

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



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Chapter One

Mary didn't know why she agreed, to come on this day trip with her stupid husband. Their marriage had been rocky for a few months now. Since she found his cache of dirty porn on his laptop. Disgusting stuff. This moral woman has had him on a short leash. So today is meant to be a day they spend together without the kids, rebuilding their marriage, in other words, he's trying to suck up to her.

Bob always found Mary an attractive woman, even now after having two kids (a boy 7 and girl 9). The long-haired brunette maintained her figure and is pretty fit for her age at thirty-four. He admired her curves, her busty DD breasts with dark large areolae and big nipples. He loved the way her body jutted down straight behind her breasts and flowered into a wide, inviting pelvis. His mother had called them childbearing hips, much to Mary's embarrassment. Her butt is still firm, despite some minor cellulite, and her legs were long and lean. No, to Bob, Mary is the most beautiful woman he had known.

Therein lay the problem.

Mary, despite her rocking body, is not the most sexually adventurous woman, and after ten years of marriage, they had pretty much devolved into a routine of once a week, every Sunday morning before the kids got up. Not the most thrilling love life, so Bob, frustrated and horny because he saw his wife's amazing body daily, so he turned to masturbation to ease his blue balls. The sexual frustration Bob felt led to online porn, and before long he had collected a hard drive full of videos that Mary discovered one day.

You name it was there. MILF, BBW, watersports, scat, POV, GONZO, lesbians, dominatrix, orgies, threesomes, gangbangs, teen, DP, toys, solo, BDSM, hardcore, soft core, and the list could go on forever. Fortunately, he didn't have any illegal stuff or she would've left with the kids that day. Still, the level of her self-righteous disgust and anger assumed godlike proportions and poor Bob has been trying to undo the damage since.

So here we are, Saturday morning driving through the countryside to a B&B in the mountains. Mary sat in silence in the front passenger seat as their car swayed around the windy road making her feel sick.

"Honey, how often have I to say sorry," Bob said, glancing at her from the driver's side.

"Until I believe it," Mary said with a pout.

"It's only porn, it's not as if I cheated on you."

Her eyes were cold, hard, and flinty as she stared at him with a deep frown.

"That just proves you miss the point. I might've known. Turn the car around and take me home," Mary said loudly.

As Bob could feel his marriage slip away, they heard a loud bang from the engine and black smoke started to billow from under it. Bob quickly pulled the now spluttering vehicle to the side of the road with the loud banging noise slowing as he did.

“Shit!” Bob cursed. “That’s the last thing we need.”

“What is it? What’s wrong?”

“I think we’ve blown a rod.”

Bob pulled the latch for the hood.

“Is that bad?” Mary asked, knowing nothing about engines.

“Bob leaned under the roof and said to her, “It means the car is fu—, err, damaged beyond repair. It means you got your wish, we’ll be going home once we can get a tow organized.”

He pulled his phone out and cursed again as he had no reception. Bob asked her to check her phone, but she had no reception either.

“Alright, I saw a house a couple of miles back. We can walk there and call for help,” Bob said with a weak smile on his face.

Mary turned her cute button nose in the air.

“I’m not walking anywhere, we have valuables in this car that could be stolen. No, you got us into this mess, so you can get us out.”

Bob’s head jerked back and his eyes bulged.

“I got you into this mess? Well, sorry for trying to save our marriage, you ungrateful bitch,” he shouted at her.

Slamming the door so hard the car shook, he stormed off back the way they had come, leaving Mary alone.

Mary sat in the car for around a half hour drinking a bottle of water, and not even a car passed her in that time. So she decided, to get out and stretch her legs. They were parked on the side of a mountain and the view over the valley below is truly amazing. The air seemed so crisp and fresh, and the smell of pine wafted on the breeze. Enjoying the beautiful day she finally could feel herself relax.

Sitting back against the hood, she could feel the urge to pee slowly building and tried to ignore it. The last time I peed in the woods was back in my Girl Scout days, she thought and chuckled. The countryside seemed deserted, with only the sound of birds and the occasional flying insect buzzing by. What the hell, she thought and crossed the road entering the woods. I don’t have to go too far, she decided, just as long as I’m obscured from the road. No one will see me out here. So after about five minutes she found a good clearing surrounded by thick scrub and trees and entered.

Mary is wearing a light-blue sundress, with sneakers and white socks. She has white hipster panties and a white sports bra on. In the dimness of the clearing, she pulls her panties off and stuffs them in her pocket, deciding the risk of peeing on them is too great when squatting. Her urine stream has always been unpredictable most of her life. Sometimes her urine runs like a hose, sometimes it sprays everywhere. Glancing around at the ground, she finally decides on a spot near a big bush that didn’t have insects or appear too dirty.

So pulling her dress up, she squats and closes her eyes to wait for her pee to start. Suddenly she

hears something in the bushes around her, and they shake, slowly at first but gradually getting more violent. In a heartbeat Mary finds she is not alone anymore as six wolves come through the scrub and start growling at her. She remains as still as stone, her eyes bulging and mind blank. The wolves are drawing closer, baring their teeth as they snarl at her with the ferociousness only a wild predator can achieve. Her chin starts trembling and she squeezes her eyes shut so she wouldn't have to see the first vicious attack.

Suddenly, she starts peeing.

Not a trickle, or a tinkle, but a full-blown flood. The pee hits the ground with force sending microscopic droplets into the air filling the clearing with the smell of Mary's pee. The wolves stop, and glance at each other. They sniff the air and some lick their lips. Tails once stiff and alert relax. The biggest wolf, a white beast crept forward smelling the pee running from under Mary's sundress. He pushes his muzzle under the hem of her dress and take a big sniff.

He turns to the other wolves, licking his lips and wagging his tail slowly, and pushes his nose under her dress again. Still, Mary's piss flows out of her as if she hadn't peed in a week. He lapped at the golden stream, tasting the bitterness of it. The taste didn't perturb him, he had worse. As her stream slowed to a trickle and lastly a drip, the wolf finally found the source of this wellspring of pungent wine, her pussy.

Mary, of course, has no idea what's happening to her. Her eyes are still clenched shut, and her body is trembling. In her mind all she could think is: Oh God! Oh God! Oh God! Oh God! However, when the alpha wolf raked his tongue directly over pussy, going from her anus and past her clit to her mons, her eyes and mouth burst open with a loud gasp. Peering between her legs, she could see the furry white wolf had stuck his head right into her most secret place. She thought about pushing it away, but the cold stares of five gray wolves watching her made her hesitate.

The alpha keeps lapping at this new found tasty morsel of flesh. It had a familiar taste, like a bitch, but not as strong. Yes, it decided, this thing tastes like a bitch. This unleashed a new thought pattern in the wolf, no longer is he thinking of this animal as prey to eat, but now he's thinking of it as a bitch to fuck. So he begins to lap harder at her bitch cunt, trying to get her to cooperate. After all, the mating dance is common to all animals.

