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The bedtime story of Red Riding Hood and the Big, Bad Wolf that your granny did not want you to know.

Once upon a time, in the days before The War of Roses, there dwelt in a small hamlet of simple farm folk and sundry tradesmen just nigh of the great forest of the north, a very beautiful and charming maiden of eighteen summers. Fair of skin, buxom of form, and blessed with self-bounty, this sweet maiden's name was Rose. The youngest daughter of a miller, she lived in peace and grace, cherished by her family and her neighbors as a vigorous soul and loyal friend. She was fondly dubbed by those in that shire as 'Red', not only for her lustrous mane of dark red hair, but for a long hooded cloak of red velvet her grandmother had made for her. Thus, she came to be known far and wide as Rose the Red.

Rose dearly loved and cherished her grandmother who lived in another small village to the east, on the other side of a vast and dark forest. She lived alone in her small cottage and wanted for little as friend or neighbor. It was common in those days for Rose to venture to her grandmother's to deliver things or to render aid and perform chores for the dear old woman. Rose was always happy to visit her and spend hours at her side. It was not a tremendous journey and it could be endured quite easily without conflict, except on certain occasions.

For it also happened that within the dark woods between the shire and the village there dwelt a great and terrible wolf. The stories told that the great, black wolf haunted the dark depths of the forest and struck fear in the hearts of both village folk and travelers alike. Not many had seen this great wolf. Those who did, spoke of a tremendous black beast, larger than a buck deer and that it sprang from the shadows with the speed of a horse and chased its prey with an unnatural cunning and relentless resolve. No brave huntsman could track it nor armed company capture it for it only haunted the woods at night and then only on nights when the moon showed full. To be certain, all townsfolk and farmer alike dreaded the dark woods on such times, and all who heard the chilling howl of the great wolf cowered in fear and kept their doors bolted against the night.

One late summer's day, her mother called Rose from her morning's chores and bade her take to her grandmother a restorative she had brewed for the old woman's rheumatic ills. Her mother placed the remedy in a strong basket woven of thatch and heather then told Rose to bear it to her grandmother but to tarry naught and be home ere dark for the night of the full moon was upon them. She kitted Rose with her red cloak and nubuck heels then sent her on her way.

It was a beautiful morning as Rose made her way past pastoral hedge and gate with a merry heart. She set herself to pass through the dark woods entirely in daylight and had neither concern of peril nor impasse. She was making good time and then just before she came to the woods she spied her dear friends Astrid and Addie, two charming maidens of Rose's age. They greeted each other warmly and began customary fain prattle.

It was well along when Astrid asked, "Where to Rose? What chore calls you to the road with neither cart nor horse?"

"Nay, friend Astrid," Rose laughed. "Tis a visit on my Grandmater through the wood."

"Were it I in the wood, tis a certain handsome woodsman I would visit," proclaimed Addie with a mischievous smile.

"Why dear Addie, whoever could you mean?" asked Rose with a knowing smirk.

"Why Ulric the Fair, silly lass," chortled Astrid. "Who with shoulders so broad and arms so strong, a happy girl I'd be to just rest in his shadow."

"Tis his bed I would be happy to rest in," plotted Addie and all three laughed.

It was common knowledge among the cater-cousins that they all fancied Ulric. And true it was that Rose kept a special place in her heart for him. Dreamily her hours were spent in secret yearning for his sturdy build, his gentle spirit, and his considerably stern face with so wistful eyes. Rose would have loved dearly to bask in her friend's company and trade longing wishes over their favorite topic, but the day was wasting and to her grandmother's she must avail. She bade them a fond 'rest ye merry' and she ventured onward into the unchancy gloom of the Shirewood.

Rose passed through the forest with barely meeting another soul until she neared the far side. Then, whom should she meet but Ulric himself. The sturdy, strapping woodsman was clad in his leather jerkin and leggings and looked as a dream to any available maiden alone in the forest.

He was coming from the opposite direction and leading his yoked team of oxen. Her heart leapt with joy as he greeted her with the warmest of smiles and gallant bow. "Fairest of all, what brings Rose the Red to my humble forest?"

"Why, good neighbor Ulric, how long must a young maid wait for an invitation to your humble forest?" she responded with her practiced cureckitycoo comportment.

With a bemused look in his eyes, he advanced a step toward her and played into her sport, "Had I the time, I would have delivered one myself."

Thrilled by his approach, she hopped a step backward and teased, "Had I not a dearth of good men's fancy I would have received you."

