

Contact Heal

You've been having a rough few days! Your friend is here to help.

Your friend also happens to be a 9 foot tall plush wolfgirl?? Weird how that happens.

Wholesome stuff involving You™ and Lupa where you two talk and snuggle a bunch

Basically REALLY self-indulgent and I tried not to ramble so I hope you like reading it :)

3.7k words

“Hey. You, like, need a hug or somethin’?”

You reluctantly shift from your position in bed upon hearing the sound of her voice. You roll over just enough to see the source of it, only noticing the vast shadow cast upon you as you do.

“C'mon, dude. You've been laying there forever.”

Towering above you is a plush wolf, and boy is she *huge*. Half of her face is obscured by her flowing, deep blue hair, but her worried look is as clear as day. Dark, pointed ears pierce through her unkempt mane, flicking on occasion. As wildly voluminous as her hair is, there's a certain smoothness to it as it flows down to her hips. Her legs are quite stocky, much like her arms, and a network of seams line her joints. You lift your face from your pillow for only a moment, hiding it once more the moment your gaze lands on her face.

Her question comes across as genuine worry under a veil of less than tactful wording... which is Lupa in a nutshell, when you come to think of it. She's always been this way, a sheep in wolf's clothing. You remember when you had first bought her from a yard sale. You didn't know she was a nearly nine-foot-tall wolf at the time, since she had taken the form of a mostly normal looking, six-inch-tall plush. You can still remember the fright you had that first night.

But that's getting away from the point. With her large plastic teeth, her claws, and that spiked collar she always wore, Lupa liked to look tough. She liked to act tough too. You recall the times she barked at you in an attempt to scare you, laughed at your expense, and the times she called you a 'dork'. But as you had quickly found out, under that exterior, she was as soft as

the material she was made of. Plushies were made for tenderness after all, and Lupa was no exception.

“*Ugh*. Look, dude. I’m not leaving until you tell me what’s wrong.”

Even if she wasn’t the best at expressing herself.

“Then you can *stay there* for all I care,” is what comes out, and those words immediately taste bitter in your mouth. You hear some shuffling, then a very quiet reply.

“I’m sorry.”

“Wait!” You dart upright, holding your hand out towards her. You had fully expected her to leave, but she was still there. Her shoulders were sagging now, and she rubs one of her arms with a paw. Her sharp, tall ears had lowered, and her tail was curled partly between her legs. She was avoiding your gaze now, which caused a flash of heat to run across your body. Self-consciousness. Embarrassment. You didn’t really *want* to talk about it – the thing that was making you upset. But at the same time, you felt like you owed her an explanation now. “Lupa, I...”

You decided to settle for an “I’m sorry,” for now.

“Ha. It’s okay. It’s, uh... It’s whatever.” She waves her paw dismissively.

“No, really, it’s—I’ve just... I haven’t been feeling... great, and—”

“Look. I get it,” she firmly doesn’t let you finish, slowly approaching. Her footfalls are heavy, but dampened by the soft material her feet were made of. Your bed creaks as she sits down with a grunt. “You’re, like... depressed, right?”

You wouldn’t put it that way.

You wouldn’t say you’re *depressed*, just... not feeling it, is all. Sure, something was bothering you, but couldn’t that be said by anyone? What you were going through, it wasn’t a big deal. You’ll live. Surely.

“Do you wanna talk about it?” you hear her ask. You didn’t realize you were even grabbing your pillow, but the question makes you clutch it even harder. She must have noticed, because her response comes quickly.

“Okay, *okay*, fine. We could always do something else, y’know,” she says with an air of indignance. You could hear the gentle rustle of soft material as she crosses her arms, “Like... Like—”

“Like what? *Snuggle?*” You cut in, shooting her a wry, knowing grin. One that causes Lupa to *blanch*.

“Uh-- Y-You don't have to just-- just say it!” Despite everything, you can't help but chuckle. She was so easy to read sometimes.

“Lupa, I *know* you,” You continue, “You like snuggling. You *love it*. I keep telling you that you don't have to pretend around me,” you say as you lay back down. “I'm not going to judge you.” Out of the corner of your eye, you could see her fur begin to bristle.

“...Whatever. I'm supposed to be the one givin' *you* advice right now, dude.”

B-Besides. It wasn't like *you* wanted to snuggle or anything. You were doing just fine here, lying in bed and doing nothing in particular.

