

Cabin in the Woods

“You can’t pack like that, ye’ chowderhead,” Ari’s thick Boston accent cracked his mouth into a crooked smirk as he spoke. “You really can’t pack worth shit, can ya’ hun.”

“It’s a cabin up in Maine, how do you actually pack for a place like that?” Amoreena rolled her eyes as she walked around the house in one of Ari’s oversized shirts. It was the closest she ever came to owning a dress.

“You got to pack boots in case we go hiking, you don’t want your runnin’ shoes to be beat ta shit, do ya’?” Ari was hauling bags and suitcases into their SUV, a big grin on his face as his eyes sparkled. He had been up for hours and waited until Amoreena woke up to do the heavy lifting so as not to disturb her.

“I’ll show you something beat to shit,” she muttered as she sipped the coffee that Ari had brewed for her. “Your mountain bike. You think we’ll need that?”

“O’ course! What if we want to go on the trails? I know you don’t have one, but your cousin said we could borrow theirs when we get there.” Ari looked like he was packing their whole house into that SUV. The big guy was hauling to and fro from the house to the car. He looked like a kid at Christmas as he hopped in and out of his shoes to go from in to outside.

Amoreena looked at her man, the big Hispanic guy she loved. He towered over most people and he could pin her to the ground if he wanted, though he would never do that...unless she asked nicely. His bulk wasn’t for show like a body builder’s, his was all practical and had compacted strength. Amoreena’s big strongman! And she made use of those very practical muscles.

She wanted to help pack the car, but Ari told her to just enjoy her coffee. Amoreena wasn't much for gender roles, but Ari insisted. After the last few months they had, she was willing to let him do the heavy lifting. Not that she couldn't, she was a strong girl, though the fabric that she currently swam in softened out her toned form.

"What if I don't want to go mountain biking?" Amoreena smiled as she sipped her coffee.

"Well, what if you do?" Ari shot back as he ran out the door with a couple more bags before popping right back in. "Wouldn't you like the option."

"I don't know," she crossed one leg over the other as she held her coffee in both hands. "Seems like a bit much. You always go overboard and bring too much stuff."

"Yeah, and you always take my stuff to replace the thing you forgot to pack," Ari sounded a little annoyed. Amoreena chuckled as she watched him bustle around in his giddy state as she continued to poke the bear.

"Yeah, but men's clothes are always so much more comfortable. It's so much easier to just let you pack everything you think you need, and that leaves us with everything we both could ever want."

"Woman," Ari shouted from upstairs before he came thundering down, his heels smacking the stairs with weight as he brought down his own suitcase. "Are you playin' with me right now? You're playin'."

"Just wanted to see what bickering as a married couple felt like." Amoreena smiled as Ari came into the kitchen.

Amoreena sat on a stool at their kitchen's high top. Her perfectly manicured feet were dangling as she crossed her legs, still picture perfect from the wedding. Ari practically carried Amoreena

everywhere to preserve her expensive spa perfection. Those beautiful, long calves flexed as she bounced her leg over the other, her powerful thick thighs were crossed as they pinned that oversized shirt between them. Her shoulder poked out of the over stretched crew neck, exposing her collar bone and the gentle curves of her musculature. Her arms were mostly hidden, but her forearms and hands poked out, cradling her mug, her seashell nails glinting in the low light of the morning. Light broke through the curtains, the first rays of dawn cutting a halo around her. Her short, dark chocolate hair was cropped into a messy pixy cut as the steam from her coffee glittered around her dark eyes. Her tender lips brushed her mug gently, testing its heat before taking a soft sip.

“Damn baby girl,” Ari smirked, his pearly whites flashing like diamonds against his tawny skin. He took a moment to admire her before he brushed his raven black locks into place. “You ain’t playin’ fair.”

“Have I ever?” She asked as she lifted one leg up and parted them. Ari had never been angrier at a shirt as it pooled between those powerful thighs to hide her most intimate valleys. Even though he had frequented those lovely folds, and consummated their wedding several times, he could never get enough. The only relief he got was a glimpse at the corner of her round ass. Amoreena smirked and put her leg over the other, crossing them again.

“Girl, you ain’t playin’ fair at all,” Ari shook his head.

“What?” Amoreena feigned ignorance as she sipped her coffee.

Ari came over and knelt down. Even at her raised height from the stool and him kneeling, he could still easily reach her knees. Ari cradled the calf of that leg she had over the other and brushed his lips against her soft skin. His morning stubble tenderly scratched her as he laid little kisses across that thigh and shin.

“May I?” Ari asked, his brow glistening from more than just packing the car.

“We’re married you big goof,” Amoreena chuckled. “Of course. Especially after all that work you did.”

“Oh, Kitten,” Ari breathed the word against her shin as he took those toes into his hands, gently digging his thumbs into those soft soles. “Loving you isn’t a reward.” He kissed her leg softly as he tenderly cracked each toe, a hint of her vanilla lotion gracing his nose.

“You ain’t no prize to be won,” Ari continued. “You ain’t no object to be owned. A man can’t own the sun or the light it casts. You’re a wild animal, Kitten, and sayin’ I’m rewarded for my efforts is sayin’ that access to you can’t be earned. No, it can only be given, and I don’t pretend to speak for the mountains and I ain’t gunna say I know what the tides want. So for a force of nature as yourself, I will always ask. So, Kitten, what do you say?” Ari looked up at Amoreena with glittering eyes and a sly grin. “May I be your husband?”

Amoreena had to set her coffee down and put a hand over her mouth. The rock he got her glittering on her ring finger. It was clumsy and poetic all at the same time. Some rehashed promises from his vows, but her own eyes glittered.

“Now who’s not playing fair,” she half gasped, half laughed out as she fought back tears. “Of course, you fool.”

“Only for you, Kitten.” Ari finished their saying and gently parted her legs, his cheeks brushing her knees and his stubble gracing her thighs. Ari’s arms wrapped up under Amoreena’s legs, hooking under her knees as he cupped Amoreena’s ass cheeks. He was soft, slow, and tender. His fingers gripping and cupping in a way that wasn’t hungry, but almost reverent. Ari’s religion was irrelevant in

this situation. He loved his girl more than anything, and he always wanted her to know exactly how much. He gave soft kisses on either thigh as he pulled his girl forward.

He pressed his lips against her toned belly, the healthy layer of fat keeping it soft. If he applied any more pressure he could feel the powerful muscles below, but this wasn't a rough and angry touse. This was a man kneeling before a warrior goddess and paying tribute to her name and graces. His old band shirt they got from their first date was pulled up, Amoreena peeling the curtain of memories away to reveal her pussy to him.

"There's my Kitten," Ari breathed, his hot breath rolling across those lips.

"There I am," Amoreena giggled.

Ari pulled his girl forward, her ass sliding against the stool and bringing his breakfast close. He opened his mouth, his soft lips brushing against those folds softly as he simply breathed. Once his lip brushed against that clit Amoreena shuddered. Ari brought his lips together to give it a light kiss before he opened his mouth again, his thick tongue coming out to roll over it slowly. The tip of his tongue tracing tight circles around that love button.

Amoreena's breath hitched and she arched her back, pressing herself into her husband's lips. He greeted her and opened his mouth. Wet smacking could be heard as Ari made out with his wife's pussy, years of practice making him a master at making his girl hot. He started with tight circles and was now moving onto wide strokes, licking and pressing, becoming a bit more forceful. Ari knew how to read Amoreena like a book. Her thighs would quiver around his head, and he would slow down and focus on that spot, writing love notes with his tongue.

Amoreena gripped the high top, her legs wrapped around Ari's head as he ate her out. His lips circled her clit, swirling his tongue around it to call forth that bullet.

