

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



At nineteen and a healthy boy, with perfectly normal urges, it was hard for Ethan to find a moment for himself. Thankfully staying his uncles was the perfect time and place for him to get some decent alone time. His parents were bitterly divorced and so he was bounced between them often. When they couldn't take him, he ended up at another family member's place rather than going home to the other parent. It had been that way since he was eight and it remained that way even as he was a legal adult. His dad wanted him to work in the mechanic business like him and his mom wanted him to go to the community college where she lived and get a business degree. Ethan was undecided and in no real rush to make major life choices.

Both his younger brothers were underage and still in joint custody, Ethan the only real consistent person in their life. He ended up taking care of them more than either parent it felt like most days. But their uncle married a nice lady with three kids of her own and his siblings joined the pack when they visited. Sofia took them under her wing and when they visited, Ethan had a break from parenting. His uncle had his own auto shop and there was a massive junkyard where Ethan could wander and find quiet spots. He had since he was a teenager, finding all the spots where he could make little forts and hideouts. His uncle and aunt knew it was easier to call him on his phone rather than trying to find him. The kids were allowed to wander the junkyard either, so it was a strange metal Shangri-La.

Now, after years of him hiding for hours on end, no one blinked an eye when he took off into the maze of vehicles. Most days, Ethan would find a beater and poke around the engine, wander the bones of vehicles and see what he could muck around with. His uncle was fine with him taking parts and selling them for spare cash since he took the time to find them, get them out, and clean them up. Anything worth any real cash was long gone anyway.

Ethan also took time for himself as well, some decent jerking off that wasn't rushed like in the shower. He shared his bedroom with his brothers and there was always someone home at whatever place they were staying at. So having time to just leisurely stroke his cock was a treat.

This was how it all eventually got out of hand.

Ethan made his usual way to the furthest ends of the yard, his uncle's new guard dogs trailing around. He had gotten them last month since kids kept sneaking in and vandalizing his garage. The dogs were on the large size. They also had a tiny chihuahua that lived in the house with them, but these boys lived in the junkyard full-time. The dogs were intimidating enough that they kept the neighbourhood kids out. They had been wary of him when he first arrived, but Ethan slipped them some table scraps and they were right as rain after that. Most animals would be happy to see anyone who was feeding him he had learned over the years. So they were both happy to see him now. When he was hanging out alone in the junkyard, they would visit him and he would give them attention, petting them and such. Technically, he wasn't supposed to, his uncle wanted them mean, but every animal deserved some love Ethan thought.

In that moment though, he didn't pay the dogs much attention while he walked, instead focusing on squeezing between two car piles and crossing the mess of the scrap heap. There was no way anyone could sneak up on him without having to walk over some rusted thing that screeched like an alarm and Ethan had picked the place for that.

There was an old bench seat from a Ford Thunderbolt that he'd cleaned up and pulled under an old Mustang hood. It wasn't much, but it was all he needed. There was an old duffle under the bench and in it was a thick toothbrush holder. It was wide and nice and long which made it into the perfect

toy for someone unable to work up the nerve to order a dildo.

Ethan had made sure to grab some butter packets from the restaurant they got breakfast at and now he ripped them open as he kicked off his jeans and briefs. The cooler air felt good on his skin and his cock was already plenty hard in anticipation. Not wanting to rush things Ethan ignored it and focused on getting his ass ready. Slouching on the bench seat, he spread his knees wide and took a hefty helping of butter on the edges of his fingers. Reaching down he rubbed the cold cream over his asshole and his body jerked at the first touch.

Licking his lips, Ethan dropped his head back and just rubbed it over his hole, warming up the butter slowly before he started pressing a little harder. The tip of his finger pushed in, and he relaxed the muscles of his thighs and went slack so he could ease a finger into his ass. It felt strange as usual, a weird sensation inside of himself and Ethan pressed deeper, curling his fingers, and swallowing when he hit the jackpot. Rubbing the spot inside himself he took his time easing a second finger and then a third. The butter made everything slick and in no time Ethan had his hole worked open.

He didn't rush it all like he usually had too, instead, he took his time to twist his fingers and rub that spot in him. His dick was leaking pre-come and ached for attention, but Ethan wasn't looking to hurry things. Instead, he eased his fingers free and reached for the toothbrush holder turned sex toy. Using the hand with the butter on it, Ethan slicked it up and shifted on the seat. Sitting up, he scooted his ass further onto the old leather. There were stitched in patterns along the material and one spot was a little dip that had a rip. It was just perfect to wedge the holder into and Ethan got it in place, the long plastic tube held straight up as he braced himself against the back of the seat and lined himself up. The first stretch was the worst and best, a burning sting that quickly melted into a full feeling that was awesome. Ethan sank the toy, bobbing up a few times as he worked his ass on the thing. His cock bounced and once Ethan felt the build-up of a climax coming, he grabbed himself and jerked off furiously. The feeling of it was amazing and Ethan slammed himself down on the holder, shoving as much as he could and grinding himself as his semen spurted in wet steaks. As the high faded, he slumped against the seat and slowly caught his breath. He could feel the holder still inside him and he gave a weak roll of his hips.

He could manage a few more times, he was thinking, when a noise made him free up.

The position of the bench let him see people before they saw him, and he felt his heart rate calm down when he only saw the dogs milling about. The brown one, Buick came into the little hideaway Ethan had and waved his tail hesitantly. Ethan slumped against the seat in relief and watched the dog sniff around the little area. He zoned in on Ethan though and before the teenager could react, the dog was shoving his face between his thighs. Ethan gave a shocked sound when the dog started licking his ass eagerly. The wet drag along his hole made Ethan squirm. He didn't think about it, he just spread his thighs to get more of that feeling. Pontiac, the black dog, came to see and he nudged his muzzle in and started to lick as well. Their wet tongues on his body felt amazing and Ethan slumped on the bench with his knees spread as wide as he could so the animal had access.

It was messed up, way more than a jerk-off session with something shoved up his ass, but God it felt so good. Their tongues were flat and longer than any humans and with their pointed snouts both of them could get in and lap over Ethan's ass. The duo sensation of it was unlike anything Ethan had felt before. He watched as they both worked away. Pontiac sometimes licked the bench seat and Ethan realized it was the butter they were after. He grabbed another butter package and when he moved, the holder still in his ass came free. One of the dogs started cleaning the holder while the other licked at his hole. Still loose from riding the holder, his hole let the tongue slide in a bit and Ethan swallowed a moan at the feeling of it. He got the butter pack opened and immediately smeared it all over his asshole, both dogs zoning in and lapping away it eagerly. Their tongues kept

pushing into his ass and Ethan struggled not to be noisy at the feeling of them. They were nothing like a human tongue and the fact that there were dogs gave it a taboo feel that Ethan immediately loved. Something about breaking the rules always made things better for him. Having that edge of adrenaline combined with sex made Ethan shove aside morals and spread his thighs. His cock was hard again, and Ethan struggled to perch on the edge of the seat, giving the dogs room to work as he jerked himself off. There were smears of butter on his fingers and Pontiac took note, moving to lick along the underside of Ethan's cock and immediately the teenager came all over his fist. It was a hard climax that took the breath from him and left him a bit shaky.

Flopping back on the bench, Ethan panted for breath as he stared at his two new best friends.

Over the rest of the week, Ethan and the dogs disappeared together regularly. His uncle commented at dinner at one point and Ethan just shrugged and claimed he'd throw around a stick for them. When his little brothers insisted he learn why the dogs liked Ethan better than them, he admitted he was sneaking them food on the side. His little brothers had always wanted a dog but neither of their parents allowed it over the years. Ethan felt bad about taking the animal's attention, more so for what he was doing. Still, it didn't stop him from keeping on sneaking off to do it. Thankfully, his uncle commanded the younger kids to leave the guard dogs alone so Ethan kept their attention to himself.

It wasn't until three months later that Ethan thought to let the dogs fuck him.

His dad brought them over for a visit one weekend and Ethan had ended up outside working on a truck for his uncle. Over in the yard, a brown dog Ethan didn't recognize was wandering around. Pontiac went running up to it and they ran around playing like best buddies. It wasn't like the guard dog to be so friendly, and Ethan watched it all curiously. Pontiac gave the other dog's ass a thorough sniffing and then suddenly jumped on its back. Ethan watched as the dog humped the shit out of what had to be a female. It was ridiculous how fast he was pounding her, and Ethan felt his cock fatten up in his jeans. The crunch of gravel told him someone was coming and so he turned back to the engine. His dad and his second younger brother, Martin, came out. His dad wanted to know when he'd be done working on the truck. As Ethan explained the issue with the engine to his dad and asked for advice, Martin noticed Pontiac and his lady friend.

