

The Wolves' Pet

by JJ Argus



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This story is a work of fiction. All characters are over eighteen.

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Alpha wolves were bossy people.

I was beginning to learn that, though in fact, people had been bossing me around most of my life. I wasn't particularly brave or assertive. If I'd been assertive, I would have refused my father's gift of a big old dog. If I had ignored that big old dog's demand to take him for a walk, I wouldn't have run into a werewolf and gotten bitten.

And I wouldn't BE a werewolf.

I'm a brand new werewolf, and am still kind of learning what it's about. There are some good things and some bad things. The good things include being a lot stronger, physically, at least, than I had ever been before. I was so healthy I was immune to disease! A werewolf body, it seemed, was so good at self-healing, that no disease could make much of an impression on it.

Another good thing, though it was currently causing me a lot of confusion, uncertainty, and unease, was that werewolves had a kind of psychic bond. There was this sort of feeling in the back of my mind which was made up of the whole pack, and a kind of melding of what they were feeling at any given moment.

I don't mean it was like I could read anyone's mind. It's not a Borg thing. But I could sense how they were feeling, at least, if it was a strong, emotional feeling. There was no individuality to it in sensing the pack, unless someone suddenly felt this really intense emotion. But when someone was up close, I was starting to feel their emotions.

And it was very hard to separate out those emotions from my own. Cameron insists it gets easy as you go long, but I've only been a werewolf for a few days. And the practice I was getting at it was trying to separate out Cameron's lust from mine. That wasn't easy since both were pretty strong.

Mine was born mostly of being a bitch – a female wolf, near the full moon. Being near the full moon put us closer to our animal instincts. For males, it made them more aggressive. For females, it basically put us into heat – bitches in heat, if you will.

I have always been aware of being attractive. But I wasn't terribly self-conscious

or outgoing. I'm more of an introvert. I would have reluctantly admitted I looked okay, maybe even that I was cute. I never would have said I was beautiful. Beautiful was like, to me, a Hollywood star, all made out in furs with classy hair and makeup exiting a limousine.

Definitely not me!

If you asked me for my best feature I would have said my hair. It was dark brown, rich and silky and full, spilling across my forehead and tumbling well past my shoulders. I would never have suggested anything else, maybe my eyes. That would have been safe.

I would certainly not praise my breasts, which Cameron keeps doing. That would have been far too uncomfortable and embarrassing. I'm aware my breasts are a little bigger than what might be considered normal, but really, they're just breasts, right? I've never quite got why guys are so fascinated by them.

Cameron was not the one who bit me. That was Connell, who did it by mistake, trying to bite my stupid dog. But he was the alpha who was responsible for seeing me cross over safely into my first 'change'. Without his help, alone, I'd probably have gone crazy and attacked anyone nearby, probably wind up being hunted down by the police and shot as a rabid wolf or something.

My mind goes crazy often enough, and its the soothing presence of his own calm mind projecting over that psychic link that calms me down.

Or, in the case of sex, drives me nearly insane!

Because in sex, he's not very calm. At least, he tries to be, but when he gets excited his lust pours over my mind like scalding lava from a bubbling volcano! And it sets my mind aflame too!

He wasn't the first wolf I'd met. Liam seduced me on the even of the full moon, fucked my brains out, then put me into a cage for the change, which Cameron came to oversee. I'd spent my only time as a wolf padding around an eight by eight cell, growling and almost literally bouncing off the walls. At least there'd been food to eat.

His mind had helped calm me then, and had helped calm me afterward. His emotional discipline made up for my complete lack.

Except when he lost it.

Cameron was a dominant, an Alpha wolf, the second in command of the pack. There were no votes in the pack. You got to be leader by being stronger than anyone else, and that didn't just mean physical strength. It meant just how powerful you were in that psychic, metaphysical stuff. You couldn't exactly fight someone who could project a calmness on you that had you kneeling at his feet, after all.

The first time Cameron fucked me, he lost it. I sensed it at the time. He'd taken me as his dega, which kind of meant a combination of servant and sexual playtoy, to keep the young males of the pack from fighting to the death over me.

He insisted they would because I was so incredibly beautiful, which, I think you can imagine, made me raise my eyebrows in disbelief. There aren't as many female wolves as males, though, and we're in pretty high demand. Who gets us? Well, not whoever is the most romantic, I can tell you that. We go to whoever is strongest.

At first I thought that was ignorant and barbaric. I didn't care about how strong someone was! I cared about how nice they were! I cared about how smart they were, and how caring and whether we liked the same sorts of things, like music and books and video games.

No one was going to just take me because he was stronger than someone else!

Except that the wolf in me only cares about strength. And when I see a guy – a wolf – who's strong, I feel my insides starting to thrum with excitement and energy. The stronger they are, the more aroused and interested I become. If they're weak, on the other hand, my wolf doesn't give a damn how nice or sweet they are. My wolf only wants strong!

And so I was stuck with the fact that, yes, any guy who wanted me, who was strong, was simply going to take me. My wolf would not resist! In fact, if I tried to resist, she'd insist. Her want would become my need! That was especially so around the full moon, when I became the bitch in heat.

Liam was not that strong, but he'd still fucked my brains out that first night before the change. After the change, though, I could sense his strength, and compared to Cameron, it really wasn't much. That meant my wolf interest in him

was very little. He was still stronger than me, though. I think every wolf I'd met so far was, so if he wanted me, he could take me.

Except that Cameron had made me his degha, and if anyone could tell the difference between degha and slave they hadn't come forward. That should have caused me a lot of resentment. I was a modern, independent girl, in my second year in college. I believed in equality. I was nobody's slave!

But now... since the change, every time I see him my wolf gets and I want him to fuck me. I'll do anything he wants just so he fucks me!

And the pack structure itself is not given to any democracy anyway. The alphas make all the decisions, and the rest obey. You can argue a little, but even that can be hard since the alphas don't even have to try to make you. They project this sense of strength that makes everyone else submit to them. They don't even do it on purpose! It's that metaphysical thing!

But Cameron isn't just a wolf. He's a man. And he's an A-type personality as a man, too. More than that, though, he's dominant in bed, and I mean that in every sense of the word. Cameron got aroused by dominating his partner, completely. He doesn't need ropes and chains to do it, either. That doesn't mean ropes and chains don't interest him, however.

And since I'm so new at this, so new at separating out his lust from mine, they arouse me too.

Mind you, they might have aroused me anyway. I'd had more than a few fantasies in that regard in the past...

But when he'd fucked me, he'd tied my wrists and ankles, and then he'd just absolutely pounded me! And my mind, every time I think of ropes, or think of the feel of them tight around my wrists and ankles, flashes back to that incredible wall of massive orgasmic pleasure which had blanketed my mind as he'd driven his massive cock into my trembling, bucking body.

And then I get all wet and hot and bothered.

I'd remained naked the first day after the change, during which Cameron had not only driven me to the edge of insanity with lust, but started enjoying his new playtoy in a way a sexually dominant man likes best, by teaching me how to

obey him.

The second night, I'd changed again, but that night I'd been allowed outside in the woods with him. He'd helped keep me from going totally wolfy while we ran around, his mind reminding me I was human as I'd raced through the trees, exulting in the speed and power of my wolf body.

After which he'd fucked my brains out again.

Did I mention that as my master Cameron got to select my wardrobe?

That was why I went down to breakfast in low riding, skintight black leather pants, with short black leather boots with five inch heels, and a leather bikini top. I wouldn't have minded, except for how tight the leather squeezed my always, always overheated pussy.

At least, I wouldn't have minded if we were alone.

Liam lived there, as did Connell, Michael, Patrick, and Oliver.

There were all younger, relatively newer, weaker wolves, and they lived in this ramshackle country house together with Cameron, and now me!

They weren't the whole of the pack, by any means. There were a half dozen more living with Donald, the head of the pack, and a couple of dozen others who lived on their own, living in the real world, able to conceal what they were, and meeting mostly around the full moon.

Of three dozen or so wolves in the pack, only half a dozen were female.

That didn't make it entirely horrible for the males, most of which could date regular, human women any time they could find one. Given the rush of energy wolves gave off that usually wasn't much of a problem. For the younger ones, though, the ones who didn't have enough self-control to be trusted having sex with human females, there wasn't a lot to choose from.

That was particularly so given female wolves weren't much interested in weaklings like them.

It was, to say the least, an uncomfortable situation for me to be in. Every male at

the table was stronger than me, and their lust was... powerful. I could feel it! My lust was no small thing, either, given how close to the full moon we were, and how little control over my wolf, over my animal instincts, I had!

But I had a collar around my throat. It was stainless steel, with a big ring in the front and a smaller D-ring on the back. It also had an inscription running around it carved in Latin. The collar marked me as Cameron's possession. The men knew that, of course, but the collar was a signal to the wolves.

Of course, Cameron had to make it even more obvious. I had these... shackles... bracelets... around my wrists, too. They were smaller versions of the collar, though almost as wide. They served no purpose because God knows Cameron didn't have to chain me down to get me to do anything he wanted. They served a psychological purpose, though, in reminding me and the other men at the table that I was, essentially, his sex slave.

They were flawlessly polite as they said good morning. If we were normal people I wouldn't have much of a clue of the toiling hunger which lay beneath the surface of every one of them. It made me feel nervous and anxious, as if they would jump on me at any second! That made my inner wolf feel just as unhappy, because I was feeling threatened, and wolves reacted to threats by attacking or running.

I couldn't do either.

My inner wolf was also unhappy because they wanted me and they weren't jumping on me. My mind was constantly filled with dark thoughts of sex and writhing bodies, making it very difficult to concentrate and eat, despite my hunger (the non sex kind).

I had had to make breakfast, of course. I was the slave girl, after all. And for wolves, that meant meat, and lots of it. Lots of bacon and sausages and yes, steak. Steak for breakfast! Fortunately, they all liked most of it rare, so it didn't take that long to cook.

