

# **Pack Dominance**

t'Sade



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Curious Cabbit Press

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# The Call

# 1

Raccor heard the truck long before the headlights lit up the corner of the formerly empty road. The diesel roar echoed off the industrial walls of the factories around him. He strode to the center of the road and dug his fingers into the holes of the manhole cover. Without even a grunt, he lifted the hundred pound cover with one hand and crawled down the ladder. Just as the truck came around the corner, he was far enough to pull the manhole cover back into place.

He took a deep breath as the truck roared above him. The rank smells of the sewer and the choking fumes from the exhaust tickled his senses. He was grateful he wasn't in Crinos form. His half-human, half-wolf form was much stronger and faster but also suffered from enhanced senses.

Letting go of the rusty ladder, he dropped down into the sewer below. His boots splashed into a shallow puddle. Fresh smells of fetid water wafted up and he shook his head to clear them. He spun around once to orient himself, and then stomped toward the den.

"It's three in the damn morning. What is so important that Bastile had to drag me out of bed?"

When the alpha called, Raccor was just pulling out of the health club's parking lot. While being a steel worker during the day used to help him maintain his strength, technology had reduced the effort needed for his job and the health club was critical to keeping toned.

His cell phone rang. Raccor fumbled in his sweat pants until he pulled it out. He slid a finger across the screen to unlock it, but he didn't bother bringing it to his ear. "Yeah, Bastile?"

“You there, yet?” Bastile spoke in a growl. He always spoke in a growl.

In the background, Raccor could hear the soft moans of sex. He paused his walking, trying to remember the last time he got properly laid. When he couldn't, he shook his head. “Just about. What's so damn important?”

“Bitch Boy said someone was following him.”

Raccor came to a stop. “Someone is attacking the den?”

“No, just Bitch being a bitch.” The rhythmic moaning grew louder from the phone.

Raccor closed his eyes and listened. Despite Bastile's steady words, he could tell that the alpha was the reason for the sounds from the way his grunts matched the moans. He felt himself growing anxious as his body warmed up at the thought of something wrapped around his cock.

“Raccor?”

Raccor shook his head. “And if it is a false alarm?”

“Then beat the crap,” Bastile's grunting grew more energetic, “out of that bitch.”

Grinning, Raccor tapped the screen to end the call. He shoved the phone back into the pocket inside his sweats. After hearing the alpha getting laid, he needed to either fuck or hurt something. And, one way or the other, there was going to be a beating in his future.

He ran the words to a familiar spell in his head. His clothes sank into his skin as he let the beast loose. Bones lengthen as fur burst out from his skin. He could feel the familiar ache as his body re-arranged itself and he dropped down into wolf form.

Raccor could change naturally, but over the years he had learned spells that sped the process and muted the discomfort. Instead of taking almost a minute to change, he could do it in a few seconds. He learned other magic from the pack's old beta, something that he used to seal his place when the old man was killed during an invasion with a pair of vampires.

Dragging his thoughts back to the present, he padded down the sewer. The scuff of his paws echoed against the concrete walls. New smells assaulted him and he tried not to identify every unique smell that clung to the sewer walls like mold. He had a Bitch to check on.

# The Intruder

# 2

Somehow, the entrance to their den acquired new scents every time he returned.

The den was a glorified hangout. At the meeting of six sewer lines, the werewolves of the North Chicago Pack had torn out the concrete walls from the junctions and dug it out a hundred feet in all directions. They rebuilt the walls with a bit of stolen supplies from construction sites; a number of the pack were construction workers. In the twenty years that Raccor had been a pack member, they built it up into an almost homey place to live. They had a basketball court, a wrestling ring, at least six game systems and a dozen flat-screen televisions. A home theater had more speakers than Wrigley Field and a fast enough Internet connection to stream to everything without even a dropped frame. They had stolen power from the local mains and supplemented it with a set of cleverly hidden turbines to tap the constantly flowing water.

As he approached from the south entrance, he slowed down to inspect the scents of the den. He caught Bitch Boy's scent first. It permeated the walls because the young man rarely ventured outside except to hunt for the occasional cat or rat. Unlike the others, Bitch couldn't transform without agony and he didn't have a Crinos form. He could only shift between human and wolf. But, he was a convenient bitch to have around and earned his keep by cleaning, cooking, and being Bastile's personal fuck toy.

Layered on top of familiar scents was a new one. There was an intruder, to his surprise. Raccor sniffed again. The intruder was a werewolf judging from the musky scent of dog and human. The acidic taste to the air was also familiar, a newly turned werewolf at

that. The sharp scent would fade as their bodies grew accustomed to the change.

