

Rewilding

Day 1

Recording Start...

Hello... uh, my name is... Dr. Dane Wolff of the World Health Organization.

I'm now starting my first recording as I've just arrived in Brazil. The international flight into the country was long enough, but after a few vodka cranberries and an agonizing chartered flight in a propeller plane, I soon found myself deep into the inner patches of plains bordered by the jungle. Places where towns and other hotspots of society constructed themselves due to the deforestation of the Amazon.

There have been some confirmed reports that directed us to look into the massive increase in the local maned wolf population. We're not really sure why it's grown, and my superiors aren't too certain about what they're expecting me to find here.

Nonetheless, I'm told to investigate and figure out whether or not this could be some sort of issue to examine about the ecosystem, or perhaps other things that could crop up. More predators means less prey, and deforestation could destabilize things further.



My specialty is in biology and animal studies, two subjects I've found myself falling in love with over the years. Some people wouldn't consider me a true doctor but I always find that my knowledge is much beyond their own, plus... it is a doctorate whether they'd like to admit it or not.

Digression aside, I've decided to record these sessions whenever I get the chance. I hope to get one done every day, but if I have to skip a few days, that will be alright I suppose.

End Recording...

Day 3

Recording Start...

Hello, again, Dr. Dane here; I have set up a base camp in a nearby village. They've kindly allowed me to sleep in a shack around the village outskirts that is quite comfortable, much more comfortable than you would expect. I thought I would have been able to be here faster but it seems the rains have other ideas. I've been seeing a few



maned wolves here and there, a surprising amount actually, more than you would normally see according to local data.

I'm not entirely sure why they've become so friendly towards human settlements. It makes me wonder if perhaps the humans here have been feeding them much more than they should have.

I'm settling down now after making this hovel accommodative to my tastes, as much as home as I can make it. I hope that tomorrow I'll have better results. My paycheck counts on it, heh-heh...

That was a joke. I don't do this solely for a paycheck.

End Recording...

Day 4

Recording Start...



I can see why there's a bit of an... how do I put this? An issue going on around here. Just last night, I had to chase away a few of the maned wolves that came out to my shack, no doubt attracted to my presence. At first I thought it would've been for food, but I was wrong. They don't seem to react like normal ones.

In fact, it was *them* that left gifts outside *my* shack: a few pieces of meat. I don't really understand it myself. It's not like I can eat any of this. It's raw, and I'm sure it'll be rotting by tomorrow morning. Although, I have to admit it is quite nice, being cherished by an animal of all things. Not even my cat back home would give me the same courtesy with a dead rat they caught.

I'm not sure why they were so keen on making me feel this way, like I'm being welcomed, but they certainly have succeeded in that odd plan. These animals are not known to be particularly interested in interacting with humans. It's very rare and typically *only* to be fed by us. They're normally a much more solitary creature. And so it's rather alarming that they would be gifting *me* of all people things. Did they maybe think I would reward them?



Perhaps they are giving me raw meat in that I would cook it and give them back a piece or two? Does it taste better for them? Is it worth the risk to do such an interaction? That would be quite the revelation if so.

I'm not sure what to do with all this yet. I'm not even given that much time apart from them it feels like.

Even now, I still see one of them leering at me from the treeline. Its frame is rather large for the species. Normally they're quite spindly, but this one feels to have a thickness like a large, well-fed dog. I'm not too sure, but they do seem to be getting the nutritional benefits that come with larger bodies. If they're eating this well, while at the same time able to spare it, then how could the ecosystem support this? Are their packs larger than we realize? Are they engaging in some kind of high-intelligence logistical system never before seen until now? Maybe... god forbid, a *hive mind*?

I'm mostly kidding, and I don't mind their presence. The orange, black, and white fur they have feels warm and friendly enough even if they have the word wolf in their name. Really though, they look more like foxes to me. Funny that in reality they aren't



either. However, I'm not sure if I should be fine with them being so friendly towards me... but I can't help it! It's like a pet dog fascinating you with what it's capable of doing, as if you could teach it to wink and it does so immediately.

The behaviors here just aren't matching, but other than it bothering me that it is so unnatural... I'm not too bothered by it at all.

End Recording...

Day 6

Recording Start...

I have to come clean at the start here. I've started to let that big one from my last recording into my shack.

