



Wolf Relic

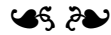
A smut short story by Tlapa Bear

Version 1.0.0

Foreword

Here lies a story not for everyone, one full of fear and rape, aimed at those with submissive hearts. The wolves within don't pull any punches and mark their ownership with urine, so do consider this a fair warning, but if your kinks involve being ordered and used by powerful, bipedal wolves, here you shall find the fulfillment of these dark desires.

This binary forest is also an exercise in using second person narrative, intertwined with more regular storytelling techniques. Dive right in and feel the sort of touch only a rough, knot toting beast can deliver.



If you like my creations, do please support me and offer me kind words through any of the following establishments:

- My website [Tlapa Bear](#)
- Profiles on furry fandoms, [SoFurry](#) and [FurAffinity](#)
- Via email tlapa.bear@yandex.com

Have you found any typos, errors, and want to offer critique? Reach me via the aforementioned channels without hesitation. I'm thankful for any civil feedback I receive, and I always want to improve from it.

Wolf Relic

What we desire is rarely what we actually want. Fear dictates our infatuations far more often than experience does, rationalized desires giving brimstone hearts a wide berth. It is no wonder then that many stumble away from their innermost truths, or are drawn into locked away memories, enrapturing something vile and raw, but no less foggy. But perhaps you may see more here, just as he once did.

A forest in the late evening can be a daunting place, a dangerous one even. Stories and rumors of vile creatures roaming these parts are as plentiful as any folk lore, and with twigs snapping under your feet, you douse your lungs in a heady scent lingering from pine trees. The prickly shapes grow less menacing with gulps of air – in truth, it is serene in here, the landscapes twisting like typed words lingering, flickering against the untouchable backdrop of a bright overcast sky.

Through these visions you find an agreeable spot for your mind to calm down. It's not perfect, but it is much better, a whole length better than any village sprawled out like a decrepit maze. A mere recollection begets treading deeper into the green and rusty orange defined forest, heart racing at every fern that sways like a tail would. A tail of those large, man like creatures...have you ever seen one? Certainly not during your lifetime, not with your own eyes. Only in paintings and stories do these beasts live. Intrigue, fear, and tingling, tingling arousal. A feeling so liberating it condemns you to fantasies.

Alas, you can just tell you are alone, regular wildlife not bothering itself to be found. Only those odd trees, so curiously spaced out as if to convey more of a hidden meaning.

A gust of wind on your neck breaks down the monotony. It is a shivering, warm sensation, blasting away at your–

“You humans usually know not to go into our territory.” A voice rasps, unnatural and low, as if coming from a mouth too long.

You must be absolutely terrified, caught alone.

“Stay put.” A masculine groan commands. “Don't go hurting yourself now, breathe deep.”

You are too panicked to react, your limbs as if stone, all at the mercy of this forest and its inhabitants. You feel they are not human, long, long before he, and quite clearly he enters your field of vision. The hulking creature has apparent wolfish features, masculinity staring you down from a mere pace away.

Flare your nostrils and breathe in, just as he commands, let your alert senses pick up a strong whiff of the creature's stench. It so thick it whirs your very understanding of space and world.

The wolf head toting man barks out, “Didn't meant to give you a start.” He pauses, letting you inflate your lungs with a fresh batch of air. The creature eases his tone, his rasp no longer sanding at your ears. “Getting a good breath in? Continue, human. In and out. That's it, grab your senses by the tail.”

Do you trust him?

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He is a man you cannot fully comprehend, in place of skin a dark gray coat of fur, eye sockets deep and menacing, and as far as you can tell, there is hardly any clothing on this wolf man, other than some leather straps and a coarse loincloth dangling over his crotch. The implications turn your knees to wobble like a skewed table.

The wolf man, or man wolf, a wicked mind cannot decide, produces something resembling a human smile. “Just do as I say and you’ll be alright – you’re not the first I scared the spirits out of,” he says, giving the front of his chest a flat tap with a paw like hand. “I always forget you folk cannot hear as well as we do.”

You are shaking top to bottom, if your breaths have slowed down. The sudden silence this toothy presence bestows upon you is perhaps the worst. It lets your eyes wander again, unmistakably trailing to his sharp claws, but it also lets you realize that your throat is swollen as if a sharp lump of coal had traversed through it.

“You are ways from home, human. And in the territory of the wolves. You’ve surely heard what you baldskins go through if you trample our ground?” His words hold enough darkness to peel skin from your flesh. “Well, something must have chased you all the way here...and you–”

A distant howl glares past the trees. Its meaning is puzzling, but it is already doing its damage.

“Hush, it’s just a gathering call.” He reassures you. “Don’t grow scared, other kin won’t touch you while you are with me. You can stay for the night; what I mean, human, you should stay the night. You are like a lost pup here, and I’ll lead you back home the morning. Besides, I know you humans can be very kind.

“You no longer fear me for a beast, I wish?” he goes on, smooth words flowing into your ears. “Come on, human. After me. Your home is that a way”–he points roughly north, if you could tell–“just so you know. You are lucky to have bumped into me, and not some other kin. That young blood is too eager sometimes.”

He does not give you much of a choice, for the forest is turning into a toothy monster, rocks snapping and crevices churning, the dimming blue now a tapestry of gloom for your plight of being a prey. The wolf simply leads ahead, ears turned backwards, so big you could fit both of yours in one, and you dutifully follow after a sharp tail that sprouts from his lower back. A fuzzy feeling swells in your chest too. He is like a firm torch that casts away the darkness, a figurative point of stoutness that, so unlike every twisting image before you, remains familiar and distinct. A wolf.

Each step is a painful rustle of vegetation, dry pine needles and twigs snapping under your feet while the wolf man is like a sly wind, stirring a lone fern from its resting spot at most. His tail whips that and this way, an exotic sight you cannot look away from, and within its animations, dread befalls you. You glance at the butt of this strapping beast, a slight sway of male testicles under the non-existent back portion of his loincloth.

Heave and stop.

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This strange creature, a being you were warned about for all your waking days...he could just turn on you, rape you, rip through your flesh and there'd be nothing you could do about it. Just a puppet taken for the devil's dance.

"Is all well there?" He inquires, wolfish eyes growing wider. "Letting your spirit sink again, are we?"

It's as if there's nothing you can hide from him.

The wolf points at a small clearing, wooden logs for seats and a small bonfire spot to offer heat; still, if he hadn't showed it to you, you wouldn't have spotted it on your own. "One of my resting spots. Ever since I grew silver fur, I need one every hundred trees. Lucky you, hm?" He leads you in with a smirk. "Sit down there and get comfortable. Sit."

One of the carved open and moss overgrown logs is the most comfortable thing you could ever wish for. The beast then strikes two flint rocks and puffs a flame alive with ease, the yellow glow a warm blanket that keeps on nuzzling.

"Better now?" he asks. "That is good. You are a nice lass...or, err, lad? Never mind. I'd prefer if you had good sentiments toward us wolves, we live peacefully in this forest, and we don't care for the kings' plights. I hope you are much the same.

"We do trade with you humans, I have you know. Some things, only a pure bred wolf can give and offer." The smile the imposing wolf offers is leering and almost sexual. "Well, judging by your expression, it's the first time you hear this?"—he sighs, seating himself across the bonfire—"Secrecy. Secrecy and pesky fences. Well, we thought it be official, but I can't read too good, so I took the scoundrel's permits for true and lawful. Of course, I cannot imagine our red apples to be sound and holy!"

A long and hearty guffaw works itself out of the wolf's long muzzle, his razor sharp teeth reminiscent of a wooden buzz saw.

The wolf man gives you an apologetic glance. "I'm sorry for that. Do you think you could fall asleep? Oh, of course not...after the way I found you, and I cannot command you to sleep. Or can I? Sleep!" He produces a slight, human like chuckle. "No? Well, never mind. Leading you the whole way into your home is out of the question, you understand – I don't need a pitchfork thrust in my ass – so you are stuck with me for the night."

Such a puzzling creature, that wolf. Warming up to him is too easy with how soft on the eyes he is.

"Ah, I got it!" He rasps all of a sudden. "A fitting story could further ease your mind, and it will make the coming night vanish quicker. Hell...why do I tiptoe around. You want to stay here, you're going to listen to it.

"It will get rough...and uncomfortable, but human, there are things that are rough, but only because they take away the moss we stack atop ourselves to make a cushion of lies. I'm having an idea why you came here this evening, into this forest. And the longer you stay with me, the more you'll realize the truth yourself."

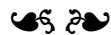
The bonfire crackles and sends orange sparks uncomfortably close.

