

Bitch'in

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Now, I'm not the kind of guy that scares easy. Hell, sometimes it gets me into bad situations. Fear is nature's way of telling you that you're being an idiot. We fear the dark because we can hurt ourselves in it... and predators can hide in it. I personally consider myself to be a predator though, and I'm not at all clumsy, so why fear something as silly as shadows?

I had just finished a horror novel. It didn't really do it for me... something about monsters that live in closets and under your bed and inside mirrors. Nothing really scares me like it used to. Kind of sad really, growing up and losing those thrills. Maybe somebody someone will make a halfway decent thriller... but not tonight it would seem.

I roll over in bed after pulling the chain on my reading lamp, get comfy in my quilt, and sigh. The quiet darkness and solitude of the twilight hours relax away all the days stress as I lay there and breathe. I could just rest here forever. I roll over onto my back.

And the sound of my closet door opening snaps me back to full alert. I grab my lamp and half spring out of bed only to realize that there's nothing there. Adrenaline pumps through my veins as I stare at the offending closet and growl in annoyance.

No. Wait.... there's definitely something there. My fingers tighten around the lamp and I bear my teeth. I am totally ready to kill whatever it is that had the bad luck of finding its way into my bedroom.

“Please... don't... get up...” says a voice, silky smooth yet dripping with malice. It's a voice designed to intimidate and instill maximum fear. It's the voice of a predator demanding compliance from its prey. The natural instinct in such a situation would be to freeze up like a rabbit.

My reaction is to leap out of bed, wild eyed and grinning, and slam my lamp upside this monster's head... because indeed it is a monster. I had been waiting for this my entire life!

It resembles a werewolf, hulking and bipedal, but with thick fur, black claws, and dripping white fangs. Its eyes are bloodshot, red, and wild. My lamp explodes on impact with his head, but he doesn't even flinch. Rather, instead his hand snatches me by the neck and lifts me into the air.

“I said... don’t... get up...”

“Ferk YER!” I choke, digging my fingers into his arm while kicking him. I manage to land some solid blows, but he ignores them as if completely unaffected. He’s easily twice my size.

He growls now, and a supernatural tremor shakes the room. He looks into my eyes, and I glare back... then spit in his face.

He throws me into the backboards of my bed, knocking the wind out of me, and I slump onto my mattress.

“I have come... to kill you...” he states, squinting evilly at me. I laugh.

“Kill me? HA! You can go fuck yourself!”

I can barely catch my breath. The monster tilts his head at me strangely.

“Do you not fear... death?”

“I’m not afraid of *nothin*. Especially YOU. Come get some!!”

“No...” he replies, and with a lazy gesture my quilt comes to life underneath me, rips itself into ropes, and ties me down by my wrists and ankles to my four bedposts.

He paces the room, looking almost contemplative before striding powerfully up to me to stand next to the bed. I can smell him from this distance... he smells like smoke and ash. His bloodshot eyes are wild and cruel as his lips seem to curl in a snarling sneer.

“You truly do not fear me do you?” he says after watching me continue to attempt to kill him, trying to reach for him with my fists and kicking out as he passes near my foot.

“Fuck no!” I spit. “Come closer so I can strangle you!”

And he stares at me for a moment before grinning widely.

“GOOD.”

Well that confuses me for a moment, and I stop to try and figure out what he just said.

“How the fuck is that ‘good’?” I ask... but as I look back at him I can see something red extending from the creature’s fur.

“Because I like my mates with a little fight in them,” he growls insidiously.

“What the... Holy shit are you getting a fucking *hard on*?!” I shout, and resume struggling.

“Oh yes... and baby... this night ain’t even started yet!”

“Baby? I ain’t your baby. Go fuck yourself and die in a fire!”

“Oh?” he asks, tilting his head and laughing harshly. His dick continues to extend, dark red and thick with throbbing purple veins all over it.. The head of his dick is sharply angled and pointed, and the shaft is strangely shaped and almost bumpy.

“Perhaps you’d rather just be my bitch then?”

I’m about to tell him that I ain’t nobody’s bitch either, but am interrupted as I open my mouth by the queerest feeling. My chest... it feels like...

I look down, and what to my horror do I see?

“Whoa! What the fuck are you doing! You fucking stop right now or-”

“Or you’ll what? Scream? Cry? *Beg for mercy*?”

“OR I’LL FUCKING KILL YOU!” I shout.

Because my chest is slowly, yet steadily, expanding. Twin mounds are forming on my bared chest... and there is no mistaking what they already are beginning to look like.

“Oh I don’t think so,” he cackles, reaching down to grab ahold of one of my expanding... JESUS. I try to bite him. He only grins wider.

