

Chapter 38

Pain shot through Sophia's shoulder, back and arms as she lay with her furred face in the snow gasping for breath, but she scarcely noticed. All she could focus on were her ears, or more precisely, what she was hearing with them. The sound of Shadow's paws pounding the snow slowed as he drew closer and she could hear his steady panting from the exertion. He exuded near panic in his scent.

Then, he 'spoke' and she again understood him as perfectly as if a person spoke to her in English, 'Many Scents! Are you okay?'

It wasn't English of course, but her mind understood him in the same way. Like she had been able to with Bruno, her brain was able to parse subtle changes in pitch and frequency that were impossible for a human ear to distinguish. However, where Bruno's communication had been simple noises combined with body language, Shadow was conveying complex ideas with his 'voice'. Again, Sophia found she somehow knew how to form the proper sounds.

Sophia gasped for breath and then let out a modulated yip of her own, 'You can *gasp* talk!'

His scent changed to a combination of astonishment, relief and bemusement. She lifted her head to find him only a foot away, staring down at her. Even through the pain and exhaustion, Sophia felt a surge of excitement as she fully took in his incredible musk and handsome visage. She had found herself drawn to his form before but tonight she noticed subtle visual details in the shape of his head and muzzle. Details that only further combined with his scent to make her heart beat faster.

Shadow huffed, a lupine version of a laugh, and yelped 'Of course I can talk; you're the talking two-leg!'

Sophia giggled, but it came out as a quiet series of huffs similar to Shadow, 'Not two legs tonight!'

Shadow exuded awe and more than a little desire as he circled her, sniffing. After a moment, he quietly yipped and whined, 'Even more wolf than the last bright night.' He stopped and stared at her, wonder in his scent. 'Just like the stories...'

Stories..?

'I got the night wrong,' Sophia whined apologetically. 'I thought it was tomorrow.'

Shadow stared at her, his ears angled towards her, 'How do you know how to talk on this bright night? Even pups need a full fur cycle to learn.'

That's... actually a really good question.

'I don't know,' she conceded in a soft whimper as she struggled to all fours. 'I don't know how any of this is happening.' Her small tail swayed excitedly as she leaned in and ran her elongated tongue across Shadow's nose before yipping, 'But I'm glad it is...'

Shadow's body relaxed at the lick-kiss and his scent changed to deep affection and protectiveness. The wolf stepped closer and nuzzled her small muzzle gently with his, allowing her to lick his teeth in greeting.

He made a noise similar to a purr, a low rumble in his throat, 'I missed you, my mate.'

Sophia's tail wagged and her heart sped up as she leaned her head against his neck. Without hesitation, she made a similar gravelly noise, 'I love you.'

How could I have ever tried to convince myself otherwise? She closed her eyes and lost herself in the feeling of his fur and body heat mingling with hers. *I wish this night could last forever.*

'Can you move?' Shadow growled, his scent taking on a note of urgent concern. 'This isn't a safe place.'

Sophia looked up in surprise, sniffing in alarm, 'I smell nothing.'

Her companion was silent for a moment and then growled, 'We're too close to the two-legs and there's no cover. This isn't our territory.'

He really means that - our territory, Sophia felt her heart leap at her inclusion.

'If you need more time to rest... ' Shadow yipped quietly.

Sophia took stock of her body. The pain had disappeared, but her limbs still felt weighted by fatigue. Where she still was still covered by clothes she felt like she was on fire but felt no sweat.

'I can move,' Sophia told him. 'But I'm still too tired to run.'

'I'll go as slow as you need,' he promised. 'Follow me.'

The large wolf started padding through the snow away from her, his head constantly checking every direction. Sophia willed her protesting limbs to follow, walking on all fours in the trail he had left. As she moved, energy seemed to flow back into her body and she was able to keep pace. Soon, she had forgotten about her fatigue as his strong body's rhythmic movements had a hypnotic effect on her.

He makes it look so easy... Sophia watched Shadow cut through the snow with little sign of it impeding him ahead of her. *And... there's that.*

In her new posture, she also couldn't help noticing the white-furred pouch between his rear legs. It swayed salaciously as he pressed forward and she felt an increasing heat that had a very different origin than that from her exertion. She also became quite aware that there was a

distinct husky odor that differed from the musk being given off by his scent glands. The faint scent of lupine urine mixed in with it left no mistake where it was coming from either.

