

<Fuck, give it to me harder!> Nicole called out, trying to get into the moment. It had been some time since she had a male, and she was determined to get as much pleasure out of it as she could. Though, to be fair, wolves, in general, were far better at sex than any of the human men Nicole had ever been with. But, given the number of mates she had since transitioning her species, there was a precedent to demand the best. And surely this male had more to give!

<All right bitch, take it!> Came the reply, and the male on her back-Nicole forgot his name already-shoved forth with enough force that his knot pushed into her wolf cunt with an audible *pop*. Though the sensation was pleasant, all of her lust was robbed from her the moment she heard those words.

<Bitch? Really?> Nicole said, even as the waves of orgasm built around her sex. Though it wasn't the first time she had been called such, it was not a moniker she liked or wanted to hear from any of the males she was to meet. Nicole was a wolf, damnit, not some dumb dog. And she had been a woman before, obviously. Surely Nicole deserved the dignity not to be put down like that. Even if some other female wolves liked it, she was not one of them!

<Sorry, I didn't mean...> The male started to say, though was quickly lost in the sensation of his balls swelling and preparing to spill his load in Nicole's womb. It seemed that he didn't even have the decency to apologize before he came inside of her! Typical male!

<If you weren't ready to knot me, I swear I god...Owww, fuck! Watch it!> Nicole yelled out, the ache of his knot opening her up in the wrong way, making her growl to the point where her voice devolved into an actual wolf's sound.

<Geez, sorry, sorry!> The male called out, yet did nothing to move his cock or knot within her to make it more comfortable. He was about to cum, Nicole could tell, and it was obvious he didn't give a damn about her own pleasure. The sudden shift took her from the edge and left her hanging. Fucking *men*.

She still couldn't think of his name, but Nicole was sure that she didn't want to remember it anymore, that she wouldn't bother to 'call' him again. Not that there were plenty of fish in the sea or anything, or, to put it literally, wolves in the woods. But *damn* did the ones she had to deal with so far *suck*. All of them apparently looking for an easy lay, for a bitch to call their own, so to speak. And fuck, was Nicole getting tired of it.

Not that she regretted her decision to become a wolf for the rest of her life. She didn't want to return to humanity, and, despite her bad experience with male wolves, the human world was really no better. Ever since she had been young, Nicole had been fascinated with the idea of

turning into a wolf and running away from it all. And, with nanite technology and the demand for conservation efforts for charismatic megafauna, her dream was at her fingertips (rather, paw pads) as soon as she was an adult. It did not take much time to make the decision to take the plunge and get her affairs in order to turn herself into a wolf and live a life of animalistic freedom. And, limited choices in men aside, she did not regret her decision and could not imagine ever returning to the human world. Being a wolf in the wilderness was truly the life for her.

By this point, she was several years into her stint as a wolf, and in fact, had already been pregnant with cubs twice. She didn't mind being a mother, or at least for the length of time a wolf mother generally looked after cubs. Her cubs had come and gone from both litters, and she was alone at the moment, looking for the right man. She missed her children, something that was akin to her human desire to have a family. In the wild, sibling wolves often stayed with their parents, helping raise their future siblings and providing the nurturing care that comprised a pack. But, such was not to be for her. Wolves were being reintroduced into these woods, and there were ample spots for would-be wolves to carve out a territory of their own with a mate. With that, her small family made their way into the world, never to be seen again. She missed them but accepted it as the rigors of lupine life. Not that she'd ever had an inclination to have or meet grandkids, especially since Nicole was only in her late twenties herself.

And the fathers of her litters? To put it bluntly, Nicole had told them it wasn't happening. While wild wolves wed for life, a human-changed variant had the option of choice. The first had seemed like a viable option until she had caught him cheating with both wild wolves and changed ones alike. Not the commitment she had hoped for, and she'd dumped him before his first litter was born. The second she'd found some months after her first litter left her and they'd mated enough to sate her heat and pump her full of pups. But he had been gay in human life and, with a deeply religious background, hoped that an animal's arousal and instincts would be enough to hold his gay at bay while he did his Christian duty to have a mate and children. It was obvious to the two of them he wasn't happy. So, at her behest of their future happiness, he made his way back to the human world to find a man of his own and make amends with his forgotten family and his truth. She wished him well, of course, and promised to raise his only litter with the care of a loving mother.

And so, Nicole was on the hunt, so to speak, for a life partner, something she had wanted ever since she decided that her life was to be a lupine one. She had seldom dated in the human world, finding men detestable, personally. As wolves, Nicole had assumed, they were more honest. The world of smell told her all she needed to know, too much regarding her first beau.

