

# *Thrown to the Wolves*



**by JJ Argus**

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**Smashwords edition**

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

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Fido was a big dog, or at least, I'd always considered him big, until I saw the other one. The other one was ridiculously large, even compared to a big German Shepherd like Fido! I hadn't wanted Fido, mind you. It was exasperating, the way my father insisted on trying to ensure I was 'protected' from all the evils he thought existed in the world.

Fido had been the ironic, sarcastic name I'd given him after my father gave him to me. He'd rescued him from the pound, from certain death. Oh, I could refuse, all right, and just send him back to the pound – to die. I couldn't do that, so I was stuck with this huge, freaking mutt I had to walk and feed and clean up after, and who kept trying to shove his nose into my crotch.

Dogs and men weren't all that different in that sense.

He was reasonably obedient, and didn't generally tug really hard at the leash when I walked him, but that evening he saw this other dog across the park and took off like a bat out of hell, yanking the leash hard and taking me by surprise. I raced after him, of course, and I'd been on the track team in high school, but hey, he's got twice as many legs.

So before I could catch up to him he'd jumped on this other dog, and snarls and growls filled the air as panic lent me more speed. Of course, the closer I got to them the bigger the other dog looked. He was some sort of huge husky type, I guessed, though it was dark and they were tumbling and twisting around all over the grass.

“Fido! Stop it!” I yelled uselessly.

And then I did something really stupid. It wasn't anywhere near the first stupid thing I'd done in my life, because I had a habit of doing things on instinct rather than pausing to think them through clearly. You could argue it wasn't even the stupidest thing I'd ever done. But it was to have consequences I couldn't have imagined.

I darted in and grated at Fido's collar to yank him away, intending to use my foot to shove the other dog back at the same time. Only they were moving around a lot, and just as my hand got to his collar the other dog's jaws closed on it and bit!

I screamed as the teeth bit into my hand, and, strangely, the scream seemed to startle the other dog, which suddenly whipped end over end, pulling itself free from Fido. It seemed to look at me, then raced off, and I just had time to grab stupid Fido before he raced after it.

“You moron dog!” I yelled. “That thing is twice your size! How stupid are you!?”

The weird thing was he didn't even look like he'd been bitten! Stupid dog! Meanwhile blood was starting to ooze out of the bite my hand had taken! Damn!

I yanked on his leash angrily, pulling him after me, and the other dog had disappeared from view, so he came along, reluctantly. I got him back to my house, still yelling at him, then cleaned my hand, put some disinfectant on the bite, and then turned coward.

Yes, coward. You might think it wasn't very cowardly to lunge into the middle of a dog fight. But as soon as I had finished with my hand I decided I wasn't going to tell anyone. I definitely wasn't going to go and have it looked at by a doctor. I knew what that would mean; rabies shots!

I hated needles.

I argued with myself about the danger, but the coward part of me said that the strange dog hadn't attacked Fido. Fido had attacked him. And the moment it had become aware of me it had run off. That didn't sound like a crazed, salivating, rabid dog attacking everything in its path. No, that sounded like a calm, sensible dog.

Very few dogs had rabies, so I was playing the odds. Or so I told myself. If I'd actually read much on rabies I probably would have gone and gotten the shots, but all I knew (or thought I knew) was you got these big needles in the belly and they hurt horribly.

As It was, I remained kind of anxious about it for a few days, but the bite seemed to heal pretty quickly, and I didn't think too much about it after a week or so.

\*

I was the only girl in college who owned her own house.

It was a small bungalow, built in the fifties, and so, kind of old fashioned. My dream house would be open concept, with huge windows letting in tons of light, and a huge bathroom with a walk-in shower. There'd be lots of pot lights, and track lights, and everything would be very... shiny, from the floors to the cabinets.

This was not that house.

This was my grandmother's house. She died two years ago and left it to me in her will, on condition I live there rather than sell it. If I chose not to live there, the house would be sold by the trustee and the money given to the American Nazi Party.

My grandmother liked to get her way in things, and she wasn't above blackmail.

The bungalow had three bedrooms, a huge basement, and was on a half acre of land which bordered on tracts of woodland. It had great views in all directions, including, out back, a lake no more than fifty yards away. It was a fabulous location.

The will said nothing about renovating the place, so that was what I'd been doing, off and on, with the help of my father, a few uncles and older brothers, and sometimes guys I brought home. I had learned an awful lot of about how stuff works in a house during the previous two years

But the house still needed a lot of work to get it anywhere near where I wanted it, and I didn't have a lot of time to do that while going to school, not if I wanted any kind of life at the same time.

Not that I'm a party chick or anything. I'm just not an extrovert. I'm also judgmental as hell, which means I disapprove of most people I meet for one reason or another. Some of them disapprove of me, too. Sarcasm will get you that, and I use it too often, sometimes without thinking, sometimes with people I probably shouldn't be sarcastic with, like my professors at school.

Guys don't mind, of course. Guys like me. Because they want to get into my panties. Guys are whores. They'll put up with a lot if they think they have a chance, and they almost always seem to think they have a chance. Guys are optimists about sex, or maybe they just lie to themselves a lot. God knows they lie to me.

They all seem to think they're very good, too, even though, in my experience, most of them really aren't. There's a lot of complexity to having sex, but mostly they're interested in sticking it in, humping me like a dog, and then, well, they're done. That's like, 90% of sex, as far as most of the guys I've met seem to think.

You know how I said dogs are like guys in wanting to stick their nose in your crotch? I lied. Guys mostly don't really care for oral sex except as the recipient. They love that part. The other side, well, that's kind of a chore, even, to the brighter ones, a necessary chore, but one they want to get done quickly so they can get to the good stuff. Not a lot of enthusiasm, not a lot of expertise or skill there, for most of them.

I'm not saying I don't like sex, just that it could be so much better if my partner was more like, well, me. Which is one of the reasons I've thought about doing it with a girl more than a few times. But I don't know anyone who has similar thoughts and I'm not the type to approach people. With guys, I just let them approach me. I wouldn't know how else to meet anyone. Like I said, I'm a bit of a coward.

When the big guy approached me at the Black Witch, he did so with an arrogance which, frankly, I usually don't much like. In my experience, guys who are that forward, are full of themselves, think they're Gods gift to women, and can't imagine being turned down. I guess we all like people who are much like us, and I couldn't imagine being that confident when approaching a stranger.

He was really good looking, too, and clearly knew it. Maybe if he'd been ten years older he might have done something to deserve that cocky attitude, but given he was probably about twenty – the same as me – I kind of doubted it. People didn't have the right to be arrogant about their looks, as far as I was concerned. I knew I was attractive, and knew that none of that was my doing.

DNA, you know.

Now, I won't say he wasn't sexy, or that some part of me didn't find him... well, attractive, and not just in his looks. But he got into my space too quickly, and raised my resentment.

“You are fucking beautiful,” was his opening line.

I'll grant you it's not one I didn't appreciate, but it was accompanied an instant

later, just as I looked up at him, by him sliding his fingers into the front of my lacy half slip, and using it to pull me up and forward so he could kiss me on the lips.

I was wearing the half slip because the pink top I had on was... well, it was kind of low-cut. It wasn't outrageously low-cut, like some of the girls I could see, but it was a bit lower cut than I was comfortable with. So I wore this very cute, lacy white half slip under it, and that worked great. Not only did it produce a couple of inches of lace sticking out at the bottom of the shirt (I was wearing white pants too) but it had just the right amount of lace cutting across the center of what would otherwise be an uncomfortable amount of cleavage.

I was... startled, outraged, but impressed nonetheless by how ballsy he was, and, I admit it, how cute. He was a handsome, square jawed guy with broad shoulders and a very nice grin – even if it was cocky. And I admit feeling a kind of heat as the backs of his fingers briefly slid down across my breasts in passing.

But I had this thing, see. Guys don't get to touch me without permission, and especially not my breasts or other personal areas. I don't care how cute they are. They also don't get to kiss me! I mean, WTF!?

“Let's dance,” he said, pulling back with the same cocky grin on his face, his fingers still lightly inside my slip.

I batted his hand away and glared at him. “I don't think so,” I said.

He was obviously surprised, and I felt a sense of smugness in that surprise, but also irritation. I get it that guys are whores, okay. I get it that guys like this wouldn't care if I stuck my hand down the front of their pants and masturbated them. They'd love it! But even if they don't get, on a horny, emotional level, why they can't touch a girl without permission, they had to know on an intellectual level, unless they were complete morons.

Oh, I know, it wasn't like he'd actually grabbed my tits, but even so.

I turned away from him, annoyed that I was starting to feel my face flush, only to have him kind of lean over my shoulder (he was taller than me, like most guys)

“I know you want me,” he said, his breath actually on my cheek.

I whirled around and shoved him back, which only worked because he wasn't expecting it.

“You are just another big dick,” I said, glaring at him, “And I can get those anywhere.”

I then moved away from him and over to the bar, so I could complain to the bartender if he came near me again.

“I don't think he was expecting that,” a voice said right beside me.

I jerked my head to my right, glaring at a guy there, but he seemed a lot less offensive, and he was there first, after all. It wasn't like he'd chased me. I looked back at the big guy, who glowered at me, then walked away, and sniffed.

“Some guys are so incredibly arrogant,” I said.

“And some girls,” he said. “It comes from being told how great looking you are all the time.”

I made a face.

“I'm Liam, by the way,” he said.

I mentally sighed, but he seemed more, well, normal. He wasn't bad looking, had a much better tone to his voice, and wasn't a big giant either.

“Kerry,” I said, a little reluctantly.

He had brown hair, a little too long, kind of wavy... nice, in fact, kind of cute, actually, with really nice brown eyes and high cheekbones. He had nice lips too, I guess.

“I think with guys its worse if you're not only good looking, but big. Big guys tend to think the world should appreciate them more.”

“I appreciate brains more,” I said. “And the ability to act politely in public.”

“When you're big and good looking, everyone laughs at your jokes and approves of what you do,” he said. “That tends to give you a false sense of security that

whatever you say will be appreciated.”

“Don't tell me you're a psyche major,” I said.

He grinned and shook his head. “Veterinary Science.”

“Really? That's interesting.”

“You?”

“Just Liberal Arts for now,” I said. “I haven't really decided what interests me except for things like dance and theater and art and photography.”

“You like to dance?” he asked with a grin and raised eyebrows.

“Depending on the music,” I said.

“And this music?”

He had a nice grin, not cocky like the other guy. And yes, I love to dance, so... we danced. And he danced amazingly well! Most guys are either too enthusiastic, making themselves look dumb, or awkward because they feel goofy dancing. Liam moved beautifully! I loved dancing with him! And even more surprisingly, he seemed to love dancing too!

It's amazing how much contact you can establish with a person without saying a word. Just dancing together, just looking at each other, I began to feel this closeness with him, a level of comfort that I rarely felt with guys even after long conversations.

He touched me as we danced, in that advance and retreat way guys use, testing the waters, starting out on my shoulders, my arms, my hips, then my back, fingers sliding through my hair. And then we were close together near a wall and he leaned into me, looked into my eyes, and I felt this breathless sensation as I looked back.

