

Lillian Red

D. Dancer

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D. Dancer (<https://dsadie.com>)
Curious Cabbit (<https://curiouscabbit.com>)

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It was one of those bright summer days where the insects just hung in the air, buzzing lazily as they found the energy to fly across the beams of sunlight. A faint breeze teased past the leaves of jade, sending cascading waves of playful laughter across the fields as children played and grandparents watched. Not a single cloud marred the sapphire sky, just blue fields above.

The village was small, nameless to everyone except those who lived there. The center of town was just a dozen mud and brick houses, with fresh thatching on the roofs and flowers in the windows. The beaten dirt road paused in front of the combination inn, tavern, and mayor's house before winding away from the houses and fading into the distance. Just a tiny spot on the road of life. In fact, it was the less traveled road for the rest of the world.

Nestled on the north side of the village were the few tiny shops the town could afford. Connecting the stores was a thick wooden path, semi-affectionately called the "Boardwalk." The largest store dominated one end of the boardwalk as its rightful place as the only general store for thirty kilometers in all directions. The smithy spread out over the other end, holding it down with the weight of heavy iron of horseshoes and shovels. The rest of the stores were small and insignificant to most of the populace. Their income came from the rare payday purchase, such as a new dress from the dressmaker or the empty store that the local judge sat in, when he bothered to come down the dusty trail.

Off to one side, about a dozen meters away from the boardwalk itself was a tiny hut made of brick. Behind it, a massive garden filled with flowers of all types, from bright red blood blossoms to

yellow maiden's breath, stretched out right up to a corpse of trees near the village. Sitting outside of the hut was a girl, in her late teens, paging through a picture book and sighing dramatically. One foot rapped against the ground in slow, uneven beats as she fingered through the pages with the ease of memorization.

Without warning, the door to the hut cracked open. For a moment, it hung there, then it was pushed open as a woman stepped out into the sun. Brilliance of yellow sun almost exploded in flames as her long, red curls caught the dancing sunlight. Throwing it back for a moment, the woman reached up with lithe hands and bundled it into a thick knot larger than her delicate hands. She frowned at her fingernails for a moment before worrying a tiny silver of dirt from underneath one of them.

"Are you leaving, Lillian?"

Lillian smiled down, straightening her blouse down over her large, slightly sagging breasts. Her eyes were a warm brown and filled with laughter. Kneeling down, she tweaked the girl on the nose, who rubbed with with a playful frown.

"Yes, probably won't be back tomorrow either."

The girl grinned, "Looking forward to tonight?"

Lillian blushed faintly, the red bringing out tiny freckles on her cheeks. Looking away for a moment, she spoke in a laughing voice, "You are still too young for that, girl. Just watch the show until the bell and then head home. Put up the sign, it is behind the door."

She got a nod in response and Lillian pulled herself to her feet. The sunlight caught on her blouse, shining through the fabric to highlight the soft white lace bra underneath. The flowing skirt around her hips swirled out as she moved, the sunlight piercing it in hazy red streamers. Her boots, ungraceful in her outfit but very functional, hit the ground as she stepped around the hut and bent over. The girl watched her ass for a moment as Lillian picked up something and briefly considered some thoughts she was still too young for. Then Lillian stood up with a large bundle of bruised flowers and hefted them against her body. Some of the red flowers pressed against her cleavage, pushing insistently against the thin fabric, but she was already moving away from the hut and town, toward the thick darkness of the trees.

The girl watched for a moment, then called out.

“Have fun!”

“I will!”

Without another thought, the girl returned to her book and left Lillian to walk alone toward the woods. The young woman followed a faintly beaten trail, turning along the woods as she caught up to a more established one. The scent of flowers clung to her skin as she enjoyed the sounds and sensations of summer buzzing. A few white moths fluttered around her flowers as her boots tramped the ground. They hesitated at a small babbling brook. Dropping one flower in the water, she smiled warmly as she watched the yellow blossom swirl around in the currents.

“For luck.”

—

Back at the village, a dark man walked firmly down the middle of the street. The few villagers, mainly the old men and women who finally earned the right to retire, were there to smile and greet him. He smiled back, showing very little of his forty years of life, or the last twenty that he felt the calling of the gods.

He stopped by all the shops, with short conversations before making his way to the flower shop. The teenage girl looked up at him, but didn't smile.