A prickle of concern tingled along his skin. His heart beat faster, pulsating with the anticipation of a fight. No one invaded the pack's home.

Moving warily, Raccor slowed down at the entrance of the den. He crouched down near the ground and slithered between the legs of a heavy table they used for serving pizza and beer. His wolf form easily slipped behind a large Pepsi machine and around the corner.

Even over the hiss of the soda machine's refrigeration, he caught rhythmic grunts that drifted through the den. They were deep and guttural, a growl that ended with a loud thud and a groan. In the brief pause between the noises, he heard a more familiar sound: Bitch's cries. The sounds were a mixture of pleasure and humiliation. It was the same whimpers that filled the den whenever someone needed a quick fuck. They would just throw Bitch to the ground, shove his legs apart, and ride his ass until both of them came.

And now, the intruder was doing the same thing.

Raccor had to resist growling. No one dominated Bitch except for the pack. He was their bitch, their omega. Raccor's lips peeled back in a silent snarl and he finished crawling behind a bookcase to get to his vantage spot where he could look across the entire den.

He caught movement near the stone wrestling ring. He couldn't see as far in his wolf form, so he crawled out and inched behind a concrete pillar. A few seconds later, he released his spell and transformed back into a human. His clothes stretched across his chest as he crouched down and peered around the pillar.

The intruder was the easiest thing to see, a werewolf with his back to Raccor. He was in Crinos form and towered at least nine feet tall, if he wasn't crouched in the center of the ring. His fur was sandy and relatively free of sewage and dirt. If he turned recently, he still managed to retain enough control to stay in society; most of the time, it took a few years for a werewolf to remember how to wash in anything but a river.

Underneath the intruder was Bitch Boy. His bare legs were splayed far apart and his bare ass was barely visible underneath the



thrusting hips of the intruder. Blood smeared the wrestling ring, mostly from scratches along his thighs.

Raccor's advantage spot gave him a clear view of Bitch's ass being impaled by the intruder's cock. In Crinos form, the intruder's shaft was massive. It pounded into Bitch's abused ass with hard, brutal strikes that jammed the submissive man into the stone. Two large balls, each one the size of a large apple, smacked against Bitch's upturned buttocks.

Bitch was a slender young man, barely twenty, who became a werewolf a few years back. He didn't have any of the pack's strength or ferocity, which was a cruel joke by the Moon. Raccor had seen him fucked many times, but the sheer ferocity the intruder was pounding his ass was breathtaking.

At the same time, Bitch clawed at the ground. His cries were terrified but he was also pushing up to meet each thrust of the intruder's shaft. His own shaft, a much smaller one, thumped against the stone with every thrust by the intruder.

Raccor's own cock grew harder as he watched. He loved when Bitch was doing the same thing, pretending to be terrified while thrusting up. He could remember impaling his own cock into Bitch's ass, burying it balls deep into the well-used omega.

He watched for a few minutes, enjoying the heat of excitement. Bitch was going to thank him when he was done and Raccor knew exactly how. He smiled and thought about Bitch on his knees, begging to be pounded in the same way.

But, first Raccor had to deal with the intruder. As much as Bitch Boy was a pathetic excuse for a werewolf, he was part of the pack and the pack defended his own. Raccor pull out his phone and keys and set them down on the floor. He didn't want to worry about them while he was fighting.

His boots tapped as he walked down the stairs. His eyes never left the powerfully thrusting buttocks of the intruder. There was a play of muscles in the way the intruder moved, something that Raccor could appreciate. Not to mention seeing the powerful cock slamming into the submissive bitch underneath him; Raccor was going to do the same thing as soon as he got rid of the other werewolf.

He made it almost across the den before the sandy ears perked up. The intruder straightened up and Bitch was pulled up by his ass. With a long, wet slurp, the slender man fell off in a puddle of cum. The intruder turned around and his cock waved back and forth. "Who goes there!?"

Raccor snickered at the rumbling cry. "Did you just say 'who goes there'? Who the fuck speaks like that?" He came out into the wrestling ring and looked over the intruder. He wrapped his arms around his chest and stared into the burning eyes of the werewolf. "I am Raccor of the North Chicago Pack. Who the fuck are you?"

The intruder stepped back over Bitch Boy. "I am Killer." He reached down and grabbed Bitch by the back of his neck. "And I'm keeping this bitch."