He smiled at her playfulness and stepped toward her again, "And yet you pry yourself from all these good men's fancy to visit my humble forest?"

She laughed, hopped quickly to one side, and swung her basket behind her to clasp with both hands, making herself completely helpless to his whim. "Pry as I might, tis to your forest I come," she mused. For the moment, he was hers and she thought that if the mood was right he just might try to steal a kiss.

With the most charming of smiles, he lifted his mighty hand and touched under her pretty chin and said, "And here it is I would beg you to stay if not for ..." The thought seemed to slip his grasp and after a brief pause he changed the subject. The two chatted briefly about acquaintances and events about the shire.

She so enjoyed his easy, aptycock banter and grandiose gallantry. She would have gladly spent the remainder of the day in his gaze and trading eliads in the warm summer light, but she had her errand to run. She begged her leave and her hope to see him again. "Should your fancy yearn, you can find me back down this path," she added in a flippant manner and as she said it, she spun round to let her hair fly about her, for his delight.

He caught her hand as she twirled and stopped her still. "Harken the dark," he said sternly, brusquely out of step with his gentle nature. He bent forward over her hand and inhaled deeply before kissing her wrist. Looking up at her from under his surly dark brow, he imparted to her this warning, "Proffer your trade and forsake the forest before dark, for it is the night of a full moon and the wolf will be about."

His face was grim and his tone was grave so that Rose took his warning with great charge. She curtsied in exchange of his gallant gesture.

They bade each other fond but modest farewells and Rose continued on her way. As she crested a hillock, she turned to capture a last glimpse of her affection's mark. It gave her heart a thrill to see that he was watching her part. They both waved again and then turned about to each their paths.

It was just past noon when she came to the crossroad where the forest path met the much longer path around woods and she knew she was near grandmother's cottage. Rose broke into a happy trot and soon found herself on the dear old woman's stoop. She knocked vigorously and announced herself before opening the door. As her eyes adjusted to the dim light, she called out again and then followed the old woman's weak reply from the far corner. It was a shock for Rose to find her dear grandmother dauncy in her bedclothes and in a moribund state.

Rose hugged her, saw to her comfort, and then went straight to work. She built a good fire and warmed the restorative brew her mother had made. She set a cup of it before the old dear and then busied herself with chores about the house. She did some quick cleaning. She chopped some wood and brought it in by the fireplace. She pulled up some roots from the garden, washed them, and set them ready in her larder.

By the time Rose had finished her chores, her grandmother was spryly on the mend and soon parwhobble with chatter. And so the two engaged for the rest of the afternoon; chatting, singing, and enjoying each other's company. Rose made them a supper and as they finished she noticed the long shadows on the floor. It was long past time to bid her farewells and get herself home.

Red set homeward and it was not long after leaving the safety of the hamlet she found herself back at the crossroad. Rose stopped and pondered the choices presented. With night approaching, she knew the shorter path through the forest would get her home faster. But the longer path was safer with many friends and refuges along the way. And yet again, the forest path drew near the house of Ulric the Woodsman. Haply, good Ulric would take her in and give her lodging. Haply, warm hospitality would be offered. Haply, even more. Surely if the trail proved too treacherous, she could call upon him for sanctuary. Rose recalled in her mind his fair face and manly frame and her mind was made; the forest path and a friendly visit to the woodsman.

The sky was still light when she came to the center of the forest and neared house of Ulric. She knew the way to his home from many a visit with her father and brothers. Not far from the forest path, she arrived among his sturdy structures of stone and timber and knocked at his door anxious for his warm hearth and warmer smile. But there came no answer. She knocked louder and called out his name. All was silent from his house and outbuildings. All about betokened vacancy, his livestock were put away and the barn boarded shut as if for a storm. She thought he must be away and it troubled her, for now her gambit for the forest path became a foolish risk that may cost her dearly. The full weight of her mother's bodements condemned her folly.

There was no time to linger on it. With night coming on fast, her only hope now was to forge onward quickly in hopes of reaching the edge of the forest or perhaps meeting Ulric somewhere along the way. She proceeded on the path at a hastened pace and her heart grew more anxious as the sky got darker and the path collid. Worse still, dappled light of a rising moon harkened the true danger of the forest - a night of the full moon and in the heart of the great wolf's realm.