Mary had thought if just lets the wolf do his thing, maybe they'd leave her alone. So she didn't try to fight against the sudden ravishing of her cunt. She had decided she wouldn't enjoy it as she forbids Bob doing such a disgusting things to her. However, an aching, sensual feeling began to develop in her legs and stomach. Her clit grew hard and slowly began to throb sending jolts of delight through her body. Her breathing started to get heavy, and ragged. Again, she closed her eyes, but not out of terror this time. Mary is enjoying the wolf's attentions.

The alpha wolf can taste her bitch cunt grow more intense in flavor, he knows she's starting to become horny and that's what he wants. He withdraws from under her dress and glances at another dog with a certain gleam in his eyes. His lieutenant understands and launches himself into Mary so she falls onto the ground. Mary screams, and her instinct is to try to get to her feet and run. As she does, the alpha whit wolf jumps on her back, pushing her onto her hands and knees. His strong legs wrap around her waist and hold her.

Already Mary can feel his cock poking her from behind. She isn't stupid, she knew how dogs bred, and this wolf certainly wanted to breed her. Strangely, as she feels the cock poke into her dress all she can think about is how dirty the dog is going to make one of her favorite garments. Mary is a total fashion queen, so to save the dress she grabs the hem and pulls it over her waist. Exposing her

genitals to the wolf in the process. Later, this is how Mary would justify her actions to herself anyway.

With her bitch cunt now free, the wolf concentrated on finding it, and after several near misses, he found it and rammed his big cock deep inside feeling her velvety warmth wrap around him. Mary grunted, as the wolf is clearly bigger than Bob, though he's a handy six and half inches. She never had cause to complain or desire a larger cock before as Bob is a decent lover. However, the wolf's cock feels so much bigger, and is now stretching her cunt in ways she had never experienced other than in childbirth.

The wolf found good footing as he is uphill from her, and having such good purchase means he could pound her as hard as he could. He so wanted to knot her before the others took their turns, at least that way he had a chance of being the one to impregnate her. One of the advantages of being the alpha, he gets first crack at everything.

The squishy slapping sounds of copulation and the aroma of sex now filled the clearing as Mary could feel the wolves cock continue to expand inside her. The friction from his energetic probing of her innermost depths sparked in her a feeling she had never known. Sex as pleasure. This seemed so strange to her, as she saw sex purely as a function. First to have kids, and second, to keep Bob happy. It never occurred to her that she could get pleasure from sex. So deep inside her stomach began to feel strange, as a spring is tightening, and her legs went all wibbly wobbly. Her clit burned, and the heat it radiated made her quiver and move her head around as if she were in pain.

He could feel his knot getting bigger and with the most powerful thrust he could muster, he pushed it into his new bitch's cunt. His tongue hanging out of his mouth as he panted deeply, releasing the heat from inside his body. Mary screeched in protest as the giant ball of meat, rasped her insides and the end of the giant cock slammed her cervix. She began panting too, as her orgasm continued to wind her body in coils of tension. Sweat dripped from her face as quickly as the wolf's precum dribbled out of her pussy onto the ground. Suddenly, as if time itself had slowed, the coiling tension in her body could wind no more and it released in a tidal wave of organic pleasure.

Her head moves around as she moans loudly.

"Fuuuuuuuck! Fuck me!" She screamed.

Her body started to shake violently all over, her skin flushed as a disco light, and her cunt and anus began a spasm of uncontrollable contractions. The wolf, feeling his bitch cum and having his knot firmly inside her, began to ejaculate with a loud grunt and a long whine. His orgasm caused him to close his eyes as his balls emptied inside Mary's cunt. Both slowed as their pleasure abated, Mary and wolf panting together as animals do.

The alpha wolf wanted to stay and enjoy the knot, but in the wild some luxuries are sometimes unattainable, for the danger of other predators attacking is ever present. So he dismounted until he stood ass to ass with Mary and pulled, dragging her over the ground, until his cock slipped out of her wet cunt. A gush of cum followed, and the other wolves dived in and started licking the gooey mess. Mary stays still, the tongues reviving her animal lusts again.

Eventually, one of the grays mounted her and slipped his thick cock inside her abused cunt. She moaned as he started thrusting deep into her.

Mary had become totally submissive to these beasts, something she never thought possible in her

life. She had always been the one in control, the one who held all the cards. Now she would gladly let the wolves fuck her forever. Her body quickly responded to the new wolf, although not as big as the alpha, still bigger than Bob. This wolf liked to hold her neck in his jaws while he jabbed her repeatedly with his thick cock. She reached under to rub her clit and when she touched it detonated inside her body with the power of a daisy-cutter. Again her body shook, spasmed, and convulsed under the dominant probing her pussy is put through.

A white foamy substance formed around her mouth, and around her red, swollen pussy lips. The wolf had slipped his knot in a few times, enough to stretch and exert pressure on her g-spot, so her orgasm reached an exciting new peak.

“Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh! F-F-FUCK! Oh! Oh! GOD, OH GOD! OH GOD! OH GOD!” She moaned in a shrill quivery voice.

The second wolf suddenly shot his load into her, despite not successfully knotting her and after a few minutes he jumped off pulling his cock free from her red cavern of flesh. White water cum running out as if a waterfall. The other wolves lapped at her, making her moan again as tongues entered her gaping cunt to lap her insides clean of a competitors seed. Mary didn't need to wait long before the third wolf had mounted her easily slid his cock inside her to his balls.

Again, not bigger than the alpha, but still bigger than Bob.

The gray wolf's agile fucking soon activated her senses and again the feeling of heat began to radiate from her clit. She begins to rub it, enticing another orgasm to come from deep inside her womanly places as an offering to these wolves, a homage of sorts. These potent emotions and sensations she would never have known if it weren't for these animals. The slippery squishing of flesh on flesh didn't seem out of place in this wild landscape. It's natural, the age-old call of evolution. The wolf shot his load inside her after only a few minutes, and though he had knotted her, her bitch cunt now had no strength to prevent them from easily pulling out.

The wolf's fucking feels amazing, but he didn't make her cum and that made her feel sad.

The next wolf took his place and after a few aborted attempts, one nearly stabbing her anus, he finally slipped inside and again she went back to work trying to build an orgasm in herself. She wanted so badly to cum again, to feel her body overwhelmed by climax. It's all she craved now, so her fingers worked her clit nimbly as the wolf sliced her cunt with his meaty cock. After a few minutes of intense fucking, and Mary feeling her orgasm is just within reach, the dog slips his knot inside her and starts to fuck her with it.

She sighed loudly as new jolts and jerks of pleasure hit her, and she knew this is what she needed to push her to orgasm. She needed her g-spot stimulated by the knot pressing and rubbing it lasciviously. Finally, her body exploded again, the convulsive waves of climax shook her from her core outward. The wolf feeling her cum all over his cock, shot his warm seed into her, pushing her into another orgasm as her uterus stretched. Her cunt now so full of wolf seed, it burst out between her pussy lips and the wolf's cock under pressure, making a naughty Queef as it did.

