

First Wild Shape (Anthro-Wolf TFTG Preg)

By FoxFaceStories

Aspiring druid Jax accidentally botches his first wild shape and is stuck as a part-wolf. It's a common and amusing mistake, but things spiral out of control as Jax realises his lower half is that of a female wolf, and its wolf mating season. Will a friend step up to help him? And will they remember to use protection?

First Wild Shape

Jax's friends all guffawed as he entered the tavern where they usually caught up.

"Yeah, yeah," he murmured. "Very funny, I know. Check out the wolf guy."

"Half wolf guy," Rilph bellowed, the dwarven forger cackling yet again. "It's a miracle ya can stand up straight on them wee hooves, laddie!"

Jax frowned as he moved to take a seat, his large brushy tail swaying in irritation.

"They're paws, Rilph, not *hooves*."

"Ah, surface creatures always confuse me like that! Still, at least we can tell when ya angry, eh, Cam?"

Cameron chuckled a little. He was human, like Jax, but was a more traditional hero type, complete with a sword inherited from his father and a muscled figure from his days in the blacksmithy. Jax noticed those muscles more than usual for some reason as he sat his wolfish behind on the seat. He cringed, then tugged on his tail, adjusting it.

"Like I said, laugh it up."

"C'mon, it's only temporary, Jax," Cam said. "You know we don't mean anything by it."

"It's just humiliating. I really thought I had my first wild shape down. Who doesn't want to be a wolf? Only I ended up only changing the back half."

"Could be worse, laddie," Rilph said. "You coulda ended up unable to stand, walking on all fours like some limp mess of a thing."

He wasn't wrong. At least the attempt at wild shape had left his lower half somewhat humanoid, even if he had a coat of grey fur, a wolf tail, wolf legs and all that. Well, the only change was that he was still bipedal, but it wasn't a great help. And there was worse, as well . . .

Jax gestured to the barmaid, who brought him a frothing beer in a tankard. She smirked a little, but he was grateful she said nothing. She'd likely seen a druidic failure like this before. But normally Jax loved to let his gaze linger on Harriet's attractive figure. Now, he was finding himself looking at Cam's muscles again. And those fine shoulders.

"What's the matter?" Cam said.

"It's personal. Embarrassing."

"Go on, laddie," Rilph said.

"It's just . . . okay, don't tell another soul, okay? But . . . I botched the wolf thing more than I thought."

"Oh?"

He blushed furiously. "I don't just have the lower half of a wolf. I've got the lower half of a *female* wolf. And . . . it's mating season. It's giving me *urges*."

There was a slight pause as this information sank in, and then the pair of friends - especially Rilph - positively *howled* with laughter.

"You are both assholes," Jax said, taking another much-needed drink.

"So wait," Cam said. "You're in heat. Like, estrus?"

"Yes. Gods, I shouldn't have said anything."

"But you didn't look twice at Harriet! Does this mean that . . . oh."

"Yeah."

"So your body wants . . . ?"

"Uh-huh. Why do you think I'm drinking so hard? To try and suppress it, damn it. It's godsdamn wolf mating season."

"So you want a big male wolf, huh?"

Jax paused, looking Cam up and down. His stupid furry lower half was going wild for this man. He suddenly looked so powerful and . . . *virile*. He could feel his wolfish womanhood beginning to seep, and it was all the worse for the fact that it was making his tail wag like crazy. He found himself clawing at the ground with his paws.

"N-not exactly," he managed to say.

At this, Cam gave him a funny look. Rilph was already ordering another tankard, but something passed between the pair of them, and even Cam seemed to recognise this should not be shared. Jax's friend clearly understood what he wanted, and telling Rilph *that* would be a step too far.

Jax was thankful for Cam's silence, and for when he changed the topic of discussion. He was a good friend. And he had such a powerful, commanding voice.

It did things to his in-heat body.

Jax had tried everything. He'd even started humping godsdamn bed posts like a dog, but nothing was getting rid of the horniness. It should only be another week or two before his wolf half went away and he could try and learn some proper druidic transformations, but his mating instinct was sending him wild. He *needed* to fuck something. He needed to be

mounted. It was all too much. He even found himself panting and salivating like a wild wolf, his human instincts mixing with that of the call of the wild.

But he had to keep it secret. He had pretended to be okay, especially in the presence of Cam. It had been nearly impossible to reign in his desire for the man's hard cock, especially when he and Rilph and Jax had all bathed and swam in the Cragcave Lake together. They were travelling across Erutell to Sunderstone in the hopes of adventuring work, across the journey of which Jax's body would change back. But to see that human alpha male swimming back and forth, completely naked . . . it had once been an act without passion, and now Jax's wolfish form was flooded with it.

