

Marry You, Mommy

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"When I grow up I wanna marry you, Mommy!" The innocent little voice echoed through my head. The feeling that those simple, innocent words gave me instantly overwhelmed me, taking me away from reality and pushing me into a void in my head, filling my mind with fantasies both lovingly pure and horrifically naughty. With that one sentence uttered I felt warmth growing up my cheeks and tingles prickling throughout my body. A need grew from my nethers- not exactly the feeling of lust but it was as if a lover had whispered something pleasurable into my ear. Her beautiful words tickled me in the perfect way.

I had never noticed how pretty my little she-wolf was before that sentence entered my head. Of course I had always thought she was cute and adorable, in the innocent way that most cubs are, but in that split second she turned from cute to one of the most attractive people I had ever seen. She was more attractive to me in that singular moment than any adult had ever been, including her own father.

I had somehow been blind to her looks. As I looked her over I began noticing her very attractive features. Her little thighs had a bit of baby fat still left on them, making them thick compared to the rest of her legs. That thickness trailed up to a nice round butt; her baby fat enhanced the already thick rear that I could tell she was going to have when she was older. Not only that, it was again thickened with the diaper the little wolffess continued to wear, despite her being mostly potty trained. It was the perfect size and shape to grip with one of my paws. Honestly, maybe that's why I had never fought her on staying in them just a bit longer. It kept her looking like my little girl as she grew but also kept her butt the ideal shape for me to grope, if I ever pushed through that subconscious block.

Continuing to check out my little wolf with my eyes, I slowly explored the front of her body. Her tummy had some chub. *Mommy's little girl loved to eat everything she could!* She was definitely going to be a handful when it came to food in her teen years. I would even bet she'd constantly try to snack and maybe add on a few too many pounds. *But that's okay, mommy will love you anyway!* I couldn't help but think about my undying love, even as I knew the possibilities of what awaited me. I only saw the perfect little girl, my perfect little girl, standing in front of me.

I looked up at that cute face, her cheeks had recently begun to lose baby fat, thinning her slightly. Her muzzle fur had begun to change color also, her light-brown puppy fur slowly changing into a grayer color to match my own. I could begin to see what an amazingly beautiful little heart-throb she would become in the next few years. She'd have to fight off many boys through the years. *Though with this question, those boys wouldn't have a chance.* I felt more heat in my cheeks and in my nethers as I began to think about how I'd become hers. There'd be no boys to deal with, it'd just be mommy and her baby girl.

As my eyes finally met hers, I couldn't help but stare directly into them. Her eyes told me she was waiting for a proper response, filled with love, worry and curiosity. She knew exactly what she was asking- she had always been a smart girl after all.

I had never thought about this kind of thing before, why would I? There had been no attraction for cubs in my body before now. Yet the second those words left her muzzle I felt that

spark. This wasn't a cubophile attraction, this was much, much more. She was mommy's little girl and she was going to be mommy's little wife. Just thinking that thought intensified the heat and the tingles rolling through me, a soft gasp of pleasure leaving my lips.

A worry popped into my head, screaming at me. It was something I had to figure out before I gave her a response. What was it about her telling me those special words that caused my attraction to ignite? Was it the naughtiness of the whole ordeal? Was it her age? Was it the incest? I wasn't interested in any of this before but I had to think through all of the factors. Could it really be something so simple as me having latent feelings for her hidden deep inside? Feelings that had finally come out when she told me the words I had subconsciously always desired. I had to believe that; I had to believe it was a deeply repressed love finally coming out. I didn't want to think I was fetishizing my little wolf baby.

Why wouldn't it be a deep love for her? We already did everything together. Without a mate to help out I spent every second away from work with my daughter. If either of us wanted to watch a movie or show, we would sit together and watch something- even if it was a silly cubby cartoon. If we wanted to go grab food, we'd always go together. Even if I wanted to go to a fancy restaurant I would bring her with me as my second. She learned very early how to behave when we went out, always my perfect little princess. Thinking back, it was almost as if the two of us had been dating since she was born. Hell, some nights it'd be too tough to get her into her bed, leaving the two of us cuddling in mine until the morning. I never knew why I always woke up feeling so relaxed and comfortable whenever we spent the night together, until now. It was as if this was always supposed to be the outcome: the two of us getting together, becoming mates, becoming wives.

My little wolf continued to stare at me, whiskers twitching as she breathed slowly, waiting for my response. It felt like forever thinking through these intense feelings but it had only been a few short moments in time. She could have been joking, being playful in her usual cubby way, but if she was playing I would have felt it and told her yes right away. She would laugh and we'd go play another silly game, forgetting about her words as quickly as they came out. If it was so easy to tell her that way, why was it so hard to say it now? It had to mean it actually mattered, to her and to me. It meant that I truly wanted to marry my little girl and I was afraid of what that would mean. It wasn't as if there was any other answer to the question. If I would say no, these newly unrepressed feelings would remain and while she would eventually get over her own feelings as she got older, despite starting it, it'd leave me lost and broken. I would always wonder what if. She was waiting for the response, her beautiful eyes begging for the answer she wanted. I had to give her one, the only true answer I had for my baby girl. There would be no what ifs.

Swallowing hard, I gave a small loving smile. What marrying her would actually mean was something we could explore in time, afterall she was my little cub and she already lived with me; we already did everything together. Now we could do everything less like mother and daughter and more like two loving mates. Pulling her in, I gave her a tight hug. She stared at me, curiosity filling her eyes. I gave a small pet behind her ear. My tail couldn't keep my desire hidden any longer, wagging behind me like a dog with a fresh bone.

"Sweety, of course I'll marry you!"

My little wolf gave a big toothy grin, a few teeth still missing; my toddler- my new fiance- not even done teething yet. She grabbed hold of me tightly, pressing her face against my chest

as her own tail wagged wildly, matching mine, her diaper crinkling as she happily held onto me. I was in bliss. She didn't run off and play after, she just held me lovingly. She knew what those words meant to me and I knew what mine meant to her.

I wanted to marry my little girl and she wanted to marry me. It was real love. Despite her age, despite the incest, the only thing that mattered was our love.

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