

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



This is a story of a young woman who gets lost in an unfamiliar city and finds herself in the midst of a whirling adventure. This is obviously NOT real as anthromorphs do not exist, and is in this section as it has the potential to last for MANY chapters if everyone likes it.

Chapter 1 - Amriel's Worst Decisions

Amriel grew up in the secluded shrine of Arguul, which was noted for peace, solice, and tranquility. She grew amidst the monks and scholars of the kingdom learning martial arts and a bit of magic on the way. But, there was one place she was forbidden from ever going, and one place that she most wanted to get to. Amriel stood about 5.5 feet tall and was very well built from her years of training. She was 18 now and just beginning to blossom as a woman. Her breasts had filled out nice and round and firm. Some days she would spend hours just playing with her hard, erect nipples instead of meditating. Every now and then her paw would slip down her muscled body and soft fur to the wet opening between her legs and send shockwaves of pleasure through her young body. Paw? Fur? Yes. Amriel is a Canid. Well, to be fair, everyone in Arguul was a Canid. To put it in it's most simplest terms, if evolution in our own world had chosen Canines instead of Primates, this would have been the result. It was this fact that caused much friction between Amriel and the other monks. They could smell her Heat, but their Order forbade intercourse. It was then, with much regret that she had to leave.

The shrine of Arguul rested atop a mountain, and had one door exiting the shrine in each cardinal direction. But these never held any power over Amriel. She had walked in and out of every door in the shrine, including these four. But there was one door in the lower-most chambers that she was forbidden from entering. When she was younger, she inquired about it, but was only told in harsh whispers to forget about places that did not concern her. Of course, this only piqued her curiosity. Maybe this was why she spent every hour not in training in the library. Researching various blueprints and tomes until at last she found the door she sought. The door led to a room called Ichtaar... no, wait... not a room... a City! An entire City was locked behind that door! She searched for the key and found that there was only one, and it was on the Grand Master's neck at all times. She could not find a way to part him from it, no matter what she tried. Finally she gave up... until she was forced to leave the Shrine.

The Grand Master called Amriel into his chambers and explained that her very being was disrupting their entire Order. Amriel understood this and did not want her friends to lose their souls because of her. She was given the choice to exit from any door, but she must never return. As the offer was intended to lead her to the North, South, East, or West doors, the Grand Master didn't realize that his choice of wording would stir a deep desire in Amriel. "Ichtaar," was her response. "I wish to leave through Ichtaar." Hanging his head at his folly, the Grand Master conceded to her request.

As they approached the forbidden door, the Grand Master spoke to Amriel for the last time. "Beware in Ichtaar. It is a lawless, savage place. This door is a portal into that world, and it is one of many. Once inside Ichtaar, you must use caution as to which doors you open, as some may lead to wealth, and others to disaster. Some can open up worlds of wonder, new places to explore and new people to meet. Some will lead only to your ruin. If you truly wish this path, I cannot stop you."

Opening the door, Amriel stepped through into the City of Doors, Ichtaar. After just a few turns, she was completely lost as the streets of Ichtaar seemed to wind with no set pattern or direction. There were Doors everywhere, not all on the side of the buildings either. Some were laid in the ground, others suspended in mid-air. Amriel could smell the magic permeating this world. The streets were crowded with people of all shapes and sizes. Some were like gigantic lizards, walking upright, others

were feline in appearance, some humans were also thrown in the mix and some creatures that she could not even begin to place. Nowhere did she see another Canid. Finally she managed to find a local tavern and dropped herself into a seat, thankful for the rest and the chance to get her bearings. When she went to order a drink she realized at once that she had no money... she didn't even know what passed for money in this place. Looking about her, she began to see small gold coins passed from patron to barmaid, and decided that must be the form of currency. Walking up to the barkeep, an oddly shaped... monkey... thing... (which she later learned was called a Human), Amriel asked about ways to earn a coin. She was told about the recent string of rapes in Ichtaar and about the 1000 Coin bounty on the rapist's head, dead or alive.

Sitting back down, Amriel tried to think of a way to attract this rapist's attention. She couldn't go looking for him. With each door possibly leading to a new world, that was pure folly... she had to make herself attractive to him somehow. She began asking around about him and found that each victim was new to Ichtaar. none had been in town much longer than a day or two, and most likely just turned the wrong corner. Amriel spent the rest of the day in the tavern gathering information. When night fell to an unfamiliar sky, Amriel realized that she still had no coin for a room. Smiling at her, the tavernmaster told her that he had a room she could use downstairs. Opening the door for her and ushering her inside, she felt a fierce shove from behind and found herself tumbling down a flight of steps until her head hit the bottom and she knew no more.

When she awoke, she was bound hand and foot, gagged, and tied to a bed. Her legs were each tied to a bedpost, her hands and arms tied to her legs so that her rear was elevated in the air, her sex completely exposed. She was, in fact, completely naked. She tried to struggle against her bonds and realized that there was a noose around her neck tied to the opposite end of the bed. If she moved too much, she could choke herself to death. She heard someone stir behind her and then the 'friendly' voice of the tavernmaster behind her. "Nobody missed those other girls, and nobody will miss you either." She could feel him climb onto the bed between her legs and take a deep sniff of her opening. "Each species smells different, you know," the tavernmaster continued. "Sometimes, the smell alone is enough to get me going. But I also like to sample the goods too. Oh, in case you haven't noticed, you're tied fairly well, and if you struggle you could end up killing yourself... so don't." She felt the human's finger lightly trace the outside of her opening. It was repulsing to have such a disgusting character playing at her private opening the way she did so often back home. What was even more disheartening was that she was liking it. Then his finger entered her sex, drenching itself in her juices. He pulled it out and popped it into his mouth. "Mmmm, you taste as delicious as you smell." That was the only warning she got to his tongue grazing her slit. His mouth pressed against her, tongue exploring her depths, and she found herself grinding back against him, wanting more of his tongue, more of this pleasure until she felt a tightening at her neck.

She had forgotten about the noose. Moving forward a bit to loosen the pressure, she felt the tavernmaster kneel up on the bed. She knew what was next. She wanted it so badly her pussy was leaking down her thigh. She didn't even protest when he grabbed her by the hips and thrust in so deep she could taste it. "I suppose you're used to it this way, huh bitch?" The tavern owner's voice dulled out as she ground her hips against his. She could feel his hardness deep within her, satisfying her carnal lust. Wave after wave of pleasure hit her senses as her first non-self-induced orgasm left her breathless. Her vaginal muscles contracted around his dick, his pace quickened as he tensed, awaiting the final release. She could feel him cum deep inside of her. She could feel his seed filling her womb, the warmth, the glow, the pleasure of it all made her dizzy with ecstasy and she passed out.

