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## Chapter 8 “Things I’m Not Proud of”

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Beep, Beep, Beep, Beep! My alarm clock started its stupid obnoxious blaring scream. I wake up and looked at my clock, 5:00. Argh, I slapped the snooze button before I groaned out in protest. I grabbed the watermelon everyone called my belly, and I forced myself to turn over facing the huge warm wolf man snoozing comfortably in his thick furry coat.

He kept the house frigid for the nights, and the heat took a while to kick in. It was colder than usual this morning, or at least, it felt colder this morning. I wrapped my arms around him and rub my nose into his soft fur on the top of his chest. I can hear a deep protective growl come from his throat as he pulled me in tighter with his embrace.

No help here, He makes me want to stay and sleep in with him, every time I fell for it. Our babies were getting squashed and kicked at their daddy, which I scooted back a little before I end up rubbing his belly and scratching at his chest and vice versa. This is how I normally wake him up every day.

He gives a couple of big yawns and huge stretches then sprawled his arms and legs out completely taking up the entire bed. I am always awestruck with how massive of a male he really was, and I felt compelled to worship him. Listening to him murr and watching him relax brought me joy and satisfaction.

I love these starts to the morning, and I slyly reached down to touch his fat semi-erect cucumber where I began to stroke and pet it. It felt heavy and floppy but grew and firmed up the longer I stimulated him. He growled lowly, and he rubbed my back vigorously. I looked up at him, and he looked at me quietly with those intimidating yellow eyes of his. He reached over for our big bottle of lube, which I smirked as I extended my hand up for him to squeeze a large dollop onto my hand.

I warmed it up in my hands before I grabbed hold of his eighteen inch long werewolf cock with both hands as I worked him up and down his Pringles can. He was a little bigger than my biggest dildo, but his felt much better. Nothing could beat feeling his heart beating throughout my being. I could feel it beating through those fat veins running along the length of his meat. Just before I began to get a good rhythm going, Beep, Beep, Beep! He raises his fist and is about to smash my alarm clock into oblivion. I grabbed his arm and shook my head at him. "No! I'm not replacing anymore clocks!" I teased him.

He scowled at me and snorted, but I crawled out of bed. I felt the weight of my udders tugging at my chest. I looked down at myself a little disgusted at the sight. All I could see was my two sacks of fat ridding both sides of my ginormous belly like a saddle. My belly button had already gave up and popped out. There was no way that I am only halfway through my pregnancy. I already looked 9 months pregnant with one.

I stood up, and put my hand on my back. Today, I did not feel like crap, and I looked back at my fiancé with his huge missile completely out of its silo ready to launch. I knew he had another two hours before he needed to get up for work, but I smiled at him pulling up the covers. "Can you help me in the shower stud?" I asked him before I looked at his impressive hunk of meat with hunger.

He was very quick to get out of bed. I could not believe how something that large and heavy could defy gravity. He followed me into the master bathroom and held onto my hips as well as caressing me. I knew he was ready, and I imagined him stretching me out and ramming me. I had not had legitimate intercourse with him since Halloween, and I was going to surprise him with that much.

After I got the shower going, I grabbed his paw and pulled him in. I started things off with giving him the soap and wash cloth, and he lathered the soap all over me even getting underneath my breasts. The way he handled them was...amazing. He took their weight off my shoulders and played with my nipples. I could not control my moaning, and he chuckled evilly.

I grabbed to soap from him and intentionally dropped it. "Oopsie" I muttered as I bent over to pick it up. I went slow and stuck my huge fat ass up at him before I backed it up into his crotch. I looked back at him with a flirtatious grin spreading my legs making it as clear as I could about what I wanted him to do.

He reached down and grabbed me by the hips lifting my bottom half off the ground. I spread my legs out far enough to wrap them around his waist before he buried his eggplant in me. My nails scraped into the floor of the shower as I felt everything inside me being stretched and filled beyond capacity. It felt like I was going to tear apart, I gasped and gritted my teeth. "Oh fuck! Easy! Ow!" I shouted.