Several times he'd nearly given in to his instincts, especially when they stopped at a couple of taverns on the way. Jax's half-wolf body attracted attention, jokes, even some sly comments from interested barmaids, but Jax's eyes always went to the powerful men. Unfortunately for him, his body had narrowed in on Cameron as the suitable mate, the alpha wolf male who could finally mount and satisfy his body's cravings.

"Just f-fucking hold out," he muttered to himself in his tent during a rainstorm. "You can d-do it."

But he couldn't. The moon was full in the sky, and the wolves were all howling up to it from their places in the dark forest. Jax couldn't hold it in any longer. He needed to join them - not physically, but in their act of mating. Even with a still-human nose, he could swear that he could *smell* their mating in the air.

He burst into Cam's tent, taking the man by surprise. He was in the act of undressing, and his body looked like that of a god's.

"Jax, what are you doing?" Cam said.

Cam was almost drooling with need. He managed to swallow back his spit, calm his canine panting, and get his words out as quickly as he could.

"I can't hold it in anymore, Cam! The estrus, the heat, this godsdamn mating instinct. It's driving me around the bend! You've got to help me sort it out. I know this sounds crazy, I know *I'm* crazy, but I can't stop thinking about you. This body needs to be satisfied and only you can do it because of these stupid wolf instincts. I need you to mount me. To fuck me. Please."

"What!?"

"I'm all girl down there! You've met taurus kin and catfolk before, it's not that different! Please, just the once. I need you to fuck me. I can't stand it. I swear I'm gonna die! Please, you've got to do this for me. I swear I'll never ask anything of you ever again, and I'll never tell anyone. I'll owe you every share of treasure, but I need you to f-f-fuck meeee!"

Cam covered his mouth before he could wake the snoring Rilph roughly fifty feet across the clearing.

"It's really that bad?" he asked.

Jax nodded, mouth still covered.

"And you won't tell a soul?"

Jax shook his head, moaning into Cam's hand. The larger man rose in the tent, pulling back the blanket. There was a small tent in his pants.

"Okay," he said.

"R-really?"

"I'll need a bit more coaxing, but if this is what you need . . . I've always said I'm a curious sort. Time to see how curious. Is there a preferred way you'd like-"

"From behind!" Jax announced without a second thought. "I - my instincts want that. Mounted, from behind. Like a wolf."

"A wolf girl, huh? Okay, let's see how this goes, then."

Jax could barely believe his friend. He knew he's always been *open* about such things, but never in such a way like this! But he didn't care. He truly didn't care at all. He just knew he needed this man *inside of him*.

There was no kissing. No contact in that way - it would have been too much. Instead, Jax turned his body, grinding his furry backside up against Cam and waving his tail in his face. His sex *oozed*, dripping his fluids, so great was his need. The half-transformed druid couldn't stop himself from moaning and even *growling* in anticipation, the latter just like a wolf. It was enough to get Cam's big dick hard against his backside, and that feeling was all the nine heavens put together as far as Jax was concerned.

"You're sure about this?"

"Don't hesitate! Just f-fuck me! M-mount me like I'm your bitch!"

The words had come out automatically, and evidently they worked a doggy treat, because Cam slipped inside of Jax's wet pussy, and the man moaned in relief. It was perfect. His length was huge, and the half-transformed druid's pussy clung tight to it, slick like the skin of a baby seal.

"Y-yesssss! M-mount me! Agghhhh . . ."

He thrust backwards, and soon Cam was gripping his wider, wolfish hips, grabbing the tufts of thick grey fur as he rammed in all the way, then back out, then back in again.

"You feel just like a woman, Jax!" he announced. "By the Gods, you feel good."

"I f-feel good too! Please don't stop!"

"I wouldn't for the world, now. I'm only getting more curious."

The two were fucking like *dogs*, and it made Jax literally *howl* with ecstasy. He was an animal, giving over to animal instincts, his bestial nature true. This was the release he'd needed. This was what the wolf in him desired.

“B-breeeed meeee!” he cried, and with that his body shuddered in his first ever full female orgasms, far more powerful than any humping or feeble masturbation could produce. He howled again, even more like a wolf, and suddenly there was a rush of warmth within him, followed by a powerful throb. Cam groaned, making his own alpha wolf noises, as he ejaculated deep into Jax’s tunnel.

“God, Jax, you feel better than any woman I’ve ever - ahhh!”

It was only when the feeling of estrus finally went away that Jax sighed with unbelievable relief. He pulled away from Cam, who grunted, and Jax even moaned a little as the massive member left his female wolf half. His tail wagged happily, and his fur was sticky from all the fluid. He’d gouged up the earth with his paws during the act.

“I - uh - I better get back to my own tent,” he managed.

“Yeah. I, um, hope that helped.”

Jax smiled. “I think it did.”

He exited the tent only to run immediately into Rilph. His tail shot straight up in alarm at the dwarf, who had his arms crossed and one bushy eyebrow raised.