Not that it had been a help in the interim, Nicole was starting to learn to her dismay. This wolf was not to be the one, Nicole was quickly certain. There were still many choosing to

become wolves in the world, many in the expanse of territory she could traverse in a reasonable span. Some choosiness was in order, especially with some months before she entered heat again and wanted to settle down with the father of her pups. But, the types of men choosing to become wolves were not exactly winners in society, or, at least, not her type, putting it politely. Far too many bought into the notion of being an 'alpha' and in charge of all the 'bitch' was to do, sex included. She would have none of it, and even the larger stature of some males was not enough to intimate her into such positions, given her ferocity and experience in her body, better than even wolves born into it.

In the past few months, she had gone through at least ten men turned wolves, all with the same sort of interaction. A casual conversation, sex, maybe some hunting, and then parting ways, with the faux promise of meeting again. Then she would make sure her territory never crossed his path again, though it was largely a moot point.

The worst part was that the sex wasn't even that great in this case, the male not even bothering to thrust now that he had cum in her. Nicole's only reprieve was that she wasn't in heat and unable to get pregnant from his seed, making sure she wouldn't be saddled with some pups without a mate to help her. Besides, he could have at least tried to bring her with him, not even bothering to thrust to help her get off! Her tongue could do far better things than his useless...

<So, takes a while for this thing to go down, huh,> the wolf said, and Nicole bit her tongue. She wanted to chide him but thought better of it. Even if he did have potential it would be wasted to try to give him a lesson. Though, given the amount of time she had to wait for him to soften, there was some recourse to ponder her stance on him. He seemed to be a clueless jerk, but he was far from the worst potential suitor. Not that he would be a good casual lay, just as he likely thought of her. But wasn't she being a little *too* picky at this juncture?

Eventually, he pulled out, his relatively ample cum leaking out of her vagina. Nicole was a little annoyed by that, though mostly because she hadn't been given the chance to finish. Part of her hoped that the male would have the sense to tend to her vaginal needs, but she wasn't holding her breath at this point. He seemed as clueless as they came, likely as inept with human females as he was with wolves. Oh well...

<Not even going to clean...never mind,> Nicole said, used to most wolf-men politely licking their semen from her sex. She hated doing it herself, the irritation more than she wanted to deal with after already disappointing sex. It was the wolven equivalent of calling her a cab home. It seemed as though new wolves needed teaching on the finer points of lupine life, even the ones that were digestible to human sensibilities.

<What, sweetie, I don't->

<Nevermind, it's fine. Don't worry about it. You're new?> She asked, interjecting before squatting down. She wanted to clean herself, but after the sex, she needed to take a piss. She didn't want to do it in a place where her stink would stay, given that it was his territory and there was every chance she wouldn't be sticking around. Even with his degradation of her and the lackluster sex, there was a precedence to strike up a conversation with him, given the lack of good males lately. Besides, maybe he had something interesting to say on more mundane topics. It couldn't hurt to ask him something, right?

<Eww, not even going behind the bushes!> the guy growled, and Nicole figured enough was enough. He was obviously new, and wasn't going to last in the world of wolves if he couldn't even stand another wolf taking a piss in front of him!

<No, we are fucking wolves! God!> Nicole said, finishing her business like it was the most normal thing in the world. And, for wolves, it was. Guy couldn't take a hint, apparently. It was even more evident when he took off, stumbling through the bushes like a dog off a leash. Clearly, she figured, he wouldn't last long out here. Though, that was hardly her business, especially now. She didn't have the patience to teach a pup that wasn't her own. Especially one that needed as much help as this one obviously did!

<Yeah, yeah, I'll call you, don't call me,> she said, after leaving her calling card by taking a piss on a nearby bush. He was likely out of earshot by that point. It didn't really matter. He wasn't 'the one' or even one she wanted to see again. She would have to hope she found someone before breeding season. Lupine heat was the worst!

So, Nicole took to her day, looking for something to fill her belly. She wanted to sleep but had a fair trek ahead of her before she made it to her den, so figured it was prudent to grab a bite. Given the obvious newness of the male's stint as a wolf, Nicole was reminded of how she felt the first time she had to hunt for herself. Not that she minded killing and eating rabbits. It was all part of nature. Rather, her concern was that one of them might have been human and would beg for its life before she had a chance to stop. Though, she figured with her amazing nose she could smell the difference. And, besides, no one would be stupid enough to choose to be a wild rabbit in wolf country. Right?