“Good afternoon, holy father.”

He smiled back, “Cynthia. How are you and your esteemed father doing?”

Cynthia grunted and stared down at her book, but didn't read it. The father, the town priest, waited for a moment, then cleared his throat.

“Is Lillian in?”

“She left... it is their anniversary.”

For a moment, the priest seemed confused, then he nodded, “I forgot, it has been a year, hasn't it?”

Cynthia didn't look up, but her jaw tightened, “You should know.”

He nodded for a moment, “Yes... I should. Well... I better hurry up, the tax collector is coming through town tonight. If you would be so kind, please tell your father.”

“Sure.”

The priest stepped around the hut and headed toward the woods himself. Cynthia called out to him, eyes staring at the book, but not seeing it.

“You better take the long way around, father. There are werewolves in those woods.”

“Why...? Oh.” He blinked a few times, “Thank you.”

A faint smile crossed Cynthia’s lips and she finally returned to her book.

“No problem.”

—

Lillian hummed to herself as she stepped through the trees, carefully setting down her feet on sun-baked earth. Behind her, occasional petals stretched out in a trail, almost like breadcrumbs, but one of yellow, red, and blue. The woods stretched out in all directions, buzzing in time with the tuneless hum that filled her with joy. As she stepped over a fallen tree, she paused, a sparkle of amusement in her eyes. Turning around, she carefully set down the bundle of flowers, all rejects from her business, in the crook of some branches. Brushing off a few mushrooms and dust, she sat down and worked at the laces of her boots. It slipped off and the sock underneath followed soon after. With a giggle, she worked at the other boot and set it down next to the tree. Pulling out a bright blue flower, she set it down on the boots and stood up.

Taking a hesitant step, she tested the ground, but it felt warm and hot and very smooth against the soles of her feet. Almost purring, she stepped forward against the ground and gathered up her flowers. Leaving the boots behind, she padded back along the beaten path, enjoying the thrill of earth and grass against her toes. A few more sprinkles of flowers dripped to the ground, leaving their tiny trail of color behind her.

She continued to pad along the woods, humming and moving happily. By the time she reached the second stream, about a third of the flowers were cascading on the ground and she was smiling happily. Pausing at the stream, she looked past the swollen waters, clear and cool, and at the trail on the other side. Hanging from one tree was a tiny sign, “Lillian Red.” Remembering when she put it up, only a year before, she smiled happily and stepped into the cool

water. It rushed around her, tugging at her toes and pulling at her as she padded across the smooth rocks and sandy bottom.

Her toes plunged into the cool sand near the middle when she saw the trail of petal swirling down the stream. For a brief moment, she frowned, but then she just held them firmly as she finished crossing the stream, enjoying the feel of her bare feet on the ground as she climbed up the other side, and into the land she claimed as her own. With a smile, she reached up to touch the board, where her name was scratched out of the wood itself. Her husband's name wasn't there, but the memory of him carving out the sign was all she needed.

For a long moment, she caressed the sign, shivering with the memories. Her lips parted slightly as a flush crept up her cheeks and her thighs. The heat of summer seemed distant to the growing pounding in her chest and the slick sensations crawling up her spine. Gasping slightly, her caresses turned to a grip as she clutched to the board, remembering the wonderful wedding day filled with sensual pleasures.

Slowly, she brought herself back to the woods, standing next to the cool stream of water. Looking around, a slow and sly smile crossed her face. Setting the flowers down once again on the side, she bent over, fingers working at the hem of her skirt. Slipping her hands up against her bare leg, she trailed toward the center of her being. Questing fingers caught the edge of her panties, bright white despite the red-silk skirt. Shivering as she caressed her own sex, she eased it off her hips and down to her ankle. Staring down at the white puddle of fabric, she lifted her foot and set it down on a rock. Standing back up, she smiled at the feel of her damp sex bare to the air, a faint breeze teasing her through the fabric of her skirt.

Moaning very faintly, she gathered up her flowers and left the white fabric behind. Even the effort to climb up the very shallow edge of the stream set her on edge, her thighs rubbing against her slickness and building up slow embers of pleasure. Her skirt swirled around her as she continued down the path, enjoying the wind that now brushed against her, sending the very occasional caress up the valley of her thighs.

