

On the edge of the forest sat a cozy little farm, surrounded by green meadows and rolling hills. A small farm house, quaint and simple, was perched atop a tiny hill overlooking the dozen or so pastures beneath its gaze. In the pastures below, happy sheep and their new-born lambs frolicked and feasted upon the rich green grass while a couple of old milk cows chewed the cud. All was well in this serene paradise, but little did the denizens know that danger lurked just beyond the forest's gates.

A pair of glinting orange eyes peered down towards the valley from a wooden shroud, a hunter stalking its prey. Tasty morsels danced and played before the hunter's ravenous eyes, a tempting feast that made the stalker lick her chops in baited anticipation. She would have to wait, though. Too much open space, she thought. She would be noticed for sure in the clear blue sunshine. The farmer would have her head mounted on a wall, like her cousin. She shuddered at the thought. Wait for the cover of night, she mused. Wait for nature's starry-eyed cloak. Then you will have your prize. Then you will eat. And so, she waited.

As night drew near, the hunter emerged from her arboreal visage and slithered her way to the pastures below. The moon was full, which befitted the hunter. The creamy brown-and-white wolf slightly resembled a husky from afar. The pale moon light gave away her thick, luxurious coat, as well as her thick, swaying mid-section. Pressing low to the ground to conceal her movements was a bit of a challenge as her gratuitous belly dragged along the cool grass. Thankfully no one was around to notice her; the farmer had gone to bed after locking away all the tasty treats the wolfess had spied earlier that day. No matter, she thought. She had her ways of catching a meal.

As she approached the farm's fence line, the hungry predator hunkered down for a moment to get a lay of the land. The pasture before her looked to be used for goats or some other small grazing animal. The grass had been chewed down to the very dirt in some places. The wolfess licked her chops, knowing her prey would be nice and fat. Just beyond the pasture was a large building, a barn by the looks of it. Tipping her pink nose to the air she could smell delightful scents wafting through the cool night winds. Then her amber eyes made out in the star light that the barn door was opened, just enough to allow a soft glow of light to pierce through. Perfect, she thought. She had her entrance.

The wolfess, though large and hefty, moved silently to the cracked born door. Peering inside she noticed a single lantern dimly lighting the inside. She could make out several other smaller doors, aligned in two long rows. She had never seen a livestock barn set up like this before, but her rumbling stomach reminded her of why she was there. The tubby hunter wedged her nose into the door, pushing it open softly. The door hinge, a bit rusted, creaked as it opened. The hunter paused, waiting to see if anyone had heard. Nothing stirred in the barn save for her growling hunger. She moved the door just a bit more, just enough for her wide sides to fit through the gap, and then she was finally in.

Kat moved silently down the rows of doors to her left and right. Occasionally she would stop to sniff the air for any signs of prey, or peak her eye underneath a gap in a door. The wolfess found nothing, not even a baby lamb to nibble on. Her frustration grew in proportion to her hunger, and she became desperate. Kat was in heat, and a nasty side-effect she was very, very hungry. She walked silently further into the barn, checking each stall. She smelled food, she knew she did; but there was nothing. Just as Kat began to lose hope, she turned a corner near the end of the barn to find a large stock pile of oats and grains in large grain bags stashed near the back of the alcove. At this point Kat was so hungry she'd seriously consider eating dirt, and thusly approached the grain pile.

Despite being a carnivore, Kat's nose was drawn to the fresh smell of earthy oats and grains. As soon as she reached one of the hefty bags her teeth sank into the pliable sack and ripped a sizable hole in side, spilling oats across the ground below. Immediately she started lapping up the grains, trying desperately to fill the void in her belly. She was so focused on eating that she didn't notice the plodding footsteps coming down the corridor, nor did she notice the stall door softly close shut. Her ears perked and her plump body froze only after she heard a deep voice behind her.

"What are you doing here?" the voice rumbled in a deep whicker.