Several hours later, blood washed off her muzzle after her kill, and well on the track back to her den for a well-deserved nap, the sound of a car stopping in the distance caught her attention, and Nicole paused, ears perked into the air. It was rare that humans came out this far, the area remote for even the most seasoned of hikers and explorers. She might have thought it was a poacher, though there was little concern for it, given that the nanites which changed her

would repair the damage so long as it wasn't fatal. Still, there was precedent to remain cautious, just in case.

Far more likely, and to her hope, was someone being left out here to change, hopefully into a wolf. She was aware that she was near the location where the road ended and all that wished to change, her included, had been brought to start their new lives. It was a slim chance, she figured, for there to be another potential male for her to grab before he got used to the newness of lupine life. Either way, Nicole was interested in whatever the people in the car were up to. Her hopes rose as the car drove away, and the sound of something stomping through the woods caught her attention. She wasn't yet in a place to smell them, but she knew she could get close without being caught or spotted. Unless the person in question was about to transform, of course...

Within the next few minutes, Nicole's nose picked up the scent of what she knew to be a human male. That still didn't mean much; he could still be turning into a she-wolf, after all. Or nothing at all, but someone left behind in this area of the woods usually only meant a new participant in the program. Regardless, she was determined to watch the wood's newest resident, whatever his purpose here might be. The odds were getting to be more and more to be in her favor...

The changing scent in the wind confirmed her suspicions. There was an odor of male wolf in with the human scent, one that could only come from a person in change. She was close; though Nicole had come not to rely on it in her new life, she could still see acutely, and it was the middle of the day, the sun out and bright. Though she had to slowly creep towards her potential suitor, she figured she would get there in time to watch the changes, slow enough as they were. Nicole didn't want to be seen lest she scare the poor man before he transformed too much. But she would regret it if she didn't get to see the changes firsthand!

Just in time, she happened upon a rather scrawny naked man standing awkwardly in the woods, in front of her but not looking down in her direction. Rather, he was turned around, gripping something that appeared to be attached to his back. Nicole couldn't see it at first but was certain that what he was holding had to be the start of his lupine tail. Nicole's heart raced, that had to be it!

"Oh, wow, this is...wow!" The man exclaimed, and Nicole couldn't blame him. It had been the experience of her life to shed her humanity and take on her canine body. And, in her own private way, she was there to experience his. Even if he wasn't aware of it, it was such an intimate moment, a step towards a new journey and new life. One that she herself held in such regard.

The man, seemingly unaware of her presence still, started scratching at his skin, where swashes of brown and gray fur were sprouting from his chest and back. It was pure white in the center where his treasure trail existed, moving up toward his chin and down towards his groin in equal measure. Nicole's gaze lowered as well to where she saw that his penis was rather erect, as was usually the case for those who were undergoing the program. She licked her lips, wanting to get them over it as soon as possible. Sure, most men turned wolves turned out to be assholes, but damn if Nicole didn't love sex!

Soon, the fur moved to cover his entire form, save the spots where his new nipples were growing in. Every inch of his body, from the tip of his new tail to the nape of his neck was covered with a wolven pelt. Even his beard started to spread out into a coat of wolf fur, matching the growing hair atop his head, no longer able to obscure pointed ears. Nicole, for one, thought he looked better in it. She didn't even find humans handsome anymore, not since she made her decision to spend the rest of her life as a wolf. At least by their looks, though scent was the main provider for lupine lusts now. And this man's scent was becoming more and more intoxicating with each passing moment!

Though not as good as the odor leaking from his erection, with a fading color that Nicole understood to be red, though she could no longer tell with limited lupine vision. Still, the darkened shade, in tandem with the peeling sheath, the pointed head, and the swollen knot at the base were all the tell she needed to know he carried a canine penis. It bobbed up and down slightly before being pulled down on his anatomy and forced to point toward his belly. Seemingly enamored, the man reached down to rub his erection, moaning from the contact. Nicole couldn't blame him; she had done the same with her own sex while she still had hands!

But, as her own experience could attest to, it was not to last long as his fingers started to crack, and the tips burst out with lupine nails. In desperation, he tried to run his hands over his penis, but without functional digits, it was an effort for naught. An audible whine left his lips, lamenting his fate. Though Nicole knew he didn't need to worry for long. He would soon possess enough flexibility to tend to those needs with his tongue. And, if he had a willing and needy female there to help him...damnit, Nicole hoped this one was straight!