By the time she reached the dark part of the woods, she was panting very softly to herself. Behind her, the trail of petals

continued well out of sight, the brilliant colors almost a path itself, leading to her. Even with her growing excitement, she paused for a moment, letting her eyes adjust the almost sheer wall of darkness, where the canopy of trees stretched across the sky.

The trail she was following finally reached the end, just a few meters into the darkness. Twisting around an ancient tree, it spread out into a tiny clearing. At the far end was a tree, almost three times her height and half-rotted. A dark niche filled the edge and the sight of it brought a smile to her lips. Padding forward slowly, she crept around the tree and peered into the darkness.

The strong scent of mold and wood was not enough to mask the primal scent of something else, a feral musk of a creature. The smile across her lips stretched out as she clutched to the flowers, moaning softly as she breathed the odor of her husband. Warm and comforting, it was just the right scent for her, lover and companion, the man she married for a year.

Adjusting to the dimness of the hole in the log, she caught sight of something new. Their bed, layer after layer of furs and woven blankets, was covered in flowers already. They were not the delicate petals that she brought with, but it was still a bewildering array of bright colors and strong scents. Gasping, she knelt down on the edge of the bed, trailing her fingers through the leaves. When her finger started to tingle on one leaf, she carefully threw the bright green leaf aside.

“Poison ivy... not a good idea.”

She grabbed another plant, “Neither are thistles.”

Still smiling, she quickly picked out the plants she was allergic to or would leave puncture wounds in her. By the time she was done, her lips were parted slightly as she rubbed her thighs together, enjoying the sensation of crawling across petals and flowers. The softness against her bare knees was almost too much as she crawled out of the bed, to lean against the rotting wood of their home. Seeing the carpet of petals she made leading into the roughly collected flowers from her mate was enough for tears to form in her eyes.

As she sobbed softly, holding her eyes, she felt a pounding vibrate through the ground. Slowly, she looked up to see a dark figure standing on the edge of the clearing. Hidden in shadows, she could

see the impressive shoulders brushing against two trees. The creature was over two meters in height and had powerful muscles rippling underneath the dark fur. A wolf-like snout peeked out into a streamer of sunlight, where droplets of water sparkled in the motes. Blinking at the tears, she looked at it with a storm of emotions that caught her breath.

“You... you shouldn’t have...”

A deep rumble called to her and Lillian took a slow step into the clearing. Her mate did the same, stepping into the sunlight with a slow, feral movement. In the light, his expression was easier to see, the yellowed eyes filled with so much love, so much passion. In one hand, he was carrying her boots and underwear, the garments almost disappearing underneath the furry paw. One edge of her panties were hanging from his claw, dangling in his movements. He held it up slightly, a curious look in his eyes.

Lillian grinned, “Oh... did I forget those?”

He chuckled in response, opening his hands and letting the boots thud to the ground. A few moments later, the white curl of her panties fell to the ground. Lillian took another few steps closer and he knelt down on the ground, bringing his shoulders, his strong shoulders, to the top of her gaze. With a giggle, she threw herself at him. He opened his arms and she fell into them, moaning happily as he wrapped his arms around her, holding her tight and safe inside his grip. His feral scent washed over her, sending minute tingles across her skin as she looked up into his yellow eyes.

“You are so sweet, Red.”

The werewolf, her husband, just squeezed her tightly until she squeaked with joy. Relaxing, he lifted her up. Lillian felt a surge of helpless pleasure flow through her veins as he hefted her up as easily as she lifted a flower. It was only a short distance until he brought her to their bed, but she was already gasping with the sensations, feeling his hot, furry body against her skin. Her dress, thin against the breeze, felt like it was not even there as his fur rubbed against her own heated skin.

Lillian moaned softly as he knelt down again, this time against the soft petals. With a tiny part of her mind, she thanked that she removed the sharp bits, but he was already nuzzling against her neck, his hot breath against her ears and shoulder, a large tongue

teasing her as he started to lick her. Another moan, this one more sensual than before, ripped from her body as she caught her breath, arching her back as he held himself over her, his powerful form curled over her protectively.

Unable to keep her eyes open from the intense sensations, Lillian closed her eyes and reached up, trailing her fingers and palms against the short course hairs of his chest. A powerful breath filled his chest, straining it against her fingers before he resumed his lapping against her skin, soaking her blouse to the skin. His tongue, larger than her hand, was almost delicate as it swirled under her chin; she lifted it as he moved to her other side, brining new pleasures across her body as he just licked her, the simple act of kissing for a creature so large.