In fact, you only shrug, offering a noncommittal hum in response and letting your gaze drift up towards the ceiling. It's an off-white, with just the slightest bit of paint peel. Just as you get acquainted with what you swear might be a water stain, you feel your entire bed creak and lean to one side. You hardly feel like doing anything to react. Lupa was a heavy girl. With hips like hers, it wasn't exactly a surprise. It just came with the territory of being so *big*. What you *don't* expect is a pair of arms that wrap around you, pulling you up towards a fluffy, fuzzy chest.

Lupa's fur is warm, and so, so soft to the touch. You weren't sure whether it was due to the same magic that made her like, well, *This*, but you weren't sure if you cared either way. You feel you don't get to appreciate it often enough as is. Beneath her thick grey and off-white fur is a hefty bosom. Pushing your face against it a little, you note that it feels like memory foam beneath all that fluff. It was squishy, but not *too* soft. Firm, but with just the right amount of give. Her paws gently caress you, each one at least as big as your entire face. A set of velvety pawpads glides against your cheek, giving you a good idea for how *big* the wolf's paws really are. Her palm was like a pillow on its own. Without thinking, you decide to *grab* it.

It takes both of your hands to hold her paw properly, and you can't help but marvel at its size and texture. Running your thumbs along her palm, watching the imprints that they leave in that shiny dark blue silk. Next, you squeeze one of her fingers. Her digits are thick and clumsy, not to mention fuzzy. They were like the halfway point between a hand and a simple wolf's paw. As you squeeze, you find that there's no bone to stop you. Despite the joints she clearly had, it was like you were squeezing any other stuffed animal. You'd almost find it weird if it weren't for *Bwmnmffhh--...*

Your thoughts completely derail as she *pushes* that paw right into your face, turning your world dark as you get a face full of pillowy softness. You want to push it away, but... It's oddly therapeutic... She's just holding her paw there, and you soon find that you're the one trying to bring it closer, gently keeping your face pushed against it. The more you held it against you, the more you felt yourself unwind. You felt like you could just, scream all your feelings into it. But, all that comes out is a weak groan. You vent your latent frustration into it, murmuring as you stick your face in that tufted, furry space between her palm and her stubby digits.

“Mmm.~ What was it you said before?” You could hear her voice, muffled as it was. “/ love snuggling?” Her teasing leaves you a little red in the face. It doesn't help that she starts to

move her stitched digits. Those pads squish against your skin as she gently squeezes your face. A part of you wanted to prove her wrong, to tell her this was something *she* wanted to do but oh my *god* this feels so good. You run your fingers along her arm and wiggle your head, nuzzling into the seemingly endless depths of her paw.

“Daww ~ I know that look,” you hear her say, clarity edging into her voice, “That sound too. I think I get it now. You’ve been stressed, huh? How long’s it been since you’ve relaxed?”

You don’t have an answer for that.

Light returns to you as she gently pulls her paw away. You almost wish she hadn’t done that, but your body relaxes even more as she starts to nuzzle against the top of your head.

“You’ve been staying up all night too, haven’t you? I could see it in your eyes…”

With a surprising amount of casual strength, she adjusts your position in this shared embrace. Rotating you so your face can be nestled up in a warm space beneath her chin, impossibly soft fur tickling your nose. The handle of her zipper quietly clanks as she guides you along.

“You haven’t been panicking about work again, have you?” Since when had her voice gotten so soft? A caring, almost motherly smoothness replaces the gruffer, meaner tone she had before.

Even still, you find that you can’t help but reply, “Maybe a little.”

“Guessin’ things have been pretty busy then, huh?”

Your mind runs through scenario after scenario as you consider your answer. Looming deadlines, filling slots for absent co-workers, a presentation for your boss that you have to complete *by Monday*. You’re paralyzed. You can’t respond.

“I… I, um…” Oh god, you should get up. How much time have you wasted laying here?

But she doesn’t let go. As soft as Lupa is, her grip is inescapable. It was a little scary how easily she could outright carry you. You forget that sometimes.

Instead, “Shhhh…~” she shushes you. Instead, both of her paws go to your head now. They gently angle you so you’re looking her right in the eye. You get to see the off-white fur that covers her face, her bushy brows furled in a look of genuine care and concern. She has just a hint of a pouty, black lip. So soft, so plump. On the side of her face that’s covered by her thick, blue locks, you see just a tiny bit of beige.

“You’re with me, now,” she says, “It’s okay. You’re okay. You deserve a chance to rest.”

You feel something snake up behind you, causing you to shudder as it slips against your body. The tip of it curls against the back of your head, before snaking around the back of your neck. What *is* that?