My breasts are not huge. But then, I have a naturally slender frame. They seemed bigger on me. Since the change, since my body had grown as strong as it had, the muscles much more powerful than they had been, they were even, well, kind of... perky. Even without a bra they wouldn't sag! It was like I had fake breasts!

Maybe that was one of the reasons Cameron was so fascinated by them. But I wished he would have liked to encase them in a nice loose sweater and not show me off like he was. It seemed cruel and unnecessary. The bra, which he insisted, fit perfectly, was actually at least a size too small, and wouldn't have been all that big even if it were the right size.

The cups covered what had to be covered, but let's just say there was not only considerable cleavage but lots of side boob for the boys to look at and salivate over. Meanwhile, the leather pants were so low cut if I'd had pubic hair it definitely would have been visible. It was also so tight across my bottom that if I bent over you could see the small, coin-sized base of the butt-plug he insisted on stuffing up inside me.

He hadn't used me for anal sex, yet, but promised he he would!

The thought of his huge cock in my ass was, not, to put it mildly, a turn-on. How huge? Well, remember, he's an alpha shape-shifter! Yes, he can consciously make himself bigger or smaller. And what guy ever makes himself smaller!?

The boys were looking a little frazzled around the edges this morning, their conversation far too eager on subjects that shouldn't be all that exciting. I felt a flush down my face, knowing they were desperately trying to distract themselves from thinking about me. God knows they did their best not to look at me!

For my part, I was trying to suppress my own hunger, which was in turn, being provoked by theirs! I was brand new at this, though, and even worse at shielding my own emotions – including my lust – than they were.

I flicked a glance at Connell. I'd met him a few days earlier. He'd tried to seduce me at the bar, but he'd been too arrogant and had turned me off. So I'd wound up in Liam's bed instead. Arrogance didn't turn me off any more, or at least, my wolfy inner lust. Now I looked at those broad shoulders and powerful chest and felt my inner wolf licking her lips.

Liam, meanwhile, brought back memories of the incredible sex we'd had, and that did nothing to calm me down either. Oliver was a lean, sexy guy in his late twenties, with very long dark hair spilling halfway down his back. He looked like a rock star, and I felt my fingers wanting to slide through his hair. What was worse, he had a British accent, and I loved British accents!

Michael and Patrick were twin brothers younger even than me. They were lithe and pale and blonde, but cute, as opposed to handsome. They were cute enough, though, for my mind to breathlessly consider what it would be like to do it with twins.

My mind squirmed as their heat rose and fell, which seemed to depend on both where their eyes went and how much their minds followed. It was impossible not to think of myself being thrown across the table and gang-banged! But the threat of that caused a lot less anxiety than it did excitement, given my state.

All of us were having a hard time, and not really concentrating on what we were eating, until Cameron came in. It was like, suddenly, the grown-up was there, and his calm presence calmed us all down.

That didn't mean we weren't all still horny, but it toned down and we had more self-control. It was more in the background now, and I was able to breath easier. Unfortunately, deep breaths in that tiny leather cup strained the thin leather strings and drew their eyes again.

We greeted him politely, of course, but there was certainly no unadulterated worship at that table. All of us resented him, at least in part. The five men resented him for not only taking me, but sort of rubbing their noses in it. It wasn't just how he dressed me either. They all had vastly improved senses of hearing and scent than they'd had as humans. Which meant they could hear me screaming in orgasm every time Cameron blasted me over the edge. In fact, they could probably hear every cry of pleasure and passion I uttered.

Again, that was incredibly embarrassing! But it still couldn't overcome the heat within me.

For my part, I resented him for almost everything, including the outfits he made me wear, and his determination to completely dominate me. He said it was for my own good, and I know, in part at least, he's right. The pack punishes dissension harshly, especially when it comes from the weaker wolves. And since our bodies could take an awful lot of punishment, well, lets say wolves who acted up would get the shit beaten out of them.

So I knew I had to learn obedience and discipline. But I still resented it.

Cameron didn't need to make small talk. He was strong enough that he could

sense how every one of us felt. “How are you feeling today?” is a pretty meaningless question in the face of that.

The wonder of it was how calm he was amidst the hunger and lust of the rest of us. But then, he was older than all of us, probably around forty, though not showing it, while the rest of us were in our twenties, the twins barely that.

Even I, however, could sense some of the building resentment among the other five men. So he certainly knew it. I wondered why he didn't seem to care. He just cut his steak and ate. As the others talked about meaningless things, and kept flicking their eyes up to him or to me.

It was finally Connell who let his own innate arrogance push him into voicing that unhappiness.

“Why do you tempt us with what we can't have?” he finally demanded, interrupting the conversations everyone else was pretending to be interested in.

I felt a sense of strain and apprehension spread around the table. As I had come to understand it, any alpha questioned by a mere ordinary member of the pack felt perfectly free to send the impertinent wolf through a wall if he or she so decided.

“You seem to be adequately fed,” Cameron said.

“That is not the hunger I'm talking about!” Connell snapped.

Cameron raised his eyebrows. “Mind your tone, little wolf,” he said.

Butt Connell was clearly angry. “You keep us starved, while you eat steak every night while we listen! And then bring it to the table every morning so we can look at it but not touch!”

Connell sighed and put down his knife and fork, then looked at me.

“You mean this?” he asked.

He reached over, since he was sitting beside me, and casually squeezed my breast. I was too startled to react, and hindered by a growing tendency to, well, not question what he did to my body.

It always ended in orgasms, after all!

“You know what I mean!” Connell said fiercely.

“Well, Connell, first, Kerry isn't an it, but a she. The fact you think of her as an it is one of the reasons you aren't ready to be near a she. Second, yes, I'm tempting you. Because temptation is what reinforces discipline. You aren't allowed sex with human women because your control over your wolf isn't strong enough to not lose it in the midst of sexual excitement. I don't want you slaughtering your lovers.”

Connell turned hungry eyes on me.

“But she's not human!” he growled.

“No, she would survive your attentions handily,” Cameron said, picking up his knife and fork again.

“I fucked her and I didn't turn into a raging animal,” Liam protested, less angrily.

Cameron nodded. “Yes, you have more control than he does.”

“But then – .”

“But if she'd been purely human she would quite possibly have wound up with internal injuries. You were very aggressive, very rough. Even though she hadn't had her first change yet, her body was still much more resilient, much stronger than an ordinary girl.”

“And you're not rough and aggressive?” Oliver said with his normal smirk.

“Sounds to me like you're quite the animal yourself.”

“We're all animals,” Cameron said, “But I'm in control of my beast, and besides, she's not human any more. Kerry can take a lot more damage than a human, and – ,” He turned his eyes on Connell. “The main damage has already been done.”

Connell's face reddened and he flashed me a guilty look. It had been him who'd bit me when my stupid dog had attacked him and I'd even more stupidly tried to grab his collar and yank him back.

“You still taunt us with her,” Patrick said.

“Yes. Have you ever taught a dog obedience? You put a steak on the floor and order him to stay. He wants that steak very badly, but he knows he has to stay. You're teaching that dog that he is submissive to you, that you are dominant and he must obey. It's not that complicated, boys.”

“But eventually, you let the dog have some steak as a reward for his obedience,” his brother said.

Cameron raised his eyebrows again. “And who said I wouldn't do that?”

Five sets of eyes turned on me, and I felt a wild thrum of anxiety – and heat. Some of that was mine, but much of it was theirs, rising quickly to nearly overwhelm me before it suddenly sank back under the force of Cameron's will.

“Milk,” he said to me.

I blinked at him a little hazily, then got up and went to the fridge, got the milk and poured a glass for him, returning to hand it to him. He took it and set it on the table, but then his other arm slid around my waist as I turned to sit and he drew me back across his lap as the five younger men watched.

“Kerry is very new at all this,” he said. “She has virtually no control over her emotions, and of course, it is still very close to the moon, which rouses her passions. She needs an alpha to help her through it, and that includes the sexual aspects of it. She has some big adjustments to make in that regard given the sexual morality of the community she came from.”

“Hands behind your neck, fingers interlaced,” he ordered suddenly.

He'd made me assume that position a lot the last two days, so raising my hands was almost automatic, though doing so made me flush hotly under the other men's eyes. It also pushed my breasts out hard against the tight leather bikini top!

“You boys, on the other hand, have had many months to learn control of your animal instincts. And how much progress have you all made?” he asked.

His hand slid up behind my neck, folding over mine, and then to my shock, his other hand tugged open the knot holding the bra cups together and they sprang

apart, baring my breasts to them all!

I gasped in shocked embarrassment, but then raw heat enveloped me as all five of them leaned forward like the eager, aggressive predators they were, practically ready to throw themselves across the table onto me!

“She's a pretty girl, isn't she,” Cameron said calmly, letting his hand stroke up and down across my bare belly and lower chest. “Her skin is so soft, too.”

Inside, a part of me was writhing in embarrassment, but the heat was far more powerful, too powerful for me to object as his hand slid up across one taut breast and his fingers caressed my rigid nipple.

Connell half rose forward but a look from Cameron... and a kind of mental push... sent him back into his chair.

“Men go to strip clubs all the time and watch girls like Kerry prance around naked. They have no difficulty controlling themselves, Connell. Why do you?”

Connell glared at him. “I haven't had a woman in – .”

“Months? Don't make me laugh, Connell. There are men who go years without. I doubt many of the men who throw their money away at strip clubs are having regular orgies at home, for that matter.”

His hand slid up and down my torso, and heat followed everywhere it touched. My breathing was becoming more and more ragged as his fingers slid across my aching nipples!

I felt his hand at the snap button at my waist, and gasped, reaching down to grasp his wrist.

He pushed forward on my head, bending me over, then grabbed my arms and pulled them together behind my back, snapping the metal shackles together. I cried out as he jerked my head up and back once more, thrusting my breasts out at the other men.

