

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



Chapter One

I was lying on the double bed. He had just left. His cum was drying on the sheets and on my body. Feeling a bit sore I had no desire to get up. Later, get up, clean myself and go back to bed. Nothing to do anyway.

So this was my life now. Doing nothing except taking a shower, sleep, eat, get fucked, repeat. Just a few months ago it had been different. Closing my eyes I remembered.

It was a bright summer morning. Birds were singing while I let the sun warm my stiff body. The night hadn't been that bad. I had found a comfy place in the bushes in this park. Today was one of the better days to live on the streets, I decided as I stretched myself. Maybe I would even be lucky and the nice guy was working in the bakery today. He usually gave me a free coffee and sometimes even food that had turned out too bad to sell.

The feeling of being watched was there again. I had had it over the last week and I turned around. Some guy walking his dog, some kids on the playground and a woman crossing the park. No one seemed to pay me any attention, but the feeling lingered on.

The scene shifted. Green grass became barren ground, the group of trees where I had spent the night rocks, shrubbery. Silence, eerie silence. Slowly I patted my pockets. This was wrong, I knew it. Forcing myself one step, another step, one more I finally stepped out of the memory. Sounds reached my ears again children's laughter, birdsong. God, I needed a coffee.

Outside the shop I stopped, tried to spot the guys behind the counter. No luck today, two other guys were working. Some coins were still in my pocket. I pulled them out, counted them. A coffee - or a roll. Five pence short of the deal. With a deep sigh I turned around. I would try to get some more money. That was when the men suit approached me. "Ms Ferguson?"

I froze. No one had called me by my name for ages. I didn't know him. "Yes?" I asked. He smiled, came closer. "I would like to talk to you for a moment. Can I get you a coffee or anything?" He was young. Smart suit, shiny shoes, and I had noticed the Irish accent. "Milk, two sugar please."

White teeth flashed as he smiled at me. "I get the coffee and then we should go somewhere more private. I have a," he paused, "delicate but interesting offer."

Dumbfounded I just nodded. Thoughts were racing through my head but outwardly I stayed calm. Show no emotions, no weakness, watch your back.

What kind of offer? How did he know my name?

I followed him inside. He ordered two coffees and some rolls as well. As soon as the clerk put the cups on the counter I took mine and went over to the little table to get milk and sugar. My hand trembled just a little as I poured the milk. I spilled some of the sugar as well. He joined me just as I had brushed the spillage away and replaced the lid on my cup.

"Any idea where we can go?" I nodded. The park seemed a good idea. Public but we should be able to find a secluded bench.

Neither of us spoke as I led the way. Sitting down on a bench in the sun I looked up at him. "An interesting offer?" Now he just nodded and sat down. As he placed the bag with the rolls on his

other side the smell of bacon wafted over to me and made my stomach turn. I sipped my hot coffee and waited.

"If you would have followed the news you would be aware that your brother is in trouble. Serious trouble. Caught with drugs and a girl in Thailand." I swallowed hard. My little brother, just a kid when I had left.

"It might have been his reaction to your disappearance. Falling in with the wrong crowd, taking and selling drugs."

Sipping my coffee I listened. There was nothing I could do about that.

"An interested party could help him. The offer is to get him out of the country and help him while he gets tried at home."

"What do I have to do?" No matter what, I would do it.

He smiled a warm smile, looked around.

"It's a kind of prostitution. A year and a day you would be his property, fulfil his... cravings."

"And my brother would go free?" He thought for a moment. "Therapy is the best we could do. For two years and a day."

I licked my lips, had to clear my throat as I held out my hand. "Deal."

His eyes widened, pure astonishment on his face. Then he smiled again, took my hand. "Deal."

That had been the beginning of a long day. Some hours in his car, nearly as many hours in a private plane. He gave me food, water and otherwise left me alone.

The sun was setting as he led me towards a bungalow in this huge private park. The place which would be my home for the next two years.

It seemed like pure luxury to me. A big living room complete with a big couch, a shelf full of books and a big TV. A big bedroom with a seemingly huge double bed, a bathroom with shower and tub. The small kitchen had a hob, microwave and a big fridge. Every room had big windows and no curtains but I didn't care. The bedroom had no wardrobe either but the small chest of drawers would be more than sufficient for my few belongings.

"Take a bath or a shower, shave yourself and relax." The voice of the young man startled me and I spun around. He was polite enough to pretend he hadn't noticed. "You will meet your owner tomorrow."

"Can I wash my clothes somewhere?" I hadn't seen a washing machine anywhere. If I was to meet my owner - I inwardly shuddered at that word - and had to tidy myself up washing my clothes was a very good idea. "Leave your clothes outside the door. You won't need them during your stay but you will get it back once the deal is completed."

I nodded. "Anything else I have to know?"

"There is food in the fridge, you can watch TV, read, do whatever you want tonight. He will tell you the rules tomorrow."

I barely slept that night. Naked I tossed and turned between the satin sheets. My owner. Who might he be? What might he want? Around dawn I drifted off to sleep.

“Good morning.” The deep voice woke me. A man was standing in the door. I sat up in bed, the duvet still covering my body. “Good morning,” I replied and looked at him. His black hair was quite long and untidy, his face didn’t reveal his age. Tall and slender he was standing there, watching me with his dark brown eyes.

“Get up, I want to look at you.” Slowly I got up, took some steps towards him. Fully aware of my nakedness I avoided his gaze looked down at my naked feet. He crossed the small distance between us, touched me. First my legs, the newly shaved skin between them. “You’ll have to practise that. You missed some.” I nodded, muttered a timid “Yes”. He laughed. A deep rich laugh. “You have time, but you should really try. You are mine for the time being. The rules are easy. No clothes, keep shaved, take care of your body. You will find everything you need in the bathroom. When I want you I or one of my staff will get you, otherwise you are free to do as you please. You will address me as ‘master’ or ‘sir’. Understood?”

I nodded again. “Yes, Sir.”

He smiled at me. “Now, I want you. Come on.”

I followed him to the living room. He smiled again as he kicked the rug aside and revealed a trapdoor.

My skin was covered in goosebumps as I followed him through the dark and cool tunnel. What had I gotten myself into? This place seemed like a dream – and must have cost a fortune. After a seemingly long walk I noticed doors in the walls to the left and the right. I counted to six when he opened door number seven.

Light blinded me. The ceiling was completely made of glass, filling the room with the sunlight. The room itself seemed bare. Only as my eyes adjusted to the light I saw the pedestal in the middle of the room. Embedded in the surface were some shackles.

“Come over here.” It was two by two metres at least I noticed, as I stepped towards it. I shivered. “On this?” He nodded and I climbed up. “How do you want me? On my back?” He chuckled and pointed to the metal cuffs. “On your knees. Doggy.” He chuckled again and I swallowed hard.

The metal lay cool on my ankles and wrists as he fastened them. So I knelt on the stone slab, legs spread apart. I flinched as I felt his hand between my legs.

His finger parted the soft, freshly shaven lips, feeling for the entrance. Probing around he asked “How long?”

I didn’t understand and looked over my shoulder. The finger that had been gently probing inside me withdrew. “How long since you have been fucked?”

I tried to shrug my shoulders. “A year, maybe longer.” He smiled a warm smile, nodded. Slowly his finger started circling my clit. I closed my eyes. There was nothing I could do about it. And a deal was a deal. To be fair, it felt good. His experienced fingers stroked me, aroused me. That wasn’t so bad at all.

I relaxed, let his fingers get me ready for whatever he had in mind. The next time his fingers probed it slid in easily. I was wet, horny and moaned. And he stopped, stepped away.

"You may scream if you want to." Irritated I looked at him. "But I don't have to?" "No, you don't have to." He smiled and left the room.

He left me like this, shackled, aroused and in this weird room. It wasn't cold but my nipples were nearly as hard as the stone I was kneeling on. I felt my fast heartbeat, tried to control my fast breathing.

The door opened. His footsteps and another sound. A clicking sound. I turned my head. He was back, leading a big black dog. "Fuck", I cursed and my stomach turned to ice. All longing seemed to be gone. "As I said, you can scream if you want."

The dog jumped up and I heard and felt him sniffing between my legs. Begging would be no good. I had agreed. I wished I hadn't.

"Mount." His voice was quiet, authoritative and instantly I felt the dog jumping me. His claws scratched my back just a little, I felt his hips move as he started to hump me right away. His dick poked between my still parted pussy lips. Just a short time afterwards he found the entrance and slid inside.

The humiliation burned more than the dogs cock hurt. His - our- owner had prepared me well. Deeper and deeper he fucked me, panting his warm breath down my neck. Fast, hard he fucked me. I bit my lip. Looking aside I saw him standing there. He was watching the show. No sign of arousal. He just smiled, seemed pleased.

I felt something happen. The dick inside me seemed to grow even more, stretching me, filling me. "Oh fuck, no." I thought but I felt the dog cum inside me, knotting me. I let out a groan and hung my head. Shame made my cheeks burn. Here I was, knotted by a dog while his owner was watching me. It did not matter that I did not have a choice, that it was a deal. I closed my eyes. Unsure how long this would last. I felt the dogs cum inside me, his fur on my back.

I heard the footsteps but did not open my eyes. "Good boy." It felt like he was patting the dog. Then he patted me on the head. "Good girl."

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## **Chapter Two**

I don't know how long I knelt on that stone slab with the dog's knot firmly inside me. What hurt more than the actual pain was the humiliation. He just stood there watching.

Finally I felt the dog pull away, his member and sperm leaving my cunt. Our owner just pointed and the dog jumped down. Without a word he left the room, the dog at his side, wagging his long tail. I was alone, the dog's cum dripping from my stretched cunt.

Would there be more? Another dog? Would he fuck me? Do other things? It was hard to think clearly as the thoughts raced through my head. So many things I did not understand. The dog was trained. That seemed a fact. The man not showing any emotion at the sight another. So what had been the point?

I raised my head and looked around. No sign of surveillance. Just as I was trying to shift my legs to ease the pain in my knees the man came back. He was alone.

"No point in trying to free yourself." I opened my mouth to protest, that I wasn't doing such a thing,

but I thought better of it and murmured "Yes, Sir."

He smiled down on me. "You'll only hurt yourself if you try." I nodded. He was so close now, mustering me. Without warning his hand was between my legs, his fingers probing. I flinched, just couldn't help it. With a soft laugh he withdrew and opened the cuffs. "Get up."

Slowly I got up, stiff and sore. Feeling the dogs cum running down my leg I shuddered. All I wanted was a shower, a long hot shower. Maybe I would feel better afterwards. My legs trembled a bit as I got down from the pedestal. I looked at him and he nodded.

"Come on."

I followed him back in the tunnel. Left again, not back to where we had come from. We passed two more doors on either side. I was wondering what would come next.

He stopped and opened a door. The room was small, white tiles on the walls and floor. A Shower, I realised with a sudden delight. Slowly I stepped inside, my bare feet making next to no sound. The sound of his shoes as he followed me echoed in the small room.

On the opposite wall was shower, a drain in the floor under it. "Clean yourself." I nodded and looked around. No soap, no shampoo or anything, just a towel on a bar near the door.

"Eh," even though there were no hidden corners I looked around again. "Could I use the toilet first?"

He chuckled. Even that sound echoed around the shower chamber. "You can piss in the shower, or squat down on the drain if you like."

I took a deep breath, felt myself blush. No privacy. For fuck's sake, he had just watched me getting humped by his dog, how embarrassing could peeing in front of him be after that?

Very, I realised as I turned the water on. He leaned against the door, watching again.

I reached out, felt the water on my hand. As the temperature was to my liking I took the shower-head down turned my back towards him and started to clean myself. I really needed to pee and the warm water - and the sound of running water - wasn't helping at all.

Closing my eyes that I would not have to see the yellow stream of piss in the water I let go. Warm as the water it was running down my leg. It felt like forever, even though it couldn't have been long. I knew that he was watching me. I did not know what was going to come. At least it seemed okay that I had turned away. Thank heavens for small favours. With my eyes closed I finished cleaning my crotch from the dog's cum and my piss.

"That's enough."

I thought I heard some kind of satisfaction in his voice but I wasn't sure. Quickly I turned the water off and replaced the shower-head. When I crossed the room and reached for the towel I half expected him to stop me, to touch me. But he did nothing.

After I had dried myself he led me back. Back through the tunnel, back up the stairs through the trapdoor, back to the small bungalow.

"Eat, get some rest. I will be back this evening." He closed the trapdoor and left through the front door. I was left on my own, confused, bewildered.

Slowly I made my way to the kitchen. Someone must have been here, there was a plate of food on the table. Some chicken, veg and potatoes, still warm and smelling like heaven. I felt my mouth water and sat down.

The food was comforting. The whole morning had seemed surreal. Suddenly I started to laugh.

Somewhere deep down I knew that this was just a way of coping. Like cracking jokes when you had just survived and were still picking bits of your mates up from the ground. But I laughed nonetheless until the tears were starting to run down my face. Tears I would not cry otherwise.

After having eaten I went into the living room, idly browsing the bookshelves. A broad selection, romance, fantasy, sci-fi, some classics. I made sure to stay clear of the romance section, closed my eyes and picked at random. There would be plenty of time to read all of them. Curled up on the comfy sofa I started to read.

The sun was setting when I heard the front door open and close. He was back.

I got up, marked my place in the book and placed it on the table. He was smiling, went straight over to the trapdoor. "Come on."

Again I followed him. Again we entered that room. Again he ordered me to get on the pedestal. The room was dim, no lights were lit and the light outside was fading. I felt the warmth of his body as he fastened the cuffs around my wrists and ankles. His warm fingers reached for my crotch. Why did he do that? Lube would be so much easier. Didn't his dogs like it? Not a good time to ask.

But the thoughts lingered on while his fingers were stroking me, probing.

"Relax, it will happen anyway." His mouth was near my ear. I felt his breath on my neck, brushing a strand of my long ginger hair aside. But it was hard. Even though he was experienced and his hands touched me in all the right places. He continued, his fingers circling my clit, after some time fucking me. He pushed his finger in, deep and slow. This felt good. I moaned and tried to push against his finger.

As soon as I had reached this point he withdrew, left me. I groaned, frustrated. He would get the dog again. "Fuck", I muttered after the door had closed behind him. It was getting darker and darker. Daylight was fading fast.

So I waited, tried to prepare myself for what was about to come. The door opened again and I heard his footsteps and the unmistakable sound of dogs claws clicking on the floor. As I turned my head I drew in a sharp breath. This was another dog. Bigger. The coat of the Great Dane was a light grey and nearly shone in the last light. That might hurt. I shuddered.

"Mount." The dog followed the command without even pausing to sniff my crotch. I closed my eyes as I felt his warmth. He started humping, found the entrance to my wet cunt on his first thrust, buried himself deeper on the second.

The man walked around, his footsteps stopped right in front of me. "Try to enjoy it."

I nearly laughed out loud. His big dog was fucking me, would be knotting - hurting - me and he just told me to enjoy it.

And it hurt already. It was fast, not in the least what I was used to. The dog was panting down my neck. Not long after I felt the dog pounding even more frantic. He was growing inside me. The

inevitable happened. He knotted as he came deep inside me. I felt his fast heartbeat, heard him whimper.

“Good boy.” I felt movement next to me. The man was patting his dog.

Would this be my life from now on? Being fucked by dogs for whatever reason? I tried to silence my thoughts, waited.

I breathed a sigh of relieve as the dog finally pulled away. The sound of the man’s steps faded, died down. Maybe I could at least learn to tolerate it more. But why was he doing it?

The sound of the door interrupted my thoughts and I opened my eyes again. I could just make out the silhouette of a man coming towards me. Something was odd. I did not hear the sound of his shoes. So he had taken his shoes off. And his clothes I realised as the moonlight suddenly filled the room.

Slowly he came towards me. I had time to take in nearly every detail. Tall, athletic and he moved with a natural ease. His body was as hairy as mine was hairless, dark hairs covering his arms and legs, his breast. His cock, one of the biggest I had seen so far stood erect from a nest of curly black hair. I swallowed. “Is this the time to tell you that I have very little experience with anal and I am not sure if I can swallow that one?” I tried to joke and he laughed. It was a warm laugh and I felt somehow comforted.