Bitch whimpered and pawed at Killer's claws. Thick streams of cum poured out of his gaping ass, puddling on the ground. His cock, only six inches in human form, gave away his excitement.

Raccor rolled his eyes. "Did you last at least five seconds before giving him your ass?"

Bitch froze before his hands dropped. He flashed a guilty look.

Killer chuckled. "I slapped him up a little bit and he went down like a three dollar whore. But, he's got a sweet ass and I'm taking it. There is nothing you can do." He puffed up, the fur of his chest shuddering with his growl.

Raccor knew the attitude, but not the werewolf. "Well, Chica, I might have a problem with that."

"My name is Killer!"

Raccor felt a thrill of excitement rising. The hackles on Killer's neck stood up and he looked on the edge of losing his temper. "I don't know," drawled Raccor, "you look like a little bitch to me. I bet you'd squeal just like our other bitch."

Killer threw Bitch back down. The young man hit the ground with a crack. Blood seeped out from his cut chin, but it quickly healed over. Killer took a threatening step forward. "I'll show you who is a bitch. I'm going to fuck that ass of yours until you call me daddy."

Raccor strolled along the border of the wrestling ring. As he did, he gathered up energy for another spell, a rapid transformation. He suspected that Killer wouldn't know the more elegant ways of

shifting shape that age provided. He stopped at the line that marked the starting position. “Well, Chica, think you can take on the second best fighter in the pack.”

“I’m gonna fuck you until you scream.” Killer growled and drew up to full height, beating his chest like a gorilla.

Raccor wasn’t impressed. “Are you a damned werewolf or a monkey who throws shit at tourists? Because all I hear is shit—”

Killer snapped. With a howl, he charged forward. His claws reached out for Raccor.

For a slower man, Killer would have been struck. Raccor was used to defending his beta title in the pack. He ducked to the side, then released the spell. With a sickening lurch, he transformed just in time to catch Killer’s outstretched wrist with his teeth. Snapping down, Raccor yanked back and swung Killer in a wide circle before releasing him.

Killer pinwheeled his hands before he slammed into the concrete pillar with a thud.

Raccor charged forward and drove Killer’s chest into the pillar. “Is this,” he growled, “what you like? Pinning little bitches against the wall to show dominance?” He growled and leaned forward. “Come on, stick up that tail and I’ll show you a real man.”

Killer roared and shoved back, teeth gnashing.

Raccor stepped with the movement to avoid being thrown back. He reached down and grabbed Killer’s tail. With a twist of his wrist, he drove his clawed finger into a tightly-clenched asshole. When the Killer stopped in shock, Raccor grabbed his ears and yanked back.

The intruder stumbled back and Raccor used Killer’s momentum to spin him around and drove him face-first into the concrete ground. He straddled Killer’s ass and bore his weight down. With a grin, he growled into the caught ear. “Did you come here wishing that someone would fuck that tight ass of yours?”

“Never!” Killer rolled over but Raccor was already on his feet.

Raccor stepped back and realized he was having fun. There was a sexual charge to the air, no doubt initiated by Bastile’s own fun and seeing Bitch pounded. Raccor realized that it was about time to get laid. And, at the same time, show a bit of dominance on the new werewolf.

Killer staggered to his feet and shook his head. He lashed out in the air, then howled. "I will fucking kill you!" His roar echoed off the concrete walls.

Raccor chuckled and felt the thrill bringing his cock to life. "I'm just gonna fuck you and teach your place... Chica."

Predictably, Killer charged again. His clawed feet tore into the concrete of the ring. It left long scrapes in the stone.

Raccor took a step forward and brought his foot right up between Killer's legs. The meaty crunch would have killed a lesser man, but werewolves were a hardy bred. As Killer bent over in pain, Raccor grabbed his ears again and threw him to the ground.

There was another wet thud from the impact. Killer tried to push himself off the ground, but Raccor stepped over him and brought his foot down on the elbow joint. It cracked and Killer slumped to the ground.

Casually, Raccor straddled the werewolf's legs and lowered himself down. He grabbed Killer's throat with both hands and pulled up to speak to him.

"You know, if you were to approach us nicely—" As he spoke, Raccor positioned his crotch right at the buttocks of the intruder. He knew that the muscles in Killer's ass cheeks would keep out a lesser man, but Raccor was horny after fighting. His cock grew along the length of the muscular ass. He rocked back and forth as he continued. "—and not be a little chica, I'm sure we would have given you some sort of trial to keep your dignity. But, you had to go and fuck our Bitch without permission."

