

# READBEAST

## BEASTIALITY STORIES



## Part One

My name was Samantha, but my close friends called me Ama. Not sure how it started because I didn't start it, but one of my friends did it back in junior high, and it stuck. Anyways, I'm Ama, and I have a story to tell. See, right now I'm basking in the moonlight, in the middle of the forest...where exactly, I'm not sure. I still need to improve at tracking and direction. But this little meadow, I can find my way here and that's enough for me. I'm looking up at the moon, and thoughts of how I came here flutter. So I start talking out loud, to no one in particular really, just feel like talking. I almost never use my voice to form words anymore so it sounds funny, but again, no one here right? Anyway it goes something like this...

I think it was...months ago? Two...three...one...don't really know, can't keep track of days very well in the woods. Anyway I was camping alone. See I had this...secret. No one knew about it, but I secretly read stories and looked at pictures of women having sex with animals. The thought of that aroused me like no guy could ever do. Now I'm only 21, so I'm still young, body firm and attractive, so I never lacked for men but I just didn't date much. They never seemed to work for me. Anyway I began learning about bestiality and zoophilia, and it just...it turned me on. Now I've had sex, I'm no virgin, so when I read the stories, and saw the pictures, I kept fantasizing about what it'd feel like, on all fours, a big furry body pushing me down, thrusting into my wet dripping pussy...

I dreamed of it often, half formed dogs pounding my wet pussy...they were good dreams. Then I started reading stories about women getting taken by wolves in the woods. They were fantasies, but still so good. It turned me on so much, I was always touching myself, playing with my wet pussy when I read those stories. I guess...realistically what I did next was just stupid but I don't know...I did it anyways. I went camping in an area known for wolf sightings. With a good supply of food and gear, I took vacation time for a week. In the back of my mind I knew what I was doing was stupid and a waste of time, but all those fantasies made up my mind. I was going to camp out in the woods, in hopes of meeting wolves who would fuck my firm womanhood.

At the campgrounds, I knew I would be alone, this wasn't really an area people usually came to so I didn't need to worry about being caught or seen or whatever. I stayed at camp the first day, nervous and uncertain. The nights full of odd sounds, I didn't sleep real well. The next day though I felt calmer, and explored. I found a nice stream and was all too willing to strip off my clothes in the heat and get in, splashing around in the cold water. Well when I was done I didn't want to put my clothes back on and get them wet, but neither did I want to wait to dry off. Instead I just set off with only shoes on, butt naked, and went hiking. After a good couple hour hike I made my way back to the stream where I rinsed off again, grabbed my clothes and walked back to camp.

The third day I spent entirely naked. Something about the previous day made me feel horny...or thrilled...to be walking around with the wild, giant trees, wild animals...the whole feel...and being naked and exposed to it all...I loved the thrill of it. I got a pretty good look and the land, climbed a small mountain peak in the nude which was exciting. Even did some small scale rock climbing. I admit...the feeling of the rough rock scratching against my bare breasts...my entire body...well lets just say the rock climbing was my favorite part of the day. That night, as I lay curled up in my little tent I thought I was dreaming when it happened. So it didn't concern me when I left my tent, dressed in a simple t-shirt and jeans and boots, and set off without food or water into the night forest. I could hear wolves howling in the far distance...but I didn't feel scared, at the time this was a dream to me remember? In reality though, I had really just wandered out, I still don't understand why. Maybe I heard the wolves, and just instinctively went to them. Maybe not.

Anyway, so I was walking in the dark woods, didn't even noticed when I stumbled, or scratched myself. All I knew were the wolf howls were getting closer and closer. Finally they came upon me. A whole pack, male and female wolves ranging from black to silver, to a mix with some white here and there. I could tell the alpha male, and since at the time to me this was a dream, it didn't frighten me to see his massive size. His mate was of the same silver/white coloring and was large too, though of course not as large. There were at least seven more wolves though I didn't know whether they were male or female in the dark. I don't know how long we stood there, woman and wolves, staring. Finally the alpha male and female turned and walked into the darkness. The other wolves' game me one look then turned and followed. And for reasons I still haven't figured out, I did the same. I never looked back that night, but then I thought this was all some elaborate dream. Any minute now I'd wake up flustered in my tent, safe and sound. How little did I realize...

So last I left off, I was following a wolf pack. Now I still felt like I was in a dream, and didn't seem that bothered that I was following a pack of wild wolves through a forest I didn't really know all that well. Dawn was fast approaching when we stopped, and I felt like I was going to collapse. Which I guess should've seemed weird to me, I mean how can I be so damn tired in a dream right? But I was tired, and joined the females in a huddled group of warmth and fur.

When we woke I got up and trudged on, hungry but for some reason I didn't really think about it much, other than to acknowledge the fact. We had started off in the late evening, and walked through the night. I knew a couple of the wolves hunted, along with the alpha male and female. I never saw them feed then though. We went far I think. Nothing looked familiar and I should've been terrified but again, it was a dream right? Well I believe it was the fourth night, getting close to dawn and the wolves had hunted. I saw them feed, and felt grossed as they ripped away bloody raw meat, muzzled splattered with blood, teeth sharp and eyes dead. it was at that time that I kinda started to wonder if I was really dreaming or not. Well I was laying by the stream, having drank some water trying to curb the stomach clenching hunger that had come on me. I started wondering if I'd be okay.

I began to think I wasn't dreaming, the hunger pains so bad, I was so tired and my body felt like lead. I lost one shoe climbing over some rocks, and because it was bothersome, I ditched the other. For the last day about I had walked barefoot. My feet throbbed, scratched and ached. My shirt was torn in so many places, dirty and sweat stained. My jeans weren't any better condition. That was when one of the young males came to me. Big and black with traces of silver. He was pulling a good size chunk of blood dripping meat. My stomach roiled at the sight, but when he nudged it to me again and again I couldn't help it anymore. Something in me just...gave up. I was so hungry! I bit a small piece and you know, it wasn't too bad. I felt the luke warm blood dribbling down my chin as the chunk went down my throat and it was good. But that little piece just made my stomach clench worse. I bit another small piece, and another. I started enjoying it, savoring it's rich raw flavor.

I began tearing into it a little more animal-like, wolf-like. ripping it as best I could with my blunt human teeth. I found myself growling with the effort of ripping away the meat. That piece soon was gone though and I was still hungry. Blood smeared around my mouth, dripping down my shirt. I looked at the black wolf and he turned, walking away. When I saw he was coming back with another good size chunk, I just...I don't know. All I know was that before I could really think about it I had ripped off my shirt, struggled out of my ruined jeans and quickly crawled for the black wolf and in great stupidity at the time ripped the meat from him. He growled, but didn't attack. I tore into it, growling and loving the feel of meat and food in my stomach. Blood running down my chest, over my round breasts, nipples hard in the cool nearly dawn air. As I was most of the way through the chunk something happened. Before I could stop him, before I even knew it was happening, the black wolf was on my, mounting me and I stopped eating...let me tell you!

Anyway you're right in your assumptions, he was going to screw me! I cried out, but I mean I was in the middle of a wolf pack, in a forest probably many many many miles away from the most remote human population. Plus he was a big wolf, I was a young slender woman...no chance I was forcing him off. He prodded for a few seconds before finding my pussy and thrusting his large thick wolf cock in me. Well actually it became thick after it was inside me, stretching me, throbbing as he thrust and shot himself in me. I felt his hot seed shoot deep in me, I moaned and rocked under his weight. But in some weird twist or whatever, him fucking me just made me feel...wild. This was my fantasy, to be fucked by a savage wolf, taken like the bitch I secretly longed to be. I began eating again, knowing I had to be strong, get my strength. Blood splashing across my face and breasts, his hot seed splashing inside my womb, I orgasmed and howled. I knew the other wolves were watching curious that one of their own would be mating with this strange nearly hairless creature.

When he finished with me, and the knot locking us together in a sweaty, furry joining shrunk he pulled himself out and his seed spilled from my throbbing, sore, stretched pussy. I collapsed, legs trembling as I looked to see Black(as I creatively began referring to him as) licking his cock clean. I tried to move, but couldn't. I knew I had to, the pack would wait forever but...god damn! And then I realized how I must look. mouth and breasts smeared with fresh blood, a belly fully of raw meat from a kill, womb full of hot wolf seed and a pussy still dripping it. I felt dirty and yet...satisfied. Wild and hot. Black came to me then and began licking my pussy and thighs. After a few minutes and this I was cleaned, feeling his rough tongue kinda made me hot again, but at the same time part of me realized he was doing it purely as a practice of cleaning, not anything sexual. Once he felt satisfied he nudged my side and then trotted away to the others.

I quickly got on my knees, crawled to the stream and took a long drink. Then shakily got to my feet and wobbled after them. After a few minutes I was sturdy on my legs again, following the pack. This time Black stayed back near me, protecting me, watching over me. My face turned red, I was flushed at the idea of this wild animal treating me like his bitch. I wasn't sure why I still followed them...was it the idea of a fantasy coming true? The prospects of more hot, wild, wolf sex? I don't know...but I followed where they led, watching the sleek powerful frame of Black, and I couldn't stop imagining his large body on me, his hot, throbbing cock pounding me...I found myself getting wet during the walk, and I couldn't resist rubbing my pussy, my hair dark and wet from my juices. My own brunette hair tangled and unkempt. We stopped shortly after, truly day time now, and as much as I wanted to be with him, I wasn't allowed for some reason. I was kept away by the other bitches of the pack, and resigned myself to curling up with them, my thoughts and dreams full of powerful furry bodies and fierce golden eyes.

The going wasn't easy for me. For one, I was cold. While at the time of my "change" as I was starting to think of it as, stripping seemed like a good idea, afterward it didn't. But what could I do huh? I just kept moving, hoping the weather would change. At least it was pleasant during the day, or else I don't think I'd ever sleep. I never went out on hunts, but Black always brought me back enough food. I became used to the taste of raw meat, tearing away at it with as much gusto as any of the other wolves. It was usually after I fed, feeling kinda wild and blood splattered, that Black would mount me. I never resisted, I wanted him badly that I ached for him. I loved his hot cum filling me, running out of me when he slid out, so dirty and yet erotic. He was a great hunter, and I know the other bitches seemed jealous of me but for some reason they never challenged my place as his bitch. Yes, I called myself his bitch. I don't really see any other way to put it. I was his, it was obvious he claimed me. And while I couldn't bear puppies I could at least give him primal lustful physical satisfaction.

Days of hard physical labor and raw meat seemed to tone my body some. I felt stronger, and loved the feeling. My body was a little red from the sun, but I was tanning. My brown hair was a mess, and bothersome. I wished I had a knife to cut it with. My luck was with me though the next day, I found a decently sharp edged rock and after satisfying Black, I tore away at my hair. I used to love my long

locks, but now they were a hinderance. Savagely I cut away my hair till it was short and jagged above my shoulders. Wasn't that attractive, but like it mattered right? I carried the sharp rock with me after that, used it to help cut the meat. It made things a little easier.

Finally we came to a halt one evening, and it was still way too early for us to stop so I figured we must have come to wherever the pack was headed. It was a rocky area, which made things rough for me even though my feet were calloused and toughening up. I followed Black to a small cave, having to hunch down to get inside. Once there he pushed me on the ground, and I admit I was a little afraid, his hot wolf breath in my face as I lay on my back looking up at his fierce golden eyes. But instead of biting me he licked my face. It took me a second to realize i wasn't going to be eaten and I began laughing and squirming against his strong, muscular body. I loved the feel of his rough coat against my naked skin, and this was the best. He twisted his head down and began investigating my breasts. They were new to him, something normal female wolves don't have.

He licked and nuzzled them and I moaned, my nipples were hard almost all the time anyway, but now they throbbed with lust. I wanted him, badly. But he kept playing at my breasts, taking soft bites, licking my nipples. I couldn't hold it any longer and came, squirming and arching my body against his, moaning loudly. He seemed to enjoy this, and pulled away. I knew what he wanted and scrambled to my hands and knees, not like I had many options in this small cave. But then he mounted me, and forced my upper body down to the gravelly ground, growling as if waiting to see if I'd challenge him.

Of course I wouldn't, I was his bitch, he needed satisfaction and it was my duty to give him that. But it was rough, his powerful thrusts forcing my body to grate against the ground, my aroused, sensitive breasts rubbed raw against the gravel and dirt till I screamed and moan in a mixture of pain and pleasure I began to enjoy. When he pleased himself in my body, and his knot allowed him to pull out I panted and groaned, leaking his fluid once more. Awhile later, when I felt like moving I exited Black's cave, as I assumed it was, and found the pack outside in leisure. I found a stream nearby and sank down to drink. After that I went back to the pack and laid down in comfortable companionship, strange to say about a pack of wild animals, wolves no less. My thoughts were scattered and jumpy, going from one idea to another. I wondered if I'd ever get back to civilization. Then a darker...somewhat scarier thought, was that I couldn't decide if I wanted to go back or not. This life I was living, Black...it was intoxicating and exciting, erotic and pleasing...

I awoke to the gently nuzzling of Black at my breast, and the rich potent smell of a meal, the tangyness of blood, and my mouth watered with hunger. I didn't have my rock knife, it was back at the cave. I settled for my teeth, blunt as they are, tearing and growling like the animals I kept company with. After finishing my meal I nuzzled with Black, and got into a sporty wrestling match. Of course he won, but there was a good workout in it, much sweating and growling between us both that when he pinned me on my back, he removed himself, and drove his muzzle between my legs where I was aroused and probably smelled good to him. I was ready for his cock in seconds and didn't think anything of the fact that Black was fucking my hot wet pussy in the midst of the pack, bitches and males alike watching or not. I howled and growled my lust for all to hear and enjoyed it when Black spent himself in me, his breath hot against my neck. After our mating he retreated back to the cave and I slowly followed like a good bitch, curling up with him as he slipped off to sleep, with me soon joining him.

I awoke the next morning cold, because for one I was naked. Which was actually pretty comfortable, at least out in the wild where no one can see me. Second, was because I was alone. And I discovered that I hadn't adapted as well to rocky ground as I thought. I was sore, and as I crawled out of the cave and stood, I winced and dropped back down to my knees. Maybe I'd just crawl for a little while...get my blood flowing.

Crawling around, I looked anxiously for Black. I was worried, he'd left and I admit, while I was more comfortable with the wolves since I'd been traveling with them for so many days, but she felt more comfortable with Black around, he was kinda her shield. And without him there she felt more exposed that even her nudity could make her. More vulnerable. Her knees were scuffed, her hands and feet roughed but actually starting to grow a little callus, which was a good thing because the terrain wasn't flesh friendly. As I nervously walked around, I watched the other bitches, and males, of the pack. They eyed me, some more than others. One of the males in particular, a silver with markings of brown. He grinned a wolfish grin of sharp teeth and I scurried back to the cave. Maybe Black was just hunting, yeah...that was it, just hunting. I stayed out the mouth of the cave, eventually standing and pacing to help keep my muscles limber. Then back to laying down.

It was mid afternoon or so I guessed, when Black returned. He woke me from a doze in the heat. My body was hot, and sticky with sweat but I didn't care, he was back! I was so happy! I got up and nuzzled him, licking his nose, rubbing against him. I can't believe I was this excited, I mean he was a wolf right? Just an animal? But over the days of travel, he became more. I mean I gave myself to him, that has to mean something right, even for a wolf. It was only after his return licks and nuzzles that I noticed he had indeed went hunting. There was a deer haunch nearby, and I could see a couple of the other males, plus the Alpha, with the another whole deer, left to those who stayed behind. I knew he'd brought the haunch for me, and the thought that he'd brought me a "gift" was so sweet in my mind. I was quite hungry and set to the haunch with gusto. Black nuzzled at me, licking my side and my breasts as they jiggled through my hungry feeding.

After filling my belly I laid back down again, and Black continued licking my sweaty body, his rough tongue making my body tingle, my breath quicken as it ran over my belly, my thighs, my breasts. Oh god that rough tongue on my breasts was incredible. I writhed and moaned, nipping at his neck. I was frisky after feeding. The rich copper scent of blood in my nose, it's sticky redness on my face and chest...I felt alive and hungry for more than meat. I growled playfully, kicking at his body. He responded in kind, bowling me over easily. It went down to wrestling. Much growling, mock biting. Though he actually left a few teeth marks, I didn't mind, I enjoyed it. Finally he pinned me and I looked up at him, batting my eyes and loving nuzzling his neck. I wanted the cock I could see starting to emerge. The wrestling must have been a turn on and he didn't even wait for me to get on all fours. His cock thrust into me, my legs and arms up, legs spread. Thrusting hard and fast into me he swelled, filling my wet pussy, and his seed gushed hot into my womb.

He was nuzzling and nipping at my neck and breasts. I wrapped my arms around his big furry body as he fucked me, and I loved it, bucking against him. When he satisfied himself, his breath hot against my face as we waited for him to shrink enough to slip free. But personally I loved he tied to him, joined by his hot, thick cock. He rested on top of me, and I buried my face into his neck, thinking about what had happened to me, what I was becoming every day I stayed here, every hunk of raw me I gorged myself on. Every time I opened my legs, and filled my womb on his hot seed.

