



Cherish Desire **Very Wicked Dirty Stories**  
"Bear Truths (A Judith Story)"

**"BEAR TRUTHS  
(A JUDITH STORY)"**

Written by Max

*Free Erotica Series*





**Cherish Desire:**

**Very Wicked Dirty Stories**

*Free Erotica Series*

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brought to you by Cherish Desire

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**Cherish Desire Erotica**

**Also from Cherish Desire Erotica**

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Very Wicked Dirty Stories - *Free Erotica Series*

“Bear Truths (A Judith Story)”

Copyright 2015 by Max, Cherish Desire

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Free erotica story from [Very Dirty Stories #141](#).

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*"Bear Truths (A Judith Story)"* themes: MF, Shapeshifter, Vaginal Sex, Biting & Clawing

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*Includes selections from the Summer 2015 Catalog with Commentary*

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## **Cherish Desire Erotica**

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### **Very Dirty Stories**

We wanted to share our favorite sex stories. The ones that broke out of the conventional erotica mold, shattered the limitations of casual romance and sex, and dove into detailed and realistic action involving stretching, large sex toy play, vaginal and anal fisting, domination, fantasy monster and animal dildo play, restraints and suspension, elaborate medical and DIY devices, and more. We did it bit by bit, discovering and learning as we went, and released volume after volume of two to five short stories to challenge readers to be sexually aroused by something truly intense or charmingly subtle. Very Dirty Stories volumes are about ladies that expose themselves and embrace their fears and desires as well as the men and women that inspire them to sexual peaks while living out wild sexual fantasies.

[Judith, The Bear](#) - As the bears gather in the grassy meadows of Tiergarten in Berlin, a storm of passion and rage gathers overhead. Tangled up in events of the past and hurtling toward an uncertain future, Judith finds her comfort in the arms of an ancient bear. But her burden is great, and the pale bear is pursuing love and affection to fill the void left in her heart after being abandoned as a child. Admissions of love and vows of vengeance mark the twisted path of the bears while wolves and ravens linger in plain sight, and Judith embodies their troubled beating heart.

### **Singles**

We wanted to publish sexual adventures that were more than a one night stand. So we gathered together our favorite ladies and delightfully sexy themes and created Singles - longer collections of sexual stories that fit together to cover formative physical and psychological experiences that define her womanhood or establish a collection of deviant delights and sexual alternatives. These trailblazing erotica books go deeper, harder, faster, and expose the

soft white underbelly of sensual need while delivering thrust after thrust of sexual intensity and the soothing pleasures of passionate affection. Explore the explicit erogenous zones of women and their sexual partners. Be prepared for sexually challenging situations as well as character details that get beyond height, weight, hair colour, and favorite size of dildo. Plunge into their stories and get wet. Singles also make great gifts for that secret someone who needs a sexual swift kick in the nuts or a perverse surprise stashed for long trips and evenings in.

[Cherish Desire Singles: "Sire Of The Wulf \(The Complete Eight Part Series\)" featuring Angel](#)

Angel escaped Tom, but lost her dreams along the way. Their dysfunctional relationship is a mixture of need and frustration that boils over when Angel tries to reconnect with him to get the dildos and understanding only he can provide. She doesn't understand how his anger has redefined him - his alter ego Ronin is in control and sees Angel as the enemy. He doesn't understand the intimate deals that she is cutting with his estranged sire. Angel is playing to win - with her pussy and her bottom - but can riding massive dildos and showing her sexual cravings to Ronin really bring Tom back like his Wulf Sire seems to promise?

## **Divinations**

Cherish Desire Divinations erotica delves into darkness. Lusty shapeshifters, impassioned spirits, dangerous players, and perverse pagan deities beckon with sordid promises and unseemly urges. Their intense passions expose their bestial and heavenly natures while emphasizing how closely they represent unfettered hunger, cunning, love, and wickedness. Divinations was born of fevered imaginations and sexual abandonment that left us aching, bruised, and hoping for more. Divination books are collections of erotic stories that go deep and explore psycho-sexuality as well as physical modifications suited to the nearly immortal. The limited disguise of humanity has been stripped away, and the results are animalistic sexual rituals and self-enlightened spirituality that arouse jaded desires for more.

