The Crimson Girl
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Summary

While hurrying to get medicine to save her grandmother, a young woman is kidnapped by a group of men known as the Wolf Lords, who decide to use her for their own twisted pleasure.

This one's gonna be really dark, guys, please mind the tags and read at your own risk.

Notes

WARNING: This story is messed up. Like really. It's just a twisted, depraved fantasy. It contains non con and forced bestiality, among other things so if this bothers you then please just don't read it.
Chapter 1

I was too far from the boundaries of my own land, I knew, my heart sinking as I realized that I had lost the path completely, faint and overgrown as it was. It wasn’t safe to be this close to the wild territories, especially during this time of the year, when the air chilled and the nights were long. Not only were there bandits and murderers to contend with in this part of the country, but also the Wolf Lords. They were dangerous men, answering to no law but their own. They trained the huge grey wolves that roamed in the forests, and I’d heard terrifying stories of what they did to those they captured, especially women. But my grandmother was so ill, and if I couldn’t get to the healer for the medicine that she needed, she might not make it another day. I was willing to do anything for my family.

I rubbed my hands together for warmth, squinting ahead to try to glimpse sight of the road. I moved forward a few paces, then froze. I could see a faint flickering of light up ahead, hear sounds. There was a camp up ahead, but there was no way to tell whose it was, and anyone to be found this deep into the wilds should most certainly be avoided.

I was stupid, I thought I could slip by unseen. And then before I knew it I was bound in ropes, being carried to the camp site. It had happened so quickly, they appeared like shadows in the darkness.

There was a group of men there, tall and fierce looking, dressed in dark clothing. Men, and wolves. The huge creatures roamed the grounds freely, seeming almost tame. Pangs of fear went through me. So I had been taken by the infamous Wolf Lords.

I was set down on the ground near the large fire. “Well, well,” said a large man with a wide, uncomfortable smile. He was wearing a cloak of wolf pelt. “And what might you be doing out here in the wild this time of the night? A pretty thing like you…” He stroked a hand against my face and I recoiled from the touch. He smiled. “A lucky thing we came along,” he told me. Lucky for who? I wondered.

“And what might you be doing out here in the wild this time of the night? A pretty thing like you…” He stroked a hand against my face and I recoiled from the touch. He smiled. “A lucky thing we came along,” he told me. Lucky for who? I wondered.

“Do you know who we are?” asked another man, stepping out of the shadows. He was tall, his long dark hair pulled back from his face. He was younger than I expected, cleaner too perhaps, and had luminous silver-blue eyes. He moved closer and the fire gave him an otherworldly appearance.

“Wolf Lords,” I choked out.

He smiled faintly. “Indeed. My name is Dante. And have you heard what we do to trespassers?”

I swallowed, trembling but trying to hide it, to not show my fear. This man must be the leader of the group, I realized. He commanded a kind of quiet authority. “I have heard that you…feed them to your wolves.”

He laughed, and it was a disconcerting sound. “Not always. Certainly not trespassers as pretty as you. However, I do enjoy teaching a lesson that will be remembered. Even a lovely bitch needs to be put in her place.”

My stomach dropped and his strange eyes narrowed with an uncomfortable gleam. “Food is not the only need that men and animals have. It’s not so bad. It’ll teach you to obey.” He reached for the dagger at his side and then used it to slice the dress from my body, then my undergarments. They fell into the dirt and a rush of cold air hissed over my bare skin. I was pushed down onto my knees, my hands still bound behind my back but my legs free. I trembled with humiliation, my naked body
shivering. Dante stared at me intently, his eyes fixed on my breasts. My nipples were hard from the chill. He reached over, cupping one in his large hand, the touch surprisingly gentle.

Despite my dread of what was to come, I realized that I was aroused, which puzzled me. It seemed that being stripped and forced onto my knees and fondled by this dangerous man was awakening something dark inside of me. Dante whistled and motioned with his hand, and the largest wolf came to stand obediently at his side. It was a huge animal, beautiful but terrifying. I think I understood what was going to happen, though my mind was having a hard time processing it logically. I tried to look away from the creature’s golden eyes, but there was something transfixing about them. They were almost like Dante’s eyes, but a different color. The Wolf Lord smiled at me and I felt horror and desire twist in my gut. He guided the wolf over in between my legs. As he led him behind me, I couldn’t help but see the large cock poking out between his hind legs. And then my worst fears were confirmed. I started to protest and whine.

Dante’s hand came down sharply against my ass. “Spread wider,” he ordered. A shiver went through me and I found myself obeying.

The wolf was eager, it started nudging close to my exposed pussy. I could feel its hot breath. Then its tongue licked out and scraped against me, long and rough.

“Nooo,” I moaned, even as I could feel my body responding to the stimulation.

“Good boy,” Dante said to his pet, patting him on the head, encouraging him to lick more. I was twisting and crying, trying to pull my hands free, but it was futile. The Wolf Lord smiled at me wickedly. “You know what’s going to happen now,” he told me. “He’s going to knot you like the bitch you are.” He guided the wolf up, situating him over me; I felt the weight of him, his paws on my shoulder, nails scraping.

Dante reached underneath the animal and gives his prick a few strokes to get him even harder and then guided it towards my pussy. Tears of shame ran down my face, because I was about to be defiled this way, and also because part of me was looking forward to it, aching and eager. That knowledge was punishment enough.

I felt the wolf’s cock bump urgently against my entrance and I cried out, his nails raked my back again in his excitement. Dante’s eyes were nearly black with lust as he helped his wolf to mount me. It took a few tries, jerky thrusts of his hips but then I could feel it push inside, stretching and filling me.

“No, no!” I kept crying out, even as I could feel my walls fluttering and clutching around the beast’s thick cock. His hips were pumping hard and he was panting and whimpering, my knees were raw and bruised from supporting the weight of him, I was exhausted from trying to not feel any pleasure. I hated the fact that it felt so good, my pussy was loving the rough hammering of that prick and I was starting to rock my hips back to try and take more of him. I felt so depraved. Dante leaned down beside me, I saw him watching the wolf piston in and out, mesmerized by the thrusting animal cock. There was something bright and dark both in his eyes, something frightening. He looked at my face, and he knew—he knew how twisted I was, how much I was secretly enjoying this.

“Look at you,” he said, sneaking a hand down to play with my engorged clit. “Such a filthy girl. You look so perfect like this.” His voice is low and rough, dripping with heat. “You’re gonna take his knot like a good bitch, aren’t you? Gonna let him breed you.” His eyes were nearly black with lust. “I knew it the moment they brought you here.”
I bit my lip to keep from moaning, his words making me even wetter. Sure enough, I could feel the swelling of the wolf’s knot, it caught a few times and then I felt a big stretch as it finally pushed in and I screamed. It was fully inside me, I was knotted. Feeling us locked together triggered my orgasm and I screamed again and clutched around him. The wolf started to cum, his seed gushing inside of me. Dante’s hand was still moving on my clit, the stimulation almost unbearable.

It seemed to last forever, something I had not anticipated. But the Wolf Lord knew, and he led me through this endurance test with brutal encouragement, kneeling beside me, fondling my tits, toying with my clit, coaxing me into more shameful climaxes.

“Please,” I begged. “I can’t take any more.”

Dante sighed, pressing his face close to mine. He didn’t even look real, with the fire’s glow reflecting in his eyes, casting shadows over his face. Perhaps he was a demon.

“You can and you will,” he said, pressing his fingers against my swollen mound. “You don’t have a choice. You’ll stay just like this until he’s finished. And,” he leaned closer, pressed harder—I could feel his breath on my face as another orgasm approached, as tears came to my eyes and my knees shook, “I know that you are enjoying this. You love being helpless, feeling your tight little pussy be used in such a way. You’ve barely stopped cumming since we’ve started.”

“You…you made me,” I whimpered. Dante chuckled. “No, sweet girl. I only allowed you. Your pleasure is…such a wicked thing to behold. Our…other past guests have not been nearly so thrilling.”

I knew that I’d been on display, that I was being watched by all the men in the camp during this punishment, but I’d refused to look at anything but the ground or Dante. Though he was my captor and tormentor, his presence was…stabilizing, for some reason. I was sore, dirty, bruised and cut, barely able to hold on. The onslaught on my cunt continued, my traitorous body clutching around its animal invader, cum spilling out and dripping down my legs.

And then, it was finally over and the wolf slipped free of me. I could see the beginnings of pale light in the sky. *How long had I endured that?* I wondered. I was dimly aware of the rope being taken from my wrists, and then I was lifted into Dante’s arms. His eyes were the last thing I saw before I passed out.
When I woke, my body ached. Every muscle was sore, but especially my neck and shoulders. There were rope burns around my wrists, raw and red, and my knees were bruised and scraped. I could feel the scratches on my back every time I moved. My mouth was dry as sand. I was lying on a cot inside a large tent, I realized as I blinked and looked around. It took a moment for the memories to come back, all the horror of the previous evening. It had been true, it had been real, my abused body confirmed it. I stank of sweat and dirt and animal musk, and the inside of my thighs was still sticky and wet, the wolf’s massive load of cum still dripping out of me, a reminder of my ordeal.

I turned over and saw Dante there, watching me intently, quiet as a shadow. There was a cup in his hand and he moved closer and pressed it to my parched lips.

“Drink,” he ordered. I did, swallowing gratefully, letting the cool water soothe my throat. When I was finished, he pulled the cup away and set it down. I watched as he removed a small bottle from a leather satchel.

“Turn over,” the Wolf Lord commanded softly. I balked, unsure if I should. His eyes narrowed. “I won’t ask again,” he said, and I carefully turned onto my stomach. He pulled the blankets down to expose my bare back. I felt his fingers trace over the gashes there, and he made a low humming sound that seemed almost pleased. A few drops of liquid followed, and he spread it around over the raw skin, his touch soothing as he applied the salve. It felt good, so good that I let out a tiny sigh, then hated myself for it.

“Will you please let me go?” I begged, feeling that this might be a good time to try and reason with my captor. If he was willing to tend to my wounds, he couldn’t be completely heartless, surely. Perhaps the…events of the previous night had been all that he wanted. I had received my punishment, I would never trespass again, would never venture anywhere near this part of the wild. “My grandmother is so ill…I should have already been back with her medicine. She’s the only family I have left.”

It was true, my parents had died of plague when I was a young child, and Granny had raised me ever since. If I lost her, I would be alone in the world.

“What is your name?” Dante asked, ignoring my question as he continued to gently rub the salve into my skin, the mixture of stinging pain and cooling relief making my eyes water.

“Cara,” I whispered.

“Cara,” he repeated. His voice was so interesting, low and thick, but also silky. When he spoke it was like being choked with velvet cord. I remembered him kneeling beside me the night before and a tremor raced through my body.

“I can feel you shaking,” he said. “And I know that you are afraid for your grandmother. Family is important. And so you will understand when I tell you that I must also take care of my family, my brothers. The nights will be growing longer and colder, and we have an arduous journey ahead… one that I will require your presence for.”

My heart sank. “But please, I can’t, I—” His fingers pressed sharply against one of my wounds,
“You can and you will. It is an honor. We’ve never had a bitch quite like you before. My wolf has chosen you,” he added, voice dipping lower. “He marked you. All these beautiful crimson slashes, from his nails. He was so eager to get inside.” Now Dante’s fingers were gentle again, gliding sensually over my back. “You’re drenched in his scent,” continued the Wolf Lord, leaning closer to me. I could feel his breath on my neck, and for a moment I was reminded of the grey wolf, and my mind flashed back to being bound and helpless, taken like an animal. I felt a shameful throb deep in my pussy at the memory of how incredible it had felt when his knot had pressed in.

“You belong to us now.”