Back under the moonlight in the meadow. That last memories was days ago. Nothing had changed or anything since then really. The reason why I was out here was because I needed time alone, time to think and just be...alone. Not like it was a big deal. My mate was satisfied both by food and sex. So was I I guess, I had made sure to coddle and spoil my sweet Black until even his great animal stamina was spent. No amount of playing would get him stiff for awhile, and he was sleeping it off back at the cave. I meanwhile was also satisfied and full of both meat and seed\*blushes\*. I got up, stretching stiff muscles, yawning my voice having become hoarse. Trotting easily to a nearby spring I quickly drank my fill and sat back to watch the woods at night. The darkness wasn't so scary anymore, after being immersed in it for so long. My night vision had improved a little, mostly it was because I had begun to get use to shapes in the night, which helped me see them or recognize them the next time.



I walked back to the glade, rubbing my bare belly, sad. So many times he entered me. So many times I felt full to bursting with his hot seed over these many days. And yet, no matter how much seed gushed into me, it never took. That was really the problem, my problem. Already I could tell the alpha female was with pups, the way she acted, everyone acted. I wanted that. That attention, that feeling. I wanted to give him what I knew he sought, pups. Collapsing into the soft meadow grass I began to cry, sobbing into the darkness. Why! I loved him, I still don't understand why but I do! And yet I can't do the most important thing a wolf's mate needs to do, bear pups! I rolled onto my back, hands over my belly and stared up at the moon through tear hazed eyes. "Please...I just want...want to bear him pups...god I don't have a clue what I'm doing, I'm not religious. And hell after what I've done...no religion condones zoophilia I'm pretty sure...anyway that's the not the point. I really just have no idea what to do. I...I should just leave. I could...I could find my way back to people, get home...go back to my life..."

I started sobbing again. It was useless, I didn't want to leave him. It was crazy but I didn't.

I never realized I had fallen asleep until I felt the wet cold nose against my side, nudging me slowly. When I opened my eyes I saw it was Black, he had come to me, worried I suppose. I rolled over and he licked my face. I couldn't help but giggle and lick back, scratching his thick coat. It was then that I noticed him stiffening and grinned wider, so that was why! And I thought he was worried! I laughed and rubbed nose to nose and crawled away. We got into a wrestling match, and of course he won. But I let him win, I did. I swear. Crawling up on my hands and knees, I opened my legs more for him and he didn't need asking. I braced against his weight on my body, his paws around my belly and his cock thrusting into me. It felt so good, warm and stiff, his fur against my bare ass and thighs...I grinned when I felt the first splash of his hot seed in my womb. Again and again and again. I howled with pleasure and was soon cumming myself, pussy milking his thick cock for everything he had while I felt my juices seep out around him. When he finally pulled out I collapsed, content and tired. Curling up to him I fell asleep almost instantly, not caring about the juices sticky down my thighs, I could clean later....

The next morning I woke nauseous, my stomach churning. I scrambled from the protective mass of Black and made it only a few feet before I heaved up last night's dinner. When I was done I wiped my mouth, clutching my belly. What was this? I never got sick before, and I've been eating the meat for weeks...what...?

No, that was impossible. Never...it couldn't...no. nonononono! I was wide eyed, shocked...it couldn't be? I was...was I pregnant? With pups? I...I couldn't believe it! I howled, and Black woke with a start. He started to come to me but I pounced on him first, licking and nibbling and laughing. I couldn't wait...I was pregnant!

Over the next few days I started learning how to adjust to being pregnant. I wasn't bulging in the belly yet, though that thought sure was on my mind almost all the time. It was more dealing with morning sickness. And the soreness of my breasts, that was also bad given how they jiggled and bounced around since I was naked out here.

Black was tender to me. I think he somehow sensed my pregnancy, and that seemed to afford me most of the care in the world in his eyes. Which really wasn't much of a change. I admit I was feeling like...like a leech upon the pack recently. I mean I wasn't a hunter, so all I did was walk around, sleep, or accept my mate Black's large wolf cock into me. And now he got me knocked up. I laughed a little at that. Being knocked up...by a wolf! I was outside, having just satisfied my hunger on a choice hunk of meat. Black was sleeping off his meal close by, and I tenderly rubbed my belly, fantasizing about it bulging out, swelling round and large with pups...

I woke with a start, a nauseous start as I turned over and hurled up that lovely meal. Looking around the pack was active, and the sun was lower. I had been asleep for quite awhile I guess. Getting up I wandered back to the cave to curl up in the cool shadows, feeling a little ill, my breasts and now my ankles sore. Damn pregnancy wasn't going to be fun out here...and the delivery...oh god!

The days past pretty quickly, pretty uneventfully. I started getting rounder, and it was weird. I mean walking became a chore as my belly began to grow. I actually found all fours a little easier, and began to walk around like such. It was an experience. Feeling the pulling weight of my enlarged belly, swollen breasts filled with milk...it was strange. I mean before all this...the thought of being pregnant never entered my head. I mean it did only when seeing a woman and their baby, or a pregnant woman. but more like, "Huh...maybe that'll be me some day." but when I thought that, I didn't think it'd be so soon!

But here I was, living off raw meat and the few berries I've scrounged. Naked and wild, and now pregnant with wolf cubs from my mate...it sometimes just...overwhelms me when I think about it. Crawling back into the cave I share with Black, I found him there waiting for me. He licked my face and I smiled, licking him back. Laying down, resting my weary bulging body. He came and licked my belly and I cooed to him. I loved when he did this. Nuzzling and licking my belly felt so nice, and I imagined what it'll be like together when our litter is born.

He finally curled down against my belly and I rested my head on him, yipping happily.

Coincidentally enough, the Alpha female was pregnant as well. And the oddest thing started happening around the pack. The other females started lactating. I guess it had something to do with the alpha female being pregnant, but...it was so strange. I couldn't tell if I'd have had the same reaction, since I was already almost a month into my own pregnancy. I wandered off one day to be alone, pussy throbbing from the sound fucking Black gave me. I had thought I wouldn't be able to have sex while I was pregnant, afraid of what would happen. But I couldn't really stop Black, and I loved him. His hard powerfully large body pressing against me...it was great. And well, he still needed to be satisfied. And I mean it wasn't like I was huge yet, just kinda rounding. So it was okay, for now. I'll figure out what to do about his sexual needs when the time comes.

Anyway, I was wandering, and there was a roar. To my right, out from the undergrowth, came a huge bear. I was petrified. Let me state that again, petrified. I swear I think I pissed myself...but I didn't really know for sure. The bear roared, staring me down. I didn't know what to do...I kept staring for a few seconds before turning away, it's eyes were too scary. My body trembled as I planted myself, on all fours, right there on the ground. My thoughts though, were about my puppies. What would happen? I had..had to protect them right? Oh god...but a bear? I don't know!

I was scared. A huge bear wasn't too far ahead of me, rearing up and roaring loudly as I trembled on all fours, or threes really because I instinctively had one arm curled around my bulging belly. I couldn't stop shaking, my mind was running like crazy, and yet I couldn't figure out what to do. I swear I was seconds away from being so consumed that I wouldn't even remember my own name. I mean being that close to a bear...so huge! So scary!

The bear dropped back on to all fours and I thought it was going to come at me, kill me. Instead there was this loud sound, which to my fear consumed brain registered seconds later as a gunshot. The bear rocked, roared, and turned away from me, charging off back into the undergrowth. I fell back on my ass, clutching my belly, panting hard. My body was slick with sweat and again it took me a few seconds to realize what a gunshot meant. That meant a person, a hunter. I sat there, confused on my feelings. One side of me wanted to stay put, to wait for him. I mean the hunter obviously knew where he was, and I'm sure he'd help me out of the forest. But what would that mean for my pups. I



couldn't even think about not caring for them. But I mean...humans, civilization. Pizza. I did, inside, yearn for these things but then the other part of me, the wild animalistic part of me wanted to bolt, to run back to the pack where I'd be safe with Black and the others. I loved him, and part of me also enjoyed the wild forest I'd been living in for so long now. I heard sounds, feet stomping through the forest, nearing me.

Edgar Morris sat at a rickety table in the only bar in the little town down the mountain. Sipping his beer he put it down, looking at his two companions and grinned. "I'm telling you, there was a woman in the woods, naked no less. I had just gotten to where the bear was when I saw a quick flash through the trees, and I'm telling you it was a woman. I didn't get a good enough look to find out what she looked liked."

His friends laughed, downing their beers and waving for the waitress to bring another one. One of his friends, Geoffry said, "You're just telling us this tall tale because you never did find that bear, though you claimed to make a good shot. Just admit you're lying. It was a fun tale, but you can't be serious. A naked woman in the woods? And she ran from you? Yeah right."

Edgar shook his head, getting frustrated. He had been trying to convince them, but it seemed like it was hopeless. "Fine, believe what you want, I'm done here." He slapped a few bills on the table and took off, getting in his truck and driving back to the hotel where he was staying for the rest of the weekend.

I had gotten back to the pack, stumbling a little, panting and sweating from exertion. I didn't stop until I was curled up, as much as my bulging belly allowed, in our cave. Black was there was nuzzled and licked my sweat coated body but I didn't respond, I was...

I had run away from the hunter, from humanity. It was a big decision, it was life changing and I couldn't quite get my head around what it meant. I had given up my humanity back there. Yeah there may be another hunter, another person, but it was still this first time, given a choice, I had chosen the wolves and my mate. My arms curled around my round belly and I cried. I wasn't sure what I had to be sad about, but I was, for something. It wasn't that I gave up humanity exactly...I'm not sure. Maybe I was just tired and stressed. It was dark when I had gotten back, and Black left to hunt with the others. I just stayed curled up in our cave, barely nibbling the meat he brought back for me. Sometimes I wish he could talk. Or I could "speak" wolf. Some way to communicate what happened, the bear, the hunter...my decision.

The next day I crawled out of the cave, crawling to the center where some of the other females were gathered loosely. She came to them, and she came to her, nuzzling and licking her face in greeting which she returned eagerly, grinning at the warm greeting from the other females. She stayed with them, playing as much as her belly allowed. Finally she bowed out, stretching out and smiling as the females continued their light wrestling. One of the females, a silver/white mix came to her and nuzzled her belly, then licked her face and she smile, returning the greeting. The female who I began calling Cloud(don't know...just did), laid down with me, keeping me company I suppose. It was nice to have a companion, even though I couldn't really communicate things to her.

When Black returned later I was feeling better, in a better mood. Cloud helped, she was a sweet female, as gentle as a wild wolf can be and her antics with the other females made me laugh. So when I saw Black returning I met him at our cave and shared a filling meals, then drew him outside and made it apparent I wanted sex. He was more than eager to fulfill that wish, and he mounted my swelling body, passionately pumping and growling. I howled with pleasure, something about being round with his pups and yet still being taken and fucked by him...it made the sex all that much better.

After our hot lovemaking we returned to our cave to curl up and clean ourselves and rest. I wasn't extremely tired, since I had been resting most of the day, but I could tell after his successful hunt, and his passionate mating, my love was ready to relax, and as his mate I was more than happy to nuzzle and lick him, pampering him a little before curling myself against him and resting myself.

The next couple weeks were not eventful for me. I grew larger, so even crawling on all fours was labor enough, my belly huge and bulbous. I admit I was a little unsure how I'd be able to cope with being in the wild, and so large, but soon discovered being pregnant was a good thing. I didn't have to do anything anymore. Me and the alpha female were the only pregnant bitches (hehe, I've been starting to refer to myself as a bitch, given how I'm a mate to a wolf so why not?). The other females doted on us, and both our mates made sure we were well fed. Me and the alpha female kept each other's company quite frequently. If I was basking in the sun or shade with her, I was laying around with Cloud, who given my circumstances, was the closest thing I had to a friend here. I loved my mate, but still, a friend is always nice.

It was about two months now. I knew that dogs, and wolves, normally were at the end of their pregnancy now, but I still didn't feel like I was done. The alpha female had at least another month and half to go. Part of me wished we could trade, and me deliver after just to watch the birthing, because for one, I had never given birth. And two, I had most definitely never given birth to wolf pups. I just wanted everything to go alright, I don't know what I'd do if they died because I was an incompetent birthing mother...

I shifted my incredible bulk onto my hands and knees and crawled a few paces to the cooler shade where Cloud was sitting panting. I touched her nose in greeting, and dropped down on my side, panting myself due to the heat and my weight, my body damp with sweat. Cloud was sweet to lick my face and belly, and her muzzle brushed against my milk swollen breasts and I moaned, damn they were sensitive. Cloud backed away, sitting and panting, watching me with her golden eyes. I admit it felt nice...but awkward. I felt weird about laying there with her after that, and waddle-crawled my bulk back to our cave, where I waited for Black to return.

After I devoured my meal he was the sweetest to bring, I enticed him and let him mount my bulk. I figured since humans had sex well into pregnancy, why can't wolves and humans right? So while he thrust hard and fast, his front legs not able to wrap around my belly, but it felt so good to feel him fill me and thrust into me again and again, swollen and tight, my round belly rocking. When he was done, and his knot shrunk to slip out I laid down, worn out but shifted to lick his cock clean for him, sucking gently to clean his hot shaft until he was wet only with my saliva. After that I laid my head back down and took a nap.

Almost three months now, my belly was so large...I tired so easily now that I didn't move around a lot. The others were kind to me, and Cloud coddling. Though sometimes I just wanted to be alone, and had to snap at her to get her to leave me. Today found my lumbering bulk in the warm sunlight, peaceful and enjoyable.

I must have dozed off, because pain jarred me awake, pain in belly. My first thought was that the pups were in danger but...no. This was different this was...could it be? Is it time? I tried to get to my feet but contractions started, gripping me, painful. I howled, and suddenly Cloud and the other females were there, even the alpha, surrounding me. Cloud nuzzled me and licked my sweat drenched face.

This was so intense, the pain! I was on my back, screaming and howling, trying to breathe, trying to push or something! I didn't know a thing about pregnancy, let alone about birthing wolf pups! Convulsing, screaming...and then...

I woke a faint mewling sound. Startled, I jerked my head and saw, between my legs, two mewling pups, not all that attractive but...they were mine...my pups, my babies...

But it wasn't over yet. No I could feel it, them...inside me. I screamed and pushed, wishing I had stayed blacked out. I squeezed and pushed and before I knew it I saw another little mewling wet pup pop out. It was scary but...thrilling, I mean I was giving birth! After a few minutes of panting, it came again, and after much pushing and screaming, one more came out. After that I just...I felt empty, it was over...I fell back exhausted. But..my pups! I struggled and turned myself to my four pups, who Cloud was nuzzling and cleaning. I gently pushed myself in, licking my four pups clean, so tired though...so tired...

I dozed again, I must have, but when I woke it was to the fresh healthy mewling of my pups. I must have curled myself around them, I loved watching them so much! I had two boys and two girls, the girls were moving toward my breast, and shifting a little so they could reach it. It felt weird when my first daughter mouthed my nipple, feeding from my milk swollen tit. The other girl mewled in hunger and I gently lifted her a little so she could get at my other breast, being on my side she couldn't reach it normally. The two boys seemed to be sleeping. I rested back, peacefully content on watching my girls suckle.

A week of new mother bliss. my pups were sweet, noisesome things, but I loved them. We mostly stayed in the cave, the pups and me. Black was great, he hunted for me as he usually does, but he was also a warm, strong presence that I enjoyed.

The pups were hungry and fought often for my tits to feed, which always made me giggle as they scrambled over each other to feed from me. It gave me such an incredibly warm feeling to have them nuzzled to my swollen breasts, feasting upon my milk. I just knew they'd all grow to become strong and fierce wolves, my sons and daughters. Cloud came to me many times, and would lay with me and the pups, letting them clamber over her with great patience. It was a good thing, because while I have become more animal than human, my flesh was still tender skin, and while I never wanted to discourage their nibbling and roughhousing, my flesh bore the scratches and bite marks from it. But on Cloud and their father they could play to their hearts content in the thick fur of their coats.

After a week though I finally was able to venture out. I had been too worried to leave the pups to leave the cave, but after a week I needed to move around more, really stretch my limbs. Of course I didn't go far, those pups were rambunctious and I knew they would all be a handful as they grew. But for now I stretched and howled in the sun, enjoying the breeze. Black was there, and I took great pleasure in nuzzling him greetings. Rubbing against him, I knew he couldn't resist me after a week of not being able to satisfy himself inside me and he took me hard and swift. I made sure though of my position, and could easily watch the cave entrance for our pups. But with his large, thickly furred body atop me, and his thick cock swelling inside my wet pussy I admit I was distracted. Moaning and howling my lust for all to hear we mated, and mated well. His powerful, swift thrusts inside me rocked my body, causing my breasts to bounce and sway. His front paws were wrapped around my waist and his hot breath against the back of my neck was so stimulating.