The changes were coming to their apex now as a wet crack from his jaw indicated the next alteration towards his eventual wolfhood. "Well, there rrrrooo rrrry rrraaace> the man started, though lost his human voice mid-sentence. It was of little concern to Nicole's ears, however, being able to understand lupine speech as though it was English. The technology of the change was incredible, indeed!

With that, the man thought it prudent to get down on all fours as his skull completed its sloped canine configuration. Nicole believed that a wise maneuver, given that his feet were

starting to change, heels stretched, and toes compacting into paws. Thinner legs did little for bipedal locomotion, and he had the awareness not to try and struggle on just his hind legs anymore. A barreling chest, stretched spine, thinner stomach, and muscled forelegs made him the perfect visage of the male wolf form that nearly made Nicole melt.

With his new black nose, Nicole's presence was not to remain hidden from him for long. Going to run and experience the power within his body, the man stopped suddenly, sniffing the air with a curious expression. Nicole was hardly in heat, thankfully, but the scent of her sex and arousal was enough to get his attention, most likely. All the more assured by the fact that his cock was slowly sliding out of his sheath, something that most certainly did not go unnoticed by her eager wolf nose!

With that, Nicole decided it was time to make herself known, stepping out and wagging her tail in a sign of canine greeting. <Hey there, handsome, welcome to wolf-hood,> she said, words dripping lust. She knew that she was being a little forward, but it was hardly the worst thing for a wolf to do. Especially with the smells drifting from her form giving away her intention, there was no need to play coy as a wolf. Still, there was a fine line between 'direct' and 'overbearing', one that every male she had met as of late had crossed. So, Nicole waited with bated breath to see how he would respond to the advances. Surely he would at least get the hint and get ready to get down to business with her. And yet...

<Oh wow...hi...Hi! I'm Trent...I wasn't expecting...umm...hi...> He said, clearly baffled by the sight and scent of a female wolf waiting for him. Nicole couldn't blame him, it was not something that any changing person would be expecting under the best of circumstances. He was clearly embarrassed, in demeanor, at least. His cock said something different, dangling under his belly and signaling that her lust was having the desired effect.

<Wolves in the woods can always find other wolves, handsome. I'm Nicole, by the way,> Nicole replied. She wanted to get to know him a little better, and was sexual besides, knowing there was no reason not to get down to some fun. And, more important of all, she wanted to test to see how good he was in bed...

Though his responses were far from what she was used to, almost to being called the opposite end of the spectrum. Trent stood there, wagging his tail but backed up a little slowly towards her advancement as though unsure. Never before had she seen a wolf so shy, though he was likely still used to human enough antics that it made sense. It was the first time Nicole had met a male so close after a change, literally new territory for her. Part of her wasn't sure she was taking the right first step with the new man. Then again, Nicole had been a wolf for years and decided to go with her instincts in front of a new and evidently receptive male. He wasn't a threat

to her territory, though she hardly treated humans-turned-wolves in that regard. Rather, she viewed him as a potential receptive mate, and it was the canine thing to do to introduce herself.

Moving too fast for him to retreat from, Nicole made her way to his backside, goosing his ass and breathing in heavily of his scent glands. Trent rose up at that, not sure how to respond. Though he wasn't grossed out by such actions as was the male she'd mated with earlier that day. He simply stood his ground, even raising his tail reflexively to allow her a sniff. Feeling emboldened, Nicole took an even deeper whiff, reaching out with her tongue to lick at his balls and even teasing his sheath, making Trent moan out an <Ohhh...what...OOHHHHH...>

With that, Nicole figured it was time to make her move. Pulling back, she came up to his nose, flicking her tail to waft the scents from her sex to his nose to make him certain that she was aroused and ready. The thought of taking this male's cock made her almost as needy as her periods of heat, and there was no doubt in her mind that Trent would get the hint and return the favor. Even that much would be better than her last lover this morning!

Yet, she was a little surprised at the reaction she did get. Trent was inclined to sniff at her, thankfully getting the hint and goosing her insides. And he even reflexively stuck out his tongue, tasting her nectar and sending a brief shiver through her loins. Yet, soon, the licking stopped Nicole a little disappointed that was all Trent had to give. Though figuring he was going to mount already, Nicole firmed her stance, getting ready to take him, hoping at least he would excel in that. But after a few disappointing minutes, nothing happened. Why was he...?