What am I thinking?! He's a wolf! And I'm a... a... Her tail drooped down in shame as she tried to fight the feeling of warmth and emptiness between her own legs. *Gah, get a hold of yourself, Sophia!*

To make the moment even more harrowing, she could smell that Shadow had picked up on her desire. His gait noticeably faltered for a few paces as he glanced back at her, his tail swaying. Diverted by the wolf's stumble, her mind's defenses failed to stop the memory of the nursing pups from reappearing.

Could we..? For the first time, she allowed herself to consider where their relationship could go. It shouldn't even be possible, but maybe...

The forbidden idea titillated her and she imagined herself lying as wolf pups suckled from her. Her limbs felt rubbery and she became quite aware that blood was flowing to eight points on her abdomen and chest. What remained of her clothes chafed against her fur and skin to an almost unbearable degree.

Shadow stopped ahead of her and she was so wrapped up in her indecorous thoughts that she nearly plowed into his rear. It was only then that she became quite aware of the scent of asphalt and the faint odors of motor vehicles. As she moved around to his side, she realized they stood along the road she had detected earlier in the evening.

How did I not notice this smell was getting stronger..?

Shadow glanced at her as she bent down to sniff the road curiously. It had a turgid oily smell that set her on edge and contrasted sharply with the comforting scents of the trees and stones. She wanted nothing more than to get away from the unnatural gash in the forest.

'Let's go,' Shadow rumbled and started to move.

A feeling of anxiety sprang up in Sophia as a lifetime of conditioning took hold and she growled, 'Wait!'

Her companion froze mid-stride, his scent confused.

Sophia's stubby tail flopped down as she sheepishly yipped, 'As a two-leg I was taught to look both ways.'

Amusement was plain in Shadow's scent as she looked right, then left and right again. Only then, did she reach forward with a hand-paw, her claws clicking against the hard surface. Shadow made no noise but broke into a nonchalant trot, reached the other side and sat on his haunches. Sophia took it a bit more slowly, taking in the feeling of the pads on her 'paws'

pressing into the rough asphalt and her claws digging into every tiny pit in the roadway. Soon, she reached the other side and Shadow soundlessly turned and continued on into the forest.

She turned to take a last look at the road and shivered. *So weird to experience the human world as an animal. It really doesn't feel like I ever belonged to it.*

Turning, she hastened to catch up to her boyfriend.

Sophia pushed herself to cover the last few yards to reach where Shadow had stopped, panting heavily. She had increasingly lagged behind as her fatigue had returned and had barely made the last half mile. When she reached Shadow, she gladly collapsed onto her knees and arms in the snow. A few dozen yards ahead of them, the land abruptly climbed upwards. The forest thinned and then terminated as the ground became increasingly rocky strewn. Even with her relatively poor eyesight, she could make out the sharp interplay of moonlight and shadow the rocky cliffs created.

'We can rest here,' Shadow yipped to her quietly. 'I'm sorry I kept pushing. There wasn't any cover.'

He gave Sophia a tender lick-kiss where the bridge of her nose merged into her small muzzle. Then, he bounded over the rocks to a large formation that jutted out from the cliffside. Groaning, Sophia forced herself up and laboriously clambered over the rockfall.

When she reached him again, she saw why he had picked this particular location. What she had thought was one large boulder was actually several boulders leaning against each other. A sizable gap between the massive rocks created a sheltered area free from broken rocks and snow. Any interloper would have to be almost on top of the opening to be able to see anything inside of it.

Sophia sniffed at the traces of animal scents that wafted out and asked, 'What makes these scents?'

'Foxes,' Shadow answered. 'It's been many days though.'

She was about to clamber into the shelter when the world seemed to explode. Massive *BOOMS* hammered her ears and she yelped before launching herself under the rocks. As soon as she came to a stop, she felt Shadow jump on top of her, forcing her flat against the ground. There was silence for a few seconds then another massive boom and the shelter briefly lit up.

Did a bomb go off? She flattened her ringing ears against the side of her head. Then, the scent of various burned materials reached her nose and she realized what was happening. *Oh, fireworks. It must be midnight.*

She became acutely aware of Shadow's heavy body on top of her. He was shaking and she could smell his sheer terror - but also his determination.

He's trying to protect me! Sophia felt her affection and respect for the wolf grow even more.

Another loud explosion sounded, startling both of them. She could feel the fur all over her body standing on end and Shadow growled and whimpered.

'It's okay,' Sophia yipped softly. 'It's...' No lupine way to express fireworks came to her and she grasped for a replacement. 'It's two-legs thunder.'

Shadow's smell was still terrified but now had an element of curiosity. 'Two-legs thunder?' He asked.

