Pine Barren
by Missy

Summary

She has heard of maidens younger than she who came to this forest to give themselves to the pack of the wolf-men who live here. There they have found happiness in the night, families, without giving up the possibility of seeing the daylight in human form.

Silver eyes and sharp teeth tell their tale. A story she realizes she wants to be part of.

Or: Red goes into the woods as an older woman, with a different set purpose.

Notes
See the end of the work for notes
It’s cool tonight in the woods.

Cool and quiet. And Red has entered silently. Stripping away her red blouse, her prim black skirt, her long scarlet cloak, she thinks of the years she’s wasted being good, a teacher, sweet and virtuous. Nearly past the flush of her youth, she feels as if she’s rotting like a pear, turning back into the liquid that once formed her.

So, to the woods she has come. For, virtuous though she is, her ears are wide open to the gossip of her students. She has heard of maidens younger than she who came to this forest to give themselves to the pack of the wolf-men who live here. There they have found happiness in the night, families, without giving up the possibility of seeing the daylight in human form.

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Perhaps it’s the scent she gives off. The heat in the breeze. When leaves rustle by her ear and amber and silver eyes peer out at her through the darkened underbrush of the glen, she forced her limbs to still and not move.

Among them, only one approaches, on shaggy legs that seem human, though abnormally muscular and quite furry. The parts that mark him out as a man and a wolf blend together in a way that causes her heart to beat double time against her quivering breast – he is impressive but fearsome, with muscles that ripple and hands that are careworn and sharp nailed. The wolf-man is tall and muscular, but there is a caring look in his eyes

And impressively endowed. Oh, how she tries not to let her eyes linger!

“Do you give yourself willingly?” he asks, the vibrato of his voice echoing against her heart.

“Aye,” she says, her voice not shaking a wit.

A nod of his head. “You will be mine, then,” he says, and bends his head to hers.

The kiss seems to burn away everything but the excitement surging through her veins. It’s like turning a cartwheel next to a May Day bonfire – once spinning, she doesn’t want the thrill to stop until she’s sprawled in the grass with a spinning head.

In spite of those sharp teeth of his, he’s careful when he kisses her. Though he nips at her lips and slides his tongue between them, he does not pierce her flesh. She, meanwhile, maddens his lips with her teeth, reaching up for his fury head, pulling him close. She hears him suck in a deep breath and smiles at the blazing brightness in his eye, new and sweet. The hands that explore the roundness of her breast and the dip of her waist. A rough tongue laps against each nipple, bathing them until they glitter, dark brown in the white-grey moonlight.

When he sucks one between his lips, teeth brushing wickedly along it, she lets out a delighted wail. All sense of warmth and contact disappears. “Shhh!” he says. “Don’t make a sound. You belong to
me. I will not bring the rest of them down upon our heads.”

They stare at each other – she in resentment. His look is a plea for understanding. Their chests heave, as if trying to throw off the mantle, the cold, the cough. Steam wreathes his head, his manly body and the lupine fur of his body. Human, he is, in spite of his looks. The need to plunder and soothe, dichotomous but present, courses through her nerves, causing her to press her thighs together. What was once rapacious and evil-feeling seems right this time. Nearly tempting.

He returns to her breasts but this time there is a determined purpose to his aim. Down, down her belly he moves, pausing to shove her thighs apart and take her ass in his large palms.

The first lick is flat-tongued, determined, with large hands trying to press her juddering hips to stillness. Short, sharp brushes against the plump, wet exterior lips, then he nuzzles his nose between the folds and begins to feast of her in earnest. Her body writhes and twists without as pleasure shoots through her. Her hands find her own breasts and greedily pluck away at the nipples, increasing the stimulation threefold. The sensation of rushing away, running fast on the back of a white horse out of control filled her; giddily she spread her legs wider, planted her feet and hunched, soaking and matting his fur down with her excitement. Faster and tighter her muscles, higher and higher the fire goes. She moans and snaps her neck stiff as the orgasm washes over her, similar to the sweet moments of release she’s given herself alone in bed, in tubs, in the woods that surround them.

Another follows, and another – her body quivering and shaking, involuntary moans of joy coming low in her throat and pouring into the night air. He pulls away when she begins to feel raw, her clitoris a throbbing, distended ache – as if he knows when enough is enough.

And so he pauses, cock heavy and rampant, tip shining. “I will ask you only once,” he says. “Do you want this? Forever?”

Only a heartbeat of consideration stops her. She long ago rejected the notion of ever becoming a wife like her grandmamma. Nor like her mother, furrowing her brow, trying to cut together sugar and fat to make a cake. She might have that normality with him and a pack life. Fur or silk, again and again.

She answers by pulling him to her mouth, yanking him forward, which presses him up and inside of her.

He pulls back and thrusts forward immediately – after a burning stretch there is fullness, slick friction, and the delightful jangling of nerves touched so infrequently.

On and on he goes, pleasuring and teaching her. She sweats and comes, digs her nails into his shoulders until the fur divides and furrows. “Fuck,” she grunts, pushing her hips up into his, taking everything he’s giving her, trying to punish him with her own velvet, the tight squeeze of herself around him.

“Ssh,” he whispers, hips snapping, “I shall not let the others see you. You will be mine, aye? I will treat you like an angel and fuck you like a devil, and you will never want, never ache.” He moans, his head falling back as he rears above her, his plunging hips speeding, his cock providing deliciously intense friction to her sensitive heat. The wild ride is heading somewhere, somewhere….

He grunts. The silver eyes go amber. The mouth tucked into her neck is filled with the sharpest of teeth.

She comes as he fills her, as heat washes away her reserve - her teeth sinking down white into the flesh of his neck – as the world goes white again.
Coming to, she feels him lick her earlobe gently. She shifts, whimpering softly at the burning heat on the side of her neck. She doesn’t need to ask what it is. He dug into her deeply enough to brand.

His voice is soft when he speaks again. “A hard ride. Are you well?”

She nods.

When she smiles again, her gums are lined with razor-sharp teeth.

End Notes

I really hope you like this!

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