

“Exactly what it says on the tin.”

— No name

# Bonus Stories

“*[Adult Humor is the]*  
best adulterous smut  
I’ve ever read.”

— Schrodinger

**amenon**

Copyright © 2017 by amenon (key ID 267C5E47)

The characters are originally from Twokinds (<http://2kinds.com>), by Thomas J. Fischbach, and were used under the auspices of Creative Commons BY-NC-SA 3.0 US licensing. No endorsement of this work by the licensor is implied.

This work is licensed under CC BY-NC-SA 4.0: <http://creativecommons.org/licenses/by-nc-sa/4.0/>

# About That Apron

You can tell when the heat is about to end, if you know what to look for. Keith saw it now, on Natani's face, as he was grinding into the wolf, deep, striving to give him just that little bit more. The wolf's arms had fallen away, his hands now clutching at the sheets, maybe to spare Keith's back from his claws, maybe just because that was how the pleasure was taking him, but his legs were still wrapped around Keith, pulling him in, asking, demanding, so tight it was hard for Keith to keep moving his hips. Natani was moaning and panting, tensing around him in an erratic rhythm, right on the brink of losing all control, his heat a dam that was about to break.

He was so, so beautiful.

Keith dug his toes into the mattress, *anything* for just a bit more leverage, and *pushed*, hips shifting against hips, everything lining up just right—then grunted, arm faltering and dropping him down to one elbow as Natani *squeezed* around his aching member, the wolf's legs grabbing even harder as Natani tensed with his peak, his moans building into almost a howl. Keith rested on his elbow but kept bucking his hips, straining for tiny fitful thrusts even as the wolf shook under and around him, and watched Natani's face as his tension broke first into pleasure, then into something greater than any old climax; the relief of a heat fulfilled.

Keith had seen something a lot like it on Zen's face, some minutes earlier, after that wolf had reached his own fulfillment, thrusting into Keith's mouth, his hand holding the basin's head still against Natani's chest. Keith had swallowed around the wolf as Zen had reached his peak, knot throbbing, so hot against his lips, but the wolf had run dry. He'd pulled out, with that same look of immense relief on his face, and all he'd had left in him was one gentle touch on Keith's ears before he'd toppled over, asleep before he even hit the mattress.

Natani's legs fell away from around Keith, the wolf going lax, *done*. Natani smiled warmly at him, and Keith could feel the wolf's hand on his ears, making his heart leap. His work done, Keith let himself finish one more time, just a matter of taking a few longer thrusts before he too tumbled off the edge, collapsing on top of Natani, his hips jerking feebly as the orgasm washed over him, his balls clenching, uselessly, trying to give the wolf more of what he'd already taken all of.

It was done.

Nine days.

Or was it ten? He didn't have the strength to furrow his brow, just then. But it might have been ten. Either way, the wolves sharing the heat had made it last longer.

He didn't mind. There was no part of him that wasn't sore, but...

He really didn't mind.

Keith wriggled under Natani's hand on his ears, nuzzling more comfortably into his breasts and drawing a chuckle and some heavier petting from the wolf. Keith relaxed, letting his weight settle on Natani, luxuriating in his warmth, melting into it. He could feel the wolf's breathing, his very heartbeat, almost as if it was his own. Keith reached out with a hand and looked for Zen, finding the wolf's thigh. He dug his fingers into Zen's fur, also relishing in that small patch of

warmth and contact. He would rather have been between the wolves, but there was no way he was moving. And besides...

Keith slid his other hand up Natani's side, tucking it under the wolf's upper arm.

He fit here.

It didn't take long for Natani's hand on his ears to still, and Keith could feel the change in the wolf's breathing as he slipped away to sleep. Keith let out a long, happy sigh. He could feel himself start to go soft inside Natani, and managed a tired chuckle. The wolves wouldn't have believed that. They always liked to say that he was insatiable.

And that... wasn't entirely untrue. If Natani hadn't been done, Keith wouldn't have been either. If Natani or Zen needed him, he would always answer.

Always.

Natani started snoring, and Keith laughed quietly to himself. He knew that even with that ruckus, he could have dozed off on the wolf's chest. He'd had plenty of practice. But nature was beginning to call, and the sooner he took care of that, the sooner he could get back, and all of them more comfortable for a longer rest. Last fall, Natani had slept for an entire day after they were done, and Keith rather felt like he wanted to try that himself.

With some trouble, he roused his body, and gently shook off the wolf's hand. There was a very wet sensation as he pulled out of Natani, into the cooler air of the room, and a fresh strain of the wolf's heat-scent reached his nose.

Even now, it made Keith's mind want to cloud over, and he had to stop himself from nuzzling his way right down to the source, settling in, and losing himself in tender worship, tongue against lips, plying, drinking deep all that he could coax from the wolf.

He felt himself stirring, and shook his head, rueful. Maybe he really was insatiable. But he forced the thoughts out of his mind and clambered off the bed, then took a moment to look down at the sleeping wolves. Both looked easy, happy, *content*, and Keith's heart sang at the sight.

He didn't bother dressing. He hadn't worn anything since that first day back, when he'd undressed for the bath. For all he knew those clothes were still there, though probably either Zen or Natani had put them away. During the heat, the wolves had taken care of everything else, and Keith had taken care of the wolves, dedicating all of his time to them as they'd made themselves available, one or the other or both, in this or that body, until he'd almost lost track of which wolf was which.

He thought maybe the wolves had as well, a few times.

After he'd relieved himself, Keith's body filed its next most significant complaint, and he decided he'd better get a little something to eat first if he was going to try hibernating. The wolves had kept him well fed for the most part, but right toward the end things had gotten a little... wild, as the marathon had turned into a final sprint, and all the smaller necessities had fallen by the wayside.

Probably a good idea to rehydrate, too.

He was poking through the kitchen, trying to decide what to eat, when something caught his eye; a corner of pink, poking out from under the big brown apron hanging topmost on the peg.

Oh. Right. He'd forgotten...

Keith intended to just shift the first apron out of the way, but when he had its weight in his hand, and caught its scent—Natani and Zen both—he decided to try it on instead. It really was wolf-sized. He had to stand on his tiptoes to keep the front from sliding off his ankles and onto the ground.