Rose quickened her pace to a trot to put as much of the forest behind her as she could. She had made a great deal of progress and began to reassure herself that the edge of the Wald was within safe grasp when she heard in the distance that dreadful howl she knew all too well. It was the wolf, could be no other. Rose froze in her footsteps and listened. That mournful bellow broke the stillness again. It came from behind her, from whence she came.

Rose broke out into a full run. She knew he would surely pick up her scent if he had not already and needed to find safety before he could catch her. The path that was treacherous enough in daylight became deadly ordeal of snares and obstructions. Just as she was beginning to make headway, Rose was tripped up by roots or became entangled in the dark maze of brambles and branches. As she picked herself up from a particularly bad fall, she heard that terrifying howl of the wolf again. He was closer now and quite obviously in pursuit.

There was no order to her alarm any more. Rose fled down the path in desperate panic. Finding the edge of the forest was now a fight for her life. She completely abandoned the trail and now sought any clearing or lighted patch in the darkness. Her fear-maddened mind thought the light to mark the end of the forest but each clearing revealed only more bosky darkness beyond. She ran onward from clearing to clearing, hoping each to be safe haven. But each clearing betrayed her and she soon feared she was only plunging deeper into the forest.

She heard the howl again, this time only a trite space behind her. She screamed her fear when she heard it and threw herself recklessly into the dark. A bright spinkie-den opened before her and she flew toward it as her last prospect. Branches tore at her clothes and whipped her flesh. She could now hear the footsteps of the beast falling on the ground behind her and despair seized her.

As she broke into the light of the clearing, she quickly glanced back over her shoulder to mark the wolf's presence. The sight of the beast gasted her anew for not only was he much closer than she had thought; he was much larger than she had thought as well. Most startling of all was that his forelegs and hind legs were unusually long for a wolf and he was running after her on two legs.

She now screamed out her fear in desperate hope she could call on aid or mercy. She turned back in fright but not soon enough to see an old tree root that jutted up from the grass. She caught her foot on the root and tripped headlong onto the grass - a fatal blunder.

The shock of striking the ground knocked her senseless for only an instant but when she recovered and rose up to her hands and knees to spring onward, she heard a deep growl from right above her head. Frozen in fear she felt the wolf's breath hot on the back of her neck and expected his fangs in her throat the next instant. Instead of a merciful death, she heard the wolf sniffing about her. She felt his presence as he stepped around to her side. She saw his large paws as he passed before her face and all the time his sniffing her with his great nostrils.

In her tumble, her skirts had tossed up over her backside and she now felt the beast's breath on the back of her legs. He began to sniff intently about her rump and she nearly cried to have this indignity compound her impending death. His nose was cold on her skin and she quivered at his touch. Then, to her shock, she felt the raspy wipe of his tongue sweep over her. He licked. Licked again, and then washed over her exposed sex with his tongue. He lapped at her for quite some time and had not she feared for her very life, she might have had to admit she rather fancied it.

She was hoping for his abstraction to disarm his wits so that she might purchase an escape. She tried to compose herself and made a plan to bargain his interest in her backside for a quick spring into action. She thought if she could not outrun him, perhaps she could scurry up a tree where she might outwait him until dawn. Before she could affect her move, the wolf forsook his lapping and stepped over her with both front paws astride of her shoulders and she knew her chance had passed.

In fear of his fangs, she drew her hands about her neck and her face fell upon the grass. Instead of sharp pain of a terrible death, she felt the wolf's forelocks close about her ribs and then the coarse hair about his haunches pressed polrumpitious against her upturned backside as he crouched low over her stooped form. The wolf began to thrust himself against her bottom and at once her present

horror of a brutal death was replaced by a new one: he sought to bestialize her!

No escape was feasible as she felt the weight of his chest drop upon her back. With his newfound leverage, his thrusting wolfness pressed forward against her bum. Between his driving hind legs she could now feel the shroud of his weapon shoving against her maiden's nest with every stroke whilst his wet, pointed tuck shewed from within. On one furtive stroke, the weapon found its mark and the succeeding thrust it slipped atwixt the delicate petals of her womanly flower.

Rose gasped in shock as a long, hard, slippery lance pierced nether and thus in one quick plunge the wolf had made her his mate. The stiff, slender spear quickly gained her feminine gates and plundered her depths. His slippery red dart poked and yerked within her feminine sheath and the wolf made good use of her proffered charms. His hairy haunches slammed against her upturned bum while sliding and pressing around her fleshy hips.