"Relax! You're clamping down on me!" He snarled as he pressed even harder.

I took a deep breath, and he got in as far as he could go. "Jesus! I forgot how fucking huge you are in this form, babe!" I told him before I looked down at my udders hanging down past my elbows. When he started ramming into me, my concerns were realized as my tits swung like a pendulum and kept smacking me in the face.

He chuckled at me. "I can always revert to a smaller size"

I growled at him ferociously. "No! You're going to fuck me and you're going to fuck me hard!" I raised my voice at him.

"As you wish"

My god he was so strong. My mind started to go fuzzy, as his thrusts were to my liking. "Oh babe, fill me up quick! Fuck me as hard as you like big guy! Split me apart!" I ordered him.

I bit my lip, and I lost my hold on the floor. I reached for the wall and he crouched down grabbing me underneath my armpit and pulled me up. All my weight was going straight into his pelvis, and I reached back to clutch onto the fur on his chest. He growled and dominated me. "Yes! I'm your cum bucket! Oh...finish me off!" I shouted.

I shivered as a tremor went through my body, but then the big one came, and I started hyperventilating. "Oh god! Yes! Oh" I shouted as I dug my nails into his chest and clamped my insides around him tight. My eyes rolled into the back of my head and lost all control of my body. I was shaking violently like a volcano ready to erupt then I squirted. I thought I heard him howl, but sounds were drowned out and distorted. Things started to fade to black and then nothing.

When I came to, I was lying on top of a towel on the bathroom floor with a human Randall looking at me awkwardly. "Wha...what happened?" I muttered groggily. I could feel the juices he coated my insides oozing and beginning to settle. My body was still out of control, and it felt like an ongoing orgasm.

"You passed out" he muttered.

"What? How?" I raised my voice. I thought there was something wrong with me. I never passed out during sex before. Luckily the orgasm began to wane.

"Happens" he said nonchalantly. From the way that he's behaving, he's had a couple of fainters in his sex life.

"Happens? Is this a permanent thing I'm going to have to worry about?" I cried out.

"Eh...it was just the position and maybe the intense orgasm you had" He said before he rubbed the back of his head and took in a deep breath. He sighed heavily before he looked towards the door. "You're mother's fine! Get ready for school!" he shouted at my children presumably waiting outside our bedroom door with concern.

My eyes grew wide. "Why'd you howl?"

He scowled at me and rolled his eyes. "I didn't...that was you who howled..."

I huffed at him. I never howled in my life. "That's absurd why on earth would I howl?" He did not say anything but stare at my pregnant belly, which I looked down at it and grumbled to myself, "Werewolf hormones!" He nodded and reached out to help me up.

"This isn't going to be a normal occurrence is it?" I asked him.

"Howling is going to be the least of your inconveniences" He said.

"What do you mean?" I asked before I turned towards the mirror. There they were, yellow eyes staring straight back out at me, and they were not coming from Randal. I gasped and reached up to pull my eyelids apart. "Holy shit! What happened?"

"You've been transformed since you woke up. It's not a big deal" He said lowly.

I turned and smacked him over the shoulder. "Are ye fecking shitting me! Ah have to go to work like this!" I shouted at him. I turned back to the mirror and tugged at my lip exposing my fang. "Shit!"

He wrapped his arms around me and rubbed my tummy. "Relax...getting yourself worked up makes it last longer" he said calmly.

I retreated back into his warmth and whimpered. I was scared with what was happening to my body but at least I was not alone. With him, I felt stronger, I could get through this. I let him tickle my arms and massage my shoulders. Whatever he was doing really helps, for when I opened my eyes, they returned to normal. I looked up at him, and he planted a very passionate smooch on my lips.

After I finished getting ready, I knew I was running late. I looked towards my beloved and snuck in another smooch. "Since you're up, could you make the kids breakfast honey?" I asked him.