Keith shook his head, smiling, and replaced it on the peg, taking the pink one instead, holding it up and looking at it.

The frills were maybe a bit much.

But...

Keith slipped it on, and tied the apron strings behind himself.

It fit perfectly.

And it had caught some of the wolves' scents, from the other apron.

No mirror in the kitchen... Keith padded out to the full-body mirror in the hall, and looked at himself.

He did blush.

But he also knew that he wanted the wolves to see him like that, blush and all. Wanted the reactions.

Wanted the love.

Maybe he should bring them breakfast in bed tomorrow? Hmm... no. Or, he should, if he woke up first, but not wearing the apron. Or at least, not wearing *just* the apron. That didn't quite feel like the right use for it...

Still turning the ideas over in his mind, Keith returned to the kitchen and went through the pantry, collecting various fruit and vegetables, and—in deference to the wolves—some strips of jerky. He smiled to himself, and shook his head. They'd be *scandalized* if he ate *no* meat.

He didn't bother setting himself a place and just ate at the counter, cutting this or that and popping it into his mouth, humming to himself. It was a nice kitchen. He could see himself spending a lot of time there. And at the house in general. It already felt like home. And to have a place that was just for them, out of danger... for a moment he felt nothing but gratitude, no matter how it had come about.

He heard a momentous yawn from the hallway, and turned his head just in time to see Zen emerge.

"Keith? Are you..."

Keith could see the wolf take him in, running his eyes up and down, the sleepiness on his face slowly giving way to a very complimentary look of hazy lust.

Oh. Right. He was still wearing the apron. And nothing but the apron. Giving Zen a three-quarters view of his rump.

There was that blush again, quickly followed by his own growing sense of excitement as he watched Zen's reaction. The wolf was fully naked, and there was no question that—even after all the earlier mayhem—he liked what he saw. Keith felt a thrill that he would still react so strongly, and became aware that his body was reacting to Zen's reaction, the apron suddenly feeling a little snug at the front. Keith pushed the knife he'd been holding a safe distance away, then half-turned, showing Zen his side profile. Tempting the wolf.

And the wolf responded, not saying a word as he closed the distance between them, turning Keith to face him, pushing him against the counter, kissing him with a slow, lazy sort of heat. So it wasn't as if he'd forgotten his exhaustion... Keith answered in the same vein, happy for something slower than the frenzy of the previous days. But if the wolf was slow, he was also heavy. Implacable. Inevitable. Keith's heart beat faster at what the kiss was telling him, and not just the kiss; the wolf was fully hard now, and Keith could feel the heat of his erection, feel the *weight* of it against his stomach, nothing but the apron between them. His own dick was rubbing against the base of Zen's, sliding against the knot starting to form there.

And this wasn't because of the heat. This was just for him.

Zen turned Keith around, and he felt the wolf's hands roaming down the sides of the apron to his hips. Zen pulled Keith against himself, the heat of his hardness against the base of Keith's tail making his spine tingle in anticipation. Keith pushed back with his hips, rubbing against Zen, spacing himself away from the counter only to lean down against it, looking back at the wolf as he bent over, arching his back and pushing his ass higher, trying to kiss the wolf's knot with his pucker.

He rather thought Zen liked it.

The wolf pulled on Keith's hips to grind against him, making him go up on tiptoes, and Keith shivered as he felt that hot touch of flesh on flesh, his tail twitching against Zen's shaft, the wolf throbbing in response.

Zen sighed, and some of his exhaustion shone through. "Damn lube is in the bedroom."

"Try without."

It was that kind of moment.

"You sure?"

Keith lowered his head, leaning his cheek on his hands on the counter, still looking back at Zen. His heart was fluttering in his chest, and he let it show. "Just go slow."

"Slow it is."

Zen let Keith's hips down, and he settled his stance so he could try and relax. The wolf pulled away, one of his hands leaving Keith's hips, and Keith barely had time to miss the heat of Zen's knot before it was replaced with the heat of his tip, slowly plying into Keith, teasing its way into the ring of his pucker. Keith felt himself give, and welcomed it, that familiar feeling of being spread—of beginning to be filled—making his dick jump in anticipation.

Zen got his tip firmly lodged under Keith's tail, but then his slow thrust came to a tight stop, each inch only adding to the friction. It didn't exactly feel dry, but there was a world of difference from a proper lube job, and Keith suddenly felt very aware again that the wolf was a lot to take. Zen just held, not pushing with his hips at all, but his hand was at his dick, slowly shifting it from side to side, trying to work it deeper in. Keith felt a throb, and some more slickness, and squeezed on the wolf's tip, trying to coax more pre out of him. Zen huffed, and Keith did it again.

Maybe it worked, or maybe it was just in Keith's head, but when he relaxed again Zen slid a little deeper, making Keith's dick give another involuntary little jump in the apron, some pre of his own squeezing out to make a wet spot on the fabric.

The wolf was so... huge, and hot, and throbbing.

“I’m going to start using my hips.”

Keith nodded, and as the wolf began, sliding back a hair only to push forward two, bit his lip at the sensations. But Zen was still nothing but gentle, and as impossible as the feeling of the wolf in him was, Keith knew Zen would never hurt him. It was that trust that let him relax as the wolf slowly, thoroughly worked himself deeper. Zen’s hands were on his hips again, claws pricking into his hide as the wolf worked his leverage, first pulling back, then pushing against him, then *into* him, claiming another hard-won fraction of an inch. Keith was acutely aware of the sensations, everything becoming new again as the wolf’s heat reached deeper and deeper, touching all the places, spreading into him until he felt on fire with it.

He was already trembling by the time he felt the knot touch him again, almost as snug against the base of his tail as it would be under it, signaling that he had taken all the rest of Zen. The wolf leaned over him then, putting his hands on the counter on each side of Keith’s, and he could feel Zen’s breath heavy on his neck, his breathing just a bit strained. The wolf nuzzled against his neck, licking, nibbling lightly with his teeth, and leaned his weight ever so slightly into Keith, pressing the knot harder against him until he began to yield to it, then eased off only to do it again, making Keith whimper and moan, his dick jerking in time with Zen’s, making the wet spot on the apron grow bigger.

