

# Wolf Hunt (Anthro Wolf TFTG Preg)

**By FoxFaceStories**

## **A Commission for AI**

*Hendrik de Haas is a stern hunter clearing the nearby forests of what he sees as predatory vermin. But when an entity claiming to be a powerful Canine God prevents him from killing a wolf, he finds himself transformed into a female anthro-wolf as punishment, stuck in a world where such creatures are rare. And worse, the new female is in the presence of an alpha, and her body is in heat.*

## **Wolf Hunt**

The Soul of Canines was barking mad, literally. It had existed for eons, sprinting and panting from world to world, ensuring that its many charges were safe in their populations, spreading where they may and able to run free across the world to hunt. It was a wild spirit, a god in many ways, though it did not think of itself as such. It was far too wild to be constrained by any strictures or scriptures of worship, and frankly didn't want them anyway. All it demanded was that its many children spread across their respective worlds, remaining true to their instincts: sharp, capable, and subordinate to no one.

And then it had been insubordinate itself. It had roamed across the stars, running through dimensions, fleeing any responsibilities that other great spirits would dare try to bound it to. The God of Eagles scoffed and cawed, and the great Elephant Spirit said it would never forget such insolence. Worst of all, the ever-changing and lazy spirit of the Cat God - the Soul of Canines' worst enemy - had simply laughed haughtily and said, "well, more victory to the cats, then."

But the Soul of Canines was obstinate. It laughed in the face of the Cat God. It did enjoy laughing. There was a reason it had invented hyenas, after all. It had bared its many teeth, growled and scampered, and headed to unheard of reaches of the distant-most lands. And it had seen such astonishing sights. It had hunted such strange creatures. It had tasted such fine flesh, and played such terrific games. It was boundless in energy, and so these far places suited it. It had spent long years doing nothing but laughing and cackling at the sheer madness and brilliance of creation.

Then it had returned, and looked in horror at the worlds it returned to. Its mightiest creatures were the wolves, the foxes, the dingoes and the coyotes. But everywhere it looked, such creatures were diminished, even made extinct. It hadn't been so long since it was gone, had it? It barked, howled, growled, and scraped its sharp claws across the dimensional barriers, finding this problem in world after world after world. Everywhere it

went, its mighty charges were reduced. Hunted. Tamed. Trained. Bred into amusing little sizes by humans and other creatures.

“What did you expect, Dog God?” the Cat God said with amusement when it lounged in the Soul of Canines’ presence. “You went away, and now all your little doggies are nice and collared. At least some mighty cats remain, and even the domesticated variants retain their stubbornness. Your kind have been hunted where they could not be *trained*. And the trained ones are so eager to be collared. So eager to *please*.”

The Soul of Canines was beyond words. It barked so loudly that the Cat God retreated. But the entity’s frustrations did not end, nor its incredible fury. It was maddened, humiliated, scorned. It searched across time and space for the problem, and saw the hunters that had killed its wolf populations in scores across the ages it had been gone. It laughed, but not in an amused way. In the maddened fashion of the insane.

It was then that it formed an idea. The Cat God, vile as that lazy creature could be, had been having some fun lately with some humans. Changing them in order to help resuscitate its population. Well, now it was the Soul of Canines’ turn. It had a good idea of the kind of person it wanted to punish, too. It laughed all the way to the Netherlands.

\*\*\*

Henrik de Haas hated wolves. Detested them. Over a hundred and forty years ago, wolves had been successfully eradicated from Dutch land, and now, to his incredible anger, they had returned. Oh, the environmentalists said it was just a seasonal migration. Oh, the hippy conservationists said it was good; a species finally returning where they had once been vanquished. Oh, the government said it was just small numbers, all of them protected, no harm at all.

Not in his perspective.

Fewer numbers or not, endangered or not, they had been a plague on his farm, and more than one chicken and sheep had been snatched away in the night, no matter how much he beefed up the competition. And yes, the government compensated him, but that was hardly the point. He didn’t care if they were migrating away. He cared that they were *here* and in his way. In everyone’s way, as far as he was concerned. There was a small town nearby, and while he generally preferred to be by himself and take in the ambience of the forest, he couldn’t do that knowing that there were wolves threatening his lifestyle, and those who lived in the town. He had never forgotten the wolf attack he experienced when he was just eight years old, the one that had left him with the claw mark across his left eye and down onto his cheek.

It had been during a particularly cold August. His father had been around then, and his mother had died the year before. They were hunting pheasant and hare, some of the few creatures left to hunt in the country, and enjoying the relaxing nature of the wilds. His father had loved the wilds.

“I think there’s a couple of hare up ahead, son,” he’d said. “You circle around that way; keep out of my line of sight. Make a noise and bring them across from the left. I’ll have a good target without all the trees in the way.”

Henrik had obeyed dutifully. He had no rifle of his own, of course, but his father had let him hold his more than once. So he circled around, moving as quietly as he could in order not to scare the hare in the wrong direction.

And that’s when he saw it, for just a moment: a great mass of grey and white hair, larger than he was, looking right at him with pale blue eyes. It didn’t make a sound: predators didn’t make sounds when they were on the hunt. Instead, it simply bounded forward from the treeline. Henrik gave a single yelp before he was overwhelmed by the creature. It nipped and bit and scratched at him, shredding his clothes in an animalistic fury.

“Help me! Father! H-Help me!”

The wolf was powerful. It knocked him down again, bit savagely into his arm and tore at the flesh. He smacked the beast just once, and in response it clawed him across the eye. He was terrified that he’d lost it. He was more terrified that he was going to die.

A shot rang out, and the wolf shrieked. It leapt back, stumbling a little from the shot in its side. And then before his father could fire another one, it ran back into the forest. His father had run to Henrik’s side, and Henrik would never forget the terror he saw in his father’s eyes.

“It’s okay, I’ve got you! I’ve got you!”

He hadn’t been in danger of dying, but he had nearly lost the arm. Even to this day, it didn’t move quite right, and was painfully stiff in winter. And ever since then, he had hated wolves, and the ridiculous, self-centred conservationists that paraded their return as if it were the second coming of Christ himself.

Which was why, twenty years later, he was ready for them. Since his father’s passing, he had practised with his rifle many times. He had remembered the scars upon his face, and on his arm and side, and he had never forgotten what that moment of absolute weakness had felt like. It had ended relationships. Women who he felt a connection to had derided his stance on wolves, disliked his obsessiveness with them, and claimed he needed counselling and therapy for his trauma. But he knew he wasn’t traumatised. He was angry. He wanted to bag a wolf. An eye for a proverbial eye. He *knew* in his heart that the one his father had shot had gotten away. Somehow, he *knew* it had survived.

And he wanted payback. Any wolf would do.

It was a cold Autumn morning, just as it had been twenty years ago. Henrik was no longer a little boy, but a tall and stout man with white-blond hair and a full beard. He was wearing his hunting jacket, and he had his bolt-action rifle inherited from his father. It had blooded one wolf, after all, so he considered it lucky.

So far, after a full week of hunting, he had found nothing but hares, a few pheasants, and one stray fox. He had heard there were wolves in the area. A few of the locals had told him as much, and the news had corroborated this. They were protected, to be preserved, yada yada. He didn't care. He slung his rifle over his back and simply said, "tomorrow."

He turned to leave, when suddenly he saw something. Paw prints. The prints of a wolf too: far too big to be a fox or anything like that. They were bestial, wild, and for a moment he was transported back into that vulnerable experience as a child, and a ripple of fear went down his spine.

"No," he said. He'd always been taciturn. Never wasting words. And now he would waste no movement either. He followed the tracks, moving silently just like his father had taught him. His arm was stiff in the cold, and he felt again the pain of teeth sinking into flesh.

"I'll get you back, monster," he said to himself.

\*\*\*

The Soul of Canines, the Great Hyena, the Mad Dog God - whatever title he or she was given (it depended on the time of day and their attitude, really) - laughed and laughed as it followed the hunter invisibly. This Henrick van Haas was perfect! It was enough to pull the Soul of Canines out of its funk and make it giggle to itself again.

"Now *this* will be fun! Hahaha! I can kill two birds in one! How do you do that anyway? That doesn't make sense! Wait, isn't there something about a stone? Eh, who cares, haha! This 'Henrik' can get me out of my funk and make me feel good about bringing the wolves back! Yes, I'll bring them all back, across every world, nyah nyah! Hee hee!"

He slobbered a little as he trailed Henrik, giggling all the while. Things were already looking up. It amused the being that the Cat God's own mind was often so similarly mercurial, and yet would dwell on things, laze about on them, for so damn long. Far better to keep moving and make a change as soon as you can! That was the Mad Dog Lord's way!