“Ari! Fuck!” Amoreena’s toes twitched and her thighs gripped Ari as she pinned him in a particularly good spot. Amoreena gave a shuddering breath as Ari stroked her pleasure, his tongue lulling and flicking the underside of her clit. Each flick was like plucking a guitar string that sent vibrations through her legs, up her thighs, and blossoming over her skull.

“Ari, holy shit, oh fuck that’s so good,” Amoreena couldn’t keep herself quiet as Ari continued his worship of her sensitive folds. Ari didn’t waste his lips with words or questions; he knew how to make his woman scream and he wasn’t going to hold back now.

Amoreena gave a little yelp as Ari lifted her up. Her back arching as she gripped onto his hair. He put her down on the kitchen table and continued his assault, placing her down expertly like a florist would lay down a bundle of flowers.

Why would he do this? Well, Ari needed his hands.

“Ari, what are you-oh Fuck!” Amoreena couldn’t finish her thought as Ari brushed his thumb against her folds. His thick fingers parting them before slipping back out and sliding her honey over those folds while he licked and wrote poetry against that clit. He slipped his thumb in, teasing her entrance while Amoreena laced her fingers in his hair. His other free hand came up to hold her hip, his thumb brushing against the bridge between her abdomen and rib cage, a known sensitive spot for her.

Amoreena couldn’t help but moan, one hand laced in Ari’s hair as his stubbly chin brushed her thighs, and her other hand gripped the opposite end of the table. Her hips moved in tandem with Ari’s mouth, his love letters scrawled on her most sensitive of bits and causing her to go insane. Pleasure tingled up through her abdomen, striking her spine like lightning and forcing gasps and cries to part her lips.

Ari picked up the pace, adding two fingers in and beckoning her pleasure forward. His nails cut short so all she got were the rough, yet talented, hands of her working man. That “come hither” was too much for Amoreena. Her thighs gripped Ari, her toes fanned as she came. She squirted, her juices being sucked down by her dutiful husband’s lips. He milked her orgasm, feasting on her sweet honey as he continued to drink deep from her peach.

“Oh god Ari! Oh Fuck!” Amoreena melted as her orgasm subsided. He had worked two out of her in that one go. With a wet smack Ari removed himself, Amoreena’s legs shakily spreading and letting him go.

“Come now, Kitten.” Ari smirked and kissed her ankle, her leg quivering from the touch of her man’s warm lips. “I’m going to go wash my face, and you’re going to get dressed for the drive up north.”

“What about my coffee?” Amoreena had gained just enough of her senses to needle him with that. He just chuckled.

“I’ll get you a fresh cup in a thermos. We’re already a little behind. If we hit the highway before traffic, we can skip the morning rush.”

“Oh,” Amoreena shakily got to her legs, bracing herself against the wall. “You best be ready for when we hit the highway.” She gave a dark grin. “I have plans for you.”

“For some reason, dat only makes me more excited to get going,” Ari smirked as he went upstairs to clean up. Amoreena followed. The couple finished their morning routines, shuffling through wedding gifts and cards and making sure everything in the SUV was secure before they got going.

Amoreena was wearing a beany, one of her husband’s flannel button downs, and a marshmallow vest over the top. Her ripped jeans showed off her powerful thighs, her running shoes keeping her feet wrapped in luxury. Ari was wearing a sweater and some jeans with his hiking boots.

“You’re bringing the whole house?” Amoreena joked as she eyed their car, the thing was packed to the gills.

“Just what I think we’ll need to have a perfect honeymoon,” Ari said truthfully as he hopped into the car, the SUV shaking a bit with his weight before the shocks leveled back into place. Amoreena sat in the passenger seat with her thermos, a glow about her from her man’s tender love he dished out earlier.

“You know,” Amoreena smiled as they pulled out of the driveway and sped on out. “I really appreciate everything you did for me this morning?”

“What?” Ari smirked, “you mean the coffee or packin’ de car?”

“You know what I mean,” Amoreena cooed putting her hand on her man’s thick, powerful thigh. “I know you don’t like to think about sex as a reward, but...do you think I could give you a little reward for being my big strongman?”

Ari felt his cheeks blush a bit as that hand stroked his thigh, but he knew Amoreena well. She was probably going to just tease him for the whole ride until they got there. He was wrong.

“Nah!” Ari smirked, “your big strongman ain’t needin’ nothin’ but you.”

“Are you sure?” She took a sip of her coffee as her hand leaned further over, her seashell nails sliding over the bulge in his jeans.

“Well,” Ari’s blush deepened. “Maybe I ain’t needin’ nothin’ as your big strongman, but maybe your husband might want a little somethin’?”

“Really?” Amoreena bit her lower lip and bounced her eyebrows. “It is an awfully long car ride. Seven hour trip. We could reminisce about our first date.”

Ari's eyes went wide and he gulped, his hands gripping the steering wheel harder and causing the leather to wring out against the strain. On their first date they went to a concert. Amoreena teased him the entire time, always grinding, or rocking out with him. He thought he would be going home with the bluest balls. He was okay with that. He didn't go out to just get in Amoreena's pants, even though he really wanted to. Though, on the drive back, she relieved him of his fear.

"W-What about our first date did you want to...um," Ari gulped. "Reminisce?"

"We'll," Amoreena's hand gripped the button of his pants. "I thought it was super sweet how you got the tickets for us, and how you made sure anyone who got too close know who you were with."

"Well," Ari lifted one of his arms and flexed it, the big round muscle bulging up into view. "I ain't did much, just showed them the heat I was packin'."

"Yeah you did," Amoreena undid the button of Ari's jeans. "No matter how much I teased you poked or prodded, you were there to have a good time with me."

"Yeah," Ari couldn't help but chuckle nervously. "It was a great night."

"My favorite part was when you put me on your shoulders so I could scream to the band."

"Wasn't gonna let that tall ass steal your view of the place."

"I bet I can guess your favorite part of the night," Amoreena unzipped Ari's pants, his boxers already taut from his swelling hard on. Ari couldn't help but blush.

"I...I um..." Ari kept his eyes on the road as they got on the highway. There was some traffic, but nothing big enough.

"I had a feeling," Amoreena smiled and parted the boxer's in the front, that thick chorizo springing out and flopping towards Amoreena like a dousing rod of pleasure. A dollop of pre already welling up on that head as it parted the foreskin.

"I...do you think we should be doing this? I mean, anyone could see us."

"I'll tell you what I told you before," Amoreena breathed out as her hand gripped that hot Latin meat. "Everyone is just focusing on the road. They won't even notice."

"But-Unffff," Ari bit his lip as Amoreena brushed her thumb over that swelling head while rolling that foreskin up and over that shaft.

"We've been using a lot of condoms lately, doesn't it feel good to have nothing between us," Amoreena stroked that dick gently, her hand's soft as they rolled over that shaft.

"Baby, I mean, I need to focus on the road..."

"So focus on the road," Amoreena responded flatly and continued stoking that love stick.

"W-What about the mess," Ari stammered out.

"I got you covered," she responded by unclicking her seatbelt and leaning over to her man, her mouth warmly wrapping around his cock head.

"Baby, oh fuck, what you doin' to me?"

"Just keep your eyes on the road," Amoreena breathed over that musky cock head. "I want to remind my husband exactly how that night went."

"Kitten, it's a seven hour ride to Maine," Ari had to pause as his cock throbbed in that mouth as it dove down deeper. "What are ya gunna do? Suck me the whole way?"

Amoreena didn't answer. She simply bobbed her head up and down, her soft lips rolling over that shaft. Her tongue swirled on that head, slurped over that cock, and smacked her lips over that shaft.