“Don’t worry about that.” He smiled and I saw his white teeth glistening in the light. One more step brought him right into the pillar of moonlight in front of me and he groaned.

I watched in horror as his body seemed to change. He grew, expanded. The hair on his body grew to cover him completely. Hands became claws, ears crept up at the side of his skull, his face a grimace of pain as his muzzle grew.

I couldn’t believe it. This couldn’t be true. What did I drink last night to have such a fucked up nightmare?

I tried to wake up, get away from this nightmare, this monster. But the pain in my wrists and ankles as I strained against the cuffs showed me that this was really happening.

Panic rose inside me, flooded my body with adrenaline. His change was complete. Panting the two metre werewolf towered over my trembling body. Black fur covered him, his fangs shone bright. I could not stand the sight of him and lowered my gaze.

Which I regretted. Now I understood. His cock was shaped as a dogs, but bigger, even bigger as it had been before.

He dropped down, his hands - paws- on the slab his feet still on the ground. Sniffing he circled me. Clearly he must be able to smell my fear, my panic. Just as the first dog had done he paused to sniff my crotch. Then I felt his tongue lash out and flinched. It was long and wet and he licked right across my crotch.

His fur brushed my ass and back as he came over me. Slowly his member slid between my still parted pussy lips. I gasped in horror, closed my eyes. Deeper and deeper he pushed, filling me, stretching my cunt.

He started to fuck me. Just like his dogs had humped me. And unlike his dogs at the same time. His



paws closed over my tits, kneaded them, twisted the nipples. I moaned in pain. It hurt. It would have been worse if his dog had not widened me first I assumed.

Maybe it would not take long. If only. My hands curled into fists, fingernails digging into my palms. This was surreal. Getting fucked by a werewolf. After his dogs had fucked me.

Panting he fucked me. Again and again he buried his dick inside me. I felt his hot breath on my back, heard his low satisfied growl. And the knot began to swell.

'You can scream if you want,' I remembered his words but no sound escaped my dry throat. Bigger and bigger he grew inside me, his balls hitting me every time. A vision of my crotch, covered in blood and cum, flashed before my eyes and I whimpered.

With a last deep push and another deep growl he came inside me and was still.

I dared not to move. His body covered me like a warm fluffy blanket. The smell of sex and animal filled my nostrils.

Despite the warmth I shuddered. I was being owned by a werewolf.

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Chapter Three

I awoke early in the morning. Birdsong drifted in through the open window. Yawning I got up, stretched myself and made my way to the small kitchen. Coffee before shower, before getting fucked.

I had adapted to his schedule, developed a routine. In the mornings about nine he would come and get me. One of his dogs would fuck me and after a quick clean up I was free to do as I pleased. Around dawn he would get me for the second time. Sometimes a dog would be first, other times it was just him fucking me.

I still did not enjoy it. I could bear it. A deal was a deal after all.

Taking my coffee outside I sat down on the lawn in front of the bungalow. The grass was cool and wet with dew but I did not care. It was still cool but the sky promised a warm day. During the last two weeks - after having spent the first two only in the bungalow - I had taken to exploring the surrounding area. It was huge, it was beautiful. Some parts were tamed, flower beds and mowed lawn, other parts wild, wide open meadows or dense forests. I never ventured far, too afraid of what might happen when I wasn't back in time, but a different path each day. Walking helped me. So many questions I did not dare to ask.

He was a werewolf. He seemed to be rich. He had a pack of dogs. These things I knew for sure.

Why had he chosen me? Why did he never talk to me except for short orders? So many things I wasn't sure of. My meagre knowledge of werewolves didn't help at all. I had preferred other books and films. The books in the living room here did not deal with that topic and all the films I had watched on the streaming services I had access to had frightened me. The monsters in the films usually killed their prey.

What was I to him? Just a toy? Prey? Something else?

The coffee was hot and comforting. Did he drink coffee? Smiling I took another sip. One day I would work up the courage to ask him. Maybe.

I shivered and got up. A hot shower, another coffee. There was still plenty of time left until he would come.

The warm water felt hot on my chilled body. I waited until it felt comfortable and stepped under the shower. Shaving came first. Carefully I removed the stubble, felt with my hand if I had missed any. Sliding my hand over my wet, crotch I found a spot I had missed, one quick swipe with the razor. That felt better.

Using the luxury soap to lather my body I closed my eyes and raised my face towards the water. For a long time I just stood there, let the water wash away the soap. Then I reached for the shampoo, washed my long ginger hair.

The towels were soft and fluffy. Careful I dried myself, stood in front of the mirror. I had gained some weight. My body was nearly back to the shape it had been before I had been living on the streets. Long and slender legs, flat stomach and nice b cup tits. My ribs and hip bones weren't that prominent anymore. Bruises in various colours covered my tits. He was not too careful with his paws. But somehow I did not think he hurt me on purpose. Every time before I got fucked he made sure I was ready, wet. Tentatively I ran a hand from my tits over my stomach to my crotch.

I had been fucked at least twice every day but I had never had an orgasm.

I glanced at the clock. One hour left.

Shaking my head I went to fix myself another coffee. Should I? Would it make things easier for me?

Sipping the hot coffee I made my way to the living room, sat down on the couch. I couldn't let go of the thought. Would it be easier for me, if I prepared myself? Not having to face the fact that my body reacted by his touch, got aroused by him, even though I knew what was coming. I wasn't sure. And how would he react?

But I was free to do what I wanted in between. He had told me so. I finished my coffee quickly, set the mug aside. Slowly I started to rub my nipples. A soft touch, not as hard as he would do it. I closed my eyes, concentrated on the touch alone. I felt them react, harden. Grabbing the left tit with my hand I bowed my head, stuck out my tongue. The touch sent shivers down my spine. As I closed my lips around the nipple and started to suck I moaned. How I had missed this.

The other hand left my tit, reached for my crotch. Soft, freshly shaven skin under my fingertips. Without thinking I lay back and spread my legs. I let go of my other tit as well, placed both hands between my legs. Spreading my pussy lips with one hand I felt for my clit with the other, stroked it, circled it with one finger. That felt good, more than good. The more I touched myself the more I relaxed. Whatever would happen today, at least now I would feel good. It was no conscious thought, I felt a longing I had not felt in a long time.

I slid one finger in my cunt, pulled it out again and slid two fingers inside. The dogs and the werewolf had fucked me fast and hard. I did just the opposite. Slow but deep, soft but satisfying. Moaning I felt my juices on my fingers, the longing as I rubbed my clit gently. A third finger joined the two, faster now, harder. I gasped. My body tensed up. More, faster, harder, no coherent thought anymore, just the longing for relief. I gasped again as the orgasm washed over me. Panting I lay on the sofa, legs wide apart, my fingers still buried in my cunt. I felt the muscles contract, my heart beating fast.

"Damn, I needed that," I murmured, opened my eyes again.

But the good feeling passed too soon, left a stale, empty feeling. I was lonely. Just as I was wondering if the two years would drive me insane I heard the door. He was coming to get me.

When he entered the living room he carried a box. Irritated I got up, looked at him. He put the box down on the table and smiled. "You might be needing this soon." I glanced inside. Tampons and some packs that seemed to contain panties. Nodding I reached out for the panties to check the size. While on the streets my period had become more than irregular, sometimes I had gone months without bleeding. Now, with a healthier diet, it should be back to normal soon. I glanced at the pack and froze. There was a picture of a dog on the package. Panties for a bitch in heat.

Blushing with embarrassment I let it drop back in the box. "Thank you, Sir," I murmured and looked down on my feet.

He laughed. "And don't try to fool me. I can smell if you are bleeding or not."

I nodded, tried to suppress a shudder.

As usual he opened the trapdoor. As usual he led me down through the tunnel.

Suddenly he slowed down, turned around and looked at me. I could barely make out his silhouette but I was pretty sure he could see me alright. Sniffing he stepped towards me. Apparently I would find out now if I had unknowingly broken the rules.

"Come on". Briskly he turned around and walked on. He opened a door to our right, held it open for me. "Wait there."

The room was small, brightly lit and there was carpet on the floor. The only furniture was plenty of big bean bags and dog beds. I strolled around in the room, unsure what was to come. The routine was broken. Anything could happen. My heart beat fast, a touch of panic sent goose-flesh all over my body. As far as I could see there were no shackles or other means of restraint in this room.

The door opened again. My owner was accompanied by the first dog who had fucked me. The man closed the door and sat down on one of the dog beds. The dog moved on, came towards me, tail wagging and ears pricked. I held out my hand, let him sniff. After sniffing my fingers for a long time he licked them, moved forwards and started to sniff my crotch.

Unsure what was expected of me I stood still, looked to the man on the dog bed. His face was impassive, gave nothing away. For a long time I just stood there, frozen to the spot. The dog's breath was warm in my crotch. Did he want me to pet the dog? Did he want me to get down on my knees like a good bitch?

In the other room the dog would have fucked me by now, it might even have been over. Taking a step back the dog followed me. His member was out of its sheath, he whimpered softly.

The man - werewolf- did not move. He just watched me. So I had to make a decision.

Slowly I got down on my knees, using one of the bean bags for support and spread my legs.

"Mount." Instantaneous was that command and the dog obeyed.

He humped me furiously. Eventually he found the entrance to my wet cunt, buried himself inside me.

His thrusts grew even more frantic.

My hands turned into fists, I buried the fingers deep in the cushion. This was the first time I wasn't restrained when a dog fucked me. It had been my free will to go down on my knees. I shuddered, a desperate moan escaped my throat. Humiliated I closed my eyes.

The dog's knot began to swell. I could feel it. There was still time to pull free. Save myself from being knotted by this dog. I moved my hips tentatively, the dog followed. Or was this part of the test? Was this a test? Did he want to test my obedience?

I let it happen. With one last deep push the dog shot his load and the knot filled me.

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## **Chapter Four**

Moodily I stared out of the window. It was pouring down. No nice warm summer rain but fat cold drops. Today was the third day of this and the temperature had dropped noticeably. On the first day I had tried to go out nonetheless but since I did not really enjoy it I had stayed in the bungalow since.

He had not been here either. My period had started one day before the rain. Since then I had been on my own.

With a sigh I moved away from the window. The panties were uncomfortable, too. No wonder, dogs had a different anatomy. If I had to stay here another day without distraction I felt I would go crazy. The books and the TV only annoyed me at the moment. My gaze fell on the trapdoor.

I had never been down there on my own. So far I had only seen three of the many rooms down there. The two rooms in which I had been fucked and the shower room in which I had to clean myself afterwards.

Did I really want to know what was down there? No. But it was better than just sitting here and staring at the raindrops hitting the window. I opened the trapdoor and went down before I could think better of it. My heart beat fast as I moved along the dimly lit tunnel. My naked feet made no sound on the cool stone floor as I advanced.

The first door on the left was locked. So was the first door on the right. And the next pair of doors were also locked. Were they all locked? I had never seen him unlock a door.

On the right was the room with the bean bags and dog beds. The door opened easily and I closed it again. So not all doors were locked, I noted as I tried the one opposite.

It opened with a creaking noise. A big four poster bed stood in the middle. The covers were made of dark silk or satin. The carpet rustled under my feet as I moved closer, let my hand run over the sheets. 'Dark colours, that you won't see his shed fur', I thought and smiled.

As I explored further along the tunnel I discovered that most of the doors were locked. Only the one to the room with the pedestal and the shower were open. I had lost track of time. It didn't matter anyway. He would not come to get me. The tunnel led on and on. I followed. It must lead somewhere.

After some time there was another door. Made from stainless steel and not wood like the others. I reached out, tried the handle. The door swung easily on its hinges, opened noiselessly. As soon as I

had opened it a crack I heard the noise. Soft woofing and the clicking of claws on stone. I had found the kennels.

Opening the door fully I stepped inside.

Seven big kennels lined the walls. Some were occupied by more than one dog, some were empty. Dog beds and bowls were in every kennel, doors in the walls that seemed to lead outside. All ten dogs looked at me, their tails wagging.

“Hi guys,” I greeted them and felt stupid. The Irish Wolfhound closest to me let out a soft deep “Woof” and I walked towards him, held out my hand. He had fucked me only twice so far. He sniffed at my fingers, licked them. I reached into the kennel, scratched him behind his ears. With a low grumbling sound he sat down, leaned against the bars. “You like that, hm?” I smiled, let my hand run through his fur. “And I don’t even know your name.”

I looked around at all the dogs. Each one of them had fucked me at one point of my time here. But I didn’t know our owners name either.

The Irish Wolfhound was clearly enjoying the attention. I sat down, leaned against the bars as well and continued to pet him. Now, both of us sitting, he was taller than me, sniffed at my face. I felt the cold bars against my body, his warm body on the other side. It was oddly comforting and I snuggled against him, continued to run my fingers through his fur.

Before I knew it I started to talk. I told the dogs about my life, my parents and my little brother, the time I had lived on the streets. I opened up about feeling lonely, even being scared sometimes. It felt good. The warm body next to me, talking to a living being about everything. Even if it was a dog.

I awoke with a start. My body was stiff, I was shivering. Where was I? Then I looked around and remembered. Down in the kennels. Most of the dogs were curled up as well, I heard a faint snoring from one of them. Stiffly I got up, stretched my aching body. “See you later guys,” I murmured and left them.

Back in my bungalow I discovered that it wasn’t as late as I had thought. And even better. The rain had stopped and the sun was shining brightly. Humming I made myself a coffee and went outside. It was still a bit chilly in the shade but as soon as I stepped into the sunny patches it was nice enough to go for a walk.

So I strolled along the sunniest path I had discovered so far. It led to one of the meadows. This one was on a shallow hill and bordered by a thick hedge. I had never ventured much further. Today I just stopped to sip at my coffee, then I walked on. The ground was soft under my feet, the long grass brushed my naked legs. Smiling I closed my eyes and turned my face towards the sun. It was good to be alive. It was good to feel the sun on my naked body. I could nearly forget everything around me in this moment.

“Enjoying the sun?” His voice startled me, I opened my eyes and spun around, spilling a fair portion of my coffee. He seemed to have appeared from nowhere but for all I knew I could have stood there for a long time.

“Yes.” I smiled at him. My owner looked at me, naked except for this ridiculous dog panty. “Come with me.”

I nodded and followed him. He led the way towards a patch of trees on the other side of the meadow. His pace was fast and I had a little trouble keeping up. At the first line of trees he stopped and

waited for me. As soon as I had caught up he walked on.

Under the trees I felt the cold. Shivering I followed him, felt my body react to the drop of temperature. Only a few steps into the small wood I felt I had to pee.

“Just a second,” I called out and stepped behind a bush. After placing the empty coffee cup I was still carrying on the ground I pulled the panties down. As soon as I had crouched down I started to pee. Leaves rustled and there he was, looking down on me, watching me. Blushing I looked down. I still wasn’t used to being watched doing my business. Looking around for some suitable leaves and finding none I sighed. Wriggling my ass to shake off the last drops I straightened myself again, pulled the panty up. And started to giggle. His bushy black eyebrow rose, he cocked his head and looked at me, a smile on his lips. “What’s so funny?”

It took me a moment to reply without giggling too much. “I just thought”, another fit of giggles shook me. “Humans walking their dogs. And you... walking your human.” He laughed. “Yes, me walking my human.” Still smiling he went on. “And training my human. Come.” One finger pointed to the spot in front of him. Careful not to tread in the small puddle I had left on the forest floor I stepped towards him.

He nodded, reached out and placed both hands on my tits. The bruises were faded but they were still sensitive to touch. This time though he was gentle, just the right amount of pressure as he played with my hard nipples. His breathing got harder, the only sound apart from the occasional drop of water falling from the trees.

Gripping both my shoulders hard he turned me around. Only as I felt his fingers between my butt cheeks I remembered the hole in the panties. Where the tail of a female dog would stick out his fingers found entry.

I flinched, took an involuntarily step forwards. He just followed, his finger probing for my asshole. That would hurt. Slowly he inserted one finger in my dry ass, pushed a bit before he withdrew again. Swallowing hard I braced myself for what was about to come. With both hands he pulled the cheeks apart. Before I knew what was happening I felt his spit hitting my ass. The finger probed again, more spit and I felt the tip of a second finger.