\*\*\*

Henrik smirked to himself. He had found his prey. It was not, to his mild displeasure, the same wolf, but then it would be literally impossible to be so. They simply didn't live that long, even in captivity. He'd done his research, after all. But still, it was a wolf, and it was all alone

for now. Its mouth was bloodied with its latest kill, a hare clamped in its jaws as it trod upon the cold Autumn ground. It paused, looked around, but Henrik was utterly still behind a fallen log, his rifle already aimed straight at the creature's head, waiting for it to be still so he could finally shoot.

"Any moment now," he said. "Any moment."

He remembered the helplessness, the fear as he'd been carried in his father's arms. The terror of seeing the bloodied flesh of his arm. His fear over possibly losing an eye. The anger at seeing his reflection with its claw marks permanently scarred upon it. The wolf looked up, seeming to sense something. His presence, maybe.

And then it paused. And looked right at him.

"Got you, bastard," he said, pulling the trigger.

But the rifle jammed. His eyes went wide. He shifted quickly to fix it, but the wolf was already running away.

"No. No!" he said, keeping his voice down as he fiddled with the gun. "Can't get away. Won't let you. No!"

He was about to pursue the beast on foot and fix the rifle as he went. That was, until he felt a presence lurking just behind him. It was bestial, large, and it made the hairs on his arms stand up. He turned, ready to use the rifle as a bat, but the large creature leapt forward, its dark furred form pinning him to the ground. He screamed, his childhood trauma returning to him all at once. It got even worse when the impossibly large wolf pinning him down, easily bigger than a man, began to *laugh*.

"HEE HEE HA HA HA!! DELIGHTFUL!!"

"What - what the hell? I'm dreaming!"

He was staring up into a creature's gaze that was not entirely bestial, nor entirely human either. It could only be described as a great werewolf, with eyes that were misshapen in size, one red and one piercing blue, and with yellowing canine teeth. One ear was ramrod straight, like that of a coyote or fox ear, but the other was a droopy thing like a domesticated dog's. It was pinning him down with two powerful arms, one of which seemed a little bigger than the other. And yet, even as he took in this terrible sight, he could see other faces, other snouts and jaws and limbs and paws. They flickered at the edge of his vision, barely perceptible, as if they were in another universe. Ghost limbs. Spectral visions of other aspects of this great and terrible monster.

"No dream, heehee!" the creature laughed, hyena-like. It slobbered upon him, streams of drool landing on Henrik's face as its tongue licked him. He was caught in terror.

"P-please. L-let me go!"

"Oh, I will, ha! Catch and release, right? Isn't that what you humans like?"

The beast continued to drool excitedly, panting. The Mad Dog God was excited. It had caught the car, and now it was deciding what to do with it!

“I don’t - what the hell are you, demon?”

The Soul of Canines let out an uproarious cackle. It jumped for a moment, its back legs springing joyously even as it held Henrik firmly in place.

“I am the God of Dogs, after all. And foxes. And coyotes. And dingoes. And *wolves*. Hee hee! Can’t you see it?”

Henrik couldn’t. But he was simply too terrified to even think rationally about what was being said to him in that moment anyway.

“I don’t - you can’t be-”

“But I can! And I was very mad, and not just *crazy* mad, to discover how few wolves are left! I was only gone, oh, five hundred years or something! I was having fun catching and chasing all sorts of strange things across the universes, and now I come back and your kind are killing all my wonderful wolves.”

Henrik’s eyes narrowed. “Y-you created wolves.”

“Ha! Ha! Guilty!”

“They are monsters. They attacked me when I was a-”

“Oh, boo hoo, sad for you!” the Dog Lord mocked. “They’re animals! Beasts! Wild and wonderful creatures! And you were in *their* territory! Which means *you* need to be careful, not them. And now you punish one of the last ones left? I should FUCKING EAT YOU FOR THAT!!!”

The beast had suddenly raised its voice dramatically, roaring like a creature that was as ancient as wilderness itself. Its jaws dripped, opening in a great and terrible maw that threatened to rip Henrik’s throat out.

“NO!” he shouted. “P-please!”

He was just a little boy again, pleading for his father to save him. But his father was long gone, and his end was at hand.

But then the Soul of Canines withdrew its jaws and laughed maniacally again.

“Oh, I *should* do that, but where’s the fun? Especially since that frustrating Cat God is having so much fun changing things. So I’m going to do something I’ve never done before, but I’ll do it now because I’m impulsive, like all dogs are! I’m going to offer you a doggy deal, okay?”

Henrik swallowed, trying to follow what was happening. He had a dagger on his hip, he remembered, but got the sense that no mortal weapon could kill this . . . thing.

“What kind of deal?”

The Dog God panted happily. “Oh, the best of deals, ha! And a very easy one to take, if you’re willing to get over how much of a total *asshole* you’ve been to my lovely wolves. All

you have to do is *agree to make a change to understand wolf-kind better, and let them breed happily without hurting them*. That's all. Hee hee! Does that sound *pleasurable* to you?"

The creature huffed, and its breath was warm and wet, smelling of chewed meat. It scared the living hell out of Henrik. All he could think about was how if the wolf that had attacked him as a child had sharp teeth that could rend his arm, then this creature could swallow him entirely whole.

"S-sounds good!" he exclaimed. "Sounds fine! So long as I can live a normal life on my farm!"

The dog tilted its head, seemingly unamused for once. "Fiiiiine!" it announced, "we can add that condition. It'll just require some re-adjustment of my plans. Do you - ha! - agree to the terms then?"

"I agree to these terms!"

The dog entity lifted its head and gave an enormous howl. It was joined by a procession of wolves that Henrik hadn't even noticed approaching. The Mad Dog Lord leapt off of him so that the would-be hunter could take in his might. The creature's uneven eyes twitched as it panted happily.

"THEN LET THE CHANGE BEGIN!" it howled. "ARRROOOOO!!!!!"

It was then that Henrik realised something was wrong, because the swarm of wolves that had surrounded him also continued to howl, and that howling seemed to be affecting his body. He tried to get to his feet to run, but a strange energy coursed through his being. The wolves growled and howled and barked and scraped the ground, and the chaotic cacophony was causing his body to ripple with strange changes.

"N-no! Let me go! What's - what's happening to m-me!?"

The Dog Lord howled with them. "Our agreement, of course! HAHA! Prepare for a new life of understanding wolf-kind, up close!!"

Henrik would have responded, but he suddenly seized up, collapsing forwards. His legs cracked, though the pain was thankfully minor, as they reshaped into a configuration that was altogether more bestial. He gritted his teeth, only to widen his eyes as they began to change too: becoming sharper. His jaw surged forward, pushing out to form what could only be a full canine snout, his nose becoming part and turning into a familiar black and wet end.

"No! What are you doing? This can't - fuck you! Fuck you, you rabid dog! Change me back!"

He went to draw his dagger, but his hands began to shake as if palsied. He held them before his eyes, only to be shocked by the way they were changing shape. His pinky fingers melted into his ring fingers, and his hands became larger, hairier, more animalistic.

From his fingers pushed sharp claws, near-black in colour, while the hair on his palms became a dark, smokey grey just like the wolf he had been trying to hunt.

“Oh God! Save me, God! This is demonic! Please, ch-change me b-back, I don’t want to b-be - NGHH!!!”

The Soul of Canines shrieked and howled with laughter, even as the other wolves bayed in his presence. Their sounds pushed forward the changes, and the worst part was how pleasurable they were beginning to feel. Yes, they were uncomfortable, even a little painful, but the warmth in Henrik’s core was becoming increasingly impossible to deny. To his utter shame, his manhood stiffened, then hardened, then became fully erect and throbbing in his pants. He grunted, trying to push away these unwanted sensations, even as the hair began to sprout across his body, and hair sprouted across his chest and back and down his thighs. He was growing larger, and he was not exactly a small man. As a result, his clothes were getting tighter. He moved quickly to tear off his hunting boots and thick woollen socks: the latter were torn by the claws that had grown from his feet.

“NGNH!! AGGH!! OOhhhhh!!”

He moaned in pleasure, his jaw pushing out even further so that it was now obvious in his vision. His ears pushed upwards, flattening and becoming longer and hairier also. He was becoming a wolf, he knew it. The very kind of creature he despised. He grabbed the rifle, tried to unjam it, tried to consider ending his own life before he became a monster.

But he could not do it.

