The Howling - Family

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My punishment, as always, was to stand naked and totally still in the room while my mother and Uncle made breakfast and talked. I could feel my Uncle's eyes roaming my naked body like little biting gnats. It wasn't as if he made an effort to hide his gaze. I didn’t look at him, I didn’t need to. Even now, I knew that my Uncle's eyes were lingering on my breasts. My nipples tightened and grew. I hated my own weakness. He would take my hardening nipples the wrong way.

This was my punishment for staying out all night. The change back to human meant I had to sneak into the cabin naked. Of course Mama had been waiting for me.
“Why you go to that school?” My Uncle asked while gnawing on a piece of meat my mother put on his plate.
I knew better than to answer. I wasn't supposed to talk when I was being punished. I stood erect, my breasts out, my hands down by my sides and my legs together. I could feel my skin prickle with the knowledge that my Uncle's attentions wouldn't be sedated by simple conversation.
“Don't talk to her T.C.” Mama said to my Uncle and then she turned toward me, her eyes roaming over me like she was noticing the trash someone had left on the kitchen floor. I could smell her anger like a thick burning ember, red and threatening to erupt into flame.
“She goes to that school because she wants to meet a boy, because she can't keep her legs closed.” Mama smiled then. The corners of Mama's lips curl up when she smiles. It is a smile that strikes like an arrow into the hearts of almost any man. Combine Mama’s smile with her body and you really don’t have to guess what reaction she usually gets. Only problem is, Mama’s smile can be fatal.
“That true girl? You like to get fucked by them boys at school?” Uncle T.C. asked.
“Hell, I bet her little slutty pussy is probably wet right now. I bet she is dripping at the thought of all those hot young teenage boys crowding around her and taking turns fucking her hot little box.” Mama said and moved over to me.

Mama knew this was turning me on. She could smell it as much as I could smell her excitement. I didn't want to be turned on. I wish I could turn everything off and be emotionless during my punishments but the sticky sweet smell of moss and grass blew into the room and stirred my desire even more. I love the smell of the woods and the forest spirits. I love nature. I love being natural. My body burned for the change again, to be my animal self and run through the woods free and open. Mama pressed her body into mine and I felt the cold smooth leather of her dress. Her dress fell open and her soft breasts pressed into my chest as her warm breath hit my neck. My Uncle sprung from his

chair and crouching like the animal he was ready for the show. I heard him sniffing the air for the scent of my glistening wet cunt.
Mama moved her hand down the front of my body and lingered on my breasts for just a moment. Her fingers lightly traced my stiff peach colored nipple. My nipple is very soft and the pale pink color of barely ripe peaches.
I turn my head away from Mama as her hand slides down my stomach and her fingers lightly dance across my tight belly button. Reflexively I pull in my stomach and a small breath escapes me. I'm burning now. My body is tense with nervous excitement. My juices flow freely and the smell of my sexual excitement permeates the air. My Uncle is going crazy. He is drooling now and licking his lips like a big dog.

“Yeah, yeah, touch it. Touch it.” He pleads.
Mama’s fingers trail down to my hungry little slit, my eagerness is betrayed by my short and hurried breathing. I don't want to be a slut. I wish I could be anything but, but I am a Quist and as they say... like Mother, like daughter.
“Stubble! Prickly, horrible Stubble!”

“I'm sorry!” I cry.

Mama turns away from me, her anger now a flame, her body hot with the change that threatens to consume her. I can hear her breaths go ragged and deep as the animal tries to break free. I sense the earthy smell of blood as her fangs grow and bite into her lip.

“Go shave your dirty little cunt! I told you never to allow that horrible mess to grow in! Never!”
“But...” Uncle T.C. said. He was visibly disappointed.
“NOW!” Mama shouted.

“But Marsha!” Uncle T.C. protested.

“Oh shut up! You can fuck my daughter another day. Go catch us some dinner and bring it back. Fresh this time! I'm tired of your stupid lazy ass bringing back something you found already dead.”

My Uncle blew air through his grinding teeth then shuffled his way out the door making more noise than was necessary.

“Why are you still standing there?” Mama shouted.

I ran out the door and around to the back of our cabin. I found the straight razor hanging from the nail. I was acutely aware that my Uncle was still lingering in the woods and waiting for me to come out and shave. If Mama came out she would rip his hide open but he took his chance and squatted in the bushes. To any mortal he would have been completely invisible but I could hear his shuffling and I could easily smell his animal skins and body odor from across the field.