Turning around, you come face to face with the biggest darned tail you'd ever seen. The top half of it is the same dark grey that coats Lupa's back. The bottom half, the part facing you, is an inviting tint of white – the same white that coats her face, her chest, and her pudgy tummy. The tail's end flicks your nose, nearly causing you to sneeze.

"I think it wants you to huuug iiit.~" She teases, stifling a giggle. "Go ahead, I don't think it's taking no for an answer."

You glance up at her, and she's got just the widest grin on her face. Those big, sharp teeth would unnerve you if you didn't know how much of a big softie she was, figuratively *and* literally. The wolf's smile is contagious, and you can't help but oblige her. With a **pwoomff**, that tail is easily squeezed between your arms. It is so warm. Long, synthetic fibers squish against you as you hug it tighter and tighter, *squeezing* out the last memories of your frustrating day. At one point, her head rests on your shoulder, her hair obscuring your vision as she leans against you, resting a tufted cheek against your own.

"Feeling better?" She asks quietly.

"Mmm," is all you can say in return. She was so comfy. You were fighting the urge to fall sleep...

"Yes? *Nooo?* Come ooo~on.~" She goads. The sound of her voice so close to your ear gives you a weird feeling. A feeling that's immediately overshadowed by the sensation of—her lips against your cheek??

"H,*Hey!* What are you doing?" You blurt out, rolling over and putting your hands to her chest. You don't exactly push her away, but... She looks you in the eye, considering her words for a moment.

"...You told me that I didn't have to pretend," she simply replies. Seeing your blank stare causes her expression to wilt a little, spurring her to continue, "I, kinda like you. I think you're... *cool*. M-Maybe I got ahead of myself but— I like... being with you, *helping* you feel better. ...Holding you." You notice she gets a lot quieter at the end.

You keep staring.

"Wh,What do you want me to say? That you were right? That I *love* getting to, y'know... Ugh. Y-You know... '*Ooh, ahh, cuddling you makes me feel all nice and gooey inside!*' Is *that* it?"

"Are you... saying you love me?"

"I don't know! No? Maybe. I just, want to make sure you're alright, dude. It's the least I could do, right? After what you've done for me? I'm... I feel... protective, of you. Look, I'm sorry about the kiss. I should'a asked you first. I just... like you a lot, okay?"

It takes you a moment to consider her words and to take it all in. She wasn't usually this sentimental. You watch as she fidgets with her paw, lifting it up to her bangs, to that beige spot. It was a literal eyepatch, with a heart embroidered in the center. The one you made for her the day you bought her.

...You start to get it now.

"Well, I... like you a lot too, Lupa", is what you eventually offer with an awkward grin. Lupa stares down at you, before breaking into a snicker. Then a laugh.

"Oh my *god*, I'm bad at this, aren't I?"

"No, no..." You sigh, resting your head against her chest once more, closing your eyes. "Personally? I'd say you're pretty good." You could feel her fur begin to bristle as your plushie's emotions begin to rise. Just beyond her, at the edge of your bed, you could hear a repeated **thump, thump, thump**.

"Is that your tail?"

"No!" she blurts out all too quickly. "Well—..." You open an eye, giving her a discerning stare. You could clearly see it swish through the air, thumping against the side of the bed. That thing was as long as she is tall, and with a thickness to match.

"Lupa..." You coo, "Luuuupaaaaa...~"

"Yeah, yeah," She dismisses you, jamming that paw against your face, probably just to shush you up, "Laugh it up, dork."

She doesn't fight you as you push it away, shooting her a look – one she responds to by sticking out her tongue. You try your best to look angry, but... Gosh, this is just silly, isn't it? You break into a snicker, then a chuckle, one that she shares with you. You grab a handful of her chest fluff, pulling yourself close to her. You're not sure how long you spend just, laying there, snuggling up to your best friend, but...

It feels nice to relax.

You aren't worried about your deadlines, your responsibilities anymore. What matters is getting to relax, snuggle up, and maybe even doze off. Your hand wanders down to your wolfy friend's tummy. It was very soft, much like her chest, and you enjoy the feeling of its gentle rise and fall. It was more than a bit pudgy too, thanks to her healthy (and costly, you might add) diet of couch cushions, blankets, and pillows. A part of you wondered if you could use it as a pillow.

"You know...~" She eventually lilts, "I think I deserve something after you were so rude to me earlier...~"

"Hmm? What do you mean?" You ask, more than a little bleary-eyed after laying against her for so long.

"Oh, you know..."

You feel those big, strong paws push you aside, and... **pwomff**, she lays on top of you, her head resting atop your chest. It felt like you were laying beneath a particularly thick blanket in terms of weight. Looking up, that tail swishes in the air above you, betraying her mischief.