Kat turned her head, a bit in fear, thinking she would come face-to-face with the farmer and his trusty Mossberg. Kat's eyes met neither denim overalls nor a 12-gauge barrel, but rather four gigantic, powerful legs ending in wide hooves. She traced the meaty legs up, swearing they were as thick as tree trunks. The higher she went the wider the body was, packed with muscle and supple bulging veins. Higher still her eyes climbed, past the body-builder like chest, past the wide belly, past the high, noble crest, all the way to the giant equine head looking down at her with judgmental liquid-brown eyes. The wolfess gulped.

"Well, I'm waiting?" the massive horse rumbled once more, eye brow cocked. The horse lowered his head and snorted gout of hot breathe down at the much smaller canine, making Kat bat her eye lashes. Kat stammered for an answer, her mind racing. She was a hunter for goodness sake, not the hunted! How could she let her guard down so easily, she thought? A soft grumble from her belly reminded her of her one greatest weakness. The horse must have heard Kat's belly gurgle as well, his head tilting to one side and both ears now focusing on the intruder before him.

"Hungry, eh? Thought you might find some tasty little goats to snack on?" The horse showed a soft smirk on his big lips, tinged with a devious after-taste. "You're in the wrong barn, sweetie. This is the horse stable; my horse stable." The horse grunted with a twinge of pride in his voice. Kat sank lower to the ground, her rotund belly touching the cool dirt, her tail tucked between her legs. The massive draft horse took a few steps closer, causing Kat's ears to fold back in fear.

"Oh, don't be afraid, darlin'. I won't hurt ya, unlike that farmer up in the house. In fact, I have something else in mind," the horse snorted, moving closer inch by inch with each heavy step. Kat gulped softly, her amber eyes wide. Kat inched backwards as the horse approached, her belly dragging along the floor. A deep rumble echoed from the horse's chest as he nickered, his wide tongue lapping out across his plump lips. It was about that time that Kat noticed what was swinging between the stallion's legs.

To say the draft horse was heavily endowed was a severe understatement. Even by draft horse standards, this particular specimen was a king among studs. Kat's eyes went even wider as she inadvertently stared at the meaty length, half-flaccid and jostling with each of the drafter's steps. The horse cocked an eyebrow, seeing Kat's attention shift to his weighty loins. He chuckled and smiled, this time a bit more warmly.

"Let's just say, little lady, I haven't had the company of a mare in quite some time. That's the downside of being a stud horse," the drafter explained, his equipment flexing out of reflex, "And from what I smell, you're just about ripe for the pickin'." Kat blushed softly beneath her downy wolfess coat. It was true she had been in heat for the last few days, but so great was her hunger, however, that she didn't pay it much attention; faced with the epitome of masculinity before her brought her burning desires directly to the forefront in her mind. Even so, Kat wasn't quite sure how a horse and a wolfess would, well, do it.

The horse nickered once more, voicing his excitement. Kat felt her insides grow warmer as the horse dipped his head down. His muzzle seemed even huger up close, his head alone nearly dwarfing poor Kat. Surprisingly, the drafter nuzzled along Kat's canine cheek; and even more surprisingly, Kat nuzzled back. She wasn't sure what was going through her mind – desperation, survival instincts, hormones, desire, or just some bad gas – but all she knew was that she was enjoying this massive horse's attention, and the horse seemed to be enjoying Kat's company quite thoroughly as well.

"Tell ya what darlin', you help me with my pent up pressure, and I'll let ya go without soundin' the alarm," the horse whispered in Kat's ear, "Though from the look a' things, you're not too ready to leave just yet anyway." Kat let off a canid whine, whimpering happily as the horse nosed along her plump cheek. The horse's pride began to swell, in more ways than one, as Kat gave in to his teasing attention. A good resounding slap from his equine member against his rounded belly made it clear he was ready to go.

