

# Suggestive Silence

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She awoke in a cold, clammy sweat. Clenching her teeth around a terse groan, she lifted a hand to wipe the beads of moisture from her face. Her nightclothes, such as they were, a loose, simple nightshirt and panties, clung to her body, making her feel sticky and uncomfortable. She pointedly ignored it, along with the sensations her body was desperately sending her.

She shivered, defiantly resisting the urge to slip a hand down her long, lissome body. The dreams stayed with her. The dreams she had been having for the past weeks, night after night, always the same. Every time she returned to wakefulness with more and more regret, and with a silent wish that she could stay that clung to her mind. She wished she could forget, but dared not try. They haunted her every waking hour, never leaving her.

She could recite the dream from memory. It never changed. She was running, always running, never getting tired, sometimes on her feet, sometimes on all fours. There were trees, thick and ancient, around her that she dodged nimbly around with unflinching confidence. She was chasing something; an image flashed through her mind, but she could never comprehend it. She just knew she had to catch it. Frantic desperation tore through her body.

She caught glimpse of herself as she ran. She was different, not herself. Long, powerful legs pounded effortlessly beneath her, oddly jointed, like those of a dog. Equally strong arms, tipped with wicked-looking claws, flashed through her vision again and again, sometimes helping her vault over an obstacle. She wasn't shocked at how muscular she looked, she felt unyielding, hard and athletic, but statuesque and feminine at the same time. She could see it on her. Her breasts, huge and ripe, far more so than her waking self, bounced on her chest with each fleeting step she took. She could feel her robust musculature tensing and flexing beneath her skin, feel the shape of her body. She didn't need a mirror to see what she looked like in her dream.

She was tall and curvy, unbelievable so, packed with dense, firm muscle. The movement of each sinuous bundle of strength, each breath she took, they resonated within her. She was strong, young; she had so much life to live, so much energy, she never grew fatigued. Her skin was covered in crisp, snow-white fur. It looked soft, a thin layer of inviting warmth stretched over her impressive body. She contemplated touching herself. She was sensitive, but that would mean stopping or slowing. Unacceptable. She ran on.

She could feel the forest around her like it was attached to her mind. It felt alive. It was *her* forest; she knew each of the uncountable trees like personal friends. Some she had even named, the biggest, strongest. It was always dark in her dream, but her eyes cut cleanly through the shadows. She could tell it was still dark, but to her keen eyes, the shadows were less oppressive. They, too, were her friends. She felt her ears, canine and triangular, quivered atop her head, hearing everything. The nose that capped her long, lupine muzzle twitched as she inhaled deeply, smelling everything. Her furred tail flicked behind her, ensuring she kept her balance. She was home, in her home, her domain. All she saw was hers, but she shared it freely with the others, others like herself. More unintelligible images flicked through her mind, her friends.

As always, her dream-self stopped, padding silently to a halt as she heard something. Fierce pride welled up in her, success. She crept through the undergrowth, bent low to the

ground, concealing her powerful form from her quarry. She heard it. It was breathing hard. She smiled proudly; she had proved herself stronger. The air was still, that would help, but frustration welled up in her when a breeze picked up. It was blowing in an unfortunate direction. She would be detected.

Tension tightened her mighty shoulders. There was no time. She needed to strike. A growl threatened to bubble to life in her throat, but she forced it down. Creeping as close as she dared, she tried to sight her prey before she leapt, but the brush obscured her vision. Determination crystalized in her throat and she made the decision. She tore her way free of her hiding place and launched herself teeth-first into her prey.

She clamped down on it, intending a playful nip more than anything, but immediately knew something was terribly wrong. This wasn't her prey. It was soft, small, weak. It screamed in pain, struggling ineffectually against the steely grip of her mouth. She felt... odd, tingly. Something had happened, and she spit it out, confusion burning through her once-confident mind.

And then came the most disturbing part of her dream, the part that left her squirming in her sweat night after night. She saw herself. Her dream-self looked on her waking form with numb shock. Her dream-self saw her with intrigue, and an interrogative whine bubbled in her throat as she watched herself bleeding on the soft grass, *her* soft grass. What was this creature doing here?

She couldn't answer that, and she sat up on her bed, resting her head in tired hands. She always woke up at the same point, right then. She knew what had happened afterward. She had screamed; the beast that had bitten down on her arm had whined again and sprinted away, tearing off through the brush. It had looked so huge, hard and muscular, shamelessly naked, hauntingly beautiful in a terrifying, savage way. She couldn't appreciate it at the time, and she had run, crying in agony.

By the time she had made it back home the only evidence she had been attacked was her bloody shirt and a persistent memory of the pain in her arm. She had tried to sleep it off, but every night she experienced her dual memories. She was the creature in her dreams, feral and wolf-like, until they had met, and then she became herself again. She hated it. She was obsessed with the experience of being that creature, that power, that confidence. She had been unstoppable, a goddess in her realm, never tiring, never flinching. The memory was intoxicating. She wanted to lie back down, try to get more sleep, but after waking up, she had never managed to get back to sleep. Those hours until the next sundown were torture.