With that ominous statement, Dante got up and then turned me over, helping me into a sitting position. I winced, sitting was difficult because I was so sore inside. I was still naked, I felt so exposed, even after everything. He took hold of my chin, making me look up at him. He really was fascinating, I had to admit. With his pale skin and sculpted cheekbones, there was a sharp beauty to him that seemed out of place amid this rugged wildness. He was younger than I realized, barely into his thirtieth year. He didn’t have a beard like many of the other men I’d seen in the camp, just faint stubble. His long, nearly black hair created a contrast for his large, strange eyes, that were an even more startling shade of silver-blue then I remembered. I’d never seen the like of him before. I recalled my thought that he might be a demon, and now I was sure it was true. He must be, to ask this of me, to make me do these things.

“How old are you?” he asked me.

“Nearly nineteen,” I answered.

“You have no husband.” It wasn’t a question.

“No.”

“Most women your age are married with a babe suckling on their tits,” he remarked, and his gaze flickered down to my breasts as he spoke.

“I told you, I’ve been taking care of my grandmother,” I said, feeling a little insulted. “And it’s none of your business,” I added.

Something dark flashed in Dante’s eyes and he gripped my chin harder. “It is my business, Carina. Everything you do now is my business, because you. Belong. To. Me.” With each word he delivered a slap to my breasts with his other hand. Then he pinched my nipple roughly, making me yelp. “I am the Alpha here. And you will obey me. I have been kind to you, but make no mistake, I can be very cruel. You cannot escape this situation.”

“What do you want from me?” I choked out. “I don’t understand.”

“Oh, but you do, somewhere inside,” he said, pinching me again. “In that needy, secret place.” He released me, then said, “The men can fuck you if they wish, use you for their pleasure—but only my wolf can fuck you. The others will want to, of course, they may even be foolish enough to challenge him, just for a taste of that sweet cunt of yours.” Dante smiled, showing his teeth. “But I doubt they will succeed.”

Again I thought of the enormous animal, with his soft grey fur and golden eyes, his powerful thrusting legs, the weight of him over my body…I felt an instant flood of wetness between my legs at the memory. Dante’s nostrils flared and I watched the pupils of his eyes dilate. “You can feel it.
You know that you belong to him, your womb is still full of his cum. And you want more. Don’t worry,” he whispered. “You will get so much more, my delicious little bitch. Once you learn to submit.”

He moved over to a corner of the tent and then returned with a simple cloth robe, which he handed to me. “Put this on,” he instructed. “We’ll be leaving shortly.”

“Where are we going?” I asked, then instantly added, “My lord,” and ducked my head.

“Yes,” Dante said. “I am. I am your lord and your Alpha. And you do not question me.” He stood there for a long moment, then spoke again. “I know many healers in this part of the country, ones who fear me enough to do as I ask. If you please me, I may consider sending word for one to visit your grandmother. But make no mistake, I am not a kind man by nature. And if you disobey me, you will learn that very quickly.”

It wasn’t much, but it was enough to give me a faint glimmer of hope. “Thank you, my lord,” I whispered.

I put on the robe and Dante led me outside. The camp was being packed up. Blinking in the faint, hazy sunlight, I looked around. There were seven men, including Dante, and one wolf for each man. The wolves all varied in color and markings; they were all undeniably beautiful, but Dante’s wolf was the largest and most lovely. I tried not to look too long at the creatures, it made me feel heated and ashamed. “Only my wolf is allowed to fuck you,” the Alpha’s voice echoed in my mind, and I felt a throb from deep inside my womb, like an aching cry. It startled me, and I shook my head to try and clear it, then attempted to distract myself by focusing on other details. There were horses here too, something I hadn’t noticed before, but only three, tied up near a copse of trees.

Dante handed me a chunk of bread. “Eat,” he ordered.

“Thank you, my lord,” I said, accepting it gratefully, tearing through it with my teeth. I was famished, and it was gone in seconds. He watched me, seeming strangely pleased. Then he motioned over to another man, who approached us.

“Cara, this is Ronin. You will ride with him today. And you will be obedient, is that clear?”

“Yes, my lord,” I answered quickly. Ronin was a little shorter than Dante, but his muscles were thicker. His shirt hung open to reveal a smattering of golden chest hair and several intricate tattoos. The sides of his head were closely shaven but the rest of his dirty blond hair hung down his back, bound by a leather tie. His beard was short and surprisingly well kept, and his eyes were a sharp green color, like spring leaves in the sunlight. Again, I marveled at how clean the Wolf Lords were, how…attractive. From the stories I’d heard, I’d been expecting a group of feral wild men, covered in dirt and hair.

“Cara,” Ronin repeated. He smiled and took me by the arm.

The three horses were for Dante, Ronin, and another man named Alaric. Alaric was extremely large, with thick muscles and immense broad shoulders. His skin was a soft honey-brown and he had a thicker beard than the others, with long dark hair that hung loose. He too had very interesting eyes, a vivid aquamarine color that stood out against his tanned skin. Alaric said very little. He was also marked with a series of tattoos, along his arms and chest. I wondered if Dante had any.

Their wolves walked beside the horses, and the rest of the pack, man and beast, followed along.
behind on foot.

Thankfully, the weather was warmer, almost balmy, and I knew it would be temporary. The chill of autumn had already settled over the land, the leaves had turned the color of a bonfire and soon the tree branches would be bare. I took the opportunity to relish the breeze on my face and observe the land that we were now traveling through. I’d never before been this far north, and the vegetation seemed different, it was darker and denser, more overgrown, with lots of clutching vines and lichens. I tried not to think too hard about where we were going, or what might await me when I got there.

I could feel Ronin’s firm chest behind me, could smell him. He had an almost herbal scent, the kind that was released when I ground roots and plants with my mortar and pestle. It was different than Dante’s scent, which was like cold air and the lingering smoke after a candle is blown out.

Riding like this was uncomfortable, as I wore nothing beneath my robe and my sore, bare pussy rested against the horse. The jostling motion was causing a strange mixture of pain and stimulation. Then I felt Ronin’s hand slip beneath my robe and close over one of my breasts. I froze, knowing to keep still. My heart began to race. He squeezed and fondled me with an odd gentleness, and to be honest, it felt nice. He leaned down by my ear. “Never did see a woman take a wolf’s cock quite like you before,” he remarked with a low chuckle. “And I’ve seen lots of things. Saw two women suck off a horse, once,” he added conversationally, flicking at my nipple. I tried to ignore the images that came into my head with that statement, tried not to think about the rocking underneath me.

“Open her robe,” came Dante’s voice, and I looked over and saw that he was watching us very intently. I bit my lip to keep from saying anything and Ronin obliged, pulling the folds of the garment open and then letting it fall from my shoulders, exposing me to the air. I noticed the Alpha eyeing my tits hungrily again as they bounced and jiggled.

I was aware that I had large breasts, my whole body was on the curvier side, my hips and belly were softly rounded as well. I’d been told that I was pretty before, with my pale skin and hazel eyes and long thick mahogany curls. True, I wasn’t married, but I didn’t desire to be, and I wasn’t a maiden, either—a few fumblings with the butcher’s son after too much mead one midsummer had seen to that. There was something strange about the way that Dante looked at me, with his lust-filled eyes, something ravenous and possessive. I wanted more of that look, I realized.

Ronin was still palming me eagerly. “Lean back against me,” he whispered, pulling me closer to his chest so that my naked pelvis was titled slightly upwards. I could feel his hard length pressing into my back as his fingers crept between my legs, finding my clit and rubbing it in soft circles. I tried to be quiet. My face was burning and I couldn’t deny the pleasure building inside of me. Alaric was also looking over at us with rapt attention, watching Ronin’s hand moving between my legs. This sent another flare of heat through me and a muffled sound escaped my lips.

“Stop whimpering, Carina,” Dante ordered me sharply. “Stop hiding your pleasure.”

“I…” my eyes rolled back a bit. “Y-yes, my lord, ohhhhh.” A moan tore from me as Ronin mercilessly teased my swollen clit and I squirmed, feeling like a wanton slut as I let my hips buck against him. “Nooooo,” I groaned the only thing I could think.

“No?” repeated Ronin with a laugh, rubbing me harder. He turned me slightly, angling me so that I was even more exposed and visible to both Alaric and Dante, so that they were able to see how wet my cunt was. The shame stung me, over and over, but there was something else inside of me opening up, something dark—and it enjoyed this. And the more I protested, the more aroused I became. “No, she says—she’s gushing all over my fingers,” he announced to the other men. “So
fucking wet.”

I felt myself starting to cum at his words, I tried to hold it back but the orgasm crashed over me and I was crying out and creaming all over his hand, right there for everyone to see.

It didn’t stop there, we rode for hours more and at Dante’s instruction Ronin refused to let me rest for more than a few minutes. He teased me to climax in front of the other men over and over, my body spasming helplessly, unable to control myself.

Finally, we reached the next stopping point, a patch of land shaded by tall, gnarled trees. The terrain was rocky, and there was a river somewhere nearby, I could hear it. When we dismounted, I expected that Ronin or one of the others would fuck me, but as I stood on shaking legs, trying to wrap myself in my robe once again, I noticed Dante speaking to Ronin in a hushed voice. They glanced over at me, and I didn’t trust the look in their eyes.

Then Ronin motioned to Alaric, and the two men walked towards me. I backed up a little, even as flames licked at my blood. Gods, what was happening to me? Surely, these Wolf Lords were all demons, unholy creatures using dark magics to corrupt me.

Ronin lifted me up and carried me over to where his horse was now tied to a tree, then set me on the rough ground beside it.

“What?” was all I could ask. I watched Alaric’s turquoise eyes darken delightedly as he stood beside Ronin.

“Since you’re so fond of wolf prick, let’s see how you fare with a horse,” said the blond man.

“Wait…no, no, I can’t,” I babbled in horror. “It won’t…it’s too big, I…”

He chuckled and shook his head. “Nobody’s asking you to fuck him, Cara, we need to keep you in one piece. I want to watch you suck him.”

“A horse?” I said disbelievingly. I was feeling quite wobbly, and I was afraid I might actually collapse. I thought about what he’d mentioned earlier, and I felt a throb between my legs, my pussy responding even as my mind was repulsed.

“Yes,” Alaric spoke up, pulling the robe off my shoulders and giving me a gentle shove down onto my knees. “Get sucking.”

“But, I…I don’t know how…” I protested. Ronin gave me an eye roll. “I’m sure that you can figure it out.” He smacked my ass, urging me towards the horse.

The beast was large, a shiny sable color with dark brown mane and tail. He was a beautiful horse, but I didn’t know if I could do what they were asking me. Still, I knew I had to try, and I couldn’t deny that the newly discovered dark place inside of me was awake with curiosity. Steeling my nerves, I crawled forward until I was underneath.

“Don’t worry, we won’t let him hurt you,” Alaric said in his gruff, quiet voice.

I found the horse’s sheath with my hands and started stroking until his cock began to emerge, sliding out and lengthening. It was utterly enormous, even with both of my hands I could barely wrap around it. But whatever I was doing seemed to be working, I could tell the animal was getting stimulated and so I kept stroking, getting used to the feel of it, strong, throbbing, powerful. Oh,
gods, the sight of it…it was arousing me beyond words and I felt so wicked, so ashamed.

“Use your mouth!” commanded Ronin sharply, and I looked over and saw that he had undone his pants and his cock was out in his hands. My pussy fluttered and I squeezed my thighs together and started to pleasure the horse with my mouth as best I could. I certainly wasn’t able to fit it inside, but I could lick, and so I did, kissing and rubbing that massive prick with my tongue, still stroking with my hands at the same time.

My eyes were closed in concentration, my hips were rocking, my cunt soaked. Then, I felt Dante’s presence. I couldn’t explain how, I just knew that he was there, watching me. And, sure enough, when I opened them I saw him staring at me. Ronin and Alaric were both exposed and stroking themselves while they observed my show, but Dante was fully clothed. I could see the outline of his erect cock straining at the front of his pants, though, and for some reason this pleased me, as did the look of his face, which was fierce and dark. At his side was his wolf, who was also standing still and watching. Both sets of their eyes, golden and blue, burned into me, and then Dante smiled wickedly just as I felt the horse twitch, saw the bell-shaped tip of his cock flare and then cum began spurting out, coating my chest with gush after hot gush.

