

Chapter 39

I just jacked off a wolf, Sophia stood on all fours, the feeling of where Shadow's spunk had grazed her tongue still acute. *I mean, he's my boyfriend, I'm covered in fur and standing on all fours, but it's still kind of wild.*

Shadow's scent was blissful as he lay on his back. The bulb at the base of his member had grown in size even as ejaculate oozed from the tip. Sophia's own heat had briefly receded after the unexpected discharge, but the carnal sights and smells before her stoked the inferno blazing in her abdomen to new heights.

Would it be wrong if we..? She involuntarily widened her legs as she imagined him on her back. *No, he's a wolf.* An empty feeling settled in her loins as she gazed hungrily at his inhuman rod. *But I am too...* Panic bloomed in her chest as she realized just how close she was to letting Shadow touch her most intimate parts.

Oh God, I want...

Balancing on one hand-paw, she reached the other back between her legs. She jerked as her hard claws and pads touched her swollen folds. Despite her rough pads, she had more than enough lubrication and her middle finger slid easily between her slick folds. Her rough pad slid over her engorged clitoris, sending an intense wave of pleasure through her. Even the pain from the finger's claw scratching the tender inside of her vulva seemed to amplify the experience.

Holy shit...

A cross between a moan and a whimper escaped her muzzle as she began to rub herself. With each stroke of her changed finger, her 'hindlegs' and short tail jerked violently in response to the sensations shooting through her. She caught Shadow staring at her curiously even as her left 'foreleg' gave out and her shoulder collapsed onto the smooth stone beneath her.

It didn't take long for the incredible feelings to reach a crescendo as she climaxed. A loud whimper escaped her as her cervix convulsed and a torrent of warm juices flowed out, soaking the fur and pads of her hand-paw. The air became thick with the smell of feminine fluids and musk. She continued to whimper and whine as she rode the rapturous sensations and slid her finger past her clit and into her waiting opening.

"Yipe!" She yelped as stabbing pain erupted inside her canal as her claw scratched her innermost sanctum.

Fuck, fuck, fuck! She quickly withdrew her finger and clutched at her crotch as the heat in her nethers rapidly ebbed. *Damn, that hurt!*

'What's wrong?' Shadow yelped, his scent panicked.

Sophia took a moment to catch her breath before replying, 'I'm okay; I just scratched myself.'

'Oh,' Shadow grunted, sounding and smelling puzzled.

Note to self: Claws and self-care don't mix.

Sophia carefully got back onto all fours, the pain flaring as she moved her pelvis. Meanwhile, her companion bent his muzzle down to where his jizz had landed and quickly cleaned it out of his fur. She couldn't help feeling some jealousy towards her feral boyfriend as he proceeded to bend even further forward and lick his still erect member and lower stomach clean.

If only I could reach down there with my tongue. I wouldn't have to worry about claws. The burning in her vagina was fading but her juice-soaked rear was getting uncomfortably cold in the night air. *I suppose I could let Shadow...* At the thought of asking Shadow to clean down there, her libido started to rise again. *No, not now. I just want to cuddle.*

Shadow looked up at Sophia as she padded over to him. Wagging her tail, she lay down on her side and pressed into him. Rubbing her torso against him and wrapping a hand-paw around his chest, she luxuriated in the feeling of their fur together. Plunging her modest snout into the fur on his neck, she took a long inhale. The pheromones that had stoked her near frenzy had dissipated, but his masculine lupine scent she found so captivating was as strong as ever.

Sophia draped a 'hindleg' over his lower stomach, trying to get his fur to cover her cold nethers. Shadow leaned towards her, his paws folded as he lay on his back. They remained there quietly for several minutes just enjoying each other's warmth.

'My parents would share tongues like that,' Shadow rumbled, breaking the silence. 'I always wanted to try it.'

Sophia's tail and ears straightened in surprise and she jerked her head up to look at him with wide eyes, 'They did it in *front* of you?'

'Why wouldn't they?' Shadow asked, his scent taken aback. 'My father knotted my mother too of course, even when she wasn't in season.' He gave a derisive huff-laugh, 'They weren't Unclaimed. Do two-legs only mate to produce pups?'

'No, two-legs mate for fun,' Sophia grasped for a way to explain her shock but quickly realized that if wolves had a concept to express privacy, it wasn't part of the lexicon she had

been gifted. 'It's just two-legs hide when they mate,' She said instead. 'And cover their mating parts with coats that aren't their own.'

'Two-Legs are very strange,' Shadow commented in a low growl.

You can say that again; why are humans so skittish about sex?

'What did you mean "Unclaimed"?' She asked, changing the subject.

