

# **New to the Pack**

t'Sade



# New to the Pack

t'Sade

Curious Cabbit Press

This book is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and incidents are the product of the author's imagination and are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual events, locales, and persons, living or dead, is coincidental.

This book contains scenes of graphic and explicit sex in a fantasy context. If you are someone uncomfortable with this, in a place where reading this would be illegal, or a minor in your locality and/or culture, then *do not read it*.

All characters engaged in, witnessing, considering, or thinking about sexual acts are eighteen (18) years or older.

Copyright 2014 D. Dancer  
All rights reserved

t'Sade (<https://tsade.com>)  
Curious Cabbit (<https://curiouscabbit.com>)

Version 1.0.0

# Chica

# 1

When Cholon became a werewolf, the last thing he expected was that everyone would be calling him *Chica*. *Chica*, a pussy's name for a killing machine, three hundred pounds of solid muscles, moon-driven strength, and jaws powerful enough to tear apart a train. And yet, for all of his power and viciousness, his new pack named him like a bitch.

And there was nothing he could do about it.

Dark thoughts stormed in his thoughts as he sat in a hard-back chair near the entrance of the North Chicago Pack's den, an underground lair for a dozen werewolves, all men.

That night, most of the pack was gathered around a wall of sixty inch televisions and four gaming consoles. It was the end of an impromptu tournament and they were all cheering for the four remaining players seating in front of each one. It was a football game of some sort and all but one of them were playing the Bears. Most of the pack didn't bother with clothes in the den, which gave Cholon a disturbing view of tight, muscular asses and large cocks that swung with every jump and slap.

The only ones not playing or cheering were on the other side of a stone sparring ring. Bastile, the alpha, sat on the end of his bed, eyes closed and his body trembling. He was a massive man, with dark skin, short hair, and shoulders wide enough that he had to walk sideways through most doors. Every inch of his body was scarred and scratched, wounds that wouldn't heal even with a werewolf's supernatural healing.

Between Bastile's legs was the opposite of everyone else in the den: a slender young man with shoulder-length hair, a narrow

waist, and a tiny ass. It was Bitch, the pack's omega and the whipping boy for everyone. He was a submissive little slut who wasn't much better than bringing food and sucking cock. At the moment, his head bobbed up and down as he choking on Bastile's uncomfortably large shaft. With every lurch forward, Cholon could see tremors of Bitch's muscles flexing along his spine. The young man was putting everything into deep-throating the alpha.

Standing next to the two was Raccor, the pack beta. Cholon's eyes narrowed and his lips peeled back into a snarl. Two days before, Cholon had broken into the den with the intent of making Bitch his personal bitch, a fuck toy. He wasn't entirely sure how he found the den—he would have never considered looking in the sewers—but the smell of Bitch was too hard to resist.

What he didn't expect, as he was fucking Bitch hard into the ground, is that Raccor would sneak up on him and challenge him to combat.

The snarl faltered. Cholon prided himself in violence. Before his transformation, he was a MMA fighter who managed to score a number of medals on the national circuit. Not enough to win a title, but enough that he saw himself in magazines on occasion. But up against Raccor, all his skills were nothing against the broad-shouldered man who easily defeated him. Raccor didn't use fancy maneuvers, only sheer strength and speed.

His cock twitched at the memory of being pinned down by the larger werewolf, his legs splayed open and a hard cock poised at his asshole. They were both werewolves at the time, but he could still remember an incredible shiver of pleasure that filled him as he realized he was about to be dominated.

Cholon rested one hand over his jeans to shield his growing hardness. He couldn't help it. The memories were still too raw and intense. The feeling of Raccor's thick shaft sliding into Cholon's ass caught him to grow harder. Each ridge and bump scraping against his insides threatened to let a moan of desire escape.

He shook his head, trying to tear his thoughts away from his humiliation. He couldn't have liked it. He wanted to say he was raped, but he was going to do the same thing to Raccor if he won. It was something more, a primal need to claim what he defeated.

But he had never lost before.

Uncomfortable, Cholon shifted one leg to relieve the pressure. He kept his hand rested over his shaft to hide it, but stared down at the ground. He felt like an outsider in the den. It seemed reasonable after two days, the rest of the pack seemed to treat him warily while cheerfully calling him Chica every fucking second.

“In your face!” Cholon jumped up as one of the players, a black man named Jesus, stood up and humped the air toward his opponent. His long cock slapped the other man in the head who batted it away, eyes cast down.

The opponent was a heavily tanned man that Cholon recalled used to be a farmer in Kentucky. The perpetually red-skinned man sighed and shook his head.

The roar of the bystanders rose up. Cholon glanced through the press of naked bodies to see that the other game was about to end. It was hard to tell who was who, he didn't try that hard to remember the names yet, but it looked like it was a sprint for the end goal. Both players were standing up, using their bodies as if it could influence the game. Cholon smirked as one of them ran in place, holding the tiny controller in his hand as he pretended to race down the field.

The others were cheering louder, even the player who lost. The excitement was almost addictive and it took Cholon effort not to stand up to peer at the final game.

With a roar, the game ended. The winner was the Irish named Stout. The winner was another black guy, Isaiah. Isaiah, like most of the pack, was broad-shouldered and muscular. He stood up and held out his hand to Stout, who yanked him in a hug.

Cholon couldn't help but watch as their bodies rubbed against each other, their cocks no doubt pressing. It was like being on a gay porn set; the pack was comfortable with each other in a way that made Cholon more than uncomfortable. The constant tension in the underground lair felt like either a fight or an orgy was going to break out.

“Losers in the ring!” bellowed Jesus as he shoved his opponent toward the metal stairs leading to the sparing arena. The stone circle was thirty feet across and heavily scarred with supernatural claws and stained and more than a little blood. It was also where Raccor had beaten and humiliated Cholon.

Cholon watched as the werewolves changed to the new arena. They surrounded with the exuberance of a fraternity, shoving and jostling each other as they tried to find their spot. The sight of bare asses and half-hard cocks was almost too much for Cholon. He liked guys, but there was a lot of man spread out in front of him.

The farmer and Isaiah took their positions in the arena. Both men were hard and already panting, a thin sheet of sweat coating their bodies. It came to no surprise to Cholon that they had plenty of chest hair over their tight muscles. Hair seemed to be a common thing with most werewolves except for Bitch.

Jesus held up his hands in the middle. "You know the game. Let's see who's the loser! Ready! Fight!"

Both fighters let out a yell as a shimmer rose up from their bodies. Muscles corded, standing out along their sweat-slick flesh. As the roars continued, both of them swelled as the change too over.

Cholon couldn't help but grow more excited as he watched the two werewolves transform. It was a slow and painful process, taking almost a minute for fur to spread out along their bodies and their bones to lengthen and harden. Neither man stopped yelling as the sound grew deeper and more guttural, a low rumble that resonated in Cholon's chest.

The rest of the pack was cheering them on. The cries of "Isaiah" and "John Boy" echoed painfully against the walls, muted only by the debris that a dozen naked men living in a sewer produced.

Isaiah finished transforming first. With a snarl, he launched forward with his outstretched claws. The right-handed strike caught John Boy across the chest. A splatter of blood sprayed out against the bystanders, who only roared louder with excitement.

John Boy finished transforming soon after, the red-haired werewolf answering with a punch of his own. It missed, but the second and third didn't. Each impact shook the air, a visceral thud of a thousand pounds of force striking hardened muscle and bone.

Isaiah was faster and nimble, moving with surprising grace as he ducked from John Boy's attacks. He lashed out with his claws, cutting into flesh and splattering everything with blood.

John, on the other hand, was obviously more powerful. When he did land a blow, it threw Isaiah back almost out of the ring. He also moved steadily, if slow if he was in the MMA circuit.



Cholon couldn't help but compare himself to the two fighters. He guessed he was faster than John but more powerful than Isaiah. He saw both werewolves using their supernatural bodies in ways that he didn't expect and made note of it. Maybe he could learn something from the Pack.

Movement caught his attention as Raccor pulled a chair up and sat down next to him. The older man, maybe his early thirties, was just as fit as the rest of the werewolves. He had a little gray in his dark hair, but otherwise was fit as the young man clawing each other with reckless abandon.

Cholon fought the snarl and glanced away.

"Still sulking, Chica?" Raccor had an northeast accent, something that sounded almost like the voices from Boston. He thankfully was wearing a pair of boxer briefs, though the black fabric outlined a disturbingly large cock underneath.

Cholon blushed and realized he was looking. "No."

"Really?" asked Raccor. "Because sitting alone in the corner watching everyone have fun seems a lot like sulking."

"I'm here because you made me!"

"Then leave," came a simple reply.

Cholon wished it was that easy. The Pack wasn't keeping him there, but something else was. A longing, Cholon hated to say, a need to be near others who understood what it felt like to transform and the overwhelming urge to fuck and fight. He growled and stared at the fight, watching the flash of bodies, the bob of erections, and the fur that flew in all directions.

"You can't, can you?"

Cholon's lips tightened.

"It's that feeling of belonging, isn't it?" Raccor chuckled. "That need to be part of a group."

Glancing at the older man, Cholon tried to come up with some response, but words wouldn't come. He didn't want to admit Raccor was right.

Raccor stood up and walked away.

Cholon let out a sigh of relief, which ended when the beta returned with a six-pack of beer.

Snapped one off the plastic, Raccor set the rest of the pack between the two chairs before sinking down. The hard-back chair

creaked under his weight. "It's part of being a were, you know. The need for a pack."

"I," growled Cholon, "I don't like it."

"Of course not, you are new to the pack."

"I'm tired of getting my ass raped."

Raccor glanced at him and then gestured to the beer. "And yet if you won the match, you'd be the one balls-deep in some ass. That isn't rape, that's just how it ends. The loser gets fucked, the winner fucks. You knew that when you enter the ring. You just want to be the winner. Just like John Boy is going to win this fight." He pointed to the match.

From Cholon's experience, it was Isaiah that was going to win. The faster fighter was tearing the hell out of John, ripping strips of flesh off his bones as he punched and bit. "I say Isaiah."

Raccor chuckled. "Want to bet?"

Cholon glanced at the older man, wary of the sudden humor.

Raccor looked back, his green eyes sparkling in the light. "All contests end the same way down here. Loser gets fucked. But, I want you to crawl in my bed willingly, not fighting it."

Cholon's cock twitched hard, straining against his pants. He couldn't forget that moment of being impaled by Raccor's hard cock. It haunted him, an intense orgasm unlike anything he had experienced before. He fought his mind away from it. "Keep out of my ass."

Taking a swig of his beer, Raccor shrugged. "You were going to lose anyways... Chica."

A growl rose in Cholon's throat. "Fuck—" He stopped when Raccor looked at him. Flushed, he turned back to the fight.

Isaiah had caught John in the stomach, slicing it open. Blood coursed down the former farmer's legs, puddling rapidly as he clutched his stomach. With a howl, he grabbed John by the ears and dragged him around in a circle, much to the bellowing cheers of the Pack.

Cholon gestured with his hand. "See, Isaiah wins."

"You should have bet."

"I would have won."

Raccor held out a beer for Cholon. "Fight isn't over. Still time to bet."