When she came to, the noose and gag were gone, but the tavernmaster was still there. "Nearly choked yourself to death you were having so much fun there, bitch. I prefer my sex slaves alive." Realizing she could now speak as well, she spoke only "Temloray Rotalus." The cords around her

arms and legs disintegrated into dust and she sprang from the bed atop the tavernmaster, catching him offguard. Her limbs were still very sore from being tied up for hours, and she didn't hit quite as she had planned, but was back on her feet in an instant, squaring off with the Human. He lunged for her and her training took over. She grabbed his wrist, yanked it back until she heard his arm snap like a twig, and then grabbed his head and neck and twisted again until she heard the crack to end his life. It was only after the adreneline subsided that she realized his seed was still leaking out of her and down her leg.

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## **Chapter 2 - One of Her Own?**

It had been a couple weeks since her first traumatic day in Ichtaar. She had been living pretty much in fear, keeping shadow to shadow, watching for anyone else that might want to take advantage of her. She had taken all the coin from the tavernmaster that raped her, he won't be needing it again anyway, and was able to purchase a hooded cloak, dyed a deep red, to cover her body. She usually wore the hood up to cover her crystal blue eyes, black and tan fur, and kept her ears laid back so as not to arouse undo suspicion. The only thing protruding from her cloth cocoon was her muzzle. Whenever anyone unwelcome (so pretty much anybody) came up to her, she would simply bare her fangs in what she hoped was a menacing manner and they'd quickly veer around her. She liked it better that way. Of course, a 5 foot tall walking dog would arouse attention in itself in almost any crowd. But, this was Ichtaar.

A Canid was hardly the strangest of sights in the City of Doors. There were lizards walking upright, demons out in the daylight, winged elves, orcs, and any other manner of creature you could think of in the streets of Ichtaar. The city itself was founded on a Planar Nexus of sorts, Amriel had come to discover. Each door in the city led to somewhere different. Some led into the houses they were a part of, others into whole other worlds. She couldn't remember where the door was to her own world. The events of her first day in Ichtaar made the entire day a sort of blur in her mind.

As the wind shifted in Ichtaar, a new scent came to Amriel... a familiar scent. She could smell canine on the wind. Could someone else have come through the door after her? The grand Master himself perhaps? No, all that was too hopeful to ever be true... but what if? As she was downwind of it, whoever it was wouldn't be able to smell her, so she had to go to it to find out. Picking her way through the crowd and around some free-standing doors that obviously led to some other dimension (sometimes multiple other dimensions depending on which side of the door you open and what time of day, so she's heard). The alley she ducked into seemed abandoned except for a couple doors and humans. Her nose twitched as the scent came to her again. It was the humans! THEY were the canines... but... how could that be? Perhaps they were wearing illusions. She had learned back in the Shrine of Arguul that there are many magics in the world, and many ways to use them. Taking the chance, she dropped her hood, exposing her Canid features to the 'humans' and instantly regretted it as their looks turned from suspicion to horror.

"What are you doing walking around like that? Don't you know it's dangerous? Hurry, get inside, quick, before the Dogcatchers see you!" She was a bit surprised by their reaction, but had no choice but to go along with them. Not doing so could be more dangerous than these 'Dogcatchers'. They opened a door in the side of the alley and pushed her through, taking a look around to make sure she hadn't been seen, they quickly closed the door again and resumed their watch. Amriel took in the smell first. She in fact closed her eyes, breathing in the combined scent of over a hundred different canines, the mixture of it welcome to her nostrils. She then promptly regretted opening her eyes. Not a single Canid met her gaze. In fact, they all had the same sort of stupefied expression that the guards posted outside had when she took down her cowl. The place itself seemed like an inn. There

was a bar where a tavernmaster was pouring drinks to locals, a stairway leading upstairs where she assumed rooms were, but the whole place didn't quite fit with the alley she just came from. She padded quietly to the bar and took a stool, her tail curling down around the cushion and she noticed that none of the chairs had backs... or at least not a solid back. Almost as if they were made for Canids.

She motioned to one of the people sitting next to her and ordered the same, tossing a couple coins on the counter. The drink came and it had a frothy texture, but smelled off from what the humans in Ichtar drank. She liked it. She downed the entire drink and ordered up another as conversations began to start again in the crowd. She couldn't help but see people glancing at her out of the corner of their eyes, and she knew they were talking about her. The bartender lingered around after pouring her the third drink. "Better take it slow, Miss. Wouldn't do to have a pretty lass such as yourself turning your stomach out on my bar, now. Besides some of the less reputable may decide to take advantage if you don't have all your wits, if you get my drift."

"Trust me, I know that story." Amriel couldn't help but take another drink at the delicious ale, but she did heed the barkeep's words and took only a mouthful. "It's been a bad week... I'd rather not get into it."

"Ah, had a run-in with the Dogcatchers, did ya? Call themselves 'Hunters' but there's only one thing they hunt, and everyone knows it." There were a lot of murmurs from the tables around as they heard the barkeep's cant for what must have been the hundredth time by all stock they seemed to put into it. "So, I have to ask, if you're running from the Catchers, why don't you take human guise like the rest of us?"

She could feel the eyes of the entire bar staring at her. She couldn't claim ignorance, that would only put her back in position to be abused... "I'm... not running from the Catchers." There, she didn't lie... technically. But quickly got up and left before any other dangerous questions could be asked. She could have sworn she left by the same door, but the alley she was in now was nothing like the one she came in by. It was rank with refuse, and permeated with the smell of canine. She wasn't in Ichtar.

It was then that she noticed she wasn't alone. The other canine smells were right behind her. She swung back in an arc as the Grand Master had taught, but they were expecting her and grabbed her arm. With an expert twist rivaling that of the Grand Master himself, she was quickly pinned against a wall, the pain in her arm robbing her of all breath. She could feel the human skin of her captor as his free hand ran down her front, playing over her breast and down the latent nipples even through the fabric of her shirt, he knew they were there. His hand reached her belt as he whispered into her ear. "Don't fear the Dogcatchers, ey? Well, you should. Or are you too strong for them? Think you can take them all on yourself?" His hand undid her pants and they fell down around her ankles as he gave her a push off of the wall, making her trip up in her own clothing. He had released her though... that was his mistake.