As the wolf dismounted and pulled his cock free, Mary collapsed in exhaustion. Her body could take no more, and the remaining wolves, only pups really, sniffed around her hoping to get a turn too. The alpha wolf growled at the two young pups and they back away. He gave her a lick across her cheek, tasting her sweat and her scent. After glancing at his pack, they wolves ran from the clearing, leaving Mary alone at last.

Mary climbed to her feet and could feel the cum inside her, moving around, so she squatted again - much as the wolves had found her - and let the white sticky substance run out her abused cunt. She studied her pussy closely, it had never been like this: all red, puffy, swollen and inflamed. Her vaginal opening now gaping so much she could peer inside her cunt. After waiting long enough for most of the cum to evacuate, she stood and walked back to the car.

Mercifully, Bob had not returned so she grabbed her bag and cleaned herself, fixed her hair and makeup, and changed into another dress that appeared similar to the one she had been wearing, and lastly put her panties back on with a sanitary pad to absorb any leakage. Bob will never notice, she thought with a chuckle. He's a man after all. So she waited for another hour until Bob finally returned driving a hire car, followed closely by a tow truck. She got out of the car and waved to him with a smile as he pulled up.

"Sorry, it took so long," Bob said apologetically. "That house I saw was more like five miles away, and they drove me back into the last big town we passed so I could organize everything through our insurance. I hope you're not mad?"

Mary smiled at him and gave him a kiss on the cheek.

"No, it's been worthwhile sitting here in this beautiful place alone. It's given me time to think about some things," she said.

Bob raised his eyebrows. "Anything I should know about?"

She took his arm, snuggling into him. "Why don't we keep going to the cabin you reserved, I don't see why she waste a weekend just because the car broke down."

Bob blinked rapidly, staring at her.

"Where's my wife?" He joked. "What did you do with her?"

Mary laughed lightly, flashing her bright-blue eyes.

"I'll let you discover what, when we get to the cabin," she said in a seductive voice.

"There's something about you that's different, Mary," Bob said scratching his head.

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## **Chapter Two**

Bob took her into his arms and kissing her deeply. As she looked into his eyes with lust her hands trailed over his crotch rubbing it briefly before fumbling with the button and zipper of his jeans. With one pull Mary unzipped him and her soft hands opened his fly revealing he wore no underpants. Gently, yet quickly, she stroked his cock pulling it free and ogling at how big and thick it appeared, even in this semi-hard state. She gasped at the beauty of it, the head a perfectly formed helmet shape, and the shaft so smooth and strong.

He undid his shirt and pulled it off, throwing it on the floor behind her. She grabbed his jeans and as he lifted his ass, she pulled them off over his shoes. His manliness making her body quiver with excitement. They kissed, a tongue kiss, taking her away in mind, body and soul to places she could only dream of. Why have I denied myself this for so long, she asked herself? As he held Mary in his arms and she could feel their skin touching, her body tingled and her pussy started to drip. He

stared into her eyes, as she did his drowning the blueness of his gaze.

She slid over his body, the friction of skin on skin so comforting for her, until she had her sights on what she wanted the most. Languidly she licked from the base of his cock to the tip, tasting his spiciness, saltiness, and his manliness. She reached the crowning glory and suckling a big clear drop of precum and swishing it around her mouth. The slimy goodness of it makes her clit throb and stomach tighten. Into her mouth, she plunges his cock, licking the head as she jerked-off his shaft. Bob groaned and moaned at her touch.

As she jerked him off, she leans lower and takes one of his balls into her mouth, suckling on it gently. Increasing the strength to see what he could take as she watched his face from below. Bob's head is moving around, his eyes closing and shutting, and his breathing is getting faster and deeper. Mary sucked his balls, one at a time, tasting him still, feeling her spirit overwhelmed by his presence. She suddenly wanted to give him everything she had, as if an animal side of her has been unleashed within.

Her mouth returned to his cock and she began to dance her lips along his thick cock, working him deeper and deeper into her mouth. Mary worked on licking, sucking and masturbating him. She even squeezed his balls. Bob had laid back onto the bed now, so she ran her hands up his six-pack as his cock filled her mouth. She wanted to take all of him, if it were humanly possible. Mary needed him. Suddenly Bob groaned and she could taste cum in her mouth, lots of delicious semen. His semen filled her now, and it tasted divine. I could drink this all day, she thought. She keeps sucking him until he pushes her away, he's gasping and panting. His body flushed and sweaty. "Fuck, Mary, I swear you'd eat my dick if you could," he said panting still.

She smiled. Her eyes indicating she'd eat him all, if she could. Mary stood and pulled off her bra revealing her large perfect breasts. Turning round slowly she displayed her body to him, bending with her back to him to reveal her money shot.

"Damn, you're so hot," he said, feeling his arousal begin to grow again. "Where has this Mary been all my life?"

Mary smiled seductively. He suddenly grabbed her by the hips and throws her into bed beside him with minimal effort. Before she even stops bouncing he gently traces his fingers over the outer edges of her breasts, running his thumb lightly under the space where they fell using only his fingertips to caress her as he breathed warm air over her nipples. He started to kiss her breasts, ignoring her nipples yet still breathing over them his hot breath making her body writhe with desire, both nipples now hard. Finally, he took a nipple into his making her gasp and moan as he sucked it while flicking it with his tongue.

"Oh God, yes," she moans softly.

"You're so hot, baby," Bob moans. "I wanna fuck you so hard."

"Please, I want it!"

He kissed down her stomach, sliding his tongue into her belly button and making her jump. He kissed and licked passed her pussy and worked on her inner thighs, noticing how wet her pussy already is. The aroma of her sex filled him with joy, making his cock twitch with excitement.

"Your pussy is so beautiful, all of you is beautiful," he whispered to her, making her smile.

She squirmed as he continued to tease her, rubbing her inner thighs and blowing his hot breath on her throbbing, engorged clit. To her relief his mouth covered her clit and he slid two fingers inside



her pussy. The build up to this moment had been so erotic for her that she came immediately, her pussy contracting on his fingers.

“Oh, yes! God, I love this,” she moaned.

His tongue flicked across her clit side to side, while he managed to vary his sucking strength as well. Her hips were writhing, pushing her pussy into his mouth. Her juices flowing all over his hand that probed her moist pussy with long fingers. She tasted so wonderful to him, spicy, tangy, and slimy all at once. He drank her wetness as a man who had been lost in the desert who had found an oasis. His cock and balls ached now and as he brought her to another orgasm with his mouth and fingers he knew it's time.

He removed his fingers, and glided over her body until they were face to face. He kissed her deeply, then slid his pussy-juice covered fingers into her mouth.