"...Lupa?"

Now that she has you right where she wants you, she hesitates. Averting her gaze with an uncharacteristic shyness, putting a paw to her mouth as she thinks.

"I'd... understand. If you don't want to, since I made it kinda... awkward before, but." You see her drum her thick, mascot suit-like fingers against the sheets, "Is it okay if we kissed?"

You blink, face reddening a bit... You weren't exactly *against* what had happened earlier. It was just a bit of a surprise. Even still, you weren't completely sure. Then again...

You two had been through a lot together. You'd be lying if you said you didn't have *some* kind of feelings for her. She was in *rough* shape when you two first met – a neglected toy with tears and even a missing eye. You couldn't just leave her like that! You did what anyone would do. You patched her up, washed her, and gave her the love she deserved. And that was before you found out she could transform into a hulking beast of a wolf – one that smothered you with her paws, had a voice with a bit of an indignant edge to it, and had trouble expressing what she really wanted.

A wolf who was so full of compassion and care, even if it was sometimes hard to get her to admit it. If it wasn't for her, you'd probably be having a panic attack right now. You... You...

"Y'know what?" You begin to sit up, shuffling so that your back rests against the headboard, "Sure."

"*Really?*" Her voice jumps an octave before smoothing back out, "Oh! Um! Okay. Cool." She crawls closer to you, keeping her gaze transfixed on you as she looms, looms, *looms*. Her broad shoulders seem to shake a little as her muzzle draws closer to you. Everything about her was big. Bigger than you for sure. Seconds felt like minutes as she draws the moment out, until...

"*Mmp.*"

Her lips press against yours. Her eye is clenched shut as she tenses up. Then, she opens it and leans away.

“Um—”

You open your mouth to say something – but thanks to what happens next, you’ve already forgotten what it was. Lupa doesn’t wait for you to finish, instead jamming her lips against you! She tilts her head, warm breath hitting your face as she tries to lock lips with you. You don’t stop her – you don’t *want* to stop her, raising your arms to grab behind her neck and pull her closer. She doesn’t stop there, though. Instead, she *grabs you*, resting a paw on your shoulder and pulling you into a one-armed hug. Her lips squish against your cheek once, then twice, thrice, four times. She’s nuzzling into you so hard you’re worried she’ll somehow go right through you. Her tail is wagging *fiercely* now, and she can’t suppress her girlish giggling and wolfish growls as she opts to peck your lips another time, yet another tender *mwah* filling the room.

“Gosh, Lupa!” You tilt your head as she continues her assault. If those dark lips were covered in real gloss, you were sure you’d be covered in stains right now. “What’s gotten into you?”

“Oh, I’m so sorry.~” You’re sure she isn’t. “Once I get a taste, I just have to come back for more~” She sticks her tongue out, and... *drags* it across your cheek. With its subtle sheen and smoothness, it feels like satin against your skin.

“You’re so *tasty* too,” she teases, laying against you, nestling her head on your shoulder once more, “I could just eat you up.” You roll your eyes.

“You wouldn’t.”

“Wouldn’t I? Maybe I *should* now, just to prove you wrong!” she rebuts, and you stifle an embarrassingly shrill *squeak* as her plastic teeth gently nibble down on your ear.

“Ah, ah, okay, okay! You made your point!” You surrender immediately, earning you a low snicker. You were sure she could actually eat you if she really wanted to...

But... She yawns instead.

“Someone getting sleepy?” You ask. She scoffs, rolling her eyes.

“Ha! No. I don’t get tired like *you* do, you *dweeb*,” she gives you a smug look, tilting her head. “Look at you, you’re *thiiiis* close to just falling asleep, aren’t you?” You fight back a yawn as you two stare at each other. Thankfully, she yawns first.

“But... That... *did* tucker me out,” she quietly admits. “A little.” Her head rests atop your own with a soft *fwump*, and she nuzzles right into your hair. You look up at her with a newfound

smugness of your own, sticking your tongue out at her, to which she makes the cutest groan in response.

“Goooodnight, Lupa...” you say.

“Yeah? Goodnight,” she replies. Her lips squoosh to your cheek for one last kiss. “Dork.” You can’t help but giggle. This... was nice. Your best friend is snuggled up to you, absolutely *spooning* you, paws resting securely on your chest. You’d want a blanket, but Lupa already has that covered. She has her tail draped across your body, and her warmth washes over you. With one last yawn, you finally let yourself drift off to sleep.

It was the best night’s sleep you’d ever had.