Stepping out of her clothing, naked from the waist down, she squared off against her opponent. He was bigger, stronger, but she was quicker and she knew magic. "Canar Statius!" The words hit her like lightning. She couldn't move, not even to speak the counterspell that was burning in her mind. Evidently he knew magic too. Then he began to change. She knew he smelled canine, and he began to show why. His skin grew fur, long black fur dotted with patches of red and gray. His face elongated into a muzzle, his ears perked ontop of his head as he grew canine features. As he began to stip, she saw the muscles bulging from beneath his fur. As he removed his pants, she saw his sheath and the pink head of his cock peeking out. He came over behind her and folded her motionless body to the ground on all fours. Taking his place behind her, she could feel his penis

searching for her hole, but she could not move away. She was completely frozen as he found his mark and rammed his hot dick deep into her Canid pussy. She could feel every motion behind her. She could feel him pick up the pace, her attention was drawn to his expanding member. She hadn't felt anything like this since her first heat back home...

He had come into her room while she was masturbating, drawn by the scent of her sex. It was rather wierd but he began licking at her cunt and she loved every moment of it. The sensations washed over her body and she came into his mouth. He eagerly lapped up every drop of her juice and turned her over, piercing his rod up into her. She pressed back against his body, loving the pleasure he was giving her...

She ground her hips against his, clamping her muscles around his throbbing member, milking him to orgasm. Then she felt the claws digging into her sides, snapping her back to the alleyway and her second rape of hte week. She was already on the verge of orgasm and the ear-splitting howl behind her head and the hot jet of his semen deep inside her pushed her over the edge as she had the most earth-shattering orgasm of her life since... him... Then she noticed she was knotted. Not to the canine creature that had mounted her, but to a full fledged dog. This being couldn't stand on two legs if it had wanted to, its claws dug into her sides, it's tongue lolled out onto her shoulder, his hot breath aganst her face... She could move again and realized that she had been able to for a while now, but there was nothing she could do while tied. He was still squirting his cum deep inside her and she felt that if she couldn't escape it, she might as well enjoy it and did so. Hanging her head down to the ground and closing her eyes, she drifted back into her daydream of that day...

He had turned her over so that they were face to face, his knot still buried deep inside her. His cum was still spraying into her, filling her up with his warmth and she felt so warm with his love that she opened her mouth to take his into a long loving kiss. There was a sound... a door opening... searing pain as he abandoned her, her pussy aching from his sudden vacancy... his seed spilling down her legs in warm rivers... a crack as of wood splintering.... then .... darkness....

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Chapter 3 - To Market.

When Amriel came to the world was still a fuzzy black haze. Her head was throbbing and she was dizzy and disoriented. She tried to think back to where she was and how she'd got there. All she could remember was a tavern, a pack of dogs, and her first night as a woman. No, none of that could have been what happened to cause her headache. Her mind was clearing a bit though and she began to rely on her nose as opposed to her eyes. Breathing in deep the scents around her she smelled at least a dozen other canines, curiously all female. Sniffing the air again searching for a male scent, she found it faintly at the edge of her awareness, but blanketed somehow. Her eyes had begun to focus in the pale light and she could barely see the origins of the scents around her. There were about 10 female dogs in the room with her, but no obvious doors or windows. Then the room moved. It bounced and one of the walls blew back a little. Realization dawned on her. She was in a cage.

The moving seemed to have startled some of the other occupants which lifted their heads and looked around. Most went back to sleep but one stood on all fours and cocked her head at Amriel with an inquisitive look. Padding softly over to Amriel the dog began to change with each step and by the time she arrived crawling to Amriel's side she was fully Canid. She had sparkling blue eyes. Amriel saw these first as they were very rare among Canids. Her coat was mainly white with some gray and brown mixed in. She was very well proportioned and very beautiful, but she seemed to have a shyness about her. She seemed timid almost broken. "So, you are awake. I am Solara," she spoke. Her head stayed bowed, never making eye contact as one would expect. "The others and I were

wondering how you retained Wolfen form while asleep. And why you do not travel in Wolf form. Travel is always easier on four legs." Amriel's head was swimming again, but not from physical injury this time. Wolf form? Wolfen form? She had never heard of a Canid able to shapechange before... What exactly was going on?

Figuring there was only one way to find out and that she was already in the worst place she could imagine, she decided to come clean to her fellow captives. "I am not like you. I don't have a Wolfen form or a Wolf form for that matter. I am what you see before you, nothing more or less." Well, she did still have magic on her side plus her fighting skills, but those were trump cards best reserved for later should things get dicey. "I have only been in Ishtaar for a week. Or as much of a week as I can remember. My head is throbbing, I think I hit it on something."

The rest of the females were up and listening, but all but Solara were still in wolf form. It appeared that she was their spokeswoman. "That would have been the Duke. Or at least that's what he calls himself. Said that he found you parading about as a citizen and that you needed to learn your place. So..." her eyes seemed to light up as she readied her next question. "So.. you have seen Ishtaar? What is it like? Is it the grand city that the men claim? Full of opportunity and freedom for all who can make it?"

Amriel couldn't help but laugh at the wishful thinking of the second most horrid place she'd ever been. Her current plight was the first. "I wouldn't plan any summer picnics there." Rubbing her head where she had been struck she pondered and then asked, "How long was I asleep?"

"Nearly 4 days now. Some of us thought you wouldn't make it to Treille."

"Treille? What's that?"

"Where's that," Solara corrected. "It is the marketplace where women are sold to those wealthy enough to breed. Women have but one purpose in this world, and it rests between our legs." Looking Amriel over, Solara decided to ask anyway. "When you stated you are what I see, did you truly mean that you cannot change form like the rest of us? Or simply that the blow to your head made you forget how?"

Uneasy at the question that she didn't really have the answer to, she figured again that honesty was a virtue even if it hadn't served her thus far. "I cannot change form. It is not something that Canids are capable of. I have no Wolfen form for I am not a Wolfen."