“I think you’re gonna do *just fine*...” he smirks.

Oh god... they’re just getting bigger and bigger! And his dick! It’s fucking huge!! I struggle for all that I’m worth, the quilt tying me down straining... but not giving. Oh fuck oh fuck oh

fuck...

“Like what you see?” he asks, his hand leaving my chest as he struts around the bed, eyeing me. As I watch his knot, which was slowly expanding as he grew bigger and bigger, popped its way out of his sheath, fully exposing him to me. His dick is impossibly big, and nearing full mast. I don't want him at full mast. How to fix this?

Option A, freeing myself from these fucking ropes, is not panning out. I try to reach the ones around my wrists with my teeth, and no dice. Option B, then, is to try and get him in the nads somehow. No doubt that will grab his attention.

I wait until he moves past the far end of the bed, walking so close that he brushes against the bedpost, and sliding down as far as I can I kick out with every intention of castrating him then and there with my heel. He catches my foot with his palm.

“Naughty... you mustn't do that...”

Fine, thick fur travels up my leg, covering my skin in a dark grey coat of downy softness. It spreads up my belly, down my other leg, around to my back, and up my chest to cover my shoulders and envelop my head. It feels strange and disturbingly *good*. I cringe as the fur crawls its way over my entire body.

My *breasts* are no less appealing now that they're furry, and they continue to grow slowly.

And now...

“Ah! NO!” I shout as I feel the changes continue. I can feel my waist thinning, my ass filling out, and what can only be the beginnings of a tail extending from my tailbone. “Oh God DAMMIT!” I roar in fury. I do *Not* like being helpless like this! With superhuman strength I strain at my restrains, roaring like an animal.

“I will NOT be made a...GAH!”

My *fucking tail* explodes in length, curling up between my legs and popping out into the air from under the elastic of the front of my boxers. It tickles my furry and flattening belly with its tip, thick and long and furry... I've got a fucking dog's tail... or to be more precise a wolf tail.

“Oh my... can't have these in the way, now can we?” he says, hooking one claw underneath the waistband of my boxers and with one motion slicing them open. My curled tail hides my nudity.

I look down at my legs... and they're not like they were. They're slimmer. Sexier. I can feel my face warping, my nose pushing out with my teeth and jaw. My ears cupping and becoming pointed, traveling up my head to perch higher up. My tongue becomes long and flat and wet. My nose becomes black and wet as well.

“What a fine *bitch* you make! Oh...” he says, pushing aside my tail with a finger. **“*This will never do will it?*”**

Underneath my tail resides my still human man-bits. They look terribly strange attached to my ever increasingly feminine body, and rather sad in comparison to the goliath towering in front of them.

I'm nearly out of breath from the rapid changes to my body and face, but I still manage to threaten him.

“You better not fucking do it! I will murder you, rape your corpse, and then MURDER YOU AGAIN!”

My voice is out of place. It's not husky nor deep anymore.... and my tits, while taut and firm, still jiggle slightly as I struggle. I go berserk trying to escape, but it's of absolutely no use.

“No-no-no-No-NO-Ah! AH! Fucking-AHh! AHHH!”

I gasp for breath as my dick and balls are sucked up into my body with tortuous slowness.

“NNNNN-GAH!” I shout as with a final squeezing sensation my gonads up and disappear as if they never existed in the first place... but this ride ain't over yet!

I can feel my soft tissue down there changing, swelling, and moving around to form new parts. New bits and pieces. Both me and the monster stare as we watch my groin open up, transforming from male equipment into... female.

“NO!” I shout angrily.

“Mmmm.... **YES!**” counters my tormenter, growling in satisfaction. **“Now do you fear me?”** he asks. **“I've not met a *bitch* yet who doesn't.”**

“*You're* the mother-fucking cock-sucking *bitch*, and I'm sure as hell *NOT* afraid of *you!*”

“Really?” asks the demon. He lifts his leg up and rests it on the bed’s railing, turning to show-case his monster-cock. It’s huge, dwarfing a human’s in size several times over. It’s easily twelve inches long, and so fucking *thick*. His nuts hang like twin wrecking balls. His own tail has begun to wag back and forth as he grins eagerly.

I only now realize my position. Forgive me, but until now rape was not something I’ve ever had to consider. Of course, it only further infuriates me. I let out the vilest stream of profanity that I know, demanding he untie me so that I can kill him.

He only laughs, a bone chilling sound if ever there was one.