Cholon realized he was relaxing next to the man who humiliated him. He froze, his fingers inches away from the beer. There was another wave of bellows as Isaiah punched John in the face repeatedly, the heavy sounds of the impact interrupting the yelling.

He looked back at Raccor who smiled back. It was a sly smile.

It also threw Cholon. There was something Raccor knew. Or, the old man was just letting Cholon get the upper hand. He glanced back at the fight and then to the beta. The idea of having Raccor's ass impaled on his cock rose up. With a sigh, he grabbed the can. "Fine, I can't wait to fuck you until you scream."

Raccor shrugged. "I don't scream."

Isaiah yelled out over the cheers. "Should I fuck this bitch's ass!?"

"Yes!" came the bellowing responses.

Cholon smirked himself as he watched the bloody wolf holding John off the ground with one hand. Blood dripped from hundreds of scratches and cuts, splashing down on the stone. It also painted Isaiah's hardness which bobbed with the rapid beats of his heart.

He wanted to call out, to cheer him on.

"Let's teach this bitch a lesson!" Isaiah dropped John to the ground to the roar of his audience.

John bounced once and then on his side. His heavy body fell back before slumping back, his hard cock standing straight up. One furry claw relaxed, spreading open as blood pooled underneath his body.

But, even with John's grievous injuries, the werewolf was already recovering. Cholon watched as the cuts pulled themselves together, sealing up underneath the bloody smears. John's body tensed, every muscle in his body swelling, and then relaxed. He seemed to deflate for moment.

Isaiah stroked his cock as he reached down. He grabbed John's tail which peaked out from underneath the massive werewolf and yanked up.

Instead of flipping over like Cholon expected, John lashed out with his fist. There was a meaty thunk as the knuckles connected with Isaiah's erection and then a muted crack.

The den grew instantly silent.

Cholon's heart skipped a beat as he stared in shock himself.

Isaiah froze and then clutched his groin. A low whine escaped his furry throat as he sank to the ground.

At the same time, John staggered to his feet. He swayed for a moment and then punched Isaiah in the face.

The other werewolf flew back, sliding along the stone before coming to a halt at the edge of the ring. He gripped the ground to pick himself up, but his entire body was shaking. His tongue slipped out of his mouth, resting over the ridge of his fangs.

John Boy said nothing as he stomped over and yanked Isaiah back into the ring. He punched the darker werewolf in the stomach and then tossed him back across the ring.

The body hitting the ground shook the stone, but Isaiah tried to get up again.

The farmer continued to assault the other werewolf. Not with the speed or claws, but a simple brutal beating. By the time Isaiah held up his paw in surrender, John's fists were dripping with blood and pre-cum drooled down the thick length of his cock.

"G-Give!" Isaiah said, his lips peeled back.

"Turn over, bitch," growled John Boy as he stroked his cock.

The den, formerly yelling at the top of their lungs, were strangely silent. Cholon saw them stroking their own shafts. Some of them were bumping against each other. On the far side of the den, Bastile watched with a grin on his face and Bitch impaled on his cock. The omega was using his hips to thrust down onto the alpha's shaft.

Cholon couldn't help but feel excitement himself. John Boy's beating was brutal and ceaseless, but violence was foreplay to werewolves. He clutched his growing cock through his jeans as he stared at Isaiah, wondering if the darker werewolf would fight back.

Isaiah's eyes were clear as he glared out across the arena. He was beaten and broken, but to Cholon's surprise, he lifted his body and flipped over. He landed on his knees and spread them wide, his tail rising up in submission. Cholon could see the reluctance and humiliation burning, but the werewolf still accepted his defeat with more grace than Cholon could manage.

John stood between Isiah's legs and grabbed the werewolf's buttocks. Even from the edge of the room, Cholon had a clear view of him lining up the thick, dripping cock against the tightly clenched sphincter.

Isaiah's eyes softened and he trembled.

Cholon's cock burned with desire now. He was in Isaiah's place not long ago and could remember that humiliating surge of pleasure that filled him when Raccor was about to rape his ass. It was intense and addicting, but he didn't want to admit he enjoyed his submission.

John drove down without any prelude or foreplay. The thick shaft buried balls deep in an instant.

Isaiah moaned and clawed at the ground, his hips rising to meet the thrust.

A ripple of moans filled the den as John began to pound Isaiah's ass, driving his ten-inch cock deep into the werewolf's ass with the same brutal, unstoppable force that he won the fight.

Cholon's breath grew faster as he watched John Boy dominate his opponent. At the same time, he could see the pleasure in Isaiah's face, the way the defeated werewolf pawed at the ground and his cock dripped on the ground. Each thrust drove Isaiah's face into the bloody stone, but he didn't seem to mind as he continued to fuck back.

It was hard to admit that Cholon was imagining himself in both John Boy's and Isaiah's position. He wanted to dominate and win, but at the same time, it was difficult not to see that Isaiah was getting as much, if not more, pleasure out of being humiliated in front of the pack.

John Boy continued to drive deep and hard. The seconds stretched into minutes, the world focusing one cock impaling a pair of tight buttocks.

Isaiah suddenly cried out, cum splattering against the ground. His body began to deflate and shrink, the fur fading away and the muscles growing slender. He was transforming back, still impaled on the massive cock of his werewolf opponent. His cries grew louder as his body shrank around it but the strokes didn't stop with their depth, speed, or power.

It took another minute for the werewolf to return to human form. BY the time he finished, he was writhing on the cock that looked larger than his forearm.

The cock slid deep and pulled out, every inch dripping with pre-cum as it slipped out of a tightly stretched ring.

John reached down and grabbed Isaiah by the throat. Yanking up, he pulled the black man off the ground and slammed him down on his cock. The size of his shaft bulged out Isaiah's muscular stomach.

Isaiah's cock streamed cum. It spurting into the air and rolled down the side.

Using Isaiah as nothing more than a cock sleeve, John gripped him tight and pounding him hard, holding him off the ground as he drove deep into him. The strokes grew faster and harder.

Isaiah's body shook as he whined and flailed out, cumming again and again.

Cholon's body grew tight with a hunger. He needed to cum.

With a start, he realized he had just lost to Raccor again. His initial feeling was to run away or lash out, but his eyes never left the sight of John Boy fucking the hell out of a very willing Isaiah.

Gulping, Cholon wondered if he could do the same thing. TO surrender to his opponent. His cock surged with the thought of being pinned down against the ground, ass up in the air and cock driving balls deep into his body. It wasn't hard to imagine, two days ago, it had been a reality.

He took a deep breath. "Okay, Raccor, you won." He turned to look at the pack beta. "I'll submit....?"

Raccor was gone.

# Bitch

# 2

It was just past one in the morning when Cholon decided he had enough. After Isaiah and John's match, the pack spread out to more sedate interests.

Stout was playing a Japanese RPG, much to the amusement of Isaiah who sprawled out on the couch next to him. Both men weren't touching, but there was an intimacy between them that bothered Cholon. It was almost romantic and tendering, but at the same time, Stout would slam Isaiah's chest on a particularly hard fight.

Another small knot of players quietly played a few games of pool. He saw money passed between them, but it didn't have the same wild abandon as the den did before the match.

The rest of the pack had returned to their private rooms. Carved out of the side of the sewer junction, each room was larger than Cholon's studio apartment. Some had more electronics than the stores while others had exercise equipment. More than a few of them had private fridges and booze. One of them, Bitch Boy's, had been decked out in My Little Pony and Barbie, complete with a disturbing set of bright pink bondage equipment.

None of the rooms had doors, only heavy blankets draped over the entrance. It gave the impression of a glorified day camp or a fraternity than something permanent.

Cholon had been given a room, but he didn't want it. Living in the sewers didn't appeal to him, he already had an apartment in Boystown which he liked. It brought him in the center of the fun, with plenty of fresh men to fuck whenever he wanted.

He chuckled, not that partners were lacking in the den. The sounds of fucking, both human and werewolf, drifted down the tunnels. Most of them were exuberant and violent, the sounds of fighting punctuating the loud moans the slap of naked flesh on matted fur.

No one had come up to Cholon, but he wasn't sure if it was because he made no effort to join them or that they still viewed him as an outsider. Regardless, he didn't intend to spend the night listening to men fucking while he tried to sleep in an empty cell.

With another sigh, he headed toward the entrance. It was near the vending machines, set to simply keep pop and beer cold, and a pair of long tables filled with empty boxes and bags from a burger run. When Cholon had shown up earlier in the evening, the tables were stacked with food.

At the entrance, Bitch Boy was cleaning up. The slender man had cum glistening on his face and throat but he made no effort to wipe it off as he gathered up the recyclable wrappers into a craft bag. As Cholon hesitated, unsure of how to approach the slender man, Bitch looked up. "Hello, Chica." He had a soft, almost girlish voice.

Cholon snarled. "I hate that name."

Bitch set down a full bag and picked up another. "I know."

Startled, Cholon stared for a moment. "And...?"

A shrug. "I can't change it. If I start call you," he glanced up, "Cholon or even Killer, then Bastile is going to beat both of us."

Cholon flinched. When he was first introduced to the rest of the pack, he tried to call himself Killer. Bastile had beaten the crap out of him in front of the others. No sex, just simple brutality.

With a sad smile, Bitch shrugged. His body was tone and sleek, with the play of muscles barely visible underneath his soft skin. Cholon drank in the smell of the young man, a familiar hunger rising up. Every sense of his told him that there was a bitch to fuck in front of him, a submissive that needed hard cock.

Bitch peeked up as a strand of his black hair fell over his eye. He worried the bottom of his lip as he stared back at Cholon. There was something inviting about the look, sultry and smoldering.

Cholon glanced down at Bitch's cock. It was bare and half-erect but growing rapidly. He was only about six or seven inches, almost



miniature compared to the thick shafts that the rest of the pack sported. Two balls, small and tight, dangled underneath.

“Is there something I can do, Chica?” whispered Bitch Boy. He shifted closer and Cholon could smell his excitement like a sweet perfume.

Cholon hesitated. “Won’t Bastile be upset?”

“Why? I’m my own man.”

The words confused Cholon. “But, he’s always fucking you.”

Bitch shrugged and set down the bag. He turned to face Cholon completely before leaning back on the table. “Doesn’t mean the others can’t play either. Bastile is busy.”

“Won’t he get jealous?”

A shake of Bitch’s head. “Only when he makes an announcement that I’m his. Or that no one is to touch me. But, he hasn’t lately.”

“D-Don’t,” Cholon struggled with his words, “don’t you get tired of being the pack’s whore?”

Bitch chuckled and shook his head. “No, I like it.”

“They treat you like crap. Like their personal slut.”

“You mean like sneaking up on me, beating me, and then fucking me?”

Cholon opened his mouth and then closed it. That was exactly what he did two days ago.

With a shrug, Bitch chuckled again.

“Why aren’t you angry at me?”

“Who said I didn’t like it?” Bitch winked. He lifted his bare foot where he had picked up a piece of paper. The movement gave Cholon a clear view of his tight little asshole and buttocks; it sent a surge of pleasure coursing through his body. Bitch pulled the paper from his toes and set it down.

