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Kyrene stared at her reflection in the ornate golden mirror, wrinkling her nose in disgust at the way the lacey white fabric hung on her thin frame. Granted, white looked wonderful against her deep mahogany skin tones and her long, wavy black hair, but the dress was loose and heavy. A four-inch-thick ribbon of white lace wrapped around her neck like a poorly-drawn scarf, draping over a flat piece of fabric that hung over her back and chest. The skirt was held up at an odd angle by her petticoat and the hoop skirt underneath, the quilted pattern offset by two large poufs on each hip. A fat bow sat right on her belly button, and the skirt only came down to her ankles, exposing the only good thing about the ensemble: a pair of glittering silver-and-white heels.

She couldn't believe she was meant to be married in this dress.

Kyrene was eighteen now, and as the only child born to Redd and Bellamy Marigoulde, she was being married off to a prince from a kingdom across the river. Yearwood Mulholland and his parents, King Graves and Queen Flora, were good rulers, but they were overbearing and intimidating. Yearwood in particular. He was a short, stout man, just a few inches taller than her - which wasn't saying much, considering Kyrene's petite frame - but he was aggressive, having cornered her earlier today in the halls of the castle. She shivered as she remembered the incident.

"Thou art so beautiful," he had murmured as he pinned her against the nearest wall. "Hence... bawbling and fragile."

Kyrene had looked away, flustered and nervous. She wasn't attracted to the fat blonde in the slightest, but their fathers' will was strong. "Do not, Master Mulholland. If someone sees us, they may regard 'tis improper." But they had been alone, their quiet voices echoing through the marble halls.

Yearwood had laughed at her. "So childlike! 'Tis amusing to no end, dearest. Yet thou won't be so pure for much longer." His lips curled in a greasy grin.

"What are thou saying?"

Yearwood had lowered his head, his breath hot and smelly on her face and his yellow teeth showing in a wider smile. "After this evening, we shall be married. Then thou shall be mine, and I fuck thou every night." Kyrene had gasped, gaping at him in offense, but he paid no mind to her reaction. "I shall be slow and gentle, so thou are sure of exactly whom thou belong to. I shall be sure thou feel it all, down to the last inch, so that thou ne'r forget that I am thy master." He touched two fingers to her chin, forcing her to look at him. "Thy maidenhood shall be so sweet to crush under the weight of mine cock."

Kyrene had been lucky enough that a handmaiden had stumbled upon them at that very moment, separating the two. Yearwood had bowed to her like he hadn't just been threatening her deflowerment in the most sinister, creepy way possible, and had fled.

Shaking her head to bring herself back to the present, Kyrene sighed and turned to look out of the window. She could just run. She could run away and never come back, and not have to be married to that brute. But another of the handmaidens entered her dressing room to fetch her for the ceremony, so with one last look in the mirror, Kyrene resigned herself to her fate.

The ceremony was such a blur. Redd Marigoulde's arm was tight around hers as he practically

carried her down the aisle. The crowd rippled with comments about her ugly dress, and how lucky she was to be marrying Yearwood. Her mother beamed at her from the frontmost row of the pews. Her soon-to-be in-laws glared, uninterested in the semantics of the union. Afternoon sunlight beamed in through the stained glass windows of the castle's ground-level church. Yearwood – the man who would be her husband in just a few minutes – grinned at her with a hidden malice that she knew no one else was privy to.

“We are gathered under the eye of The Lord today to bray out the union of Prince Yearwood Mulholland and Princess Kyrene Marigoulde.” The pastor's booming voice startled her. “After today, the Kingdom of Astrandia and the Kingdom of Clouden will be one, forever joined in...”

The words seemed to trail into nothingness as Kyrene turned just a little to gaze out of one of the colorful windows. She could run. Run away and never come back. But where would she go? Did it matter, if she was free? Did it matter where a trapped princess ran to, if it meant she escaped the fate Yearwood planned for her? She cringed at the threat he had left her with.

“Doth thou, Prince Yearwood, take Princess Kyrene to be thy wife, to hast and to bear...”

She glanced to her right, where the portly little man was standing proud and arrogant. She just knew his manhood was small, just from the way he talked and carried himself. She had seen the peasants around the castle changing and bathing and even walking around naked while under the influence of strange herbs and mushrooms. She knew what a real cock looked like, and she knew Yearwood was not a very well endowed man. The thought of him holding her down and sliding gently in and out of her made her sick. Did she really want this for the rest of her life?

“I do.” Yearwood's voice snapped her out of it this time.

“And doth thou, Princess Kyrene, take Prince Yearwood to be thy husband, to hast and to bear from this day forward, for better, for worse, for richer, for poorer, 'i infirmity and 'i health, to love and to cherish, till perpetual wink thou doth part, according to God's holy law?”