'Wolves that haven't been touched by the Great Wolf Spirit,' Shadow explained, flicking an ear. 'The Alphas say most wolves are Unclaimed, but I've only met a couple. They're simple-minded and are only interested in knotting when the female is in season. That sounds boring, but one of my sisters formed a pack with one.' He let out a little huff-laugh, 'Mother was not happy about it.'

That sounds like Bruno, huh.

Shadow's scent became proud as he continued, 'My Father always told us our pack is one of the few in the Great Pack where all of the pups are Spirit-Claimed.'

Sophia squirmed as she felt pressure in her bladder building. The scent of the shelter's previous vulpine occupants was suddenly very noticeable.

Why does it have to be now? Just a little longer!

'The Great Pack?' she asked, trying to take her mind off her discomfort.

'The Great Pack is all of the Spirit-Touched packs from the land where water smelling of fire falls from the ground,' Shadow told her. 'It's like nowhere I've been and I would love to share its scents with you.'

I wonder where that could be? And it sounds like there's a society of wolves! I would never have imagined!

'I would like that,' Sophia rumbled and flicked her tail gratefully.

'My knot has deflated.' Shadow's scent became restless and he looked up, 'Are you rested? This territory is too close to the two-legs.'

'Yes,' Sophia told him and reluctantly rolled away from him.

Her boyfriend quickly flipped from his back onto his paws, the only sign of his maleness a furry protrusion on his underside. Sophia was slower to get up but soon rested on all fours. Her muscles were still weighted with fatigue, but she wasn't threatened with collapsing from sheer exhaustion at least. Extending her 'forelegs' out in front of her, she stretched her stiff muscles and then sniffed the ground.

I need to let those foxes know this is our territory now if they come back.

Following her nose, she found a spot where a vixen had relieved herself. She bent down and sniffed it, familiarizing herself with the vulpine female that had marked the spot. Turning so

her rear was parallel, she instinctively lifted her right leg, angled her rear down and raised her tail. Squeezing her pelvic muscles, she sent a stream of musky urine towards where she had detected the vixen's mark. Balancing on one foot-paw, she adjusted her pelvis until the stream hit its target. As she turned to inspect it, her nostrils flared at the scent of Shadow making his own mark.

That should do for that spot; I smell another over there.

Padding over to the far side of the leaning rock, she made her claim to that patch. There, she relieved herself more fully but stopped well short of emptying her bladder.

Mmm, I should mark my jeans before I forget.

She moved over to where her jean shorts lay and positioned her urethra towards it. The appearance of a puzzling thought that peeing on her jeans was a bad thing caused her to hesitate. It was particularly jarring when every other instinct was telling her to do it.

How else should I mark it with my scent? Humans think pee is gross, but it's really just another way to communicate.

The strange inhibition taken care of, she again lifted her leg to send a brief stream onto the tattered garment. Turning, she sniffed them, memorizing how her mark interlaced with the denim. Satisfied, she padded over to Shadow who was waiting just outside the shelter's entrance. Shadow leaned forward and gave her a gentle lick-kiss across her short muzzle before turning and walking out of the shelter.

I'm naked. A new worry appeared as she stopped short of stepping out into the moonlight. *But I'm a wolf.* Taking a calming breath, she took a trepidatious step forward, allowing the moon to illuminate her head and shoulders. *There's no two-leg around to see me anyway.*

Excitement welled up in her as she took another step and then another. The wind picked up, chilling her bare labia and a thrill went through her. Raising her small tail defiantly, she stepped the rest of the way out of the shadows. Her residual self-consciousness rapidly faded with every step and she hurried to catch up to Shadow.

Shadow led her through the rockfall and then slowed to trot alongside her. Neither had spoken since they had left the shelter. Shadow's scent had been focused and Sophia had been careful not to bother him. Safe in the knowledge her companion was taking care of navigation, she had lost herself just processing the novel experiences the world and her changed body offered.

I'm a wolf - just another animal in the wilderness. Sophia glanced at Shadow next to her, her short tail wagging lazily. *And that's all I want to be.*

Not for the first time, she watched in fascination at how her hand-paw flexed at the knuckles as she walked. Her padded fingers fully supported her weight even as the rest of her hand slanted upwards. Glancing over at Shadow, she studied his forepaws as he walked.

Ahh, a wolf's paw is like a human's fingers, except they're joined together. The part that looks like the forearm is actually the hand. She turned her attention back to where she was going. *I wonder if mine will be like that for the next full moon? Running on full paws would be fun!*

It took her a second to register Shadow was no longer next to her. Stopping, she looked back to see him a few feet behind her, intently sniffing some tracks she had missed. He looked up as she joined him and bent to sniff the tracks. She was surprised to find they had his scent.

'This is where I came down earlier,' Shadow told her. 'I had just brought down a deer when you howled.'

'Oh, I'm sorry,' Sophia whined sheepishly, lowering her gaze.