"Oh fuck..." Ari moaned, being extra careful on the road as he put his hand on the back of Amoreena's head. She simply bobbed faster. Amoreena's hair laced itself through Ari's fingers as she gyrated her strokes, her short hair brushing through Ari's fingers as she bobbed on that dick.

Amoreena took her hand and cupped those nuts, her nails itching them gently as she rolled them in their fabric prison. Those thick full nuts, heavy with his potent, hot-blooded seed. Amoreena slowed her stroking, her head moving at an agonizing pace. Ari couldn't help but curl his toes in his boots. His wife was a tease through-and-through. She knew his body, his mannerisms. She knew when he was on that growing edge, inching him closer and pulling away. A tantalizing two-step.

Ari glanced down for a moment and saw that head sucking down his dick, disappearing in his wife's talented mouth. When he looked back up he had to take a deep breath and focus. He knew it was safe as long as he paid attention to the road...look ahead on the road...road ahead...road head...fuck!

Amoreena smiled as she felt that dick pulse, pre welling up and flavoring the slick mess she had made around his cock. Salty and bitter with the musk of a man who showered that morning, and built up sweat from packing the SUV. The SUV they were taking to their honeymoon.

Amoreena moaned around that dick, thinking of how hard she was going to give it to her man when they got there. If he wasn't a dehydrated husk by the end of the week, she would be very disappointed in herself. For now though, she was going to edge her man as he sped down the highway to their destination. Her tongue lulling over each vein as they throbbed harder, that dick growing darker with need. Each drop of saliva and wad of pre making the experience that more torturous for Ari.

But that's what Amoreena was hoping for. She was giving him permission to let go, to release the beast inside him. If she didn't have him pinning her to the floor or against a wall by the end of the night, she wasn't playing her game right. For now, she just wanted him to give in and treat her a little less like a wife, and more like the wild child she always was.

Ari knew what Amoreena was doing, but that was the point. She wanted him to know. He felt his dick throb, his cock slick with the slow and tantalizing sensations of that mouth as she bobbed and slurped, sclorched and squelched. It wasn't easy to get Ari's beast out, but Amoreena learned how to tame and unleash that beast long ago. She had already done the first step, her hair was already threaded through his meaty fingers. The heavy watch on Ari's wrist she got him for their anniversary already created a weight on his hand to call him to push her down, to pull her hair, to fuck her face.

"Fuckin' hell, Kitten!" Ari snapped and clenched his fingers and started to force Amoreena's face up and down, her face sliding and sucking that dick hard. Her cheeks sucked in as she opened wide, that cock hitting the back of her throat, her tongue swirling around like mad, rewarding her man for taking charge. He then pushed down, pinning her to his crotch as he gritted his teeth. Warm cum bloomed in the back of Amoreena's throat. She didn't miss a beat as she slurped it down, drinking her man's essence and extinguishing his dominance.

As Ari came down, his fingers let go of Amoreena's hair, gently combing it back into place. Amoreena felt his hold loosen and she started to bob. He flinched as she played with the hypersensitive glands before smacking off his dick with a loud pop.

"Holy shit, Kitten," Ari gasped. "I'm fuckin' seeing stars."

"Well, maybe I shouldn't keep sucking you off the whole way," Amoreena chuckled. "I need you to be able to drive."

“Now, I ain’t sayin’ I can’t see,” Ari chuckled, but he zipped his pants back up, his dick sliding back into his boxers.

“Oh, baby,” Amoreena frowned. “Why you zipping up? I’m not done with you.”

“Well then...” Ari bounced his eyebrows and unzipped his pants. “I’m not here to undo my lady’s work.”

“You fucking dork,” Amoreena chuckled and swatted his arm.

“So you don’t want me to keep it down?” Ari smirked and zipped his pants back up. “Or do you?” he zipped them down again. He proceeded to zip his fly up and down in tandem to the beat of the music playing over the radio. Amoreena couldn’t help but laugh, slapping her knee and leaning against the window on her side, fogging up the glass with her heat.

“You’re such a fool!”

“Only for you, Kitten,” Ari smiled and put his hand on Amoreena’s thigh, patting it as he focused on the road. “Want anything from the gas station?”

“Just a breakfast sandwich,” Amoreena managed to giggle out.

“Still hungry after all that?” Ari bounced his brows and cracked her a crooked smile.

“Fuck off Ari!” Amoreena chuckled.

It was going to be a fun ride, though, their trip had just begun. They had just started their lives as husband and wife, but their marriage wasn’t the true beginning of their happily ever after. Big things were in store for the couple. Very big and beautiful things that would change their lives forever and bind them together more than any virtue or vow.

And it all started with a little something Ari packed. A gift they got from their wedding.

The trip was long, and as Ari predicted, Amoreena teased him most of the way. What he didn't predict was that he would get road head twice. Amoreena wanted to leave some fuel in the tank for when they got up to the cabin, so she didn't do it more than that.

And what a cabin it was.

It was a rustic little thing built atop a short cliff face with a series of steps leading to a dock on the lake. The cabin was quaint and comfortable. The entire thing consisted of one large room with a bed overlooking the lake with large, vaulted windows, an open concept kitchen, and a wood burning stove off to the side. It was hooked up with electricity, so they didn't need to use the wood stove if they didn't want to, but where would the fun be in that? No, Ari and Amoreena wanted to have a rustic getaway in the northern mountains of Maine. Chopping wood, swimming, mountain biking, building fires and catching their own meals. They were two peas in a pod that way. Always loving to unplug in nature.

The cabin was pretty secluded. There weren't many other houses on the lake, at least none that were visible through the thick evergreens. Privacy that would keep their honeymoon quite steamy. The cabin, though small, was still quite spacious with its minimal furnishings. A bed, a kitchen with microwave, stove and sink, and an armchair in front of a television set. The set up was exactly what they wanted. Nothing that wasn't essential. Of course, there was a singular bathroom in a room off to the side and a storm cellar, but that was it.

The afternoon air was fresh and clean, lacking the metallic smell of diesel. The water on the lake sparkled and shimmered with the golden rays of the sun. Lazy clouds would float by and provide shade, that sky cotton providing a soothing cool and the sunlight a radiating warmth. The smell of pine and dirt

filled the senses as the sound of lapping waves and singing birds broke the wafting rustle of leaves in the wind.

“Fuck!” Amoreena took a deep breath. “A bitch can breathe out here!” she sighed and spread her arms, the sun warming her as she stood there soaking it up. Ari on the other hand was too excited. He was going in and out of the cabin with the coolers and bags to set everything up. Amoreena couldn’t help but explore. She walked over to the wrap around deck. The wooden panels parting just enough to see the drop from the cliff below. The deck overlooked the stairs that went down the cliff and onto the dock of the lake. It couldn’t have been more than a ten-foot drop, but something about that distance made Amoreena feel like she was floating in the skies.

Amoreena took another breath and closed her eyes, envisioning her sitting on the deck and sipping her morning coffee. The smell of morning dew being warmed away by rays of golden sunlight. A gentle mist on the lake and mourning doves singing to her.

She was always such an outdoor gal. She practically ran her local boy scout troop when her brother was there. She wasn’t officially a boy scout, but all the guys thought of her as one. She didn’t care about the badges or the pledges. It was more about getting to do shit in the woods.

Ari left most of the things in the car. He figured they could use it as a storage space unless it needed to come in. He didn’t realize how much he packed until he saw how none of it would fit inside the cabin. He just shrugged and decided to find his wife.

“Hey, Kitten!” Ari shouted.

“Over here,” she sighed, her words reaching Ari on the breath of the wind. He followed that call and found her looking over the deck and out on the lake. Ari wrapped his arms around her and kissed the crown of her head.