A murmur arose from the cage denizens as they all made sure they had heard her right. "You must never tell anyone else. If the men knew you to be different you could be in very real danger. There was a prophecy handed down among the women from generation to..." She stopped abruptly as the cart did. Every other female changed to Wolfen form, their coats remaining the same myriad of hues. Whites mixed with browns. Blacks with whites, browns, tans, all mixed together as the women milled away from the cage door. Amriel could see some light shining through the drape over the bars now. They must have been talking through daybreak and it was now dawn or shortly after. Solara's last words of advice came just before the tarp was removed from the bars. "Do as we do. Keep your head down, and pray your new master is kind." With those words the tarp was removed and dawn's light flooded into the cage, blinding everyone while the bars were unlocked. A clever ploy, she had to admit. By the time she could see again, it was obvious that escape would be impossible. She had arrived at Treille.

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## Chapter 4 - Initiation

Treille certainly wasn't what Amriel had pictured, then again she didn't really know what to picture anymore. The women were escorted off the cart, all in Wolfen form. The men stood guard, all in Wolfen form, some armed with spears and swords, but most with a form of cattle prod. Amriel, Solara, and the rest, along with two other cart-loads full of women were taken into a larger holding cell below grounds. They didn't see much other than the armed guards. Most were colored a dull gray or dark brown. Most snarled at the women when they could, brandishing what weapons they carried. Amriel wanted to stop them, but would never be able to fight so many at once. Talking was severely discouraged, usually receiving a zap from one of the prods. All Amriel could do was stew on what Solara had told her in the caravan.

Apparently the world she had come to through the doors in Ichtaar was one of similar background to her own. The inhabitants could alter form between wolf, human, and a hybrid called Wolfen. It was this hybrid form that was used most often on their home world and nearly identically resembled her own native Canids. Of course, Canids have no power to shapechange as the Wolfen had developed. When in Ichtaar or other worlds, they used their human forms, but always reverted to wolf form while asleep or unconscious. She suspected they also reverted to wolf form during moments of extreme pleasure, based on the Wolfen that had captured her. When she had first met the Wolfen in the bar in Ichtaar, they had mentioned the Dogcatchers, which by the way they spoke and the fear in their scent must be some sort of group seeking to destroy the Wolfen. Wolfen society as a whole was completely male-driven. The women are totally subservient and nothing more than property. Property that was about to be sold at auction in a few minutes, and she was in line for the auction block. However, Solara did mention a prophecy...

Light shone down into the holding cell as two doors were opened in the ceiling. They were at the top of a stairwell which the women were being ushered toward. It was nearly mid-day by the time Amriel reached the foot of the stairs. She could hear the auction taking place above her. One woman moving up, bidding taking place, and then the next would take her place. Finally reaching the top, Amriel stepped out and saw a vast crowd gathered. The auctioneer was a Wolfen slightly taller than she and covered nearly head to toe in black fur. She stepped up onto the auctioneer's block and turned towards the crowd. Not all were Wolfen, she immediately noticed. Most were, yes, but not all. There were some of other species mingled within, the same type of creatures seen in Ichtaar itself. "Let the bidding begin!" the sound of the gavel echoing over those gathered snapped her back to reality. She was being sold.

The wind breezed through her white fur, making her tan markings dance along her body. She held her back straight and her cold blue-eyed gaze forward. "300 gold," was the shout that her perked ears couldn't ignore, quickly followed by "500, 800, 850." Her nose quivered as she was taking in the scents around her, trying to sort out which went where. It served no practical purpose, but was a good distraction from the shouts of "1000, 1250, 1500, 2000." Finally the gavel pounded. "Sold! 5000 gold from Commander Orion of the 5th legion." She was removed from the auctioneer stand physically and led to the front of the stage where she was all but thrown down the flight of stairs into the arms of a Wolfen black from head to toe with the exception of a white four-pointed star on his chest. His deep brown eyes stared into hers for a moment before he passed her along to one of his attendants, a female, Amriel noticed. "Take her to the wagons and 'instruct' her on how she is to present herself"

The 'wagons' were actually a caravan of no less than 5 carts which could easily be classified as 'boats on wheels'. They were the hugest vehicles Amriel had ever seen. Each was pulled by a team of no less than 6 horses, each perfectly groomed and of highest breeding. The wagon she was taken to was comfortably sized and upon entering it she immediately noticed the aroma of women. After going down a short hallway, Amriel entered a room with four other women already waiting. The room itself was furnished only in throw pillows, but there were mountains enough of them for anything you

could desire. The four wolfen women were lounging about completely naked when Amriel and her escort stepped in. "Master Orion's first rule, is to always be ready. This means no clothing. Ever." Reluctantly Amriel removed the robe she had been wearing, which was mostly tattered and torn anyway along with what undergarments she had retained over her tortured week away from the monestary. These garments were taken by one of the women and chucked from the wagon. "Rule number two is to always be ready for Rule number one. And that's all. Nothing else to remember or do. It is a very easy life compared to most." Amriel's escort smiled at her and went to lie down on a bed of pillows, spreading her legs and reaching down to rub herself gently. "Come, lie down and get comfortable. It's a long ride back home."

Amriel sat on a pile of cushions not quite sure what to think of her new surroundings when the rest of the harem (for she didn't know what else to call it) came around her. The wagon jerked into motion and they were off. She didn't know where they were going, but it didn't matter anymore. She would never see her home again. She was doomed to this life of servitude to a master she had only seen once. At least he was handsome... and if all she had to do was relax in this room and pleasure him when he called, it wouldn't be that terrible would it? As if in response to her thoughts, she felt hands cradle her body. They were the paws of the wolfen in the room with her. They had settled around her and had begun to run their paws through her fur. It felt good. They weren't fondling her in any way, just a gentle petting which she hadn't recieved since...

A shiver of pleasure jolted through her body as a finger brushed over her nipple. Her back arched toward the stimuli as another stroke applied to her other breast, gently squeezing. She could feel the hot breath of the other women on her neck just before her tongue grazed her nape and licked through her dense coat. Slowly each woman began to pleasure her in a different way. One suckled lightly at her neck, petting behind her ear. One rubbing at her breast before taking the nipple into her mouth. Her other breast soon became enveloped in a warm wetness also, the wolfen's hands running over her latent nipples down her front, fingering each as waves of pleasure swept over Amriel's body. Her legs were spread by one of the other women, but Amriel could not resist. Her body was wracked with pleasure and she wanted more. The tingling at her breasts sent shockwaves down to her moistened lips and she was more than ready when those lips were met with the coarse tongue of a wolfen maiden. Moaning loudly in pleasure, Amriel's hands sought out anything she could grab onto, finding quickly the breast of one of her partners and the dripping pussy of another. Squeezing the breast of her female lover in rythm to the suckling at her own, her fingers penetrated into the wet pussy beside her while her own was penetrated by the lapping tongue of her former escort. Her legs wrapped around the body between them, burying that sweet tongue deep into her pussy. Her senses were inflammed. She didn't know what was happening, just that she was loving every moment.