'Yes,' Sophia replied as soothingly as she could. 'They use it for...' There wasn't a lupine analog for 'celebrate' either. 'For play.'

'They play with thunder?' Shadow asked, disbelieving. 'Why?'

Sophia realized there also wasn't really a wolf concept of a year in the sense humans used it. She grasped about and then remembered something he had said earlier. 'It's a new fur cycle.'

'Two-legs make thunder when they grow new fur?' Shadow asked, his scent turning very confused.

Sophia made the huffing noise she now understood to signal amusement and swayed her tail, 'Not quite, but it's not a threat.'

Shadow hesitated, his scent was still protective but now had a touch of uncertainty. At last, he reluctantly rolled off of her. He took to sitting between the shelter's entrance and Sophia. Sophia carefully propped herself up on all fours as she turned towards her boyfriend. Deep emotion threatened to overwhelm her as she moved to his side and brushed her shoulder against him.

She made a low rumble in her throat, 'I love you so much.' Then she leaned in close and gave him a lick-kiss at the base of his muzzle before adding, 'Thanks for caring about me.'

Another firework lit up the sky and was followed by an air-shattering *BOOM*.

Sophia twitched and flattened her ears against her head but otherwise didn't react.

Please be done soon.

Shadow's scent was still nervous, however seeing for himself there was no danger, he calmed. Standing, he nuzzled Sophia's head and rumbled, 'You're worth it.'

Touched, Sophia gave Shadow another lick-kiss. The wolf returned the affection and they were soon absorbed in licking each others' muzzles, noses, tongues and teeth.

His breath smells good. His sweet, slightly rotten breath just heightened the intimacy for her. *It's not deer but something like it.*

Thoroughly caught up in the moment, she started using her teeth and tongue to groom the fur on his neck. She let out a playful growl when he started to turn towards her and he stood in place, his scent excited and curious.

Sophia steadily worked her way down his back and side, licking off any dirt and working out tangles in his fur. Aside from some difficult-to-reach places, she found his thick coat surprisingly clean and well-kept. She could smell traces of his saliva throughout and was happy to add her own to it.

Do wolves get hairballs? She wondered idly as she instinctively swallowed the fur and dirt that her mouth was collecting.

Shadow stilled his giddily wagging tail as she began licking it. Its length and beautiful fur made her feel self-conscious of her own stubby tail.

I hope my tail gets that gorgeous eventually. She paused as she neared what she had been dying to smell more intimately. *Enough waiting.*

Lowering her nose, she positioned it where his musk emanated - right above his anus. Inhaling, she sucked it in greedily, exploring and memorizing every facet of it. The masculine scent sent tingles through her body, especially in the place between her rear legs.

The best smell in the world is my boyfriend's butt. She nearly huffed at the thought. *This is wrong on so many levels! But if it's wrong, why does it feel so right?*

Shadow's rear jerked as he pivoted to stand side by side with Sophia. A moment later, an annoyed chuff came from behind her.

My jeans. She anxiously shifted her weight between her foot-paws. *This could be a problem.*

'Why do two-legs wear skins that are not their own?' Shadow asked curiously. 'Is it not rude to cover their scents?'

'We - they don't make scents there.' Sophia rumbled a reply, 'Two-legs wear them to keep them warm and because being furless makes them uncomfortable.'

And I'm uncomfortable wearing them and afraid of taking them off. Damn, this is all so confusing.

Her heart thudded in her chest and the sensation of how tight her clothes were with her fur was becoming intolerable.

'But you are not furless,' he countered. 'Or a two-leg.'

'I'm not all wolf,' Sophia whined shamefully.

'You are to me,' Shadow rumbled, certainty in his tone and scent.

A wave of gratitude and love swept away her anxiety and she felt the fur on her short tail graze Shadow's nose.

Screw it.

Bending her small muzzle to the side, she grabbed the right shoulder of her sweatshirt with her front teeth. She tried tugging on it gently but couldn't find a way to slip it over her head. Frustrated, she snarled as she bit down and gave a hard tug. A loud tearing noise echoed in the shelter as the fabric tore down to where she had bitten off the sleeves earlier. Her feeling of triumph turned into a despondent growl when she found the sweatshirt's collar was still intact.

How did I take it off earlier? She concentrated, trying to make sense of the imagery that conflicted with her lupine conception of herself. *I used my paws? That doesn't make sense.*

Looking back towards Shadow, who was watching inquisitively on his haunches, she whined pitifully. 'Help.'