He dropped the gun, and tried to fight off the changes, but they came too rapidly, and he could not escape the circle of wolves. He managed to get onto his two legs, with his much longer digitigrade stance that made him sway for a moment. Already his legs were beefing up with muscle, the fur coming in thick and fast. His thighs swelled, but his longer ankles remained thinner, more agile, before leading to what was now more of a large set of paws than feet. He overcorrected a little, and it caused his shirt and trousers to tear audibly. The Dog Lord laughed in response to this.

“WHAT A FINE WOLF YOU WILL MAKE! HAHA!!”

“No! I’m not becoming one of those m-monsters! Let me out!”

Henrik managed to regain his momentum and balance, even as his arms similarly swelled, and his shirt tore further. He ran straight for an exit, but the wolves clustered to push him back. He tried another spot, and they massed to push him back a second time, then a third and a fourth and a fifth until he staggered back into the centre of them, pressed in and clearly unable to escape.

“Let me GOOOO!!” he howled, and to his horror and shame it was a true, genuine *howl*. He bared his teeth in anger, his large snout quivering, his longer tongue snaking over his sharp lower jaw.



“Not until you’re done!” the Soul of Canines said in a low, satisfied voice. “Ahh, I’m having so much fun with this! Who would have thought that the Cat God had such a great idea! I’ll have to do this more than once, I think! Hee hee!!”

Henrik decided to go big or go home. He grasped his dagger in his hands, fumbling with it a little, and then charged at the entity. But he only made it four steps before an enormous pressure just above his ass - which was also becoming coated with fur now - made itself known. He staggered forward onto all fours, his jacket and shirt falling away in shreds as he clawed at them.

“N-N-No! NNGHH! UUGHH!! ARROOOO!!!”

He howled like a dog. Like a wolf baying at the moon. He wanted it to hurt. He wanted to be in pain, and to hate every moment of this. Instead his pants tore away completely, underwear too, as a new tail *burst* from the end of his spin, full and hairy and already active. His still-human cock discharged stream after stream of semen onto the ground, as if emptying all their contents in pleasure. He humped the earth, unable to stop himself, riding the wave of reluctant pleasure in a truly animalistic fashion.

“Why - can’t - I - stop - doing - thisssss!!” he cried. He ejaculated several more times, his balls *squeezing* themselves dry of every drop. With every hump of the ground, his figure changed even further. His hips cracked wider, expanding unnaturally so that the remainder of his pants slid off in strips. Where they stuck, the wolves moved forwards to help rip them away, leaving him entirely naked, as they repeated this with his shirt and jacket as well.

“Because - hahaha! - you are not just understanding wolf-kind, remember?” the Mad Dog Lord teased, bouncing on the spot like an excited puppy. “You are *also* letting them breed happily!”

“What’s that - OOHhh! MHMmmm!! - what’s that got to d-do with you t-turning me into a wolf, d-damn you!”

“Oh, don’t worry, stupid little human. You won’t become a full wolf, all because of your silly amendment to my terms - am I using that word right? Amendment? Ah, who gives a shit! The point is, you’re going to become a *wolfman*. Well, you *were* becoming a wolf man, that is . . .”

Henrik gasped. There was a strange pressure on his chest, and on several points below his chest. His nipples swelled, becoming larger, and the tissue behind them fattened, expanding against the ground almost painfully. He had to lift himself up, even as he ejaculated one final time with a hasty howl.

“That is - what!? What, *demon!*?”

The Soul of Canines bounced again, scraped at the ground with its uneven claws. “That is,” it continued, “until I realised that a *wolfman* can only ‘let them’ - wolves that is - ‘breed happily’ at a very slow rate, if he’s getting involved! After all, I only need a few alpha

wolves - totally not how wolves work either, you dumb humans - to impregnate some fine bitches - also not offensive, you dumb humans. But a female wolf can birth litter after litter into the world! Well, I already have some male wolves where you'll be going, so instead of becoming a *wolfman* - get this - you'll be becoming - HAHAHA! I CAN'T EVEN SAY IT!!"

The being fell into fits of laughter, rolling onto its back and kicking into the air just like its canine kind would in a hysterical situation. Like a hyena. But Henrik could finish the statement: his chest was expanding, becoming large and soft, and as he picked himself up, he was met with two very obvious *breasts* - hairy and round and full - protruding from him.

*And three more sets were developing below them.*

"A *wolfwoman*," he said, his voice already rising in timber.

"EXACTLY! JUST LOOK AT THOSE NURSING TITS!!"

Henrik cringed, horrified at what was happening. He was completely naked, and his tail was still wagging behind him, large and grey and somewhat fluffy, providing a counterbalance to the dreadful developments on his chest. His uppermost tits - and how the idea of having any tits, let alone 'uppermost' ones, disgusted him - were the largest, and easily the size of double-D cups, if not even bigger. They bounced with his movements, and the hair was sleeker there, as if to emphasise their lovely shape. The other three pairs had finished growing in, and each was smaller in size than the ones above them, going from C's to B's to miniscule A's, the last of which were the only ones that did not wobble as he staggered about, feeling them. His nipples were pink and perfect . . . for a female.

"You've made me a - Oh God, no! NO!"

"Oh, yes! HAHAHA!!"

There was one change still to go, after all. Henrik's hips widened yet further, and his waist drew in. He was left with a powerfully muscular, yet unbearably feminine hourglass shape, his hips utterly breedable. The fact that he thought of them as breedable disturbed him, but not as much as the development that was occurring between his thighs. His one last human appendage was his cock, which had not taken on a furry sheath but was now bare and cold to the Autumn wind.

Only it was starting to withdraw.

He clutched it, whining like a dog, his voice going up and up in pitch until he had a gorgeously husky woman's voice.

"No no no no no! You can't do this!"

"Oh, I absolutely fucking can, human! And it's hilarious, hehhehahaha!! You're going to make so many litters when your heat comes in! And with those hips, what a heat it shall be!"

Henrik roared, howled, whined, and barked. He fell into animalistic instinct, baying to be changed back, his eight breasts (well, the top six of them) wobbling on his chest and

reminding him of just how female he already was. He clutched his manhood in his paw-hands, panting in fear. But it slipped through his clawed fingers easily, shrinking and shrinking until it, along with his testicles, disappeared back into his body.

“ARRROOOOO!!! AARROOOO!!!”

He *howled*, again and again as his new passage formed, as his testicles spilled out inside of him, unfurling and rearranging to become ovaries, as a new organ bloomed in his belly, a womb to house a future litter of pups in the future. He growled and groaned as the pleasure rose and rose.

And then, to his eternal shame, he orgasmed. Hard. Again and again, a new feminine pleasure washing over him. Over *her*. Henrik fell to the ground, the new she-wolf caressing her new tits, rubbing her paws over her sensitive nipples, of which all eight produced divine sensation to the already immaculate pleasure. And then, when it was finally over, she fell to her side, tail wagging, breasts bouncing against one another, her mind racing with fits of bliss as well as anger.

The Dog Lord found this all very amusing. It rolled beside her, much larger, and laughed the entire time. “THAT. WAS. AMAZING! WHAT A SHE-WOLF YOU MAKE! HAHA!!”

“Ch-change me b-back,” was all she managed to gasp.

But the dog entity’s eye turned upon her, and it was full of mischief and more than a little karmic anger. “No,” it said quietly, and that quietness was even worse for the hidden madness and rage it contained. “You planned to murder a she-wolf for its nature, so now *you* can experience a *she-wolf’s* nature.”

“I’m a freak! You made me a fucking FREAK!!”

“Not at all. Not in the world you’ll be going to. After all, you wanted - haha, this is so delicious! - you wanted to be able to have a ‘normal life’ on your farm. Well, there’s one world that still is in need of wolves where you can do just that! Enjoy your new life, *Henrika!*”

The Dog God leaned close to the terrified Hendrik, who could only look up into its terrible jaws. It licked its gums, drew its mouth closed, and then.

“Woof,” it said, anticlimactically.

And then suddenly Hendrik was blasted elsewhere, into another world.

\*\*\*

Hendrik launched out of bed, recovering from that mad and terrible dream that had afflicted him. He panted heavily, his voice sounding a little huskier and stranger than usual, but he put that up to the odd dream he’d had. The nightmare, really, of some great and terrible dog

god that changed him to punish his sins in hunting those wolf monsters. Strangely, his arm didn't feel stiff like it normally did after a wolf nightmare. It usually did.

"Maybe it's actually getting warmer again," he said, rubbing his eyes.

Only to stop.

And notice the strange, husky feminine quality of his voice.

And that his face now had a snout.

And that his hands were now somewhat paw-like.

His tail went ram rod straight, and the realisation that he also had a fucking *tail* was enough to make him jump out of the bed in a terror, yipping like a terrified dog as he did so. As *she* did so: the bouncing of three pairs of breasts and the aching awareness of a fourth, even smaller pair, only confirmed that particular chromosomal fact.