Her arm tingled, the site of her injury reminding her of its presence, and she rubbed it thoughtfully as she rose from her bed to her dainty feet. It would be close to midnight, it always was. She had become practically nocturnal, relishing the night. She remembered the comfort the creature experienced in the darkness. Sighing heavily, she padded over the rough wooden floor to pace the length of the room; she wished for that. She wanted that for herself. She wished she never had to wake from that bliss. Her world was bright and harsh. She hated it, spending her waking hours lusting over what wasn't hers.

Her skin was slick with sweat, and she shivered, goose bumps rising to life, not from the cold. She ached, and it was only through the utmost of self-control she kept her hands from herself. As she walked, the fabric of her nightclothes rubbed over her sensitive skin, grinding over her stiffening nipples that stood out as two rigid bumps through her shirt. Why was she fighting it? She didn't know why.

Sighing in defeat, she lifted her hands slowly to run along the smooth curves of her cloth-clad breasts. She was ample enough, big enough to fill her palms, though nothing compared to the creature. At the memory of those big, heavy orbs hanging off her chest, an icy wave of lust rushed through her veins. She wanted that. She wanted to be strong and primal, the epitome of sensual savagery. She had never really thought about girls like that, but the memory of the creature's tight cleft sitting so perky and pretty between her muscular thighs, it made her wet. She *wanted* that, that shameless pride in her appearance, that confident assurance that she was perfect, the height of feral beauty.

The thought of the creature atop her again, this time slow and gentle, long, strong fingers tenderly rubbing her the way she rubbed herself through her soaked clothes; it burned in her. She imagined that her fingers, thin and clumsy by comparison, were the creature's, that savage she-wolf's. She could feel herself being touched, stroked, caressed; she practically vibrated with need. Her dream-self had known tenderness; she knew the wolf's hands could do more than rip and tear. They could be calm, affectionate, loving.

Her panties were damp with more than sweat, and she slid her hand down her lean abdomen and over her tight mound as she shakily lowered herself back to her bed. She gave her first vocalization, a short, needy moan, as she ran a finger around the perky bud of her cloth-shrouded clit. So sensitive, she was so sensitive. Each torturously slow movement was agonizing bliss.

She suddenly felt incensed that she had dared hide her body from her roaming fingers. What had she been thinking? She wasn't a picturesque specimen of gorgeous physical might, but she was thin, lithe, sexy. She had no right to hide from herself like she had. With a derisive snort, she pulled her shirt off of her torso, tossing it disdainfully away, knowing she would never wear anything like it again. She touched herself once more, this time skin-to-skin. It was rapture. The skin of her breasts shone with her sweat, making the pert, humble orbs gleam with the light that was filtering through the drapes. It was a bright night. It must have been a full moon out, hidden by no clouds.

Using a hand to cup her soft flesh, she gave herself a firm grope, squeezing herself in unforgiving fingers with another hot moan. Her legs shook as the hand she kept between her thighs slowly increased the urgency of its motions. She let herself fall backward, her shoulder-length, raven hair splaying out beside her. Taking a dusky pink nipple between unflinching fingers she rolled and pinched it, making her spine bend with her euphoria. She should have done this weeks ago. She couldn't understand why she had been so hesitant.

An impatient thumb hooked under the waist of her underwear, and she peeled the offensive fabric off of her crotch, finally baring herself to the wan light that seemed to burn at her skin. Her hips were wide and plush, and her rear was full and shapely. What had she been thinking, covering herself? Was it shame, shame over her appearance? No, she was beautiful, second only to the wolf that had mistakenly bitten her. Pale green eyes, silky hair the color of midnight, she was beautiful. She had cause to be nothing but proud. She wished someone could see her touching herself, watch her. She wished that someone would stand over her, look at her, touch themselves while she eagerly fondled herself. She wanted it to be the wolf. She wanted to see lust wash over that lupine muzzle, lust for her.

Lost in her fantasy, she felt phantom arms, capped with gently fingered hands, soft and warm with fur, take hold of her shoulders. She felt a rough, canine tongue lapping fondly over her nipple, felt lips press in, kissing and sucking. It was the wolf, she knew it. She hissed a hoarse whisper, begging for her ghostly lover to go lower, and the apparition, the pale white fur

she could only see in her mind, did as she pleaded. She mangled her breasts in her hand as she felt fingers and mouth drift further and further south, running over the clean lines of her abdomen, worshipping her beauty, her perfect form.

She squeaked in ecstasy as a tongue that was really her thumb flicked energetically over her clit, her body tensing in preparation. She had never wanted anything more, and she said so in a dire whisper, praying for the wolf to go further. When a thick, clawed finger that was really her own slipped effortlessly into her slick passage, she nearly screamed. Her head went back, the tendons in her neck standing out as she clenched her teeth, squeezing out nothing more than a guttural grunt. She worked the digit in and out of herself to the tempo set by the lupine figment for whose finger hers was a substitute.