I came first, I usually did, but he wasn't long to follow and I howled louder to have myself full of his potent, hot seed once more, my womb had been devoid of it for too long. Once satisfied and able he removed himself, leaving me quivering with the ache of the after effects of our mating. His seed dribbling out of me and down my legs, my sweat dampened body, all of it made me love him more. I turned for him and slipped beneath his powerful body on my back, licking his messy cock clean. I wasn't sure if bitches did this for their mates normally, but he never seemed to mind, and I felt I owed it to him as his mate and companion to take care of him however I could.

Once cleaned he licked my face and bounded off, to hunt I'm sure, and I made my way back to my pups, who were all piled together in a semi-furry lump in the back. I nuzzled them gently and curled my hot, worn body around them for a nap myself.

Life was going well. Tiring, but well. My pups were a pawful, but I kept them in a pretty good line. They loved playing with me and Black, clambering over us in play. Of course without the thick fur, I gathered a number of little scratches and bite marks, but really that wasn't much of a difference from when me and Black mated.

The big thing was the Alpha female gave birth, two males and one female. They were strong pups, and it was interesting to watch another give birth. I was in too much pain during my own birth to really think of what was happening, but to watch it. It still looked painful, but she handled it well, and the birthing went smoothly. I took to staying with her, bringing my pups along. They were growing all strong, and soon they'd be off the tit, which made me a little sad, for I loved having them feeding from me, it made me feel so good and close to them. But I was proud at how strong they had grown...

A few weeks later though, there was trouble. There was smoke in the air, and one of the females went out and came back, terrified. Of course I couldn't understand wolf despite how much of one I'd become, so I left the pups with Cloud, though the pack seemed antsy. Hurrying in the direction the female went, I soon figured out what the smoke was from, and I should've figured it out sooner; fire! Running back, I went to Black, nuzzling and seeking comfort in his large form, the puppies mewling and tumbling around our paws/feet.

The Alphas howled, and I figured it meant to move out from the way everyone was acting, so I herded the pups ahead of me, carrying one of my daughters in my mouth, because while they have grown strong, she was the weakest and we had to move as fast as possible. I was scared though, I mean a forest fire! I knew they could be dangerous, and the smoke smell was so potent, it must be moving fast. I just hoped we'd be away and out of danger, and out of any possible rescue and fire squads...

We were hungry and tired, running from the fire. I tried to give all my pups a chance to be carried, and Black would usually carry one, but it was hard, I was flagging, but the worse was that we could feel some of the heat. At one point we got to higher ground and saw the fire spreading. We also saw rescue crews, and at one point there was a helicopter but I didn't think much about it, my first concern were my pups.

We finally made it to a bare rocky mountain peak where we could rest, but I could tell if the fire made it all the way here, we could be surrounded by burning forest! But I was too tired and sore, and laid down, letting my pups take turns feeding from my breasts. Looking around at the pack I was happy to see everyone was still with us. Black came over and licked my face, and I realized that I was covered in dirt, sweat and soot, I felt so disgusting, but there wasn't any body of water close by.

Finding a cavern the pack tucked inside. It was close, but that was okay, sleeping close together felt good and safe after our harrowing run from the fire. I woke in the middle of the night though, and wriggled my way free from the pups and Black, making my way outside. When I got out of the cave I looked out and was terrified. The fire wasn't real close to us, but it was still spreading out. I never really thought about forest fires when I came with the wolves, to be honest I wasn't really thinking of much at all I guess, but now...I was scared for myself and my pups, but what was I to do? I couldn't go back to the human world, not now. I loved Black, and I know if I did return I would never again have sex with another man, all I wanted was Black and his hot, stiff cock. And my pups, I'd have to leave them, and that'd break my heart!

I walked a short distance away and relieved myself before returning to my family to curl up again, snug against all the fur. It took me quite awhile to get to sleep though, thoughts of the fire kept my mind restive.

We stayed on the rocky mountain for the next day, the males moving quietly away to hunt for the rest of the pack. Black brought me back a rabbit, it seemed that rabbits were the staple here, but I tore into starvingly, the race from the fire had left my stomach hollow, and I bolted that rabbit quickly, tearing off huge raw dripping chunks, nawing them and swallowing quickly to get more meat. The pups were eating strongly as well, fighting and tussing over a couple rabbits.

Once the meal was over I wandered away down to the faint stream to dunk myself in and rolling around, cleaning the blood and rabbit fur from myself. Once cleaned I shook myself dry and laid out on the soft forest grass. I was awoken by the howling of Black close by, and shaking my head, I loped off to him, finding the other wolves moving away down the other side of the mountain. I looked frantic at Black, but he was moving away once he saw I was coming behind him. I took a moment to look back where I had come, and noticed the dust trails and sounds of engines. Oh god, people! But why were they moving through the ruins of the forest? I hurried after Black and the pups, quickly grabbing up Kaela, the "runt" of the litter in my mouth so that way she wouldn't be left behind.

It soon became apparent that I was at a big disadvantage with the darkness enshrouding us. The sound of men was a good distance, but still the wolves moved. We broke into a clearing only to hear the sound of people close by, taking off at a different direction than which we were traveling. Full darkness was around us, and I stumbled quite a few times, once dropping poor Kaela who howled until I picked her back up. She was my little girl, too sweet in nature for the harsh wilds of being a wolf. My hands and feet were sore from running for so long, and I was exhausted. I couldn't really make out anything in front of me, but I thought I could make out the swift darkness that was Black. Following his form I continued on, until quite suddenly there was only air beneath me. I didn't have time to scream as I dropped, hitting dirt and loam a couple feet down, letting go and clutch Kaela to my breast as we tumbled down the sloped hill, over and over.

I woke sore and bruised, to the mewlings of Kaela. Cracking my eyes open I looked at my daughter's muzzle, touching nose to nose to reassure her as I worked myself to my feet, feeling every scratch and bruise, which there were many. It came to me suddenly that I was lost, and alone with Kaela. I was fooled last night, and now didn't know where they were, or where I was. Though that really wasn't anything new since joining this new part of my life. Kaela's mewling brought me to the present again, and there was food. If anything I needed to feed my pup. I quickly picked her up in my mouth and slung her onto my back, moving off into the forest, limping on my right arm, but I couldn't indulge in pity and pain just yet.

Some time later I laid aside as Kaela tore into the cool carcass of a badger. Carrion, my stomach turned and I refused to eat, anyway my daughter needed it more than me, to grow strong. I was relieved in a way, for if it was for the badger leftovers, I would've had to hunt. And being just a naked woman with blunt teeth and somewhat blunt nails, I wasn't much of a predator.

When evening rolled on, there was no sign of shelter, except for a hollowed out base to an ancient tree. Leading Kaela inside we curled up together, her bundle of soft fur rubbing against my breast and belly, warmth building between the two of us to help fight the chill of evening. I fell asleep troubled with the thought of what I was going to do about our situation. We would need food, and better shelter, and have to find the pack. My stomach knotted, aching for Black. I hadn't been without him since I followed his pack, and even though we didn't come together till some time after I started tagging along, we still hadn't been apart, and I was really feeling it now. But no, I had to be strong for Kaela, for myself....

I woke to the mewling of Kaela. The first thought that came to my head was food. I was hungry, and Kaela was obviously hungry. I bit my lip, what to do? I felt her squirming against my breast and nodded, okay. I could still breast feed her, but sadly she's too big, it won't fill her completely, just abate her hunger for a little while. I gently coaxed her head to my firm nipple which she suckled easily. Curled up there with her, it felt nice, but I knew this was only a temporary peace. After she had fed, I gently guided her outside, following and stretching.

The sun was warm, and the area seemed nice enough. Except the fact that I had no idea where we were. I took off in a random direction, Kaela trotting along at my heels. After a couple hours or howling and barking for Black, I gave up and we headed back. From there I went in another direction, but I didn't get far before I just gave up. It was just...I was daunted. We were both hungry, I was starving and Kaela was now laying on my back, mewling for food I couldn't give. Regrettably I brought her back to our temporary home under the tree, and got her to sleep, tucked against my breast. I smile wanely watching her nestle between my breasts, it felt nice, and my thoughts turned to Black, her strong muzzle pushing between my round breasts, his rough tongue rubbing over my nipples till they ached, throbbed...

I shook my head, no none of that! I burned between the legs, and was uncomfortable curled up in that tight space...oh god letting my mind wander...CRASH! I screamed, kicking out instinctively at the grizzled muzzle of the wolf. Kaela screamed, and I twisted to get her behind me. Kicking out as hard as I could, the wolf finally backed off. But now he knew we were there, and wouldn't leave us...god I was tired...and hungry! And Kaela, I had to protect her. We must have wandered into another pack's territory. I made a decision then, I'm not really sure I was totally in my right mind, but I had to protect my pup, she meant more to me than anything. I didn't really understand people who said that about their kids, not until that moment. It's amazing, just instant understanding!

With that I scrambled out from under the tree and was barreled over by the old wolf, for old he was, but still fit and vicious. His hair was grey and white, grizzled muzzle when to my side but I squirmed around, kicking away. Getting a short distance, I watched the wolf pace, and I paced along with him. He opened his muzzle, lips pulling back in a snarl and I quivered in fear, this wasn't what I was built for! I didn't hunt, I didn't kill, I wasn't that kind of predator! But one glance at the tree where Kaela trembled and my back straightened, and I let out my own snarl, lips pulled back, gnashing teeth, skin flushed red with anger.

It was then that he pounced at me, and I twisted aside, clawing at him, lunging to bite at his side. My poor teeth met only thick fur, but I felt my nails score flesh and noticed faint traces of blood on them as I pulled away. He twisted his head around and bit my shoulder, causing me to scream, his fangs tearing into my flesh. I clawed and screamed, kicking at him, until I finally broke free, blood running down my arm, it felt heavy, and I couldn't move very well. Damn, the blood...but I had to fight, I had to! I charged him, tackling him down, clawing and snapping at him like he did to me. I was scored in dozens of places, but I wasn't making much work on him, and I was slowing down. I scratched at his eye, clawing it causing him to howl and scramble away. I watched in horrid fascination as blood ran from his ruined eye. Then I noticed to my horror that he was between me and Kaela, and she was wandering out, brought out by my screams no doubt. I barked sharply, wanting her to go back, but that was the wrong thing to do. The old wolf turned and it felt like time froze, then moved sluggishly. He lunged, and I was going right for him. Scrambling, ignoring the pain in my left arm, I pushed off with my back legs and tackled the beast.

Before I knew what was happening, I reared back, my mouth open, and ripped out his throat in an act that still shocks me to this day. My teeth tore open his throat viciously, warm blood spraying over my face and breasts. I planted myself over his still warm body, Kaela only two feet away, crouched down in terror. I was panting, bleeding and worn. Looking down at the glassy eyed old

wolf, I quivered, but not from fear, but excitement. The rush, the joy I had felt when my teeth bit into his throat, tearing into his flesh, the hot blood that still ran down my face, hair and breasts, it all felt so good! I looked to see Kaela, and knew that I had to show her it was okay, teach her as her mother. Bending down I began tearing chunks of flesh away, swallowing, licking my lips hungrily. After a minute Kaela made her slow way to the corpse, and slowly began nibbling, taking little chunks as I tore into the wolf, clawing at his body till I tore open his belly, growling happily I ripped into his organs, splattered with blood, I felt good, free.

Kaela was getting into it, feeding herself well, and I finished soon, backing away, breathing heavily. I felt...different. But good, right. I left Kaela, making my way to the stream I had seen nearby. I leaped in, rolling and shaking myself. crawling out I started licking myself, but stopped, taken aback by my actions. Licking myself? God, what was I doing? Slumping, I went back to Kaela, my stomach now turning at the ruined, half eaten corpse of the old wolf. Kaela was sleeping outside the tree, a curled ball of grey fur. Smiling I ignored the corpse, instead moving to curl around my little girl, nudging her to my breast and sleeping. It probably wasn't a good idea to sleep in the open but I didn't have the heart to move Kaela. It was then, as I laid with her, that I felt the pain in my left shoulder. Wincing I got up, gritting my teeth and moved back to the stream. The wound was clean but...but it was still leaking blood. I had many other wounds, and I was just beginning to feel them all as the adrenaline wore off. I barely made it out of the stream before collapsing. My last thoughts were for Kaela, hoping she'd be okay, wishing I could be there to protect her...

I groaned, my eyes slowly opened but I felt tired, drained. I felt something cold and wet on my left shoulder, and then in a flash, the previous day's event came rushing back, causing me to leap up. There was a surprised yip and I looked down to see Kaela crouched by my, ears and tail down, scared at my sudden outburst. I touched noses with her to reassure her, then looked at my shoulder. It had stopped bleeding, though there was still some dried blood down my arm. I took a few steps and winced, my shoulder was sore, I'd be slow moving today. I made my way back to the corpse of the old wolf. My stomach churned, but at the same time...at the same time it felt good knowing I was strong enough to hunt.

Kaela came up to me then and started take small bites from what was left of the corpse. I watched for a couple minutes, then sighed and set to eating my breakfast. Once I was reasonably filled, though not completely, we had both gorged ourselves, needing the fuel yesterday. After that I headed off, Kaela obediently following at her momma's heels. We needed to move. I was surprised we hadn't been attacked during the night, but our luck couldn't last. Eventually other wolves would come, or some other creatures, carrion eaters and predators attracted by the scent of blood. But I still didn't know where to go, just wandering, it was all I could do. I'd keep glancing back and Kaela, moving strong now with a full belly, making sure she was keeping up, and just to look at her beautiful coat. What an amazing daughter I had birthed, who could believe it! I smiled to myself and promised that no matter what I'd return her to the pack and her father and brothers and sister.

It was late afternoon that me and Kaela came across the lone doe feeding. We were both hot, tired, and at least for me I was sweating. We needed food, and I was practically drooling for the taste of fresh, warm meat when I saw the doe there. But I wasn't so far gone that I just charged her, I knew enough about wild animals to know she would be able smell me. I made Kaela stay where she was and moved around the doe. I felt the subtle difference in the air, the trace breeze, blowing back up to me and grinned, wolfishly baring my teeth, getting fired up for the kill. But I halted, blinking at the violence I felt. What was going through my head? But then I saw the doe and my stomach grumbled in pain for lack of food, and I knew little Kaela would need food. I had to do it, for her at the very least. But the surge of lust for blood and kill frightened me still.

I snapped my teeth, telling myself to shut up. if I didn't hurry the doe would leave, and who knows if



we'd come across another chance to feed anytime soon. I tried to move as silently as possible, crouched low in the wild grass. I paused frequently, and took my time, my muscles straining at staying stiff in mid step, crouching low. Finally I was a few feet away, and got ready to attack, to pounce. I waiting till the doe lowered her head to feast upon the grasses and I leaped, hands out to claw at her, mouth open to bite at the haunch of her rear legs. I connected, scratched and dug my nails in. She cried out and took off but I threw my weight against her left rear leg, biting into it hard, struggling to take her down.

Much to my distress she pulled away, my teeth were not meant to hold and as such I tumbled back. But as I rose to attack her again, instead of fleeing she had turned and flayed out her front hooves, surprising me. I barely had enough sense to twist around and I took the kick in my left size, causing me to scream in pain. I went down, but thankfully I don't think anything was broken, though my left arm was excruciating, on fire! I stumbled for my feet and scrambled under the flailing hooves, darting up to rip at the underbelly. Success! I couldn't believe it, but I managed with tooth and nail, to tear open the belly of the doe, her hot blood and entrails falling upon me even as I worked to lay her flat. Soon I toppled the doe, and I felt...wired! Vicious...I don't know, feral! Yes feral!

I growled and tore at the soft flesh, my face and part of my body splattered in blood and flesh. It was then that I realized the doe was still struggling with life. I howled, leaping over her weakly kicking legs and ripped out her throat, ending her life. It was the least I could do. After I fed I looked up to see Kaela slowly making her way to me, and part of me thought to defend my kill, but then a little of my sense came back and I stopped, making room for my little girl to dive into the hot flesh.

After we had gorged ourself I moved away with Kaela to a tree, dropping down, my belly bulging with the food I ate. I felt so tired, too tired to stay awake...and as soon as Kaela was curled against my breast I let myself doze off, content in the kill, and in my newly discovered ability to hunt for me and my daughter, if haphazard about it, I could still hunt though.

I woke in the middle of the night, the furry bundle of Kaela tucked to my breast, to the sound of something moving through the clearing, whatever was out there was at the remains of our dinner. I trembled, unsure what was out there, and I wasn't predator enough to probably take anything on. My arm was stiff and pained me, there was no way I could fight something in the pitch black darkness. I could see glowing eyes though, probably three of them.

Finally the moonlight shown down, and I caught the dappled light across the forms of three powerful looking wolves. I immediately curled protectively around Kaela, peeking out, hoping they would leave us alone since there was food to be had. I was very lucky that night, and the three wolves moved off after awhile, having cleaned the corpse of meat. I regretted losing breakfast, but I was confident I could find us something. I swallowed and trembled in the cool night air, realizing my body was slick with sweat, fear that the wolves would find us. That old wolf was enough, but three young powerful males? No way!