"No!" she said, checking herself over. "It's impossible! It can't be! It was a fucking dream, a nightmare! I'm not a wolf, I'm not a wolf! I'm Henrika de Haas. I mean, Henrika de Hass. Henrika! I'm *HENRIKA!!!*"

But no matter how many times she tried to say, or even think, of her actual name, she kept returning audibly and mentally to Henrika. In fact, it was incredibly hard to even think of herself as male at all. It was as if the Mad Dog Lord, or Soul of Canines, or whatever that horrific creature was, had reached into her mind and altered it just as much as her body.

"Where am I?" she said, looking around. "Need to get out. Need to get to my house. Figure out what to do next. But -"

But this was her house, or at least one a lot like it. It was subtly different: no hunting trophies on the walls, for instance, and there were feminine touches around the room too: throw-on pillows at the end of the bed, and decorative ornaments on shelves that the minimalist Henrika would never have tolerated as a human man. The bed was bigger too: a lot bigger, in fact. She opened the door and entered into the wider space of her living room, hoping against hope that this was the largest extent of the changes, only to be proven wrong.

For one, the house was much bigger. What had been an isolated country house functioning as a small, independent farm out the back now had a larger expanse. It had several obvious extensions, with a much larger living room, and a stairway that led up to a second floor.

"A second floor," she marvelled, traipsing through the room. She was still getting used to her new pair of legs, and the fact that her hips swayed from side to side. Her breasts bobbed gently, especially the uppermost pair, and her tail shifted slowly behind her, keeping her balanced. She could still barely believe she had become a wolf, but for now the house took greater attention. She took in all the changes: again, there were no hunting trophies, nor evidence of hunting at all, even equipment like knives and his father's treasured hunting

spear. The place was warmer, with a gently crackling fireplace that was much more elaborate and cosy than the small one she was meant to own. The entire place had been renovated, and seemed easily three - perhaps even four times its intended size. Her eyes went wide at the numerous spare rooms that had little more than cribs or beds in them. What the hell was that all about?

It was then that she saw the full length mirror on the side of the wall opposite the living room. Her hair went on end - a discomforting feeling to have for the first time - and she raced to it, scampering more easily on her pawed feet. She held her uppermost breasts with her bare arms, though they didn't feel too bare with her full covering of fur. She reached the mirror, closed her eyes for a moment, huffed, then opened them again.

And gasped.

She had to hold onto her hatred of wolves and all their monstrous aspect, because for a brief, flickering moment, she thought that she looked astonishingly beautiful, in a bestial kind of way. She truly was a she-wolf woman, and it was obvious in her figure. She was humanoid, a little bit taller than a regular woman, perhaps around 5'8 or 5'9. She had broad, muscular shoulders like those of a swimmer, and her arms and legs were similarly powerful, though not, it seemed, manly either. She got the distinct sense that had she been cursed to become a *wolfman*, that she would be much, much more built, with rippling muscle that would make a mockery of almost any human man. Instead, she simply looked utterly powerful yet utterly female. This was in no small part thanks to her overall shape. She had broad, fertile-looking hips that led to a trimmer waist, one that was almost slender. Her breasts were obvious, and she marvelled at their size, at least her upper two pairs. All seemed perfectly formed, made for feeding a litter.

Where had *that* thought come from?

She pushed it to the side, and the strange warmth that flitted in her mind, and instead took in her face. It was just as radically changed as the rest of her. She now had the large, pointed ears of a wolf, and the impressive snout of one too. The fur around her eyes and mouth paled a little, a lighter grey that emphasised her features, and her new blue eyes, which were arctic blue. Thankfully, she did not simply have a wolf's head: her snout was too small to be a full wolfish one, and her lips seemed to be able to communicate ordinary human expression as a result. And while she did not have eyebrows, her eyes were more human-like also, allowing for a bit more self-recognition.

There was no denying that, somehow, impossibly, her new face was indeed beautiful. Coupled with her sleek, dark grey fur and womanly form, she looked like a wild beauty, a creature out of the fae tales that Henrik's own mother had read to him when he was exceedingly young.

And yet, at the same time, there was also no denying in Henrika's mind that she was a monster. A loathsome wolf. A creature of wanton violence that inflicted nothing but pain, and had to be eradicated.

"I'm a monster," she murmured, reaching out to grasp the edges of the mirror. She growled just like a wolf, her lip curling to reveal her sharp and terrible teeth.

"A MONSTER! TURN ME BACK, DOG GOD! SOUL OF CANINES! TURN ME BACK! GRRARRRRGGHH!!!"

She managed to contain herself, but only because of the monstrous female in the mirror making those snarling sounds. She grabbed the mirror and threw it across the room, causing it to crack into small pieces in its frame. It was a miracle it hadn't shattered entirely: her strength, despite her now being female, was even more than when she'd been a large-limbed man.

"How *could you?*" she bellowed to the air, to the sky. "You turned me into this! Change me back, now!"

But there was no response from the Soul of Canines, or whatever the strange, terrifying entity truly was. She waited, hoping to hear anything, but was left soundly disappointed.

"Fuck this," she muttered. She moved to head out the front door, and found it largely unchanged. But she paused upon seeing a photograph containing her in it. Her she-wolf form, that was. She was on a beach, wearing a complicated bikini to hide her many breasts, and she was laughing. And holding her . . .

"Impossible."

It was another wolf. A male one. And it was not a chaste hold, either, but rather one that spoke to affection and romance. It made her hair stand on end, but not in fear this time. She took the frame and examined it more closely. The wolf was large, larger than her by the full height of his head, and his body was vast and well-muscled. His fur - his coat - was browner than hers, though it had a few streaks of grey. Just looking at him made her knees go a little weak, and her tail wagged a little faster. It humiliated her, but her body responded to him, as did her mind. He was fucking *handsome*. There was no other way to put it. He was hot. Henrik hadn't been one for romance after failed relationships, but he'd never been interested in men before, least of all impossibly wolfish ones. And yet, this figure was making all eight of her nipples hard, and her new womanhood moist.

"No. Fucking. Way."

She threw the photograph in its display to the ground, cracking that too, and stormed out the door. The world outside was similar in geography to where she had come from, but there were more trees, and they were taller too. More imposing. The small slice of farm she had known all her life had also extended. The buildings were also strange. Different. Not the

kind you stored animals in. By sheer curiosity, and with more than a little trepidation, she wandered in. It required her to unbolt and slide a shutter door open, then pass through what looked like a changing room to another, larger area. A weird one.

“What!?” was all she could manage to say.

It was unlike any kind of farm she’d ever seen. There were large vats, some of them semi-translucent, and it smelled of . . . meat. It didn’t make sense. Where were the pigs? The goats? The chickens? All the things that a wolf would naturally prey on? It didn’t make sense! She wandered through the vats, peering into them. There were numerous gauges and recordings for temperature, growth, and a number of criteria she didn’t even understand, though it seemed to all have something to do with . . . meat.

“I need to get back,” she said. “I need to get back.”

“I’ll say so! Someone’s wandered out naked!”

She yelped just like a dog, hair going on end. Henrika twisted on the spot, claws outstretched and teeth bared at the intruder.

“Who are you!?” she demanded, only to see that it was the wolf from the pictures, far across the room by the sliding door that joined to the outside. He was even larger than she would have imagined in real life, and far worse; even more *handsome*. His snout was longer than hers, and his body had put on even more muscles since whenever the photo was taken. He was wearing a set of overalls and a casual buttoned farmer’s shirt, and somehow that made him seem all the more manly. Around his neck was a small but expensive-looking gas mask. Henrika’s body instantly responded to this sight: her nipples went a little bit hard, and her tail wagged. She didn’t even want to *think* about what was going on between her naked thighs. She snapped her hanging jaw shut, and instead focused on remembering what this creature was: a monster.

“Henrika?” he said, and his voice was low and smooth, dripping like honey. “What’s wrong? Are you okay? It’s me, Marcus.”

She swallowed. “Marcus - Marcus.”

He cracked an awkward grin. “Yeah, Marcus. What are you doing around the meat vats without a mask on? The gas will make you delirious!”

She looked around at the various vats. “Meat . . . vats?”

“Yeah. Henrika, you should come outside and back to the house. The meat is fine once it’s all grown, but the vapours in the air will do funny things to your brain if you’re not wearing a mask. It’s temporary, don’t worry. You know this - c’mon. C’mon, I’ll get you back to our home.”