“This what you wanted, baby?”

“I could live here,” Amoreena sighed.

“Well, I like being ten minutes away from the nearest grocery store,” Ari chuckled. “But this place is alright.”

“No, I get it,” Amoreena put a hand on Ari’s. “It’s got its charm, and I love it, but it’s also very inconvenient. No wifi, no cable, just stick, stones and DVD’s to keep us company.”

“And no prying eyes to watch us do gross stuff in bed.”

“And no witnesses to see me push you off the cliff,” Amoreena lightly elbowed Ari. “The life insurance has you on it now, right?”

“Not until the end of the month,” Ari chuckled.

“Ah, then you’re safe until then,” she rolled her eyes and looked back over that lake, her chocolate orbs glittering as the waves did.

Time stood still for a moment. The rest of the world melted away as they stood there, just holding one another. It was just so relaxing that they didn’t want to move. They melted into one another as the sun gently brushed them with its rays and Amoreena plucked at a piece of fraying wood on the railing. Only when a cloud came by and cooled them off was the spell broken.

“Did you want to help me unpack?”

“Please tell me there’s alcohol somewhere,” Amoreena smiled. “Suns going down and I’m ready for some whisky.”

“Even better,” Ari took Amoreena’s hand and gently guided her into the cabin. It looked a bit crowded now with all their stuff all over the place, but on the table was a little basket Ari had put together. It was filled with Amoreena’s favorite snacks and a fancy bottle of wine.

“Is that one of my grandmother’s bottles?” Amoreena asked.

“Yeah, your cousin was able to find a case of them when they were clearing out the basement. Looks like we can have some nice vino, maybe unpack a little, get ready for a big day tomorrow.”

“I just had an idea,” Amoreena smiled and bounced on her heels as she grabbed the wine.

“Oh, you know I don’t like your spur of the moment ideas,” Ari’s accent came through thick as he smirked out of the corner of his mouth.

“Oh, shut up, you love it,” Amoreena gave him a punch on the arm, the hit no more than a tender brush of her hand. “I was thinking, we can fight for the bottle.”

“How so?” Ari raised a brow.

“I thought we might want to do a little competition,” Amoreena smiled, her pearly whites gleaming in a mischievous grin. “I know you don’t like reds anyway.”

“You know me,” Ari patted his belly, a healthy layer of fat hiding his strong core. “I like my sweets.”

“Don’t I know it,” Amoreena bit her lip and winked before bringing her focus back to her proposition. “I was thinking, maybe we could chop wood? See who can chop the most in a set amount of time, and then the loser has to do whatever the other says for the night.”

“You think I’d be foolish enough to challenge little-miss-boy-scout to a wood chopping competition?”

“You might just be a fool for me. I mean, if you don’t think you can...”

“Alright, Kitten,” Ari rolled his eyes. He knew she would find one way or another to get her way. “We can do the wood chopping thing.”

“Really?” Amoreena gave him a sly look. “How about you finish unpacking in here and I’ll get everything set up out back. I saw where they chopped the wood on the side of the cabin.”

Amoreena didn’t even wait for Ari to respond. She just went to go get their little competition set up. She saw the wood and smiled. Some of the logs had already been chopped and stacked while some of them were still whole. She leaned in and sniffed, the wood was still fresh. A devious grin played across her face as she grabbed a few of the split logs and quickly found some that were split from the same log. She couldn’t help but get giddy and had to hold back a snicker.

“Oh Ari,” she shook her head. “You’re going down.”

“So, whoever splits the most logs in three minutes gets the wine,” Ari stood next to his pile of logs as Amoreena set up hers for the chopping block.

“Something like that, yeah,” Amoreena smirked. “You got your timer ready big guy?” Amoreena looked over her shoulder, the ax from the tool shed resting on her shoulder and gleaming in the afternoon sun.

“Right here,” Ari flashed his phone showing the three-minute timer set. “Once you throw your first swing I’ll start the timer.”

“Good,” Amoreena turned and gripped the ax, a pair of gloves on to help her keep her grip. “Let’s start now.” She raised her ax and brought it down, the log before her splitting effortlessly and the ax sinking into the chopping block. Ari whistled.

“Damn, Kitten, you’ve got mad skills!”

“You start the timer?” She asked as she set up the next log.

“Oh shit!” Ari pressed the start button.

“Still counts,” Amoreena lifted her ax and slammed it down, the log splitting as she readied another.

Ari was amazed at how quickly she sliced up her logs. That wood split before her like butter, prying apart easily as she split log after log. Either this log cutting stuff wasn’t so bad, or Amoreena was making it look easy. It wasn’t until she was on her fourth log that she started to slow down. Her ax didn’t splice it nearly as well as the first ones. It stuck and she lifted it up and with the ax to slam it down. It split before her.

“Wow...” Ari breathed.

“Time?” Amoreena asked as she lined another log. Ari glanced at his phone.

“Just over a minute.”

“Come on you fucker,” Amoreena slammed the ax, this log giving her some serious trouble. She slammed it down a few times, chips of wood flying before she split it in two. She managed to get one more log before the timer went off. All the while Ari was mesmerized by the display. She was powerful and strong. She was like some Nordic warrior splitting skulls. She was fearsome and captivating.

Amoreena took her beany off and used it to wipe her brow as she came over to hand Ari the ax. She smiled and nodded to his crotch.

“Like what you saw? You’re growing your own ax handle there.”

“Fuck yeah babe,” Ari shamelessly expressed his appreciation as his boner strained in his jeans while accepting the ax. “You’re fucking hot. Bet you could split skulls in a zombie apocalypse.”

“You’re damn right I could,” Amoreena put her hands on her hips. “Now let’s see what you got.”

“Sure,” Ari put the ax on his shoulder. Amoreena had to hold back biting her lip as she noticed how small the ax looked in Ari’s big hands. His meaty paw gripped one of the logs and set it up.

“Got a timer ready?” Ari asked.

“Fuck, one sec.”

“Nah, I gave you a head start,” Ari took the ax and swung it. He chipped the edge of the log and it went flying as he mainly sank the ax into the chopping block. “Woops.”

“I started your timer,” Amoreena chuckled.

Ari quickly grabbed a new log and dislodged the ax. He swung it again, this time striking true and nailing the log, but it stuck. He grunted and lifted the ax and log all in one and slammed it back down, splitting it.

“Fuck, you made it look so much easier,” Ari huffed and snagged another log.

“Quick, you’re already running low on your first minute,” Amoreena gloated.

Ari decided to put all his energy into his swings. He chipped another log, but was getting better at it as he went. He swung and split a log in half right away, the force cracking through the trees as he

nailed one log after the other. He wasn't even counting, he just kept going. He was about to start on another log when the timer went off.

"Oh drat," Amoreena sucked air between her teeth sarcastically. "Close but not quite big guy."

"That couldn't have been three minutes," Ari turned and looked at the phone. The numbers blinking at three minutes showing a full three had passed.

"Well, I guess you get the wine," Ari sighed and handed Amoreena the ax. "I'll happily stick to my whisky."

"Nu uh big guy," Amoreena smiled and took the ax over to the chopping block. "The deal was, the winner gets to tell the loser what to do for the rest of the night." She lifted the ax and sank it into the chopping block to keep it there. "And I intend to collect."

Ari's dick throbbed as he gulped, his heart racing.

"Why so worried, honey," Amoreena came over and wrapped her arms around her strong man's neck. "I'm only going to make you have some fun for once."