The next morning I awoke, a little tired for having been up a good chunk of the night, but I coaxed Kaela on, past the picked clean corpse, and we wandered on. The sun was hot, and I was sweating under the straining of walking through the forest. Man I wish I was built like an actual wolf! But my slower, crouched pace, helped Kaela keep up, so I guess it all worked out. Throughout the day I thought of Black, and our pups, and the pack. I worried about them, about us, about everything. I could hunt now, but we were too weak to make it against a real predator. It was during one of our breaks in what was probably late morning I think, that I found a young, stupid rabbit. I was nearly ready to leap upon him when he smelled me and I leaped, scrabbling with my hands, catching the cotton tail and yanking him back to lunge and grab him in my mouth. I broke the creature's neck, and carried it back to where I had Kaela stay.

Once she had finished off the rabbit we left, my stomach growling with hunger, but the rabbit was enough for my growing Kaela, not both of us. The next rabbit or whatever would be mine though. Later I left Kaela in a tree hollow, to go hunt for some food for myself. It was hot, and I was sweating well as I trotted around the forest for prey. Finally I found a stream, and saw trout...or well I'm calling it trout, because all the movies call the fish trout when they're in forest streams. I sat on the bank, wondering if I could catch one. Finally I decided at the least I'd cool off. So I crouched, ready to spring, and leaped into the water after a fish, but missed it entirely. Splashing and howling at the cold water, I scrambled out and waiting for the fish to return.

Three more times I tried. I was shivering, and frustrated. I had gotten close my third try, but I was so frustrated I completely missed on my last. I told myself, if I couldn't get the first this time, that'd be it, no more fishing, I'd stick to juicy, bloody red meat. Shaking myself of water I waited. After some time there were a couple fish, and one nice fat looking one close by. Crouching, carefully waiting, my long hair slick to my body I watched. He was a lazy one, moving around in front of me. I wanted him. Stomach growling, I watched and waited for the right time. Finally! I shot off and by luck snatched the tail, quickly flinging the fish out of the water I hurried back onto land and tore into it, my hunger fierce now with the prospective meal jumping around in front of me. I thought little of the fact that it had been alive when I tore into it. I didn't get a whole lot of meat though, afraid of bones, but enough to help me out.

As I moved away, I realized it wasn't worth it to fish, I had spent more time on that little kill than the meat I got for it. But at the same time, such a skill could be handy, and the fish, though raw, was a nice change from meat actually.

It was early evening, and I moved back to Kaela, aware of having left her alone for a good chunk of the day. I had a full bulging belly, having taken down a youngling deer, and had fed well. I was carrying back a haunch for Kaela to eat on, it was awkward to carry in my mouth, and at times I was dragging it, but I knew Kaela would love it. As I got near though, I heard voices, human voices, and stopped, dropping the haunch. Creeping forward slowly, as carefully as I could being a bumbling human, I moved up to spy what was happening. There by where I left Kaela, was a man, a hunter by the looks of him. And my blood turned to ice as I saw in his hand he held Kaela up by the scruff, her whimpers and yowls echoing in my ears. No one was taking my daughter away from me!

Before I realized what I was doing I howled and launched myself at the man. I caught his shocked expression, and later would consider what I had looked like. Dirty and feral female running hunched over on all fours at him. But in the thick of it all I leaped upon him, growling and snapping my jaw, bearing him down though I'm certain I weighed less. Kaela tumbled from his slack hand and moved away to watch her momma no doubt. I meanwhile snarled and snapped at the man, who was truly fearing for his life at the moment. But it soon past and he grabbed for me. I darted away, and as he was standing up I tackled him again, biting his arm hard enough I drew blood. It was odd, I felt that predatorial urge welling up inside me then. But at the same time, this was a man, a human and I couldn't just rip him apart like the animals I've killed so far. I let him go then, screaming and clutching his bleeding arm. I rushed to snatch Kaela up in my mouth and ran away, scared at the encounter.

When the adrenaline drained away I stumbled and fell the the forest floor, exhausted and trembling. I had attacked that man, attacked him like I would prey, what's happening to me? I absently tucked Kaela to my breast, having had to leave the haunch behind I coaxed her to suckle, and sunk into deep retrospective as she fed from my milk swollen breasts.

Edgar Morris laid back down on the ground, grunting in pain as he clutched his bitten arm. Dammit, that was a woman! A woman who attacked me like an animal, and hard! He tore off the sleeve of the

injured arm, using it to make strips to wrap it up with. Getting to his feet finally he stumbles away, back to camp where his gun was. And rope. He was going to hunt down and animal woman, show her what pain really meant!

Back at camp he used the first aid kit on his arm. The bite would be okay for now, it wasn't too bad. Once that was done he rummaged through his gear for rope, good strong stuff. Next he got his rifle, ammo, and made sure his hunting knife was in his boot. Grinning at the thought of catching that woman, he took off at a run, hurrying back to where he was attacked. When he got back there he remembered, she had attacked and taken the wolf pup, how strange, almost like a parent? He shook his head, nah, no way. She was just protecting the animal, that was all.

With that thought out of his head, Edgar set about in the general direction of the animal woman, she had left a pretty easy trail in her mad dash away.

I awoke to cool licking of Kaela's tongue on my face. Cracking open my eyes, I smiled, licking back to show her I was awake. As I rolled up onto my feet I looked around, still of course seeing nothing familiar. Sighing I turned and starting moving away, Kaela following strongly after me. She had grown so much out here on our own, I was too proud to even comprehend. Normally in the wild, with different normal wolf parents, she probably would've died already. But no, not here with her. I promised I'd get her back to her father and brothers, and I will.

By midmorning I took down another deer, a young buck. he was tough, but I was so hungry it didn't matter to me. Me and Kaela fed well, but regrettably had to leave the rest of the meat behind. I didn't want to pass on what would've served as a decent dinner, but we couldn't stay, we had to keep moving. Something nagged at me in the back of my mind about the man I attacked yesterday, and I just felt that I shouldn't keep us nearby, had to get far away.

Edgar had lost the trail during the night, and spent a cold night rolled up in his blanket. When morning broke he searched for a couple hours until he picked up the trail once more, surprised he had missed the obvious trail in the first place. As he moved along by early afternoon he found the remains of a partially eaten buck. "Hmm...so she CAN hunt. Interesting, she took down a buck like a wolf...I can't wait to drag her back to the city, bet I could make some good money off her. And if nothing else, use her as a body slave. There're enough men around these parts that'd love to fuck an animal woman like this creature.

He pilfered some of the meat to cook later, and set off after them, grinning devilishly as thoughts of all the money he could drag in from the "wolf woman".

I leaped into the stream, eager to cool my sweat covered body in the rushing waters. I couldn't help but smile at the refreshing feel of the cold water over my body, rolling and playing around with Kaela. Finally I dragged myself out of the water, moving a short distance away to relieve myself.

When I returned Kaela was basking in the sun, having shaking her rich growing coat and laying out content. I followed her example, rolling onto my back, sighing content. At least until the explosion erupted the quiet forest, sending birds soaring into the air, and clumps of grass and dirt to shower me. Scrambling away I pushed Kaela along as another shot hit the ground right behind me. Oh my god, gunshots! I took a chance to look behind me and saw the man I had attacked burst from the forest, gun in hand, aiming. I turned and grabbed up Kaela, which was harder to do now but it was instinct to me, had to protect her and I couldn't lose her!

I ran, fear giving my tired, burning limbs new strength. But as I was charging through the forest again, I came upon fallen tree in my path. Looking quickly behind me I saw the man was closing in. Biting my lip I twisting my head back and heaved Kaela up onto the massive tree, growling and howling at her hoping she'd get the idea. But she just crouched there yipping at me. I leaped and

scrabbled up the tree, but a gunshot only a few inches from my right hand made me lose my grip and I fell on my back, getting to my feet, I made another attempt, this time finding good hold and hauled myself on top of the tree, belly scraped by the rough bark, on fire. I winced and grabbed Kaela again, throwing her down the other side. As I was about to jump I turned back and to my surprise I saw the man was gone. Pausing, I looked back and forth, but couldn't see him at all. I trembled, something didn't feel right. But the worried, immature howls of Kaela made her turn back. Shaking my head, I turned around and leaped down to the ground below.

But when I landed, there was a rush and snap, and I found myself looking upside down, swinging back and forth from a tree. I howled and twisted on the rope, trying to get free but couldn't. How could I have fallen for such a simple trap! I saw Kaela, distraught and unsure beneath me. And the heavy foot steps of the man with the gun, trained on me as I swung from the tree, a hideous smile on his face. "Well hello there, gave me a decent chase but it looks like being in the wild has made you as stupid as an animal as well."

I growled, snapping my teeth at him which made him laugh, "There there, don't worry, I'll take good care of you. You'll make me a lot of money, the scary "Wolf Woman"! Like the sound of that?"

It hit me then, I was going to be caught, I was caught. But even worse, I was going to be put on display like some side show freak. And I'm sure I looked the part to. I turned and barked at Kaela, hoping she'd run, but the man was quick and had her caught in a bag before she could move far. I howled in despair as he tossed her aside, hearing her yelp as she landed hard. I tried to claw at the man, bite him, something! But the gun came up and he stepped back, and I quieted, but glared.

"Hahaha! What a bitch you are. You don't mind if I call you a bitch do you?" He loosed more rope from his belt and though I tried to resist, he was strong and before long I was trussed up, growling and snarling at him as he started dragging me behind him, causing me to yelp and cry out as rocks and twigs and plants raked my body, Kaela slung over his shoulder, howling until he smacked her hard. How had everything gone so wrong? How! I just wanted to give myself to Black, be his mate, and once I found out I was actually pregnant, I wanted to be a good mother and raise my pups to big strong wolves who'd go out into the wild, raising their own families. Now I was going to be a sideshow freak for this bastard, and Kaela! What would happen to her!

The "journey" back to his camp was long, and extremely painful. I was bruised and battered, scratched and bleeding. And several times I was dragged over rocks and my head would slam against them, causing me to black out for short times. I tried fighting back at first, but doing so just caused me more harm, and he had Kaela...I couldn't risk him hurting her. Even if I managed to escape I couldn't get her away, I'd lose her...no! So I beared it, yelping and whimpering, the whole way back to his camp. We did stop at night though, but he lashed me around a tree, wouldn't even feed me.

Back at his camp I was again trussed up to a tree, stomach clenching and growling with hunger, my head throbbing. I was weak, and needed something to eat so bad! Finally the jerk came over and tossed me some bacon. I couldn't resist, and stretched out my neck, grabbing the meat and eating it hungrily, growling faintly, and he just stood there at laughed. "Pretty creature...going to rake in the money for me back home..."

He fished out Kaela, who was mewling pitifully, and fed her bacon as well. But to my dismay he just dropped her back in the sack once she was done. I cried some, while the man packed his camp. Once he was done he came back for me, releasing me from the tree, but keeping my limbs bound. They were chafed and sore from being held like they were, and I wanted to so badly to rip her throat out! But all the man did was lift me up, carry me to his pick up and set me in the bed with the tent and

gear. "Don't get any funny ideas about escaping. I have that wolf pup up front with me. For the record I'll kill her if you try to escape."

I trembled, seeing the serious look in his eyes and nodded slowly. He grinned and climbed into the truck, starting it up and driving away. I could see the tops of trees and the open sky whooshing past and howled my depression. It doesn't matter what I was before, I was wolf now, I belonged in the forest, with my mate, birthing his pups, but instead here I was, trussed up and being taken back to civilization to be put on show as a freak! Every time I thought about it it made my insides squirm, and made me wish I hadn't lost Black. Black wouldn't have gotten caught, he would've protected us. I was a poor parent, a poor mate, a poor wolf!

I felt defeated and depressed the rest of the trip. Angry at times, when I heard my Kaela howl for me, but I was unable to comfort her. But mostly depressed, useless and depressed. At one point we stopped and I had that sickening feeling, believing we had arrived. I tried to wiggle my way into a better position to see but that man's hand just pushed me back down again. "Now pet, we're not there yet. But we'll be there soon. I just need to make sure no one sees you before the big opening night."

With that the man pulled a tarp over my, lashing it down, keeping me pinned underneath. I was hungry and hot from the sun, weak and put up little resistance. Meanwhile I could hear the pitiful howls of my sweet Kaela, forced to travel cramped up in a sack!

Soon we were driving again, and I wondered if I could get myself out from under here, if I could get help. But no...he had Kaela and I knew he'd kill her if I escaped...it was hopeless. It looks like my fantasies and heart have only brought me to this miserable place. Finally we stopped, it was dark so I assumed we were inside somewhere, a garage perhaps? The tarp was removed and indeed we were in a garage. The man dragged me out of the truck roughly and threw me over his shoulder, carrying me out a door in the garage to the backyard. Here, to my shame and fear, were two metal cages, and another man looking wide eyed at me.

"See, told you I caught myself a wolf-woman. Now get that damn cage open!"

The man by the cage nodded dumbly and yanked open the one cage. Inside was a bowl of water. The man holding me dropped me on the ground and in a flash had his knife out and was slashing my bonds. He kicked me into the cage before I could react, my limbs weak and feeling like jelly, the ropes having burned around my ankles and wrists. The man slammed the cage shut and locked it, "There Billy, now we just need to get the Doc over, and we'll soon be in business!" the man told the second guy with a grin.

"Sure thing Edgar, I'll go call him right now."

I scrambled to my feet clumsily and the man, Edgar, laughed. "Now just be patient for a little while longer. Once you're examined, we can work on making you a star of freaks Wolf-Woman!" Edgar turned and laughed, heading back into the garage. Seconds later he came out holding the sack Kaela was in, and emptied her into the other cage, locking it securely. It broke my heart, we were side by side, but could only touch noses due to the cages. He wouldn't even put us in the same cage.

She whined and whimpered, but I could do nothing, and it made me howl with frustration and anger, and lost hope. I didn't know how we were going to make it through this. But I knew we had to escape, I at least had to save Kaela if nothing else.

They came back, Edgar and his friend. His friend was carrying a bag, and Edgar had a gun. I didn't know why, but with that gun pointed at me I was too afraid to attack, too afraid to run. And again, not

with Kaela would I run. So I didn't resist as Edgar's friend, I think his name was Billy, reached in and pulled me out. Then he began to inspect me, but not like a human, but as an animal. I quivered with shame as he touched my body, obviously enjoying my still milk swollen breasts which were sore from the milk produced in them, and not having a chance to release that milk.

Edgar apparently found this humiliation funny and between laughter explained to me what was happening, "You see you little bitch, my friend here was a vet once, did a good job, except for selling some of the animals for money. But he still knows how to treat you flea infected beasts, so he'll be taking good care of you while you earn us some major money!"

I whimpered, then yelped as something went up my ass! God would the humiliation never end, why did they have to treat me this way! I twist my neck to look behind me and saw Billy pulling out a thermometer and flushed red, oh god, this was horrible! But it seemed Billy was finished, and he shoved me back into the cage roughly, slamming and locking it. After that they both went for Kaela and I growled, but it didn't matter, I couldn't stop that man from touching my girl, with his dirty hands, oh god my poor baby! She whimpered and cried for me, and I reached for her, but Edgar kicked my hand, causing me to yelp in pain.

After Billy had checked her temperature, they left us alone with water and chunks of meat Edgar had thrown in the cage. I ate famished, hating myself for taking food from that horrible man, but I couldn't die of hunger until I freed my daughter. I'd do anything for her! It was all that really kept me going to be honest, my own life didn't mean much. But Kaela, to see her treated like that, to be put on display with me, I could only imagine the horrible times to come for us.

I couldn't imagine that I had managed to sleep, but I did at some point. There was nothing else to do, I could barely move around. The next day my cage, and myself, was filthy from my own excrements, Kaela's didn't look much better. It smelled horrible in the sun and I was ready to collapse with nausea when Edgar and his free fingered friend Billy came out. Edgar had the gun on me as Billy opened the cage, dragging me out. Once outside he leashed me to the side of the house and grabbed the hose. I winced as the cold water blasted over my body, spraying me clean.

When he finished I was shivering, covered in goosebumps and the two monsters just oggled my body, staring at me making me flush with anger. I wasn't ashamed now of my nakedness, it was what I was, what I felt comfortable as. But the way they looked at me made me want to rip their throats out, if only Edgar didn't have that gun...

Billy sprayed the cage clean then I was forced back inside, with Billy taking liberties with my body, and I barely kept myself from lashing out. The whole process was repeated with Kaela, but while I knew what the gun meant, and knew how useless I was, Kaela didn't quite understand. I growled in anger as she was kicked and slapped for trying to bite Billy, Edgar almost getting ready to shoot at one point. But Kaela calmed down eventually, finally sensing the danger Edgar held, or maybe just because I hadn't done anything else.

I wondered if they were cleaning us and the cages for our own health, but then Edgar returned with a large dolly and I knew it was only because he wanted to make sure we were clean for our premiere. Kaela was loaded first, at least I assume she was loaded into the truck we were carried here in. And sure enough when it was my turn Billy and Edgar manhandled me into the back of the truck where I was lashed on tightly like Kaela. "Don't even think of howling or whatever sounds you she-wolves make. If you do you're little companion will die. Then you will. No one will know, you'll be gone. So shut up you hear me!"

