

The night was deep, and dark. The only light in the room was the moonlight as it streamed in through the window, glinting off a set of glasses laid on the table, reflecting back blindingly into your eyes. Illuminated in that shine is the body of a god, one larger than life, covered in grey blue hair, and muscles like Adonis, on a chest that slowly rose and fell, as the muzzle of the great husky gently opened and closed with each breath, taking in the air, then letting it out with a rumble.

You sat beside his bed, on a stand that held a lamp, his glasses, and his wallet. In the distance, a chair had a set of pants and a shirt, all nicely pressed and ready for the day that the wolf was sleeping for. You too, should have slumbered, but the wolf's breathing woke you. Not because it was loud, or grating, but because, in a way, it was as soothing as sleep, and rising from the matchstick box bed, you dangled your legs over the edge, and watched him sleep.

A grumble suddenly left his lips, his face scrunching up, and his jaws chomping upwards, as if chasing some imaginary prey, before finally he hopped up for a moment, then rolled over, landing heavily enough in the bed that he rocked the whole thing around, and even sent a shudder through the bedside stand you were on, causing you to rock around, and nearly fall off before you backed away from the edge, waiting for a moment as he drifted off into deeper slumber.

When you recovered, you looked over the gap between the bed and where you stood. It was not all that substantial, actually by design. The thing was narrow enough that you, if you needed to, could leap across it. That was supposed to help you sleep better at night, knowing that help was right there, and getting it Mitsuhsa's ear was literally as easy as hopping off down to the bed, and just climbing into the thing. Normally, that was all you would do with it, but staring over at him, you had another idea pop into your head.

The scent of his body, from when he rolled over filled the air, and you breathed deep of it, filling your lungs and nose with the musky odor, and making you have to pull down the cloth thing you wore for clothing, before deciding to heck with it, and tossing it aside, leaving you nude to stare at the husky as you stuffed it into your bed, and then took a look at the gap. It still took a bit of courage to work up to the leap, especially since you weren't sure if it would wake Mitsuhsa from his slumber, but nothing ventured.

Walking back a few steps, your feet slaps against the wood seeming loud even as his breathing echoed over the room, you slowly stretched, getting ready, and finally gave a short cry as you ran towards the edge. You remembered all those videos of people failing at the last moment, tripping over their own feet and landing face first against something hard, but you block all that out as

you reach the edge of the nightstand, and then leap out into the open air, your legs stretching out, and your arms pressed as far as they would go in a running stance.

The leap carried you as far as it could, before you plummeted, your momentum making the arc actually quite wide, before you dropped right onto the bed, landing at almost a split, before your brought you legs together and instead tucked yourself in close, rolling along the soft sheet, and then finally landing in a crumpled heap against a coarse furred wall, the warm skin beneath giving a little as you nearly slammed into it, wincing as you did so, and then looking up tentatively towards the husky's head.

Luckily for you, Mitsuhsa was a heavy enough sleeper that you slapping him in the side wasn't quite enough to rouse him. Instead he merely gives a low grumble, a growl, and then goes back to whatever dream he'd been having, leaving you with a racing heart, and finally enough wherewithal to pull yourself away from him, and then disentangle your limbs. When that was done, you slowly got back to your feet, a bit unsteadily on the bed as it was pushing inwards towards the husky's large body, but still steady enough to start walking.

The trek along his side, your hand brushing against his thick fur was exhilarating. Every motion of his body caused the world to shake and roll a bit, leaving you smirking as the scents from him grew thicker and murkier, the further down his body you got. Soon, you passed the shapely side of the abs, and made you way to the hips, where the husky tail was currently sitting a bit to the side, just low enough along his back end that you were able to grab onto the hairs of it, and with a grunt, pull yourself up.

The skin and muscles of his butt were firm, and tight, but they still dimpled a little as you made your way up them, your feet finding traction easy at first, but growing less so as the hair on his bum became thinner, softer, and with less of a grip to it. This meant that, by the time you reached the top of his ass, you were starting to slip, and with one small flicker in his tail, you were sent falling forward, landing with a fleshy slap against the left cheek of his butt, your face burying itself in the skin.

So close now, the scent of his body filled your nostrils completely, and nearly swooned you as you lay there, gathering clumps of the fur in your grip, and then pulling at them, your reward being the world shaking a little, as he felt you like the pinch of some tiny bug bite on his bottom, which made you laugh. At least until he started to rock a little, going from side to side. For a moment, you thought that as the angle grew, you'd slide off, and have to climb back up, but then he shifted the other way, and instead you slipped towards the center.

