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Rowan had been born into a magical family.

The world treated magic like anything else, another form of production for humanity. It had its uses and its restrictions. Unlike most though, magic was limited to the individual, it couldn't be built upon and capitalized without growing weak and fading out. It had to be a single being working with another.

So magic was mundane and overlooked, druids having clinics just like other doctors.

Rowan's mother had been a druid, and his grandfather, great grandmother, over several generations. They had lived in the same sleepy town for six generations now, looking after the people of the small area and the countryside nearby.

They made spell bottles, potions to help with everything from low iron to knitting tighter, just a wild collection really. Rowan loved it though, he had never thought to leave, never wanted the big city life or a larger practice. He was happy to see the same patients, old men with bad knees who didn't want to do the weekly swimming their doctor recommended and people coming in with the odd hex on them.

Rarely anything dangerous or extreme. The town didn't have many magical born and even fewer with bad intentions strong enough to manifest.

It was idyllic and he was content.

Perhaps he wished he had someone to share it with, but he wasn't in a rush for that, wanting it to come to him naturally or waiting until it did bother him enough to go looking.

Some druids felt the call to wander to new places, but he never had, happy to take over the shop after his mother retired.

Their little town was in the mountains, within a massive old forest that he adored. He spent his weekends walking the hiking trails with his dogs, always out and about. There was a lake nearby for summer swimming as well. Just a gem in nature really.

Since they were well established, his family owned a fair chunk of land. They had houses spread across it, a few miles apart. The shop was the main floor of his home, with back rooms for treatment, and the upper apartment that he lived in. If he felt lonely his family was just down the road, his parents putting on communal dinners for their adult children and their families. Rowan had two brothers and a sister, all of them living in their own house on the land.

It was the way druids liked to live, with family close but not too close.

The little town knew them well, as was the nature of smaller communities. Rowan had grown up with those his age and went to school with most of them as well. Teachers had been friends' parents and the mechanic on for corner was someone's uncle. Everyone knew everyone and all their stories as well. A tight-knit place.

It was his home.

Rowan did travel a few times a year, going to larger celebrations of the gods and goddesses of worship. There was a great deal of power in the old forest they lived in that his family had drawn

upon for generations, but there was always a focus as well. They would find a pantheon that felt right and worship them. As an individual grew, they would find power in single entities, not always the immortals but sometimes the spirits of the land.

His family line had often found kinship with the wolf spirit. His mother and great-grandmother, and others with magic within the family as well.

When he came of age and started practicing more seriously, Rowan had been pulled by the wolf spirit as well, deciding eventually to worship the virtuous creature.

He stood in good favour with his chosen and in turn had a good handle on his power. As long as he kept to the values of the wolf spirit, his magic would flow with ease and strength behind it.

It was the power that his family held that made them decent healers and brought people seeking help. Their healing spells could keep an epidemic from touching the village or heal a deadly injury. When science failed, magic could fill in the gaps. Not always, not perfectly, but with older established families, they could do great things. They could know the weather months ahead or sense where the crops would grow best. In the old days, all villages started around a druid family and the quiet town he called his own had been the same. It had been his family's town then and it was still now.

Rowan was the only druid in his current generation but two of his nieces and one of his nephews showed the talent to come into their own power one day. What his siblings lacked in magic they made up in sheer fertility, fifteen kids between the three of them and still going. The idea that more children would be born with magical talent was likely and Rowan was certain the next generation was secured for his family and the town. As a boy people had talked about his needing a wife and having a family, thinking as the magical one the next druid would be his child. But his siblings had proven that idea wrong.

They had also smoothed the way for Rowan's sexuality to be known and accepted. He had never hungered for a woman and never would, his preference was for men. Before his siblings had magical children, the town would have been worried about it, but now, no one really cared. His standing was too high for anyone with homophobic thoughts to ever voice them. He was left to his own interests and being a druid, no one cared enough to avoid his work, wanting the use of magic of any prejudice.

As the current druid of the town, all the healing and helping of the people fell on him. His mama and grandpa still did minor spells here and there but the bulk of it was Rowan's responsibility. He ran the family shop, packed with all things magic, from silly trinkets for kids, to pepper house protection charms, whatever his town needed, he provided.

Rowan was registered among the druid circle of the country and was in good standing. As a healer, he ran by appointments and answered to emergencies as needed.

So when the Johnsons family came rushing one summer afternoon after he had closed for the day, he opened the door anyway and allowed them in.

George Johnson was half-carrying, half-dragging, his barely conscious son, Oliver. The boy was sweat-soaked and delirious but more importantly he reeked of magic.

A curse of some sort, Rowan could sense immediately.

"Bring him in the back," Rowan urged, leading him to a treatment room. George got his son onto the

bed, helping him lay back as his wife watched with open worry. The room was set up with Rowan's workstation and stuffed with spell components, the bed was there for patients just like Oliver, dangerously far gone. Magic was already in the air, protection symbols carved on the walls and sewn into the blankets. The room was made to protect.

"Do you know what happened?" Rowan asked as he looked over the boy, smudging him quickly to help slow whatever was hurting him. He was fevered and suffering, writhing from something.

"He felt sick this morning," Oliver's mom, Sara, sobbed, teary-eyed as George comforted her.

"I went to check on him and he seemed so ill and then I saw that our house protection charm was broken, and I just knew," she explained.

"You were right, this is magic without a doubt," he assured her. Praising her for his quick thinking. It was rare to see someone like this, suffering this much.

Rowan had felt something last night, a touch of magic moving, but it had felt familiar to him, one of his nieces he had been sure of and so saw no cause for alarm.

Putting his palm against Oliver's sweaty brow he felt the rush of magic coursing through Oliver's body. It was a spell woven into him and it was fixed with anger and bitterness.

"Did Oliver fight with anyone lately or do anything to gain resentment?"

"No! He's a good boy, he's shy and quiet but he's polite and kind and he would never," Oliver's mother explained, and Rowan took a second to place her properly, Sara Johnson. She was loving and a nurturer, a good mother but unaware of the faults of those around her. Rowan looked to George as he tried to push the spell back, but it was firmly entrenched in Oliver's being.

"He has girl troubles sometimes," the man offered, and Rowan glanced down at the boy. Oliver was nineteen and blessed with good looks, a heartbreaker then. He knew the boy around the town distantly and recalled seeing him grow up over the years. He had seemed like the good sort and Rowan couldn't recall any unkind stories about him.

"He strings them along?" Rowan asked, thinking of the girls who must have fallen for his pretty face. It was a pretty face too. Oliver was handsome in that beautiful way.

"No, no he's not like that. Girls just get their crushes and when he won't go out with them, they get upset," Sara explained, her eyes still misty. "Oliver's not ready to have everyone know it, but girls don't hold much interest for him," she confessed, well aware of Rowan's own preference.

Rowan blinked and then looked back at the boy, feeling the spell out and gently coaxing it open. He couldn't remove it so it would have to be fulfilled. It was a curse and there was for certain an expectation within it. If Oliver did what the spell wanted, it would leave. If he ignored it, then it would keep him ill and weak.

Rowan peeked at the component and intent of the spell and nearly jolted in disbelief.

Lifting his hand from Oliver's brow he crossed the room and fumbled for a few charms and already woven spells he had handy. Settling beside the boy again, Rowan carefully took the power from the objects and laid the magic he had into Oliver. As part of Rowan's town, there was already a string within Oliver and Rowan increased it, filling Oliver with his own power until the spell was pushed back for the time being.

The boy woke slowly, and his parents gave relieved sounds as his mother rushed to sit beside him.

"What happened?" Oliver asked weakly and Rowan offered him a reassuring smile.