"What's wrong with them?" He questioned and Ethan blinked when he looked over and saw the animal's butt to butt and seemingly stuck like that.

"They're mating, it's how dogs do it. They'll come apart later," their dad explained, more focused on the truck than the animals and Ethan forced himself to do so as well.

The rest of the week though, he spent wondering about what his dad had said. The idea of getting one of the dogs to fuck him was already on the list, but the stuck thing made it that more intriguing. Ethan managed to find a few stories online about it at first and with some digging, he did find a few videos of it as well. Some ladies were down on their hands and knees getting plowed by an eager dog. Watching it, Ethan knew for certain he wanted to get fucked and knotted.

Sleeping with guys was a chancy thing for Ethan, he didn't have a lot of time to himself to begin with and girls went along with things a lot easier. Some guys got offended and told the whole town and older men always seemed way too eager like they were planning to kill him or something. Ethan knew it was mostly his own paranoia than anything but better safe than sorry.

With girls, his family just laughed and called him a player. With guys, everyone was more uneasy,

and Ethan wasn't ready to be out just yet. So, he wasn't going to date any guy anytime soon but he was feeling the urge to get fucked. The dogs he could see working out just fine. No hassle and no one talking afterward which got Ethan in trouble. There was the whole illegal side of bestiality, but Ethan was used to skirting around laws. His dad's family had never been completely clean. The auto shop had some questionable practices, and he had a drug dealer cousin that his family would hide when the cops came around. The taboo side gave him a little more pause, if his uncle or Dad found out, Ethan would probably die of humiliation but then he had thought that the first time his dad caught him with a girl and then when he caught him with a guy. Both times had been awkward, but the embarrassment had passed, his dad hadn't really cared. Plus, that waitress he had fucked had been twenty-six when Ethan was seventeen and his dad hadn't mentioned the whole illegal statutory rape thing. The more time Ethan thought about it, the more he could reason it out, to make it sound perfectly fine, with the sometimes rough life they lived, he'd gotten good at that.

The next time they visited his uncle's place for a length of time, Ethan was counting the seconds before he could slip off into the junkyard. When he got into his hiding spot, both Pontiac and Buick had already learned to follow him.

They were eager to lick his ass and Ethan leaned back on the bench seat as he kicked off a shoe and got a leg out of his jeans. He smeared the butter on his cock, balls, and hole and let the dogs work. As they lapped his skin, he reached a hand around the side of his thigh and eased a finger into his ass. It was a little bit of a challenge with the dogs licking the lubrication away, but Ethan managed to get three fingers into himself, shoving them in and spreading them wide so his hole got used to being stretched. Licking his lips, Ethan took hold of his dick and jerked himself off. He got Buick working on his hole and Pontiac licking the head of his cock as he stroked himself. With a muffled curse, he came and felt the desperation in him ease back a touch.

Feeling more level-headed, he slumped down and patted his stomach, trying to coax one of the dogs up. Neither one seemed to get it and so Ethan took Pontiac by the collar, trying to get him to screw him. The dog was happy to jump on him, but he didn't get the message at all. Ethan tried a few more times to get Pontiac to fuck him, but the dog remained utterly clueless, fumbling around stupidly. Ethan let the dog jump off and frowned at Buick who stood back a bit and wagged his tail, head tilted curiously. Ethan looked at the two for a moment before turning over. He got down on his knees and leaned over the bench, patting his ass. Maybe this position made more sense to them he figured.

"Come on, here boy," he called, all friendly-like.

Pontiac came in for some licking, but he didn't try jumping up at all. Buick though was more hesitant, licking Ethan's thigh once and whining, seeming to wait for something. Ethan shook his ass and patted it again and this time the dog jumped up on him. Buick seemed to have an idea because his hips started jabbing right away. His front paws curled around Ethan's hips and the nails dug in painfully. Ethan hissed and tried to move them, but the dog just gripped tighter and slammed himself up harder. The pointed end of his dick felt like a stick jabbing into Ethan's thigh, and he jerked each time it missed. Spreading his thighs wider, he got to the right height and the dog shimmed a bit higher on him, the end of his dick poking along Ethan's ass but not getting in.

Reaching between his legs, Ethan fumbled to grab the dog and Buick jumped off him. Shying away as he licked his cock and paced around the small hideout.

"Good boy," Ethan coaxed, waiting for the dog to come close and try again.

Pontiac remained blissfully unaware licking empty butter packets while Buick circled back to Ethan and jumped on his back again. This time he got the angle right and Ethan reached back and nudged

the tip right into his hole. The pointed end poked right into his asshole and Buick's paws on his middle went painfully tight as the dog started fucking Ethan.

"Fuck," he gasped out, grabbing at the torn car seat under him to hang on.

Just like with the female, the dog started pounding really fast and Ethan didn't have time to adjust before he was being ridden hard. Clutching at the bench he scrambled to pull away from the sharp pain of it, but the paws on his hips yanked him right back for Buick to slam into. The dog's cock had looked small, but now that it was in him it felt huge. The more he fucked, the bigger it seemed almost and Ethan swore weakly as the dog used him.

"Yeah boy, fuck me," he muttered, feeling each hard lunge into his guts. It was so fucked up, a dog was pounding his ass. But knowing that was making his cock throb.

He could feel the fat length moving inside his ass and once the initial pain faded Ethan got into it, pushing back as the dog on him panted and shoved away. There was a dirty thrill to letting an actual animal fuck him that Ethan instantly loved. The shame of it was getting him off.

"Fucking make me a bitch," he hissed, more to himself than the dog, but Buick sniffed at his ear in answer.

Too soon, Buick's thrusting slowed down, and the dog suddenly jumped from his back. Ethan didn't have the chance to grab him, and he swore out in pain as the dog yanked himself free. It came with a wet sound and left a hell of a sting, but Ethan was more focused on staring at the length of the dog's cock. It was twice the size it had been before and was certainly bigger than Ethan's holder-turned-sex toy.

He crawled after Buick trying to get a better look as the dog twisted himself around to lick at it. Ethan was watching so intently that Pontiac's tongue startled Ethan and he jumped when the dog started licking his ass, but he quickly melted into it, pushing back as the dog sniffed and lapped.

"That's it, good boy," he praised, encouraging them was the best way to teach them he had read.

When he clumsily jumped up, Ethan kept still. But the dog got down and circled him, licking his face and arm before going back to his ass. Three times Pontiac, the dolt, mounted up and then got down. But finally, he jumped up and started to hump Ethan's ass.

Reaching between his legs, Ethan grabbed the dog's cock and lined him up. This time he got the animal into him on the first try. Pontiac went crazy just like Buick did, straight on pounding Ethan's ass with all he had. His nails were digging into Ethan's skin and as he fumbled the dog's back paws found purchase on the back of Ethan's calves. It felt weird to have the dog standing on him, but Ethan found he didn't mind it. In fact, he kind of liked it, the idea of an animal on top of him, dominating him almost, showing him who was the bitch.

"Yeah, use me, show me, just a wet fucking hole," he breathed, his own cock throbbing.

Ethan knelt in the dirt and let Pontiac fuck him, his cock swaying with the power behind every lunge. Too soon, again the dog jumped off and Ethan swore in frustration. Pontiac licked at his own cock and Ethan noted it was a little thicker than Buick's. As if the thought summoned the dog, Buick came up behind Ethan and gave his ass a few licks. Ethan waved it in an invitation and the dog jumped, this time getting his dick into Ethan on his own. The dog fucked just as hard as before and Ethan fumbled to get a hand on his cock, knowing it wouldn't last long. He managed a few strokes and when he felt a warm trail of dog drool on his shoulder, something about the degraded feeling it

brought made him come. He whimpered out, feeling so fucking filthy and loving it as he spurted semen on the ground.

The dog pulled off him shortly after and Ethan winced at the yank on his hole. Rolling over, Ethan sat there in the dirt and decay of the junkyard and looked at his body, covered with smears of butter and streaks of dirt all over, long wet lines along his ass and thighs from the dog's semen he guessed. Trailing his fingers through it, Ethan eyed the mix of his own come; butter, dirt, and the watery dog come.

Feeling deliciously filthy, he licked his hand.

There was something amazing about how gross and nasty it tasted, and his cock twitched hungrily. It reminded him of the one time he had some guy face fuck him in the motel alley. The guy had been rough and called Ethan a 'filthy whore'. He had been older, at least thirty, and Ethan was barely eighteen as he let some stranger use his mouth hard enough to make his eyes burn with tears. He had nearly puked a few times and after the guy came, he had spat on Ethan and walked away without a backward glance.