She reached up with one hand, wrapping around his massive head and holding him as he lapped harder, curling his tongue from her shoulder down her arm. The fabric of her blouse was almost transparent from the saliva, but she only felt the warm tingle of growing pleasure. Rubbing her thighs together, she stroked her other hand against his fur, rubbing against it with every movement of his head. Her legs finally parted, to stretch out to touch each of his ankles, almost straining as he positioned himself directly above her.

After a few moments, Lillian spread them even more, almost to the limits of her hips and body, to slip her legs outside of his thighs. Her action left her feeling vulnerable, exposed, and turned on more than she had ever been. His heat washed against her body, caressing her thighs and leaving a hot burning sensation along her drooling sex. The faint scent of her excitement filled their home, faint but powerful when mixed in with his musk.

Red lifted himself away from her, his weight rested around her, crushing the petals. A thin line of saliva clung to her shoulder, before snapping away, splattering against her breasts. She could feel passion building inside her as she looked along his form, imaging the powerful muscles pressed against her. Her eyes trailed down even further, to the bulging sheath between his legs, already stuffed with his growing hardness. The opening was already soaked with his own juices.

As she watched, it twitched and a large droplet of precum oozed out of the opening and splashed down. It hit one of the petals, oozing along the rose to soak into the blankets below. She moaned softly, arching her back as she brought her gaze back up to the werewolf above her. His lips pulled back in a smile at her look, rumbling deep in his chest. With a slow, sensual movement, he lowered his head to her breast, lapping at it with his tongue. Lillian moaned as she watched the immense tongue slap against her breast, then curl around it, soaking the fabric in a matter of moments. Her nipples, pink and hot, stuck up through the lace bra as he gently licked at one, then the other with gentle movements. Pinned to the ground by her splayed ankles, Lillian could only writhe and gasp as he licked her from throat and breasts. Each lap would tease a little further down, soaking the fabric and sending delicious pleasures across her senses.

When he finally reached her hips, she pushed one trembling hand down to gather up her skirt, exposing the patch of reddish-brown hair to his questing tongue. Red took the opportunity, his immense head shifting down as the tongue rested heavily against her slit. Lillian had a moment to marvel at his flexibility, with his legs holding hers apart so far and still able to lick at her sex, but then his tongue, heavy and soaking, drew across her opening and she lost herself in the intense pleasures that coursed through her body. He only rest his tongue on her, teasing as he moved, never penetrating. Lillian gasped, her body writhing in pleasure. Her one hand clutched to her skirt, holding the soaked fabric tightly in place as her other slipped down her breasts, rubbing them through the fabric.

Red drew his tongue up against her again, the immense weight splaying open the lips and exposing her to the pleasurable assault against her senses. The tip teased her inner thighs for a moment before nestling against her crevice, teasing the tiny opening with its thickness. She shivered with pleasure as he drew the tip up and down against her opening and a faint memory of their first time, a year before, sent a tiny orgasm of thrill through her body. Fingers plunged into the opening of her shirt, pulling apart buttons as she grabbed her breast through the bra. After a moment moments, she pushed it aside to stroke against her own body as he lapped and

twisting his tongue against her opening, slowly easing it into her and filling her up with the hot slickness she craved.

“Oh...”

The word never ended as he pushed forward, filling her up as she bit her lip to prevent herself from calling out. Her fingers clutched at her breasts, slipping in the soaked fabric, rubbing against her nipples as he pleased her. Too soon, she felt the need for something else. Her trembling hand finally released the skirt and came up to her blouse, grabbing the edge and tearing it open. Her lace-covered breasts thrust out of the shirt as she tugged at it, whimpering with a nameless hunger she couldn't fill.

Red lifted his head from her sex, his tongue still inside. With a casual movement, she felt his tongue rest heavily on her stomach, drawing up as he pressed his teeth against the resisting fabric. Moving her hands out of the way, Lillian looked into the warm yellow eyes. A faint ripping noise filled the space between them as her lover bit the bra in half, his lips caressing her skin. Her body felt free as she pushed it aside. Red lapped at her naked mounds, soaking them and teasing them until she was moaning once again. He licked at her, from throat to sex and back again. Even the occasional lapping along her thighs and feet left her feeling breathless and intensely hot.