Chapter End Notes

Oh, poor Cara. She really needs a bath. And this is only the beginning of what’s in store for her....
Chapter 3

Dante leaned down and took me by the arm, pulling me out from under the horse and to my feet. I was dazed, dripping. My breasts and stomach were coated in cum and my pussy was swollen and aching, my mind a confused jumble. Meanwhile it seemed that while I was distracted, both Alaric and Ronin had already spent themselves onto the ground and were now re-situating their clothing. They both still eyed me hungrily as I stood, and the expression on their faces told me that my forced performance had not satisfied their lusts, but only inflamed them further, and I feared what might happen later.

The Wolf Lord was silent as he led me away from the others, through the trees, to where I could hear water flowing. The sound grew louder, and soon we had reached the bank of the river. We were alone together there. Aside from the slow rushing and a the calls of a few stray birds, it was almost too silent there. I felt as though even the trees were looking down on me with judgement. I couldn’t believe what I had just done—or how aroused it had made me. What sort of person was I becoming? In less than a full day I’d transformed from a quiet, bookish girl into a wanton thing who enjoyed the depraved treatment I was receiving from these men—and their animals.

“That was quite the show,” Dante said, his voice cutting through the quiet. He wasn’t exactly smiling, but there was a cryptic expression playing around the corners of his mouth. His eyes held a frightening smoulder, like he was burning on the inside. I knew that my latest ordeal was his idea, the way he’d been talking to Ronin just before I’d been led over to the horse. He seemed to enjoy watching the other men use me, and this knowledge made something twist hotly inside my core.

Then he reached into his pocket and pulled out a small piece of soap, which he handed to me. He nodded towards the water. “Go clean yourself off, Cara.”

I was thrown by the unexpected kindness. “Thank you, my lord,” I whispered, then slowly toed into the river. Though the day was still fairly warm, the water was icy and made me gasp. Goosebumps broke out all over my skin. Yet, the shock of the chill stung in a way that was almost pleasant, it made me feel...alive as I hurried to scrub down my body, washing the sticky traces of the horse’s release from my breasts. My nipples were painfully hard, due to the cold and my touch, and over my shoulder I could see that Dante was observing me very closely. I hurried to scrub between my legs, crouching down and sticking my fingers up inside myself to try and clean out what still remained from the night before. Knowing that it had been in me all day was very exciting, in a way that I didn’t want to dwell on.

I hurried out of the water and back over to Dante. “Thank you, my lord,” I said again, dripping and shivering. He reached for a blanket that he must have set down on one of the rocks and wrapped it around me.

“You’re welcome,” he said flatly, his hands moving, rubbing my body, trying to dry and warm me. After a moment, he said, “You pleased me today. You’re learning quickly.”
“Thank you, my lord.”

“There will be much more, you understand,” he told me, as his fingers tightened their grip, his eyes boring holes into my spirit, seeking the vulnerable places where he could break me down further. I knew in my heart that was true, the Alpha was filled with an insatiable darkness and would not stop until I had submitted utterly, body and spirit. He leaned closer, his cheek pressed by the side of my face, lips by my ear. “And you will take it, everything I give you, over and over again, until you beg for it. I will show you what you really are.”

With one arm still around me, he led me back to the camp. There was a fire going, and someone had caught a few rabbits and was cooking them. The smell made my stomach growl, reminding me of how hungry I was.

“Sit,” said Dante, and I sank down onto a large log near the fire, soaking the warmth into my bones, trying to dry my wet, heavy hair with my hands and the heat. I felt something large come down over my shoulders and I saw that Alaric had placed a cloak of soft wolf fur around me. Soon I had stopped shivering and was feeling pleasantly dry and toasty. I was given some of the rabbit and another piece of bread, which I devoured gratefully, along with a few sips of wine from a skin. Once again, it was very silent. Nobody seemed to have much to say. There was a strange tension hanging in the air, though, and it only increased with the setting sun. Soon night had fallen and the fire climbed higher, casting strange shadows. I feared the part of the world that we were entering. As a child I’d heard stories about the northern reaches, it was said to be a place filled with ghosts and monsters, where even the land itself was alive and hungry.

Yet now I had more urgent matters to contend with. As I sat there studying the crackling flames, I saw Ronin and Alaric approaching me once again, and through the golden light I could see the look in their eyes, and knew that I had been correct in my earlier assessment: they were not finished with me. Despite my obvious trepidation, my fickle body was coming alive again with its dark desires, and at the edges of my fear was a place of excitement, and more so a confusing willingness to submit to whatever might happen.

The two descended upon me without a word. Soon Alaric and Ronin had pulled off my robe and cloak and pushed me down onto my knees. The chilly night air burned my skin but thankfully we were right next to the fire, and soon I could feel the heat from the flames. Alaric positioned himself in front of me, Ronin behind. The larger man started undoing his pants and then pulled out his cock. It was an incredible size, long and very thick, already almost fully erect. My eyes widened. He moved closer and presented it to me, pushing the tip towards my lips just as I felt Ronin start fingering my pussy. I sighed and accepted, opening my mouth, knowing that it would be useless to protest. I could see both of their respective wolves several feet away, watching with keen eyes. My lips were barely able to wrap around Alaric, but I tried my best.

“I know you like them big,” he said with a smirk, pushing himself in further. I made a muffled sound around his prick, which made him grow even harder. I thought back to the horse, his massive member throbbing as I attempted to suck him, and my cunt started to throb. I knew Ronin could tell that I was getting excited, and I felt the head of his cock at my entrance, teasing for one quick moment before thrusting in.

I gasped at the sudden onslaught of sensation, reflexively opening my mouth even wider.

“Fuck, you feel incredible,” growled Ronin, gripping my hips as he began to pump in and out. I clamped around him, my body responding to both men. I once again sensed the Alpha, and sure enough, when I looked over Dante was standing there watching. His eyes met mine for a long,
chilling look, and he moved closer until he was beside me. He gripped the back of my head roughly in his hand, pushing me so that more of Alaric’s length was forced into my mouth until I was nearly choked.

“Open your throat, slut, take it all,” Dante ordered, holding me still, his long fingers raking through my hair, yanking on the long tangles. Almost without thinking, my body responded to his command and fought past my gag reflex, allowing Alaric in as far as I could, until tears were running down my face. I concentrated on drawing breath in through my nose so that I didn’t pass out. Ronin’s cock was slamming into me from behind, and I was drowned in lust, my body eagerly absorbing this savage treatment.

Dante smiled down at me, still holding my head, letting Alaric fuck my mouth, forcing me to deep throat him. I was on the verge of yet another shameful orgasm, it grew in intensity like a storm. The wolves were watching me, hungry, and then I saw Dante’s grey wolf there also. His eyes met mine, and that was what pushed me over the edge. My pussy clamped down on Ronin’s cock and waves of dark pleasure swelled. I found myself thinking of the thick red organ between the wolf’s legs, glistening and erect, imagined taking it in my mouth and in my cunt. My unattended clit ached, swollen; it hadn’t been touched since the ride. Still, I was about to cum and it was these thoughts of the Alpha’s wolf that finally undid me. Just as I surrendered to an almost violent orgasm I felt Alaric’s cock stiffen and twitch and then he spurted down my throat with a groan. Dante’s fingers tightened in my hair, pressing me there, forcing me to swallow every drop.

Ronin gave another sharp thrust and then I felt him shoot his seed up into me. Once again, I felt drowned, filled from both ends, and this only made me cum harder, this feeling of being utterly trapped. Both men pulled out of me, Dante’s fingers released their grip and I gasped for air, drool spilling from my lips. Alaric gently lifted me off the ground. He wrapped me in the blanket and cloak again, then led me to his sleeping area, laying down and pulling me to him, wrapping his big arms around me for warmth. He did all of this without a word. I was too exhausted to wonder where Dante had gone, or Ronin, or the wolves. I rested my head against Alaric and was asleep in moments.

The next morning was uneventful. I had slept soundly though the night and was grateful to Alaric for keeping me warm and comfortable. It was much colder now, autumn had definitely arrived and it seemed that winter was close at its heels, especially the further north we traveled. Soon we had packed up and were headed out again. I still wondered where we were going, and was determined to find out. I knew Dante wouldn’t tell me, and I doubted that Ronin or Alaric would, either. Perhaps I could ask one of the other four men. I hadn’t had much interaction with them—I knew that they’d been witness to much of my humiliation, but mostly on the periphery. Two of them looked to be nearing the middle of their thirties, another was older, having at least reached his fortieth summer. And the last was the youngest. He may have been a year or so younger than me, barely more than a boy. But he was a very pretty boy, with long brown hair and crystal blue eyes. Perhaps he might tell me something. However, I didn’t want to speak to these other men yet, to make myself a target. Right now, I only had the three to contend with, (well, along with a wolf and a horse, apparently) and that was enough. From what I understood about the dynamic of these Wolf Lords, Dante was the leader, the Alpha, and Ronin and Alaric seemed to be directly below him, with the rest in descending order, down to that boy. Perhaps the rest were simply waiting their turn with me, and I’d be passed among all of them. The thought made me dizzy.

I rode with Alaric that day, the heat from his massive body keeping me quite warm. I was still naked beneath the robe and cloak, and I had no shoes or other garments to protect me from the elements. Soon we passed out of wooded areas and into more open country. The path became more
visible in front of us, and then there were signs of life: a small cottage or two in the distance, and then, amazingly, we rode into a village. It was very small, but busy; the square was set up for market, and the farmers and traders and artisans were out, eager to make a profit before winter arrived. We stopped there and I was talking down from the horse, which Alaric tied to a post.

I looked around. It was a typical village, like the one less than a mile from where my grandmother and I had lived, but the people here seemed…leaner. Almost tired and gaunt, as if there were a great heaviness hanging over them.

“Stay,” Dante commanded me, and then he walked off, as did the others. They all seemed to be occupied, talking with merchants, doing some sort of business. I observed some of these interactions from a distance: the villagers seemed very wary of the Wolf Lords, but also treated them with a kind of fearful reverence. For the moment, nobody was watching me, and I was struck with a mad impulse to disobey the Alpha’s orders. It began as an itch in my mind and then spread down all over my body, right to my toes. Just a few paces away was a cart where a man was selling wool. My feet carried me there before I had even realized it.

“Sir,” I said, and he looked up at me.

“Yes, miss?”

“Could you tell me what part of the country this is?”

He blinked at me. “This is the village of Orton, on the edges of Banewater.”

I’d heard of Banewater, it was the start of an infamous stretch of land that led directly to Draugr Castle, the last stronghold in the north—the place where civilization ended completely. Nobody knew what lay beyond it, because nobody had ever returned from there to tell. I’d heard that a mad king still ruled over the lands, one who would drink the blood of his subjects. It was an unholy place. Why would we be going there?

Perhaps he saw me panic, because he asked, “Are you alright, miss?”

Before I could answer, I felt a firm hand clamp down on my arm. Dante glared down at me with ice in his eyes and my stomach turned over. He pulled me away from the cart, back over to where the horses were tied.

“I’m sorry, my lord,” I tried. “I didn’t mean—” I was cut off as his hand struck my face with a stinging slap.

“Be silent,” he warned me. Tears prickled my eyes and my cheeks burned as he got a long piece of rope out of one of the satchels. Right there in the village square, he yanked the cloak from my shoulders, exposing my naked upper body. Then he wound the rope in an intricate way that I’d never seen before, so that it wrapped around my neck in the front and then connected to where my hands were bound behind my back, immobilizing me, forcing me to keep my upper body straight so that I didn’t choke myself. All of this he did roughly, possessively, his fingers bruising.

“You’ve disobeyed me,” he said when he was finished. “And you will be punished for it.”