Keith felt completely in the wolf’s power.

He wouldn’t have traded it for anything.

Zen pulled back a few full inches, sending a new wave of pleasure and relief through Keith... then reversed course to sink back in at that same, slow, deliberate pace, almost making Keith’s knees buckle with that *different* kind of relief as the wolf hilted him again, knot pushing against him with a hot throb for two heartbeats. A shorter thrust, back, forward, press, making Keith’s toes splay against the floor as he tried to push back, yearning for it. A gentle nip at his neck, bidding him still, and another thrust, slow, languid, heavy.

Another, the wolf grunting as he pushed in, knot spreading Keith wider before retreating.

One more.

And then, the moment that always made Keith’s breath catch, as the push of the knot made it past his ring and he clamped down on it, instinctively, his tightness now pulling the wolf deeper, the knot only swelling more at the pressure, tying them together, pulling the wolf’s hips flush against his ass. Keith moaned and twitched and jerked at the feel of the knot, of *all* of Zen inside him, pulled that much deeper by his vicing on the knot, and all the hot friction of his body making peace with the intruder, finding the wolf’s shape, molding to it... only for the knot to give another hard throb and get just a little bit bigger, the pressure making Keith squirm and gasp.

Zen was right there, his weight reassuring, the wolf’s tongue gently licking at Keith’s ears, soothing his whimpering. Keith wrapped his tail around the wolf’s waist, hooking the tip of it around the base of the wolf’s bushier one, and felt Zen start wagging slowly, an echo of the the motion carrying through to their joining, even that small movement intense.

The knot had stopped growing, not quite fully engorged but huge, and Keith was trembling with it, dripping into the apron as they slowly squeezed on each other.

The wolf hadn’t come yet, maybe because of how much use his body had seen, or maybe

because they'd gone so slow. But he had to be close. Keith squeezed on him, making both of them jerk, and felt a wet huff against his ear.

Zen nipped him on the neck again, lightly. "Behave."

Keith made an inquisitive sound, and the wolf moved his hands on the counter, covering Keith's, holding them in place as Zen licked the teethmarks out of the fur on his neck, then moved back up to his ears, the wolf's breath hot on the wet fur there. And then that broad tongue was again taking long licks along his sensitive ears, strong enough to press them down, that too making him shiver.

The wolf bucked his hips, drawing a strained moan from Keith and making him shift. Zen's hands tightened on his in response and the wolf's muzzle migrated back down to his neck, teeth working through his fur to give him another little lovebite, and Keith understood; Zen wanted to make him come first. And he wanted to be the one to do it.

Keith had no complaint, and felt like none was possible as the wolf again rolled his hips, shifting inside him in a way that made his whole body shudder and forced another moan out. This was new, the wolf still moving with purpose after they were tied, slowly thrusting into him, knot and all. New for Zen too, as he kept shifting his approach, keeping a careful hold on Keith's neck while his hips worked. Keith's mouth could barely close for all the gasping little moans the wolf drew from him, rocking him on his cock. And each time Zen hit him just right, it would send a jolt straight through his whole body, making Keith's dick twitch and sputter pre into the apron. Growing the need in him.

Gradually, the wolf began to push their hips forward, Keith having to splay his toes on the floor to keep his balance against the force and the stimulation, barely able to, his hands wanting to scrabble on the counter but Zen holding them tight. The wolf forced him forward, making his dick strain against the fabric of the apron, all the while grinding into him, rhythmically, rolling him on that last half or quarter inch, that same rhythm carrying straight through to Keith's twitches and jerks and spurts, Zen hitting his target square with every move of his hips.

Keith's moans went breathless, his hands balling into fists, toes straining against the floor as he pushed against the wolf, even his tail trying to wrap harder against Zen's waist as the moment came closer and closer and then was there, Zen's steady movements carrying him to his peak and then throwing him off to rare heights. Keith could do nothing to stop his whimpers as he came, unloading into the apron, Zen somehow having found something to squeeze out of him. To *keep* squeezing out of him, as the wolf never stopped his movements, keeping control of their rhythm even through Keith's throes, every new thrust arresting his fall and making him tumble anew until all Keith could do was force his trembling legs to hold.

Still the wolf did not stop, not until he'd ground out the very last of Keith's orgasm. How he knew where the end was, Keith did not know, but he did, and finally Zen's hips stilled, holding firm against him. The wolf relaxed his hold on Keith's neck, his muzzle once again making its way up to his ears to give them some love.

For a few moments, Keith could do nothing but gather himself after the storm, until the welling of love forced him to overcome his shaky body. He freed up one of his hands, Zen now easily letting it go, and, heart overflowing, looked for the wolf's muzzle, wanting to touch him,



reach him, respond to him. He found it, found the wolf's cheek, rubbed him there, awkwardly, making Zen laugh.

The wolf gave his hand a lick. "You liked that, huh."

Words just weren't enough. Keith walked his fingers up Zen's muzzle and the wolf played along, lowering his head, letting Keith work his fingers into his scruff and pull him down, his muzzle sliding against Keith's neck to come in under his chin, the wolf laughing again quietly and rubbing against him.

Keith stroked the side of his muzzle. "I love you."

He felt one of the wolf's hands settle on his ears, caressing. "Love you too."

Keith was slowly starting to feel steadier on his feet, knees no longer in constant danger of buckling. The wolf was no less huge in him, but Keith felt... saturated, for the moment. It was easier to not be overwhelmed by the sensations. He still shuddered a little as he wriggled and pushed back on Zen, righting his stance. The wolf gave a slow throb in him, and Keith gave a very deliberate clench in answer, tugging on the wolf's knot, making Zen huff against his chin. Keith stroked his muzzle some more. "How did you not come yet?"

"I think it's how beat up I am. It's a miracle I even got hard. And then needing to be so careful..." Zen nudged him with his muzzle. "And then, I wanted to focus on you. You've been amazing, so..."

Keith smiled. "It wasn't exactly a chore, you know."