I quivered, his face was contorted in anger and despite all the things I've gone through, it scared

me. Edgar and Billy pulled a tarp over us, hiding us. Once that was done I heard them get into the truck and we were off.

The truck ride made me ill, thinking about where we were going, what was going to happen when we got there...

But it wasn't a long ride, and soon we were in a dark place. The tarp was pulled off and I saw we were in some kind of structure, some building. Edgar watched me look around and laughed, "Yep, this'll be your home for awhile. It's a little ways apart from the town, which is good. Private and all. There's a small house next to this where I'll be staying to watch over my money makers. We'll let people in, let them see you in all your she-wolfness, and rake in the dough!"

He laughed, then Billy laughed, and me and Kaela were pulled off the truck, jarred and banged around, but the two jerks didn't care about that.

After setting us up against the far wall the only thing left to do was watch Edgar and Billy get the place ready for customers. They roped us off, to make sure people didn't get too close. Like we would attack innocent people? Well Kaela might, since all the people were bound to scare her...

At that thought I twisted around and stuck my nose through the bars, touching noses with Kaela, the only way I could give any reassurance to her.

The day went on, Edgar and Billy came and went, and eventually it was night. Our big premiere, she-wolf! How I hated hearing him say that, as if it was something disgusting and abnormal. But it wasn't, it was different sure, but not disgusting or abnormal, it was just who I was!

Edgar grinned at me, seeing my anger, "There, there's the beast that will make us rich Billy, look at that feral look in her eyes, that snarl!"

I turned away, trying to control myself. But before I could I heard Edgar leave, and heard the people outside, the crowd, the questions and disbelievers.

Edgar's voice roared out over the crowd, I could easily hear him from inside the building. "Ladies and gentlemen, we ready to be amazed, to see in this room, some so freakish, so horrible, that we recommend small children not be allowed in. Now ticket purchasers, with the first fifteen follow my associate inside."

That was when the door opened, when the people cautiously wandered in. Where the gasps and screams as they saw me made me cringe, crouching down low in the cage. Kaela was doing the same, but she was snapping her jaws, afraid by the noise and people. There were cameras and screamed and jeers and whistles as they saw my bare body. Bright lights and flashes made me whip my head back and forth, moving around only a little, but it was enough, it was enough to entertain them it seems. God, to go through this again and again...I don't know if I could do it...how? And Kaela, how to keep her going, to save her? Peanuts pelted my body and I instinctively snapped my jaws at the person and the group gasped and backed away, though of course I couldn't do anything, they still were afraid. Maybe that wasn't a bad thing...keep them from doing anything too rash. BUT damn getting food thrown at me...what next?

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After that night, things were different. I was angry, just angry so angry! He violated me, raped me. And that wasn't the last time he came to me in the middle of the night. And every time I became more angry. Anger consumed my every thought. After I begin gnashing my teeth and stretching out to claw at annoying people I was manacled, barely able to pace in that hideous cage.

I could tell Kaela was nervous about my attitude, she had never truly seen me like this. And to be honest I was surprised, but with no way to vent myself, the repeated rapes just...I howled, scaring the people crowding as close as they could. But that only seemed to provoke them more. Billy threw in pieces of meat and I tore them apart, hungry, so hungry. Edgar frequently kept me on little food so that way I'd be forced to eat during the shows, showing what an "animal" I was. Well If I was given the chance, I'd sure show him.

I thought about it, at night. Dreamed of ripping his throat out given the chance. But when I'd wake up I'd feel ill at the thought, he was a human, no matter how disgusting, I couldn't...I mean hunting

deer and rabbit was one thing but to kill a human...? I was so confused, lost and angry, not knowing what to do.

It had been two months now. Two months of people passing through, gazing, ogling, jeering me. Random food stuff thrown at me, people screaming and laughing. Two long months. Almost every night I was put on display. I began to see people, recognize faces of people that kept coming back again and again. Why, what point? Could they just not get enough of the "she-wolf"?

Kaela was looking poor, she wasn't doing well and I knew she wouldn't last. My fierce anger had been tempered by repeated rapes, the crowd, Edgar and his crony, everything. It was a cold pulsing thing in the pit of my stomach. It was with me all the time, I was always aware, always thinking. I needed to save Kaela, that thought made everything else bearable, everything had a purpose, it had to. I had to, had to save her, get her out of here.

My hands and feet were manacled, and Edgar had the gun trained on me while Billy inspected me. He did this about once a week, I was use to it, it didn't matter, nothing did, even Billy's grotesque exploring hands, nothing. I mostly blocked out his "examinations", they were trivial compared to the pain I was put through, it was easy. But something Billy was saying to Edgar made me whip my head around in rapt attention.

"Edgar, this sounds crazy, but you know how she's seemed to be gaining weight, despite your...our...feeding habits. Well um...and this seems crazy, I can't even believe I'm saying it but..." He mops his brow, looking around nervously until Edgar angrily shoves him, he rambles on, "She's exhibiting signs, sure signs, of pregnancy. I didn't really pay much attention at first, but it's pretty obvious now, I've seen pregnant bitches back at the vet hospital."

I went cold, I knew goosebumps erupted across my body, pregnant? me? But...no! nonononononono! Not Edgar, not him, please no!

"How long, how far is she along," Edgar's voice was strong but I could tell he was nervous, I guess the prospect of impregnating his "she-wolf" didn't occur to him when he raped me.

"About three months, I'm sorry I didn't spot this earlier, it's incredible! I mean from what you've said, she must've been out in the woods for some time...could she...I mean...could a male wolf have...?"

"Knocked her up? A wolf? Ha! This is like a medical miracle, humans getting knocked up by dirty wolves! Hehehehe, bet she was on all fours for any hairy beast out there, the little whore-bitch!"

He jabs the end of the gun at my slightly bulging belly and I wince, unable to protect the new life growing. But what Billy said makes me so happy, even my pain is soon forgotten. I was pregnant, but from before Edgar. That could only mean one thing, Black! That last time together, I had gotten pregnant! But it also worried me, I wasn't that big, and the last time I was rather round, getting close to giving birth...? What could be going wrong? As the two assholes talk, I think.

The only answer I could come up with is that being malnourished has hindered my pregnancy. That's why I wasn't growing so large, nor ready. God I hoped my pups were okay, they had to survive. One more important reason to escape, I wouldn't bring my pups, Black's pups, into this hell. I was cold outside, and inside most of the time, I knew without seeing the outside world that winter was encroaching, I had to escape, had to get back home...

Hey, for those against putting the rape in, finding it weird, I felt...I wanted to put something in there, something harsh and cruel. For her this is all cruel, being pulled back to the "human" world, to be caged and kept from fulfilling her goal at returning to her pack and Black. The rape was to

provoke her. She was angry before sure, wanted escape, but doing nothing, being pushed and prodded around. But the rape provokes her to action. It was like me, like my rape. It provoked me to action, that and seeing him going after Tiger, which was really the catalyst for my anger.

I know it's abnormal and shocking for me, my stories. But please, try to understand what I was doing. And as you know now, though I mention it happening regularly, I don't detail it anymore. It happened, it served it's purpose, so please, just continue reading, don't be turned off by it, disgusting as it was. I admit it was hard writing that part, memories kept coming back, I cried, but at the end I was better, I felt a little lighter somehow, I don't know it's strange.

After Billy's report on my pregnancy Edgar stayed away from me at night, which I was grateful. But that just led to more dark thoughts on my part. Knowing was I pregnant, and knowing that at any time I could probably give birth provoked me to action. Well to thought of action, because I was still locked in the cage. But I was trying to figure out a way to get both me and Kaela free. There had to be a way. Maybe I could slip out when they unlock the cage? No, the gun. But...there has to be a way right?

The performances quieted down. I don't know if that was because people were tired of seeing the wolf-woman, or if it was the cold. Edgar and Billy continued to complain about the cold, and I knew it had snowed about a foot the other day. But since interest, no matter the reason, had waned my performances were cut to four times a week. Also Edgar was grudgingly feeding me more. I don't know why exactly, again not enough information, I have to make speculations. Either he's making sure I'm well fed for winter, that way I'll be healthy for spring, or he wants me to be well fed so I'll deliver healthy puppies that he can sell to science labs. I'm going for the latter myself, it seems more up his alley.

The days that weren't spent in show were nice in a sense. I was able to rest, regain my strength and energy. The extra meat helped, and I was gaining back my weight more, my belly growing slowly. I didn't have long at all, I had to get free soon.

Thankfully Edgar's toad of a friend gave me the perfect opportunity. I guess the toad had gotten some ideas into his head. He always loved groping me, feeling my up. But I guess he wanted more from me. One cold night I was shivering in my cage, when a flashlight hit upon me. I trembled, thinking Edgar had changed his mind, but then I saw Billy's face and snarled, growling at him causing the jerk to dance back a second in fear. I gave a wolfish grin, loving when they feared me, but he got over his fear enough to approach. I saw him unlocking the cage and grinned, here was my chance...

But he was cautious, and had a knife. Apparently the gun was Edgar's, and this was something Billy wasn't suppose to be doing. I would've attacked him then, but...that knife was still a danger. Instead a plan formed. I shrunk back, acting hostile but not too aggressive. Billy reached in and starting touching me, and I let him, but was tense, and made sure to snap at him. He seemed afraid, but continued. I felt humiliated and disgusted, but if my planned worked, then I would be able to get out, me and Kaela both. So I let him come for me, and let him wrestle me down and rape me. It was horrible, but he was awkward and nothing like the violent and aggressive Edgar. It was for escaping here, that's what I kept telling myself, filling my head with visions of ripping both their throats out, taking myself away from his borish attempts at sex, it made it bearable at least.

This went on for a few nights, he'd always come with a knife. He always took me, and I played the roll of a cowed bitch perfectly. Eventually he came one night without the knife. But he was nervous, and I didn't do anything, acting like he had broken me. Another two nights, my skin crawling every time he touched me, my stomach heaving every time he pushed himself inside me.

But finally, finally it was time. The night was cold, and snowing, but I knew we had to leave. So that day I steeled myself for what I had to do. And when night fell, when Billy came in, I was ready. He all but swaggered, confident that he had cowed and broken me. He grabbed me and I let, and started to enter me, and I let him. Then I struck. Growling I jerked my body around, causing him to scream as I wrenched his cock inside me and bit into his thigh. Screaming like a girl he flailed and fell back, but I ripped a chunk of flesh out and leaped upon his snarling and snapping over his quivering body, relishing his fear, bathing in, loving the smell of it coming off him in waves. But I had a job to do. Quickly before he could recover I ended his miserable existence, ripping out the man's throat, feeling his hot blood splashing over my face and breasts.

I didn't give myself much time to think about the fact that I killed a man, inside I rummaged about him and quickly snatched the keys up in my mouth, hurrying to Kaela's cage, and with a little effort I inserted the key and gripping the key again twisting my neck to turn it, popping it open. Pulling it open Kaela leaped out, and I let myself a minute of joy with her, savoring her joy of being together. But it was time to go. I licked Kaela's nose and headed off slowly, carefully. My beautiful daughter caught on and followed suit. God I had forgotten how cumbersome pregnancy can be! Killing Billy had made me push myself, and my body was sore, damn! But there was something still needed. Someone had to die, Edgar must die. There was no way I'd be safe if he wasn't killed.

As I lumbered out into the snow, my body instantly frozen and pebbled with goosebumps, I looked around for the building Edgar stayed in. Finding it in the snow me and my daughter stalked closer, making it to the building, my hands and feet, well my entire body really, was freezing, but I had to put it off, couldn't think about the cold. I had Kaela stay as I wandered around, finding a back door unlocked. Smiling a feral grin I nudged it open and moved my bulk inside, looking around, getting use to the darkness. Edgar would be mine, and then me and Kaela could be free, free to return back to those who loved us. I looked down at my swollen breasts and belly, and those who would learn to love us as they grew...but first, Edgar. I shook the snow from my body and stepped quietly, carefully, on the hunt of my prey.

Stalking through the house, my night vision had actually grown better over the time I've spent in the wild with Black and my pack, which was good here because there was stuff all around, it was a dump. Sadly my sense of smell had increased some to. Eventually though I found the bedroom, the door was mostly open and I squeezed my bulk inside here and looked up at the bed. He was there, snoring away, believing he was safe. Too bad he was going to find out differently.

I crouched for a minute, trying to decide what to do. Surely if I climbed up onto the bed he'd wake up, so I would then have to move fast to kill him. I wanted to torture him, hurt him for all he's put Kaela and myself through, not just a swift death. But I don't think any other way would work. Giving him a chance would only put myself and my growing pups in danger. So with that in mind I moved to the end of the bed and took a deep breath, getting read to kill this horrible person, this slime!

Putting my arms up onto the bed I pushed off with my rear legs, scrambling my bulk up onto the bed, quickly leaping onto his chest. His eyes flashed open and he saw my feral face, my mouth open in wolfish delight. He was afraid, afraid of me, ha! Without that cage between us, or his mighty gun, he was pitiful! I growl and snarled, snapping at his face, watching him cringe. Tearing him limb from limb seemed like a good idea, but again my I got a hold of the wild animal desire to kill, not this time, no. Just kill him and be done with it.

I crouched on his chest, probably the oddest wolf ever, and through back my head and howled to the night, feeling his body tremble beneath me. After howling I snarled and darted my jaws down, ripping into his throat, taking savage pleasure at the splash of hot blood against my face and chest. I tore into him, ripping into flesh and internal organs, awash with blood and gore. I didn't really think

much during this point, I was lost in red, so much red and rent human flesh.

Well I came back to myself I was laying on the floor of the room, and realized how full I felt. I had this horrible thought, and shot up as quickly as I could, peering hesitantly at the bed. It was drenched in blood, and I almost puked. Edgar was torn open, his belly spilling blood and intestines, his throat ripped completely open. I turned away, feeling my sticky hands and body, knowing it was blood. I found towels in the bathroom and rubbed against them, getting rid of as much of the blood as I could before leaving. Edgar's blood. I had my satisfaction, my revenge.

I met back with Kaela, who sniffed at me, probably realizing what had happened in the way of predators. I licked her face, relishing in being able to have contact with her, to comfort her. But it was short lived. Reality was we were still in town, and a long way from the comfort of the woods, and it was snowing and cold. I took off at as fast a run as I could manage, had to get home, back to the woods. Had to find a place to hold up before the pups arrived. The thought of giving birth to them without the pack to help frightened me, but I'd do what I had to for my family.

I shivered as we paused beside a grocery store. It was so cold. I don't know how I'm going to survive the winter like this...but I have to try. I nudged Kaela, signalling her to move. As we loped through the town I looked about me. Some sense of nostalgia drove into my heart. To see the houses, people were inside sleeping in their warm beds, food ready and available in the fridge...I couldn't just ignore the fact that it sounded nice. But as I looked at Kaela next to me, so strong and beautiful, I smiled, it was worth it. To have brought such a beautiful creature into the world, my daughter, and to help her grow. She was the runt of the pack, but I never gave up on her, and look how she turned out!

So I turned my mind away from homes and beds and fridges, back to the path out of here, to the desire to go home to my mate and our family, which any day now will become larger. The streets thankfully were bare at this time of night, but even if there were people, it wouldn't matter now, I wanted to go home.

Dawn was coming, the sky lightening. We were nearing the edge of the town, the road up into the mountain in plain view. I barked happily to Kaela, we were on our way! Finally as the sun started to rise we were racing up the road into the mountains, back home. I worried about early morning cars, but again a part of me just didn't care anymore. We needed to get home.

I knew I needed rest, and food, and more rest, and more food. But I had to keep going. I didn't know how long we ran, but it was for a long time. my hands and feet were sore and scraped from the pavement, but none of that mattered, we were free! The exhilaration of wind through my hair, caressing my body as I sped along, loping into the mountains. Smelling the rich wood scent, the pine...oh how I missed this. Sure I was a human, and being brought back into human society made me question myself a little, but...I'm a mother now. And if I doubted my love of the wild, running away from those creeps was enough to convince me where I belonged now, where my life would be.

I'd find my mate and my pups, rejoin my pack, and all would be well. Bring new life into this world...but that was something to think about. I wonder if I'll always be this fertile to Black. How many pups will I birth? I mean I didn't mind being a mother, but...well I knew I wanted sex, I wasn't going to abstain from it. And there was no such thing as wolf condoms...

These kinda thoughts occupied me on the escape. When we finally reached an area that would break off into the heavy woods I veered from the road, Kaela fast on my heels like the good girl she was. Once in the woods though I sagged, I was tired. It was snowing and seemed like it was worse. I didn't notice this before, my mind too occupied with escape, but...now I shivered as I slowed to a walk, breath coming out hot and steaming, panting heavily. Kaela came up to my shoulder, panting

hard as well but licking my face, comforting me. She knew I was pregnant, I could tell she sensed what it meant somehow, some instinct.