“So, takin’ care of that heat now are ye, laddie?”

Jax could only scratch at the fur on his hip nervously, and give his most embarrassed grin. It was a wolf’s grin, though, hiding in a sheepish one.

Jax bent over and vomited again, thankfully into the privy this time. He emerged with a green look upon his features, his tail lowered and wagging sadly behind him. Something was clearly wrong with him, and that was why Cam and Rilph had brought him to a healer. For one, they had reached Sunderstone after three arduous weeks of travel, and *still* Jax had not changed back. Now, it had been another four weeks in the city, and Jax’s transformation had yet to revert itself. Worse, something in his body was clearly breaking down from the failed druidic change. He had begun feeling exhausted, and bloated, and his nipples were itchy. His hunger had groan, and yet he continued to throw up several times a week, sometimes several times in one day. He was tired constantly, and needed to rest, and that meant that the profitable adventure the three had hoped to pursue had instead only been undertaken by Cam and Rilph. Cam had been kind enough to give him a small cut, and Rilph had offered up some coins, but they’d vanquished an entire flail-ant colony without him!

But each day that passed, he was getting ever more antsy. He was terrified that some part of his conjuring had gone spectacularly wrong, but after searching within the city for aid, they’d finally come to Dreela, a catfolk apothecary who apparently helped with many druidic ailments.

"I see, I see," she said, after reading Jax's aura once he was cleaned up from vomiting. The older catfolk looked over Jax's form, which was naked but for a small towel over his privates, not that his slit could be seen among the fur. His tail drooped over the table, and his paws dangled off the side. Rilph and Cam watched from the side.

"What do you see?" Jax asked.

"It's quite a normal ailment. Quite normal."

"He's been six for nearly eight weeks now," Cam added. "That's hardly normal."

"Oh, but it is. Just not in these . . . circumstances. Be honest with me, young . . . man. Have you been sexually active?"

Jax blushed, and so it was Rilph that answered with a booming laugh. "Oi, he has been! Just the once I caught these two at it, but at it they were!"

Cam smacked him on the shoulder, but Dreela just nodded. "About eight weeks ago, you say?"

She poked Jax in the stomach, where the fur met his skin. He winced.

"Hey," he said. "That hurts. I'm all bloated there."

"Mhm," she replied. She tapped his left nipple with a paw, and he winced again. "And here?"

"Yes. Can you tell me what's wrong with me?"

"Nothing, young one, and everything. I've only heard of this happening once before."

"Trainee druids fail their first wild shape all the time," Jax said in a frustrated voice.

"Yes, no doubt. No doubt. But how many of them become pregnant while their animal half is stuck as the fairer sex?"

At that, Jax suddenly paused. Cam paused. The whole room seemed to pause.

"Did you just say pregnant?"

"Yes," the catfolk said. "You've all the signs of it. Tiredness, hunger, morning sickness, swollen nipples, you've even got the very slight start to a belly here, I'd say."

She patted the very slight dome of his stomach, which he'd assumed to be merely bloat.

"P-pregnant!?" Cam said.

"Indeed. Eight weeks along, I'd say, matching your timeline. I'll be curious to find out if they develop at wolf speed, human speed, or something in between. And indeed, if you've got just one in there . . . or a litter."

At this, Rilph started to titter. Then chuckle. Then guffaw. Finally, he let out a raucous, booming laughter.

"PREGNANT!" he said, cackling loudly. "BY ALL THE GODS, PREGNANT YOU STUPID DOLTS!"

Jax tried sucking in his stomach, but there was no real use. Evidently, his stomach was not fat, but the result of a growing baby. Or, perhaps, *babies*. Occasionally, he felt little flutters in his . . . womb. No wonder his body wasn't changing back; transformation magic always worked to preserve life.

The half-wolf, half-human looked at himself in the mirror. In the two months since finding out his condition, his body had started to change dramatically, and embarrassingly. First, there was the obvious: his belly was swelling up, and there was no way for him to deny it any longer. He was *pregnant*. Pregnant with his friend and fellow adventurer Cam's baby. Or *babies*. Or *cubs*. Gods, just thinking about it was too much. His stomach had grown slowly but inexorably, his ab muscles dissipating entirely as they separated to make way for his burgeoning belly. He was now somewhere in his second trimester, he suspected, though early on, suggesting more of a human length of gestation, which was somehow *worse*. It only stuck out a few inches, but a few inches was very obvious through any set of clothing other than a cloak, and the weather was too warm for that in Sunderstone, which was a city named for its proximity to warm volcanoes worshipped for their fire gods. And so his belly was more displayed than he would like, leading passerbys to give him odd looks.