“Red...”

The werewolf paused, his tongue pressed up against her sex as a deep curious rumbling filled his chest.

“Red... I want you...”

He paused for a moment, then started to crawl off her. Lillian got a chance to look at his cock, huge and hot and red. It was as thick as her arm and she could never handle all of it inside her body. The werewolf shifted to the side, looking down at her as she stared back up at him.

“No... I want you the way you want me.”

He paused again, then shook his head. A brief emotion filled his eyes, the helplessness in his inability to speak, but she smiled at him. Fighting to urge to let him continue, to crawl on his back and let her impale herself, Lillian struggled with herself. His cock surged, dripping splatters of precum against the ground, soaking

the petals with the slow, steady rainfall of a lust-filled creature. She felt the tears in her eyes again and strained to speak.

“I-I know that you don’t trust yourself... you worry about taking me, giving me too much. But... after a year, I can take all of you,” she looked at his dripping cock and felt the flush of excitement at that accomplishment.

“And... I trust you. You won’t hurt me.”

Red shook his head again, his claws curling up tightly as his jaw tightened. Lillian looked up with crying eyes.

“I love you, Red.”

And, to make a point, she rolled over, pulling herself to her hands and knees and pushing her ass up into the air. A splatter of red-hot cum splashed against her left ankle as she closed her eyes tightly, waiting for him to respond. The position, a helpless position to resist her husband, was almost too much for her, but she wanted him and wanted him in the way he’s wanted her since he first took her.

Pressing her cheek against the smell, drinking in the scent of roses and tulips, she smiled.

“I love you.”

For a long time, he didn’t move. Lillian could feel his internal struggles, but she could smell his excitement in the air. It grew stronger every moment until he finally shifted. Lifting himself up, he knelt behind her, stroking a soft hand against her shivering back. The furry digit caressed her opening as she felt him leaning forward. Splashes of precum hit her back, but he was simply too large to kneel behind her, like a human. He tried again and again, but despite his huge cock, he was simply too large to comfortably get his body meshed in with hers.

Red changed tactics, lurching over her as he pressed down on her body. The feel of his powerful body pressing against her back sent tiny surges of anticipation against her, which doubled when she felt the tip of his member pushing down into her sex.

But, the angle was too wrong when he eased it into the tight opening, it pushed down against the bone instead of driving up into the wet depths of her being. Lillian shook her head and he backed off. Red tried again a few times, but even the tip of his cock couldn’t get in the right angle for penetration. Soon, Lillian was crying again,

the strength she built up to let him take her was being drained away by the frustration of logistics. She was just too small.

More abortive attempts and Red finally acknowledged defeat. He curled up against her, looking at her with sad eyes. Lillian blinked back the tears and sat up, resting on the heels of her feet, her blouse half-open from their fading lust.

“I’m sorry...”

Red shook his head and pressed one palm against her chest, covering her breasts easily as he stroke a thumb against her chin. Lillian’s tears came again.

“I... I wanted to give you...”

She sniffed, “I’m just too small.”

Lillian leaned into his rubbing, but then Red stopped. An idea flashed in his eyes as he looked behind her. His black lips pulled back in a grin as he scrambled to his feet. Lillian looked behind her, but there was nothing in the clearing. With a tender movement, he scooped her up and also grabbed a massive handful of blankets. Woofing with excitement, he bounded across the clearing in a few moments and stopped in front of the immense tree that signaled the entrance of their “home.” Lillian looked up at it with confusion, but Red just set her down. Taking the blankets dripping petals, he slapped it up against the tree, tying it tightly on the other side.

Lillian finally registered his actions and felt a surge of excitement building inside her. Her breath came in short gasps as he tied the blankets up, right at the height of his dripping cock, then reached down for her. Lillian nuzzled against his grip as he lifted her, to the blankets. Lillian reached out for them, grabbing on a thick knotted bundle as he positioned her. Pulling it closer, she pressed her breasts against the blanket wrapped tree, wrapping her legs as best as she could. Gravity tugged down at her, and she felt like she was sliding, but Red pressed his body up against her, pinning her between the love of her life and a tree. His hardness firmly announced itself against her back, soaking through the fabric and leaving her feeling slick. A different type of slickness was drawing her attention, at the burning lust deep inside. Lillian moaned against the tree, pressing her face against it as she spread her legs as far as she could reach.