“I’ll tell you what...” he says calmly in face of my incoherent rage. **“Show me that you’re afraid of me, and I’ll do just that. In fact, if you can show me that you’re afraid I’ll let you go right now and leave. Just show me some fear and it’s all over. There’s no need for you to bear my puppies, now is there? But if you don’t, I will rape you until I *break you.*”**

My response to that?

“Ha! Well you’re just gonna have to *kill* me, cause I’m ain’t afraid of fucking-anything.”

“Poor choice of words... your pride will be the death of you.”

“And if you touch me it’ll be the death of *you!*”

“ENOUGH! I’m tired of listening to you yell... I want to hear you scream!”

“Tough fucking luAAAIIEEE!”

The demon has stuck three of his thick, blunt fingers, practically dripping with slick saliva, into my body using only one hand. One in my ass. The other two...

“Hm... not quite warmed up to me yet, eh? I know how to fix that.”

And he starts jamming his fingers in and out of me down there. His other hand quickly reaches up to grab one of my bouncing tits as I thrash on the bed.

“Like that do ya?”

I screech at him with all my hate.

“Oh ho!”

And he jams his beefy fingers as far into me as they'll go and uses his thumb to rub my... oh Jesus my clit!

I cry out as his thumb moves rapidly up and down against it! I scream as my body bucks of its own accord. I feel my loins gush with wetness, and he resumes rocking his fingers in and out of me while still digging into my clitoris!!

And his other hand! It squeezes my breasts roughly, pinches my aching nipples and twists them. Oh my God I'm gonna... No way I'm gonna...

“NNNNGGGhhAAAA!” I wail in shame as I orgasm. He continues finger fucking me as I twist and kick on the bed, trying to escape his violating digits, but there is no use. Only when I'm left panting and limp does he remove himself from me, leaning back to tower above me. My eyes lock on to his raging erection, thick fluid dripping from its tip, as I watch with the horror of knowing that he intends to put that inside of me.

But I'm so weak... I'm not nearly as strong as him. I try to protect myself feebly by curling my tail over my shamefully wet pussy, but he just pulls it back and holds it down and out of the way. He bends over me, practically sticking his nose in my crotch, and breathes deeply.

“MMMMM...” he growls. **“Don't you smell FINE.”**

“Eep!” is all I manage to say as he dives in and gives me fellacio, and it feels like nothing I've ever known. He eats me out with all the energy and enthusiasm of a starving wolf, shoving his muzzle aggressively into my folds and lapping ferociously, dipping his tongue deep into my hole. He spreads my thighs farther apart with his powerful hands, muscles flexing easily as he forces me to grant him even easier access... and I can hardly fight him. I roll my head back and coo angrily, unable to deny the sensational feeling of his tongue and nose, but nonetheless unable to concede to him. He looks up at me as he does it, and I pant harder and harder as I force myself to look back down at him, fire burning in my eyes as I convey all of my hate for him in a single look. He just grins at me.... and pushes me back to the edge.

“Ah! AHh! AHH! OH MOTHER OF CHRIST!”

I'm brought to the edge of climax by his attentions. I'm on cloud nine. So *close!*

And then he stops, sitting up and wiping his nose and mouth off with his arm, laughing as he does so.

I scream at him.

“WHAT THE FUCK!”

“**Wish for me to continue?**”

“NO!”

And so he inserts two of his fingers once more into my vagina, this time with his palp facing upwards, and pounds it. I'm rapidly brought back to near climax, my back arcing and my breasts jutting into the air. Oh God I'm gonna....

And then he stops again.

I roar with such ferocity and power that he actually seems taken aback for a moment.

“YOU FUCKING COCK SUCKER! DON'T YOU DARRRRRRRRmmmm oh... oh sweet... Oh Jesus.... Ah!....AH!!!... AHHM YOU BASTARD I'M GONNA FUCKING MURDER YOU!”

The monster cackles with laughter.

“**Such tenacity! Perhaps *this* is what you want then, is it?**”

He gets up on the bed, crawling forwards to straddle me, with his gigantic tally-whacker thrust out into the air. A bead of pre-cum has run down its length. I stare wild eyed at it.

“Like hell! You fucking know I don't!”

“**Too bad!**”

And unceremoniously he places his dick in between my breasts, smashes them together around it, and begins titty-fucking me.

“AhhAHhhaAHhHAH!” I warble as he pounds his meat into my cleavage. His thick pre-cum slicks my breast’s fur up well, and he jack-hammers my tits with that massive cock, the wavy shape of his cock rubbing my skin and pulling at my fur as the head of his cock lunges at my face over and over.