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The wolf man's eyes flick across your body, a glint of sorrow in them. "I give you a promise though. Well, several promises. You are free to go whenever you please, I won't force you into anything you yourself didn't already want, and most importantly, I'll keep you safe while you're here."

The bonfire's flickering glow gives that wolfish creature even more of a menacing tang, fires of beyond dancing atop the strands of his fur. No human landmarks here, the ground is melting beneath you and offering you the sensation of a void that needs to be filled. Should you leave? Should you just stop and run, before he scrapes through your very self, and finds something you thought impossible?

"Can I begin now?" The wolf man rasps, captivating you once more. "Relax and listen. I'll keep you safe."



The city tales were only scarier when it came to wolf packs and their ardent behavior, and for a very good reason. One such tale was on a youngster's mind, causing him to stand still and jolt every which way, like a mouse not sure where to go.

He was late, that was for sure, but the looming risk of a narrow shortcut, a back alley winding behind workshops, pubs, and broken down buildings was well known to be the home turf of some of these animal like men. Whispering voices and leering, drunken gossips were very colorful when it came to things such beast men could do – clever dogs knew too well that murder and theft would get them under the scrutiny of many guard and law enforcing circles, the king's men notwithstanding, so they quickly adapted to the ways of the underworld. Brawn and racket, a gray guise of simply not being a nuisance enough to warrant attention. But wary be those who go against them, pub gossip warned, these godless beasts turned many a man into a mere alley wench.

At least, that was the folklore, none the boy knew ever met any of those wolfish creatures. May as well have been nothing but a myth, a scaring tale, a Friday eve booze bravado to get attention.

Oh, was he indeed late. And it wasn't the first time either. Walking the regular way, around a ghosted monastery and half dozen blocked junctions was for a good chunk of an hour. The twisting side path was a straight shot. No, those other pesky apprentices must have been using that damn alley all the time, none ever coming late and as short of breath as him. With those thoughts and deep breaths encouraging him, the lad set off, trailing down the twisty, mud caked path toting a worried mind. That place was ideal for an ambush, even he knew that, but with every musty structure he passed by, every nail ridden furniture he clambered by, the young man upped his step and willed himself to courage.

It may have been two or three minutes in when he came glancing the way of a gloomy corner, getting just the sight he did not need. Was it a dog? A stray, wild dog, or someone's loyal pet pooch, just guarding a comically small backyard? The youngster had raced past far too quick, but he was almost sure to have seen a ruff collar on that thing. And a long vest, too almost as if taken from a noble blooded, posh person. Whatever it was, he could not afford to falter and risk losing his blacksmith apprenticeship, that being his only chance at survival. The exit in the distance filled him with winner's joy.

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Something was quick to block his path, just next to a small yard slightly more pristine than the grime smeared back alley – a large beast man, a wolf, and for someone who had never seen such a sight, it was a menacing image comparable to few. The young lad blinked and almost strode head first into the creature, stopping short of a forearm's length, skin pale and eyes wide. Suddenly, getting to his destination on time was about as important as counting fleas.

The muzzled dog being stood there with arms crossed, resembling a human mercenary, all broad and burly; just like the ones the lad had seen at the inn once or twice. He was certainly about as dangerous too.

“Looking for something, pup?” the large wolf said, his voice as flat as it was unnatural.

The lad was too scared to respond or move, all those superstitious stories and pub tales rushing to him all at once. That was a grim mistake, an idiot's plight, to say the least, but only when a second assailant got a hold of him, true terror scrunched his innards.

Whatever or whoever it was, it pried right into his personal space, a big, fuzzy torso, and a warm muzzle right at his ear. The voice cut right to his heart. “What a wench! You must be really hoping for a wolf cock, striding in here just like that. I think you need a proper punishment.”

The lad was trapped and those cruel beasts were surely going to assault him...or worse. Reasoning was out of the question, his neck muscles locking up tight to the point of restricting his breaths, and the blue tunic and chain mail clad wolf before him was beginning to blur into a feverish smear.

“Look at that runt,” the armored wolf said. “He's no threat, barely standing on his own feet.” His voice was high pitched, whistling out every word.

“So what?!” The brute holding the boy groaned. “You want to let him go? No.” –a pause, the long muzzled man grinding his hips against the youngster's lower back–“You smell this bitch? He's just like one of their females. All ready for a good date!”

Those words hurt, hurt and cut deep, both with humiliation and anxiety. The lad threw up bile into his mouth at the implications.

And as if to add to it, one wolf man descended from a nearby shingled roof while another walked out of an abandoned warehouse, quick to lock down the boy into a circle of no escape. Each and every glance only gave him more wolf to dread, some of them not even hiding their crotches under a loincloth.

“What have you got here?” The new lupine growled, his fur dark gray, his clothes nothing but a red peasant shirt and pair of sturdy, leather boots. “Was he stealing in here?”

“No.” The warrior wolf answered. “He used our alley like some common walkway. Thought they'd keep away after the last one.”

The lad yelped as the creature standing close behind him produced a searing hot lick at his ear. “He'd make a nice wench. I'll give his ass the first rape it so much yearns for, these bald skins deserve no other.”

“Hold your knots, Derion.” A wholly new voice ringed in the boy's ears. “I don't need another broken colon to sort out for you! What have I said the last time!?”

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It was all too much for the lad to keep up, all the wolves blurring into a vortex of bickering and wanton nudity. A nightmare he couldn't process.

"Do whatever the hell you want, just don't expect me to help when Rolland the Third wants to ram a flail up your sheath."

"Stop fucking around and get him on his knees."

Two rigid, wolfish hands reached out from the vortex and forcibly pushed the boy down to the ground. He offered little, if any, resistance, soft gravely mud easing his landing. That was it...those disgusting beasts were to scar him for life, and he could do nothing to oppose.

"Get going then. Yes, and you fuck off with him, you skirt chaser." Two pairs of furred, thick legs shuffled into position at each side of the lad. "Hey, you, eyes up." The voice commanded. "Just do as I say. This won't be too bad if you cooperate."

Little could the lad do than aim his trembling eyes upward at the unnaturally muscular wolf in a flowing red shirt and with a scrotum that would put any well endowed human to absolute shame. Being so close to the sheath, he felt a pungent mixture of feral musk and a tang of urine, his hope sinking like a leaded ball.

The dark gray wolf gazed down upon him, something of a soothing smile spreading on that pointy, muzzled face. It was an insignificant gesture, but more than enough to stop the boy's incessant heaving. "Hey, what's your name, sweet thing?"

The other man was at least wearing a loincloth – it was the warrior wolf who had remained behind. The frightened boy warily slid his eyes up and down his gear, noting a layer of chain mail over his front and shoulders, as well as a pair of shin guards forged from crude metal.

It was a fight, a struggle to work his neck muscles, but the boy eventually opened his dry lips to answer. "...E-Elrich," he mumbled in a weak voice.

"Elrich?" the wolf repeated. "Well, Elrich, you haven't caused us much fuss. But this is our territory, and mind you, I want to make sure you don't return here again–"

He got cut off by his pack mate. "You picked the time to have a speech." Impatient words were followed by impatient actions as he took hold of his thick loincloth and yanked it upward, tucking it into an equipment waist belt.

The dark gray wolf scoffed at his friend and grabbed the boy's head to hold it in place. It was such a rigid and straightforward gesture, so strong and domineering were those wolves. Elrich lost almost all thought, sitting there in the mud like a porcelain doll, letting two rough criminals do whatever they pleased with him. It was only a warning so they smeared their groins against the boy's face, those pungent and unclean mating organs, each an intimidating behemoth consisting of two balls and a fat sheath rubbing into his nose and eyes. It began slowly at first, slow strokes and drawn out rubs as they forced him crotch to crotch.

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An evil chuckle reached Elrich's ears. "How's that feel, human? That'll make you think twice before you prance in here like some wanton whore!" He couldn't be sure which of the brutes had said that, his point of existence smothered between two sinewy thighs flexing all around his head.

The youngster was already burning with shame when some vile liquid smeared over his skin from those beast's sheaths. It was hot and slimy, and shook him with disgust. Still, his curiosity got the better of him as he opened his eyes at crack, holding back an impending river of tears to witness two wolf penises sliding out of their sheaths at an alarming rate. The warrior's one was a tapering, fleshy brown slab of meat, wafting with earthy and spicy scents, glistening like some devious sculpture of the olden days. The sight was horrifying and breathtaking at the same time, a dark calling of flesh too primal to be ignored. The other, gray furred wolf's was only slightly narrower, growing to a brightly red monument that was all too happy to slap him across the cheek.