"That's what I'm worried about-" Ari was cut off as Amoreena pressed her lips against his. Her soft lips. They tasted like salt from her exertion, the smell of vanilla from her lotion and mint from her chapstick mixed with the earth and pine. Ari's heart raced for a different reason as he took in his wife's smell, and the flavor on her lips. Ari knew in his heart of hearts that she would never make him do anything he didn't truly want to do. She was his excuse to come out of his cage. Over the last few years she shattered his shell and took him out on adventure after adventure. Hell, she almost proposed to him out of a dare. Thank god she fell for his surprise that time when he proposed.

And she said yes!

Ari was so nervous she would say no, and he never had any reason to think she would say no, except maybe so she could do it herself, but she didn't. She was definitely the one who steered the ship on this voyage they were taking, but it wasn't towards dangerous water, but simply to waters unknown.

Ari put a hand on the small of his wife's back and just between her shoulder blades. He craned his neck down to kiss her. Her mouth parted and he accepted the invitation. Their tongues danced and their breath mingled. Their arms pulled each other closer and held onto one another as a brush of wind swept past them. Leaves rattled around their feet, trees sighed in the breeze, and the smell of sunshine and the crispness of maple curled around them.

"Still worried?" Amoreena broke the kiss and spoke her words directly into Ari's lips.

"Fuckin' terrified," Ari admitted. "But I'd follow you to the edge of the world, baby doll."

"You're so sweet," Amoreena smiled, her teeth brushing against Ari's. "Why don't we just start by going off the edge of the dock?"

"Sounds lovely," Ari pressed forward and kissed his wife and Amoreena kissed her husband.

"Want me to grab the swimsuits?"

"No," Amoreena smiled. "I was thinking we could go inside, drink a little, then go for a dip once the sun goes down."

"Swimmin' at night ain't the safest..."

"Naked," Amoreena finished her thought.

"Honey, I don't..." Ari suddenly became very aware of what Amoreena wanted to do. "I'll go pour your wine."

“That’s a good boy. I’ll stack the wood,” Amoreena chuckled as they kissed briefly and Ari went back into the cabin; Amoreena slapping his thick ass as he went by. Ari just smiled and shook his head, ducking into the doorway of the cabin.

Amoreena went to stack the wood, keeping her gloves on to prevent getting splinters. She filled an iron carrier so they could warm up after their dip later that night and went to put the other logs away. She grabbed one of her logs and it split in her hands.

“Shit...” Amoreena looked up to see if Ari saw, but he must have been getting things ready inside. She just sighed in relief and checked if any of her other logs split when she touched them. Nope, firm and real. She managed to get a few to stick together again from the split pile. She didn’t even really need to cheat with how piss poor Ari’s form was. So it was like she didn’t even cheat, or at least that’s how Amoreena justified it.

Ari was watching Amoreena from the window and just shook his head.

“That’s my girl,” he chuckled and went back to pouring a mug of wine for Amoreena and a mug of whisky for himself. He never told her, and why would he. She would have won either way.

“Hey, Kitten,” Ari nodded to her as she came inside with the firewood for their fire that night. Amoreena looked up just as Ari tossed her a bottled water. “Hydrate before you go nuts on the wine.”

Amoreena caught it and opened it up, knocking her head back and guzzling the water down, the plastic cracking and collapsing. She polished it off by scrunched up the bottle, putting on the cap to keep it compressed, and tossing it into the recycling.

“Okay, now,” Amoreena walked over to her man, jumping a little to give him a peck on the cheek. “Where’s my prize for winning.”

“Right here champ,” Ari chuckled and handed her the coffee mug, the ruby liquid swirling inside.

“Just opened?”

“I opened it before the competition to let it breathe,” Ari kissed her on the forehead.

“You’re a fucking saint,” Amoreena sighed contentedly as she took her first sip. “Oh fuuuuuuck that’s good.”

“So it hasn’t turned after all this time.”

“Grandma would sooner drink piss than let her wine turn to vinegar,” Amoreena chuckled.

“Even if she forgot about a case, she probably intended it to be something for us down the line and just kept it hidden.”

“So, is it special or something?”

“Very special, want a sip?” She offered her mug, but Ari declined.

“Nah, I ain’t gonna enjoy it as much as you would.”

“Suit yourself,” Amoreena smirked. “More for me!”

“So what makes it special?” Ari asked again.

“Oh, great-grandma was an herbalist that worked with local pagans. The local anthros in her community taught her how to properly make wine with medicinal properties.”

“What kind of medicinal properties?”

“Well, you won’t get hung over for starters,” Amoreena took another sip and leaned into her husband. Ari guided them over to the bed to sit down and look over the lake. Amoreena leaned against her man and watched the waves as she reminisced about her family.

“Is it a hangover cure?” Ari asked.

“Nah, nothing like that,” Amoreena sipped her wine. “It’s just high quality without the kinds of sulfates that mass produced stuff comes with. I’m not exactly sure how it all comes together, but I’ve always wanted to have my own bottle. I’ve only ever had a glass or two at older family functions. It takes me back to home and reminds me of my neighbors.”

“The jaguar family?”

“You can just say the Amayas,” Amoreena nudged him. “You sound like one of those racists that only see color or fur.”

“Sorry,” Ari blushed and scratched the back of his head. “I just couldn’t remember their name.”

“I know, I’m just givin’ ya shit,” Amoreena leaned into her man’s chest. “I do miss them though. They moved away when I was in high school. It was so nice to see them at the wedding.”

“Yeah, but you don’t really get to visit with anyone at a wedding,” Ari brushed his wife’s hair with his thick fingers, the short hairs slowly going back into place.

“It’s true,” Amoreena smiled. “Though, I’m sure we’ll see them again. Maybe they still have the recipe and I can start making my own wine.”

“Sounds hella fun, but that’s all you,” Ari admitted. “I’m not a wine drinker.”

“Yeah, maybe I can just have you do the heavy lifting and pay you with sex like a whore,”

Amoreena smiled.

“Well,” Ari smirked. “If I’m the one doing all the hard work and you’re making all the money, wouldn’t that make you my pimp.”

Amoreena snorted, sputtering some of the wine out into her fingers as she tried to save it.

“You fucking fool,” Amoreena chuckled.

“Only for you baby,” Ari chuckled and kissed her forehead.

That afternoon flew by with drinks and pleasant conversations. The more they drank, the more pleasant the conversation, albeit more candid and crass as the glasses were emptied and refilled a few times over.

Stories of family and previous dates. Things past lovers did that made them horny and why they broke up with them. Laughing at stupid stuff and silly things. The way Ari slurred his words with his accent sometimes and the way Amoreena kept sipping just before Ari would make her laugh. She was proud she only did one more spit-take that night and then chastised Ari jokingly for making her waste wine.

All in all, Amoreena’s plan was going perfectly. Sure, she could make Ari do whatever she wanted because of the bet, but she also knew a little liquid courage would grease the wheels. She didn’t want to torture Ari...that much. It wouldn’t be fun if he didn’t enjoy it to some degree. She didn’t want to make him suffer, she just wanted to trick him into having fun, and Ari was more than willing to let Amoreena pull his strings.

“So, are you ready?” Amoreena asked as they lounged in the golden light of the cabin. “I’ve got some pretty big plans for ya.”

“I gathered,” Ari smiled. He was lightly buzzed, but Amoreena was halfway in the bag as it was. She drank the entire bottle, the only drops left were being knocked back as they spoke. “So you want to go skinny dipping?”

“Oh? And I thought I was being subtle,” Amoreena joked.

“Oh, very, *very* subtle,” Ari winked and knocked back the rest of his whisky.

“Well, how about you go grab the towels out of the car and I’ll be down in the water, ready to meet ya.”

“Okay, but you ain’t going in the water without me. Last thing I need is to fish you out of the lake.”

“I’ll be fine you big worrywart,” Amoreena poked.