“I can feel your self-control wavering,” he said calmly. “And you think I should let you out into the world by yourselves?”

“It's not the same thing,” I heard one of them complain.

“No? Are you animals or men? Men can watch such a show without moving. The drunker ones might shout out to the girl on stage. But you are sober, and you can barely hold yourself back, even with me helping you.”

I gasped as he popped the clasp and unzipped my jeans. I blushed hotly as the other men inhaled sharply at the scent of my heat.

“Look at you all. If I wasn't holding you back you'd be flinging yourself on her like wolves on a deer,” he said, “baying and growling for blood and sex.”

“Just sex,” someone said hotly.

“You don't have the self control for that. You'd turn into ravening beasts. I can feel the wolves in you struggling to break free even now.”

I cried out as I felt his fingers sliding down into the crotch of the leather pants, big, warm fingers pushing in through the taut lips of my sex and curling up and into my body as his thumb began to stroke across my clitoris.

There were five men at the table, not counting Cameron, and only one had any intimate knowledge or experience with me. I should have been utterly mortified, and a part of me was, but that part seemed to be pushed off to the side, watching, aghast, while the main part of me burned in the fires he was raising in my helpless body.

I could sense the heat of the men watching, feel them through that strange, metaphysical link, as if they were leaning forward over the table, salivating, eyes wide, hands clasping at me as my hips bucked more and more violently and my own heat grew more intense.

“Y-You can't expect us to just... watch this!” a shaken male voice said tightly.

“I could,” Cameron said.

“But it isn't just the sight and smell of her! I can... I can feel her heat!”

“Yes, that's how it works with wolves,” Cameron said dryly. “Do you see me losing control of myself?”

“You're an alpha!”

“And I am controlling not only myself but the five of you at the same time. And her.”

“You are... feeding her this heat?” a voice asked.

“No, I am easing her heat.”

I felt their incredulous reaction.

“Do you think she could be this deep in heat without climax if I wasn't holding her back?” Cameron asked. “I am holding her back because, even with my aid, I do not think the five of you could keep from giving in to your beast if you felt her climax.”

“How long can you hold her back?” a voice asked, sounding fascinated rather than angry.

“It takes effort,” Cameron admitted, “especially while holding the five of you back, as well. But I can hold her for some time.”

I felt all six pairs of eyes on me as I writhed and trembled and moaned in helpless hunger, the sexual frustration rising more and more powerfully as the incredible pressure inside me grew more desperate for release.

“But perhaps I will throw you a proverbial bone,” Cameron said, “And give her part of what she craves, as well.”

He released my hair, while pulling his fingers out of my pants. I groaned, gulping in air as he zipped them up and then snapped the waist tightly against my abdomen. I could almost sense the easing of the hunger in the men around the table as the scent of my heat was lowered.

“Oliver. Come here.”

The man got up, glowering at him, and came around the table. He was wearing jeans, and his erection was obvious.

“Would you like a cock in your mouth, little bitch?” Cameron asked.

I moaned, and then gasped as he fingered my nipples.

“Would you like a cock in your mouth?”

“Yes!” I gasped.

“Beg.”

He made me beg for everything. I didn't really mind since I understood that it turned him on. I could actually sense it in him each time I begged.

“Please,” I panted. “Please let me suck your cock.”

I wasn't even sure who I was saying it to! I was in a sexual fever and my mind was dazed by it.

He bent my head to the side and I moaned as a cock was pressed against my lips, sucking on it gladly as it eagerly pushed forward. I loved the feel of it as it slid over my tongue, as it filled my mouth! I sucked eagerly, hungrily, moaning as he pumped in and out, as he reached out to grasp my hair and jerk me forward.

And then he thrust straight down my throat!

It startled me, but then I felt a delicious sense of contentment as it drove deep down my throat. He wasn't huge like Cameron, but then, the younger, weaker males couldn't shift their body parts in the same way. But I loved having my lips wrapped around him, loved being penetrated by him!

I barely knew him, but it didn't matter. I wanted his cock inside me!

Well, really, I wanted him in my pussy, but at least this was something!

I sucked hard as he pumped in and out of my throat, gurgling and gasping and even gagging a bit, but not caring. It didn't last long, however. He was simply too aroused, and he exploded deep in my throat in under a minute.

I could feel the intensity of his own lust fading with his come. He wasn't a female in heat, like me. I felt disappointment, but it didn't last long, for the next one moved in front of me. I didn't even look up to see who it was. I didn't care. I sucked gladly on his cock, took him deep into my throat, and moaned around it

as it pumped frantically in and out.

One after the other I took their cocks into my mouth, into my throat, and reveled in the touch and scent and feel of them as they moved over my tongue and came in my mouth!

It took very little time. None of them lasted more than a minute or so. Then I felt Cameron undoing my pants again. This time he pulled them completely off, then raised me up and opened his own zipper. It wasn't my mouth he was aiming at, however. I shuddered as I felt him pressing against my pussy, and gurgled in dazed wonder as I sank down on his mighty cock, groaning in delicious pain as it pushed deeper and deeper into my pussy!

Yes, five other men were looking at me. I was aware of it. And, as I said, a part of me was horribly embarrassed. But that part was overwhelmed by the heat within me, and the glorious pleasure I felt as I sank down so deep his cock felt as though it were up in my chest!

I was now facing the table, sitting with my back to Cameron, legs splayed to either side, my flesh hot, my brain fuzzed, my lower belly aching, but with pleasure, at the fulness. I wanted to ride him hard, to slide up and down his incredible cock, but he held me tightly in place as I trembled and shook and moaned.

“Now, let's get on with breakfast,” he said.

The others looked at him with open mouths. They could feel my heat, and were amazed he could be buried inside me and still act so calm! Even without my being able to ride up and down I was squirming in his lap, my overheated pussy squeezing and milking his erection, so a part of me was amazed too.

Beads of sweat had appeared on my skin, and I was gasping for breath as Cameron held me down. He told Liam to cut up my steak into pieces, then hand him the plate. A moment later he held his fingers to my lips and I moaned weakly.

“Eat,” he ordered.

Eating was an instinctive thing for a wolf, and I licked the steak out of his fingers and chewed it, swallowing. I didn't care about the taste, though. It could

have tasted like anything. My mind was focused on only one thing.

He fed me another piece, then told Patrick to feed me a piece, then Connell, then the others. The intensity of the heat within me began to fade, whether because he was pushing it back or not I didn't know. My mind came more to life, however. That, unfortunately, allowed me to bask in my own embarrassment and discomfort at being naked in front of them all, not to mention having just performed oral sex on each of them!

I was still intensely aroused, mind you, but not enough to totally immerse my mind in lust. I was reluctant now, but still licked the food out of their fingers as each, in turn, fed me. And I was still intensely aware of that thick cock impaling me, my eyes dropping down between my legs continually.

“I want you to get used to being naked around the pack,” Cameron said to me. “When we shift back and forth, we do it nude. You will see them nude, and they will see you. As for sex, you will service those of the pack from time to time, at my direction.”

He suddenly jerked sharply back on my hair and I gasped aloud.

“At my direction,” he growled, “Like a proper little degha.”

My pussy squeezed hard around his erection!

He turned to his side and looked sharply at Patrick.”

“Ask,” he snapped.

“I... just... wanted to touch her skin,” Patrick gulped.

“Who does she belong to?”

“You, alpha,” Patrick said, bowing his head.

“Then you ask.”

“Can I touch her?”

I gasped as Cameron pulled my head back again, then felt a hand on my breast,

caressing it, fingering my nipple.

“Can I touch her, Cameron?” Oliver asked.

Another hand cupped and kneaded my other breast, and I moaned as heat rose higher within me.

“Enough,” he said.

The hands pulled away

Cameron's hand dropped between my legs and he started to stroke my clitoris, and I cried out, a wall of flames sweeping over me. He shifted his grip on my hair, and let his legs move closer. They had been spread wide, forcing mine wide, as well. Closing them allowed my feet to touch the floor.

I started to ride him desperately, pushing myself up and down, crying out again and again at the feel of his cock sliding in and out of me! I writhed in an inferno of heat, and then, suddenly, it was as if someone opened the door and let in a wall of air. The flames exploded! I screamed as the orgasm crashed down over me!

I screamed out all my breath, then screamed it in, bouncing desperately atop him, impaling myself on his stiff cock again and again as my mind spun like a top amidst the howling explosion of sexual pressure spewing out of me now that Cameron had released his control. It was too much, and I screamed out the last of my sanity before dropping into a black hole and falling unconscious.

*

I was standing with my legs spread, my arms overhead, all four limbs tightly shackled. I was blindfolded, and gagged, with a ball-gag. The strange dildos which had a kind of bulge at the bottom, so they couldn't fall out, were jammed into my pussy and ass.

I wasn't entirely sure why.

Was I being punished or trained? Or were the men?

I could sense movements as one or more of them came near, and departed.

Sometimes I could hear their voices, clear and near, or jumbled and far. I was near the front room, perhaps in a hall? I was aroused, and yet, also embarrassed. Cameron intended me to get used to being seen naked, but this was more than just that.

It seemed like the men had been given free reign to touch me, just not to fuck me.

At first, they had gathered around me, their hands everywhere! I had writhed and twisted and bucked and came repeatedly, exhausting myself! Eventually, they'd moved away, but every now and then one or more would come close, and they never failed to pause to run their hands over my body, to finger my clitoris and knead my breasts.

I knew they all wanted to fuck me. But they were afraid of Cameron. So without him here to restrain them (though he was near enough to know) they didn't tend to stay long. It was long enough, however, to set my body aflame, and they seemed to take delight in doing that. Maybe, they thought, if my presence made them so sexually frustrated, they would return the favor.

Oddly, or perhaps not, I could identify each of them now, before they even touched me. I could identify them by scent, and, even further away, just by a sort of... feeling, in my mind.