I know what you're thinking, whoever is listening. It's not very professional of me, and it's *very* dangerous since I know so little... but it's just easier to know that he's in here... and keeping me... *safe*?



It sounds weird; I know it does, but I'm... safe in here with him. I know where he is so it's not creepy having him spy on me from afar... and there are other things around this plain with spotty jungle patches. Things that could be quite dangerous such as centipedes, leopards, and poisonous spiders!

Just as an example, last night, this big guy got a snake that almost got into the shack. He did this sort of yip-howl that woke me up as he chased it outside, then digging into its flesh and killing it. A part of me... felt breathless from that. I... I, uh, don't know what to say, or maybe I should say I don't know if I want to admit my current feelings regarding this.

In other matters, it seems he has brought others here. Other maned wolves that I can only assume are his packmates are bringing in food for the both of us. I have started to cook it and give it to the rest of them, but a few are fine enough to eat it raw.

They seem to treat me with a level of respect that I never thought possible. We're being cared for, me and the largest one here, the one that I've considered to be the Alpha. He's... cute. He truly loves being pet, especially behind the ears and around his



neck, and... he is rather frisky himself. I've had to tell him off from looking at me in a certain way a few times, especially whenever I'm changing into a different set of clothes. I even caught him sneaking sniffs of my rear!

He seems to really enjoy it... enjoy... me I guess.

Gray wolves often love their human companions to the point of mouth-to-mouth intercourse, their tongues slapping and sliding around one another. I'm not going to go that far... but it does make me wonder if these fellows are willing to engage in that way, engage to the point of... feeling each other's mouths.

I won't allow it though. After all, I'm here as a doctor not as an 'animal courter!' God, I have to make sure to erase that last part later. I am **not** that kind of person.

End Recording...

Day 7

Start Recording...



I'm reminded almost every day of the reason why I was called out here.

I did not notice it the first time when I came to the village. But my observations were correct: the maned wolves bring food such as meat and various other foods, and the people cook for them.

But what I did not realize is that the villagers gave back *all* the food that these animals brought. And I... rather... I have been eating some of the food.

Now I've been told by the governor I'm no longer allowed in the village. But... I think I know why.

My hands, they're blackening, growing with hair. I look at myself with my hand mirror and my nose is the same. It's growing blacker, more canine, and I just... smell a lot more around these woods.



I'm nervous, quite nervous to be honest... but I have my trustee guard dog here. The Alpha from before. I've named him now. A rather strong name of course, for the strong beast he is. Riker. It just seems right to me that he should be named Riker.

I don't know why, and I don't know what exactly is going on with my body, but since the villagers won't allow me to use their phones, and my satellite phone is as spotty as ever, I'm not sure when I'll be getting a chance to come back and share my observations. I think they can stand being there without me for a few more weeks.

Besides, I feel as if I am responsible now for these males. After all, it is my use of fire, the oven, and my tools that are giving them quite a luxurious time. I feel that I might soon start to wane them off from me. And before I know it, I'll leave them; I'll be out of their fur and these changes to my body will... regress. Riker and his pack will have to enjoy what the villagers give them, and hopefully I can get a route back to the closest airport.



I'm not sure though. My nails are even getting longer and I... I'm quite anxiety-ridden at the idea of leaving but... the thought of staying feels even worse! God, is this what a panic attack feels like?

Riker is looking at my hands, at the way they're shaking. I think he notices how uncomfortable I am. That's alright... I trust him and he's helped me feel better about things. I've been getting quite comfortable with closing my arms around him, just hugging his neck gently, using his body to sleep on like a pillow.

He smells, of course, but it's not as bad as you would think. Actually, it's quite nice, it has an aroma to it. It's odd of me to say this but it reminds me of something like coffee or peanut butter. It's sweet and tangy, it electrifies my head and it feels as if the longer I smell it, the more I feel at home here. I have these little delivery dogs bringing over their meat and all I have to do is cook it. It's... a wholesome cycle to me. Probably not that wholesome to whatever they catch.

It's a weird existence. But I'm going to keep recording for as long as I can. Some days I just feel like it's getting harder to think.



End Recording...

Day 10

Recording Start...

I'm sorry to jump right into this but I fear that I may have gone on too far with this cohabitation. The villagers were right to keep me away.