My hands and feet were frozen now, I could feel it. My whole body was cold, and even Kaela pressing against me couldn't really keep the cold away. Damn I wish I was furred like them. If only....I shook myself, no going off into lala-land, must keep focused. I continued to try and keep my eyes peeled, searching for a suitable shelter, anything.

That's when I stumbled upon it. Actually I literally did because my hand caught on something and I stumbled, barely catching myself before I fell upon my heavy belly. As I got myself oriented, leaning onto Kaela, I looked up and was stunned. It couldn't be...it just couldn't...no way could it? How did I manage to stumble into here? Around me, much to my utter amazement was...

Only the numbing cold got me moving. I stumbled forward on frozen hands and feet, into my old campsite. I couldn't believe I had managed to get here, on accident! I looked around at the fire pit, my half collapsed tent, and much to my surprise a short few feet away was my truck. I ran over to it, reaching up to the door, but it was locked. Of course it would be locked. And the keys were in my pants, lost somewhere out there in the wilderness as I had followed the pack.

Leaving my truck behind I went back to my tent and snuffed and wriggled inside, finding my gear still here. It wasn't real warm, but my sleeping back was here, as well as my clothes. Kaela pushed we way inside as well, and I knew I wasn't leaving this tent right away, it was better than being outside. I sniffed and pushed my nose through my bag, smelling things, bringing back memories. I pulled my head back, a pair of underwear hanging from my nose and barked in laughter, shaking them off I curled up in the sleeping bag, lost in memories.

Memories of camping trips, of just...mundane things like walking through the mall, eating cereal...those kinda things. Kaela curled up nearby to sleep but I was up for some time thinking about the life I gave up. Part of me felt sad, I wont deny that to myself, I missed things. But I was happy, I had a family and a loving mate who I knew had to be missing me.

Finally I had to sleep, the cold leaching away my strength, though it wasn't so bad together here with Kaela. My dreams were untroubled thankfully, neither good or bad, just sleep.

I woke a little cold, but not too bad. I struggled to get my cumbersome body up as Kaela shifted awake. We left the tent, and found it had stopped snowing finally but there was a few inches of snow on the ground, which made for cold walking. There was also the matter of my bulging belly to contend with. Moving while pregnant wasn't fun at all. We were also both hungry, and I was in no shape to hunt. That was what the mate was for dammit! I was suppose to be curled up in the den, languishing in laziness, with my strong beautiful mate out there hunting for me, bringing me back juicy, dripping pieces of meat.

God all that thinking was making me even more hungry. My belly rumbled, and I remembered then that I was having to feed for more than just myself. Kaela came up to me, nuzzling and licking my cold face before she suddenly took off. I barked at her to come back but she was gone. I waited, worried and fretful as any mother would. I mean after what we'd gone through I didn't want her leaving my side for a minute until we were far away!

It was some time later, don't know how long and trust me I was wishing for a watch right then, when Kaela returned, and much to my relief she was carrying two dead rabbits. Seems she found a couple stupid animals out here in the winter. She dropped them at my feet, looking at me expectantly. I realized then, that these were her first kills. I howled, she howled, and I licked her face, touching noses congratulating her. Then I ripped into the first rabbit as she backed away, watching as I fed ravished. The bodies were still warm, the blood still hot dripping from my mouth. I was making a

mess but I was so hungry I didn't care about delicate eating habits

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## Part Two

Once fed, I felt better and nuzzled Kaela in thanks. We moved off again when cramps hit me. I laid down in the snow, whimpering at the pains of the cramps. Not now! No, it can't be now, I hadn't found Black yet or the pack. I couldn't birth the pups here in the snow! God what was I going to do!

I twisted and howled as the cramps hit me, the contractions, god what was I going to do! Kaela whined, and I couldn't do anything to comfort her, I was unsure what to do. To be honest, I didn't even know how to care for the newborns beyond letting them suckle. I had passed out the last time!

I struggled to a crawl, had to keep going, had to find shelter! I pushed myself, eyes barely open, gasping for breath from the pain. I finally collapsed not long after, it was too much, too much. Kaela had stayed at my heels the entire time, and would come to let me lean against her, catching my breath. But now I was again laying in the snow, convulsing in pain. Damn childbirth sucks!

I must have passed out then, because the next thing I knew I was being licked in the face, and cracked open my eyes, and what awaited me was not Kaela. It was Black! My eyes shot open and he grinned his wolfish grin, tongue lolling out as he licked my face again. I licked back, crying because I was so happy. I couldn't believe he was here! How!

I'd never know really, but my mind supplying a fantasy of him searching for me, coming here out of some instinct, hearing my howling, and find me. But despite my happy reunion with my mate, who I've ached for for months now, but I had pups coming. Now. Right now! And I became all too aware of the communication gap between me and him at this moment. But I tried, gesturing with my head to my bulging belly, again and again. He then went and sniffed at my crotch, which under normal circumstances would have been quite pleasing, but now was frustrating. But he must have smelled something, and I realized then, that I was cold and wet between my legs. My water had broken while I had passed out. He was smelling it, yes! Maybe he'll understand!

And it seemed like he did. He licked my face and gave a short bark before taking off again. I noticed that Kaela had disappeared, and was worried but when she showed up with another rabbit I let out my held breath, she was growing so well! She tucked against my chest and belly, her thick fur helping warm me a little as I ripped into the rabbit hungrily. Hopefully Black was going back for the pack, or some of the pack. Maybe Cloud, or the alpha female, any of the females. I was cold, and fighting against sleep. Couldn't sleep, not in the cold but...so tired...the excitement of Black's miraculous return couldn't sustain me, and eventually I lost the battle, drifting off into sleep.

I woke to the cold muzzle and wet tongue against my face. Opening tired eyes, I saw Cloud, close behind her was the alpha female, and Black. I stirred, and they crowded close, their furred bodies feeling good against my cold, bare skin. As I wobbled to my feet, sore all over, I could see another female by Black. She bore his resemblance in her dark coat with brown along the muzzle and face. It took me a second to realize she must be my other daughter, grown and strong. She was bigger than Kaela, but not by much. She came forward and we touched noses in greeting. Sniffing each other hesitantly at first, then more affirmatively, and soon we were mother and daughter truly, and I licked her muzzle lovingly, my sweet daughter!

Kaela soon joined us, and my girls met and bonded, making my heart soar. I hoped my sons fared just as well, and hoped that my family would accept these new additions that were coming any time.



I was coaxed by the alpha female to lay back down, and I'm glad I did because the contractions soon hit me, I was going into labor, again. I breathed, and tried to remain calm, and remain conscious. I didn't want to pass out during this pregnancy, I wanted to see my new pups come from me, be birthed by me. I don't know why, maybe just the warm fuzzy motherly feelings I've had since the birth of my first litter, hehe, but I had to at least try and last through it. And despite the cold and my recent trials, I am also stronger than the woman I was before during my first pregnancy. More knowledgeable, more wild and in the wild strength is everything.

I rolled on my back, screaming in pain, fighting to stay aware though it was painful. Cloud, the alpha, and my two daughters stayed crowded around me, licking my sweat covered body and I was cold and warm all at the same time out there in the snow. Memories flashed through me, of my life before this, before joining the pack. They were good memories, and I remembered my friends, my family. I cried in pain as well as sadness then. I knew I was hurting them by staying here, but I also knew I couldn't really go back. I was too much a part of this world now, with my own family. They wouldn't understand, and I'd rather their memory of me not be one tainted by fear and disgust.

Howling till I felt like my throat was on fire, I saw the first wet muzzle push out. I was actually watching my pup come from my body! The thought just overwhelmed me and I smiled and hissed in pain as I pushed. Cloud and the alpha went to my emerging pup, and soon he popped out with a wet slurping sound. They worked quickly to clean him and soon he was whimpering and mewling. But I wasn't done yet, no not yet. Pushing still, screaming and convulsing, I felt another pup emerge, to my eyes looking identical to the other. It was easier to get out this time, but once they were done I realized that was it, just those two. It was a small litter, but I figure it was probably due to my imprisonment and malnourishment. I rolled onto my side and Cloud and the alpha helped the pups to my tits to feed upon the milk gorging them.

My face flushed with excitement at the new life clambering at my breast, watching them feed, feeling them take the milk from my breasts gave me this rush of joy so profound, so huge. I don't know why I felt so much happy than my first litter, I didn't love them any more or less, but...I don't know. Maybe it has something to do with watching them being born. Or maybe after being a mother already, I just could enjoy it more this time, I don't know. But I do know I was happy, and I could tell my daughters were excited by the new family members. Black came to me then, having stayed away through the birthing, and licked my hot face. I licked back, loving him more than anything in the world, not knowing how I survived without him for so long. But I was back with him, and I never wanted to lose him, my family, or my pack which really was like my extended family, again.

While the new pups, who I discovered were male and female, fed and then slept, Black left and returned with, surprising, my old sleeping back. Him and my daughter Midnight(I know I'm not original with names, but seeing her just made me think of that name) pulled it over me and the pups, and I started feeling warmer. Soon I was drifting off as well, with my mate and family and companions laying down close by. It was a good feeling, and I think this was the first time in so long that I fell asleep content and at peace.

It's been a week now, back with my pack. We traveled as hard as I could manage with the new pups to return to the alpha male and the rest of the pack. I did notice a lack of some of our number when we returned, and I was sad. I didn't know though, nor I guess would I ever, know if it was because they moved off to join new packs, start their own, or were killed. But that was the life in the wild, a life I had come to know and love.

Black was a dutiful mate, caring for me as we made a way to rejoin the pack, hunting for me while I stayed and nursed the pups. It was peaceful, and I relished in it. Back with the pack, we were in a new area, caves to curl up in, though there were no private little caves for individual mates. It was

okay though, I loved being surrounded with the pack again, after being almost entirely alone. I got to see my boys, and how big and strong they were growing. One bore the same black coat as their father, the other was a mix of brown and cream, both of them strong and fierce looking.

When I first saw them bounding up to me I cried, to have my family back all together again, I had barely let myself dream of this moment. We nuzzled and licked each other, it was great. They were nice pups, well not really pups anymore. But they were very protective of me and their sisters I noticed, and it made me smile watching them. They were especially protective of Kaela, who was new to them though still a sibling. Meanwhile I stayed in the cave most of the time with the twins tucked against my breasts suckling. It was a good time, a great time after the horrible experiences me and Kaela had gone through.

I woke one night from a nightmare I couldn't remember and unwinded myself from my family and mate, exiting the cave. Kaela stirred, but went back to sleep. This had become a regular thing, nightmares plaguing my sleep, and every time I wake up I'd go for a walk.

It feels good to stretch my leg into a good lope, feeling the air rush over my naked body like a cold lover's caress. The freedom of the forest was something that just...intoxicated you. I stopped at one point to relieve myself then was off again. I found my favorite spot by the stream near our pack, and plopped down, panting and watching my breath as thick puffs of air from my lungs. I jerked though when I felt a cold nose at my shoulder and turned to see my son Fleetfoot. His speed was something any mother would be proud of, and I was, very much so. He was the black one, like his father. We touched noses and I licked his muzzle lovingly. He laid next to me, looking at me curiously. I wish it was possible to communicate more to him, or to Black or any of the pack. It was a little frustrating, but it's okay. Things work themselves eventually, and my nightmares will surely go away.

Fleetfoot was a sweet boy, soft in heart, though I had watched him hunt and he was also fierce. Protective almost to a fault, but I believe he'll make a good alpha one day, and make a wonderful mate. I was feeling better now, and stood, shaking myself, stretching and howling into the night, Fleetfoot soon joining me. Once I felt calmed and at peace again I set off at an easy run, Fleetfoot matching in seconds. We raced back, and I lost, but he made sure it was a close win, good son coddling his mom! Once back in the cave with our family I tucked in by Black and Kaela, licking Fleetfoot's muzzle in a show of love, silently wishing him a good rest. It took awhile to get back to sleep, but once the combined body heat of my family warmed me up, I slipped into the darkness easily enough.

Things were settling into a peaceful rhythm around the pack. I was the only female with pups, so I got spoiled a little. The alpha's pups were strong and taking after their father. Cloud and another were the only females with us, along with my two daughters. There were two other younger males, but the rest of the pack was gone, off to their own adventures, their own packs.

I was taking a stroll with my other son, Brownie. Yes it's a goofy name, but that's because Brownie was more playful and sweet than fierce. He loved wrestling and playing with the other wolves. I had also noticed him trying to attract Cloud's eye unsuccessfully, and smiled sweetly at his goofy attempts. He was young though, and Cloud knew how to rebuff him nicely. We were coming from such an attempt, and I decided he needed to get away to collect himself, he looked pretty down after the last time. We were loping through the forest though when he tackled me playfully in a meadow. We rolled around, and I bit his thick fur, enjoying our romp. I couldn't be out long because of the twins though, and soon had to halt the playing, signalling my need to go back, though my milk leaking tits probably were sign enough.

We were taking a different way back when Brownie halted suddenly, causing me to bump into his

tail. I was about to bite it for stopping so suddenly when he took off away from the pack. I growled and barked but he wouldn't return, so I took one last look at the direction the pack was in, and headed off after my wayward son.

I found him eventually, but that wasn't what got my attention. The scream of a human child coming from a hole where Brownie had his snout stuck up did. I raced for him, bullying him aside to look in myself. I could make out the form of a small child. Poor thing, she must've been lost on a hike or something. But none of the pack had noticed any humans or else we would've moved. Brownie tried to weasel himself in, curious as ever, but I growled and snapped at him, causing him to whimper and tuck his tail between his legs. I might not have been an active mother for very long, but he knew who was in charge here, me.

I looked back inside and saw the child trembling. Had to get the child out, it couldn't survive out here long. Maybe I'd be able to lead it closer to people. I didn't want to, but I couldn't just let it die, or become food for some other predator. I left the child briefly, and with another growl at Brownie to behave, took off. I found blackberries and grabbed a branch, ripping it off to take it back for it to eat.

Back at the hole I coaxed the child out with the promise of food, and saw that it was a she, a girl looking maybe six. She was dirty, and her clothes were torn, but she looked alright enough if frightened. She gave me a curious look, but when I backed away from the blackberries she didn't take long to snatch them up and start eating hungrily, obviously the poor thing was starving. After eat though she was back to giving us wary looks. I tried to appear unthreatening, and crouched down lolling my tongue out and sticking my rear end up in the air, wagging it like I would a tail. It was a common expression that dogs did when wanting to play, and the girl seemed calmed a little. She then took the bare branch from the blackberries and hesitantly tossed it out a short distance. I took a second but then decided it was worth it to gain her trust. I turned and bounded for it, gripping it in my mouth and running back to her, sitting waiting for her to take it.

We played for a little bit longer before I stopped. She was laughing now, and had even started to pet Brownie hesitantly. But I had my own children to take care of, and they must be starving as well. I tried to convey that to the girl, and I think I partially succeeded. Then I looked at Brownie and signalled for him to stay with her. After that I took off, returning home. The twins were mewling for me, and I quickly gathered them to my breasts, licking Black's muzzle appreciatively as they fed. The girls were around, and Kaela seemed to sense something was going on, but for once not being able to communicate in words was a good thing.

I would figure out how to help the girl tomorrow, but tonight my family was more important. I lovingly gazed at the times suckling hungrily, pulling on my nipples in eagerness. I couldn't imagine losing them, it was horrible to think about. There was probably a mother out there right now crying, wondering if her daughter was still alive. I would help her and that faceless mother, I promised myself.

I went to her the next day, as soon as I satisfied my mate. I was worn out so I merely laid stretched out and watched her as she splashed in the water. I thought about what to do with the girl, and it kept coming around to leading her back to the humans. Not long from then I went hunting for berries and returned rather quickly. She still seemed kind of hungry though, but there wasn't anything else for her to eat. I couldn't feed her a rabbit, because there's no way to cook it, and I don't think she would enjoy raw meat.

That evening after I made sure she was tucked away in her hole, I hurried back home to my family. Black seemed curious as to where I had been, but he didn't mind when I cozied up to him for a little lovemaking. I definitely love having him with me, and being back together just...makes me so happy.

As I crouched beneath his big strong body, feeling his slipping his hard cock deep inside me again and again thrusting, I couldn't help but feel happy and...complete. It sounds silly, especially when I'm being screwed by a big black wolf, but it does. I was with the one I loved, surrounded by my family. As I came, howling into the night, I came to the conclusion. I had to bring that girl back to her family. It would be hard, but I had to do it. But I didn't want to do it alone, and I swore I'd stay with Black so...tomorrow, I'd take him to her. I don't know how I'd explain it but I'm sure he'd get it. And his nose is so much better than mine, I'm sure he could pick up something.

As my breathing relaxed, I crawled to Black, curling around him, tucking against his thick fur cloak. It felt so nice, so warm, so strong...

The next morning me and Black headed off on our own to hunt. I admit I was feeling...hyper. I was happy because it was the first time I had hunted with Black since coming back. I felt like a child though, in a way. Eager to show my parents just what I could do...but at the same time I also wanted to show Black he could rely on me, and that I wasn't defenseless and needing to be looked after. If we were going to go on this excursion together, he needed to know that.