Killer's elbow snapped as it healed. The werewolf flailed at Raccor, trying to unseat him.

Raccor's claws dug into Killer's throat and he drew back. His cock slipped further down until it was lined up in a straight line for the tight little asshole he had just fingered. He growled deeply, his breath coming in a rumble. "Ready to earn a position?"

"Fuck—"

Raccor drove his hips forward. His cock slammed into the tightly clench valley of Killer's ass, but very few things could resist a wet shaft attached to a few hundred pounds of horny werewolf.

Killer's voice froze as he tightened around Raccor's shaft, the buttocks tightening into almost steel.

A surge of heat and excitement burst through Raccor. He drove forward, using his power to drive into the tight buttocks and drive his head against the sphincter.

No matter how powerful a werewolf, his ass would always give first. Killer let out a scream, a bitchy little sound of surrender.

Encourage, Raccor just shoved forward. His cock swelled with excitement, flooding the tiny little opening with pre-cum to help as he forced the thick, meaty shaft into the intruder's ass.

"And," panted Raccor, "if you were smarter about this, you wouldn't be getting your ass fucked by the pack's beta." To make a point, he drove more of his cock into Killer's ass. It was tight and just the thing Raccor needed.

Killer whimpered and clawed at the ground. He left long furrows in the concrete as he tried to buck Raccor off.

Raccor used his movement to his advantage, timing his next thrust when Killer was most vulnerable. When he felt the pressure relaxing on the buttocks, Raccor let out a howl and punched his cock deep. It slid past the tight opening into the heated depths of Killer's ass. Raccor's balls smacked up against Killer, who squeezed them painfully with his buttocks.

Ignoring the discomfort, Raccor pulled back and drove back in. The pre-cum lubricated his next thrust and he managed to stuff most of his large cock into the tight ass of the intruder. The third was even easier and soon Raccor was pounding the werewolf into the ground, holding him still so he could learn who was in charge.

For dozens of thrusts, Killer fought but Raccor knew that it would change. And then, between a few strokes, the pressure pushing him back ebbed away and a long, guttural moan ripped out of the intruder's throat. He slumped down as his ass pushed back against Raccor, giving the dominate werewolf more access for long, deep strokes that buried balls deep in the loser.

Raccor continued to drive into the loser with hard thrusts that pounded Killer's body into the concrete. Raccor wasn't in a hurry and he had the stamina to fuck for hours. He continued to drive hard as the minutes ticked by. The wet slurping noises filled the den and Raccor noticed that there was a fresh scent of cum rising from underneath Killer's hips.

He pulled back on Killer's head, forcing his back to arch until their muzzles were next to each other. "Feel that, Chica? Never lost a fight before, did you?"

Killer's eyes flashed, but he was still pushing back on Raccor's cock. The healed pleasure filled both of them, with Raccor enjoying every deep pound that drove his new bitch into the ground.

"This is what happens when you lose a dominance fight. You get horny and submissive. Not matter how powerful—" Raccor drove hard enough to shove both of them forward a foot "—you get all fucking horny for cock when you lose."

Killer glared at him, his lips peeling back from his teeth. There was still a fight left in his brown eyes.

Raccor chuckled and tightened his grip. He whispered the words to a spell for strength. Normally, it was used only in combat, but it was also good for knocking the fight out of a submissive bitch who didn't know how to lose.

# The Order

# 3

Somewhere in the next hour of continuous fucking, Killer lost his ability to stay in Crinos form and changed. His body grew tight around Raccor's shaft as he dwindled down into a mere human's form. He would have been large for a human, except that Raccor's Crinos shape was far larger. Killer looked to be Mongolian in heritage, but broad shouldered and muscular. That didn't stop Raccor who continued to pound into his ass, reaching deeper as Killer became nothing more than a human hole to fuck.

"I surrender!" screamed out the intruder.

The sound of submission sent a white-hot bolt of excitement through Raccor. he released Killer's throat and grabbed his shoulders. Using his massive weight, he drove the man face-down into the ring.

Killer's ass rose up, the need to submit as irresistible as the need to fight for dominance.

Raccor growled with lust and rode him hard and fast, no longer going for endurance but to empty out the ache of cum that had gathered. Cum dripped on the stone, no doubt from Killer coming repeatedly, but Raccor still needed to finish.

With a growl, he drove deep.

Killer let out a long moan of pleasure, his body shuddering.

The heat exploded out of Raccor and he came. Hot cum blasted deep into Killer's abused ass, thick jets pumping in.

