

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S WOLF

by
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Taking a last longing look at the contents of his monitor, the young man let out a sigh and pushed back his chair. Clad only in boxers, he was definitely no Adonis, but he wasn't anywhere near overweight either; just an average twenty-something in an average apartment on an average Sunday night.

About the only thing that differed from what the average college students would find normal was the decorations of his bedroom and the wallpaper on his PC's desktop: all of which depicted attractive furry females in provocative poses and varying states of undress. The wallpaper itself that he had taken that lingering look at depicted a black-furred wolf girl- no, more like a WOMAN. Surrounded by patterns of ones and zeros reminiscent of a couple recent films about cyberspace, she was wearing nothing but a warm smile, and had the body to get away with such. Warm brown eyes gazed at the viewer as she posed, hand on one cocked hip, while her other was firmly grasping onto one of her large, fur-covered breasts as she showed it off to the viewer, the soft pillowy flesh squishing out between her fingers hinting at her desires as much as the dark-blue tongue poking out, in the middle of licking her lips.

Turning off the lamp, the young brown-haired man made his way with practiced ease through the room, lit now only by the dim light of the monitor, and laid himself down on the still-unmade bed. A quick glance confirmed his alarm was set for tomorrow morning, and he found his thoughts drifting back to the various risque images he had been browsing but minutes before. "If only..." he murmured to the dark room, before closing his eyes to try and catch some sleep.

It wasn't long before he was lost to the land of dreams, his breathing deep and regular. He'd left the monitors of his computer on, as they were supposed to shut themselves off after a half-hour, but that half-hour came and went with no change in the wan lighting from the devices. Then an hour.

It was maybe two hours by the clock, when something extraordinary began to happen. It started with a blink, brown eyes moving as if to look at a room they should not even see. A dark brown tongue finished licking along long, lupine lips, and slowly, the wolf woman who had been just a picture began to MOVE!

Flashing a predatory grin that would have given her erstwhile admirer shivers had he seen it, she walked toward the screen with a saunter, then reached out towards the empty room. First one finger! Then two! A hand! An arm! Like a rubber sheet, the screen pushed out, then gave way to the huntress's body, leaving a blue afterglow as cartoon-like fur became real. Two dimensions became three as she pushed through what little resistance she found, and stepped out fully into what had once been a fully ordinary apartment. Once, but no more! Now it housed a mostly-naked human male, lost in dreams only he knew, and a huntress, a seductress that took every bit of sexuality humanity had to offer, and combined it with the wild and feral essence of the wolf!

Padding quietly over to the mirror her host had hung on the back of the door, the cyberwolfess regarded herself for a few moments. A head of shockingly purple hair still crowned her, her lupine ears poking out of the mess, swiveling slightly to catch the deep, rhythmic breathing of the male on the bed. Her head itself appeared more like this world's wolves now, but with the features softened with human-like features. Her gaze drifted lower, across the large D-cup breasts her viewer had so admired, her dark brown nipples already stiff and visible through the soft fur covering those firm globes. Further down, she found she had gained a little weight in the transition, her stomach no longer as flat as a board, but curving just slightly, enticingly down to the joining of her legs, and the sweet treasures hidden therein. And what treasure! She slid down a couple fingers, spreading her folds for but a moment- but that moment was enough to make her gasp as she felt the cooler air of the room against her heated flesh. Framing that were her long, muscled legs, covered in more of that silken, black fur, down to her clawed toes that she balanced on so carefully with the help of her bushy tail. If the man had been awake, his comments would have spoken for themselves - What a wolf! What a woman!

Tentatively, the cyberwolf took a sniff at the air, and her expression changed. Appraising eyes became needful, and the neutral expression she had been regarding herself with became one of hunger as she turned to the room's only other occupant.

Quickly, she stalked forward, moving with an obvious urgency, yet making no noise as she reached the bed in a matter of seconds. Taking a few minutes, she looked over the young man just as he had been looking her over hours before, her hands resting on the edge of the bed. Then slowly, ever-so-slowly, she reached over and took the waistband of his boxers in her clawed fingers. Carefully, she peeled the grey fabric from his slightly sweaty skin, dragging it down to his knees as her eyes sought the prize she had been seeking.

Those dreams he was having must have been pleasant indeed, as the young male prick in front of her was already half-grown, engorged with that life that creates life, the warm flesh, half-swollen with thwarted desire. With the cloth barrier gone, that male musk- that smell of a MAN- assaulted the wolf woman's sensitive nose, and a half-purr/half-growl of need slipped from her muzzle.

As her ears caught her slip, she froze, glancing warily up to see if her prey had awoken. A softly mumbled something came from his mouth, but only for him to return to that deep rhythmic breathing signifying how deep he was in slumber's grasp.

