



On a dark and misty night beneath the full moons, two males find themselves at the mercy of a feisty pack of well-hung werewolf...

[Dusty]: "I-I know I said I'd do anything to stay in the pack b-but... Can't we talk about this? I-I'll be better! Is... this the only way?"

[Quivers-for-Arrows]: "It's no use beeko... that look in their eyes... I've seen it enough times to know there's no goin' back now..."



After many years of terrible leadership and damage to his pack, they prayed to Hircine for him to be taught a valuable lesson...

[Dusty]: " ****YIPE*! F-Fuck... S-So big... How are you so r-relaxed right now? My... my body feels like its on fire! Whydoesitfeelsogood...*** "

[Quivers]: " ***Ssa... Y-You get used to it -unf- eventually... C'mon now, they're payin' me to train, not h-have fun! ... Fuck- so close... N-Not that I'm e-enjoying this... or anything! X... Xuth.*** "



Marked by Hircine's seal, the once proud alpha male's form has been cursed, befitting his new role as the pack's bitch-meat.

[Dusty]: "Th... They look excited don't they? A-And... bigger..."

[Quivers]: "What did you expect? We're all stretched now..."

[Dusty]: "Can we at least take the cages off now? So tight..."

[Quivers]: "Ah jeeze... you're in for a surprise... Brace for impact!"

[Dusty]: "T... They smell so good, fuck..."

Quivers-for-Arrows was more than happy to vanquish a few more cocks for the sake of training another, even if the payment was a bit lousy. Dusty was in a similar predicament to him afterall, a once great warrior punished for his hubris to serve the whims of other men and mer. Maybe if their breeding was eager enough, cage time would be reduced? The wobbly-kneed Argonian kept telling himself this, even though he knew none of the pack members had the lock picking skills required, let alone the keys!

As the hefty, musky cocks finally began to plunge into Dusty's drippy tailhole, he recalled how foolish he was to get into such a shameful situation. Each thrust, spank, and snarl from his former lessers revealed how poorly they thought of him. How his greed got many of them injured and left starving, how his cruel leadership made it so only he was allowed to mate and breed- no one else daring to challenge him. That is, until the night before...

Ignoring the pleading of his pack led him here. Now he was the one pleading, pleading for them to fuck him harder, rougher... It was strangely cathartic to know that despite all his misdeeds, he could finally be useful to those he hurt... perhaps this was where Hircine always meant for him to be? Hunting a different kind of succulent, tasty meat. Taming the loins between his beastly clan's legs. Oh gods, here comes the largest knot yet!

Nearby villagers were awoken by the high pitched howling and squeaking of some kind of beast out in the wild. They believed it to be some kind of wolf. Maybe injured? Or giving birth perhaps? Dusky's wanton hools durring his breeding were truly legendary.



[Dusty]: "By the Hunter's might... **pant** - th... that was amazing..."

[Quivers]: "I... I forgot how big lycans could get... *So rough too...*"

[Dusty]: "Maybe serving my pack like this... isn't the worst thing in the world... The smell of *cum... *whine** - More cock... Please?"

[Quivers]: "Females next... Tongue out pup, time for more training!"

After successfully being tamed, the hedonistic 'alpha' now eagerly serves his pack as a slutty, simpering toy for those he wronged.