During the sex, Ethan had loved it more than anything he'd ever done before, but afterward, it had haunted him. He had been terrified that he would meet the guy again and his family would be with him. That they'd find out what he'd let the guy do him. That fear had always ruined it for him, but sitting there with the dogs Ethan realized they'd never tell. No one came looking for him in the junkyard and when they did, he always heard them a mile away, as long as he was careful no one would know. He could do whatever he wanted out there and it would be his secret alone.

Every chance he got, Ethan snuck off with the dogs, both mutts eager for his ass.

On one memorable day, Pontiac was fucking Ethan's ass, his shirt hitched up and jeans at his knees as the animal rode him. Buick was in front of him, head tilted as he lapped at Ethan's face and lips, long flat tongue snaking into his mouth to get the faint taste of ice cream that Ethan had earlier. It was a new level of degradation for him to let the animal lick his mouth like that. Kissing was always something intimate to Ethan, more than sex even. Most people he hooked up with were more interested in the fucking than making out. So it felt like a whole new level of debasement. Ethan kept his jaw slack and just let the dog shove his tongue in, a disgusting version of a kiss while another dog used him as a bitch. Buick stood there lapping away at his mouth, getting dog drool on his chin while the other one fucked Ethan's ass with that feral roughness he was getting addicted to. The sting of the knot and the scratches on his stomach reminded Ethan that it wasn't for his pleasure; he was just a warm hole to be used.

Ethan's come stained the dirt under him without him needing to jerk off. It was the first time he had ever come untouched.

Sex with people got really boring after the dogs. Ethan would find the occasional guy, but they never used him hard enough, never left scratches or fucked him with his face in the dirt like an animal. If some did seem like they would, Ethan found himself too afraid to let them. He didn't want to do that with another person at all, he realized. Having someone see him like that again would be too much but with the dogs, Ethan felt fine, they weren't going to judge him for it. Girls were even more boring now; Ethan had never minded sleeping with them, but these days it seemed like he needed to be the one getting fucked to really get off.

It shouldn't have come as a surprise when Ethan noticed the guy down the street from his mom's

place had an unfixed german shepherd. It was the big male with his balls hanging and when Ethan walked by the fence one time, the animal sniffed at him as if he knew what Ethan had done with Buick and Pontiac. It wasn't smart to do it outside of his uncle's junkyard, but Ethan was aching for it. He hadn't been to visit in nearly a month.

That night Ethan made an excuse of going out on a date to his mom but instead, he walked around the neighbour in the dark. There was a narrow alleyway between the houses, filled with old garbage and broken-down vehicles. The big dog was out, he usually was.

Ethan walked along the fence and the dog peered at him through the slates, watching. Since he had seen him, Ethan had been coming around with beef jerky, making friends with the massive animal. Now, the dog eyed him but didn't bark like he usually would. Very carefully, with his heart pounding in his chest, he opened the back gate and let the dog out. It took the escape, scenting the air and looking around. Ethan let him with more beef jerky. Into a nice dark spot that was blocked off. Someone had loud music playing as well, a perfect cover.

"Come on boy," he called, patting his ass as he walked down the narrow alleyway, a tiny space between the fences. Maybe five feet wide with no lighting, it was the sort of place bad shit went down in. It was dank and disgusting with the faint stink of urine. There were used condoms among the garbage all over the ground and Ethan had no doubt people fucked there all the time. The shepherd followed Ethan down cautiously, watching as he shimmied his jeans down his ass. There was a cardboard box that was clean enough and so Ethan knelt on it. The big dog came up hesitantly sniffing at Ethan, curious but unsure. He was bigger than both Buick and Pontiac and that made Ethan eager for it. He'd spent his shower fucking himself on his holder so his asshole was loose enough to take a fucking.

"Come on," he coaxed, waving his ass again. The dog licked at him, the long drag along his thigh and then a little higher. He worked his way to Ethan's hole and then lavished it with attention.

"Good boy, such a good boy," Ethan muttered as the dog rimmed him out better than any man could have. Just the flat tongue and the knowledge that it was a dog, a common animal doing it to him made it that much better. The animal seemed to gain confidence because he jumped and humped awkwardly at Ethan. But he got down quickly and remounted at the wrong angle. His tail wagged as he circled Ethan and tried to jump up on him from the front.

"No, you dummy," he huffed out.

Ethan fumbled to pull the dog to his ass again, trying to help him line up. The shepherd managed to get in the right spot with Ethan's guiding him after a bit. When his hips started jerking Ethan pulled away a touch so the dog straight away yanked him closer, hopping a few steps so he was more firmly against Ethan. The more he wiggled away the tighter the dog's paws got on his middle and Ethan wanted scratches. With practiced ease from his uncle's dogs, Ethan slid a hand between his thighs and grabbed the animal's cock, lining them up so the dog could jab into his hole.

The shepherd poked a bit and then slammed right in, the entire length going at once and Ethan swore under his breath. He was bigger than Pontiac or Buick for certain, fucking him just as roughly with more body weight and powerful hind legs to really plow Ethan's ass. He could feel the cock filling out inside him, going thick and fat as it swelled up more than Ethan was used to. The dog was fucking far harder than the other two had as well once he got going. His size alone made him more intimidating and the fact that even if Ethan really struggled, he doubted he would get away, which made it amazing.

“God yeah, fuck me like a bitch,” he encouraged weakly, mouth hanging open as he panted and took his fucking. He could hear people in the distance, laughing and yelling as they parted down the street. Half of him was terrified of being caught but some part of him was seriously turned on with how close he was to others. Getting fucked by a dog while someone was so close.

Going down on his elbows, Ethan braced himself and just took the violent pounding to his ass, letting the animal use him like a bitch and loving it. Ethan pressed his face against the dirty cardboard and knelt in an alley with a dog taking him. The shepherd was just giving it to him brutally, the feral nature of the animal’s harsh fucking making Ethan’s cock twitch and ache.

“Use me, boy, just dump a load,” he muttered, drooling a bit, and liking it. He let it run out of his mouth and smeared it on his cheek each time the dog’s thrust jerked him forward.

He could really feel the dick in him swelling up for the first time. He never felt it with his uncle’s dogs but with this massive one, he was. The bulb that formed at the base of a dog’s cock felt huge in his ass and Ethan shivered as he pushed back, feeling that thing inside him sliding around with each thrust. Getting a hand on himself, he jerked off with quick motions and a hard grip, striving for it because he knew the dog would slow quickly. The feeling of the huge cock in his ass was amazing and feeling the knot yank out and then slam back in with a sting was more than enough to get Ethan off and he swore softly as he came. Pumping his seed onto the cardboard.

The shepherd rode him a little longer than the junkyard dogs, but he slowed soon enough, coming to a stop as his paws let go of Ethan’s middle. The animal panted on his back, warm puffs of breath on his shoulders and neck. When the dog shifted Ethan braced for the burn of the pullout, but the shepherd jumped down and twisted and Ethan whimpered when he didn’t jerk out. The animal stood ass to ass with Ethan and his cock was still stuck inside him.

A moment’s panic was eased when he recalled seeing dogs mate, it would shrink with time so Ethan just had to wait. Bent over in a dirty alleyway with a dog’s cock in his ass. After his breathing calmed and Ethan rested his head against the grungy cardboard he was kneeling on, he felt the first faint pulse. Closing his eyes Ethan focused on the feeling and he realized he could feel the dog twitching in his ass. The fullness of it combined with the throbbing was more than enough for Ethan to jerk off a second time.

“Breed me,” he whispered, mind blown that he was tied with a dog and really getting the load in him now. He swore he could feel it, his stomach feeling heavy with it. He ran his hands over his belly and it felt swollen, bigger than usual.

When the animal pulled off, it went with a burn and then he turned and sniffed Ethan’s ass once and then trotted off, done with his bitch.

The thought of it made Ethan want to jerk off again as he slumped to the ground and let his legs stretch out to ease the ache of the muscles. The alleyway smelt faintly of piss and the sour stink of garbage and again Ethan found himself turned on by the repulsive element of it. Here he was used and thrown away by an animal. Lying on his side, Ethan managed to stroke one last climax to the idea of it and the feeling of slimy dog semen seeping out of his ass.

Ethan got up after and made sure the dog was back in his yard before he stumbled home. He showered and fingered his ass, watching the animal seed run down his thigh and disappear down the drain in awe. That had been a massive load and he was already desperate for another go.

Ethan managed to visit that dog at least twice a week. Going out at night and getting fucked in the back alley like a whore.

Dougal lived in the same area that his dad did. It was actually a nice house and property that he had. On the edge of the city, it was a pain to get to but there were actual trees and stuff around. The suburb backed onto farmlands, and it was nice to go walking sometimes. Dougal was a weirdo in general and everyone knew he had real wolves for pets. Like massive vicious monsters. It was kind of cool but mostly messed up.