"You got yourself a curse I'm afraid. I pushed it back but we're going to have spent the day in meditation together to lift it completely, but it'll be ok," he assured the young man and his parents as well, both of them looking relieved with the news.

Oliver looked a little dazed but nodded his head, turning his attention to his parents as Rowan excused himself.

He made the phone call and glanced into the back room making sure the family couldn't overhear him and then checking to make sure the shop was clear. His brother answered easily enough and when prompted Rowan's niece Sasha was on the line. The guilt was in her tone even as she said a weak hello.

"What did you do," Rowan snapped, letting his anger show through and his niece at once was bawling and apologizing.

"I was just so mad, he acted like he really liked me and then he said 'no' in front of the whole school. Everyone was laughing later, and I felt so stupid and angry. I didn't mean it, uncle, when I realized it had actually formed into a spell, I tried to take it back but it wouldn't," Rowan could hear his brother in the background asking what was going on as his niece babbled and sobbed.

"Sasha, do you even understand what you did? You cursed someone, you put a curse on that boy, and it could have killed him," he explained, and his niece fell into hysterics right away.

"What the hell is going on?" Rowan's brother asked as he came on the line, taking the phone as his daughter sobbed.

"She cursed someone." He said simply and his brother sucked in a rough breath. Their mother had raised them as practicing druid and his brother understood how heavy the situation was right away.

"You need to bind her, have mom come over and seal her up." It was a shameful thing to have to restrict someone's power, it reflected poorly on them but if his niece had intended even a tiny bit more harm toward Oliver, she would have killed him. Sasha had always been too emotional for a practicing druid, but Rowan's mom had thought it no real matter. Rowan knew now he should have trusted his gut feeling.

"Are they ok? Who was it?"

"They will be. It was a boy she liked at school. I'm going to spend the day trying to fix it, she put a lot of power behind it," Rowan sighed, glancing back at the room where the Johnsons were again.

"Have Mom come over right now and bind Sasha. We'll deal with it properly after I've helped the boy she cursed, all right?"

Rowan made his goodbyes and spared a sliver of sympathy for his niece. Once her power was bound, she would have to attend formal schooling on a government level to have it lifted. It was harsh but it was far better than the chance that the natural magic in her twisted into something dark and dragged her along with it. Rowan didn't want that, but he hated to have to bind her. Still, his niece had sent out a curse on an innocent boy for no real reason, there was no other option.

Rook slunk up to him, the large wolfdog pressing close to comfort Rowan. Petting his familiar, Rowan felt his gut twist with what was to come. Of all the things for his niece to send out, this seemed so peculiar. But then a curse sent out because of a lack of emotional control would manifest in bizarre ways.

Rook was a big animal, but he was the best option Rowan had. Since he worshiped the wolf god Rowan's familiar was a wolf. A large white one he named Aspen and he had bonded with easily. The pair had strong magic between them, and Rowan had been happy enough with the single beast. But then he heard of a mixed wolfdog in a kennel, abandoned. Wolfdogs were dangerous and in society, it was easier for people to just put them down rather than deal with them. Rowan couldn't stand the thought, so he went and got him. Rook, he named him, the mixed mutt nothing like Aspen who was regal and serious. Rook usually gets into things and barks at shadows.

Aspen was a great deal bigger than Rook, however, so it would be Rook who would need to help the boy.

With a warm smile and easy reassurance, Rowan sent Oliver's parents' home. His mother lingered, worried, but Rowan was firm about them leaving. Stating that he needed Oliver alone for proper meditation and follow-through, which was the truth in a sense.

Once they left, he pulled a chair up to the bedside and tried to think of a way to explain what had to happen next.

"Oliver, we have to do something," he began, and the boy blinked at him. Oliver was propped up in the bed, looking flushed still but his eyes were bright and aware. Rowan knew him vaguely and he knew he was a prim and proper sort.

Which only made this worse.

"I didn't want you to be embarrassed, so I didn't tell your parents, you are a legal adult, but the only way to lift the curse is to fulfill it."

"F-fufill?" Oliver looked bothered by the idea but understood right away what Rowan was saying.

"Yeah. When someone curses another, they do so with intent. You can't just want something bad in general to happen, you have to want something fairly specific."

"I-Isn't that bad? Don't they want that to happen? Whoever c-cursed me?" Oliver looked wide-eyed and terrified, and Rowan spared him a weary smile.

"In most cases, we can draw the curse out, go in and take it apart. If it was something violent or dangerous, then we could pray for a god or goddess of protection to lift it. But the curse isn't something dangerous so most of the immortals and spirits won't answer if we ask to have it lifted," he explained, making sure Oliver was following.

"The only thing we could do is either rebound it or let it run its course. In this case, I can't rebound it because it was my own bloodline who cast it. We can't rebound the magic because we draw it from the same place." Rowan didn't want to get into magic bloodline theory right then and he was glad when Oliver accepted the explanation.

"It's not dangerous?" the boy finally asked, fingers picking at the blanket. He looked nervous and unsure, but the terror had faded. "If it was, they would help?"

"No, no danger. If it was, someone would assist us. The focus of the spell is humiliation."

"...S-Sasha did this?" Oliver asked after a moment, edging around asking what it was he had to do.

"Yes."

"I didn't mean to," Oliver protested quietly, looking ashamed even though he'd done nothing wrong.

"She just marched up and asked me out in front of everyone and I tried to be nice and explain it, but everyone was staring, and it made me so nervous and..." he trailed off weakly, looking sad to have upset the girl who had, in turn, cursed him. Rowan didn't think he could have been so kind to someone who cursed him.

"You graduated last year," Rowan asked, mostly to help calm the poor guy down a bit.

"Yeah. I'm helping out at the school still, as a volunteer of sorts," he explained and Rowan recalled that Sara, Oliver's mother, worked at the school.

"No plans for university?"

"Undecided," Oliver replied, the words sounding like he said them often. Rowan had been raised to be a druid so he never went through that period of time when recently graduated children had to make big career choices.

"Any interests?" he asked, seeing the conversation was helping.

"Magic actually," Oliver admitted. That caught Rowan off guard. Those without magic could find ways to receive it, but normally it was a feat. Those outside being born with it were often gatekept from learning. It would make sense that people were trying to push Oliver to more easier paths.

Rowan laid a hand on the boy's knee, pressing waves of calm over him to help, they couldn't avoid it for too long, Rowan's power would hold back the curse for only so long.

"Sasha will answer for what she's done. Even if you were rude, and you went out of your way to be horrid, which you didn't," Rowan added at the boy's sad look. "She's abused her gifts in the worst way and that will be dealt with. But right now we need to deal with what she cast."

"...W-What is it?" Oliver finally asked, looking scared again. Rowan squeezed his knee in support.

"That's the hard part. Oliver, she cursed you with humiliation, she didn't cast a specific spell as she should have. She just thought of you as someone who went around breaking hearts, someone who looked to girls for sexual interest and then moved on."

"I don't even like girls!" Oliver cried and Rowan squeezed his knee again, grounding him.

"I'm so sorry Oliver, I wish I could rebound or lift this for you, but it found all the loopholes of magic by sheer chance. It's not just a curse either, it's tangled and a mess of amateur magic. This is rare. Really rare. Sasha's magic will be sealed for this, that's how serious it is."

Oliver sucked in a weak breath and slumped against the headboard of the bed, his brow was starting to show perspiration and Rowan could feel the curse slipping back in.

"What is it? What has to happen?"

"She thought of you as a 'horny dog'."

Oliver gave a soft snort at the term and Rowan offered a weak smile in reply.

"Silly, I know. But she focused all her power into it and then sent it out without shaping it properly. So the curse itself mangled and twisted around. I don't know what factor caused it to shape like this, it could have been a million things, but it's essentially formed so that you have to play the role of... it wants you to be a horny dog in the literal sense."

