

# Winter Wolf

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**Warning:** This is erotica, meant only for those 18 or older. Only those who have reached the age of consent, in the country where they reside, should proceed. If you are not at least eighteen, please exit this page, immediately.

I shivered, clutching the furs that served as a blanket around myself as I leaned in closer to the fireplace. It was burned down to a few embers, but the little remaining heat still felt good on my skin. Better than the cold biting at my back, trying to steal me into a sleep that I wouldn't wake up from. As the embers died, though, the cold began to slide her steely grip across my chest, nipping at my ears, my fingers, anything and everything she could reach. Teeth beginning to chatter, I pulled my blanket tighter yet, covering my head and toes as I curled into a little ball. Still, the cold tried to reach me, slipping fingers beneath fabric, grasping my legs and arms in her cold grip, and kissing my lips, rendering them numb. I inched as close to the fire as I dared and began to feel a measure of relief as the cold slowly retreated back from me. For the night, at least.

Eventually, I fell asleep. Stirring back and forth, eyes flickering as I dreamed of white wolves chasing me through the snow, snapping at my feet. Wolves that turned into beautiful women as the moon rose in the sky, their chins stained red with blood, a frightening, yet beautiful, contrast against cold blue lips. Breasts hanging free beneath white pelts of fur, their fingertips and teeth glinting in the light. They ran through the snow and bit at the space my feet had been, and I ran faster and faster through the cold winds as their ice-cold breath chased me across the plains. Until the ground started to turn to rock beneath the snow and ice, and

the stones cut into the bare soles of my feet, yet still I had to run endlessly from the women chasing me, and then - suddenly, there was no ground beneath me at all and I was falling, and they were watching from above. Panting, their tongues lolling from their mouths, while I fell toward the ground.

Then I woke up. I woke up in bed, my feet like blocks of ice, my arms and legs numb with the cold. The grey fur of my blankets wrapped tight around me, and for a moment I thought I had been transformed into one of those wolf women. My heartbeat quickened, and a blush of warmth came to my cheeks as the blood flowed, but when I ran my fingers over my chest there was only flat muscle. When I ran my finger between my legs, I felt the fleshy tube of masculinity still present. I sighed, unsure if it was with relief or sadness, only sure that I had somehow survived another night without enough wood for the fire.

I had only a few sticks of it left, actually, which I used to heat the stove. I cracked three eggs into a cast iron pan and cut a ration of ham from the fridge up, thin enough to warm up alongside the eggs. I ate slowly, knowing the food would get cold if I wasn't careful, but also knowing the food in my belly would be the only warmth I felt for a good long while. I had to go out tonight, to find more wood - out where there were real wolves, and not just women in fur pelts.

After eating, I took up my axe from the fireplace and left the cabin. Since it was already in the woods, I wouldn't have to travel far for wood - but chopping too close to my house would only expose me to more wind, more snow, and furthermore, it could draw attention to the area. Besides, I didn't actually want to chop down the trees, just strip them of some of their lower branches, and I'd already done that for the ones closer to my house.

Wandering away from the safety of shelter had problems, though. I had only chopped a few branches, when I heard the howl of a wolf in the distance - and an answering howl, from behind me. I spun, looking for a sign of the creature nearby, but could see nothing except for the trees. The trees whose branches had been stripped and made smooth - harder to climb. Not that climbing them would do much good if wolves started to surround me.

I knew my best bet was to get closer to the cabin, so I started started to move in its direction. I paused, though, when I heard another howl, this one coming directly from the underbrush. I stepped backward, and from the corner of my eye I thought I saw a hand shoot out of the brush, with long and sharp fingernails. When I turned, though, I didn't see a human - I saw a wolf. A snarling wolf, gnashing at me with its teeth. I backed away slowly from it and felt something hot against the back of my legs. There was a sharp pain as one of the wolves bit me on the thigh.

Only it didn't feel like sharp wolf teeth. The teeth felt flat, dull, digging into the denim I wore. They were harder than a human's, though. They tore straight through the cloth, scraping the skin before I could tug away. I twisted around, but saw nothing but a hint of silver fur disappearing into the underbrush. Then I was alone..

Had those really been wolves? I'd heard tales of something... more. Living in these woods. Something like a werewolf - women who could transform between human and wolf shape, by wearing pelts. I thought they were just stories, of course; stories and dreams I used to entertain myself. Maybe something I thought about occasionally - the beauty of a female body, the freedom of a wolf's body in the woods. It was something beautiful. Yet it was just a fantasy for a man like me.