His kiss was a lot softer, and a lot longer than the one the big guy had tried, and I liked it way better! My hands slid onto his shoulders and his around my back, and then down onto my ass, which I felt a hot little thrum of energy from as his kiss went on and got deeper!

I wasn't used to putting on displays in front of other people, even in a dark, noisy club, but I kind of lost myself in his eyes, and to his lips! His fingers kneaded my buttocks through my tight linen pants and I felt my chest tightening and butterflies swirling in my lower belly. Then his right hand slid off my ass and up my hip, up my ribs, and his fingers brushed firmly against my breast on their way back up through my hair.

I felt my nipples tightening and hardening inside the cups of my bra!

“You are a very sexy girl,” he breathed.

“Better believe it!” I gulped, face flushed.

He grinned and kissed me again, his hands caressing my back this time before he drew back.

“Want to go outside and get some air?” he asked, his eyes taking on that hopeful look I recognized.

“Okay,” I gulped.

I didn't feel threatened by him. The big guy, yeah, he would have done whatever he could. I didn't think Liam would.

We wandered out the front door and he took my hand. I loved the feel of his hand in mine! His hand was soft, warm, and yet felt quite strong as he held my hand just tight enough not to seem possessive or restricting.

I realized from the lack of traffic it was getting late. I'd been having so much fun dancing with Liam I hadn't realized. I raised my hand to check my watch, and it was the hand in his. Instead of letting it go he let it draw his hand up and pull him in closer.

“It's later than I thought,” I said.

“Really?” he said with a grin.

I flushed, realizing how he might have taken it, but then not sure I didn't want him to take it that way. I don't normally pick up guys and go home with them, believe me!

“We can just sit in my car for a bit and chat,” he said, leading me across the street, still hand in hand, and into the parking lot.

I felt my stomach getting a little fluttery again as we moved between the cars, and then stopped by a Jeep.

“This is yours?”

He nodded with a smile, then slid his hands around me. I felt my chest tighten, and then his lips were on mine again, and I was again appreciating just how good a kisser he was! Most of the guys I knew weren't nearly that good!

His body pressed me back against the side of his car, but not heavily, and his hands glided softly up and down from my shoulders to my hips and back, his thumbs brushing lightly across my breasts a few times during the trip, then stopping.

Right over my nipples!

I moaned into his mouth as he let his fingers arch across my full breasts and rub lightly up and down against my tingling nipples. And then when I didn't push his hands away, they slid fully in and cupped my breasts as his kiss deepened.

His lips moved constantly, his tongue dipping into my mouth, then sliding sensuously across my own. I responded to him, my own tongue joining his in a slow, delicious, exciting dance within our mouths!

His right hand slid down my body, caressing my hips again, up and down, then moving in to gently squeeze me between the legs. I gasped in surprise, but he pulled back and I returned to kissing him. But of course, he returned, squeezing me gently, then sliding around to knead my ass, before sliding back again.

The next time I knew, and my head was starting to get really fuzzy by then, the front of my pants was unclipped and the zipper was coming down and his hand was sliding down my abdomen, and slipping into the front of my thong.

I gasped again, my hand breaking free of his shoulder and immediately grabbing his wrist! But by then his hand was already deep inside my panties, his fingers stroking softly but insistently against my clitoris!

“L-Liam!” I gasped, pulling my head away.

“You are incredibly hot!” he whispered.

And I was! I felt as though I were burning up! I needed to tell him to move his hand but... I couldn't! In fact, his fingers were making my insides burn with a sexual hunger and need I couldn't remember ever feeling! My fingers loosened on his wrist, and I shuddered as he slid his hand into the front of my blouse, pulling down loose slip, elastic top, and bra cup in the same motion, then bending and taking the center of my breast into his mouth!

“Oh!” I gasped, eyes going wide as his mouth covered my flesh.

His teeth dug into my soft flesh, just enough to be felt, even as he started to suck, even as his tongue began to stroke back and forth across my aching, rigid nipple!

My hand was still on his wrist, but it was just along for the ride, not exerting any pressure at all as his fingers pushed deeper into my pants. I felt them sliding along my carefully shaven sex, felt them curling in, pressing against me as his thumb continued to work against my clit. My pants began to slide down my thighs as his hand worked actively inside my thong, and my breathing became harsh and ragged as heat flooded my mind!

You have to understand that this sort of thing was just not something I did! We were in a parking lot, for Gods sakes! But I was feeling a kind of sexual fever that left me drunk with heat and excitement even as he pulled his mouth off my breast and settled it against my lips again.

His left hand slid up my body and through my hair.

“Fucking love your hair!” he gasped into my mouth.

Then he kind of jerked back on it and I gasped aloud as his lips moved from my mouth down along the side of my throat! I felt his teeth chewing lightly, felt his lips kissing, sucking. Fingers pushed into me, penetrated me, and I felt soaking as they slid into me!

Then they eased back and I felt my thong jerking up harshly into my sex. I gasped again, this time at the aching as the thin fabric cut into me hard.

“Oh! What!?! Liam!” I gasped, forced up onto the balls of my feet.

He abandoned my hair, and seemed to drop down my body onto his knees. As he dropped he jerked down on the thong and I felt a wave of relief as the pressure stopped, but he kept jerking, pulling them down my legs, along with my pants, down around my ankles, in fact! And then his mouth was right against me!

I squeaked and grabbed at his hair, but the instant his tongue started licking at me I was... just fucking gone! I jerked convulsively, gurgling in breathless sexual heat, my hips starting to grind against him almost immediately!

OhmGod it felt good!

The intensity of the sensations redoubled, and I felt myself trembling, my head falling back against the car as I shuddered and moaned deep in my throat! His mouth was devouring me!

And then suddenly he sprang up in front of me, jerking me forward and bending me over the hood of a little Ford right next to his Jeep. I heard the sound of his zipper going down, and knew this was wrong, but didn't care.

*Crack!*

“Oh!” I gasped as he slapped my bottom!

His hands were strong as he kind of jerked me up a bit, and I felt my breasts pillow out against the hood of the car. Then he spread my legs wide and I felt my pants and panties had been pulled off one ankle – along with my shoe. I didn't care, though. I spread my legs gladly and his hand covered my mouth only a second before I would have cried out as I felt him pushing into me!

It was the most intense sexual sensation I'd ever had short of orgasm, and it was just short of orgasm! He slid into me, slick, warm, firm, like nothing in the world could possibly ever be better! He drove achingly deep inside me, until his hips were pressed firmly against my buttocks, then ground himself against me!

And was then that I came!

He responded instantly, thrusting into me with short, deep strokes that made me cry out again and again into the palm of his hand, the pleasure frying my brain! I

felt this incredible raw, animal sexuality! I'd never done anything so outrageous, having sex in a public parking lot, with my pants off! OhmGod! It was insane!

I felt a fear of discovery, but it was a background thing, unable to really make any impact through the wave after wave of pleasure which washed over me. I was coming like I couldn't remember ever coming before! And if it hadn't been for his hand over my mouth I'm sure everyone on the block would have heard!

When the orgasm finally subsided, it left me twitching, jerking, panting, and dazed. I groaned as his hands plunged under me and tore open the front of my blouse to fix on my breasts. I shuddered as he lengthened his stroke and slowed down.

For a long minute I just lay there, dazed, filled with the languorous afterglow of that massive orgasm. Then my mind became more aware of things, of the sound of traffic, the nearness of pedestrians, the possibility of discovery. But I was still kind of dazed by the power of that orgasm.

And even with the orgasm passed, my breasts felt warm and thrummed with energy in his hands, the nipples hard and exquisitely sensitive. His cock moved steadily inside me, and it felt even longer and thicker than it had! Its movement was starting to catch at my mind, to draw more and more of my still dazed focus inside myself.

God it felt good!

He abandoned my breasts abruptly, and I cried out as he jerked back on my hair, half lifting my torso off the car. Then his teeth were in against the side of my throat and his other hand was moving down my body to find my clitoris, rubbing at it as he continued to thrust into me.

I shuddered and moaned helplessly, becoming more and more transfixed by the feel of his cock moving inside me. It felt so big! I ached, but it was a darkly wicked, exciting, thrilling ache as he moved in and out, pushing himself painfully deep, then withdrawing!

He abandoned my hair, and drew his hand away from my clit, and I shuddered as my warm breasts pillowed out against the hood of the car. Then I heard a tearing sound, and my blouse came off completely. A moment later my slip was torn off, and then my bra was removed.

A part of me wanted to protest. I even half-heartedly grabbed at the fabric each time, but too late. I was just too dazed and aroused, too hot and rapidly burning up with need again as he thrust into me! And the realization I was now completely naked struck me with a shock of mixed anxiety and heat!

It was like 'Oh no!' and "Oh yeah!" at the same time!

Then he pulled out, grabbing my hair again, yanking me up and back on my feet as I cried out dazedly. Suddenly he was swinging me around and opening the door of his car. He reached in and did something, and the passenger seat kind of slid back as he showed an amazing amount of strength to seemingly effortlessly lift me up and turn me around, dropping me onto the leather seat.

Naked!

He climbed in as well, grasping my legs and lifting them up and back against me so that I kind of slid down on the seat. He closed the door and jammed my ankles right back over the top of the seat as he pushed himself into me once again, and I stared, amazed he didn't look that big. Oh, he wasn't small, but he just didn't look as huge as he'd felt!

I still moaned as he pushed deep inside me, though, and I felt a wave of relief at being in the car and not in the parking lot. At least people wouldn't see me as easily, not to mention hear me!

I shuddered and moaned as he started thrusting, his shoulders pressing my legs back even as I reached up to slide my hands around his neck.

He straightened, though, and reached for something on top of the seat. A moment later I felt something like the seat belt kind of wrapped around my ankles, and that kept them in place, freeing his hands to cup my breasts as he thrust into me.

"Tell me you're my bitch, Kerry!" he said breathlessly.

I only moaned.

His fingers closed on my nipples pinching them, twisting them.

"Tell me you're my bitch," he gasped.

“Ow!” I moaned. “I’m your bitch!”

He grasped my wrists and drew them up to his lips, kissing and licking them, then pushing them back against the top of the seat. A moment later I again felt something like seat belts wrapped around them, and then they were strapped in place.

He slid out of me and onto his knees on the floor of the car, and I gaped at him, panting for breath, extremely overheated. I gulped in air as he slid his hands up and down against my buttocks, then bent his lips to my pussy.

“Oh! Oh God!” I gasped. “Oh God!”

My head rolled back, and I tried to see up along my arms. It looked like my ankles and wrists were strapped tightly up there for ... some reason I didn't really care a lot about. I dropped my eyes to my pussy, which was much closer to me than normal given my position, and his mouth covering me there. His tongue drove impossibly deep into my pussy, twisting and turning so that I squealed and moaned and my hips bucked convulsively against him.

I started to writhe and twist, beyond speech, barely able to remember to breath! And then he rose up again, plunged into me, and I guess almost literally fucked my brains out! I cried out again and again, until I lost the breath to cry out, my mind rolling over and over again in a glittering, brilliant flashing forest of pleasure, of ecstasy! The orgasm was massive! I screamed almost breathlessly as the power of it tore through me, and then... and then everything faded to black.