I rode with Dante for the remainder of our journey that day, bound, with my arms and shoulders stiff and aching. I missed the warmth and comfort of Alaric’s body, Dante offered me no such softness. Though he had been kind enough to drape the cloak over me once again, the rope burned my neck and wrists, and the cold wind chapped my face. The sky was now a whitish-gray color and
I could smell snow in the air. When we stopped, the men began to set up and build a fire. They all worked quickly, efficiently. They were a good team, each had a job to do, and did it well. I, however, was set on the ground, forced to hold myself upright on my knees. If I pitched forward or slumped too far, the rope would start to strangle me.

As I had predicted, flakes of snow soon began to fall, landing in my tangled mess of hair. It seemed like hours that I waited, my body going numb from the cold and kneeling so long in that position. Then Dante came for me. He hauled me to my feet and marched me into his tent. The space was dimly lit by several candles. I knew that I should keep quiet, but that same mad impulse wouldn’t let me. It was most definitely the urge to be disobedient, I knew now, the thrill of going against the Alpha’s orders.

“My lord, please, I—”

In a flash, his hand was around my throat. “I told you to be silent. And yet here you are, disobeying again. Do you need a cock in your whore mouth all the time, just to shut you up? I can arrange that if you want. Last night was nothing. My brothers are being very gentle with you, but that can easily change.” His fingers fell away from my neck and then he yanked off the cloak and tossed it aside, leaving me exposed, the way he liked. Dante pulled the long knife from the sheath at his side, I watched the candle flames reflected in the blade. Then he pressed it very lightly against the side of my face.

“I gave you a simple command, bitch. And you could not follow it. That shows you do not respect my authority. So, I am going to have to make you learn.”

The edge of the knife trailed over my skin, whisper soft, not cutting, just faintly grazing. And then he sliced the rope, letting it come undone and fall away from my body. I nearly wept with relief, my sore, still muscles protested as I was finally able to move my arms.

“On your knees,” he ordered, and I obeyed, sinking down with my head bowed and heart pounding. In front of me, my hands trembled, circles of red rope burn around my wrists like cuffs. “Stay like this.”

I held as still as I could. Dante was moving around, but I couldn’t see what he was doing. A few moments later I felt something cool and thick and smooth pushing at my entrance. I fought a gasp as it was shoved inside and left there. I guessed what it was, I’d seen objects like that before, they were polished stones carved into phallic shapes, used for pleasure. My friend Eliza, the miller’s daughter, had owned one, which she kept safely hidden in a box beneath her bed. But I doubted that pleasure was what the Wolf Lord had in mind.

“I am going to punish you, Cara,” he told me, his voice dropping into that low, silky register that promised infinite dark things. “So that you understand your place. You will be still and silent while you accept this punishment. If you do not, then your fate will be far worse.”

Dante took out a long strip of leather, which he wound around his hand. The look on his face was a dangerous one; I’d never seen him like this before, not even that first night. He was utterly predatory. I made no sound, but something inside of me whimpered, recognizing his status as my Alpha, bowing to it, craving his domination over me. My cunt started to throb around the stone inside, and an anticipatory wave of heat flooded my skin. Yes, my lord, sang my body, even as my mind went blank with terror.

He moved behind me once again and then I felt a powerful, stinging lash across my bare ass. It burned, and the force of the blow knocked the breath from my lungs. I steeled myself so as not to move, and bit down hard on my lip to keep from crying out. Another smack came, and then the
next. And the next. Sometimes he would strike me so that the leather made contact with my pussy, forcing the stone phallus further inside me, jostling it. My breasts hung down heavily, jiggling with each slap, my nipples hard and aching. My clit was swollen as well, the pain of this ordeal was stimulating in a way that I never thought possible. Yes, it hurt, but it was a delicious agony, and it was making my body come alive and sing dark and ancient songs. I remained still, wanting to be good, wanting to please Dante, allowing him to dominate and break me down further. It occurred to me that on some level, I had wanted this—I’d disobeyed deliberately so that he would punish me. I was as twisted as he was, I realized. How had I known so little about my own heart? Had this perversion always existed inside of me, or was it something new?

Finally, he stopped. I had lost count of how many times the leather had struck me. My skin felt hot and tight and I could feel my sex clutching greedily around the stone, desperate for release. I felt Dante’s hand between my legs. He skimmed lightly over my clit a few times, teasingly, not giving me any real stimulation.

“You’re soaking wet,” he told me, and I could tell that he was both pleased and unsurprised by this. “Because you craved this punishment, you know that you deserve it. Deep inside, you want to submit to your Alpha.” He now ran a hand over my ass, soothing the raw welts forming there, then pulled the stone from my pussy.

“Carina,” I heard him growl, and then I felt his mouth against my folds, felt his tongue lick out and taste me, exploring and flicking. Just like the wolf, I thought. Just like the wolf. A fire burst to life inside of me, a starved and raging inferno. I wanted him, I realized, wanted him to fuck me, to force his cock down my throat. I wanted to moan, to sigh, to plead. I bit down on my lip so hard that I tasted blood. Yes, my Alpha, whispered my soul.

Then he stopped, pulling away. He lifted me and turned me over so that I was lying on my back, placing a small pillow behind my back to slightly elevate me. I was too dazed and lust-drenched to wonder what would happen next. The candle light made him look so beautiful and otherworldly, made his eyes glimmer though the darkness.

“Open your legs,” he whispered, and I obliged. He knelt down beside me and then his fingers started to rub my pussy in slow, lazy circles, deliberately ignoring where I needed stimulation the most. I knew that I was dripping all over his hand, I could hear the filthy, wet sounds as he touched me.

He closed his eyes, his nostrils flaring. “You smell amazing,” he told me, opening them again, letting me see the ravenous look there. “Like a bitch in heat. Your cunt is so eager. And it will stay like this, craving a knot, craving a belly full of seed, living to get fucked and bred.” With his other hand he cupped and squeezed one of my breasts. “I’d love to see these even bigger, ripe, filled with milk. You want it too, Carina, all of it. You know this is where you belong.”

Then, as if conjured, the grey wolf entered the tent and walked over to us. He too had caught my scent, I realized. Dante held out the hand that he had been using to rub my cunt and offered it to the wolf, letting him lick my juices off with his long tongue. The sight made me ache.

“He knows his bitch has been craving him,” Dante said. “You have not been properly introduced. Cara, this is Nikolai.”

Nikolai. I hadn’t been this close to him since the first night, and now that he was here again I felt a sudden flood of pure lust and need so intense that it almost felt like pain. I couldn’t tell who I wanted more, Dante or his wolf.

Then Nikolai nudged in between my open legs and started eagerly lapping at me. Not again. I
closed my eyes, it was all too much. Alaric and Ronin were one thing, they were men and I had no real connection to either of them, they excited my lusts with their fevered attentions but that did not scare me as much as what I was beginning to feel for both Dante and the wolf. The Alpha and his beast both filled me with such a hunger, sent me falling into that deep chasm inside of myself that seemed to be opening so willingly. A place where I existed solely for them. I knew if I fell completely, it was a place that I would never come back from.

“Open your eyes, Cara,” Dante instructed firmly. “Look at him, watch him tasting you, tasting your pussy, all wet and slick for him.”

I did watch, with tears in my eyes, and it was a depraved and beautiful sight. I was damned, I realized, as his tongue washed over my hard little clit, sending shockwaves through my body. There would be no heaven for me, not after this.

“You can voice your pleasure now,” the Alpha said. “Don’t fight it. Let me hear how he’s making you feel.”

A low, rough moan tore from my throat. Dante smiled, and I watched his hand slide under Nikolai’s belly and start stroking his cock, working it to full hardness. The wolf stopped licking and drew nearer so that I could reach up and touch the sides of his muzzle, his back, the fur unbelievably soft beneath my fingers. It was the color of a stormy late autumn sky. And his eyes were more than golden, they were also a bright, rich amber. I stared into them for a long time, and Nikolai looked back. A pulse went through me, strong and powerful, and the wolf and I connected in that breathless moment on some level that I did not understand. The gaze finally broke and then I glanced over at Dante, who was watching us while he continued to stroke Nikolai. The look on his face was…soft, and almost awed.

Then, with an unexpectedly gentle motion, he took hold of my hand and brought it there also, closing it over the pointed length. It was large and thick, bobbing eagerly, red tip flaring. His fingers around mine, Dante worked my hand along the shaft, and the wolf started to thrust eagerly, excited. I let go and lay back, opening my legs wide and letting the Wolf Lord situate us so that Nikolai was over the front of my body this time, guiding his erection up to my entrance. The wolf immediately started thrusting, it took a few agonizing tries before his cock finally plunged inside of me and I screamed.

Because of this new angle, he could only fuck me shallowly; he would plunge inside, give a few quick thrusts, and then slip out again. Over and over this happened, and every time I thought he would stay, but he didn’t. I was dying for his knot, wanted him to tie to me, stretch me, fill me. But no. He slipped out again, and I begged, “My lord, my Alpha, please!” He smiled again, evil and lovely, eyes shining like glowing coals.

He whistled, and then Nikolai stopped. Just stopped, and dismounted from me. He turned away and walked out of the tent, leaving me there, in a state of painful need.

“Please, my lord,” I whimpered again, realizing how small and pathetic my voice sounded, and not even caring. All I could think about was the ache inside of me.

Dante looked down at me. “Please what?”

“Please…I need….” I didn’t even know what I needed. Redemption, perhaps, but more immediately, I needed to be f*cked. I needed a knot.

“I need you, I need Nikolai, both of you, please…I won’t disobey again, I swear it, bring him back, let him knot me…” I was writhing and wiggling around shamelessly as I babbled, my body
swarmed with this new longing.

“Carina,” he said, voice barely above a whisper. He smoothed strands of hair off of my flushed face and pressed a kiss to my temple. “My beautiful bitch…this is your punishment. Knots are for good little girls who respect their Alphas.”

I moaned, knowing that he meant to leave me like this. I didn’t think I could endure it. I’d rather he tie me up and throw me to all the men and horses in the camp than let me remain so unsatisfied.

“I know it hurts,” he continued. The look on his face was almost sympathetic. “It will continue to hurt. Your body will burn. Everything you thought that you were, it will dissolve, fall away until all that is left is the hunger.” His cool lips grazed over my cheek, and then trailed down until they had barely skimmed across my mouth, so light it felt like flakes of snow. And then he pulled away, standing and walking out, turning his back on me just as Nikolai had done, leaving me there with the shadows.
Hello everyone! Sorry this chapter was a bit late. Again, thank you so much to everyone who has left kudos and comments, I am so thrilled that you are all enjoying this story!

I felt different the next day. My body was sore and stretched and taut like a bowstring, pushed to its limit, throbbing with a numb hum. Yet it was also more than that—a subtle change had also taken place on the inside of me, a slow thing that was beginning. It was the unfolding darkness that I had sensed, it continued to spill out and travel along my veins, transforming me beneath the surface. I had begun to dream of cold lands, bones, dark water and fire. And blood. There was no sense to it, no narrative, just puzzling images.

It was a quiet morning, with a bright grey sky. A layer of snow and ice clung to everything, very still. My breath showed in the air. We left the camp in near-silence and continued our journey north. Alaric had me tucked close to him again. But I was not nearly so cold as before; after I had woken, Dante presented me with a long, simple dress made of heavy fabric, and a pair of leather shoes. He must have bought them at the market, I realized. I was grateful to him, even after my punishment. Especially after my punishment. It seemed to be doing its intended job, because I felt even more attached to Dante—and Nikolai—than before. It was a powerful bond, almost primal.

Now, every so often I would find myself stealing glances over to the Alpha, marveling at how natural his icy beauty was in this setting, in the sparkling, snow-covered landscape, unforgiving but breathtaking nonetheless. I wanted to know more about him, I realized—how he had become a Wolf Lord, how he and Nikolai had found each other. I knew he might never tell me, though, so I simply watched him, and the wolf, who was following alongside the horse. Flares of lust skittered and dove through the center of me, and my mind was invaded with thoughts of being chased, caught, claimed and mated, with nail-marks on my skin, my fingers in the dirt, knees torn, body opening in surrender.