Shadow gave a huff laugh, 'I would love to share it with you! Hopefully, nothing has scavenged it yet. Let's hurry.'

Shadow's trail led to a small gully that eased the ascent up what would have been a steep climb otherwise. Even with it, Sophia found herself digging her claws into the snow and rocks with each step. The mismatch between what her brain instinctively expected her body's form to be and what it actually was made this part of the journey especially difficult. Several times, she nearly lost her grip from leaning too far one way or another. Only a desperate scramble saved her from a potentially fatal tumble back down. Panting heavily and muscles aching, she steadily made her way up.

At last, the land leveled back out and she no longer felt like she was fighting her center of gravity.

'Are you okay?' Shadow whined, his scent worried. 'We can rest if...'

'No,' Sophia's tongue lolled out of her mouth as she panted rapidly. 'I can smell your kill now.'

I'm not going to be the reason he loses his meal.

Shadow didn't respond, but some of the tension in his scent dissipated. The wolf turned and started in the direction of the scent before stopping. He turned to look at Sophia and she willed her tired muscles to move. Once she was alongside him, he started moving at a leisurely pace.

'Did your heat come early in your fur cycle?' Shadow rumbled questioningly after Sophia's breathing had slowed.

'What do you mean?' Sophia asked, taken aback.

Shadow flicked his tail, 'Every other wolfess I know is only ready for pups several bright nights after growing her thick fur. You smell almost ready to bear pups.'

A wave of embarrassment crashed through Sophia and she yipped, 'Oh.'

'Do you usually enter heat at this time?' Shadow asked, his scent pensive.

Of all the conversations...

'Sort of, I get it after every bright night.' Sophia replied, guessing a "bright night" was analogous to a month. She paused and then asked shyly. 'Wolfesses don't?'

'Usually not for another bright night,' Shadow told her matter of factly. 'Are all two-leg females fertile several times a fur cycle?'

He doesn't know much about two-legs and is curious. Now that she had gotten over the initial embarrassment, she was finding her boyfriend's naive curiosity endearing.

'Grr, yes,' Sophia answered.

Shadow's scent turned alarmed, 'They can have litters during coat thickening? When prey is scarce?'

Coat thickening must be the fall...

'Yes, two-legs don't need to hunt for food,' Sophia explained patiently. 'And they don't grow thicker fur. They put on fur that isn't theirs - like I had earlier.'

Shadow's scent turned puzzled, 'But there is always the scent of prey in your droppings, pee and tail-hole musk.'

Right, he can smell what I've eaten.

'Other two-legs...' - She flailed for how to convey the concept of "farming" - 'Raise prey and... give it to other two-legs.'

'I had thought it strange that you seemed unfamiliar with hunting or eating fresh prey and yet still ate it.' Shadow looked at her, his scent questioning. 'Did a two-leg give you the rabbit whose scent you carry?'

'No, I caught that myself,' Sophia barked, raising her head and tail proudly. 'It was my first kill.'

Shadow's scent turned impressed, 'It takes many bright moons before a pup learns enough to make his first kill.'

'I learned from the best,' Sophia told him.

Now it was his turn to be proud, 'I'll teach you how to hunt large prey.'

Sophia was about to respond when she scented Shadow's mark on a nearby tree. The absence of hers suddenly seemed very important.

We should keep going so Shadow doesn't lose his meal. She stared at the spot, unsure of what to do.

Shadow resolved her dilemma. 'Go ahead and add your mark to mine, my love.'

Without further hesitation, she followed the scent and sniffed it. Moving to the other side of the small trunk, she added her own mark with a quick shower. Pivoting, she confirmed she hadn't covered up Shadow's but was dismayed to notice an uncomfortable wet feeling on her pubic region.

Ack, I need to clean back there. Her immediate desire was to give herself a thorough cleaning with her tongue. *I can't do that; I'm not changed enough to reach back there.* She shook her butt, but the cold, wet feeling remained. *Well, the only thing to do is ask Shadow.*

Sighing, she padded over to Shadow and whined sheepishly, 'Could you... could you clean the pee off me? It's bothering me and I can't reach.'

Shadow gave a little huff-laugh, 'I'd love to.'

'Just long enough to clean,' Sophia told him, feeling silly.

Turning in the snow, she raised her tail and spread her 'hindlegs'. She swallowed and mentally braced herself. A couple of moments later, several puffs of air touched her exposed folds as Shadow sniffed her.

Oh, wow, that doesn't feel like I expected it to. She jerked as a warm, soft object gently glided over her vulva. *That feels really, really good.* Another pass sent electric tingles through her. *Okay, I need to stop...*

Reluctantly, she stepped away from Shadow's tongue. She turned around and yipped shakily, 'Thanks, that feels much better!'