I don't know how long I was out, but not very long I don't think. It was long enough for him to finish, though. I woke dazed, my body aching inside and out. I felt... very odd, and realized I was moving, no, the car was moving. I was in a car!

And then I stared out between my thighs and I remembered. I pulled at my wrists but they weren't going anywhere, and I stared up at them, then over at Liam, who turned and winked at me, giving me that cute grin.

“Wh-what... what... are you... doing?” I moaned.

“Driving,” he said.

I groaned and turned my head up again, not quite able to understand why I was... strapped up like this. I remembered the incredible sex, of course, but... that was over and... why was I still like this and... and then I felt and saw the thing in my pussy. I blinked in confusion. What the...

It was thick. I could feel it deep inside me, so it was long. And it was buzzing. I didn't have a vibrator, but after a few muzzy moments I realized that was what it was. But then I saw the other thing, a kind of flat coin-like thing pressed right against my bottom, right where my back passage would be, and I felt something inside me there too, something thick.

I couldn't understand it all. I drew in deep, shuddering breaths, and realized I was still aroused. And you know, when you're aroused, everything you experience is colored by that.

“My...”

I was starting to ask about my clothes, but that suddenly seemed unimportant. I was slumped on a car seat naked with my wrists and arms pressed up and back above me and strapped into place, and a vibrator in my pussy! Oh! My! God! I could hardly believe it! I gaped at myself, at my surroundings, but even as I did that sense of arousal began to grow worse.

I stared at the vibrator. Was that doing it!? It wasn't pressing against my clitoris, but I could still feel the vibrations through my flesh, and I could see how moist I was, could see how taut my pussy lips were as they squeezed around it, could see my clitoris, swollen and hard and slick. I shuddered again, pulling against the straps.

I was not a girl who went in for, well, kinky stuff, for experimental things. Sex was still relatively new enough and I was far from done mastering the basic roles and positions. It wasn't like I needed to try out new and weird things!

But I lay there, gasping, moaning, and feeling the wild, dark thrill of sexual hunger and.. adventure settle upon my mind.

“Wh-where are you going?” I half moaned.

“My place, where no one can hear you scream.”

I blinked at his words, brows furrowed, trying to puzzle it out.

“I promise you at least ten more orgasms,” he said. “I think they’ll be pretty loud.”

I stared at him in disbelief. “You’re crazy!” I moaned.

But my words weren’t as filled with derision as they would have been. I mean, prior to tonight I’d never had an orgasm from a guy fucking me, but now I’d had that... that incredible climax, a climax that put everything else in my admittedly brief sexual history to shame. But still... nobody had ten orgasms in a night!

Did they?!

He reached over and gripped the base of the vibrator. About an inch or so was sticking out of my body, and he pulled. I shuddered and my breathing quickened as I watched inch after inch... after inch appear! The vibrator was shaped, made to look like a real cock, and slightly curved, and I just stared, gaped at it in disbelief as it continued to emerge from my overheated pussy!

How could he have gotten that thing inside me!?

He pulled it out completely, the head finally appearing, and then began to rub it up and down against my clitoris.

“Oh! Oh please! Oh! Oh! Liam! Oh! God! OH!” I cried, my hips bucking and grinding frantically as the sensations, raw, buzzing, burning, crackling sexual electricity, poured through my body!

Then he pulled it away from my clitoris and pushed it into me in one looooooong push that made me cry out again, my back arching, wrists and ankles jerking convulsively against the straps!

He pushed it so deep it ached, as if he was trying to bury the long length of it in my body! I cried out as I felt the pressure of the head against what must surely have been the back wall of my pussy, and he eased the pressure, returning his hand to the wheel.

I had almost come, just that quickly, but now I subsided, if only a little, perhaps due to the pain he’d raised by pushing too deep. I was still gasping and moaning

in heat, though, and not at all far from another climax, a powerful one.

Untie me. The words were in my mind, and almost on my lips, but I never spoke them aloud. I was too hot, too aroused, too thrilled. I could only moan.

The car stopped, and he drew turned to me. His hand began to stroke against my clitoris as he gripped the vibrator with his other hand and began to pump it in and out, faster and faster. I cried out weakly, gasping, straining, twisting, and then... and then I screamed as the orgasm flooded through my nervous system, overloaded it, and made my muscles spasm violently and repeatedly.

I didn't lose consciousness from that orgasm, but I might as well have. I slumped back, literally drooling onto my chest, eyes slitted, chest heaving as he moved around the car and reached in from the open passenger door. I groaned as he did something, and my wrists fell away from above. Then my ankles were released, and he picked me up in his arms, lifting me out of the car.

An instant later he dropped me over his shoulder like a back of potatoes!

I moaned, my face against his back, bouncing a little as he moved. I felt him gripping my thighs together around front, and pushed feebly at his back, realizing as I did that the strap which had bound my wrists up above my head in the car were still wrapped tightly around them, binding them together.

There were trees around us, lots of them. I had no idea where I was. I was starting to feel calmer, though, my mind starting to function, despite the fact the blood was rushing to my upside down head.

“L-Liam,” I groaned.

*Crack!*

I gasped at the slap to my bottom.

“Speak when spoken to,” I heard him say.

I was still too dazed to be properly indignant about that.

Then there was light, and we were indoors, and he carried me through a place with finely grained wood on walls and floor, and up a flight of stairs. I started to

wiggle against him, and got another slap to the bottom. Which stung, damn it!

And then I was flying through the air, and landing hard ... fortunately on a bed. Liam leapt atop me, and reached up along my arms, then slid low once more, and I realized belatedly that my wrists were now strapped to the center of the headboard.

“Liam!” I gasped, pulling at them.

Strong hands pulled my thighs wide apart, and then his mouth was at me again!

*Fuck!*

I gaped at him, gasping, moaning, wanting to protest, but frankly, unable to bring myself to. It took shockingly little time, given the recent orgasm, before my mind was exulting in the sensations his mouth was raising in me.

His hands were so firmly on my thighs they could have been iron! I was utterly pinned, and utterly open. The tendons in my thighs ached with how far my legs had spread! But that was hardly something I cared about. All my attention was on what his tongue was doing to me, what his lips were doing to me, what even his teeth were doing to me!

It started to get hard to breath again, my breaths becoming ragged, my chest fluttering as heat spread up my body. I moaned and writhed in his grasp, wrists pulling, straining against the straps as an energy filled me which needed to be used. I needed to move, but I couldn't! I writhed and moaned and arched and bucked against his wild, licking, sucking, chewing mouth, then threw back my head and screamed like I had never screamed before in sex.

In fact, I had never screamed at all during sex!

I screamed now! And minutes later, a thin sheen of perspiration covering my skin, I screamed again, breathless sobs as much as screamed, really, though my throat still ached. And then even sooner, I began to writhed and sob and scream again as a howling storm of pleasure washed over me.

This storm wasn't like the others, though. The previous orgasms had been an endless howl, while this was like a freight train running over me, explosion after explosion of pleasure followed by very brief intervals as every muscle in my

body strained and my insides boiled with heat and energy. My skull felt like it would explode as they tore through me.

Multiple orgasms, one after the other, leaving me breathless and dazed and sweating.

And face down on the bed.

He'd flipped me over, and I hadn't even felt it... and then his strong hands jerked up on my hips.

*Crack!*

I moaned at the slap to my bottom.

“Spread your legs,” he ordered.

*Crack!*

I moaned again, drooling, eyes glazed over.

*Crack!*

I shuddered, and he jerked my legs apart, then cupped my wildly overheated pussy.

“Nasty little girl,” he said. “I'm not done with you yet.”

I moaned as I felt something big and soft – yet hard and warm, rubbing up and down the outside of my pussy. I was sopping wet as he pushed into me, sliding deep, and everything felt just so... so right as his hips pressed against my upraised buttocks!

I felt his hands sliding up and down across my hips, over my bottom, up and down along my sides, then pushing in below my chest to squeeze my breasts as he leaned over me, leaned low and licked along my shoulder. I gasped as I felt his hand jerked back on my hair, forcing my head up and back, and he sucked and chewed his way along the side of my throat.

“Tell me you're my whore, Kerry,” he breathed. “Say it.”

I only moaned, until he caught my nipple between his fingernails and began to dig them in.

“Oh! Ow! Ow! Don't! I gasped.

“Tell me you're my whore,” he growled.

“I'm your whore!” I gasped.

“Tell me you're my bitch.”

“I'm your bitch!” I moaned.

He rose back up, though still held my hair tightly, jerking it back as he thrust forward, his hips slapping against my buttocks faster and faster, so my whole body began to shake and shudder to the hard, body-blows. I gasped and grunted and moaned helplessly as he speared his enormous cock deep into my aching, burning pussy!

My brain itself felt like it was wobbling around in my skull as he continued to pound me with a savage ride like none I'd ever felt before! But there was a wild, animal hunger within me that seemed to revel in the harsh ride, and my mind swirled and churned with heat seething excitement as continued to pound himself against me with bruising force.

His cock felt ... huge! My dazed mind didn't understand it and didn't try. I mean, I'd seen him. He was okay, but no giant. But he sure felt like a giant inside me! I had never felt anything that big! He stretched me out and made me ache as he stroked in and out. But there was a wild heat in that, too, in being used like his whore, like a bitch in heat, being pounded like I'd never been pounded before!

I didn't understand why I felt such heat. I mean, this was all so wild that I just thought, well, okay, this rough, wild sex is a really incredible turn-on. When I thought at all, which, I admit, was seldom. I didn't try to reflect on how aroused I was, not then. Why would I? I just exulted in the heat and pleasure and drowned in the sensuality of it all, letting him do anything he wanted to me!

And as the pleasure built up to another massive orgasm, I began to cry out again and again, my head thrashing, my body shaking. The intensity of the pleasure built into a mind-shattering crescendo and I wallowed in the ecstasy, hoping

desperately it would last forever!

\*

I woke up in a cage.

To be more precise, it was a cell in a basement, with a steel door that had a tiny window high up so people could look in. I woke up sitting down on the concrete floor, my arms shackled to the wall above my head. I mean shackled. That is, heavy chains attached to thick metal shackles. None of those puny handcuffs. This was real old fashioned bondage.

Needless to say, I was startled. It took me a while, on waking, to realize where I was, for it was dark. I could see, after a fashion, though, enough to make out I was in a small stone room, and still naked, and shackled to the wall above my head.

None of which gave me a feeling of contentment and good will.

I stood up. There was nothing stopping me from doing so, though I had to turn around since my wrists were shackled to the wall, to heavy, thick rings bolted into the wall.

I gaped in the darkness, and felt a wave of fear sweep over me that I'd been kidnapped by a crazy pervert! But... oddly, the fear wasn't as bad as you might expect. There was something about Liam that had me convinced, deep, deep inside, that he wouldn't harm me. I didn't normally make snap judgments about people, especially guys, but it was as if I knew him somehow, knew his personality, knew who he was inside.

So while you might expect me to be freaking out, well, I wasn't. I was anxious, yes, mostly worried that someone had come in and, I don't know, hit me over the head and taken me away or something. You probably think that was weird, and so would I normally. I just trusted Liam.