Connell was the cruelest. Perhaps it was because I had rejected him that evening. But he did his best to drive me to the edge of orgasm each time, before finishing with a few sharp, stinging slaps to my buttocks which jerked me back from the brink.

I could sense his resentment as he drove me to the brink, and his satisfaction as he delivered his careful, precise blows. I knew he would have preferred to hit me harder, and more often.

The men had varying degrees of arousal when they came near, so either it rose and fell (unlike mine) or they were masturbating to relieve some of the pressure. I didn't get to do that, of course.

I sensed Cameron approaching, then smelled him as he entered the room or hall, or wherever I was. I sensed his appreciation of what he saw, but also his approval.

“You are making great strides,” he said. “You are learning to tell who is near by scent and by sensing them.”

His hands moved gently over my body, and I moaned, trying to push myself harder against him.

“This is a variation on what we do with new males, blindfolding them, making them scent and sense who is nearby.”

His hand dropped between my legs, and I jerked my head back, moaning, trying to grind my pussy against him.

“Of course, this is somewhat more sexual in nature,” he said in amusement. “And so, far more interesting.”

His hands cupped and squeezed my breasts roughly.

“You look quite the slave girl,” he said. “My own little sex slave.”

I felt his arousal at the words, his excitement. His hands moved around behind me, and he gripped the dildo he'd stuffed up my bottom.

“Have I mentioned how gorgeous your ass looks with those heels?” he asked, kneading my buttocks.

I was still wearing those ankle high black boots with the long, stiletto heels. It was all I was wearing.

I felt his hunger rising as he slowly pulled the dildo out of me, then thrust it back deep. I groaned helplessly, not caring what he did to me so long as he did it.

“Shall I fuck you in the ass now, college girl?” he growled into my ear.

I felt a dark thrill ripple through me. I had never done that but didn't fear it any more. Partly that was because of the dildo thing and the butt plugs he'd pushed inside me, but mostly it was because I was getting so aroused I would have agreed to absolutely anything to get myself off!

I felt the thing being pulled free, and felt vacant, my mind eagerly awaiting his touch, awaiting his penetration. Then I felt him against me, pushing in fairly

easily. I moaned anyway, for even without him using his talent to make himself bigger he was more than big enough!

I shuddered in pleasure as he drove himself deep inside me, feeling the smooth, slick flesh over his hard cock sliding up through the warm folds of my insides. I was so hyper sexualized by then that I thrilled to that sensation, moaning in delighted pleasure even he pushed so deep it began to ache!

I let out a soft cry into the gag as he jammed himself even further, as I felt his hips pressing firmly up and into my buttocks, grinding himself against me, twisting his long, thick cock around inside my belly!

His hands slid around my body, at first squeezing in against my stomach, pulling me in firmly against his body, then sliding up and over my breasts. My nipples tingled and my breasts thrummed as his fingers began to knead them, and I shuddered helplessly.

His lips moved over my shoulder and in against the side of my throat. I groaned into the gag, pushing myself back at him, grinding my buttocks against him as well.

Then he started to stroke, slowly at first, but soon using longer strokes. And I felt the tension inside me growing as his cock grew thicker, and then longer! I felt cramps deep inside now as he thrust himself even deeper, filling me to the brim and then more!

His cock was so long now it seemed to go on forever! He jerked back on my hips as he thrust into me, and I cried out into the gag at every deep stroke. He didn't need to fondle my breasts or rub my clitoris. My body was burning up just from his cock pumping inside me!

The orgasm came upon me like a storm, a wild, screaming storm that set me to thrashing uncontrollably. Only the chains and shackles kept me in place as he pounded his hips against me, spearing his big cock deep into my aching, burning belly again and again as my muscles spasmed wildly.

I knew that all the other men would hear me, even with the gag, and a part of me was embarrassed while another part was elated, as if I was becoming some kind of exhibitionist.

Or perhaps my inner wolf just wanted them aroused so they would come and fuck me too.

*

It got easier to change, the more you did it. But I was still nervous and anxious as I knelt on all fours next to Cameron, naked. I didn't want to be an animal! And for someone who had determinedly shaved her hair from an early age, the last thing I wanted was to be covered in it!

“You don't control something without experience doing it,” Cameron said.

The moon wasn't full any more and it wasn't even night! Which was why Cameron was making me change, making me do it slowly, feeling every part of it. And while it didn't hurt, believe me it felt very, very weird and uncomfortable!

I could actually feel the bones in my face shifting, which is an unbelievable sensation, especially when not blocked out by intense pain. I could feel them as I saw my face, my mouth, my jaw, pushing out into view below my own eyes. I could feel my fingers melding together, my legs shrinking and feet disappearing! It was completely impossibly weird feeling!

My eyes changed, as well. Colors dulled, but on the other hand, I could see farther, my view growing sharper. My hearing got a lot sharper, as did my sense of smell, and those animal instincts grew much more powerful. The instinct which was most powerful was a desire to be moving, to be running, to be hunting. I felt much more aggressive and territorial.

But I knew who I was now. I mean, I remembered who I was, what I was. I didn't lose myself to the animal. My mind didn't shut down and go into wolf mode. I could still think and consider. So it wasn't necessarily the animal in me that nipped him on the ankle then threw myself out through the open door and started running across the field.

I figured there wasn't a lot he could do about it, and whatever he wanted to do about it he'd have to catch me first. Then again, wolves loved chase games, so maybe there was some wolf in my consideration.

He changed quickly and came after me, and I felt a thrill of excitement as I

picked up the pace, racing through the field and into the trees, then dodging back and forth. I swung wildly off to one side, thinking to circle around behind him and surprise him.

I was fast enough to do it before he came upon the sharp turn and followed my scent around. I just wasn't quiet enough in doing it. I didn't have any experience moving quietly through the trees, and his big ears heard me so he changed directions, angling in to cut me off.

I was making too much noise to hear him, but I did sense him, and abruptly slid to a halt, then raced back in the opposite direction. Unfortunately, I'd lost a lot of my lead with that failed gambit, and I could hear him now, racing through the underbrush behind me.

I was fast, though, and nimble, able to dart in and out around bushes while he crashed through them. I even had some in reserve, and picked up the pace as he got too near. I didn't pick up the pace all the way, though. I didn't want to get away, after all...

I was focused so much on him, though, that a sort of ... feeling... I had of something up ahead went unnoticed. That was how I wound up scrambling to a halt in a small clearing as I almost ran into another wolf! It was, I knew immediately, instinctively, and by scent and sense, a male wolf, and older and very powerful.

There was more, for I could sense this wolf's power on that strange inner level, that kind of psychic, metaphysical level that I did with Cameron.

And then it changed, shifted, and stood up, and I was looking at a guy not much older than Cameron, but with a broader chest and shoulders, kind of like Connell, a broad, heavy head, and dark hair cut almost military short.

I felt my body abruptly shifting, changing to human, without my even willing it, just as Cameron came running into the clearing behind me. I felt him shifting quickly as I knelt, a bit dazed by the sudden change, the sudden bright colors and shifted senses, swaying a little.

“Donald,” Cameron said.

“Cameron,” the man said.

I blinked my eyes rapidly, then stood up, and abruptly flushed, trying to hide my body with my arms.

“Wolves are not ashamed of their skin, girl,” the man said.

“It's only been a week for her,” Cameron said.

“She needs to pay more attention to her instincts and less to human morality,” Donald said with disapproval.

“Hands behind your neck, little bitch,” Cameron ordered.

I knew this was an order I had damned well better obey, too, knew it both by his tone and the sense of his mood. Despite my embarrassment, I drew my hands up and back, kind of pushing my chest out. As to instincts, I knew who this Donald was now. He was the pack leader. He'd been mentioned now and then in passing, and I could feel his power tingling along my nerves.

“Very nice,” Donald said.

He reached out, and I flinched and sucked in air as his hand casually moved over my breast.

“She's a pretty thing,” he said. “But I don't know if she's the most beautiful girl in the world.”

“I didn't say she was,” Cameron said.

Donald rubbed my nipple between his fingers, plucking it lightly.

“There have been a number of complaints, as you're aware.”

“I expected there would be,” Cameron said.

“None of the girls like the idea of degphas,” Donald said, giving him a reproofing look.

“Not surprised at that either,” Cameron said.

Donald snorted, and let his fingers trail down along my taut belly, then in between my legs. I let out a gasp as his fingers kind of pushed in against my sex

on either side of my clitoris, almost trapping it between them and squeezing in gently from the sides.

“Why don't you just claim her and be done?” he asked. “No one would begrudge you.”

“I have claimed her, as my dega,” Cameron said.

Donald gave him an irritated look. “Aren't you the one always nagging me about the need to go forward, and do away with the eighteenth century attitudes? Returning us to slave keeping days isn't exactly going forward.”

“She's twenty,” Cameron said, his own irritation showing.

Donald grinned. “So?”

“I'm almost twice her age.”

I was finding it increasingly difficult to keep still as his fingers very gently stroked up and down against me, with my swollen clitoris trapped between two of them! I moaned low in my throat, my breathing becoming more ragged, and my hips began to grind helplessly against him.

“And suppose we get another hot young girl in the pack? Are you going to make her a slave, too? The younger wolves are not happy, Cameron. And it's a very strange thing to have them complaining to me about you.”

Cameron grinned faintly. “Usually it's the reverse.”

“I know it.”

“ Still, it is my right.”

“Yes, one of those ancient rights you've been saying we needed to do away with,” Donald said.

Cameron shrugged helplessly. “You know who I've got staying with me now.”

“Yes, of course. So why not give her over to Ellis to take care of?”

Cameron rolled his eyes at him.

“Yes, I know,” Donald said, “But she'd get the job done. She is an alpha.”

“She's the most territorial woman I know. And that never comes out stronger than with a pretty young girl.”