Zen licked him. "I know. But it was the heat setting the pace, and... slow is good, right?"

"Yeah. That was incredible. I just kept..." Keith decided he was steady enough to start egging Zen on. "You made me make a mess in the apron."

And he felt very sure that it wasn't going to be the last time he stained the thing on the wrong side.

Zen gave another huff, making Keith laugh. The wolf sounded almost wistful. "You have no idea how sexy you are in that thing."

"Actually... I looked at myself in the mirror."

"Did you do the twirl?"

"Maybe."

Zen sighed. "Damn."

Keith smiled. "I'll show you."

The wolf gave a slow throb in him.

"You'd better."

Keith shifted his hips forward, subtly pulling on their tie. "I will. I want to see that look on your face again."

Zen shuddered, and twitched inside him, the knot pulling them tight. "Liked that too, huh?"

"Yeah."

"I was ready to sleep for a week, but then, there you were..."

Keith clenched, and tugged with his hips again, harder. "I'm still here." A huff, and the wolf's hips jerked, pushing forward. Keith let the impact shift him, again pulling behind the knot, and the wolf groaned. "You can tug, you know. I'm not going to let you go."

“Oh?”

Zen pulled back, slowly, and Keith clenched on him, letting his hips get pulled along. It was enough to take his breath away, but the way the wolf's huffs almost turned into panting told Keith he was on the right path. Zen reversed direction again, and Keith moaned as the wolf pushed into him, slowly carrying him forward, *making* him clench and shudder and twitch.

Whether he'd gone soft at some point, he didn't know, but he sure was hard now.

The wolf's breathing was strained. “Really don't want to let go of my knot, do you?”

Keith shifted his feet, and could feel one of Zen's legs trembling. The wolf had to be very close. Keith had been starting to think of maybe going another round himself, but he let the idea go. It was Zen time.

Nothing wrong with a bit of teasing, though. He clenched again, making the wolf groan. Keith smiled. “Nope. It's mine now. I took it fair and square.”

Zen laughed, then nudged his hips forward in just the right way to make Keith squirm. “I'm... kinda happy to let you have it, though.”

Was he ever! “But if I already have it...” Keith tugged on the knot. “Then you can't give it to me. And I think it's *giving* it to me that you like the best.”

“Mmm... that's true.” The wolf straightened up a bit, getting his stance, his muzzle sliding out from under Keith's chin to nuzzle his neck. Zen gave him a little lick; no teeth, just a probably-smiling reminder that he had them. Keith swiped at him with an ear, and the wolf laughed and caught it, then nibbled at the tip for a moment before that clever wolveren tongue found a way to tug on it and pull it a ways into his muzzle, the wet heat and the gentle caresses of Zen's tongue making Keith shiver.

Zen tugged at him with his hips, not sharp but sudden, and Keith was so distracted that he almost let the wolf escape, knot starting to spread him before he clenched, hard as he could, making Zen groan and release his ear. But the wolf didn't miss a beat, sinking into him in a way that made Keith's spine tingle and his breath catch, only to pull back again, leaving him to scramble to squeeze down and keep him in. Forward again, with such intent that Keith whimpered, his dick twitching in the apron as the wolf pressed on him, his hands scrabbling on the counter as he tried to brace against the pleasure. But he was able to, if only barely, and the next time the wolf pulled back, Keith caught him, then leaned his weight forward, making Zen huff again, his breath hot against Keith's neck.

Their tug of war evolved, and a rhythm emerged, their movements meshing as they learned this new thing together, Zen pulling steadily away, Keith bucking against him, arresting him, pulling him back, making the wolf pant, louder and louder, his nose pressing against the base of one of Keith's ears. Zen's breath was heavy on Keith's neck, and the trembling in his leg was getting stronger and stronger, the pull of his hips harder, until finally, with a strangled sound, Zen jerked his hips, pulling back, Keith having to go on tiptoes and hang on for dear life as the wolf threatened to lift him off the ground. Zen trembled for a moment, and his knot surged, filling Keith even more and making him bite his lip. The wolf jerked again, and one of Keith's toes actually lifted off the ground for a moment before finding it again when the wolf, with a great rumbling exhalation, began to lower again, his weight settling back onto Keith even as his

cock gave a long throb inside him, then another, the wolf beginning to unload. Keith squeezed a rhythm on him in response, doing what he could to enhance Zen's pleasure, eager to pay him back for the earlier. The wolf nuzzled under his chin again, his hands coming round to cover Keith's, almost as if embracing him. Keith silently negotiated one of his hands free to stroke at the wolf's muzzle instead, and he smiled as he felt Zen's smile with his fingers.

Zen was still going, emptying into Keith in slow, rolling throbs, Keith clenching around each and wondering idly if the wolf still had something in him. He almost felt like this should be making his belly bulge. And the way each wave of the wolf's pleasure crashed against him... Keith's breathing was starting to pick up even as Zen's calmed, each of his clenches on Zen also making Keith jump in the apron. It wouldn't take much to—

With a huge sigh and one last throb, Zen went lax against him, the wolf's weight settling on him fully.

He'd went and fallen asleep.

Keith tried to pinch his cheek. "Zen?"

No reaction.

With a sigh of his own, Keith slid his hand from the wolf's muzzle to the scruff at his neck, grabbing a hold to make sure he didn't slide off. "Goddammit, Zen."

The wolf just snuffled happily in his sleep.

Ah well.

Keith didn't want to try pulling out with the knot fully engorged, but once it went down a bit he should be able to manage. And his legs were probably good for another ten or fifteen minutes.

And, well. Zen *had* said he'd been ready to sleep for a week. This was maybe a bit inconvenient, but... he didn't hate that he'd gotten that kind of reaction out of the wolf.

Or the feel of Zen's weight against him.

He heard steps, and then Natani's voice from the doorway, tired and amused. "Yeah... that would do it."

"Do what?"

Natani yawned. "He came so hard it woke me up. I can see why."

"Oh." Keith blushed at the compliment. Zen wasn't the only one he'd wanted to impress.

He could hear Natani move closer, then crouch down. The wolf's hand traced down the front of the apron to where Keith was tenting it, rubbing him through the sticky fabric. "I see you've been holding out on me."