*Cherish Desire apologizes in advance for exposing the true nature of shapeshifters and the transcendent hungers that lurk behind every door and under every bed.*

[Cherish Desire Divinations: "The Lioness \(The Complete Four Part Series\) featuring Heather"](#)

*Discover the hidden war between the shapeshifters as they seek shelter from threats that they can feel looming closer each day. Erik knows he's different. He knows that he can see*

through the outward display of his London lioness' casual sexuality. What he doesn't know is where he can hide. Winter Solstice is coming and his own kind are hunting for him. This time he hopes to escape with his lioness and rekindle a romance with a fiery fox in Hamburg. It all goes sideways when he's attacked. Violently interrupting his holidays, the bears have made a mistake that they will regret. And his sexy lioness and his fire elemental ally will make all the difference after uniting through their sexual hungers and sharing their strength with the lone bear. Adler and Ilsa's Hamburg stronghold will never be the same.

[Cherish Desire Divinations: "The Bear \(The Complete Five Part Series\) featuring Judith"](#)

*Berlin was never a safe haven for the heart of Bears.* Erik was right to be wary of Berlin - the legacy of bears runs deep in the fractured city. Judith and Adler watch with caution while wolves prowl the streets, and Ilsa declares war on the other shapeshifters. The tender affection shared between the heart of the Bears and Ronin's youngest daughter was not meant to be as a young wolf pack seeks violent means to impress Sable. Having finally stumbled across the reincarnation of his great love, Adler is at a loss as the situation tumbles out of control and the ancient passions of his past act out their tragedy play on a new stage while he tries to save what he can. The vengeance of the ravens triggers the flight of the bears to Hamburg, but the taint of Ilsa's rage cannot be escaped.

[Cherish Desire Divinations: "The Raven \(The Complete Five Part Series\) featuring Inga & Raina"](#)

*The deception of the Great Wulf has darkened the skies for millennia.* Inspired by her love for violence and the haunting promises of the Great Wulf, grandmother Raven whispers blood tainted secrets to open Inga's eyes and inspire her chaos child to take a place amongst the flocking war ravens gathering overhead. While Victoria mysterious Lineage serves its role in preparing the wulf for the ritual of Raven ascendancy, Adler stalks Ronin with an uneasy certainty that the wulf moon is rising. He's not the only one: Raina and her secret sibling, Inga, are both stalking Ronin for his power, unwittingly converging on their true purpose. Unlike her chaotic twin sister, Raina seeks to establish a new world order, and that also includes settling a score with Adler that dates back to a throne in Orléans. With black wings circling overhead, the vengeful lusts of the harbingers of doom threaten to drench the world with the darkened blood of their hearts. The pitiful few bears that live in the time of ravens

and the coming of the wulf face an unexpected reckoning because everything depends on Ronin's thirst for war.

### [Cherish Desire Divinations: "The Wulf \(The Complete Five Part Series\)"](#)

*The greatest terror of an age is not war, famine, and deprivation. Our worst fear comes from knowing that our nightmares are real and the Wulf will someday awaken.* Forced to cope with his shattered duality, the son of the Great Wulf has always been aware that he is not like others. Not just a wolf imbued with vicious cunning. Not just a man driven by hope, fear, and fury. He has transcended his sire's legacy since childhood, and learned everything that he can to combat the violence and the madness that fills his dreams and waking moments. Even that wasn't enough, and betrayal has driven him into a living nightmare where he must evolve to survive. If Adler had left his daughters alone then maybe he could have rested in peace after the destruction Victoria brought down on him for his rejection of her demands. If his sire hadn't sought to use him to re-enter the material world and unleash his hunger then maybe Ronin could have forgotten the weapons he forged to fight this final battle. Instead, he returns from the darkness to go to war - and to destroy the forces that threaten to extinguish his family. The one benefit of being The Wulf: Knowing that almost anything is possible once you are willing to pay the price in blood.

## **Very Wicked Dirty Stories**

The darkness of desires are shadows always encircling the hope of fulfillment and pleasure. These are the twisted realities fueled by the uninhibited passions and believes of the few. Their sexual urges, their powerful alliances, and their willingness to defend their own as well as to strike out and forcefully embrace what they require. **Very Wicked Dirty Stories** hint at the unobserved and strange frayed edges of reality that we like to censor or ignore. Ghosts, shapeshifters, and great powers linger just beyond the firelight while watching humanity sleep.