"Enjoying the sights, bitch?" the gray furred, red cocked beast slurred.

He was still holding onto Elrich's head, drawing back a pair of strapping hips to smack the boy over the lips. The sheer force caused his ears to ring and those cunningly decadent monstrosities began punting at him until he could feel slight bruises forming on his lips and nose.

Seemingly done with him, the hits relenting, the warrior wolf man guffawed in a high pitch. "I'd say we got a queer on our hands. Well, enough is enough," he said and tucked his loincloth back down, leaving it slightly distended on a half erect mating appendage.

"You sure?" the other inquired. "Since when are you this sensitive? Turnin' into a pansy, are we?"

"Oh fuck off. Even I know when to stop"—boots shuffled in the mud—"swinging the mace. Get the bitch out of here, would you kindly?"

Elrich was of no more interest to the stocky and armored wolf, his slow stride showcasing a striped brown tail contently flowing side to side. He found himself alone with the remaining wolf who forcibly turned his face upward.

"Is this enough of a punishment for you?"

The boy hurriedly nodded, crotch stench of those two wolves infused with his skin. It was too fresh a memento to do other than comply.

The wolf ran a hand through his own short and black hair, triangle shaped ears springing as it slid past. "You are a good sport, lad. And if you know what is good for you, you'll avoid our alley like the plague." A small smirk appeared on the oddly handsome creature's face. "You can't wait to get out of this shithole, I imagine."

Elrich's chest swelled with joy as he was pulled up onto his feet and escorted out of the alley. If the wolf man wasn't such a raping, criminal cesspit of a being, he could even see him as a strong and noble creature. Those beasts, he thought to himself, they must have been courting wenches left and right, a mere reveal of their pubes enough to get those lesser hussies panting for an insertion.

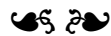
"Don't ever return."

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And that was it, Elrich was free to go, standing weakly at a muddy spot where the back alley spat him out into the city. The wolf had long since vanished, and with the vile residue of bodily fluids, coarse fur and pungent musk on his face, the young man wobbled on his legs to vacate that evil place as fast as he could. Only then the harsh reality of what he went through caught up; the jolt of joy he felt mere heartbeats before shifted into pure, gut wrenching dread. The trauma was too much, the powerlessness of having been used by those...monsters, abused and raped as if he was some unworthy slut, a man turned into a bitch.

A street corner emerged from a feverish haze and the boy collapsed against it, heaving for a breath. All it took was a mere mental image of a lupine mating organ and he violently threw up on some fancy cobblestone lining. How could such evil be? Those wolves, on top of everything else horrible in his life, how could they be so cruel?!

Noon had settled in by the time Elrich finally calmed down enough to walk. He was late, far more late than he could afford to be, the sun baked streets a nauseating avenue to slither through. He felt ready to give up, the shame something he could not live with, but that sliver of hope, ever present, guided his steps into the blacksmith's workshop for shelter.



The belts and feathers toting wolf before you licks his lips, bringing some moisture to them. "I hope not to have scared you, lad...err...lass? We wolves are creatures of flesh and action, and living the rough existence that we do, the well being of others slips our concerns quite a bit." He offers you a comforting smile. "I assure you, this tale has a happy and fair ending. I wouldn't be holding is so fondly in my old heart otherwise."

You shiver in your moss covered seat, despite the crackling bonfire keeping you warm. Some of those implications laid out before you are worrying, as you are, after all, at the muscled wolf man's complete mercy.

"Wolf tribes living in towns and cities are far more high strung than us, I have to explain. It is not a kind environment, and the lack of nature and constant threats makes those of us living there especially vile." Your host rumbles in a calm, captivating voice. "Even if any local wolf caught you instead of me, they wouldn't think of getting that rough with you. Cute morsels like you get treated with care."

Your cheeks flush slightly with warmth as that handsome, powerful beast offers you a compliment.

He continues, running a hand through his black dreadlocks dangling down to his shoulders. "You seem more comfortable now. But if you are getting cold, perhaps a tribal tea would be to your tastes?"

It is hard not to nod. The man is so nice to you, after all.

"Good! Right away, then."

The imposing wolf gracefully rises up, like an eloquent snippet of cursive, and rummages through a nearby bush with his back turned to you. He claims to be of age, but his legs and thighs are defined with muscles that even humans of full strength struggle to have, each sinew sharply cording as the beast of a

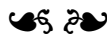
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wolf bends forward. Your eyes go wide at the unhindered sight of his posterior, vulgar bits and pieces just hanging out, his wolfish tail held aloft as if to give you a show. Whether he is doing that on purpose, you are likely quite rude staring at the wolf's sharply defined perineum, muscly and contorted butt cheeks, and by the gods, that big and plump testicle sack. You are intimidated and aroused at the same time, your face slowly flushing red with shame.

The tribal wolf creature swivels around, a small cauldron in his paws. After cleaning and filling it up with water and dry, colorful leaves, he places it over the crackling fire.

"You look ready to continue listening to the tale, human." He notices your blush and snickers. "Perhaps I gave you a bit of a peek there? No less, we'll advance with my story while the water heats up, I can tell it is growing on you."

Besides, it would be just rude to oppose your host, now wouldn't it?



It had been two whole weeks since the nightmare came to be, since Elrich's self worth and dignity had been taken from him. His own human kin turned bitter and cold, and as for his apprenticeship, that was as good as dead. He had a hard time concentrating, constant fits of anxiety racking through him like stones down a mountainside, and no night proceeded without a feverish dream.

A strong feeling was swelling in the boy, a vying for justice and revenge. But what could he do to get back at those wolves? They were stronger than oxen, having about as much of an understanding for human dignity too. The young man had tried and tried during those yonder days to have the law help him, but not even the guards in their shiny plated armors offered him anything but scowls. Their captain had some more understanding for the lad, yet little will to aid him. Those animals, those wolves from the alley, they were of no interest to the watchmen, rarely doing more than petty squabbles.

The captain had at least given him a long overdue order for the wolves to clear out the alley – loitering was really the extent of what the town's law held against them.

Elrich threw up in his mouth at the mere thought of returning to that place, the grime packed alley twisting like a liquored up vision of a dirty creek. Alas, it was his only chance at sanity, and the longer he lingered, the more acrid his mind sunk. He sneaked out of his own decrepit room sometime after noon, trudging alley to alley like a common criminal avoiding the law. That is how he felt, building the courage to face his adversaries. Each alley he passed by was more and more reminiscent of that hellish patch of land, rising right from his memories, and there it was: the maw of oblivion venturing deep, downright reeking with lupine crotches.

A long, deep inhale, when bile filled his nostrils and the lad retched out what little breakfast he had, drops of sweat big as peas rushing down his pale skin. No, he had to push on. He puked the last few bits of oat and immediately set out down the back alley, riding out the sudden rush of rage masking over his fear. Rough walls zipped by, patches of watery sludge and dog piss crawling up them like corrupting vines, when the godless creatures sprung to his vision.

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Just the first one was too much to handle, a stocky, almost bare wolf man barreling down the path. The lad's eyes flitted across the red furred boulder as it almost bashed into him, nothing more than a loincloth, shin and arm guards, and a glare so sharp it could cut trees.

"You picked a good day to pester us!" A snarl snapped through the alley. "What do you want, human? I may just send you the way you came if you don't piss me off."

Elrich may have been full of hatred and anger, but face to face with the furred hunk, not even a gasp escaped his lips.

"Get on with it already." The red wolf groaned, stopping just a stride from colliding with the young lad. "Don't tell me you got lost."

"N-no..I-I-I..." The lad stuttered, barely holding himself straight. "He...I...brought this..." He pulled out the captain's parchment and shakily offered it to the commanding half wolf, half man.

The wolf groaned and snatched the document, rolling it out impatiently before his muzzle. "What is this, you runt?" A bit of huffing, followed by an angry scowl, livid eyes darting across the parchment. "What?! Are you joking, you little bitch? You really think this means anything here?!"

It was all only a blur, a violent whirl of bricks and reddish fur as the wolf grabbed the boy's neck and dragged him deeper into the alley. The other men were there too, Elrich noted, before he found himself thrown into a gravelly patch. Once the lad was down on his knees and released, he quaked through his first breath, whizzing and sobbing, pleading the much stronger wolf creature for mercy.

The red furred wolf only leered down, his hazel eyes taking measured glances. "You really brought hell on yourself, human weakling. Don't you know not to try at our land? We fought fangs and claws for it, and you waltz in here with...with THIS?!" The booming wolf exhaled a heated tide of air, nostrils flaring. "Was this bitch trying at our land before? What did you mutts do?" He demanded answers from his tribe.