He looked at me awkwardly before he laughed nervously. "What do human children eat for breakfast?"

I knew he was joking, but I smacked him in the arm anyway. "You know what they eat!"

He scratched the back of his head laughing at me as I turned and elbowed him in the rib before I left him to finish getting dressed. I broke and looked back at him laughing back at him while shaking my head. "You're such goofball!" I told him before I brushed a strand of hair from my face.

"Love you honey" He said with a devilish wink.

"Love you too stud" I told him before I walked out into the living room.

My kids were on the couch with Cerberus watching a show on television. They looked up at me confused, which I felt kind of bad for breaking the routine, but they had to understand that I am only human. I leaned in and gave them both a kiss, and I told them both. "Randal is going to make breakfast for you"

Jack gave me the most horrified expression. "Err, um...mom, I can just have a bowl of cereal instead?" he muttered.

I shot him one of my patented death glares. "He is going to make you breakfast, and that's final!"

"But mom! He only makes meat!" He whined.

"You're going to eat a proper breakfast!" I growled at him.

He scooted down the couch and pressed his back up against the end cowering in fear. Emily stared up at me, and I could only assume that I transformed again, but I was too pissed off to be bothered. At that time Randal came out, and he smirked at Jack. He laughed as he went into the kitchen.

"Mommy? Are you okay?" Emily asked.

I fell for that adorable face of hers, and I just had to give her a hug. "I'm okay sweetie. Randal is going to take care of you okay?" I assured her.

She nodded quickly, but Jack looked up at me quietly and gulped. I walked out to head to work, which I looked in the rearview mirror of my car and saw that everything was normal. Yes, everything was indeed normal. My students were their rambunctious selves; although, I did notice that the first time I raised my voice, they were quiet for the rest of the day albeit they were whispering. I was starting to like these new powers the pups have given me.

Everything that went right today went horribly wrong as the principal came into the classroom after I dismissed the class for the day. She seemed to be very worried and closed the door behind her. "How is your pregnancy going along?" she asked.

I knew she was beating around the bush, but I was going to keep my cool about it. "It's getting to that point..." I told her.

She sat on top of one of the student's desk, and she pulled out her phone. "What's going on here?" she asked before she pulled up pictures of me on her phone. I could not believe it at first. These were old photoshoots of me in my adult business career. Luckily they were of me in cosplay. I was getting very pissed at this however as I had never released these images myself.

"Wh-where did you find that?" My voice cracked.

The principal ran her fingers through her hair very upset. "Some Teenagers over in Thurston had these...these are of the tame ones they had" she said.

"That's impossible!" I shouted before I had a sneaking suspicion of what happened. "Charlie!" I shouted. I was beginning to tear up realizing that he was trying to ruin my life.

The principal looked at me with sympathy. "I thought as much..." she muttered before she put her phone back into her pocket. "I would suggest you take your maternity leave now...the board is starting an investigation" she warned.

I knew where this was going to go. I knew there were pornographic images of me out there. I was genuinely scared that he was distributing pictures of *me* to minors. Even if I did nothing wrong, my reputation and respect will be tarnished forever. "My life is over!" I shouted before I covered my face with my hands and wept.

The principal grabbed my hand and squeezed it. "It's not over. You are the best damn teacher in the school, and I'm going to help you fight it. The board has been trying to find the perfect excuse to have you let go, but I won't let them"

I went quiet, and I had a million thoughts running through my head. My babies started to go crazy, and it really hurt. I clutched my belly and winced, which I was reminded that I was going to be taking my leave soon anyway. "Okay...I'll start it now...while I still have it" I said although I muttered the last bit to myself.

I gathered my things and drove back home. Everything felt turned upside down, and things felt dim and dull. The skies were grey and threatening to rain, and the wind was beginning to pick up. I knew a storm was coming, and I did not know whether to tell Randal what had happened. He would know something is bothering me. He always does.