Shadow cocked his head questioningly for a second and then understanding blossomed in his scent. He practically sprang off his haunches and moved to her shoulder. Taking the fabric of the collar in his jaws, he bit down and tugged sharply on it. The elastic snapped, leaving Sophia's furry shoulder bare.

Shifting her right "foreleg", she exposed her side to him. The wolf eagerly took hold of the rapidly disintegrating garment and steadily ripped it off of her. Sophia, meanwhile, went to work on the other shoulder, tearing whatever she could reach. Shadow finished tearing apart the side and she rotated her back, shaking the torn fabric off her back. The motion brought the bit keeping it on her left shoulder within reach of her muzzle. With a quick snap, she tore it.

Finally, Sophia sighed in relief, luxuriating in the feeling of having her fur-free. *Just my pants now.*

'You're beautiful,' Shadow breathed, his scent infatuated as he padded around her front. 'Why would you cover your coat?'

Sophia wagged her tail and huffed bashfully at the compliment. Then, she felt the cold air nipping at her now exposed teats and she lowered her front reflexively. Catching herself, she stood tall on all fours and gave Shadow an appreciative lick-kiss.

I feel... amazing.

'I have to get used to this,' she yipped self-consciously. 'It feels wonderful though.'

Shadow bound to her still-covered rear and gave a questioning whine.

Males! Sophia huffed in amusement even as she felt flattered by his interest.

'Alright,' she approved shyly. 'But wait. That... hide is tougher. I think I know a better way.'

There's a button on the jeans and I think I can use my front paws to undo it. She concentrated, reaching for human memories that seemed so alien now. But forepaws don't move that way.

She looked down at her forepaws, trying to remember how the long toes could be flexed to manipulate objects.

How could Shadow think I'm pretty with deformed paws like these? Shaking her head, she tried to dispel the dissonant feelings. As much as I don't want to, I need to think and act like a two-leg for a moment.

Taking a steadying breath, she lowered her upper chest to the ground. Doing her best to ignore the discordant feelings conjured by using her paws like a two-leg, she managed to undo the button. Then, she slipped it over her hips before getting back on all fours. Gravity pulled the makeshift shorts down to her knees and she straightened her 'hindlegs' enough for them to slide the rest of the way.

That's it. Sophia stepped out of the crumbled shorts. No more clothes.

She had expected to feel shame or embarrassment as she stood naked on all four 'paws'. However, without the constant chafing of cloth against fur, she found her human-ingrained inhibitions had quieted significantly. Even the chilly night air against her largely furless feminine folds seemed entirely natural. It all felt so... *right*.

I feel wild... free. She reached forward, stretching and feeling her changed body move without any encumbrance for the first time that night. *I feel... like myself.*

She huffed happily as she looked at Shadow and asked teasingly, 'Like what you see?'

Shadow responded with a lick across her face, 'you smell... and look... amazing.'

Uninhibited by her clothes, her own feminine musk had intensified in the small space. It mingled and contrasted pleasantly with Shadow's deeply masculine musk. The only remaining impediment to its dispersal was the twin fleshy mounds of her still-human bottom.

Raising her tail seductively, she looked at Shadow and huffed, 'Go ahead.'

Shadow's tail wagged at full throttle as he eagerly darted around her. Shifting her weight onto her 'hind-paws', she spread her furry buttocks to fully expose her anus and the gland that now resided there. She huff-giggled when she felt Shadow's whiskers brush the fur on her butt. His tail went rigid as she heard him take a strong sniff of her scent. Warm air caressed her rear as he breathed out and then he inhaled again, slowly this time.

He's getting really aroused... Her heart fluttered in excitement as she breathed in Shadow's rapidly thickening musk. *And it's my scent arousing him!*

Sophia jumped as she felt a warm and wet object brush her tail-hole, sending a burst of pleasure through her body. Her claws curled against the hard rock as she felt something release. The smell of her musk intensified a second later.

'Much better,' Shadow let out a pleased rumble.

Huff-giggling, she playfully whacked his nose with her short tail and growled, 'Smell, but don't touch.'

'You're going to be a fine wolfess,' Shadow told her. 'And a good mate.'

Pride swelled in Sophia's chest and she stood taller. Her nether lips felt engorged and a more... carnal feminine musk was growing thick in the air. The walls of her virgin canal tightened expectantly and she unconsciously widened her rear legs. It was getting difficult to focus her eyes and her tongue hung out of her mouth as she panted. The image of pups danced around her mind and she didn't fight the excitement and desire it stirred.

Could he get me pregnant..?