Killer's moan ended with a gasp and then a wail. He slumped forward, his body shuddering violently as more cum splattered from his shaft.

Raccor pulled out and rammed it forward again, pumping a few more cups of cum into the intruder. He gasped and held it there, enjoying every shudder as he emptied himself into the abused ass.

Killer's hips slumped down and Raccor let him slid off his cock. A shower of cum poured out of the gaping hole. With a sob, he curled up into a fetal.

Blood still pounding in his ears, Raccor reached down and grabbed Killer's face to force him to look up. "What's your name, Chica? And not that fucking stupid name. Every fucking werewolf calls them Killer, Fang, or some other lame-ass title. Give me a good name."

Killer glared at him. "C-Cholon."

Raccor grinned and stepped back. "Well, until you prove yourself to the alpha, I'm gonna to keep calling you Chica."

"Fuck you," growled Cholon.

Raccor looked down at his dripping cock. "Are you sure?"

Cholon's eyes grew wider. Then he shook his head before looking away. "No."

"Good! With an attitude like that, you will get along nicely here." Raccor looked up. "Bitch Boy!"

Bitch peeked up from the corner of the room, his eyes were red with tears. "Y-Yes?"

"Bring a chair over here."

"Y-Yes, Beta," whimpered Bitch. He rushed to the side room and then came back with a heavy folding chair. Not looking at Raccor, he set it up.

Raccor sat down heavily on it, his dripping cock slapping against his thigh. He chuckled as he looked at the werewolf formerly known as Killer and Cholon.

Chica frowned as he looked back. "What are you doing now?"

"Bitch," Raccor said, "clean up Chica."

Bitch Boy looked resigned. "Yes, Beta." He walked over to Chica and knelt down.

Chica look at Bitch and then up at Raccor.

"Roll on your back, Chica."

There was a moment of hesitation, then Chica rolled over. His muscular body moved smoothly as he settled down. His cock was good sized as a human, eight inches long and twice as thick as



Bitch's. It was comparable to Raccor's in human form and about half the size the werewolf was now.

Bitch crawled between Chica's thick thighs and lowered his head. His plump lips kissed the tip of the dripping cock before he swallowed it.

Chica gasped and looked down. "What the fuck?"

Bitch swirled his mouth over Chica's cock before dipping lower. The thick member strained his lips but he was adept as sucking werewolf cock, even one as large as Raccor's. He bobbed up and down, pushing the cum down toward the base. When he pulled up, the tip of the shaft glistened with cum.

Raccor's log twitched and began to rise up. It still had globs of cum clinging to it, but he had plans. He enjoyed Chica's expression as the werewolf struggled with losing so violently and then getting a blow job out of it.

Chica gulped, his hips rising to meet Bitch's mouth. "What... why is he doing this?"

Raccor chuckled. "This is how the pack works. You always know who is on top of you and who is on the bottom. When you want a mouth or ass to fuck, that Bitch right there is where you go."

Bitch's balls tightened as Bitch shifted his body to kneel. His ass rose up, cheeks spreading to expose his dripping hole.

"Of course, you have to share him with the rest of the pack." Raccor chuckled. "You'll get used to sloppy seconds with him. But he's good at what he does."

Chica's frown faded slightly.

Bitch deep-throated him, driving down until his face was buried into the thick patch of hair at the base.

Chica gasped as ecstasy washed over his face. He reached out for Bitch's head, but then stopped.

"No, grab it," encouraged Raccor. "He's your bitch right now. Take what you want, don't be gentle. He's good—"

Chica grabbed Bitch with both hands and drove his cock up. When Bitch choked on it, he pulled back and thrust up. Pulling back, he fucked Bitch's face with fast, strong strokes.

Bitch grabbed Chica's thighs and held on, gagging loudly with every stroke. His own cock was hard and dripping, splattering on

the ground. He rocked his hips in time with the thrusts, no doubt already imaging Chica fucking him again.

Chica didn't last long with his desperate strokes. He groaned and drove his hips up, arching his back high off the ground and holding Bitch up by his cock. He groaned and jerked forward, pumping deeply until cum bubbled out of Bitch's nose and dribbled out of the tight seal of his lips.

With a groan, the new werewolf slumped down.

Bitch rocked his entire body as he pulled up, leaving nothing but glistening flesh along the hard rod of Chica's cock. When he got to the tip, he kissed it before sitting back.

Chica panted deeply as he stared at Bitch. Slowly, his eyes drifted to Raccor.