“Amoreena, I mean it.” Ari warned.

“Fine,” she rolled her eyes. “I’ll wait on the dock for you and we can hop in together.”

“Thanks,” Ari nodded. “I’ll meet ya down there, Kitten.”

She blew him a kiss and made her way to the deck and the stairs that went down the cliff face. Amoreena was in the perfect sweet spot of buzzed. Her fingers and toes were pink with her blush and her bones felt light and airy. She made her way to the stairs and swayed a bit before catching herself on the railing. It was sturdy oak and held firm, but she felt like she was a little dizzy.

“Okay,” Amoreena told herself. “I think Ari had a point with the whole waiting for him thing.”

Though she would never admit it to him, he was right in this situation. She started to make her decent down the stairs, one step at a time, but she wanted to tease Ari on his way down. She grinned and took off her beany, threw it on one of the steps and continued her way down, paused and dropped her shirt, releasing her breasts to the air. It felt a little tight anyway. She made her way to the base of the stairs where she kicked off her shoes and lost her socks. They were both feeling a little snug too. Maybe the wine was causing her to get a little bloated and swell up a bit.

The air was chilly, the first signs of fall starting to pull the warmth from the air, but Amoreena was feeling toasty; abating the cold. The water would be warm too. Amoreena pulled down her pants and she heard a whistle. Ari was on the deck with the towels and on his way down. Amoreena smirked and shook her ass a little, her panties gripping her round ass and got lost in her thick, powerful thighs. She Bent over and stepped out of her pants; the only thing left on her were her panties. The elastic was digging into her hips and she could not wait to just get rid of them.

She hooked her thumbs into them, the elastic straining and a thread or two snapping as she discarded her last piece of clothing. It was strange. Without her clothes she had never felt more protected, more natural, more in her own skin. Warmth haloed her, wrapping her entire body in her buzz. A sensation of pleasure bloomed in her abdomen as she stretched, her spine popping with relief as she waited for her husband.

“Fuck, that wine is hitting me *soooooo* good...” Amoreena’s words trailed off as her nipples started to tingle, her toned stomach felt like butterflies were fluttering above and below her skin. Her thighs felt weak and strong all at the same time. She was doing some basic stretches, her joints popping and toes cracking as she did so. It felt good, like growing pains of pleasure.

Amoreena didn’t notice it, but her body was expanding, growing, cracking. Her breasts felt more sensitive because they were swelling with size, her muscles felt strong and light at the same time

because they were getting stronger, and she was creeping taller with each and every moment. Her feet expanded, the bones and tendons flexing before creeping onward. Amoreena stretched upwards towards the sky and took a deep breath.

There was a sudden and uneven growth of one of her legs. She gave a little surprised yelp as she was pushed off balance, the wine making her more than just tipsy in the head. She spun and fell off the dock, splashing into the water.

Though the water was warmer than usual, it felt cool to Amoreena. It washed over her burning form as the sound of her cracking body rippled through the water. Amoreena thought she was floating on a cloud and being brushed with kisses at the same time. Her powerful thighs flexed, powerful muscles coming into definition as her knees cracked, her bones extending and muscle filling out her body as she grew. She moaned, the words being lost as bubbles in the water before she remembered where she was. She stood up and whipped the water from her eyes. Her toes touched down on the soft sand on the bottom of the lake, her eyes wide.

“Amoreena! Are you okay!” Ari was running down the dock.

“Yeah...” Amoreena shouted back, but her body shuddered, the water felt like it was getting warmer around her. Her body shuddered, her pussy quivered, her abdomen warmed with a need. She put a hand on her stomach and felt nubs. At first, she freaked out thinking she had leaches on her, but leaches didn’t attach in perfectly spaced patterns, or tingle with pleasure when you brushed them. A sudden crack filled her senses as she screamed out. Her face was breaking outwards, her nose becoming blunt. She thought that maybe she had somehow broken her nose, but she put her hands up to cradle it, only for her to lose her balance.

“Amoreena!”

Ari's voice was lost as she fell back below the waves. The last thing Ari saw was a pair of golden eyes as his wife vanished below the inky black waters. Amoreena screamed under the water. Not one of pain, but of pleasure as her pussy squirted into the lake, her belly covered in new tits. Her jaw cracked and elongated as her flesh grew darker. Black fur wrapped its way around her as menacing fangs cracked out between her teeth. Her toes flexed and gripped the lakebed, her toes becoming more flexible, her soles growing darker as pads formed. Her ears crept up her head and rounded out. Her spine elongated, reeling out to form a luxurious black tail that shimmered with the silver light of the moon.

As Ari dove into the water to look for his wife he saw nothing but darkness. The moonlight showing rippling waves through the darkness. Then some of those ripples moved. Then a pair of golden eyes flashed open and looked at him with the most intense stare.

Ari screamed before swimming back above water. The surface of the water broke shortly after as a massive black jaguar emerged. Her fur matted, yet her dark patterns shimmered in the moonlight. Ari screamed and tried to get away, but that creature gripped him by the leg and pulled him in close. That thing was standing easily in eight feet of water, its arms strong and rounded with muscle.

In that moment, Ari thought for sure he was going to die. He was surrounded with the warmth of this black jaguar monster, surrounded by...purring breast tissue? Ari opened his eyes and looked up.

"Amoreena?"

"Yes," she purred and pulled him in closer, her body shifting and causing waves to ripple and her muscles to flex. Ari was suddenly surrounded by tits as big as his head...and more than just two! This goddess had three sets of massive breasts, the top the largest and descending in size as they went down.

“What the hell?” Ari’s eyes were wide as he took in the view of his now giant wife. She was now easily touching the bottom of the eight-foot-deep water, her head and the top of her breasts poking out of the lake as she held her man close.

“I’m not sure to be honest,” Amoreena purred. “But I feel great.” She leaned in, her blunt nose sniffing Ari before pressing her lips against his neck. “You smell amazing.”

“What do you mean by that?” Ari was more than a little freaked out.

“Calm down you doofus,” Amoreena chuckled. “I’m not going to eat you. You’re my husband. No, you just smell really, really, *really* good.”

Amoreena opened her mouth, her pink tongue lulling over Ari’s neck. That rough tongue scraping over his skin and sending a shockwave of pleasure through him. It was like that lick plucked a string deep inside him and sent shockwaves through his body.

“Amoreena, baby,” Ari shook his head. “I think we need to calm down and figure out what’s going on.”

“You said you’d do whatever I wanted,” Amoreena was clearly not in her right mind, but she licked over Ari’s neck, her lips thick and soft against his flesh as she kissed it. “And I want to dip skinny with you.”

She purred, the water rippling from the depth of that voice.

“Amoreena, please... we need to...holy shit...” Ari felt his head get light. He felt like he had taken several more shots of whisky and his body was warming up.

“Lets get you out of those wet clothes baby,” Amoreena purred, her claws gripping that wet fabric and sheering it off him. Ari moaned and shuddered and Amoreena took advantage. She pressed

her lips against her husband's, her tongue lulling into his mouth. She was soft, tender, and careful with her tongue, making sure not to harm her little strongman.

Ari's head was swimming, his lips were tingling and his throat felt itchy, and he couldn't get enough. Amoreena smelled so sweet, her smell like a warm vanilla with a salty musk behind it. Almost like caramelized sugar. A crème brûlée of burnt marshmallows and sweet cream. Her breath was hot, her breasts hugging him from head to groin as they floated in the water.

That's when Ari felt his jeans getting tight, his thighs getting wider, his muscles getting thicker. It started with his neck. The side Amoreena was licking growing thicker, his neck getting more muscular, then his delts lashing on more muscle. Amoreena broke her kiss and lulled her tongue over the other side of her man's neck, fur rolling out where her saliva ran over. Her tongue catching on silky fur as she continued to lick and preen her man.