The tongue between her thighs was removed and replaced by two penetrating fingers. Amriel nearly howled in pleasure and thrust her hips up to meet the pressing digits. Her orgasm was quick and powerful, her juices flooding onto the hand inside her, but it didn't stop. The hand kept pressing inwards, faster and faster. Amriel's orgasm continued, building to a higher climax with each contraction of her muscles. When the pussy of another of her bunkmates was lowered to her muzzle, she didn't complain, didn't argue, just inhaled the rich musk of a female in heat and drove her muzzle home. She licked and suckled at the pussy around her muzzle in between moanings of pleasure from the lips at each breast and the fingers rubbing her g-spot. As a tongue rasped along her clit, her entire body shook with the most earth-shattering orgasm of her life. A howl split her lips, reverberating within the female above her. the vibrations from her orgasmic howl triggerd the release of her lover and her muzzle was instantly drenched in orgasmic juices. As the tongues continued to play over her nipples and clit combined with the fingers still pistoning into her drenched pussy, her body spasmed and jerked with waves of indescribeable pleasure. Each orgasm

hit her harder than the last, the pleasure of it all completely overwhelming her senses until finally she succumbed to pleasure's bliss and darkness flooded her vision. Even as her consciousness fled into deep slumber her body still spasmed with the orgasm that took her there.

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Chapter 5 - Master

Amriel awoke on a bed of pillows feeling relaxed, refreshed, and the best she had felt in a long time. She had been cleaned from head to toe and left in relative peace. The cart she was in had stopped moving and only one Wolfen was left in the room with her. She noticed immediately that it was the same attendant that had first brought her here. Standing up, Amriel walked over to her and extended a paw in friendship. "My name is Amriel."

Copying the gesture the attendant replied, "I am Star, though names bear little meaning around here. Come, follow me. Master Orion wanted to know when you were awake." Amriel turned back to gather her things, until she realized that she didn't have anything to gather. Following Star out the door and down the hallway, she quickly noticed that the walls were stone and not wood. She wasn't in the cart anymore. They must have moved her in here when she was asleep. "Master Orion is good to us, and we like to repay the favor as best we can. He never shouts or yells or beats us. We are given free reign to roam wherever we wish, as long as we do not leave his grounds. The world outside is harsh and women are not respected in the least, so we have no real desire to leave anyway." Star opened a door at the end of the hallway and exited out onto a battlement. The evening breeze ruffled Amriel's coat, reminding her of her nakedness. It felt oddly strange, comforting, relaxing. She could definitely get used to this life. Gazing out over the countryside she saw rolling hills and lush pastures, and she thought that she hadn't seen anything this beautiful since she first arrived at the monastery. Tears began to well in her eyes as she thought back on it. She missed the monastery, she missed her family. She wanted to go home. Star reached the end of the battlement and opened the door to Orion's antechamber. Turning to explain another aspect of the castle, she cut off in mid-sentence before letting the door fall shut and taking the sobbing woman into her arms.

"There, there, little one. It's ok. I know how you must hurt. Dry your eyes, now. There is nothing to worry about here." Amriel felt a warm tongue run up her cheek. She buried her face into her deep coat, unable to stop the tears from coming. She embraced Star firmly, held onto her like she would her own mother, and Star held her as a daughter, cleaning her face of tears with her soft tongue. When Amriel was ready, Star opened the door again and they passed through into Orion's antechamber. "His study is through that door. He's been waiting for you. Normally he doesn't wait for anything. You must be special to him already." With a soft reassuring smile, Star left the way they had come, leaving Amriel alone.

The antechamber itself was big enough. The floor was carpeted and tapestries hung from the walls depicting the Lord of the Castle in glorious battle. There were benches and chairs for people to wait in, but all were empty at the moment. Padding softly over to the door indicated, Amriel knocked softly. She could hear Orion call to her from the other side to enter, so she did. His study was enormous. It was at least two stories tall and larger than the antechamber. There were cushioned chairs and sofas and pillows scattered about the room, though all organized and placed with delicate care. The walls themselves were lined with books and her eyes widened at the immense amount of knowledge that was contained in this room. "Come. Sit down." His voice snapped her back into reality. He was sitting in a cushioned chair beside a fire. The book he was reading had been set aside upon her entry. His eyes seemed to penetrate to her very soul, and she was suddenly ashamed of her nakedness. He beckoned to her and she came, sitting next to him on floor. His paw extended out to her and brushed lightly over the crown of her head. Despite being repulsed by the

domineering gesture, it did feel rather good. As his fingers ran through her soft fur, he began to relate his own tale.

"My family used to run the slave trade in these parts. Until it got handed down to me. I passed it along to an interested third party as I couldn't stand how they treated the women of this society. So, I decided to make my house a Safe Haven for those in need. Of course, I can't afford to keep all the women to myself, but I regularly frequent the market, purchasing anything special that comes along. My habit is to purchase the first on the block, inquire from them about any special prizes to be had, and then go from there. Imagine my surprise when Solara told me of a woman that did not sleep as a wolf. Such a prize is one that I could not miss out on." He stopped petting Amriel, and she startled herself by actually missing the contact. It was nice and comforting, and she had truly enjoyed it. "The women in my house are free to roam where they wish, and do what they want. This courtesy, I now extend to you. These books are yours to read, whenever you wish to read them." Amriel looked up at him then, astonished by his generosity. Then he offered his hand to help her up and she took it. He guided her into his lap and she came. She draped his arms around his shoulders, resting her head in the crook of his neck. She began to cry again, not tears of sadness or regret, but of joy that she had found a person of such kindness in a world this uncaring.

"Sssh, hush yourself, Amriel. There are no worries here." He lifted her head from his shoulder and almost lovingly licked the tears from her eyes. She gazed into his and found no harshness, no anger, no oppression. His lips moved to hers and she to his. They met in an instant of love and passion. As their lips connected, so too did their souls. Each entwined around the other as their tongues sliding from muzzle to muzzle. Stepping into her role as submissive, she broke the kiss of equals and slid down off his lap in between his thighs. She noticed that he was naked, and had been since she first entered. Strange how fear and uncertainty can make a man seem like what he is not. Quickly finding his sheath, she placed a loving kiss to its opening before stroking it with one paw. As Orion's pink member began to extend, she enveloped it with her eager mouth, pulling his sheath down to expose more for her to devour. It tasted salty, but tangy and almost sweet. Her nostrils were filled with his scent and she loved it. She ran her tongue over his member as it filled her mouth. Her paw began to rub up and down his growing length as his head tilted back in enjoyment.