It sounded ridiculous and Rowan wished it were something more silly, something easier to fulfil.

"What does that even mean? I have to be a dog?" Oliver asked, clearly not understanding.

"Sasha focused a lot of affection and sexual attention on you, so the spell did as well. It wants you to play the role of a female dog in heat. The spell fulfillment is for you to have receiving sex with a canine."

Oliver laughed then, eyes meeting Rowan's and his look turned frantic at once.

"What does that... it's...I can't...." Oliver's eyes shone with tears now and Rowan skimmed his mind looking for another way out, but he couldn't find any. He could call in another druid but unless it was life-threatening, no one would rush immediately.

For as sweet as Oliver seemed, there was a reason the spell took hold. Rowan didn't know what it was, but there was something about him that had allowed the curse, some flaw, some bit of dark maybe. It wasn't fair, but that was how magic worked. Some druids would feel the curse was deserved in that sense. Rowan disagreed with the mindset, but he knew it was common enough he would struggle to find someone else to come help. But there was more to it than just that as well, his niece had wrought something rather horrid in a sense.

"Normally under this circumstance, we would wait for someone else to come help, another druid but Sasha is young, and her power wasn't focused. What she did was not only lay a curse but an offering as well. The Williams family worships many gods and goddesses but the one we're known for..."

"The wolf spirit," Oliver whispered horrified.

"The spell wants you to submit sexually to a canine or it'll manifest as a refused offering or even an insult to his name. Sasha really blundered this; offerings are made daily so the curse tied into that. It gave the entire spell a timeline. We need to fulfill the curse today and if we call someone to lift from you, even if we find someone to rush over, it might twist into an insult to the god. Since the curse isn't dangerous, not many people will be willing to chance that, to be involved with something like this." Rowan avoided mentioning that some would think the poor kid deserved the curse as well. There was no reason to upset Oliver any more than needed.

The young man looked shell-shocked, but Rowan barged on.

"I can't lift this, I can't rebound it, no one will lift it on the off chance they insult a powerful spirit, and we can't ignore it in case we insult the spirit ourselves. If we leave it, it'll come back in full force and you'll suffer greatly as well. I'm so sorry, but, Oliver, but you're going to need to do this."

"I...I can't...that's di-disgusting. I would never do such a thing," he denied, shaking his head. Tears ran down his face at the idea of such a humiliating and morally degrading act.

"I know, but this is serious. I don't want to scare you, but this could potentially kill you if we leave it." Rowan explained gently.

The poor boy looked so frightened by that. Pressed up in the corner of the bed and looking small and vulnerable. Rowan thought of the scolding he was going to give his niece when he saw her. For her to do such a thing, it truly was vile.

"We have to do this, I'm so sorry but there is no other way around it," he stated more firmly.

"No one else will know. She won't know, Sasha doesn't understand what she even did really. This will stay between me and you," he assured the boy. "I'm a druid bound to my word, I'll never tell anyone of this."

"You have to watch?" Oliver whispered mortified all over again.

"I'm going to use my own familiar, Rook. The power he carries through being attached to me will lift the spell quickly and as a familiar, he's a bit... more than a normal animal so he's the best option. He can be gentle and make sure not to hurt you," Rowan explained. For him to use power through the wolfdog, he would need to be in the room. Beyond that, he wanted to be close in case something went wrong.

"He's huge!" Oliver cried in dread.

"We could find another dog, smaller, but it'll take time and people will question it," Rowan admitted. "I want to keep this between us, and I can't lie about why I need to borrow someone's dog. I'm compelled not to lie about any magic I use, or anything related to it, as a druid."

"Always honest," Oliver muttered, a druid tenant.

"But I can refuse to give information about people I treat, which is you. If we use Rook for this, then it stays between us." Rowan could see how humiliated the boy was and he knew the last thing Oliver wanted was absolutely anyone finding out about it.

"I also know that for his size, he won't hurt you. I have a measure of control with Rook, as I'm able to make him understand me, it'll go much easier with him."

Oliver didn't reply but gave a nod of acceptance finally. His face was flushed again and he was starting to fidget, the spell holding the curse off was beginning to fade.

"I imagine you've heard of him? Of Rook and Aspen, my canine familiars?" Rowan could sense them near the other side of the room's door, pacing and scenting the air. The curse was likely putting out a call to them, alluring them to the young man on the bed.

"Yeah, I've seen you walking them," Oliver replied, looking to the door, aware of the canines.

"I imagine that right now you feel a pull towards them?" Rowan asked and Olive ducked his head in shame but nodded.

"That's part of the curse, it makes you want to do it, makes it desirable, so don't feel guilty. It's drawing them in as well, they want to come and find you."

"And fuck me," Oliver said with an air of panic.

"We need to do this, this room would be best," Rowan announced with authority. A lot of people with

humiliation curses would bulk or try to escape if they had enough time to think about it and there was no other option. The longer it went on, the worse it could be for the victim. So Rowan got up and prepared what they would need from his stocked cabinet.

"Take this, drink the whole thing," he told the young man as he handed him a smaller potion and Oliver accepted it without a fight thankfully. It was a concoction to help his anxiety, to ease his nerves and lower his inhibitions.

Rowan went across the room and fumbled through his cupboard until he found a little vial of oil. It was meant for sexual play and the spell on it was essential to making someone wet. If Oliver applied the oil his body, it would lubricate like a woman would.

"You need to undress and use this to prepare yourself. I can cast a quick charm to do the clean-up prep of anal sex," Rowan told him, trying to sound business-like and make the situation move smoothly.

"Do you know how to do this? How to prepare yourself for sex?" Rowan asked quietly as he offered the vial, Oliver's face was beet red from the explanation of what the oil would do but he took it with a shaky hand.

The boy looked close to crying but he nodded his head miserably.

So he cast the spell to clean the boy inside and out and then stepped back. Rowan turned his back and focused on tidying up his worktable to give Oliver some privacy as the bed behind him creaked.

"Do I need to be fully naked?"

"It'll make things simpler afterwards to clean," he explained and tried to sound casual even though he knew his tone didn't quite make it.

Rowan had dealt with nudity before without issue, but this was different. Rowan wasn't going to mention it but part of having a familiar was drawing strength from it and that came with side effects. The current issue was that essentially part of Rowan was canine, and he could feel the pull towards the boy.

Not enough to be a concern but enough to make him aware of it.

Aware of Oliver in a sexual sense.

He was of age at least, a proper adult. Nineteen to Rowan's twenty-eight was a large gap though, and he felt bad for the sexual awareness he was feeling for the young man. At least Oliver was gay and knew about anal sex at least. That made it easier.

But it also made Rowan aware of him. One of the few gay men in the town beyond him. There was only one other couple, a pair of older men who lived a quiet life farming. It was just Rowan to his knowledge for a long time. But now he knew there was someone else.

He meant to keep his gaze averted, but there was a polished plate on the wall of his workstation and he could see the reflection of the boy behind him. He watched Oliver bend over the edge of the bed and slick his fingers with the oil. He reached behind himself and pressed his fingers between his cheeks.

He was fit, pretty but also clearly a man.

Rowan watched in the reflection, fixated, as the young man ran his fingers over his asshole and then eased one in. Twisting his finger and getting his hole wet all over before adding a second. Oliver's shoulders stiffened for a moment and Rowan imagined he was feeling the potion work, his insides going slick on their own, his body opening up with the coax of magic.

He pressed three fingers in, up to the knuckle, and Rowan stared too hard, watching hungrily.