So while we ran through the woods, leaping roots and small bushes, letting the wind caress our bodies, I concentrated on the hunt, on trying to locate prey. My luck was great I guess, because I found a young deer, alone and probably hungry. It wasn't real meaty, but it'll do. Black will hunt again later anyway, so I didn't have any problem picking this one as my catch. I veered to the left, hoping to get in behind the young animal. Crouching low, my belly almost flat on the ground I wriggled my way from behind him. Black stayed back far enough to give me space, but also not so far as to not be able to help if needed, for which I was thankful. I admit the thrill of the hunt did turn me on to some degree, got my adrenaline pumping. And it had been so long since I had been able to hunt. The twins were doing well, still needing some of mother's milk, but they'd soon be onto real food, though mostly insects and mice they'd catch themselves.

I paused at one point, a little over half way so as not to alert the animal. This was crucial. Had to prove I can hold my own, had to do this right...I moved closer, inch by inch. My mouth was watering at the vision of fresh, hot meat to sink my teeth into. I was a few feet away when I leaped, catching the deer from behind, pulling down with all my wiry weight. He jumped a little and bucked, but lost balance and fell. That was when I climbed upon him and ripped out his throat. Though it wasn't easy, it was really messy and took much effort to end the animal's life, but it was so much fun! Oh god feeling the hot blood splashing upon my face and breasts as I ended it was intoxicating. I quickly set about eating, knowing Black would join me. After I had taken a few bites he did, and I felt his warm strength beside me as we ripped into the belly, enjoying the prize between just the two of us.

Once I had had my fill of food, I had another need, sexual need, burning in my loins. I licked and rubbed against him, coaxing him a little. We moved a little away from the partially eaten deer when he mounted me. We were both splattered with blood and bits of flesh but it was great, feral! I growled and moaned as he took me, thrusting into me so hard my body jerked sharply forward and back, my breasts jouncing hard, a little painful but pleasantly so. We were messy and dirty and it was great, just what I was in the mood for. No lovemaking, soft play now. I wanted hard fast feral mating with Black, and he was more than happy to let loose upon me. He was heavy but his weight only served to give him amazing strength which he used upon thrusting hard and fast into my wet, open pussy. I felt him swell and knot within me as he came and I moaned loadly, panting beneath as my body quivered.

We were knotted for some time before he slipped from me, and I felt his cum, which there is always a lot, run down my thighs. My pussy was pleasantly sore, and I rolled onto my back to look up coyly at him. He was a good mate, and spent the rest of the afternoon cleaning each other and resting.

When I awoke in the later afternoon I realized my mistake. I had let the thrill of the hunt and passion for Black cloud my objective. Shaking myself, I swore that tomorrow I'd take him straight to her, no tumbles in the bushes for me! But then I blushed, it had been so much fun though...

The next morning we woke, and I fed the twins well. The good thing about living in a pack is that when one female was pregnant or nursing the other females tended to exhibit the same characteristics. As such Cloud would be able to feed my babies while we were gone. Though even with the girl I think it'd take maybe three, four days to reach the humans. From there I wasn't sure what I'd do but we had time, I'd figure something out.

With that settled I touched noses with my children, saying goodbye for now. They all wanted to accompany me, but I wanted to be with my mate, just me and him. Black was a smart mate and followed me all the way to where the girl was holed up. I coaxed her out, she was nervous seeing Black who was the biggest wolf she had seen yet. But Black having watched me with her, knew to be gentle and let the girl touch his nose, rub his head, until she calmed down and realized that though he was big and fierce, he was sweet and gentle. I sat and smiled as she warmed to Black. I hoped Black would be up to carrying her, I think he would, and it seemed like she'd be fine with it.

Soon though, I knew we had to move and with much effort I finally relayed what I wanted from Black, who crouched down. Then I nudged the girl onto his back and she settled fine like she was riding a horse, gripping onto the thick fur around his neck. Once that was done Black set off at an easy lope which was slow compared to his normal speed but then he had a small child on his back. This slowed him enough for me to keep fairly close to him, running beside and behind him on his right. Leaping tree branches or running around them as we made our way. Black understood where to go, at least in theory. I knew once we got close to the town I'd be taking the lead, but for now I was more than happy to let Black be leader and follow him. I had enough of being leader for a long time, serving under Black, following him, made me much happier. I wasn't great leader material, I was a great leader's mate though!

It took us some time, a few days probably, before we were near the town. I was scared though, of the town. Memories flashed through me at night, causing me to wake in a cold sweat curled up against Black. It slowed us down, which was fine because we were having to hide from a couple of people in the mountains. I wasn't sure if they were looking for the girl maybe, or just camping so I didn't want to leave the girl for them to find. I may be living in the wild with my wolf family, but I hadn't forgotten the horrors of the human world.

Instead we continued till we were quite close to the edge of the forest and had to stay hidden more often than not. It was time for me to take the lead sadly, and I could tell Black wasn't happy with me leaving him. But it would be easier if I took her down to where the cars were. If the humans saw Black with the girl they'd probably shoot him. At least they'll pause before shooting me...I hope. So with one tender lick I left him and trotted away, the little girl doing well walking beside me.

Thankfully it seemed that there were no people around right as we descended, getting onto the trail which was a little easier on the girl. Once we made it to the parking lot though I stopped and sat. The little girl took a couple steps forward then turned around, giving me a confused look. "Aren't you coming? You brought me down here, you and your friend."

I shook my head, I wasn't going any further. I wanted to, wanted to make sure she was safe, but I just couldn't go any further. I don't know if she noticed, but I was trembling, my body covered in cold sweat. It was too terrifying, I wasn't ready to get involved this close to humans yet. The little girl stared at me for awhile then took off running. I really hoped she'd find her parents, I mean there had to be a helpful person here right? Park rangers or something like that right?

I turned and loped off into the woods, soon meeting up with Black. I licked and fussed over him, congratulating him for being the best mate in the world. I could keep myself from him, and crouched down to let him mount me trembling body, seeking the release of my fear in the hot passion of mating with him. He was so good to me, good to our pups, I couldn't be happier. Once he filled me with his hot seed we were off, and I could feel it warming my womb and belly. But I did hope I wouldn't become pregnant again, I wasn't a puppy making factory here! But whatever happened happened. Soon though I stopped, turning to look back toward the direction of the city, the little girl. I barked at Black who stopped and trotted back to me, licking my face, confused as to why I stopped.

I signaled to him that I wanted to stay here, though I'm not sure he entirely understood. And I knew he wouldn't completely understand my reasons. I just had to make sure that girl found her parents. And I just knew she would come back here when she did. I couldn't explain it, but just looking at that little girl I knew she would, that she'd want me to know. So I'd wait here with Black. It was alright, we could find a nice enough place to sleep, hidden from the more adventurous of explorers. I licked Black's nose in return and smiled softly, oh how I loved him and our pups. I felt my heart clench, realizing how terrified and scared that girl's parents must be. It warmed me more than anything to know that I could help someone, a fellow parent.

A few days passed as me and Black stayed up in the forest. It was alright, though our sleep wasn't always comfortable. Food was decent enough though it consisted of rabbit which didn't fully satisfy me, let alone my hunky mate. But I couldn't leave. I was going back down this morning, had to see if she had found her parents, I really hoped so.

So giving Black a loving lick I turned tail and raced down the mountain to the hiking path. I was coming within view of the parking lot when I saw the girl. She was in nicer clothes, but I couldn't miss her. There were a couple other vehicles in the lot but she was there, back to me holding hands with a man, I presume her father. I smiled, and took a few more steps down the well trodden path and sat, enjoying seeing this girl look up at her father and smile. He went around, leaving her standing at the rear of the car as he got in. It was then that she turned around. It was weird, we were a good distance away but I knew we were looking in each other's eyes. She smiled and waved to me and I arched my head up high and howled in return. But then I had to go as to not be seen.

I returned to Black quickly enough, my heart and feet light. We wrestled and played with each other a short while before taking off. Faster this time, though Black was still great enough to go slow for me. I loved watching him move from behind, his taunt muscles stretching as his fur shifted. It aroused me to watch his legs move with such fluid power and strength that I stumbled once, caught in my day time fantasies. When we stopped for the night I was upon him, arousing him with my tongue lapping at his sheath until he sprouted. Once that was down it was only seconds before I crouched beneath his weight and accepted his hard cock to fill my wet pussy. It was love, pure love as we coupled. His thrusts met mine, our bodies rubbing together his fur sending jolts of electricity through my body every time we moved. As we finished and his knot eventually slipped wetly from my hot, sweaty body, I rolled onto my back and licked his lower jaw lovingly. He returned my tender kisses with his own and rested his body upon me, making me happy to breathe in his scent.

I grinding my hips lovingly against his belly, loving the feel of his fur against my own belly and sensitive breasts, the nipples hard and throbbing with desire so bad I could even feel a little of my milk leak from them which made me blush. Black must have felt it to because he tucked his head to my breasts and licked the milk dribbling down both of them. I moaned and grinded against him eagerly, soon I would be in the throes of another orgasm if he continued. He lightly nipped my jiggling breasts and I cried, it felt so good! I started humping against him madly, my fingers digging into his back and sides, my tongue lapping on the underside of his muzzle, then his nose as he licked me in return. It was finally too much for me and my body twitched and arched in orgasm as I felt my

juices soak into Black's belly as we pressed against each other.

When my orgasm passed I curled around him worn beyond any day's running could do to me. But I was so happy and content as we nuzzled and lapped at each other's faces beneath the moon, slowly drifting off to sleep.

We raced each other back to the pack, nipping at each other tenderly. It was so much fun, running free and full out. of course I didn't have near the stamina or speed of my mate, but Black was loving and let me gain the lead a few times. Though I think he did it just to nip my butt, the tease!

When we returned home our family was waiting. The children came racing up to meet us, making me howl with joy for them as we licked and nudged each other in greeting. Cloud came out soon with the twins trundling along, adorable young pups! I touched noses with then gently and they licked my face, making me giggle. They were getting bigger and bigger, and I loved watching them grow. Black moved off, I assume to greet the alpha and his mate. I retreated to our den with the twins, curling up and letting them suckle and feed. It made me feel all "warm and fuzzy" inside like this. This was worth all the trouble of being pregnant, and giving birth. To curl up with my pups at my breasts.

Black returned, and the alpha female came by to greet me, licking my face gently. She...she always made me feel good. It was...weirdly enough, like an older sister. It made me nostalgic for my family, my own older sister and brother must be worried. I admit I hadn't really given a whole lot of thought to my family until now. But surrounded by my own family made me wonder. I guess I wouldn't mind seeing them again, but a part of me knew it just...it wouldn't work. I love my life now, it's complete. I know I hurt them but my family will move on. And I wasn't as happy back in the human world as I am here. Kaela and Brownie curled up around me while Fleetfoot and Midnight followed their father out, probably to hunt. Midnight was one of the best hunters in the pack now, which was great.

One of the other males in the pack was courting her, and I hoped she would chose well. I really believe she'd do better with a mate in position for alpha, but whatever made her happy was fine with me, that's what I think mothers are for. Supporting their children but letting them make their own decisions. Those comforting thoughts let me settle into sleep nicely with most of my family around me.

As time passed winter thawed into spring, and spring warmed into summer. Life was routine, except for some changes.

The first came when a drifting wolf stayed with our pack for a couple nights. Big and black like my own mate, though his muzzle was white. He was fierce and hunted for himself which was fine by our alpha's mind. The reason why this event was so noticable was because it was when my daught Midnight left us. She was the best of our pack, and I could tell she was itching to go off on her own, but afraid to. Then the solitary wolf came through, and before I knew it she was with him. And when he left, she left to. I cried when she left, what can I say I'm highly emotional sometimes and this was my own daughter, leaving me. But the wolf had the potential to be an alpha, which made our own alpha nervous, so I'm glad she picked a strong mate for whenever they formed their own pack.

The next big event happened around the beginning of summer. Another loss for my family, Fleetfoot left to start his own pack, taking the only other mated pair our pack had with him. It was a fond fairwell, and I kept myself a little more controlled, but over the next couple days I stayed in the cave with the pups and cried for my children who had grown up and gone on their own paths. The only thing I hoped was that I would see them again.



Our pack was smaller now, much smaller really. The alpha pair and their two sons. My mate and I, plus Brownie and Kaela and the twins Ari the female, and Raven the male. Then there was Cloud, plus another male. It was okay though, we did well as a smaller group. The twins were growing strong and healthy, with Kaela spending a lot of time teaching them how to hunt when me and Black wanted time to ourselves or to hunt. I learned to deal with the loss of my children well enough, mostly because I believed they were strong and would do fine. As such I rebounded and got back into the swing of the pack fairly quickly.

As we moved deeper into summer I spent a lot of time by the river bathing and cooling down. Kaela usually accompanied me, as well as the twins. Another surprise came about during this time of the summer. Somehow Brownie won Cloud as his mate. I really couldn't believe it when I saw them but...it's true. Before Cloud rebuffed my son almost daily for his attempts but ever since Fleetfoot left Cloud had been slowly giving in to him.

It was just a few days ago that I saw them together, beginning the motions of their mating. I of course backed away. I didn't want to intrude, nor did I really want to watch my son mate. But I was proud of him despite being surprised, and I congratulated him later that day for it.

The summer though, also brought me to a new threat. Not a serious one exactly but...well let me explain. A female wolf was passing by and came to our pack for the night. But the next day she didn't show signs of leaving, and instead was showing increasing signs of wanting my mate. I wasn't worried about Black straying, we wasn't showing any interest in the bitch but it still made me jealous, or just plain angry.

What made it worse though, was that she was all too eager to challenge me. At first it was just looks, maybe a sneer or two. But before I realized it, we were all around the central clearing and I was sitting protectively next to Black. Then came her challenge. She swatted at me and thankfully I moved quickly enough. But I was angry at her attacking me, and so gladly leaped into the open area. That's where I was now, circling this stray bitch. I wasn't entirely thrilled about the idea of fighting a wolf, but I had to protect my family. And this bitch wasn't going to have my mate, nor was she going to shame me in front of them either. I snarled, showing teeth and feinted a lunge which made her jump. I laughed to myself and started circling again, had to find a way, had to take her down.

She made an attack, diving for my front left leg/arm, but I jumped and twisted, tumbling over her back side and biting onto her tail. She whipped around but I moved out of the way. We continued in this circle for a few more turns before I slipped and she bit into my calf, causing me to let go of her tail. Oh man did it hurt! I felt the burning where her teeth punctured flesh but it was seriously deep and I raked at her face which made her let go.

I was limping a bit which didn't help me since she was really faster than I am. We dogged and snapped at each other, but she had drawn first blood. I kept getting fur, and had to keep myself from getting too frustrated about it. Finally I got the upperhand as she ran and leaped for me. I don't know what I was truly thinking but instead of dodging out of the way I rolled onto my back and flipped her over me. She scored a couple grazing scratches on my arms and right shoulder but she went flying overhead wonderfully, crashing down hard, stunned. I ran and was on top of her in seconds. She struggled but the flip had surprised her and she was slow to react. I clawed and bit and we were soon entangled. I felt her teeth score again and again, but I wasn't doing real bad.

We broke away at last though and I dropped down and kicked up at her jaw before she could move. I heard the connection, and she wobbled away before falling down. I stood, panting and bleeding from numerous wounds. But did I kill her? I wasn't sure, I had been so eager to finish the challenge, I hadn't really wanted to kill her. I took slow, weak steps toward her.

I stood beside her and lowered my face slowly, sniffing. There was no reaction at first, but then I saw a faint rise in her chest. She was still alive, good. I didn't like her, but I had no intention on killing a fellow wolf unless I absolutely had to. Instead I pulled back and watched her awake, her eyes opening and looking at me. She was afraid now, and rightly so I had beaten her though I wasn't in the best of shape, so it was close.

She gave me another look before exposing her throat to me and I bent down and bit softly. Showing my power over her, my dominance. When I let her go I made my way back to my mate and family with as much control as I could. My back was to her, showing how little I feared her. But to be honest if she attacked me I don't know if I'd be able to win. I was bleeding bruised and sore all over. My front leg hurt badly where she bit me, and all I wanted was to get to the nearby stream and wash off, then sleep.

There was no attack then, nor ever afterward. She whined pitifully and vanished into the woods. Black paced beside me and I leaned against his strong powerful frame gratefully. Kaela was on my other side. I didn't mind showing weakness now, it was over. By the time I got to the stream I was dizzy. Black came into the stream with me, and the water felt so good. I rolled around gratefully, but all too aware of the bites and scratches littering my body. Woozy upon my feet I collapsed by the stream and just couldn't move. Kaela and Black licked me gently, worried but I touched noses and licking them back for a kiss before laying back down, letting myself rest. It felt so good to rest.

I woke some time later, early evening I believe. Kaela was next to me, and gave a short bark in greeting. I smiled, standing slowly. I still felt a little weak but it was okay, I was better now. We made it back to the pack fine enough, but when I crawled back into our den I was feeling tired. I guess I had lost more blood than I thought or something. I laid down and watched the twins playing until I fell asleep once more.