The desire to throw Bitch Boy across the table and fucking him rose up. Cholon shook his head and stepped around. “I have to go.”

“Are you coming back tonight?”

Cholon stopped at the entrance. “No, I’m going back to my apartment.”

There was a pause. “You should move down here.”

“Why?” Cholon looked over his shoulder. “Why would I want to live in the sewers?”

Bitch gestured back to the den. “Room, friendship, all the food—”

“These aren’t my friends,” snapped Cholon.

Closing his mouth, Bitch nodded. “I know, but give them a chance. They are loud, violent, and horny. But also caring and protective. They will watch your back and keep you safe.”

Cholon turned around. “I’m Kill.... Cholon! I don’t need anyone to protect me!”

Bitch opened his mouth and then closed it. After a second, he bowed his head. “I’m sorry.”

Anger bubbling through his veins, Cholon snarled. “Why do you care!?”

The younger man said nothing.

“Just, get out of my way, Bitch.”

Turning around, Cholon stormed off. As he reached the first corner leading into the sewer proper, he heard Bitch’s final whisper.

“Take care, Chica.”

# Home Again

# 3

Cholon shoved open the door to his apartment and squeezed inside. After spending the day in the Pack's den, the tiny studio felt cramped and uncomfortable but it was his and only his. He had his laptop on a folding table in the corner, a kitchen filled with dirty dishes, and a large bed in the middle. A bathroom barely larger than a closet hung off the kitchen, the door hanging from the hinge from when Cholon first transformed into a werewolf while sitting on the can.

He sighed and closed the door behind him. It was small, but at least he didn't have to deal with the constant fighting, fucking, and dominance that permeated every action of the Pack. There were no video games playing at full volume or a horror movie off in the corner.

Staggering to his bed, he threw himself on it. The springs creaked from the impact but then the soft blankets enveloped him. He sighed and rolled on his back, spreading his legs to just enjoy the warmth holding him. A few seconds later, he rested his palm along the ridge of his shaft.

Bitch had dominated his thoughts as he walked home. The soft body begged to be fucked, to be impaled on his cock. The way he spoke, acted, and even smelled screamed at Cholon to throw him down, make him hurt, and fuck him until he cried out. It was a hunger that haunted him. It was more than Bitch's slender body, but the knowledge that he could take it. No matter how hard, how fast, or what form Cholon was in, Bitch would take his cock and moan in pleasure. He had never met another submissive capable of that.

With his new abilities to transform, he couldn't imagine having something other than a "mere" twink wrapped around his shaft.

Cholon sighed. Thoughts of Bitch and watching Isaiah's and John's fight put him in the mood for sex. And not just a simple blow job and some anal, he wanted something hard, powerful, and to his shame, probably violent.

His cock grew hard against his jeans and he groaned. Fumbling with the zipper, he yanked the denim and his underwear down to his knees before wrapping his palm around the thick shaft. It was already damp from his thoughts of Bitch. He stroked and let his mind drift, bouncing between the look on Isaiah's eyes to the offer Bitch made before he left.

"Fuck, I should have taken him up."

He pumped harder with his cock, but the usual crest of an orgasm refused to ride up. He tried slowing down and exploring himself, tracing along the ridge of his glans and palming the broad head of his tip. He shivered at the touch and then moved further down, caressing the thick bumps and bulges that his veins made down their length. At the base, he ran his fingers through the thick patch of dark hair and cupped his balls.

Cholon imagined it was Bitch between his legs, sucking on his balls. He wanted more, he wanted to force them inside, to see the tears in the slender man's eyes. He knew he would also feel a hard cock slowly rocking against his thigh as he did it. A little shaft of a little man ready for a werewolf cock.

He smiled and gripped his shaft harder, pumping until pre-cum soaked his fingers. His fingers tightened around his balls, imaging what it would be like to have them gagging the Pack's slut. He wanted to fuck and now.

Suddenly, a new image welled up: Raccor pinning him against the wrestling ring with a burning hot cock pressed against his sphincter. There was a brief moment when the only thing Cholon could do was paw helplessly at the ground. And then Raccor drove forward, ripping him open and driving the burning hot rod deep into his body.

Cholon's cock surged in his hand. The intense pleasure of remembered submission was too much. Desperate, he clamped down on the base of his shaft and underneath his balls. The muscles

underneath jerked violently and he felt his balls contracting with the effort to orgasm. He groaned and clenched up, his stomach muscles contracting as he fought.

He couldn't come at submitting to Raccor, not him, not ever. He gasped and ground down until pain fought against the orgasm.

But his cock continued to surge and jump, the orgasm refusing to subside.

With a sob, he tried to find a safer grip but his thick cock slipped out. Heat and pleasure shot up his length, every inch of cum exploding as a white-hot jet that shot high into the air. It arced off the bed, painting a ragged white line across his blankets.

“Fuck!”

He continued to pump his shaft, using both hands to drive from tip and balls with hard, brutal strokes. Cum poured out of him, soaking his knuckles, palms, and thighs. He groaned and thrust his hips in his palm, driving every iota of pleasure out of his body until he was sweaty and shaking.

Cholon groaned and slumped back. “I don't want to be his fucking bitch.”

Even as he said it, he knew that he owed Raccor one more submission. He tried not to think about, but his cock jerked with anticipation. Panting, he clutched the soaked base of his shaft and bore down to prevent another orgasm. Eyes blurry, he stared at his ceiling and struggled to calm his breathing.

Ten minutes later, he pulled his hand away from his dripping cock and leaned back. Even with his intense orgasm, the sharp edge of horniness continued to scrape at his nerves. He needed something more, anything. Leaning over, he peered at his clock; it was only two in the morning.

Cholon glanced back at the ceiling. His cock twitched a few times, forcing a few dribbles of cum down his length. He shivered at the droplet as it traced the thick ridges before soaking into the thick patch of pubic hair at his base.

The bars would still be open and there would be someone out there willing to get dominated. He groaned and sat up. “Fuck this, I'm going to get laid.”

Shoving himself up, he wiped off his cock and dressed. He checked his phone and his wallet before heading out the door.

The bars would be quieter, but he could find a twink to pound. There was always someone willing to be pinned to a bed.

And that way, he could remind himself that he was the one who dominated, not the other way around.

# Bar Hopping

# 4

Despite the late hour, the bar was still packed. Show tunes blasted from the ceiling and countless projectors displayed a clip from one of the popular musicals, a shower scene with more bare asses than the Pack during an game tournament. Almost everyone in the bar was singing along at the top of their lungs, dancing as they spun around and pretended they were in the movie too.

Cholon bobbed his head in time with the music as he threaded his way through the press of half naked gay men writhing around. Hands stroked his ass, hips, and shoulders. It didn't take long for the strokes to grow bolder. They became squeezes and pats, questing fingers delving into the waist of his jeans and knuckles against his nipples.

Even as he was being groped, he was looking himself. He drank in the scent of sex, hormones, and sweat. The press of bodies made it easy to do let his hands stroke along everyone as he passed. The shivers of pleasure, fleeting smiles, and inaudible moans left a wake behind him. There were more than a few that were Cholon's type: slender bodies, hairless chests dripping with sweat, and faces that were made for fucking.

He wanted to grab the nearest one, but something stopped him. They were pretty, but they felt... fragile to him. He couldn't figure out where the feeling came from, but it was if they were glass to him. Weak and helpless, but too delicate. He needed something more now, a submissive that could take his strength and the delicate boys spread out through the bar were not capable of doing that anymore.

Frowning, he continued through the crowd. It was like looking through a candy store when he was in his twenties. He remembered enjoying everything, but looking at all the beautiful men around him and he found that he didn't have the taste for any of them.

With a sinking feeling in his gut, he finished circling around the establishment before heading for the bar. The line was short and he was soon up to it. He ordered a beer and peered around while the bartender got his order.

"Six bucks."

Cholon stared for a second and then dug for his wallet. Two days of being in the Pack's den had spoiled him. He didn't think he would have gotten used to all the food and beer so fast, but two days later and he had completely forgotten he needed money.

He finished paying and grabbed his drink. Walking away, he started to chug it and then realized he'd just have to buy another. Grumbling, he took a couple swigs but let the rest of it swirl at the bottom of the glass.

The feeling of fragility clung to him. A thousand sexy men, more fucking than he could ever accomplish in a lifetime, and all of them were now glass. Breakable.

"Hey, sexy."

Cholon looked up as one of his old lovers strolled up. A mulatto wearing a pair of tight shorts and a big zipper right along his groin. He remembered removing it with his teeth, months ago. His cock twitched at the memory. "Hey, Kenny."

Kenny slipped closer, his lower lip caught in his teeth. "You look like you're prowling."

Cholon took a deep breath. Kenny smelled of sex and desire with hints of vodka and pot. The intensity of the smells were almost overwhelming but they were familiar with his old weeks-long lover. He nodded and peered out over the crowds. "I guess I am."

Stopping next to Cholon, Kenny rested a hand against his chest. The heat of his body sent little tremors coursing along Cholon. This was a man he could fuck. "It's late. Interested in an old flame?"

He was tempted. He remembered the curve of Kenny's ass and the cute way he moaned when he was first entered. But then his eyes caught on a bruise right along Kenny's collar. He was mortal,



human, fragile. He could take a fucking from the old Cholon, but what he needed now maybe too much for his mulatto lover.

Cholon was steeling himself up for having a delicate fuck when a new smell drifted across his senses. Surprised, he inhaled sharply and tasted raw sex in the air. He didn't know how, but it didn't smell fragile and delicate. It smelled like hunger.

“Chol?”

He looked back at Kenny. “Maybe later, I... I think I saw the person I'm meeting here.”

Kenny pouted and drew back.

Cholon reached over and kissed his lips. The soft taste of Kenny's lips were like his scent, delicate. “Maybe later.” He repeated and then stepped away.

He couldn't know where the smell came from, so he started around the bar again. The glare of the projectors lit the bodies and shone against leather and sweat. It added to the glass-like appearance of the bar and its patrons.

Near the entrance, the smell was stronger. It teased him and drew him back into the crowds. He couldn't quite place the scent except for the overpowering desire and delicate masculinity. It was a bitch in heat, someone who needed Cholon to dominate him. It was hard to track through stench of bodies and spirits, but he had to find the source so he started to look into every nook and cranny, peering through the dim light and intertwined limbs while sniffing loudly.

The causal gropes and touches became an irritation. He batted them away as he stalked the bar, gulping in the air to taste it. His body grew hot with the rush of hunting. When he caught a fresh whiff of the scent, he followed it to a side room.

He came around the corner just as someone bent over. He was given a view of a perfect ass peeking out from underneath a micro-skirt. A thong slid down between the two globes of dusky skin to cup over an obvious pair of balls and a good-sized cock. The black skirt set off the brilliant red of the thong, drawing his eyes down the trim legs to a pair of black high heels.

Instantly, Cholon stumbled to a halt as his body grew hot. There was only a few others in the room, but he knew beyond a doubt that the queen in front of him was the source of the scent.

As the queen straightened up, Cholon could only stare as he watched the delicate play of muscles of her bare back and the glint of a simple chain around her neck. The queen had long black hair which fell off her shoulders in a dark cascade. There was a swell of her side breast underneath her arm, a she-male.