I looked away, into the distance, and prayed to the gods. For my poor grandmother, and for myself—and whatever I was becoming.

Banewater was a sparse country, everything looked thin and wan, like the land was anemic. The air, by contrast, was heavy and dense, as if it were pressing down. A long, wide river cut through, the water a strange dark murky red-brown that appeared almost black at times, most likely from mineral deposits. At least I hoped. Still, the churning waters unsettled me, and I tried not to stare at them too long.

“Look there,” came Alaric’s low voice rumbling in my ear, startling me from my thoughts as he pointed. I followed his finger and in the distance up ahead I saw two large jagged stones, one on either side of the path. “They mark the entrance to the Draugr lands. According to legend, the old kings used to perform sacrifices there, to appease their vicious gods.”

“Why are we going there?” I whispered, chills sweeping over me as we drew nearer to the stones.
“Don’t worry, little one,” he said. “We won’t let anything harm you.” His rough, warm voice did comfort me, but he still had not answered my question and I swallowed grimly around a lump in my throat as we passed between the sacrificial stones and entered this new eldritch kingdom.

After a few miles of nothing, we came upon a tavern and inn where, surprisingly, we stopped. It was mostly empty, just the innkeeper and a few other stray travelers. Everything was made of stone and dark wood, and there were large horned animal heads mounted on the walls, staring down with ominous empty eyes.

We seated ourselves at two tables, with myself, Alaric, Ronin and Dante at one and the other four men at the next. Soon the table was covered in large pints of ale and bowls of stew and bread. My stomach growled.

“Eat, Cara,” Dante said, pushing a bowl towards me. “I want to keep your body round.” I dove into the stew, sucking down the rich broth and chunks of meat, the food warming my insides. As I ate, the men watched me, and I recognized the looks in their eyes. My body began to heat in answer. I felt Alaric’s hand on my waist and he drew me closer. Soon he was beneath my skirt, large fingers seeking my dampening folds. He took hold of my hand and pressed it against the bulge at the front of his pants and I felt his cock thickening instantly.

“Come on, girl,” he whispered, and undid the laces with discreet motions, letting himself spring up eagerly. I couldn’t deny that my mouth began to water at the sight of his huge, meaty organ, and my pussy started to tingle, reminding me of how unsatisfied I still was from the night before. While Dante and Ronin watched with eager eyes, Alaric shifted our bodies so that I could sink down onto his lap, sliding onto his throbbing pole. It stretched me—he was larger than Ronin—but he didn’t fill me like Nikolai did. Still, my body so badly craved penetration that it felt wonderful, and I let out a quiet sigh of relief. He put his hand on my waist and rocked me softly on top of him; at this angle I was taking him quite deep and when he bounced me a certain way he pressed against that little spot inside that make me shake. I knew that everyone could see us, what we were doing. Many were openly staring. The innkeeper tried to be discreet, only glancing over every few moments, but the rest of the Wolf Lords seemed riveted, especially the young one. He was looking right at me, watching my body rocking in Alaric’s lap, seeking pleasure. His chest was rising and falling heavily and his eyes were dark.

Dante leaned over and took the bowl of soup, filling a spoonful and holding it up to my lips. “Eat,” he said. “Feed that hungry body.”

I closed my lips around the offering, sucking down the hot, salty liquid. I closed my eyes as sensation washed over me—the taste in my mouth, the cock softly stroking me from the inside as I was held in place, fucked and fed. Alaric’s breathing was getting harder, the movement of his hips a little less controlled as he bucked up into me. Dante smiled and I could see that he was thrilled by this, the fact that we were out in public and I had a dick stuffed inside me. These men were shameless, my Alpha the most so.

Dante put the spoon down and shoved one of his fingers into my mouth, letting me suck the long digit, my tongue swirling around it. “I love watching you get filled,” he told me, his eyes glowing, lust bringing out more of that silvery sheen. I loved it, too. But what I really wanted, I hadn’t received. While Alaric’s cock was hopefully enough to take the edge off, it couldn’t compare to a knot, and of course Dante knew this. I came, still staring into his eyes, my body thrashing and wiggling shamelessly, unable to hold back the flood as I creamed helplessly on Alaric’s thick rod. He gripped me harder and groaned into my ear and I felt the warm spurts of his release shoot into
my womb. Some rational part of my mind knew that I should be more worried, I was of a fertile age, after all, and at least two men (and a wolf) had now spent themselves inside me, but for some reason I was not. In fact, this knowledge excited me.

Dante was in high spirits when we got back on the road, he seemed happy with me—enough to let me ride with him.

“What do you expect Lady Zira to want in return?” Ronin asked him with a chuckle. My ears perked up and I listened, wondering who that was, hoping to catch some bits of information about where we were going next, and why.

“The usual, I’m sure,” said Dante in a dry tone.

“She’s going to be quite taken with our new bitch,” continued Ronin, casting a sideways glance at me. “You know she’s fond of her own sex.”

The Alpha snorted dismissively, though he pulled me tighter against him. “She’s fond of everything. She’s got the greediest cunt I’ve ever seen.” To me, he said, “Hunger and greed are different. One is need, one is excess.” He stroked a hand over my hair, petting me. It felt nice, and I leaned gratefully into the touch.

“Now, Carina, in a few miles, we will be arriving at Castle Dull Pine, the home of Lady Zira and her brother, Lord Jakov,” Dante continued. “They are utterly deplorable, but we have some necessary business with them. It is very important that you heed my commands when we are there. It is an…unsafe place.”

“Zira is a mad deviant, and her brother is even worse,” Alaric spoke up. “You’d cringe if you hear tales of some of the goings-on.”

“She’s always enjoyed plucking young girls from the village to be her handmaidens,” Ronin added. “And they’re never seen again.”

I shivered. Off in the distance, I heard the caw of a crow. “She’s also fond of fucking dogs, as you will no doubt soon see, she’s never been shy about it.” There was clear disdain in Dante’s voice as he relayed this bit of information. “She’s been after our wolves for years, the stupid cunt. A wolf is nothing like a dog. Dogs get excited so easily, they’ll fuck anything they can. Dogs can be commanded. Wolves can not.” He leaned closer, so that I could feel his lips graze my ear. “Very few women are worthy to be taken by a wolf in such a manner.” I warmed inside at this, felt pride that I was one of those few. The sense of being chosen by him—and Nikolai—was so strong. I wanted to belong to them both, I knew, to have them share me.

A wind began to kick up, and clouds drew down around the sky. I huddled against Dante’s firm chest, the sound of his heartbeat calming me. I felt very small and afraid. My Alpha knew this, and continued to stroke my hair and hold me close, letting me drink in his affections. "You are mine, Carina. You have nothing to fear, except me," he whispered, and I believed him. Soon, we approached a small castle surrounded by a wall with a wooden gate. The fortress was built from dark stone and looked to be very old and falling into disrepair. I realized why it was called Dull Pine, as the land around it was clustered with tall coniferous trees, gloomy and tired looking, like they had been standing too long.
“It was built by Lord Clovis of Banewater, nearly a century ago,” Dante told me. “He was once a respected leader, albeit a violent one. Led several successful military campaigns at the behest of the old Empire, but then when he returned after the last one—a failed attempt to claim Draugr Castle—he’d gone mad. Claimed the trees could speak to him, and that he’d seen ghosts that drank blood. So he built a fortress on this land at their instruction. He married his own sister, Gertrude, and they begot a long line of descendants who followed in their footsteps, until now we have Zira and Jakov, the last rotted fruits of a poisoned, dying vine.”

A sentry came out to meet us, opening the front gate and allowing us through. We dismounted and the horses were stabled. The wolves, as usual, were allowed to roam unchecked. Dante looked down at me. “Cara, you must obey my orders here,” he reiterated. "Nikolai and I will never allow any harm to come to you, but I need you to be a good girl, like I know you can. No wandering off." He cupped my chin in his hand. "Who is your lord and Alpha?" he asked softly.

"You are, my lord," I whispered.

Leaning down, he kissed my forehead, then bent lower and I felt hot breath against my neck, then the sharp pinch of his teeth as he bit my skin, not enough to really hurt but enough to make me gasp and feel a trickle of wetness start between my legs.

He straightened up and motioned with his hand. Two of the other Wolf Lords approached; one was the pretty young man and the other was older, nearly forty, but quite handsome. I’d not gotten to glimpse him so close before, but he had a very pleasant face with a square jaw and deep-set gray eyes. He was of a similar build as Ronin, shorter and more compact, with thick muscles, very strong-looking. He also did not have a beard, just long hair that tumbled loose around his face, soft and brown. I could see certain similarities in the features of both he and the younger man.

“This is Joren and Kai,” Dante introduced them, gesturing first to the older Wolf Lord. “They are going to be taking care of you while we are here. Ronin, Alaric, and myself will be busy, so I need you to do whatever they say and not leave their sight. It is for your own protection.”

“Yes, my lord,” I replied, sensing the gravity of the situation. My neck still tingled from where his teeth had marked me a moment before. I wanted to stay beside him, but I knew that I needed to obey.

It was cold inside the old fortress as we were led to a great hall. Fires burned in large fireplaces at either end, as did torches along the walls, sending shadows curling and climbing. I did not like it here. Joren seemed to sense my discomfort, because he put a hand on my arm and gave me a reassuring smile. He had a very steady presence, and I was thankful for it.

On a stone dais at the end of the room there were two large thrones. One was occupied and the other was not. On the right sat a pale, gaunt little man shrouded in dark robes. He had long hanks of greasy black hair and beady eyes. He reminded me of vermin. Near his feet, on the floor, reclined a half-naked woman. She had a long, thin body with insect-like arms and legs, but she did have large breasts, which were exposed. The gown she wore was more like strategically wrapped fabric—the suggestion of a garment. The skirt was hiked up and there was a large black dog in between her splayed legs, licking eagerly at her exposed pussy. She writhed and moaned shamelessly, her face twisted in pleasure.

Dante cleared his throat to announce our presence and she opened her eyes. “Ah, welcome, my lords,” she said. Her face wasn’t exactly pretty, but her features were sharp and quite striking. She had the same dark tangle of hair as her brother. Her lips were full and stained blood-red with paint.
She smiled and I noticed that she had very sharp teeth.

“Still a dog lover, I see,” Dante remarked blandly.

“Well, I take what I can get. They love it, you know.” She leaned back and moaned, petting the dog on the head.

The Alpha seemed rather disgusted when he spoke next. “Yes, well…I trust that you have given some thought to what we spoke about the last time.”

“Ah, of course,” the woman replied. “My brother and I will be happy to assist. But first, you must have some of our hospitality.”

“Very well.” Dante sounded less than enthused.

“We will have a feast prepared shortly. There are chambers ready for you, where you can get cleaned up.” She arched her hips, giving the dog better access. Then she looked right at me, and I felt Kai’s hand rest on the small of my back as Joren’s tightened on my arm. “I see a new face among you,” Lady Zira said. Her eyes bothered me. They were almost black and looking into them made me feel as if I were lost in a dark, endless wood, running blindly. “What a precious young thing.” She licked her lips.

“We thank you, Lady,” Dante said in a firm voice with ice at the edges. “Our journey has been a long one. We look forward to seeing you at dinner.”

“Likewise,” she said, and I didn’t trust the smile on her face. Zira threw back her head and moaned again, bringing her hands up to fondle her tits, her body jerking. The dog was now jumping up, his cock flaring, eager to mount something. We departed the room and as we went I could still her hear cries echoing.

A blank-faced attendant led Kai, Joren and I to a small chamber. There was a fire roaring in the fireplace and nearby to it was a tub filled with water, steam rising lazily. A warm bath sounded wonderful just now. Everything about this place so face had made me shiver, but it was more than just temperature: something about Dull Pine made me cold on the inside, right down to the very marrow of my bones.

“She’s quite charming, isn’t she,” Joren remarked with a lopsided smile.

“I don’t like her,” I mumbled.