I sharpened the razor on the leather and then found the soap Mama makes and sells and took this over to the water pump. Despite the angry start to my morning, it really was a beautiful day. The fresh North Carolina mountain air smelled of honeysuckle and jasmine and the birds were happily singing and bouncing from tree to tree. I stretched my arms above my head and then my entire body shivered, making my breasts shake desirably. I could hear my Uncle stroking himself.
I pumped until water filled the ceramic bowl. Using the soap I created a thick lather so I could shave the barely imperceptible stubble that infuriated my mother so much. I put one leg up on the edge of the wall around the well and with my damp little pussy completely exposed, I started to shave. It didn't take long. I don't have much hair. I'm forty-one years old but because I'm not human, I have the appearance of jail-bait. In fact I really enjoy the fact that I still look like jail-bait. Mama is right. I'm a bit of a slut.
I pull back the fleshy folds of skin that make it difficult to shave my pussy and listen for the sticky sounds of my Uncle stroking. He is beating it faster, he won't last long. I drag the blade down the soft skin between my legs and it shines pink in the early morning light. I rinse and repeat this on the other side, pulling back my swelling and sensitive labia, careful not to cut myself. Of course I heal quickly, even not in my animal form, but it still stings like a bitch. I go back over my pale reddening skin and then run my fingers all over my sensitive little area to feel for any stubble. I'm completely smooth. I linger for a moment on my clit. I'm dripping soap and my own juices now. I'm extremely excited. I'm always excited being nude outside in my human form.

My Uncle sniffs and pokes his head out from the bushes looking for Mama. He sniffs the air but I can hear Mama washing dishes and smell her scent inside the house. He comes closer, hunched over. His eyes are dark gold and his teeth have grown. He is excited and can't help but start to change.

"Please." He pleads.

"Please what?" I toy with him.
"Please let me lick it." He asks.
"You know Mama would be angry." I pause and smile teasing him, "Plus…" I pout, "I just shaved and she is really sensitive."

"But…you smell…so…good." He is licking his lips and his eyes are locked on my cunt.

"You know that we would both get in trouble if I let you do that. Now go get dinner like Mama asked. You know that with people starting to cut down all our trees, catching dinner will be harder."

"Not to mention the hunters ready to shoot anything bigger than a rabbit."

"Yes, that too. So it will take you almost all day and I have to go to school."

He wasn’t listening and my pussy was literally dripping now. Long clear strings of my juices dripped down my thighs. His cock was out and hard. He stroked it and looked.
“Then just look.”

“Ok, you can look.”

We both started masturbating and listening for Mama. He stroked his cock harder and pumped his hips at me. I opened my legs wider and let him see the white juices that dripped from my excited little pussy. We were both eager to fuck. I would have let him, even with Mama right behind us, but he never made the move. He was just as afraid of Mama as I was.
He shot his cum before I fully erupted into orgasm. We both heard Mama walking to our side of the cabin. She had smelled sex. She knew what we were doing! My Uncle ran! His hands touching down on the ground and his back legs pumped out so he could get full speed. As he leapt into the air to clear the bushes, the change took him and I could see his wolf form and smell his scent even as he disappeared into the woods.
Mama stood at the top of the porch and sniffed the air. She was nude now and stood there looking at me. I poured the water down my front and washed away all evidence of my excitement. Her slim, muscular body looked amazing in the morning light. Standing there, leaning over the rail, she looked like a painting. She turned and smiled with just one corner of her lips and gave me a knowing look.
I went inside.
The walk to school isn't a short one but I enjoy it. The time away from my Mama and Uncle is welcome and gives me time to think. Mama is only half right. I would like to meet a boy but I know that it would never be able to go beyond sex. Mama would never let me have a real boyfriend. Still I like to think that it could happen.
You would think being older than all the other students would make being in school easier but it isn't. I look younger than everyone, even though I'm well beyond them in human years. Making friends is even more difficult. All the kids have iPods and phones and talk about going shopping and playing video games. We have very little money and what we do have we use to buy food. Everyone knows I live with my Mama and Uncle out in a cabin deep in the woods. They know how my Mama looks, like a cross between a playboy model and a gypsy. They also know that she doesn’t talk much, which for other women is a sure sign to stay away. So kids avoid me. They are either afraid of me or just too nervous to approach me.
I enter my art class a little late. I feel several eyes lingering on my dress. It is a thin summer dress that buttons down the front and is very tight. I like it because it is the next best thing to being nude, which is how I prefer to be. One boy is excited. I smell him and his growing erection. Another boy's tension is palatable, he is almost angry with me. I sit in my assigned seat and hide my face with my long dark hair. The buttons on my dress were ripped open by Mama when she was angry with me for this morning. She was trying to keep me from going to school. I left the house with my torn dress barely staying over my shoulders and no books. The top three buttons will not stay fastened no matter what I do. I don't wear underwear, ever, and have very large breasts for my body type, which

is very petite. The white swell of my breasts are exposed and my left breast threatens to peek out if I twist just so. Two girls across from me are angry because all the boys are looking at my breasts. One small girl next to them is excited by my semi-nudity. I just duck my head down lower, shyly hiding everything from them. Mr. Creech comes in and I smell his body, his hair, his every movement sends shivers down my spine.
“Today we are going to try some figure drawing.” Mr. Creech tells us.
“Ivy, perhaps you would like too model for us?” Mr. Creech asks.
I don't reply, I barely look up through my hair. I hear the students snickering and whispering. I don't want to make Mr. Creech angry. I like him. Perhaps it is because he babies me.
“It's up to you Ivy but I think you would make a fantastic model.” He says. Was that a compliment? I raise my head and smell the air. I listen to his breathing. I see him, his shape, his aura, his soul. He is sweet and strong with the body of a dancer. He is so unlike any other man I have ever met, but he thinks that I'm just a child. Oh how I wish I could let him know that in this body is a woman who longs for him.
“It's ok if you don't want to.”