His dad had always told him and his brothers to stay clear of the man. Rumours around the neighbourhood were that the man carried a loaded gun everywhere he went and had threatened to shoot anyone trespassing.

Once in a while the man came by and ordered parts for his vehicles that he fixed himself.

He seemed like a casual guy, but there was something off about him. Weird vibes. Ethan watched him through the window as his dad struck a deal with the man. His dad wasn't above charging higher prices for attitude, but he never seemed to with Dougal. Ethan wasn't sure if his father respected the man or was wary of him.

The guy glanced at Ethan in passing as he turned to go and Ethan gave a polite nod, feeling like it would be rude not to. The man returned it, but the way he smiled was definitely messed up.

Ethan didn't see the guy again until a few months later when he came around to pick up parts for some vehicle. His dad would order stuff from a friend of a friend that was probably stolen. Because of that, the prices were lower than the market.

Since he was sixteen, Ethan handled the front part of the shop for his father. Taking calls, making appointments, and running the payments. Boring clerical work mostly. His dad didn't pay him great, but he also didn't care that Ethan was on his phone most of the time. It was decent enough for now, Ethan slowly saving up money for some undecided future plan.

Dougal seemed plain enough, but something in his eyes was downright dark. He was older, late forty's maybe. A bit cleaner than one would expect for a farm guy. Some of the men who came in from the farms for parts reeked like BO so bad Ethan had to fight not to gag.

"Hello."

"Hey, dad said you'd be here later," Ethan accused but didn't really care that much. He got off the stool and went looking for the box with the man's name on it.

"As much fun as it would be to wait around until it's a good time for you, I saw the lights were on and figured it would be simpler to just hand the goods over."

"Fair enough," Ethan answered. His dad did keep erratic hours and plenty of customers had complained over the years.

Ethan found the box and brought it over, putting it on the till so the man could make sure it was what he wanted.

"Why aren't you in school yet?" The man asked and it was a weird thing to ask a stranger.

"The ladies down the road gossip about you all the time. Wasting your potential and all that."

"I'm nineteen not twenty-nine, there's time to decide," Ethan shot back.

The click of dog nails caught his attention and Ethan looked past the man to see an utterly massive husky dog at the doorway. It wasn't a husky though, there was no way. It was by far the largest dog Ethan had ever seen. Too big to be a dog.

"Is that really a wolf?" He asked, trying not to sound too much in awe. He had heard people talking about Dougal keeping an actual wolf as a pet.

"Yeah, sure it," the man snapped his fingers, and the animal entered the small office and sat beside him. Ethan went around the till to reach out a hand for the beast to sniff. It was staggering how big he was, and Ethan felt his cock twitch at the idea of it.

"Will he bite me?"

"Wouldn't have him out here if he did," Dougal shot back, and it made sense. Ethan knelt and the wolf was taller than him, making him look up at it. He, it was a he, had intense yellow eyes and Ethan was half hard in his jeans already.

The wolf stared at him a moment and Ethan felt himself unquestionably getting turned on. He was going to need to jerk off in the backroom bathroom after this. Because this wasn't a domesticated dog, this was a feral beast. The idea of being dominated by something so powerful was going to be in his fantasies for a long while after this.

"Card okay?" Dougal asked and Ethan stood up to do the transaction. When he turned to go back to the till, the wolf jumped up unexpectedly. Its massive paws resting on Ethan's sides and the sheer size of him was shocking. Part of Ethan wanted to go down on all fours immediately, but he managed to catch himself.

"Luka, down," the old man snarled, and the wolf obeyed at once. Ethan got back behind the till, playing it off like he was spooked and not rock-hard in his jeans. Dougal was looking at him funny though, like the wolf trying to mount him meant something.

Ethan got through selling the part and thanked god when Dougal left without comment, looking back at Ethan with a weird air.

Ethan managed about four months and three visits to his dad's before he went snooping around Dougal's house. It was right on the edge of the suburbia and backed into some woods. As far as creepy houses went, it was the winner of the town but not the worst Ethan had seen. It was eerie but not 'I'm haunted' eerie.

Ethan had spent the last few months dreaming of being fucked by a wolf and by this point, it was a near obsession. He couldn't get the sheer size of the beast out of his head. A wolf could do some serious damage to him and for some reason, that got him hot.

There was a tall wood fence all around the place, so Ethan walked along the side to see how far it stretched into the woods. A fair way into the trees it ended abruptly. There was no back fence and that was bizarre as hell. Ethan peered around into the yard, but it was just trees and bushes like the woods went right to the back of the house. The front of the place was covered in sheds and barns, but the back end was mostly just wild land. It wasn't even being farmed or anything.

Why build a fence going into the woods if you had nothing in it?

A noise pulled Ethan from his thoughts, and he turned to find himself being stared down by a huge

golden-eyed dog.

No, a wolf, he corrected himself.

It was the same one, his fur a soft gray tone that made its eyes stand out even more, and its ears were perked forward in a universal canine 'what are you doing' intent.

"Whoa boy, just taking a look around, I don't want no trouble," Ethan muttered, stepping back. The animal curled a lip in a silent snarl and took a step towards him. It was intense, to be pinned under the wolf's gaze, it wasn't like a dog, it was something far more feral. He could run down and pin Ethan in a second and the idea was making his cock twitch.

Just as Ethan was ready to spring into a run and try to get the hell out, he heard the sound of a patio door sliding.

"Here boy, Luka!" Dougal called and the wolf in front of Ethan turned his head towards the sound, when Dougal called again, the wolf went trotting around the fence and to the house. Ethan couldn't see the man, so he was pretty sure he hadn't caught sight of him, but he still took extra care while sneaking away.

Ethan figured after that to leave it alone, aggressive animals would only get him in trouble. He had looked around a few times, trying to find a dog in his dad's area. He had the dogs at his uncles, the shepherd at his mom's and one more would work out perfectly. But more than a few dogs he had gone around had barked hostile-like and charged the fence. Finding the right sort had to be done with care he figured.

That wolf, while very hot, had not seemed the lover type, so Ethan had to let the idea go. He didn't really, he still thought about it all the time, but he did manage to stop going near Dougal's house. The man was known to have shot at kids trespassing and Ethan was going to end up with a bullet hole if he wasn't careful. Sure, he wanted to get under the wolf, but it wasn't worth getting killed for he decided. Ethan made the firm choice to leave it alone.

So, of course, the same wolf started coming around.

It popped up around the auto shop a few times, in the distance. It could be mistaken for a large dog, but Ethan was a canine connoisseur, and he knew it was the wolf. The shop was near Dougal's place, so it made sense sort of. Maybe the wolf had gotten out. Although the fence wasn't even fully enclosed. Ethan usually walked from the shop to his dad's house which was only a twenty-minute walk. He started seeing the wolf when he walked home or to work, always far away but always looking right at him.

Like it knew or something.

Ethan was starting to worry he might be losing it a bit.

For a long time, it skulked around on the edge of the property of the auto shop, never getting caught by anyone else. It didn't appear unless Ethan was alone, and he didn't see a point in mentioning him. For one thing, it wasn't often, a few times out of a weeklong visit and nothing more. There was no doubt it was somewhat weird, but Ethan figured if he told his dad or any of the other guys at the shop, they might try to shoot the poor wolf. As long as it wasn't making trouble, he might as well leave it be.

The big monster of a canine was usually there to just watch Ethan like a creeper anyway. When Ethan walked home, the wolf was always popping up, around a corner and in every dark alley, eyes always locked on Ethan. It was definitely following him. Ethan was shocked no one had reported the wolf slinking about, but he hadn't heard from anyone else about seeing it.

He would be lying if he said he wasn't tempted to go down on his knees for him, but a wolf was super massive, and Ethan was never prepped when he saw him. He would need to be worked open in order to handle the cock that wolf was packing, no doubt. The last thing he wanted was a trip to the hospital because of a torn ass.

He wondered idly if the wolf just knew what other dogs did and that was why he followed Ethan. Most male dogs took interest in Ethan if another dog had used him recently. The scent was what attracted them. So maybe the wolf was aware and keen as well, wanting a turn on the bitch. Walking along on the street, Ethan had been startled plenty of times by a dog's nose poking his ass. A hopeful mutt sniffing away and wagging his tail. Some of the more eager would even try to jump him right there. When he was being honest with himself, Ethan knew he liked it. He would sometimes veer off his intended path into some alleyway or hidden place with the dog following along happily.

Once in broad daylight, Ethan had been in an alleyway with an old wood fence blocking him from the traffic of a busy street while a mutt fucked him. He could look through the cracks in the fence and seen people walking and cars going by, all while a dog used him. It was by far the most stupid chance he'd taken and also one of his favourite jerk-off memories.