Sporting what could charitably have been called a smirk, the buxom wolf carefully climbed onto the bed over the sleeping male, straddling his legs as she settled down onto her shins. Sliding down the bed further, she leaned over, eyes warily watching the tanned youth's face for reactions as she lowered her muzzle to that half-swollen manhood laying bare before her.

Taking a deeper whiff of that scent, that masculine NEED, the huntress took a long slow lap along the turgid flesh, tasting his maleness and feeling the warm skin under her tongue as it throbbed and grew, the mushroom-like head swelling up before her eyes. Another long lick- then another - then

another! Using her tongue like the finest sculptor's tool, she shaped that growing maleness into a throbbing, rock-hard COCK!

If the young male had been awake, even he would have been surprised at what her ministrations had wrought! Like most average males, he had never had much thought beyond getting off, and as such he had seldom drawn things out. What he had seen between his own legs was but a pale shadow of what this cyberwulf had brought forth, though perhaps dear readers, like her, this effect may not have been completely natural. That thick, swollen spear of maleness was definitely no longer average, but a throbbing rod of male power that most women(and some men) in that town would be creaming themselves over!

Satisfied with what she had formed from the male at hand, the busty female wolf dragged her large, milky tits along the supposedly-lucky male's inner thighs, nestling that thick, swollen prick in their soft, velvety grip with a soft murr. Pressing her palms firmly on either side, silken-furred titflesh squished around that throbbing maleness and between her fingers, her upper body slowly rising and falling as she slowly fucked that wonderful piece of manmeat with her pillowy breasts.

Licking her lips slowly, the busty cyberwolf watched that thick cockhead slide up and down, framed by her black fur as it glided so wonderfully between her full, ripe tits. It wasn't long before she smelled the rich salty aroma of the young man's pre, her slowly-wagging tail brushing across her conquest's toes as she gave him a titfucking he would have loved- had he been awake.

If only one could look into his dreams at that moment - see what he was seeing in his slumber while the well-endowed wolfess he had fantasized about worked his swollen maleness with the utmost precision! Alas, that is not where our story lies, for better or for worse. Still, despite his lack of awareness, his body knew exactly what was being done, and she could feel his need, almost as strong as her own!

Releasing those milky tits, the cyberwolf woman leaned forward that bit more, and greedily took that throbbing, dripping cock deep into her maw, curling her tongue around the heated meat as she panted in want over his swollen flesh. Sliding her hand down, she slid clawed fingers around his slightly sweaty ballsack, feeling the orbs roll between her fingers as her muzzle rose and fell slowly on that thick male prick.

Her eyes snapped open wide as a loud groan came from the head of the bed, and a moment later, she felt that salty, warm spray filling her mouth - that sticky warm goo - that essence of life - that thick white cum that she had so desired!

Quickly, she pulled off, swallowing the load he had already filled her muzzle with. Grinning, she took that spurting, pulsing cock and milked it with both hands, guiding each strong pulse to splash onto her face and chest, marking those large black-furred breasts and her dark-furred cheeks with streaks of white. As the force, diminished, she lowered her lips to that dribbling monument to maleness and lapped up the dregs of his seed, swallowing it down like a kid with candy.

For some, that would have been enough. But not for this man, and not for this woman, this wolf! Still, she waited for several moments, gently gliding her hand along his swollen shaft, slick with her saliva and his cum, as she watched to ensure her prey had not awoken.

For a moment, he seemed to stir - imagine, for a moment, if you were in his place. Waking up, to find yourself at the mercy of a sexy wolfwoman, every bit the essence of femininity - your cock tight in her grasp, being pumped every so carefully to keep you hard, and her huge breasts and lupine face covered in your spunk?

But sadly for him, this was not to be, as a soft blue glow surrounded the wolf woman and the young human male, and within the space of a few moments he was breathing the deep breath of dreams once again.

Satisfied that he was asleep again, the cyberwolf huntress crawled fully over top of him, her stiff nipples dragging along the bare skin of the young man's chest as she brought her already-moist folds up in line with that wonderful dick she had been playing with. Ever so lightly, she started to lap at his chin as she rubbed that slick entrance along the entire length of his swollen cock. She could feel his heat against hers as she panted against his neck, her hot breath teasing the hairs of his neck.

Reaching down between them, she carefully took that swollen thickness of male meat, and angled it up against her honeyed entrance. Taking her time, she nudged the tip up against dark brown flesh, glistening with her juices, and slowly spread that waiting tunnel with his heated male tool, that towering spire of throbbing cock, swallowing it into her hungry body like a homeless man with a prime rib steak!