Accompanying the passionate chorus like candle flames flickering along the aisles, Cherish Desire **Very Wicked Dirty Stories** expose souls that haunt the divine and the fallen. There's much more than meets the eye as monstrous desires and vast lineages collide in a constant

struggle to change the world. Get a glimpse into the lives and passions of the shadows that writhe and beckon for true fulfillment and satisfaction.

[Very Wicked Dirty Stories #133](#) - Stories of the wulf - a man not to be taken lightly even by those descended from lineages of power like Victoria or accustomed to brokering corporate espionage.

[Very Wicked Dirty Stories #139](#) - Stories of the wulf and the lioness - the hunters do best hunting though they sometimes catch the unexpected, like Victoria, or the unprepared.

[Very Wicked Dirty Stories #141](#) - Stories of the wulf, the lioness, the ravens, and the bears - passion and destruction are unavoidable when their purposes seek both mundane pleasures and their place in the world.

[Very Wicked Dirty Stories #147](#) - Stories of the wulf, the lioness, and the ravens - the pursuit of fulfillment is just as real but takes on awesome consequences when there are no limits.

[Very Wicked Dirty Stories #165](#) - Stories of the wulf, damnation, and faith - the truth hides in the cracks within the borders of safe, sane, and consensual reality.

[Very Wicked Dirty Stories #169](#) - Stories of the wulf and wulf hearts - the alien urges of otherworldly desires are temptations for the wulf, but a wulf has matters of the heart and mind to take care of for his precious chosen ones.

[Very Wicked Dirty Stories #175](#) - Stories of the hunt for prey - inspired by hungers that are never satisfied, the lioness, raven, and vampress all have one thing in common: the need to feed their passions.

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## "Bear Truths (A Judith Story)"

written by [Max](#)

Featuring [Judith](#), Adler, and Erik

*"Bear Truths (A Judith Story)" themes:* MF, Shapeshifter, Vaginal Sex, Biting & Clawing

Free erotica story from Free erotica story from [Very Dirty Stories #141](#).

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She curled up against me, satisfied and warm, and I let her drift off to sleep. I had a very limited idea of who she was and what she was about. A name, some references to places, and a feeling for her passions. All I cared about was a notion: a belief that she belonged here, next to me, for the moment.

People rarely consider the duality they project onto bears. Slumbering giant of the forests, cave dweller hibernating through the cold months, living off what he can catch or pluck, tipping over trees trying to scratch an itch in the middle of his back... combined with bellowing giant, raging and roaring with wicked claws to grasp and tear, the bulk to smash down whatever stands in his way, and unreasoning violence directed toward anything dumb enough to wander into his territory. Bears are the cuddly stuffed animals we give to children to comfort them and also the enormous monsters whose shadows terrify us.

I'm somewhere in the middle. At any given moment I'm both of those things emotionally, but my caring and savagery run much deeper than people suspect. I think during those quiet times, when we are completely still and deep within our caves, we merge with the earth itself. It steadies us and makes us whole. It reaffirms our nature while removing the very human urge to seek an audience and display ourselves. We rise with a sense for the paths that are

unfolding around us, the possible futures that draw us to them, and even see glimpses of moments to come.

So that irrational notion, that this petite blonde should be curled up next to me, fit into a pattern of puzzle pieces that always hovered on the edge of my awareness. She was just a distraction though. A pleasant comfort offered as bait to encourage me to ignore the threats that pressed in on all sides. A sedative to mitigate my natural inclination to strike first. It's funny how the world works. If it can't destroy you directly then it offers you something that will help you destroy yourself.

I stroked her bare shoulder and felt the softness that lingered between us. She must have been in her early twenties. Full of life and possibilities. She just needed something... or a bit more of everything perhaps. She was looking for that in the usual places. I discovered her where alcohol and chemicals flowed freely. Self-exploration was all about imbibing in substances back then. Really... over the last few decades. No point in deceiving myself. Humanity was on a persistent rush to find something to help it mentally and emotionally escape the prison it has built for itself. Our kind was always looking for the intensity that we need to tame our primal hungers. Things could get very messy, but somehow we survived in close company.

