a bit like her nipple. It was solid, but gave a bit if he squeezed.

“They’re just fat and mammary glands. The tissue you feel is where milk is formed and stored when we get pregnant. Otherwise they’re decorations.”

She reached her hand up to his. She pulled his hand away and moved it against her breast until his finger was next to her nipple in the fleshy circle surrounding it. She slid her hand over his and pulled his thumb up to the other side of the nub. She moaned as she drew his fingers onto the stiff, fleshy tissue.

“That’s where the milk comes out of. Because they’re sensitive, it can be pleasant or painful when a child nurses.” She moved her hand away. “Touch anywhere and everywhere. I have a neck, arms and legs, too,” she said and grinned.

He swallowed the nothing in his mouth again. He drew a sharp breath in as his head ached. More images flooded his brain. Bodies and motions flashed in his head. He breathed out and composed himself.

He gently gripped her nipple again, causing her to moan. He turned his fingers causing her to gasp, then moan a bit louder. He spread the digits and brought his other fingers in to caress the mound. She moaned a bit softer as he gently slid his hands around the side of the mound. He dragged his fingers across and down, then moved his hand up to carefully cup the other breast. He moved his fingers around the soft fur and skin. As he moved his hand over it, he pulled off a finger, then another until his first finger remained. He circled his finger around the fur and in to the fleshy circle. She hummed and her body trembled as he came closer and closer to the spire. She gasped and moaned again as he carefully grasped and rolled the nub between his fingers.

He brought his hand down and caressed her thigh. He swayed and slithered his hand up to her stomach, then up to her chest. He passed his hand between her breasts and across her collarbone. She softly moaned and hummed as her thighs tightened or swayed against his. She gasped and trembled as he brought his hand up to her neck. She drew her head back as he rubbed his palm pad into her rough windpipe, then up to the squishy part between her jaw hinges. He pushed up until his pad rested against her mandible, then he dropped it and retraced his path back down her chest and stomach.

She rocked her head back down to look at him as her whole body swayed with each breath. He swallowed again and flicked his dry tongue against his lips. He tightened his abs and moved his hand around to her back as he sat up. He rubbed her back as he breathed onto her chest. He rubbed her back as he dipped his muzzle to the

side and tipped his head. Her lower jaw brushed against his damaged ear as he kissed her collarbone. She hummed and brought her arms around his back. Her fingers raked through his fur as he kissed her neck. She tilted her head away from his as he kissed higher on her neck. His rough tongue scraped against the side of her windpipe until he ended it with a kiss just inside the hinge of her jaw.

“Mmm...yes,” she hissed as her claws raked down his back.

He slid his tongue out and licked where he kissed, then kissed it again. He worked his hand down her back and down to her thigh as he kissed down her neck. He got to the base of her neck and kissed along her collarbone as his hand found the slight wrinkle at the base of her tail.

She moaned and moved her hands. She hummed as her hands slid up his neck and behind his head. She breathed out of her mouth as he kissed back to her neck and began to climb again. Her hand moved from his neck and grabbed his ear. She pulled his ear making his head pull away from her. She smashed her lips against his. She breathed from her mouth again as her tongue slid inside of his mouth. He stroked her tail and moved his hand over and under the tight curve of her rump. Her tongue thrashed about with his until she clamped down her teeth. She pulled his tongue further out of his mouth as her tongue danced across his.

She scraped her teeth along his tongue as she pulled her head back, then released his tongue. She slowly opened her eyes as she breathed on his face with her tongue slightly out of her mouth. He dove in and gently bit into the curve of her neck and shoulder.

“HAH!” She cried out as she pressed behind his head with her hands. “Ah! Gobble me up, you big, bad wolf,” she cooed.

He lifted his teeth from her shoulder and bent his head back. He looked at her straight-faced.

“What? Don’t stop,” she pleaded. She looked back at him as her breathing calmed a bit. “So I suck at talking dirty. Shut up and keep going,” she whined.

He chuckled and kissed the tip of her nose. He kissed her lips, then along the side of her muzzle. He kissed the side of her neck as she angled her head away with another moan. He licked and kissed down her neck to her collarbone. He slid his hand up her back to her neck. He ran his hand across her hair and carefully grabbed the swinging tail. He gently pulled and kissed down her chest.