I’m astounded to find myself growing powerfully horny. I would never achieve an orgasm this way... but my pussy is fucking radiant and demanding attention down there between my legs. What makes it un-fucking-bearable though is that I know *he* isn’t gonna touch it, and *I can’t*. I just have to lay here with a fucking faucet between my legs as he jack-hammers my cleavage and.

“**Lick it,**” he suddenly demands, his tone like liquid honey on my ears. I’m already starting to extend my tongue out before I even realize what I’m doing, and suck it back in and shut my mouth tight.

“**I said lick it...**” he says again, with more intensity... and something strange happens. I seriously consider listening to him.

I realize with a shocking start that he smells good. He smells *really* good... and the musk of his dick and his balls smells even sweeter than the sound of his voice. I don’t really know what’s going on, but I do know that for some reason it’s all turning me on even more! Oh god, if this sort of thing continues I’ll go nuts! I need to touch myself! Hell, I almost want *him* to touch me! What is this!?

“If you do not lick... then perhaps I should just *fuck* you... eh, bitch?”

What? No! No, I definitely don’t want that... or do I? No, definitely not! I’m a guy! I don’t want *anything* inside me! Especially not some monster dog-cock, and especially not *his* monster dog-cock!

But... was I really okay with licking it? It did smell good... and it felt good as he pushed it against my soft and furry breasts, not that I liked what he was doing mind you... but maybe it would be okay to just lick it a little... But only because I wanted him to stop and I didn’t want him to actually rape me and make me pregnant!!!

And so timidly and out of sheer desperation, I slowly opened my mouth and let out my long and flat tongue, which was so different and strange compared to the fat and short human tongue I had just minutes ago.

I could taste the air, and I panted as he violated my chest, but with demureness that I never knew myself capable of I lowered my head and began licking him.

And oh what flavor! The second my tongue touched him my taste-buds lit up in delight at the tang of his dick and his pre. I couldn't help myself but to reach further with my tongue, bow my head lower, and lap at him like a dog dying of thirst!

What was this I was feeling? This warm tingling feeling spreading throughout my body? I felt suddenly and unashamedly happy and I wasn't sure why, but I knew that I wanted to keep licking him as he fucked my tits and I wanted him to be happy and I wanted to love him and bear his puppies and-

Oh shit.

I immediately stopped licking him and snapped my jaw shut. I could still taste his pre clearly on my tongue, and the memory of the flavor of his shaft was burned forever into my mind. I couldn't undo what I had just done, and I couldn't change what it had meant was happening to me. I was becoming his.

The monster just smiled down at me as he came to a halt on top of me... his heavy balls pressing into my awareness as they came to rest on my belly and he stopped to squat over me and tilt his head to the side, as if to innocently ask what was wrong.

"YOU BITCH!!!" I screamed in answer to his silent jeer, and tried feebly to kick him again, but the fight was draining from me to be replaced by a severe and desperate horniness, and as I tried to refrain from whining out loud the feelings boiling deep within me were making my body feel as though it were twisting in place.

"Me? I thought you were enjoying yourself."

"How could I enjoy rape!?!"

"Oh, I think you know the answer to that question..." he replied sinisterly, before he started to reposition.

"NO," I whispered in sudden shock. I watched in horror as his dick, glistening from my own saliva and dripping with pre-cum, slowly retreated down my belly... and down below resided my entirely exposed and unprotected unmentionables.

I was far too turned on, a sex drive that I knew nothing about had been thoroughly awakened by this wolf. I couldn't just turn it off or block him... or do anything at all. I could only lay there on that bed and watch as he grinned evilly at me, sliding down the bed, as he took his cock in one hand and caressed the side of my body with the other.

I shuddered as I felt my female parts contract and tingle in anticipation, my breasts seeming to stiffen as my nipples hardened even further and goose-bumps chased up and down my spine. This was it. I was about to lose my virginity, and not to some girl at school I liked, and not even to a human. I was about to be officially rapped by a hulking *male* wolf... and I was going to do it as a slender female wolf myself, strapped to my bed and utterly defenseless.

But worse than everything else all put together... was the fact that deep down I felt as though I wanted it. I needed it, certainly, but even that still human and still very male part of my mind was intrigued and turned on by the impossible situation... not to even mention the new female and animalistic parts of my brain which had been forced upon me, and I was only just now becoming aware of.

I screamed in fury as I realized that, without a doubt, who I was and how I perceived myself was changing rapidly. Things that would have been out of bounds to me not minutes earlier were already becoming possibilities. My ego was being shunted aside by forces of nature like lust and desire.

I was being forced into an alien world into which I didn't belong and knew nothing about... but certain things remained the same. I was familiar with lust and arousal, and my ego was strong. I refused to give in to what was being done to me. I refused to give him the satisfaction.