It seems whatever affliction I have is developing further and further the more I eat with the others. There's something... I think in their saliva. Maybe the way that they interact with me is causing me to change. It shouldn't be an issue either! I cook this damn stuff, it shouldn't be happening with... whatever this affliction is, or if this is disease, the plague, whatever! It just shouldn't be possible.

The more I eat of what they scavenge, the more I notice myself transforming quite literally into a maned wolf. My face is breaking out with their fur patterns: an orange topside, a white underbelly. Black hands, black feet, my ears... well I don't hear as well as before because I... quite literally feel them travelling up my head. They're not all



the way up there, but they're definitely not where they *should* be! And they're, they're... triangular.

It is brilliant, but terrifying. My teeth... I feel like there are more there or that they are sharper but they are definitely different, more canine. My face is growing away from me? Outward? It's just pushing more forward and even worse, my nose is completely canine.

Having a nose like this is truly remarkable. I mean, we all know how much better canines are with their nose, but actually experiencing it is like... as if I grew a third arm? I'm more... productive? I can smell the males that come by, and I can smell the alpha.

I can smell... *my* Alpha.

I know that doesn't make sense right now! I know what you're thinking too. I've already been hitting myself for even *thinking* about this but... but...but I feel beholden to them.



They've brought me meat.

They've supplied me.

They've taken care of me.

I may have cooked it, but we all ate it together and now one of my most pondered thoughts these days is how it would taste raw and uncooked. I don't even know if the maned wolves would truly mind if I did that. Maybe I will try that out.

I've noticed that my genitals have changed as well. I don't feel as if I have erections anymore and... I think my tastes are changing too. I confess I was getting aroused when I found myself just... *h-huffing* their armpits. I can't deny how musky they smell, especially after a full day of running around, getting into the dirtiest of places. I love it. I'll say it again for those who still don't understand.

I.



LOVE.

IT.

Yet... I still feel ashamed but I may have... stimulated myself, until orgasm.

Multiple times...

But hey! Even if they may have licked my penis, that's *alright* **right**?! I won't let it get to my head. I won't let myself feel bad for it... even if I feel shame. Shame that... feels so... damn... **good**.

I worry now about my masculinity. I don't know the '*logical reason*' I can't get an erection and I don't know why my genitalia are diminishing, shrinking, shriveling. When I lift up my shirt, I notice that I have six more nipples protruding, as if I were becoming a female.

I don't know how that makes me feel just yet. But it tells me that I think my psyche is changing. After all, a human male should feel absolute disgust and fear.



I've had a forceful change upon my physiology, but yet, I can only feel as if it would allow me to serve these men, these male maned wolves *better*. Even during this recording, I can't help but feel as if I'm not actually all that terrified... that I'm eager to service them. To taste them... to feel them... inside me?

I **hope** I get a hold of... myself soon. But even if I don't, I have to tell you, whoever's listening. I think there may be some sort of parasite within me. Maybe it's gotten to my brain? I *KNOW* I should be against this, but I'm not going to lie to you... as soon as I'm done with this recording, I'm going to bring my mouth to the Riker's balls, and I'm going to lick them... and I'm going to suck his cock as it comes out of his sheath! I'm going to take it all the way into my mouth and try to get past his knot! **Fuck**, even if I don't, just getting him to cum down my throat is going to be something I... very, very, very much wish to happen.

Oh, God. I don't know what I'm going to do, but I'm just going to let my body do whatever it wants. Just as much as I'm going to let these males do what they want! **Get over here Riker! I need to—**

End Recording...



Day 14

Recording Start...

It has been two weeks now since I first arrived here in Brazil, and I can safely say that Riker, well I don't know how else to put this, but he is my boyfriend, my mate. That may sound like the least human thing I've ever said but... I figured this all out.

It was with our instincts, our yips, and our yaps. I don't know when I'm going to lose my human speech, but I am quite skilled at making animalistic noises. I'm proud to say that I'm... very good at it. I've tried, but I don't think the recording can pick them up, they're too high-pitched. I suppose that's my femininity... er, or maybe another reason.