Cholon sniffed again, his body growing hot and his cock straining his jeans. He found what he was looking for. The queen was different than the others. She didn't look or smell like glass, more like Bitch than Kenny.

As if hearing his thoughts, the queen looked over her shoulder toward Cholon. She was Latino, with a high-profile cheeks and small nose. Her lip curled into a smile.

He was caught by her intense eyes for a moment and then he was stepping into the room.

She turned toward him. "Well, there is someone new here." Her voice had a husky current to it, which blended with the Spanish accent. It sounded like flowers against his ears.

Cholon drew closer. "I haven't seen you before." I want to fuck you hard, his cock said.

"I could say the same," she said and met him halfway through the room. Her heels echoed against the floor, painfully loud despite the din of the crowds behind him. "This is my favorite bar, I thought I knew everyone here."

Cholon had never seen her before. He was sure of it. There was no way he could have forgotten someone that beautiful before. His cock strained painfully against his jeans he stopped in front of her. He looked over her body, from the micro-skirt with a growing tent underneath it to the delicate fabric that exposed the queen's breasts.

He had never had sex with a she-male before. Breasts turned him off, but cocks turned him on. He smiled and looked up. The normal pick-up lines that he would have used fled his mind as he realized that it wouldn't be needed. She wanted him as much as he wanted her, he could smell it in the air.

"Hey, Chica!"

Cholon's body tightened and his lips peeled back. He started to turn around as the man speaking continued.

“Oh, my. You found yourself an *amante*, didn’t you?” It was a breathless man’s voice speaking in a Latino accent.

Cholon finished turning just as another Latino stepped into the room. He wore red and black, much like the queen next to Cholon. But instead of a micro-skirt and implants, he was nothing but pure twink: hairless chest with just a scruff of a beard, long limbs but with a hint of muscles. He also had the same nearly flawless dusky skin of the queen.

For a moment, he was confused. No one outside of the Pack knew his new name.

“Yes, Pute,” said the she-male as she stepped past Cholon. “I found him.”

The two Latinos hugged each other before both turned to Cholon.

Flushed, Cholon realized that they were already attached. He fought the urge to lash out for calling him Chica.

“So, Chica,” said the male as he glanced at the she-male, “do you think he’s in the mood for both of us?”

Cholon almost stumbled though he wasn’t moving. “What?”

Chica, the she-male, giggled and nuzzled Pute. “Maybe? He looks new.”

Pute pointedly stared down Cholon. “He’s big. Too big for you?”

Being talked like he was nothing more than a cock somehow added to Cholon’s excitement. He fought the growl in the back of his throat as he stood there. After a second, he drained his beer while standing up straighter, posturing.

Both of the Latinos giggled softly.

“No,” the other Chica said, “he looks just right. Exactly what we were hunting for.”

Pute stepped forward. “So, do all those muscles have a name?”

Cholon chuckled. “Kil—” He had to pause, he couldn’t use Killer and he didn’t want to say Chica. “Cholon.”

Pute frowned. “You don’t look Chinese.”

“No,” Cholon shook his head, “it’s Mongolian.”

Chica giggled again. “You going to breach our walls?”

Cholon shook his head. “Only if you want to be invaded.”

She stepped forward, hips swaying. He could see the tent of her cock also moving with her movements. It took only a few steps to return to him, but they were the only seconds of his life. “Oh,” she

purred as she rested her hand on his chest. "I'm looking forward to a Mongolian invasion."

It was corny but hot. Cholon didn't care. He held out his hands for the two Latinos. He was going to prove to himself that he was the one who dominated.

# Chica and Pute

# 5

Cholon fell backwards on his bed, the soft blankets catching him. His achingly hard cock bent painfully in his jeans. He bounced once before his head thumped against his pillow. He started to reach down to adjust himself, but Chica tugged his hand away.

“Don’t worry, sexy, we’ll be getting to that.”

“Very soon,” purred Pute as he crawled up on Cholon’s bed.

Cholon pulled his hand back and then hooked his wrists behind his head. He watched as the two Latinos finished crawling up on the bed. Their light weights barely shifted the blankets and the mattress as each one straddled his legs. The heat of their bodies seeped in through his jeans. Both of their cocks, still nestled in thong and leather pants, ground against his body.

Their touch tingled up his thighs, the vibrations and heat pooling in his cock. He grew harder than he thought possible. Seconds later, a wet spot formed along the thick ridge of his cock when the pre-cum soaking through the denim.

Chica reached his shaft first as she stretched along his leg and pressed her cheek against the ridge in his jeans. Her breasts ground against his thigh as she sniffed loudly and then kissed the side. “Now, this smells lovely.”

Pute joined her, mimicking her movement, as he pressed his opposing cheek to the other side. Even through the jeans, the heat of their breath seared his skin.

Cholon groaned and twisted, pinned by their weight. He felt a prickle of helplessness and it brought a renewed surge of pleasure. Pre-cum soaked through his jeans and he felt it dribbling against his

belly, around his balls, and down his shaft. He lifted his hips to relieve the pressure.

Chica and Pute stopped him with their mouths. Both of them worked in unison, Chica moving up and Pute down to his balls. Each kiss was electric, tickling along his body and adding to his heat.

Cholon groaned.

“We’ll get this,” whispered Pute. He sucked on the fabric, teasing Cholon’s balls through the denim.

Chica worked her face under his flap and caught the tab of his zipper. With a graceful pull, she tugged up. It resisted but she pulled hard.

To his surprise, Cholon’s hips were pulled off the bed before the opening surrendered.

The zipper pulled down, the metallic sound loud even over Cholon’s panting. The pressure wrapping around his shaft relaxed. His cock burst out of the opening, the thick shaft smacking against Chica’s throat. It left a wet smear against her dusky skin.

Together, the two Latinos peeled open his jeans and pulled them down along with his underwear. They both slid off the bed as they reached his feet, each one working in unison to remove his shoes, socks, and finally free his legs. The warm air of the apartment fluttered with their breaths as they stared up at him, a heat boiling in their eyes.

Slowly, they both focused on Cholon’s large shaft bobbing against his body.

“Now that,” breathed Pute, “is a sexy fucking cock.”

Chica moaned. “First one who strips gets it.”

They began to strip slowly, twisting their bodies. Cholon didn’t know which one to look at, but he tried to keep both in his vision at the same time.

Chica tugged her shirt up, revealing a smooth stomach and the bottom of her breasts. Cholon didn’t normally find them attractive, but knowing there was a hard cock under her skirt pushed away his normal discomfort.

When the nipple burst into view, he jerked. He started to reach for her when he realized that Pute had just turned around and was working his pants over his ass. The nearly perfect globes stole Cholon’s attention. He stared as the thin line of a thong peeled out

of the crack to reveal a tiny little asshole and two shaved balls. Each one rolled out of the thong before pulling up tight against his body.

Chica let out a low noise as she tugged her shirt completely off and tossed it aside. Her dark hair rolled down her front, parting over the mounds of her good-size breasts. One strand clung to her left nipple, the eraser-sized tip that was shockingly pick.

Pute stepped out of his pants and straightened up. The play of his muscles drew Cholon back for a second before the male turned around with one hand covering his cock.

Cholon didn't know where to look. He glanced to the side and then fully stared as Chica pushed her skirt down, rocking her hips back and forth as she tugged both the skirt and her thong down. The ridge of her cock rose into view. It was relatively narrow but it kept sliding out, inch after inch against the elastic.

Just as he saw the narrow-tipped cock head about to come into view, Pute suddenly stepped forward and pulled open his shirt. His own cock jumped into view, stealing Cholon's attention. It was about six inches long, thicker than Chica's but not by much. The tip was broader, like a mushroom, and dripped with pre-cum.

Chica's cock bounced into view a heartbeat later. Slightly longer, it was a smooth line of hardness with a new moon tattoo right above her base. Her balls were almost identical, hairless and darker than the rest of her skin.

They stood there, naked at the foot of his bed.

Cholon's breath came fast and hard, panting as he stared at the two beautiful Latinos. He couldn't believe his luck.

Chica glanced down and smiled. "It looks like your little puppy likes it."

He knew his cock was hard, but he didn't realize it was drooling pre-cum like a fountain. Thick streamers poured out of the top, slowly sliding down his length as strands connected his belly. The dark hairs that dusted his abdomen and balls were plastered against his skin against his excitement.

The two Latinos crawled back up the bed, their naked skin smooth against his legs.

"So," whispered Chica, "how many times do you think your little invader can handle us? Because I really want to feel that in my throat before we really get into the festivities."

Cholon's cock jumped at his thought. "A-A few. More than a few."

"Good," said both of them. They brought their mouths to his twitching cock and kissed it down. It was just like before, but now that there was no fabric parting them, the touch of their mouths against his slick cock was electric.

He jumped at the touch and then moaned as they settled down. Chica's breasts tickled his skin, but his sensations were focused on the two lips kissing both sides of his cock and the hard shafts slowly grinding against his ankles.

Chica slipped up further as Pute went down, overwhelming Cholon with the pleasure growing inside him. He gasped as her lips wrapped around his head and sucked. At the same time, Pute's soft lips rolled over his balls before pulling one into his mouth with his tongue.

Cholon panted and gripped the blankets. He bucked up into Chica's mouth, enjoying every inch of his cock sliding into the liquid heat.

Pute pulled him down with his mouth, dragging him by his balls. When Cholon slumped back, he popped it out of his mouth and drew his tongue along the other one, teasing it.

Chica swallowed more Cholon's length, taking almost half of his large cock into her mouth before drawing up. As she pulled up, strands of pre-cum splattered against his belly.

Cholon was given a clear view as she swallowed before pulling off. A thick drool of pre-cum dripped out of her mouth. She kissed the swollen head and he shivered from the intensity.

Instead of bobbing back down, she started to shift down his side, leaving sloppy kisses.

Cholon started to whine, his body tingling with anticipation, but then he noticed that Pute was working his way back up. They met mid-way, pulling away from his shaft long enough to kiss before resume their swap of positions.

When Pute swallowed Cholon's cock head and shoved down, he almost came. His fingernails tore at the sheets as Pute took over half of his length before sliding up.

The Latino male bobbed twice, slowly and tortuously, before pulling off. He glanced up at Cholon with a smile, and then kissed his way back down.



Chica slipped Cholon's balls from her mouth and crawled back up, kissing as she did. When she reached the top, she traced the tip of her tongue underneath his glans before kissing the tip. Slowly, she pushed down and his cock slipped into her mouth.

Cholon whimpered and writhed against their touch. He was helpless as they continued to swap places. Every heated flash of pleasure pushed him closer to an orgasm, but the brief time as they changed ends was enough to hold it back.

The two Latinos were also excited. Their cocks were dripping on his legs, coating them in pre-cum. With their movements, he could feel the heated liquid sliding up his thighs. It glistened on Chica's breasts and Pute's harder chest. The smell of their excitement was intoxicating, powerful and primal.

He didn't know how long they tortured him, but soon he was gasping for breath and whimpering to cum.

Pute grinned as he slipped to the head. Without using his hands, he levered it into his mouth and bobbed down. Cholon's eyes crossed as he felt his sensitive head slipping into the back of Pute's throat and stopping against the slick confines.