"Not much. Ease your knot." A familiar voice responded, belonging to the lad's former violator. "We only gave him some crotch rubbing. Nothing to get too riled over."

"Is that so? Then why would this bitch try at us like this?" The red wolf passed his kinsman the parchment.

"Why are you giving this to me? You know well I can't read, ya flea rug."

"Watch your mouth, Mace." The red wolf retorted. "He got the captain on our case, and we should clear out this alley for loitering. They get more daring by the week, I tell you."

A slick, unfamiliar voice inquired. "You think that holds any water?"

"About as much as a knot in a tub." The red wolf snickered, turning his attention back to the pale, wheezing lad. "Of course it means nothing. You city dwellers are nothing but sniveling, backstabbing half men with pus for blood. If the captain had any spine, he'd come himself. Do you realize, now? He cast you out!"

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It hadn't all sunk in and the domineering wolf was already tearing the parchment into dwindling little slivers descending into the mud before he yanked aside his loincloth. The boy witnessed, once again, the horrifying sight of a fully matured sheath of a powerful wolf. And just like morbid curiosity commanded, Elrich watched as the red fuzzed sheath swelled with its contents, the wolf's thighs shifting so he could grab his vein webbed tip.

A loud stream of piss splattered into the mud. The lad winced once more, and as the scent of wolf urine wafted into his nose, he could feel its taste gathering at the back of his throat like morning dew on leaves and grass. Thick, spicy and rancid, it was a whole lot to bear from smell alone.

The red furred wolf groaned. "That's all that scraggly document is worth, you runt." He continued to relieve himself, urine pooling into a concoction of mud and soaked up paper fragments, the sheer loudness enough to ring the boy's ears.

But the most horrifying reality was the wolf's thick penis, having flopped out from the confines of its sheath with an almost audible, wet plop. What a wonder, a puzzling contraption of devil that penis was, stubby and thick like a club, fleshy red with one thick vein bulging upon its surface. And at the base was a slimy knot, slowly swelling and glistening like a magical orb.

"Sneaking in a peek, are we?" The peeing wolf chuckled. "I think we have another of those sissy humans here, wolves. Hey, look up, bitch! I'm talking to you."

Elrich recoiled as blood in his veins came to a complete stop. He flicked his eyes up, adhering to any command the fiery lupine had – it was certainly the safest option.

The red wolf teased on. "You like my cock, human? Can't tear your eyes away, huh?" he said.

"N-no...it's nothing like—" hardly could the boy finish his sentence. All that courage, all the fear he conquered to respond, only to have a heavy stream of wolf piss splatter his face and stop him dead in his tracks. The initial shock rendered him stiff like a statue, the yellowy produce of a big, brutish wolf dripping down his chest.

"About as much as you are good for. How's my piss, huh?" The wolf mocked him. "I bet you love it, you bitch...so you won't mind my kin relieving on you as well."

As if the scaring humiliation of one wolf pissing on him wasn't enough, those wretched wolves had him taste them all at once. They came as an expanding haze of blur before him, fuzzy silhouettes wrenching brightly fleshed objects from their groins, one piss stream adding to another until he was a gurgling piss fountain.

"That'll teach the runt." Some wolf groaned, landing a stream, a yellowy rope, right into the lad's brow, new scents mixing into the fray.

And the mocking comments only continued, one grotesque, slimy penis adding to another, all wildly different, ranging from dirty gold to onyx black, but all still shaped like brethren.

"Weakling!"

Wolf Relic

“You’ll reek of us for the remainder of your days, human.”

Elrich sobbed and cried, but the constant torrent running down his face washed away his tears just as they formed. At least those horrid monsters wouldn’t see him cry, if it was to haunt him for days and years. Eventually, the vile beasts’ bladders began to empty one after the other; some wolves walked away wordlessly, some berated him and wiped themselves off into his moist hair, but one stood for a moment longer.

He was a graying hound of a wolf, ruffled fur and balding spots showing from under an open wide green coat. The young lad recoiled as he drew in a scent of that musty old lupine, and more so, took an eyeful of a big penis aimed right at his face, dripping watery fluid from its tip.

The wolf grasped his manhood by the ball of a knot, addressing the barely conscious lad. “I’m not done with you, lass. Eyes up here.” He pushed that fat wolf cock into the boy’s nostril. “Open your fucking mouth and I won’t piss down your nose.”

The lad’s ears throbbed throughout, disbelieving of the horrible things demanded from him.

“Time’s up. Wanted to fill your lungs anyway, bitch.”

The old wolf’s urethra flared before a droplet of molten hot liquid sprinkled into Elrich’s nostril, causing the boy to retch. Looking up, pleading, terrified that the crude old wolf would really relieve himself into his nose, the boy let his jaw fall down to comply, but the whole ordeal was stopped before it could really begin. The release was sudden, a heaven touching him on earth, that disgusting penis vacating his stinging nose.

“That’s enough, you old fart!” The voice felt familiar, soothing even. “Yeah? You try that I’ll break your fangs off...you shriveled old knot.”

Elrich retched and coughed, coming to clear his passageways from the scorching hot humiliation that trickled into the back of his throat. His eyes were shut firm, his ears were ringing, and as he felt another horrid wolf paw reaching for him, he jerked aback.

“Easy there, young one.” A deep, powerful sigh. “Look, I don’t know what you thought was gonna happen when you returned. I think we were quite clear the last time.”

It was the familiar sight of a grey furred, red peasant shirt clad wolf, his fat red penis still vulgarly out in the open. He ran a paw over his handsome face, aiming those bluish eyes square at the boy’s face.

“Elrich, right? Look, if you keep this up, you’ll end up with a knot up your asshole.” The wolf’s serious tone was nothing short of horrifying. “Is that what you want?”

The boy only dumbly gazed on.

The dark gray wolf, taking another scornful exhale, forced the piss soaked Elrich up onto his feet. “Look, boy, if you think blowing cocks and getting raped is fun, then go ahead, come here every other day. You’ll be tied up, taken turns in, showered in piss and cum – fuck, you’ll be our pack bitch, simply put.”

Wolf Relic

The young human only shook on his feet, absently following the lupine caretaker down the alley. That was, until they were almost at the main street, where the masculine wolf turned Elrich to face him and gave him a sharp slap.

“Do you want to be our bitch?!” he groaned.

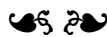
The boy’s eyes swelled up with tears. “No,” he said meekly.

“Good. There is still some sense in that piss soaked head of yours.” A smile spread upon the wolf’s face. “I don’t know, go home, get drunk, hire a prostitute...I don’t care. Just stop coming here, okay? The vixens by the monastery are the best, they’ll make you feel like a man again.

“Now get lost!”

Elrich was shaken, staring at nothing in particular as the wolf vanished from the streets, bile, piss and lupine musk coating him whole. Bustling crowds turned noses from the stench, and the broken lad, loss taking him over, too vanished into the streets, aimlessly trudging for hours on end. There was no hope, and as he threw up on his way home, twice, a dark desire began growing in his head – a knot in his thoughts, large and red, pulsing long into the night like a clockwork echo, and then, it even continued into his nightmares.

Why was all so wrong?



The old wolf pauses thoughtfully, using a long, damp tree branch to stir the fireplace. “I may have not chosen the best tale to spend the night.” He gives you a remorseful gaze. “But I can tell you are captivated...or are you not? You see, I have more fun tales, like the times I knocked up two merchant’s daughters, leading up to a good portion of the banditry and yokels dipping my testicles in a brazen oil cauldron atop a furnace.

“You wonder how I pulled my sheath outta that one, huh?” He leers and guffaws, that old, almost handsome wolf. “But a tale like that, it has little for you to learn from. All that puke and piss may be gross, but coming to gripes with what a living creature wants, and what it actually desires, deep and within, that realization – it can break a wolf. And most certainly a man. But seeing those fools living a lie? You think they hold anything but empty lives in their hearts?”

The cold night is shiver inducing, a guise of darkness letting you imagine what lies beyond, there out of reach, unlike the alight spot warming you with heat and company. The wolf rises to his strong feet with a grunt and inspects his tiny tea cauldron, steam rising over into nothingness. There are no stars here.

“The tea is done. Sadly, I have only one cup.” He points out, holding a wooden, bowl like container. “I won’t force you to try it, but it is an invigorating potion – we give it to young pups to help them grow strong.”