Kat's eyes watched with bated lust, and a hint of apprehension, as the massive draft horse circled back around the hefty wolffess. Kat's belly pressed lightly to the ground by now, her heightened metabolism already making quick work of her meal. The horse nickered deeply as he rounded Kat's plush, full rear, taking in her scent. Either out of desperation or desire Kat's tail slowly raised out of the way, revealing her feminine wiles. The muscled stud behind Kat let off a throaty groan of approval.

Suddenly the horse's front legs dropped to their knees. Kat's eyes went wide as the horse's enormous weight fell around her. The lower bow of the stud's belly pressed down on Kat's widened back. Kat whined softly as a bit of blush crept underneath the fur of her cheeks, biting her lip in anticipation. Gone from Kat's mind was her insatiable hunger, replaced by an overwhelming need to mate.

With a steady thrust the horse pressed his stallionhood forward, the head of his mighty staff spreading Kat wide. Kat held back a muffled howl, not wanting to wake anyone, as her paws clenched into the dirt floor. The stud horse pushed forward, hips flexing as inch by inch his meaty piece sank into Kat's rotund rear. Soon the stallion hilted into Kat's backside, and moments later the horse began to slowly buck his powerful hips back and forth, sliding his stallionhood in and out of tiny Kat.

"I'm not gonna last long darlin'" the stallion moaned, head bowed down next to Kat's. In Kat's bliss she instinctively pressed back into the stud's fat cock, her body preparing for the inevitable. The stallion's breath grew quicker in pace, as did the size of his cock's fattening head, tying his body to Kat's. Both moaned and panted in time with the other as the stallion's seed built in pressure. With one last thrust the stallion hilted once more, a rush of hot seed spraying into Kat's womb. Kat moaned out, jamming her rear against the stallion as hard as she could, her body telling her mind she wanted every last drop of the horse's spunk.

The horse wasn't lying when he said it had been a while since he'd been with a mare, and it was quickly showing on Kat's plump body. Her already rounded midsection slowly but steadily started to round and bloat, puffing up like a balloon on a water tap set to low. Pressure increasingly built inside her womb as her body took in the torrent of seed bombarding the limited space. Kat's belly swelled into the floor, splaying outward over time as her sides grew and grew and grew. Eventually, Kat's gut had gotten so big her paws were beginning to lift up off the floor!

Kat's mind was awash with maternal thoughts. The growing pressure in her body, the stallion's massive bulk above her, the heat surging through her loins; all of it combined to send Kat into a mating craze. As her body steadily surged forth in size, she knew she wasn't just going

to walk away from this particular encounter, both figuratively and perhaps literally. The stallion's massive cock continued to pump gallon after gallon of seed into Kat's gravid frame, her womb already seeded and fertile.

The stud horse was even a bit amazed at Kat's progress as he was now able to stand up on his front legs, Kat's belly having grown so huge that her paws stood a good foot off the ground from her gut alone. The stallion nosed his swelling concubine, thoroughly enjoying his pregnant captive's company. He silently wondered how much more this little wolf could take.

Though the stallion's orgasm was beginning to slowly fade, heavy goutts of seed still spilled into Kat, her belly pulsing larger and larger with fertile seed. Her eyes fluttered in bliss, the wolfess lost in a lustful, maternal haze. The stud above grunted deeply as his seed dripped to a slow stop, his stallionhood eventually going limp. As he pulled out Kat's backside sucked shut. Not a drop was going to be spilled if Kat's body had any say about it. The stallion huffed and panted for a moment more, wriggling his way off Kat's massively bloated pregnant form. With a soft nuzzle to her cheek, the stallion stepped out of the stall, swishing his tail triumphantly.

"Thanks for that darlin'. You're welcome to stay if you'd like, though it doesn't seem like you have much of a choice," the gigantic horse winked teasingly, "I'll be sure to keep the farmer occupied while you get your legs about you. And feel free to come back any time." With a smirk and swish the stallion was gone. Kat panted softly to herself, speechless, as her body's reproductive systems went into full swing. She was carrying a stallion's foal, maybe even two. Kat's only thoughts then were just how much bigger she was going to get, and where she was going to get her next meal.

-The End