

Riding The Wolf

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The Tale of “Little Red Riding Hood

“Little Red Riding Hood”, also known as “Red Riding Hood” or “Little Red Cap”, is a fairy tale about a girl and her encounter with a Big Bad Wolf.

There have been many different adaptations of this story told, in various languages and countries. This is a highly eroticized version of the tale, portraying the heroine as a curious and nurturing young woman and the wolf as a seductive stranger who takes advantage of her generosity and naivety...

* * * *

Feeling uneasy, Ruby pulled the hood of her red cape over her head. She wrapped her arms around herself as she moved through the dense woods, clutching the basket of food tightly against her chest.

She'd taken this path to her grandmother's house every morning for three days in a row to bring fresh fruit and bread to the ill woman. Each day, the trip grew increasingly

eerie as she got the unshakeable sense that she was being followed by someone... Or something.

Yet the only thing she'd actually encountered out of the ordinary was the movement of leaves and bushes due to some unseen creature stalking amongst them, and the whimpering of what sounded like a large, injured beast which she was never able to identify.

Every day she listened and looked for signs of the wounded animal as she trotted along the path. Being a lover of animals and nature, Ruby hoped to find and tend to it. But it remained elusive, and she had to give up her search each day before the sun fell too low in the sky.

This day, however, was an exception. Ruby heard a rustling in the leaves off to the side of the road. She followed the sound of heavy breathing and came to an unbelievable sight. Laying in the tall grass was a breathtaking creature—half man, half beast, and all nude—groaning softly in his sleep. His long hair was a thick mass of dark brown locks, and dusky hairs littered his chest, arms, the back of his hands, and legs, all the way down to the top of his feet.

Was this the wounded thing she'd been hearing every day? Was he well? Slowly, Ruby approached the being and kneeled before it. She gently traced her fingers along his arm, marveling at the softness of the lush fur and the definition of his well-muscled arm, then gasped when she noticed he was staring right at her. She took two steps backward as he leapt to his feet and lunged at her, stopping just inches from her face, trapping her between his body and the bark of a wide tree.

He was tall. Very tall. Frightening and yet beautiful to behold at the same time. "H—hello," she said, gripping her basket.

"You touched me," he replied.

"I did not mean to disturb you, but I thought you might be hurt."

He stared down at her with watchful, orange eyes. Eyes that were more wolf than man. "You travel along this path every day by yourself. Why?"

"My grandmother lives another mile up the road from here. She is sick, and I am tending to her," Ruby said. "Are you the one who has been crying out in pain every time I pass this way?"

"What is it to you? Do you think you could help one such as myself, little girl?"

"I am eighteen, hardly a little girl," she spat. "My name is Ruby. I am good at taking care of things, so yes, I do think I could help you, regardless of what you are. What are you, anyway? Are you a man or a beast?"

"I am exactly what you see."

"Then what should I call you?"

"Wolf."

"Well then it's nice to meet you, Wolf. Are you injured? If you show me where it hurts, I will help you."

He stared at her for a moment, his orange eyes boring into her. "Oh you will, will you?"

"Yes, I will," Ruby nodded at him. "Will you show me where it hurts?"

Wolf examined her curiously as he considered it, and his lips curved into a devious smirk. "Perhaps when we next meet," he said. He licked his wide mouth before

turning and sprinting off along the path and quickly disappearing into the tall grass. Disappointed at not being able to help the fascinating creature, she pouted and carried on.

Upon reaching her grandmother's small cottage, Ruby knocked several times. When she didn't get an answer, she put her ear to the door and listened. "Grandmamma?" she called out. Silence. Suddenly there was a loud thump from within, and fearing her grandmother had fallen, she tried the handle. The door was unlocked and swung wide open, so Ruby stepped inside and shut it behind her.

All of the windows were closed and shuttered, and there was only a single candle lighting the place, making it very dim and hard to see. She could barely make out the figure moving quietly under the covers of the bed over in the far corner of the room. Because the woman was normally chatty, Ruby grew concerned. She set the basket of goodies on the table and rushed over to the bed.

"Grandmamma! It's me, Ruby," she said, pulling the red hood off of her head. "Are you okay?"

Her grandmother nodded. She was wearing a large white bonnet that covered her hair and most of her head, and had a white shawl wrapped around her face. The rest of her was buried in the large pile of wool blankets. All that was exposed was the woman's eyes, but Ruby could barely see them.

"Why are you so covered up? Are you that cold?"

The old woman nodded again.

It was a little chilly in the cottage. Ruby picked up a couple of logs and tossed them onto the dying embers in the fireplace on the other side of the room. She watched it blaze up before turning back to her grandmother.

Ruby froze. The light from the fire illuminated the room enough for her to clearly see that the figure in the bed was *not* her grandmother.