The whine of the canine outside broke the spell and he came back into himself, realizing what he was doing and feeling guilty for it immediately. Oliver was a patient, and someone cursed to do something humiliating. Rowan was out of line to let himself take a personal interest.

Rowan had dealt with sexual spells before and this one should be no different he reminded himself, trying to push the low burn of lust away. Oliver didn't need someone watching hungrily as this happened, it would be bad enough.

So Rowan excused himself and went to take Aspen outside, so he wasn't causing trouble during the mating. The wolf whined in protest but went, lingering every step as if he knew what Rook was getting and what he was being denied.

Rowan put him out in the fenced backyard and then went back into his house. He walked through the front shop and made sure it was locked up. Using the task to take a moment to clear his head before he went back into the patient room where Oliver was still prepping himself.

Rowan caught a glimpse of four fingers pushing up into the boy's gleaming hole and he immediately looked away. Rook waited by the door, knowing damn well what he could smell, a bitch in heat. But he was trained well enough to stay put when Rowan told him.

"I...I think I'm r-ready," the boy's voice was a weak whisper and it made Rowan feel all the worse for him.

"It's going to be all right, well get this done and then it'll be all over I promise," Rowan reassured the young man and Oliver gave a little nod, still looking mortified.

"I'm going to let Rook in now all right?"

"What should I-I do?"

"The spell is written in a way that it'll draw the dog in, he'll know what to do so you can just let him do what he- uh what he needs to and then the spell will be satisfied."

Rowan wasn't sure how to tell the boy he just needed to lay back and let the animal fuck him.

"Just sit on the edge of the bed and lay back, give him room so he has access and can mount you without any trouble," Rowan kept his voice blank of any emotion as he instructed and watched Oliver obey. Putting him on his hands and knees would make it easier for Rook but this position would prevent the entire length of the animal from slamming into him immediately.

The boy looked beyond humiliated as he sat on the edge of the bed and then laid back, thighs spread in a delectable offering.

Rowan could see the wet smear of slick on the boy's inner thigh and he ruthlessly tried to stamp the lust the sight brought.

"You can cover with the blanket if you want," Rowan offered more for himself than Oliver's comfort, but the boy shook his head.

"It won't matter, you're still gonna see a dog fuck me."

"I'm here to make sure nothing goes wrong not to humiliate you. I've seen a lot worse than this, I've seen someone cursed to spew literal crap every time they opened their mouth."

The shocked look was just what Rowan was going for to ease the tension in the boy and he offered a shrug when Oliver stared at him incredulously.

"Have you really?" He asked, horrified at the idea.

Rowan nodded.

"I know you think this is the worst but trust me I'm used to it so don't be thinking I'm going to look down on you or anything like that. This will be just between us and no one else will ever know, okay?" Rowan looked over at Oliver then, ignoring his nude body in favour of meeting his gaze with a reassuring look. After a beat, Oliver gave a weak nod.

"Good. Are you ready? He'll go right for you so be prepared, if you want to stop, say so and I'll help."

Rowan waited for a second nod before he opened the door.

As soon as the door opened, Rook locked on to the source of the sweet scent calling him to mate.

Rook rushed right over to Oliver, tail wagging as he shoved his head between Oliver's legs and started licking immediately. Oliver cried out and scrambled up the bed to get away, but Rook followed eagerly.

"Easy, easy," Rowan rushed over, grabbing Rook by the scruff and holding him back.

"He's going to sniff and lick, he can't help it, he's only an animal," Rowan fumbled to explain as Rook strained under his paws clawing at the floor, desperate to reach Oliver.

Tears trickled down the boy's soft sweet face, but he nodded and despite his trembling, he spread his legs again. The sight of it made Rowan's jeans tight and he eased his hold on Rook, letting the wolfdog reach Oliver again. Once more he dove in fervently, tongue lapping wet sounds as Oliver gasped out but stayed where he was, poised at the edge of the bed with his legs spread.

"He's just scenting, he'll mount quickly," Rowan offered, and Oliver didn't reply, just laid back a bit, still up on his elbows to watch as he whimpered at every touch. His cock was filling out but with a warm wet tongue rimming him, it wasn't his fault. Rowan could see an aspect of the spell coming into place, the faraway look Oliver had before Rowan had pushed it back was returning and this time Rowan let it. The spell needed to overtake Oliver to let it run itself out. When the boy gave a sudden moan that startled him, he looked to Rowan.

"It's part of the spell, it's probably the only good part. The spell will make it feel good for you, so don't feel guilty or bad about enjoying this Oliver, it's the spell, not you," he reassured him.

Another tear came but Oliver dropped his gaze and looked at Rook as the wolfdog kept eating him out. Rowan couldn't see from his angle, but he could hear the wet licking and he saw Oliver's thighs tense and shiver in time with the slurping. The oil would he prepared him to take the animal and

really Rook was just chasing the bitch scent.

When Rook moved to mount, Rowan hesitated, not sure if he should step back or not. Oliver didn't look as panicked like before, rather the glaze was more prominent in his eyes and his thighs parted more easily. The boy was trembling all over, but Rowan could see the subtle way he was rocking his hips.

The large animal jumped up on him, his bulky body almost covering Oliver and Rowan thought for the first time that maybe he should have found a smaller canine for this. But Rook was moving in closer, aligning himself and Oliver was helping. The youth scooted right to the edge of the bed with his thighs hanging wide open.

Rook was over him, front paws on the bed with his back still on the floor. The position put Rook's chest to Oliver's own and they faced one another, the dog licking the side of Oliver's face affectionately.

Rowan watched, fixated, as Oliver shivered but nudged back, his lips parting when Rook gave him a few swipes along the mouth. When Oliver opened his mouth, Rook's long tongue slid past his lips and Rowan felt a jump of lust as Oliver let the dog lick the inside of his mouth. More than let, from the look on Oliver's face, he seemed to be enjoying it. He parted his lips wide and let the long tongue dip deep into his mouth. Their tongues pressing against one another, like the filthiest porn. Rowan could see Oliver's pink tongue peeking from his opened mouth, licking at Rook's own.

Rowan swore quietly to the wolf spirit as he watched the young man sink into the spell. Oliver gave a breathy whimper as his trembling fingers pet Rook's furry neck and back encouragingly while his thighs spread and lifted for Rook to get into position to fuck him.

Rowan muttered a quick incantation, making sure to align the curse within Oliver so it would end up as an offering to the wolf spirit. It would not only appease him, but it could also win Oliver favour and that would equal protection in the future. If the boy wanted to study magic, having a powerful spirit's favour would help him a great deal. Most were born with magic but there were ways to gain it, what was happening could be turned from a curse to a blessing if done right.

Rook shifted unsurely, clumsy with a human mate, but he started jabbing and hopping awkwardly closer, trying to find the wet hole his instincts demanded he breed. Part of worshiping a canine spirit meant he didn't get his fixed, but he was responsible with them. He bred both Aspen and Rook once a year as their bodies needed through a clinic.

Rook's hips started rolling, humping at the air as he closed in. It looked obscene, Oliver's thighs spread wide and the dog's body in between them. His one arm was around Rook's neck as the animal tried to line up to get into him.

Oliver suddenly arched up and Rowan thought for a breath the wolfdog had sunk in, but then Oliver jerked again with a pained sound. Rook was jabbing him without hitting the mark and it had to hurt. He twisted his face from the wolfdog and pressed his cheek to the bedding, face pulled in discomfort. Rook's hips were thrusting with a harsh force, but he didn't seem to be in Oliver.

"H-hurts," Oliver sobbed out, tears falling again as he writhed on the bed trying to get away but not letting go of Rook's fur, seeming torn. Rook's front paws had a hold on him as well, pulling him off the bed a bit to get a grip on him.