Waking up the next morning I felt much better, more active. I took myself outside, the twins tumbling around my feet. I watched them lovingly, a tender smile on my lips. They were sweet and young, so playful. I hoped we would be able to raise them in a nice environment. I found the alpha female and greeted her. Her own pups were off somewhere else. I had drawn some real status now in the pack. Before I had simply been the mate of Black, bearer of his pups. And that was fine, but now. Now I had real status. I had power so to speak, the others looked at me and didn't just see another female. They saw a fighter, a strong wolf. It made me proud, especially when I saw it in the alpha female's eyes. It made me feel really good, elated.

Brownie was off with Cloud, he slept with her now. Kaela still stayed with us in our den though but she was busy hunting I think. Even Black was gone. It was strange. The twins were calming down, tiring themselves out chasing bugs and each other. I herded them back to the den to lay down, then took myself outside again. We were a tiny pack now, but it was nice and close. I missed my children but I knew they were alright, I was sure of it. And hopefully I'd see them again somewhere down the road so to speak. So for the rest of the day I spent wandering around the pack area, exploring a little bit. It was nice, a day to myself to just relax. The pups were sleeping the day away, it was good.

I lapped some water from the nearby stream. Chased a squirrel playfully, wasn't really hungry for food and I'd rather get something bigger than a squirrel anyway. It was strange having this quiet alone time. I hadn't been exactly alone since joining the pack. It was part of being with one, you're together, you're never really alone. And I liked that feeling. I hadn't been real popular when I was with the humans, maybe that's why I so readily went along with this at first.

I found myself lounging under the shade of the trees, thinking about before. I hadn't really thought much about my life. I had been so entranced, enthralled by Black. Consumed by my desire for him

that my previous life just fell to the side. Then getting pregnant was a surprise, and well everything else. I looked up into the branches and imagined what would've happened had I never wandered off into the woods. Gone back home, went back to school. Frustrated and depressed as I had been when I retreated to the woods in the first place. I thought about my family, how much I missed them, yet at the same time...they were like, part of someone else. Someone else's family not my own. I felt so disconnected from the world it was hard sometimes to recall those things.

I woke later feeling refreshed like I haven't felt in a long time. Full of energy and renewed strength. My arm was still sore and healing, but I was feeling much better. I loped home, finding my lovely twins awake and anxious for their mother to be home. I loved being a mother, being my mate's pups. I hadn't thought about kids as a human, it seemed so unreal, so scary. But here with the wolves it was natural, a part of life. I liked the tops of their heads and they tangled themselves in my limbs. They both stretched for my hanging tits thought, and I laughed, still momma's babies. I laid down and let them snuggle close to feed, relishing the feeling of their little teeth around my nipples, suckling my milk. Another thing I couldn't believe, how easy it was for me to just lay down and breast feed my pups.

Kaela came home and laid down nearby, watching me feed her brother and sister. Once the pups were fed they went to play with big sister Kaela who was amazing with them. She'll make a good mother some day as well, I know it.

As the days went by, we moved our pack to a new area. It was a lovely place in the woods. Nice and green with a small clearing to play in with the pups. They were growing so fast, moving on to real meat game. Kaela took them hunting most of the afternoons, while Brownie had settled down with Cloud who was now pregnant. I was eager to watch another wolf birth, of course I had gone through two of my own, but I still wanted to know how to do it right, like a real wolf. Black was happier than normal, playful even and I sure felt it. We spent time running through the woods, hiding from each other, pouncing on each other when we could. I lost most of the time though, I didn't have the wolf's senses.

The other day we were playing and I had crawled out from inside a hollow log, thinking I had lost Black. But once I was out he fell upon me from behind, the sneak! I felt him upon me, his rough furred body pressing me down a little as he panted against my ear, turning me on. He knew I enjoyed it when he did that, pressing down on me and panting in my ear. It all made me hot which is what he wanted. That was the game, whoever caught the other by surprise controlled the sex. I admit I loss on purpose a time or two, can't blame a girl for wanting what she likes. And as he slipped his hardening, hot member into my wet pussy I moaned and trembled. It was nice to let loose in the hot summer like this. Of course our play didn't help me keep cool but that was alright, I don't mind being hot and sweaty.

He railed my body hard, hot as he was it made him more aggressive during sex, which was also alright. he had been taking me kinda gentle up until recently. I'm not sure why but now that he was being harder upon my sweaty body, it felt so good. With his panting, furred body on top of me my hands dug into the forest floor, my body stretched and bending as I moaned for him to fill me with his seed. Of course I thought about getting pregnant again, but we had been at it so many times since the birth of the twins and nothing yet, so maybe I've just been lucky. Not that I'd mind bearing him more pups, I love being his mate and a mother, but half the time I've spent with my mate has been pregnant. And too be honest I'm a young bitch who wants to have fun once in awhile as well. So I let him go at my body with all he's got, and when he finishes I'm once again left twitching and weak upon the forest floor, cum running down my thighs, dripping from my pussy. It feels so good.

It was a strange time for me. I felt so light hearted and free. Free to play around with Black, the

pups, or just to go romping through the forest. It may sound childish but I loved playing around. Sure I was a mate and mother, but those responsibilities were light. Especially being a mother, the twins were growing well and didn't need their mother as much. To be honest they'd attached themselves to their big sister Kaela. She spent most of her days playing and watching the two. I felt a little bad, like I was shirking my responsibility but Kaela truly seemed to enjoy watching them. I think she wanted pups of her own, if only she could find a mate.

Meanwhile I frequently took myself off with Black for some romantic one-on-one time. It was great, hot, and just what I needed. Oh we didn't just have sex, it was more than that. We really got to know each other. Spending so much time together had deepened our bond as mates which I loved. Sure he was a wolf, and maybe not as sophisticated as a human but he still got me. It was a deeper, primal way but he got my needs and wants so well. This particular afternoon I was recovering from a hot session with my mate. He was a short distance away sleeping off the hot noon sun. I was panting beside the river on my back, worn out. Hot and sweaty myself I let my left arm and leg drape in the cool stream water. It felt so nice that eventually I crawled into the river itself for a swim.

The water felt so good, cold against her hot sweaty body as she paddled around. Dunking beneath the surface she popped back up and howled, feeling so good. She turned and watched Black sleeping away, even her howl not waking him. Poor thing he had worked so hard. She was still throbbing to prove it! After a little bit longer of swimming she was ready to sleep herself and crawled out, giving herself a good all over shake before stretching out on the back with a yawn. Now the hot sun felt good on her cooled skin as she slowly slipped off to sleep.

She was awakened by Black's nose nudging her breast. Sighing she opened her eyes and licked his muzzle in a kiss before getting to her feet. It was darker, late afternoon now, he probably wanted to get back or go hunting. So she followed him and ended up back with the pack. Sadly Black took himself off then, apparently wanting to hunt on his own. I was a little sad, but we had been together a lot lately so I was probably getting too clingy for a wolf's mate. So I relished in some time with her twins. Kaela went off on her own as well so she spent the time wrestling and playing. They were growing up and gave her a run for her money when they tag teamed her. Black came back to find the three of them in a tangle. She extricated herself with a throaty chuckle and went to nuzzle her mate. Food was here and Kaela returned to dine as well. After dinner they laid about, all of them worn out by their day.

The pack was moving again, why I'm not real sure but then summer was coming to a close so I guess we were moving to a new area for the winter maybe? I couldn't help but remember the horrible time I spent, me and Kaela, last summer and fall. I shook my head to clear my thoughts, following my lovely mate. The twins were keeping pace with me while Kaela stayed behind us to make sure the twins didn't go wandering off. No one wanted to be separated again. Everything was great, it was a warm day but a faint breeze felt good against my hot skin.

That was, until we heard a roar that I had heard before, one that I didn't want to hear again to be honest. It was that roar of a grizzly bear that made me freeze in place, trembling in a fear that I hadn't felt in so long. I couldn't move, just frozen in place and let out a low whine. Black placed himself in front of me, guarding his family, which was good because I couldn't move, couldn't do anything. The bear crashed out of the undergrowth, large and terrifying. Why it was being so aggressive I couldn't say, but I felt the twins cower against my side. I wish I could comfort them but I couldn't...

Our alpha circled the roaring bear, leading it a little further back from the pack. he was protecting us, but there's not way he could take down a bear, could he? I wasn't sure, but he was. The bear took a swipe which the alpha dodged then leaped on the bear, trying to get a good bite it. The bear

shook himself back and forth, and I watched the alpha swing from his back. Black looked like he was going to jump in but he turned back and saw us, his family and stopped. I admit I was so grateful for him staying. I couldn't believe my own fear of the bear but...it was so huge compared to me, so fearsome. I may have taken a fellow wolf but...this was a bear. So Black stayed and we all watched as the alpha was flung from the bear's back, getting to his feet and attacking again.

The battle went on and didn't seem to favor either of them. The alpha was good at dodging the bear's slower attacks, but the bears bulk and fur kept the alpha from sinking his teeth in for any good attacks himself. His mate stayed back and watched, I could tell she was worried by the way she stood. Cloud and Brownie were just ahead of us, standing together. It was quiet except for the growls of the bear and alpha. I wanted to do something, but still couldn't move, only watch.

It was then that the bear managed to hit the alpha, hard. He was on the bear's back and he got flung off and slammed into a tree. It looked painful, and I could hear the yelp. It was then that the bear raked his claws across the alpha, opening gashes across his side. I screamed, the blood, it was horrible! But the alpha still stood and attacked, getting a throat shot. He was swatted away shortly but the bear was bleeding, he had been injured. Instead of continuing the attack the bear roared and lumbered away.

I was still frozen, but everyone else moved to the alpha. His mated was there first at his side, and when I could move me and the twins hurried to see the damage. IT was as bad as I thought, he wouldn't make it. He lay there bleeding out, one of his hind legs bent the wrong way, broken. I turned and puked, his insides were visible. It was...I didn't know what to think. He was my alpha, no matter that I was a human, he was my alpha all the same. I didn't know what would happen...what would we do without our pack leader? This was a situation that I had never thought of, what would the pack do?

It was hushed, silent. We waited and watched as the alpha passed on. I felt sick though my stomach was empty. Black tried to comfort me and it helped...a little. But I was scared and unsure what would happen. As he passed his mate slunk off. It had been almost a day since I had seen her last, I wasn't sure if she would return or not but I wished she would. I felt...tight? My stomach, insides were all screwed up tight with apprehension. I wasn't sure how to deal with this. Not that I couldn't think for myself or anything, but this was my pack, my family. They needed an alpha, and I didn't want my family to just break apart.

The pack seemed uneasy as I returned from relieving myself. There was a tenseness about the area that wasn't there before. That's when I saw the young male wolf. He was large and snowy white mixed with grey. He had joined before we left our previous home, and wasn't a wolf I enjoyed spending time with. He was aggressive with the rest of the pack, the alpha had to step in on several occasions to keep him in line. Now I knew what was happening, he was trying to take over. I snarled, but knew it was beyond me to challenge him. One, females just didn't become the alpha, and this wasn't the time to challenge nature. Second, he was too big for me, I wasn't strong enough to take a large wolf such as him.

As I stood snarling at him from beyond the press of the pack there was a call from the other side. I knew that call and it made me halt my snarling as I felt my stomach clench. THE others of the pack moved away to allow room as Black stepped into the clear area where the other wolf, Rage, stood. Black was the only other wolf that Rage didn't mess with after the first time. He had tried to come onto me, and Black made it quite clear that if he ever tried something again he wouldn't live through it. Now though, now Black was challenging him for leadership of the pack.

I couldn't believe it, I never thought my Black would do something like that. I pushed my way to the

front to have a clear view. The pack had extended the circle, making a large area for the two to fight in. Both stood hackles raised, teeth bared. I felt the twins crowd beneath me, seeking comfort in the warmth of their mother. Kaela made her way to my right, giving me a lick of comfort. I wasn't sure how this would end, I honestly didn't but I cried silently for Black to make it out alive no matter what the outcome. He had to survive, I don't know what I'd do without him.

The young male, Aggro, made the first move.

It was quick, but it was premature and Black easily dodged out of the way, slashing lightly at Aggro's rear left leg. Aggro whipped around but Black was too quick and experienced, moving away they began circling again. I watched horrified. I knew it could go either way, I wasn't naive enough to believe that my Black was the best wolf in the world, nor the strongest. And I couldn't do anything. To even try and help would make Black look weak and thus unable to lead. He had to win on his own, but...but I'm his mate! To lose him now, I'd be lost. I may be able to survive on my own, but live? I hadn't cried in a long time, crying was an emotion or action that just didn't happen to wolves, and being among them had truly changed how I reacted. But I cried now, and howled. I wasn't the only one but I think I was the only one howling because I was in pain, I was sad.

Black was winning though, barely. He had scored light scratches and one good bite on Aggro's right front paw. But he was clean of any injuries himself. He lunged and the two locked in a snarling tumble, both trying to rip into the other with their teeth. I watch, my body shaking. I remembered my own fight, but for some reason this just seemed more...violent or worse or something. Maybe it was because it's my mate, I don't know. The twins were huddled beneath my legs, they understood on some level what their father was doing. Kaela was with me and that helped me gain more control over myself. I had to be strong, for Black. For my family.

Aggro broke away and Black fell back, bleeding from a wound at his side, Aggro's claws. I whimpered at the sight of him bleeding but Black stood his ground and snarled, taunting Aggro. It worked, the younger wolf was impatient and attacked. Black moved out of the way with only a mere scrape of the claws and twisted, burying his fangs into Aggro's right shoulder. The wolf howled in pain but I was happy, wanting to cheer. They twisted together, both kicking to claw at one another. Aggro tried to twist his head around but couldn't reach, and instead clamped down on Black's tail causing him to release. They went back to circling each other, wary of the other's moves. I still could honestly say I knew that Black would win, I wanted him to but I couldn't be sure and that scared me.

The sun was sinking, and both Black and Aggro were showing obvious signs of exhaustion. Every member of the pack was hungry by now, but no one dared leave to hunt. The twins fed from my breasts but otherwise during that time, I was avidly watching the fight. Most of the time was spent circling each other, sometimes taking swipes and half hearted lunges. Both were well matched, and something inside me felt that the next move would probably be the final one, and we'd know the victor.

Then it came, suddenly and without warning. Aggro had been circling closer to my mate when Black snaked around his side quick as a flash and tore at Aggro's rear right leg. It was a nasty wound and blood sprayed briefly. Aggro collapsed with my mate pinning him down in triumph. I blinked, it had happened so quickly, after such a drawn out fight, that it took me a few seconds to process. When it did though Aggro was exposing his throat in defeat and Black was stepping off him. I ran to his side, nuzzling and licking his face. He absently returned my nuzzling but then pulled away, growling at Aggro. The defeated wolf hobbled to his feet and left. I watched, overjoyed that my mate had won. I had been so worried yet now all that worry just drained away, leaving me feeling light and happy.

The rest of the pack seemed to accept the decision and I forced Black to move away so we could

have some privacy while I licked his wounds. As I finished I set about licking him to erection. I don't know why but maybe I just wanted to congratulate him. Or maybe the fear and adrenaline just needed an escape. Either way I coaxed his arousal and happily crouched down for him as he settled upon me, pounding my pussy hard and fast. IT was aggressive, more that we usually did, but we obviously needed to blow some of his own steam and who was I as his mate to argue? I loved his hard thrust, throaty growls against the back of my neck while he did his business. It felt good as his front paws gripped around my body while he shook me with his mating. My breasts bounced and my moans echoed in the darkened forests until I screamed in orgasm, clenching around his cock and the knot that kept me plugged. I wondered if I'd get pregnant again, and honestly didn't care either way tonight. All i cared about was that my mate was still alive, and that he'd won. He was the alpha now, and I was his mate.

It was amazing to think about. I mean it felt like forever but really it couldn't have been real long ago that I was wandering off into the woods after this pack. Then my first mating with Black, learning to eat raw meat, and now look at me? Proud mother of wonderful pups who are all strong and loving. And now mate of the alpha of the pack. It was a lot to take in, but that's alright, right now was about pleasure pure and simple. Once his knot shrunk and slipped out, I felt the familiar dribble of his hot seed down my thighs as we returned to the pack. It was time for my mate to do his duty.

Life at the top of the pack was interesting. All the other wolves defered to me and my mate. They even gave an amount of respect to my pups, it was all a little much at first. But eventually I learned to adjust to my new role as the alpha female. Of course my mate was the true leader, and he did his job amazingly well. It took a lot of effort to get the pack under his control, I kinda figured it was like this for every new alpha.

For myself, I had to keep the others in line as well, because my mate couldn't be everywhere. But together we worked wonderfully, as team we got the pack under a tight control as we moved. We were in a more open area this time, with only trees and bushes for cover which was fine because the weather was wonderful and we didn't need to worry about storms yet. I watched the twins playing around, marveling as I always do, how they've grown. They've moved onto catching insects and small rodents, and Black was teaching them very well. For myself I looked after them still, and took them on a hunt every now and then, enjoying the time I spend with them because eventually they'll probably leave as well.

*The End*