Donald shrugged. “She'll heal the damage,” he said.

I wondered what that meant, then realized he meant me, not this unknown Ellis. What damage?

He pulled his fingers away from my clitoris, and instead slid them up inside me. I gasped and felt my legs go rubbery, as he kind of hooked his fingers up and used them to tug me up closer so he could look at me from inches away. I felt a breathless sensation, then stumbled back, and sank to my knees, my legs giving way.

“Why would you be concerned about a mere dega anyway?” Donald said. “Their duty is to give others pleasure. I'm sure she'd give Ellis a lot of pleasure.”

I gulped, not having considered the idea of being required to have sex with a woman before!

“Yes, Ellis will enjoy tormenting her,” Cameron said. “I'm finding her very useful in teaching the others discipline.”

Donald let out a bark of laughter. “Oh, I bet you are. I've heard enough from Connell about how he can't sleep for hearing her crying out in pleasure.”

“Connell needs to learn to think with his big head and not the little one.”

“True enough. And which are you using?”

“I put considerable thought into it,” Cameron said firmly.

“Really? So she's your dega purely to avoid bloodshed and to help discipline the younger wolves.”

“That's right.”

“Then you have no personal interest in her? You have no affection for her?”

I blinked at the questions, but my mind wasn't really running at full speed.

“I didn't say... I mean, she is a very nice girl and...”

“But she's only twenty, as you said, so not nearly old and wise and sophisticated enough for a man like you, right? So you don't really care what happens to her as long as it doesn't cause a bloodbath among the young males?”

“I am responsible for her, as an alpha and ...”

“And that's all?”

Cameron glared at him, while Donald looked at me.

“So, a slave girl, hmm? Are you beaten, often, slave girl?” he asked me.

I blinked at him, my pussy still thrumming hotly.

“I... Uhm.. I'm not...”

“Because clearly slave girls need to be beaten to train them. If Cameron is neglecting that maybe I should, as pack leader, help him out.”

“She is... fairly submissive,” Cameron said. “She's progressing well.”

“A dega should be entirely submissive,” Donald said. “But we'll see. I'd like to borrow her for the day. I could use some help with chores at my place.”

I felt Cameron's surprise, then his resentment, quickly quelled.

“I haven't come close to finishing her training.”

“Of course not, but so long as she's learned obedience she can be useful. And I'd like to get Ellis's take. She has to meet Ellis anyway, you know. And after all, she's just a degha.”

The two men looked at each other. I felt a sense of smugness from Donald, and frustration from Cameron.

“Her clothes...”

Donald shrugged. “She won't need any.”

“Very well,” Cameron said stiffly.

*

I had to ride in the back of Donald's car, in the trunk, to be precise, because I had no clothes, and after all, was just a degha. There was something going on I wasn't quite grasping, for my mind was still thrumming with heat and hunger, and now anxious and embarrassed at the thought of being the sexual plaything of complete strangers!

But I felt a degree of trust in Donald, despite never having met him before. It was that same sort of trust I felt in the others, as members of the pack, a knowledge that he wouldn't really harm me, that, on the contrary, he would go to enormous lengths to keep me from harm. There was a comfort in that, despite my anxiety and embarrassment.

I wasn't the same person I had been a week ago. I had gotten sort of used to my sexuality, my body, my arousal, being witnessed by others, used to others touching me, and it was all overlaid by a heat which was no longer ever-present, but was still easily roused, at least, by powerful wolves like Cameron and Donald.

When the car stopped and he opened the trunk, he was fully dressed. That made me feel more naked, of course, as I climbed out and looked nervously around.

“Wolves have very little concern about nudity,” Donald said sternly, “And deghas none.”

I realized I had been sort of half-consciously trying to cover my body with my arms, and drew them guiltily back.

“Chest out, head back. Walk as if you're fully clothed,” he said. “A wolf is never naked, even without clothing.”

Easy for him to say, I thought.

His place, like Cameron's, was large, and seemed to be out in the boonies a bit, down a long driveway from a side road, and surrounded by trees and brush.

“You'll get to meet more of the pack,” he said, taking my arm and leading me inside.

We went through the doorway and inside, and I felt my chest tightening as I felt the presence of others throughout the house, some of them very nearby! No matter what Donald said about not feeling embarrassed because I was naked, well, I did! I had gotten a little used to it with the guys at Cameron's house, but these were strangers!

My face flushed as we rounded a corner and found a man sitting at a table. He wasn't surprised to see me, but I could see he was surprised to see all of me! I could also immediately sense his more than interest as his eyes and his mind moved up and down my body.

“This is Kerry,” Donald said.

“Very nice. Hello, Kerry,” the man said.

He was older, but didn't feel all that powerful.

“This is Jonas. He does the books for the pack,” Donald said, leading me past him.

I felt Jonas' eyes and mind following us as Donald led me up a flight of stairs and down a hallway. And there was another room, very like the one in Cameron's room, largely empty, with a wide open floor. This one was a bit

bigger, and there were mats on the floor, as if for exercising.

“What do you know about deghas?” he asked.

“Uhm, they're kind of slaves,” I gulped.

“They're sex slaves. But willing sex slaves. They're slaves to their own passion, lust and hunger, not to the chains of others. No one makes them have sex. In fact, one of the ways to punish a degha is to not allow them to have sex.”

I flushed again, under his eyes.

“You're very stiff and anxious,” he said. “You don't need to be. And a degha should be as comfortable in her skin as a wolf. They rarely wear clothes, after all. It gets in the way of having sex, which is all they really want to do.”

“I'm not that bad,” I said, embarrassed. “I mean, except, you know, at first, near the full moon.”

I sensed another presence coming, and sensed it was a woman. I felt my stomach starting to churn as my face heated further. Then she came into the room. She was tall, slender, with very long dark hair and piercing green eyes. She looked at me with a scowl both on her face and in her mind, and I remembered what Cameron had said about her not liking pretty girls.

“So this is Cameron's slut, I take it,” she said.

“This is Kerry,” Donald said. “This is Ellis,” he said to me.

“Doesn't look like much,” Ellis said.

“I think most young men would find her more than attractive enough,” Donald said.

Ellis walked up to me, and then moved slowly around me, inches away.

“Looks pretty ordinary to me. From what Cameron said I expected some great beauty who would have his younger wolves tearing each others throats out.”

I gasped as I felt my hair suddenly jerked back hard, my arms reaching up and

back – and then – something happened, and they fell away. I felt a little stunned for a brief moment, and my eyes fluttered.

“The only word a dega needs to know is obey,” she said.

I felt confusion, and something like vertigo.

“What would be easiest?” I heard Donald ask.

“You and me. Male and female alphas, should be able to do the trick,” Ellis answered.

“Others?”

“Later, yes. Not at first.”

“Any equipment? I mean, we don't have all the toys Cameron no doubt has but you do have your own little... kinky side,” he said with a grin.

“I'm sure we can communicate the proper elements of want and need to her little mind,” Ellis said with a sneering look at me.

“Don't do anything that will piss Cameron off too much. I don't want him upset.”

“You worry too much about what he and the others think,” Ellis said with a sniff.

“And you worry too little. He is the perfect second; strong and capable and with a sense of responsibility to the pack, but without the aggressive ambition to want to unseat me. I don't want that changed over a girl.”

“Don't worry. We will make something of her any man would be delighted with.”

She jerked back on my hair harder, then sort of flung me back. I stumbled and fell onto my back, fortunately on one of the thick mats.

“Spread your legs,” she said.

Something about the words aroused me, and as I spread my legs apart I felt that arousal deepen, accompanied by a kind of thrumming sexual pleasure.

“Close your legs, feet flat on the floor, knees raised.” she said.

I was starting to be less dizzy now, wondering what that earlier burst of vertigo and confusion had been about. I placed my bare feet flat on the floor and raised my knees.

“Spread your legs wide,” she ordered.

Again I felt a little shudder of excitement at the words, even though I felt a flush of embarrassment come to my face. I let my knees part, and felt another hot little thrum of pleasure as they fell aside, wider and wider. My nipples were tingling again and I felt heat starting to run up and down my spine.

“Close your legs,” she ordered.

I blinked and drew my knees up and together, and the hot little thrum of pleasure faded.

“Spread your legs.”

Again I felt a little shudder of heat and that grew into pleasure as my legs spread wide.

We kept repeating that. I kept closing my legs, then opening them, letting my knees fall to the sides, wide to the sides, wide enough the tendons in my thighs stretched and strained and ached, but each time I felt a hot little churning sexual pleasure which seemed to burn right in the center of my lower belly.

“Get on your hands and knees,” she ordered.

I sat up, then fell forward, getting onto my hands and knees, and that hot thrum of pleasure burned within me again. It wasn't an incredibly intense thing, but it was definitely there, and definitely pleasurable. I would have wondered at it more if my body hadn't so often been subjected to these hot little rushes of pleasure since the full moon.

Donald just looked at me, just watched, as Ellis did.

I knelt there before them, feeling very, very sexual, very aroused, and with my pussy thrumming softly and pleasantly. I wanted Donald to fuck me, I realized. I

felt myself wishing he would. But instead I just knelt there on all fours.

“Spread your legs, raise your bottom.”

I obeyed, and the hunger and pleasure rose within me to the point my breathing started to get more shallow and ragged.

“Hold her,” Ellis said.

Donald nodded, and the woman then turned and left the room. I felt a strange sense of loss, and the heat within me seemed to diminish, which I didn't understand. I also didn't understand why she'd told him to hold me but he wasn't doing anything.

She returned, with something behind her back. She squatted in front of me and then brought it out and I saw it was a dildo, a very realistic shaped male cock. The instant I saw it I felt a rush of heat and pleasure. She rubbed it across my face, and my mouth parted as I stared at it. Then she slipped it into my open mouth and I moaned helplessly, the pleasure growing even more powerful as she pushed it deeper.