Rowan took a knee and tried to ignore his lust as he caught sight of the pink tip of Rook's cock pocking into the flesh of Oliver's ass.

Each time the wolfdog slammed his hips forward, he missed and jabbed Oliver, making him arch away in pain.

Swallowing, Rowan reached out and grabbed his wolfdog's cock. He caught sight of Oliver's hole, gleaming wetly, pink and gorgeous, and he guided the cock into him.

"Spread your legs more," he breathed, his voice inappropriately hungry but Oliver readily obeyed and there was enough room then to line them up.

Rowan didn't pull his hand away and so he felt the wet hot slide of the thick cock into Oliver's tiny hole. His fingers rubbed in the slick on Oliver's body and Rook's erection slid between Rowan's spread fingers as the wolfdog rammed home in one hard thrust.

Oliver howled out and Rowan jerked back, moving so he could look at Oliver to see if he was all right.

The moment he wasn't in the way, Oliver's leg came up around the wolfdog's body and his arms wound around Rook's neck. Oliver was sobbing and crying out, but his hips were twitching up, meeting each lunge of the animal and Rowan felt himself throbbing in his jeans as he watched.

Rook fucked the boy with a wild edge like any beast would, but Rowan had never realized how rough that was. The wolfdog was pounding Oliver without any let-up, jabbing hard and fast into Oliver's body. A feral instinct to breed hard and fast. The wet sound of it every time the beast rammed in was loud in the room, echoed by Oliver's tiny whimpers. Rook was an animal, and his mind was set on breeding without any thought for the bitch under him.

Oliver didn't seem to care though; his face twisted with a forced pleasure as he hung on to the animal and let him nail away at him. Rowan could hear the wet slap of the dog's cock slurping in and out, his furry balls slapping Oliver's ass, the bed creaking noisily with the headboard banging but by far Oliver's moaning was growing the loudest. Rowan just knelt at the foot of the bed, dumbfounded as Oliver buried his face in Rook's neck and sobbed with a desperate edge to the sounds he was making.

His legs fell from Rook's body and spread out wide, heels finding purchase in the side of the bed and giving him the ability to lift his hips to let Rook fuck deeper.

The wolfdog was jackhammering, vicious lunges into the boy and then Rook abruptly paused and shifted his stance, his front paws trying to slide under Oliver's body more. Just above the boy's ass in the small of his back, Rook eventually got a grip and Rowan watched him lift Oliver's ass clear off the bed, fucking with a vicious edge now with shorter but faster thrusts. Oliver's head dropped from Rook's neck, and he arched his head back, mouth opened and eyes unfocused as he whimpered and jolted each time he was fucked in the mattress. His eyes were glazed and lost, completely consumed with pleasure.

Rowan had never seen someone so gone before. His own cock was throbbing in his pants as he watched.

"Oh god, oh god, please, please," Oliver chanted brokenly, sobbing out as Rook kept up the insane pace, furiously shoving into his willing bitch. Oliver looked like he'd found heaven under the big wolfdog and Rowan just stared as the two came together with a wild feral nature.

With a sudden inhale, Oliver arched up and his mouth opened in a silent scream as his body spasmed frantically. Rowan felt something in his stomach drop out when he realized that Rook was knotting

with Oliver. The wolfdog pulled the human in as close as possible to tie deep inside him.

The thick bulb at the base of his cock was being shoved into Oliver and the boy clearly loved the feeling as he came on the cock inside him. Rowan watched the beautiful young man come apart. It looked obscene, someone so pretty and pure looking under an animal and clearly happy to be there. Rowan had never had any interest in such a thing but he knew he would from here on out, this was waking something up in him for certain.

Rook kept fucking the bitch as Oliver whimpered and took it obediently. After a long-drawn-out moment, Oliver slumped to the bed his likes going slack and hanging off the edge. He lay on the bed as the dog's thrusting slowed down finally.

The animal panted as he came to a stop and after a moment turned to jump down.

Rowan fumbled, too late to stop him, as Oliver sobbed out. Rook didn't come free though, his knot was big enough to prevent it as he turned, facing away from Oliver now as the boy laid haphazardly across the bed, his thighs spread with Rook between them.

Oliver looked completely out of it, dazed as he shifted on the bed but kept his thighs spread wide as Rook pumped him full of seed. He was panting a bit, a shimmer of sweat clinging to his skin. He looked thoroughly fucked and Rowan felt his cock throb at the sight of him.

He looked ravished.

"I'm going to check," Rowan told him weakly and Oliver gave a breathy sound and a little nod, not really focusing on Rowan.

So he reached under Oliver's thigh and Rowan felt around until he found where they were locked. He gently pressed against the soaked skin of Oliver's pucker, running his fingers along the ring. Oliver shuddered in reaction and Rowan wanted to do the same, he could feel the thick knot on the inside of the boy, and it felt far too enormous to have fit. Licking his lips Rowan drew his hand back and checked his fingers for blood but found none. Oliver's body seemed all right.

Rowan tried to keep himself together, hoping Oliver didn't notice when he reached down to adjust himself in his jeans. Standing up on shaky legs, Rowan went back to his workstation and just stared at nothing, trying to find something to occupy his mind but unable to see anything but a beautiful boy howling as a wolfdog pounded him.

It made him think of the wolf spirit he worshiped. Rowan knew some people practised sex with their familiars, it was not unheard of. It had never called to him and in a sense, it still didn't. He felt no hunger to mount or be mounted by an animal. But watching Rook fuck Oliver had been amazing. Seeing the other man submit to a beast had been captivating.

The room was dead silent save for Rook's loud pants and Oliver's soft, slightly too fast, breathes.

Rowan wasn't aware of too much time passing, but it must have because Oliver gave a little sob and when he turned to look Rook was yanking free. His cock came out with a tug, and it was massive. Rowan felt stunned all over at the sheer size of the length and the thick knot, all of which had been inside Oliver. No wonder the boy had sobbed out so loudly.

Oliver gave a soft whimper, drawing Rowan's attention and he went over to look him over. Doing his best to remain impartial to the semen on his pretty stomach and the red scratches peeking over the

sides of his body. He was sprawled out on the bed, thighs still spread, uncaring of Rowan looking now and he reeked of a raw sensuality that Rowan was hard-pressed to ignore.

Oliver's eyes were still glazed over, and Rowan felt a shiver of hunger that made him guilty immediately.

It hadn't been enough to sate the curse.

"Oliver, I'm sorry, sweetheart," the endearment slipped out. "You're going to need to do it again," he explained. "The curse is still there so we'll need to have another round to try and finish it."

Rowan expected fear and more tears, but Oliver gave a sweet little smile in answer and that hit him harder than any tears could have. The other man was fully lost in the lust and was eager for another fucking. The spell was hitting him harder than anything Rowan had seen before.

Rook was busy cleaning his cock and coaxing another round would be too hard. It would be easier to get Aspen. But he was much bigger than the wolfdog. Still, Oliver had taken Rook without any trouble, and he was worked open now, having had the cock and knot inside him.

Rowan made the call, leaving to go and get Aspen from the backyard.

As he walked, he tried to clear the hunger from his own head but he knew he wasn't going to forget it any time soon.

Oliver had looked like sin personified.

Aspen was a pure wolf and thus bigger than Rook by a fair size. He wasn't as docile as Rook was either, more prone to snapping. So he leashed the wolf, walking him into the room to try and keep the mating calm. But as they walked back to the bedroom, the scent of mating caught Aspen's nose and Rowan struggled to keep a hold on him.

When they did enter Oliver was slumped on the floor, propped up against the bed, panting and sweating with that wild look in his gaze.

"Fuck," Rowan breathed with feeling, knowing he was fast losing any control.