But if that was the only change, he . . . well, he couldn't exactly cope with it, but he could *deal*. As it was, other changes were manifesting as a result of the pregnancy. Fur was starting to grow higher up his stomach, and his forearms were developing thick grey fur as well. His ears were higher up than they should have been, and developing *points*. He also now had an extra pair of nipples, and his regular pair had fatty . . . deposits. Small ones, but present nonetheless. It was obvious what was happening there, but he didn't want to admit it, any more than he wanted to admit his hips were wider and his shoulders had slimmed down. His body was turning more female, not less, all thanks to the sheer fecundity he was experiencing.

There was a sudden knock upon the door, and Jax quickly covered up with a slim tunic and loose pants. His belly still stuck out, but only a little against the fabric.

"Come in," he said, his voice slightly more hoarse than it had been. It was also slightly *higher*. He didn't like that development either.

Cam stepped into the room, and Jax relaxed a bit.

"Oh, just you. I was afraid it would be Rilph, come to make fun of me again."

"He won't keep doing that. I gave him a talking to he won't forget. I also reminded him that even if you can't join us on our hired work, that your plant concoctions and druidic blessings have saved our backsides more than a few times in the last couple of months."

Jax sighed, happy to hear that. "Thanks. I don't know how to thank you."

Cam shrugged. "This is harder on you than us. How have you been? I hope you haven't been cloistered away in this let room the last three days."

Jax bit his lip. "Not entirely. I had to get out. Stupid instincts wanted me to see the full moon a bit. And besides, it's not good for, um, you know."

He circled his finger over his stomach. Even his nails were growing longer, like they were developing talons. No, *claws*.

"You're doing damn well for a man in your position," Cam said.

"A pregnant position," Jax complained. "Gods, I'm sorry to put you through this even more than myself, Cam. I'm turning you into a father because I fucked up a damn druidic transformation."

"Hey, it takes two to form the minimum number for an adventuring party," Cam quipped. "I just want to make sure my friend is okay. Have there been . . . any other changes?"

Jax grimaced, then lifted his shirt.

"More fur, I see. And - wait, are those?"

"A second set of nipples, below the first," Jax said. "I suppose my transformation proceeds apace. The more pregnant I get, the more the druidic magic adapts my body to suit what's growing in my damned belly."

He sat down in a huff, leaning back to give space to the belly, not that he quite needed it . . . yet.

"I just want to be out there, changing into animals and helping you gain treasure. Not . . . stuck here."

Cam sat down beside him. "Well, why not?"

"Why not? I'm pregnant! I may be a damn fool and a bad druid, but I'm not risking this little one . . . or, Gods help me, *ones*. They aren't at fault for this."

"Sure, but you can still travel with us, right? Gather ingredients for your magnificent potions? Help craft healing tinctures and antidote balms? Help us scout out locations and talk to animals, as you can still do. We wouldn't put you in harm's way, but there's lots you can do. You're not getting morning sickness anymore, are you?"

Jax frowned. "No, I suppose you're right. It would be good to get back into nature, again. It's not just this damn wolf side that's missing it. I'm a druid, after all."

"Exactly!" Cam said, slapping him lightly on the shoulder. "Let's do it."

"Gods, Cam. What would I do without you? Other than not be pregnant, of course. Seriously, though, I owe you. Is there anything I can do to thank you for all the support you've given me the last few months of this wild . . . adventure my body is having?"

The muscular, brown-haired man actually blushed. It was a cute look. Jax hadn't thought about sex or intimacy in some time since getting knocked up, but his body sometimes . . . responded to a good male appearance. And his friend had that in spades.

"Well, I suppose, if it's alright by you . . . you could let me touch your belly? You know, just so I can feel them. My - *our* - child. Or children."

Jax blushed in turn, but he saw the sincerity in his friend's eyes, and it gave him such a peculiar feeling. He pulled up his shirt and lowered his pants a little, exposing his stomach. Then, gently, he took his friend's hand and placed it on his stomach.

"It's okay," he whispered, voice higher again. "You can feel. Um, take as long as you need."

Cam's eyes lit up. "Wow. It didn't feel real up until this point."

Jax had to look away, he was blushing so hard. But Cam didn't pull his hand back, and slowly caressed Jax's stomach, his hands powerful yet gentle.

"That's my kid in there," he marvelled.

"Yeah," Jax said with an embarrassed smile. "Our kid."

Jax was grateful that the grass was so lush and comfortable, because his body needed it. He was now six months along and there was no denying the truth any longer, the truth Cam had suggested so long ago and he had tried to deny.

There wasn't one kid.

There wasn't even two.

He was having a whole damn *litter*.