Red was truly introduced to the lusts of the male in a mating frenzy. His forelimbs gripped about her flanks in a deathly lock. His hairy haunches pushed and squeezed against her fleshy butt while his thick, bloated and deeply planted stem pushed and pulled her tightly stretched and pillaged purse. Her ears were filled with his snarls and brutal grunts as he labored in her defilement.

His root did now grow within her. His cruelly stabbing arrow swelled up like a baker's loaf and filled her in ways no lover ever had. And worse yet, one portion of his anchored tail grew especially big so that it was stuck within her. They were locked together; she his servile wife and he her demanding husband.

And still his wolfhood grew within her. A hard ball swelled up just inside her violated gates. It quickly became so large it was caught inside her so that she knew they were trapped together. But instead of abating his lust his securement only drove him to pound her harder.

Rose wept for her disgrace and shame. Yet she could not escape what her young corpse felt. In the midst of all her anguish and fear, her nature could not deny the secret allure of lust's calling. It was the soft sting of betrayal, her flesh surrendering while her spirit still resisted and she knew that forbearance would not last long.

In the splendor of his rut with her, the wolf lifted his head to the sky and let forth his fearsome howl. A long, loud wail of his conquest over her and a proclamation of who owned the night echoed through the trees. The terrifying sound shook through Red to her core and stoked her fear and dread. Though it shamed her to admit it, her loins found no sense of revulsion at all. In fact, if her sex could tell its tale, it would speak quite fondly of the incursion it lodged.

Then as his mating passion reached its zenith, his thrusting against her gradually slowed to a stop. The wolf became tranquil but yet pressed himself firmly to her subjugated form. Deep within her sex, she felt a pocket of warmth open up and then spread. In his stillness, she felt his engrafted member throb and pulse. Her womb accepted his wolf seed pouring forth from his implanted stanch.

Rose and the wolf remained completely still, frozen in their consummation. Of all the sensations visited upon her in that deadly grasp was the steady throbbing of the wolf's appendage encased in her womb's snug embrace. That feeling in her susceptible maidenhood tugged at will's reserve and she knew her spirit would soon follow her flesh's surrender. The pleasure that surpasses all others was coming to claim her. Like a splashing wave, the delirious joy crashed upon her. As her tender flesh hugged tight about his imbedded member in its gratitude, the wolf again lifted his head and howled his triumph. Only this time, Rose lifted her head and howled in unison. She became

completely his now, and reveled in their lustful act.

Rose's body felt weak and drained. Unable to hold herself up any longer, she dropped her shoulders to the ground but her limpsey rump did not follow. She remained hanging from the wolf's loins by his delightful anchor still stuck within her Venus Snare. Panting heavily and somewhat beleaguered by his own pleasure, the wolf shifted his stance as if seeking a repose. He rose from his crouch to stand at his full height, and with him lifted Rose from the ground so that she hung helplessly upside-down from his loins. She could only hook her heels about his back to ease the pull of the swollen member stuck in her womanhood. He drug Rose about helplessly and she turned asunder onto her back. He whined and cried from his predicament and eventually squatted his haunches to sit upon the backs of her upturned legs. Again, all was still save for another wave of joy crashing upon Rose's sex.

They remained like that for quite some time until his swelling subsided and Rose's sex disgorged him. The great wolf rose up and staggered around a bit before turning upon himself to lap at his exposed organ. It eventually withdrew back inside him and he plopped himself down beside her to rest.

Astounded by all that had happened and still apprehensive of what was to come, Rose curled up on her side and drew her shackbaggerly cloak about her, scrutinizing her lover in the pale moon light. As they lay resting, watching each other, a tenuous peace settled upon them. A spirit of truce or at least understanding encompassed the pair. Rose ventured the notion that as she had satisfied his needs, he might let her go. Making only slow adjustments to her position, she rose to her knees. The great wolf only raised his ears in response. Rising to her feet, the wolf raised his head and watched her. Wolf seed spilled from her and ran down her legs. She stumbled backward and landed her rump on the end of a log. The wolf sprang to his feet and issued a long growl like a plaintive groan.

"Lupus, king of the night. We are now lovers. Are we not friends too?" she begged, hoping for some kind of recognition that she had bartered her sex for her life.

Never taking his eyes from her, he crept toward her with his head low. Rose thought her time of doom had arrived. The size of the wolf before her made her feel small and vulnerable. With the enormous beast now just inches from her knees, she heard him whine like a plea for her approval. Then he laid his great head on her lap. Pleasantly astounded, Rose stroked him between the ears and was indeed glad to see his tail wag.