“Haaaaah,” she sighed as her shoulders rocked back. “This is new,” she wheezed as his kisses traveled down the middle of her chest.

He slowed his descent and began to lick and kiss as he moved lower. He grazed his nose over her fur to her breast. He dipped his head and slid his nose around the bottom curve, then around to the side. He rocked his head slightly to the back and side. She moaned as his breath passed over the pink nub. He placed his tongue into the pink circle and slid it up and over the taut tissue.

She whined as her fingers clenched and pulled the fur on the back of his head. He let go of the hair tail and raked his claws into her back fur. She shivered and straightened her spine. He circled his tongue around the pink circle, then dropped his lips onto her nipple. She hummed and whined as she pressed her chest into his muzzle and pulled his head against her. He worked his tongue over and gently suckled her nipple, causing her to tremble and whine.

“Gah!” She cried out and brought her hands to his shoulders.

She shoved his shoulders and he collapsed into the pillow with a startle. She held her hands out and breathed heavily. She stared at him as if she were angry. He felt that sinking feeling in his chest again as if he’d done something wrong. With each breath, her arms dipped lower and lower. Her hands reached her thighs and she stared at him for a moment. She rocked to her left and slipped her foot out. She placed it next to his arm and stared at him some more. She flexed her stomach and rocked her hips up until she was kneeling. Her tail dragged along his balls and over his sheath. His groin began to heat up at the sensation of her soft and fluffy extremity resting over top of it.

“Good,” she finally panted out. “Now,” she wheezed and reached for his hand.

She brought his hand over his stomach until it was resting under her. She brought her left hand around and slid it along her stomach to her navel, then down until it covered the split in her fur. She moved her fingers for a second, then brought her hand out. She turned her hand so her finger pads faced him, then moved it closer and closer to his muzzle. The smell alone caused his skin to crawl. She moved her fingers into his mouth and slid her first two fingers across his tongue.

The taste was slightly sweet and slightly bitter. It was a bit like her saliva, but it was a lot slicker. He shivered with the taste and the smell violating his senses. He lost his breath and his eyelids flickered, his eyes rolling up as he wrapped his lips around her fingers.

“Every woman is different. Every taste is different - especially around this time. I washed well so I wouldn’t gross you out with the blood. The flow is light this time so it shouldn’t...”

He held his eyes closed while licking and suckling on her fingers. He hummed around them as she rambled on.

“You’re right. Not the time for that kind of talk. Sorry.” She pulled her fingers out of his mouth with a slight ‘pop’. She giggled. “I didn’t think I was *that* good. I accept your compliment, though.” She pulled on his wrist and he watched as she looked down. “This,” she said and pushed his finger against her. “Is the outer labia.”

He could feel the heat emitting from this part of her. She rubbed his finger up, around, and down the velvety fur around the split. She moved his finger slightly in until he touched a damp, slick, tender-feeling flesh similar to that around her nipple. She hummed a little as she moved his finger over it.

“That’s the inner labia. Technically ‘majora’ and ‘minora’. Not important. This,” she said and moved her finger closer to him. “Is where I pee. So we won’t linger there. This,” she said and moved her finger up a little further. She trembled a little. “Your fingers are so rough,” she whispered. “This is the clitoris. As I get more and more aroused, it’ll expand and become a bit like my nipples. It’s also very sensitive. Some women have it more or less sensitive. That’s part of the fun of experimenting.” She giggled and let go of his wrist. “Go ahead and explore a little.”

He lowered his hand and licked his lips, then swallowed. He carefully traced his finger over the outer rim. She hummed and breathed more shallow breaths as he moved. He recalled some of the other images that flashed in his mind. He gently traced his finger in and around the silky and slick part, then brushed his finger across the small nub.

“Mmm...fuck!” She cried as her hips bucked away from his finger. “Sorry, sweetie. Your fingers are just too rough for me. Let’s try this.”

She moved his hand away from her and around her leg. She lurched and dragged her knee into his right armpit. The scent she brought with it started to cause his groin to stiffen. If he had any fears, this scent would drive them away.

“Try using your tongue,” she said as she dropped her right knee into his armpit.

She leaned forward and placed her hands on the wall. He could see the slightly puffy outside and where it split. It was a bit hard to see everything at this angle. He moved his tongue in his mouth, but he just couldn't muster any moisture. He slowly slid his tongue out and placed it against her. It tasted like what she put in his mouth, but there was a slight metallic taste to it. It was almost the same flavor and texture of a raw steak. He felt her shiver and grunt as he moved his tongue from the middle and off from the top by the nub.