He put on his mask, strode over, and then took Henrika’s hand. Gently - more gently than she could ever have imagined a wolf could be - he led her out of the strange room with its many meat vats. She looked up at his aspect, over a head taller than her and containing

twice her muscle mass. He was incredible . . . and terrifying. Even with her own increased bulk and muscle, he could easily snap her like a twig. Rend her flesh. Bite her arm and leave it half-functioning for life. She clutched the arm that should have been ruined protectively with her spare arm, but he didn't seem to notice. The wolfman named Marcus shut the sliding door, sealing it, and then took her back to the house she'd just fled from.

"Why are you naked?" he asked. "Not that I'm complaining at all! I mean, we wander around our farm as we like, wild and free, but - ah, I don't know why I'm even asking. You were always a wild one, eh?"

He grinned, and she recoiled from those sharp teeth. His expression changed to concern, and he let go of her hand at the threshold of the home's entrance.

"Henrika? Is anything the matter?"

"I don't know you," she said.

There was an awkward pause. He stepped forward, one hand outstretched. She flinched and recoiled backwards into the entrance room. Her claws were ready for him, and yet he gave a pained expression that looked to have wounded him deeply without even a glancing slice.

"Henrika, it's me, Marcus. Your boyfriend. Your mate. We've - by the Moon, we've been together for nearly two years now! We love one another. Moon and Sun, how long were you in that vat room?"

Henrika breathed heavily. She was more aware than ever of the many breasts protruding from her chest, the uppermost pair especially as they rose and fell, wobbling gently as she stepped back away from this beast.

"I'm not meant to be here," she said. "You are a monster."

"A monster? By the Moon, Henrika, where is this coming from? Are you hallucinating?"

"Why are you growing meat? Not enough to kill everything in sight? Not enough to hunt children!?"

Her back hit the wall, and she looked about for a way to escape. Her body was trying to make her stay: that damned strange heat returned as he advanced slowly but cautiously towards her. A warmth that began in her belly, flowed down between her thighs, and then spread up to the eight stiff points on her chest.

"Henrika, I'm getting a bit scared now," the large, monstrous form called 'Marcus' said. "I don't grow meat - we grow meat. This whole venture was *your* idea, remember? Get out into the forest, live like the wolves of old and be free and naked whenever we want, and grow all the meat we want."

"Not hunt?" she said, accusatorily.



“By the Sun, Henrika, I’m not going to hunt! It’s one thing to live like wolves of old, but I’m not going back to the bad times! I know you don’t want that either. Hell, Maylee the Hare is your best friend, remember? There’s a photo of her on the shelf just next to you!”

She turned her head and nearly fell backwards. There on the shelf, just as Marcus had indicated, was a photo frame displaying an image of Henrika in her she-wolf form. She was wearing a cute summer dress that flowed gently around her breasts, and had an arm around a much shorter friend who was grinning from ear to ear. But this friend was not a wolf-woman like she was, but a rabbit person. Or a hare person, if Marcus was right. She had big fluffy ears, a big sniffer of a nose, and cute whiskers. She actually looked really cute, and just looking at her gave Henrika an impression. A good one.

“Maylee,” she whispered. It wasn’t a full set of memories, but there was enough to have an indication of this person’s connection to her. “She grows cabbages. And carrots.”

“And turnips! Yes, Henrika! It’s just the gas. It’s wearing off, don’t worry.”

Henrika shook her head. It couldn’t be, could it? There was no way she had just hallucinated her former life? No, it was impossible. Something strange was going on. The Dog Lord had tricked her, placed her in this life, and now it was drip-feeding her memories to adjust.

“No! No! I don’t want these memories!” she cried. “I don’t want them! My name is Henrika! I don’t know you! You’re a monster! Your kind hurt me as a child! You ruined me! I was never able to forget!”

Marcus stalled. “You’re talking about the attack, aren’t you?”

She swallowed. “You know?”

“Of course I know! Henrika, it was one bad wolf, acting out. Just a kid in the playground. I know it’s a terrible memory, but you can’t let it define you. I know you don’t like the scar over your eye, or that slash on your arm, but I promise you, I would never, ever hurt you. We promised to run free together, remember?”

She couldn’t, though there was that brief impression again. That sense that they had promised each other. That she wanted to live remotely, away from the city, to be a true wolf. The thought terrified her. Disgusted her.

Entranced her.

She pushed that feeling down again.

“I - I - I’m not meant to be a wolf.”

“Is that what this is about?” Marcus said. “Honey, you *are* a wolf. You’ve *always* been a wolf. You can’t hate yourself.”

“I can!”

He hugged her. He moved like lightning, like a great predator. For a moment she was terrified that he was going to rip her jugular apart. She flinched, and her claws raked at him.

But he only grunted, accepted the pain and instead focused on wrapping his form around her, arms encircling her body just like in the photo. She was instantly flooded with a sense of calm and peace. His muscles against her, his fur mingling with hers. Her breasts sliding against him.

“MMhmmm,” she moaned without meaning to. The feeling was *wonderful*. Pleasurable. Wrong in every way imaginable, but she couldn't pull herself away from it. She sniffed, and was hit with the power of his scent. In all the insanity of her transformation and mental reconfiguration, she'd barely focused on the fact that her senses had altered. Her eyesight was thankfully still sharp, but her sense of smell was undeniably more powerful. A lot more so. Was that why the meat vats had been so potent, and why she had been able to make out the goings-on of the forest from smell and sound alone?

Marcus' breathing rumbled against her. For a time, he didn't say anything, but then he pulled himself back to stare into her eyes.

“Henrika, it's me,” he said, and she was astonished to realise that he was actually *crying*. A wolf! Crying! It beggared belief. It made no sense. It clashed with everything she knew of these monsters. She remembered being attacked by the wolf as a child, but also gained the impression of another, separate attack: one as a she-wolf child in a city playground. Her attacker was a bully, a male wolf who was the biggest kid on the block, and knew it. And the only other wolf. She had gotten along with everyone, but afterwards there was a fear about wolves.

A fear about her.

And she had drunk in that fear as much as anyone. She actually *chuckled* at the revelation. In this new, alien world she found herself in she was *still* afraid of wolves, despite *being* one. The chuckle turned to laughter, turned to a mad hyena-like series of guffaws. Tears streamed down her eyes.

“It's wrong, and yet the same! He must be laughing! The Dog God must be laughing!”

A strong lightheadedness came over her, and a concerned Marcus just managed to catch her in time as she continued to laugh. He carried her easily to the living room, and she clung to him as if he were a liferaft and she was lost at sea. It was about how she felt.

“There, there,” he said, stroking her fur, “it'll all come back. What were you thinking, Henrika? It's okay, I've got you. Oh, my poor, poor mate. My gorgeous mate. I'll get you some water.”

She drank it greedily as he passed it to her. She panted just like the canine she now was, breasts wobbling on her chest. She drank a second glass when he brought it to her.

“How do you feel?” he asked, stroking her face. It felt very nice, and for a moment she gave a soft growl, the pleasurable kind, until she realised what she was doing and stopped.

"I feel . . . strange. I don't belong here. I'm not meant to be a wolf. I'm a she-wolf. I mean, I'm a she-wolf."

"Of that I am very, intimately aware, my dear love," he said. "We're mates, after all."

"You're my alpha?"

At this, Marcus actually chuckled, still stroking the fur of her back. She couldn't help but wag her tail happily, feeling strangely submissive to this man. Wolf-man.

"Alpha? Henrika, I love you so dearly, my mate, but your insistence on there being this 'alpha' in wolf relationships has no basis in fact or history. You know this! There aren't many of us left, but our packs are led by the parents, the eldest pair, and we function as family units. We always have." At this he paused, and suddenly slapped his forehead. "Oh! I'm sorry. You meant it in that other way."

"O-other way?"

He leaned in closer. His breath was hot, warm, and animalistic. To her heightened senses, it was wonderful. Again, her nipples stiffened, and she pressed herself closer against him. That warmth, that fantastic warmth lit up in her belly again. That heat. That need. God, it was powerful. More powerful than anything she'd ever felt. Even more powerful than the fear of wolves, or the hatred of them. She began to breathe faster, her husky voice sounding like a woman in the bed, much to her embarrassment.

"What other way?" she whispered, unbelieving how close she felt to this creature she should have hated.

"Oh, the way you like when we mate, of course," he said, grinning, excited. "You like to call me your 'alpha', remember? You like me to take control."

He wasn't making any moves on her directly, not in her current 'forgetful' state, but she could feel the hardness of him against her. His member slid from its furry sheath to press against her belly as he stroked her. It was enough to make her almost panic.

"More water!" she declared. "I need - I need more water!"

Marcus pulled back. She could see the bulging hardness in his overalls. It made her swallow. That damned, fucking Mad Dog God had made her *want* this. Made her body salivate at it.