<Well, go ahead, put it in!> Nicole said a little urgently. She had gotten herself so worked up over the prospect of sex that the desperation did not escape her tone. And, why shouldn't she, after being so cruelly denied the orgasm she craved!?

<I...what... you want...now? We just met...> Trent replied, as though he was shocked by the offering. Surely, he was interested. Nicole could smell as much. He was erect and panting, his body putting off signs of such that could not be construed as anything else. Then, what was the problem? Oh god, he wasn't gay, was he? Not again! Maybe he was just shy?

<Go ahead, it's alright. We're wolves, aren't we? We can get to 'know' each other, if you get what I mean, as much as we want. Plus, I'm not in heat! It's not like you'll have to pay child support,> Nicole said, a little nonchalantly for the obviously stunned newly minted wolf.

<Ummm...Buy me dinner first?> Trent replied, and Nicole almost laughed at that. He was just a little prudish for his new form, it seemed. And, she had to admit, being a wolf for so many years might have made her a little forward for a human. So, he wanted to get to know her? She could do that.

Turning around, she wagged her tail a little before sitting down on her haunches. Trent went to smile at her, though the instincts in his mind seemed to tell him that was a canine faux pas. So, instead, he took the same position, struggling a little with the girth of his penis. Despite his protests to the contrary, it seemed as though he was erect and ready to go. Eventually, however, he seemed to relax, cock going limp and back into his sheath. Nicole was a little disappointed but figured it would be a short order to get him back in the mood.

Casual conversation not her forte anymore after all her years in the woods, Nicole took a moment to really think about what to ask. Though eventually the obvious would come to light, and she quired <So, what brings you to the woods? Wanting to run away from it all?>

<Yeah, I guess you could say that. Gap year from college. Wasn't really working out. So, I decided to be a wolf for a while. At least a year, but I might stay out if I like it. Spent a lot of time in the woods growing up, so I figured I would give being a wolf a try. How about you? Been out here long?> He asked, getting into the conversation.

<Me? Ever since I was nineteen. Been about four winters now? I think. Doesn't matter too much. I'm not all feral, don't worry,> Nicole replied in response to the note of confusion that plastered his canine features. <There are plenty of formerly human wolves out here to chat with, though not all of them are the best conversationalists!> She said, and Trent laughed a little, though not really getting the joke and trying to appease her in a sort of way, as best she could perceive. Four years of primal lifestyle really did leave human social cues by the wayside, after all!

<So, are all female wolves so...forward?> Trent asked after they'd exchanged a few awkward words about lives before now. It seemed trivial, after all, and Nicole seemed to have little interest in talking about her past or even listening to his own. Trent wasn't immediately offended, however, thinking that such things might not hold a candle to her life as a wolf. And, he had to admit, having just taken the plunge, he was more inclined to ask about what he had to look forward to. Sure, he'd done his research, but books and first-hand learning were two very different things!

<Well, that depends on the male,> Nicole said, getting up and rubbing herself against his body. She made a point to linger on her loins for a little bit and could smell the precum leaking from his prick. Trent, for his part, seemed to shiver from the contact and shifted his stance a little as his cock came to full attention once more. Protestations aside, it seemed he was amicable, at least. And lupine sex was certainly an experience, one that she was sure he would want to repeat after the first time. <And you're quite the specimen, I must say. You picked a good set of genetics for your change. I can smell that much,> She said, not letting her forwardness go.

<I see...maybe you could teach me a few things? About being a wolf? And not just the sexy parts...not that I don't want to...I mean, I do, but...only if you want...I don't mean to come off as...whatever you want to teach me?> Trent blurted out, obviously shy and stammering.

While Nicole couldn't help but admit that such conduct was cute, there was a precedent for speeding things along the way her loins longed for. Having some fun with him was surely in order. <Then you'll have to catch me first!> Nicole said before taking off. She felt a certain sense of canine frivolity in her actions, but it was prudent to play a little, and, besides, the newly turned wolf needed to be put through his paces, as it were.

With that, Nicole tore through the woods, not hearing the male chasing after her at first. Though he soon joined her, evidently getting over his hesitation and truly trying his wolf body for the first time. He was awkward, for sure, and Nicole didn't want to run too fast lest she get too ahead of him. But it was fun, giving him a taste of lupine life. They were beasts of the woods after all, and could run all day and night if need be, with the senses and energy to make it through branches and brambles without semblance of harm.