She wished the wolf could see her, could know that her fantasy was for the creature, that huge, hard body, those voluptuous curves, that raw power. If she couldn't have them for herself, she wanted to at least have them to worship. She increased the pace with a wordless moan, grinding her curvy thighs together around her hand, wringing all the stimulation she could out of her supine position. Her nipples were as hard as perky diamonds between her fingers, her clit just as stiff as she brushed against it again and again.

Her release was explosive. The hand she squirted her viscous love-juices over wasn't hers; it was the wolf's. Her legs spasmed and seized around an arm that wasn't hers, slim and spindly, but the creature's, thick and hard, covered in fur she wanted to rub and stroke. She moaned out a name, a name she had never heard spoken before, but had heard countless times in the mind she occupied in her dreams. It was the wolf's name, and it was beautiful. Her fluttering womanhood clenched rhythmically around her pumping finger as she cried out the name, spurted wetly into her palm as she cried out the name. It was the name of her dreams, the name that haunted her.

Just as her shuddering climax peaked, it vanished. She whined desperately, shoving her finger into herself again and again in a desperate attempt to chase down her stolen orgasm to no avail. It was as if her clammy sweat and dimpled gooseflesh was a bucket of ice-water that had been upended over her body. She grunted gutturally. No. No! She needed this, and she raged for her release to return.

When it did, it wasn't as she expected, and her mind and body reeled as it struck her. She arched her back until it felt like her spine would break, snap like a twig under the strain as she threw her head back against her sweaty sheets, howling in sudden, overwhelming agony. It was horrific, the most terrifying pain she could imagine experiencing. It felt like her body was being shattered just to immediately heal so it could crumble again. Her bones were grinding themselves to dust just to reform and start the process anew.

Her mind couldn't function; she was trapped beneath her torment, a prisoner within her own body. To somewhere deep within, her thoughts fled in a blind, terrified panic. It was there that she felt it. Roaring through her beneath her pain was a purpose. The moonlight filtering through her drapes practically glowed off of her sweat-slicked form as she spasmed, her bones cracking and grinding constantly. Her flailing arms rolled her over onto her stomach so she could push herself half-up, her feet scrabbling for purchase on the floor to no effect.

Something was happening to her, and despite the heights of her torture, she wanted it, begged for it to overtake her. She clenched her teeth around her mindless outcries. She wouldn't scream; she wouldn't let herself. Her teeth threatened to crack under the strain, but she still didn't let herself scream. She wouldn't let herself fight it. She knew that if she fought it, it would destroy her, wash her away with a torrent of mindless agony.

She just grunted hoarsely through her teeth when she felt it wash through her body. Wide, awed eyes stared down at the arms that were bracing her against the bed. The muscle of her forearms writhed and crawled beneath her skin, twitching at it began to harden and expand. She gasped and whined, welcoming the agony it brought. Her skin threatened to split, stretching over her bunching muscle as it flexed without her command. The flesh beneath her skin burned as if it were on fire, and each fiery pulsation leaving her bigger, firmer.

The bones of her fingers crackled like a brushfire as they lengthened and her eyes bulged out of her head at the sight of her fingernails growing long and sharp, wicked claws that could rend and tear. She barely had time to register the change before her focus was robbed by the violent sensation of thousands upon thousands of tiny needles piercing her skin from the inside. She itched and burned as countless of short, fine hairs erupted unstoppably from her skin, leaving her covered in a coat of warm, soft fur that was a light, almost silvery grey that shined in the moonlight that was growing ever more insistent.

The pain briefly subsided, distracted as she was by the sudden alteration in her appearance, and she lifted a hand to brush vicious new fingers along her forearm. She was so soft, but so hard underneath. She could feel her muscle still twitching and heaving up against her fingers. Pulling a strained grunt from between her delicate lips, the fires of her transformation shot up her arms, and her biceps and triceps bulged against the inside of her fur, giving her thick, powerful limbs that looked to be capable of grinding stone to powder as her bones snapped and lengthened.

Her shoulders bunched in sudden, impossible tension that made it feel like her collarbones would snap under the strain. She gasped, nearly inhaling her tongue as they finally did snap, crunching to rubble a split second before her changes took advantage of the weakness of her body. Her shoulders popped meatily and throbbed wider, being blanketed with a thick layer of unyieldingly hard muscle. She laughed through her pain as she felt her ribcage crumple and swell outward, making room for huge lungs that would let her move with tireless efficiency.

She heard it in her voice, the change that deepened her chest, made her measly breasts rise on a tide of lean pectoral muscle. Her ragged grunts and pained whimpers were joined by another voice, deep and primal, that rumbled in her throat. It soothed away her fear, made her pain less acute. It was her voice, just as her old voice was hers. Her two tongues mixed, mingling and joining with one another as she moaned, feeling her meager breasts plump, swelling outward into her waiting palms, growing big and soft, supple and gravity defying.