I've come to understand that I'm responsible for that. If I *did not* want this to happen, I shouldn't have eaten their food, shouldn't have been personal with them... and so it's only my fault that now... you might as well say that Riker and I are in a bit of a polyamorous relationship with the other maned wolves. I let them climb on me and at first they used my rectum, which I must say, has been extremely exhilarating!



But now I can sense they'll soon be using what is now between my legs: an underdeveloped canine pussy or a *vagina* in the scientific sense. I can press my fingers into it, and god it feels amazing. There is a clitoris too, the remnant of my cock's former head, but I am worried about what the wolves might do since it is not fully developed.

Yet, heh-heh, that has not stopped me from constantly feeling around what's there, reaching a climax from the pleasure and how much eye candy I get from these large wolves. My clothes don't exactly fit me anymore. I think my skeleton is reshaping too because... well, I've been walking around on all fours. There, I said it! *And* I haven't really cared to stand up in a while.

My thumbs are rather useless as well. So... I'm not really certain on what exactly I'm going to be doing here now. How can I fix whatever issue I came down here for without having all my tools? How could I rate them on a scale of fuckability? My nose can only handle so much information and there's so... many... males in these parts.



Um, to get back on topic, I worry that soon enough I won't be able to use human speech. If I do, then my recorder is useless, and I guess you won't hear anymore of me. I still have my phone, but the charge died on it quite a while ago. I *used* to be able to charge it in the village and even had a small generator as a backup but... that's not working either.

I do however have an idea that if I were to lose my voice completely, I could take my phone and charger to the village, find some socket outside and charge it there during the night. Then... maybe I could use my nose or my paws to type in my thoughts and feedback. I would have those computer voices on my phone read out what I write, turning on my recorder beforehand, and that way, I would be able to talk with all of you. I am such a smart cookie *aren't* I?

I could still be useful with my original goal, still document my findings, and maybe someone will come looking for me and find these. They can warn the other humans about it, so they don't end up like how I am.

But a part of me feels bad about that.



Because I feel alive for the first time in a long time. I never once thought I wasn't alive... but this is *real*. This is *true* living. It's as if I am in a community that really cares in a way my fellow humans could never truly be, or maybe they used to, and modern society just doesn't now. Instead of answering emails, texts, and not even hearing the voice of a human being unless it's degraded into a voicemail or the phone, I now enjoy my fellow canines, who give me the social needs that wolves do.

We sniff our butts, we lick one another, clean each other. We have such a strong bond, Riker and I, and how could I forget about the other wolves too! I don't even know their names, er, I haven't made up any for them I mean, but I know who they are. I could name them by their scent alone.

And my face... it doesn't look like a human one anymore. When I look in the mirror, I just see something more maned wolf than human. My breasts have fully grown as well. They now wobble, they leak, and it seems that I may have had the pleasure or, depending on one's view, displeasure of arriving here during mating season.



I think within the next week, my genitalia will be perfect for these wolves. And I will be taking all of what they give me, breeding a pup for each one of them, no doubt four... or five, or maybe even six! I'm going to try to describe what it is to be pregnant. The hormones, everything. I mean, you could probably already tell that the hormones here. That they're making the act this way, making me act... servile and purposeful in being a mother.

I will admit, I don't even see myself as male anymore, and that's not a problem! It's good of me, responsible even, hell it's rather sane of me to treat myself as what my body is now. I am a female maned... wolf. There is some skin here, and there, my tail is not fully grown in, but it wags even as I speak to you.

It wags because I'm excited. I *want* to be a mother. I **need** to be a mother.

I hope within the next few days, my vagina will fully come in! I want to be impregnated as soon as I can. Hell... it feels as if my groin is on fucking fire. I need... I need someone's help! Riker! Oh thank God, I have to cut it off now; Riker's already walking over here. He's about to start licking and... oh... oh God, oh-



End Recording...

Day 20

Recording Start...

Hello! This may sound a little more stilted than before, and that is because I have lost my human voice.

Yes, this is still Dr. Dane Wolff, but now I am using the technique I mentioned before. My phone, thankfully, is still working, and the village does not care that I seem to be arriving with a charger and a phone when I come in at night. I thought I would have to sneak around but they didn't mind! We are nocturnal after all, and so we are able to go in, I charge my electronics, and then go back to the shack, which has now become our home, our den!