The wolf followed him around in the same way.

If he had been a regular dog, Ethan would have been under him a dozen times already. But this was different. It was a huge beast that could seriously hurt him. He needed to put lust aside and be careful. More so with Dougal being the owner, the guy was seriously creepy.

But Ethan had never been very good at being good.

It happened on a quiet evening when he had just finished work at his dad's shop while his dad was still there for a few more hours. His younger siblings were with his mom so whatever Ethan got up to when he went home, no one would notice. It had been one of the mechanic's birthdays and they had passed around some hard liquor to celebrate. The older men cheered Ethan on each time he took a swing of it. His dad had laughed as well. It had spurred Ethan on to take hits of the foul stuff and impress the room.

So now he was a little tipsy.

"You a stalker?" Ethan asked the wolf following him home. It was dark out and there was no one around, the old worn in path away from the main road. Ethan looked over his shoulder and watched the wolf, an actual wolf, trotting after him.

When Ethan spoke the mutt's ears swirled and he tilted his head, golden eyes peering like he was figuring out what Ethan had asked.

"I bet you'd be a hell of a lay, probably fuck me good," Ethan muttered, eyeing the animal's sheer size. He was by far the biggest canine Ethan had ever seen. Not just for his height but his muscular build as well. If they ended up in a fight, Ethan knew without a weapon, he'd come up the loser, maybe even with a weapon, he would lose. The alcohol made him feel loose and relaxed and Ethan was willing to admit openly that the idea of it turned him on big time. This wolf would dominate him

in a way the dogs Ethan had let fuck him never had before. Sure, they were rough and once knotted they were stuck, but Ethan had always felt a level of control in the situations. A wolf was on a whole different level. This wasn't a domesticated animal; it was a wild beast. Ethan would have to submit himself fully and let the animal take control.

Fuck, just thinking it made his cock twitch.

It was stupid and he knew all the reasons why, but Ethan walked through the darker spots of the walking trail, walking through the alleyways with fenced yards where no one could see. Night had fallen already, and the shadows could hide all manners of sins.

The wolf belonged to a guy known as the local weirdo and it was such a bad idea. It was 'terrible idea' incarnate and even buzzed Ethan could see that. But he still lingered, eyeing the wolf following him and looking around to see if anyone else was nearby.

There was a stretch of green belt between some houses, a nice dark spot. It was a small place with some trees and bushes that made a good cover. Ethan had messed around there before, with girls, and he was about to again.

His wolf's gaze seemed so eerily smart tonight, his ears perking as Ethan undid his jeans. Buick and Pontiac had ridden him last afternoon and he was still wet and loose. The sloppy feeling of it and the gaze of the wolf on him made Ethan's cock perk up.

It had rained the night before so when Ethan went down on his knees, he swore softly as he felt the cold, wet seep of mud through his jeans.

"Gonna be messy," he breathed to himself, his cock twitching at the idea of it. He could clean up when he got home, shower it all off before his dad got home.

Biting his lip, Ethan looked over his shoulder and felt a thrill at the sight of the wolf there, watching him, waiting even.

"Bad idea, terrible idea," Ethan muttered as he pushed his jeans around his thighs and reached a hand to rub at his asshole and finger himself open.

The cold wet nose shoving his hand startled him and Ethan swore in the dark, jerking forward and catching himself with one hand before he fell into the mud. The wolf's nose brushed his ass and Ethan could feel the wolf sniffing at him, hot breath on his bare skin. He hadn't even heard the animal moving up behind him.

"Warn a guy," he grumbled, his one hand sinking into the mud as he knelt there letting the animal do what it wanted. Over time, Ethan had gotten confident about where he let dogs fuck him, but this was dangerous. Still, Ethan couldn't let the chance to let a freaking wolf screw him pass by. He had always been a little put off by the way that the wolf stared at him, those gold eyes looking too intent. Like Ethan was prey, something to be chased down. God, Ethan was getting messed up over the dog-fucking thing if the idea of a wolf hunting him turned him on.

The wolf's warm breath panted over his hole and balls, and he felt the wet lap of his tongue and shuddered. It felt familiar if a little bigger, warm wet spit over Ethan's ass as the animal sniffed and lapped at him. There was still the wet trace of the dog's semen from earlier and the wolf seemed determined to wipe it from Ethan's skin. His tongue pushed into his hole, and he felt himself open a tiny bit, shivering with each wet sensation. Down on his hands and knees in the mud, Ethan felt deliciously degraded and he pushed his ass back a bit encouragingly as the animal behind him licked

him out.

“Come on, fuck me already,” he muttered and then swore when the sudden weight hit him.

The wolf jumped up without warning and Ethan barely managed to catch himself before he fell into the mud. His thighs spread for balance and before he could get himself grounded, the wolf was jabbing at him. The hard poke on his ass made him jerk with a hiss and the mud was not helping Ethan at all. He felt off balance and cursed as the wolf humped away, not seeming to care that Ethan was about to slip face first. Dropping to his elbows, he used his upper arms to find his balance and then gave a grunt when the wolf suddenly found his mark, the length of him slamming into Ethan’s ass. It was just as big as he expected and even loose, it burned like hell. Ethan jerked away, trying to escape the fat cock plunging into his body. But as he tried to sink down and escape, the wolf adjusted his forelegs to grab at Ethan’s middle and yanked him back up.

“Jesus,” Ethan tried to resist but the wolf had too much strength and he forced Ethan back up on his hands, and right back onto the full length of the cock. He whined out, feeling it stretch him way to wide. He could feel the startling heat of the length inside him, buried right into his guts it felt like. Ethan struggled to adjust to it, by far the biggest he had ever taken.

The wolf didn’t give him time to get used to it though. Ethan was just a breeding hole to him after all. Animals didn’t care about comfort, just getting in deep and spilling their seed into the bitch. Ethan sobbed out as he was fucked mercilessly.

“God, f-fuck,” he gasped, his body tossed around by the power of the beat over him.

The wolf wasn’t fumbling or clumsy and he had mounted right away. Ethan had learned the signs that told him the animal on his back was used to human bitches. This wolf had fucked someone before Ethan. Maybe that was why Dougal had looked at him weird that day. Maybe the wolf trying to mount him meant he knew he was a bitch and Dougal realized it.

The idea was terrifying but intriguing. But the cock in his ass took his attention from the thoughts.

Trying to brace himself in the slippery mud, Ethan gritted his teeth as the wolf slammed home over and over. He felt the long, wide, length of it slide into his ass, it felt too hot and already massive. He gasped out, open-mouthed and tried not to make too much noise as he was roughly used.

The wolf was bigger than the normal dogs that Ethan took, and his large form blanketed over Ethan’s whole back. His muzzle pressed at his face, and he felt the huge forepaws curl up and grab Ethan higher up than usual. Long sharp claws dug in for purchase as the wolf braced his back paws to give him the leverage to thrust into Ethan.

“Fuck,” Ethan gasped, his voice all high and weird.

Swallowing a moan, Ethan dropped his head and gave himself up, he let the animal set the bruising pace. The mud made it hard to stay up, but Ethan managed to thrust back a few times, his fingers gripping helplessly as the muck under his hands.

He’d never felt this out of control before.

His own cock hung hard and heavy, bobbing in time with the lunges from the wolf fucking him. He was enormous and every time he yanked back it felt like he was going to pull Ethan’s insides out. When he rammed back in, it felt like it was going straight into his guts. Just like every other canine that Ethan had on his back, the wolf Luka was merciless in his pace, a furious rhythm without let up.

The difference was that Ethan was truly trapped. To tried to pull away and the wolf just held him tighter, pinning him and forcing him to take it. The cock inside Ethan slid along all the best places and it was engorging with every motion. He swore he could feel it swelling, that he could feel each spurt of heavy seed into him.

"C-Christ, fuck, fuck me," Ethan arched his back and his knees slid in the mud. He almost landed in a heap, but his jeans caught him, and he fumbled to get purchase again. The wolf on his back had no patience though because Ethan felt a wet hot heat on his neck right before the pain of a bite. He froze up immediately and the wolf didn't actually bite down into his skin. He just sort of held Ethan by the back of the neck. None of the dogs had ever done it before and it felt so wickedly dangerous. When the wolf resumed thrusting Ethan barely took a few before he was shivering through an intense orgasm. He felt hyper-aware of the teeth around his neck holding him in place as he got off. He reached to stroke his cock furiously, shivering as he was held and fucked. Ethan took it like a good bitch, going completely submissive to his mate. He was just a wet hole to be used after all, a nice hot place for the male to empty his balls.