It became a whole new struggle to help Oliver back onto the bed while also keeping Aspen back. Normally a firm command controlled the wolf but with Oliver's bitch scent heavy in the air Rowan could understand why the animal was so hungry for it.

Oliver whined out; eyes locked on his new partner hungrily.

"Up on the bed, you need to be on the bed if you want to mate," Rowan urged him. The boy whined unhappily but obeyed, moving to get back onto it.

Oliver was crawling back on the bed with Rowan helping him, trying to get the sluggish body onto the soft bedding, when Aspen jumped up onto the damn bed and mounted Oliver in a swift motion.

The boy moaned out in answer and arched up once, lifting his ass for Aspen as the wolf fumbled to get into him. Rowan was way too close, a hand still on Oliver's thigh as Aspen pounded at him.

He swallowed dryly and moved his hand between the pair to guide Aspen's cock into Oliver's asshole. It had been wet before but now it was soaked, Rowan could feel the slimy wolfdog semen seeping from it, and it made a wet noise when Aspen slammed home the second the tip was in.

No care at all, just one hard lunge that seated the entire length of his cock deep into Oliver's body. The young man made a sound like he had been punched; the air forced from him as he was suddenly filled to the brim.

He took him though, as if his ass was made to take a massive canine cock. Oliver was squirming and shaking, but he was taking every lunge Aspen gave him.

Just like Rook, he took to fucking immediately but Rowan noticed that Aspen was more enthusiastic about it. Rook had fucked hard with a reckless pace, but Aspen was fucking more furiously, both faster and harder and it seemed impossible. He was larger and more powerful as well, holding onto the poor bitch boy firmly.

He was pounding like a machine, legs spread and grounded on the bed, now fumbling like Rook at all as Aspen just used Oliver.

The slender body of the young man was shoved around like a ragdoll under the beast, Oliver whimpering out happily even as he fumbled to stay upright on his hands and knees. The position gave Aspen more control so Rowan knew he should back off, but he stayed there beside them with a close-up view of the boy being fucked. He could see the red gleam of the animal's cock as it pounded into Oliver's hole, the poor thing all red as it was stuffed wide and just barely seemed to be able to fit the cock being forced into it. There was a mess of sticky clear come all over Oliver's backside and thighs, droplets running down his stomach as well, and the bedding was getting soaked in it.

Aspen was fucking aggressively enough that Oliver's body was being forced higher up on the bed, but the wolf's front legs snapped around the young man's middle and yanked him right back into it. Oliver's answer was a desperate moan, his shoulders and head falling to the bed but he kept his ass high for Aspen, shivering and sobbing into the sheets. His sobbing went high and wild, Oliver's eyes clenched closed as he came apart under the hard dominant fucking he was taking. Rowan could see the white streaks hitting the bedding as the boy came again.

He cracked his eyes open a touch and met Rowan's gaze, the pair of them having an intense moment as Rowan's familiar fucked the hell out of the young man.

Aspen didn't even slow, he kept going at him and Rowan could see his knot swelling up, getting impossibly larger and somehow fitting back into Oliver's ass each time the wolf thrust it back into his ass. Rowan could feel his cock straining against his jeans, and it was so wrong, but he cupped himself, rubbing absently as he watched his familiar ride the poor boy that was at least half his size. Oliver was covered in sweat and semen, panting and squirming on the bed with that wild look in his eyes again already.

His fingers clenched at the sheet and his toes curled, but he was actively pushing to meet every bruising thrust Aspen was giving him.

"P-please, please, bitch...I'm a bitch, please," Oliver sobbed out and Rowan sucked a weak breath rubbing himself through his pants as he felt the rush of orgasm hit him hard at the words. As soon as it passed, he was filled with a pang of shameful guilt, leaving the bed, and turning away as Aspen knotted Oliver's poor hole.

Rowan had just come in his pants watching a boy being fucked by an animal. This was a humiliation curse and Rowan was supposed to be helping him through it. Getting off on it was way beyond anything acceptable.

Rowan calmed his body and had gotten control back over himself by the time Aspen slowed down

and had Oliver fully knotted. They were tied snugly, and Rowan helped the wolf get off the tiny boy and turn around. After that, he helped Oliver get into a comfortable position as Aspen faced away like a typical canine mating.

Oliver was still twitching with that needy edge though and Rowan felt something in his gut twist as he realized the spell hadn't run its course yet. Rowan reached out with his magic, gently touching the boy's back, and feeling for the spell.

What he found stunned him.

The headboard was banging hard and Rowan was at the edge of the bed watching openly now. It was Aspen again with Rook already having fucked, tied, and filled Oliver a second time. The wolf was giving it to the boy just as wildly as the first time.

They were both on the bed, Oliver on his knees with his hands up bracing himself on the top edge of the headboard. Probably why it was banging so loudly, Rowan thought absently but his focus was on the view he had at the foot of the bed.

Oliver nearly disappeared under the large animal, the sight of his flesh just visible as his cock hung spent and the curves of his thighs and ass peeking with Aspen's thrusting. Rowan could see Oliver's poor hole, puffy and red but opening up each time for the cock and knot ramming in still.

There was seed everywhere, Oliver's own and the animals, the room reeked of sex and semen.

Aspen's knot was filling out now and Oliver was again howling for it desperately as the wolf's instincts drove him to snap his hips viciously hard to drive the knot deep.

Rowan could see the hole straining, fighting it pathetically, but as Aspen used the weight of his hind legs, the knot started to go. Rowan couldn't look away, watching captivated as it sank in finally, a sudden give, and Oliver sobbed out brokenly. His limp cock dribbled a few smears of seed as he shivered through a dry climax as the wolf knotted him.

Both Rook and Aspen fucked and knotted Oliver again.

Oliver was like a doll, spread across the bed on the back, laying in sweat and semen-soaked begging and uncaring. His thighs spread wide as the beasts used him as their bitch. He was barely there, nearly unconscious, but even then, he was whimpering for it.

Rowan watched with a sort of detached amazement. The boy took a fuck and knot six times back-to-back. Six massive knots and he begged for them every time, sobbing and shoving himself back as he spread his legs and welcomed the canines.

The sight of it was too much around round four and Rowan had opened his jeans. He managed maybe two jerks on his cock, and he had come. It felt twisted, that he was getting off but as the magic kept working them over, he was losing his reasoning. He masturbated openly, watching Oliver take the cocks again and again.

Rowan licked his lips and just watched it all happening.

He had heard of curses taking such a deep root that they could consume and become permanent, but this wasn't that. Sasha wasn't strong enough for something like that.

It wasn't the curse that was making Oliver act as he was, desperate for canine cock.

That was what had Rowan stunned to his core.

When Oliver needed the third mating, he reached out with magic and found the spell more wildly opened and easier to read.

Sasha hadn't been the one to shape her curse into a sexual submission to a dog.

Oliver had.

The boy had been thinking about it when Sasha cursed him; the spell took root and settled. When Rook had first thrust into Oliver, the curse gave way, but the spell lingered because Oliver had actively kept it there. With a gentle hand, Rowan undid the spell when he found it, but Oliver had still panted for more, so Rowan had let him keep going. It was utterly against the rules and had long gone passed anything ethical.

The entire time since his second mating had been Oliver all on his own.

Rowan's fingers shook a little as he jerked off for the sixth knotting, no longer caring. Oliver knew what he was doing but he was far too caught up in being a bitch to care.

Rowan never had an interest in bestiality before. Even with his close bond with canines, Rook and Aspen had been his familiars for years and he'd worked strong magic with them, shared his soul with them and he'd been pulled into their being, into instinct and feral urges. But still throughout that, he'd never had any inclination towards sexualizing them. Now he doubted he'd even not look at them and be reminded of the boy they both spent hours fucking over and over.