She grunted the name again, crying out with her dual voices, unified and purposeful. The wolf had done this to her, given her this gift, intentionally or not. She reveled in the blissful agony of the fine bones of her delicately-angled face shifting and grinding against one another as her nose started to push out from her head. Her mouth and nostrils went with it, slowly stretching out into a tapered, lupine muzzle, full of teeth that she could feel growing sharp and predatory. Her hearing grew soft and muffled, the sounds of her body breaking and reshaping dulling for a second as her ears crawled up her head, growing long and tapered, triangular, canine organs that suddenly let her hear with even more stunning alacrity and poked up through the inky hair that fell to her still-broadening shoulders.

The metallic timbre of the voice that rattled in her throat excited her. She was already so powerful, and she didn't stop her surging, throbbing growth. She felt her waist thicken with muscle, supporting a densely mighty stomach, her abs visible through her fur as they flexed with each gasping breath. It still looked waspish compared to the breadth of her chest and shoulders, and eventually her hips as she felt as much as heard, with stunning anguish, her pelvis snap and

widen, preserving her voluptuous, feminine stature, continuing to coat it in a slowly thickening layer of lean, toned power.

Her thighs bulged as room was made for them to grow. They were already thick and shapely, but now more than soft womanliness gave them form. Hard quads rose to the surface, flexing giddily as they grew larger and more robust, and she loved every endless second of it, moaning and growling with the blissful pangs that rocked her frame.

Before her transformation could travel too far downward she let out an ecstatic howl, more rapturous than tormented. It sounded savage, rightfully so, deep and powerful. Her spine lengthened, bulging from her back with sudden vigor as a bushy, lupine tail erupted from above her thick, muscular rump, coated in a layer of soft, inviting fur like the rest of her. It wagged spastically; she felt no need to control it. It felt wondrous, the new limb. She welcomed its sensations, the air flowing through her fur as it wiggled happily just as the bones in her legs snapped loudly, robbing her of her breath.

She felt her joints shift and pop, tendons and sinew reshaping as her calves surged against her skin, becoming strong and muscular. Her ankle rose, bending her knees as her stance rose to her toes. Thick, tough pads bulged out from the balls of her feet, giving her something sturdy on which to stand. Her toes reshaped to allow her to carry herself on them. Her toenails sharpened as had the nails on her fingers, growing into curving claws that found purchase on the wood of the floor beneath her, tearing strips from the planks as she thrashed.

Her pain was nearly gone, the continuing throbbing through her form pushing her outward, bigger, stronger. It was little less than absolute, mind-numbing bliss. She let out a pleased growl at the wet popping of her tendons as she stretched taller, broader, endlessly powerful. Sweat matted her beautiful, silvery fur. She was so hot, her body practically vibrating with blinding need. Pain no longer touched her thoughts. The cleft between her thick thighs throbbed, aching deliriously as it too spasmed and grew, opening itself in her lust. She needed to be bigger, she knew, she needed her perfection. She would be able to take beasts into her, but she only wanted the wolf, those snowy-furred fingers on her body, teasing inside her.

Continuing her interrupted fantasy, she pushed a thick, clawed finger into herself. Her new hands were big and strong, but her shuddering womanhood spread around them effortlessly. She hardly had to imagine what the creature that had done this to her would feel like. She was already there. She could be that which she needed, the next best thing to the haunting, pale beauty. She would go hunting after her body was through with its transformation. She would find the wolf, find her, tell her how she felt. She needed to see her again, touch that ferocious, feminine form with reverent claws.

Another finger wormed into her, her still shuddering musculature flexing and bunching, growing slowly still as she pistoned her hand into her nethers. She got bigger and bigger, inching upwards, muscle hardening and growing to keep up with her; she was savage and athletic, huge and strong. Toned muscle surged and rippled beneath her sleek fur as she fiercely pleased herself.

Her lust fueled her endless changes, and try as she might to prolong her bliss for as long as she could, she felt her release rapidly approaching as her feminine folds shuddered and quaked around her fingers. It promised to be titanic, never-ending. She growled as she pumped her fingers frantically into herself. Her fervor grew with her. She approached and passed the seven-foot mark, putting on perhaps another couple inches and pounds and pounds of hard, relentless muscle before she threw her head back and roared a furiously triumphant howl, her mingled voices, musical and fierce, cried out in orgasmic relief.

Her quivering walls collapsed down onto her fingers and she violently stretched them again and again as her body pulsed outward one last time. She throbbed to her final, impressive proportions. Feminine liquids spurted fitfully into her hand as she wrung her bliss higher and higher. She demanded wordlessly for more, and her body eagerly gave her what she needed, making her shake and wail her rapture.

The powerful arm bunched one last time as she jerked into herself, letting out one last, shuddering squeal, deep despite the glee vibrating through her voices. Her breasts rose and fell in time with her frantic panting, her cavernous chest filling with delicious, sweet-smelling air. She was winded from her transformation, but was hardly fatigued. In fact, she felt full of a giddy, excited energy that tingled up and down her spine. She moaned hotly as she pulled her fingers from her loins and pushed herself unsteadily to her feet.