When I got home, my kids had just gotten off the bus and walked down the long driveway to our house. I forced myself to put up a smile and be cheerful, but I was tearing myself up inside. Deep down I wanted to turn back time and go back to this morning when she was at her happiest.

Cerberus came up to me and whimpered. Was I really that obvious? Or was it just canine intuition? I crouched down and grabbed either side of his head and smeared his face around playfully. "You know I had a bad day didn't you?" I asked him as he started wagging his tail.

Jack came inside and his head was drooped low, and Emily looked at me hurt. I looked up at them and my lips quivered. "What's the matter?"

Jack was hesitant to say anything, and Emily rubbed her arm uncomfortably. "Mom, what is porn?"

I felt my heart begin to hurt, and I froze not sure what to say. Jack would not look at me, and he was hiding the tears streaming down his face. "There's a bunch of teenage boys looking at pictures of you...and you're..." he said.

I balled my fist and shook. "Jack...I'm sorry" I said. I did not know what else to say. What could I say? Emily looked at me and sniveled. I gave her a big hug, and Jack did not seem to want to be touched.

"How could you do that!?" Jack screamed.

"Jack...I was young. Your father talked me into doing all of these stupid sketchy things" I muttered.

"I'm not riding the bus anymore! I don't want to hear about how hot you are or how huge your tits are. I don't like seeing them drooling over you and touching themselves!" Jack shouted.

Emily looked away. "Mommy...what's happening? Where did they get these pictures?"

"I don't know, but I know who took them" I told them before I heard Randal come inside. He looked extremely pissed, and he seemed to get angrier seeing our distraught faces. "Charlie started giving out pictures of..." I told him before he interrupted me with his very aggressive booming voice.

"I am aware of it!" He said as he slammed his backpack onto the solid kitchen table. "I'm going to hunt him down and eviscerate him!" he shouted.

Although I wanted him to do it, I thought about the consequences. I shook my head at him quickly before I rushed at him grabbing him by his thick muscular arm. "No, you can't! It will give Hans an excuse to kill you!" I pleaded with him.

He looked at me with murderous intent, and I did not know who was in control. I pressed myself into him and made him touch my pregnant stomach. "Please! Stay here with me and our pups. I don't want anything to happen to you! I might lose my job over this! I don't know what I'd do if you got killed" I told him.

He relented and wrapped his arms around me. "He's not going to get away with this!" He growled.

I buried my head into his chest and sobbed. "He's not" I murmured. I felt him grow bigger, and his shirt grew taught. He caressed my back as his clothes ripped. I looked up at him and smiled as I reached up and touched his face. "I love you so much"

Jack and Emily both sat on the couch petting Cerberus quietly watching our interaction. He leaned in and pressed his forehead against mine growling softly. "You're all mine" he said as he brushed the side of my face with his thumb. I reached up to touch his arm and moaned.

"I know..." I spoke softly before I pulled him closer. "I'm starting my maternity leave now"

He chuckled at me and muttered. "Oh, well at least I get to see you nesting and in socks"

I looked at him oddly, and I knew he was joking with me, but I still fell for it bait. "Don't you mean Barefoot and Pregnant?"

He scratched his head and raised an eyebrow pretending to have no clue about his intent. "Are you kidding barefoot? In winter? You can't even keep your feet off me in bed" he muttered.

I looked at him amused thinking I had a perfect rebuttal. "But you're so warm, you're way better than socks" I told him before I poked his wolf man nose. "I sometimes wish I could wear you all over the house" I told him.

"Heh heh! Wear wolf" Jack muttered.

Emily laughed. "Oh, I get it"

He closed his eyes and took a deep breath. I knew that he had been made the butt of a joke. At least he was a good sport with us. He looked up at my kids and frowned. "Get your stuff packed for a week" he told them.

They both looked up at him shocked before Jack shouted, "But why!?"