Something was wrong, and the entire church could tell. Her father held his breath. Her mother's eyes widened and she clutched her ornate necklaces to her chest. Flora and Graves Mulholland froze, King Graves's muscles tightening as he prepared to stand. The audience in the pews began muttering to themselves. The pastor stared. Yearwood shot an annoyed glance at her.

And under the disbelieving eye and shocked gasp of the entire church, she ran.

The Princess was never sure how long she ran for. She was never sure where she was running to. But she ran, shedding her heels as she went. The sun began to set just as she started to slow down, and she only stopped when she was certain she was far away from the castle, from the Kingdom, from everything. She stood for a moment, hunched, gasping for air, standing up straight just long enough to gaze around at the sun-dappled clearing in the woods she'd somehow ended up in.

Then she collapsed, exhausted.

The sun had gone down when she finally stirred; something soft and warm was nuzzling her inner thigh. She opened her eyes slowly, confusedly, and moaned softly at the sensation. Whatever was tickling her was sweet enough for her to lay back for a moment, still half-asleep, just enjoying the fuzziness of it. It moved higher, and higher, and though she knew it was sinful, the feeling was strangely arousing. More of the same touch traipsed over her face, her neck, her clothed breasts,

her stomach. Finally, the one between her legs nudged against her cloth-covered womanhood, pressing firmly against her clit, and she unconsciously wriggled her hips against it.

Then something hot and wet lapped at her cunt, and her eyes flew open as she suddenly remembered the events leading up to this slumber.

She bolted upright, startling the thing that had been teasing her inner thigh - a great gray head revealed itself from under her quilted white skirt, wide and pointed and fluffy. Two brown eyes blinked at her curiously, yellow teeth and pink tongue drooling as the animal panted heavily. More surrounded her - at least five or six - massive creatures that padded in circles around her as they observed the human that had chosen to encroach on what was ultimately their territory.

Wolves.

Kyrene's body began to shake, no matter how hard she fought to stay still, and her mouth went dry as she stared around. Every cell in her body told her to run, but she was frozen in place, terrified of what they might do to her if they caught her. She'd be ripped limb from limb, surely - and even if she could stand quick enough to avoid their gnashing jaws, she could never outrun these beasts. They were the kings of predators, built to outrun and outlast prey, and prey was exactly what she was right now. So she sat there, trembling, unsure of what her next move should be.

The one that had had his head under her skirt - the alpha, from what she could tell - stepped forward, sniffing her all over. It didn't seem to matter that he'd just been nuzzling her womanhood; he was getting a good whiff of the rest of her, his nose reading into her entire story. The princess felt so small compared to him, his enormous head like that of a dragon's, his paws each as big as her face. Terrified tears pricked the corners of her eyes as his wet black nose ghosted over her face, then her neck, her chest... The rest of the small pack watched intently, waiting for any commands from their leader.

Suddenly the alpha grabbed at her skirt with his teeth, and against her better judgment, Kyrene screamed at the contact. The other wolves immediately followed suit, sinking their jaws into the plush white fabric and shaking their massive heads to tear the dress to shreds. Had she been just a little more mentally stable in the moment, she would've taken notice of how careful the strangely-intelligent creatures were to avoid her delicate amber skin. They weren't interested in mauling her, only in getting her naked. The ugly dress was torn at every seam, and Kyrene did nothing but let the tears spill from her face, assuming she'd be killed and eaten if she made one wrong move.

Finally, they released her, and it took her a moment to realize just how exposed she was. Not only had they torn up her dress, but her undergarments as well. The scraps of her bustier and her hoop skirt lay around her, her panties ripped away like they'd never existed in the first place. She was completely nude in front of these beasts, and on instinct, she moved her arms to cover her small, perky tits, crossing her legs to hide her womanhood. Immediately, the alpha lowered his head and growled warningly, and Kyrene flinched, accidentally revealing one of her breasts. The growling ceased, and she covered herself again - only to be met with another snarl. These monsters wanted to see her, and the princess's amazement at their intelligence began to overtake her fear. She lowered her hands, and uncrossed her legs, the cold air of the dark forest immediately making her nipples stand on end. Her pussy was wet from the teasing earlier, and she knew she would need to repent for being so aroused by a dog.

The alpha stepped forward, bowing to sniff between her legs again. His breath was hot and strong on her skin, making her whimper. She wanted to close her eyes, turn away, but she was frozen, staring with wide brown eyes as the wolf pressed his nose to her neatly-trimmed mound, inhaling the

scent of her sex before drifting lower. Her body jerked as he touched her clit, sniffing lower still to get a whiff of her leaking hole. She was shaking again, but not entirely from fear, and the yelp she let out as his tongue lapped over her cunt was completely involuntary.