She stumbled as the weight of her new bulk settled on her paws. She was far more than strong enough to carry herself, but her balance was drastically shifted. Holding onto her bed, she straightened, slowly finding her equilibrium. It came sluggishly, but as her tail wiggled behind her, it slowly began to feel like she had stood on the balls of her elongated feet for her entire life, and she took a hesitant step away from the stability of her bed.

She grinned, supremely pleased with the result. She still trembled with the aftershocks of her relief, her powerful frame twitching as she looked down at herself. She laughed, her voices happy. The inviting globes of her soft-looking bust obscured the rest of her body, and she took a deep breath, delighting as she watched her breasts float upward and back down. She touched them. They were sublimely sensitive, and her stiff, dusky nipples, perky and firm, poked out from her silvery-grey fur.

She didn't really need to see past them, and they were wonderful to look at. Her body, every nerve, thrummed with sensation, pouring into her mind in a dizzying mix of sights, smells, and feelings. Her room looked small, and the pale moonlight banished the shadows to the corners. It didn't look dark at all. Her eyes had grown sharp. And she gazed hungrily around the space, eager for more too see with new eyes.

Her ears flicked at the sound of the slick fluid that dripped from her nethers, plipping lightly to the floorboards. She was so wet, so potent. There was so much of her. The fur on the inside of her thighs was slick and shiny with her released lust. An idea crawling into her mind, she took slow, experimental steps over to her simple dresser. It was so easy to walk. She was effortlessly graceful, not even meaning to move with a sensuous sway to her hips like she was showing off to a lover. It came naturally.

She picked up her most prized possession, a small, fine mirror, polished silver. It looked so tiny and fragile in her strong, feral claws. She lifted it to her face to she could look at herself. Her eyes, the eyes she had always had, expressive and pale green, looked back at her. A prideful hum buzzed in her throat. As she admired herself, she ran claws delicately over her muzzle, feeling the contours. She still looked so... alluringly feminine, despite having such an animalistic face. A wolf stared back at her, ravaging her with her own eyes. She felt so different, but still the same.

She set the mirror back down. She had just wanted to see her face; she knew the rest of herself intimately. Each muscle she could feel tense beneath her fur, eagerly giving her the strength she desired. She lifted her arm and curled it upward, flexing a bicep that jumped up against her skin with tight definition. It was so big, so strong, but lean and not the least bit mannish, despite the broadness of her shoulders, the power in her form. She touched her restless arm, feeling the muscle as she flexed harder pushing herself, feeling it bulge and ripple under her

fur. It was so erotic, and she grunted as she tensed herself, rolling her shoulders and curling her arms up behind her head.

Smiling with savage pride, she leaned her head over and rested her nose against her hard strength. The creature, the wolf who had given her this, had been even bigger, stronger; she wanted her to see what she had become, her stunning potential. She kissed her upper arm, pressing lips to her soft fur that was stretched taut over adamantine might. She couldn't help herself, the ferocity with which she worked her body against itself forced blood into her loins, and she heard more dripping as she got more and more wet, drooling down her legs.

She wished someone was there to see her, worship her; she wished her lupine sire was there for her to worship. She ran her tongue along her fur, tracing the taut, defined line between the muscles of her arm. She had been carved from stone and wrapped in a layer of welcoming softness. She had kept her raven hair. It contrasted well with the almost silvery sheen of her pale grey fur.

It felt good, thrusting out her chest for a phantom audience of one, rolling her shoulders and flexing her statuesque body. She had never been more pleased, so rightfully satisfied. Letting her hands fall to her sides, she balled her hands into fists with casual energy, popping her knuckles. It was all so easy, moving and seeing; everything was effortless. A hand went up to cup the ripe globe of her chest, flawless perfection, as a hand slid along her plush hip, untamed beauty, daring to be looked upon.

Sighing happily, she bounced gaily on her padded feet, letting her heavy breasts quake and sway in her hand with its sister. Before, her hands had no problem wrapping slim fingers around her modest chest. Now... now each luscious orb would not be contained by even her strong hands, so bountiful was her figure. Nipples, big and puffy, stiffened against her palms as she ground her hands into her bust with a light moan. It was just as effortless to tease herself. The smell of her virility, the fragrance of the thick fluid running down her legs, filled her nose. She was turning herself on. She was so much more than she had been.

She stiffened when she smelled something unfamiliar mingling with her scent, it was raw, spicy, intriguing, and stoked a fire that smoldered in her veins. It was new, nothing she possessed smelled of it. She turned curiously, freezing at what she saw. Her window had been opened silently, the drapes thrown aside, and standing in a square of vibrant moonlight was her snowy-coated sire, peering at her curiously through eyes that were a pale, icy blue.