Raccor, who's cock was already hard, leaned back in the chair. He smiled as he looked back. "So, what do you think happens next?"

A fight burned in Chica's eyes. For a long moment, Raccor thought he was going to resist, but then his shoulders slumped. He groaned as he started to get up.

"No, no, crawl over here."

Another flash of defiance but then Chica got on his knees and crawled over. As he did, his cock swayed with every movement and left a platter of pre-cum dripping behind him. Raccor's cum poured out of his ass, dribbling down his thighs and added to the trail of slime behind him.

As Chica got close, Raccor let the transformation spell go. His body shifted back into human. Comparing their bodies, Raccor knew he was slightly shorter than the Mongolian, but broader. Their shafts were almost identically except that his was about to be sucked on.

Hot breath washed over Raccor's thighs. Chica stopped when he could kneel and lifted his head.

"That's a good Chica. Show me what you learned."

Eyes cast down, Chica roughly grabbed Raccor's cock and pulled it to his mouth. He kissed it, a move that Bitch had just showed him, before taking it into his mouth.

The submission sent a flash of excitement pouring through Raccor. His cock twitched with his thoughts, the heat rising.

Chica hesitated but then bobbed down, sliding Raccor's hardness between his rough lips. The heat and liquid brought more pleasure.

"That's it, Chica. Like a good bitch. All the way down, all the way."

Chica's body shuddered but he obeyed. His throat bulged with Raccor's cock.

Raccor had to concentrate to keep speaking in a low growl. "If I want you to suck my cock, you're going to do it. If I want my balls clean, you'll get on your knees."

As he spoke, he watched Chica's lips exploring his shaft. Every bump and ridge seemed to work the thick lips. The heat inside along with the exploring tongue sent more bolts of pleasure coursing through Raccor.

He moaned. "All the way down. You'll do whatever I want. If I saw suck my ass—"

Chica froze.

"—then you better get ready for some licking. Right, Bitch?"

"Y-Yes, Beta."

"Go on, Chica, keep sucking."

Chica unfroze and bobbed down. He gulped and buried his nose against Raccor's shaved base.

"Oh, that's a good Chica. And remember, what I make you do, you can do to Bitch Boy." Another orgasm rose up. He moaned and reached out, resting his heavy hand on Chica's head but not pushing down. "You submit and you stay in the pack."

He came without fanfare. Just a blast of cum that Chica gulped down. They both moaned as he emptied himself out into the young werewolf, enjoying every surge that dribbled down Chica's throat.

When he finished, he released Chica.

"That's a good bitch, that's a good Chica."

*t'Sade*

# The Alpha

# 4

Raccor lay on one of the many beds in the den. He had a smile on his face and his cock in a mouth. When he leaned back, his head rested against the edge.

Chica and Bitch straddled both of his legs, their naked bodies hot against his skin. Their heads were pressed against each other, one of them sucking on his balls while the other took in his shaft.

Raccor didn't care which was which, only that he was getting blow.

"What the fuck is this?" came a new voice, Bastile's.

Raccor leaned back to look at his alpha.

The large man was in his human form, his black chest bare and covered in hair. Before he turned, Bastile was a football player in his first year with the Bears. That ended when he was turned into a werewolf and he had to fake injury to get out of his contract. Now, he ruled the Chicago pack with an iron fist.

Looking at a nearby clock, Raccor chuckled. "Good morning, Alpha. Chica here," he gestured down toward the two naked men at his crotch, "would like to join the pack."

Bastile folded his arms over his chest. "Chica?"

Raccor chuckled. "He's better than Bitch."

Bastile glanced up at Chica and then down at Raccor.

Even though no words were said, Raccor knew that Bastile was going to enforce his own dominance. It was to prove that he was greater than Raccor and to show Chica who was boss.

Bastile nodded and then unzipped his pants. "Looks like fun."

Raccor chuckled and opened his mouth. He knew his place in the pack just like everyone else.

*t'Sade*

# About the Author

t'Sade has been happily using third-person singular since the late eighties. Besides that strange quirk, they enjoy writing a brutal combination of sex and violence for decades. Most of their stories explore the fringe edges of sexuality in the epic quest of trying to write a story for every fetish and turn-on known to the human libido.

It's going to take a long time.

Their writing can be found on their website, [tsade.com](http://tsade.com). Most of it is free to read and enjoy.

*t'Sade*



# About the Publisher

Curious Cabbit Press is a small erotic press located in the heart of the United States. They can be found at [curiouscabbit.com](http://curiouscabbit.com) or possibly at your favorite retailer.