"Your mouth is dry, isn't it?" She asked as she pulled away. "I didn't think about that. You were obviously nervous and I bet it caused your mouth to dry out. Let me get you something real quick."

She rocked back and forth as she shimmied back. She brought her left knee between his legs and brought her right foot down to the floor. She slipped off the bed and left the room. He heard her opening, closing and rattling things around. She came back a moment later. She held out a cup as she chewed on something. He sat up and took the cup from her hand. He took a drink of the berry juice. His mouth tingled and it felt like saliva was gushing from his cheeks. He took another drink and moved it around in his mouth, then swallowed. Shari took the cup and held out her hand over his muzzle. She took a drink as she dropped a few grapes into his maw.

"Uhh, that's better," she whispered. "You better?" She asked and slid some grapes in her mouth.

He nodded as he smashed the fruit with his teeth. She swallowed and moved her tongue in her mouth before taking another sip. She held out the cup.

"Get the bits out of your mouth and teeth. It's not good to have bits of food in your mouth when servicing a woman," she said nonchalantly. He took the cup and swished the juice in his mouth. "I'll be honest, I've never done this. I guess that separates you from the rest," she said, her voice sounding sad. "Guess I'm just sleeping with the wrong guys," she muttered sullenly.

He felt the tightness in his groin recede. The tightness moved to his chest as he looked away from her and took another sip of the juice.

"I ruined the mood, didn't I? I know that look."

"What should I do?" He thought.

He took another sip of the juice and looked at her. She was looking down at the floor with her eyes moving along the floorboards. He held the cup out to her. She snapped her eyes to the cup and carefully took it from him. She took a drink and set the cup down on the vanity.

"I hate seeing her like that."

He felt something damp slide across his fur. He looked down. His penis was still peeking from his sheath and a clear drop was sliding just past the prepuce. He reached out and grabbed her hand. He brought it down and slid her finger up his sheath and across the tip. He looked up at her and let go of her hand.

"I don't know whether to be grossed out or turned on," she said flatly.

She brought her finger up and sniffed it. She slowly opened her mouth and pressed it to her tongue. She pressed her lips against her finger and pulled it free. She stared at him as she smacked her lips.

"It's not gross. It doesn't taste like much. Kinda like mine, I suppose. It doesn't smell like I'm Ularn's shop and I'm licking the metal he's working on."

She smacked her lips again and glanced away, then back at him. He reached out and caressed her cheek. She smiled and stepped closer to him. He closed his eyes and tipped his muzzle up towards her. She kissed his lips. She kissed again. He parted his muzzle and was met with her lips and tongue. He felt her move and place her knee on the bed, then the other. He felt her hand on the bed and followed her muzzle as she moved in front of him.

She pulled her lips away and breathed. He moved his hand along her body and she dove in for another round of kissing. She moaned in his mouth as he raked his claws lightly against her back. He followed her muzzle as it moved above his. He felt her knees press into the bed by his torso. She parted the kiss and he watched her sit upright. He moved his hand around and across her stomach, then up to her breasts. She grabbed his hand and helped him move it across her breasts and neck. She rolled her head back and ground her hips into his stomach.

He dug his hock into the bed as he moved his hand down. He moved his hand further and further down, then reached between her legs. He pressed the crook of his thumb next to her puffy mound and placed his fingers against her tight rump. He dug in and pulled with his hock as he lifted her up and onto his shoulders. She yipped and slapped her hands against the wall.

“Could’ve warned muh...muh...moh...”

He pressed his wet tongue against her mound. He lapped from the middle and over the nub. He noticed it wasn’t as warm as it was, nor as slick. He teased the tip of his tongue over the thin flap around the outside in circles. He narrowed the circles as she moaned and hummed above him. Her scent and taste started making his sheath fill up, but the shin bones digging into his shoulders kept it from overwhelming him.

Several times he would lap, then circle around her slit. He could feel it warming up against his tongue and it was becoming slicker. Her nails started to scratch against the wall and her breathing became erratic. She moaned louder, then sucked air between her teeth and groaned.