“Ok.” I say softly. My voice sounds weak. I'm weak.
“Great! Just come over here and I'll help you up onto the table. All you have to do is sit and pose for the class.”

I walk over to him and he holds out his hand. I pause for a moment before putting my hand in his. I don't really need his help but it is the thrill of touching him that motivates my acting like a poor girl who needs help up the steps to the modeling platform. His hand is soft yet strong. He grips my hand firmly, placing another hand behind my back. I’m warm where he is touching me. I feel a firm through my body.

“Ok, now just walk a little further...there you go...right there...now you can sit and the class can draw you.”

I sit and look around the room. A class full of teenagers watches me. I can smell the graphite of their pencils as they sharpen them and prepare to draw me. A page in a sketchbook flips.
Everything is going well until they ask me to lean back into a pose that puts my upper body in a twist so my arms are crossed over the back of the chair. As soon as I turn and raise my arms, two of the weakened buttons give way and my dress pops open in the front. My milky white breasts completely fall out the front.

“Holy shit!” A boy says.
“Oh my God.” a girl, I think her name is Miranda, gasps. This is the girl who was excited by my exposed breasts moments ago.

“Uhhh, Mr. Creech...” A boy calls the attention of the teacher.

“Wha...Oh...Ahhh, Ivy?” Mr. Creech seems troubled. The class bustles and stirs. Students are shocked, excited, amused, but all of them watch me intently. “Ivy, this isn't a nude modeling class. You are in high school.”

“I...” My voice is soft. I'm not nervous from the nudity but confused. I don’t really care if I’m nude or not. I enjoy being nude. I enjoy having people look at me nude. But I don’t want to upset Mr. Creech. I try to play it off.
“How will they draw me then?” I ask. I'm aware of his eyes now. They are focused on my breasts. I can feel the tightening of my nipples again, they become erect so easily. I pout at Mr. Creech. I have an amazing pout. I have full pale pink lips with a small dimple in my bottom lip that drives people crazy. When I was younger they told me I was so cute they could eat me. Now it is my secret weapon.
“It doesn't matter, the school won't allow us to have a nude model in class, so you’ll have to close your dress.” He says but there is reluctance in his voice. He doesn't want me to close my dress. In fact he desires me. Strong desire. I’m in heaven.
“Fucking slut.”

“That's enough!” Mr. Creech tells the boy. I know him. He knows me. More importantly, he desires me and hates himself for the weakness in his own desire. He is furious with me now.

“Please Ivy, close your dress.” Mr. Creech whispers.

I lean in close to him, my breasts falling forward and close to his face. He involuntarily licks his lips.
“Only for you.” I whisper.

At the end of the school day I start my way down the steps in the front of the school. Anton, the boy who called me a slut in art class, and his friends rush up behind me. I'm not afraid of them but I do take a submissive stance when I smell their combined strength. In my animal form I could easily take all of them, but I have never liked the violence of my wolf, never embraced it like my mother.
“Guess you liked getting naked up there huh?” Anton asked.
The boys laughed. I didn't reply.

“I'm talking to you slut!” he spat and slapped me in the back of the head.

I drop my library books and bend over to pick them up.

“See, she is bending over! The slut wants to get fucked right now.” He said and put his hand on my ass.
I didn't make a move to stop him. A part of me was angry but another part of me stayed submissive. I trembled but I couldn’t tell if from fear or excitement…perhaps both.

“Let's see.” He said and tried to flip up my dress.
“What are you boys doing!”
It was Mr. Creech. He came from the bottom of the steps and Anton quickly removed his hand from my ass.

“Nothing Mr. Creech. Nothing at all.”

“It didn't look like nothing Mr. Lassiter. I think if you want to stay in school this year you'll find more productive ways to spend your time.”

“Yeah, whatever.”

“What did you say to me?” Mr. Creech said with authority. He had a power to his voice that attracted me. I instinctively moved toward him. He was showing dominance and naturally I moved toward the most dominant male. When the boys were gone he turned back to me. Without asking, he reached out and for a moment I thought he was going to touch my breast. I felt my heart beating faster and longed to feel his strong hand inside my dress. Instead he closed the dress over my mostly exposed breasts and buttoned the buttons. They instantly opened again from the pressure of put on them by my ample cleavage.
“They won't stay.” I said quietly.

“Do you need a ride?” He asked.
“I..” I thought about it for a moment. I could easily walk the distance. I preferred to walk it. I like the smells and the sensations and the sights but I liked Mr. Creech more.

“I would like that.” I said.