Our kind. I'm not entirely certain that I know what that means. We get sucked into all the usual human circuses and distractions. We spend so much time just trying to be normal, just blaming ourselves for being different, that we don't understand what we are or try to deny the truth. Our hungers accumulate and grow inside of us, a ravenous monster that we like to pretend will go away, and then one day it consumes us whole. From there... we go down the spiral into madness. Seeking anything with sufficient intensity to shatter the false dream life that we wander through. Pursuing the adrenaline that purges us of the toxicity of urban life and evokes the bestial nature that we try to suppress. It's a disaster. Worse. I've been surrounded by my own kind for decades without knowing a thing because we were all drawn to the same sorts of extreme experiences, but we don't know one another or ourselves.

How I've made it this far is dumb luck as best as I can tell.

The way she says her name rolls off her lips in lullaby German, but no matter how many times she says "Judith" with the very soft second syllable, I see "Snow." I've always been wired to picture words in my mind's eye when listening to things. It's so natural that I had to try very hard to use her real name in public. She stirred in her sleep while I was thinking. She turned, the curve of her hip pushing into my pelvis, and she smacked my cheek while stretching with a big yawn. Her big brown eyes blinked slowly, and her hands felt out the edges of my torso. When she rolled all the way into me, there was heat in her lips and moisture where her sex brushed against my leg. It's always this way with us when we are young. Consistently in need and hungry.

My mouth moved over her cheek, and I nuzzled and nipped her pale skin. The moonlight filled my bedroom with a soft glow that was bright enough for me to see every detail. She was flushed and blushing, aware of her nakedness and her wet labia, and I made her comfortable underneath me before plunging into her with a single deep thrust. Her hands held my hips, and I could sense that she was holding back while I ground into her moist heat. "Go ahead," I encouraged her. When I withdrew from her warm embrace, she continued to hesitate, but my next thrust speared into her belly and her claws tore at the meat of my thighs in response.

I licked her cheek and then began hammering in and out of her. She felt good. Warm, ready, wet... My body shifted without warning. Judith tugged on something ancient within me, and I could feel my chest expanding. I pressed my paws into the bed, and my arms tingled as cool air flowed over the tips of my fur. She was changing, too. Her white fur was glossy in the moonlight. Her purity contrasted with the rich browns and blacks of my pelt, and I felt the difference between us. I felt uncharacteristically lessened by her magnificence. I felt irrationally threatened by her importance.

Resentment and anger welled up within me. I've never felt so provoked outside of a physical altercation. She pushed into me, her meager shoves nothing compared to my power, but I roared with rage anyway. She was dangerous. She was the enemy. She was...

Her small paw batted my snout, and her eyes ensnared me. "Behave," she whispered and sucked the air from my lungs. I felt weak and dizzy as I collapsed into a heap beside her. A soft mist of moonlight lingered on my skin and seemed to steal my strength.

"What the hell..." I murmured and fought to get up. I felt so drained and ridiculously naked. "Sorry. Don't know what came over me." There was blood on the sheets - my blood - and when I licked my upper lip there was more blood streaming from my broken nose.

Judith just looked at me with a grin. "I've had bigger bears than you." She rolled her eyes. "C'mon, let's get you cleaned up. I want to go out to the park tonight and enjoy the full moon." She tugged on my forearm, but everything felt broken and dead within me. There were whispers in my ear, voices detached from everything, and memories flooded my heart with icy cold stillness.

"I'm really not feeling well," I whispered. I couldn't even cover myself up. Why was I so lethargic? What made me so weak? I was racing through the sequence of events, hunting for any hint of being poisoned or any warning signs, but my head was foggy and I couldn't manage it. There was a brief pulse of rage - my nature trying to assert itself and save me - but then darkness took me and I fell into a pit that closed over top of me.

In the dreaming, I was lost. A graveyard in a forest, the trees wet and heavy with rain, loomed all around me and the ground swallowed the sound of my footsteps while the cold mists stole my breath away. She was there, inside of me, and her hands were soft as she tugged me along rough pathways. We went deeper, further into the soft grey shadowed depths of that hallowed place, and I could hear the rushing of a river nearby. Everything seemed distant and illusory - there was no scent and colour was splashed about arbitrarily. There were no seasons but I could sense the weight of Fall and the impending fertility of Spring commingled together. The only definite sensation was the pressure on my hand, and my heart raced with fear.