“Taste your heat,” he whispered as she sucked. “Taste your lust!”

She moaned, sucking his fingers clean of her wetness. Mary could feel the tip of his penis now pushing against her pussy lips, the feeling driving her wild with excitement.

“Do you want it?” Bob asked huskily. “Do you want me to fuck you?”

“Oh PLEASE! PLEASE FUCK ME!” Mary moaned loudly. “I want your cock in me, so bad.”

Bob moved his hips and pushed the head of his cock into her, making her gasp and squeal. He began to thrust, slowly getting deeper with each penetration. Feeling the warm, silky wetness of her pussy envelope his thick cock filling him with so much pleasure he groaned. He worked his cock until she could take it all inside her, and began a slow rhythmic fucking as he they tongue kissed passionately. The friction of his cock inside her pussy made her body tingle and her legs feel weak. The friction of his skin as it moved on top of her made her feel safe and complete as a woman. Mary wrapped her legs around his waist, wanting to take in as much of him as she could.

He grabbed her hands and pushed her arms above her head, holding them strongly as his thrusting, probing cock progress from loving jabs to forceful lunges. The head of his cock hitting her cervix now, his balls slapping her taint. He grunted and growled as his lust for her body consumed him. His face distorting in a strange way, his skin becoming so translucent in parts she could see the bone beneath, and his eyes almost glowing. Mary stared at his face in awe, seeing for the first time glimpses of Bob's powerful sexuality. An orgasm exploded inside her.

Her body convulsed under her husband as she moaned loudly, clenching her eyes shut. She feels her pussy squirt, something she's never done before, as it cums on his cock. Her legs shake and she releases them from gripping him. A red flush of heat engulfs her body and as it dissipates a sheen of sweat is left making her skin glow in the soft light.

“Fuck, Mary, I'm gonna cum” Bob says in a deep guttural voice she had never heard him use before.

“Fill my pussy with your cum,” Mary moans wildly

“Ooh fuck,” is all Bob managed to get out between his groans.

Mary feels his dick start to pulsate inside her increasing her pleasure and bringing her over the edge and allowing her yet another orgasm to rock her body. As the intense spasming pleasure shook her to the core, she feels his hot cum flood the inside of her pussy.

He groaned in pleasure, holding his cock deep inside her as he unloads his balls. They lay still for a while and she feels his cock soften inside pussy. Their mixed juices leaking out of her onto the sheets of the cabins bed. Bob rolled off her and onto his back next to her, breathing deeply. They hold hands, feeling such love for each other as they have never felt before. Bob rolls onto his side, putting an arm across her, snuggling into his wife. Softly kissing her sweaty skin.

Mary stares outside the bi-fold doors that lead to a patio, and beyond the pine forests are framed by snowcapped mountains. She's not thinking of her husband now, even though they have become renewed passionate lovers since their first trip to this Cabin. No, her mind wanders for her true lovers, the ones who are wild and fearsome. I'm here my boys, she calls out with her mind. This is their fifteenth weekend away to this cabin, since the first fateful day when the car broke down in the middle of nowhere. Bob didn't know why she really wanted to come here all the time, however, he didn't complain.

Mary was once a sexless prude, a woman repressed who didn't know how to break out of her self-imposed jail. Yet something changed in her that day, and Bob has enjoyed this new Mary ever since. She's become sexually adventurous in the bedroom, even having threesomes with Bob's friends. Her stance on porn has changed and now she watches it with Bob playing with his cock the whole time. Life with Mary had taken a new turn, and Bob has never been happier.

"I love you so much," he whispered in her ear.

"That's nice," she said.

Here we go again, he thought, and despite knowing it would end in a fight he couldn't help himself.

"Say it," he said.

"Say what?"

"Tell me you love me. You fuck like you love me, why can't you say it?"

She frowned, pushing his arm off her and sitting up.

"I need a shower," she said, climbing off the bed.

"Why can't you say it?" Bob asked again, his face reddening.

"Bob, don't spoil our nice weekend away by starting this fight again," she said, hands on hips. "You're my husband, and I'll always be your wife. You'll always be my man. That's your answer."

She walked into the bathroom and shut the door, locking it behind her.

Bob got up and went to the kitchen and grabbed a beer, ending up naked on the patio drinking it. Somethings not right with her, he thought. Ever since our first trip up here something has changed. He took a deep drink of his beer. She never had trouble saying she loved me before that. He stared at the tree line, listening to wind blow through the big pines, and smelling the scent. I don't why she always wants to come here, he thought. I mean, sure, it's nice, but there's plenty of nice places we could go. As he watched the trees he spotted something moving, and picked up some binoculars off a nearby table.

"A white wolf," he said to himself as he watched the animal now sitting and looking at the house.

He spotted several more wolves join the first, one carrying a rabbit in its mouth and putting it down in front of the white wolf. He must be the alpha of the pack, he thought. He turned to see if Mary had emerged from the bathroom yet to find the door still closed. What the hell, I'm sure seeing a couple of scrawny wolves won't excite her that much, he thought.

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As the evening drew to a close, Bob and Mary snuggled in each other's arms, watching a movie on the big screen TV, a romantic comedy. Mary had made a sumptuous hot chocolate with marshmallows on top and Bob drank it happily as it always tasted so good. As the credits rolled up the screen he feels a great tiredness come over him.

"I think you wore me out today," he said with a happy yawn.

"Wait until tomorrow, I'm gonna fuck your brains out again," she said and kissed him.

"It's a date," he said, but turned as another yawn took him.

"Come on, you, time for bed."

They went to the bedroom and after brushing their teeth and changing they cuddled together under the covers and pretty soon Bob began snoring softly. Mary waited until midnight, before slipping out of bed and after putting on a thick jumper over her cotton nightie, and put on some shoes, she left through the front door running toward the trees. The moon is full, and casts a white light all over the glorious wild mountains. The shadows under the trees is black and impenetrable. Mary feels a lightness in her chest, and her senses seemed heightened to every sound, sight, and smell around her. She can't help but squeal as she jumps, laughing at her silliness. Until finally she enters the forest, stopping and waiting for her eyes to adjust to the sudden darkness.

Her heart thumps in her chest, and her wetness grows between her legs. The full moon in the pine forest is enchanting as beams of white light break through the canopy as laser beams hitting the ground, illuminating the surrounds in a soft light. Mary walks slowly, knowing the place where he will be waiting for her, where he always waits for her. Even when she's not here, torn away by her duties to her husband and children, she knows in her heart he waits. The thought makes her tremble with excitement, and though the night is cool she feels only heat, and finds it hard to breathe.

Soon she enters a familiar clearing, the place she first met him, first gave herself to him. To find it so close to the cabin had been fate, it had been a sign to her. The clearing is lit tonight by the full moon, and sitting on the rocky ground is the white wolf.