When he reached his full length, she shoved all that she could deep within her muzzle, giving him the warmth of her mouth around his sensitive organ. Pumping her mouth up and down on him, her paw clenched around the base of his penis, squeezing in rhythm to her suckling mouth. His knot quickly began to form as he began to shoot his precum down her wanting throat. It tasted heavenly as she was arousing herself on his member. Even though it was full length, it was still growing in width. She couldn't take the full girth of it in her mouth and still swallow his hot streams, so pulled back, focusing on the head while her paw milked at his knot. Orion was breathing heavy, panting in his pre-orgasm, when Amriel brought her other paw up to cradle his sack. Squeezing gently, she sent new waves of pleasure through her master. His body began to tighten as his orgasm approached. Amriel sucked hungrily at his cock, taking as much of it into her mouth as she could, her hand pumping at the base, trying to make him cum. The force of it hit her like an explosion. His hot seed filled her mouth in an instant, leaking down the sides before she could swallow his love. With each ejaculation she squeezed at both knot and sack, eliciting another ejaculation of the same intensity. She sat on the floor between his legs, drowning herself in his cum, drinking from his pulsating cock until she had had her fill. She ceased pumping at his knot, and drew her mouth off of his still pulsing member, suckling until she could get the last drops out. Removing herself from him, he shot one last load of hot love across her nose which she eagerly licked clean.

Amriel sighed in relief. She was home now. Right where she belonged. She placed her head on her master's inner thigh, keeping his glorious member in good view. He placed his hand on her head and began gently petting her behind the ears. His breathing was starting to regulate again, but all

Amriel could think of was her full belly and the warmth of his body as she closed her eyes and began to drift off to sleep.

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## **Chapter 6 - Explanations and Revelations**

The soft petting at her scalp kept her from drifting completely to sleep. She enjoyed the submissiveness a lot more than she first thought she would. I guess it depends on the master. She moved her head up against his hand, his fingers scritching softly behind her ears. "That was wonderful, my love, but you need not do anything with me that you do not desire to. You are under no obligation to give yourself to me."

Amriel opened her eyes to gaze at him. With her head laying against his thigh, all she could see was his slick pink member finishing its retreat back into his sheath. Reaching her paw up she stroked his sheath gently. "I know. But I want to. You remind me of... never mind." She closed her eyes again against his thigh, drinking in his deep scent, relishing in the feel of his fur against her face and muzzle, loving the caress at her head and ears.

Letting the matter drop, Orion moved along to a matter more in line with the original intent of Amriel's visit. "So, tell me about yourself. Is it true that you cannot alter form as other Wolfen?"

Never leaving his lap, she began to relate her story. Her eyes remained closed as her life played before her as if it were a movie. Always his scent and touch were there, anchoring her in reality. "I was part of a small farming family. It was just my parents, me, and my brother. It was a decent life, but hard. It seems so long ago now, though. It ended abruptly one night when my father found me in a... compromised position with my first love. He physically ripped us apart and I was on my way to the monestary before I had even stopped bleeding. I don't know what happened to anyone after that." She paused a bit to be reassured by Orion's caress. Once she had been reattached to her current reality, she was able to continue.

"I was given my own quarters in the monestary. The Grand Master was nothing but kind to me. He took me under his wing and instructed me in the Martial Arts. He taught me some minor magics before... " She paused again to bury her muzzle in his thigh. Taking in a deep draught of his scent she found the strength to carry on. "I was the only female in the abbey. It was obvious whenever I went into heat that there was only one thing on anyone's mind. Me. Eventually, nature overtook nurture and I found myself sneaking men into my room. They were all careful to be very quiet and discreet, and above all not to tie in case we should be interrupted. Somehow the Grand Master found out, and I was banished from the monestary. I found myself in Ichtaar where a greedy innkeeper used my body for payment." Her claws began to dig into Orion's leg as she remembered the ordeal, her hate and resentment building up subconsciously. "I... I took his life in retribution. I didn't have time to think, I just acted and he was there at my feet, dead. I took what money he had and fled into the city."

Letting her relate her story, Orion kept stroking her head. She seemed to relax after a few moments and continued. I wandered around aimlessly for almost a week. Then i caught scent of some Wolfen and followed them into a tavern where there were a lot of Wolfen gathered around. When i left, the slavers followed me and ... when they entered me they transformed into..." Her head snapped up, body rigid, eyes focusing quickly on Orion. "You didn't. When your orgasm overtook you, you remained Wolfen. You didn't turn into a wolf. I thought..."

Orion chuckled softly as his hands found her head again. Petting her softly on her cheek he calmly

explained her misconception. "One of the first things a Wolfen is taught as a cub is self-image. It is through these self-imaging techniques that we are able to alter form between man, wolf, and wolfen. Our given form is wolf, which is our base self image and what we normally revert to when asleep or unconscious. There have been rare cases where one's human or, in your case, wolfen self-image is so strong that it overrides this natural self image and becomes your resting state. Most wolfen prefer to revert to their natural self image during intercourse. The women as it gives them a sort of detachment. What happens to the wolf does not happen to the wolfen, and they are able to go on. The men prefer it as it puts them into a state of carnal lust and they are able to 'unleash' themselves so to speak. I prefer to make my mate comfortable and proceed as they would most enjoy. It takes a bit more concentration to hold your self image, but in the end it is worth it."

Amriel looked up at him, understanding. He though she was Wolfen, but had forgotten how to change form due to her 'strong self-image'. She hated to start out on a lie, but how could she explain his error? "Perhaps if we could work on your self-imaging," he began, "you could rediscover how to alter form once again?" She nodded, burying her face in his fur once again, inhaling his fragrance, rubbing herself into him. It was worth a try at least. She wanted it to work. She wanted to be Wolfen. To be his.

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Chapter 7 - Lessons

Standing up, Orion moved to the center of the room, leading Amriel by the hand. "As beautiful as your Wolfen form is, you will need to relearn your human form in order to survive for long in the outside world. Now, relax and close your eyes." As he spoke the words his hand moved downward over her eyes. His hand caressed her cheek, sliding down her nape. The touch was both invigorating and relaxing. She felt comfortable with this Wolfen, she couldn't quite explain it, but he was different than anyone she had ever met. He reminded her a lot of the Grand Master, only different still.