"I know this place," I murmured but only frost came from my mouth. My hands were broken and crumpled, my fingers crushed and withered with decrepitude, and I stared at them in shock while the forest moved around me and then faded away. She stood there, so pure and dreamy cloaked in ermine fur, and behind her was the cave that I had remember from dreams going all the way back to my early childhood.

I fell to my knees, terrified of this place and this dream, but she didn't seem to understand. "I loved him so much," she whispered and I felt her hope and loss rend the flesh from my bones. In their place other things restored me. The moonlight beside the mountains and the sun dappling the forest floor. The mantle of stone that hardened my limbs and the flow of rivers that pulsed within my veins. The heat of searing winds and open flames and the whisper of voices on the stirring breeze and ocean waves. The world poured into me, and I fell into the solitude of earth writhing in pain and agony that defined life.

I didn't know what was happening. All my fears were realized in that place. I tried to reach out to her, but she was gone. The bed was cold, and it was painful to be aware of my own body. Only hurt remained when I finally mastered the fear that had consumed me. I was lost in the beating pulse of pain.

And then voices drifted through the room. "Who is he?" a gruff man asked in German. If I had known the answer then I would have replied. "Where did you meet him?" I waited for the response but there was still another question. "What did you do to him, Judith? He is hurt very, very badly."

I saw "Snow" in ice cold whites and blues flash across my eyelids. I knew that name. She was so pretty. Her pale skin and how she moved with delicate grace on the dance floor. But it wasn't right. He said a different word. He said "Judith." Where did "Snow" come from? I felt the anger again, coiling inside my belly, and I knew that I was alive. All the times that I have been hurt; all the times I have taken that final swan dive - my anger and rage, so long as it lingers, always brings me back.

They were close enough for me to scent them with my tongue. He was big and older. She was definitely the young twenty-something that I had picked up at the club. I played dumb, but he saw through it. "I know you can hear me. You're weak and broken. I don't know why." His admission was strange. It rolled off his mouth with whispers of words that he didn't say but meant more than what he intended. There was possibility in his statement that flickered across my expanding awareness. Colours and shapes lingered in the quiet spaces hinting at broad omissions.

I didn't move. I didn't need to. He could read my response. I was detaching from the situation. Whatever was going on, I wanted no part of it. Judith was talking, but her words were distant and made no sense. I was sinking again, into confusion and dark turbulent waters, and the door closed behind them.

I thought I heard him say, "If I leave you here then you will heal on your own. Maybe you will go to sleep. Maybe you will not return." I might have imagined that. When I woke up several hours later to grey mid-morning light flooding my room, I was feverish and quite obviously ill.

I'd been traveling for months with only three weekend trips back to my townhouse in America. Some kind of nasty European flu bug had obviously weakened me and made me vulnerable to a respiratory infection. Luckily, I was able to hop from Berlin to London, get meds, and only lost four days of work. During the week of the spring equinox our project at the bank went into the queue for live promotion once the Easter holiday hold was over, and I went home for the holiday and only made occasionally trips until summer.

I never forgot Judith. When I went back to Berlin nine months later, the club that I met her at had changed formats and all of the locals there were urban jobs who had nothing to do with the dark crowd of grufties and cybertanz folks that I'd run into before. Knowing how much the world can change whenever I get ill, I just presumed that I'd hopped from one reality to another again. I chalked the whole episode up to another past life.

I was wrong. I never felt comfortable on my own in Berlin again. When I had to return, Berlin was always different. It existed in a state of flux, and I dreaded turning a street corner and stepping into an overgrown cemetery and finding her there.

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Read the next story: "*Winter's Lioness (A Heather Story)*" - [Cherish Desire Divinations: "The Lioness \(The Complete Four Part Series\)"](#) -

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### **Heather, The Lioness enjoys hunting in London and Germany:**

*The outward signs of shapeshifters are obvious to the initiated. They need intense stimulation. They crave something to push them past their limits. They struggle with the idea of arbitrary rules. They bite back.*

**The Lioness (The Complete Four Part Series)** - [Cherish Desire Divinations: "The Lioness \(The Complete Four Part Series\)"](#)

A life spent repressing his nature is undone when the bears of Hamburg strike. Then Erik must make a choice: rally his strength with his lioness and a fiery elemental crush, or accept that he's beaten and succumb to his wounds. His lioness will take credit for motivating a speedy recovery with licks and bites, but the heat of their passion is stoked by the presence of Helene's warm fires.