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She runs to him, falling to her knees and taking him into her arms while burying her head into his thick fur. The wolf licks her face and whines, his tail wags.

"I'm here, my love," she said to him. "I'm here for you."

There is no foreplay in the wild, there's no time to play such human games with mating. So Mary got onto her hands and knees, lifting her nightgown to expose a naked waist.

"I'm yours, and your packs," she said to the white wolf.

The white wolf stood and sniffed her familiar cunt, he licked it, driving his tongue inside to taste her

heat and lapping her juices into his mouth. Several other wolves now appeared, alert and ears forward, sniffing the air. They ran around her, licking her face at times in recognition of the pack bitch. She greeted them with names she had made up for them. She knew each one intimately, as only a bitch can know. Several tongues now licked her cunt, and she writhed with pleasure under the assault. Mary didn't know what to do as tongues attacked her from everywhere. Tongues concentrated their endeavors on her increasingly hungry cunt. A familiar pang grew in her clit as the tongues glided over and around it and without even a thought, she found herself grinding against the wolves' mouths.

The white wolf tastes her cunt growing more intense in flavor, he knows she's ready to be mated, so he jumps on her back, wrapping his strong legs around her waist. Mary moans with anticipation. She can feel his cock poking her from behind, and the wolf concentrated on finding her cunt. After several near misses, he found her moist opening and rammed his big cock deep inside, feeling her cunt wrap around him. Mary grunts loudly, feeling the huge cock slice her wide open. The white wolves head off to the side, panting loudly, and its back arched around her begins to hump wildly. Mary moaned loudly as she feels his slick cock slide between the walls of her pussy. Her body resonating to his primal thrusts, as an orgasm builds in her.

He bucks his hips in a rhythmic fury, and Mary gasps as the thick cock pushes into her cervix with extreme force. Her legs wobble, much as her breasts do as her body moves. The wobble turns into a tremble, and a red flush starting at her face moves around her body. She lets out a loud squeal as she cums on her lover's dick. The white wolf feels her bitch cunt contracting on his cock, repeatedly squeezing and releasing. The sensations drives him to orgasm and he abruptly unloads his cum deep inside her, filling her womb before he had the chance to knot her.

A gray wolf she calls Fang and knocks her lover off Mary's back, making his big red cock slide out. She sighs in disappointment that her lover hadn't got to mate her properly. Cum trickles out of her pussy, causing more licking to send shivers through her body. As the wolves grapple with whose next, Fang mounts her. Before long, his hard cock finds her bitch cunt and he pushes with all his strength inside her. Fang is a middle-aged wolf, so the strength at which he holds and fucks her always astonishes Mary.

The sloppy sounds of fucking and the aroma of sex filled the clearing as Mary could feel Fang's cock continue to expand inside her. The friction from his energetic probing of her innermost depths began to feel familiar, as a spring is tightening, and her legs had the wobbly feeling again. Her clit burned, and the heat it radiated made her quiver and move her head lustfully. Fang's knot slid into her, making her squeal with delight as it stretched her even more. He slowed his fucking until he stopped. Her pussy again feels so full and tight wrapped around Fang's cock, and she loves being fucked by him. Wolf semen is shooting inside, and her body starts convulsing uncontrollably as the pressure drives her to another strong orgasm.

Fang jumps off, standing arse to arse with her as he continues to unload his balls deep inside her. A young wolf she calls Bray, still a pup really walks by her so she grabs him, and starts to play with his cock. The red cock is only semi-hard and with some stroking it soon grows large in her hand. She uses her spit and his precum to lubricate him so her hand glides over the big red cock with ease. Mary pulls Brays cock out between his back legs and starts to lick the tangy red meat. The familiar taste made her shiver and she feels herself cum again on Fangs big knot, making the wolf whine. She moans on Brays wolf cock in her mouth.

Bray starts thrusting his hips, pushing his thick meat-pole down her throat, coating her mouth in his salty precum. She wants to gargle it, it tastes so good to her. The highly excited wolf loses control, though, and suddenly starts squirting its hot, watery cum into her mouth. She can feel his cock

pulsate in her mouth as it delivered its seed to her gullet. Sandra tastes the familiar metallic zing on her tongue, followed by an extremely salty aftertaste. The semen is hot, but watery, so she drinks it as if it were a fountain, swallowing every drop as a dutiful bitch would. The perils of youth, she thinks, amused by the pup's premature ejaculation.

Fang suddenly decides his knot has deflated enough and he pulls her from behind, so she grabs the rocks and the knot pops out of her. Her moment of respite didn't last as another gray wolf mounted her and began to search for her pussy by humping. You wouldn't think it'd have trouble finding my cunt by now, she thought. One jab, nearly punctured her anus, however, he finally slipped inside and again she went back to work trying to build an orgasm. She wanted so badly to cum again, to feel her body overwhelmed by climax. It's all she craved now, so her fingers worked her clit nimbly as the wolf sliced her cunt with his meaty cock. After ten minutes of intense fucking, and Mary feeling her orgasm is just within reach, the wolf slips his knot inside her and starts to fuck her with it.

Mary moaned loudly as the giant ball of meat raked her insides, and the end of the giant cock slammed her cervix. She began panting, as her orgasm continued to wind her body in coils of tension. Sweat dripped from her face as quickly as the wolf's precum dribbled out of her pussy onto the ground. Suddenly, as if time itself had slowed, the coiling tension in her body could wind no more and it released, sending her into an orgasmic frenzy.

"Fuck me," she screams.

Her body started to shake all over, her skin flushed bright red in the moonlight, and her cunt and anus began a spasm of uncontrollable contractions. The wolf, feeling his bitch cum and having his knot firmly inside her, began to ejaculate with a loud whine. His orgasm caused him to close his eyes as his balls emptied inside Mary's cunt. Both slowed as their pleasure abated, Mary and the gray wolf panting together. Another young dog started licking her face and soon stood showing her his big red cock, so she pulls it through his legs and starts to lick it, and suck it.

Meanwhile, the gray wolf who just fucked her jumps off her and pulls from behind, nearly bringing her with him. However, her pussy is stretched enough now and the big knot pulls free making her squeal on the juicy cock in her mouth. Tongues find her used cunt yet again as they ferociously lick cum from inside her. The feeling makes her writhe and wriggle her ass. Her cunt still so hungry for more cock. One of the gray wolves she called Frodo mounted her making the others back off. His powerful front legs wrapped around her tightly as he bit on her neck in a gesture of dominance. Mary feels her pussy squirt wetness in anticipation. Frodo pants above her sounding like an old steam train. He thrust his hips, searching for her cunt, smashing into everywhere else but where he wanted to be. She moans, her heart races she waits for the old wolf's big cock to take her.