Though it was fun for a time, experiencing the abilities of their lupine bodies to the fullest, Nicole knew it needed to end to get down to their fun. She stopped, waiting almost a full thirty seconds before Trent caught up to her. He panted a little, body not used to running even though his anatomy had the power for it. But it hardly left him exhausted to get down to the fun that Nicole hopefully had in store for him.

<You'll need to do better than that, wolf-boy> Nicole taunted, and Trent looked a little dejected at that. <But you caught up fast enough that I'm down to give you a little reward,> she finished, moving towards him and rubbing against his chest and flanks before turning around and raising her tail and wafting her scent towards him. She had kept her desire up, and she wasn't afraid to flaunt it in front of a potential beau!

<Oh...OK...yeah...let...sorry...OK! I'm ready!> Trent said, getting up and sniffing at her loins again. Nicole was elated when he took his time, really breathing in her scent and goosing her backside, anus, and vagina in sequence.

<Good boy, now you're getting it-ohhh...ohhh...> Nicole started, then began to moan as a thick, slobbering tongue started to run over her sex, taking the edges of her womanhood all at once. Though it was obvious that he was inexperienced with his form and her anatomy-not something she could blame him for, the body his for only an hour-his intentions were clear. And welcome, given the passion that he seemed to have for the act!

Trent, for his part, said nothing, continuing to lap at her sex and drinking down her juices. He even experimented a little, trying a few different strokes while keeping up the actions as she moaned her <Oh yes! Just like that!> and running around her rim with curiosity and learning. Eventually, he even got up the courage to try tonguing her, folding the flattened edges and pounding in and out...just like he might do with his penis if he were so inclined...

<Damn...that's good...but don't hold back stud...go for it! Show me what you got, wolf-boy!> Nicole said, shivers running through her body at the thought of being mounted by such an attentive stud. He was certainly getting over his shyness at this point and clearly had no distaste for oral as a human. This was not something that her past lupine lovers had thought to grace her with, and Nicole wasn't complaining!

<OK, but I don't want to hurt you...let me know?> Trent asked, and Nicole would have almost smiled if she could. He wasn't the arrogant pseudo-alpha that most male wolves seemed to call themselves. Still, if he was too shy, that came with its own problems...

<It's all good! You won't! I'll let you know!> Nicole replied with a little bit of a giggle. She thought it was cute, all things considered, how much he cared for her pleasure and comfort, a little like a curious teen trying for the first time. Though, in the end, Nicole wanted the wolf's penis within her to see if he passed the test. Though her sex had been used already today, she was still in need of an orgasm, and in lieu of getting back to her den to tongue herself, this male might just do the trick.

<Ok, Let's see, I'll just get...up just like...FUCK!> Trent called out just as he slipped and fell onto Nicole, whose stance was awkward to aid in the male's penetration. Thus, the two of them fell over in a tumble of wolf fur, Nicole ending up on her back and Trent having fallen on top of her, much to his obvious embarrassment.

<Well, hi!> Trent said, and Nicole let out a barking laugh as he stared down at her with interest and intent.

<Like what you see, stud?> Nicole asked and couldn't help but feel a warm spot touch her sex from his leaking erection. Now, that was a *wolf*. He was clearly into her and, so far, hadn't triggered any red flags. This one, she wanted to get to know further!

<Y-Yeah...I...um...sorry...can I ask to do something? Something I liked to...something I want to try as a wolf, that I liked to do to my...well, something they said I was good at...> Trent started, looking down at her prone form with a confusing expression for a wolf.

<Oh, you have my attention!> Nicole said excitedly, interested to see what he had in mind for her. It was rare that a wolf was shy, and she had to admit she found it endearing. After all, she had the high ground of experience, so to speak, and his demeanor was, for all intents and purposes, really cute. Though he was clumsy as hell and was taking his sweet time getting down to things, they realistically had all day, hell, all the time in the world. So long as this one made her cum...

Of all the things she was expecting, it was not for the wolf to reach down with his tongue to start teasing her nipple nubs, gently at first but starting to lap more intently as she began to whine her surprise and pleasure. <Oh...OH...that's...fuck...that's nice...don't stop! Trent!> She called out, the feeling of sensitive nipples being stimulated almost more than she could bear. In all her years as a wolf, no male had ever tried doing something like this to her body. Though she had discovered the nipples an erogenous zone from her own oral ministrations, never before had she thought it so nice to be teased by someone else!