The fur became smooth skin as you slipped along the length of it, your body sliding against it like it was sliding into a pool, rubbing every bit of yourself into him, and filling yourself with the sense of his body, making you smile as you tried to slow yourself, grabbing for anything that might give you purchase. Your fingers found only skin and flesh, however, with the short fur less than dewey morning grass in your grip, and the flesh itself was so tight and firm that it gave no play at all, as you slid into the crevasse.

The inside of the butt was tight and powerful, the walls pressing in from all sides, holding you tightly enough that, for a moment, it became hard to breathe. The walls were still pulled enough apart to let you pass, however, and so you were slowly sucked down, unable to resist as Mitsuhsa's bottom consumed you, letting you slip deeper and deeper between his cheeks, before finally, with a pop, ending up in an open space on the inside of the buttocks, and landing with a wet smack on the flesh within.

Here, the smell of his body was almost palpable, and it left you in a daze as you lay down against the walls, spreading yourself out, waving your arms against it, trying to touch all of the space at once. Outside, you could hear the breathing of the husky, watch the movement of his chest, and hear the beating of his heart. Here, within him, you could feel those things, if only distantly. You could feel that thud, feel your own chest rumble with every breath, and even feel the flow of his blood.

Your entrance here was not unnoticed, of course. Mitsuhsa's body knew you were there, and it rumbled and moved, shaking from side to side, but you merely let the motions carry you, rubbing you father and wider over him, until finally, at last, you landed against something firm. The touch of flesh here, different than the walls, was enough to rouse you, if only a bit, from your haze, and you ran your hands along the wrinkled flesh of a ring, a sphincter that led deeper into this husky's form.

You slowly pull yourself up onto the ring, your fingers finding every fold, every sensitive space on it, and making the world tense as a result. You could feel the muscles through the walls go taut, and even sense the legs starting to kick, trying to dislodge you, but only strengthening the hold he had on your soul as you were settled down onto the ring, feeling the pulse of its opening as it seemed to breathe. It never came apart quite enough to let you enter, but you didn't care as you began to probe at it, bringing your face to it.

Something primal inside you spoke, and you moved with the voice, puckering your open lips, and planting a kiss on the side of the ring, making it suddenly clench tightly closed, as the sound of whimpering began to echo. Not the whimper of pain, but of pleasure so great that it was almost painful. Below you, directly down from where you were, you felt the pressure starting to

build, and smirked to yourself, knowing that this was going to be a lot of fun as you kissed the ring again, and felt that pressure build more.

A sudden whim struck you, a sudden desire, and you opened your mouth, before letting your tongue loll out of it. Then, with an alacrity that surprised your addled mind, you surged your face forward, to kiss the great ring again. This time, however, your tongue, that long, slimy member, went first, finding a piece the fold, and then working itself into it, prying apart the flesh that had never before known the touch of another, and then giving it the most intimate bit of contact one could imagine.

That drove Mitsuhsa wild, and you felt his heart rate start to thunder and push out, and his body tensed in every corner. There was a moment where, for a moment, you were worried for him, as his legs started to push against the bed, and then kick, as the kinks in them became almost painful. Then his voice, a growl escaped his lips, which you could hear curl back, a howl building inside him. Through all this, you didn't stop, and then, with a single touch, the tip of your tongue brushed against a bundle of nerves, and it released all at once.

Below you, the tense muscles gave way, and you felt the pressure start to push itself down. You smirked, the shudder a familiar one, as Mitsuhsa, a straightlaced husky, or at least, that was how he presented himself, having a wet dream that seemed to explode from nowhere. Of course, as the pressure went down, the firm sphincter below you went lax, and with a great pop, the edges pulled back farther than they ever had before, leading to you dropping into the space below it, the open area within his colon accepting you easily.

Here, you felt everything. What had been distant noises before, the beating heart, the roaring lung, and all the rest were not so distant now. No, now they were like the world moving around you, and with a start, you realized your own heart, and your own breathing were starting to sync with his, your body so dominated by the husky's that you were unable to resist as his release slowly began to ebb, and slumber, deeper now than ever before, reclaimed him, and taking you down with it.

Your eyes grew heavy, the dark space around you warm to the touch so nice and soft, and comforting. It didn't make sense to try and escape, not right now, as you rolled over onto your side, and then gently began to drift off to sleep. Outside, Mitsuhsa was awakened, just enough to glance over at the matchbox bed, and find it empty, leaving him to grumble a little as he brought a hand up to scratch at his body, and then close his eyes again, making a mental note to deal with all this. In the morning.