Red's powerful paws pinned her legs, as he lowered himself. The tip of his cock, thick as her fist, slipped down along her back and the skirt before it slapped hard against the tree between her. She shivered with anticipation, almost glowing with excitement. He was so gentle as he positioned it against her entrance, nuzzling it just enough to prevent it from slipping out. Even the tiny bit inside was immense, stuffing her with hot pleasures.

She found that her breasts were being pinned uncomfortably, so she pushed away from the tree enough to spread them out before letting Red pin her firmly against the blankets. She moaned softly as he started to increase the pressure, letting the thick, vein-covered member into her body. She shivered as she stretched to accommodate him without pain; a year of sex with him let her body adjust to immense size. It was slow, pleasurable, and hot as it eased deep into her depths, filling her firmly. His cock was huge inside her, but she could only let loose with a long wail of pleasure as he filled her for the first time... that day.

Everything felt on fire as he slowly drove to her limits, pushing the cock head up against her inner walls and stretching up up. She felt centimeter after centimeter of hot hardness slipping into her, filling her, until the furry ring of his sheath pressed tightly against her lips. For a moment, she shivered, just feeling her lover fill her.

Hot breath splashed against her back and she looked up, tears of joy in her eyes. He was watching her, yellow eyes locking with her gaze. She smiled and he began to move, drawing his cock out a little before easing it back in. Slow waves of pleasure built up as he gathered more steam, drawing it out of her before pushing up a little harder. She felt her cervix being rapped again with his cock head, but it was more of a dim reminder that she was wrapped around his shaft with hungry need.

Red's cock head finally reached the bottom of her sex before slipping back in. He moved faster, panting softly against her shoulders as he drove up into her, burying his entire length in one long, slick movement. Lillian's body jerked as he bottomed out inside her. She gasped as he drew out, to drive back up. Every motion grew faster, deeper, but never painful. Instead, she was being opened up and stuffed, emptied then filled once again with

powerful, unavoidable strokes. He was taking her and all she could do was bite the blanket and let him.

Heat exploded inside her as a whimper slipped from her lips. Hot flames of ecstasy exploded along her senses as her body tightened up, but he continued to plunge his cock into her tight, spasming hole without a single pause. She came again as Red stroked against her body, pinning her tightly against the tree with every stroke. Her entire body was shivering as his motions finally pushed from the slow sensual into a driving need. His cock sucked out of her, leaving an empty, terrible void before ramming back up, slapping his sheath against her opening and filled her in every way imaginable. Lillian screamed out in pleasure, the helplessness of her position only fueling the burning fires filling her.

She could feel the petals falling from the blanket as he gripped the tree, driving up into her, burying his length with a powerful thrust. The cock fisted its way in, pounding against her, but he managed to hold himself from hurting her. Instead, he was plunging in as hard as she could handle, and then a little. Her body adjusted to the assault, of being driven in with such a thick rod and she felt every iota of pleasure he was forcing into her.

Just as Lillian exploded from a countless orgasm, she felt Red finally reaching the crest of his own pleasure. The soft slurping noises from their junction grew faster, a sucking sensation as he rammed into her, driving every centimeter of his hardness into her depths. The heat rose off his cock, almost steaming with excitement, and she felt his cock swelling up. Near the base, she could feel it expanding, the thickness forcing its way into her stretched opening, like a tiny slick fist. Tiny whimpers of pleasure escaped her body, making it hard to breath, as she felt his knot start to grow while he forced it in and out of her body with tiny grunts.

With every thrust, the knot expanded until it was almost painful to pass through her gate. Thankfully, just as she thought she couldn't handle it, he drove it hard up into her body, ramming as much of his length into her as would fit. It expanded, swelling even more as he grunted, panting heavily against her shoulders. After a moment, he made a few hesitating thrusts in and out, but this time stopping as his knot planted itself right at the bottom of her sexuality. Finding the limit, he started up again, going from no

motion into hard, almost brutal strokes. His panting breath washed over her body but she was pressing herself up against the tree, trying to breath through the assault of pleasure against her body.

“Oh! Red!”

He grunted hard, shaking her body as he drove up and down in her, swirling around her sex with his hardness. His knot ballooned up, until she felt is pressing against her inner walls and even the pressure of her stomach against the tree, but he continued to drive into her, gasping and panting.