Wolf Relic

He tilts over the cauldron and fills up his bowl-cup thingy, bushy tail aloft, and before your eyes he bares that chiseled behind once more. Sharp contours run amok as breaths quicken, all curves guiding you to a dark, big wolfish asshole hidden in neat fur. It is clean, unlike an animal, a forest wolf monster would be, and it is impossible not to gaze at. The vulgar sight only ends when the tribal man suddenly sits down next to you, taking up a spot on your log in a silent, dominant gesture.

His booming growl shakes your innards. “Take a good smell, human. Isn’t it wonderful?”

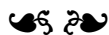
So close to you, the spicy fragrance of a matured man clogs up your nose, part pines and part pure, overwhelming musk. He is like a fuzz covered taboo, of what sex and copulation entails; violence and fangs don’t falter either, every glance is like staring into a wild predator’s eyes before he pounces, ripping flesh and drinking blood.

“You want a taste?”

The lupine brings the savagely created wooden cup under your chin and lips, a gentler scent soothing you. It is very much like regular tee, albeit more rough and alluringly unrefined. Whether you take a taste or not, the wolf gives you a smile, warming you with his presence.

“You make nice company, human. I’m glad I have you here. You could have just darted into the woods, leaving me here with just my stories and my gloom, but instead, you’re warming up to my old presence.

“Ready for more”—he sips tea—“storytelling? I can see you want to continue, hear how big those city knots really are, hmm?” The pesky wolf guffaws, rattling the whole log with you on top, how powerful his voice is. “Oh, don’t get so sissy right away. I’m just pulling your tail right from between your legs. So, get comfy and listen!”



Three weeks it was since Elrich had tasted the forbidden alley the last time, sealing his new, broken self. He had lost his apprenticeship and his fellow human kin gave up on him, spewing scold instead of support. Little could he do but slowly fade away in the remnants of his place, the decrepit room he was renting and cost him more than he could ever scrape up. He wasn’t so sure if it were those vile beasts that actually broke him; he kept fantasizing about those wolfish men, their rough, but so direct conducts, the weird tingle of flesh they caused within him. In a way, those criminals gave him more attention and physical touch than any of his own kin.

There was nothing else for the boy. Every bit of iron he got under his hands he knackered, and he couldn’t get any work anywhere else, not to mention, his hands shook so much he couldn’t swipe purses even if he had the guts to try. Elrich came upon the entrance to the wolf alley late in the day, the prying sun finally hiding behind tall stone rooftops, throat dry and extremities turning white from lack of blood. He of course hesitated, but unlike before, he knew exactly what was going to happen. That knowledge, while terrifying, gave his hurting mind at least something to cling to.

Wolf Relic

He wasn't even past the entryway when the familiar, red shirt wearing wolf bumped into him. His smell, his big ears and sharp muzzle, all those distinct features were so soothing for a split moment. "Have you gone insane, you little runt?! You really want to get raped, do you?" the beast man snarled. "What is it, Elrich, you think we'll treat you nice now? That you showing up and taking one up your ass is going to earn our kindness?"

The boy couldn't find the words. A single no was the extent of what he could muster to wheeze out.

"I don't understand you. Get lost!"

"NO!" the lad said in a firm voice. He wasn't so sure of anything in his life.

The lupine brute shook his head, much twitching his huge ears. Only silence ensued, two large, blue eyes staring the human boy down before the wolf swiftly grabbed the scared male's hair. He tugged the boy along the musty, muddied alley, backyard after backyard flickering by when the dark gray wolf slipped a padlock key out of his pocket to open a pair of featureless double doors, showing him into something resembling a tiny barn.

The wolf said, "There, bitch, this is"—he locked the gate—"what you wanted? What do you think is gonna happen, we apologize to you and turn ourselves in?"

Elrich exhaled, looking up at the beast with hoping eyes. "I just, thought, I'd give in...I have nothing else to...."

"I understand." The gray furred hunk murmured. "Your society spat you out, and you think we'll take care of you because we've shown interest in you."

"You—you are not wrong."

The wolf pointed at his bare sheath, a fat fuzzy ring with two heavy balls hanging down under it. "You really think you can manage us? You be swallowing our seed and pleasuring our genitals for the remainder of your days. We be fucking your ass whenever and wherever we want...we be whoring you out to other tribes in exchange for gold, and you'll never hear a single thanks for it. We won't care how you feel, or that your holes hurt, human. Quite the opposite, we hate your sniveling kind so much, we'll make sure to rape you in sleep and piss in you food.

"Is that the sort of fairy tale life you want? Or won't even this scare you away?" The wolf's voice was harsh, yet full of care. "Look, I could have you as my bitch and you'd be my responsibility, but I don't think you understand what it really entails. You'll have to get real good at polishing our knots if you want to be treated well."

The room they were in was small and heavy with dusty air, wooden supporting beams extending into an overhanging second floor for storing hay and tools. Some of those were still present, old rusty rakes and shovels, but what was surprising was the amount of cleanliness present, the floor swept clean and no useless junk seemed to be in sight. The wolf brute lighted an oil lamp, scooting over a chair against one

Wolf Relic

wall, but he kept his eyes on Elrich at all times. The lad, on the verge of passing out, swept his eyes around further, noting a suspiciously civilized bed in one corner, next to it a whole lot of food and beverages hoarded into large filling shelves.

The wolf snarled. "Sit!"

Elrich collapsed into the chair and heaved, eyes firmly locked with what terrified him the most; a big, lupine penis sliding out of a fuzzy and distended slit, shiny like a river rock and thrice as big. The wolf punted a metal bucket to the boy's feet, its meaning escaping the lad.

Musk filled the air as the animal man shed his red peasantry shirt and took a wide, firm stance in front of the lad. "I'll fuck your mouth and decide if you are worth keeping, bitch. You ever took one in your mouth?"

Elrich shook his head, staring at the huge, flat tipped cock with wide eyes.

"I keep forgetting you are a male. I could swear you've taken a dick before, but whatever." He crossed his arms, growling from his dominant position. "I'm not letting you to back out of blowing me, bitch, but I'm willing to go slow on you. Get yourself familiar with me down there."

It was a sight like no other, the wolf a strong and chiseled specimen with mating organ the size of a club. It was vividly red, a knot pulsing as it fully popped out of a distended sheath, strong with veins and smells that watered eyes. The pointy tip, protruding from a flat head, oozed a strange, clear liquid that hanged heavy ever since.

"Well?" The wolf growled. "You've been staring at it for whole moons. Give it a kiss, at the least!"

Elrich panicked to heed the stronger man's demands and opened his lips at crack, but no matter how much he tried, he stopped short of even touching the red penis with his tongue, let alone kissing it. The air grew heavy and the boy whined. "I can't. I can't! I'm so sorry...it was a mistake--"

The wolf didn't respond. At least not vocally. He grabbed the weak lad's head and brought his hips closer, forcing himself into a mouth not ready.

"Just sit tight and take it, you weak cunt." The strong wolf gyrated his pelvis, grunting in domineering bliss. "You'll get fond of the taste, I promise that!"

The boy couldn't believe it, but the wolf's demeaning words felt like balm on his ruptured psyche. After fake smiles and reassuring lies of his kin, having a strapping wolf direct all truth at him, he felt liberated; not like a man, but like a bitch, ready to serve.

The hard penis thrust into his mouth, smearing slimy liquids over the pale boy's tingling lips. He felt the taste spurting over his tongue grow stronger, like the most harsh and distinct cheese; a familiar taste from when the wolves smeared their groins against his face, but the moment, the sheer density burned his tastes. The wolf thrust again, such power that the boy recoiled in his seat, jaw sore and eyes submerged in tears.

Wolf Relic

His cheeks caught color from shame and he sunk in his predicament, searing hot slab of meat using his mouth to mate and pleasure itself. What a pitiful weakling would let another man do that? The huge wolf groaned and only made things worse, forcing his overly hard erection into the boy's virgin throat. Pain soared and Elrich gagged around the assertive violation, horrified of the act. He'd never conceive such debauchery was even possible. The wolf beast drew back from the shocked throat and rammed himself right back in, all until the growing knot collided with the lad's mouth like a fist in a fight.

Such violent oral was not left without a response. The lad threw up against the wolfhood, violently quaking on the raping spear. He couldn't stop the tide of puke but the wolf was ready, just yanking his fat phallus out of the boy's mouth and letting all that bile collect into the tin bucket at his feet. It was all so degrading.

The brutish wolf cackled. "That is called a deepthroat. I expect you to take these without puking, if you want to stay with us. You ready to continue?"

"Yes...yes, sir wolf," the lad said, wheezing in pain. He dared not oppose the powerful male.

"Don't call me that. My name is Silas."