"We're going to your grandparents' farm...for Fangsgiving"

I thought it was a good idea for us to get away from town for a little while. I could only think about the gossip amongst the neighbors about my adult entertainment career. Later that day, we drove to Pleasant Hill where my parents' farm resided. The house and barn were on top of the mountain with a thick forest surrounding the property.

It was raining hard when we arrived. My mother was very happy to see us, but she only ventured shy of where the last dry step was on the porch. My father stood at the door with his arms crossed as he lit his pipe. Randall was not bothered by the rain and walked about in his t-shirt and shorts.

"Amen't ye cauld?" My mother shouted at him.

He popped open the trunk of his car before he looked up at her. "Not really" he muttered.

I stuck my umbrella out of the door and opened it. The rain sounded like thousands of people in a theatre clapping continuously. I was getting worried about Randall myself, but he already had all of the bags strapped to him making him look like a pack mule, not that he minded or cared. He was soaking wet on the top portion of his shoulders and chest area. His freaking huge muscles created enough overhang to shelter the rest of him from the rain.

I caught my mother staring at him like she was in a candy store. "Oh Raspberries!" she said to herself before she laughed nervously and fanned herself. "I can feel the heat from over here" she mumbled.

My father rolled his eyes and blew a smoke ring. My kids bolted off out into the rain to give my mother a hug, while I went over to stand by Randall holding my umbrella over him, which he looked down at me curiously. "You didn't need to do that" he said.

I smiled at him affectionately. "Of course I do" I said before I reached up to touch his chest. "I don't want all our bags to get wet" I told him, which he scowled at me annoyed before I stuck my tongue out at him playfully. He laughed and smirked at me gazing into my eyes endearingly causing me to feel all tingly inside and blush.

We walked together side-by-side, and once we got inside, he dropped the bags, which I gave him an annoyed look. "Don't you dare shake off the water in here!" I do not know why I said this, but he stared at me nervously for a couple of seconds.

"I wasn't thinking that!" He shouted quickly. He stood in front of the door as a puddle started to form on the wood floor underneath him. He started shaking and twitching like he was in a losing battle to fight his primal instinct.

I sighed heavily. "Do it outside stupid!"

He glared at me and turned to go outside, and would you not believe it, my mother with her impeccable timing, came out looking around. She came up to me nervously. "Where's Randall?" she asked. Before I could say anything, he came back inside, which she let out a huge sigh of relief. "Oh, Ah was wondering...just what exactly do werewolves eat?"

"Meat?" He muttered in confusion. He seemed weirded out that she would even ask that question.

She laughed realizing how stupid she sounded before she slapped his arm. "What ah meant to say was, what don't werewolves eat?"

"Mum, he'll eat anything...he just eats a lot"

"Ah um aware he eats a lot...Ah just dinna ken if he was a picky eater. Ah ran out of meat, so ah made a truck load of Spaghetti and Swedish meatballs"

"Nope...he's a real garbage disposer. Aren't ya hun?" I asked as I turned to look up at him and nudge him with my elbow.

He sniggered and scratched at the back of his neck while flashing his very sharp canines. "Yup, no food goes wasted in my lair" he said.

"Well...Ah hope ah made enough" She muttered as she slowly walked back in towards the kitchen.

I walked in behind her, and it took me a moment to register just what exactly my mother made. She had five gallon stainless steel pot of spaghetti, and a one gallon pot full of marinara sauce. Then my eyes wondered over to the huge pan filled with meatballs...and several the size of cantaloupes. "Mum! What that hell are you thinking!? He's going to go wild!" I shouted, but it was too late.

Randall came in and his eyes widened and jaw dropped before he licked his lips. He pushed Jack aside grabbing a plate which he piled on a half-gallon of spaghetti and drowned it with sauce. He dropped a few of the enormous meatballs on the mound of spaghetti. Jack glared at him, and Randall glared at him back snarling.

"What on earth just happened?" my mother asked.

"Alphas eat first..." I told her wearily.