The warmth of his hand made Keith's dick give an involuntary but not unwelcome pulse, almost like in greeting. "Zen tied me but didn't come, so he just kept..." The words trailed into a happy sigh as Natani shifted the apron to the side, giving himself access, and Keith felt that wonderful broad tongue of his slowly lick up the side of his shaft, only to curl around the tip and guide it into the wolf's muzzle. Natani did a very thorough job of cleaning him up, and was rewarded with some fresh pre for his tender care. Keith's breathing was starting to get labored again. "Natani? My knees aren't going to be able to take that."

The wolf's muzzle withdrew, but not before giving him a little parting kiss. "Mm, sorry. Got a little carried away."

Keith laughed. “Did you enchant this thing or something?”

Natani stood up, emerging into his field of view for the first time. The wolf looked tired and beautifully disheveled, but there was a familiar glint of mischief and lust that told Keith he wasn't done. Again. The wolf smiled. “No. That's just how hot you are.” Keith blushed again, and Natani gave him a quick kiss. “Hang on, I'm gonna get some bedding to put down...”

The wolf left, then returned shortly with the sounds of dragging fabric. A few more moments and some rustling, and the task was apparently done.

“Okay. I'm gonna guide you down. I think I should be able to nudge Zen a bit, too. Just don't fight us.”

“Okay.”

Keith left himself to the wolves—or perhaps rather than wolves plural, it was just more Natani than usual. It required a bit of a backwards tumble, Zen landing on his back, supported by Natani, and Keith landing on *Zen*, but there was no undue strain on their tie, so all that was fine.

He was very glad to be off his feet, and equal parts suspicious and expectant that he was on his back. Zen's arms were around him, pinning his arms to his sides, and between that, his head being snug under Zen's chin, and the wolf's knot still very much holding their hips tight, he was quite neatly locked into place.

Natani smiled down at him, and Keith could see the wolf's eyes roam down the apron that had once again settled on his front. He knew he was proudly tenting it, and blushed once more under Natani's scrutiny.

The wolf was looking straight at his groin. “So he knotted you but didn't come, huh?”

“Yeah.”

Natani looked him in the face, thoughtful. “Hmm... I'll have to try that sometime soon.”

Keith didn't have to say that he'd very much like that; the wolf would know just from looking at him.

Natani shook his head, smiling. “Insatiable.”

Maybe it was kinda hard to argue otherwise, just then.

“So, what should I do with you *now*...”

But Natani didn't wait for any kind of response, instead getting down between Zen's—and Keith's—legs, spreading them a little wider to make room for himself, the shifting of their hips against each other sending a new jolt through Keith. And it was clearly that sort of thing that Natani had in mind. He took hold of both of Keith's ankles, and pushed his knees up, making him shiver as he shifted around the knot.

It felt barely smaller than when Zen had come.

Natani brought both of Keith's feet to his muzzle, and gave each of his pads a kiss, looking at Keith from over his toes.

Keith looked back, transfixed, hopelessly aroused, and then more, as the wolf slowly started to lick at him, broad tongue slathering and caressing his pads, making him shiver and splay his toes, only for the wolf to give them some love as well, all the while looking at him, smiling. The small nudges of Natani's hands and muzzle were causing Keith to shift against Zen, and all the

sensations, all the attention was making him stain the apron some more in fitful little spurts, the pre making the fabric stick to him, the excess dripping down his shaft onto his stomach.

“Natani...”

He couldn't have put words to what he yearned for, but the wolf understood, letting Keith's feet go and fall past himself, then once again shifting the apron out of the way. Natani leaned down, dropping out of Keith's view but very there in his sensations, first the hot breath on his sack, then that wonderful tongue, pushing him around for a moment, bringing a new spurt of pre, then climbing, collecting it, muzzle once again enveloping him, this time fully, until he could feel Natani's nose press against his stomach and the wolf's tongue work him all around.

“N-Natani...!”

The wolf's muzzle slowly withdrew, with gentle suction, until only the tip was in his mouth, holding there until Keith squeezed out yet another dollop of pre for him. Natani's mouth left him with a pop, and the wolf leaned forward over him, swallowing and licking his lips.

Natani kissed him, gentle, then drew higher and raised his hips up, straddling Keith, the odd height seemingly not phasing him at all. As soon as he got himself situated, he plunged straight down, sinking onto Keith, trapping him between the sensation of himself in Natani and Zen in him.

Keith moaned, then bit his lip as Natani's weight bore him down on Zen, making him clench around the knot. Natani leaned forward to look down at him, his hair falling on Keith's chest, and churned his hips, causing them all to shift. Once. Twice. Three times.

It was far from the first time he'd been squeezed between the wolves, but it had never been like this, being ridden with the knot in him. It was far, far too much, and yet not enough. Keith struggled to get his hands free, then reached up to wrap his arms around Natani's neck and pull him down, pleading for a kiss.

Natani obliged, never stopping his hips, and Keith tensed, clenching uncontrollably around Zen, pulling that wolf deeper, pushing him deeper into the other, his balls churning to still find something to give as he spent himself once more between his loves.

Natani's muzzle never left his, but distantly Keith could feel the wolf's hand between them, granting him his own pleasure, causing him to squeeze harder on Keith, the bucking of his hips setting them both off again, their kiss fitful with their ragged breathing.

Natani slumped on top of him, still supporting himself with his arms but letting his muzzle slide past Keith's, resting for a moment before coming back up to rub against Keith, cheek to cheek. A few more moments passed, both of them catching their breaths, the exhaustion starting to catch back up with Keith in a very big way. With apparent effort, Natani heaved himself up and off him, getting one leg over to leave the straddle. The wolf looked as tired as Keith felt.

And as happy.

Natani yawned wide, then smiled at him warmly before tipping him and Zen on their sides. Natani gave Keith a kiss, then settled down next to him, one hand making a pillow for himself, the other going to Keith's topmost ear, giving him a few gentle scratches at the base before starting to rub him. Keith touched Natani's muzzle in response, thumb rubbing the wolf's cheek, and they just looked at each other for a while, small touches and slow blinks. Zen muttered

something in his sleep, then squeezed tighter around Keith for a moment, and Natani smiled.