“You like that, little slave girl?” she purred. “Yes, suck on that. Suck on it. You love cocks, don't you, little slut.”

I moaned agreement as she slowly pumped it in and out and my body trembled softly with heat. I gasped in pleasure as she pushed it deep into my throat, the pleasure seeming to form a line of fire between my throat and my pussy!

My hips began to grind and I felt my pussy spasming hungrily as she pumped the big dildo in and out of my throat. She slid it slowly back out, and pulled it free of my mouth, and the pleasure eased considerably. But then she sat it on the floor.

“Get on it, little slut. I want you to slide your hot little pussy all the way down.”

I felt another thrum of pleasure and eased up and back, then straddled it, gulping in air as she held it with the base against the floor. The moment it touched my pussy I felt a surge of pleasure, and as it penetrated me, as it slid deeper, the pleasure grew more and more intense!

I moaned helplessly as I sank fully down on it, and began to shudder as the lips of my pussy found the base, and one of her fingers pressed against my clitoris.

“Ride this big cock, slave girl.” she said.

I did so eagerly, gasping and moaning as I rode up and down. And it was like the pleasure depended on how deep it was inside me! But it faded if I stopped moving. It started as I sank down, grew greater and greater, and peaked as I had the thing fully inside me, then began to fade.

I had never felt anything like it before, but I didn't question it. I loved it! I reveled in it! I rode up and down on the dildo, gasping and moaning, caring about little or nothing but the pleasure, but reaching the peak of that pleasure again and again.

It was no different when she had me get on all fours, and she used it on me, pumping it in and out. I felt exactly the same, gasping in pleasure every time she thrust it deep. I didn't orgasm, which struck me as strange, even in the midst of the sexual fever heating my body. But the pleasure had a total grip on my mind, and I did anything and everything they told me, for it always led to more!

When another man came into the room, I felt a rush of heat, not embarrassment. And when he sat down I crawled towards him (which made me feel even sexier!) and then began to lick his balls and then suck his cock, feeling a churning wall of pleasure roll through me at everything I did with it.

I wound up straddling him and sinking down on his cock, squealing and moaning and gasping and crying out in dazed pleasure as I fucked him, as he sucked on my breasts and nipples and kneaded my buttocks. But I didn't come. Instead, I hovered at an intense level of sexual pleasure just below climax.

Another man came in, and then another, and then another. I sucked them and fucked them, or they fucked me, on my back or my belly, and each time I felt that pounding pleasure every time their cocks sank into my body.

It was, in a way, like the sexual fever I had felt on the day of the full moon, only it never faded or climaxed. And it was really only strong when I had a cock inside me, or, as I discovered, when my tongue was on Ellis' pussy.

She spent a good deal of time teaching me how to lick her pussy, and I felt a

bubbling, churning heat the entire time, which rose higher only with my tongue in contact with her.

I met and fucked seven men, fucked them each several times, for werewolves recover from anything quicker than ordinary men. I spent hours at it, hours with my mind wrapped in pleasure and heat and lust and desire and need. It was powerful enough to shut away all other cares and concerns.

When I did finally come, it was while laying back on one of the mats, using a dildo on myself, masturbating, while Ellis and Donald, and several more men watched. The orgasm was so incredibly intense, my body exploded into motion as though I were having an epileptic fit! I screamed and thrashed and arched and twisted and bucked in helpless, mindless animal pleasure, losing my breath and then my mind as I came and came and came until I thought it would never end!

Another girl came in. Her name was Suzanne, and she taught me how to dance, how to strip, actually, using a metal pole in the corner of the room. I swirled and twisted and turned around the pole excitedly, heat making my pussy burn as the others watched!

Somehow, it was like the pole was a giant cock, and I loved wrapping my hands around it, loved pressing my body around it, loved to rub my cheek against it! It all made me so incredibly hot! I had no restraint, no inhibitions at all as I danced and spun, as I rolled my hips and arched my back, exulting in the pleasure I felt, in the hunger I felt as they watched me.

I had more sex that day than in all the rest of my previous life to that point combined! My mind was nothing but a muzzled, dazed pit of hunger and pleasure the entire day! I climaxed a number of times, and each time I did I almost lost consciousness. And I spent the entire day either on my hands and knees or on my back.

When they put me in the cage to rest, a real cage, not a room. It was not high enough to stand up in, nor wide enough to stretch out. I thought nothing about it, about being in a cage. I did spot the dildo there, though, and grabbed it at once, sliding it deep inside me and then starting to pump it excitedly in and out. I don't know how long I did that. I mean, it seemed to be a long, long time, until I started to hurt inside. I came often, but it never seemed to matter. I had to keep jamming that cock deep inside me, had to keep pumping it!

The next day was more of the same. Tons of sex, crawling, moaning, gasping, screaming to the point I practically lost my voice, and then, the whipping.

The whipping, Ellis said with a smirk, was a present for Cameron.

I didn't understand what she meant. But then, my head was so fuzzy with sex and need all the time I didn't really even care.

All I knew was that the moment she wrapped the ropes tightly around my wrists I felt a sense of sexual electricity building, as if my body was charged and ready to go off. She tied my ankles too, so that I was standing up, spreadeagled, helpless. Heat suffused my body. I stood there, body stretched out, feeling an intense glow of sexuality and sensuality, of hunger and pleasure and desire.

And they left me like that for at least an hour. I never got bored. I just felt frustrated, though I didn't understand why or for what. I just bathed in the idea of my own sexual helplessness, of being tied up and exposed in something like the way Cameron himself had done to me earlier at his place.

I wanted someone to come and fuck me! I wasn't blindfolded, this time, nor gagged, but I was far more aroused. No one even had to touch me to make me aroused. Just standing there was turning me on to an incredible degree!

When Ellis returned she had a whip in her hand. I didn't quite understand what it was for. She smirked at me, and then moved to stand behind me. I moaned, wanting her to touch me, but then she swung her arm out and the whip flew through the air and cut diagonally across my back. I felt a shock-wave of pleasure and pain at the same time, and screamed hoarsely, back arching.

The pleasure and pain were both intense, but the pain faded after the first sharp blow, while the pleasure faded much more slowly. The sense of hunger and arousal deepened within me, and I cried out as the whip cut across my back again, pleasure and pain blowing through my mind once more, the latter fading more quickly than the former again.

The whip left red lines across my body, aching, overheated lines, but the burning of those lines gave me a strange sort of pleasure, too, even as they accumulated. Ellis began to swing the whip so it sliced around my body, striking my back, but also ribs and breasts.

I screamed the first time the whip snapped at my breasts. The pain was more intense, but so was the pleasure! And it almost felt like a mini orgasm made my body shudder. She did it again, and again, and again, as red lines multiplied across my breasts and back, then against my buttocks and belly.

Finally, she began to send the long, slim whip curling across my hips and down between my legs. Again and again the whip snapped at my pussy, the pain extreme, the pleasure even more! I howled and screamed as each blow sent what amounted to a small orgasm through my mind!

By the time she finished I was sweating, exhausted, and had dozens of welts and cuts criss-crossing my body. She put me into the cage to rest again, but I used half of the time plunging the dildo deep into my pussy again and again.

By the time they took me out of the cage the welts had healed already. I crawled to the kitchen table on the end of a leash, basking in the eyes and hunger of the eight or nine men gathered around the table. I wanted them all to fuck me, but didn't say anything.

As they ate, they took turns either holding out pieces of meat for me to lick out of their hands, or tossed them on the floor for me to lick off and swallow. I ate everything quickly, for I was very hungry. And every time I felt eyes on me, I felt a little rush of heat.

Afterward, they fucked me again, one by one. Then I danced around the pole and gave them lap dances. The lap dances always ended in me fucking them. Heat gripped my mind too powerfully for me to have any inhibitions or any sense of self-consciousness. In fact, quite the reverse. I loved being seen naked! I was like a slutty narcissist, basking in their hunger and lust and approval!

I was there for several more days. I didn't speak a word during that entire time, nor did I spend any of it on my feet, except when I was being whipped. Most of the time I crawled or was on my back. It was a wild time where I was in a sexual fever, where orgasm after orgasm clawed at my mind and made my body thrash and twist in wild convulsions many times a day.

My mind started to clear towards the end, though I never lost my hunger for sex. As my mind cleared I began to wonder about what had happened, and why.

It didn't seem to me to be natural. I didn't understand it. I even felt my skin

heating at times, at the memories of what I'd done, and what they'd done to me. Whenever I thought about sex I got turned on, but I wasn't like at the beginning of the month where I was a sort of rabid whore. I could think more or less clearly, and wasn't feeling like I was in a sexual fever.

But sex was never far from my mind, and I felt very, very sexual all the time.

Donald gave me a pair of tiny. Low riding cutoffs to wear in the car back to Cameron's place, along with a bikini top. They were the first clothes I'd worn since leaving Cameron's, and it felt a bit odd, at first, to be wearing them. The wolf in me didn't like how they restricted my movement and the whore in me didn't like how they restricted access to my fun parts.

But I didn't consider not wearing them. Donald had told me to put them on, and that was that.

I hadn't thought about whether or what to do since leaving Cameron's, in fact. I had been told what to do, and I had done that. There hadn't been any thinking involved. None. I had simply done anything I'd been told to do immediately and without complaint or even mental reservations.

I wondered about that now. It was true that I wasn't the most assertive girl in the world, but I wasn't a robot. I had been known to argue or discuss things, after all, and even refuse. I hadn't been intimidated or afraid at Donald's. I simply hadn't even considered saying no to anything. Not once.

I rolled my eyes over at Donald, who was driving, biting my lip uncertainly. I had only brushed the surface of all this werewolf stuff, and there was still tons about it I didn't understand or even know the first thing about. But I knew the alphas had a profound affect on the emotional control of others of the pack.