As she felt that shaft hilted within her, she gave it a gentle, welcoming squeeze, a soft moan slipping from her muzzle as she felt how it stretched her. Oh, how it stretched her! She had done her work almost too well, and that thick, pink shaft had pressed in all the way to her cervix, the thick cockhead pressing firmly against the gateway to her ultimate femininity, teasing the entrance to that achingly empty womb!

Rising up to rest on her haunches, she rose up, letting slip a soft growl as she felt the emptiness that wonderful human cock left behind as she drew it from her silken, slippery depths. The wet sucking sound filled her ears as her tight wolfcunt tried to draw it back in, but a moment later she was lowering herself back down, eyes half-lidded as she felt that wonderful sensation of that thick fleshy sword sheathing itself in her hungry lupine cunny.

Slowly she started to rise and fall, riding that thick maleness gliding so wonderfully between her legs as the young man slept under her. An almost feral grin graced her lips as he began to moan softly in his sleep, his hips thrusting upward slightly of their own accord, lengthening each delicious stroke of his hot, throbbing cock within her aching, needy body and quickening each rise and fall along its

wonderful length. This was what she had wanted - this was what she had come for!

It was not long before the cyberwolfess's body was practically bouncing on the bed as she rose and fell on that wonderfully swollen cock stretching her so wide, her slick honey matting the fur of her crotch and the hair surrounding that thick fuckstick she was enjoying so much. Growling her pleasure, she dragged her claws down the sleeping male's chest, leaving long red streaks as she fucked that thick cock of his, her body quivering as she surrendered herself to her first climax of the night!

If he had been fresh, it's a certainty he would have cum right then, pumping her full of his hot waiting cream. Recall however, that he had already spent one full load all over her- the thick spunk streaking the black fur of her large breasts, jiggling and bouncing with each firm thrust down of her heated body! And so she came again! And again! And again she came, coating both their crotches and the bed with her hot, sticky wolfjuice!

Every man has a limit, even still, and before long, her sleeping man was at the edge, breathing heavily as he tried to thrust back, lost somewhere between sleep and wakefulness as this sexy wolfess, this huntress of the night, fucked him as hard and as fast as she could!

It only took a few more moments before the young man cried out beneath the busty cyberwolf, his thick cockhead flaring as he erupted inside the needy, hungry lupine woman. It was all she had been waiting for, and she howled her victory as she slammed herself down, quivering as she reached her ultimate climax! Not just climax, but CLIMAX! Her world was encompassed entirely by her body, and the wonderful squirting-pumping-spraying maleness, filling her belly with every drop of virile, male seed! It was a moment that seemed a lifetime, and yet at the same time altogether too short.

As the torrent of that pulsing male essence, that thick gooey cream, trickled to an end, she collapsed onto the hot, sweaty body below her - and yet, the young human male did not wake to the panting wolfess laying over him. Still, time passed, as it will despite the efforts of many a folk.

Sliding herself off the well-ridden male, the cyberwolf patted her belly with a sense of contentment. The huntress had found her prey, and had fed well. For once, she was FULL! F-U-L-L! Now however, a glance at the clock told her dawn was approaching. Quickly, she pulled his boxers back up, their juices soaking the fabric as it covered his well-used manhood. A few long licks across his chest, and the long scratches of her claws had faded to small scars, as if days-old.

Sensing the sun about to peek, she dashed over to the PC, and lowering her head, pushed her way back through the monitors. A ray of light twisted and turned its way through the drapes, flashing across the tip of her tail as it vanished into the picture, three-D becoming two-D once more. Realism became cartoon, and she once more took up that jaunty pose as the monitors blinked off.

The alarm rang a half hour later, and a somewhat bemused young man awoke, feeling sweaty and sticky as he reached over to turn off the alarm automatically. Feeling the wetness around his crotch, he lifted the waistband and peered down at the mess below.

"That must have been one heck of a dream," he muttered to himself, as he let it snap back and slid off the bed onto his feet. Oh, what an understatement that was- if only he had known!

Walking over to the computer, he shook the mouse to bring the monitors back up to check the torrents he'd had running overnight. Satisfied with the progress, he turned to go grab a shower, but stopped halfway as he felt a slight sense of uneasiness. Turning back to the computer, he took a closer look at the picture he was using as his wallpaper.

"That's strange, I don't remember the wolf in this picture having cum on her breasts," he mused to himself. Giving a mental shrug, he turned to go find the shower, his dreams fading like dew on a summer's day.

And so, the average man returned to his average life of average things. But who knows, perhaps he will receive another visit from the cyber world. Perhaps there is another cyberfurry out there, just watching and waiting for you to fall asleep....