

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 feelings overwhelming, taking me from reality and pushing me into a void of horrifically naughty thoughts. With just those words uttered I felt warmth growing on my cheeks and tingles grow all over. A kind of need grew from my nethers- not exactly lust but it was as if a boyfriend just whispered something pleasurable inside my ears. It tickled me in a perfect way.

I had never noticed how pretty my little wolfette was before those words entered my head. Of course I always thought she was cute and adorable in the innocent way most cubs are but in that split second she turned from cute to one of the most attractive people I had ever seen- adult or cub.

I had been blind to how her little thighs had just a tiny bit of baby fat still left on it, trailing up to such a nice butt. That butt was something else, the baby fat enhanced the already thick size she was going to have when older and that was again enhanced with the diaper she continued to wear, despite her being mostly potty trained. Continuing up from there she also had a bit of toddler chub on her tummy- mommy's little cub loved to try all the food she could. She was definitely going to be a handful when it came to food in those tween and teen years.

*"But that's okay, mommy would love you anyway!"* I thought to myself.

I stared up at that cute face, her cheeks having just begun to lose that baby fat too. Her muzzle fur had begun to change color, the puppy fur changing to a grayer color to match her mom. I could begin to see what an amazingly pretty little wolf girl she would be when I stared into her eyes. I even felt like she knew exactly what she was asking- she had always been a smart girl.

I had never thought about this kind of thing before, why would I? There was no attraction to cubs in my body but the second those words left her muzzle I just felt a 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 about that intensified the feelings rolling through me.

This worried me a little honestly. What was it about her telling me those special words that caused this to ignite? Was it the naughtiness of the whole ordeal? Was it the incest? It wasn't like I was really interested in it before, but I had to think of all the factors. Could it even be that I had latent feelings for her hidden deep inside that finally came out when she told me words I had long subconsciously desired to hear. I had to believe it was the last one: to believe it was love and not me fetishizing my little wolf girl.

Why wouldn't it be a deep love for her? We already did everything together. Being single I spent every second away from work with her. If I wanted to watch a movie we would sit together and watch something. If I wanted to go grab food at even a fancy restaurant I would bring her with me. She learned early how to behave when we went out, almost always a perfect little princess. Thinking back, it was almost as if the two of us had been dating since she was born. Hell, some nights would be too tough to get her into her bed, the two of us cuddling in mine until the morning. I always woke up feeling so relaxed and comfortable whenever we spent the night together. It was as if this was always going to be the outcome. The two of us together.

My little wolf continued to stare at me, whiskers twitching as she breathed slowly, waiting for my response. It felt like forever but it was only a few moments in time. She could have been joking, being playful in a cubby way, but even then I would tell her yes right away. So why was it so hard to say it? It must be because it actually did matter to me and it must mean that I actually truly wanted to marry my little girl.

Swallowing hard, I gave a small loving smile. What marrying her actually meant 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 just do it less like mommy and daughter and more like two loving mates. Pulling her in, I gave her a tight hug. She looked up at me, curiosity filling her eyes. I gave her ear a small pet and my tail couldn't keep my desire hidden, wagging behind me like a dog with a fresh bone.

“Sweetie, 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, I wanted to be with my little girl, my soon to be bride, and she wanted to be with me.