The wolf took her breath away. The creature was just as beautiful and statuesque as she remembered. She was more than seven feet herself, but the chilly-furred beast was taller, nearly eight, and was even more robustly muscular, hard, savage perfection. Blinking, she realized that, despite being significantly smaller, she was curvier, fuller of figure. It filled her with dull, hot pride, and she thrust her chest out, presenting herself to her sire, eager to be gazed upon.

The wolf that had created her tilted her head with an inquisitive whine and took a hesitant step forward, toward her. Tail quivering, eyebrows lifted, ears folded back, the feral beast looked apologetic. She took her own step forward, matching her maker. She knew the cause of the uncertainty. The wolf was concerned; she hadn't meant to do this to her. It was a mistake. Sorrow was etched into her face. It broke her thunderously hammering heart.

Another step drew her closer. She had dreamed of this moment during her waking hours, day after day, night after sleepless night. Her wild visitor was finally here. She regretted only that the creature hadn't been there to see her shed her humanity. Words to soothe the wolf's worry wouldn't come to her throat; she knew not what she could say that would pull that distressed frown from a lupine muzzle.

She took cautious steps forward, carefully lifting her arm and outstretching it toward the wolf, who shrank away with a whine, taking a step back, toward the window. She jerked her hand away, halting her advance. Smiling gently, she shook her head at her progenitor's concern and, not knowing what else to do, she backed respectfully away and lowered herself to sit on the edge of her bed, her tail wagging excitedly behind her. She smiled more insistently; she had never been given such a gift. She was nothing but grateful. The wolf needed to know that.

Making sure the root of her rebirth had returned to watching her carefully, confusion more than worry pursing wolflike lips, she put clawed hands to her body, running along the firmness of her thighs, trailing up onto her packed abdomen, teasing along the outer curves of her breasts. Her lupine guest blinked slowly, inching closer and letting out an intrigued whine.

She nodded knowingly. This was what she had wanted, spent restless weeks lusting after, that look of slow understanding, the knowledge that the wolf wasn't blamed for her mistake, thanked for her gift. The expression on that savagely beautiful face shifted, relief relaxing away her worry, and she edged closer still with a bolder step. The reborn she-wolf smiled, pleased at her former assailant's awareness of her innocence.

Sleek, white fur came tantalizingly close. She could reach out and touch it, finally brush fingers against that tempting softness. It was only through a titanic exercise of mental fortitude that she managed to keep her hands on her own body. The spicy, organic scent of the bestial beauty before her filled her nostrils. It was delicious, and she gulped it down hungrily. Feet, a foot, a few inches separated the two. She could feel the heat wafting from the wintry fur in front of her, sweet, pulsing heat. She was sitting, towered over by a wall of muscle and feminine curves, so, hauntingly close to her.

She couldn't stop herself. Her head drifted forward, leaning in to rest her muzzle against the ridge of a tight abdominal. She wasn't pushed away, spurned, and with eager tenderness, she angled her mouth to press a gentle kiss against soft, velvet fur. She shuddered with a quiet moan. It was everything she had imagined, Silky, smooth, perfect. The creature moved with life, a soft heartbeat throbbing against her lips. It was more than she could have hoped for. When a tender hand reached down to brush fingers along her cheek, she shivered, her spine tingling at the long-awaited contact.

The wolf was as gentle as she imagined, touching and stroking her silvered fur with ecstatic affection. She leaned happily into the hand as her breaths shortened, her heartbeat quickening the blood in her veins. She ignored her throbbing need as it rose up within her. She wasn't going to miss a single opportune second to touch, kiss, fondly nuzzle against the object of her desire. Her hands drifted lazily up to let her wrap her fingers around a comparatively pinched waist, thick and hard with muscle though it was.

She pushed herself forward, putting more force behind her kissing. She let her lips and tongue roam over the ridges and valleys of a powerful abdomen, her breath hot against the fur beneath her mouth. The hand on her head was joined by its twin, doing nothing but touching, letting her move at her own pace. The wolf that rose up over her looked down at her, chilly blue eyes half-lidded, an absent smile stretched over her face. She smiled back, testing her limits, dropping her head a tiny fraction of an inch, never for a split second stopping her oral worship of the body that shifted beneath her fingers, swaying as weight was transferred from foot to pawed foot.

When the hands on her cheeks didn't tighten in warning or push her away, she let her lips fall more boldly, letting her hands drop with them, from a narrow waist to thick, womanly hips. Despite flowing down into strong, muscular thighs, the wolf's hips were plush and pliant, and her

fingers sunk into feminine flesh as her mouth approached what she needed with increasing insistence. The wolf smelled so strong, so endlessly, unforgivingly strong, and she was before her, finally able to lick and caress and shamelessly grope.

Her hands went around to take up a big, muscular butt in her strong fingers. There was so much power there, power enough to carry the wolf's heavy frame tirelessly for hours and hours, power enough for her to worship. She moaned. Her netherlips glistened wetly, and she could feel herself drooling onto her bed. She shoved it away. This wasn't her time; it was the time for the wolf.