It has been vastly updated since my last few changes, with it being now more or less a storage place, and a *possible* place to sleep if we wish. The surrounding areas have become easy places to find food, and our bathroom is wherever we want to go. A



shower? H-a-h-a-h-a. Our bathings are done in a nearby river or through our tongues. It is just so beautiful.

I don't know how those listening are going to interpret the fact that I can no longer speak, and that I sounded quite manic in my previous recordings. But I will say I have never felt more clear in my purpose. I don't think I'm losing human intelligence. But I do think I'm losing human needs, human responsibilities.

I feel dumber only in that I am losing my academic knowledge because it's just not important compared to the natural sciences which are quite natural when up close, when you are *literally* the animal. Knowing where to find prey, knowing where to scavenge and scrounge, begging for scraps at the local village. Knowing when my Alpha is angry or sad or wanting to mount me.

I hope you understand that I'm trying to make these recordings as long as possible, but it is already taking me over an hour to simply type this out, so that the robotic voice speaking now would understand exactly what I'm saying. I shall hope that



it is able to do this properly because I must admit there is quite a lot of energy I put into these recordings.

Honestly, as I mentioned before, with my human sensibilities, if I am ever going to stop these recordings, stop being human entirely, it is because I will not have the energy nor care nor interest in pretending that it matters anymore. I will not lose my intelligence, I will merely forgo it because there is no need for it. Why should a maned wolf such as myself be forced to do this? It is all my choice, and I can say that with pride that if I were to be found, caught, and reversed back into my human self, it would be the **worst** thing to ever happen in my life.

I'm only doing these recordings as a favor to those that love me and wish to know where I went. Yet, I tell you now that if my organization found a way to stop this and to bring me back from this in any way, I ask you now please do not do that for me. Let me be this animal. Let me be what I was born to be. I feel as if I should have always been this! A female maned wolf! Furry, full of vigor, and full of purpose. And surrounded by the most supportive of packmates.



I have to end this now because my Alpha wants to breed again. I've already taken his load several times today! We have many males in this grand pack but only a few females. Some have come in from other areas, and they are fucked just as I am.

We are all going to be bred together and we are all going to be giving birth together. I can't wait! I'm so excited to be a mother with them all. If you could only understand the conversations that one can get up to as an animal well then...

I think the entire human race would join me.

End Recording...

Day 47

Recording Start...

It has been well over a month if I am correct. I do confess that I am feeling as if my intelligence is dwindling more and more, not because this affliction is doing it, or as if a brain eating parasite was taking away my inhibitions. But that simply, as I said before, if



you do not use what you have, you will lose it and I do not use my human inhibitions. I do not use my human knowledge.

In fact, in terms of my reductions in education, I think I'm back at a high school level. My doctorate... all gone h-a-h-a-h-a. I don't even know if I would have the advanced knowledge to do what my job requires of me. But in terms of what's important to me, I still know how to cook meat for the pack. I mean I know, but it is too hard to actually do. I have already gotten used to eating it raw, and if we don't want it raw, we'll just take it to the village and they'll cook it for us.

I think they're afraid of us. Because if they even keep some of the meat for themselves, they'll turn out like me. I imagine that maybe some of these wolves here used to be others as well. I think I like that. I like the idea of changing to fill in something that needs to be filled. I like the idea of some of us coming together, having shed our humanity while some of the ones that were born as these wolves guide us into this new life, to make us feel like we were born into this as they were. There are so many humans, so why not spare my humanity to make up for the space a maned wolf should've received?



I will admit my memories have been getting cloudy. I remember my mother but a part of me wonders, and I know this doesn't seem real or correct, or anything. But I constantly think of my mother as a maned wolf. Like I said, I know that that's not true, but it is just what my memory tells me. It makes me wonder if soon I'll even remember anything about my former human life. It makes me wonder if this affliction is trying to fully convert a human person into a maned wolf. In mind, body, and soul for whatever reason. It is crazy to theorize, but perhaps the maned wolves themselves have evolved to do this sort of thing.

It makes no sense to me, and yet I don't think I need it to make sense. I think I need to work on quickly cleaning my Alpha's cock after he's already exploded into a female so that he'll pump his next load into me. I've gotten quite good at being able to be stimulated while typing these out. I've actually been writing for the last five minutes all the while one of the other males sucks at my clitoris, lapping at my folds, making my cunt twitch and spasm and pop out more and more juice for him to lap up.