That is... I refused right up until he penetrated me.

His huge, incredible dick forced itself into me, into my flesh and folds of sensitized and desperately aroused skin and spreading my innards wide around his shaft as it slid tightly yet smoothly into my body. It was an eye opening experience to say the least, and I was blown away as he slid so naturally and perfectly into place within me, his fat knot bumping gently up against my thoroughly wet and filled pussy before he pulled back out of me with intentional slowness as my breath caught in my throat.

Even though I knew what was happening I couldn't stop it. I was already his before I realized fully what was taking place, but the wolfen part of my brain had already decided for me that he was a fine alpha... strong and in control... and that I would follow him and join his pack. The human half of my mind tried to rebel against the notion of giving in so easily, but all I could manage to convince myself of was to not settle for being just another wolf. If he was going to do this to me, then at the very least I was not going to be number two.

But it's hard to think of yourself as wanting to be on top when you are, quite literally, on the bottom.

The strips of my bedding holding me in place tore loose, freeing me, but both he and I knew I wasn't going anywhere now. My eyes burned with fury as he began pounding me, but god help me I gave back... and it felt *good*!!

I howled in the night as he fucked me with power and stamina that no human could possibly boast, the pace changing several times from fast to slow to fast again, sometimes nearly coming to a near halt. I orgasmed, not once, but over and over. He would pause to let me breathe, but not for very long. I dare say he was quite the incredible stud, although my past experience left very little to go by, but he seemed to know quite a bit about what he was doing to me, and guided me as to what I should do to him. It seemed to last for hours!

But then, suddenly, my mate began growing more and more breathless, his pounding of my poor pussy reaching new heights of feverish speed as I cried out in a desperate state: not wanting him to stop but unable to stand even a second more!

I was achieving yet another bone-shattering orgasm when he pushed all the way into me.

His bulging knot forced its way into me with a sudden and clear **pop!**, and his enormous dick slide *all the way* into me. I yelled in a mixture of pain and extreme pleasure as I felt the tip of his dick ram up against the entrance to my womb....and as I lay there convulsing in orgasm with my poor abused pussy spread wide around his knot, and his hugely thick shaft, which filled me to bursting, locked tightly in place within me... he came.

He came like a stallion.

I screamed in disbelief as he filled me with his come, and I could feel my belly bulge from the sheer volume of it. Oh god was it good! I squirmed underneath him as he pressed himself firmly against me and unloaded. It was by far the most magical experience of my life up until that moment.

And then I felt myself become filled with an incredible and warm glow of the most perfect bliss. I felt unconditionally happy and satisfied, and as he collapsed on top of me I felt my tail wagging.

The warm glow would persist for quite a long time... but my bliss would not. My eyes snapped open as I came back to myself *and* my senses.

"No... No this isn't real... this isn't happening!" I said, trying not to panic.

"What isn't real, my love?" asked the monster as he lay on top of me, with his arms wrapping tightly around me. His body was so warm and his fur so soft... He nuzzled his nose against my neck-fur and I nearly sighed.

"I could get pregnant!"

"**You will get pregnant,**" he corrected.

"What!?"

"Can't you smell it? Feel it? You must know intuitively that you're in heat. What would be the point of mating otherwise?"

"But I can't be... I've got school! Friends! A *life*!!!! I can't have..."

I was panicking, but he stopped me with a uncharacteristic and soft hush, rolling over onto his side with me so that we could both be more comfortable. We were still very tightly knotted, and likely would be for some time.

"You need not worry. The pack will help you, and as for your... life. There's a reason we are called werewolves. You won't need to abandon yours."

"But!"

"**I said shush now,**" he ordered, and held me tight. I've never felt so close to someone before. **"And don't worry!"**

And so we laid like that for a while in silence before I couldn't help but ask another question....

"Why? Why did you do this to me? My body..."

"Because I have no need for any males in my pack... but strong wills such as yours are rare to come by."

"Well now you're just trying to flatter me... and is that think ever going to come out of me?"

"In due time... In due time..."

Well, eventually we *were* able to de-knot, and the new father of my children went on his way, although not without showing me a few pointers such as how to become human again. He gave me a phone number and address where I would later meet the rest of the pack... but for the moment I had bigger concerns.

Concerns such as: how was I going to hide from my family that I was female now, even when I was human? How was I going to deal with the pregnancy that was *definitely* going to come? And how in the hell were my stubborn male instincts and mind going to be able cooperate with my new female persona and rank in the pack?

I didn't know... but what I did know was that I was hungry and school started in an hour, so I best figure something out quick.