She pulled away so she could see its perfection. Between furred thighs the color of fallen snow was the altar to her new goddess, dark, dusky pink flesh. She smiled, overwhelming pride tightening her chest. Desire had parted fleshy lips, and it pulsed visibly to the beat of a titanic heart, forcing blood through thundering veins. She had done that, she knew, made her lupine progenitor hot and needy. She smelled of the beads of slick moisture that had gathered there. It was the same aroma that filled her nostril, spicy, sweet, something alien and alluring.

Leaning forward slowly, she gingerly brushed her muzzle along silky, perfect flesh. She moaned again. It was so hot, so desirable. She could feel the wolf's lust throbbing against her face, and she moved slowly, giving her lupine suitor a smooth stroke with the top of her nose, grinding soft fur to equally soft flesh. The wolf reacted positively, moving with a slow roll of her own hips, reciprocating the gentle stimulation. The insistent fire that had been smoldering in her veins blazed to sudden, violent life, filling her with an unstoppable craving. Her creator was using her to pleasure herself. That was abruptly all she wanted, all she could imagine herself ever wanting, and she lifted her head to put her lips against the entrance to a hot, slick passage.

She was stopped in her tracks by a low, threatening growl that rumbled from above her. She looked up in shock, past a powerful, toned stomach, full, ripe breasts. The wolf frowned thoughtfully down at her. She whined. She needed this more than anything she had ever needed, beyond all bounds of reason and hope. Nothing else would satisfy her. She was starving for a taste of that heady fluid, and her mighty body would surely wither away to nothing if she didn't get it soon.

The wolf's look softened with understanding, and her growl did the same, growing soft and smooth, encouraging. She nearly fainted with relief. Instead she shuddered in excitement as her savage lover took her by the shoulders and pushed her slowly back until her frantically thrashing tail was trapped beneath her and her broad back touched the bed.

Her bed was too small as it was, now it was pathetic, filled by the breadth of her shoulders alone. She watched with starving eyes as the wolf sashayed, thick hips swaying to a phantom tune, around her bed to stand over her face. She shivered at the sight of the tight, flawless womanhood that hovered over her, and moaned in euphoric relief as trunk-like thighs flexed, lowering it to her face.

However, it took a turn she didn't expect when the wolf bent her knees further and leaned forward resting her weight on the bed, which creaked ominously, but held. A hard, powerful body, along with its soft, plush curves, slowly splayed out over her, muscle meeting muscle, legs framing her head. She moaned, louder this time. Her vision was filled with the sight of the bestial womanhood whose lips were slowly pulled open by legs that spread invitingly around her.

Before she could dive in like the raging inferno that roared through her body demanded, she squealed at the sensation of calm, probing lips touching her own loins, experimentally kissing and scraping. Her squeal cut off in a dire grunt as her legs quaked below the wolf's head. It was all she had imagined, so much more, so soft, so gentle, teasing and tasting. It robbed her of

all the control she had over her body. It was a miracle she managed to sink her fingers into the curves of the big, firm butt that rested above her. She squeezed with desperate strength, barely able to dimple the hard muscle.

She fought to reassert control over her spasming form, slowly, sluggishly forcing down her mindless desire. As she did, it condensed, blazing, to a burning ball that inundated her with wave after wave of scorching need. She looked up. It was waiting for her, open and inviting, pulsing visibly, oozing slowly more and more of that intoxicating fluid. It beaded, slicked, soaked, and eventually a single drop hung suspended before it fell to her nose.

Her world went white. With a snarl, she lunged upward, pressing her mouth eagerly up into parted folds, spreading them around her tongue, her lips. She tore into the wolf with ravenous gusto, starving, parched, tasting and slurping wetly. The flavor matched the scent, powerful and slightly spicy. She grunted, not letting the tension in her body slow herself. Her lupine lover accepted it. She could feel the muscle beneath her fingers tensing and flexing in time with the flicking of her tongue over a pounding entrance, a rock-hard clit.

The wolf matched her lick for lick, but was somehow slower, gentler, more teasing, more experienced, driven by a lower-burning need. It was glorious, mind-numbing rapture. She couldn't stop herself from bucking her hips up into the wolf's face, and she growled an apology. Her savage sire barked a laugh and pressed her own hips forward into her mouth. It was okay. She was new, fresh, unpracticed. The wolf understood. There would be time for finesse later.

She huffed and groaned into the slit spread around her tongue. She was tight, tense, close already. She ignored it. Her body would do what it needed; she relinquished her control, let her form thrash its bliss, focusing all she had on her creator's fluttering womanhood. Sweet, silky walls tensed and contracted around her tongue as she forced it into the clenching hole before her. She reamed it, savaged it, pleased it with as much force as she could muster.

When she came around the wolf's own tongue, she felt it only distantly. She dully recognized her tense spasming, the way her spine bowed under the fury of her release. She was so far separated from her body. She flailed like a wild animal, held down only by the unyielding muscle that lay atop her, which only made her bliss spike higher.