That first movement had stirred just a month after the Cam-feeling-his-belly incident, and at first it had been, well, *magical*. The trio had left Sunderstone, and Jax was actually managing to keep up. Yes, he had less flexibility due to his growing midsection, but he was hitting that second-trimester boost of energy that Dreela had informed him of after another check up with her, and it felt *good*. They had been investigating a tomb in the Everdark Canopies, and were two floors deep into the structure when Jax actually felt a *poke* inside his belly. At first he'd thought he'd sprung a trap that had wounded him, but then the poke occurred in a similar spot, and it came from *within* him. It was then that he realised something was squirming.

"Aye, laddie? What's the hold up?"

"I - Rilph, I'm feeling a kick."

"Aye, I'll kick yer arse if ya don't - wait. Ya mean?"

Jax nodded hurriedly. "Get Cam!"

Rilph, to his credit, ran to the next chamber where Cam was scouting ahead - he insisted, in order to keep Jax safe. But he came running back then, a look of amazement on his face.

“Seems our new *lass* has got some movement, Cam,” Rilph said. “And he thinks the father should cop a feel.”

“Not what I said, Rilph,” Jax said, before gasping again. “But feel, Cam! They’re moving! And - ohhhh. Oh God, it feels like . . . like . . . oh no.”

Cam had touched his bare belly and come to the same conclusion: Jax was pregnant with multiples. It was a terrifying revelation, to not only be increasingly wolf-like *and* female *and* pregnant but also knocked up with *multiples*. And so Jax had decided it was just a mistake for the next month, even as his body continued to change. The trio were lucky, and their new configuration was working: Jax would provide magical herbs and tonics, as well as druidic knowledge to navigate them through the land. As his body changed further, he was able to sniff out goblin parties well ahead of their ambushes, and he could smell tracks through the forest that led them to a wyvern they were tracking.

But it also meant that he was getting less human by the day, and more like some kind of bipedal wolf . . . woman. His breasts were unmistakable, and bulged forth on his chest. They were not huge or anything, but they had started to jiggle a little, and their weight annoyed Jax. He was hoping the fur which was now just beneath them would spread upwards, just so Cam wouldn’t stare at his cleavage from time to time, meagre as it was. Indeed, so much of him was more womanly and wolfly as a result of the litter in his stomach: his ears were now pointed and on top of his head, thin and triangular and coated in grey fur. The hearing was excellent and could detect the cogwork of ancient traps, but they also indicated his mood, sagging when he sagged, pointing upright when he was alarmed, just like his tail. His arms had slimmed also, and his face looked softer, his lips fuller and his eyes more . . . well, sort of demure, albeit with a light blue hunter’s irises. And then there were his *lower breasts*.

He didn’t want to acknowledge them. After all, he’d developed another pair of nipples in his fifth month, and was reasonably sure he was growing one last pair which were parallel horizontally to his navel. Thankfully, they weren’t developing into breasts like his ‘upper ones’ . . . yet. Still, he feared further development.

Which was exactly why he was happy to be lying on his side in the lush grass, enjoying some relaxation away from the rigours of adventuring and travel. He knew those days would be over soon, as the need for rest was already returning. Inside his womb, another series of squirming movements caused his belly to ripple and shift. One large distension caused him to actually yelp in a canine fashion, baring his slightly sharpened teeth. It was a surprisingly female yelp.

“Calm down!” he declared, rubbing his stomach and trying not to touch his quite-sensitive lower nipples. He was only wearing his underwear; his changing body was less comfortable the more clothing he wore, much to his embarrassment. It sometimes made moments between him and Cam awkward with the way they looked at one another, though at least it gave the father of his children easy access to touch his belly.

That set of some strange thoughts about how handsome Cam was, and how caring and kind and-

“I’m trying to relax here for *your* sake. Rilph actually said he’d set up our tent just to give us a break, so don’t let such a surprisingly gentleman-like gesture go to waste here, got me?”

But his cubs refused to listen, and continued to move around, causing his belly to shift and him to groan in his increasingly feminine voice.

“Gods, why would any woman willingly do this to herself? Though I guess it’s not many who go on to have a litter in one go, huh?”

He smelled something, and raised his head. He barked out a greeting, and a small wolf pack approached several minutes later. They were friendly - creatures always were with a druid - so Jax just lay there and tried to calm his babies.

“You are expecting.”

It was a mother wolf, the head of her pack. As a druid, Jax could easily understand here. As a half-wolf person, he could also smell that she too was growing a litter.

“Yeah,” he said, rubbing his stomach, still trying to calm those little kicks. “And I see you are as well.”

“Where is your mate?”

“He’s around. Getting me some extra food, I expect. You know, because of this giant belly of mine.”

“Mhm. Good mate. He protects you?”

Jax nodded. “Yeah, he does.”

“You are not whole wolf. But you are not whole not-wolf either. You are between.”

“Trust me, I’m aware.”

Another sniff from the mother wolf. *“And you were not always female. But now . . . female.”*

“Only down there. Er, and in my womb. And I guess I’m growing boobs and my hair is growing out and my voice is higher. Okay, look, I’m female, but I’m not a woman. I’m still a man.”