"Yes, Silas, wolf."

"Good boy," the wolf said and thrust his cock back into the lad's spit and precum laden lips, remnants of bile clinging to his chin. He did not hold back, no easing in, rightfully just mating the stretched out lad's throat like some kind of wolfish vulva. Such strength, such speed, thick thighs flexing at full, the lad feared he'd puke again but he refused to let that happen. Perhaps it was out of fear.

Silas kept grunting with masculine bravado, fucking the lad's wet face, even managing to increase his speed. Elrich couldn't feel his neck any more and truly, his lungs barely getting any air in, his vision shrunk to little more than a wet patch of pubic fur beating at his nose.

Nothing could prepare him for the sort of anguish he felt choking out on that sadistic wolf.

He only fully came to himself when the wolfish penis was removed from his mouth and a tide of something warm and sticky spurted all over his face. Elrich coughed and hacked for minutes on end, almost puking again as his abused throat quivered with dull pain. The wolf only silently watched, towering over the broken lad with a dark smile on his pointy muzzle. He yanked the boy by his hair, forcing him to look at his animal face.

"I usually make humans fill the whole bucket the first blowjob," the wolfish brute said. "You took that awfully well, Elrich. You liked it?"

The boy, finally catching his breath, stared blankly at the wolf, quite unable to speak.

Silas groaned, repeating the question. "You enjoyed that, wench?"

Elrich finally opened his mouth, lupine semen cascading down his face. "I don't know." The answer came only a rasping whisper, his vocal folds bruised and sore.

"You don't know? I just raped your fuckin' mouth, and you don't know?!"

Wolf Relic

Only silence ensued. The boy wobbled atop the chair in cold sweat, not able to take his eyes off the big handsome beast before him. The treatment he had received, it entailed a dark calling, something forbidden. He wanted more.

Silas lifted up the bucket and vanished with it outside, leaving the boy alone. He had even left the door open, but little could the lad do other than cling to his conscious self, barely upright on the chair.

Night was setting in by the time Silas returned, bringing with him another strong wolf.

“You got some color back, boy,” Silas said, still vulgarly erect. “I’ve left the cursed door open, yet here you are. There’s no helping you, is there?” He turned to the other wolf. “What do you think?”

The other creature was an older being, nowhere near as openly trotting with a bare crotch, instead clad in a mishmash of belts, skins and feathers. He observed the recently used lad with a compassionate gaze, something wise glinting in his eyes. “Well met, Elrich.” he said, in a low but firm voice. “I am Gatar’Tno. Don’t break your tongue trying to say my name, just call me shaman.

“I understand you can’t talk well, since my friend here just made love to your throat, but I can see into you, so just heed my words. Do you want to live with us, human pup?”

Elrich weakly nodded.

The shaman wolf continued. “Good. Don’t be embarrassed, lad. You’ll be wearing our seed aplenty, and in our culture, any female sporting a strong wolf’s semen is highly praised. Yes, I know you are a male in your world, but to us, you are a bitch.” He pauses for a bit, chuckling. “Don’t lie, your heart jumps with joy every time we call you that. Yes, you are right, it will be rough in the beginning, but all our wolves want to do is unwind after a harsh day in this man made labyrinth. None of us enjoys pure torture...well, some do enjoy raping.”

Silas frowned. “He asked for it. They all do.”

“Oh yes, I’m sure.” The older wolf retorted playfully before turning back to the young lad. “Yes boy, he enjoys that, but don’t worry. Just moan how much his knot hurts, or cry over him slapping your ass, and he’ll be satisfied. So, has he fucked your ass yet? Yes, it can be put in there. No, it is not unsanitary if you clean it out first. What, you thought we’d just settle for your mouth?”

Gatar’Tno rummaged through the lad’s head with befuddling ease. It were no spells nor witchcraft, old tribal shamans could read a face and spot errant thoughts before the participant even realized their existence. At least, so would say a scholar refusing the very notion of spirits, and in truth, he’d be right.

Silas grew impatient. “Enough chit chat. Strip down and present us your little bitch hole.”

“Yes, Elrich, get those dirty clothes off and drop down on the floor. Don’t worry, I’ll go first.”

“Since when you fuck humans, shaman? And since when do you think you can claim my property?”

Wolf Relic

The older wolf ignored Silas' aggravated remarks and approached the terrified lad, pulling his peasant shirt up and over his head, removed his dirty britches and loincloth, before finally tumbling him down into an all four position. Elrich couldn't stop shaking, never having felt so exposed in his life. The term bitch was literal to the degree of causing strain, and only more so when two clawed fingers roamed his bare bottom.

Shaman growled. "I'll get you prepared, boy. You just hold down there and keep your anus relaxed."

The boy shrieked as the wolf worked a blob of weird, coarse ointment into his rear end, causing him nauseating discomfort. The wolf continued massaging his pained asshole all until the heavy grease liquefied and seeped with puzzling efficiency higher through his bowels, preparing him for the horrible, invasive things they both surely planned for him.

"Feeling well, son?" A soothing voice whispered. "Don't plead, it's happening either way."

Gatar'Tno licked at the boy's ear as he aligned something big and slimy with his virgin asshole, heat of the fleshy organ burning against him. Even with the wolf telling him not to, he still wheezed out a pleading sob, begging them to stop. Fantasizing of taking a strapping lupine cock, and having an actual tribal wolf rearing his menacingly thick erection to fuck him, those were two entirely different things.

Excruciating pain rippled through the lad's asshole with sudden penetration. The wolf held back, working in just the tip, but even that was more than the boy could ever handle. Elrich was already screaming in discomfort when the thick wolf penis drew back to land another firm thrust down his hole, and even with the added lubrication, the amount of stretching and fullness kept the lad yelping.

Silas cackled, standing over the copulating pair. "Don't tell me that tiny, old fart's cock is making you scream this much? Wait until I get in there."

The shaman wolf was too invested to quip back, working Elrich's tailhole with what felt like a huge, tapered piece of blazing wood, in and out, all until rippling pleasure swelled in the young boy's heart. It was all too rough still, the wolf growling and fucking all the way to his bulging knot. If there was a way to turn someone into a female, that was it, the young lad was sure of it. The thought was shaming and anxiety inducing, but it felt good to admit to it, and the wolf, squatting over him, raped him into a weak forest prey caught during a hunt.

"You like it lad...make it be heard!"

Elrich moaned, his lips dripping with sweat and spit.

"Be more feminine!" Gatar'Tno commanded. "You already feel like a slut, so just embrace it."

"Yes! I'm your wench!" the human lad cried in a girly pitch.

Loud pelvic slaps carried on for good half an hour, the older wolf groaning with animalistic raunch as the young lad realized that the pain has largely receded. But Elrich's mind kept torturing him more than the club sized penis did – what if someone he knew saw him like that? Gatar'Tno, perhaps reading even that thought, shuffled his strong hips and slapped his swollen knot again and again against the lad, hot

Wolf Relic

precum oozing down the bitch boy's smooth perineum. The strong wolf kept growling and putting more effort into his motions, all until the knot shattered through the boy's fucked raw anus like a catapult's boulder through a measly castle gate.

"Oh gods...!" The boy cried, voice coarse, the massive flesh orb etching into his posterior.

Gatar'Tno bit into the claimed boy's ear, forcing foul words into his mind. "That's how we wolves assert dominance. I hope you know what seed does, and what it is for. Oh, you do? Then feel how it is pooling in your insides. If you had a womb, you'd be bearing my young."

Elrich felt the tidal wave of sticky hotness indeed. He wheezed for as long as that shaman's knot kept plugging him, virile ejaculate both backing up against it and seeping deeper into his bowels, cleaned beforehand by that weird ointment.

"Yes, he is a good catch, Silas." The shaman wolf huffed. "He very much enjoyed that. It will take a while to ease his civilized worries, but his butt is already ours, I can say that little."

Silas cackled again, making his way to the boy's rear end. "I knew that already. Care to give me my bitch back?"

"Oh, go ahead."

Gatar'Tno yanked his knot out of the lad with all his might, leaving behind a sensation of emptiness so evident, the human felt cold air licking at his anal walls. The shaman's cum was still cascading down his legs when Silas, menacing with his presence alone, took a deep squat over the boy's battered behind and plugged him without any ceremony or care.

Elrich cried out, "Oh by the gods, you hurt so much! Please...you're so much bigger...!"

His lupine owner was thicker indeed, and already raping – no, making love to him at full speed. The younger beast, the wolf Silas, was like a force of nature, thrusting unyieldingly into the human's sloppy hole until it was almost inside out, slick leftover cum of the shaman foaming and dripping all over the floor.