"Take off your clothes, my dear, and come lay beside me to keep me warm," the poser finally spoke. The fake feminine intonation sounded eerie coming from what was obviously a gruff, masculine voice.

"My, what a deep voice you have today," Ruby said in surprise.

"The better to greet you with."

Ruby crossed her arms across her chest and frowned. "You are not my grandmother."

The stranger slowly shook his head. "No. I am not."

"Where is she?"

"She is safe. She will remain safe only if you obey me."

"Who are you?" The voice seemed familiar, but she could not quite place it.

"Take off your clothes. Then come closer and see."

Ruby shook her head. "Why would I do that?"

"Because if you want to see your grandmother again, you *will* do as I say."

She glanced at the door and contemplated making a run for it. But where would she go in the middle of the woods at night? Would her grandmother be put in further danger? Ruby exhaled deeply, took off her red cape, then stripped down to her bloomers.

"Take *everything* off."

Ruby hesitated briefly, but then complied. Naked, she hugged herself and looked around, fearful yet oddly curious.

"Now, come closer," he said.

With her arms crossed in front of her to cover her petite breasts and her heart thudding, Ruby walked over to the bed. Her pulse raced to a different beat once the recognition hit her. "Your eyes are so big and orange," she remarked.

"The better to see you with, little girl."

"Wolf! It *is* you!"

He howled with laughter as he removed the cap and shawl. He peeled back the covers and patted the bed. "Come, lay next to me. You said you wanted to help me feel better. Here is your opportunity."

Ruby slipped into the bed and quickly grabbed the blankets over herself. "Where is my grandmother?"

"You will learn that only after you have helped me."

"I would have helped you of my own free will. You didn't need to threaten Grandmamma to get my cooperation."

He reached under the covers and grabbed Ruby, then pulled her on top of him. "You keep saying that little girl... But you don't even know yet what kind of help I need."

With her bare body pressed so intimately against his, Ruby felt her cheeks grow hot, and there was a fluttering in her belly. But she was determined not to let him intimidate her. "Then show me where it hurts."

"It hurts in many places," Wolf said. "Starting with my fingers. But they feel so much better here..." He slid his palms down her back and gripped her buttocks. Each hand nearly covered one cheek entirely.

"What big hands you have!"

"The better to touch you with, my dear," said the wolf, as he squeezed her bottom. Her pulse quickened under the erotic touch.

"Do they still hurt?"

"Not when I do this," he said, as he dragged his fingers up between them, cupped her breasts in his big, furry hands, groped them, and tweaked the nipples.

"W—Wolf, what are you—" Her protest was interrupted when he adjusted her body over his so that he could suck on her left nipple.

Ruby gasped audibly at the sinful sensation, and moisture flooded to her pussy. Wolf opened his mouth so wide that almost all of her small boob was inside of it.

"Mmmm. My, what a big mouth you have," she murmured in a weak voice.

"The better to eat you with," growled the wolf, as he lifted her up and over him, then sat her upon his face.

"Oh!" she cried, as the wolf man began to lick at her pussy while he made her ride his mouth. She gripped the headboard of the bed to hold on for dear life while his warm tongue lapped at her from front to back and around and around. He held her steady with one hand on her waist while he fondled her breasts with the other hand. When he penetrated her with that long, thick tongue of his, her thighs and legs went wobbly, and she grew dizzy with pleasure. Yet she found the strength to gently hump his face in yielding reciprocation.

Wolf growled deeply against her sex. The vibration combined with the electrifying experience of his tongue fucking her set something off inside of Ruby. She tensed as a tempestuous heat formed deep in her belly, as if a fire was tendered there, then spread throughout her entire body. She cried out sharply as the most intense

sensation she'd ever felt exploded through her, making her toes curl up and her thighs tremble like a newborn colt.

The beast man chuckled underneath her, then moved her away from his face but still held her on top of him. "Was that your first orgasm, my little one?"

She blushed and laid her head against his chest so he could not see the look of embarrassment and elation on her face. He smelled like grass and pine cones, which gave her great comfort. "Will you tell me where my grandmother is now?"

"But I am still in pain," he said. "More so now than ever."

Ruby looked up at him with raised brows. "Where?"

"Here," he said, as he pushed her down his belly until his erection stabbed threateningly at her sex. She reached behind her to touch it, and her eyes grew wide when she found that she could not fully enclose her fist around it.

"My goodness, Wolf! What a big dick you have!"

He laughed heartily. "The better to fuck you with, my dear."

"Surely you don't intend to—"

"Ah, but I do." The wolf smiled wickedly at her, his large teeth blindingly white in the dim room. "And you want me to."

"B-but I'm a virgin," she whispered.

He gripped her by the hips and slammed her onto his dick, the head slipping easily inside her sopping wet cunt.

"Not anymore," he said.