Bending forward I held on to my knees for support. Both fingers entered my ass, probing, stretching. He spit again, started to fuck my ass with his fingers. I forced myself to relax, knowing from my little experience with anal that it would hurt more if I was too tense. Deeper and deeper he forced his fingers, spread them and I moaned in pain.

After fucking my ass with his fingers for some time he withdrew them. I heard the zipper as he opened his pants.

“Turn around.” Straightening up I turned around, looked at him. His cock poked hard and erect from his pants. “Make him as wet as you can. Then it won’t hurt too badly.”

My mouth felt dry but I got down on my knees, licked my lips. He waited, looked down on me. Heart beating fast I bent forward stuck out my tongue and licked the tip of his dick. Slowly I closed my lips around him, started to suck. He was so big – though not as big as in his other form – it nearly filled my mouth. Thinking about it in my ass made me shiver. My owner did not move. He let me lick and suck his cock at my own pace. I tasted his precum, thick and salty on my tongue. Maybe I could keep this up, make him cum in my mouth rather than fuck my ass. Tentatively I reached for his cock, massaged it while I sucked. He moaned and smiled down at me.

"That should be enough." As he pulled his dick from my mouth I watched a thread of saliva hanging from it. At least it was wet. But I was scared nonetheless.

Still on my knees I turned around, raised my ass and spread my legs as far as I could. I felt him behind me as he bent over me. "Good girl," he mocked me as he rubbed his cock against my ass. As I had suspected it hurt as he shoved it inside. Instinctively I tensed up, cowered down as he pushed himself deeper. It hurt even more now but I could not help it. Without mercy he pushed on, entered my tight ass slowly. I whimpered but he only stopped as he had buried it's full length inside me.

"I like that," he whispered hoarsely in my ear, "a nice tight ass."

He pulled back and thrust his cock back into me. Straightening up and holding me by my hips he started to fuck me. The longer it lasted the easier he slid into me. The pain wasn't that bad anymore, I could bare it, even relax some more. He groaned, fucked me faster. Suddenly I realized that this was the first time he fucked me in his human form. I wasn't sure if I would have endured his bigger werewolf cock, the knot.

His grip tightened, the fingers digging painfully into my skin. With one loud moan he came, I felt his dick pulsating, shooting his cum in my ass.

Panting he relaxed, pulled away after a moment.

"Get back to your place and clean yourself", he commanded as he closed his pants again.

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Chapter Five

Holding my bouncing tits with my hands I was running towards my bungalow. The sun was already setting. I might be late for the first time. "Damn," I swore as I stumbled on the uneven path. Panting I stopped, pressed a hand to the sting in my side. Out of shape, that's what I was. Not far now. I moved on, just a slow jog now.

It had been a beautiful day. After the morning dog fuck and the cleaning up I had wandered outside. Walking over the grounds I had met the dogs. All of them were running free like me at the moment. They were playing and I had watched them from the edge of the meadow. All ten of them were clearly enjoying themselves, the Irish Wolfhound in the lead.

Without thinking what might happen I had moved closer. And the dogs had spotted me. Soon enough I had been surrounded by dogs, sniffing at me and bumping into me. I petted them, feeling the different kinds of fur - and then I had joined the pack. None of them made any attempt to fuck me. The Wolfhound led the way, slower as if aware that I wouldn't be able to keep up otherwise and we followed. We had ventured farther and I had lost track of time.

That was why I was now jogging on the path, panting. Finally the bungalow came in sight. I slowed down, tried to catch my breath. Hopefully he wouldn't be there already. I had never not been in the bungalow when he came for me. No idea what would happen if I wasn't. On the other hand, he had never threatened me. So maybe it was not a big deal.

My heart sank as I came nearer and saw him leaning against the wall. Still panting, my body sweaty and covered in shed dog hairs I reached him, muttered a breathless "Sorry, Sir".

My owner nodded curtly, opened the door for me.

"You've been playing with the dogs." It wasn't a question. "Yes, Sir," I replied and walked over to the trapdoor, waited for him.

"Don't be late again."

And that was it. No threat, no consequences, no scolding for having played with the dogs. I breathed a sigh of relief. He opened the trapdoor and I followed him down the steps. "Yes, Sir," I replied again and frowned as I heard him chuckle.

Still smiling he opened the door to the room with the enormous bed. With a mock bow he bade me to enter. Shyly I stepped into the room. This was the first time he had led me here. Something new was going to happen.

He closed the door and started to undress. "Do you want to prepare yourself or shall I?" Now only in his boxer shorts he looked at me.

That question came as a big surprise. Never before had he asked me a thing like that. He had just taken me, stimulated me to get me wet and ready for his big werewolf cock. Only twice in the five or so weeks here had I masturbated before he came to get me. The look on my face must have said it all. He laughed. "I thought you might like it more when you get yourself ready."

I had to swallow down the lump in my throat before I could answer. He wouldn't like it. "Only if you don't watch."

Smirking he crossed the room, placed a hand on my cheek. "But that is part of the training."

Part of the training? What else was there to come? But the hand on my face felt good, unconsciously I leaned against it. So far I had never disobeyed. And I had been late the first time today. It had been a question, no order. Still my heart beat fast as I asked timidly. "Can you? Today?"

He smiled, lowered his hand. His fingers brushed my jaw, traced my collarbone. I shivered under the slight touch. "Turn around."

With slightly trembling legs I obeyed.

Placing his big hands on my hips he pulled me closer. So close that I felt his hard cock through the fabric of his boxers, pressing hard against my ass. His breath brushed my neck.

"Maybe you should practice with the dogs. Let them watch, when you get off." He murmured close to my right ear. I shivered again, more because of his deep voice so close by than because of his suggestion. Being with the dogs today had been fun. Maybe he was right. Maybe not.

His hands moved down my sides and I spread my legs automatically. Softly his fingers brushed my pussy lips.

"The next stage would be my other shape." His mouth was close to my other ear now. "You might get to like it. Turning me on." Back to the right ear again. His lips brushed the skin on my neck, sent shivers down my spine. His fingers parted my labia as he placed soft kisses on my shoulders. My tits heaved with every fast breath I took. He had never done this before. I had nearly forgotten what it felt like to be kissed, treated like this. And my body reacted naturally.

Expertly he played my body, aroused me. Not for the first time I wondered where he had gotten this experience from.

I moaned as he slid one finger inside me. "I'll give you one month." The hairs on my neck stood on end as his lips brushed my skin. "By then, when I order you to prepare you will do it."

"Yes, Sir", I sighed, nearly breathless with arousal now. The sound his finger made as he finger fucked my cunt only confirmed what I had felt. I was ready for him, wet and today... horny.

And he knew it. He let go of me and stepped back. I heard a rustling sound. That were his boxers falling. He would change now.

Slowly I turned around. More and more it had become rather fascinating than appalling for me. Seeing his body change into its other form, stretching, fur growing, the ears, the muzzle and his claws. By now I was pretty sure he could not speak in his other form. The only sounds I had heard from him were animalistic. I remembered the terror I had felt the first time. It seemed so long ago now.

Transformation complete he stood there, panting. His hard cock out of its sheath. Tentatively I took one step forward, raised a hand. "May I?" During the day I had felt all the dogs. From the short gleaming coat of the Great Dane to the fluffy, thick black fur of the big black dog. How would his fur feel? A werewolf.

He nodded and I placed my hand on his chest. The black fur was long, softer than I had expected but I could still feel the human breast underneath. It was a weird sensation, a human torso covered with thick fur. Careful I let my hand trail down, felt the muscles on his stomach. How would his dick feel? So far I had only felt human cocks. It was huge, a vivid red and already glistening with precum. Did I dare?

He flinched as my fingers touched his cock. A sound like a questioning growl escaped his throat and I looked up to his face. Our eyes locked for a moment, I looked away, down again. Careful I closed my hand around his cock. Slick and hot it lay in the palm of my half closed hand. Not for the first time I wondered how he was able to fuck me without inflicting permanent damage to my human body.

He growled again. Eagerly he grabbed my hips with his claws and pushed me towards the bed. I understood and turned around, got on the bed.

Legs as far apart as I could spread them I knelt on the bed, waited for him to mount me. In an instant he was there, slamming his cock in my wet cunt. I cried out in surprise. It hurt, never before had he fucked me this forcefully. Fast and hard he fucked me, his hot breath in my ear. It was hard to bear and I whimpered, tried to hold still.

Growling with pleasure he fucked me, burying himself deep with each thrust, his balls slapping my sensitive clit. I moaned, in pain this time, and held my breath as I felt his knot begin to swell. Twice he shoved his dick deep inside, deeper than I had ever felt him before, than he came with an exited yelp. His knot filled me as he collapsed on top of my trembling body. It was too much and I lost my stance, collapsed myself and lay down on my belly. Buried under this heavy fur blanket I struggled to breath. My face was pressed into the mattress and I was struggling to turn it to one side.

Just as I was beginning to panic I felt him gently wrapping his arms around me and he rolled to his side. Still connected to him I lay in his arms. His heavy head rested on my shoulder while we waited for the time to pass.

I had nearly dozed off, in spite of the pain and the uncomfortable stretching knot in my cunt, when I felt him move again. His cock and a rush of cum left my body, he got up. He got up while I stayed on

the bed, sore and tired.

"You can stay here if you like. Just make sure to get a shower before you go upstairs." "Yes, Sir," I murmured and closed my eyes again. A short moment later I heard the door. He had left me.

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## Chapter Six

I awoke with a start. The sheets, drenched with my sweat clung to my body. Without turning on the light I got up, looked out of the window. Outside it was still dark, but dawn must be near. The nightmares usually came around dawn. Heart still hammering in my chest I moved to the kitchen. Here I turned on the lights, made myself a coffee. Being alone was hard right now. The dreams - nightmares - had become more frequent now. John, his face in the crowd, looking at me, smiling his boyish smile. But John was dead. And I had seen him after...

My fist crashed down on the counter. It hurt but it cleared my head, got me out of this thought spiral. At least for now. I needed to talk to someone. Now.

Without hesitation I took my mug and crossed over to the trapdoor in the living room. Up to now I hadn't worked out how the lights down there worked, but it was dimly lit anyway. Hurrying as fast as I could without spilling my coffee, I made my way to the steel door, the kennels.

The dogs stirred as I entered the room. "Hello guys". Yawning some of them got up, others just placed their heads back on their paws. Looking for the Irish Wolfhound I scanned the kennels. Today he was at the far end, alone as always. I crossed over to him and sat down next to the bars. "Sorry to wake you up, but...", I broke off, sighed. "I'm going crazy and I need to get it off my chest."

Holding the cup in both hands I pulled my legs up to my chest. The dog got up and stretched himself before he came to me. I scratched him behind the ears. "I had this mate, John, great guy, always good for a laugh." The memory brought a sorrowful smile to my face.

"He got killed." I didn't want to go into the details, I just couldn't.

"It was hard for me, I dreamed about it... him... for months. And just as I had come to terms with it, visiting another mate I saw him. He was just on the other side of the crowd in this club. When I got there, he was gone. I didn't tell my mates about it. But a month later I saw him again. It was on a beach. I ran but he vanished again. After that I dreamed again, remembered." Sipping my coffee while talking I leaned against the bars.

In the silence that followed I took more sips of my coffee. Dogs moved, claws scratching on concrete, the occasional snore from one of them.

"I couldn't sleep, got more irritable, aggressive." Laughing softly, I went on. "And I got into trouble. That led to my discharge. And there I was, no job, bills to pay and slightly going crazy. My parents were no help. I was a disappointment anyway. That's why they had Stan, my brother. So, one day I just packed a few things and left. As long as I had money I travelled to the places where I had seen him. Maybe I would see him again, find him." Another shaky laugh. "Me, hunting ghosts and ending up with a werewolf and a pack of dogs."

I finished my coffee and scratched the dog behind his ears again. "I never told anyone that I had seen him. Not even the shrink...don't know why."

After telling it today I felt calmer. "Thank you," I whispered in his ear. He whimpered, turned his head and licked my face. Laughing I fended him off. "Don't please." And after a few more licks, one of them directly over my mouth and nose, he stopped. I smiled as I got clumsily to my feet. My body was stiff, I stretched before I made my way back.

After another coffee I shaved myself and showered extensively. Still yawning I made myself another coffee. I was still tired after some nights with little sleep, but I felt good. At least better than a few hours ago.

When he came to get me, I had just finished my fourth coffee. I placed the cup on the table as I got up. "Can I get the Irish Wolfhound?" I blurted out before I knew it, remembered after a few moments the "Sir".

His eyebrows rose as he looked at me. I just looked back – and away after a few moments. "Do you want him for practice?" Still not looking at him I shook my head. "We'll see." My owner gestured towards the trapdoor and I followed his command.

"Wait here." It was the room with the dog beds and bean bags again. Unsure why I had asked for that dog, why I had asked for anything at all I paced the room. Somehow, I felt that I owed him something. I sat down on one of the bean bags and waited. Would he bring back my special friend? And what did he think of me now? Suddenly nervous I got up and started pacing the room again. What took him so long? Or did it just feel longer than normal to me? I wasn't sure at all.

I rubbed my sweaty palms against my thighs, looked to the door. The Irish Wolfhound had one of the biggest cocks of the whole pack. Would he think that I had developed a taste for that? Did he think that I liked it now? Did I? These questions running through my head I was nowhere near the mood to masturbate. I sighed.

As the door finally opened, I jumped. He was back. The Irish Wolfhound by his side. Smiling I held out my hand, let him sniff.

"You have twenty minutes." With these final words our owner turned on his heel and left. Muttering a "Great," I scratched the dog behind his ears. Reluctantly I sat down on the nearest bean bag again. This was so weird. The dog placed his big head on my lap, begging for affection. I brushed him aside. "I can't, not now." He placed his head on my lap again. Trying to get him away was harder than I had expected, he always pushed back, and I gave up.

But I dreaded being fucked when I was not ready. Tentatively I spread my legs, tried to think of anything that would make me horny. His head stayed on one thigh I felt his hot breath brushing my skin. Still not in the mood I placed a hand between my legs, spread the pussy lips without much ado. For moments I just sat there, unable to go on. 'There's always spit', I thought and sighed. If everything else failed that was the last resort.

I closed my eyes. Something to get me in the mood. But what? Being fucked by the werewolf and his dogs had become normal. It didn't appal me anymore as much as it had at the beginning. But the thought did not arouse me either. I had never had an orgasm when they had fucked me. It was all their pleasure. Would it be different if I had?

The dog lifted his head just as I ran a finger over my clit. How much time had passed? Would he command him to fuck me if I wasn't ready? I shivered, a cold feeling running down my spine. Mechanically I rubbed my clit, no real lust behind it. There was only the knowledge that I had to get wet. Testing with one finger I groaned. This might take longer than I had expected.

I felt the dog stir, move, then his hot breath between my legs as he was sniffing at my crotch. This new sensation made me shiver again. "You like that?" Spreading the lips wider I circled my clit with two fingers. The dog was watching me, panting between my legs. In a few minutes he would fuck me, I would feel his dick in my cunt.

Slowly I slid one finger inside, spread the meagre juices all over my crotch. As usual as my finger glided over my clit it felt good. What did it matter that I was ordered to do so? I could at least enjoy myself. And try to convince me, that it was my decision.

The dogs breathing got faster. He lapped, with his long-wet tongue all through my slit and I moaned. It was different to what I knew. He just wanted to taste me, not pleasure me as men had done, but it felt good all the same.

A bit embarrassed I spread my legs wider, hoping he would do it again. And he did. I did not edge him on, I just enjoyed what he was doing, rubbed my clit and moaned softly. The rest of the time I stroked my clit while the dog was licking me. Slowly I felt desire rise up inside me. A burning in my cunt, a longing to be fucked. I could do with a cock now. Would he mount me if I got down on my knees? Or was he too well trained?

The thought irritated me, unsure if I wanted it or not. I moaned again, unable to stop my hand from running through my now wet crotch.

Finally, I heard the door open and I opened my eyes.

Our owner smirked as he looked at me - us. My cheeks burned as I felt myself blushing. Ashamed I got up, looked at him and waited for his command to go down on my knees. Even though I was horny I did not want to seem too eager. I was confused, would have to think about this.