"You just take it you little human bitch." Silas snarled, using his claws to hold the lad in place by his shoulders. "Is this what you hoped would happen? When you came here today?"

The beast kept berating him, but the lad didn't mind. On the contrary, the rigid penis abusing him, all until he increasingly begged for more, was meant to be accompanied by rough words. Getting raped by Silas was a drug, a feeling so intense and a reason to live so clear, he only babbled meek thanks as his consciousness began slipping. The pain was too much, after all. Elrich dripped sweat from every bit of his sore body and even climaxed deep into the forbidden copulation, but he perceived none of that. And when Silas howled, forcing his massive lupine knot into the young, weak human, Elrich fizzled out like a small candle left out in a winter storm.

Wolf Relic

He only came to much, much later, blinking alive to something foul and pungent. It was almost like smelling salts, a bitter stench so sharp he jolted into restraints holding his wrists in place. Too much was happening at once and the lad barely realized that ropes were tying him to a crude wooden table when a new, exotic wolf penis poked his upper lip.

“The smell of cock woke you up. How cute.” A red furred wolf boomed above him, naked and ripped with muscles so strong, even beast fuzz couldn’t hide them. “Your new name is bitch, human. You are our property and every wolf in the tribe is more important than you. You do as we say, when we say, and you never talk back. Kiss me to begin your rites.”

Elrich’s heart was beating fast, downright throbbing with fear. The events unfolding were surreal, but all too terrifying to warrant a reaction other than utmost submission; he kissed the pungent mating organ hovering in front of him, and he kissed it with gusto. Just that little it took for the lad to find himself with tongue submerged in precum, the delicious essence like a concentrate of all that was so glorious about those wolves.

“I love marking a new bitch on the lips.” The crude wolf jeered, slowly circling the bound boy until he was over his tail end, clambering atop a creaky inn bench and table with strong legs. A wet sensation forced the boy to yelp akin a bar whore, a thick, stocky wolf penis sliding against a battered anus with terrifying precision. “I’m Alfons, boy, the tribe’s chief. Better moan hard, else I may think you don’t enjoy my company,” the wolf growled.

Alfons, the leader of the band of tailed and fanged criminals fucked Elrich with purpose, putting on a show for his tribe. “You better start moaning, bitch, or I’ll give you a reason to scream.”

The lad moaned, meekly at first, but with each thrust of the fat wolf phallus, his voice gained confidence and volume. He even paced his appreciative murmurs with the painful intrusions down his sphincter. Other wolves jeered, watching and bickering for a turn, but they had to wait until the cascade of stringing precum coating the lad’s perineum was dripping all the way down to the table, and the mighty alpha knot claimed it’s way inside. Fiery seed flooded Elrich’s bowels, seeping in with heavy pulses before the knot was forcibly torn out of his ass, leaving behind a gaped, seed dripping hole.

“Nice going, boy. Enjoy the rest of my tribe.” Alfons grinned as he stepped away.

A new wolf took his place almost immediately. “You should be familiar with my smell.” The new wolf said, mounting the spent human boy. “My name’s Rahul, but they mostly call me Mace.”

That juvenile nickname ringed in the boy’s ears as fresh penis slid into his quivering anus, like a molten lump of iron straight from a hellish furnace. Rahul was entirely strict and unyielding, a soldier thrusting his tool of war, a huge, thick rod, working Elrich’s little asshole into an orgasmic bliss.

Rahul snarled, holding the boy in place as he reamed his sensitive insides. “You got a nice vixen cunt down there, boy. I should have raped it right our first time.” The warrior wolf grunted mid thrust. “You’ve long way to be a proper vixen, though.”

Wolf Relic

Elrich sunk into the table, pouring sweat from every pore of his skin for as long as he was taking it from the aggressive wolf warrior. He could feel his asshole shaping up to the wolf's demands, rapid pelvic thrusts his entire world. The male finally growled and forced his impossible knot inside – big as a mace – and unloaded a heavy serving of spermy delight. Rahul waited at least a fleeting moment before he pulled out his swollen flesh orb. Otherwise, the young lad was sure, the wolfish brute would have pulled his whole asshole inside out.

“Mind if I poke myself in there?”

Another beast was already bearing down on him, forcing a bestial cock down a hole too small. There was no stopping those ruffians. “I’m Tu’Karo, the elder of this tribe.” The wolf, distinctly older in both smell and voice, began thrusting down Elrich’s sloppy asshole. “Ech...all loose already. Clench down at least a little, you lazy slop.”

The boy worked his anal muscles to please the old wolf, going as far as to move against his thrusts. Among all the shame and vile fear, he felt pride in helping the tribe satiate their urges. Tu’Karo slapped the boy’s ass and barked in satisfaction, a gesture that fluttered the lad’s heart with love.

It was too soon that a howl came, just as he was on the brink of bursting, clenching onto the old wolf’s knot. The lupine’s heavy spurting of ejaculate was not even done and he yanked himself out, climbing down the table with a stinging slap over the young lad’s buttocks. “Respect your elders, bitch. And make sure to swallow their piss too!” The remark worked some worry into the lad’s mind.

Elrich heaved from exertion when a familiar voice came whispering into his ear. “You’re taking it nicely, aren’t you boy? Yes that’s me...it flatters me you remember me just by the shape of my wolfhood.” The shaman, Gatar’Tno, was a shadowy presence, working his turgid erection into the lad with utmost finesse. Elrich couldn’t help but relax around the tribal wolf’s soothing member, as much as he enjoyed listening to his honeyed words.

“Welcome into the tribe, Elrich. You’ll be safe with us...but Silas will tell you all. You think you do?” Gatar’Tno paused, thrusting his slick and manageable wolfhood in and out of the lad. “You better keep him loved, then. You can stoke the fire in a wolf’s heart many times, but you put it out once, and you’ll break him. Remember that.”

The Shaman bit into the back of Elrich’s neck as he climaxed, filling him up the second time the evening. The wolf slipped free with just a little sting of his knot and the boy orgasmed like a true vixen, splattering the table with weak human semen. He couldn’t help but wonder, was giving himself up for the tribe really such a transgression? But human mind always judged.

Two distinctly different wolf paws clawed into his buttocks, pulling his ass apart until a torrent of tribal cum rushed freely out of his gaping hole. He could tell the presence of his wolf Silas immediately, but the other one, somewhat refined in scent, puzzled him. “I’ve got a date lined up...time for double stuffing.”

Wolf Relic

A pair of boots landed on the table with heavy thumps, the familiar scent growing stronger until he felt that massive, slut breaking cock poking into his raw gape, so-so ready to hammer itself in. “Oh, what a nice slut you are, my little bitch. I hope you recognize me.”

Elrich weakly responded. “I do, sir, wolf Silas.”

“Good boy. Now, we’ll be mating you two at once now, because this Adonis here has a date with some vixen whore or—”

“And I can’t afford to be late.” A suave lupine growl resonated through the lad’s innards. “I’m Derion. And I must say, I’m glad you decided to come back, Elrich. We’ll throw a pantyhose on you, perhaps a skirt, and I can see fucking you every night of the moon.”

“Shut up and get in there!”

Derion, groaning, climbed atop the seat and brought his slimy prick to line up with the boy’s gaping butt. The sting it produced in the boy’s spine was otherworldly. Two massive, bestial phalli vying for a place in his makeshift cunt – however degrading it was, however much his mind kept reminding him those dirty, flea ridden beasts were raping him, he felt prideful that his body was so much sought after.

Silas said, “Try not to breath into my asshole, alright?”

“Sure thing, darling.”

Derion’s smooth cock stretched out the bottom of Elrich’s tender gape, settling in, when Silas, squatting over the boy in dominance, brought his cock into the little free space on the upper end and rammed himself in. Little flickering stars scattered across the boy’s vision as both tribal mating spears claimed a portion of his asshole. The pain was horrendous, rippling his anal muscle so distended he could feel his conscious thoughts slipping, and then, they actually began to move, sending the lad screaming.

“OH MY GODS! YOU BRUTES!”

Silas chuckled as he yanked the boy by his hair. “Let it all out, slut. Don’t hold back.”

One penis slid halfway out and the other thrust in, the wolves grunting. If they were holding back, the lad couldn’t tell. To him, the wolves rutted for their pleasure only, ripping up his colon however they fancied, and him, screaming, sobbing, moaning, only spread his legs wider, as far as his restraints allowed him.

“FUCK...! IT HURTS, YOU DISGUSTING ANIMALS!”

“You found us a loud one.” Derion snickered. “Didn’t think you fancied that.”