Feeling emboldened, Trent reached up, licking her lips in a rather human display of affection. Nicole had to repress a growl at that, canine instincts feeling something entirely different about the action. Though it was reminiscent of something that she had missed in lupine life, and she had to admit that it was more than a little welcome. Noticing her hesitation, Trent stopped, a look of shame on his features if such was even possible. <I-sorry, was that too forward? I didn't mean-> Trent started, though Nicole stopped him, not wanting him to lose his momentum when she had him getting into things.

<It's alright. Just...very human, I guess? For wolves, it's a sign of submission. Don't worry too much, I understand what you mean. You're doing great!> She said, getting up and licking at his own lips, just briefly enough not to overwhelm her own instincts but such that she showed she reciprocated in similar fashion.

Still, with all the attention she was getting, Nicole figured it would be in poor taste to leave him to fend for himself. Eventually, she pulled back from the kiss, reaching underneath him and teasing the tip of his love stick with her eager tongue. <Ohhh...that's nice...Nicole...fuck!> Trent managed to moan before Nicole got down on her back and started to lap the cock tip with eagerness before diving in his nob with a skilled muzzle. It was not the first time she'd gone down on another wolf, and she was using that skill to Trent's full benefit.

<Oh, fuck, that's good...that's nice...oh fuck...I'm going to pop...wait, what was-OH! I have a knot...hehe, I forgot,> Trent managed to moan, and Nicole was sure that he would be blushing if he could. She, too, might have chuckled, though was currently more concerned with getting her muzzle around that knot. She loved the sensation, finding lupine knots usually a little too big but just enough that it created a challenge she loved to rise to.

What she was not expecting was for a cool, damp nose to start pressing against her own sex, finding the same sweet spot with his tongue he had just discovered in his short time playing with her body. The two of them fell into a rhythm after that, lapping and licking at each other's nethers while moaning into each other's genitals. It was an entirely non-bestial way to make love with one another, though surprisingly pleasant given what Nicole was starting to feel as a connection. Or, at least, she was hoping it might reach that point...

With the two teasing each other in such exquisite ways, it was only a matter of time before Trent moved off, cock dangling there and dripping pre and strings and saliva. <Sorry, it was getting a little too close, wanted to...can I mount you?> Trent asked, still in that shyness that Nicole was now finding overall sweet.

Though at the moment, she wanted nothing more than that tasty wolf cock buried deep in her nethers. <Yes! Please! Finally!> Nicole said, getting up and turning tail to raise her rump and expose her sex. Trent, without saying a word, walked up and started sniffing, licking at her again for a few minutes before Nicole finally yelled out. <Fuck, put it in me!> Trent replied with an underconfident <OK, let's try this again!> before moving up on her flanks and hunching over, trying to get into position.

This time, however, he managed to feel his cock tip push against the rim of her nethers, and he moved his hips forward reflexively, inexperience in his new form not a factor as he plunged in. Trent sat in place for a moment, as though getting used to the sensation. Then he started thrusting, finding his canine footing, and lunging forward with speed and enthusiasm.

<Am I hurting you?> Trent eventually asked, stopping to wait for her answer. He was just starting to get going and was getting a little too close too fast for his preference. Trent didn't want to come too fast and ruin things for them both on the first date, after all!

<No, harder!> Nicole yelled out louder than she had meant to. He really did care about her pain and pleasure, though maybe a little too much, given his hesitancy. It was the opposite end of the spectrum, given her recent experiences, though with this end, she could work with it. Still, at the moment, she needed it, and *now*.

<OK!> Trent said, giving a series of rapid humps that really seemed to do it for her. Already stretching her in the right way, the persistent pounding hit her insides in a way that she had been missing in the last few rounds of sex. Not the best, perhaps, not by far. But here, at the moment, it was the exact thing that she needed, and it was getting close to the stage where she would cum. If he could just keep this up, then...

<Can I...knot you?> Trent asked, feeling his wolf-hood swelling at the tip and struggling to push in. he could feel it straining, needing it so bad and hardly able to hold it back with the force of lust that was required of him.

<God, yes, do it! Fuck!> Nicole said, needing that push to get her over the edge and not caring about being polite about it. She was finally to get an orgasm from sex for the first time in what felt like forever, and she didn't want to miss out on it this time!

With silent determination, Trent allowed himself to push in, a wet pop signaling that he had indeed penetrated her wet folds to the fullest of his ability. With that, his thrusts started to intensify to the point of lacking control, and Nicole whined, loving the bestial way he was finally getting into it. It would not be much time before he filled her with puppy cream, satisfying that ongoing need that was making her mad.