Cameron had said as much, and shown as much in how he controlled the younger wolves living with him, keeping the men from going crazy and jumping me like rabid dogs. Donald had said something similar and had implied Ellis could certainly do the same. But if they could repress our instincts, could they... encourage them instead?

I rolled my eyes up at Donald again, who didn't seem to notice.

How much influence did the alphas have when they were up close? I knew there

was this big psychic connection stuff, and that me being aroused turned on the guys, in part because they sensed it. Could I be turned on in the same way? Cameron had said I would be far more sensitive, physically speaking, but that couldn't possibly account for the last week of mindless sexual depravity.

I rolled my eyes over at Donald again.

“Something on your mind, Kerry?” he asked, not taking his eyes off the road.

“No,” I said.

“Lying to an alpha is never a good idea,” he said.

I flushed.

“Well, I was kind of wondering, uh, aside from fucking me a lot, what was this visit about?”

“It was about you being a dega.”

“I don't understand that.”

“Have you given any thought to what you'll do for a living? I mean, you're only twenty.”

I was surprised by this apparent diversion and shook my head.

“Go back to school, maybe?”

“And do what?”

I shrugged. I had never really known that.

“What do you like to do?”

I hesitated. I liked fucking people, but I couldn't say that. My mind searched instead for something else.

“Most of the men work in security,” he said. “Usually private security. It can pay... well.”

“You think I should work in security?” I asked doubtfully.

“Most of the girls work in the sex industry. It tends to pay rather better than security, and is certainly a lot less boring.”

I stared at him. The idea should have shocked me, and did, to a certain degree. But the reasons why a girl would never really consider that didn't apply to me. I couldn't catch any of the sexually transmitted diseases, I wouldn't get pregnant, and I was a lot stronger than any normal man, so didn't have to worry about violence either.

That just left the morals of sleeping with strangers, and that had all been kind of shot to hell over the past week. Not to mention whether I'd want to spend all my time having sex with strangers!

Which, come to think of it, didn't sound so very terrible.

“Girls like you are uniquely qualified for that particular industry.”

“Girls like me?”

“She woves,” he said.

“I don't think my parents would be happy about me being a hooker,” I said, feeling a little indignant.

“Well, you could start out being a dancer. But I have a feeling you're going to want more sex than you're going to get from just a few men.”

I frowned at that, but he turned into the winding driveway to Cameron's place and then pulled up in front of the door. I opened my door, then hesitated because I hadn't been told to. Then I decided to go ahead and do it anyway, wondering why I thought I needed to be told the obvious.

Cameron came out of the doorway. Of course he'd felt us approaching just as I'd felt him and the other wolves in the house getting closer as a kind of background 'noise' in my head. He smiled at me, then nodded to Donald. I could feel some tension between the two, and suspicion on Cameron's part.

“And?” he said.

“Things went well.”

Cameron looked at me. “Things?”

“She's a natural. Degha is clearly the proper choice for her.”

“And you helped that along?”

Donald shrugged. “A little, but only in the direction it was going to go anyway. We saved you the time and trouble.”

“It wasn't trouble.”

“We didn't finish the job. I wasn't sure how much obedience you want from your degha so you'll be able to train that into her.”

I felt some relief on Cameron's part, but didn't understand that either. I just didn't get what they were talking about, which was frustrating since I knew it was about me!

“What are you guys talking about?” I finally demanded.

They both looked at me, but it was Cameron who spoke.

“You're aware there is a metaphysical link between all the members of a pack, Kerry,” he said. “And that the alphas are the leaders of the pack. But they're leaders in more than simply name or position. It's not like we get elected to the post. We're leaders because we're alphas, and alphas have more than physical strength. They have a metaphysical strength, a will. Even without trying to, our will influences lesser wolves around us.”

“If I will something and tell you to do it you'll almost certainly think that's a good idea,” Donald added.

“The weaker the wolf – and you're not a very strong wolf, Kerry – the more easily influenced they are by the will of an alpha, even an alpha that isn't necessarily trying to influence you.”

“I sort of... get that... in a way,” I said.

My wolf wanted to submit to every stronger wolf she spotted, submit sexually, which was what all those wolves wanted. My wolf took that as absolutely normal. So it was a strong instinct in me now.

“But if a strong alpha is actually trying to influence you, that influence can be a lot more profound,” Cameron said. “And what Donald and Ellis were doing was influencing your sexuality, increasing it, making you feel more sexual, more aroused – .”

“More pleasure,” Donald said.

“When they wanted you to feel it.”

I looked at them both, still not understanding, exactly.

“Have you taken many psychology courses at school?” Cameron asked.

“Um, one or two.”

“We are who we were. Our experiences influence our thinking, our reaction, or behavior. “Get down on all fours.”

I looked at him in surprise, since the order came out of the blue.

“Now,” he ordered.

I dropped onto my hands and knees right there on the sidewalk, and felt a sudden thrill of sexual hunger and arousal.

“If your mind is given pleasure, every time it does something,” Cameron said, “Then it will come to associate that behavior with pleasure. If every time you get down on your hands and knees you're given sexual pleasure, you'll want to get down on all fours a lot more, and you'll be excited every time you do it.”

“Spread your legs,” Donald ordered.

I gulped and shifted my knees apart, feeling another little thrum of heat. It wasn't... nearly as bad as I remembered from the previous days, but I suddenly realized now that my previous pleasure was being fed to me by Ellis and Donald over that metaphysical link. And now, even though Donald wasn't doing it, I still

felt... hot... in this position.

“So you kind of... brainwashed me?”

“Not exactly. Brainwashing is when you convince someone to do something they wouldn't normally want to do,” Donald said. “Given the level of sexuality in you you'd find it exciting being in that position anyway. Ellis and I simply... perked that up a bit.”

“Perked up?”

“As a wolf, your body is more sensitive, your nerve endings will convey more information, with more intensity... you'll feel more pleasure from sex,” he said. “Provided your own human morals and inhibitions don't get in the way. You still have those inhibitions but they're pretty frayed around the edges, and the more you feel pleasure doing something the more you'll want to do it.”

“And you'll feel more pleasure now, more psychological pleasure, doing the things Ellis and Donald had you doing,” Cameron said.

“You mean fucking people.”

Donald nodded. “Among other things.”

He slapped Cameron on the arm. “I'll leave you to explain things further and go over it with her. It's up to you, of course, if you want to try to reverse what we've done, but I don't think that would be doing a degha any favors.”

He got into his truck and turned around, and even after he was out of sight I could feel him in my head moving away.

“Stand up,” Cameron said.

He reached down and took my arm, helping me up, then led me inside.

“I still don't quite understand.”

“Every time they ordered you to do something they felt was a good thing for a degha, like getting down on all fours, spreading your legs, they'd make you feel pleasure. They wrapped you in a hot bath of sexual heat and raised it to the

boiling point, then held it there long enough to cook your mind a little.”

I stared up at him.

“It's not entirely different from what I was doing,” he said, “Or what you'd get if you were to join the army, for example. The army teaches you instant obedience to every order by punishing you for the slightest transgression. After a while you come to realize you had better do what the sergeant says and do it fast and do it right, or else you'll be punished. That was sort of what I was starting to do with you, but Ellis and Donald did it more... directly, and they used the carrot rather than the stick.”

He brought me upstairs and to his bedroom, then closed the door and opened the closet, reaching in to a shelf and taking out – a dildo. I felt a flush of heat at the sight as he brought it over to me. It looked very realistic, and my eyes fixed on it as he held it out.

He rubbed it against my lips and I opened them automatically, feeling a rising surge of excitement and pleasure as he slid it slowly into my mouth. I moaned and sucked on it, licking, as he pumped it slowly in and out. He pushed it deeper, and I felt his fingers in my hair, pulling my head up and back. I didn't resist.

I gurgled a bit, but just a bit, as he pushed it into my throat, and it slid smoothly down until he was gripping the base right where my teeth were. I swayed a bit on my feet, arms at my sides, as he drew it slowly back out, then moaned again as he pushed it deep once more. He pulled it back out, and I gasped and gave a small cough, staring at it.

“Do you know why you felt such pleasure and excitement?” he asked. “I could sense it in you the instant I pushed this into your mouth.”

“I... I like cock,” I gulped. “I did before too.”

“But you didn't feel physical pleasure from it sliding into your mouth. That's a result of the conditioning they've given you. And that builds on itself. Even though they weren't doing anything, even though I wasn't doing anything, you still felt arousal as soon as it entered your mouth. And every time that happens it builds desire into you to have a cock in your mouth. Do you understand what I'm talking about?”

“I-I think so.”

He put down the dildo, then tugged my bikini top down below my breasts, his hands smoothly, turning and cupping them, lifting them, squeezing them together as his thumbs began to brush from side to side across my already thoroughly erect nipples. They began to ache with pleasure, feeling more and more swollen and rigid, my breasts hot and thrumming with energy.

That energy rolled up into my mind and down my body into my groin so that my hips began to roll and jerk unconsciously.

He abandoned my breasts and reached down to the clasp of my cutoffs, undoing it, then unzipping them. He pushed them over my hips and they slid down my legs. I wasn't wearing panties.

“Get on all fours on the edge of the bed,” he said.

I hastened to obey, feeling a wild rush at his words, positioning myself before him, spreading my legs instinctively.

“How do you feel?”

“H-Hot!” I gulped.

“Why?”

“I want you to fuck me!”

“Why?”

The word confused me. I was charged up with sexual hunger, and it was hard to care about answering dumb questions.

“I always want to fuck you!” I said.

“What about if I brought in, say, Patrick to fuck you instead?”

I didn't care, to be honest. I just wanted someone to fuck me!

“Can you think straight?”

“Of course!”

“How do you feel?”

“I told you. I'm horny! I'm turned on. I want to... I want sex!”

“Why?”

“Why not!?” I said, exasperation in my voice.

I mean, why wouldn't I want to have sex?!