Ari shuddered at the licks, each one like a suckle on his cock head in depth of pleasure and intensity. It was like his entire body was buzzing with pleasure, that every cell was a pleasure gland. His cock throbbed, reeling out further in his constantly tightening jeans.

"Oh fuck," Ari gasped as his balls were being pinched by his pants. Amoreena sensed his need.

"Here, let me help," she purred into his ear before kissing it, her claws tearing open his pants and leaving them as ribbons in the water. Her hand went down to his bulge, the throbbing member swelling and expanding, pulsing bigger and bigger.

Amoreena was fully aware of her effect on Ari now, and laid him back on the water to lick over his chest. His pecks rippled under her tongue, his belly shuddered, his fat melting away and his muscle claiming its place. Her tongue lulled across the veins on his arms and in his pits, his dark skin being covered in silky white fur.

“Come now Ari,” Amoreena murred as she kissed his abs, each one plumping with her licks. “I want you, and you’re going to do whatever I want.”

“Fuck, Kitten,” Ari moaned, his dick having reeled down his boxers so far that it hooked out from under their hem and was forcing them to ride up as he got harder, longer, thicker.

“Won’t need those anymore,” Amoreena purred and bit down on the elastic of those boxers and tore them off, his dick flopping above his sculpted belly button. Amoreena purred, nuzzling those balls, their musk thick even after they floated in water. Maybe it was just her enhanced senses. She gave a tender lick on those sensitive nuts. Her tough tongue itching them as her saliva did its magic. Ari gave a shuddering moan as his balls throbbed, doubled in size and continued to swell. Ari felt like his prostate was being played with, but the fullness and pleasure built deep in the core of each nut as they swelled.

“What...T-the fuck is...oooOOOHHH!” Ari moaned loud as Amoreena took Ari’s dick into her muzzle, her tongue being as gentle as she could with that rod as she sucked over it, her tongue lulling the underside. It was like his dick was a lightning rod taking in jolts of pleasure. Waves of energy rippled over Ari, his bones cracking, his muscles flexing, his body expanding rapidly. Cords of muscle lashed onto him, his striations rippling and flexing, expanding. Ari was a shredded masterpiece of man as Amoreena slurped on that cock, her vibrating maw unable to contain it anymore as she bobbed up and down that shaft.

The base of Ari’s dick felt tight, almost like his balls. He snuck a peak and saw it bulging, expanding, swelling into a thick knot. Amoreena held Ari on his back, floating him in the water with one hand while the other cupped his swelling balls. She tugged and pulled on them tenderly as she felt that mushroom head of his shaft taper off into a nice pointed tip. His cock grew redder, his tawny skin getting darker as he formed a monstrous foot long dog dick.

It was molded from Amoreena's desires, her pleasure begging for something that could fuck, that could slam, that could lock her into breeding. It suddenly hit her, she didn't just want to fuck, she wanted to breed. This wasn't an average hornyness. No, this was estrus, heat, the call of fucking nature!

Ari snarled, his hands and feet growing paler as his nails formed claws. His fur refusing to go on either his feet or hands. His powerful pecs and shoulders rolling with pristine white fur. Amoreena's eyes flashed as golden barbells formed on Ari's nips. Ari's nipples felt like they were being constantly tweaked and teased. Something that would keep him in a perpetual haze of half pleasure. His face cracked, his jaw snapped and his nose grew pinker. His spine elongated out his back to form a bright pink tail. It fluttered in the water between his sculpted ass cheeks. Those were cheeks made for rutting, and Ari felt his balls lurch forward, jostling with size as he felt his final push. Whiskers formed on his muzzle, the ends of them bent and crooked as two buck teeth cracked and shaped on his mouth while the rest of his teeth became jagged and vicious.

He was a white rat. His entire body pulsed a few times, Amoreena's desires fueling his growth as she lapped over his chest, her tongue like a warm paintbrush that caused muscle to expand and power to ripple through him. He gripped her by the throat, his thick fingers gripping her tightly yet forcefully. Those fingers spoke an entire language she understood.

"Stop," Ari's voice was deep, rumbling and powerful. He shifted his stance, his body falling into the water and causing a cascade of rivulets to run down his form as he stood up. He was easily twelve feet tall, his pecs cresting the water and his pierced nipples gleaming in the lowlight. He looked down at Amoreena, his crooked smile breaking his lips, causing his whiskers to slant.

"There's my, Kitten," Ari went from gripping her neck to cupping her chin. He leaned in and pressed his lips against hers, his sixteen inch bitch sticker throbbing and trying to periscope out of the water, but rested just below its surface. Ari's definition was softened by his pristine fur, but with it wet,

it was easy to see the striations and corded strength inside those arms, and his neck. His pecs had peaks and layers to them as they pulsed and bounced.

Ari felt his nuts churn, his balls ache as they started to produce seed at an inhumane rate. Ari felt a deep need, a mounting need to dominate, to control, to subjugate as he felt his rut start to take him. He rumbled, his hands going down and feeling over his wife's body. His hands openly groping her sides, her ass, her thighs. Every part felt like it was made to entice him, to make him want her more.

He thought he was attracted to Amoreena, but now he knew what real sexual attraction was. He didn't just want to make love to his wife. He wanted to rut his mate!

"Fuck baby," he moaned as their lips broke, a strand of saliva connecting them as he kept her close. "What are you doing to me."

"Ari, I swear if I have to tell you what I want," she bore her fangs and bit his lip as her claws raked over the cliff side of those powerful pecks. He got the message loud and clear.

"Oh, Kitten, I'm going to fuck the shit out of you," He growled and gripped her ass, lifting her off the lakebed and pulling her up so her warm pussy was kissing his dick head. She wrapped her arms around his neck as she was now face to face with her lover. His hair was still black, his eyes were the same as before, but now his body was so much more macho and potent.

"What are you waiting for," Amoreena purred, her body hot and ready. Under the waves the water was distorted from the sheer amount of need that was rolling around those pussy. Ari growled, gripping those ass cheeks, his claws digging into that onyx fur.

"Woman, I ain't waitin', I'm doin' whatever the fuck I want with you," Ari smirked, his balls churning at his own words. He felt a new sense of power and dominance. The blushing fool was shoved in the back and the cocky Bostonian was out on full display. "Kitten, you're going to learn real quick how

much I don't want to deal with that lip you've been given me." He bounced his eyebrows to let her know he was joking, at least half joking. He was playing the brute, but it wasn't fully an act. Amoreena purred. She knew their safe word, and she wasn't going to say it.

"Oh yeah baby?" Amoreena smiled, her thighs coming to grip that cock while her warm soft foot paws came to cup his nuts. "You think you can tease me better than I can tease you?"

"Fuuuuuck, doll face, you keepin' that up and I'm going to bust my brats deep inside ya."

"Oh fuck, I love it when you talk dirty to me," Amoreena was getting sloppy with her dirty talk. Her heat was clouding her mind, but it wasn't hindering her performance. Her toes messaged those nuts and her new flexibility allowed her to grip onto that shaft with her thighs, her pussy pressed against that shaft in the water. Slowly she moved herself back and forth in the water, using Ari's neck to push off of as his hands gripped her ass and pulled her back.

Amoreena half purred half growled, her fangs gleaming in the moonlight, her pussy being pet by the hot underside of that massive dick. That's when she felt something odd. At first, she thought it was bumps on Ari's nuts, but something deep in her heart knew it was something else. Ari gasped as she gripped one with her toes, the nubs forming on those balls expanding as she played with them between her perfectly pedicured digits.