“Smart lass,” he replied with a nod. “Not much there to like. Always puts herself on display. The little show with the dog.” He scoffed. “She wants attention. It’s just sad, really.” Joren began undoing the ties on my dress. “Let’s get you washed before the water gets cold.”

Kai helped him and soon the garment fell to the floor and the two men lifted me into the tub. The hot water felt amazing, soothing my weary muscles.

“But watching you with the Alpha’s wolf that first night, that was a thing of beauty,” Joren said, leaning me back and wetting my hair. “There is a difference between wolf maidens and greedy deviants. You must never feel ashamed of who you are, Cara,” he continued, picking up a small bottle from a shelf beside the tub and pouring some of the liquid onto his hands. He then began to wash my hair, his strong fingers felt wonderful on my scalp. I could again feel the warm buzz of arousal that had been so prevalent earlier in the day. Joren was correct, there had been nothing
erotic about Lady Zira’s behavior.

“We are people of the Wolf. We are born chosen, different. You must have felt that, through your life. That call, the yearning.” He picked up a stone pitcher and dipped it into the water, filling it and then rinsing the soap from my hair.

“I don’t know,” I answered honestly. “I’ve…I always felt different, I suppose.”

“So do we all,” Joren said, smiling. Kai picked up a large chunk of soap and rolled it in his hands, gathering a lather. Then he started washing my back. His young fingers were also strong and comforting. I could tell that I had an effect on him, because his bright blue eyes were shadowy with lust and he kept staring at my breasts. A quick glance down showed that he was hard, also. “So beautiful,” he whispered, his hands finding their way around to the front of my body, cupping my tits. Soft strands of chestnut hair pulled loose from their tie and fell into his face as he concentrated. I moaned in delight and reached up to gently brush them away with my wet fingers.

“Looking forward to dinner,” Kai said, giving me a wicked smile that was quite charming. He rubbed his thumbs over my nipples, making me shudder. “Maybe she can bounce in my lap while you feed her,” he remarked to the older man. “She seems to like that.”

Joren reached over and gave him a good-natured smack upside the head. “Not likely, whelp. She’ll be on my cock first.” To me, he said, “My son is so impatient. But that comes with youth. He’s barely had a woman.”

“I have too!” Kai spoke obstinately, seeming a bit insulted. “More than one.”

“I mean a woman you didn’t have to pay, my boy,” Joren said, wagging a finger at him. So, they were father and son. That explained the physical similarities.

The older man also soaped up his hands and put them into the water, stroking along my belly and down lower to my mound. “Still full of cum from earlier,” he remarked, his thick fingers stroking through my folds, washing and caressing. Another moan escaped my throat and I leaned into both of their hands.

“Watching you get fucked is so arousing. Your pleasure intoxicates us all.” Joren spoke in a low, soothing voice as he began to rub my clit. “I know my son has been wanting you for some time. As have I.” One of Kai’s hands left my breast and crept beneath the water. I felt his fingers join Joren’s in a slow dance over my aching pussy, rubbing side by side, stroking in tandem. Then the older man’s finger slid inside me while Kai kept stroking my clit. “I know that you are needing it, too. That a new hunger has been awakened in your eager womb, a craving for seed, both of man and beast. Do not fear it, it is a gift.” I tried not to thrash, but the stimulation was incredible, and I opened my legs wider. Kai knelt down and took one of my breasts in his mouth, laving and sucking while Joren pumped in and out. Then I felt the younger man push a finger into me, beside his father’s, and they both moved in a steady rhythm.

Kai seemed ravenous with lust, he kept making soft moaning sounds around my tit and sucking like he was starved, tugging on my nipple with his teeth. I was deeply pleased that I had excited him so. Joren smiled—I knew that I aroused him, too, but he struck me as a very patient man. Patient and kind. Despite the foreboding aura of this place, these men were a warm source of light, and I felt safe with them. Sparks erupted behind my eyes as father and son simultaneously stroked me to orgasm. Waves of heat and pleasure burst through me, and I could not wait to see what else they had in store, later—my pussy pulsed at the thought and clutched around their fingers again—one of them pressed up against my front inner wall, touching that special place that sent me spiraling into climax again, harder yet.
After I came down, they withdrew their hands and helped me out of the tub, wrapping me in warm
dry cloth and drying me in front of the fire. Outside the window, night was falling. Again I felt that
cold chill, insidiously wrapping around all of Dull Pine, in the floors, the walls, the stones of its
foundation.

“Lady Zira has apparently requested that you wear this,” Joren said, picking up a dress that had
been laid out, helping me into it. It was similar in style to what she had been wearing earlier,
leaving little to the imagination.

“It’s modeled after the fashions of the old Empire, back when they still occupied these parts—or
tried to, at any rate. Clovis’ descendants have always considered themselves to have far more regal
blood than they do. It adds to Zira’s delusions and self-importance. But she is our host,” he added,
making a face,” so we shall have to make the best of it.”

I knew that I was going to be rather chilly, as the fabric was thin and gauzy and left my arms and
much of my torso exposed, barely covering my breasts.

“Not to worry, Cara,” Kai said in a thick voice, as if he could read my mind. “We will keep you
warm.”

“Indeed,” said Joren. He reached beneath his shirt and removed a long leather cord with a small
pouch on the end, which he placed around my neck. “There are demons here, my sweet,” he said,
his face somber. “This will keep you safe. Pay no heed to the shadows, there are greater and older
magics to protect you.” He leaned over and pressed a soft kiss against my cheek. Then he took one
of my hands in his and Kai held the other, and we made our way down the gloomy maze of
corridors to the great hall. It was almost time for the feast.
Chapter 5

Chapter Notes

Hey friends! Here is some more smut for ya! ;)

The long table was set with all manner of dishes, but I wasn’t hungry. I was on edge. The shadows on the floors and walls still seemed too alive for my liking, and there was that ever-present soul-deep chill despite the large fires roaring in the fireplaces on both sides of the hall. Lady Zira was positioned at the head of the table, her awful brother beside her. They both leered at me when I entered wearing the provided gown, and though I was disgusted by Jakov, Zira’s strange smile seemed far more sinister. There was a plotting, hungry look behind her dark eyes.

Dante, Ronin, and Alaric sat close to them, the rest of us were seated a little further down the table. Kai was to my right and Joren on my left. The other two Wolf Lords, whose names I had yet to learn, were across from us. We were served by several young women with pale skin and hollow eyes. All quite thin, they moved listlessly, reminding me of drained husks. Goblets were filled with what appeared to be wine. The liquid was very dark, nearly the color of blackberry juice.

Zira raised her goblet. “To old alliances and new friends,” she said, her eyes finding me again. We all raised ours in turn and then took a sip of the beverage. It was strong and tasted of fruit, but also spices and something herbal that I could not place.

“Go slow with this, Cara,” Joren cautioned me in a whisper, leaning close. “It’s very potent, laced with a plant that only grows in this part of the world. Take care not to lose yourself.” He took another sip from his own goblet.

“Aren’t you worried?” I asked.

He smiled and shrugged. “I’m quite used to it.”

“Father used to train with the holy men of the western mountains. He learned how to talk to the spirits,” Kai told me. That sounded fascinating. I’d heard stories of such people from my grandmother, but had never actually met one. It made sense, Joren had a wise aura about him. Perhaps later he could tell me more.

I picked at the food on my plate and took slow, cautious sips of the wine. I did not want to offend our hosts, repugnant as they were. Soon I felt as though the top of my skull was being lifted off. It was a disconcerting feeling, but then it was accompanied by a warmth in all my limbs that took the edge off just a bit. I tried to look over at Dante, to meet his eye, but he was speaking with Lady Zira. My alpha seemed so tense and unhappy in this place, and I could not blame him. I longed to know his thoughts, the nature of our journey, what business he had in this dreadful land. I wished that he would open up to me, though I doubted that would happen. I was merely his bitch, I reminded myself, my heart growing heavier. Just a thing to be broken down and passed around. This knowledge, which had been so titillating earlier, now just sat like a stone inside of me.

There was a man with a musical instrument moving slowly around the room. I had never seen one like it before, it was stringed and the sound it made had a screeching, shrill edge that ran
unpleasantly along my spine. I gathered that this style of music was also something unique to the Draugr lands.

Lady Zira seemed to be finished talking with Dante and the others because she got out of her chair. She stretched, her long, sinewy arms rising over her head, her torso bare and white, breasts nearly exposed again. She came over to me and stood behind my chair. I remained utterly still. Her pale, bony fingers played with strands of my hair, gently combing through it. “What a lovely girl,” she cooed softly. Then her hands wandered lower and closed over my breasts, squeezing them through the thin fabric of my gown. Dante sat up a little straighter and watched us, his expression tight.

“Such a ripe young thing,” Zira continued. “How enjoyable. I’ll bet you can’t wait to fill her belly.” She leaned over my shoulder to look at me, and smiled. The red slash of her mouth seemed to be grotesquely stretched, and I realized that the wine was now having a stronger effect. When she finally moved away, I was breathing heavily, almost panicked. Joren’s hand sought mine and gave it a reassuring squeeze. I watched the shadows travel and climb the walls again, forming a strange tableau of creeping, hungry things.

Zira fondled Jakov’s dick and then crawled into his lap. I could see her there, grinding and writhing. He ripped off the top half of her dress and started tonguing her nipples. As he did this, he was sure to look directly at me. I tried not to recoil in disgust.

“Be calm, Cara,” Joren whispered to me. “Do not let them disturb you. It will only feed into it.”

I nodded and swallowed with some difficulty. My head felt funny. It reminded me of a terrible fever I’d once had as a child. My mother had feared for my life. Her taking care of me, her worried face—that was my last real memory of her. I hated that it had come back to me here in this dark place, when I was so lost, so far from home. I felt Joren’s fingers stroking my arm.

“Turn from the despair. Do not feed it,” he reminded me. “The effects can be pleasurable, if you allow them to be.”

I tried. I focused on his strong fingers against my skin, until I could feel the heat from both men’s bodies beside me, until my nostrils were filled with their scent. Joren’s was like fresh rain in the mountains, Kai’s like a clear lake in an early spring evening. Soon I felt better, my skin tingling. The heaviness and gloom began to lift, and I was feeling arousal stirring again.

The large dogs had returned, three of them, with shiny dark fur. Lady Zira had climbed off of her brother and was on the floor, kneeling on all fours. She was sucking the cock of one of the dogs and another was tonguing her from behind, the third eagerly awaiting his turn. To me they all seemed like one alien creature, with limbs both human and animal, joined together in a spiral of moans and whimpers. I could see the disgust on Dante’s face, and it pained me.

Kai brought his fingers to my chin and turned me away from the scene. I looked into his huge blue eyes and felt instantly calm. He smiled gently and leaned forward, his lips meeting mine in a kiss. His mouth was hot and silky, I could taste the wine there. He sighed and his tongue slid in to rub against mine. Then I was being moved. Kai and Joren had their arms around me and were leading me out of the great hall. I turned back one last time and saw Zira arching her body, the dog’s prick disappearing into her cunt. Jakov had his own cock in hand and was stroking himself furiously as he watched. Then I glimpsed Dante again, his face stony.

“Come away, Cara,” said Kai, steering me into the corridor. I seemed to be floating. The stones in the walls breathed and shifted, rearranging themselves. When we returned to our chamber, the two men stoked my arousal again. The ridiculous garment was pulled from my body and Kai’s hands were on my bare breasts, then his mouth. We moved in the firelight, our bodies tangling together.
True to his word, Joren pushed inside me first, he was thick and stretched me pleasantly. I stroked Kai while his father fucked me and then after Joren was finished, the older man lifted me and positioned me so that I could slide down onto his son’s eager young cock. Kai moved quickly, his hips jerking, Joren watching and encouraging. Their hands and mouths sought me over and over again and I nearly lost myself. At one point it seemed as though I were up by the ceiling, looking down at our entwining bodies. Climaxes came like waves, rising and cresting, moving into each other. I was drenched in their water scent, rain and lake. Yet something was missing.