Dark lust and desire empower Erik and Heather as they stand their ground. Could you sheathe your claws with Heather's teeth sinking into your flesh? Would you let Erik part your lips with a needle in his hand? Do you dare imagine Helene kissed by your lover while you curl up around her?

*"The Lioness (The Complete Four Part Series)" themes:* Shapeshifter, MF, MFF, Vaginal & Oral & Anal Sex, Rough Sex, Female Masturbation, Fingering & Fisting, Vaginal & Anal Penetration, Double Penetration, Stretching, Blood Play, Needle Play, Implied Bondage

**Winter's Lioness (A Heather Story)** - [Cherish Desire Divinations: "The Lioness \(The Complete Four Part Series\)"](#) -

Erik travels to London for a sexy hook up with his lioness while running from the bears that hunt him. Their intense sex leaves him hungry for more!

*"Winter's Lioness (A Heather Story)" themes:* MF, Vaginal & Oral & Anal Sex, Fingering, Vaginal & Anal Penetration, Female Masturbation, Needle Play, Rough Sex, Blood Play, Implied Shapeshifter

**Lioness of the Solstice (A Heather Story)** - [Cherish Desire Divinations: "The Lioness \(The Complete Four Part Series\)"](#) -

He slips into Heather in Hamburg - taking comfort in their sexual play. Then the bears strike and leave him wounded and dependent on his lioness and a fiery elemental, Helene.

*"Lioness of the Solstice (A Heather Story)" themes:* MF, Oral & Anal Sex, Fingering & Fisting, Stretching, Vaginal & Anal Penetration, Needle Play, Blood Play, Implied Shapeshifter, Implied Female Masturbation, Implied Bondage

**Lioness, Fire, and Bear (A Heather Story) - [Cherish Desire Divinations: "The Lioness \(The Complete Four Part Series\)"](#) -**

Battling delirium, Erik fights to recover his strength. Embraced by Heather's primal power and exposed to Helene's searing heat, their shared intimacy keeps him from madness.

*"Lioness, Fire, and Bear (A Heather Story)" themes:* MF, MFF, Rough Sex, Vaginal & Anal Sex, Fingering, Double Penetration, Vaginal & Anal Penetration, Implied Shapeshifter

**Night of the Bear and Lioness (A Heather Story) - [Cherish Desire Divinations: "The Lioness \(The Complete Four Part Series\)"](#) -**

They brought the war to him, and Erik intends to settle the score. His sexy lioness wants her share of revenge, and he needs to make the city safe for Helene.

*"Night of the Bear and Lioness (A Heather Story)" themes:* MF, Vaginal & Anal Sex, Shapeshifter, Rough Sex, Fingering, Double Penetration, Female Masturbation, Implied Fisting, Implied MFF

*Heather enjoys being her wulfie's lioness, but it's hard to find the sort of men and women she desires.*

**The Simons (A Heather Story) - [Very Wicked Dirty Stories #147](#) -**

A lioness and a wulf can be friends. Ronin has his arousing pleasures, and Heather has her Simons.

*"The Simons (A Heather Story)" themes:* MF, Biting & Clawing, Vaginal & Oral & Anal Sex, Fingering, Implied Shapeshifter, Implied Exhibitionism (Photo)

**Hunting Amongst Sheep (A Heather Story) - [Very Wicked Dirty Stories #139](#) -**

Hunting is what Ronin and Heather do best. Too bad the men she catches are so disappointingly vanilla and don't appreciate her rough caresses.

*"Hunting Amongst Sheep (A Heather Story)" themes:* FM, Vaginal & Oral & Implied Anal Sex, Fingering, Vaginal Penetration, Implied Shapeshifting

**Sun and Moon 1 (A Heather Story) - [Very Wicked Dirty Stories #141](#) -**

YueMei is discovering that London has beasts that release her lust. Her chance encounter with Ronin and his lioness becomes so much more when she feels his fist thrusting into his wicked lady.