The wolf on his back's thrusting slowed and Ethan could feel the massive knot inside him. His hole felt stretched to the limit and each time the animal shifted Ethan winced. The hot breath on his neck made him shiver and Ethan had never felt more like an animal as he did then. When the thick paws let him go, Ethan hissed as the wolf slid off his back and turned so they were ass to ass.

The knot felt huge, the whole length of him felt too big as it throbbed inside him, hot and heavy. Ethan swore and trembled as he knelt in the mud in the dark and let the animal use him as a cum dump. The throbbing didn't fade away, but rather remained a strong sure pulse inside him. He cupped his belly, and he could feel the bulge there, wolf semen bloating him. He was taking a massive load into his ass like a good bitch. Just staying still and taking it eagerly. He stroked himself to the idea of it and focused on the feeling of the massive cock in his ass to get off.

It was by far the biggest he had ever had, and Ethan knew he was going to feel it for days. The booze in him was probably the only reason he had managed to take it without feeling much pain. A massive wolf cock was buried to the hilt in his ass, he had actually managed to take it all. The idea of it was enough to get off a second time. He pumped his dick and spilt his own semen into the mud. All while the dominant male over him filled his willing ass to the brim.

Ethan wondered what it meant that he was sort of proud he had taken the knot.

The wolf's height forced Ethan to stay up on his hands and knees, his thighs tense as he had to perch up to keep the knot without any burn. The beast just panted and waited, tied to Ethan and uncaring while the boy he was using struggled to stay quiet and prayed no one came around.

The trees hid them but if anyone else cut through them, they'd be caught for certain.

The wolf stayed knotted for ages and when he did come free, Ethan wasn't ready for it. The length slid free with a sudden yank and Ethan swallowed a whine at the burn of it. His thighs and arms were aching and gave out as soon as he no longer needed to stay up. Ethan slid into the mud, his face pressed into the cold filth, uncaring as he shivered and felt his poor ass throb. He tried to clench it closed but it wouldn't go, stretched too wide to close again.

The wolf's wet tongue surprised him, the first lick making him jump, but Ethan relaxed into the sensation as the wolf licked over his raw hole, the wet tongue lapping at him as he swore and shivered in the mud. He could feel it twitching, trying and failing to close all the way as wolf semen seeped from it. The hot tongue lapping deep into him, his body opened up.

The wolf was strangely attentive to Ethan, licking and lapping at him in all the right ways. His cock managed one last weak round. Ethan jerked off in the mud, the cold mess all over his cock and the hot breath and tongue of the wolf on his ass. Ethan came over his hand with a whimper, feeling fucked out and hazy.

Ethan was beyond sore the next morning.

That was such a fucking understatement.

He stumbled to the house after being fucked and managed to shower off the mess of mud and semen before passing out on his bed.

When he woke, he couldn't decide which hurt more, his head from the hangover or his ass from the fucking.

Ethan swore then and there that he'd never let the wolf near his ass again.

That lasted about a week and then Ethan was in the same spot on his hands and knees swearing as the beast fucked his ass raw.

Without the alcohol to ease the pain of it, taking the wolf's cock hurt like a bitch, but Ethan took it all the same. It left him feeling a strange sense of pride afterward, that he had been able to handle it. The burn of it wasn't anything impossible, he could take it for how good the fucking was. He was coming untouched, not even needing to touch his own dick when the wolf was fucking his ass. He pumped like a machine, pounding furiously and Ethan was at the wolf's mercy. He loved that fact. It got him off so hard, that he was submitting to a half-wild animal and getting a heavy load that made his stomach swell. He was being used as he was meant to.

The low throb of the fucking the wolf gave him followed him all day, reminding him of what he had done. Ethan was drunk on it sometimes, half hard and jerking off in bathrooms all the time.

It felt different with the wolf.

Luka, Douglas called him.

Ethan couldn't pinpoint why exactly, but when the wolf came around, he couldn't help it. Before he knew what he was doing, he was on his knees. The animal started showing up all the time as well, whenever Ethan was outside and remotely alone, he caught sight of the wolf's fur. The animal seemed to be constantly prowling around the auto shop and his dad's place and Ethan would find himself wandering around looking for the wolf as well.

He was fixating but he couldn't stop himself at this point. When he went too long without the wolf pounding him, he ached for it. It felt like an itch inside him that would only grow worse the longer it took to get the wolf on him. He tried with the dogs, but it wasn't enough. They didn't fill him up in the same intense, near-breaking way. Their knots never tied as tight, and they never fucked him hard enough anymore.

Ethan was getting fucked at least once a day when he was at his dad's, and he started craving it in a way he'd never felt before. He had liked messing around with dogs before, but this was the first time he wanted a specific cock. He wondered idly if this was what love felt like.

Ethan made the choice to start working full-time for his father. He minded the counter but also started to learn about being a mechanic. It was easy enough; he had already learned a lot from the years of working for his father and growing up around a mechanic. The main reason he did it was so he had an excuse to be at his dad's place more than any real career choice. He visited with his mom plenty still, but he no longer stayed over for a few weeks. Always headed home eventually so he could get up for work. The distance between her house and his dad's made it even easier for him to bow out of staying away too long.

The wolf knew his house after a few months and would come around right to the backdoor and in if it was opened. His dad didn't know, but when he was gone, Ethan always let the wolf in. So while his dad was at work, Ethan was fucked all over the house, the kitchen floor, the living room couch, his bed. He took that massive cock and thick knot regularly. Every time, it felt wild and too much, always skimming the feeling like it was going to break him.

Sometimes they went more than one round. When he was knotted twice, three times, and on a memorable night, four times in a row, Ethan was a drooling mess. Something in him broke and he let his mouth hang open and spit run down his chin like a dog. He would get down on his hands and knees and play at being an animal. Lap water out of bowls and such. It was a weird game that he strangely loved playing. He was just a bitch, and the wolf was his mate. When he sank that far, the sex was always crazy intense, and he would come on that massive cock over and over. It was like the world went away and all that was left was the onslaught of pleasure he was being forced to take. A dominated bitch submitting eagerly to his big rough alpha.

It wasn't all just rough sex though. Ethan had laid on the couch on his back a few times, facing the wolf and making out with it after it knotted him. The fat cock in his ass, pumping him full, while he sucked on the wolf's tongue eagerly. He nosed along his muzzle because he read it was a sign of submission. Luka liked that, licking Ethan's face all over and cleaning his mouth open as he kept it slack and let the beast do as he wished.

Anything for his dominant male.

It was about eight months after they started up, they got caught.

Ethan was already knotted, locked with the wolf on the kitchen floor of his dad's place. He was out of it, floating a bit on the pulsing in his ass.

"Well, well," Ethan jerked, shock slamming into him as he looked at the back door. His dad was out for the evening. Ethan had helped him set up his new phone and he turned on his dad's tracker, so he always knew where he was. He had checked before getting fucked, his dad was hours away.

It wasn't his dad standing there.

Dougal was there, leering at them. He had a leash in his hand, obviously looking for his wayward pet.

"I knew he was fucking some bitch, didn't know it would be this pretty."

Ethan wanted to cry, trembling and wanting to run and hide. But he was locked with the wolf, and it wasn't like he could rip away, tearing his asshole but at least escape. The knot was so swollen inside him that it wouldn't come out, there was no dislodging it.

There was no excuse he could think of either, no reason for what he was doing.

"What a pretty bitch," Dougal said again, walking to them and reaching to pet Ethan.

Like he was a dog.

It felt surreal and he swallowed weakly, mind racing as the man pet him like a dog.

"Found Luka here by putting a tracker in his collar," The man held up a phone to show him. He turned it over and Ethan heard the click of a photo being taken. Dougal walked around him, taking pictures as Ethan tried to hide away.

"There, there, little bitch, I'm not going to tell anyone," the old man reassured him.

"Luka here had another human bitch before, she left a few years ago and he's been missing having something hot and wet on his cock. But it looks like he solved that."

Ethan was trembling more, feeling a bit disconnected from what was happening.

"I'm not going to say a word to anyone. And in return, you're going to come over tomorrow at noon."

He had work, but he couldn't make himself open his mouth to say so.

"You come around and we'll let Luka have you on his own territory, I bet he'd like that," Dougal mused, patting the wolf's head.

"You found a pretty bitch," he praised the wolf and then left, walking back out the back door.

Ethan had a good long panic attack afterwards. He got himself good and drunk that night and fantasized leaving in the morning and moving in with his mom for good. But the reality was the man had photos of him knotted. He also knew Ethan's dad. So it would be far too easy for the man to ruin his entire life. His dad would freak out, tell his mom, and then the whole family would know about it. It would follow him until the day he died.