I must have fallen asleep. When I woke it was the middle of the night and everything was still and dark. Most of the fever-like haze had retreated from my mind, but there was a lingering trace of unreality. My head felt like a stone, and a deep hunger pulsed in my very blood. It was old and primal, connecting me to all of the dark things here, the soil and roots, shadows and blood and stone. I slipped a hand down between my thighs, my clit was distended and aching, I was soaked in a mix of seed and my own juices. Kai and Joren were sleeping beside me in the large bed. The light of the half-moon slipped through the window, giving me a faint glimpse of toned muscle. They had been very good to me, but I wanted something else. My Nikolai.

I did some quick math as I glanced at the moon again. My grandmother was a wise woman and a midwife, and she had always taught me the importance of tracking my moon blood. It seemed that now I was in the most fertile part of my cycle. All the more reason to be cautious about all of the… activities that I had been participating in over the past several days. Yet, once again I found myself unperturbed. I recalled Zira’s words, “I’ll bet you can’t wait to fill her.” I thought of Dante and how he often expressed a desire to see me with child; I imagined my body swelling, growing, and I felt my cunt start to throb.

It felt like it had been years since I had been with Nikolai and I was craving him. He was calling to me. I slipped out of bed and followed the call. I did not care that I was naked, or that I was disobeying my Alpha’s orders to not go wandering off alone. I somehow knew where to go, to let myself be drawn out through one of the doors unseen until I could feel the night air closing over my skin. I saw his golden eyes, he was waiting behind the stables. I fell onto my knees immediately, relief burning through me. My hands slid through his fur, relishing the softness, the feel of his powerful body. He licked my face, excited. Between his hind legs I could see the thing I needed, his rod sliding out, the red tip flushed and pointed. Wanting me. Gods, how I missed it. Arousal dripped down my legs as my hand found him. “Good boy,” I whispered, stroking him. I thought about taking it in my mouth and sucking, but there was not time.

I was going to die if he didn’t knot me, yet I wanted Dante here, too, needed him to help his wolf mount me. But he was not, so I was going to have to do it myself.

“Come on, Nikolai,” I whispered, getting onto all fours and presenting myself, spreading my legs wide. There was a small hay bale there, and I leaned on it so that I was slightly elevated and he could enter me better. His wet snout nudged at my pussy and then I felt him jump up, trying to mount. After a few failed jabs, miraculously, it pushed in. “That’s it…” I clamped down hard and rocked back, trying to keep him inside.

“Oooh, yes,” I hissed. He started to move, with those rapid, pumping motions, cock hammering into me. This frantic thrusting forced a climax from my body in less than a minute. Spasms of pleasure rushed through my limbs. Yes, I thought. This is where I belong. I was no longer able to deny it.

Nikolai panted and whimpered, I could feel his hot breath. Then his knot began to swell. I was determined that it would happen this time, and so was he. It bumped against me, and was finally forced inside by his powerful hips. I bit down on my lip to muffle a scream as I was stretched wide
by the bulbous intrusion, then felt us lock together.

“Oh, thank the gods,” I whispered, my walls fluttering. I felt him thicken, filling my tight, wet channel. He seemed to touch every inch of me. “Yes, I’m your bitch, I belong to you.” I murmured this encouragement, beside myself with pleasure and relief. Soon I felt the hot jets of his cum begin splashing into my womb. Each spurt seemed to trigger another small climax as he relentlessly pumped me full of his seed and my body eagerly drank it up. Yes, I belonged here, on my knees beneath Nikolai, but I missed my Alpha. He was part of this, somehow—I knew that he and his wolf were connected, though the nature of that connection remained a mystery to me. I was only certain that it was both of them that could make me complete.

Then I felt a cold prickling along my arms like a warning, heard Nikolai growl. I raised my eyes and saw Jakov’s ugly face staring down at us, a smile twisting his lips.

“Well, well,” he chuckled. “What have we here?”

He moved closer and as I opened my mouth to protest, Nikolai turned sharply, twisting us around so that he could face the threat—he was no longer on my back but we were still tied together. It was momentarily uncomfortable, as my body was dragged along with his, the turning motion wrenching me a little, but then I was all right physically, though I had begun to panic.

A familiar scent flooded my nostrils, cold air and smoke, and then Dante appeared beside us in a flash, his blade drawn and pointed at Jakov’s throat. The little man chuckled again. “You’ve been holding out on us, Wolf Lord,” he drawled, looking at me, on my knees with Nikolai still inside me. Dante pushed the blade forward insistently, until the tip was pressing against the skin of the other man’s neck.

“I suggest that you leave right now,” my Alpha said in a very low, rough voice. Jakov glared, his beady eyes narrowing. Then Dante growled, a sound from deep in his chest that was purely animal. This seemed to give Jakov pause, because he backed off and slunk away. My arms wobbled in relief and I sagged forward. Dante crouched down beside me. “Are you alright?”

“Yes…he’s…we’re…” I motioned to Nikolai, whose knot was still swollen inside of me.

“I know.” The Alpha stroked my hair with his long fingers. “You look…perfect. Gods, I love watching you tied to him, knowing that he’s cumming inside of you.” His tone was unexpectedly fond as he spoke, and I was so relieved and happy that he was here, so heated that I did not even care what punishment I would have to endure. “Your soaked little cunt was just aching for a knot, wasn’t it?”

I nodded. I could not even feel ashamed, because his words were so true. “My lord, I am so sorry that I disobeyed you again. I was…overcome. You can punish me, but I needed it so badly…”

“Shhhh, Carina,” he quieted me, touching my cheek. “I know. I could feel it. His hunger for you, and yours for him. His hunger is mine, also.”

Nikolai slipped out of me, finally finished. My body missed him the moment he was gone.

“You’re so fertile right now,” Dante said, eyes glowing hot, silver and black, hardly any blue there at all. He began to palm my sensitive breasts. He was breathing very quickly, was far less controlled than I’d ever seen him, more animal than man. “Your scent is maddening. I’m sorry I’ve kept you and Nikolai apart. But you needed to submit.”

“I do. I do submit, my lord,” I cried.
“Not yet,” he said, gripping me firmly in his arms, putting me down on my back. He looked so large above me, so strong. His long black hair hung loose around his face, giving him a wild look. I had never seen it down before and longed to touch it. He growled again, baring his teeth a little. Had they always been that sharp? The sight excited me, and I found myself wanting him to mark me with them, to draw blood, to make me his completely. I lay there and watched as he swiftly undid the front of his pants and took himself out. My mouth watered. His cock was long, thick, powerful. The largest I had ever seen. I opened my legs, eager for it, the blood crashing in my ears, my body a shaking mess of desire. He moved over me, dragging the tip of his length along my slit, rubbing it against my swollen clitoris, making me gasp. “Are you ready for me, Cara?” he whispered.

My answer was a breathy moan. “Yes, my lord.” I had never been more ready for anything. I felt him nudge at my entrance, then push inside with one sharp thrust. I couldn’t help but notice that his cock felt curiously like Nikolai’s and my body immediately responded, clamping down around him. Was this real? It certainly felt real, my beautiful Alpha moving on top of me like a dark phantom, his scent coating my skin. I could hear the wet, squelching sounds as he fucked me hard, Nikolai’s cum still dripping out. More, I needed more—both of them, exactly like this.

“My Carina, my eager bitch,” he groaned. “I’ve been waiting since that first night. I cannot wait any longer.”

What happened next, I can’t explain. Perhaps it was a dream, or the lingering effects of the wine. Dante came, but did not withdraw from me after, he stayed inside and within mere moments I felt him thicken and harden and begin thrusting again, gripping at my hips so tightly that I was bruised. He seemed unable to speak but he made low, growling animal-sounds that made my pussy jump and caused an incredible heat to flare deep in my core. My over-used, over-sensitized body was forced into another orgasm, one that continued on until I felt that I might be dying. My alpha leaned down and bit my neck again in that same spot, and groaned as he released another flood of seed. This happened one last time after that, until I was so full of cum that I felt bloated with it, yet still somehow it wasn’t enough. I never wanted him to withdraw. Or if he must, then I wanted Nikolai to take his place, letting me be filled by both of them for eternity.
Dante said very little to me, just helped me to stand on my shaking legs. I was having a hard time meeting his eyes and I felt almost shy after the emotional intensity of everything that had just happened. “You should be getting inside now,” he told me quietly, nodding back towards the rear castle entrance. “Try to rest,” he added, reaching out and smoothing a hand over my hair, the motion gentle.

I turned and slowly made my way back inside, naked and debauched, the chilly air stinging my skin. It was nearly dawn but you could barely tell, the days were so dark here, and there were no birds singing to greet the morning. Only heavy silence and watchful trees. I wasn’t entirely sure what exactly had transpired between myself and Dante, and I couldn’t even be certain that I wasn’t dreaming. The way our bodies had fit together, our joining, it had seemed otherworldly. I felt a tugging in my chest at the memory of his face: teeth bared, eyes nearly black with lust, his hair falling loose. The wildness that I had felt emanating from him…the possessiveness…I had never before experienced anything like it. I could still smell him on my body, him and Nikolai both. I felt as though I was somewhere in-between sleep and wakefulness, floating and unreal, this haunted place playing tricks with my mind. The disquieting feeling only grew as I made my way down the stone corridor. My surroundings were becoming disorienting, and I got the oddest sensation that I was going in circles. Surely I should have arrived back at my room by now. Had the halls grown longer, somehow, or did I take a wrong turn? I couldn’t remember.

More troubling, however, was the sudden pervasive sense that I wasn’t alone, and anxiety began to claw at my insides, anxiety along with the sexual arousal that had still not dulled, even after having both Dante and Nikolai inside of me. Shadows were shifting and crawling along the walls once more, disturbingly sentient. Up ahead, I could see an open door. Even as trepidation washed over me I crept towards it, beckoned there by an unknown power. I heard female laughter.

I pushed the door open and was greeted by a very odd scene. Two naked young women were situated on a bed. One was pale and blonde, though quite thin she had large breasts, the nipples stiff and pebbled with arousal. She was seated behind the other, who was quite voluptuous, with fiery red hair and more healthy color in her skin. The blonde was holding the redhead as she lay on her back, stroking her arms and tits. The curvier woman’s legs were splayed open and there was… something in between them, hovering. It was like a thick mist, like smoke in a vaguely humanoid shape. The redhead moaned as the shadowy wraith began to slip inside of her, filling her pussy. She shook and gyrated on the bed. I could see the wetness glistening on her folds, watching her being spread open as the smoke entered. “It’s inside me, mistress, I can feel it!” She cried out, bucking her hips. “Oh, please, don’t let it take me!”

“Shhh,” soothed another voice, and I turned to my left to see a familiar figure there, watching with shimmering onyx eyes and a smile on her red lips. “There, there, child,” Lady Zira cooed. “It will all be better soon.” Then she looked at me. “Hello, dear Cara.”
I couldn’t move as she approached, nude except for a thin robe draped over her shoulders, her sinewy arms outstretched in welcome, like a spider ushering me into her web. She ran her hands over my shoulders and breasts, then reached in between my legs, stroking me with her fingers. I jumped as she flicked my sensitive clit with her nail. I bit back a moan, not wanting it to feel good, not wanting to feel oddly excited by whatever was happening on the bed. The red haired woman’s moans were getting louder and the blonde was now sucking on her nipples as the shadow continued to penetrate her.

Lady Zira withdrew her finger, coated in a mix of my juices and Nikolai and Dante’s cum, then stuck it in her mouth and licked it clean. Her eyes rolled back for a brief moment. “Delicious,” she pronounced. Then she clapped her hands. The shadow had now disappeared, presumably inside the young woman, who was whimpering and shaking still. “Girls, go attend to your duties. I’d like to have a private conversation with our guest.”

The two women got off the bed and departed, the blonde helping the trembling redhead.

“What was that?” I managed, looking over at the bed, dumbfounded. “That…shadow. What was it doing to her?”