"Sun and Moon 1 (A Heather Story)" themes: MF, Shapeshifter, Paranormal, Vaginal & Oral & Implied Anal Penetration, Fingering & Implied Fisting, Biting & Clawing, Rough Sex, Bondage & Restraints

**Claws and Cuddling (A Heather Story)** - [Very Wicked Dirty Stories #175](#) -

The lioness enjoys rough sex with her cuddly bear. Ronin would be so proud of how well Erik responds to her lust, but he's off with his Victoria again.

"Claws and Cuddling (A Heather Story)" themes: MF, Rough Sex, Vaginal & Implied Anal Sex, Clawing & Biting, Blood Play, Implied Strap-on Sex, Implied Shapeshifter, Implied Pegging

*She prefers tall thin men with piercings and a high tolerance for pain. If you meet those qualifications and want to volunteer, Max organizes London hunts with his Lioness and you can be her prey.*

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### **Inga & Raina, The Ravens are the harbingers of a new age:**

*Will chaos or order prevail? Inga and Raina are determined to shape the future, but their separation was a deliberate choice to give both options a chance. Can they find each other and reunite their heritage? Or are they doomed to watch as the world is destroyed and reforged in the image of a wulf?*

**Raven's Kiss (A Raina Story)** - [Very Wicked Dirty Stories #141](#) -

Desiring Raina's affection is a dangerous gamble that can go so very right. It's fortunate he has the fortitude and endurance of a bear to survive the beating he gets at the hands of her brothers because Raina's pleasure comes from tearing the meat from his bones.

"Raven's Kiss (A Raina Story)" themes: MF, Fingering, Biting & Clawing, Shapeshifter

**Butterflies (An Inga Story)** - [Very Wicked Dirty Stories #147](#) -

Inga prefers her men to be butterflies. Pinned through the heart and shaft, and on display under glass if possible.

*"Butterflies (An Inga Story)" themes: Femdom, FM, Vaginal Sex, Rough Sex, Biting & Clawing*

**The Prey (A Raina Story) - [Very Wicked Dirty Stories #175](#) -**

Raina's hunt for the wulf leads her to the women tainted by his darkness. Being brutally brushed aside by his rage becomes an opportunity to consolidate her power over the ravens.

*"The Prey (A Raina Story)" themes: Shapeshifter, MFF, MF, Vaginal & Anal Sex, Tattoo & Piercing*

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### **Judith, The Bear was the heart of their passions:**

*Every age pulses with the desires of shapeshifters. Sometimes they are lost. Sometimes they have forgotten their nature. Sometimes they are burdened with the wraiths of their past incarnations and are the hope of their generation.*

**The Bear (The Complete Five Part Series) - [Cherish Desire Divinations: "The Bear \(The Complete Five Part Series\)"](#)**

Abandoned as a child, Judith has always survived yet never belonged. In the dark nightclubs of Berlin and amongst the shadowy forests of Tiergarten, she slips through life pursuing love and lust in equal measure.

When she meets Adler for the first time, there is a connection between them that neither can deny. His passion for her awakens the memories she has locked away inside her heart. While the ancient bear seeks to gather a new sloth to protect and support each other, Judith stumbles into her own past and her troubled desires explode as her passion provokes war.

*"The Bear (The Complete Five Part Series)" themes: MF, FF, Shapeshifter, Biting & Clawing, Vaginal & Oral & Anal Sex, Dildo Play, Strap-on Sex, Fingering, Vaginal Penetration, Rough Sex*

**Bear Truths (A Judith Story) - [Very Wicked Dirty Stories #141](#) -**

Erik's one night stand from a Berlin nightclub turns out to be more than his match. One admonishment from Judith leaves him bleeding and uncomfortable visiting Berlin again.

*"Bear Truths (A Judith Story)"* themes: MF, Shapeshifter, Vaginal Sex, Biting & Clawing

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Feedback is always welcome - though the wulf daughters do not appreciate uninvited groping. You can reach Max directly at [Max@CherishDesire.com](mailto:Max@CherishDesire.com). Or follow us on [Twitter](#), [FetLife](#), [Goodreads](#), [Instagram](#), Tumblr, or [Facebook](#).

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