Standing up wasn't doing anything for me, and I sat down, turning again, sitting against the wall with my wrists above my head. It wasn't cold, oddly. In fact, it felt hot and stuffy. And while I was feeling anxious, even alarmed, that wasn't really what was making me uneasy. I was feeling a sense of claustrophobia, thought the cell was probably about eight feet square.

More than that, I wanted to move! I wanted to pace, wanted to run, wanted to stretch and ... and just move fast, run in the woods or something. I didn't understand it but I was feeling incredibly restless there, far more than I was worried.

I heard a sound and looked up at the door, waiting, waiting... waiting. Then another sound, nearer, and then the sound of a heavy bolt being pulled back, then a second, before the door opened inward. Liam stood there, grinning down at me.

Again, you might expect me to be quivering with fear, but instead I only felt indignation.

“What the fuck!?” was what I said.

“Hello, beautiful,” he said, coming over and squatting in front of me.

“What the fuck, Liam?” I demanded, pulling indignantly at the chains.

He grinned. “We wouldn't want you to hurt yourself,” he said, skimming his fingers through my hair.

I jerked my head to one side, pulling my bangs from his fingers.

“Unchain me, you moron!”

“I will, I will,” he promised. “Just not yet.”

“Why not?”

His hand slid down my body, and despite everything I felt a thrill as his warm fingers rolled my nipples. I was kind of sitting on my heels, though with the backs of my feet flat against the floor, and his hand pushed suddenly in between my legs. I gasped, my thighs jerking apart.

“Liam!”

“I have a story to tell you,” he said.

“Wh-what kind of story?” I gasped as his fingers found my clitoris.

“It's the story of a girl who went playing in the woods and ran into the big bad wolf.”

“Are you supposed to be a big bad wolf?” I demanded.

“I'm not that big, and not that bad, but I'm definitely a wolf,” he said as his fingers gently caressed my pussy.

“And that's why you ate me up, I suppose,” I gulped, remembering the intensity of the heat he'd made me feel.

He grinned, his teeth surprisingly bright even in the near dark.

“I do like to eat,” he said. “And I like to play.”

“Unchain me,” I whined, trying to reach for him.

“I will, once you're safe.”

“What does that mean?” I demanded, heating up despite myself.

“You might go a little nuts during your first change, and I want to make sure an alpha is around to control you.”

“What? What the fuck are you talking about?” I demanded.

“He's talking about you becoming a werewolf,” a new voice said.

I gasped, jerking my head up to the doorway, to where a man stood there looking down at me. I jerked my wrists against the shackles, and tried to twist away from his gaze, but of course, wasn't in much of a position to cover up, especially with Liam's hand between my legs holding me in place.

The words themselves didn't really even register compared to his presence. His light brown hair was too long, hanging to his collar on both sides of his head, and he had a light beard and mustache. He was an attractive man, with a soft, almost melodic voice, but there was a certain... gravitas to him. He was a man that impressed you almost instantly as decisive, strong-willed and determined.

And like Liam, there was that air about him of someone who wouldn't hurt me.

Not that he was harmless, not by a long shot! But despite the shocking circumstances, and the deep embarrassment, I felt a kind of trust in him!

He was wearing jeans, a white shirt and a brown suede vest as he moved in and squatted in front of me.

“Do you remember a rather large dog biting your hand a few weeks ago?” he asked.

The question was ridiculous, given the circumstances, but it was even weirder that he knew about it! I mean, no one had been around but me and Fido and the other dog! So I just stared at him in hapless astonishment, face still bright red as his eyes unapologetically skimmed over my naked body.

“That dog was actually a werewolf,” he said, “Named Connell. He was out and about playing, and decided to play with your dog when it attacked him. Dogs play by biting each other, among other things, though not too deeply. Unfortunately, human skin is a lot more prone to damage than chewing on a dog with a heavy layer of fur.”

He was crazy, I thought, and rolled my eyes to Liam. Maybe Liam was crazy too!

“Connell was in wolf form, and bit you, however lightly, breaking the skin. Tomorrow night, you're going to have your first change. And you'll have four legs instead of two.”

“You're crazy!” I gulped.

“No, but you will be. You'll be a violent little psychopath for a time. Then you'll feed, calm down, and get a bit more control of yourself. The next time you change you'll have more control, though you'll still be a danger to anyone around you other than other weres. After a month or two you'll be able to handle the change without attacking others, unless the circumstances tempt your instincts too strongly. If they run away, for example.”

He looked at Liam for a moment, and Liam made a kind of a face, then stood up and took off his jeans and sweatshirt. I gulped, wondering if there was going to be some kind of nasty...

And then Liam's skin began to flow across his body! Then he dropped onto his hands and knees and the shape of his face changed, distending, pushing up and forward as hair... fur... swept across his body. I gaped at him as his arms narrowed, his legs shortened and narrowed and then.. and then there was a wolf standing there looking at me, panting!

“You'll be doing the same tomorrow night,” the older guy said.

I shook my head, deeply rattled for the first time, eyes bulging as Liam looked at me, then leaned in and licked my face!

“Go away, Liam. Kerry and I need to talk,” the other man said.

Liam turned and walked away ... on four paws!

The other guy sat down, cross legged, in front of me, just looking at me as I felt my brain churning wildly. Mind you, I should have been hysterical. I might have wondered why I wasn't, or why I was starting to calm down so quickly, but didn't.

“My name is Cameron,” he said. “I am one of the leaders of the wolf-pack Liam and Connell belong to. As such, it's my responsibility to ensure you don't go on a bloody rampage when you turn, to help you gain control over your beast, and to keep you from either exposing us or getting yourself killed in the process.”

I could only stare at him! I wasn't even feeling embarrassed any more!

“Connell will apologize for his error when you meet him,” he said. “Not that that's worth much. Clearly he didn't mean to do it, but he should have been more careful. He's already been severely punished if that makes you feel any better.”

“There's no such thing as werewolves!” I said desperately.

He gave me an ironic look.

“And anyway, werewolves don't turn into wolves! They turn into big, giant hairy... man monsters!”

He smiled faintly. “There are a lot of legends and stories about weres, few of them very accurate,” he said.

“It's not possible!” I said desperately.

He reached forward and slid his fingers across my cheek. “Is it?” he asked.

He drew his hand back, just in front of my face, and it... changed! It began to thicken, sprouting hair, the fingernails narrowing and lengthening into claws!

“There are things alphas can do, which the weaker members of the pack can't,” he said. “Controlling the change is one of them.”

He held out one thick finger, with a sharp, inch long nail sticking out the tip! Then he traced it very lightly along my cheek, and down the side of my neck.

“Think of how you feel already, Kerry,” he said. “You haven't even changed yet, but you already feel a kinship for us, do you not? You already feel as if you know us. You sense things about us, though not nearly as much as you will soon. You're beginning to feel a part of us, and that will grow much deeper in the days to come.”

I pulled against the shackles helplessly.

“L-let me go!”

“Can't,” he said. “Not until you gain control of yourself. Until then, an alpha has to help you. You might go insane otherwise, and become a ravaging beast.”

“I won't! I don't believe you anyway!” I blurted.

“You don't believe your own eyes?”

“I-It's a trick!” I gulped. “It's all special effects! That's why you keep it so dark in here!”

“Special effects,” he said. “So I'm not doing anything to comfort you, to smooth out what would otherwise be enormous shock at what's going on?”

“You're not d – !”

He showed me his finger again, the one with the pointy claw, and then dropped his hand down between my thighs.

“Wh-what are you... don't touch me!” I cried.

I gasped as he pressed his slim nail directly into my clitoris! I felt a stinging sensation at the sharp touch, an aching and then.. and then a wall of heat swept over me, taking my breath away!

I'd never felt so aroused! I'd never felt arousal turn on like that, like... like flipping a switch! I gaped at him, breathless, my mind suddenly sweltering under a suffocating wall of arousal which wouldn't let me keep my body still! I gurgled helplessly, and my hips bucked forward, even though every time they did I was jamming my clitoris harder against that sharp, aching claw!

“One of the gifts, I guess you could say, that alphas have,” he said, “Is the influence they have on lesser, weaker wolves. “We try not to abuse it, but it's very useful when they lack their own control, which unfortunately happens fairly frequently. Weres have enormously powerful instincts, and have a hard time controlling them.”

I was sweating, gasping for breath, moaning as I sought to jam myself against his claw as hard as possible!

“And female weres can find it even more difficult,” he said. “Wolves, you see, like many other mammals, go into a heat cycle. You've heard of a bitch in heat? Yes, well, female weres are like that around the full moon – which is tonight.”

He eased his finger back even though I didn't care if he jammed it all the way inside me! I craved his touch like a drug addict needing her fix!

“On the other hand, that can be a good thing,” he said. “It can provide an outlet for all that wild, animal energy you find within yourself. Males tend to use up that energy fighting, which can be more of an... issue.”

He drew his sharp claw slowly up my trembling abdomen, then up across my heaving chest. I cried out as he pushed it against one nipple, feeling an explosion of heat amidst the sharp stinging pain, a wild burning hunger in my breast.

“Wearing yourself out through sex is far more pleasant, far less damaging, and easier on the furniture,” he said with a grin.

He drew his hand back, and I felt my back arching as I sought to follow his

finger with my breast, moaning when he pulled back too far.

“It's also useful in training you,” he said. “Men generally need to be beaten to learn their place in the pack. You can call that the stick. Women, on the other hand, can be trained with the carrot. Not that the stick isn't always there, too. But we value our females. There aren't a lot of them. For some reason, women have more resistance to whatever it is in our saliva which makes men catch our little... disease.”

He folded his arms across his chest, watching me tremble and moan, imploring him with my eyes to touch me.

“Unfortunately, they also tend to die a lot more during their first month,” he said. “Which is one of the reasons I'm not taking any chances with you. We're already responsible for completely disrupting your life. I don't want us to be responsible for ending it.”

“Wh-What are you doing to me?” I moaned helplessly.

“At the moment, nothing.”

“I-I want...”

“Me? Yes, of course you do. Can I rouse your lust? Yes. I can. I don't have a scientific answer to you as to how. Call it metaphysical, call it magical, call it what you will. There is a connection between us. There is a connection between you and all the members of the pack. But the connection is much stronger with alphas. Alphas are the soul of the pack, and our mood, our will, affects your mood, your will. My desire will bring out yours unless I control it.”

“I don't even know you!” I cried.

He smiled. “You already know me better than you've ever known any other man. You just don't feel it except on a subconscious level. You'll know me even better after your first change.”

“But I don't want to change,” I whimpered.

He nodded unhappily. “If I could spare you going through it I would. There are things even an alpha can't control.”

I moaned, laying my head back against my shackled arms.

“I can't spare you the hunger which will come with the full moon either. That hunger has to be sated with blood and violence, or, because you're female, with sex. Fortunately, weres have little in the way of modesty, and don't judge people about sex. They have a very wolf-like feel about things like that, about natural bodily functions and instincts.”

“But there are compensations,” he said. “Your hearing is already better, so is your eyesight, particularly your night vision. Your sense of smell is better and will get drastically more so. You're virtually immune to diseases, and will get much stronger than you were.”

“But of course, with all your other senses enhanced, so too is your sense of touch.”