'Of course,' Shadow said and gave her an affectionate lick across her small muzzle, sending another round of tingles through her.

Heat rose in her lower abdomen and she hastily started moving towards the scent of the deer carcass before it could go further. After a few seconds, Shadow was trotting alongside her, his scent bemused.

'Why...?' Shadow started.

'You called me Many Scents earlier, what does that mean?' Sophia barked hastily, interrupting him.

Shadow huffed, his scent becoming even more amused, 'When I first found you, you were carrying more scents than I thought existed. So, I took to thinking of you as Two-Leg Wolfess of Many Scents or just Many Scents.'

Ah, I was walking home from the grocery store. Sophia huffed at the memory. *That would be a lot of scents!* Then a thought occurred to her as they walked. *Wait, did he call me a wolfess before Halloween?*

She slowed her gait as she concentrated, recalling that fateful night and then observed quietly, 'You were looking for me...'

A sudden burst of fear, pain and guilt in Shadow's scent jolted her.

Did he do something to me..? Her chest tightened and she felt her heartbeat intensify.

'I could have formed a pack with any wolfess in the Great Pack, but my spirit never resonated with any of them,' Shadow barked. 'Instead, I felt as though my spirit was pulled... elsewhere.'

How could he have done anything? Sophia tried to argue against her fears. *When would he have?*

'I felt the same way,' Sophia whimpered. 'Like something was missing, and I never felt right as a two-leg. I've always felt drawn more to wolves and the mountains.'

'The spirit knows.' Shadow rumbled thoughtfully.

What does that mean?

'I left my birth pack's territory and set out on my own,' he resumed his story before she could ask him. 'Even though it was forbidden to go near two-legs, I felt drawn here. And when I caught your scent, I understood.' Pain and guilt returned to his scent.

Ah, that's probably it; he feels guilty for leaving. Relief rushed through Sophia.

'My scent?' Sophia stumbled in surprise. 'But I was just a two-leg then!'

'Your sce... you smelled like any other two-leg but had the barest hint of wolf.' Shadow explained. 'It called to me like the scent of no other wolfess had and I couldn't stop thinking about it. I waited for another opportunity to see you.' He huff-laughed. 'It was quite the surprise when I smelled you coming towards me. And smelling even more wolf-like!'

'That was after my first bright moon,' Sophia recalled. 'What did you mean you understood?'

'There is a story the elders sometimes tell,' Shadow stopped walking, his scent growing excited. 'That before there was a Great Pack, the Great Wolf Spirit gifted special two-legs the spirit and form of a wolf.' The wolf paused and cocked his head. 'Or was it they already had the spirits? Anyway, in that story those wolves were the first spirit-claimed wolves.'

Spirits of wolves... Sophia felt her heart pounding. *The ritual... It only affected me.*

Shadow gleefully continued on, seemingly oblivious to her distress. 'The elders always dismissed that story as ridiculous and said they just told it out of tradition.' He huff-laughed. 'Two-legs are "clumsy, awful smelling and weak" they insisted. They considered the very idea that some of our ancestors could have been two-legs to be insulting. Imagine how shocked they'll be when they scent you!'

His tail flagged and his scent became concerned as he finally noticed Sophia. 'Are you okay? I didn't mean...'

Sophia shook herself and gave a reassuring wag of her tail, 'I'm just shocked. Two-legs have a similar story about wolf spirits. It didn't say what became of them though.'

They turned into wolves...

'That's incredible!' Shadow barked loudly. 'The Great Pack really did come from two-legs. I wonder where unclaimed wolves came from? Were their ancestors two-legs as well? In the story, they sometimes formed packs with the spirit-claimed.' He dropped his head and ears sheepishly, his scent embarrassed. 'Sorry, I'm getting carried away.'

I'm going to keep changing? Sophia felt nauseated as her stomach twisted into knots. *Will I turn into a wolf permanently?*

'What's wrong?' Shadow whined and nuzzled her small muzzle. 'You smell terrified.'

Why am I so scared? Isn't this what I always wanted?

'It's... a lot to take in,' she admitted, her lupine voice trembling. 'In the stories... did it say anything about the bright night? Were they just wolves sometimes?'

Shadow thought for a moment before answering, 'No, nothing about bright nights. It just said they were given the form of the wolf.'

Some with the spirit of the wolf lost themselves to the wolf.

'Isn't this great?' Shadow asked her, his scent uncertain. 'We'll be able to form a pack!'

Sophia slowly lifted her head to meet his gaze, 'I imagined it... I thought I wanted... I didn't really believe it could happen.'

My dad... School... My life...

'Come with me back to the Great Pack,' Shadow straightened, his tone becoming formal. 'Our spirits call to each other and I want you to be the mother of my pups. Wolfess of Many Scents, will you be my life mate?'