It's hard to lay on my stomach with my breasts, and so I do so on my side. I am absolutely pregnant, and I expect to give birth soon. I just feel them getting ready.

I don't mind it, and I don't think anyone in my position would either.

End Recording...

Day 74

Recording Start...

As you might tell, I'm kind of dreading having to do these recordings now.

It hurts my head to have to try to remember what human words are, and how to spell them? I use my phone occasionally to browse the internet whenever the signal is strong enough. Even from such a remote place, I can see that I'm getting emails and messages from people asking me about where I am, and where I went from the last airport I landed in, but I'd rather not message them.



Not until I'm ready to leave fully and retreat into the jungle. My Alpha is my Alpha and I have given up the human name I gave him. Because that's a human thing, and I don't want to be human anymore.

I hope nobody minds what I'm saying, including my friends and family. If anything, I think my friends should come down here, I think they would enjoy being a maned wolf, and maybe because I turned into a female, my female friends could turn into males and the both of us could enjoy each other!

I do love them, and I don't think I'll ever stop loving them. I think if they all came down here, I would lick their faces and I want to be pet by them. I would want to be fed by them. I think I would try to push some of the food that maybe they would cook for us into all of their own meals so they could start to change as well!

If anyone even finds this recording, please tell everyone I know that I would love for everyone to come down and yes, I understand that this is quite confusing and it may seem insane of me to be begging for this, but I just I need people to understand why this is so good and why I am willing to give up so much.



Because eventually, I'm going to forget everyone.

The only romantic partner I need truly is my Alpha. Of course, the members of our pack are quite good at quenching my heat when my Alpha isn't here, or just isn't willing. Sometimes I feel like a group female in which every male is always able to fuck me at any time without any jealous or envy. There are no competitions here. If anything they encourage it, waiting until their turn to fuck me. **I love it. I love it. I love it.**

Recently, my Alpha climbed up on my front, pressing his red rod directly into my mouth, the salty taste being as delicious as ever. All the while one of the lesser males came up on my back and thrust straight into my pussy, my canine bitch-juices squirting all over his cock, making it twitch as it shot precum back into me.

It's as simple as that. Sex. We do it all the time. Day in, day out. It never gets boring, it never gets gross. There isn't even a concept of grossness here. We are just, free. We're animals and I don't see why I should feel ashamed of anything! Of going



wherever I want to use the bathroom, or even to stop these recordings if I want to. Most importantly, I don't feel like I should be ashamed of how big my belly has gotten.

They're kicking.

The pups inside me are kicking.

I feel as if I completely understand why motherhood is so cherished by so many people. But yet, I could understand how it's an alien feeling. It's just for me that this alien feeling is one of the best feelings I've ever felt. I think I'm going to give birth soon.

And when I do I don't know if I'll have the time to do these recordings, I'll need to be caring for my pups as well as the pups of the other females here that I'll be breastfeeding. Just as much as they'll be breastfeeding my pups, and eventually our offspring will grow up and will do what they would want. And... I'm just going to be here.

And... I think I'm going to be okay with that.♥



I think when I give birth, and when I decide that I'm done with these recordings, I'm going to finally message somebody before taking the pack and going as far away from here as possible.

Whoever wants to find me will have to follow me. I've left enough of my scent around this place with all the other scents. If you reach this village, if you are willing to take the changes I have, then you will find me and I will find you, no matter how far away we are. The pack is much larger than even I or my Alpha truly understand.

Please, I would love it if you joined me. However many of you are willing to join us. You won't regret it.

End Recording...

Day 90

Recording Start...



As expected, the pups were quite a handful. I pumped out six of them and it was pretty painful. If there was one human thing I wished for is that there would be painkillers here specifically for maned wolves, just something to dull the pain.

I was worried taking human painkillers would have hurt me and would have hurt the pups. I worry so much that I value their lives much more than mine. I would rather die protecting them than let any harm come to them! I've only now been given some time after feeding them to do this recording.

I sense that soon, my time to do these recordings will come to an end. It is really hard to think of words to say and I feel as if I want to just say the most basic things. How the weather is and how my nose reacts to it. The heat of the sun against my fur, the way my paws crush into the dirt after a rainstorm. Getting all muddy is much more fun than human me realized!