He cupped my breasts, squeezing them gently, lifting and pressing them together, then let his thumbs brush lightly across the rigid nipples. One thumb was hairy, with a sharp claw on it, while the other was just a regular thumb.

It didn't matter. My nipples burned and throbbed and felt like they were about to explode! I whimpered and moaned at the flood of sensation, feeling as though I were on the edge of climax for endless, endless seconds! My mouth opened and closed and I gurgled breathlessly, arching my back, frantically trying to jam my swollen breasts into his hands!

Then his right hand dropped low and this finger thrust into me. It was thick and I screamed, though I was sopping wet. It... hurt, for he thrust it in so quickly, so forcefully! And then I climaxed, my scream much louder, my hips bucking desperately against his finger as he thrust it in and out. My body jerked and thrashed, feeling as though flames covered my skin!

But these flames didn't bring pain! They brought almost unbearable pleasure!

I didn't quite lose consciousness, but sank limp, half hanging by my wrists, gulping in air, flushed and sweating, as he folded his arms across his chest again to watch me.

“Nymphomania isn't actually real,” he said, “Not in humans anyway. But around the time of the full moon you'll become not a lot different. With males, they need

to hunt, to tear flesh apart, to swallow, to feel that conquest. With females, you can instead feel the heat and hunger and victory of your pleasure sating you. You should be glad of that.”

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I was alone in the cell, feeling even hotter than I had before. I tried to remember what the man's name was, and finally recalled it. Cameron. Yes, that was it. Cameron. I wished he were there, wished he would come back. I felt terribly alone and my body burned. My flesh felt hot and raw, my nipples aching.

I had no idea how long I'd been there. For the first little while my mind had been filled with shocked disbelief at what he'd said and what he'd done. I tried to imagine how he could have done what he'd done. Some kind of trickery could have accounted for his hand changing, perhaps even for Liam changing into a big dog.

But how did he make me so incredibly aroused so easily, so quickly?! And why was I still aroused, deeply, incredibly aroused!?! My nipples were still rock hard, and a sheen of perspiration covered my skin. I breathed as if it was the middle of a heat wave filled with humidity. But that was a draining, exhausting heat, and I didn't feel drained. I felt full of energy, mostly sexual energy!

There was a pit of bubbling lava between my legs, and I kept grinding my thighs together, desperately trying to deny the ridiculous story Cameron had given me. The idea I was going to change into some kind of animal, into a wolf, was ridiculous! How could anyone believe a story like that!?

And yet, I writhed in an agony of heat and want and hunger that that no amount of rubbing my thighs together seemed able to satisfy! What accounted for that?

Not that I was able to reason things out very easily. A fog seemed to envelope my mind, a hot, seething fog of arousal and sexual desire. I turned towards the wall and stood so I could get my hands down between my legs, then masturbated, over, and over and over again. The orgasms were intense, though not as intense as they'd been with Liam, and exhausted me, but they did little to push aside the heat within my body.

I ground my breasts and those aching nipples up and down against the wall, and thrust my fingers deep into the burning furnace between my legs, crying out

again and again as I climaxed, trying to force my fingers deeper, trying to rub harder.

“You’ll hurt yourself if you keep that up,” a voice said behind me.

I gasped, trying to spin around. Of course, my arms were chained to the wall, which made that difficult, but I saw Cameron there.

“Fuck me!” I gasped.

“Hmm. You should sit down,” he said, pushing me to my knees and turning me around so my back was to the wall again.

I had no embarrassment at him seeing me naked now. I sat back, spreading my legs wide, exposing myself to him, eager for his attentions, for what was inside his jeans!

“I brought you some water. You’ll be using a lot of it up and it’s important not to dehydrate,” he said, squatting down in front of me.

“Fuck me!” I gasped.

“It wouldn’t do you a lot of good yet,” he said. “It won’t relieve the hunger inside you, any more than what you’re doing now.”

He nodded at where I was grinding my thighs so tightly together.

“I don’t care!”

He nodded. “I care,” he said.

“You don’t want to fuck me?!” I exclaimed, pushing my breasts out.

“Oh... yes,” he said. “But the measure of an alpha is his self control, his ability to shield himself from emotions and instincts.”

“People fuck too!” I moaned.

“Trust me, you’ll get a lot of sex, more than you’ve ever had in your life.”

“When!?”

He reached out and his hand cupped my pussy. My head jerked back hard, my back arching and my legs straining wide as I cried out in pleasure and heat.

“When I say so,” he said slowly.

His fingers sank into me, making me ache, and the nail of his thumb pushed in against my swollen clitoris with painful force. My body trembled and shook and violent spasms made me jerk back again and again as the orgasm consumed my mind. It went on and on, as I trembled like a leaf in a howling windstorm, until my mind almost blanked out again.

Then I went limp against the wall, gulping in air, I dropped my head low, staring, and saw that he had four fingers stuffed up inside me. I stared at them wonderingly. They weren't small fingers. My pussy lips strained wide around them. The hook of his thumb was curled up across the top of my sex, but his thumb was raised, not pressing against my clitoris any more.

“You aren't quite there yet,” he said.

The orgasm had faded, but I was still twitching to the remnants, to the after-echo of its power as I sought to catch my breath. I moaned as he turned his hand a little to the side, then back, and realized the heat within me was still burning. My breasts still felt swollen and overheated, and my nipples still sparkled like live electrical wires.

“If it makes you feel any better,” he said, “In men, instead of sexual hunger there is anger and a build-up of aggression, murderous aggression.”

He slid his fingers slowly out of my pussy and I moaned, hips bucking convulsively.

“Still, you can hurt yourself,” he said.

He gripped my ankles and lifted them up and back above my head. Then he shifted them apart, and I felt the stone wall against the backs of my feet as he clamped shackles around my ankles.

It left me, to say the least, in an obscenely exposed position, but it also left me unable to even grind my thighs together to get at the burning between my legs!

He sat down and looked me up and down appreciatively.

“You are far too beautiful a girl,” he said. “You'll be much sought-after among the males of the pack. Unfortunately, that can lead to a lot of violence; the males fighting to claim you. A number of my pack would die in such fighting.”

“Fuck me,” I moaned.

“Not yet.”

“Why did you chain me like this if not to fuck me!?”

“I admit that it does place you in a very... good position for that,” he said, “but I chained your ankles to keep you from masturbating. You'd do it non-stop otherwise, and as you became more frantic... and stronger, would likely hurt yourself.”

“This is making me insane!” I moaned.

“That's why you're shackled, to keep you from hurting yourself or anyone else.”

“I just want to be fucked!” I moaned.

“No, you want to release all that sexual heat and pressure within you. Unfortunately, having sex is not going to do that yet. Not until after you've changed, and then changed back.”

He held a plastic cup to my mouth and I drank, drank deeply, sloppily, spilling some onto my chest but not caring.

“What I think I'm going to have to do is make you my dega,” he said.

I stared at him blankly.

“You see, in the pack, the alpha males get first pick of the females. I am the second ranking alpha male, and our leader, Donald, is already life-mated.”

He reached forward and I gasped as he seized my nipples between the pads of his thumbs and forefingers, then began to roll them gently from side to side.

I moaned and gasped, trying to push my breasts forward, but he simply continued to gently caress my stiff nipples for long seconds. Then he abruptly pinched his fingers together, so that I felt a sharp ache in my nipples and cried out. He pulled his hands back slowly, stretching my burning nipples, then released them to caress them gently again.

“A dega is not a mate,” he said. “It’s a plaything. You are far too young for me to have any serious interest in you as a mate. I admire strong, powerful women who demonstrate a keen intelligence and judgment as well as self-control, and that is not you. You will have no self-control for some time, and you are too young to have much in the way of sophistication or judgment.”

He pinched my nipples sharply again, and again I cried out, arching and gasping as he stretched my nipples. Again he released them, only to gently stroke them between his thumbs and forefingers.

“Claiming you as my dega will not please the males of my pack, but it will keep them from killing each other. It will not much please the females either,” he said with a sudden grin. “They don’t approve of the whole notion, which is old and hardly ever used any more.”

My nipples felt rock hard, and I groaned helplessly as his fingers gently rolled and caressed them. Then I hissed as he pinched them once more, tugging them up and out sharply before releasing them once more.

“Even as my dega, however, your behavior will reflect on me. I am known for my self-control, and you must be, as well. That is not something you will instinctively possess. Quite the contrary, so I will have to instill discipline in you.”

“I don’t know what a dega is,” I gasped. “I just want you to fuck me.”

“A dega... is a sexual toy and servant,” he said, before plunging his fingers into my pussy again.

I cried out, my entire body thrumming with heat as he brought his thumb down

against my clitoris. His thumb rubbed furiously as his fingers pushed deep into my body, and the orgasm exploded within me, flooding out through my very pores as I screamed and thrashed and twisted against the shackles and chains holding me in place.

\*

It was hard to remember what it had been like to be human. My claws clicked against the stone floor as I paced back and forth, confined and hating it, growling at the door. I rose up and thumped my paws against it to no avail, and growled low in my throat. I was hot, and I wanted to run. I wanted sex, too, but there didn't seem to be any males around.

I dropped back down and slurped water from the big bowl set in the corner. I'd already eaten the raw meat which had been left in place, and wasn't hungry as such, not for food anyway. But my skin fairly crawled with frustration. I needed to be moving, to be running, or to be ridden and ridden hard!

I paced endlessly back and forth around the small room, growling from time to time, stopping to drink, then pacing again. I looked at the things hanging from chains on the walls, and grabbed on, but it was hard against my teeth. I seized the chain and tried to pull, to tear it, but it resisted.

I rolled on my back several times, back and forth, then drank more, then paced more, restless, helplessly, horribly restless! I had no human thoughts. I felt only instincts. My nose pushed against the crack in the door because I could detect the faintest trace of air there, of far-distant scents.

Finally, somehow, I exhausted myself, and lay down, nose to tail, still twitching, still frustrated, and eventually, slowly, after a great deal of time, not that I could measure time, I fell asleep.

\*

I woke up, dazed, my body aching all over. I had no idea where I was, at first, then remembered, and groaned as I sat up. I'd been sleeping on the floor, but at least I wasn't chained any more. I wondered how – and then... I remembered, kind of, as if in a dream, remembered feeling fur all over, remembered my paws, remembered wolf-like thoughts.

The memories didn't have the sharp clarity of normal memories, but they weren't scattered and fading things like in a dream either. Had I really changed into a wolf!? I looked at my hands, down at my body. It seemed normal enough.

I also felt warm, both inside and out. I was... I felt aroused, but it wasn't the all-consuming thing I'd felt before. I didn't feel the desperate need to touch myself, to come. I was horny, yes, but as an issue, that wasn't as important as what the hell was going on.

My mind felt clear and sharp, without that horrible miasma of heat and need filling me, but my body ached everywhere, inside and out, and I reeked, too. I must have sweated a ton.

I heard the sounds first, distant, far too distant to have heard normally, yet I did hear, and followed them as they became closer. I knew it was Cameron well before he got to the door. I just didn't know how I knew.

I gulped and looked down at myself. It seemed pointless and silly to be embarrassed about being seen naked given my memories of what he'd done and seen of me already, but I was anyway. I sat up, then knelt, my thighs together, my right arm across my chest as the door opened, and blushed as he looked in at me.