Frodo suddenly finds what he's been searching for, and his thick penis slices her apart without mercy. Mary moans, the pain this cock causes as it forcefully wedges her cunt open isn't new to her. Frodo seems unfazed by her reaction as he feels her soft, and as her gooey insides wrap around his ultra-hard cock he begins to fuck her with relentless motion. Her body starts shaking in rhythm to his jabs, and as a punch drunk boxer bending with every blow. Frodo keeps driving his big cock into her, the gelatinous feeling of the pack bitch's cunt made his knot swell to a majestic size and with the force of a truck, he pushes it through her resisting pussy-lips cleaving her even more.

Frodo slows, his knot has pillaged her bitch cunt. Meanwhile the young wolf who she spent the last ten minutes sucking off suddenly blows his load down her throat. She gags and coughs making cum burst out of her nostrils. The wolf pulls away spraying her face with cum as his red cock leaves her mouth. She gasps, trying to get her breath, however, as Frodo starts unleashing his cum inside her body, he triggers another orgasm that shakes her body and rattles her brain.

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So the night goes on as wolf after wolf fucks her or gets sucked by her until deep into the long night her lover, the white wolf, stands before her trembling body. Wolf lore is the alpha always begins and he always finishes. He walks around her sniffing the packs cum is nearly covering her entire body, inside and out. His strong chest swells with pride at how she has been faithful to all his wolves, a great honor to have paid him. So for the final time, he mounts her and wraps his legs around her waist. He can feel her body trembling and pulsating under him.

Both her holes are gaping open now, for even her arse had been used several times by now. He easily slid his cock inside her battered pussy and started to fuck her hard, he knew she could take it even after all she had endured for his sake. She moaned loudly under him, and her body swayed to his thrusts, making a rhythm that thrilled him. He could feel her cunt, he could feel her soul. Both belonged to him and his pack. She knew it too. They all knew it.

Before long his knot slammed into her making her grunt, yet he kept fucking her hard. He wanted her to feel his size, his power over her. She writhed under him, thrusting her hips against his cock as he fucked her. He feels her cunt clenching on his cock and knot and with a long wolf howl he cums hard deep inside her. The other wolves, all still nearby, begin to howl too. A chorus of ownership, of domination, and of love for their pack bitch. Mary came again with her beloved, an orgasm so strong it lifted their souls to the moon where they entwined in joyous love.

Then it was over, and as the white wolf left the clearance, Mary said in a soft voice, "I love you."

The white wolf, her beloved, didn't look back, he just keeps walking until he disappears into the darkness.

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Bob found Mary that morning asleep in the bath, he kissed her forehead, making her eyes shoot open and her body to jerk in the water sending some over the sides. She smiled at him.

"Morning, dear," he said.

"Morning, how did you sleep?"

"Mostly like a log, but I did wake around five to the sound of wolves howling at the moon."

"Yeah, I heard it too."

"You weren't in bed, then, where were you?" Bob asked.

"On the toilet," she said.

"Uh, anyway, I thought we might go on a picnic today. What do you think?"

"Sounds great, do you mind if I sleep a bit more though. I didn't sleep very well last night," Mary said weakly.

"The wolves?" Bob asked with a grin.

"Mary's eyes bulged for a moment.

"What?"

"Howling all night? They're noisy beasts."

"Oh, yeah, something like that," Mary said.

"No worries, I'll go into town and get us some nice food for our picnic. I'll see you later," he said and kissed her gently on the lips.

"Bye."

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Chapter Three

Bob sat quietly as the local police searched the cabin the few possessions they had there. He could see men outside searching the grounds for any clues that might explain why Mary, his wife, had disappeared. A large built fifty-something black man, with a balding head and a potbelly hanging over his belt that strained the buttons of his shirt approached Bob carrying a small container. Bob glanced at the man and what he had in his hand with a blank face. The police detective is called Wade Wilson Warner, his friends called him 'Dubya' long before George W Bush ever made the nickname famous.

"Do you recognize this?" The detective asked.

Bob nodded.

"Yeah, Mary used it to carry her hot chocolate in. We always had it before we went to bed, it's delicious. Her own recipe," Bob said flatly.

Detective Warner pulled a clear plastic bag out of his pocket with a pill bottle inside, and handed it to Bob, who stared at the label wide eyed and blinking rapidly.

"I've never seen these before," he said feeling suddenly lightheaded.

"Tranquilizers. Strong one's too. Why would she have these?"

"I-I don't know?" Bob said, his posture slumping slightly.

"These are not for people," Detective Warner said. "They use them on animals, so your wife would've got these illegally."

Bob lifted his hands showing his palms while shaking his head.

"Are you kidding me? My wife would never do anything like that. Impossible."

"Yet here they are, and she's missing," Detective Warner said raising an eyebrow.

A uniformed policewoman entered the room and indicated the Detective to come to her. As got close, she said in a low voice, "Dubya, we searched the grounds and can find no evidence of foul play. Do you want us to expand our search into the woods?"

"Hmm, give ol' Lapu a call and see if he can come here. We don't have the manpower for a full-on search of the woods yet," Warner said.

The woman left the room, however, Bob had heard what they said anyway. He turned his head and

stared at the Detective, his face flushing red.

“What do you mean ‘foul play’?” He asked.

Warner shrugged and smiled weakly.

“We have to rule out all the possibilities, Mr. Jones. Your wife is missing and I find tranquilizers, it’s natural to ask questions, don’t you think?”

Bob stood, his fists formed at his side, with a deep frown.

“Are you saying I killed her?” Bob asked, his voice pitched high.

Detective Warner raised his hands and waved them to indicate Bob should calm himself.

“I’m not saying anything of the sorts, Mr. Jones. As I said, we need to rule out the possibilities to hopefully find the probabilities.”

Bob took a deep breath and unclenched his fists. He sat, closing his eyes and trying to hold back his tears.

“I loved her, I’d never hurt her,” he whispered.

Warner sat opposite, nodding, he understood.

“OK, now I have to ask some difficult questions. It’s not personal, they just have to be asked.”

“Alright,” Bob said, and braced himself.

Detective Warner asked Bob questions about his relationship with Mary, possible affairs, any enemies they may have, stalkers, and any strangers, he may have seen hanging around on previous trips to the cabin. Bob denied any problems of the kind the Detective mentioned, saying that while his marriage had its troubles, recently they’ve been as close as they ever have.

“The only stalkers I’ve seen around here is some wolves,” Bob said and smiled weakly.

“Wolves?”

“Yeah, a pack led by a big white wolf. Nearly every time we’ve been here,” he stopped mid-sentence his eyes wide and face going pale. “No, every time we’ve been here I’ve seen them on the edge of the woods watching the place. You don’t think?”

He couldn’t bring himself to say it. The thought of Mary being attacked by the wolves made him tremble.

“If it’s wolves, then ol’ Lapu will confirm it,” Detective Warner said.

“Who?”

“He’s a tracker we use in these parts. He’s Indian, err, Native American, and he has a bloodhound too. So they often find people lost in the woods without much trouble,” Warner said. “The man’s a legend around here.”