A gulf of pleasure, a slice of heaven separated her from her body. She was just a set of hungry, sucking lips, a rough, forceful tongue. She orally begged the wolf to cum on her, squeeze her tongue in rapturous euphoria. She needed it. She wouldn't be complete without being baptized by her creator's lustful fluids. Her hands frantically kneaded the muscle beneath them, pleading for what she required. She moaned out a wordless demand around her tongue, growling, grunting, as she ravaged the bestial lips above her.

She felt it shiver through the mighty form that was splayed out over her. It shuddered up from the tips of savagely clawed toes, quivered down from the tips of triangular, lupine ears. It shook through each muscle, contracting down between shapely, muscular legs. It exploded against her. Walls lined with frightfully powerful muscle clamped down on her tongue. A gush of hot, feminine fluid flowed freely over her muzzle, matting her fur, giving her the bath for which she so desperately yearned.

She milked it, drank it. She thirsted for it, and she gulped it down like the ambrosia it was. The loins above her humped her with bone-shattering force. Only the slight cushion of the bed beneath her head saved her from a powdered muzzle. She cried out, demanding more. She was so thirsty. She felt like she had never had a drink in her life. She needed more, and the wolf gave her more with an orgasmic howl that filled the room with its strength and desperation.

She scraped, loved, licked, worshiping until her bestial lover gradually relaxed atop her. They were both panting, spent, sated. They breathed against each other, moving slowly, affectionately stroking warm fur, white on silvery grey. She hummed appreciatively at one final lick from her lover and felt the wolf slowly peel herself off of her, gently rising to her padded feet to tower again over her. Lips peeled away from vicious fangs in a satisfied grin, and the wolf lifted thick arms over her head, stretching up, touching the ceiling, flexing well-used muscles in a display of primal strength.

Swallowing heavily, she looked up along the perfect body, a slow smile tugging at her own lips. She felt so fulfilled; the fires that had raged through her had been mercifully quenched, but she could still feel their embers, and knew that it would take no effort to stoke them back to life. The wolf sighed above her, letting her hands drop to her sides, looking curiously around the room, turning to inspect simple furniture, touching, exploring. She watched the creature inspect her life, and she felt suddenly uncomfortable in her own home.

Her snowy sire picked up the little mirror with delicate claws, peering into it with a caution whine. Claws touched an intrigued face, just as hers had minutes ago. A bushy white tail wagged happily; she was apparently pleased, and she gently set the mirror back down, returning to her exploration. As she watched, her powerful abdomen pulled her easily upright, and she raked her claws through her hair, brushing it back out of her face.

The wolf jumped at her motion, spinning to look at her as if her creator had forgotten she was there. Quiet padded steps brought the she-wolf close, and she once more found herself staring shamelessly at the strength on display in front of her. An icy hand, as gentle and encouraging as the pale blue eyes that peered fondly at her from above, reached down, taking up hers and pulling her to her paws. Their breasts squished together delightfully as their chests met. The wolf growled playfully, wrapping strong arms around her and hugging her close.

She whined, helpless to do anything but squirm gleefully in her muscular prison, but she froze when a savage, canine maw nuzzled her lovingly. A tender kiss was pressed into her lips, and the mighty arms holding her were the only things that kept her upright as her legs trembled traitorously. The meeting was brief, but euphoric, and as her lover's nose rubbed fondly over her snout, she moaned gratefully, returning the affection with religious zeal.

When the arms dropped, loosening slightly to run along her fur, she leaned hard into the wolf for support, her legs not quite up to holding her weight just yet. That seemed to suit her suitor just fine, and the hard body in front of her easily supported as much weight as she could lean into it. She was held, fondly caressed, until she could make her legs carry her again, and she slowly pushed away to stand under her own power. The arms around her slackened just enough to let her move, still wrapped warmly around her, comforting and exhilarating at the same time.

They dropped slowly, hesitantly, and the wolf stepped back, holding out a hand and drifting gracefully away. She took a step forward, following her, her fingers a hair's breadth away from touching the vicious claws outstretched to her. She focused on them, chasing the down, until she caught them. They latched onto her, pulling her into the wolf with sudden insistence, and she looked up at her lunar lover. The bestial beauty was gazing down at her, a silent question hanging, unspoken, in her eyes.

She looked up. She had been pulled in close. The wolf was leaning against her wall, a hand resting casually, meaningfully, on the sill of her window. The drapes drifted around, blowing in the cool breeze that wafted in from outside. Winter would soon blanket the land in snow. She hardly felt the chill through her fur. The sky, clear and cloudless, was full of a big, bright, full moon that shone lovingly down on her like a doting parent. She could see it in the

distance, barely visible on the horizon. The forest, huge, dark, and not nearly as menacing as it had appeared in the years she had lived in its shadow. An interrogative whine bubbled in the wolf's throat as she cocked her head, the question still in her eyes.

She rested her hand calmly on the fingers her sire had on her window, her portal to the outside world. "Yes."