"By my soul, I could not deny now what has been so gladly given," she admitted to her suitor and herself.

Rose slowly pulled up her skirts, over her knees, up her thighs, until her sex was exposed, and reasoned that an offering for his use might still gain her an escape. And with her virtue already bestowed, what more was there to lose? Another rut with her new secret lover would suit her fine. To no small surprise, the great wolf pushed his head toward her gift, sniffed at it, and then began to taste of her presented treasures.

Rose was immediately captivated by his attentions and roused to pury delight. She spread her knees wide to let his deft, raspy tongue tantalize her feminine coil. She stroked his head again to show her approval and the wolf obliged her with vigorous lapping. In full surrender, she laid back on the log to let him have his way with her.

The wolf had driven her near derangement with his tongue when he abruptly pounced up upon her.

Completely covering her with his large, dark, hairy form, he clamped onto the log with his forelegs and then hunched his haunches against her. She knew now what to expect and she lifted her legs up to present her nest to his thrusts and hugged her thighs around his furry flanks. Again, she could feel his shroud bumping against her reserves, feeling for her opening. He found it and his questing spear issued from inside him and into her maiden depths.

Their sport was rejoined. His haunches clamped around her bum and he again launched into his mating strike. Her face was buried in his forelocks, her hands clutched his fur and she thrilled in her bridal devotion. His fierce tool swelled up to fill her, his penile ball again locked her to him as he churned her delighted womb.

Pounding and paunching into his mate, the wolf again lifted his head to the heavens and howled his triumph. Rose echoed his joy with grunts, groans, and cheers of her own. His rut intensified in vigor and speed until, his pinnacle reached, he again clamped tight to her to yield his issuance. And Rose joined him with matching bliss.

The lovers remained locked and his seed filled her to overflow. Both relaxed their clutch of each other and fell into soothing repose. She lazily whimpered her gratitude and the wolf gave her his own with licks on her forehead. There was no struggle nor urge on either to separate. It was understood by both that their bodies were locked together by their sex until the mating tie had run its course.

While in detached respite from his physical expenditure, his gluttony freely sowed his seed in her garden. She accepted his gift without protest as was a good maid's call and her womb drank its fill of his copious discharge.

When the time to break their bond came, the wolf stepped over her to stand beside the log and drew one hind leg over her belly to straddle her thigh. He waited there for her womb to release his ensnared weapon before he pulled away from her, to curl up and tend to it with his tongue.

Rose rolled off of her log and drew her cloak about her to rest at his side. Her fear of him receded to nothing. She relinquished her urge to flee and resigned herself to his use of her for the rest of the night. She trusted he would let her go her own way when morning came or when he grew too weary for another tryst. And more trysts came. Four more times they coupled and exclaimed their lust to the night until the first streaks of daylight lit the sky and they were both exhausted from their amorous rite.

As the full moon set, they lay beside each other on the dewy grass.

Rose watched him in the gathering light and marveled at his size. The change in his form was subtle at first but soon shockingly apparent to her as his ears began to shrink. His fur also began to recede and his limbs began to lengthen and change shape. Rose raised herself on an elbow finding it hard to believe the transformation happening before her eyes. His great snout was shortening and his face transformed to more like a man's visage. And to her dismay, it was a face she knew. After some time, she was no longer lying next to a wolf but next to Ulric, the Woodsman. In full light and complete of form, just as he closed his eyes, he uttered her name. Rose filled with delight to realize that the mate she took was the man she loved. The strong, handsome man shuttered from the cold and Rose was compelled with joy to hug him to her body and wrap him in her red cloak.

"Rose," good Ulric again spoke after some time. "Forgive me. The beast's heart bore this man's secret love for you."

"There is naught to forgive," she said to him. "What I yielded to the beast was always yours for the

asking.”

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In a fortnight, they were wed and Red came to share the woodman’s lonely house in the woods. From that day forward, it is said that no man would ever see one without the other close by. It is also said that the terror of the great black wolf slowly faded and the dark forest was no longer a dreaded, fearful place.

But yet, long after their betrothal there were many a traveler through the woods on the night of a full moon, who swore that they saw a fair, young woman running naked in the moonlight, laughing with delight. And these stout few also claimed that close behind her dotingly loped a large black wolf, yelping playfully.

And by my word, all lived happily ever after.