The wolf settled in, laying himself down with his front paws over each of her thighs, keeping her open for his tongue as he licked again and again at her pussy. Kyrene quickly dissolved into a squirming, whimpering mess as his wide, wet tongue explored her. She had never been touched so intimately, and the Holy Word claimed that oral sex was a sin, especially with such a monster of a creature. But against all that she knew, against every thought she had that told her this was wrong... it felt incredible. Each lick dug deep into her virgin hole, scooping up mouthfuls of her juices before dragging up and scraping ruthlessly over her clit. The movements were steady and firm, like the alpha was taking his time with her, savoring every taste of her drooling cunt.

The other members of the pack stepped forward again, lapping at the rest of her naked body, and Kyrene allowed herself to lay back and enjoy it as much as she could. Their rough tongues felt amazing on her hard nipples, the licks over her belly and neck sending shivers through her whole body. She was moaning now, quickly losing herself in the attention the strays were giving her, and there was a knot building in her lower belly that she'd never felt before. Was it because of the alpha? She was dripping uncontrollably into his fanged mouth, and her hips were bucking up against his tongue, as if her body instinctively knew what to do to earn her more of the sinfully pleasurable feeling.

Just a moment more, and suddenly she was moaning like the whores from the brothels near the castle, her body shaking as she came under the wolf's tongues. They licked her through the haze, letting her ride out her first ever orgasm as she screamed and writhed, only stopping when her moans faltered, turning into high-pitched gasping breaths that sounded like she was beginning to hyperventilate.

They released her, and she began to calm down, her head feeling fuzzy and her body feeling light as a feather. Her pussy was tingling so much that it took her a moment to roll over onto her tummy, let alone sit up and lean back on her heels. She figured it was time to leave - as much fun as she'd had, she was beginning to feel ashamed again, wondering if she could possibly repent for such a naughty thing. Perhaps, if they had been kind enough to simply taste her and make her cum rather than kill her, they'd let her return to the castle. They knew nothing of her dreaded marriage to a scheming prince, after all.

Lost in her own thoughts and the leftover daze of her orgasm, she didn't notice one of the pack members come up behind her until he suddenly jumped up on her back, his immense weight pushing her down onto her elbows, her ass presented bare to his fluffy hips. Kyrene looked around, panicked, and was met with a surrounding wall of fuzzy gray legs and long, thick pink cocks.

"Please, no! Free me!" she screamed, as if the beasts could understand her. "I shall not lose mine maidenhood to a dog! Lord, please, help me!" The wolf lined himself up with her hole as if he'd done it a million times, his cock slimy and warm against her previously unused cunt. A few loose, sloppy thrusts poked her clit, then her asshole, then her thigh, but the fourth one hit its mark, and all she could do was scream, "Someone help!"

Then the animal's fat prick slammed deep into her pussy, ripping away her virginity in the blink of an eye.

His weight kept her in place, perfectly angled to take his cock as deep as it would go. The princess could only lay there on her hands and knees and scream, sure that the beast would tear her in half

with his vigorous, powerful thrusts. He didn't seem to care about her pain or pleasure - how could he? He was nothing but a horny animal, oblivious to her screams and tears as he raped her tight little cunt. His dick was wide enough to stretch her walls beyond anything she could possibly imagine, and long enough that the tapered tip stabbed into her cervix with every thrust, sending sharp spikes of agony through her entire lower belly. She wondered if it was possible for him to breach her womb, and as his thrusts began to speed up, a terrifying thought crept into her mind: where was he going to cum?

Thankfully it was over almost as quickly as it began, and the question was answered - the wolf let out a low growl as his cock began to pulse, and suddenly Kyrene could feel her walls expand just a little more as he unloaded inside her. He pulled out of her, and the mess came drooling after him, pouring out onto the grass underneath her. She tried to move, but too soon, another of the pack mounted her, and she was forced to take yet another pounding.

The moon rose high as the entire pack had their way with her. Half a dozen great gray beasts slid their thick, heavy cocks into her cunt, and the princess was given no choice but to accept her fate as their plaything. Each one's load served as lubrication for the next round, until Kyrene couldn't remember a time when she hadn't been stuffed full of doggy dick. They made quick work of her, clearly more interested in breeding her than in any sort of pleasure she could offer, and as scared as she was... she began to enjoy herself.

Just the same as when the alpha was licking her pussy, her acceptance of her position gave way to an ecstasy a woman could only feel when she was being fucked like a true whore. Part of her mind drifted to her would-be fiance, and his threat to ruin her purity so gently, so delicately. This was far more preferable, she realized. She didn't want to be deflowered like she was something fragile. She wanted to be pounded into the earth by a real cock, something thick and strong and powerful. This was the perfect way to surrender her maidenhood, and her screams eventually turned to moans of ecstasy. Stretched to the breaking point, the walls of her pussy crying around each of the wolves' cocks as they fucked her and filled her, she let herself relax. The concept of sin, repentance, taboo, all faded away in favor of the intense euphoria of being ravaged by these beautiful creatures.