I shook my head and began to limp back toward my cabin. It was a long walk with an injured leg, and the rip in my clothing was letting the cold in. It didn't help that I couldn't afford to let go of my bundle of wood, if I didn't want to freeze. So I carried it all the way home, all but dragging the leg behind me, until I could finally push open the wooden door to my log cabin and stumble inside.

I couldn't rest right away, though. I had to ready the branches for the fireplace, actually start the fire, and then finally gather myself under the blankets, shivering and with my leg feeling as if it was on fire. I slipped into near sleep, as

close to a nap as I could get through the pain in my leg... The heat of the fire seemed to be soothing it, though, and I sighed faintly as sleep began to slowly overtake me. Rest, warmth, happiness.

There was a sudden twitch of my leg as I slept. The redness of the wound slowly faded, the flesh knitting itself back together where teeth had cut through. I didn't consciously feel it, in my sleep, as the leg's flesh was kneaded and remolded, my thighs thickening with muscle as the lower leg became more slender, and lost its body hair. The changes spread, through the groin, and I twitched faintly as my "fleshy tube" was pulled slowly inward, inverted inside itself, my ballsack following as the skin was stretched and remolded, an opening forming where before there had been a tube - soft lips, gentle folds, a deep tunnel. In my sleep, my fingers - now more delicate and narrow - gently traveled between my legs, and began to press inward while I squirmed back and forth.

I slept, still, as my body shifted further. My hips widened, fat shifting from my stomach to surround them; my breasts began to develop, little hills quickly growing to large mountains, as my other hand lifted up to squeeze the newly-formed mounds. I slept through it, though, as my stomach flattened, muscles coming into definition as I transformed further. My hair grew longer, turning silver, and I shivered a little on my makeshift bed in front of the fireplace.

My dreams were dreams of the wolf ladies again. This time they weren't chasing me, though. This time I was running alongside them, one of the women, one of the wolves, growling with meat and blood on my breath as the cold embraced me from all sides and I began to pant, tongue lolling out, fingernails long and teeth glinting in the light. We chased nothing but the wind, wanted nothing but freedom, and maybe occasionally each other.

One of the wolves charged at me, jumped at me, grasping me from behind and bringing me down to the ground. She lowered her mouth to my thighs and bit them, but there was no pain. There was pleasure radiating out from her teeth, from her contact on my skin. Her tongue darted out to lick the wound, kiss it, stroke my flesh with her wet muscle. Her hands were soft and small, feeling more like paws as they scrabbled across my thighs, to spread them apart for kisses. Strokes. Touches. As she licked me, she whispered to me, "You are one of us," and... I woke.

I stared down at my body, finally aware of the changes in real life to match my dream. I touched my breasts, hefting them in my hands and letting them spill out between my fingers. I ran a hand down my flat stomach, pulling my breasts apart a little so that I could see all the way down my flat stomach to where my new mound lay. To where there was no more masculinity. I stared at the silver tresses

of my hair, the pale skin of my body. I smiled, and then went to the kitchen to prepare myself a meal.

I cracked open three eggs, but didn't bother to cook them, nor the ham. I ate it cold from the fridge, enjoying the taste of meat. The eggs tasted better than usual, too, even though they were raw. I enjoyed drinking them down.

Done with food, I looked down at my blankets. On top of the grey furs laid a new white pelt, which I took in my hands, slowly undoing my denim jeans and removing my blouse. I wrapped the pelt around myself, and moved outside.

Despite being almost nude, the cold didn't bother me anymore. It didn't nip at me; it caressed me like a familiar friend, happy to see me out inside her. I lowered myself to the ground, then, and began to run. I lifted my head to the sky and let out a howl. There was an answering howl ahead and to the left. Another to the right. I didn't move toward either, but howled again, letting it be known where I was moving. Letting it be known, so that the other wolves could move closer to me.

They came, happy and panting and crying out their need. One tackled me, taking me to the floor of the forest to roll on pine needles, putting her hands on my breasts and leaning her entire weight down on top of me. Kissing me softly on each nipple, until they hardened. Then biting me on each breast, sending new waves of pleasure through my body, rippling through my stomach and making my hands grasp at



empty air. I realized that I wanted their fingers inside me - and just as quickly, a hand was shoving itself into my privates, a tongue was licking at my new clit, flicking the button as greedy fingers pushed inside me.

We rolled on the ground, a needy cunt pushed into my lips, a sopping sex pressed against each of my hands. I stroked, and kissed, and licked and fucked everything I could reach, everything I could touch. I took in the scent of lust and need.

“You’re one of us now,” a voice whispered to me. “You’re one of us, forever.”

I nodded. This time, I didn’t wake up. This time, I was part of the pack.zz