He circled her silky fold again, then dug his tongue in as he lapped across the surface. He felt her shins dig into his shoulders towards his head. He narrowed the end of his tongue and did another circle. He stopped his tongue between the two sides and pressed into the damp tissue. She placed her hand on his muzzle and angled it down a little.

“There,” she huffed and moved her hand.

He slowly slid his tongue in and found it kept going in.

“Grr..fuck yes!” She cried as her nails scraped against the wall. “Up and towards you a bit. Up and...hah...towards you...hah hah.”

He extended his tongue as he curled it in. It felt like more of the same slick, silky flesh with a spongy, wavy texture. His tongue came to and slipped up a slightly rougher patch.

“Shit! Fuck!” She cried out, her body trembling and her nails sliding further down the wall. “That’s the stuff!”

He reached as far as he could and dragged his tongue along the patch and back out.

“HAH! YES! YES!” She cried. “MORE!”

He slipped the flat of his tongue around the outside again. He teased the skin with the tip of his tongue and drew a circle around the nub. It was slightly bigger and

denser than the first time he touched it. He heard her whine and scratch the wall as his tongue circled slowly around and then across it. He wiggled his tongue as he slowly slid it back inside. He arched his tongue up and across the rough patch again. She shivered and breathed out louder and louder. He tapped his tongue against it and wiggled it across the spot.

“Ah...hah...HAH!” She cried, and held her breath.

Her body trembled harder as his tongue danced and lapped slow, then faster and faster. He felt her weight press into his muzzle as she moved her hips. He could feel his sheath slowly fill up as her scent caressed his nose, her taste covered his mouth, and her moans filled his ears. She quickly breathed out and in as her body seemed to tense up.

“Haa-urr-aah!” She growled as her body quaked and dug into his muzzle.

He heard her nails scrape down the wall. He slowed his tongue as he felt her hot breath on his head. She was slumped over with her head against the pillow. He couldn't see her face. He lapped a few more times when she suddenly shot up.

“Almost,” she huffed.

Her legs leapt from his shoulders and she shimmied down until she was hovering over his thighs. She reached behind her and fondled his balls as her other hand wrapped around his sheath. She stared into his eyes with that look. He remembered that look from one of the images. It was a look of sheer desire. It was a bit frightening. But, he felt like he knew what was coming next.

“Sha...hah...wait,” he breathed out and pushed himself up to the pillow.

He saw her head dip and her tongue slid around the tip of his penis. His body clenched and shivered as he gripped the corner of the bed. Her eyes moved from his groin to lock onto his. He watched as saliva dripped from her lips onto his exposed flesh. Her head dipped and he felt her lips wrap around the end and suckle gently, then a bit harder. His eyes widened and his body quaked. He felt a wave of tiny prickles dance across his skin and up to his head. It was hard to keep his eyes open.

Her hand slowly slid with his sheath to expose the rest of his penis. Her tongue tapped against the surface down to the base where his knot was forming. She stared at it as she breathed through her nose. She opened her mouth. It was a bit frightening as

her teeth came into full view. Her tongue slipped out and against the base, then slowly dragged up and off the tip.

She looked at him again and licked her lips. She grinned. He flinched. He disappeared within her muzzle. He felt his muscles flex and he lost his breath with the heat and the movement around his sensitive area. She hummed. He shivered. He felt pressure around it as she drew her muzzle up. His penis came back into view with a slight 'screech' and a 'smack'. She grinned at him again as her eyes narrowed. She held him in her hand as she crawled up and placed her knees by his side. They both looked at the same thing.

"Sh-Shari...wait. Are you...sh-sure?" He asked and waited for her reply.

His eyes widened as she pressed against the tip of his penis and slid it along her hot, slick opening. She did it again, then held it still as she looked over at him. He gripped the side of the bed tighter. He felt his penis twitch as a small, prickly wave of pleasure washed over him. He was beginning to feel nervous again.

He watched as her flexed abdomen relaxed and he began to disappear inside of her. His muscles flexed again and his hips bucked away from the sudden shock of pleasure he felt. He couldn't properly describe it. The warmth, the wetness and the bit of friction that felt like nothing he'd felt before. It felt amazing. He wanted more, but it still frightened him.