The wolf made a noise of amusement. Her other members circled Jax, curiously sniffing.

“I agree with my pack. You are female. You are one.”

"I'm not, I-"

"You are female. I wish you luck with your litter, female half-wolf. You will be a good mother. I can smell it. Make a mighty pack. My own shall remain on good terms with yours. Mother wolves understand such things."

Jax didn't know what to say, but the mother wolf bounded off into the forest with her pack, making the former male jealous of her dexterity and speed. A lot easier to carry a litter when you had four legs instead of two, she supposed.

She.

The word had slipped into Jax's mind so easily. The transformed druid considered this, and the wolf's words. A being of nature magic takes such meetings seriously, and this was the first time a wolf had dared speak to her; they were notoriously quiet even to experienced druids.

"A mother," Jax said, caressing her swollen midsection. The fur now covered it entirely, a lovely lighter grey than the coat growing up her back. "I'm going to be a mother . . ."

It was the first time she'd really thought of it like that. The babies - or cubs - growing inside her were never meant to exist, just like she was never meant to possess a womb to hold them, or to be wolf-like at all beyond her wildshape magic. But now they were *here*, and they were *growing*, and they were dependent on *her*. Yes, *her*. She raised a hand to touch her breast, feeling the growth there. They were now the size of any woman's, perhaps a little larger than average, and had a tendency to wobble a bit unless she wore a bandage around them. They would be used to feed her children. To *nurse* them. Perhaps even her other nipples . . .

"Wow," she mused, taking in her whole body. It was still alien to her. She still wanted to be a man again. She definitely didn't want to be stuck as some half-wolf woman. But at the same time, for the first time, she was actually a little proud of her body.

When Cam returned with some delicious deer he'd hunted slung over his shoulder, he found Jax, still naked, curled up on the grass and giggling as she ran her fingers over her belly, poking it in various places.

"Oh, shit, s-sorry," Cam said, turning away so his back was to her. "I didn't realise you were naked."

"Cam, you've already seen me naked, remember?"

"And I got us both in a lot of trouble from that, as I recall."

Jax smirked. The thought of that night stirred something in her loins. Again, the mother wolf's words lingered in her mind. She *was* female, and she was going to be a mother. And this man was the father of her babies. Her protector.

"The babies are kicking," she said. "Turn around, and come feel. I don't mind."

Slowly, Cameron turned back to face her. His eyes glimmered, as if fascinated by her appearance. He stepped forward and knelt behind her back.

“Lie with me,” she said. “It’s okay.”

He did so, pressing his body up against her so that her tail fell over his hip and stirred pleasingly against him. He reached one hand around and began to caress her gestating womb. His fingers brushed over her lower nipples and made her coo just a little.

“Are you okay?”

“More than okay,” she said. “Feel.”

She moved his hand, and suddenly there was a flurry of movement. She actually chuckled in her growly way, and Cam gasped.

“Crazy, right?”

“Very. How many do you have in there?”

“I don’t know. I lost count at three. How many did *you* put in me? You’re the father, after all. You’re going to be a father, Cam.”

He held her closer, and the two were comfortable there, feeling the kicks of the litter they’d accidentally made. Jax still felt a little embarrassed, but she pushed that embarrassment away. For now, she just wanted to feel *safe*. And that was how she felt in Cam’s arms.

Over ten minutes later, there was a rustle in the trees behind them. Only Jax knew that it was Rilph, on account of being able to smell him. She knew he’d seen them lying together, and she worried for a moment that he would say something to spoil the moment. But then he turned carefully, quietly, and left them to their peace.

For all his gregarious laughter and jokes, he was a good friend.

Jax moaned as Cam thrust into her. Her tail was raised, and she was on all fours, entirely covered in fur and her face pushed out into a rather attractive mini-snout. Her tongue wagged to one side as her lover entered her again and again, the two of them fucking in the early morning before their snoring friend could wake from beyond the treeline.

“Ohhhhh, I n-needed this. I’m g-getting so fucking horny as I g-get closer, Cam.”

“I’ve been wanting to do this ever since I laid down with you,” Cam said, thrusting again and causing her to yip. “You’re so fucking beautiful, Jax. All of you. All of *this*.”

He reached with his longer arms to caress her swollen belly. She was unbelievably gravid by this point, and she was constantly having to stop for small naps since her squirming litter barely gave her an extended rest. They were always shifting and moving, and now her belly was literally twice as big as Tilly’s had been back in her home village, the

young woman who had gone overdue with *twins*. In fact, her stomach was literally rubbing against the ground as she was mounted, and her swollen nipples dragged pleasingly along it, producing further sensations.

“You g-got me so pregnant and horny,” she whined. “I’m such a wolf now. I need you to m-mate me! I can’t help it!”