Detective Warner was only trying to reassure Bob, but the words ‘lost in the woods’ made him gasp and throw his head into his hands. The prospect of Mary attacked by wolves and now somewhere

injured and lost in the woods chilled him to the core. What if she's dead he wondered? What if my beautiful Mary is dead? He began to cry, and the detective handed him some tissues with the practiced grace of someone who's dealt with crying people before.

"Let's not jump to conclusions, Mr. Jones, the wolf thing may be a coincidence. Besides, the last reported wolf attack of a human in these parts was years ago. Wolves usually run away if people get close to them."

A forensic pathologist came into the room and waved the Detective to him.

"No evidence of blood anywhere here or on the porch. I think we should do some tests on the missing woman's husband for drugs," the thin geeky man said.

"Drugs?"

"The tranquilizers. It may be possible she was drugging him."

Warner nodded, thinking, That would change the direction of this case, that's for sure. We found the tranquilizers in Mrs. Jones belongings and suitcase. I think Mr. Jones may have been duped here by a cheating wife.

Warner turned to Bob, and said, "Mr. Jones, we'd like to take some blood, urine, and hair for testing. Would you be OK with that?"

Bob frowned for a moment as he considered the request.

"Sure, I have nothing to hide," he said.

As Bob stood, Warner saw Lapu's truck driving up the dirt road toward the cabin.

"Good, Dr. Vince here will take care of it," Warner said and left them to it.

Warner had a great respect for the Native American man Lapu, an old man with long white hair tied in a pigtail in the back. He wore a handmade headband, and his face so wrinkly it made him appear wise. The old Native American is Cheyenne, a tribe that has lived in the area for probably thousands of years. They knew the place better than anyone, at least the old-timer's did. The younger Native Americans prefer the ways of modernity to the old ways of the Cheyenne.

"Hi, Lapu, how's things," Warner said with a smile as he shook the old man's hand.

"You know how it is, Dubya," Lapu said in a weary voice, "As you get older have to remember three things. The first is your memory goes on you."

"What are the other two?" Warner asks.

"I can't remember," Lapu said, and gave a wink, making those around him laugh.

"You're a classic, my old friend," Warner said and patted the man on the back.

"So you got a missing tourist up here?" Lapu asked, rolling his eyes.

"Something like that. Disappeared Saturday night we think. The husband reported it last evening."

"Why did he wait so long?" Lapu asked wide-eyed. "These woods aren't a good place to get lost. There's bears, cats, and wolves here."

"He thought she might come back, so gave her time, but he did say he saw wolves here on Saturday morning in the tree line over there," Warner said pointing.

"This cabin is located on sacred land. My people tried to stop the owners building here, but their lawyers beat us," Lapu said and sighed.

"I remember that," Warner said. "I read about it in the papers. They really paid out on you in the press, didn't they?"

Lapu shrugged and turned to get his dog from the back of his truck. However, Warner remembered how those fighting for the cabin had said progress and tourist development shouldn't be hindered by Native American superstitions at every turn. They claimed, it's time Native Americans grew up and stopped clinging to these ridiculous beliefs. Warner remembered thinking at the time how the Cheyenne he knew had a wisdom and knowledge of these mountains, he would trust with his life any day. If the Cheyenne said not to build somewhere, only a moron wouldn't listen.

Bob came out of the cabin holding a T-shirt Mary had worn on their trip to the cabin Friday night. "They told me you'll need something with Mary's scent on it," he said giving the T-shirt to Warner.

Lapu appeared from behind the truck with a big bloodhound on a leash, looking bob over.

"You must be the tracker," Bob said flatly. "Thank you so much for your help."

Lapu bowed slightly. "We'll do our best to find her."

Bob's eyes welled with tears. "I know, the Detective said you're the best. I trust you."

Lapu took the T-shirt and allowed his dog Mundoo to sniff it. The dog immediately knew what to do and started pulling the leash, whining to be let off. Lapu released him and Mundoo ran around the house tracing her scent in ever increasing circles until he found the place she used to walk to the woods when Bob was asleep, barking loudly at Lapu.

"He has her scent," Lapu shouted. "Come on!"

Warner, Lapu, Bob, and three uniformed police ran toward the dog who turned and while sniffing the ground headed straight to the tree line.

In the cooler pine woods, they followed the Mundoo the bloodhound and Lapu at a short distance. Lapu stopped occasionally and examined tracks he came across. He'd whistle and Mundoo would come back to him. At one point he turned and shouted back to them, "There shoe prints here and wolf paw prints, a pack I'd say maybe fifteen wolves. Two day's old, maybe."

"Oh god," Bob said, shuddering and wrapping his arms over his chest tightly.

"We don't know if they're related," Warner said to Bob. "Did Mary walk into the woods here alone?"

Bob shook his head. "We only ever hiked the usual places around here. We never came in here. Especially after I told her about spotting the white wolf."

Lapu stood abruptly, staring at Bob wide-eyed.

"You saw a white wolf?" He asked, his body suddenly tense.

"Yeah, a big one too. He looked as if he's the alpha of the pack, too," Bob said, noting Lapu's unease.

Lapu's eyes darted around as he thought. Suddenly he said in a low voice, "A spirit wolf."

The old Native American started to run away from them, making the men follow with sudden gasps. Lapu passed Mundoo who then followed his master from behind. They ran through the dark woods for ten minutes until they found Lapu standing at the entrance to a clearing softly chanting something in Cheyenne. Bob stood behind the man and looked inside to see the clearing appeared circular and the ground is mostly a flat rock with some small boulders and stones on top. With no canopy above to shade the clearing, the light coming from it seemed bright and off putting in the shadows of the woods. He soon spotted Mary's clothes lying on the ground.

"MARY," he shouted, and pushed passed Lapu to enter the clearing.

"STOP!" Warner shouted at Bob and followed him.

Warner grabbed Bob roughly by the shoulders and pulled him back outside the clearing, where two of the uniforms grabbed the hysterical man.

"What are you doing?" Bob shouted at them. "That's Mary's coat, her shoes. Her nightgown."

Warner took a deep breath. "Yes, and the last thing we need is for you to contaminate the crime scene."

"CRIME SCENE? It's my fucking wife, you moron," Bob shouted.

"Take him back to the cabin, and keep him there," Warner said to the uniforms. "Send forensics down here."

The cops nodded and dragged poor Bob back to the cabin, who screamed abuse at them. Warner stared into the clearing and sighed.

"What is this place, Lapu?" Warner asked.

"It's a place for Maiyun, a great creator spirit to come when the moon is full," Lapu said in a whisper. "It's a holy place we tell our children to keep away from."

"I'm sorry, but our people will have to go in there and examine the place for clues into Mrs. Jones disappearance," Warner said, watching Lapu's face closely.