"Is everything okay? Is it because you're in heat? Is that why you tried to find me in the meat vat room? Sun God above and Moon God below, I'm such an idiot. No wonder you wandered in and got exposed to the gas, you're in your heat!"

He sniffed the air, then lowered his snout to her midsection, and almost to between her legs.

"Gods, I can smell it all over you! What an idiot I've been, neglecting my 'duties' to my mate! When you're better, I promise I'll make sure we can indulge in satisfying your heat, with me the alpha just the way you like-"

“More water!” Henrika shouted, startling him. “I - I need another glass. Please.”

He nodded, stroked her fur, and went to the kitchen to fetch more. It gave her a moment to act. As quietly as possible, she got to her feet, managing to keep steady on them this time. Then, she ran for the door.

She was already sprinting into the looming forest by the time she heard Marcus call her name from the front door of the house. She had to get away from him. She had to get back to her human body and out of this monstrous form.

Somehow.

\*\*\*

Henrika ran through the forest. It must have been hours later, but still she roamed, at times loping on all fours. There was a surprising rush to it, as there was to simply stopping by cold streams and lapping at the water. Her body was like a finely tuned machine, made to be free and wild, and despite her horror at her situation, and her desire to be a man again, she couldn't stop finding herself grinning as she scampered past tree, over root, leaping over riverbends.

The smells of the forest were astounding - how had she coped not feeling all of this as a human? - it was like being connected to nature on a much deeper level. She could hear everything, from the rustle of leaves to the babbling of streams, to even the far, far off sound of motor cars beyond the forest's edge. At one point, she even heard a flock of birds, only to look up and realise they were a flock of *bird people*. Actually *bird people*, just as she was now a wolf woman. Was the whole world like this? Already, she had some small helpful memories to guide her, as well as the knowledge that they worshipped the moon and the sun. It was, in many ways, a fascinating place, and the forest she now ran through was far more breathtaking than the one beyond her ordinary farm.

But she needed to go back. She had to. Her body was in heat. Estrus. She recognised it now. Much like the animals that were meant to be populating her farm, she was now feeling greatly aroused. Despite all the beauty of her surroundings and the fear in her heart and the horror of being a wolf, she kept returning to the mental image of Marcus standing over her, and holding her, and his hardness against her.

“No!” she bayed, laconic as ever. She continued to lope through the woods, even as it became dark. The sun was setting, and she wasn't exactly sure where she was anymore, but that didn't matter. So long as she was far from any chance of indulging her estrus. It was so goddamn powerful. There was an incredible absence between her furry thighs that simply demanded to be filled, just like her eight teats demanded to be played with. She had to stop

occasionally just to fondle one of them, but her own womanly gasps made her halt and realise what she was doing, and instead move on.

It was quite dark indeed by the time her energy ran out. She could feel the signs of exhaustion, of fatigue settling over her body. Her wolf form was so much stronger and more boundless than her human body, and there was no stiffness in her arm anymore, but even this body had its limits, and she had reached them. She collapsed in a grassy clearing, panting heavily, trying to rid herself of this damned heat that still hadn't gone away.

"Not meant to . . . not meant to . . ."

And yet the image of Marcus was still in her mind. He had been kind. Kinder than most humans she had interacted with on the 'other side.' And he clearly loved and cared for her. Could wolves be like that? And what he had said about wolf packs, not actually having dominating alphas but friendly family social groups that ran together . . . just like people.

"Was I wrong?" she asked the sky. The moon was starting to rise, and it was giving some light to the clearing. She didn't know what to think. Her entire world view was being challenged, and her literal reality with it. Her mind was a mess of female, animal, and estrus-driven hormones, but at the centre of it she couldn't deny the fundamental truth that she had been wrong all along. Wolves were not what she thought they were, and the trauma she had held onto for years had evolved into an unjustified hate.

It was enough of a painful revelation that she raised her head to the sky and howled at the moon. Howled and howled again and again.

Marcus found her like that fifteen minutes later. She was still howling.

"Henrika! My mate! I was so worried! You must be exhausted!"

She stopped howling and looked over to see him. Tears streamed from her eyes. For just a moment, she saw the wolf from her childhood.

"Have you come to kill me?" she asked.

But then the image shifted to the wolfman, whose face was all concern.

"Henrika, eat something. Please. You can't go into the forest this far without food. Look, I brought you some meat."

It was the meat from the vat. A finished batch. Grown special so that they didn't have to hunt the other animal people of this world. And it smelled absolutely *delicious* as she sniffed it. She nodded eagerly, and he passed a hunk to her. She didn't wait for any pleasant manners, but chowed it down readily, consuming it with ease. It tasted even better than it smelled, and soon she was cracking at the bone within - evidently, they grew bone just for the enjoyment of it, because the satisfying *crack* of its shell and the taste of its marrow made her moan. A small image of a memory entered her mind: Marcus had often brought her meat, and they often went on picnics right at this spot.

"You came for me," she said once she was finished and had drunk some more water.

“Of course I did, my mate. Why wouldn't I?”

She gulped, blinking back more tears. “No one ever came for me. I've been alone my whole life.”

“Not any longer. You know that. Do you remember things now? Has the effect worn off?”

She nodded. It wasn't true, but she knew enough. She knew that they had met while hiking, and that he had gushed in her presence while she only gave short, but interested words in return. She remembered being ashamed of the white claw marks over her eye, still manifest upon her fur. Other memories stirred too. They didn't overwhelm her mind, merely complemented it, providing clarity and context to who and what Henrika was. She had been the only pup to a set of parents who were already old, and carried the knowledge that there were not many of her people left all her life. She preferred the wild and lonely spaces, much as she had as a human man, and often to be alone too. Yet Marcus had been willing to upend his entire life to move to this place and pursue her dream of growing and selling meat for others like them, and living a simple existence otherwise. And the reason the house was so large . . .

“I remember,” she said. “We were going to start . . . start a family.”

“I feel like an idiot,” Marcus said, holding her and stroking her back. “I should have set the vats going last night and not gone out today. We'd planned to start trying, especially since your heat had come on and you wanted to try. I thought that I'd just get a few chores done, and then I could return to you since you love sleeping in, and then we could have some fun together.”

She shivered at the words ‘have some fun together.’ Her body craved that fun. A lot.

“It's not your fault,” she said. “I was an idiot. I was wrong . . . about a lot of things. It took a big change to realise that.”

“Well, I'm just glad the brain fog has worn off. I know the vapours can get you bad, but it's a good thing they're just temporary. I don't want an amnesiac mate, though at least I could make up a history where I'm much less of a dork!”

She giggled - actually *giggled*, despite herself. He was a dork. In this life, that was what endeared her to him. She almost wished she could have the true memories of that encounter, rather than just the impressions and images, facts and figures that helped her build the context of this strange new life. But then, she realised, that would defeat the point. The Dog Lord, mad as he or she was, wanted her to learn a lesson. A punishment too, but also a lesson.

“You are *my* dork,” she said, and it was as much a fact as an epiphany. This great, terrifying wolf who could easily snap her in twain was as harmless as her bunny friend. He was not some fearsome beast, but simply one who would do everything in his considerable

power to keep her protected and well-cared for, like a true alpha (even if alphas apparently did not exist, a fact that was still turning her mind). She no longer feared his claws, or his teeth, or his size and strength. The horrid childhood memory of the attack was something she could finally let go.

And perhaps embrace something else, if she had the will.

The moon rose further into the night sky, illuminating her mate most beautifully as she stroked his furry cheek. He was keeping a small distance, respecting her space as she came out of whatever internal conflict she was facing. It was clear from his expression that he didn't want to interrupt her, and yet carried the weight of concern.

"I want you," she said, and she meant it. Nervous as it made her, she *wanted* him, and it wasn't just the estrus, though the heat certainly helped.

"What? Here?"

She nodded, licking her wolfish lips. "Yes."

"Henrika, aren't you still feeling -"

"I feel fine now, Marcus. My mate. I want you."

"But your memory-"

"I have it back now. I think I already did. I just needed to confront an old memory. Something that's been stopping me from moving on."

He kneeled down and rubbed her thigh. His smell was intoxicating. "And did you manage it? Did you move on?"

She looked into the old growth of the forest. For the merest moment she thought she saw the wolf from her childhood again. But it was only an apparition. It could no longer hurt it. And she could now forgive it too. It had never been a monster, just an animal with instincts, roaming a territory that once belonged to it. And she had her own wolfish instincts now, so she could certainly understand.

"I have," she said laconically. "I'm ready. I want you."

"And a family?"