Instead of pulling back, Pute just pushed down and the pressure built. Slowly, it relaxed and his length slipped deeper inside. The pressure suddenly gave and his shaft was deep inside the Latino's throat.

Cholon gasped as Pute shoved his face down into the patch of hair at his base. The entire length of his cock was inside the Latino's throat and he was caught in the liquid heat that boiled around him.

Chica opened her mouth and swallowed both of his balls, enveloping them in a wet heat.

Together, they swallowed and bobbed, moving with slow movements that quickly grew faster.

Pinned by their sweat- and pre-cum-soaked bodies and with his cock in their mouths, Cholon couldn't last long. He let out a guttural growl and came hard. Jets of seed blasted into Pute's throat. He thrust his hips up to impale Pute harder, the reflexive need to be as deep as possible written into his very core.

Pute bobbed in time of with Cholon's cock. Vibrations shook from both of the Latinos' bodies as they rode Cholon, swallowing and licking with his orgasm.

It lasted forever, a single eternity of ecstasy as Cholon came into the tight mouth. He was lost in the pleasure and could only writhe and grip the sheets, tearing them with his nails and yanking them free from the corners.

The last of his cum poured into Pute's mouth and Cholon slumped down, panting. His chest heaved with his effort to breath as he watched Pute pull off his achingly hard shaft. Cum dribbled from the corner of the man's mouth as he pulled Chica off Cholon's balls and then to his mouth.

They kissed, their mouths separating long enough that Cholon could see cum-covered tongues sliding into each other's mouth. Globes of his seed dribbled from both of their lips as they swapped his cum. When there was no cum left, they started to lap it off each other's chins, throats, and collars.

Cholon could only stare in lust.

When they broke, he was hard and aching again.

Chica smiled and lifted Cholon's shaft from his body, the cum still clinging to his body. Her bright red nails were streaked with it, but she easily lifted it up. "So, you think you are up to round two?"

Cholon panted as he stared at her.

She leaned forward, her breasts lowering to tickle his stomach. "Because I want to feel this inside me."

Unwilling to break the mood, Cholon nodded. He was a fucking werewolf, he could take on these two sexy sluts.

Chica straddled Cholon's thighs. Her hips were wide and girlish, but there was no question that she was all male where it counted. Her shaft was hard and bobbing, an angry red from her excitement. She shifted forward until Cholon's balls nestled against hers. The soft warmth of her body brought surge of heat coursing up his shaft; it jumped and smacked against her own.

"Oh, he likes me," she purred.

Cholon reached out and gripped her hips. "How can he not? You're beautiful... you are both beautiful."

Pute crawled forward. "Good, because I'm planning on riding you after her."

Cholon grinned. "I can handle that."

Chica lifted her hips and inched forward. Her cock slid up Cholon's followed by the tight balls. The soft skin was as delicate

and sexy as their lips, but no less intense as it draw up his slick length. Both of their bodies grew hotter as she worked the tip of Cholon's cock past her sex and then up along the cleft of her buttocks.

He was still slick from his orgasm and their mouths. There was little friction when she angled his cock up to the ring of her sphincter. His hands tightened on her hips.

“Ready, beautiful?”

She didn't want for his answer. With a low moan, she sank down on his cock.

There was a moment of pressure and then he was inside. The tightness of her rear was tight and searingly hot. Both of them moaned as she sank down further, the pressure grinding down on his length. Each bump and ridge forced inside her body rippled along his body, stuffing her as he gasped for breath.

“Fuck,” she moaned. Her breath came out in whoosh.

The pressure increased around his cock and she slowed.

“Oh,” whispered Pute, “he's a big one. Do you need help, love?”

“No, I have this,” said Chica. She lifted herself up and then dropped down. His cock eased deeper into her body, the slickness of saliva easing the passage. Muscles flexed and she lifted and dropped herself, each time sinking more of his cock into the tight passage of her ass.

Cholon growled with need and pulled her down, digging his hands into her hips as he did.

Together, they impaled her on his cock. He trembled from the sensations of being completely enveloped in Chica's tight ass. Every flex of her insides sent a heat of pleasure coursing into his balls. She shuddered on the ridges of his thick shaft.

An infinity of pleasure later, she was fully seated on his cock. Her own stood straight up, pushed forward by his girth but drooling rapidly from her excitement. He glanced up, memorized by how her breasts rose and fell with her panting. One tooth stuck out of her lips as she bit her lower lip.

Cholon panted as he held her.

Chica gripped his elbows and rocked forward. His cock angled forward, bulging her belly and driving her shaft down. The swirl of heated pleasure stole his breath away. She pushed back, her thighs

tensing with the effort. His cock shifted back, her body moving in time.

“Fuck,” gasped Cholon. “Fuck, fuck, fuck!”

“I am, I really am,” she moaned and rocked faster. His cock swirled in the liquid inferno of her body, her stomach and cock swelling with every thrust. The pressure rose up and down his length, the slick hardness easily penetrating the tight ring of her body.

As the pressure and heat gathered, he wanted more. He gripped her hips tightly and thrust up with his own, but it wasn't enough. He needed to dominate, to fuck, to be the one on top.

It didn't matter what pleasure he got from his cock swirling in her body, the way her shaft jumped with every thrust, he needed to be driving into her.

With a growl, he shook his head. “I'm on top.”

He didn't wait for a response, but rolled over.

Chica let out a squeal of happiness and slipped off his shaft, thumping on the blankets.

There was a brief scramble of bodies and soon she was on her hands and knees, ass up in the air.

Cholon paused to admire the sight. Chica's cock pointed straight down, a dripping line that rose up into two tight balls and a tiny little hole with just a hint of gape from when he was buried inside it. Her ass framed everything with the perfect curves that split open as she spread her legs.

She looked back at him, her breasts ground into the bed. “Okay, big boy, time—”

When he grabbed her ass and drove into her, her words ended with another squeal. It only took two hard thrusts and he was buried balls deep into her tight ass.

Growling, he drove into her, pounding her hard and fast. He was dominating, he was in charge. It drove him to drive into her faster, filling the apartment with her loud moans, his grunts, and the slap of flesh on flesh. His headboard slammed against the wall, a rapid beat to match his large cock impaling her ass.

Pute, forgotten in the lust, knelt next to Cholon and wrapped his arms around his chest. The sexy Latino kissed his shoulder. The tingles of pleasure only fueled Cholon's thrusts.

Chica clutched at the sheets and rose up to meet his cock. Her entire body shook from the impact and her moans drove him faster.

He let some of the monster inside him go, the power and strength racing through his veins. He released her hips to grab her hair, yanking back and impaling her harder. He didn't stop thrusting, dominating her body as he drove back and impaled his entire length into her body. Every thrust into the liquid heat of her body brought a flash of pleasure and the thud of flesh against flesh.

A snarl filled the apartment and he started to feel the change coming. He fought against it, raging against the Latino's beneath him while he clamped down on his primal nature.

Pute's hand drifted down, sliding through the sweat and hair. He didn't register it at first until it reached his buttocks. His ass slapped back against Pute's palm before he drove force to pound into Chica.

Inch by inch, the fingers came and then they were between his buttocks. He tensed, unwilling to stop fucking Chica but Pute's fingers were dangerously near his ass.

"Enjoy it," whispered Pute and he shoved one finger in.

As much as he hated it, Cholon's cock swelled when he felt the digit sliding into his sphincter. He growled and drove forward, but the thrusting finger followed him, pumping faster than he was as Pute drove knuckle deep into his ass.

Cholon almost transformed but managed to keep reins on his form. He let out a growl and pulled out of Chica, impaling himself on Pute's finger before slamming back.

Chica moaned and thrust into him. She said something in Spanish and spread her legs more, inviting him to use her.

It was only a finger, he told himself. Getting a better grip on her hair with one hand, he snaked the other to grab her throat. Holding her down, he threw all of his strength into riding her ass until he could cum inside her.

Every thrust moved from the heated depths of Chica's tight ass to impaling himself on Pute's finger. It drove his body wilting, increasing the heat and his speed until he was almost a blur as he impaled and was impaled.

Before he knew it, there were two fingers between his buttocks.

His orgasm came hard and fast. It exploded from his balls and tightened his sphincter. Pute's fingers was trapped as every muscle

clamped down and Cholon thrust hard into Chica. Every inch of his shaft impaled her body, balls deep. He twitched and gave a few more thrusts forward without pulling back, picking Chica completely off the bed as he exploded inside her.

Chica gaped out as she came too, her cum shooting high into the air as he dumped his load inside her.

Hard jets of cum poured into her ass and painted in her insides. He gasped with each one, barely aware of the fingers that continued to stroke him. Every blast left him shuddering for breath.

Panting, Cholon held Chica completely off the bed until the last of his cum pumped into her. Then, with a gasp, he released her throat and hair.

She slumped forward, still impaled on his shaft. The sight of his girth stretching out her tight ring brought a final surge of cum and a moan from her body.

He chuckled and leaned back, squeezing down on Pute's fingers. Turning to look at the other, he gave an exhausted smile.

Pute slipped his fingers out and leaned over to kiss his lips. "Very sexy," he whispered.

Cholon chuckled and pulled his hips back. His deflating cock slipped out of Chica's rear. A flood of cum poured out of the gap, splashing down on the blankets.

Chica slumped forward, her cock stretched out in the puddle forming underneath her.

Pute kissed Cholon again. "I can't wait for my turn."

# Once More

# 6

Hours later, Cholon had been thoroughly convinced that he was having the best night of his life. The light outside was beginning to brighten and the sounds of traffic increased, but both were hard to notice as he drove into Pute's with hard, brutal strokes.

The Latino moaned on the ground among a bed of their clothes and the scattered hills of his blankets. The frame had snapped somewhere during their fucking, but there was no time to do anything besides shove the remains to the side and continue mounting the two until his vision blurred and his body shook with exhaustion.

All of their bodies were soaked with sweat and cum, but it didn't matter anymore. All that mattered was the constant driving of his cock into their bodies and deep-voiced growls that ripped from his throat. He hovered on the edge of transformation, barely keeping it in check as he pounded Pute's ass with all his flagging might.

Pute moaned and clutched to Cholon, fingernails digging into his shoulders and legs wrapped around his waist. He was almost bent in half with his own abused shaft caught between them. He had come again and it ran down both sides of Pute's bare stomach into puddles on the floor.

"So fucking sexy," slurred Chica as she knelt down behind them, pressing her cool breasts against Cholon's back and wrapping her arms around his shoulders. Her cock was hard against his spine, a burning brand that left a smear of excitement. They weren't drinking, but hours of solid rutting had left all of them straining for one last orgasm, one last blast of pleasure.

Cholon grunted and focused on his movement. He didn't know how many orgasms he had enjoyed, but it was beginning to strain against him. He wanted one more, one more proof that he was the one dominating. And Pute and Chica took it and came from his barely contained roughness and strength.

Pute gripped Cholon's shoulders tighter, scrunching up his body. "Harder, baby, harder."

With a growl, Cholon drove into him, pounding the Latino male into the ground. Each impact slammed against the floor and shook the walls. He would be hearing it from the landlord later but he didn't care at the moment. He was going to fuck until he passed out.