As his hands moved down over her breasts, he continued with his instruction. "Picture yourself in all your intricate detail. Picture your fur, your coloration, your markings, even your scent, thoughts and emotions. Everything that makes you you. Can you see yourself?" Amriel did the visualization exercise, picturing herself as best she could in every vibrant detail. When she had the image locked in her mind she nodded. At the signal Orion continued. "Now, picture your fur receding, your markings going away into a soft tanned skin like that of a human. Wrap this image around yourself until it becomes a part of you. The skin becomes your skin, the form your form."

Amriel did as she was instructed. She pictured her fur shortening, and then vanishing completely leaving her completely naked like a human. A human... pudgy and greasy like the innkeeper. Suddenly his frame loomed before her grabbing for her, ready to tie her up and have his way with her. She backed away, tripping over something.. a loose stone? She fell backwards onto the ground, her eyes snapping open.

She was back in Orion's study, his form above her, a look of worry deep in his eyes. She quickly got to her feet, staring down at her still "wolfen" form. "I'm sorry, my imagination got the better of me. It won't happen again, master." Orion blinked at her formality, his worry only deepening as he embraced her.

"There is no need to call me master. Yes, I purchased you, but all are equal under this roof. Come, let us try again."

Amriel stood again in the center of the room. "Did anything happen before I... before I fell?" Orion shook his head sadly and Amriel knew that no matter of hoping would make her Wolfen. She was Canid and could not transform. Or could she? Perhaps if only she could remember the words...

"Perhaps human is a bit of a stretch for now," Orion stated. "Let's try picturing yourself as a wolf this time, perhaps that would be easier as it is our original state." Brushing his hand over Amriel's eyes to close them again, he began his soft mantra again. "Picture yourself in all your intricate detail. Picture your fur, your coloration, your markings, even your scent, thoughts and emotions. Everything that makes you you. Can you see yourself?" Amriel didn't care about self visualization at this point. If she could remember the words of the spell she could do what she needed. Self was Eautos, that she remembered, but what was the word for change?

"Now, picture yourself sinking lower to the ground, your neck and head lining up with your spine, your fingers forming paws, your feet and hind legs becoming like your true Wolf form. Move down on all fours as the wolf inside of you shines out." Alle... Alleze? Allezo? Allazo! That was it. Allazo Eautos!

Snapping the picture of herself in her mind, she whispered the words to the spell, weaving the magic around her. As the spell began to take effect, she pictured herself doing just what Orion had said. She started by actually kneeling down on all fours, as she did forming the illusion around her that her arms and legs were forming into those of a wolf. Her head came up and straightened out like that of a wolf. Once the image was complete in her mind, she knew the illusion would be completed around her. Opening up her eyes she stared up at Orion who was positively beaming.

He knelt down to hug her around the neck, "You did it Amriel! You did it!" Wondering just how far she could take this, wanting to push herself, she nuzzled back into him, pressing her nose down towards his crotch, careful not to speak as wolves weren't able to. Quickly getting the picture, Orion began to peek out of his black sheath. Extending her tongue only to trail along his growing pink length, Orion actually pushed her back. Standing on all fours, he closed his eyes for a second and began to change into a wolf himself. During his change, Amriel took the time to position herself in front of him, tail up, flagging him towards her wanting mound. Now as a full wolf, Orion took the bait and stuck his nose under her tail, inhaling her intoxicating scent. His tongue came out to graze her anatomy, sending shockwaves of pleasure throughout her body. She felt her mental image, and therefore her spell, waver and quickly locked onto the picture of herself as a wolf.

His tongue made contact again, penetrating slightly between her lower lips. Her mental picture buckled under the pleasure of his tongue. She had to find a way to keep the spell up. Closing her eyes, she concentrated fully on her mental image until his tongue slid across her again. Picturing this action in her mind as well she was able to reinforce the image. It was almost as if she was watching a movie of two wolves mating. The she-wolf raised her tail in obvious want and the male buried his nose and tongue deep within her. She could feel each lap of his tongue against her inner walls, the little explosions of pleasure driving her to orgasm already. Her muscles clenched around his snout, flooding his mouth with her juices, inundating his nostrils with her scent.

Pulling his snout from the she-wolf, the male in Amriel's mental movie began to mount. She could feel his claws along her back. She felt him tighten his grip around her waist. She could see the male begin slowly humping toward the she-wolf. She could feel his hard cock poking at her regions, trying to find her entrance. Needing him to succeed, the she-wolf backed into him and he hit his mark. His long thin rod pierced her hips and in one strong thrust buried himself deep within his wanting mate. She could feel his entire length penetrate her. She could feel his arms around her waist as he thrust deep within her with animal intent. The extreme pleasure of it caused her to cry out in pleasure. Quickly remembering that she was the she-wolf in her movie, Amriel quickly changed her wanton

scream into a howl of unbridled pleasure as she pushed back, keeping him inside her.

The he-wolf had other plans though. His hips began bucking into his mate with an animal passion that Amriel had yet to experience. She could quickly feel him expand within her, each thrust grinding his growing knot against her g-spot. His hot pre-cum was already squirting deep inside her. Her pussy was reacting to the immense pleasure by contracting around his thickening girth, each thrust bringing another orgasm bigger than the last. The boundaries between herself and her movie image shattered. She was living the movie inside her head. The wolf on top of her pounded deep within her, and her wolf body responded with orgasm after orgasm. She hung her head, panting through her pleasure as he tensed up behind her. She could feel him erupt inside of her like a volcano. His hot seed sperading to every corner of her uterus, flooding her with his potential puppies. As his muscles clenched within her, she responded with the greatest orgasm she had ever experienced, giving herself fully and truly to the mate on top of her, wanting him to impregnate her, wanting to be his forever.

As he lay on top of her, his knot tied deep within her, he licked softly and lovingly behind her ears, waiting for his knot to shrink to where he could pull out. She maintained her mental image of herself as a wolf, her mate tied ontop of her, until he pulled out. As he bent down to clean himself off, she dropped the spell, reverting to her true form while his eyes were turned. Collapsing on the floor, she began to replay the entire scene in her mind. As she drifted off into exhausted slumber she once again saw the he-wolf mount her... but it was not Orion that she saw in her mind's eye. She realized that the wolf she had given herself to was not her current master, but her first love. Her first tragic love that sent her down this path in the first place. But it was with dreams of him that she rested. Orion cuddled around Amriel, dreaming himself of his newest mate.