Getting back to the little runts, the pups were quite ravenous in the way they suckled. But as each of them crawled over to me, and as they suckled, I felt complete. Six



of my own pups, two from another female equaling to eight little mouths drinking from me. Each of my eight teats worked in perfect order to enrich their bodies and minds.

I wish it didn't sound so sexual when I write it out, but I don't think many humans can understand why it wouldn't be so sexual when they only have two breasts. Or, maybe it's a mother thing, maybe they will understand me. After all, I feel proud to be a mother. And I feel proud for the next batch.

The alpha and the other males lost no time in making sure that I would be pregnant for the next mating season. I'm going to definitely be ahead of the curve. Thankfully, this land is quite a tropical and temperate country, so I don't have to worry about harsh winters, and if the summers ever get too bad, then we can just go under the canopies.

We have no real predators that can come after us with our large numbers, and soon enough, my pups will grow up to be adults, just as... I did at their age. Just as I am now. Once they do that, they can either stay here and enjoy some of the other mating options or create their own place in the world. We're safe where we are.



I think I'm going to be a lot safer than wherever I was in human society before. I faintly remember what cars were, but it just doesn't make sense to me. Why use a car when I have four legs? I mean I did walk on my four padded paws to work, didn't I? I feel like that's right.

But no matter, I'm done with this recording, and I think I may be done with it forever. The pack is going to need everyone to help with the next cycle, and having to do these things is only going to put us at risk. Whatever humans I'm talking to will be okay. It'll be okay.

End Recording...

Day 145

Recording Start...

This is it.



I no longer care.

I put out message for furless pack.

Humans know now.

I fine with that.

Pack fine with that.

Pups growing well.

I safe.

Thank for letting me get here.

I will not forget!



Please understand that I needs this!

I need human forget me so I best girl I can be!

I happy girl!!!

End Recording...

Day 375

Recording Start...

Hello. This is Dr. Daniel Krevitz from the World Health Organization Special Mobility Team. It seems that we have found the remains of Dr. Dane Wolff and where he disappeared from. We tracked him here, but I think the trail ends here.

He seems to have left several recordings on this device. I'm not too certain what I'm going to understand in these reports because... I've already listened to a few. I'm just jumping around from one to another before I do a full analysis, and if anything, it sounds like the ramblings of a madman.



It's unnerved us, and the folks at the top enough that whatever affliction he had is serious enough. We are to quarantine the village, as well as any maned wolves we see. But it doesn't feel like there are as many as we thought there'd be. If Dr. Wolff truly did become an animal, we'll try to find him, but if we don't, we can't spend the resources on getting him back. We only have enough for now to investigate what's going on, and hopefully stop it before it gets worse.

Thankfully, the local villagers have been quite amicable and helpful in our endeavor. They've even been feeding us a proper meal for the past couple of days and nothing beats the local cuisine. It's going to save us quite the cost on rations.

It's funny though... the maned wolves that do interact with the village seem to be gifting them... I believe it to be meat? It's probably nothing, but... it is nice seeing the maned wolves whenever they're around. I bet it'd be nice to get closer... maybe even pet them.



Ahem, getting back to the matter at hand, we can hope to find out more information and report this back as soon as we can.

I think I'll keep using this recorder, continue what he started. For now I'm off to see if I can find where Dr. Dane went from here. The smells around this shack are just damn... *wild*. I... I, uh, I'll need to investigate this immediately *of course*.

This is Dr. Daniel Krevitz, signing out...

Fuck... why do they smell so good?—

End Recording...

Case File Addendum:

This final recording was the last known information about Dr. Daniel Krevitz and his entire investigative field team.



They have been marked as missing. The same designation Dr. Dane Wolff still has.

Effective **immediately** is the establishment of a one-hundred mile exclusion zone around Krevitz's last known location. Nobody will get in. Nobody will get out.

***ALL RECORDS REGARDING THIS INCIDENT ARE CLASSIFIED
AND THE LEAKAGE OF ANY SENSITIVE DETAILS WILL BE FULLY
PROSECUTED TO THE FURTHEST EXTENT OF THE LAW AND THE
CHARTER OF THE UNITED NATIONS***