So Ethan steeled his nerves and committed to letting the creepy guy fuck him or whatever Dougal wanted. He'd let it happen without complaint and find a way to get a hold of the guy's phone and the photos on it.

He told his dad he was too sick to work. Ethan wasn't the sort to take time off so the rare times he did, his family believed him. His dad nodded and said they'd get the new guy to mind the desk for the day. He left and once he was good and gone, Ethan got ready and made his way to Dougal's without being seen by anyone.

Ethan showed up at the door, feeling nauseous. He tried to vomit in the bushes on the way over but it wouldn't come, the anxiety eating him up from the inside it felt like.

Dougal's house was where the rural area was just starting with a massive yard. It was fenced in the front and sides by the back was open to the forest. There were numerous barns and sheds set up in various spot all over the property. Some of them worn down and barely standing and others with chains and locks across the doors. There were two massive barns, one with a few vehicles parked in, being worked on with their hoods up. The other barn was closed up.

"I had wondered if you would show," Dougal called him, coming around the side of the house when Ethan barely got to the porch.

"I'm here," he shot back, wanting to sound gruff but missing by a mile and knowing it. "What happens now?"

Dougal motioned to the barn, leading the way.

"Luka and his previous bitch had a good thing going. When I lost her, it was a hit. So I'm keen on getting back into the swing of things," the man explained.

Ethan had no idea what he was on about, but he didn't have many options.

They went to the side door of the closed barn, locked with a heavy padlock. Ethan also noticed cameras all over the place, the whole property seemed to be under watch.

Douglas whistled with his fingers and not long after Luka appeared, coming out of the bush and crossing the open area with a powerful grace. Despite how much he hated he was going to get fucked by Dougal, he still felt a thrill of attraction to that handsome wolf.

The barn was surprisingly clean and in good repair inside.

There were old horse stalls that had hay and others were clean wood. Leather leashes and straps hung on hooks and Ethan felt a shiver of fear. What if the man was into hurting people or something?

"Here, look," Dougal motioned, and Ethan followed his hand. There was a small office with a laptop on an old desk. It looked out of place in the barn, a piece of electronics. But Ethan also noticed there was a cabinet filled with all sorts of high-end tech, fancy cameras on the top row.

The laptop was opened to a video waiting to be played so Ethan clicked it, glancing nervously at Dougal like he might slam the door close and abduct Ethan. The man was leaning against the door jam, just watching and waiting.

The video started and it showed one of the empty horse stalls. After a moment, a naked woman came into view. She had a face mask on to cover her features and she crawled around on the floor like a dog. Luka, the wolf, came into the scene, circling her and sniffing at her.

Ethan swallowed weakly and watched as the wolf mounted and fucked the woman. It was one thing to be under him and another to see it. Luka moved with such power; he was utterly massive over the slip of a woman. His hulking form nearly coving her completely.

The camera switched to another, different angle, pointed to pick up the sight of the fat wolf cock pounding into her wet pussy. Ethan felt his mouth go dry, staring at that huge cock and knowing what it felt like as it pummeled the woman.

The camera traded off, getting different views as Luka rode and knotted his old bitch. The woman sobbing by the end of it. She was knotted tightly and was too small to stay on her knees. She had to go on her feet and stay up a few extra inches. She was hanging off his knot.

Fuck, it was hot as hell.

"It makes big money," Dougal said, and Ethan jumped, forgetting the man for a moment. "I checked around and a male bitch will sell just as well."

"You want m-me," Ethan choked out, realizing the situation.

"I can't, I'll get caught," he rejected at once, stepping away from the laptop.

"Nah, that's what the face mask is for. A wig as well. You don't have any tattoos or identifying marks, do you?" Dougal sounded all business-like, and Ethan wasn't sure what to think. Luka was outside the small office, watching him.

"You'll be fine. You start doing this and I'll delete the photos of your face and give you a cut of the cash."

Ethan shook his head, glancing at the barn door.

"If you don't, your cut off from Luka."

That brought something in him up short.

"W-what?"

"I've been letting him roam, go out looking for you. Whole year now. You walk away now; you give it up. I'll start leashing him and find him a different bitch." Dougal leered at him, looking smug.

"I'll bet you can't stand the idea, huh bitch? I know your type. You looked like you were in heaven squeezing on his knot. I bet dogs don't even do it for you?"

Ethan looked away, feeling a shiver work its way through him.

"You're going to strip down and get in that stall labelled number one. Luka's gonna fuck you stupid and then you can go. Come back in a week and do the same thing. Once a week, from here on out."

Ethan stared at his feet, feeling messed up now. He had come thinking Dougal would want to fuck him or something. This was a whole different level. He glanced at the movie still playing, the woman's face was hidden by the mask.

"Clean face masks on the cart by the stall, boy. Lube and towel for clean up after as well. Everything you need."

Dougal didn't say anything more, stepping away to get the equipment ready. Ethan watched him a moment and then went around him, into the main barn and the horse stalls.

Luka was in the barn, waiting, looking at Ethan with that same penetrating air.

Ethan ran his hands through his hair, looking at the video and then back at the wolf.

It was one thing to fuck the wolf but another to record it, to have solid proof. Although now a day, most things could be made with computers. The effects in movies were insane. If anything ever got out, Ethan could deny it, could say Dougal was some fucked up pervert who made the videos of him with AI. His family would believe him no doubt. Without proof to shove under their noses, no one would believe Dougal. If the old man really got rid of the photos, the ones in his dad's house, in his kitchen, that would be harder to fake. If those were gone, he could have some room to deny if he got caught.

Ethan looked at the horse stall, feeling fucked up. He was scared, but the more he considered it, the more obvious it seemed to just go with it.

Just let it happen.

In the end, he knew he couldn't give his wolf up.

He wandered over carefully, Luka following him quickly. Passed the horse stalls was a bathroom with a little shower. It was stocked with soap and shampoo, clean towels. There was a little closet door that opened to several different wigs. Ethan had another aunt who wore them all the time and he knew enough to know the ones in the closet were expensive.

"Fuck," Ethan breathed, feeling amped up, fear and excitement flipping back and forth through him.

There was one that matched his dark hair. Shoulder length.

Ethan licked his lips nervously and pulled it from the mannequin head.

He got undressed in the bathroom and put the wig on. There were straps on the inside to make it tight so it wouldn't fall off easily. He put the face mask on after, it was a black one made with lighter material. Looking at himself in the mirror, it was hard to place who he was exactly.

There was makeup in the cabinet.

Ethan looked up a quick tutorial on his phone and he put on some sloppy eye makeup. It didn't look great but at least that meant no face shots would be used. Either way it really helped to hide him, to hide who he was.

What was wrong with him? How fucked was he?

Luka's tongue on his thigh made him jump. The wolf in the doorway, waiting, looking up at him expectantly.

Ethan swallowed and stepped out of the bathroom, trying meekly to hide his nudity.

"In the stall," Dougal commanded, and Ethan just went, his mind sort of going on auto. Dougal didn't leer at him, didn't look him up and down. The man seemed uninterested in him, which was a good thing to Ethan.

Ethan stumbled to the horse stall and the wood gate opened with a heavy clunk. There was a big hole cut into the half wall so Luka could enter and leave as he pleased.

Trembling a bit, Ethan walked to the blanket laid on the floor in the middle and got down on his hands and knees. He ducked his head, letting the long hair of the wig hide his face as he glanced at the cameras. There were a whole lot of them, set into the walls and the floor, hidden away and barely noticeable.

Ethan blinked tears, feeling overwhelmed.

Luka wasn't interested in waiting though. Once Ethan was down, the wolf was sniffing at his ass, lapping at it with loud wet slurps.

"Well start now," Douglas warned him, and Ethan gave a weak nod.

"Ok, bitch. Your new lover is going to break you in now, fuck your cunt and flood you with puppies." The dirty talk was unexpected and sort of hot to hear. Ethan was humiliated but his cock was also fattening up as he knelt there naked with a stranger standing over him.

"It's pretty obvious you're a loose bitch, you can tell just by looking at that cunt," Dougal said, taking

a camera behind Ethan and his boot nudged Ethan's thigh apart, putting his asshole on display.

"No need for warm up at all," the man muttered, and Ethan just ducked his head and hid.

"Come one, up Luka," Dougal called, snapping his fingers. Ethan thought he meant him for one second but then he heard the click of Luka's nails on the wood floor. He felt the hot breath of the wolf on his thigh and then Ethan grunted as the weight hit him when Luka mounted him.

He felt the first hard jab, the pointed tip missing the entry. Ethan hissed in pain each time the wolf missed. He was a powerful animal and it hurt to be jabbed by him. But when Ethan moved to guide him, Dougal kicked his arm.

"Drop it bitch, you're not in control here. You just stay still and take you're fucking."