The two young wolves used all of their chiseled posteriors to rape the lad, each like a clear cut granite slab beating at his hole to make it wider and wider. They were racing each other to be the bigger stud and Elrich climaxed again, among all his weakness to stop those beasts as they claimed his girly opening.

Wolf Relic

“Ah, damned be your slutty hole!” Derion howled and bestowed upon the boy his wolfish semen, blasting his swirling, pearly essence into the sea of virile tribal sperm already mixed in the boy’s bowels. The other wolf, Silas, wasn’t slowing down, whipping the cum into a frothy mess flying about, teeth bared.

“Fuck off to your vixen.” Silas snarled, slapping at Derion with his tail.

“I wouldn’t be so rude to someone who can bite your tailhole.”

But instead of biting, the suave wolf kissed his tribal friend’s asshole, causing Silas’ pelvic thrusts to skew into erratic jabs.

“Derion, you utter cauldron of knobs!” The dark gray wolf hissed. “Do that again and I’ll rape your she-cunt of an ass in sleep!”

Derion pulled out of Elrich while laughing at the expense of his tribal kin. “I don’t think I’d even wake up if you stuck that pup twig in me. Hah!” Not waiting for an answer, the wolf circled the creaking table and turned Elrich’s face up by his chin. “Have a nice date, lass. Your ass is really nice, so I’ll be seeing you later for sure.”

“Is that fuck gone?” Silas groaned, hammering into the lad until his knot, turgid and fat as it was, began popping in and out of the boy’s destroyed colon. “You regret your choice yet?”

Elrich moaned, saliva bubbling from his slack jawed mouth.

“Heh. You’re a natural bitch, lad. You know you’re mine?”

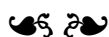
“YES...yes, sir, wolf...Silas.” The boy wheezed out.

“Good boy. You’ll like your new life.” Silas pushed his hard knot in, rippling a wave through Elrich’s girly buttocks. “You won’t have to bother with your sniveling human kin ever again. We’ll have you fed, healthy, and full of our seed.”

The knot popped out, pulling along strings of thick cum. “You like the sound of that, huh? I know your ass hurts now, boy, but in a month, you won’t feel nothing but pleasure. You’ll be like a true vixen, doing the most important work – keeping us company, tending to our loneliness, and offering a nice soft hole for us to rut into.”

The young, strong wolf hilted his stiff penis into the boy’s ass. There was no lie there as Silas peered into the lad’s soul with his handsome blue eyes. That wolf beast was the strongest creature he had ever met, a true god, his warm seed blasting forth with palpable power. His degrading attention was a blessing, a raping orb descending to a mere mortal to strip him of his former, vapid life. There, the lad had purpose, and every time a wolf had a go at his mouth or ass, his flesh quivered with joy, and his soul bonded with their knots.

It may have been a rough life, but he truly loved his wolf, and the brutish beast loved him back.



Wolf Relic

“You see....” The old wolf’s voice trails off just as it begun, like a puzzling gust of wind.

His presence seems darker now, more focused, as he rises from the spot next to you. He is just so strong, commanding and handsome. Like a true god. The old wolf brings a sinewy hand to his crotch and delicately lifts a musky loincloth out of the way, behind it a rapidly growing sight of veins and scarlet bright flesh. It is like a relic meant to be worshiped, big, bulging, so present and apparent. It demands to be looked at.

The wolf produces a wide stance before you, nearing closer with each passing moment. “You listened to my whole story, kept onto every word, despite I spoke of nothing but rape and abuse. You could have left, or stopped listening, but no. Here you are, keeping company to an old, mourning wolf.”

The wolfhood is slimy with precum, drawing your eyes with its wild contours. It starts with a fat, pliable sheath at the base, reeking with pungent musk that waters your mouth. It is like a forbidden perfume, its mere presence as fat as the knot upon the beast’s penis root. You could slide your eyes over the bright red, almost crimson orb for hours on end, small, bulging veins snaking their wild patterns into a tapering shaft that points onward. You cross your eyes as the fleshy rod bulges out in the middle, throbbing in front of you, before the sleek animal penis cuts off into a flat head with a pointy urethra at the bottom.

And it oozes, oozes liquid ambrosia like a tap that cannot be closed.

The wolf pokes your lips with his prick, towering over your hunched form. That tangy, earthy precum spreads throughout your mouth within the instant, and that moment, you know you want him.

“I was cursed with a long life, human. All I knew, all I loved...is gone. What is left are my memories, and the cold world that chases its own tail. You see, you remind me of him. At least some.”

He grabs the top of your head forcibly, holding you in place.

“I always had a thing for humans. Open wide, lad or lass!”

The mere taste you had before explodes into an onslaught of salty flesh, your lips parting to make way for a penis too big and a wolf too eager. His lupine origin is apparent at every chance, his rasping breaths, his tangy pre ejaculate, his domineering growls, it all works in unison to remind you, again and again, of who is the superior being here. Besides, he is already knocking at your throat.

“Feel free to gag, bitch. It’s going in whether you want it or not.”

His iron hard hips thrust into you and your throat parts, letting his entire wolf crown in like a good bitch. Tears well up in your eyes as the tapering shaft is then quickly vacated, forcing you into a spluttering gag.

“That’s it, you human weakling. I bet you fantasized about my penis the whole night, didn’t you? I can tell when I meet a slut!”

Wolf Relic

The wolf uses your mouth for his pleasure, abusing you with repeated thrusts that lock you in place and prevent you from fighting back. In and out, in and out. Any attempt to squirm is rightly held back, the wolf man so strong your heart sinks, just as his behemoth sized cock forces a wide entry through your vocal folds.

“It feels good, does it not?”

He murmurs and fucks your face, drawing out foamy rivers of spit to splatter over your chin and down your clothes. The brutality leaves you hacking for air, but all you pull in are strings of precum and your own spit, throat cowed into absolute submission. It is all too much.

Suddenly, your passages are free, and the wolf grants you a merciful minute to recoup and breathe.

“You look so cute, lass.” He grins down at you, so utterly in control. “I’ll make you my vixen...it’s been too long since I could feel love upon my knot.”

And back the fat, knotted prick goes, all the way down until his bulged orb is beating at your lips and nose. Your abuser grunts with masculine tingle as he makes a pussy out of your throat, fucking you like a young wolf unleashing his first rut. All you can feel, smell and see is wolfish in origin, all present to demean and dominate you. He makes you a crying mess, sore and raped, but at the same time, your loins tingle with raw arousal. Nothing could taste the same as a tribal wolf rutting your lips, his liquid dominance a reward for being a good bitch.

He snarls, getting your attention. “Nice work, lass. It seems you’ll be pulling semen out of me after all. You should be proud of yourself.”

That is all the warning you get before the tribal brute blasts your mouth with a torrent of boiling seed. It layers and layers until you are red faced with shame, and by the time even the most virile human would be done, the elderly wolf is still filling your cheeks up. The rancid, yet incredibly tasty sperm nectar begins dripping down your chin by the time the flood relents and you relish in it like a whore. The wolf is all you want, all you love, as he yanks his vulgar wolfhood out of your mouth.

He forces your head upward, inspecting your state. “Don’t dare spit it out, bitch. If you think I won’t make use of your lips again and cum directly into your tummy, you’re naive like a pup.” He huffs, snickering. “Well, you have to excuse me, human. I haven’t even introduced myself.

“I’m Tu’Silas, a wolf alive for far too long. You really are cute like a vixen...especially holding my load. Stay with me, and you won’t have to strain yourself for another day of your life. I’ll keep you fed, safe, and happy. Your life of vanity and emptiness won’t bother you any more.”

The wolf’s load sloshes in your mouth, tiny virile wolf sperms wiggling across your taste buds and inner cheeks.

“You’ll be my bitch, and I’ll be your wolf. You made it this far, vixen, you may as well make an old wolf happy. Swallow my seed, my strength and virility, and I’ll take that as a yes.” Tu’Silas grows gloomy, slowly working the loincloth back over his spent wolfhood. “Or spit me out on the ground and fuck right

Wolf Relic

off...but I cannot promise not to hunt you down through the woods if you do so. Your little asshole is probably a delight to rape too. Or if you have a cunt down there, I'll put a pup or two in your womb. There is no saying what an angry wolf might do."

The salty nut in your mouth is an endless reminder. It may haunt you for the rest of your days, or it may give you just what you want. After all, would you be walking into a wolf infested forest, an exercise in odd trees and rustling shapes, if you wanted anything but this?

"So? Are you going to swallow, bitch?" The tribal wolf inquires.

So, are you?