“I love how much of a wolf girl you are,” Cam said. “I know it s-sounds wrong, but I’m glad you’re like this. I can’t stop looking at you. Feeling you. Knowing you’re carrying all of our babies. A whole litter of them.”

Her tail wagged, extra proud. Her instincts made her joyful to be carrying such a big litter. Wolf woman instincts, of course. She dug into the ground as he squeezed her ass and thrust again.

“Ohhhh, th-thank you! I’m n-nearly there! I’m nearly there, Cam! I - AAROOOO!!”

She howled as the first wave of orgasms hit, and again when Cam’s hard member throbbed inside of her, his ejaculate pouring into her passage. Her pussy gripped him tightly, sucking him dry, and she was in ecstasy, more beast than woman as she shook her wild fur.

It was only when Cam extracted himself that she could rest to her side, her massive belly shifting with endless movement, her breasts swollen and leaking.

“Ohhhhh, that was g-good,” she said. “I’ve been wanting that so long, Cam. I’m sorry, I just . . . I really needed it.”

“Hey, I needed it too.”

She lay there, panting. She was so close to giving birth, she could *feel* it. Her entire transformation was finished, and it had left her as something neither fully human nor fully wolf, but rather in-between. She was still bipedal, thank the Gods, and in fact had a very human body structure, if that body structure was that of a very attractive but very, very pregnant woman. Her breasts were now large, and definitely needed a wrap to stop her furry tits from bouncing all over the place. Her fur covered her entire body, including her face, and she now had a wolfish half-snout and sharper canine teeth. But she also still had her hair, which had turned a lighter grey and had grown down her back, and she had the hips and rear of a woman too. Her hands were still usable, but her digits ended in canine claws, appropriately enough.

She had also given up on clothing beyond a small fur skirt and a fur wrap around her breasts. Anything else just felt wrong, and when she was alone and not moving too much, she liked to be totally naked as well. Her tastes had turned more carnivorous, but her attraction to Cameron had only grown the more she had come to see him as the father of her babies. It had climaxed in this very literal climax, and she found herself cursing her failure to just give in to these desires months ago.

“Oi, you lot!” Rilph called, making them both scramble to be decent - not that the hyperpregnant wolf woman could really scramble at the moment. “Are you gonna help patch up this cottage or are ya jus’ gonna fuck in them there woods all yer lives?”

The embarrassed pair disentangled and got dressed, or at least as dressed as Jax could these days. Her lower nipples were likely going to need their own wraps soon, because they were now developing into smaller breasts. More like little pooches, really, but clearly the milk glands were developing there.

“Be there in a moment, Rilph!”

They made their way over to the forest cottage they had found a month ago, Jax waddling carefully, trying to hold her belly up and failing due to its sheer size. It was the perfect spot for a very pregnant wolf druid woman to live and give birth in. Her adventures were coming to an end, she knew, and a whole new one was beginning; the adventure of motherhood. There was a sense among the three of them that their party would likewise end as a result: Rilph wanted to keep exploring and earning adventuring coin, while Cameron refused to leave her side. He’d told her again and again that he wanted to be there for their children, and it made her heart flutter and her loins tingle when he talked like such a protector. And yet, despite that fact, and despite how much money they’d made back at the end of Jax’s second trimester when they’d uncovered a literal treasure trove from an orc brigand camp, Rilph had stayed with them. He jealousy guarded his own share of the hoard, as was his right, but he refused to let the pair wander off without making sure they had a place to stay. And as a dwarf, he knew a hell of a thing about a fixer upper.

“Roof is all mended,” he explained as Jax waddled over. “And I’ve patched up that wall and gotten rid of the tree growing through it - not the one in the main room ya want to keep Jax, ya crazed druid lassie.”

“I appreciate it, Rilph,” she said. She placed her hands on the small of her back to ease off the weight, and she smelled with her wolfish senses the nature of the place. It was earthen and beautiful, tucked away in the deep forest and by a stream, complete with a water wheel. Rilph had even fixed up the henhouse and the barnyard for future animal rearing. The druid could even see where she’d grow patches of flowers and plants for her tonics and potions, and the place where she could play with her children and teach them to hunt like a true wolf.

“This is amazing,” she said. “And it’s so big!”

“Aye, a proper dwelling for a large family, that’s for sure. Since you two insist on bein’ lovebirds I have to imagine more cubs are on the way after this lot.”

They both blushed.

“I don’t think so,” Cam said. “Four is enough for now.”

“Or more,” Jax said, feeling her belly and smiling sheepishly. “I just want to make sure that we - nghh!”

The two men suddenly looked at Jax, eyes wide. She in turn clutched her enormous mind, barely able to keep standing as fluid gushed from her womanhood and splashed against the fur of her legs, sticking there. A sharp pain suddenly radiated from her crotch and spread along her belly, which tightened significantly. Within, her litter began to jostle, as if suddenly competing for space.