Chica straddled Pute's legs behind Cholon and slid down. The heat of her cock slipped through the sweat before catching on the split of his buttocks. With every thrust into Pute, he felt the shaft coming closer to his ass.

Cholon tensed for moment. In the last few hours, they had put fingers and tongues there, but never a cock. But, he was reaching his orgasm and didn't want to stop to pull himself away. His grip on Pute tightened as he thrust faster, angling down to keep himself from being impaled.

The cock continued to slip down, using his own movement to reach the tailbone. And then between one stroke and another, it was suddenly between his legs. Hot and slick, it ran between his balls and his thigh. Pleasure prickled along his skin and he fought the urge to crawl away.

"One more time," whispered Chica in a husky voice. "Just one."

Pute moaned loudly. "Harder, baby, harder!"

Caught between their two sweat-slicked bodies, Cholon surrendered and focused on fucking Pute until he could no longer speak. The cock behind him slipped up until his sphincter bumped against it with every stroke. There was enough cum and juices running around that it would take only a tiny angle change before he was impaled.

His cock swelled at the shameful image of submitting. It strained against Pute's stretched ass, confined by the writhing young man behind him.



Cholon drove deep, burying himself balls deep, before drawing out. As he did, Chica's cock head slipped against his ass and slid inside.

The sudden intrusion froze him in mid-stroke. Chica's thickness intruded against his exhausted senses and his vision blurred from the pleasure of being impaled. The heat radiated from the cock and his entire body shook as an orgasm raced through him.

"That's it, baby, just one more." Chica wrapped her arms tighter around his shoulders and ground her body against his back. Her cock jumped inside him, swelling deep inside him.

He growled, his control treating to break.

Chica thrust forward and he followed the motion to drive his cock deeper into Pute. "Good boy," she said and pulled out.

He slipped out of Pute and then thrust forward, sliding off Chica's cock and deep into Pute. But then he realized there was only possible thing that could happen when he pulled out. As he did, he seated himself back on Chica's cock with a surge of heat and a jerk of his shaft.

"Let's it, fuck yourself," Pute said with a hoarse voice, punctuated by Cholon's thrusts.

Cholon didn't stop, he continued to drive into Pute and impale himself on Chica. The sensation of being filled and filling wasn't anything he had experienced before and it was overwhelming. His senses felt like they were on fire, his breath rasping in his chest.

Chica began to thrust forward, driving him into Pute. It was slow movements as first, encouragements at most, but soon the she-male was pounding Cholon's ass.

Cholon's knee slipped on the floor, thumping against his jeans until the hard angle of his phone caught him.

Pute clutched him tighter, fingernails digging and legs pulling him down. His eyes were an intense brown as he kissed Cholon fiercely. His mouth was hot and slick against Cholon's lips.

Chica's grip continued to tighten and the thrusts grew harder and faster. The cock continued to swell inside him until it was straining his limits.

A prickle of fear coursed through Cholon's body. In an instant, their fucking changed and he was trapped. The intense feeling of claustrophobia rose and he tried to stop, but his hips were being

moved by Chica's cock, thrusts that were too strong for a delicate Latino to do.

He tried to push out, but his two lover's grips were too strong. His hand slipped off Pute's shoulders and smacked against the ground. He strained to stop, but Chica drove into him.

"Just a little more," grunted Chica, her voice suddenly deeper and rough.

Cholon gasped as the cock inside him rapidly swelled. It wasn't an orgasm that was coming but something else, a familiar sensation of being filled to his limits. No way that a little Latino could ever do.

He tried to look back, but Pute held him in place with his kiss. When a low growl vibrated from the Latino's throat, Cholon's eyes grew wide. He knew the noise, it was a creature's growl, not a human's.

Helplessly caught between a cock and ass, he was helpless as he watched Pute transform. Fur sprouted along his body and the muscles swelled. The tight ring of the Latino's sphincter clamped down, pinning Cholon's cock inside him.

Behind him, Chica began to transformer herself. The grip on his shoulders tightened as claws spread out and unnatural strength held him down. The cock fucking him continued to grow longer and thicker, the speed and power behind it picking him and Pute almost off the ground with every thrust.

Cholon let out a cry. His control over his form relaxed and he shifted too. It was a slow, painful process as his body swelled and his strength increased. But for all of his supernatural strength, he still couldn't escape the grip of the two werewolves. He bore back, trying to free himself, but Chica simply drove harder and faster and Pute pulled him deeper.

With a cock buried in his ass, his shaft refuse to softened. He was trapped, helplessly caught.

Cholon let out a roar and tried to lash out with his claws. Pute caught it easily and pinned it against his body, twisting up with surprising strength to keep Cholon trapped between the two.

Chica's growled as she fucked Cholon's ass, the strength shoving them across the floor. It was rapid and brutal, shaking the apartment and rattling the doors. Dishes fell off the shelves from the impacts.

Cholon tried to escape, but he couldn't. He was pinned against Pute with only his knees free. They slipped against the slick floor and clothes, spreading helplessly as Chica fucked him harder and faster.

A new pleasure came up, the horrifying rush of submission. It was stronger and more intense than anything he had done that night. His cock swelled and exploded inside of Pute, a shameful orgasm that he couldn't fight.

Chica didn't relent and he was forced to cum as he was thrusting, splattering the ground, Pute's ass, and the scattered blankets with every thrust.

"Poor little werewolf," gasped Pute as he held Cholon down. "Invading our territory, prowling for our men."

"You should know better," growled Chica, her body now covered with fur and her large cock ripping Cholon open as she buried at least a foot of it inside his body. He felt her cum inside him, pumping hot cum deep into his rectum with each brutal thrust.

He came again from the submission. The pleasure was too much. He felt his werewolf slipping away, ripped by the orgasm that tore through him. "No!" he screamed, but it was too late. His body shrunk and the cock inside him strained him more. He became a cock sleeve to Chica, a hole to dominate and fuck.

Sobbing, he tried helplessly to escape, but there was none with only a mortal body trapped between two furry werewolves.

Pute's shaft jumped against his chest and he felt it thumping against his ribs. He was just as long as Chica, maybe a foot in length and hard as steel. Cholon knew where it was going and he fought with all his might even as he was coming with anticipation.

He tried to pull his knees together, but they kept slipping on the floor. His left knee caught the hard edge of his cell phone.

Cholon gasped. There was a push to call button on the side of his phone. If he could press it, then maybe he could call for him.

The humiliation of asking flashed through him. He couldn't ask for him, he wouldn't dare admit that he needed it.

But then Chica came again, pounding hard until he felt his buttocks bruising. "Fucking North... Pack!"

They weren't going to stop with one or even two times. They were going to dominate him completely. They were attacking the Pack through him.

Sobbing from his helplessness and his ruined dignity, Cholon spread his legs and twisted. He felt the edge of the phone catch against his kneecap. Chica's thrust shoved him forward and then pulled him back. He didn't hear the chirp of the feature, but he broke his mouth free of Pute's. "Raccor!"

Pute grinned and gripped him tighter. "Calling your beta? He isn't going to come."

Cholon flailed his legs, catching his phone. He gasped and called out to Raccor again, his voice interrupted by Chica's thrusts that ground him into Pute. He was trapped, but he couldn't stop.

Chica reached around with her furry paws and clapped her paws against his mouth. "Quiet, bitch!"

She shifted her position and then slammed down on his phone. Plastic and metal cracked loudly as it was crushed. And then she brought it back to angle the shaft into him and drove harder and faster, pumping until her cum spurted out with every thrust.

Pute growled, the rumble in his chest shaking through Cholon's body. "My turn. I want this pussy's hole now."

# Submission

# 7

Cholon lost track of time. The brutal moments when the two Latinos caught him had blurred away in the waves of pleasure and orgasms that came from submission. They were no longer holding him down, he didn't have the strength to do anything but keep his ass high in the air as Pute drove his cock into it.

Cum poured down his thighs and puddled to the ground. He moaned, but there was a shirt shoved into his mouth, muffling his voice. Only the whimpers and cries escaped.

He wanted to fight, but the pleasure was too much. Every foul word, every thrust of the cocks, shoved him toward another orgasm. His body craved it even as he lifted his hips to accept Pute's shaft.

There was only a hint of friction now, only enough to push him over the edge again and again. He knew his ass was gaping open, impaled repeatedly by the two large werewolves. More cum poured down the sides of his mouth from where they fucked his face and choked him on their shafts. The taste of cum lingered in the back of his throat, the scent of it burning itself into his memories.

Cholon gasped for breath and pawed at the ground. His fingernails dragged along the wood. There was another orgasm rushing inside him, a horrid sensation that he leaned into it. He wanted it, he hated it, he wished it would never stop.

"One more time," mocked Chica. He didn't know where the she-male werewolf was. He couldn't stop staring at the remains of his bed and the cracked shell of his phone.

He should have stayed with the pack. Bitch's words came back, they gave protection. They fed him and cared for him and he did nothing but push them away. Tears ran down his cheeks and he

realized his mistake. They didn't know where he lived or the danger he was in.

Pute growled and shoved Cholon down. He slumped to the ground as a gout of cum burst out of his ass. It joined with the cum spurting from his aching cock and landed in the thick puddle that formed underneath him. It was cool and slick as he smacked into it, but he didn't have the strength to crawl away.

He had been dominated, more thoroughly than Raccor or anyone ever had. He wondered if he would ever recover.

Pute chuckled in a low voice. "You think we've made our point, Chica?"

Chica growled. "Yes."

They switched to Spanish, laughing as they rummaged through his kitchen.

Cholon tried to crawl away, but he couldn't. Another shudder coursed through him and his cock twitched. He craved their cock, the feeling of being stuffed, and the empty gape was painful. He moaned and reached down.

"Puppy wants more," said Chica mockingly.

"You got another?" asked Pute.

"No, I think the bitch finally drained me."

"Me too. And he has crappy beer."

The ground shook as they headed to the door. It faded as their weight decreased, they were turning back to human form. There was a creak as the door opened.

"We'll be back, bitchy," Chica said. "We have to get the rest of the pack to seal the deal."

Pute chuckled. "Don't worry, you'll see Bastile soon enough. Of course, you'll be telling him—"

A deep growl shook the ground. "Tell me, yourself," snarled the Pack's Alpha.

"Oh, fuck—" started Pute. And then a thud rocked the apartment. There was a flash over Cholon's head and then a shattering of the wall. Wood and glass blasted out from the wall and Cholon looked up to see a naked Pute in human form sailing across the street.

A heartbeat later, Bastile's werewolf form landed in front of Cholon, shattering the floorboards and cracking the joists. He launched himself out of the gaping hole with claws bared and

howling. He hit Pute before the Latino could land and slammed him into the brick building across the street. They fell out of sight.

Cholon shuddered as he tried to pull himself up. Cum and sweat dripped from his body and he slipped, slamming his face into the cracked wood.

There was a scream, Chica's, and then a shudder of movement. Heavy footsteps slammed into the room and the sounds of a fight burst out. It was over in seconds when Chica flew through the hole, slipping the side of it and spinning out of sight. Three other werewolves chased after her: John Boy, Isaiah, and Stout.