She flexed and rose up, then relaxed and sank a bit further down. He held fast as she did that two more times until he could only see the contrast of their fur. His penis twitched as he took in the entire picture. He raised his gaze up her stomach to her chest and up to her eyes. She leaned in and kissed him. He moved his head to the side as his breath left his mouth. He breathed a few times to recharge his lungs. He looked back at her. She smiled warmly. He tried to smile back. Her eyes narrowed and he felt something squeeze his penis. His eyes darted down, then back up at her.

"Hn-hn," she chuckled with a toothy smile.

She began to move her hips. It felt like his penis was being dragged away from his body, then returned as she slid down on top of him.

"This part's all about rhythm. Pull back when I do. Thrust when I do," she whispered. She pressed her body against his and began to kiss his neck. "I wouldn't mind it, but try not to cum inside me. I'll take my chances with a little, but a lot is as good

as pregnant. So if you feel like you're about to explode, pull out and I'll take care of you."

He couldn't speak. His thoughts were mush. He closed his eyes and enjoyed the feeling around his penis.

He felt her pull away. When he felt her coming back down, he raised his hips a bit and pressed against her. It felt natural. Like this is how it was supposed to be done. He felt her hot breath against his neck. He felt the heat and the pressure around his penis. It felt better than her hand. It felt better than her tongue. It felt better than her mouth.

Their breathing and bodies began to match as she slid off of him and he pressed into her. He felt himself twitch and throb inside of her. It added to the collection of amazing feelings he was having. She picked up her pace. He tried to match her and failed. He waited and started again. He wasn't sure what her pace was now as she began to slide up and slap into him. He breathed in and allowed her to take control.

"Darijus. Mmm. Oh, Darijus," she huffed as she began to slam into his pelvis.

She wrapped her arms around his neck and placed her head on his shoulder as she breathed against his neck. He moved his hand from the bed and began to move it along her back. He found her pace and ground into her when she slammed down. His hand moved down by her tail and rubbed around the base of it.

"HAH!" She cried out. "Hah-hah-hah-hah-mmm," she breathed out as she assaulted his pelvis.

He moved his hand along her back again, across her tail and squeezed her firm behind. He could feel that tightening feeling build within him. Her pelvis stopped rising.

"Nng! Yes! Fuck me, Darijus! Oh! Yes! Fuck me!" She cried out into his neck as she ground into him.

He felt close to exploding. If it was like last time, there were still a few more moments to enjoy this feeling.

"I can't believe this is happening. This is amazing! I love her so much. I want her to be the first for everything I do. Please let me stay with her forever," he thought as he felt his eyes begin to water.

“OH! YES! YES, DARIJUS! YE-...SHIT!!!” She yelled and pushed away from his chest. He saw the panic in her eyes. “Shit-shit-shit-shit-no-no-no-no!” She cried as she pushed her hands into his chest and tried to lift off of him. “No-no-no-no!” She cried.

“Wha-...” He looked and saw what she was worried about. He could see her soft mound bulge as she tried to pull away.

He looked back at her just as worried. He felt her body tremble, then begin to quake as she squeezed her eyes shut. She balled her fists and pounded his chest. She sat up and appeared to be writhing in pain - her arms flailing, clutching her hair or trying to push against him.

“Fuck!” She cried, strained through her clenched teeth. She sat upright and looked at him with pain and tears in her eyes. “Shove it in,” she wheezed. “One...two...three!” He watched as she pulled up, then slammed back onto his hips. “Gah!” she cried out and collapsed onto his chest. “Fuck that hurt,” she breathed out and began to gasp.

Her words were lost on him. He felt the tight feeling crescendo and rip from inside his hips. He reached up and grabbed her shoulder - pulling her tighter against him as he raised his hips into her.

His whole body flexed and froze as he held his breath. His face felt like it was going to implode with how hard he was squeezing it. “Fuck...I’m sorry,” he managed to squeak out from the strain. “Grk..GAH! HAAAH! HAAAH!” He cried out as he felt a hot, painful - yet very pleasurable - streak shoot from his body over and over.

“Dammit!” She hissed. She brought her hand up and stroked the side of his head. “Let it all out, sweetie,” she whispered.

He forced his hips into hers as he pulled her body down. He rocked his hips back and mashed them against hers over and over as he felt his penis twitch and spray inside of her. He moved his hand down to just above her tail and pushed down as he sank his teeth into her shoulder.

“Kah..RRR!” She growled. “Fuck that hurts!” She strained out. “Please stop, Darijus. Please.”