She never imagined she would ever have a family of her own. For so many years, she had been alone. Now, she wasn't even the same age she had been as a human. She was younger. More virile. More . . . fertile. *That*, she could certainly sense. And now, confronted by this kind, sexy, compassionate wolfman, she really could imagine herself having children with this man. Or cubs, or pups, or whatever they were. In fact, her body desperately wanted to do just that.

"We'll see what happens," she said, licking her snout, and his as well. "Please. Now. Before I change my mind."

It was then that Marcus clearly realised how committed she finally was.

"There's my good girl," he said.

“And there’s my alpha,” she sighed, as she rolled onto her back on the grass. The moon was above them, and she gave in again to instinct and gave a small howl. Marcus joined her, then clambered onto her body.

“Yes, I’ll be your alpha,” Marcus said in his low, smooth voice, “even though alphas aren’t actually a thing and-”

“Don’t ruin it,” she said. After all, she was making a big, big commitment already.

“Oh, right. Well, let me show what an alpha I am,” he said more confidently, “and what pleasures he can give to his she-wolf.”

“Mhmm,” she moaned, unable to help herself. She couldn’t believe that she was letting this happen, let alone wanting it to happen. But she did. And she was tired of living in fear and hate. She wanted to feel something more.

“Show me, my mate,” she said softly, ruffling his fur.

He did. And when he finally let loose, he truly let loose. He shredded his clothing with his claws, uncaring that they were now unsalvageable. Clearly, he was committed to the part, and it worked: for a moment, Henrika was without breath. She pressed her arms together, letting all eight of her breasts form a series of delectable cleavages for him to take in.

“That was hot,” she admitted.

“Good, because those were my favourite clothes,” Marcus replied. “But I want to make love to my mate like the wolves of old. Here in the woods, under the moon.”

She panted, deeply turned on by these words, and even more by what happened next: Marcus climbed over her and began to lick at her many teats as he held her shoulders still, causing the rest of her body to squirm in pleasure.

“Yesss,” she moaned. “Oh G-God, by the Moon, that f-feels good!”

He grinned, and proceeded to nuzzle and lick her breasts again. He squeezed her upper ones together, groping their softness, and that too drove her to ever greater heights of arousal. Her estrus was only getting more powerful: she had a wanton need beyond anything she had ever felt. She spread her legs instinctively, and parted her tail to one side even while Marcus continued to pleasure her many tits.

“N-need you - in me! In me!”

But Marcus began to bite her neck gently, grip her hips. She ran her claws down his back, writhing with the deep, yearning, aching need to have him enter her. It was only getting stronger. But still he denied her.

“Your alpha wants you to beg,” he grumbled, kissing her snout. “I know you like it when I make you wait.”

“Ohhhhhh,” she moaned. “Don’t, no! Oh God, but it’s s-so hot! Yes, please! I beg you! I need you to f-fuck me!”



She wrapped her legs around his furry waist. Her tail was going nuts, swaying back and forth continually as if utterly impatient for what was to come.

“You want my pups. You want to bear my children.”

“Yesssss! Please, I need to be mated! Give me babies!”

“A full litter. To bring back our kind. There aren’t enough of us. We’d have work to do.”

It sounded so good. “Mmhm, yess! Please! A big litter! I want to c-carry your babies! As many as you want! I want you to get me pregnant! Right now, under the moon!”

Marcus grinned, and it was a gorgeous sight. “Very well, my mate.”

She could feel his hardness against her, his cock emerging from its furry sheath. He gripped her hips firmly, and then, guiding himself in, he pressed it against her wet entrance, making her moan in ecstasy. There was a minor discomfort, and then he slid into her.

And there was a *lot* that was sliding in.

“You’re s-so big!”

“I am blessed that way, yes. And you are so wonderfully wet and tight, my mate.”

“Ohhh! Slowly! Go s-slow - at first!”

He did so, drawing out the pleasure, sliding further and further in. She groaned. She was actually getting fucked by a wolf - a wolf man, but a wolf nonetheless - and loving it. She held tight to him, letting him squeeze her many breasts as he finally reached his full length. Her passage clung to him, clamping down to draw out every sensation from her many vaginal nerves.

“Mhhmmm! Yes! Now f-fuck me!”

Without a word, Marcus began his work, and the delirious ecstasy truly started. He thrust into her, and she was helpless to his strength, and happy to be so. After so many years of trying to be tough, of trying to stand alone, *this* was what she needed: to be utterly submissive to a caring lover, and have him dominate her.

“Yes! Ohhh! AAROOO!!!”

She howled in excitement, and he joined her, his thrusts growing in speed and intensity. He slid out each time just far enough for her to whimper, only to ram his knotting cock all the way back in. She had never experienced such sensations before, and yet she knew that Marcus, for all his dorkiness and chattiness, was a sensational lover, and one who wasn’t afraid to get a little rough. His claws dug into her hips, and he lapped at her breasts, making her practically *squeal* in bliss. There was so much sensation, and it made her suddenly pleased to have not just a pair of big breasts, but three smaller pairs of them below. They were all so sensitive, and it made sex far more pleasurable than she had ever known as a human man.

“S-so close!” Marcus huffed.

“I want it - please! I want you to cum inside me, my mate!”

She was giving herself over entirely to him, and all regrets were banished from her mind. She wanted this more than anything. She wanted him to mate her, to *breed* her, to fill her with semen to bring more beautiful wolves into the world. To atone for her mistakes of the past.

“Make me pregnant,” she moaned, huffing. “I want your litter, my mate.”

Clearly, she had said the right words, because Marcus proceeded to howl, sent over the edge.

“AAARRROOOO!!!”

He came inside her, and there was a lot of cum. It flooded her in a warm, white torrent, and as it did, her own body was simultaneously overcome by multiple overlapping orgasms. She writhed and thrashed beneath her lover, clinging to him, clawing his back lovingly as his seed continued to pour into her. It was ecstasy. It was divine. It was like finally being completed. She had let the wolf of the past go, and finally accepted the wolf that was within her all along. Henrika let loose a new howl, one that echoed throughout the forest. She took in all of her lover’s seed, welcoming it, wishing it would take root within her womb and leave her fulfilled and growing with pups. She could already imagine their cute faces. This was the path that the crazed Dog Lord had set her on, and she was glad for it.

In the aftermath, they panted together, clinging to one another. Slowly, Marcus pulled himself off of her, and they both gasped as he exited her, his knot no longer as swollen but causing a small burst of pressure as it released. She liked it: it felt *rough*. And that wasn’t even a pun.

“Was that okay, my love? Was I too . . . forceful? I hope I wasn’t too bestial for you.”

She just laughed, stroking his fur as he laid on his back beside her, both of them staring at the moon. “No. It was perfect. Just . . . perfect.”

“I’m glad. I always worry that I take it too far, but then that’s how you want it.”

“And you like it,” she said, smirking to the side.

If he were a human man, he would have blushed. As it was, his fur stood on end in embarrassment for just a moment. “Yes. I did like it. I always do. Quite a lot, actually. I love the feeling of taking you like a wolf of old. Of *mounting* you, right beneath our great Moon. It just feels right, even if it doesn’t feel like me.”

She rolled, pressing her chest against him, letting him feel her many breasts. Her tail wagged excitedly. “You felt like my alpha in those moments. I know you don’t believe in that, but I do. I didn’t realise it was what I needed.”

“And the dorky, compassionate guy all the other times?”

She smooched him gingerly with her snout, and grumbled softly as she buried her face in his fur.

“I need that guy as well. I really need him. I was empty for so long. Now I have you.”

He held her in that moment of revelation, and she never wanted him to let go. She idly rubbed her lowest breasts, where her muscled stomach was.

“Do you think . . . ?”

Marcus looked at her. “I hope so. Do you think? I thought you might know? Is your heat still going?”

She licked her lips. There was still a warmth there. An excitement. But perhaps that was simply a result of all the excitement under the moon, and her acceptance and love of who she was now: Henrika, the She-Wolf Woman.

“There’s no way to tell,” she said, and Marcus looked momentarily disappointed, until she spoke her next words: “But there is a way to really make sure.”

“Oh yeah?”

“Mm-hmm.”

“So soon?”

“Are you not alpha enough for it?”

At that, he gripped her, easily shifting her so that she was on all fours. He positioned himself behind her, and her tail automatically lifted up to give him entrance. She was wet already. Her body craved him and his seed and to bear his pups. Henrika lifted her hips in excitement.

“Oh, I’m alpha enough, my mate,” Marcus said. “And I want to breed my gorgeous mate.”

“Then . . . ahhh, do it! I want it! I want your pups!”