"Oh...ye didn't tell me that he's food aggressive" She muttered as she watched Jack sit down at the table and reach over for the bread sticks close to the monster gorging himself. Randall growled at him ferociously causing Jack hand to flee quickly.

He looked back at me like I could do something about it. "Mom! He's doing it again!"

"Jack just grab the ones on the other side of the table!"

"But mom! He's being mean!"

"You know the pecking order!"

"He doesn't do this to Emily!" He protested as he pointed towards his sister dipping her breadstick into the sauce.

"That's because he likes me more" She muttered before he huffed.

"That's not fair!"

"You whimper too much!" Randall muttered before he pushed the breadsticks towards my son.

Jack looked up at him nervously, and he remained stiff as Randall locked eyes on him. My father sat down at the table and grabbed a bread stick. Jack watched gaining his confidence back and reached over. When his finger touched it, Randall made an abrupt roar frightening Jack. I could not believe that Jack did not know he was being played with.

My mother laughed catching on quickly. "Poor boy" she murmured.

After dinner, I looked towards my wolf lover, and he was sporting a distended gut. He kind of looked pregnant and cute rubbing that belly of his. That had to be 10,000 calories he just ate. It just made me sick just how easily he could burn it all off. He looked about ready to pass out, and my mother beamed with satisfaction. "We've cleaned out a spot for ye in the barn" She told us.

She looked at me curiously wondering if I had any objections to sleeping out in the barn. It did sound terrible, but given the circumstances with having a giant werewolf for a fiancé, there just was not enough room for him. Where he slept, I would sleep. My brain was hotwired into depending on him for protection.

"Thanks, mum" I told her before we left to get our things out of the car.

I looked at the car and shook my head sighing. "Hun? What do you think about getting a Van?"

He looked at me oddly before he looked back at his car. "I'm not against it" he muttered as he carried everything upstairs.

"Well, I was thinking about trading my car in for a van. You have good credit don't you?"

"Uh, I'm not sure. All my loans have been through my parents. I don't think I have a credit score" He said honestly.

"Oh...well could your parents help?"

"I'm sure they would" He told me.

In the barn, there was a special spot set aside in the corner in the hayloft were Randall inflated a couple air mattresses together. I started setting up the bed with sheets and tons and tons of blankets and pillows. He looked at me strangely before I grinned at him. "Just in case honey" I told him.

He shook his head and laughed at me. "You think one of them will get scared and run over here?" he asked.

I knew Emily was most likely going to be the one. She had been sneaking into our bedroom more frequently since Randall went back to transforming inside the house. She would always claim to be afraid of monsters. "I think you know the answer to that" I told him with sly grin.

He sat down on the bed and looked at his phone. "So tell me...did you stop doing porn after you left him?"

I blushed and tucked my hands behind my back. I looked over his shoulder at what he was looking at, which it was nudes and other erotic photos of my past. "Well...I..." I muttered before I took his phone. "I do have a website" I said before I put in the URL into his web browser.

I gave him the phone, and he skimmed through my dirty pics, videos, Q&As, and blogs and he chuckled to himself. He was definitely into it, but I could not help but feel a little vulnerable and nervous. "You have fans?"

I nodded slowly before I sat next to him quietly. "Have you done nudes before?"

"I have in some firefighter calendars...just don't tell your mother"

I laughed at him before I stood back up and spun around. "Would you be mad if I kept doing it? It's hard to pay bills with a teacher's salary" I told him.

He shrugged and sighed. "I'm not going to stop you...but you do know that I'm going to make sure they know you're mine!" he said with a dominant voice.

A shot of electricity went up my spine, and my knob tingled. "I might like that..." I said honestly. I had no idea just what he would do, but I had a feeling it would involve me doing a live stream and him completely nude walking in range. I kind of wanted to see the reactions in the comment section. Probably knowing that they had no chance would make me even more desirable; although, I was also sure that some would find him good to look at. I know I did.