He pointed to the ground and I got down on my knees. Spreading my legs as wide as possible I prepared myself for being jumped. But the dog did not jump me. I felt his breath between my legs again, his long-wet tongue. He seemed to bury his muzzle right between my legs and I moaned.

Frantic he lapped up all the juices that were flowing freely now. Every now and again the pressure of his tongue on my clit made me shudder. I was more than ready. I wanted it. In this state I even wanted to be fucked by a dog.

"Mount." The voice seemed to come out of nowhere. In an instant the dog mounted me. His cock jabbed at my cunt without entering. Without thinking I reached between my legs, felt his cock and guided him. Deep he buried himself in me as he started fucking me now. My hand left his cock, reached for my clit instead.

I gasped. It was like an electric shock. With the dog's cock inside me, hammering away the touch on this sensitive part of my body was more intense. Even with a man I had not felt like this before. Two strokes with my fingers brought me over the edge. I might have cried out before I had all fours on the floor again. Panting, legs and arms trembling I cowered under the dog who humped away. But he must have felt it, for I felt his knot begin to swell. He shot his hot load inside me, rested his body on mine. Both of us were panting, I felt sweat on my body, we were connected through his knot in my pulsating cunt.

Our owner strolled over, smiled down on us. "You liked it?" Startled I looked up, hearing nearly my words echoing back to me. But there was no sign that he had overheard me.

"Yes, Sir", I answered, still out of breath and hung my head in shame.

“Don’t.” I felt his hand on my hair, he petted me like a dog, then pushed my hair back over my shoulder. “Don’t be ashamed. It is easier for you, if you like it. I won’t judge you. And no one else counts.”

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Chapter Seven

My owner was early this morning. I had just sat down with my second coffee. In his hand he held a small bag.

“Come over here.” I got up and crossed over to him, nervous. What did this mean?

Without explanation he opened the bag, pulled out a thick leather collar and four thick leather shackles and placed them on the sideboard. He reached once more into the bag and pulled out five small padlocks.

Why now? Thoughts raced through my brain. Had I done something wrong? Racking my brain, I frowned. Then a new thought interrupted these thoughts, nearly made me laugh. Would I be able to shower and shave with these things?

He reached out, touched my hair. “And a trim,” he muttered, let his hand run down my neck. I did not understand, shot him a confused glance. Smiling he reached for the collar. “Just this weekend. I want you to get a check-up and a haircut.”

Frowning I reached up, held my hair with one hand out of the way. He fastened the collar around my neck, slid one finger underneath it, before he reached for the padlock. “That will do.”

We were going somewhere. For some days apparently. The collar wasn’t too tight, but I could feel it heavily around my neck. While he fastened the shackles, I wondered. Would this be all I got to wear? In public? Like a dog on a leash? But his dogs never wore collars.

After closing the padlocks at my ankles, he straightened up again. Once more he reached for the bag, pulled a black leather leash from it. He fastened the leash to my collar and gave it a short pull. “Come on.”

Unsure what he was expecting from me I followed him. One step behind and on his left side. The stone slabs were still cool under my bare feet. After noon I would not be able to walk on them.

We walked in silence for quite some time. Suddenly I realised where we were headed. The small landing strip and his private plane.

And sure enough, after we stepped around one hedge there it was. Two men were standing there, waiting for us. The pilot and the young man in the suit who had brought me here.

I stopped dead, felt the the leash yank as he walked on, and the leash straightened. No one except my owner - and his dogs - had seen me naked so far. Another sharp pull and I walked on, reluctantly though, fixing my gaze on the ground.

“I want you to piss before we board the plane.” One swift glance around and I started towards the bushes, but he held me back. “Here.” I bit my lip, feeling uncomfortable. Even now I still felt ashamed to piss in front of him. And here were two strangers. He waited, started to talk to the young man. I did not listen, tried to brace myself for the embarrassment. Slowly I crouched down. I didn’t

really need to pee. I wanted to say that, but stayed silent. Once we were airborne there would be no opportunity anymore. And he had given me an order, so I had to try.

Blocking out the people around me was hard. I concentrated on mental images that contained water, flowing water, the sea, a waterfall. That did the trick in the end. Clearly visible - and audible - I pissed on the ground. My cheeks burned with shame as I looked around for some leaves. None again. I wriggled my ass to shake off the droplets.

"That's my girl." My owner smiled down on me, petted my head before I straightened up again.

The pilot had opened a small door in the rear. In the semi darkness I could make out some kind of transport box. While I was led towards that door the young man approached us, held out two capsules and a glass of water. "Take these, and the flight won't be boring."

I looked at my owner and he nodded. "They make you sleep." I reached for them, washed them down with the water. They tasted of nothing, the water was refreshing and cool on my lips.

Whatever it was, it was working damn fast. Even before I had reached the door, I felt my legs go wobbly, my limbs felt like jelly. It was hard to focus, even to keep my eyes open. I felt hands on my body, a cold surface beneath me, then darkness swallowed me.

"...overdone it a bit." The words reached my brain as from far away. They made no sense, but I had a feeling that I should know the voice. My father, telling someone I had drunk too much?

Registering the hard surface under my body I pushed that thought aside. Collapsed during training? That would fit, if I was lying on my back, not on my belly. The faint antiseptic smell would fit with that thought as well. Then I felt the hands on my body.

I tried to open my eyes, but they seemed to be glued shut. For an instant bright light blinded me, after that I kept my eyes shut.

"Don't worry, most things can be done while she is still out." That voice was new. "We will have the results tomorrow," the man went on. "Do you need anything else? Contraceptives? Some modifications?" The words made no sense to me. My body felt heavy, I felt dizzy. Trying to move I discovered that I seemed to be tied. My wrists and ankles seemed to be fixed to something.

"No, I need nothing, thanks anyway." The first voice again. A warm fuzzy feeling grew inside me. My disorientated mind connected that voice with the hands on my body. Boyfriend? Did I have one?

Slowly some memories seeped back, and I groaned. Owner. Collar. Being somewhere, naked and bound.

"She's coming round." Another pair of hands touched me, slapped me gently on the cheeks. "Let's try to get her on her knees, that makes things easier."

I just wanted to get away from here, curl up somewhere and sleep the rest of the drugs off. Instead hands reached under my body and pulled me to my knees, steadied me there. "Come on." My owner's voice was close to my ear and I smiled. I could do it. My legs trembled as I knelt there, but he held me, steadied me with his strong arms. I tried to open my eyes again.

It was an examination room. Slowly I looked around. I was kneeling on a metal table, my shackles fastened to rings at the sides. My owner seemed good humoured, smiled at me, as I discovered that I was able to kneel with little help from him.

"I can see why you prefer ferals." The other man laughed, and I heard him walk behind me. This made no sense either, but I didn't care. It would soon be over. Metal clinked on metal, steps behind me. Without warning a hand between my legs. I flinched. Something touched my pussy-lips. Something hard and cold invaded me. Whimpering I tried to get away, but my owner's hands and the shackles held me in place.

"Don't mind that, she is still groggy," he explained, and I raised my head. He smiled down on me and I tried to turn my head, look around but that motion made me dizzier. All I could do was just kneel there and listen to words that made no sense, feel.

The man behind me did something, I felt stretched, widened, pressure in my cunt. He muttered something. Out of the corner of my eye I was able to see him reach for something. "Swab first." I heard, felt something inserted in my cunt. It was small but still uncomfortable. A memory stirred. I knew the feeling. An examination. Some kind of...

Shaking my head to clear my fuzzy brain I fought against the drug. I should know. The stretching instrument was withdrawn, a hand entered my cunt, another pressed against my belly.

Gynaecologist. Suddenly it made sense. It had felt different because I was on all fours and not in a chair. Why hadn't he told me? But he didn't have to. For two years and a day I was his property.

Silently, head hanging low, I endured the rest of the procedure. It was distressing, he wasn't exactly gentle, and it seemed to last forever. Finally, it was over. He withdrew his hand and I heard the sound of gloves being removed. "All in order as far as I could feel."

Footsteps and he came into my view. A small man, grey-haired whose glasses sat on the bridge of his hooked nose. He wore green scrubs, wrinkled and untidy, and he looked at me indifferently before he crossed over to his laptop and started typing.

"Did you give her a name?" I wanted to protest. I had a name. Why should he give me a name? But his answer startled me. "Les."

That was short for my name, Lesley. Of course, he knew. A wave of gratitude swept over me, made my legs tremble again.

The doctor nodded, reached for a big syringe. "Let her lie down and hold her. They usually struggle a bit."

My owner laughed, a short barking laugh. His big hands pressed me down. My legs gave way and I couched on the table. He pressed my shoulders down, held me firmly in place. There was no point in struggling and so I just closed my eyes again, tried to hold still.

I felt something cold hit me between the shoulder blades. It was wiped away, so it must have been disinfectant. Pain shot through me as the doctor inserted the big needle. I gasped, tensed up, felt my owner's grip tighten. There was pressure, as if something was inserted, then the needle was withdrawn.

Stroking my hair my owner muttered a soft "Good girl", loosened his grip.

"Just checking, then we are ready." I heard and the doctor was back at the table, a kind of scanner in his hand. He held it over my back, and I heard the beep. They had chipped me. Just like a dog, a cat... a pet.

“Shall I keep her here for now or are you taking her to your room?” “I’ll just take her, shouldn’t be long now.” I felt someone untie me and I opened my eyes again. My owner lifted me up and smiled. “Let me know the results when you have them.” He nodded once more and turned around.

I closed my eyes again. Right now, I didn’t want to see anyone. Or rather, I didn’t want anyone to see me, but since I could not influence that, I opted for the other possible option, not having to see who saw me.

After a while he opened a door, closed it behind us and laid me down on a soft surface.

Pretending to be still dizzy I kept my eyes shut. His hands touched me, stroked me gently and brushed my long hair from my face.

So, I was chipped now, had been examined, had a name again.... I was thankful for his mistake with the drugs. Heaven knew what else they had done. The part I had been awake for had been humiliating enough.

I felt him bend over me. He was so close now I could feel the heat of his body. “I will remove the chip, when I set you free. Rest a bit. I’ll get some food.” Once more I felt his hand in my hair, then he was gone.

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## **Chapter Eight**

I awoke early. He was still asleep, snoring faintly. Last evening, when the effect of the drug had finally worn off, he had brought me some food. Hungry as I had been, I had wolfed it down, while he was watching me. Smiling he had sat on the big bed, watched me licking my fingers afterwards.

“Tonight, you will stay here. I’ll go out.” And he had left me there and then. He had left me a book, nothing special or really interesting, but it helped pass the time. Late, he had come back, undressed and gotten into bed. My place was the big dog bed on the floor, my toilet a litter tray in the bathroom.

Silently I got up and went to the bathroom. I didn’t want to use the litter tray. As I was pondering if I should risk it to use the toilet – as I had done when he was away – I heard the rustling of the sheets. Footsteps, my owner was coming.

“Go on. You can use the toilet in here. Only outside you have to use the trays.” I gulped. Could he read minds as well? Maybe it had just been obvious.

“It’s only for today anyway. We’re heading home tomorrow.” I nodded, eager to get away from this place. Since he did not leave the room I went to the toilet, avoided his gaze the whole time. At least this was not as humiliating as squatting over a litter box.

“You don’t have to shower today,” he informed me. “I’ve booked a slot for a bath and a trim later on.” “Yes, Sir,” I replied, got up and wiped myself before I flushed. Hoping he would keep talking, explain more I washed my hands, dried them and turned around.

“We will go for a walk first.” A smirk hovered on my lips. “The downfalls of keeping a human,” I murmured, and he smiled. “Only where I have to keep her on a lead.”

He dressed himself and fixed the leash to my collar. I followed him. Taking in my surroundings for



the first time I guessed that we must be in some kind of villa. Polished stone or even marble floor, paintings and tapestries on the walls and statues nearly every two metres. My owner's footsteps echoed through the passageway while mine made no sound as usual.

We stepped through open French windows into an open park. Artistically arranged flowerbeds, an immaculate lawn, benches and more statues. It was overwhelming. He did not pause but followed one of the paved ways towards some hedges.

Were all werewolves rich? If they were immortal that might be an explanation. How many of them were there, hidden from the normal world? Lost in thought I followed him, did not pay much attention to my surroundings. Never would I have expected this. What else was out there?

The change of ground under my feet made me focus again - and stop. We were looking down on a small, secluded beach. Wooden steps led down to the white sand and clear blue water. Even though it was early it was quite warm. Seagulls cried overhead, circled the clear blue sky. A short yank at the leash and I followed him down.

Just as my feet touched the ground he stopped, looked to the right. Turning my head, I saw what he had spotted. Werewolves. There were three of them, in their half-human form. They were running, chasing each other. One of them had dark fur, like my owner, one seemed to be blonde and the other was a shade of light brown. Watching them play, seemingly careless, nearly made me cry.

I felt a wave of loss sweep over me. When had been the last time I had fooled around with my friends? The answer came easy. Before I had left them. A long time ago. During my time on the streets I had sometimes missed them, but never realised how much. I thought I had, but now I really felt it.

"Come on." He started off towards the water, walked along the edge with me in tow. Soft waves rippled over my feet in the wet sand. Every now and again I looked over my shoulder, back towards the trio.

The last time I had been on the beach had been with my friends as well. It came back to me, overlapped the reality. The day I had seen John. I shuddered and made an effort not to look back again. It hurt too much. After some time we turned back, walked towards the park and the villa.

He led me to a different entrance this time. This part of the house reminded me of his tunnel, functional, just a corridor with doors on each side. He opened one door. Two women in purple scrubs got up from a table and greeted him. "What would you like to have done, Sir?" One of them asked as she took my leash from him.

"Just a bath and a trim. Not too short, and don't bother too much with her feet, I keep her outdoors."

My owner was still speaking as I was already led away into another room. I glanced back over my shoulder. "You can get her back in three hours." He nodded and just left me with these women.

They tied my wrists to a chain that hung from the ceiling. The whole room was tiled, I stood on a large drain. I was more annoyed than scared. Even though my owner had never really talked much, he had treated me as a human. For them, I was ... what? A job to be done, it seemed.

They were chatting with each other as they were treating me. A shave first, whole body including places I myself had never bothered with - or could not reach. I tried to take my mind of this humiliating situation, think of something that might pass the time.

They were gentle, washed me down with soft sponges and some luxury soap. My thoughts drifted always back to this house. Like some kind of hotel, where you could take your pets. Grooming, a beach, even a doctor. What else would this weekend hold in stock for me? Would I see other humans? Be able to talk to them?

They started on my hair.

Just the weekend. So, it was today and maybe some time tomorrow. My thoughts were interrupted as some shampoo ran into my eyes and I winced. One of the women petted me soothingly, and I closed my eyes.

He would get the results today. That much I remembered. It was fast, faster than with any human doctor I had encountered so far. They must be very organised. And all hidden from the normal world. Money could do that, I guessed. Then another thought entered my mind. But I knew. Would he really let me go after the two years? With this knowledge? Or would he kill me, to keep the secret? Could I trust him? Of course, people would just assume that I was crazy. Another homeless woman who had lost her mind. I would have thought that myself, when someone would have told me such a story a few weeks ago.

The sound of the scissors, as they started cutting my hair was nearly soothing, a steady clipping sound. Fingers were fumbling with my hair, combing it, holding it.

In my other life I would have enjoyed getting a haircut. Chatting away with Molly, sipping my fancy Latte and looking nearly the same as before when I left. But it had been my time, time to relax. This was so wrong.

After cutting my hair they washed me again, rinsing my body with lukewarm water. One of the women started to clean up, while the other blow dried my hair. "See, that wasn't too bad." Another reassuring touch, then she untied me and led me back to the anteroom. I was ordered to lay down on a dog bed and wait.

Curling up on the soft bed I smelled the soap on my body and the shampoo in my hair. My newly cut hair felt good and I settled down and waited for my owner.

When he came to get me, he smiled. "Great work as usual, thank you." Without further ado he took my leash and I got up. He led me back to the posh part of the villa. Now and again people were passing us. With some of them he exchanged some words. None of them were naked.

But none of them commented on me either. It seemed to be normal around here, to have a naked woman on a leash in tow. Shyly I looked to the floor, did not want to meet their eyes.