He pulled his hips back, let his arm relax, then smashed into her again as he pressed down on her back. The wave of pleasure slowly ebbed from his body and plateaued as he relaxed back against the pillow. His tongue fell out of his mouth as he

gasped for air. He continued to twitch and throb inside of her as his body began to shake.

“Ow. I guess that was payback,” she muttered. “Better than my hand?” She asked as she continued to stroke the side of his head.

“Much gooder so,” he huffed out and looked over at her.

She giggled. The sensation of her body moving traveled across her fur, but he also felt it inside of her.

“Not sentence is,” she said and giggled again.

He kissed her forehead. She turned her muzzle up and kissed him. He continued to enjoy and relish the feeling of her body pressed against his with her insides squeezing and releasing him as he throbbed inside of her. It didn't feel like the several initial pangs of release, but he could swear he was still spraying a little inside of her.

“I can feel you inside me,” she whispered and kissed him. “Throbbing,” she whispered and kissed him. “Twitching,” she whispered and kissed him again. She moved her tongue around his and kissed him again. “Your cum feels like lava inside of me.”

They continued to kiss until he felt her begin to tremble.

“Oh shit,” she said and pulled away from his muzzle. “Hah...yes...yes.” She began to move her hips again. “Oh, that's a good spot,” she whispered. She swirled her hips as she ground into him. She gasped and sat upright. She gyrated over and over against him. “Oh, fuck!” She cried out.

She began to move her hands over her body. She slid her hands up her stomach and grabbed her breasts. She reached out and grabbed his hand and pressed it into her breast. He slowly moved his hand as he watched her pinch her other nipple. She dipped back and began to fondle his balls. He moved his knees apart and began to move his hips into her.

“Yes! That!” She cried. Her mouth dropped open and her eyes disappeared behind her eyelids. “I...hah...can feel you...hah...brush...hah...against...hah...my cervix,” she panted out.

He continued to knead and gently squeeze her breast or pinch her nipple. She moved her hand from her breast to her groin.

“HAH! FUCK!” She cried out.

She held her breath as her hand frantically moved across her groin. He felt himself begin to enjoy the movement. He started to grunt and moan as she moved. The pleasure began to build inside of him as she squeezed around his knot. Her hips began to buck forwards and backwards against him. She finally began to breathe. She gasped as he moved his hand over her.

“DARIJUS!” She cried out and collapsed on top of him.

He reached around and ran his fingers over her back as she smashed her lips against his. Her body froze as she held her breath. Her face squeezed in on itself as her lips slipped from his and she fell against his shoulder. She shoved her hands behind his head and squeezed him in a tight hug.

“GAH FUCK!!!” She cried out as her body began to shake.

He reached down and gently pulled her tail.

“Grrrohaah!” She growled as she continued to shake, freeze, then shake some more.

He continued to rock his hips and grind into her until he felt his second release coming. He breathed in and held his breath as he pounded into her. His hips rose as he pushed up with his feet.

“PAH! AAAH!!!” He yelled as his penis released inside of her. He continued to grind into her as he held her tightly against him. “Nng...GAH!” he cried and collapsed into the pillow again.

As he breathed, he could hear her breath as she continued to tremble on top of him and twitch around his penis.

“Hoo...hoo...I can’t move...I can’t move,” she gasped.

“Hah...hah...me neither,” he gasped back.

They continued to pant and wheeze as they both trembled and twitched. He wasn't sure how long they stayed like that, but he wished it would last forever.

"That was amazing," she whispered and kissed his neck, her grip loosening around him.

"Yeah. It was," he whispered back.

"We're stuck like this, huh?"

"I guess so."

She giggled and kissed his neck again. She let out a lengthy breath. "I kinda want to do this again."

"Me too."

"Well, normally this is the part where we clean up, cuddle and kiss until we fall asleep. I guess that'll have to wait."

"Yeah." He felt his heart finally slow down and his breathing return to normal. "Shari..."

"Shh."

"Shari, I..."

She bit into his shoulder.

"OW!" He yipped. She released her teeth. "What was *that* f-..."

"Don't..speak!" She demanded. She sighed and kissed where she bit him, then rested her head back down. "No talking during the afterglow." She kissed his neck again. "Just relax and enjoy this part."

He sighed. He looked over and kissed her forehead. "I love you so much," he thought and looked back to the ceiling as he continued to pulsate inside of her.