Natani gave him another kiss, then nuzzled against the top of Keith's muzzle, the wolf's eyes sliding closed as Natani let his tiredness claim him. Keith stayed awake a while longer, listening to the wolf's breathing change and deepen to match Zen's at his back.

Well... it wasn't quite what he'd had in mind, but he was between them now.

Keith wondered if he should try to wriggle out of the apron before he slept. Who knew what might happen if the wolves woke up first, and found him still wearing it?

He left it on, smiling to himself, and wrapped his arm around the sleeping Natani, the wolf nuzzling closer in his sleep, Zen also tightening his hold.

He felt profoundly loved.

# Adult Humor

Zen held perfectly still near the wall as the two basitin guards approached down the corridor. They were chatting quietly with each other, but still on alert, dutifully scanning their surroundings as they made their patrol. Zen controlled his breathing, and willed his heartbeat to calm. As long as he was wearing the cloak, Natani's magic shielded him from sight and scent—but not sound, and basitins had *very* good hearing.

But he was a trained assassin.

And unlike his brother, he was actually pretty good at it. The guards passed him by, still carrying on their conversation, and Zen wondered what they were talking about. His Basitin was much too fragmentary to piece anything together without context, but something about their body language made him think that maybe they weren't being entirely proper. Like the way their tails were almost touching as they walked... saying that they had each other's backs, for sure... and maybe just a little bit more.

Or maybe spending time on the island had left Zen completely unable to see *anything* as being innocent.

Still, he didn't think he was wrong.

He waited until the basitins were a full thirty feet past him before he started moving again. Distracted or not, it wouldn't pay to underestimate those ears.

Apart from the guards, the castle was completely quiet. It was that time of night where all the good basitins were asleep, and all the bad basitins were keeping out of sight. And still, even though he was taking the most efficient route, there were two more times where he had no better option than to hold very still and wait for guards to pass. He couldn't help but admire how the patrols were arranged. Their only weakness was that they were so well on schedule that they were completely predictable, but that was hard to fault when he could not have gotten past without the cloak.

When he arrived at the entryway to the ante-chamber of the King's quarters, he stopped for a moment, listening intently. There were no patrols through here, but the General's quarters were nearby, and while they shouldn't have been moving about either, Zen was more concerned about what was actually *possible* than how things were merely *supposed* to be. But all was quiet, with no sign of any of the Generals or their Messengers.

He crossed the ante-chamber to the door, then tried it, very carefully. It was locked. There was no sign of light beyond.

He had a copy of the key, but... where was the fun in that? He fished out his lock-picks and got to work, making quick work of the mechanism. With the door unlocked, he paused again, listening. Complete silence. He retreated from the door, checking the corridor once more. Nothing. Satisfied, he returned to the door and pulled it ajar, keeping an ear out in case the hinges had been meddled with. But the door opened silently, and two heartbeats later he was

inside. There was enough light from the corridor to confirm that his route through the room was clear. He pulled the door closed behind himself, plunging the room into nearly complete darkness. But he didn't need his vision to lock the door again, or to cross the room to his destination.

The King's bedchamber.

Zen opened the door and stepped inside, silently. This room was lit by moonlight, diffuse through the curtains but still enough for him to see by. King Adelaide was laying on her back in the bed, her fur almost glowing silver in the soft light, contrasting with the darker sheets. She was almost completely bare, naked even of her ankle wrappings. Her only covering was the corner of a blanket, draped tantalizingly over her groin, drawing his eye, *almost* letting him glimpse what lay beneath.

She was gorgeous.

Zen pulled back the hood of his cloak, forgoing his invisibility, and approached the bed, his heart now beating faster in a way it didn't for passing guards. He kept his voice low. "Your majesty, a wolf assassin has infiltrated your bedroom."

Adelaide opened her eyes, turning her head to look at him, instantly amused. "Oh, no. What *am* I to do?"

Zen grinned. "You could capture him. Find out what he knows."

"Hmm... that seems prudent indeed."

She flowed like water, her size as always belying her speed. Zen had just unclasped his cloak when she practically pulled him out from under it, tumbling him onto the bed, on *his* back where she had been a moment earlier, and her straddling him, towering over him, her weight on his hips bearing him down against the firm mattress, warm with her body-heat.

He was instantly hard.

"So..." she leaned over him, grasping his wrists and pulling them over his head. "Are you here to kill me?"

"Only a little. In the best of ways."

He'd hoped for a laugh, but only got a smile. "Well, we shall see..." she found a strip of cloth somewhere—maybe one of her ankle wrappings?—and tied his wrists together, and then to the bed. He could have probably gotten out of it without much trouble... but wouldn't have even dreamt of trying, as she lifted her hips off him, one of her hands making its way down to feel him up through his pants, fingers teasing at his shaft, straining against the cloth, then pushing down his length to rub at his knot, quickly swelling under her touch. "This is quite the weapon you have. I suppose I should take it."

She undid his belt and tugged his pants off his hips, freeing his erection, then straddled him again, her lower abdomen pressing against his shaft as she leaned forward, the touch of her fur on him tantalizing, the wet heat of her sex against his knot something far beyond that. She leaned farther, and rose, her lips trailing their way up his shaft until his tip nestled against her opening.

She looked at him. "Let's see you give it to me."

Zen raised his hips, striving to push against that pressure, and she let him in, the first two



inches of him sinking up into her tight heat before she squeezed down on his tip, almost forcing him out, making him falter. Zen had his hands tied above his head, his legs hampered by the pants around his thighs, part of her weight on him, and no leverage, but still he tried to push back. There was a teetering moment, and she relented, relaxing her muscles to let him sink deeper, Zen almost whining with the relief. He started thrusting with the reach he had, from almost slipping out to getting almost half his shaft in. He yearned for more, but his hips would not rise higher. After a few increasingly desperate moments, Adelaide squeezed on him again, pushing him down, her hips following, forcing Zen's ass to touch the mattress, holding him there for a beat by his dick. Then she eased up again, and he shot up into her, groaning as he got most of himself in, no more than a finger's width between his knot and her beckoning heat. He thrust a few times, relishing the slick tightness of her, then pushed with everything he had, back threatening to spasm, even bracing with his tail against the bed, *anything* to let himself reach... and touched his knot to her wet lips.