<Oh shit...gonna cum...can't stop...aawwwwooooo!> Trent called out, and the spasming of his cock shook Nicole's vaginal lips, more pleasant by far than the morning's romp. *This* is what she had been craving, and any inexperienced he might have harbored was forgotten with the intense satisfaction of getting exactly what she'd desired.

The pleasant pressure was just enough to push her over the edge, making her growl in her own orgasm <Oh shit...you did it...aawwrrroooo!> Nicole managed to moan, her orgasm washing over her and prompting Trent to pulse his puppy cream through her sex. It was a momentary bliss to feel an orgasm through sex, something she had been lacking and well worth the wait.

And, best yet, Trent wasn't done either, apparently liking his own orgasm enough that he wanted to dance over the heels of it. Naturally, he couldn't pull out, not with a canine penis as their physiology dictated. But he wasn't complaining, rather enjoying the sensations of post-orgasm and the piece of pleasure that being knotted together gave them.

<Was that good for you?> Trent managed to pant, reaching out to lick at her muzzle in a messy semblance of a kiss. <What are you doing?> Nicole asked, not sure why he wasn't getting the hint about that particular practice. Still, it was like a kiss after sex, more like a romantic gesture, one that Nicole had never really experienced before now. And, reflecting on it, she found it kind of nice...

Nicole would have smiled if she could have. He still didn't understand the significance of that lupine gesture, but it was still cute what he was doing all the same. And, he seemed to be making a concerted effort to keep her own pleasure going, an attentive lover if there ever was one. It was far soon to tell, of course, where this would lead. Yet, wolves in the wild courted long

before making love in earnest. Their romp had been a combination of human and lupine instincts.

<It still will be if you keep thrusting!> Nicole said, just this one time licking him back on the lips and tasting his still pristine breath. It was a tender moment, made all the better by the fact that his thrusts picked up, and he prepared to bring her again. He really was caring, and sex aside, his presence made her almost happy to have a companion. Nicole couldn't help but keep one notion at the forefront of her thoughts as she was brought to the brink of her second orgasm of the day. This one had potential, and she wanted to get to know him better. She was even more excited when he pulled out, sniffing her cunt before reaching down with his tongue to clean the excess. A true gentleman, indeed!

<Well, wolf-boy, what do you say I give you a crash course in being a wolf?> Nicole offered, after Trent's knot had softened and he had pulled out of her.

<Sure! I wouldn't mind the company, it's great company! I want to...well, I mean, I don't want to assume or anything, but...I want you to teach me,> Trent stated, though there was something else in the tone that even someone tone deaf to human inflections as Nicole could pick on.

With that, the pair moved out into the woods, Trent almost wagging his tail in eagerness. He had no qualms about killing and eating a rabbit with her, though she was already full and allowed him the honor of eating his first kill. There was some concern about it being human, which Nicole absolved him from. There were plenty of prey animals in the woods, and with human intelligence and lupine instinct, killing them was a breeze. She applauded his efforts, thinking he might be cut out for lupine life after all.

With that, Nicole made her decision. <Want to come back to my den? I don't mind if you stay the night, but you'll have to find your own digs in the morning. Provided you scratch that itch that's been bugging me all day,> She finished, and Trent eagerly followed her, wagging his tail. It was a long shot, but maybe, Nicole hoped, he might use the den longer than just the night...

The night was stormy, and Nicole was nestled in her den, belly full with no need to be out in the rain. Her burrow was deep enough that there was no chance of getting wet, even from the storm raging as fiercely as it was. She could wait for the sun to rise the next morning before venturing out into the damp woods. Not that she minded being wet, but there was no need to go out in this crazy weather, after all!

A familiar tugging at her nipples made her aware that once more she wasn't alone. Not an unfamiliar sensation for the three-time mother, Nicole was happy to be nursing pups again, still blind but only weeks away from exploring the world for the first time. They were adorable, and knowing she would watch them learn about the ways of wolves made her love her life all over again. And this time, perhaps they would stay with her, territory becoming a premium for all the new wolves being introduced into the area.

And there was another reason she was excited about her future, the soft kick of an adult wolf's paw against her flanks as her mate slept, snuggled on the other side of her with the cubs in the middle. Trent, as it turned out, was not only an attentive lover but wanted the job as a mate after the two had spent time getting to know each other. The sparks were there from that first day and it had been a wonderful time teaching him how to be a wolf, as much as it would be to teach their cubs. And, with hope, the new cubs, at least some of them, would stay with the pair to help raise their siblings, forming a true wolf pack and something that Nicole had been looking for ever since her life as a wolf began...