I looked outside the barn at the pouring down rain, which it was kind of romantic being stuck inside with a handsome hunk of man wolf. "You know...I've always wanted to have a good roll in the hay" I told him.

He laughed at me and stretched, which I turned to push him back in the hay. He went along with it and fell back, and I climbed on top of him before I started rubbing his chest vigorously. "Wow, I'm a real lucky wolf" he said.

I grinned as I leaned in to lock lips with him, and he growled lowly as his wolf instincts kicked in grabbing me all over...all the right places. Lightning shot up my back and my nipples tingled as he ran his claws along my sides. He our lips parted and he nibbled my ear and neck. I had to push off his chest to sit up, so I could look him over. "I think I'm the luckier one" I muttered.

I unclasped my bra and let my boobs hang out. They had slowed down in growing but *still* going from a HH to a P in sixteen weeks was super freaky and very annoying. I reached up and grabbed my udders hefting them up. I got off him and looked down at him mischievously. "How about we agree that we're both lucky, huh stud?" I asked him before I started to give him a strip tease as usual.

I danced in front of him in an erotic way making sure to accentuate my fat buttocks and thick thighs. He looked at me with hunger, and he licked his lips. When I kicked my shoes off, I was beginning to have some regrets. The freezing air seeped in through the fabric of my socks. I paused and shivered, which he looked at me amused since I still tried to hide it.

I was already this far better press through. This was our intimate time together, and I was not going to let the cold keep me from having fun with him. I looked at his enormous bulge in his pants, and it looked absolutely delicious. He did his own act of seduction by unbuttoning and unzipping his pants. I bit my lip and felt more wet than the storm outside.

I slid my pants off, and Jesus it felt like I was a Siberian winter. I was shivering worse than a leaf on a windy day. This was not what I pictured in my head; however, when he took his shirt off, he was so hot that literal steam poured off his body. "Cold?" He asked.

I whimpered and nodded. I wanted his heat, and I wanted his meat. This was better than I imagined. I lifted up my shirt and bared all of my naked glory in front of him. My areolas had darkened and were bigger than pancakes, which my hands could no longer hide them.

I finally released my boobs making them drop and jiggle, and He removed the rest of his clothes and lay in the hay inviting me to come hither, which I quickly jumped onto him

and wrapped my arms around him. I planted many kisses over his chest and licked his nipple.

I could feel his heat and aura permeate through my body. It was intoxicating, addicting, and soothing. This was what I needed after a long brutal day. I moaned softly as I touched him all over. I shimmied up his trunk and lifted one of my teats to him. "Drink honey" I urged him.

He held my breast up to his mouth and latched onto my thimble like nipple draining me of the milk that burdened me. I closed my eyes and smiled while I reached down to give him a milking of my own. "Good boy...drink up" I told him.

After two hours, Randall plopped back onto the bed sprawling his arms out and panting with a pleased and satisfied expression. I still could not believe we did this twice today. I collapsed on top of him drenched in sweat, his cum, and my own milk panting heavily. I noticed that my nails had grown, and I assumed that I transformed during amazing sex was this going to be a normal occurrence?

I looked up at the impressive wolf man and smiled with content. "Honey?" I asked weakly. His eyes were closed napping lightly, but he was still caressing my back tenderly. "Are you okay knowing that your wife-to-be is a porn star?"

He laughed at me and opened one eye. "I ain't one to judge" he said before he scratched the back of his head. "Heh, I'm a very lucky wolf to have you choose me of all men to settle down with" he said peacefully.

I blushed and traced circles in his fur. "Well, you are best in show after all" I told him.

He transformed farther into his werewolf form and began to clean me up. His tongue was so warm and slippery. It felt his love and affection. Of course I should, I am his mate. Our moment together was interrupted by a loud commotion downstairs. Randall growled lowly out of frustration and annoyance. May god have mercy on their soul.

He quickly got out of bed and rushed down the stairs. I waited a couple seconds before I heard his voice boom. "What do ya think you're doing!?"