“Feeling better, I see,” he said.

Remembering what a rabid whore I'd been, my face flushed more deeply. God, I'd begged him to fuck me!

And why hadn't he anyway, a part of me wondered? Did he think he was too good for me? Hadn't he said I was beautiful? Maybe he was gay!

“Come with me,” he said.

I felt a sense of relief and excitement at being released from the cell, but I still flushed as I had to stand up and expose more of myself to him. Again, I told myself I was being silly, but it didn't seem to matter. His big hand closed around my upper arm and he pulled me to the door, firmly but not roughly.

A part of me resented his grip, but another part appreciated it far too well. I mean, I was horny, yes, though not crazy horny, but when his bare skin touched

mine, that level of arousal deepened almost at once. And as my arousal deepened my embarrassment and self-consciousness at him seeing me naked began to fade.

We walked along a narrow stone corridor, then up a flight of steep stone stairs, finally emerging into a large and open basement with narrow, barred windows letting light flood in. Given how dark it had been down below I squinted against even that amount of light as he drew me across the basement.

There was a metal tub sitting on the floor with water in it.

“Get in,” he said.

I looked at him uncertainly, but he pulled me forward by the arm and I stepped into the tub. It was coolish, but my body was still overly warm so I didn't mind.

“Sit down and I'll explain a few things to you as I'm washing you.”

I looked at him doubtfully. “I can wash myself,” I said.

“Nevertheless, sit.”

I sat down and he looked at me, then unbuttoned his shirt. I watched, and felt a rush of heat as he pulled it open and off.

Cameron was... really... well-built!

I felt my lips form an O of appreciation, and my eyes locked on his pectoral muscles and rippling stomach. I felt my breathing skip a beat as that arousal I'd been feeling grew even more powerful. It still wasn't the terrible, all-consuming fever I'd felt earlier, but I wanted this guy!

Cameron dropped to his knees beside the tub, then picked up a sponge and pushed his hand into the water. He soaked it, then drew it up and squeezed it, letting water spill onto my breasts. My nipples were so hard, and so sensitive, that even the spill of water on them made me hiss.

He repeated his actions, even pressing the sponge against my head and letting the water pour down through my hair and across my shoulders. I appreciated the coolness of the water, but even so I was getting warmer.

“I need to explain to you some of the things about what you're going to feel, and about the rules of being a member of the pack,” he said.

I was smelling him as he talked. It was a nice, clean smell, with some kind of gentle soap thrown in, but the scent itself, that was something... wolf-like, and don't ask me to define what that meant because I couldn't have put it into words even for myself.

He continued to squeeze the sponge, letting water pour over me, soak me. It was very relaxing, or would have been if my eyes weren't fixed on his chest.

I started to reach out for it but he caught my wrist and held it firmly as he put the sponge back and picked up another. He dipped the second one in the water, then began to brush it against my hand, wrist and arm. Soap. There was soap inside it, I realized, a gentle soap which didn't smell much, but I saw the soapy lather raised across my forearm, then up my upper arm.

He lowered my hand into the water and soaped up my shoulder, then brought the sponge down across my chest.

“A dega is a member of the pack, and the pack has very strict rules which are harshly enforced,” he said sternly. “However, as a dega is subordinate to her owner, I will be responsible for ensuring you follow pack rules, and punishing you when you fail.”

I felt a flicker of awareness.

“Owner?”

“In a manner of speaking.

“So I'm like... your slave?”

Oddly, along with the resentment came a hot little flutter of heat. Me, Kerry Moore, sex slave!

My eyes moved back to his chest again. To this guy!

“Slave is the wrong term,” he said. “But the effects are much the same. Not that it matters. Within the pack, the weak obey the strong. They don't just do it

because of fear of punishment, either. They feel a... an instinctive requirement to defer to the strong, to please the strong. That's especially so with alphas.:

“It's all very metaphysical, and maybe our shaman can explain some of it, but the important part is that when an alpha wants you to do something, well, deep inside, you really want to do that thing, to please that alpha.”

I sucked in a breath as the sponge began to rub over my breasts. It wasn't exactly a soft sponge, and given how hypersensitive my flesh was there it felt scratchy against me. But that didn't matter. My breasts burned and my nipples tingled as the sponge moved over them.

He slid the sponge downward, rubbing my lower chest and belly, then gripped my left ankle, raising my leg up and straightening it as he used the sponge on my foot and ankle.

“As for sex, you are, as I said earlier, going to be extremely... aroused around this time of the month. On the other hand, your previous time of the month won't happen any more. This has replaced it.”

“What? I get no period?” I asked, startled.

He shook his head.

“Wow. Cool.”

“This can be as frustrating, though at least, unlike the heat you felt earlier, you can do something about this to uhm, alleviate the tension.”

“You mean I can have sex.”

“Only with me or whomever I tell you to.”

I stared at him, and felt a swirl of confusion. On the one hand, the idea he could tell me who I could have sex with went completely and ridiculously against the grain. On the other hand, I liked the idea of having sex with a lot of people. And then there was a third hand, yes, a hand I'd never had before, an instinct I'd never felt before, which was the instinct to immediately agree to whatever he wanted. The idea of disagreeing with him, of opposing him, was absurd to that instinct.

I could feel his power somehow. I could sense it, with a sense I'd never had before. I could feel the roiling, swirling power within his body, and some animal instinct made me want to go on my belly before it.

His soapy sponge went down my thigh and even into the water, which was now starting to get soapy too. I gaped as he extended my leg, the sponge rubbing along my inner thigh, and then... against my pussy! It felt scratch there too but made me shudder and almost melt. I felt my back sag across the lip of the tub, my arms dropping as I moaned in heat.

Yet he was acting entirely clinically, and soon lowered my leg into the water, moving around to the other side to lift the other leg and soap up that foot and leg.

“Obedience in the pack is instant and total,” he said. “That sounds worse than it is. It's not like you can't make your opinion known, but how much weight is given that opinion depends on your standing in the pack, and your standing depends on your strength, just as in normal wolf packs.”

I gurgled softly as the sponge reached down along my inner thigh so that, in brushing me there, it rubbed against my pussy! My pussy felt raw and incredibly tender, as if my sex lips were swollen out!

“But the problem is there are so many powerful animal instincts that it's hard for people to overcome them,” he said, lowering my leg. “Sit forward.”

I moaned as he pulled me forward and began to soap up my back.

“That's why discipline is harshly enforced. The fact we heal almost any injury means that discipline can be harsh and violent, which unfortunately does meld well with our predatory instincts.”

I gasped as I felt his fingers in my hair, pulling my head up and sharply back. I stared up into his serious face.

“Did I mention that part? An injury which would kill a normal human will heal very quickly for us. Broken bones can heal within hours. Combined with our immunity to diseases, and probably other things I don't understand, we tend to live a lot longer than normal humans.”

“W-we do?” I gulped breathlessly.

“Quite a bit longer,” he said.

He used his fingers to soap up my hair, then had me sit forward. He had a hose and turned it on for a minute, setting the temperature, then let it wash down over my head, rinsing away the soap. He turned the nozzle onto my chest and back, and then had me stand as he completed rinsing me off.

He threw a soft towel around me, drying my soaking hair and body, then led me over to a corner where there was a small sink and toilet. He picked up a blow dryer and brush and brushed out my hair as he dried it, and I stared at his pecs and abdomen in fascination, finally reaching up and running my fingers along his soft skin.

He was very gentle for such a strong man, and I found the heat rising within me once again, even as he moved around me brushing my hair.

“We're going upstairs,” he said.

He took my arm as he had earlier, and led me up a set of wooden stairs to the first floor, then turned and led me up another flight, then another! We wound up in a large kind of attic. The floor was polished pale wood, and the sloping roof above was painted white. The windows let in plenty of light on what looked almost like a small dance floor or gym.

“This is our training area,” he said. “It's used for a number of things.”

Aside from a few chairs, tables and cabinets along the edges, the floor, covered in a gray carpet, was empty. Cameron led me to the far side to stand before a table, then picked up something from the table. It was a collar, and he placed it around my neck. My hands rose instinctively and he slapped them away.

“Wha – .”

“This will tell anyone who sees you that you belong to me,” he said. “They'll know anyway, of course, since they've already been told. But this will reinforce the message to their wolves.”

“Their – ?”

“Sometimes we talk about ourselves and our people in two ways. We talk about

us, and we talk about our beasts, or our wolves. We use the latter terms when talking of our instincts, as if we have a wild animal inside us. Because in a sense, we do.”

He locked the collar around my throat and examined it.

“The moment one of our people sees you they'll see that collar, and their beast will be pushed down. It will help them repress their instincts.”

His big hand slid behind my neck, and then abruptly pushed me forward, bending me over the desk. I gasped, reaching out and grasping the desk as my breasts flattened against the wood.

“And what instinct are you feeling now, little wolf?” he asked.

I gasped as his other hand slid between my legs, his fingers dancing across the surface of my sex!

“Spread your legs,” he ordered.

I moaned and obeyed, and felt his fingers tracing the line of my sex, then brushing across my clitoris. His hand went away, he picked up something from the table. A moment later he released my neck, but I stayed in position, pulse racing and heart pounding.

I felt... something... something not his finger, against my back opening! I gasped, starting to raise, but his hand pushed down between my shoulder blades as whatever it was pushed against me. I moaned helplessly, feeling it spreading my wrinkled little opening wider and wider. Protests died on my tongue as I gasped and shuddered, feeling it pushing deeper, and growing wider.

“This is a kind of a butt-plug,” he said, casually. “It will prepare you for anal sex. Given how beautiful your ass is, you should get used to it.”

I felt a shock-wave ripple through me, a wild gasp of indignation which was quickly swept away by heat as I felt myself spreading even wider, then quickly closing on... almost. Something protruded from my bottom!

His fingers slid along my sex again, then pushed between and into my body. I moaned, my bottom rolling up and back against his fingers as it twisted around

inside me.

“You need no preparation here, obviously,” he said. “You'll be wet almost permanently, at least around this time of the month, near the full moon.”

“You need to be trained,” he said. “There is a carrot and stick method which works well with females. And I will employ it with you. Again, if you think it's harsh, remember, males only get the stick.”

His finger pulled back, and I gasped as something else pushed against my pussy, something thicker, spreading the swollen lips of my sex in and back... and back further, and wider as it slowly slid into my body. I moaned helplessly, fingers digging into the palms of my hands as heat swirled and churned in my lower belly!

It turned and twisted and pulled back, before moving forward, and I knew it wasn't him, but some object, like the butt plug, but still heat rushed through me, sweeping through my mind to produce something like that fever heat I'd felt before!

It was deep inside me, but now it widened, near the base, widened further, and then abruptly narrowed again, leaving the lips of my sex squeezing in around what remained.

“Stand up, and we can start,” he said.

I looked down and saw the base of a... well, I guessed it was a dildo... protruding from between the lips of my pussy. I stared, fascinated, in a strange way, feeling a dark thrill rising within me, enveloping the heat already there.

I was deeply aroused, which is the only reason I can think of that I didn't protest any of his assumption that I was now his little fuck doll to whom he could do anything he wanted. I mean, I hadn't even protested him putting a collar around my neck!