Then, Red came.

He came hard and fast, and she felt it surging more than heard it. A hot streamer of cum that flooded her insides, pumping fast and hard into her body even as the knot swelled even more. She groaned with the sensations, gripping the tree tightly as he pumped into her, filling her even more. The knot rested heavily against her entrance and soon she felt the cum stretching her out even more, a wet feeling of being full unlike anything she ever felt before. An intense flame, liquid magma of pleasure, exploded inside her, burning away at her senses until she screamed out, a long wail of pleasure that cut through the woods.

—

The local tax collector looked up from his books at the sound of an almost inhuman scream cut through the woods. Behind him, half a dozen guards pulled out their swords, circling around him with surprised fear.

“What was that!?”

The soft voice of the priest called out from the edge of the woods, filled with amusement and concern.

“That was Lillian Red, your honor.”

The older man, a collector for almost three decades, make a soft sound while looking through his books.

“Lillian Red? I have her on the list this year. She is on the list to be assessed this year.”

Looking up, he finally found the priest, leaning against a tree, smiling.

“Who are you?”

“Father Ramsus, of the Order in Jesolath.”

“Ah... father. I remember you from a couple years before. Still here? In that little smear of a village?”

“Yes... and I happen to like this place.”

“Well, I don’t see a reason to stay myself. I have three assessments and collections and I’ll be gone.”

The priest pushed himself away from the tree, “About that, could you do Lillian’s last?”

The tax collector frowned, “Why? I want to get out of here and she is on the way. I have notes that she was married, but I don’t have anything on her husband.”

“Yes, I agree, but could you wait a day or two, this is her anniversary today and I wouldn’t want to ruin it for them.”

Impatience brimmed in the collector’s voice. “So?”

“Well... you see. In the last week or so, I’ve found the corpses of a few brigands, a thief, and two poachers. Not to mention, what I think was a group of rot-worms,” all the guards shivered at that word, “and a strangling creeper.”

“Sounds like a very safe place then.”

“Yes, but Lillian’s husband was the one who did it.”

To the priest frustration, the collector obvious didn’t get it. “So?”

“Well, if you had a three meter tall werewolf cleaning out the woods for his one year anniversary, what makes you think he would consider six armed men walking into his home a threat?”

Silence slammed into the eight men and the priest smiled to himself as he watched the guards looking around nervously. The collector grunted, then grunted again.

“Werewolf?”

“Yes, a rather large one. And he is rather... protective of his new wife.”

The collector repeated himself, his face pale. “Werewolf?”

Nodding, the priest came up and patted him on the shoulder, “So... I think you should stay a couple of days, enjoy the nice village, and finish up collections when Lillian opens up her store the day after tomorrow.”

Looking at the priest still in shock, the collector repeated himself once again, “Werewolf?”

—

Lillian moaned softly as she felt Red's powerful arms around her. They were back on their bed, but his cock was still buried deep inside her body. Every twitch of her body sending it pressing hard up against her inner walls, stirring up sensations of pleasure. But, the thickness still filled her, knotting need inside her depths. Looking down at her sweat-soaked skin, she could see the bulge as it pushed out. Inside, she felt the hot currents as her bloated sex strained against the knot still blocking her escape. Moaning happily, she leaned back against his chest, feeling safe and sated.

Red shifted slightly, his legs stretched out on the ground before him. Her own legs were still splayed across his hips, her body pinned down by the hot hardness inside. Still smiling, she rested her head on one arm, enjoying the feel of his warm fur against her face and the soft panting from his chest.

Looking up, she saw him looking down at her, with all of the love and passion that she first saw a year ago. As she watched, he reached down to lick her once across the face. Lillian moaned happily, resting one hand on the bulge in her stomach, feeling his pulse even through her skin. Her other hand brushed the hair out of her face before reaching up to scratch underneath his chin.

“My... what a big... knot you have.”

D. Dancer

About the Author

D. Sadie is a non-binary erotic writer who enjoys writing a wide variety of genres and settings. They love loving stories, filled with consensual people enjoying themselves, and with just a little spice with the occasional adventure.

Their writing can be found on their website, dsadie.com. Most of it is free to read and enjoy.

D. Dancer

About the Publisher

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