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## **Chapter 8 - Mind's Eye**

It was her 18th birthday. A day of hapiness. A day of change. She was now a woman. Up till now she had been helping her parents on the farm, raising crops for the monestary. When not toiling on the field, she spent her free time within the monestary itself as a pupil learning martial arts and what magic they could teach. She had always been mind-hungry and learned quickly. She was able to grow and adapt, and quickly became a favorite of the Grand Master. But now she was 18. She couldn't stay with her parents much longer. She had to find a mate and make her own way in the world. All of her training and interests to this point had been geared towards crops and monastic life. She was completely unprepared for the hormonal onslaught that was to come crashing down upon her.

She wasn't the only one turning 18 today. Her entire litter was present, milling about in a big open field with their friends and loved ones. Amriel didn't care much for socializing. But, she was glad that he was there. They had been close friends since they were pups, and if she was to choose a mate, he would be the one. But her parents would never allow it. But, she was 18 now. She was a woman and could make her own decisions. Her parents' opinions didn't mean anything anymore. Just thinking of him as her mate made her feel all warm inside. Then the warmth began to grow and to spread and she began to feel a sort of tickle between her legs.

Her father called everyone's attention. The banquet was about to start. Everyone had come to the party, but the only one she cared about was sitting within eye contact. She gazed at him, he looked up and their eyes met. They held each other's gaze for what seemed like an eternity. It was a mistake, she knew, but that feeling spread, intensifying, settling at her groin. She needed to itch, but she couldn't now, not with everyone's attention focused on her father's speech nearby. Everyone

began toasting and she realized that she had missed most of it. All she knew was him and how he made her feel. She grabbed her glass and clanked it against a few Canids' glasses around her and took a swallow, hoping she hadn't been obvious. The meal began and she had pleasantries to attend to. It was a nice distraction from the throbbing ache in her groin, but whenever she saw him it was back, more demanding than ever.

Finally the meal was over and the party itself was to begin. There was dancing, cake, beverages, games, anything her parents could throw together, but she wasn't interested in socializing right now. She had an itch that she needed to scratch. Slipping back into the house, she made for her bedroom. She flung herself down on the bed and her hand went straight to her groin, pressing against the pressure that had been building. She began rubbing at the ache, hoping it would go away. But it just intensified, bringing feelings of pleasure with every stroke of her hand. She pressed harder, trying to get deeper to appease herself, but her clothing prevented her from achieving any real relief. She was the only one in the house, so she didn't see any harm in sliding her jeans off, leaving her naked from the waist down. Her hand went back to her groin, stroking the fur around her mound trying to satisfy her desires. Each stroke brought a little pleasure, but also the need for more. This need was coming from inside her, and she had to fill it.

Her fingers went to her slit, rubbing over her lips. She moaned softly with the pleasure of it and slid her fingers inside. She had never masturbated before and had no idea what to expect. She didn't even quite realize that was what she was doing now. All she knew was that she had never felt anything like this. This need was overwhelming her, the pleasure given by her fingers was immense. Her body began tensing around her digits as she explored her own sex. Her fingers slid deeper and she wanted to believe that they were his fingers causing her this pleasure. Then she heard something that nearly stopped her heart. Her bedroom door opened, she was caught. She turned to look at the intruder, and it was him. He had come to look for her. "I noticed that you had left the party, and wanted to make sure you were alright," he said. "Then I caught the most heavenly scent and came to investigate. You... are ok, right?"

Amriel jumped from the bed and draped her arms around his neck. "I am now, Nicodemus. Because you are here." She placed her lips to his and kissed him in their loving affectionate embrace. Moving back to the bed, Nicodemus laid her down, running his hands down her body, lowering his head to her moist slit. He inhaled as much of her scent as he could before placing his muzzle to her mound and drinking of her juices. His tongue sent electric shivers up her spine as her entire body convulsed in her first orgasm. His tongue didn't stop, but intensified within her. His suckling grew stronger, more intense, almost fevered before he pulled his lips away. He stood up, dropping his pants and moving over her. She could see his long pink rod already sliding out of his sheath. He was growing by the second and all she knew was that she wanted him inside her. She spread her legs and pulled him down on top of her.

He slid himself on top of her, finding her lips with his, finding her sex with his. He pushed forward to ensure he was inside of her and then with one quick thrust he was fully within her. She broke their kiss as she gasped in the pain and pleasure of losing her virginity to her chosen mate. She hugged him close, gasping in deep gulps of air as he thrust deep within her. She could feel him grow within her, expanding to fill every inch of her insides. She had never thought pleasure like this could exist. She never thought love like this could happen. Her orgasm hit her hard and she clenched around his swollen member hard. He let out his own gasps of joy as he exploded within her, filling her with his hot love.

She gazed up at him with love in her eyes, a gaze that moved past Nicodemus to the open doorway behind him and her father standing there staring back at her. Within two steps he was behind Nicodemus, his strong arms wrapping around body and yanking him from within his daughter. That

was how she learned of the knot. As he was pulled from her, he was forced out of her, his knot breaking through her lips, tearing them apart. The force of it pulled her off the bed as well and she lay on the floor in a crumpled heap. Her father grabbed her by her scruff and hauled her out of the room, shouting for someone to ready his wagon. Amriel was bleeding from the tears in her vagina, Nicodemus's seed mixed with her blood as it ran down her leg. Tossing her into the wagon, her father instructed the driver to take her to the monastery and that she was never to return. Amriel soon passed out from loss of blood and the loss of her love.

She awoke in the monastery, her tending monk informed her that Nicodemus had enlisted in the Army, and had been stationed abroad. She would never see him again. Her physical wounds soon healed, but her emotional wounds never would. She soon began to feed the emptiness that Nicodemus had filled with whichever monk passed her door that night. Then she saw the door. The door that she stepped through. The innkeeper was there, then the Wolfen, all chasing her, wanting her. She ran, tripped, fell. Then she was in his arms. "Nicodemus, thank you," she said lovingly. The reply snapped her awake.

"Who's Nicodemus?"

Amriel's eyes fluttered open and gazed into those of Orion. She was outraged that he knew that name, and embarrassed that she had given it to him. She quickly sprang to her feet and fled Orion's chamber. It wasn't until she could no longer see that she realized she was crying.