“Jax, are you okay?” Cam said.

She gritted her sharp canine teeth and let loose an angry bark. “Of course I’m n-not okay!” she cried. “I’ve just gone into labour with *way too many kids!*”

Jax had groaned and moaned, yipped and barked and howled as labour progressed. Rilph continued to show amazing talent, the man had helped his dwarven clan back in the mountains deliver a number of new delvers, apparently, and so he helped Jax breathe and position herself during the birth. Cam had urged her to lay on her back, but her belly was too heavy, and something about giving birth on all fours felt instinctively *right*.

“I can’t explain it!” she barked. “I just n-need it like this, okay?”

“Okay,” Cam said. “Would you like me to pet you or-”

“Do I look like a dog? I’m a fucking wolf woman and - nnggh! Ahhh! Ohhhh Gods . . . yes. Please pet me. Pet my back. Oohh, and the shoulders! Gods, why did this all go so wrong? Why m-me, Cam? Why meeeeeee!?”

Another contraction. Rilph checked her and nodded to Cam.

“She’s about ready to push, I’d say. You feel ready, lass?”

“N-nooo! I’m not ready to be some wolf-mom! I’m not ready - aghhh!”

“PUSH!”

She did, with all her might. The most alien sensation in the world followed, as a large living *thing* pushed down through her hips, spreading them wider, and then pressed against her entrance. The pain was incredible, but instinct took over, and she howled, pushing again.

“A wee little pup alright!” Rilph announced. “One last push, love!”

She did, howling a third time. She was instantly hit with relief as something exited, a brief sense of euphoria following. Rilph moved to her side with a wide grin on his bearded features.

“Look, ya did it! One down, and a cute little pup she is at that!”

Cam and Jax both looked at the pup. It was just like her: furry and humanoid, with a gorgeous little tail and tiny little wolf ears. Only it had Cam's brown hair colouring for her fur. Instantly, something in her heart swelled, and she found herself actually crying.

"She's beautiful!"

"She is, love," Rilph said.

"You're a mother, Jax. You can do this," Cam said. He petted her again as the next contraction came.

"J-just three m-more to go!" she growled. And then she bore down. She could barely believe one failed wildshape transformation had led to this point, but there was no stopping it. She could only listen to her body and continue to birth her litter into the world.

"AGGGHHHH! ARRROOOOO!"

The next cub began to leave her womb, and the process started all over again.

Jax lay on her side, panting slowly but happily. The pain was gone, and while some soreness remained, she was more comfortable than not. She was resting on the warm rug of the cottage floor, and Cam and Rilph had lit the fireplace for her, keeping her warm. She couldn't get up even if she wanted to: six little cubs were attached to her teats and sucking away at her milk deposits, occasionally scrambling against one another.

"Slow down, darlings. It's okay. Momma has plenty."

She petted her children and then relaxed again. Six cubs. *Six*. She could barely believe she'd had so many in her; a whole half-dozen! Two more than she'd even expected. And yet she wouldn't give away one of them. It was true what mothers said; once you held your own child and fed them from your breasts, you'd fight the whole world off with one hand - or paw - just to keep them safe.

"You'll have to name them," Rilph said. "I don't envy ya, lass. There's six names ta be had."

Jax just smiled and petted her children, and helped one latch onto one of her lower nipples. "There's time to be had. For now, I just want to rest."

Rilph petted her coat not unkindly, and then left the room. Jax smelled Cam before he came in, and turned slightly enough not to disturb her feeding babies but to be able to plant a kiss on his face as he descended.

"You did it," he said.

"Yeah, I did," she said proudly. "Can't believe I did. Never expected I would. But . . . I did it."

"And you haven't turned back."

She shrugged. "Don't think I will. Magic like this sets."

"And you're okay with it?"

At this, she gave a little huff of pride. "Why wouldn't I be? I mean, I'll catch more than a few glances when I have to go into town, and I could do without some parts of this new body, but . . . I've got babies now. I need to be their mama wolf. And . . ."

Cam sat beside her, stroking her fur in a loving way.

"And?" he asked.

She gave him a wolfish grin. "And they need their papa wolf. I think . . . I need him, too."

At that, he gave her another kiss, and pressed his forehead gently against hers.

"Good thing I'm not going anywhere."

They bonded like that for some minutes, admiring their six little children.

"You know, one thing occurs to me, though," Cam said.

"Yes?"

"Well, Jax. Say you go into estrus again . . . what then?"

Jax blinked. The wolf woman hadn't truly considered this. She blushed, not that Cam could tell, and rolled her lip along her upper teeth.

"Well, it *is* a big cottage. Plenty of room, right?"

The End