Aspen was knotted and Oliver was slumped into the sheets, his ass held up by the knot in him more than his quivering thighs. He was covered in scratches all over and even with a long hot shower, he was going to reek of dog for days.

Rowan stepped back and managed ten or so minutes of focusing his thoughts and magic before he heard the soft whimper and wet slurp of the knot coming free.

Aspen jumped from the bed and Oliver was left alone, slumped down on his side with his creamy, well-used hole on display, semen dripping from it slowly. It had been pink and tight when they started but now it was loose and red, swollen up and so clearly roughly used. He was sweat-soaked and covered in semen, still breathing a little hard as he curled up in the soaked sheets.

Rook got up from the other side of the room and Rowan watched him trot over to the bed. He jumped up gracefully and gave Oliver a sniff, his nose going to Oliver's hole. The wolfdog settled down and twisted his head so he could lick Oliver's body. The boy gasped out weakly, lifting his leg a touch so Rook had better access. The animal continued to groom him, and Aspen jumped up as well. The wolf sniffed Oliver's stomach and lapped at the semen there, Oliver's own. He cleaned the mess and trailed lower, tonguing Oliver's soft cock and down his balls. The boy was gasping and clutching at the pillows. He was still on his side with one leg raised in the air, so the animals had room. Rowan could see perfectly, and he watched as Aspen nudged in with Rook, the two canines licking away at the used hole of their bitch. Oliver was whimpering full-on now, his leg trembling as he held it up so both of them could rim him with their long flat tongues. Rowan felt his cock twitch at the sight, and he watched until the beasts finish and Oliver dropped his leg, curling up between the two and almost instantly falling asleep.

After some deliberation, Rowan called Oliver's parents and told them that Oliver was exhausted from the spell-breaking and meditation and had fallen asleep right after. He was fine with the boy staying the night, it would be best really since he could check in on him. They agreed, happy to have their precious boy safe with him.

Rowan carefully cleaned Oliver's abused body as best as he could with a cloth and refused to let his touches linger. A quick check of magic showed that not only had Oliver appeased the wolf spirit as an offering, but he'd also won favour with him. Rowan could practically feel the energy of the ancient spirit thrumming along Oliver's skin. That much power meant Oliver would have a long, good life, shadows wouldn't dare touch the boy. Although Sasha had meant harm, she was very lucky that it had worked out like this. Oliver had lived out his own, if deeply inappropriate, fantasy and he'd won the power of a spirit guarding him.

If Oliver truly wanted to learn magic, he could now.

After Rowan got Oliver cleaned up, he gathered the slender young man and carried him upstairs to his apartment. He had a spare room and he set Oliver in the bed, tucking him in. He never woke at all, sleeping deeply. Aspen and Rook settled on the floor by the bed, guarding their new bitch.

Rowan left the trio and went to do clean up. He knew he should wash the sheets with bleach, clean them and then cleanse them with a ceremony. But the raw passion, the feral excitement and fulfillment that Oliver's soul had screamed with had marked them. The sweat and semen had worked into the fabric and the potential for a powerful spell was woven there now.

Rowan debated and then finally folded them up as they were, setting them aside to decide later. The magic would set and if it were as powerful as Rowan thought it would be, he'd keep it and if not, he would cleanse them. His magic wasn't harmful, and he would never use it against Oliver, but it could be used in some other ritual, for fertility or something of that sort. It would make a good offering to the wolf spirit for Oliver if he wanted to create a deeper bond and learn magic. Rowan felt it would only be right to let him decide what he wanted to do with the sheets in the end. So he finished cleaning the room, there was a waterproof mattress cover under the sheets and the mattress itself was stain resistant. The little rug on the floor beside the bed was stained and put in the wash. The floor was mopped up and everything was smudged. He left the window open a crack to air out the room as well.

Lastly, he put Oliver's clothing in the room where he was still fast asleep. He checked on the young man, Oliver still fast asleep, curled in the blankets snugly.

"Watch him," he commanded Aspen and Rook, wanting to make sure nothing magical came looking for Oliver. His was in a delicate state and something ill-intended could attach. But he was in a druid's house with wards all around and guarded by two familiars so Rowan was sure he would be safe.

Come morning Oliver refused to meet Rowan's gaze.

So he just showed the young man to his shower and told him to take his time and relax his sore muscles while Rowan made breakfast for them.

Oliver obeyed and ate the plate put in front of him quickly. Aspen and Rook stayed close to him, watching attentively.

"Do you recall what happened?" Rowan needed to check.

"Vaguely, bits and pieces mostly, I'm not sure how much was...real in a sense and how much I made up? I thought we were outside and the night sky was above us at one point," Oliver whispered.

So he didn't recall Rowan jerking off while watching him, if he did he must think it was a hallucination given that he wasn't offended.

"It's not unusual. Weirdly, the curse you received was actually a blessing for you," Rowan explained. "It manifested in a twisted way, but we managed to unwind it in the best possible outcome. It formed itself as an offering to the wolf spirit and he accepted it. By submitting to Aspen and Rook, you gained power. If you really want to pursue magic, you have a path now."

Rowan looked up at that, eyes wide.

"I thought... people without magic need to go to great lengths, years of study and sacrifice," he asked. His eyes were excited though, bright with the idea he had a way.

He looked lovely like that, enthusiastic and happy.

"Most pathways work like that. This is a very rare situation. Someone with a powerful family link to a specific spirit managed to place something on you that was able to twist into something that could be used as a gate way. But fulfilling it, we opened the gate. You'll be blessed in your life even if you never pursue magic, but if you do, my family can help you now. We can build on the path formed and help you learn. As I said, it's very lucky."

Oliver gave a small nod, taking it all in.

A small part of Rowan knew he should tell Oliver when the curse lifted but he stopped himself, there was no point in humiliating him when it was all done and over with.

So Rowan just had Oliver drink a cleansing tea to finish up the ritual of what had happened. It was brewed a lot more potent than Rowan usually made it but when Oliver got up from the table, the limp he walked into the room with was gone.

Rowan tried not to think of how sore the young man's ass must be, stuffed full with the massive cocks and then forced to hold a knot again and again.

He told him what he had told his parents, so Oliver knew if they asked. He went through what mediation and curse breaking was like if they wanted details as well.

"Thank you...for helping me keep it a secret," Oliver told him, and Rowan nodded.

"It's not as shameful as you might think. It's not commonplace, but it's not unheard of, in bonds with animal spirits and familiars. Sex and fertility come into play sometimes," he assured him. Oliver did look a little relieved to hear that and Rowan couldn't help but wonder if he was hoping to take more knots in order to learn magic. If Oliver would one day offer up his body to the wolf spirit, taking the avatar of the entity and being marked forever within by it.

It would be amazing to see.

Rowan pushed back the lewd thoughts and walked Oliver home.

His parents were reassured to see him, and they listened attentively as Rowan gave them some packed tea and instructed them to have Oliver drink a cup three times a day. Rowan didn't check

beyond making sure nothing was critical, but he felt like there was no way Oliver's insides weren't bruised or even had minor damage with such a serious pounding he took from a thick girth of the canine cocks like that, the tea will soothe all of that though. It would help mend his insides and make sure he recovered from it without issue.

"And then there's this," Rowan fished out a pendant from his pocket and offered it out to the young man. Oliver carefully took it, eyes locking on the claw that was carefully wrapped in leather. His mother peered with him, curious as well.