"Oh, you've got a new one." A female voice cried out and a staccato of high heels on the hard floor came nearer. "And ginger, quite pretty."

My owner laughed. "Hello, Daphne. Yeah, I got her a few weeks ago. You know, after you've had one, you always want another one."

"True, true. I wouldn't want to go without one either. Are you joining us for the hunt tonight?"

It was hard to keep an impassive face. Her last words had turned my insides to ice.

"Yes, I will. Still starting at the same time?" "And the same place as well. See you tonight, I have to rush."

Her footsteps retreated hastily, and my owner moved on as well.

He opened a big double door that led into a huge hall. I raised my head for a short glance around. There seemed to be different areas. One corner was laid out with thick red carpet, massive bookshelves parted this area from the rest of the room. Next to this were many sofas, all facing a really big flat screen TV. I spotted a pool table, a bar, dog beds at various places on the floor, always next to comfy seats, another seating area at the other side of the room.

He walked over to the bar, ordered himself a beer. Now I finally saw the first other human in this place. She was kneeling next to her owner. Pale ivory skin, her long blonde hair tied in a ponytail, so as not to obscure her large fleshy breasts. As opposed to mine, her shackles were made from metal and I could not see a lock.

She shot me a short glance, looked down again, as I smiled at her. Weren't we not supposed to talk or interact? I frowned but my owner had gotten his drink and walked away from the bar. Slowly he walked over to the second seating area, chose an armchair without a dog bed next to it. Close on his heels I only realised what was in the middle of this seating area when he settled down in his chosen chair.

Another woman was kneeling on the floor. She was fastened to some rings that protruded from the stone floor. Her breasts were huge, the pierced nipples nearly brushing the floor. Pleadingly she looked at me, brown eyes wide open. She was drooling around the big ball gag in her mouth and I looked away.

My legs trembled as I sat down on the floor, next to the armchair. I had seen the fear in her eyes. Still unsure what I was allowed to do and what I wasn't I leaned against the chair. Would he do that to me as well? Just leave me somewhere?

Two men came over, drinks in their hands. They wore clothes, so I assumed that they were werewolves. One of them looked at the girl, over to me. His eyes were icy blue, and as cold. The longer he stared at me, the more uncomfortable I felt. It was like an animal watching its prey.

Scared, I moved closer to my owner, leaned against his leg. Reassuring he placed a hand on my head, scratched me behind the ears.

With a grin the other werewolf looked to the chained girl again. "Oh, well," he muttered and started to undress.

She had watched him, started to struggle in her restrains. The look of terror on her face intensified. I didn't want to watch, wanted to get up and get away. But the hand on my head held me down.

The blue-eyed werewolf took another swig from his drink before he started to change.

Unable to look away, held in place by my owners hand and transfixed by the sight, I watched him transform. He was taller than my owner, his fur seemed to be a pure white. I trembled as he growled and got down on all fours. If I hadn't felt the hand of my owner on my head I would have run. And I was suddenly sure, that this creature would have chased me.

He moved gracefully over to her, licked her now tear streaked face. She sobbed, muffled by the gag, her eyes wide with fear. Growling he circled her, once, twice, stopped behind her. His dick stood erect from his white fur, a vivid red. His blue eyes seemed to shine. Her muffled scream as he mounted her sent shivers down my spine. Panic and pain were mixed in this helpless cry. Grunting he started to fuck her. Fast and hard, without mercy. I wanted to close my eyes, but some morbid

fascination hindered me. I had to watch. I had to see.

The contrast between him and her could not have been bigger. Her dark hair, his white fur, panic and agony in her eyes, triumph and lust in his. As he pulled his dick out I saw the blood, speckling his white fur, and gasped. No-one had prepared her. She was just there to be used.

The other guy opened his pants, pulled out his hard cock and started to stroke it slowly. He moaned with obvious pleasure.

This was appalling. I could bear to be fucked by dogs, by a werewolf, but watching this? It turned my stomach.

Finally, I managed to look away, buried my face against my owner's leg. His hand stroked my hair, like someone petting a dog absent-mindedly. But looking away only spared me the sight. I could still hear her muffled cries, his grunting and the moaning of the other guy.

'Please, let it be over soon,' I thought. My heart was hammering in my chest as I imagined the pain she must be feeling. I didn't dare to imagine the humiliation, the panic.

His groans grew louder. He was panting now. The sudden triumphant howl startled me. I held my breath as long as I could, exhaled slowly and forced myself to another deep breath. It was over now.

But then I heard her sob. No longer muffled by the gag but loud and clear.

"Please, no, please, don't," she pleaded between sobs and I turned my head again. The other man stood now in front of her - with his pants around his ankles.

"This will make you shut up," he snarled at her. With one fluid movement he grabbed her jaw, forced his cock in her mouth. The werewolf behind her - in her - seemed to be grinning. Her eyes widened even more and I could see the white all around her eyeballs. The man started to fuck her throat. Tears were streaming from her eyes, spit dripping down her chin onto her breasts. She was gagging nearly each deep thrust.

"At least her cries have stopped," I thought and flinched. Instead of feeling pity for her, right now, in this moment, I was glad that it wasn't me.

She gagged again as he pulled her close, came deep in her throat. I could nearly sense the panic I could see in her eyes. She strained to swallow, the tendons in her neck moved with the effort.

The look of relief on her face as he finally pulled away was dreadful to see. Retching she bent over, vomiting cum and spit over her tits and on the floor.

My owner pushed my head gently away from his leg. He had finished his beer and got up. "Come on."

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Chapter Nine

I was tied to the floor. Werewolves in all colours and shapes surrounded me. They looked greedy their hard cocks showed clearly what was on their mind. As the first one moved towards me, I tried to break free, but I could not move. His icy blue eyes fixed on me he came closer, and closer. The pack howled. A loud triumphant howl, erupting from many muzzles. I screamed.

Panting I sat up in bed. It had just been a dream. "At least a different nightmare", I muttered while I tried to free myself from the entangled sheets. Nothing like this had happened to me. But seeing the girl raped by the two werewolves had made a deep impression.

My owner had kept me in his room for the rest of the stay. He himself had been out, only returned that day to bring me some food. In the evening I had heard the howl, that had followed me into my dreams.

The whole pack had been out to hunt, my owner among them. I had no clue what - or who - they had hunted. He never told me anything. It had been late, when he came back and went straight to bed. And the next day, yesterday, we had left.

Dawn painted the sky in different shades of gold and blue. Slowly I got up, fixed myself a coffee. He hadn't fucked me the whole weekend. Even yesterday evening, after being back here, he hadn't come for me. Did I want him to? I frowned. At least it was a routine, some stability in my life.

Smiling I raised my mug and inhaled the smell of the coffee. The nightmare seemed far away now, buried with the other disturbing memories.

I would just sit here, watch the sun rise, and enjoy my coffee before taking a long hot shower. At least that was the plan. Not long after I had settled down on the sofa the front door opened. He was early again. And he carried a bag again, a bigger one this time. Expecting nothing good I got up, downed the rest of my coffee. What would it be today? Collar and shackles again? Something to go along with that?

"You're up, good." Smiling he pointed to the door. "Let's go for a walk."

"Yes, Sir." I made a detour through the kitchen to place my empty mug in the sink before I followed him outside. He was still smiling and started to walk. The cool morning air turned my nipples hard and my skin erupted in goose flesh. I tried to ignore it, tried to guess where we were going and what might happen instead.

We walked for a long time. The sun was full out now and I was just about to ask where we were going when he stopped and turned around.

"Not far now. I thought...", his voice trailed off and I looked at him. "You deserve a treat, after last weekend." Briskly he turned around and walked on. Confused I followed him. A treat? Like what?

A new noise reached my ears. Having never ventured this far before I wasn't sure where we were, or what the sound was. Running water, I realised and quickened my step.

As I stepped out of the bushes I saw the river. Sunlight glistened on its surface where it was broken by many stones, nearly buried in the water. A few meters below, was some kind of a natural pool, a washout. Near there he stopped, pulled a blanket from his rucksack and placed it on the ground.

Transfixed I just stood and stared. This place was beautiful. Slowly I moved towards him, wary, that there might be some catch.

He just sat down, pulled a thermos and a cooler bag from the depth of the rucksack. "I've got coffee, food. You can go for a swim if you like. The water over there is not as cold as one might think." He pointed to the washout. And that was it.

"Thank you." Overwhelmed as I was, I forgot the 'Sir'. Smiling he nodded, lay back and closed his

eyes.

Suddenly insecure again I walked towards the water. There were no rocks in the pool, the water was clear. Ripples spread out as I tested it gingerly with my big toe. It was cool, but not too cold and slowly I stepped into the water.

Why had he brought me here? This was a real treat for sure. A beautiful spot to spend the day, food, coffee and company. He was even talking to me. These few words today had been the most he had ever addressed me with.

I shivered as the water lapped at my kneeling, moved on and lowered myself into the water. It came as a shock, as it reached my crotch and I gasped. This moment was always annoying and delightful at the same time. Fully immersed now I swam a few tentative strokes. The pool was quite small, not very deep and I reached the other side soon, turned around and swam back. I did a few rounds, enjoyed the sensation of the water on my naked body, before I swam back to the shore.

Water ran off me, as I stepped ashore, my wet hair clung to my back.

I knelt next to the blanket and reached for the thermos, poured myself a coffee. He was lying on his back, watched me from under his half-closed lids.

I sat down, sipped my coffee and closed my eyes. It was hot, just as I liked it, and I smiled. Slowly my anxiety left me, and I relaxed. After I finished my coffee I lay down. The long grass tickled my skin. Had I ever done a thing like this before? Swimming naked and just lie back and dry in the sun? No, but it dawned on me, that I had missed out on something.

Following that trail of thoughts, I ended up in my youth, remembering friends I had spent time with, places I had been. It wasn't so long ago but it seemed like another life.

I was lying on my back, somewhere close by I could hear the others. Who else was here? It didn't matter, the day was too nice to worry. A splashing sound. Not long and I would open my eyes, join the others in the water. Just a few more moments of peace and quiet. Steps near me, the sound of rain. Just as I was about to open my eyes a shower of droplets hit me.

"Oh, you bastard", I laughed and jumped to my feet. And then I froze. I had been dreaming. This wasn't one of my friends. This was my owner. I had just called my owner a bastard.

He had changed, his black fur was dripping wet and clung to his body. His muzzle opened a bit, it looked just like a malicious grin.

He snorted, shook himself again with vigour. "Sorry, Sir", I murmured, looked down on my feet. Another snort, he moved, came towards me, faster than I could react. He grabbed me around the waist and lifted me up. Startled I shrieked, but he just threw me over his shoulder and moved towards the water. I caught a whiff of the smell of wet dog as I hung there, dumbfounded. What was just happening?

He splashed right into the water, lifted me from his shoulder and threw me. The cold water gave me quite a shock. Panting and spluttering I came to the surface again. The werewolf just stood there, head thrown back and I could have sworn, that he was laughing.

Still scared I stayed in the water, did not dare to move at all. He cocked his head to one side, muzzle opened to this grin again. Slowly it dawned on me, that he was trying to play with me.

Tentatively I stood up and splashed some water at him. He splashed back. With no clue as to why this was happening it was hard to guess how far I could go, how far he would want me to go. Or how far he would go, come to that.

Without warning he lunged at me. I stepped aside, evaded him by a few inches. On a sudden impulse I tackled him, sent him head-first into the water. When he emerged he shook himself, showering me again with water. By now I was laughing, after the shock and the fear, sending the werewolf into the water and see him shake himself like a wet dog just did this to me.

And we played on, chasing and splashing each other. It did not matter, that we were not able to talk. At least I was sure, that he could understand me, even if he could not talk. He wasn't a stupid animal. This was the best time I had had in ages.

Eventually, he took my hand and led me back to the blanket. Wet as he was, he just lay down, pulled me with him. The distinctive smell of wet dog filled my nostrils as I was lying next to him. But I didn't care anymore. I crawled closer, placed my head on his shoulder. With one hand I idly traced the muscles on his breast through his thick wet fur.

He made a low grumbling sound in his throat and closed his eyes. For a long time we just lay there, drying in the sun. My hand ran through his fur, felt his relaxed body beside me. He raised his paw, touched my shoulder. Looking up our eyes met. His brown eyes were warm. For a second, I remembered the ice blue eyes of the other werewolf and shuddered. The noise he made sounded like a question and I shook my head. "It's nothing", I whispered, but snuggled closer to his warm body.

Now he let his paw run over my body. Gentle, nearly like a lover, he touched me. Now and again, when one of his claws or his fur brushed my skin, I shivered. Time seemed to stand still. My body longed to be touched like this. I closed my eyes, to feel more intense. Muscles moving under his thick fur, his hot body so close to mine.

The werewolf moved. My hand lost contact, I felt his fast breath on my skin. On my shoulders, my breasts, tickling my belly and sniffing my crotch. Without thinking I spread my legs, reached out for him. My fingers touched his head just as he lashed with his tongue across my pussy lips. I gasped and opened my eyes.

He looked up from between my legs. In this moment I realised that there was a difference between knowing, that you are getting fucked by a werewolf, and seeing it. Seeing him come over me, his huge cock standing erect amidst the black fur frightened me. Now he was towering over me, paws next to my shoulders. I felt the tip of his cock brushing my pussy lips. This might hurt. I wasn't ready. But I kept still and silent. There was nothing I could do anyway.

Slowly he probed with his cock, parted the lips and found the entrance. With a low growl he pushed himself inside. It hurt, but just a little. My treacherous body had reacted to his touch. I was wet, he was able to slide in easily.

It felt different to the other times, the angle was different. He was still pushing, entered me slowly. When he had buried his dick deep inside me, he stopped for a moment, withdrew as slowly as he had showed his cock inside. I moaned. It was overwhelming, I did not want it to stop. This felt good, really good. He fucked me slow and deep. My moans mixed with his low growls. What had I been afraid of? Reaching out again I buried my hands in the thick fur on his shoulders. My hips rose to meet his, willing him to bury himself deep inside me.

Did it matter, that I was only a human, and he a werewolf? Was it wrong to want him? "Please", I moaned, wrapped my legs around his body, just above his tail.

He snorted, stopped. His dick was deep inside me, filling me. He came closer, his fur brushed against my body. His face was close to mine. Hot breath brushed my skin. Closer still. I closed my eyes again. If I tried hard enough, I could imagine being fucked by a human. A hairy human lover. That was just what it felt like, as he started to move again. He didn't just use me. This time it was different.

Our bodies moved as one, his cock gliding in and out of my wet cunt, fuelling my desire. Maybe it was wrong, my mind certainly told me so. But my body overruled every coherent thought. I could feel the tension building up. Not long now, faster, harder. I wanted to scream these words at him, but all that came out of my mouth was a loud moan. And then I felt the knot begin to swell. I tried to stop him but holding him with my legs didn't work. He was too strong. Grunting he came, his cock buried deep, the knot swelled, stretched my cunt, tying us together. I whimpered, knowing, that I had been so close myself.

After he was done, he wrapped his arms around me, rolled on his back. I was lying in his arms, head on his shoulder. Both of us were breathing heavily. The smell of wet dog was faint now, something more animalistic mixed in. The pain wasn't as bad as it had been at the beginning of my time here. My body was adapting to his dick and the knot. No need to open my eyes. Just stay here, feel him under me, his fast heartbeat slowing down.

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## **Chapter Ten**

Yawning I stretched and sat up in bed. As soon as I had woken up and heard the heavy rain outside, I had decided to have a lie in. Even though it was nearly eight, it was almost dark outside. One hour left to get a shower and enough coffee to wake me up.

"Better get going", I muttered and got up.

Half an hour later I was shaved and showered and walked into my small kitchen to make coffee. Someone had been here, either while I had been still in bed or in the bathroom. A newspaper lay next to the kettle. Intrigued I took the paper. My heart seemed to skip a beat as I recognised the header. This was from my parent's hometown. The date was from a few days ago.

Fearing the worst, I opened the obituaries first. No-one I knew. With a sigh of relief, I turned the paper over again, rustled through the papers, scanning each page for whatever reason it was here.

There it was. A picture of my brother filled half the bottom page. Forgetting even making coffee, I walked over to the living room, sat down on the sofa.