Lapu remain silent, he frowned deeply, as if weighing what to say. Eventually he said, "We won't find this woman, she belongs to Maiyun now."

Warner isn't really understanding, asked, "So you think she's been abducted?"

Lapu stepped back from the entrance to the clearing, and as he passed Warner he said, "Maiyun only takes what has been given freely. The woman has made her choice, and now she lives with Maiyun."

Warner watched the back of Lapu and Mundoo disappear into the shadow of the woods, his stomach churning. She lives with wolves, he wondered? Best I don't present that hypothesis to the captain.

The police spent many resources trying to find what happened to Mary Jones, however, they never found her. Bob, once cleared as a suspect, returned to his grieving family. Mary was declared missing, and the police dropped the case in favor of the ones they could solve. However, when the next full moon arrived an old Native American man dressed in Cheyenne clothing approached the clearing chanting words in his native tongue. Behind him were several other Cheyenne, also dressed in ancient style clothing.

They had waited for the time when the full moon is directly above the circular clearing, making the place doubly bright, as the glassy rock reflected light into the sky. A gray wolf approached, a bitch, drawn to the clearing almost in a trance, ignoring the presence of the Cheyenne shaman. The wolf entered the clearing and once in the middle it howled at the moon. Suddenly, the wolf in the clearing became as a blur to the sight of those who watched. A blur that grew until a beautiful white woman with long black hair appeared on her hands and knees where the wolf once stood.

A big white wolf appeared out of the dark woods and stopped, looking at Lapu with a steely gaze. Lapu bowed to the Great Spirit, a creator spirit whom had made the Cheyenne people themselves to tend the land he created. The wolf suddenly lost interest in the old man and entered the clearing. He sniffed Mary, who waited for him patiently. The white wolf licks her face and whines, his tail wags.

"I'm here, my love," she said to him. "I'm here for you."

Maiyun stood and sniffed her familiar cunt, he licked it, driving his tongue inside to taste her heat and lapping her juices into his mouth. Several other wolves now appeared, alert and ears forward, sniffing the air. She greeted them joyfully. Several tongues licked her cunt, and she writhed with pleasure as her orgasm built. Maiyun tastes her cunt growing more intense in flavor, he knows she's ready to be mated, so he jumps on her back, wrapping his strong legs around her waist. Mary moans with anticipation. She can feel his cock poking her from behind, and the wolf concentrated on finding her cunt.

After several near misses, he found her moist opening and rammed his big cock deep inside, feeling her cunt wrap around him. Mary grunts loudly, feeling the huge cock slice her wide open. Maiyun's head is off to the side, he's panting loudly, and its back arched around her begins to hump wildly. Mary moans loudly as she feels his slick cock slide between the walls of her pussy. Her body resonating to his primal thrusts.

He bucks his hips in a rhythmic fury, and Mary gasps as the thick cock pushes into her cervix with extreme force. Her legs wobble, much as her breasts do as her body moves. The wobble turns in to a tremble, and a red flush starting at her face moves around her body. She lets out a loud squeal as she cums on her lover's dick. The white wolf feels her bitch cunt contracting on his cock, repeatedly squeezing and releasing. He shoves his cock hard and his knot buries itself inside her. After ten minutes of ferocious fucking, Maiyun settles on top of her with his bitch tied and shoots his cum deep inside her.

Lapu finally enters the clearing, his head bowed to the point his chin is touching his chest. The other wolves ignore him, and he sits in front of Mary with legs crossed, and head still bowed. Mary's body is shaking and trembling, a long rope of drool hangs from her lip. Her orgasms pile on top of one another giving her the greatest pleasure she has known. Sweat drips from her body, and steam rises into the cool night air from her reddened skin. She is oblivious to the presence of Lapu.

"I seek permission to speak to the woman," Lapu asks, keeping his head low.

Maiyun didn't look at Lapu once, however, after a minute he jumped off her, lifting his leg so she is ass to ass with him. A sign Lapu had wanted, and suddenly Mary's eyes went wide and her mouth gaped.

"Who are you?" She asked.

"I am Lapu, of the Cheyenne. What is your name?"

"I'm Mary. Mary?" She said, realizing she couldn't remember her last name.

Lapu knew once she had forgotten her name she would be lost forever.

"Mary, where were you this morning?"

"I was with my husband at the cabin."

Mary wondered why the old man is asking her such stupid questions, especially when the rest of the pack were waiting to fuck her.

"What's your husband's name?" Lapu asked in a steady voice.

"It's... It's... It's none of your business," Mary said looking away pouting.

"Mary, look at your hands."

"What?"

"Just look at them," Lapu said.

Mary looked at her two hands on the ground below her, and laughed. "They're hands, so what?"

"Look closer, open your mind to this place. Look with your spirit, not your eyes," Lapu said softly.

Mary grimaced, thinking the old man had gone crazy.

"Do it," Lapu said sternly.

Mary looked again and as she did her hands suddenly changed into paws. She gasped.

"What is this? What have you done to me?" Mary said, holding her left paw up for him to see.

"You are changing into a wolf. Tonight is your only chance to step away from this life with Maiyun and return to your family."

"My family?" She asked as if she had no recollection of them. Her life with her children and her husband seemed lost, a distant echo of something else. Someone else. Mary feels a primitive anger rise in her, and she stares at Lapu thinking about how his blood would taste.

"I'm a wolf," she said profoundly, understanding for the first time what's happening to her.

"Not yet," Lapu said. "But soon you will."

"My family," Mary said, nodding she understood. "B-Bob."

"Yes, Bob is your husband."

Suddenly, Mary's body rocked with another intense orgasm and her eyes rolled back into her head as she trembled under the wave of pleasure engulfing her. Lapu sighed, knowing Maiyun is trying to exert his influence over her decision. Once Mary calmed and came back to herself, Lapu reached into his pocket and pulled a photograph out to show her. The photo is of her, Bob and their kids. She stares at it, recognizing the faces, and begins to cry. Maiyun turns his head and growls at Lapu.

"I'm sorry, Great Maiyun, but she needs to know what she's giving up. Would you not prefer she comes willingly to you?"

Maiyun stops growling and turns away.

"My kids? Are they OK?" Mary asked.

"Your husband is looking after them. But they miss you. They want you back."

Mary frowned deeply and wiped her eyes.

"I can't, I belong to Maiyun now. I am his bride. He has chosen me."

But have you chosen him?" Lapu asked softly.

Mary closed her eyes and breathed deeply, remembering all the times she had given herself freely to Maiyun and the pack since the day the car broke down many months ago. She didn't answer, yet Lapu already knew her choice because before his eyes she changed back into a wolf. Not as he had seen her earlier, this time her coat is as white as snow. Maiyun had claimed his bride and she accepted him. The lure of the Great Creator Spirit had beaten her love for her family.

"So be it," Lapu said sadly.

He laid the photograph on the ground and stood. With his head bowed again, he left the clearing and returned home.

The End