"It's a wolf's claw and I've worked a lot of protection into it. Wear it all the time, even in the shower, never remove it, and it'll prevent this from happening again. This isn't something I normally do, but given it was my niece who caused this, my family will take responsibility. We'll redo the wards of your house and maintain them without cost as well, you can come to us, all of you," Rowan looked to Oliver's parents as well. "We will take care of you without charging again. Sasha is being held accountable as well. Her magic was sealed last night so nothing like this can occur."

"I'm glad. I'm not happy any of it happened, but thank you for taking it seriously," George Johnson replied, and Rowan gave him a nod in answer.

Oliver turned the claw over in his hands and Rowan didn't say anything more, making himself stop in case he said too much in front of Oliver's parents.

Oliver gave himself to the wolves last night, Aspen and Rook were familiars of wolf blood and Oliver had submitted himself to them without holding anything back. That kind of offering created bonds and Rowan was certain that the wolf spirit would not only protect but maybe even manifest a touch of power in Oliver. The path was there now, but Rowan wouldn't be shocked to learn magic answering to Oliver without him needing to learn it the long way around. He might come to bear his own power. Rowan would keep an eye on him and if it showed any signs, he would make sure to help him but until then, there was no sense in worrying Oliver.

"Canines will probably show you kindness, not growl at you and certainly never attack you," Rowan again didn't say it was because of what he had done with Aspen and Rook but rather motioned to the claw necklace like it was the reason. Oliver blushed bright red though, like he knew the real reason and he just gave a soft nod.

"Finally, I spoke to Oliver about this already, but we managed to work the curse out in the best way possible. So if he wants to pursue learning magic, he has an option now," Rowan explained formally to George and Sara, obliged to let them know Olive might have power as he lived under their roof. They looked surprised but not against the idea of it.

"He had always hoped," Sara mused, giving her son a one-armed hug. "That's good, at least."

Oliver managed a weak smile for her, well aware of what had caused the pathway to open up.

After polite goodbyes, Rowan took his leave and spent the day trying to mediate the images from last night away.

He ended up masturbating twice and considering taking Aspen and Rook on a moon hunt. Rowan's gone before but always to hunt prey and never to procreate. He knew that there were people who did what Oliver did for power, they submitted to gain strength, and they'd let Rowan's familiars take them while he watched. In that situation, Rowan could open himself up and experience it through Aspen and Rook as they mated, ride along in them as they took a bitch. He never had interest in it before but that had all changed in a single night. The thought now left him hard and aching, but

Rowan knew a lot of last night was because of who the bitch was. Rowan's interest was in men, and he knew that submitting to familiars wasn't commonly women. A male submitting like that was rare to find at moon hunts.

More so a slight slip of a young man with such a pretty look about him. The look on Oliver's face last night, the way he'd seem so lost in the sex had screamed of something more than normal. Oliver had taken to it like he was meant for it, Rowan thought. If he had the time to plan it a bit, he could draw serious power from the act and strengthen both Rook and Aspen. If Oliver had done it under an all-out ritual the magic that could be taken from it would keep Rowan going for half a year at least. But it wasn't his place to think such things, to take advantage of someone innocent in that way. Rowan turned away from all notions of asking Oliver and put it from his thoughts firmly. If Oliver did want to learn magic, he could do so easily by submitting to Aspen and Rook again. A proper ritual would awaken all sorts of pathways in him and show him the world of magic that he couldn't see as he currently was. But Rowan shouldn't linger on it, not until Oliver made a choice.

Rowan eventually made himself move on from the thoughts. He meditated and with days going by, he managed to center himself again. He still masturbated to the thoughts of Oliver under a beast, but it wasn't as frantic as it was in the moment that night. It would remain a pleasant memory, but Rowan willed it to stay in the past as he moved forward.

He did spell work, potion making, healing, and minded his shop as he'd always done and always would.

The sheets remained tucked away in a chest and on the next full moon Rowan would burn them in an offering to the wolf spirit. It wasn't his power that was written in the sheets, so it felt wrong to use them for his own magic. Instead, he'd give them to the spirit and have a blessing laid upon Oliver himself.

Good intentions and all that, Rowan thought until the day he met the young man once more.

His shop bell jingled as the door opened and Rowan glanced up a greeting dying on his lips when he found Oliver coming into his shop. It had been a little over twenty days since the whole ordeal. The young man was flushed, and he looked nervous as he made a beeline right to where Rowan was leaning over the back counter.

The shop was by chance, empty.

"Hello Oliver," Rowan managed, shoving the inappropriate thoughts away as he smiled at him. Aspen lifted his head from where he'd been sleeping, and Rook's nails clicked on the floor somewhere in the shop as the wolfdog got up and came around a bookshelf corner. Both were fixated on Oliver right away.

"H-hello, sir."

"You can call me Rowan, it seems only right after everything," he offered and coaxed a weak smile from the shy man. He was young but Rowan wasn't that much older than him. Being called 'sir' felt odd to him.

"How have you been?" Rowan asked, sensing that Oliver had come to say something, and was seeking Rowan with intent.

Rook padded over to them, bumping Oliver's fingers with his snout looking for attention. Oliver

didn't jump away or look even remotely nervous or upset. Rather he gave a tiny little smile and pat Rook's head affectionately.

"I wanted to talk to you about that...I- it's been...I mean I've- I tried to ignore it," Oliver fumbled adorably, looking so shy and tiny on the other side of the counter with Rook beside him and Aspen coming over as well now.

"Is something wrong? Did the necklace not protect you?" It seemed impossible that it would have, the claw was drawing the raw power coming off Oliver himself and he still pulsed with influence that was plain to see by Rowan. Oliver had the claw on under his clothing and Rowan could see the power guarding the boy, it wasn't some minor thing. Oliver's submission had created a potent favour from the wolf spirit.

"I think it didn't work, I mean maybe it's still from before but..." Oliver fidgeted, and Rowan felt a sudden sweeping realization hit him.

"I think I need it again," Oliver whispered his gaze on Rook. "I think I need them again."

Rowan felt his cock fatten up in his pants and he knew right away he should say no. He should tell Oliver he knew the truth of it, that there was no curse forcing him. But if he set it up right, he could ride along with his familiars, feel what they would feel and experience it as they mated Oliver again, probably multiple times. The sheer power coming off Oliver was compelling as well. He truly had the wolf spirit's good will and Rowan could harness that. He could make his spells stronger and win support from the spirit himself if he helped Oliver submit again.

"You had said... that submitting to them had created power. If I want to learn magic, I need more, right? So if I...if we did again, would that mean it would be more likely I could learn magic?"

"I won't lie," Rowan admitted carefully. "You've already got what you need. But if you do choose to do it again, we can set it up so it will only add to what's already there, make it easier for you," he explained.

It wasn't like he would be forcing him. Oliver had come seeking Rowan out himself, looking to submit again even if he was using the curse as an excuse. Rowan looked at him and he could see that faraway look, the touch of almost delirium in his gaze and this time he could see for what it was now.

Lust.

"I think I'd like that," Oliver said softly, licking his lips, his one hand still petting Rook. Aspen was at his other side now, both closing in.

"You...you would watch again? To make sure it went ok?" The question reminded Rowan of how he had gotten off watching. He didn't think Oliver had missed him doing that like he had before. Clearly, Oliver recalled more than he admitted the next morning. His eyes were shy but when he looked at Rowan, there was a hunger in them that he felt an answer in his own.

"Yes, I would be there again," he said, voice feeling dry as they watched one another, both very aware of what they were talking around.

"Do you have time now or should we set up an appointment?" Rowan asked, feeling his cock filling out in his pants.

"Right now will work," Oliver whispered.

"Let me close the shop up then," Rowan told the slip of a young man, already half hard and thinking of all the dirty things he was about to do.

It was his job, after all, to help the people who needed it.

And Oliver certainly needed it.