He was home, had been tried. His DA had dug out some details concerning my disappearance, other incidents from his past. The whole sob story had been good enough to get him only probation and therapy.

Tears welled up in my eyes and I blinked them away. He was safe. My owner had kept his word. Unseeing I stared at the paper. What I saw were scenes from the past, the happy boy he had been. Even though he had been spoiled by our parents I had loved him, still did.

"So, you found it?" My owner had entered the room. Lost in thoughts I hadn't noticed, but now I jumped up and towards him. Flinging my arms around his neck I blurted out "Thank you, thank you, thank you." I hugged him tight and he smiled.



"I've trained my dogs not to jump on people. Maybe I should have done the same thing with my human."

A bit embarrassed I let go and stepped back. "Sorry, Sir", I murmured and hung my head.

The day at the pond seemed like a dream now. His behaviour towards me was as if it had never happened. Only sometimes, when he was in his other form, I caught a glimpse of it. The way he looked at me, the way he fucked me. Every so often he would then direct me to lie on my back, so that I had to look at him. And even though my mind still insisted, that it was wrong, my body reacted naturally, welcomed him.

He opened the trapdoor. "Cushions or bed, your choice." "Bed." I had made up my mind quickly. Even though I had paid, was still paying, for the rescue of my brother, I wanted to show him, how grateful I was.

As soon as he had opened the other door I spoke again. "I... I want you to watch me. I want to taste your cock." Not as nicely phrased as I would have liked it, but at least I had managed to say it.

His eyebrows rose.

"Please, watch me, and when I have turned you on, really turned you on, let me suck your cock." Now his smile became a smirk. He strolled over to a big armchair and sat down. Pointing towards the bed he said, "Show me then."

I was nervous. Two options lay ahead of me. One - just give him a good show, try to remember what the girls in the porns I had watched did and copy that. Two - just masturbate before his eyes, get horny, get off.

Walking towards the bed I let my hands run over my body. This would be the first time, he would watch. So far, I had only let his dogs watch - and lick - me.

Cupping my firm breasts with my hands I sat down, looked at him. It dawned on me, that I really wanted his cock. Softly I rubbed my nipples with my thumbs, felt them harden. I lay back, played with them. Absent-mindedly I twisted them, pulled them long. What would he like to see? Spreading my legs, I stood my feet on the edge of the mattress. He would want to see the genuine thing, me getting horny, fucking myself. One hand played on with the nipple of my right breast, the other hand slid between my legs. I felt the soft skin under my fingers as I rubbed my crotch.

I moaned. If I could only forget that he was watching. Still conscious of his eyes on me I trailed my finger over my pussy-lips. Closing my eyes, I imagined it to be someone else's finger, touching me, exploring me, parting them and sliding between. With the one hand already down there I spread them wide, my other hand reached down as well.

Circling my clit with one finger, I moaned again. This felt so good. 'You like that, do you?' a voice in my head piped up and I sighed. Oh yes, I did. I felt the longing, felt my body react to my touch. Not wet, yet, but aroused. I felt the warmth between my legs, slightly moister than when I had first touched me. Spreading the folds of my skin wider I exposed my sensitive clit fully. It was hard under my finger.

I ran two fingers over it, all the way down to my cunt. It was tempting, but I just slid them around the entrance, teased myself before I returned the now wet fingers to my clit. "Oh", I moaned as the glided over it, spread my juiced everywhere. No longer able to wait I slid two fingers inside my needy cunt, slow and deep. Gliding easily, they made a little squelching noise, giving evidence of

how wet I was. Fucking myself slowly I moaned again. Two fingers were not enough, a third one joined the two. Still playing with my clit I shoved them deep inside me. This felt even better.

Sensing movement next to me I opened my eyes. My owner stood beside the bed, looked down on me. I glanced at the bulge in his pants. Involuntarily I licked my lips. He smiled, knelt down on the bed.

“Do you want my cock?” He kept his voice low it was hoarse. “Yes”, my answer was another moan, I heard the longing. He chuckled and opened his pants. As he pulled them down, I saw his cock, hard and erect. It sent a twang of longing through me. The thick, black hair on his balls reminded me of his fur in his other shape. But I had no time to think. He bent over me, his cock near to my face. Pre-cum glistened on its tip. I could smell it. Lifting my head, I stuck out my tongue, licked the droplets off. It tasted as good as it smelled, and I sighed.

How could I have forgotten that I used to love this particular smell and taste? Or had I just buried the memory deep down with the unpleasant ones? He lowered himself more and I opened my mouth. His cock was big, but I closed my lips around it, held him for a moment like that.

Slowly I explored it with my tongue, feeling its texture, tasting it, his cum. He moved, stretched himself and lay next to me. “I’ll take over”, he murmured, as his hand touched mine, fingers still buried in my cunt. “So that you have your hands free.”

As soon as I pulled my fingers out, he shoved three of his inside me. They were bigger, filled me more and I gasped.

“Oh, please.” I wasn’t even sure what I was pleading for. Let me cum? Fuck me? Use me? The last thought was disturbing, but all thoughts were replaced by feeling, by a kind of instinct and need.

Tentatively he pushed his cock in my mouth and I took the cue, closed my lips firmly around it and sucked. With one hand I reached for his balls, massaged and squeezed them gently.

I heard his sharp intake of breath, the loud moan. He forced his fingers deeper and now it was my turn to gasp, as his thumb found my clit.

Greedily I sucked his cock, rubbed my tongue against it. I tasted more pre-cum and swallowed it. I whimpered as his touch brought me closer and closer to an orgasm.

He moaned again and I felt his balls in my hand tighten. His fingers wriggled in my cunt the thumb rubbed harder.

My hips twitched as I came, and he pushed his dick further down my throat. And he came. I swallowed, felt his cum running down my throat. It tasted just as I remembered human cum.

With a heavy sigh he slumped down on the bed, his fingers sliding from my cunt and his dick out of my mouth. I followed his movement, bent over and licked his cock, to get even the last droplet. His hand touched my head, stroked my hair.

Our breathing slowed down. When I had finished cleaning his cock, I put my head on his hip, enjoyed the comforting moment.

In this ‘cooling down’ phase I let my thoughts wander, as I usually did. Memories mixed in with the present, found links, differences. One word lingered at the back of my mind, tried to push itself to the front. Contraception. Where had I heard it last? What did it mean? Suddenly I tensed up. The

examination. If he wanted any for me. Did that mean, that I could get pregnant?

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Chapter Eleven

The days, weeks went by. Summer turned into autumn. I had never dared to make an attempt to talk to him. Not about my nightmares, not about my fears. But I had gotten my period twice so far, after that disturbing thought, so at least one fear was dwindling.

It was colder now, nearly too cold for me to go out at all. I did only short walks, while the sun was high. Missing the time outside with the dogs and with next to nothing to do at all - apart from being fucked by my owner and his dogs - the nightmares had returned. Several nights, after waking up and not being able to go back to sleep, I had spent down in the kennels, snuggled up against the bars and one of the dogs. Mainly the Irish wolfhound, talking with him, telling him all my thoughts and feelings.

Now, I was waiting for my owner. I was looking forward to seeing him, to get fucked by him. Sometimes, especially during the sleepless nights, I wondered, or rather suspected, that me getting horny and looking forward to get fucked by him or his dogs was just a way of my mind coping with this. Stockholm Syndrome or whatever you would like to call it. Truth to be told, during the last weeks I had been more often horny than not, fucking him had not only been something to pass the time. I was lonely, vulnerable, my body had been used by him and his dogs. Sometimes I even wondered if I could adjust back into a normal life, after this. But ignoring these thoughts and letting my body take over was as good as any other way to deal with this.

First, I had tried to convince myself, that it was out of boredom, even though I knew it was more than that. He was kind to me, and the sex had really turned out great. The first orgasm, when he had fucked me in his other shape, came as a big surprise, nearly a shock. Now it happened more often. I enjoyed being fucked by the werewolf.

Unable to concentrate anymore, I tossed the book aside. Slowly I started to play with my tits, rubbed and twisted the nipples. When he did it with his paws, it hurt sometimes. Tentatively I twisted my left nipple so hard, that I drew a sharp breath. It felt just like this. And in some weird way it felt good. As if my body connected the good feeling that was about to come with the pain. Another coping mechanism, I guessed.

"Oh, hurry up", I murmured as I ran a hand across my crotch. Realising, I had been horny all day, I smiled. There had been days like this, back home. Awakening horny, I had either spent all day in bed, fucking myself or gone out, hooking up with some random guy. The memory broadened my smile, even as I felt a nearly painful twitch of longing in my cunt.

I heard the front door and got up. My owner smiled, as he saw me standing next to the trapdoor. But instead of opening the door and leading me to a room he reached out, touched my hard nipples. Even this fleeting touch made me shiver. There was a hungry look in his eyes I had never seen before.

He stepped back, opened the door and went down. I followed, eagerly anticipating his cock. At least I hoped it would be his. Even though I quite liked being fucked by his dogs, I preferred to be fucked by him. It was different. He didn't just use me, and usually I spent the time being knotted in his arms, snuggled up against his warm body, the thick, soft fur.

He opened the door to a new room. The first new room in weeks. I frowned as I stepped inside and

saw the interior. The room was bare apart from some blankets in a corner. As soon as I had entered, he closed the door and reached out for me. His hands touched my body, hard and greedy. It was the first time he seemed to be too horny to stay in control. I felt his heavy breathing on my skin, fingers brushed my crotch. He moaned, pulled me in a tight embrace.

The soft fabric of his shirt rubbed against my nipples, his jeans against my leg. I could feel the bulge, pressing against my stomach. His cock was hard - and I wanted it.

His strong hands grabbed my butt cheeks and kneaded them. I moaned and he buried his face in my long ginger hair. I rubbed against his body, before I fumbled with the buttons of his shirt. My hand slid into his half-opened shirt, I felt his hairy chest, his fast heartbeat. A low moan next to my ear. I felt him reach for his belt, open it. Stepping back, I gave him room, and myself a chance to glance down to see his cock. We were like two horny teenagers in this moment, hormones and desire.

He had his pants open and even though he was still wearing his boxers I saw the outline of his cock. I reached out and touched it, he shivered, moaned again. Not long now and he - and his cock- would change.

I wanted to go down on my knees, to taste him, but he held me by my shoulders. My owner just looked at me, an unreadable expression on his face.

"Don't be afraid," his voice was low and hoarse. I frowned again. I wasn't afraid, hadn't been since the day on the riverbank.

"I might hurt you; I want you, want to fuck you", he went on. It was like babbling. "It will be alright, I promise... even if... I might lose control."

I nodded. I could deal with pain. Maybe it wouldn't be too good for me, but I would be able to live with that. "You own me, I'm yours", was my simple reply. But his words had scared me, nonetheless. Why was he acting like this, warning me?

His fingernails dug into my shoulders. "You're scared." Followed by a nearly desperate moan. "I could go, now. But I want you."

My mouth was dry. I had a choice. I could tell him to go, to leave me alone. Could I? Even though I was scared - he scared me - I was horny.

Heart beating fast I got down on my knees. I reached out, touched his cock through the fabric of his boxers. "Don't go then", I murmured nearly breathless and pulled the shorts down. Pre-cum glistened on his hard dick, he moaned again as I straightened up to lick over its head.

He was trembling, fighting to stay in control. And he lost.

"Down on all fours, like a good bitch." He panted, struggled free from the rest of his clothing. "Get ready." The last words were more of a growl, he was changing.

This time I did not watch. I was kneeling, one hand between my legs, rubbing my clit. More growling and panting behind me. His fast-hot breath brushed my crotch and my wet fingers as he sniffed me. I withdrew my hand, to steady myself on the floor. He jumped me straight away. With such force that I was pushed forward. I gasped as his thick cock entered me. It hurt, each thrust seemed to hurt more, fill me more, stretch my cunt. And each time I was pushed forward.

His claws dug into my shoulders as he took hold of them. Trying to keep myself steadier I spread my

legs wider. He was in a frenzy, fucked me harder than he had ever done before. I whimpered the pain was intense.

Near the blankets I managed to stand, or rather kneel, my ground. I resisted his thrusts, the pain intensified, but he didn't push me further on the floor. I moaned in pain, he growled with pleasure. Hoping it would end soon I hung my head.

More pain. His claws, dug in my shoulder before, had ripped open my right arm. As the pain flared up, I screamed in terror. The wound was deep, a long gash, ripping through skin and the muscles beneath. Blood flowed freely down my arm, pooled around my hand. He bent over me, buried his muzzle in the wound. My vision seemed to blur. I was more than scared, close to panic. Trying to fight him off I buckled under him, but I had lost control of my right arm. His weight pressed me down, his dick was still deep inside me, filling me.

What a way to die - fucked and eaten at the same time by a werewolf. I wanted to laugh, cry and scream as I felt myself getting weaker.

Suddenly something was pressed against my face, covering my nose and mouth. Something wet and hairy. I fought again, against it, tossed my head from side to side. He was too strong. I opened my mouth to scream, to bite him, but a warm sticky liquid ran in my mouth. No choice but swallowing. The coppery taste of fresh blood, my blood, made me nearly gag. The hand, paw, stayed in place, forced more of the blood into my mouth.

Everything seemed to become clearer. The pain was only a dumb sensation, but I felt his warm body over and inside me. My owner's cock buried so deep, and the knot that would tie us together began to swell.

I gasped as he came, felt it as I had never felt it before. Hard and hot, filling me with his cum and the knot.

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## **Chapter Twelve**

I opened my eyes, and closed them again. The sunlight was blinding me, I had a terrible headache and a taste in my mouth that suggested, that something had used it as a toilet at some point.

Groaning I rolled on my other side. This felt like the worst hangover ever. Except that I didn't have to rush to the toilet to throw up. As the memories, or at least some of them, came back I grinned. It was worth it.

After he had forced me to swallow his blood my senses had sharpened, my body had healed. Everything had been so intense. I had screamed again, as I came, nearly blacked out from the overwhelming sensation. Fragments of the night replayed itself before my eyes. Running outside, together, wet grass under my feet, adrenaline, speed, wind in my hair and on my naked skin.

I opened my eyes again. This time it was not so bad. I was in a bedroom. A big double bed, black satin sheets. A white shirt was lying on a chair, a brush, some coins and a watch on the nightstand. Not exactly remembering where I was and how I had gotten here I sat up. At the bottom of the bed the sheets were caked with mud. So were my feet and my shins. "Must have been a hell of a party", I muttered and got up.

The mansion. I had followed the werewolf into the mansion.

I looked at myself in the large mirror that covered one wall. Dirty, the hair a mess but otherwise unscathed. Not even a scar where he had ripped open my arm. Moving forward I winced. My body was sore, the headache flared up again. The last time I had felt this bad was after a weekend in Blackpool with my mates. Booze, beach, sun and more booze. After waking up on the last day I had wished I was dead.

according to the dried mud on my skin and the pine needles in my hair. I should go and get a shower, clean myself up a bit.

So, I went through the door, only to realise, I had no clue where the bathroom was. And not only the bathroom. This mansion was big, I had never been inside before. I was standing in a hall, stone floor, way too many doors and quite gloomy. Vaguely I remembered turning right after entering, so I turned left. The easiest thing seemed to be leave, get back to the bungalow and shower there. Once outside I would be able to find my way.

“Up in time for breakfast.” My owner had opened a door to my left. He was as naked and as dirty as I was, and he smiled at me.

“Uh... good morning”, I murmured and turned towards him.

“I have a cure for your hangover. And we need to talk.” He raised a hand. “When you are up to it. Come in.”

I made my way towards him. Yes, we needed to talk, I wanted answers. And coffee.

Smiling he turned around and went into the room. It was a kitchen, a small one, which you would expect in a normal size flat and not a place like this.

The table was set for two with steaks on the plates, mugs of coffee and glasses of water. “I don’t know if I can eat that”, I admitted, as I reached for a mug.

“You should.” He sat down opposite of me, reached for his glass. “It will help you. I have already had a snack, so I can explain some things, while you eat.”

Nodding I sat down, sipped my coffee.

“Last night... you are in heat.” I frowned. Yes, I had been horny, but I would not have used that word to describe it.