“Which one of the guys here do you least like?”

“What?”

The question confused me.

“Which guy do you find the least... hot?”

“I don't know!”

“Yes, you do.”

He turned and opened the door. He didn't have to call out. As I had begun to realize, he could communicate he wanted someone without saying it aloud – as long as they were fairly nearby. I felt Connell approaching, and felt a surge of unhappiness, discomfort and even a certain sense of self-consciousness.

“Come inside, Connell,” he said, stepping back.

I felt that sense of self-consciousness rise higher as Connell came inside and saw me. He'd seen me naked before, when Cameron was, well, touching me, but I was certainly not used to it.

“Stand behind her.”

“Is this another test?” he demanded, his voice thick with stress and resentment.

“Of a sort.”

He stood behind me, and I looked at Cameron, still hot, but now flinching a bit with embarrassment.

“Put your face to the bed, Kerry, then reach back between your legs. I want you to spread the lips of your sex for Connell.”

I did so immediately, moaning softly.

I could feel Connell's arousal deepening, growing, but I was looking at Cameron as he studied me.

“You are embarrassed, at least somewhat, and you're not happy, to a certain degree,” he said. “But those feelings aren't very important to you right now, are they?”

“No!” I gulped.

“In fact, you're turned on knowing Connell is looking at you.”

I felt my breathing becoming more and more ragged as I knelt there in that obscene position between the two of them.

“Put your arms out to your sides.”

I obeyed, my body charged with excitement as I focused on the feeling of Connell behind me, staring at me, wanting me. A shimmering heat gripped my body, and nothing else mattered. I knew how provocative my position was, and that excited me. Spreading my arms out this way, raising my bottom, spreading my legs, were all acts of submission. They said “take me” to anyone behind me. And I was only a little shocked to realize I didn't care who that was.

Suddenly it felt as though something had broken free, as if whatever was restraining his heat had just been released. It exploded upward, raw, wild and hungry, and I gasped aloud even as I felt him jump forward. He tore his pants off and thrust into me so hard it hurt, despite how wet and ready I was!

I felt his hands on my hips, big hands, powerful hands, hands with hardly any restraint, as he slammed into me with desperate need, impaling me on his cock as he threw himself atop me. His arms swung around me and his hands gripped my breasts tightly as he began to pound his hips against me.

It... hurt! But I didn't care about that either! I made no move to pull free, to resist, to do anything but simply kneel there, legs spread, and accept his savage sexual hunger, to accept whatever he wanted to do to me! A crackling wave of sexual electricity tore through my body as his cock pounded in and out, as his hips hammered my buttocks, as his rough, wild hands pulled and groped and slapped at my body!

But all I really cared about was his cock, deep inside me, the head hammering away at the back wall of my pussy with a gloriously violent tempo! He rode me like an animal, as if we were both animals, and I suppose maybe that was the thing. We were animals, of a sort, or at least, so close to our instincts then that there was no room for human feelings, for human inhibitions or embarrassment.

The wild animal heat rode my mind the way he was riding my body, the bed shaking beneath me as his hips drove me forward and his hands jerked me back to meet the next thrust. So fast, so hard, the world seemed to be shaking around me, though my eyes were soon so glazed I hardly cared.

So good! It was sooooo goood! That was all I could think about. Sooo good! So wonderful! So perfect! If only it would last forever!

I rode the wave of heat, the waves of heat, again and again, for every time he pushed forward I felt a sense of wonder and delight as the wave rose. The deeper he moved, the more wonderful it got, until that moment of near perfection when his hips were flush with my buttocks and the entire length of him was sheathed within the warm, tight depths of my body.

Then came the slow fading as he drew back, but then, delight again as he pushed deep. I rode that up and down wave as his hips pounded against me, as the entire world shook around me, as his big hands, completely enveloping my wave, jerked me back hard at every stroke, as if he was trying to cram himself even deeper or merged our bodies together.

Then the orgasm came, and the pleasure redoubled, but still came in waves as he drove himself wildly into me, every thrust making me cry out as my muscles spasmed and my mind spun.

I felt the rest of them there as he slowly withdrew, having spent himself. His own climax had come with mine, as the incredible heat of my animal lust had brought him into it with me.

I had no desire to move, or think. I didn't think about much of anything. My mind and body were still floating on air after that intense orgasm. I didn't even look around. I knew they were there, that they were watching, that they were aroused.

Patrick was the next, and he rode me almost as violently as Connell, then his brother took me, then the others, one by one. My mind felt as though it were turning to mush and rolling around in my skull. My muscles became limp with exhaustion, but still the pleasure rode me as they rode me. Orgasm after orgasm sent my mind flying and spinning wildly.

Sex was what I was about! Sex was what I was for! How could anything be better than this!?

I felt their hunger, but also their pleasure, a wild, exultant pleasure as their hands moved over my body, as their cocks pounded in and out of my heated tunnel, as their eyes and nose and lips tasted me and drank me in! And there was a kind of wonder and pleasure just at that, at bringing them so much pleasure.

But mostly it was just raw, wild, intense sexual hunger and pleasure, until I was so limp I couldn't hold myself in position any longer. They simply rolled me over, lifted my legs up and back, and continued to take me. It was as if they couldn't get enough of me! One after the other, and then starting over again!

I woke in a cage again. It was similar to the one I'd been in at Donald's place. But I liked it now. It felt... cozy. I felt clean, and indeed, I was clean. Someone had cleaned me. I remembered Cameron, then, vaguely, remembered laying in his arms in the tub, remembered soft kisses, shuddering heat. He had taken care of me.

Cameron occupied a warm place within me. I felt almost like... like I was his pet, in a way, and he was my owner, my master, my guardian and guide. He was many things rolled into one.

I was sore in places, particularly inside. The men had used me roughly, even violently. They had pounded into me in a way which probably would have damaged a normal woman. But I was more resilient, and healed quickly. I wanted sex, though, and tried to communicate that to Cameron over that shared mental link.

What if he didn't want to have sex, I wondered unhappily. But then I perked up, for surely one of the others would want to. Granted, they'd all taken me several times, but that had been a while ago. I was hungry again. Surely they were too?

I wasn't mindless, though. I wasn't an unthinking sexual animal or anything as I'd been right after the change. I was hungry in the way you could be hungry for food. It didn't make you crazy. It just made you want to satisfy that hunger.

I looked down at my wrists and felt a little thrill of dark excitement at the metal restraints. There was another pair on my ankles, and a collar around my throat. The feel of them was... exciting. It gave me a raw, sexual feeling, and added to my hunger.

I got that Donald and Ellis had kind of fucked with my mind, that they'd given me such pleasure every time I'd been restrained that the mere thought of it excited me still. But I also thought I had been moving in that direction anyway. There was something very selfishly freeing about being restrained during sex. It meant that you didn't have to do anything but experience the pleasure others gave you. You didn't even have to think, thus freeing your mind to revel in the heat and wicked pleasure.

And besides, the restraints meant hot, nasty sex was coming. That was what they'd meant before I went to Donald's house. That was what they'd meant there, and that was what they still meant.

I reached down and gripped the nipple rings, turning and twisting them from side to side, pulling at them so my nipples ached and throbbed hotly. What a slut I was, I thought in dark delight! What a hungry, nasty slut!

I knew the bondage was Cameron's thing, that the others could take it or leave it. But while none were as into it as he was, I knew it wasn't likely to bother them. Quite to the contrary, in fact. To me, this was a wild, kinky, sexy game, and they would treat it the same way. What man got upset at a naked girl crawling at his feet?

Maybe it wasn't forever, but for a while, at least. I was going to live the life of a hot, nasty, wicked sexual animal. A wolf girl who was a sex slave to her pack of hungry males.

Even the thought made me moan, and reach down to run a finger along my

pussy!

Then the door opened and I looked up through the bars of my cage. I saw Cameron, and felt a surge of heat, both mine and his! The link between us meant I could actually feel how he felt when he saw me there in the cage, and that added even more heat to the hunger within me.

He walked across to the cage and opened it, and I crawled out. I felt his fingers in my hair as I did, and gave control of myself to him, moaning as he pulled me along by the hair, then pulled me up on my knees. He unzipped, and I could see he was already hard, opening my mouth as he pulled himself free.

Heat rolled over me as my lips slid over him and I began to suck. I bobbed my lips in and out, forcing myself further and further down, excitement mounting as I took him deep into my throat and pressed my face against his groin. I rolled my eyes up at him, feeling his own heat reflected back at me!

He pulled me in and out by the hair, and I let him, submitting to it, becoming more aroused as I did. My arms were at my sides, limp, as he pulled me in and out by the hair, fucking my throat. I moaned helplessly around him, basking in his heat, inflamed myself.

Was I a masochist or something now? I didn't know or care. I just loved being the sex toy, being the sexual animal, the sexual pet. I let him fuck my throat, reveling in his use of me, my pussy burning hotter and hotter, even though he hadn't touched it!

He pulled out and jerked forward on my hair, flinging me forward onto my belly. Panting, moaning, I raised my bottom high, spread my knees, and reached back to grip my ankles, positioning myself for his use. And when he mounted me, when his cock plunged deep inside, I felt a sense of incredible contentment, of rightness, quickly swept away in pleasure and heat.

It took only seconds for the climax to spill through my veins and set me to trembling and shaking and crying out in pleasure. The orgasm was long, as they all were now, my body shaking and bucking for long, long seconds as he drove his steely cock into my burning pussy with furious strokes. But it didn't take him long, either. My heat spilled over onto him and drew him into the climax.

And then, as I recovered, I crawled along at his heels down the hall and into the

kitchen, very much like the family pet, and exulting in it. I had no idea what today would bring, and knew I had no control over any of it. I was fairly confident of one thing. I would get a lot of sex, and that was all I cared about.

Have praise, suggestions or complaints? writeargus@gmail.com

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