Bitch and Raccor, both in human form, knelt down next to Cholon. "Chica, Chica!"

Cholon had never been so happy to hear his hated name before. He shuddered and looked at Raccor. "I'm sorry."

There was no anger in Raccor's face. Instead, he gave a sad smile and pulled Cholon from the ground. He didn't hesitate from the cum or sweat that dripped from his body. "It's okay, Chica. We'll get you out of their territory. Jesus?"

"Van's running and ready," rumbled the other werewolf.

Raccor picked up Cholon and transformed instantly. There was no hesitation or pause, one moment he was human and the next he was eight feet tall and holding Cholon like a baby. "Good, the others will catch up. The Tequilas Bitches need a lesson to be taught. No one messes with the Pack, even one of their pups."

*t'Sade*



# Debt Taken

# 8

Cholon sat in the room the Pack gave him and stared at the wall. It was huge, twenty foot square, but plain brick and empty space. There was no life in it, just four bare walls and the faint smell of moisture that tickled the back of his throat. He wished he was back at his apartment, but there was nothing left after the fight: a gaping hole in the building wall and the shattered remains of his life.

His dinner was on the ground next to him, the food cold. He made an abortive attempt to pick up a mug of flat beer, but then dropped his hand on his thigh. It slapped against the stained denim and slid off; his knuckles bruised against the stone floor.

It had been two days since the Latinos caught him. They were the Tequilas Fang pack, one of the many werewolves packs that called Chicago their home. Their territory was Boystown, Cholon's old home turf. He didn't know that before, now he did.

He sighed and looked at the flat beer between his legs. What they did to him left him feeling violated, but he could handle that. It was the longing he felt, the desire to go back and beg for more, that he hated. He wanted to be pinned and dominated, to feel helpless as they took advantage of him.

He couldn't believe that he had lost. He was suppose to be a great werewolf, not a sissy begging for some cock. He hated that he was still growing hard after so many days. Even thinking about it left him aching for more. He wanted to yank his jeans open and stroke himself to the thought of being violated, but shame and humiliation kept his cock in his pants and his eyes fixed on the wall.

"It sucks, doesn't it," came the rumbling voice of Bastile. The broad-shouldered black man stepped into Cholon's view and sat

down heavily. Even in human form, he shook the ground with his weight.

Cholon glanced up at the alpha, but didn't know what to say. He sighed and stared at the stone floor.

Bastile reached over and grabbed Cholon's beer. His large hand dwarfed the glass mug as he picked it up, swirled it once, and drained it in a single gulp. "So, what hurts more?"

Cholon tensed. He had risked the pack and he was sure the alpha was going to kick him out. He didn't know where he would go, now that his home was destroyed.

"Getting a chubby for getting mounted like a bitch or the fact you still get excited thinking about it?"

It took Cholon a second to register the words. He inhaled sharply as he stared at the alpha. "W-What?"

Bastile set down the glass and it rang out. "You smell like a bitch in heat. You're all hard thinking about those Tequilas, aren't you?"

Cholon blushed hotly.

"Yeah, we've all been there. Lost a fight, ended up face down in the ground with your ass in the air and stuffed with some were's shaft. Felt good, wasn't it? Came all over the floor, it looked like."

Stunned, Cholon could only stare at Bastile.

Bastile cracked his knuckles and looked around. "Are you staying? This place could use a few touches. And probably less sulking bitches."

"I-I'm not in trouble?"

The alpha looked back with a frown of confusion. "No, I just said we all gotten fucked. Every single one. Hell, my first time was when an entire pack caught me. We fought for hours until they pinned me —"

"There were two of them," interrupted Raccor as he entered Cholon's room, "and you had just finished off a keg on your own. You were drunk and already on your knees when they decided to teach you a lesson for pissing on their boots."

Bastile glared at the beta.

Raccor chuckled and sat down next to Cholon. "Chica, every time he tells it, it's practically King Leonidas and his three hundred, complete with the gay bits and without the backup. He wouldn't

have mentioned that the entire pack came to help him then too. While he was coming like a little bitch.”

Cholon smiled hesitantly.

Bastile’s glare deepened and he peeled back his lip to expose bright white teeth.

Cholon wiped the smile from his face.

Raccor shook his head. “At least he wasn’t slapped around in the middle of a football game and then mounted like he was nothing more than a hunk of meat in front of three hundred fans. And then told join the pack or die.”

The glare disappeared and Bastile chuckled. “Yeah, that was a good day. Really got off that time, came all over.”

Raccor glanced at Cholon. “I didn’t think at the time, but old Bastile here is mighty persuasive. Now, I don’t mind it as much.”

“You mean my dick convinced you,” Bastile announced and rubbed his hard shaft. He wore leather pants and his length looked like a cable as thick as Cholon’s upper arm.

Cholon stared in shock. “You mean... both of you?”

“All of us,” said Raccor. “That’s what happens when you became a were. The pups get it worst. I don’t know why, but it is part of being a werewolf. You want to be on top, but you crave being on the bottom. It’s a conflict, the desire to dominate and the desire to submit. And with the Pack, it’s safe. We don’t hold it against you because it may be us on the ground next time.”

Bastile snorted.

“Okay, all but our glorious alpha ends up on the ground.” Raccor glanced at him. “Except when we decided to gang bang him.”

Bastile growled, a deep rumbling noise that shook Cholon’s chest. “It’s been a long time since that happened. And it ain’t going to happen again.”

Raccor shrugged and turned back to Cholon. “It is also how you find your pack. If the Tequilas had you bit longer, you’d be in their hotel right now. Probably hating every moment as they fucked your ass in your own private bed.”

Cholon’s cock surged with heat. He gulped and resisted the urge to grab his shaft. “Does it go away? Being turned on by losing?”

“No,” said both werewolves immediately.

He stared down at his cock, which was hard with his thoughts. For a long moment, he said nothing.

Bastile stood up. "The only thing you can do is fight and fuck. Always try to win, but be willing to spread your legs when you fail. Learn from your lessons and do it again." He stretched before relaxing. "So, are you staying?"

Cholon nodded. "If you have me."

"Of course," snapped Bastile. He turned to the door. "Boys!"

When Cholon heard the thud of the rest of the pack, he scrambled to his feet. His heart beat faster as the first of them entered his apartment, carrying bags of clothes and boxes of supplies. Behind the first couple, Stout in werewolf form carried a king-sized mattress through the opening, followed by Isaiah with a frame. Others came in easily lifting dressers, a weight set, and a punching bag.

Raccor stood up next to Cholon. "I wasn't sure what interested you, but I knew you were into MMA, so we picked up a few workout items. Oh, and some movies." He chuckled as John Boy came in carrying an eight-inch television and a handful of cables.

Cholon stared as the werewolves crowded the room and rapidly assembled everything. "W-What is... this?"

Bastile slapped Cholon on the shoulder. "Welcome to the Pack," he growled and headed out. The others spread around him. When he left, the room felt larger without his bulk.

Raccor sighed and shook his head. "That man's speeches have a lot to be desired."

Cholon said nothing as he watched the others finish pulling together his room. As they finished, they nodded to Cholon and headed out.

Stout paused in front of him. "Glad you had your address up to date, Chica. You can thank me by a few rounds of sparing later, deal?"

Cholon cleared his throat. "S-Sure?"

Stout clapped him on the shoulder and then headed out. "All right, pussies, who's up for another round!?"

Cholon glanced at Raccor.

The beta held up his hands. "Stout is a police dispatcher. I got your call, but then your phone wouldn't ring when I called back.

That usually means something went wrong, so I asked him to find you and gathered up the Pack.”

Tears threatened Cholon’s eyes. “W-Why? I’ve been...”

Isaiah looked up from the bed. “A sulking bitch?”

From the other side of the room, John Boy said, “A prissy little prick?”

Jesus set down one of the boxes. “Oh, I know. A sulking slut!”

“Already used sulking, Jesus,” snapped Isaiah.

Bitch’s voice carried from the opening. “Just a pup, boys. He’s just a puppy.”

Cholon smiled bashfully as his eyes focused on the slender man at his entrance. Bitch carried Cholon’s belongings from his apartment, in a box that Cholon remembered putting in the back of his closet when he first moved in. Photos stuck out of the top and he saw the strand of one of his boxing gloves.

To his surprise, the other werewolves bowed their head and returned to their duties. They didn’t berate Bitch or even mock him; it was as if they respected the slender man despite the fact he was everyone’s fuck toy.

Bitch smiled and handed Cholon the box. “I got as much as I could. The Tequilas were pretty pissed and I couldn’t grab everything.”

Cholon’s jaw dropped.

Bitch, the delicate little slut of the Pack, smiled broadly. His eyes slid down Cholon’s body, lingering at the his groin before looking back into his eyes. The smell of excitement, musky and sweet, filled the air. No human would have caught it, but Cholon’s hypersensitive senses did.

John Boy stood up sharply and set down the cables. “Well, I’ll finish hooking it up later.”

The other werewolf suddenly stood up and head out, giving a few excuses as they filtered out. In a matter of seconds, there was only Raccor, Bitch, and Cholon in the room.

Cholon stared in shock around the empty room. He had a bed, bigger and better than anything he had ever had before. There was a TV, larger than anything he had ever had, and little pieces that already felt comforting. In a matter of minutes, the Pack had somehow given him a home. “H-How? Why?”

Raccor rested his hand on Cholon's shoulder. "As Bastile said, welcome to the Pack. This is what we do. As for all his insane speeches, Bastile is right. We all lose fights, the only thing you can do is fight harder."

Bitch glanced up. "And, if you are going to lose... it's better among friends."

Raccor slipped his hand off Cholon and then moved over to Bitch. "Yes." He rested his hand on Bitch's hip for a moment and then walked to the door. His bare feet slapped against the stone. At the door, he stopped. "Oh, Chica?"

Cholon realized that the name wasn't so bad, other than being the same name as another werewolf. "Yes?"

"You lost that bet, remember?"

Cholon's cock grew hard and aching. Every inch of his skin tightened and his breath came faster. "Y-Yes?"

"Work it out between you and Bitch."

Before Cholon could answer, Raccor stepped out and threw a heavy blanket over the entrance to block it off, sealing the two in together.

Gulping and his body growing hotter by the second, Cholon looked down at Bitch. The slender man had just finished setting down his box and stood up straight. He wore a pair of jean shorts and a cut-off t-shirt that exposed his taut belly and pale skin. Bright eyes stared back along with a beautiful smile.

Cholon's cock drew up to full length, straining his jeans. He gasped for breath as he drank in the smell of Bitch's excitement. It was the same scent that drew him into the sewers before, when he first fucked Bitch. But now, having it directed at him, he wanted to do nothing but rip the clothes off the man and fuck him hard.

"Then why don't you?"

Cholon gasped. "W-What?"

"Fuck me as hard as you want to?"

"C-Can you read minds?"

Bitch shook his head with a grin. "No, but I can smell it."

He shifted forward. "I can see you clenching your hands."

Another step closer to Cholon, the heat of his body washing against his senses. "I see your hips thrusting, as if you were driving into my ass."