He shook his head. “You still are, even though you might not be aware of it at the moment. I can smell it. And... I want to get you pregnant.”

Pausing with the mug halfway towards my mouth I looked at him. So, my fear had been real.

“Eat, it will clear your head.”

He waited, until I had taken knife and fork, cut a small slice of the steak. It was not even medium rare, only the surface was cooked. Just as I opened my mouth to protest, I sensed that I was drooling.

He smiled.

“My blood, our blood, is like a drug. It makes you feel good, sharpens your senses, heals your body. But as any other drug, it has side effects. Like a hangover, but different to treat. This will help you.

Trust me.”

I had trusted him last night, so why stop now? I ate. Chewing vigorously, I felt the juices run down my throat. And he had been right. It was better than aspirin or any other hangover cure, because I could feel it straight away. I cut the next piece, even before swallowing.

“As I said, I want to use you. You will be my bitch, bear my offspring. If not this cycle, then the next, or the one after that. I have time. You have only one choice.” I nodded, tried to take in his words and my food at the same time.

“You can either participate willingly, or unwillingly. If you object, I will chain you up, no more running free with the dogs. If you choose to comply, it will be as it is now, maybe even better for you. I would prefer, if I don’t have to tie you up. You are different anyway. I’ve had some women here over the years. None of them had gotten to the stage, where I could fuck her without restraining her. You”, he laughed, “ you seem to like it.”

I swallowed the last piece of steak and nodded. “I do. Even if I don’t know how much is really liking it, and how much is due to my mind messing with me. I...”, I stopped.

He smiled an encouraging smile and nodded.

“I am scared, sometimes. But I want it at the same time. It... feels good, more than good.” Patiently he waited while I struggled to find the words.

“I’m scared of getting pregnant. I never wanted to have kids, but... a part of me”, I laughed as I realised what I was going to say. “is just scared, that you won’t fuck me, when I am pregnant.”

Now he laughed. “Oh, I will. Maybe more careful, but I will. More?” He pointed to my empty plate and I shook my head. I had more questions, but that could wait.

“I don’t remember much from last night.” “Oh, you were amazing.” He smiled. You wanted to run, play with me. You sucked my cock and then I took you home.”

I tried to remember but had to shake my head.

“It might come back to you. You can stay here, if you like. At least for now. Or, if you need some time, you can go back to your place, think about it.”

“I’ll stay.” He was right. I was ‘in heat’, as he had said. Now, that the worst of that hangover was gone I felt it. My body took over, again.

“I have questions, so many questions, but all I can think about now is your dick.” I admitted and looked down on the table.

“Another side effect of werewolf blood. You rely more on your instincts, your basic needs.” He pushed his chair back. “Come over here.”

As I got up, I felt the wetness between my legs. With every step I took I was more aware of this need. His cock was hard, the sight alone made my heart beat faster.

“Turn around and sit on my lap”, he ordered. Only too gladly I obeyed. Guiding his cock with one hand I sat down, sighed, as he slid easily inside me.

His hands ran over my body. I wanted to move, ride his cock, but he stopped me. “You just sit here,”

he whispered in my ear.

Fingers brushed my skin lightly, sent shivers down my spine. My nipples were hard, my cunt seemed on fire. Even though his cock was inside me, filling me, I wanted more. "This is torture", I teased him, moved my hips. "Maybe", his lips brushed my neck, made me shiver. "But doesn't it feel good?"

I moaned. Yes, it did. His lips moved on; I felt his breath on my ear. "Fuck me. I know you want to." While he whispered these words, he pressed his fingers down on my clit.

I moved, moaned again. His dick in my wet cunt, his fingers on my clit felt so good. My legs were trembling, I felt light-headed.

"I want to feel you cum."

I moaned loudly, pressed against his fingers. I was yearning for an orgasm but at the same time wanted it to go on forever. Vaguely aware that I was sweating and panting I rode his cock. My tits bounced; my hair fell in my face. Instinct, basic needs. These words meant nothing to me. All that mattered was concentrated in my crotch. Need, desire, a hard cock to ride. Tension was building up, my body seemed to scream for release. "Let go", his voice was hoarse and close to my ear. His words reached my brain and I gasped. Pressing myself down on his cock I came, wave after wave. He was so deep inside me, it nearly hurt. His hip rose to meet me, now it hurt, but that made the next wave of my orgasm only more intense. One thrust, another one, one more, hard and deep. And he came, filled me with his cum and pulled me in a tight embrace.

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Chapter Thirteen

With a sigh, I leant back. My legs were trembling, sweat was cooling on my skin. I felt his body under and behind me. Slowly it dawned on me, that this had been the first time, he had fucked me without changing his shape. And I still didn't know his name.

He wrapped his arms around me and pulled me closer. "What would you like to do?" "Um?" the question took me by surprise.

"I would suggest a shower, but after that, what would you like to do today?"

Looking down on my dirty legs, I smiled. "Don't know, there's not much I can do." I laughed. "Except watching a movie, read or getting fucked."

"True," he laughed as well. "And what do you prefer?"

"Maybe a movie," I shrugged. Through this movement his cock slid from my cunt. That seemed about right, a shower, curl up on the sofa and watch a movie. Just another lazy day.

But I didn't get up. For the moment I was comfortable, sitting on my owner's lap, feeling him near me. I even felt his slow, steady heartbeat, his breathing.

The kitchen-door opened, and I startled, jumped from his lap. It was the young man, who had approached me with the deal. Even if I had only been here for about five month, it felt like a lifetime ago.

"Sorry, I'll come back, when you have finished." The young man turned to back away, but my owner

raised a hand. "I believe we are. Could you show her the special bathroom, I'll be there as well, I won't need you after this, or maybe, this evening. I'll let you know."

The young man nodded and held the door open for me.

I followed him, still avoiding his gaze. He had seen me naked before, even peeing on the lawn, and I was sure, he knew what was going on, but I couldn't bear to look in his face. Silently he walked me into another part of the large house. I noticed that the doors had no handles and the floor was mostly bare.

"This part of the house is used by the dogs as well", he explained. "Werewolves can use handles, dogs only if they are trained, so he opted for swinging doors instead. Even though they prefer to go outside, sometimes you will find them here."

"Have you been here long?" I blurted out. Now, that I was able to think straight again, my curiosity was back.

"Oh, just four or five years, give or take." He shrugged. "The job ain't too bad, the pay is great and makes up for the occasional inconvenience." I nodded. "Have you...", I hesitated but he answered, nonetheless. "I've seen other women here, brought them here in fact." Abruptly stopping and turning around he looked at me. "Listen, don't be ashamed or afraid or whatever. I don't care that you are naked and freshly fucked. It's part of my job not to care about these things. I run the estate, do some housekeeping, get some women and that's it. I would consider enjoying it as a bonus, if I were you. And you're off the streets for now, get fed and cared for."

Feeling myself blushing at his words I looked down on his feet. In a way he was right. I had gotten my part of the deal, kept my part. And it could have been worse. I was really enjoying it, at least sometimes.

"Come on." He opened a door and led me into a huge bathroom. "I am afraid we have only dog shampoo here, but you can use it as well." He smiled. "It gives your hair a lovely shine."

Now I laughed. "I will give it a try."

The room was really big, bigger than the other bathrooms I had seen. One corner held a hose and a drain, next to it was a shower and in the other corner there seemed to be a whirlpool.

"This room is fitted for dog grooming. You just start in that corner for the worst bits." I nodded again. "Do you have a brush somewhere?"

He crossed the room and opened a large built in cupboard. Brushes on the top shelf, bottles and tubes on the one below, towels on the others. "Thank you." I used a brush that seemed to be able to deal with the mess my hair was in and started to untangle it.

The young man smiled, nodded and left me.

It took a long time to untangle my hair. More than once I swore under my breath when I was struggling with a really bad strand.

Finally, I had managed it and put the brush back. All of the bottles contained dog shampoo. I sniffed at most of them, settled on one of them and smiled. Then I looked once more over the shelves. No razor, at least none suitable for my purpose. The dog trimmer would not do. Shrugging I went over to the hose, turned on the water.

It wouldn't get any hotter than lukewarm, but it softened and eventually cleaned the dried mud from my body. I directed the water all over my body and stopped only, when the water ran clear into the drain.

Ready for a real shower I took the shampoo. No soap either. Didn't he use soap or so? Thinking back, I could not remember him smelling of anything I recognized. Oh well, at least I could wash my hair.

The door opened again. My owner came in. "Keith was surprised. You are the first one, not swearing at him."

I laughed softly, swallowed water and coughed. Turning away I tried to collect myself. "I could have asked more questions, regarding the deal. He did nothing wrong."

He turned on the hose, started to clean himself. "Why are you so... so... rational?"

I did not reply at first, shampooed my hair and cleaned it thoroughly. After rinsing it I had my answer. "What else can I do? I made a deal; I have to live with it. There is no point in blaming someone else. And there's nothing I can do anyway. As you said, if I refuse, you'd take me by force."

I couldn't bring myself to use the word 'rape' even though that would be the correct term. "And Keith said, I should take it as a holiday, basically. No sleeping rough, no going hungry and getting laid as a bonus."

The distinct smell of wet dog reached my nose and I smiled. Maybe that was the reason, why he didn't use soap. Stepping away from the shower, I squeezed some excess water from my hair.

"What shampoo do you use?" I asked as I crossed over to the cupboard. He told me and I brought it over to him, as he stepped over to the shower.

"Thanks." I grinned. "Well trained human, knows many commands, available for a good home."

Now he laughed, held my hand as I handed him the bottle. "How well trained?" "Try and find out", I teased him.

The last 24 hours had changed me. Right now, I felt safe, even flirty. After being scared, hunted by nightmares and unable to sleep. Rational? Not at all.

Grinning a wolfish grin, he pointed to the floor. "Sit." It took me just a moment to decide. In a fluent movement I went down on my knees, legs slightly apart, and looked up at him. "Good girl", he smiled down at me and started to shower. "Stay."

Relaxed I stayed on the floor, watched him shower. He used the shampoo all over his body, taking his time and I followed his movements with my eyes. Just like a good dog. I grinned again.

My owner turned off the shower, shook himself just like a dog. Lowering my head to avoid the droplets my grin widened. Now he behaved just like a dog.

I heard his soft steps, turned my head and wanted to get up to follow him, but he raised his hand. "Stay." So, I stayed, watched him dry himself with a big towel. He reached for a new one and came back to me. I held out my hand, but he shook his head.

Ever so gently he started to dry my wet skin. The towel was fluffy, his grip gentle but firm. I closed

my eyes and enjoyed the treatment. When he was finished he patted my flank. "Come on."

Just for the fun of it I stayed on my hands and knees as I followed him from the bathroom.

He smiled down at me again, but I thought I saw a twinkle in his eye. Two doors down from the bathroom he led me into a room, that lay in semi-darkness. I could make out the shapes of a big sofa and some armchairs, felt the soft, thick carpet under my fingers.

He sat down on the sofa and reached for a remote, flicked on the big flat screen telly on the opposite wall.

I remained on the floor, leaned against his leg and placed my chin on his thigh.

"Yes, I can see, that you are very well trained." He petted my head, as he flicked through the options on the screen. After he had selected a film, he patted next to him on the sofa. "In my house, dogs and humans are allowed on the sofa." He grinned.

I got up, stretched my whole body before I sat down. After a moment's hesitation I pulled my legs up and curled up next to him, my head resting on his lap.

We watched the movie in silence, and the next one. His hand was resting on my shoulder. A feeling rose in me, which I could not name. Not paying much attention to the film I tried to explore it. I hadn't felt like that for a long time. When had been the last time? Back home, in my flat. My mate, Shaun, had been there, we had talked, ordered pizza and kicked the shit out of some other player team on my PS4. Happy. Not that short term high, but the deep feeling of happiness.

I laughed out loud. I just couldn't help it. Here I was, owned by a werewolf, knowing he would use me for breeding, but I was happy.

"Uh?" Shooting me a questioning glance he took his hand away. I shook my head. "Nothing." I was content with just lying here, savouring this feeling and hoping to store it away for rainy days. He touched me again, his fingers brushed my neck.

His hand moved on, the fingers brushed my collarbone, further down to my left tit. They stopped at my nipple, he rolled it between thumb and index-finger. I moaned softly, closed my eyes.

"I want to fuck you." There was no emotion in his voice, it was just a statement. "We should think of a command for that."

I rose from his lap, careful not to lose contact with his fingers. "Just one word instead of five?" Smiling at him I got up. "How do you want me? On my knees? On the sofa, getting ready?"

He smiled back at me, rose as well. "Do you really need to?" With one swift movement he reached for me, turned me around. His hands moved over my body, spread my legs and without further ado he showed his fingers in my cunt. I gasped, more out of surprise. It didn't hurt at all, they slid in easily, felt good. "You are in heat", he whispered in my ear. "You are wet." Even though I had not noticed it, he was right.

"Please," I murmured, "can you change?" Chuckling he withdrew his fingers and let go of me. "Sure."

I turned around. His features were already changing, the fur grew. It was fascinating, watching a man turn into a man-wolf. Especially in the knowledge, that he would fuck you. My gaze trailed

down to his cock. But I couldn't see it. It was still in its sheath, hidden in the thick black fur. A wave of disappointment hit me. To be fair, I couldn't remember if his human cock had been hard, I definitely hadn't felt it, while I was lying on his lap.

Transformation complete, he got down on all fours. There was no way mistaking him for a wolf or a dog. The proportions were wrong,

Sniffing audibly, he came to me, buried his muzzle in my crotch. After all the experience with him and his dogs, the first touch of the cold wet nose was something I just did not get used to. Involuntarily, I took a step back. He followed, urged me further back, directed me to the sofa. So, I sat down, spread my legs as wide as I could. His long tongue lashed over my pussy-lips, worked its way between them. I moaned. The difference between him and his dogs was, that he knew what he was doing to me. He knew all my sensitive spots, made me feel right now, like I had never felt before. Feeling light-headed I leaned my head back, moved my ass nearer to the edge. The licking stopped.

Just as I opened my mouth to protest, I felt his paws on my shoulder. His dick, now hard and ready, probed for the entrance of my cunt. I moaned as he slid inside me. Slowly he pushed himself deeper, buried his cock in me, paused and withdrew. And again, and again, painfully slow and deep, filling my wet cunt, stretching me, just on the brink of hurting me. I ran my hands through his fur, moaned softly. I felt the muscles in his back, the root of his tail, his firm ass. Lifting my feet of the ground I wrapped my legs around him. His tail gave me a nice resting point for them, and I pulled him close.

He growled. By now, I knew that this sound meant, that he liked it. I moaned, I liked it too. He was panting in my ear now, humping me faster. Not long now, I could feel it. He was close, I was feeling light-headed and great, but far away from an orgasm. His fur brushed my skin as he pulled me closer, trying to fuck me even deeper. Forcing his cock all the way in with each thrust, hurting me slightly, he growled again. I felt the knot begin to swell, pulled him closer. Panting he came, buried his muzzle in my long hair while he shot his hot load deep inside me. I groaned, as the knot sealed our connection. It had been good, but...

Without effort he wrapped his arms around me and got up. Careful he lowered us unto the ground, lay down on the floor and held me in his arms.

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## **Chapter Fourteen**

I was sitting on the windowsill in my bungalow and looking outside. The sun was shining brightly, but a cold wind rustled the nearly leafless trees. It nearly hurt, this longing to be outside, be active, do something.

I had been staying in his house for four days. The routine was suspended, only he had fucked me, again and again, in both shapes. On the fifth day, he had declared, that I was no longer 'in heat' and brought me back here.

Back to the old routine. A morning fuck with one of his dogs, an evening fuck with him, sometimes a dog before that. In the meantime, there was not much to do. It was too cold to go outside, so I had the choice between reading or watching the telly. Or, as now, sitting at the window and wishing I could go outside.

Movement in the distance made me focus again. The dogs were running there. Unaware of the cold, they were playing, chasing each other. Tears welled up in my eyes, but I blinked them away. 'No, I

won't cry', I told myself. 'It's no big deal, it will get warm again. I just have to wait. A long time to wait.'

I sighed. And then I spotted him. He was walking behind his dogs. Dressed in jeans and a windproof jacket, his black hair tussled by the strong wind.