Ethan couldn't look at the man, he just did what he was told, putting his hand back down. He was down on his hands and knees, with Luka over him, trying to line up, all while a man stood over them, watching. Ethan had no idea why it was doing something to him. Why the humiliation flooding him was also making his cock hard.

Luka's paws hugged his middle tightly, the wolf resting his chin on the back of Ethan's head as he kept shoving. Ethan lifted his knees a bit, arching his ass, subtly lining himself up better.

"This bitch is so desperate he's lifting her ass for it!" Dougal noticed and laughed, moving around, recording it all. Ethan just avoided looking at the man or the camera. But he already knew he liked it. He was so fucked up, but he liked the camera on him, watching him doing something so obscene.

Luka hit the mark without warning, punching a pained gasp from Ethan as the wolf drove him in one hard slam. He rammed the entire length in as he always did, and Ethan shuddered as he was claimed by the dominant beast. He loved that Luka was a wolf, a half-wild animal that was pounding him without a care for Ethan. He was just a wet hole to dump a load in, a bitch to try and breed. Ethan was his submissive while the animal was his master, how owner in a sense.

Ethan was tossed around, struggling to stay up with the heavy weight on his back as the wolf pounded his ass without let up. The strength behind each thrust was shoving Ethan forward and the claws around his middle were yanking him back. It felt like he had no control at all. The hair of the wig was long and so he couldn't see much at all. He felt helpless and his cock was throbbing because of it. Every time the wolf lunged it's thick cock into him, he felt his ass opening up, his walls spread wide as the long length went straight into his guts.

"That's it bitch," Dougal breathed, and Ethan shivered at his voice. Someone was there, watching him, recording him.

"Just give it up for your stud. Full on wolf fucking you stupid, giving you a massive cock drilling your cunt. Look at that bitch, he's loving it."

It was filthy and Ethan felt the mortification keenly, but with a cock ramming into his ass, it only made him burn hotter. He dropped his head down, whimpering each time Luka thrust hard and deep into him. His poor asshole was always a mess, trying and failing to clench on the thick length. Ethan's cock was slapping his belly and Luka's knot was filling out right away. When he yanked it back, Ethan's body jolted with the pleasure almost pain each time his asshole was forced wide to let the knot out.

He couldn't swallow his moans and whimpers, feeling out of body as he was fucked so good. The

mask was getting wet with his drool, and he didn't care who was watching anymore. All that matter was that delicious cock ruining his insides. Every time the wolf rammed it in deep, he hit that place that made Ethan jolt.

"Fuck bitch, you're really loving it huh? Look at you, shaking apart for it." Ethan could see the man's boots circling them, but he was far more focused on the cock fucking his ass without mercy. The way the wolf pounded him, no human ever could. There was no man that would ever be able to use him as good as an animal. No man could dominant and own him as good as the wolf on his back could. He made Ethan his willing bitch every time. Ethan was desperate enough for that massive cock and knot that he was letting a man film him getting fucked.

That was true love.

Luka gave a sudden, hard, thrust with real power behind it, and Ethan's front was shoved to the floor as his arms gave out. He hit his chin the ground, but not too bad, his ass still up in the air for the wolf. The position lined the cock in him up so when the wolf slammed down his knot dragged against Ethan's prostate every time and he gurgled a moan as he came hard.

"Little bitch came squeezing on a knot, milking his breeder for all he can. Desperate for those puppies," Dougal laughed, and Ethan didn't care. The worlds only served to turn him on at this point. He was way far gone and no longer gave a damn about anything but how good he was feeling.

"That's it boy, breed up your new bitch, let him have a nice heavy load."

Ethan whimpered, feeling the knot slide in deep. Luka was slowing down now, the knot inflating too much to be pulled out. It caught hard and Ethan struggled as Luka turned and the knot stayed buried deep in his asshole.

Dougal walked in close, the camera zooming in on the wolf cock inside Ethan.

"Look at that, can see it twitching," the man said, and Ethan closed his eyes. He could feel it inside him throbbing as well. A steady pulse of heat as the seed of the wolf was pumped deep into him.

He loved the feel of it. With Luka, he could feel it more, the size of it making it more obvious.

"Pull yourself up, don't move your knees or ass," Dougal suddenly said, and it took a moment to sink in. The man slid a bench towards him. Ethan shivered but fumbled to obey.

Arms straight out, lift your shoulders," Dougal directed him, and Ethan moved as he was told. Luka not caring at all as he shifted.

It ended with Ethan up on his knees, sitting straight up. When he bent his back a bit, leaning back a touch, the wolf's cock made a notable budge in his stomach.

Ethan shivered, staring at it wide eyed. His fingers reaching to cup his belly and feel the push of the wolf's gigantic cock in him.

"That's it bitch, take a long look at that. Can see the knotted dick in him, pouring puppies into his belly."

Ethan gave a weak sound, rubbing his stomach and feeling it filling out, swelling up with all the seed the wolf was pumping into him. He was lucky to get it, not worthy of it at all.

They were tied snugly, and time floated a bit, Dougal in the background as Ethan just accepted his knot like a good bitch and enjoyed the warm sensations in his ass and belly.

Luka started shifting, pulling a bit and Ethan knew he was going to pull free.

“Back down, face to the floor,” Dougal ordered, and Ethan went.

“When he pulls off, stay up, don’t move,” he was told.

Luka finally pulled and the knot came free with a sudden pop. Ethan fell to the floor, unable to stay up. His legs were numb and aching from holding him. But Dougal nudged him with a boot so Ethan weakly got up on his knees again, ass in the air.

“Look at that fucking gape,” the man said, and Ethan shivered, wondering how wrecked his ass must look.

Dougal took a few more shots, walking around him. Then he turned the cameras off and tossed a towel on Ethan. The man didn’t seem remotely interested in Ethan when the camera was off, pointing to the bathroom and telling him to shower and head out.

Not knowing what else to do, Ethan obeyed. He took off the mask and wig and showered his body clean. The barn floor was in good shape but not spotless, so he was pretty dirty. Wolf semen was running down his thigh, long white lines that made a smack sound when he pressed his thighs and rubbed them.

Feeling a little unsure once more, Ethan cleaned off, dressed, and got out of there.

At the door, he hesitated.

“The photos?” he called back.

“Deleted them already, don’t care about exposing you. I knew you’d agree the second I threatened to take away Luka’s dick,” Dougal laughed, and Ethan’s face burned as he took off.

Ethan weirdly got used to it.

It was fucked up, but his weekly meeting just became a strange sort of norm. For two months straight he would go and get fucked by his wolf in front of a camera. Douglas filmed it all but never made a move on Ethan before or after it all. He just recorded it, talked dirty, and that was it. He never got hard either. It was all business to him, and Ethan was glad for it, he didn’t want to fuck the man.

So they found a weird rhythm and settled into it.

His dad always worked Mondays so Ethan would come over then, do his filming and then go about his week. Luka would follow him home and and pop up during the week. Ethan was more careful about it now. Douglas told him he could fuck him in his yard as well, since no one came around and the fence was high. There were old sheds all over the place so Ethan cleaned one up and Luka would fuck him there on days they didn’t film it.

It was fucked up, but it worked.

During the third month, the old man showed Ethan a list.

“Requests. People will pay big money, pick the ones you’ll do, and I’ll buy the equipment,” Dougal explained.

He also put a roll of cash in an elastic band on the table.

“You’re cut, you want to keep it coming, you need to play to your audience.”

Dougal left him then and Ethan felt a bit shaken with the money. It was more than he made working for his dad for a whole year. With that kind of cash, he could save up and go to school, put down a payment for his own place, or some adult thing.

The list wasn’t as bad as he feared, no blood or shit or anything nasty like that. A lot of it was him wearing a leash and collar, dressing up like a dog, talking about being a bitch. Some of it was him tied into place, forced to let Luka fuck him as he pleased with no control for Ethan. Some of it wanted him in chastity and unable to get off. A few wanted him to have a milk enema with a bloated belly like he was pregnant with puppies. Sucking off Luka was there as well. Him knotting the cock in his hands and drinking every drop. Another requested a gangbang with Ethan having to be knotted multiple times but multiple wolves.

It all sounded sort of hot.

He counted the cash again, the last hesitation in him leaving as he realized how much he could buy. He could build himself a real life if he was getting this sort of money every few months.

Luka poked his thigh and Ethan dropped his hand down to pet him absently.

“Alright, I’m coming,” he assured his wolf. He circled everything that sounded fun and marked what he would eventually do and what he was never going to do.

Who would have thought that a little dirty hobby would turn into something like this? That he was going to be able to take something he loved doing and turn a huge profit off of it.

To think that being a bitch would turn out to be his calling.