With Bitch approaching, Cholon found it harder to breath. His shaft throbbed painfully and his body trembled.

“So,” whispered Bitch as he pressed up against Cholon’s chest, his slender body dwarfed by the larger werewolf’s frame, “why don’t you?”

Cholon trembled. A thousand images flashed through his head.

Bitch slowly looked down, taking his time to gaze at Cholon. At his cock, he reached out with one delicate hand and caught the zipper along the ridge that tented the fabric. “You can’t hurt me, Chica. Slap me or scratch me,, I’ll recover.”

He tugged on the zipper with surprising strength. It slid over the ridge of his hardness and then down. Every inch sent more tremors coursing through Cholon. Slowly, his cock swelled out of the opening, the fabric of his underwear soaked with pre-cum.

Bitch let out a soft moan and kept pulling down. “You can choke me with your hands or your beautiful cock. You can slammed it into my ass and not worry about it being slicked, or you can make me lick your asshole until you are ready to pop.”

The litany of submissive, slutty thing made it hard to concentrate. The world spun around him.

Bitch finished with the zipper and reached into the opening. His hand was cool against Cholon’s hardness. With practiced movements, he pulled the elastic up and over the shaft and pulled it down. Cholon’s cock bounced with his pulse, the head glistening with pre-cum.

Realizing that he was losing himself, Cholon shook his head. “I... um, what do you want to do?”

Bitch looked up with a smile. “I just told you. All of that. I want you to slam me down and rip my ass. I want you to call me a Bitch and make me suck your cock. I want you to pin me down and sit on my face until I lick and suck your balls and asshole until you come. I want you to make me beg, for your cock and for you to stop.”

A thick torrent of pre-cum oozed out of Cholon’s shaft.

“I want you to make me cry, and sob, and then cum. I want others to hear it, to know I’m just your slut, your fuck-toy, your bitch.”

The urge to grab Bitch’s face and choke-fuck him rose up. Cholon trembled against it, his will crumbling. He wanted to so badly. He could smell Bitch’s desire and hunger, but something else him back.

“And then, tomorrow and the day after,” came the whisper, “I want you to do it again. Any time, any where, any form. I’m the Pack’s Bitch. If one hole’s filled, then use another.” Bitch trailed his fingernails along Cholon’s cock, swirling through the pre-cum as he trailed from his balls up to his swollen glans.

Cholon took a deep breath, clenching his hands into fists.

“And that’s my consent. You have my permission to use me, abuse me, and fuck me whenever you want. Make me your bitch, Chica.”

Silence stretched between them. Bitch filled it by trailing his fingertips up and down Cholon’s twitching shaft, teasing and hot as he stroked from tip to balls and back again.

Cholon fought him. He remembered the humiliation of being pinned down and the excitement he felt. He had no doubt that the same look in Bitch’s eyes was on his own.

Bitch smiled and wrapped his delicate fingers around Cholon’s cock. He began to pump slowly, sliding through the pre-cum.

Cholon cleared his throat. “I...”

“—am going to fuck you now and there is nothing you can do about it.”

Words flashed through Cholon’s mind, but then he let go. He snapped his hands up and grabbed Bitch’s head.

Bitch moaned.

Cholon yanked him down to his cock. It took no effort to guide Bitch to the tip and jammed it into the tight, wet mouth. The heat and pressure built as he slammed his length deeper until the tight confines of Bitch’s throat stopped him.

He didn’t bother pulling out. With all his might, he shoved Bitch down on the shaft and ground his cock against the back of his throat, knowing that the slut could easily take his length.

Tremors of excitement coursed through him, the intense rush of domination burning in his veins. He felt himself rushing toward transformation. For a heartbeat, he resisting, but then Bitch swallowed hard and his cock sank a few more inches into the tightly stretched lips of the Pack’s slut.

Cholon growled and drove forward, burying his entire length into Bitch’s throat. The heat and pressure pushed him harder, begging him to transform and dominate the bitch in front of him.



He gripped Bitch's head tightly and pulled back, drawing his sensitive cock head out from the tight confines of the throat, across the tongue, and out of Bitch's mouth.

Bitch gasped, strands of pre-cum dripping from his lips.

Cholon drove forward with his might, burying his cock once again. He found a rhythm and began to pound Bitch's face, not caring about the slender man's comfort but only his own. He was dominating and there was no fear that Bitch would turn around and rape him. The excitement and heat pushed to drive harder and faster, shaking Bitch's body with each powerful blow.

The transformation started and he didn't resist. It was slow and painful, but Cholon focused his will on face-fucking Bitch. The agony of his body shifting only pushed him harder and faster, to watch as his cock swelled in the slut's mouth and his length to grow in his throat.

His jeans shredded with his transformation, the fabric peeling off his body from his movements.

Growling, he continued to thrust his hips. It was harder, more friction and tighter, but he was also stronger. His hard shaft tore into strained mouth and deep toward his belly.

Bitch's excitement rose around him, hot and primal. He was hard too and stroking himself. The naked smell of musk and cum told Cholon that Bitch had already come and was rushing toward another.

Cholon's growl echoed against the walls of his new home. The sound of his furry belly slapping against Bitch's face, a muted thud, was enough to push him to fully transform. He was face-fucking Bitch, not the other way around. And he loved it.

His shaft, angry and red, moved with a blur. It drove past Bitch's tightly stretched lips and into his throat, straining it as he angled down into the sweet depths of heat and liquid.

It took only a few more minutes before his orgasm reached a crest. He pounded faster, not caring if he was bruising Bitch or not.

He was still moving when he started to cum. He pulled completely out and let the first splatter pain across Bitch's nose and cheek. He drove into the open, willing mouth for the second one to pour down his throat. The third splattered along Bitch's tongue and then he was out again. Holding the slut still, Cholon came all over

Bitch's face and chest, pumping long jet after jet as his orgasm refused to subside.

Bitch opened his mouth wide and caught much of it in his mouth. Instead of swallowing, he swirled his tongue around the pool of swirling white.

Cholon aimed the last few blasts into his mouth until it overflowed and ran down both sides of the slender man's chin. Shuddering, he squeezed a few more drops out before releasing his cock to smack against Bitch's chin.

Bitch slowly closed his mouth before loudly swallowing. When he opened it, there was only a few flecks of seed clinging to his lips.

"That," gasped Cholon, "was fucking good."

Bitch's lips curled into a smile. "Are you giving up already?"

Cholon stared in shock.

"Because I was sure there was more in this cock... Chica." The smile grew wider.

Heat poured through Cholon's veins and his cock jumped. There was more, a lot more. He growled and picked Bitch off the ground and tossed him to the bed. "I'm not done, Bitch!"

Bitch moaned as he hit the edge of the bed, folding in half. His jean shorts hung on one ankle and he wore no underwear. His smaller cock was hard against the blanket and his tiny little asshole was inviting between the tight buttocks of a young man.

Cholon wasted no time in stepping out of his ruined clothes and stepping up to Bitch. He aimed his cock against the sphincter and shoved with all of his supernatural strength. The sight of his huge cock, swollen with desire and his transformation, disappearing into Bitch's tiny ass pushed him into a small orgasm, the cum lubricating the way as he slammed himself balls-deep into Bitch.

Bitch cried out, in discomfort but also in pleasure. The smell of his excitement rose around Cholon and drove him harder. Bitch wasn't made of glass, he could take it. And he was going to give it.

He pounded hard, using all of his strength.

And Bitch only moaned for more. He clutched the blankets and lifted his ass into Cholon's thrusts.

Cholon clamped his claws over Bitch's hips to thrust, enjoying every inch of his shaft disappearing into the tight sheath of Bitch's

rectum. The heat and pressure pushed him to drive harder and faster, straining to dominate the bitch of a werewolf.

Bitch came again and again, the sharp smell of cum rising around him.

Cholon drove harder, his body shaking from effort. It wasn't enough, he needed something more. He shifted his claws to Bitch's throat and shoulder. It gave him more leverage to hold the young man down, to force it deeper.

It only lasted a few minutes of constant pounding before it wasn't enough.

Growling, Cholon struggled for a moment and then realized what he needed. Reaching down, he grabbed Bitch's legs and pick him pull, bending the man in half until his knees pressed against his chest and his ass was exposed to the full brunt of Cholon's cock. Holding him tightly in place, Cholon stepped away from the bed.

Bitch was helpless, knees caught against his chest and unable to move. His ass thrust back with nothing to stop the furry hips from driving every inch of his immense cock into the slender man.

"Fuck," gasped Bitch and came again.

Cholon did. Driving deep and hard into the hot, tight body before yanking out. He used Bitch like a cock sleeve, something to bring him pleasure.

But, for his helplessness, Bitch continued to moan and whimper, begging for more at the top of his lungs.

Pounding at the limits of his strength and speed, it took almost ten minutes before Cholon came again. He emptied his balls into Bitch's ass, not stopping or slowing his thrusts. Cum poured out on the floor, splashing loudly between the moans and slaps of naked flesh.

"Go, Chica!" came a call from outside.

"That's two!"

Surprised, Cholon fumbled but then resumed his thrusting.

Bitch gasped and came again. He gasped out between Cholon's rapid thrusts. "T-They are. Betting. On you."

Cholon growled. He yanked completely out in a flood of cum and then speared Bitch again.

"Winner. Gets. Me. Loser. Oh fuck. Loser. Fights. You."

Anger and annoyance burned through Cholon's body, fueling his thrusts. He knew that it was playful, but the urge to win and dominate fought.

Bitch tightened his muscles around Cholon's cock.

Cholon punched through it with a growl and resumed his thrusting. "Then, put me down for fifteen!" He roared before throwing everything he could into fucking Bitch into submission.

# One of the Pack



Cholon's fingers clutched the game controller as his heart beat faster. On the screen, he was about to lose the game and it was hard to think past the hardness growing in his jeans. His team, the Green Bay Packers, was only a few points shy of beating Jesus' Bears. Cholon didn't care much for football, but he picked the Packers just to annoy everyone else. It worked and the good-natured ribbing brought a warmth to his chest and a tingle in his balls.

"You are going down, bitch!" yelled Jesus as he swung his controller left and right while hammering the sprint button.

"Not with that move," snapped Cholon. He already knew that he was going down, but it was fun to pretend he had a chance.

On the screen, the animated figures crawled toward the end goal. A few more inches and Cholon would tie the game. But there was only a second left on the clock. The urge to stand up rose but he fought it down.

The screen flashed. Game over.

Cholon turned just as Jesus turned and shoved his black cock into his face. It smacked his nose, leaving a smear of pre-cum against his lip.

"In your face!"

The others cheered loudly, even John Boy who lost the other game and was waiting for his next opponent.

Heat poured through him as he stood up to Jesus. "Blow me, bitch."

Grinning, Jesus reached out and clapped Cholon on the shoulder. "It's the other way around, Chica. Your partner is John now."

Cholon looked over to the naked farmer, his cock was just as hard as the other man's. They were going to fight and one was going to lose. Cholon realized he didn't care either way, he was going to enjoy it.

With a nod, he headed toward the ring.

On the other side of the den, curled up underneath Bastile's cock, Bitch smiled and winked.

Cholon chuckled. It was good to be part of the pack.

# 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.