Without thinking, I got up, moved to the door. Even though he and the Great Dane had only left me just two hours ago, I wanted to go to them, him. "What have you done to me?" I muttered, as the cold wind hit my naked skin.

The cold grass chilled my feet, my nipples hardened painfully and goosebumps erupted all over my body. But I did not care.

Joyful barking erupted from the pack, as they spotted me and they changed course. I could see his face: he did not seem pleased.

"What the hell are you doing?", were his first words from a distance, while I was already surrounded by the dogs. Words failed me at first, he looked furious, as he came closer. "I saw you...", my voice trailed off, I had heard the shiver in it.

"It's too cold for a human." But it didn't feel as cold as his voice. "You could catch your death out here."

I just looked at him. Clothes would solve this problem, but as he had told me, I had to stay naked. One of the dogs nudged my leg with his cold, wet nose and I looked down, scratched him behind the ears.

My owner sighed. "Why?"

I had felt lonely, trapped, hated to be inactive, I wanted to run with the pack, I wanted to be near you. All these words raced through my head, but I didn't open my mouth. Instead I let my hand run through the fur of the Irish Wolfhound.

"I don't know", I finally admitted. It had been a decision on the spur of the moment. He sighed again.

"I have to admit, I never had a pet like you. The others had to stay in the basement, either in a cage, or chained up. You are nearly part of the pack, as far as a human can be." He smiled down on me. Even though I was feeling the cold stronger now, or rather, my skin getting numb, his smile seemed to warm me.

"So, what are we going to do now?" He reached out, touched my stiff nipple. I flinched, shrank back. They were so cold, it really hurt. He nodded. "Thought so."

"Sorry", I murmured, looked down.

"I ought to punish you. Running outside, getting cold, clearly not thinking. But I never forbade you, to go outside, so you broke no rule." He sighed again. "Since you are my property, I have a responsibility."

Slowly, he pushed one sleeve of his jacket and jumper up, exposed his bare skin. "Don't know, if this is a punishment, or a treat."

I gasped, as he drew a fingernail over his skin, leaving a bleeding wound. "Drink." The order came in a harsh voice, leaving me no time to think.

His blood was hot on my lips, felt like burning all the way down to my stomach. The coppery taste appalled me at first, made me gag.

"More", he whispered, and I obeyed.

I could smell it, felt it... and tasted it; and it tasted good. All of a sudden, the taste was what I wanted, what I needed. Greedily, I sucked at his wound, tried to get more of this heavenly drink. Feeling the skin close under my lips, I growled, nearly bit him.

My owner pushed me away. Lips torn back in a snarl I glared at him. He smiled. "Still feeling the cold?"

Slowly his words sank into my mind.

I didn't feel the cold. I felt... a burning in my stomach, the urge to run. The smell around me hit me full force. Dogs, wet grass, decaying leaves, petrichor... And I could smell him. A smell that made me horny, my crotch wet and my legs tremble. He was a male, a strong fertile male, a leader and all my body ached for. Safety, getting fucked, being able to rest.

I moaned. The last time, I had tasted his blood, I had been injured. It had healed me, but I had only fleeting memories of that night. Had it been like this? I tried, but I could not remember.

One motion of his hand sent the dogs running again. He followed. For a long moment, I just stood there, inhaling the air, taking in the scents. It was overwhelming. A sharp whistle brought me back to the present. He and the pack were far down the meadow. My owner was looking at me, patted his leg. "Come on."

Walking at first, then jogging and finally running I crossed the distance. It - I - felt amazing, like I could run forever, do whatever he wanted me to do.

We reached a small group of trees. Fallen leaves covered the ground, like a thick, but smelly carpet. The dogs scattered, sniffing the ground, ears pricked and tails wagging. I had stayed close to him, shooting him glances every now and again. He pointed to a fallen tree.

"Bend over, legs apart."

His deep voice sent shivers down my spine. The rough surface didn't bother me at all, as I bent over the trunk, legs spread as far as I could manage.

"That's a good bitch", Smiling he climbed over the tree, stood in front of me. "Do you want my cock?"

"Yes", I nearly panted. He unbuttoned his jeans, let them fall to the ground. I licked my lips, stretched forward, to taste his semi-hard cock. He laughed, a soft little laugh, and stepped closer. Smelling him so close to me made me moan again.

His cock tasted nearly as good as his blood had, a little bit salty, wild and full of promises.

One of the dogs sniffed my crotch. I didn't care. His dick grew in my mouth, while I was sucking and licking. "You like that, do you?", he murmured, trailing his fingers through my long, ginger hair.

“Uh hm”, I moaned, feeling and tasting his pre-cum on my tongue.

“Let’s see, how much.” Holding his pants up with one hand he climbed back over the tree, shooed the dog away. “Very much.”

His finger ran down my spine, made me shiver. Down the crack between my ass-cheeks, delving into the wetness of my cunt.

I moaned again, turned my head to look at him. “I haven’t had your ass for a while.”

While he said these words, his finger trailed back from my cunt to my asshole and back. And again, and again. Without warning he shoved some fingers up my cunt. It felt so good, just as it should be, and I pressed against them. He withdrew his fingers, spread the moisture over my ass.

“Please”, I begged, my body reacting to his touch, longing for it.

“Both holes?”, he whispered in my ear, while he played one finger over my asshole. The idea made me gasp, and a sharp pang of longing spread through my crotch. That must feel great, both holes filled, fucked.

“Maybe another time.” His fingers entered my cunt again, wriggled and I heard a squelching sound. I was dripping wet... Moaning, I closed my eyes. One finger pushed against my asshole. Tenderly probing, lubricated by my wetness it slid in easily. He fucked me with it for some time, widened me, before a second finger followed. “One more”, he panted. “One more, before you get the real thing.”

“Please...”, I begged, wanting it. The third finger widened me even more, it felt good, him moving inside me. I arched my back, pressed me against him, again and again.

“Now”, his voice was a whisper. One last time he stroked my cunt, spread the moisture up my ass. Then I felt his cock.

Gentle pressure against the hole, one hard thrust and he buried himself deep, so deep. I gasped. It hurt, but it was him, my owner. And it felt good, somehow, at the same time. He fucked me, deep, slow, intense. His balls hitting my pussy-lips each time.

A whimper of pain escaped me. “Let’s make this as good for you, as it is for me.”

I wasn’t sure, if I had heard these words, but I felt his breath in my hair, and he reached out, stroked my crotch. His finger found my clit, rubbed it with every thrust.

“Oh fuck”, I gasped. The sensation brought me close to the edge, even the first touch had been so intense. His hard cock in my ass, his finger rubbing almost painfully over my sensitive clit.

“Oh, yes”, he panted, the pressure on my clit in perfect harmony with his thrusts, even as he quickened his pace.

I panted, whimpered, was overwhelmed and so close.

Opening my eyes, I saw the dogs. They were gathered around us, watching us. I did not care; not anymore.

I felt the tension building up, as his thrusts got harder and faster. “Oh”, I gasped, felt my body tightening up, shivering with the orgasm. He pressed himself against my back, I felt him cum, deep inside my ass. So intense, so close... so... good. I shivered again.

## Chapter Fifteen

It had started to rain. The dogs were still running around happily. My owner looked up at the sky and sighed. "You can come with me to the house."

We hadn't spoken after that. As I followed him on the path, I still felt warm and comfortable. All because of his blood. My legs were still a bit shaky after the last fuck and every now and again I felt his cum dripping from my ass.

Smiling to myself I followed him, tried to take in the different sensations. The grass under my feet, the rain on my naked skin, the smells around me. I wanted to remember, treasure this, the sharpened senses, feeling differently.

Too soon we reached the house, entered through a side door that led into the 'dog part' of the house. The whole pack entered, gathered around him. They shook themselves and I smiled, felt like shaking myself. "Smells of wet dog." And the smell was overwhelming. But underneath I could still smell the floor polish, a fire somewhere near and a smell I could not place at the moment.

He pointed to a door, another room, I hadn't been in. Just as I was about to follow the dogs, he shook his head. "Not you, shower or bath first." I nodded and turned around, went to the bathroom. A shower should be enough.

After selecting the shampoo I stepped towards the shower. I had decided on just a quick one, just to clean myself from the mud and cum.

The door opened. Naked as I was, the werewolf entered. He smiled. "Let's get you cleaned up. Down on all fours." Instantly I obeyed. There was no way not to.

Nodding he reached for the shower head, turned on the water. Warm water rained down on my back. He placed his hand under my chin, forced me to lift my head up high.

Gently he started to wash me, first my hair, massaging the scalp, rubbing the shampoo in. The smell of wet dog, and the other smell, intensified. Turning my head towards him, I sniffed. Yes, it was his smell.

His hands were all over my body now. Shoulders, arms, back on my back, down the legs. All the time I held my head high, while the water was running from my hair.

"That's a good girl", his deep voice was soothing, like his hands. What did it matter, that I was his property, his pet, his...

I yelped and flinched as he suddenly spread my ass cheeks and directed the jet of water right between.

"Just get you clean for me, clean and ready." His voice lulled me in again. "And you will get a treat. Oh yes, you will. You will like that, I am sure."

One finger followed the water. I didn't even flinch this time. He moved it, in and out, around, trying to widen my ass. A second finger followed and I moaned. It felt good. I spread my legs, pushed myself against his fingers.



"I should have given you a different name." The smile in his voice was clearly audible. "Why?"

"Because you are a rare diamond." Blushing, I bowed my head. As water ran over my hot face he fucked me slowly with two fingers, spread them, widened me.

Too soon he stopped, turned off the water. I stayed on all fours, hoping, that he would touch me again, finish, what he had started.

And he finished it, but not the way I would have liked. Gently he dried me off with a soft towel, keeping well away from my wet crotch and my ass.

"Come on, now you are allowed to choose your dog."

I frowned, but followed him nonetheless. Did that mean, that he wanted me to get fucked in the ass by one of the dogs? I swallowed hard. He was gentle, knew what he was doing. The dogs were just driven by instinct. But he had said, I would like it.

We entered the room, where the dogs were assembled. It was gloomy, the only light came from the big fire in the grate. Two comfy armchairs stood in front of it, the dogs were curled up on the hearthrug.

"You can choose any dog you like. Play with him, let him lick you, but," he smiled, "don't get carried away. Get horny, but no relief, yet." I nodded, looked down at the pack. My special friend, the Irish Wolfhound yawned and got up. And I didn't even know his name. Or if they had names at all. Our owner communicated with them through signs and short commands. But they were his pack. And he was the Alpha.

The insight hit me like a freight train. That was the smell, the other smell, his smell. Dominance, strength, leadership - and safety, trust. Through his blood I was able to smell it now, realize what it was. As soon as the drug would lose its impact I would lose this as well.

Slowly I sank to my knees, closed my eyes. I didn't want to lose it.

Breath on my face. The Wolfhound had come to me, sniffed at my face. I smiled, opened my eyes again and reached out. His fur was still damp, the smell of wet dog strong, but I buried my face at his shoulder as my fingers ran over his body.

"Do you want me?" I whispered in his ear.

A content growl was the answer and I continued to pet him. My hands ran through his fur, over his body while I felt his body-heat radiating towards me.

How would his cock taste? The thought came out of nowhere and I felt myself blush again. Had he meant that by play with him?

Suddenly I felt a hand on my shoulder and jumped. "I promised you a treat." With his thumbnail he tore a small wound in his arm. "Just a bit more, to make you feel good."

Ashamed of the eagerness with which I licked up his blood, I closed my eyes. But I licked it up, even sucked at the small cut. His other hand was on my shoulder. A warm reassurance, that everything was alright.

"That'll do." Gently he pushed me away, even though he was still bleeding. My eyes widened in

surprise, as he offered his arm to the dog.

"It works with both species", he whispered in my ear, just as I had whispered in the dog's. I leaned against my owner, my leader, while the dog licked his arm. My senses were sharpened again, his smell engulfed me completely.

"Is it always like this?" I murmured, placed my hand on his thigh, to feel him, to steady myself.

"Yes."

I sighed, reached out for the dog again. "I... I would prefer you", I admitted, not looking at him.

"I know. But I want you to make him horny. I want to watch you, playing with him."

His hand slipped from my shoulder. He rubbed my hard nipple, let his hand trail on, between my legs. "I want you to beg, to be fucked." His finger traced my pussy-lips, spread the wetness down towards my ass. "You are wet, you are ready, but you don't beg yet." Playful he let a finger slide into my wet and needy cunt. I moaned.

"He can smell it. They all can. But they won't fuck you, until I give the command." His finger withdrew, took some moisture with it and spread it around my ass.

Shivering I sat there, hypnotised by his voice, his touch. "He would lick you, though. And now he is more than just an animal."

Steadily he worked the juices leaking from my cunt towards and in my ass. My trembling fingers ran over the Irish Wolfhound's body. Down, along his flanks, towards his dick. He was panting, an eagerness in his eyes I hadn't seen before. "I want to feel you." My voice trembled as well and I wasn't sure, who I meant.

The big dog shivered as my fingers touched his cock. It was slick and hot under my touch.

"Go on, show him, how much you want him."

Like a sleepwalker I raised from my kneeling position to all fours, legs apart, lips slightly open. Oh yes, I wanted it, him. I licked my lips, as I moved closer. Now I could smell his cock, his arousal, closer, tongue outstretched. I tasted him. My lips closed around the dog's cock. I heard the low, contented growl, felt my owners hand on my back. "That's a good girl." His hand stroked me, left my skin only to reach out, to touch my clit. I moaned. "Suck him."

And I did. It felt, tasted different in my mouth, But that was not where I wanted to feel it. Aching with need, with longing I let go of his cock. "Please fuck me," I pleaded, nearly whimpering.

"Get up." The werewolf helped me to my feet, steadied me on the way to one armchair. His cock was hard and ready as well, pre-cum glistened on it's head. He sat down, legs close together. "Sit on my dick, back to me."

I turned around, lowered myself. With his strong hands he helped me, When I felt his dick touching my asshole, I stopped. "Down. You want to be fucked." I whimpered, as I sat down. He had widened me in the shower, used my cunt juices as lube, but it still hurt.

The Irish Wolfhound had followed us. While I was still trying to take in my owners cock up my ass he started licking my cunt.

I gasped. Like an electric shock it made me tremble, sink further down on the werewolves lap. His tongue entered my cunt, seemed to curl inside. Hot breath brushed my crotch.

Moaning I sank down, my masters cock now deep inside me, his dog licking me.

“Mount.” Hands on my tits pulled me back. The dog’s paws scratched my sides as he jumped up, his dick brushing my crotch.

“Please”, I whimpered, not sure, if I could stand this. But he held me firmly, his fingers rubbing my hard, sensitive nipples, his cock hard and thick up my ass.

And the dog came closer. The tip of his cock brushed my pussy-lips, found it’s way between them.

Slowly he moved closer, found the entrance, paused. I was panting now, tense with fear and desire. Never before had I experienced two cocks at once. Fantasised, yes, but never tried it. But I had never ever even thought of being between a werewolf and his dog.

The dog started to fuck me. Not like a dog at all, slow, deliberate. I moaned. Deep, slow, again and again. The cock up my arse made me tighter, this whole feeling more intense. My body reacted, I followed him, moved with him, rode my masters cock while being fucked by his dog. He grunted in my ear. I moaned again. Our mixed smells - dog, human and werewolf - filled my nostrils, made my head spin.

The orgasm surprised me, it came without warning. I gasped, tensed up, trembled. His arms held me, his dog fucked me faster now, but still deep. Whimpering I tried to get away, squirmed in his grip.

“Let go, relax”, his deep voice in my ear sent more shivers down my spine.

Faster and harder, the dog fucked me, following his need now. It hurt - a bit- but felt good all the same. His dick filled me more and more, the knot began to swell.

I cried out, just as he knotted me and came in me, filled me with his cum. The second orgasm hit me. It was even more intense, as the first one, as I had ever experienced. As my ass-muscles contracted I felt my master’s cock pump, filling my ass with his hot cum.

Silent tears were running down my cheeks. Overwhelmed I collapsed against my masters body, the dog covering me like a warm if smelly blanket. Shivering I closed my eyes. I was safe.

*The End(?)*