“Are you going to... fuck me?” I gulped.

“Definitely,” he said, sending another rush of heat through my body.

“If you're a good girl and obey.”

I blinked uncertainly at that. It seemed topsy turvy. In my experience, it was girls who put demands on guys to get sex, not the other way around. He should be desperately eager to start groping and fucking me!

“Don't touch yourself,” he said.

I flushed, pulling my fingers away from where they'd unconsciously strayed.

“I decide what pleasure, or pain, you receive,” he said.

“Come on,” I said, feeling a hint of impatience for his attitude.

“Get down on your knees,” he ordered.

I felt another little thrill as I knelt in front of him, assuming this was the start of something deliciously sexual.

“Stand up.”

I frowned and stood up again.

“Get down on your knees.”

“I was just on my knees!”

“And now you're kneeling again.”

I knelt.

“Hands behind your neck, fingers interlaced.”

I did it, knowing it would push my breasts out more, and thus entice him into wanting me more. I arched my back a little, feeling the skin stretch tautly across my breasts as my hard nipples prickled with energy.

“Stand up.”

I frowned, and stood up again.

“Keep your hands behind your neck,” he said.

I obeyed, arching my back again invitingly.

Every move reminded me of the... the dildo inside me, as my thighs brushed against the part which protruded, shifting it ever so slightly inside the warm, moist confines of my pussy.

He raised his hands, gently caressing the undersides of my breasts, and my breathing quickened as I nearly squirmed in place! Then... then his hands seemed to shift, only a little, and after a moment I realized it was only his thumbs! They thickened and grew sharp, pointy, slightly curved claws!

He continued to caress my breasts, but now the claws on his thumbs brushed lightly across the surface, leaving a strange, stinging heat behind. I gulped as I felt them pressing against my nipples, then pressing harder.

“Oh! Oh! That hurts!” I squealed.

“That's the idea.”

I jerked my arms down and stepped back, crossing my arms across my breasts.

He dropped his hands, frowning.

“The idea,” he said, “is to teach you to obey even when you don't want to obey.

“Why should I!?” I protested.

“Because whenever you disobey, you'll be punished, and then be forced to do what you had refused to anyway.”

“Well... well, maybe I don't want to be in your stupid old pack!” I said.

He gripped my arm and swung me around, putting me belly down against the table again, then holding me there with one powerful hand between my shoulder blades.”

“You don't have a choice. You'd kill someone on your own, maybe a child, maybe a lover. You have no discipline. And then you'd be caught and we'd be discovered. A lone wolf that can't control itself is a danger to us all. Besides, you would soon feel desperately alone away from others of your kind. There is a

bond among the pack, a metaphysical demand that you feel others of your kind around you. There are very few lone wolves, and all of them are old, male, and more than a little crazy.”

He opened a drawer and drew out a thin switch of some sort. It was perhaps eighteen inches long and thinner than a pencil.

“Arousal and pleasure are the carrots. This, quite literally, is the stick.”

He snapped it downward. I heard a kind of hissing sound, as it cut through air, and then it cut across my bottom. It was a pretty light blow, to be honest, and it surprised me, but then, an instant or so later, I felt a sharp stinging pain.

“Ow!”

“This is about one third the size and weight of what I'd use on a male,” he said.

*Crack!*

“Ow! Stop!”

“And I wouldn't use it on his bottom but his back.”

*Crack!*

“Ow!”

*Crack! Crack! Crack!*

“That hurts!” I protested.

“That is the general idea,” he said.

*Crack! Crack!*

I wriggled and twisted, my legs jerking and flailing as he held me down.

“Stop being a baby,” he said, the first time he'd raised his voice. “School children used to get far worse than this.”

I bit my lip anxiously.

“Reach out and grasp the other side of the table and hold still,” he ordered.

I obeyed him. Refusing didn't even seem possible! It stretched out my body further, though, raising me up on the balls of my feet.

*Crack!*

I gasped.

*Crack!*

He was right, though. I mean, each blow stung a bit but – .

*Crack!*

It wasn't like it was so shocking - .

*Crack!*

I couldn't bear it. But my bottom was getting hotter and more tender – .

*Crack!*

As he continued to bring the switch down across it!

*Crack!*

“The pack does not allow disobedience,” he said.

*Crack!*

“Nor do I.”

*Crack!*

“Especially from a degha.”

*Crack!*

“Stand up.”

Gulping in air, I released my hold on the far side of the table and stood up, then reached down to rub my overheated bottom, glowering at him.

“Hands behind your neck, fingers interlaced, back arched.”

I obeyed, drawing in another shaky breath as I watched his hands rise again, caressing my breasts. Despite the anxiety I was feeling – and the stinging sensations still coming from my bottom – I felt another wave of heat at his soft touch. But then I watched nervously as he brought those claws up against my nipples.

I hissed as they pressed into my nipples, moaning aloud as the sharp sting grew worse, approaching real pain.

But then... it was as if the pain was... transformed in my mind, turning into something wild and raw and darkly exciting, a pleasure which made my nipples seem to swell and throb and practically glow with heat. I whimpered as I ground my thighs together, feeling my breasts swell as if ready to burst!

“There is pleasure in obedience,” he said, “Pain in disobedience.”

He drew his nails back and I moaned weakly, legs feeling rubbery. He moved around behind me and I gasped as he jerked back on my hair, forcing my head back, and my hands instinctively jerked up to grasp his wrist.

“Did I tell you to move your hands?” he demanded.

“N-No but – .”

He whirled me around and bent me over the table again.

“Grasp the far side with your hands,” he ordered.

“But – !”

*Crack!*

“Do it!”

Moaning, I obeyed, rising up onto the balls of my feet again.

*Crack!*

“There is an issue of trust involved,” he said.

*Crack!*

“You must implicitly trust that I will not harm you.”

*Crack!*

“You must know deep inside yourself that obedience is necessary.”

*Crack!*

“You do not need to pause to consider, to think about it.”

*Crack!*

“You only need to obey, no matter what.”

*Crack!*

“Because this pack cannot function without a rigidly maintained system of order.”

*Crack!*

“Now stand up, put your hands behind your neck, interlace your fingers.”

Rubbing my bottom briefly, I resumed the previous position, gulping as I saw he had shifted his thumb back to normal, and now shifted his index finger to be the thick, hairy one with the claw. He traced it across the surface of one breast, scratching across the soft skin, leaving a white line behind. I gasped as the claws slid across my nipple, stinging it, then slid down the center of my body.

“Spread your legs wide,” he ordered.

I moaned but obeyed as his finger slid lower. My head was back so I couldn't watch it, but I felt it as it slid across my clitoris, making me gasp in pain, then began to move lightly along my outer lips, following them as they encircled the base of the dildo.

“If you are not perceived as really being my degha, other alphas may well challenge me on the matter,” he said, as he brought his claw up and pressed it in against my swollen clitoris.

“If that happens, people might die. I don't intend that to happen. So you will learn to defer and obey.”

I gasped and moaned, trembling as the pain rose, as he pressed his nail deeper into my clitoris, but as with my nipples, it slowly shifted, transformed into a raw, wild heat that had me panting for breath.

“Get down on all fours,” he said, drawing his hand back.

I half collapsed onto my hands and knees, panting for breath, feeling beads of perspiration on my skin.

“Look forward, not up at me,” he ordered.

I obeyed, and felt the stick thing sliding up and down along my spine.

“Crawl to the far wall, and then crawl back,” he ordered.

What? I looked up at him and gasped as the switch cut down across my bottom.

“Do it!”

I crawled forward across the floor, feeling awkward and confused. The rug wasn't the softest against my knees either. And my bottom still stung. Still, I felt extremely sexual as I crawled, especially with the dildo and the butt-plug, both of which he could easily see, shifting inside me.

I reached the wall and turned, then crawled back to him, feeling a little self-conscious, a little resentful and indignant, a little confused, but still, mostly aroused.

He had something else in his hand as I returned, and I licked my lips nervously, for it looked like a strap of some kind. Then he leaned over and to my shock, clipped it to a ring in the collar.

“Now crawl with me,” he ordered.

I was so startled I didn't move!

“Crawl,” he ordered.

“But – !”

*Crack!*

“Ow!”

“Crawl.”

I bit my lip and started to crawl.

“Why do I have to crawl like a dog!?” I exclaimed.

*Crack!*

Because I said so.”

“But – !”

*Crack!*

“Besides, we don't consider crawling on all fours to be much of an issue. We are canines inside, after all.”

“Then how come you don't crawl on all fours!?”

*Crack!*

“Don't be impertinent. Besides, when I'm on all fours, it's in wolf form.”

We reached the wall, and turned around, with him following closely as I crawled.

“Stop,” he ordered.

I stopped, my mind a swirling, churning mass of emotions and sensations.

“Want you to bend forward, reach down, and put your hands between your

thighs,” he ordered.

Confused, I nevertheless, obeyed, grunting as my chin was pressed against the rug, as my breasts were squeezed beneath my ribs.

I felt him squat behind me, felt him take my right wrist and guide it upward. He took my finger, and pressed it against my clitoris, and I felt the sudden hammering of my heart. Then he began to rub it against my clitoris!

He released my hand.

“Continue,” he ordered.

I moaned weakly, rubbing against my clit was producing a wild array of sensations, but doing it with the knowledge he was kneeling behind me watching was producing even wilder emotions!

“Have you ever masturbated for a man, Kerry?” he asked.

I shuddered at the word, stopping, frozen.

“Continue,” he ordered.

It felt too good to not continue, no matter how my mind was jolted.

“Have you ever masturbated for a man?”

“N-N-No!” I squeaked.

“Spread your knees wider.”

Moaning, I obeyed, as my heart pounded and my body thrummed with heat!

“No,” he said, grasping my hand, “Only one finger.”

I whimpered in protest, but I was now feeling so frazzled with sexual hunger all I wanted to do was keep rubbing myself, so I did, flushed with heat, embarrassed as he watched, but darkly thrilled just the same!

Then, suddenly, I felt a sharp jerk on my collar, forcing my head up and back, lifting me off my shoulders, forcing my hands to quickly drop down to support

my body!

“Crawl,” he ordered.

I knelt there, trembling, dazed.

*Crack!*

“Crawl, bitch,” he ordered.

Moaning, I stumbled forward on hands and knees, my pussy flaming, my insides churning with heat and need!

“There's no shame in being a bitch, Kerry. It's what you are now, after all. But we value our bitches in this pack. We protect them. And I think you'll find there isn't one of them who would trade her life today for what it used to be.”

The collar brought my up short as he pulled on the leash.

“Face against the floor, bottom high, legs together,” he ordered.

I panted and dropped low, moaning as my swollen breasts pillowed out against the carpet.

“Arms straight ahead of you.”

*Crack!*

I gasped as the switch cut across my bottom.

*Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!*

“Sometimes the stick isn't for punishment,” he said. “but it always serves a purpose.”

*Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!*

I gasped and moaned as the switch cut across my upraised bottom again and again. My flesh began to sting and burn, but I didn't move!

“Up on all fours, little bitch,” he said, pulling on the leash.

I rose once more. My bottom was hot and sore but the inner heat seemed to have diminished somewhat as I continued to crawl.