She smiled down at him. "Oh, well done... but can you do better?"

And she pushed down with her hips again, holding herself closed against his knot, pushing his hips down into the mattress, even grinding against him for a few glorious moments before she raised her hips just a bit, giving him some room to work with.

Zen could feel his leg twitching, and had to fight to get his breathing under control.

And still she towered over him, smiling down at him, seemingly unaffected. "Oh? Are you giving up?"

He began thrusting again, now easily reaching, slamming his knot against her with every push from his hips, grinding up against her in turn, desperate to bury himself to the hilt in that tight, delicious warmth. He wanted to at least achieve *something*, but he was too far gone, the sensations too wonderful, and he could not give her the pleasure he wanted to before he succumbed to his own. The orgasm came almost out of nowhere, breaking his rhythm. Adelaide recognized it, and pushed down on him, relaxing her muscles to now deliberately take all of him, then squeezed down on his engorging knot, making Zen's hips twitch uselessly under her weight.

And then she raised her hips again, pulling him along by the knot.

"You look cute with your tongue lolling out like that."

Zen looked at her, his vision still swimming. "*Gods.*"

She smiled. "Just me."

He sighed, content. "Yeah. They don't have anything on you."

Adelaide raised an eyebrow. "Flattering the opponent to make yourself look better?"

"Not at all. There's no making me look good after that. Though... have you been working out? Did you break another toy, maybe?"

"Oh? You seem fine to me."

Zen laughed, and she grinned. She got off him, Zen groaning at the sensation as she pulled off his still considerable knot, her wonderful heat replaced by the cooler air. She got off the bed, standing next to it, then leaned down over his groin, supporting herself on her hands on either

side of him to lean lower. Zen shivered as she looked at him sideways, and he felt her breath on his tender member.

She kissed his knot, and he quickly ceased to regret the loss of their tie as her tongue danced around his shaft, cleaning him off. And then she took him into her muzzle, her tongue guiding him past her teeth, deeper, deeper, until she had him whole, her lips pressing against the fur around his base as her tongue circled him, tip to knot.

Zen shivered. “*Gods.*”

She looked at him, amused, then pulled off slowly. She kissed his fading knot again. “Not broken at all.”

He exhaled. “No. Just blunted.”

“Well, Assassin...” She sat down on the bed by his side, then released his arms while looking at him, smiling. “If your tongue is making promises your equipment can’t keep, then your tongue is going to have to make good on them.”

Zen returned the smile, rubbing his freed wrists. “Gladly.” He kicked off his pants, then brushed past her to get out of bed. He was a little shaky on his feet. “If you would sit back...”

She did, backing into the bed until her knees met the edge. Zen knelt down between her legs, his hands going to her thighs, pushing them farther apart as he leaned in toward his prize.

Err, penalty.

He took a moment to simply appreciate what he was about to do—to appreciate her—taking in the rich scents of her arousal, and the way her body rose and fell with her steady breathing. Her taste, mingled with his own, as he placed his first long lick across her lips, ending with the briefest flick at her clit. How that flick was reflected in the powerful muscles of her thighs tensing against his hands, and in her expression as she watched him, leaning back against her arms.

She truly was gorgeous.

Zen dove in, putting his wolverine tongue to work, first with some reserve, then gradually delving deeper and deeper into her, hoping to surprise her anew with just how far he could reach, but still keeping just a bit back, looking up at her, weighing her patience by her breathing, and how she was almost tugging on his tongue...

She reached out with one of her hands to grasp the back of his head and pull him closer, and Zen gave her all that he had, pushing his tongue in against her clenching walls, then curling it up as hard as he could against the roof of her, making her breathing catch and go hoarser, and her legs tense again. Zen kept it up, and her hips jerked, a first involuntary movement and taste of things to come. She dropped down on her back, the bed shifting with her weight.

Zen thought her other hand might have joined her first at his head, then, but no; instead, the first withdrew as well. So she wanted things at his pace, then... Very well. He kept it up, occasionally exploring elsewhere to keep things fresh, but always returning to slowly grinding his tongue against her sweet spot, baiting another twitch of her hips or thighs, relishing in her reactions and the way her breathing gradually grew less composed, her calm stability giving way to basic need.

When he got her close enough that he was beginning to risk it, he shifted, bringing his hands up to the tops of her thighs, then bracing his elbows inside her knees. He gave her one more little

push inside, then finally got to work on her clit, fully stiff from all the teasing. He started lightly, even that making her tremble more strongly under him, then curled his tongue around it, then pushed against it, his tongue digging into the base...

She began to come, bucking against him explosively, and he leaned all of his weight forward to try and keep her hips down, even as his elbows and shoulders strained with the force of her legs trying to close on him. He managed both, and his tongue never stopped, pushing at her button through her throes, growing more and more erratic as her control eroded completely and all that was left was acting out the pleasure he was giving her.

She never called 'Enough', but it began to fade in time, and Zen switched to gentler tactics, suckling on her clit for a while, then licking lower, cleaning up the mess she had made. He dared release her knees, wincing at a new ache in his shoulders, and her legs closed around him, but not with force, just coming to his sides. Zen shifted closer and leaned forward, his hands trailing up her body as he plopped his chin down on her stomach.

He was most definitely hard again, but he was also most definitely happy to take a break. She was a hell of a partner, and he wasn't as young as he used to be.

Though, reflecting on it, if he was much younger he might not have had the experience to survive. And *she* would be younger, too... though it was hard to imagine she had faded much from her prime.

Adelaide let out a long, rumbling exhalation. "I needed that."

"Generals making trouble again?"

An amused hmph. "One or two in particular."

Zen smiled. Well then. "Ready for round two?"

He felt one of her legs shift as she snuck her foot into his lap, her toes nudging against his sack, and her ankle coming up against his semi-hard erection.

It didn't stay semi-hard for very long.