And with that, he entered one once more, mounting her from behind like an animal. She barked and howled in excitement, giving herself once more over to her wolf man lover. Henrika was already excited to become pregnant with a litter of wolf pups with him. She’d come so far already, she couldn’t wait to see how far she would go.

\*\*\*

It was three years later, and Henrika was already in labour with her fifth wonderful litter. Her belly was enormously full, numerous kicks and punches and squirming movements of her little pups making her smile in satisfaction, until yet another contraction hit.

“Graghh,” she growled gingerly. “Ahhhhh. N-not long now.”

“You’re doing so well, my mate,” Marcus said, holding her against him. She was standing in their living room, pressing her massively pregnant belly against his bare fur, adoring the comfort his larger body provided. She didn’t care about his continual reminders about how real wolf family structures worked. She didn’t care that he was so tender, and often talkative, and deeply sensitive - more so than her. She didn’t care about any of that,

because as far as she was concerned, her lover and mate and father of her pups was *absolutely* her alpha. The submissive feeling that came when he circled her with his powerful arms was more than enough to confirm that fact, as were the loving noises he made when a contraction rolled through her and she stiffened.

“Oohhhh,” she moaned, startled by how powerful it was. “I’d already f-forgotten what it f-felt like. It’s - ahhhh - not fun!”

“I’m sorry, my mate,” he whispered in her ear, nuzzling against her shoulder. “You have done so well with our pups. With such a large litter too. Just listen to your body. I’ll be right beside you.”

A number of the older children were around: wolf babies grew up fast, just like the real bestial article, but they were upstairs, having recently been fed. Marcus’ mother was seeing to them: there were more than a few after all, and Henrika wanted to be alone with her mate as usual when the time for birthing came.

“S-still can’t believe I’m d-doing all this,” she said, gritting her sharp teeth together.

“Me either,” her mate replied. “You have done so amazingly as a mother, Henrika. Each day I’m so happy to have you in my life. We don’t have to keep having so many pups, though. This could be the last lot, and -”

“No!” she cried, enough that it turned into a partial howl. She blushed - or at least would have, beneath her fur - and then rode out the contraction. “No,” she repeated, more sure of herself. “I want to have as many as I can. There needs to be more wolves in the world.”

She left it at that, and while she knew her mate would like to discuss it more, tease out the feelings and so on, she was still a stoic individual at heart. She knew her feelings now, and that she was not a monster. She was a she-wolf, beautiful and motherly, and her pups were not wild beasts, but precious things that added to the wonder of the world.

And she knew she had a lot to atone for after a life of bitterness. Her age had been reduced in this new life, and she was now only twenty three years old. Plenty of time to please the Mad Dog Lord, and turn her back on her old life. Plenty of time to make so many beautiful litters, and birth them into the world.

“Very well, my love,” Marcus said, stroking her back. “I trust you implicitly. And I do want that future, as much as you. So long as you want it too.”

“I d-do. Lower me to the ground. It’s - gragghh! - it’s time!”

He did so, taking care so that she could lie back on the towels he had gotten ready for her. Her belly was enormous, larger than a beach ball in size, so she shifted to her side a little, lifting one wolfish leg. Another contraction, and she could feel that her vagina was almost fully dilated. It was one part of wolf-hood she wished she had; the easy births. Hers were more human-like.

But she wouldn't give the results up for the whole world.

"Time," she simply said, listening to her body. She pushed. Her aching breasts bounced against one another as she did so. She held firm to Marcus, who sat beside her. The pain was tremendous, but so was the instinct. She knew what to do. Besides, her breasts *ached and yearned* to feed her newest pups. They were already so damn full after feeding her existing dozen younger ones, just an hour ago, and Henrika knew that it was her body preparing to feed all her little babies. Her upper pair were now larger F-cups, and then the next pair DD-cups, then C-cups, then B-cups. They *all* bounced now, not that Marcus minded, or even she. Sure, it was still a little weird to her at times to have literally eight wobbling breasts, and to need to wear four separate bras, but Marcus made sure to make the entire experience *very* fun. And besides, she was always rewarded by the sensation of getting to feed so many of her pups at once.

She was torn from that comfortable thought by another contraction. She pushed, gasping and groaning. Something was moving inside of her, stretching her tunnel wide. She grit her teeth, squeezed her eyes shut, and pushed again. And again. And again.

"AARRRROOOO!!!" she cried, calling to the heavens. Marcus was giving a whole speech of encouragement but she could barely hear him, so focused was she on giving birth. It wasn't pleasant, but it was, simultaneously, also wonderful. The pangs of birth that would make it all worthwhile. She realised she wouldn't even give that up: there was a reason she'd had home births besides her mate each time.

"One. Last. PUSH!!!"

She held her belly, so full of life ready to enter the world. God (Dog God, in fact!) she could spend her whole life like that, constantly gestating new pups. As a human male, it would have been horrifying, but she knew better now: there was no better feeling than giving in to her heat and allowing herself to be flooded with her alpha's seed, and to have a big belly full of kicking pups. Even in the middle of all the pain, she was reminded of how much she loved her twenty five existing pups.

Her pack.

"It's c-coming! Marcus, it's c-coming!"

She strained, squeezed, panted, and then her newest pup finally crossed the threshold of her furry womanhood, and entered into the world. Her mate caught it.

"A girl!" he marvelled at the mewling, still-blind creature. "Look, my mate, my love. A gorgeous little girl!"

She nodded, still panting. "P-place her against me," she said, already feeling a new contraction, a new need to push. Her mate did so dutifully, and she was rewarded with the feeling of her newest little one suckling at her breast. She licked her child, cleaning some of

the fluid off of her fur: it had been very weird the first time she answered that instinct, but she had done it many times now, and was well used to it.

“And again,” she softly moaned as Marcus brushed her back. “And again and again.”

Over the next hour, she continued to push her children in the world, the compression in her stomach beginning to lessen with each birth. It was easily the largest litter she had ever carried. Previously, her largest was six pups. But at the end of this labor, she could scarcely believe it: she had managed an entire eight, and all of them were tugging at her nipples, not a single space free. It was actually quite relaxing, particularly given how much milk her body produced. She panted, tired yet relieved, and full of love for her many pups. Occasionally, one would lose its latch, and she or Marcus would guide its small mouth back into place, where it could begin to suckle again.

“You did it, my mate,” Marcus said. “I can’t believe it. Eight! Four boys and four girls. Truly, we must be blessed by the Dog God.”

Henrika softly chuckled at this, stroking her lover’s fur before resting her head. She could have a little shut-eye before her duties required her to be conscious again. For now, the gentle tug-tug-tug of her children feeding from her was putting her right to sleep.

“You have no idea how right you are, my mate,” she whispered to Marcus.

And then she fell asleep, perfectly happy and content with her new life. The last thing she saw before enjoying some much-needed unconsciousness was the reflection of the great, terrible, and wonderful Mad Dog Lord reflected in the surface of the slightly-cracked mirror across the room. They had never gotten rid of it: she didn’t want to. It was a good reminder of how far she’d come, and how much she had changed, inside and out. She occasionally saw the Soul of Canines in there too, laughing and giggling and grinning across its wide, hairy jaw. It was a slightly mocking laugh, but not entirely so. She got the sense it was the ribbing of a good friend, checking in on her, amused at her circumstances but proud of her.

“Thank you,” she whispered, feeling the tug-tug of her many new pups suckling at her milk. “Thank you.”

\*\*\*

The Soul of Canines cackled. What a fitting end to Henrika’s story! Or perhaps simply a beginning! She was, after all, bringing a rather large population of anthro-wolves back to this world, where previously they had been declining. It was good news, and even more so because they would need other wolves to take up the cause and reproduce like *rabbis*, their old prey!

“Still, what a shame she couldn’t become an ordinary wolf, living like an animal for a few centuries! Ah, but she wouldn’t deserve that. Maybe some actual pelt hunters from the early eighteen hundreds, ha! Or perhaps cruel puppy breeders, reducing my kind down to malformed little mockeries of what they once were! Repulsive! But good work, Henrika. You’ll be birthing many, many pups for many years to come, hee hee! What a turn for the man you used to be, haha!”

The Mad Dog Lord licked its lips, taking in the sight of the happy, sleeping she-wolf mother. As hyena-like as it often was, it could still be proud of its efforts to make a change for the better. But then, as always, its whims altered, and it bounded out across realities.

“Better find some other willing - and *unwilling* - subjects to help breed more wolves into the world, bipedal, quadrupedal, and even that one world with hexapodal wolves, hee hee!”

Somewhere out there, there were other humans hunting wolves, and in greater numbers. The Dog Lord cackled across the stars as it entered their realities, ready to change *theirs*.

**The End**