We reached the other wall and I turned and crawled back again.

“Stop,” he said, tugging on the leash.

I halted, then gasped as the leash pulled up, the collar jerking against my neck, forcing me up and back on my knees.

“Sit on your heels, legs wide,” he ordered.

I obeyed, staring at him, staring at the leash which led to my collar, staring at the switch.

“Reach down with your right hand, one finger only, and masturbate.”

That word again! It shocked and embarrassed and thrilled me! But I didn't hesitate. My hand shot down and I began to rub my clitoris, moaning helplessly, my hips starting to grind immediately as the waves of sensations rolled up through my churning belly!

“Look at me!” he ordered.

I raised my eyes, staring at him as I rubbed my clit, feeling wild surging emotions and heat twisting through my mind.

“Stop.”

I moaned, still rubbing, and he jerked on the leash. I fell forward, and had to jerk my hands forward to catch myself.

“Crawl.”

I crawled slowly, dazedly forward.

*Crack!*

“Crawl properly.”

I moaned and crawled, not really understanding the command.

My body seethed with emotions and sensations, my mind dazed and confused, overheated and wildly aroused as I crawled back and forth across the room on the end of his leash.

“Would you like me to fuck you, little bitch?”

“Yes!” I moaned.

“Beg me.”

“Please fuck me!”

“I don't hear enough need in your voice, little bitch,” he said.

“Please fuck me!” I cried.

*Crack!*

“I didn't tell you to stop crawling.”

I gasped, and lurched forward.

“Please fuck me!” I gulped.

“It doesn't sound like you really want my cock inside you,” he said.

“I do!”

*Crack!*

“Keep crawling, little bitch.”

I gasped and crawled to the wall, then turned and crawled back. But he pulled me to the side with the leash, leading me over to a low cabinet.

“Lay on your back on the floor with your head near the cabinet,” he ordered.

Since my knees were starting to ache I complied immediately, though it felt odd to be laying on the floor.

“Draw your legs up and back,” he said, looking down at me.

Heat swirled within me as I obeyed, pulling my knees back against my chest.

“Roll back further onto your shoulders,” Cameron said. “Put your feet under the cabinet to hold you in position.”

Gulping, gasping, I pulled my feet way back, until they were touching the cabinet, then rolled back further onto my shoulders, raising my bottom off the floor until I could slide my feet in under the narrow opening between the bottom of the cabinet and the floor.

“Spread your legs more. I want to see your shoulders and arms in front of your legs.”

I groaned, the tendons in my thighs stretching as I threw my arms across my legs and pulled back, raising my shoulders and forcing my legs down lower. It was a degrading and obscene position, but I didn't think on those terms. All I thought was that I could now see my pussy very close in front of me, with the dildo thing sticking out!

“Without touching your clit, I want you to grasp the base of the plug and slowly pull it up,” he said, squatting beside me.

I didn't ask why. I gripped the round base of the dildo and pulled. I could feel the pressure against my inner lips as I did so, for it seemed like the wider part of the dildo, the bulge I had felt as he had thrust it into me, was almost flat on the bottom. I groaned as I slowly forced it out of me, then gasped in relief as it came through and the long, more narrow body of the dildo slid up and out, glistening wet with my juices.

I looked at him hopefully, my eyes a little glazed.

“Beg for it, he said.

“Please fuck me!” I gasped.

“What's my name, little bitch?”

“Cameron! Please fuck me, Cameron!” I moaned.

“My other name.”

I stared at him breathlessly.

“Push it back in,” he ordered.

I moaned weakly as I slid the thing back deep inside me, until the fat bulge pressed against my sex. I twisted it and pushed, and it slowly slid in until I gurgled wantonly at the pleasure I felt at its deep penetration.

“My other name is master. Use it,” he said.

I blinked at him in confusion.

“Call me master.”

“Master?”

“Every dog has a master, little bitch. For now, I am yours. Use the word.”

“Why?” I gulped.

“Because it pleases me. Do you want to please me?”

I did, though I had no idea why other than that I thought maybe he'd fuck me then.

“Please fuck me, master!” I gulped.

“Put more feeling into it,” he said, reaching out and sliding his fingers over my pussy.

“Please fuck me, master!” I moaned breathlessly.

“More emotion,” he said, his fingers pushing my hands away, gently stroking, almost teasingly across my clitoris as he gripped the base of the dildo and twisted it from side to side.

“Please fuck me, master!” I gasped.

The muscles in my lower belly, in my hips, were spasming, making my pussy jerk and buck up against his stroking fingers as the sensations crackled up my spine. I gasped helpless, moaning, laying my head back, my vision fading out as

I gave myself up to the pleasure swirling within me.

“You have a hot little pussy, bitch girl,” he said, his voice finally starting to sound less casual, more husky.

I moaned as his long, thick fingers pushed into me, sliding unbearably deep!

“Oh God! Oh! Oh! Oh!” I moaned.

“Nasty little bitch girl,” he said, a growl in his voice.

“Ungh!” I cried as three fingers thrust deep into my burning pussy.

“Alpha wolves are dominant,” he said, fingers plunging and twisting within me, “But human males have nastier imaginations, and a whole different category for the word.”

He stared at me through dark, hungry eyes, then abruptly rose and moved away, leaving me gasping and staring dazedly after him. I reached for my pussy, shuddering as my fingers found my clitoris, and started rubbing frantically, but he was back quickly and shoved my hand away.

“Nasty little bitch girl,” he said.

He leaned over me and reached for my one of my ankles. I felt something sliding around it, circling it, pulling tight. I moaned, not really caring, even as he pulled my wrist up and back. Again, something circled it, pulling it back tight. My other wrist was pushed back, and then I was... tied tightly into that position, that degrading, helpless, delicious sensation where I was so obscenely displayed for him!

I didn't have to do anything now, though, which set what remained of my mind free to simply wallow in sensations. My eyes were glassy and my breathing uneven as he pushed his trousers down and laid an enormous cock down along my pussy and lower belly.

I stared a tit, transfixed, moaning low in my throat as I felt its warmth against me, as I tried to comprehend the size of it, its enormous girth. It was.. impossible! The thing was as thick as a baseball bat! And then.. then it seemed to shrink... it was still hard, yet much thinner and...

I moaned as I watched him rub the head up and down along my moist, swollen opening.

“Beg me, little bitch,” he said.

“Please fuck me!” I gasped.

He slapped my face and I gasped dazedly. “Master!” he growled.

“Please fuck me, master!” I gasped, blinking at him, a little frightened now.

“Beg harder,” he snarled, gripping my hair and jerking my head back.

“Please fuck me, master!” I cried.

He released my hair and I moaned anew as I raised my head, staring at the sight of his cock pushing into me, the head disappearing, the shaft sliding slowly into my aching body!

“I'm going to fuck you like you've never been fucked before, you little slut!” he growled.

He thrust deep and I shuddered, head falling back, mouth open and gulping in air as he began to pump in and out. My pussy felt full and then overfull as he continued to thrust, and the moment his hands closed around my swollen breasts I came with a shuddering, twisting, writhing, bucking howl of energy as my head rolled wildly and every muscle in my body spasmed!

The orgasm, however, wasn't the climax for him, but the beginning, and he thrust into me with something like grim determination on his face, his fingers kneading my breasts, or sliding up through my hair. He stared at me, his eyes boring into me, his cock doing the same – only literally!

I gasped at each deep stroke, moaned as his hips ground against me, and grunted as the head of his cock punched the very back wall of my pussy – or what I thought was the very back wall.

I stared at it moving in and out of me. It looked bigger than it had, if not as big as I'd first thought. I stared at it, watching, stared at my straining pussy lips, all my attention fixated on the sensation of it moving in and out, the feel of it deep

inside, how I ached and burned...

The swirling, churning vortex of heat and excitement rose up again, and I began to twist and moan, my breathing getting ragged. He knelt before me, leaning forward, his cock driving down and into me again and again. His hands were never still, sliding up and down across my buttocks, up and down my legs, over my breasts and through my hair.

I squeaked as my pussy ached hotly, and my eyes darted down again to stare at his huge cock pushing into me. Was it getting bigger?! Thicker!?

God! It had to be getting longer! I ached as he buried it in my quavering belly, as the head jammed hard against the deepest part of my pussy!. Then he started thrusting with short, sharp strokes, pounding the head into the back wall of my pussy like a drumbeat. That drumbeat made my entire body tremble to the pounding beat, and I flipped over into another incredible orgasm, crying out like a helpless animal, howling and half sobbing as he pounded into me, fucking me hard, fast and determinedly right through the orgasm and out the other side.

It occurred to me, dazedly, that this might drive me out of my mind. I didn't care, though. I wallowed in it, gurgling dazedly as he kept pumping, but slower now, using the full, long length of himself. God, he was big! He hadn't been that big! He couldn't have been! I stared at him, eyes a little crossed, gasping at the thickness pushing into me!

Then he leaned in further, his eyes intense, wild as they bored into me. His hands slid through my hair, gripping it tightly as he lowered his face to within inches of mine! And suddenly as if a wall were breaking in my mind, I was drawn into a violent, seething cauldron of heat and lust I had sensed, but not been quite a part of.

I came, screaming, and then his voice rose as well, as his hips went into overdrive, pounding himself into me with an animal hunger I'd never experienced! And I realized that wild cauldron was him, somehow, a wild lust and animal heat that drowned me in sexual need and passion!

It was as if I melded with that heat, lost myself to it. His massive cock drove into me as if he were conquering an enemy, as if he were driving his spear or sword into them again and again! And it hurt! But the pain was nothing compared to that savage heat and hunger. He was punching me in the stomach – from the

inside! But I didn't care. My mind spun wildly amid the glittering wonder of pleasure surrounding me.

I came and came and came, thrashing and twisting, convulsions wracking my body as my eyes rolled back in my head and I shook with the violence of the sensations tearing through me.

And then his mouth was at mine, biting, chewing, sucking, his tongue shoving its way through my open lips. I tasted blood, and moaned into his mouth, feeling his hunger pouring over me, sending me flying up through the wild storm of pleasure for another roller coaster ride.

\*

Dominant. Animals were dominant in that they were the ones in charge of a pack or herd. Everyone did pretty much what they wanted. Humans were dominant in the same way. But there was dominant, and then there was sexually dominant. That, it turned out, was what Cameron meant. The collar was indeed a signal to others that I belonged to him.

But a dega, while not technically termed that, was indeed a slave. Cameron might have made me his dega to keep pack members from fighting over me, but I could actually feel... could feel in my heart, as if I could experience his own emotions, his sudden fierce excitement and hunger at the thought of possessing me in that way, of making me his slave girl, his sex slave.

I didn't have a lot of options or choices, but I don't know that I would have resisted, at least, not entirely. The orgasms, that thundering parade of massive orgasms, had shattered my mind, to some degree. I literally couldn't imagine not having more, or doing anything that wouldn't bring more. Maybe that would change once I moved away from the full moon. But for now, I was going to have to learn to be Cameron's little bitch.

And I was perfectly fine with that!

*Don't miss the next in this series: The Wolves' Pet!*

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Have praise, suggestions or complaints? [writeargus@gmail.com](mailto:writeargus@gmail.com)

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