Udders. They were udders on Ari's balls, each like its own little dick as she rolled those dense balls between her soles. Messaging and tweaking those little udders.

"Holy shit, oh fuck baby don't stop...shit..." Ari bit down on his lip, a little blood trickling around his buck teeth as his nuts felt like they were each about to bust. Every one of those udders came, each pulsing as the excess cum he was producing died the water a milky white. Warm slick got up between Amoreena's toes as she played with those udders. That cock however just got harder.

“I think I built in the perfect thing to tease you with,” Amoreena smiled and continued as Ari screamed in his orgasm, a deep shout as his balls churned and jizz shot out of his ball’s teats again. He was producing so much seed in his super charged rat nuts, he was letting it out of those sensitive udders. Each time it was like a compounding orgasm, but there was no relief. It was just building and building making Ari’s mind burn with need.

“Fuck Kitten!” Ari couldn’t take it anymore and grabbed his woman and thrust in. She let out a jaguar screech, her scream echoing for miles as the wildlife scattered in fear. This was no longer a welcoming cabin in the woods; it was the mating grounds of this new power couple.

Ari huffed and thrust his cock sinking into the tight velvety folds of his wife. No condom, no protection, no pill. He didn’t care. This wasn’t just about fucking or pleasure anymore; this was a primal need. Ari’s thrusts started to jostle Amoreena, her breasts flopping in circles as water churned around them. Already, milk was leaking form those tits, the water getting whiter around them as they started their rutting.

“Fuck baby! I’m going to blast you with my fucking brats so hard. I’m going to nut deep in that cunt and make you a mother.”

“Fuck yeah Ari! Fucking take that pussy! It’s yours! Fucking rail me like you want to break me!”

“I’ll fuck you until I bust, fill that hot to trot belly! I’m going to bloat you with pups, with our litter! You want that baby girl? You want to be a big bloated Kitten for your big strongman?”

“Fuck yes Ari! Don’t hold back! Fucking let that rut take you!”

The water was a frothing slosh at this point. Milk even dripped from Ari’s tits, his own pecs flexing and churning with milk as they tingled with pleasure. The exertion of fucking, the slapping of hips

and the jostling of water filling the air. You'd think a motorboat was underwater with how much they were fucking.

"Fuck, I want you on your back when I bust. I'm want you to look me in the eyes when you feel my bastards slap the back of your womb! FUCK!" Ari pulled Amoreena close, sinking his dick deep inside her. "Hold onto me, Kitten." Ari rumbled the order in a way that showed his dominance, but also his protective side for his lover.

Amoreena complied and wrapped her legs around him, barely able to hook her legs together behind him. Amoreena felt that sculpted ass shift, those ripped thighs flex, the weight of those feet shaking the lakebed as Ari walked them to shore. He huffed, his feet sinking deep into the sand and leaving massive tracks as he came face to face with the cliff. Or should have. Ari's dick throbbed as he realized he was twelve feet tall, a hulking beast of man and muscle. He could look right over the cliff and be eye level with the deck.

"Don't you let go, Kitten." He rumbled. "No need to let your pretty feet touch the ground." Ari cupped his wife's ass with one hand and gripped the top of the cliff with the other. He pulled them up one handed, hauling them up onto the top of the cliff with his wife firmly gripping his chest. That cliff shook, the cabin rattled as Ari got them on the deck.

"Now," Ari laid Amoreena on her back and smirked down at her. "Where the fuck where we? Oh yeah, making you into a mother. You're gunna look so hot with a big belly of brats."

"Fuck yes Ari," Amoreena had came during that show of strength, large gushing wads of fem cum staining that cliff side and rolled down her man's thighs as Ari effortlessly brought them back up to the cabin. Ari smirked and started to roll his hips, that fresh cunny honey making it extra slick in those

tight folds, his cock ablaze with need. He quickly picked up the pace again, the wet sloppy smacking of his hips against his mates echoed off the cliff face and over the lake.

“Yes Ari, fucking go nuts. Don’t hold back. I know I can handle anything and everything. I’m fucking made for you.”

“You’re going to be one hot baby mama,” Ari rumbled and fucked harder, his ass cheeks flexing, his nuts drooling cum out of his udders and over his thighs and Amoreena’s ass. Amoreena shuddered, another orgasm building as she pressed her toes against Ari’s face. His maw opened and he licked over those toes. They were wet with lake water, but they were pristine and smelled of her sweet lotion. He could feel the moment she orgasmed before she screamed. Her pussy gripped his dick and her toes twitched around his face as he continued his rut.

He parted her legs and leaned in, his tongue lulling over each one of Amoreena’s tits before wrapping his lips around one of them. Milk filled his muzzle. His wife’s sweet cream filling his mouth as he drank deep. Her body already knew she would need lots of milk and multiple tits to feed all those brats.

Amoreena’s breasts bounced and rippled with each powerful thrust. Ari was getting close and he wasn’t going to hold back. He thrust with all his force and Amoreena came. He thrust again, and she came again, her tits spraying milk as he pounded, grinded, and pried that pussy open on his knot. He would not be denied!

“Fuck yeah baby! Open up for me! I’m gunna bust in you raw. Just you and me! Just us free balling with no regard for the consequences!”

“Yes Ariiiiiii!” Amoreena shrieked, her jaguar screech filling the air as Ari continued on the deep hard thrusts. His dick kissing her cervix every time as he built up more and more momentum.

“Take that dick baby! Take my fucking NUT!” Ari slammed forward. With a loud squelching schlorp, Ari tied with his mate. He thought his nuts busting was amazing, this was compounded tenfold. Ari’s dick throbbed, his knot feeling tight and only growing tighter as he swelled, that pussy distending as he locked them together.

“No more going back! No more excuses! I’m making you a mother! I’m making me a daddy!”

“Fuck yeah Ari! Let loose!” Ari thrust forward, that pussy gushing over that knot and tugging on it. That’s all it took. Ari grit his teeth, both of his balls clenching, his udders spewing, his knot flexing, his prostate clenching so hard it could be audibly heard slapping together. Ari’s cum pipe distended with a massive torrent of cum, it could be seen flexing inside that womb, Amoreena's abdomen pushing up as that cock flexed and spat those rat-bastards deep inside that womb. Amoreena felt a deep need get squashed, a burning heat being quenched inside her as her cervix was warmed by that load. She thrust back against every pulse of that cock, her ankles gripping her mate and pulling him close. The knot wasn’t enough, she needed to pull him closer, tie them deeper.

“Fuck Kitten,” Ari leaned in and smacked his lips against his wife’s. They laid there kissing one another, making out as Ari continued to drop the kids off at their mother’s garden. His cock throbbing consistently through that tie, never going down, never letting up, squirting more and more cum inside.

“Fuck me Ari,” Amoreena moaned between kisses. Ari complied and started thrusting, short tender thrusts. The rut wasn’t over, but now they could keep their minds about them as they fucked.

“You ready for a litter, Kitten?” Ari asked as he kissed her neck.

“A bit late for that babe,” Amoreena purred, her entire body vibrating. Ari growled, his nuts already down for round two, but he held back.

“I know I said brats and bastards but...”

“They’ll be *our* brats,” Amoreena smiled, her hips grinding back against Ari’s gentle thrusts. “And they’ll be *our* bastards, you fool.”

“Well,” Ari leaned in and kissed his wife, her wedding ring still on her hand. It had magically grown with her. “I guess I’ll have to be a fool for them and for you.”

“Fuck Ari...” Amoreena smiled and kissed him. “Round two?”

“Ding, ding!” Ari chuckled and started his deep thrusts again. Amoreena’s laughs were drowned out by the sounds of her orgasmic cries.