Finally, there was a moment's peace as yet another of the pack finished with her. She laid there for a moment, her ass still in the air and her pussy still dripping with dog cum, her eyes drooping from exhaustion and her heart racing. In her entire life, her petite little body had not felt so spent, and it didn't occur to her that the alpha hadn't yet taken his turn.

His cold, familiar nose pressed against her clit, and his warm tongue rasped over her torn and broken cunt, soothing the sting that came with such a violent loss of maidenhood. Some small piece of her registered that he didn't seem to be tasting her - he was cleaning her. He was making sure that when he mated her, she was his. Sure, his pack had had their way with her, but at the end of it all, she was the alpha's bitch.

The massive creature mounted her as his pack settled around them, his front paws landing on either side of her head, and she pressed her hips up a little to offer herself further to him. He slid into her with ease, and she gasped - his cock was thicker and longer than any of his pack, and it only took a few powerful thrusts before she was certain that his pointed tip was in her womb. "Yes, beautiful beast," she whispered as the alpha fucked her, "yes, fill me with thy seed... I wish to bear thy puppies. I wish... I wish to be thy bitch." Her mind had caved completely to the wonderful sensation of being used like a dog's little fuckhole, and she craved the hot flood of wolf cum like it was an addiction. As if he could sense her giving herself over to him, the alpha's thrusts grew stronger, his cock throbbing as she pushed back on him. She wanted him as deep as possible, aching to know what his load would feel like in her stomach.

Suddenly, she felt something even bigger pressing against her, something round and fat at the base of the alpha's cock. It felt hard and warm like the rest of the wolf's shaft, and Kyrene couldn't resist turning a little to see what it was. There, between her thighs, knocking right up against her hole, was the wolf's knot.

And it was massive.

Kyrene was sure she couldn't take it all. If the alpha's cock was already stretching her to the breaking point, his knot would surely be the death of her. On instinct, she tried feebly to move away, crawling forward just a bit so that his knot was no longer bumping against her hole. Her defiance was met with a careful but firm bite around the back of her neck, holding her in place as the alpha fucked her deeper, harder, until his knot was forced into the princess's ruined pussy.

She screamed in a seething cocktail of agony and ecstasy, certain that she'd just felt something tear to accommodate the enormous knot. Part of it bumped against a spot inside her that made her see stars, and the ever-relentless force of the wolf's cock ramming into her womb was enough to send her reeling with yet another orgasm. She screamed again, and the alpha let go of her neck to raise his head and release a rumbling sort of howl as he came, filling her to the brim with his hot cum. Kyrene was sure her belly swelled just a little with the weight of his seed, and though she knew it was impossible for an animal to breed a human, her dog-cum-addicted brain relished the thought of being stuffed full of her alpha's pups.

The two stayed linked for what seemed like ages, long enough that Kyrene was able to lift her gaze just enough to see the sun beginning to rise through the emerald-green trees around her. Had she really spent all night being fucked like a whore by a pack of wolves? The thought made her abused cunt squeeze around her alpha's knot, The giant organ kept her plugged full of cum, and when the alpha's enormous erection finally subsided enough to separate them, the sun was already casting golden streaks across the clearing where the princess had lost her virginity.

She rolled lazily onto her back, and the pack surrounded her once more, lying in the sun with her as they licked at their fluffy, still-oozing sheaths. The alpha laid himself right up against the princess, his head resting between her small, naked tits, his tongue lolling out onto her copper skin like a common housepet. He knew he had claimed his bitch - there was no need to act any tougher than he'd already been on her. Kyrene took a deep breath and closed her eyes to enjoy the sun as well, savoring the feeling of being surrounded by these strong, powerful, graceful beasts, her cunt still dripping a puddle of her blood and their cum between her thighs.

The search party never found the princess - only the remnants of her ugly old wedding dress, strewn across an empty clearing in the forest. They assumed the screams they'd heard all night were the screams of Princess Kyrene being mauled to death by the wolves that practically owned this part of the forest. They assumed her dead, and the tale of the prized princess turned runaway bride was used as a cautionary one. Stay out of the forest, the word spread, for the wolves may find you, and you'll never return.

Princess Kyrene never did return, it's true. She had no need to, not when returning to the castle meant returning to someone like Yearwood Mulholland. No, that was not how she'd be spending the rest of her days. She belonged to the pack now, very happily serving as the alpha's bitch for as long as she lived.