"Not so blunt anymore."

Zen kissed her low on her stomach. "You're an inspiration." Lower still, and once more, his lips gently coming into contact with her clit, his tongue darting out to say hello, sending a tremble through her body.

Adelaide got back up on her elbows to look at him, raising an eyebrow. "Getting a 'head start'?"

Zen snickered, then gave her one last kiss. "Yes. I need every advantage."

She looked at him, considering. "Not every."

Oh? There was a thread to pull there... but he had his game plan. No need to pull it yet. "Would you present?"

"Hmm... interesting." She sat up, her legs parting from around him, then turned around, going on her hands and knees to the middle of the bed. Zen stood up, and she looked back at him over her shoulder, smiling mischievously. "This is highly inappropriate. You're my general's husband."

Zen scratched at the back of his head. "How about I'm your daughter's father instead? That... almost makes sense."

She laughed, a deep, throaty chuckle that always made him grin. “Where *have* you been all my life?”

Zen got on the bed, on his knees behind her. “Living and learning.”

He grasped her tail by the base, once again amazed at how he could barely close his fingers around it. She had spread her knees when she assumed the position, but her rump was still a little high for him, and so he guided her lower, until he could line himself up properly. She went down from her hands to her elbows as well, keeping her ass higher than her head. Good, good... Zen managed to lodge his tip into her with no hands, and thrust, getting halfway in, then adjusted his stance again, to better work himself deeper. She clenched around him, not nearly as hard as she could, more like in welcome. He thrust through the slick resistance, all the way to where his knot once again met her lips, and there she stopped him, squeezing tight along his length.

Zen let out a happy sigh. “You’re amazing.”

“Flattery won’t get you anywhere.”

He laughed, taking his hand from her tail to grasp her hips, digging his freshly blunted claws into her hide, trying to gauge the correct pressure.

“Mmm... that’s quite nice. Is that your game, then?”

Zen smiled. “Maybe.”

He started thrusting, using the latter half of his length, pulling on her hips as he did. They quickly got into a good rhythm, Adelaide pushing her hips back in time with his thrusts, coming to meet him, lending more weight to the impacts of his knot against her. She could have easily made it harder for him, but... that was never her way. Strength was met, not avoided, and so she let him that far, only clenching hard on him as he tried to grind his knot into her. And then clenching again on the backstroke, almost as if to make sure he didn’t pull out.

It was a good thing that he’d already come once. Still, he focused on endurance as he slammed into her, time after time, willing her flames to be stoked faster than his. If he tried as hard as he could, he could push his knot just a little inside, nowhere near enough to enter, but enough to begin pushing up at her clit from within. Enough that she couldn’t just shrug it off, bracing harder against the bed, her head slowly lowering to her arms as her breathing grew more labored.

Zen tried not to think of his own breathing. Just keep the rhythm steady, that worked well for her... he felt her tail wrap around his torso, a good sign, but also a blow to his holding on.

It was a damnable inconvenience sometimes that it was her arousal that he found the most arousing thing of all.

He couldn’t keep this up for much longer. Time to go for it.

Zen took his right hand from her hip, pushing it forward along her back, following her spine, leaning forward to reach all the way to her shoulder. Her neck. He dug his blunted claws into her hide, looking for the place his teeth would seek out if he were a foot or two taller.

“Ah...!”

There! One last moment of hesitation. Zen suspected that this was something that was built deep into basitins, but... how would she take it?

Just then, he felt her clench on him, but not like normal. It felt involuntary, like the beginnings of those quakes he so loved to endure.

Zen grabbed a hold, twisting lightly, and she let out a sound between a growl and a purr as she clenched around him, as hard as she could... but then faltered, for just a moment, losing control before regaining it. Zen kept his hold and leaned his weight onto her, doing his best to keep thrusting at the same time, and slowly her elbows splayed from under her, and he bore her upper body down to the mattress, pinning her there. She grew even more erratic, her tail squeezing tight around his torso as she squeezed tight around his shaft, and Zen kept hammering into her, leaning into that chink in her control, his knot *almost* finding purchase now, sinking that much deeper on a few of his thrusts, so tantalizingly close—

And then it was in, as his wax met her wane *just so*, and she squeezed around him, harder than she ever had before, locking him in, pulling his hips against hers so tight that he faltered, falling forward on top of her. Her knees collapsed under his weight and the force of her orgasm, and they were both down, Zen pushing his muzzle against her back, his eyes rolling back with the strength of his release as she milked his knot like nobody ever had.

“Well. No one’s ever done *that* to me before.”

Zen was still laying on top of her, his tenderized knot still lodged firmly inside her. He wasn’t entirely sure this wasn’t the afterlife. He wasn’t sure how to reply, either, but felt like silence was probably appropriate. She hadn’t sounded upset. Not in the least. So he just placed a kiss on her back.

“That was your win. Do you... want anything?”

Zen let out a long sigh. “How about we just stay like this for a while longer, before thinking about any of that?”

“Very well.” She sounded amused, and gave a gentle squeeze on him that drew a long, happy groan from Zen. “Are you trying to give Madelyn siblings?”

He laughed. “I don’t think that’s going to happen. I think there’s something wrong with me.”

“Oh?”

“I’ve been trying to knock Keith up for years, and it’s just not happening.”

There was that laugh again. It felt good against his body. “And you’re sure that it’s you, and not Keith?”

“Oh, for sure. He’s got those child-bearing hips and everything.”

More laughter. “Does he know you talk about him like that?”

Zen smiled. “Yeah. He kinda loves it.”

“Such a...” she let that thought trail off, whatever it had been. “Where did you get the idea to try that?”

His turn to laugh. “Let’s just say that it was based on... my observations about basitin mating habits. It’s normally done with teeth, but you, my lady, are impossibly tall.”

So he’d thought to try it with claws. And it had still worked on Keith, so...

“So I am. It’s... a curious thought, that I should have missed out on something like that. It’s...

not how I expected you to get me.”

Meaning there was some other way she *had* been expecting him to find.

...

Zen very deliberately gave a throb inside her. “I’m going to need a half an hour or so, but... best of three?”