Ruby cried out. He wasn't even fully inside her, and already the fit was tight. Her eyes wet with tears as he pulled her up off of him then dragged her back onto his dick again, over and over, parting her, stretching her, until her body made room for all of him. She couldn't believe this was really happening. Right there, right now, with Wolf. But she didn't want it to stop. The sensation was a delicious torture that she welcomed, *needed*.

"You are so warm and wet. So very, *very* tight."

When he could move in and out of her completely and with ease, Wolf gripped her hips tighter and bounced her up and down on top of him at a faster pace, growling and licking his lips as he fucked her from below.

Once the pain dissipated and there was nothing but pleasure, Ruby completely relaxed. He felt so exquisite inside of her, the expression on his face so erotic, the bounce of her own breasts so titillating, that she found herself taking control and fucking him on her own accord.

"Oh, Wolf!"

Never had she imagined that sex would feel quite like this. She wondered if it would be this good with a normal man too. She leaned forward, gripped at Wolf's shoulders, and began rocking her hips backward and forward against his pelvis, finding that this added pressure to her clitoris and thus increased her pleasure tenfold. She rode him hard and fast, like a racer on her beloved horse.

"Ruby!" He called her name in the midst of a sensual howl.

The fact that she was able to turn on this fascinating but frightening creature, while pleasuring herself, enflamed the passion burning inside her even more. This time when her climax arrived, she was more aware of the spasms within her sex, which clenched her vaginal muscles, making them grip at Wolf's brick-hard dick, a sensation

which in turn only stoked her fires further. She screamed out loud as her entire body convulsed while Wolf gripped her by the waist and continued thrusting through her orgasm.

“Ruby,” his voice was thick and gravelly when he said her name again. “I’m going to come!” Within seconds, a long, gruff groan came from his throat as he humped against her, and she could feel his hot cum shooting into her, intermingling with her own juices.

When their bodies stopped juddering he went limp and slipped out of her, and she collapsed upon his chest in exhaustion and satisfaction. They laid there like that until Ruby could find her breath again.

“Do you feel better now, Wolf?”

He laughed heartily. “I do. Not bad, little girl.”

She smiled at him. “So where is my Grandmamma?”

Wolf pulled himself from underneath Ruby and got out of the bed. “She’ll be returning shortly. I have to leave now.”

“I don’t understand. Where is she coming from?”

He ignored her question. “You should clean yourself up, and get dressed now if you don’t want your grandmother to catch you disheveled.” He headed toward the door.

“Wait, you’re leaving?” Ruby got out of the bed. She could feel Wolf’s cum dripping down her thighs as she stood up.

“I can’t be here when she returns,” Wolf replied. With his hand on the door handle, he paused and turned to her with a sly grin. “We can meet again the next time,” he said as he opened the door.

“The next time what?” She called out, but the wolf man left quickly, closing the door behind him.

Confused but feeling unclean, Ruby washed herself and put on her clothes. She’d just made up the bed and was putting another log onto the fire when the door opened and in walked her grandmother and an old man she didn’t recognize.

“Ruby! You’re here! Are you okay my dear?”

“Grandmamma!” Ruby ran over to the old woman and hugged her, then examined her. The woman looked much better than she had all week. Her eyes were bright, and her cheeks even looked rosy. “I’ve been here for over an hour. Where have you been?”

“Oh dear, I did not mean to worry you. Mr. Hunter was out following the prints of an animal he’d discovered in the woods, and the tracks lead him here. He said he thought it was some kind of giant wolf that was stalking outside the cottage, but he couldn’t find the darned thing, and so he took me to his cabin up the road to give the creature time to pass by. We ended up chatting for hours!” She laughed. “And well, being the old lady that I am, I completely forgot that you were coming over today until now.”

Ruby smiled over at the jolly-looking old man. “Well thank you for taking care of Grandmamma.”

“It was no trouble at all young miss,” he replied. “Your grandmother and I had such a good time together that we plan to, ah, have dinner together every Friday night.”

Ruby glanced at her grandmother who was definitely blushing. It suddenly occurred to Ruby just what made Grandmamma look so well, and she giggled softly as she realized it certainly wasn’t the basket of goodies she’d been bringing over. “I see.”

“I must head back home,” the old man said. “Nice to meet you, Ruby. Goodnight, Rose.” He winked at the old woman and left.

Ruby thought about Wolf, and could not help but wonder if he’d intentionally led these two to each other. When she remembered his last words about meeting again next time, she became certain of it. “Do you still want me to come over on Fridays then, Grandmamma?”

“But of course, my dear! I do so love the time we spend together. You could have a fire warm and ready for me by the time I return, like you’ve so kindly done tonight. Hopefully, you have some dessert in that basket of yours?”

Ruby nodded her head and smiled softly as she sat at the table with her grandmother.

She could hardly wait for next week’s visit.

The End

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