A deep masculine scent drew her nose to Shadow's rear. There was a strong concentration of his musk on the fur just below his tail-hole and instinct told her she needed to help her packmate with it. Extending her tongue, she lapped at the fur, not caring about what else her nose told her she was picking up. After that spot was clean, she started licking and grooming the rest of the fur on his rear, working any tangles out. Her tongue brushed across Shadow's rear hole and an intense burst of his musk followed. Shadow grunted and his scent became pleased.

Oh, that's why wolves and dogs lick each other there. She gave it a more deliberate lick, releasing another potent sample for her to savor.

As she shifted her grooming downward, Shadow splayed out his forepaws and got into a bowing position. His furry endowment dangled beneath him and Sophia wagged her tail bashfully. Bending down slightly, she started working on his upper hindlegs, pointedly avoiding the sizable package hanging only a few inches from her nose.

Time for his underside...

Sophia stopped and rumbled as seductively as she could manage, 'Roll over.'

Her feral boyfriend needed little prompting, the curiosity and carnal excitement in his scent was obvious. He immediately laid down and then rolled onto his back. Both pairs of paws splayed up in the air. With a huff-giggle, Sophia's gaze fell on the furry protrusion that had so flustered her the previous two months.

Oh, wow, that's not what I was expecting! It's a lot different than what they showed us in health class...

Instead of a flared tip peeking out of a furry pouch like she was used to seeing, a long, tapered rod hung. The rod swelled into a bulbous shape at its base before disappearing into the deflated sheath it normally resided in. Sophia's nose informed her this appendage was where the scent that she found so hard to ignore came from. In the space between her own legs, she felt a pulsing sensation and a strange expectant emptiness.

Come to think of it, I haven't looked at myself down there yet tonight. Suddenly curious, she tilted her head towards her crotch. *I doubt I'll be able to see anything from this position.*

'What's wrong?' Shadow whined from his back, sounding concerned.

Her ears and tail stood straight up and she stifled a gasp. Instead of being hidden as she had expected, the top of her clitoral hood had swollen and prominently poked out of the surrounding fur. Her labia was similarly engorged and it felt like it was pulsing in time with her heartbeat. Aside from the swelling, the shape of her womanhood looked the same but it had noticeably darkened.

Does his... go in..? The heat in her lower abdomen intensified as the memory of the puppies flashed through her head again and she clenched her pelvic muscles. *Shadow would be a great father...*

'Many Scents..?' Shadow whined even more loudly.

'Nothing's wrong.' She yipped reassuringly.

To her disappointment, Shadow's phallus had partially retreated back into its sheath in the time she had been distracted. Bending down, she started licking the fur on the lower part of his belly, surreptitiously avoiding the furry package between his rear legs. Finishing with one side, she switched to the other, cleaning anything she could reach from her position by his tail. Sophia's own tail wagged as she watched his manhood reemerge out of the corner of her eye.

How far am I willing to go..? Pausing, she coyly considered her partner's waiting masculinity. *Fuck it, let's see what happens.*

Angling her small muzzle, she tentatively brushed his scrotum with the tip of her tongue. Shadow kicked his leg and moaned loudly and she gave a huff-giggle as his scent turned blissful. Throwing restraint to the wind, she started vigorously lapping at his furry pouch, careful to avoid his bucking legs. Tilting her eyes to peer up his body, she watched gleefully as he shifted his head from side to side and moaned as her tongue ran along his mostly empty sheath and onto the deflated knot at the base of his rod.

Oh God, his smell is making me crazy. Sophia clenched her 'hindlegs', trying to cool the rapidly building heat between them.

She paused to plant her 'forelegs' on both sides of his torso. Curling her tongue, she began rhythmically sliding it up and down his rod. The wolf jerked, moaned and kicked and the feeling of his thighs rubbing against her torso spurred her on. Each stroke left a husky aftertaste in her mouth as she passionately cleaned her lover's bulb and shaft.

This is fun!

Suddenly, just as her tongue reached the tapered tip of his penis during one of her strokes, Shadow let out a throaty moan and bucked sharply. Sophia jerked back in surprise as something grazed the underside of her tongue. The wolf let out another moan and a thick, whitish fluid shot out from his glans to fall onto his upper torso. A strange, but not unpleasant odor permeated the space they were in.

Whoah, was that... Sophia gaped in fascination at the strange liquid soaking into her love's fur.

Shadow relaxed with his tongue hanging from the side of his mouth, his scent euphoric. After several heartbeats, he raised his head and barked, 'That... was... incredible!'