Zira smiled wider and walked over to the table in the corner. She picked up a carafe and poured some wine into a goblet, then took a long sip. “That was one of the spirits that inhabit this place,” she said finally. She regarded me with a look in her eyes that seemed oddly fond.

“I sense something in you,” Zira told me. “You are a creature of these lands, just like I am.”

“I’m nothing like you,” I muttered.

She laughed. “Is that so? Give it some time, you will understand. There is a powerful magic here. This is the old place, the first kingdom, where the ghosts and monsters roam. My ancestors learned this, and we have served them ever since. Has your beloved Dante ever told you the story of how the Wolf Lords came to be?”

The word stuck in my throat as I said, “No.” I knew very little about my captor. My Alpha. Only that I was bound to him in a way that both frightened and thrilled me.

Nodding, she went on, “I can’t imagine that he would. It was a curse. Once, giant beasts roamed these lands, part man and part wolf. They were enormous, fierce and intelligent. It is said that the old gods feared their power, and so they were transformed, split into two separate creatures to make them more vulnerable. Man,” she held out one hand, “and wolf.” She opened the other palm. “They were scattered, forced to spend years searching for each other. Each man finally reunited with his wolf, the other half of his being. They are bonded, they can communicate with their minds, share sensation. Share hunger. So you see,” Zira continued, moving through the room as she spoke, “the men are not really men, the wolves are not truly wolves. They don’t belong to any world, and so they became nomadic, wandering the lands in exile, never aging.”

I stood utterly still, absorbing this, unsure whether to believe her or not. At first, it seemed too fanciful. But after all I had seen, and experienced…she might have been lying, but for some reason I sensed truth in her story. It would explain the connection and similarities I could sense between Dante and Nikolai, and the bond between all three of us.

“My family is of a different breed of creature,” Zira went on, and a blank look fell over her face. “Though no less cursed. My ancestor Clovis was chosen by one of the wraiths that roam in the night here. It changed him, and all of his descendants. We became part of the darkness as well. Filled with so many insatiable appetites. Trapped here, bound to this castle, this land, with nothing
to do but succumb to the shadows. You probably think me wicked. Maybe so.” She sighed, and it made her seem softer, less threatening, for just a moment. “It is my nature, the way I was made. I was a young girl when my father and brother began to use me. My mother strayed too far from the castle, and paid for it with her life. She hated what she was.” Zira studied her long nails. “I, on the other hand, decided to revel in it. My tastes grew stronger. And I was lonely. My father made a deal with the villagers, and every so often they would send a young maid to be my playmate. I loved their soft skin, so warm, so sweet. I’ve kept every one of them, here in this castle.”

She looked wistful for a moment. “The dogs actually began as Jakov’s idea, when we were messing about one day. I loved it. So much so that my brother became jealous. My father had hoped that I would replace my mother, but he was too deep into grief for my body to satisfy him. He allowed himself to waste away. And now there is only Jakov and I, the last of our family. My brother has learned to please me over the years, but he is not what I truly want.” There was a far away look in her eyes now, a mist-filled darkness as she recalled this tragic and sordid series of events. “You seem to shy away from what you desire, you and your Wolf Lord both.”

“It is confusing,” I admitted, wrapping my arms around myself for warmth, suddenly very acutely aware of my nakedness. Then I realized that the leather pouch that Joren had placed around my neck was gone.

Zira’s mouth set down in a line and she walked over to me with purpose in the motions, then pried my arms away, exposing me. “Now is not the time for you to be prudish, and it is not the time for him to be hesitant,” she said in scolding tones. “Not with so much potential.”

The she pressed her hand against my lower belly, her black eyes alight with an eerie flame. She seemed to grow excited about something. I didn’t even know what she was doing at first, but after a moment I felt a warmth pooling in my core. It spread to my pussy and made my clit tingle and throb. And then it continued to grow and expand, until the tingle became a full-blown ache. My womb suddenly felt so empty. My entire body began to cry out for a knot. I needed Dante and Nikolai, needed to be filled with their cocks, their seed.

“Oh,” I moaned, unable to hold back. Zira grinned, her sharp white teeth flashing. I squeezed my thighs together, but it only made the situation worse. I had never been this aroused before. I was filled with a desperation that was entirely new, and primal. I could barely think, I could already feel my mind growing hazy. “What have you done to me?” I managed to ask.

“My dear,” Zira said, reaching out and grazing my cheek with her tapered nails, “I haven’t done anything. I’ve only showed you what you really are. That is the power of the Draugr lands, the old power. I know that you feel it. So does he. It’s why he brought you here, whether he realizes it or not. It is your destiny.” She pressed a kiss against my forehead. Her lips were ice cold. “I’m not your enemy, sweet one. He would protect you from what you are, what he is. But these are not days for denial or suppression. We are at a turning point. The old magic can spread again, the darkness can reach out beyond the boundaries of this place.” She leaned so close that I could feel her chilly breath on my face. “This is the time to unleash the beast inside of you.”

I stumbled backwards away from her, towards the door. I could feel the blood pounding in my ears, my skin was growing flushed and overheated. I barely knew where I was going, once again the corridors were like a maze and I was disoriented as well as overcome by the pulsing, needy ache between my legs. My clit felt hugely swollen and I could feel slick wetness beginning to drip down my thighs. I gritted my teeth together and kept moving. Dante. Nikolai. I was being reduced to a single impulse: to be knotted and bred.

I was out in the air by the stables again. The day was so dark and overcast that it seemed to be
night still. I heard noises, moaning. Creeping closer to the stable, I peered in. There I saw the two young women from before, Zira’s handmaidens. The redhead’s skin had grown so pale that it was nearly white. They were beneath one of the horses, both of them still nude. The women were eagerly sucking and licking at the animal’s erect, massive cock. I felt a pulse of needy recognition from my pussy. I remembered how good that enormous organ had felt in my hands, the glorious depravity as it had spurted loads of hot cum all over my chest. My womb was so hungry that I felt my inner walls clutch at the sight, imagining taking that impossible thickness inside of me.

The two women seemed to be in a similar state. The redhead climbed up on a large hay bale, opening her legs and positioning herself so that she could rub the horse’s erection against her dripping cunt. She knew that she couldn’t fit it inside herself and was obviously frustrated by this, but she kept humping and grinding wildly. The blonde continued to stroke the beast with one hand while the other worked busily between her own legs. They moved faster and faster, the air filling with desperate moans and whines. I watched the horse’s cock stiffen further and then he released, the white liquid splashing out in thick, heavy spurts. The handmaidens both gripped and positioned it so that the cum flooded over the redhead’s eager, exposed pussy. She cried out in sheer delight, bucking her hips.

I couldn’t watch any longer. While this scene was unbearably arousing, I knew that a horse would not satisfy me. It was not the type of beast that I craved. My body screamed out for my Alpha and my mate. I moved on, stumbling and whimpering, nearly crying in frustration. I was so aroused that it was getting difficult to even move; the ache inside of me grew more painful by the minute.

Soon I was at the other side of the castle, and I could go no farther. I fell to the ground, shaking. The dark sky swirled above me, and I could hear the shadows laughing in smug mockery. “Dante,” I called, reaching outwards with my mind, summoning him through the ether. Within moments, his scent filled my nostrils and he appeared beside me. I could barely even speak, my voice came in strange growling rasps. His eyes widened and then darkened. I saw his nostrils flare.

“Cara,” he whispered. “How…” He quickly and roughly gathered me into his arms and then we were moving. “I need to get you inside,” he said, his voice low and gruff, “so we can deal with this.”

“Lady Zira,” I mumbled, burying my face in Dante’s neck, breathing him in. “She did something to me. What’s happening? It hurts.” I darted my tongue out and licked along his neck, then dragged my teeth over the patch of skin. His scent was intoxicating, the heat of his body making me dizzy. I felt a strong shudder pass through my Alpha in response to my touch, which pleased me and made me whimper. I was carried to a spacious chamber and placed on the bed. Dante’s jaw was set in a firm line as he spread my legs open to inspect me. The throbbing increased with this close proximity, the painful ache growing sharper. I looked down and saw that my pussy was drenched, my engorged clit poking out with need, almost double its normal size.

He gently probed me with his finger and I moaned and thrashed. “You’re in heat,” he said, almost disbelievingly. His eyes darkened further, just as they had before; once again he was more animal than man, and my sex quivered. “Oh, Carina…”

Dante practically tore the clothes from his body. I watched as he was bared for me, his cock springing up, hard and thick. He was breathing very heavily. In less than a second I was flipped onto all fours and he thrust inside of me.

“Yes!” I screamed, words finally returning to me, though barely. “My lord, please, it hurts!”

He moved faster and I arched and pressed back against him, needing it deeper, needing more.
“She had no right,” he growled. “I didn’t want it to be like this…I…”

As he spoke, I heard the familiar sound of approaching paws and looked up to see Nikolai there. My heart swelled and my body reacted, clutching hard around Dante’s cock, floods of wetness drenching the thick organ. The wolf stared at me for a moment with his golden eyes and then he moved towards us. He climbed onto the bed, which thankfully was very large, and sprawled in front of me, rolling onto his back and presenting himself, the gesture so trusting that I was moved. Tears came to my eyes. Yes.

My hand found his turgid member, closing around it and stroking while Dante continued to fuck me. I moaned ravenously and leaned down to take Nikolai in my mouth. Feeling his hot, eager length against my tongue made me wild with lust. It seemed to do the same thing to Dante, because the noises that he made became more guttural and animalistic again, a series of growls and snarls that set my blood on fire. As I worshipped Nikolai’s cock with my mouth, I felt his knot start swelling at the base, and then something curious happened again. A thick bulge began forming at the base of Dante’s cock as well; at first I didn’t notice, but then it grew more pronounced until it was nudging against me, seeking with each of his thrusts.

"It can’t be," I thought to myself. "It can’t." But then I recalled what Zira had told me about the Wolf Lords. We were in haunted lands, there were heavy enchantments and old magic everywhere. Perhaps the impossible was not out of reach. I wanted to ask Dante what was happening, but I couldn’t bring myself to take my mouth from my beloved Nicky and his red, dripping erection. My walls clutched around that swelling, which had grown bigger, and then it was in. It stayed. My Alpha had knotted me. I had no idea how his body had been able to transform in such a way, somehow adapting to be exactly what I needed. Perhaps it was part of the curse that hung over everything, a curse that I now shared. My thoughts were barely coherent, simply a greedy roar that rose up from the depths of me.

I screamed in pleasure, the sound muffled. Dante’s cock stretched me as he gripped my hair and clawed at my back. I swear that he was getting larger inside me, pushing even deeper. I could almost feel him against my cervix. And then came the sweet, long spurts of his release as my starving womb began sucking up every drop. Simultaneously, Nikolai was shooting down my throat, and being filled like this from both ends by my mate and Alpha made me shake with climax. It was a long orgasm, the longest and most intense in my life as my body took in as much seed as it could, the spasms of my pleasure opening me even further. I had to remember to breathe through my nose, I was so focused on the beautiful ache inside me, the relief of feeling Dante still coming, so much more than a normal man ever could. The hunger was quiet for a moment, and the shadows did not disturb us.
Chapter 7

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

After my claiming, I was still in a daze, but had calmed somewhat. I knew not how long I had been lying there with Dante, sequestered in a room in Castle Dull Pine. A fire roared and crackled, the heat and glow making me feel temporarily safe, though I knew that there was something dark and ancient in this place, a legion of shadows that was right outside the door, that was probably watching us. Still, as I was comforted by the bright flames, I was also warmed by Nikolai and Dante. Though the arousal still pulsed faintly through my body, it was no longer intolerable. My Alpha lovers had seen to that. I’d spent the past several hours in the throes of my heat impaled on their cocks, knotted to them. I lay back against Dante’s firm, bare chest while Nikolai rested his head on my belly. My neck and shoulders and breasts were marked with bruises, teeth and nail scratches. I sighed deeply. “What did Zira do to me?” I asked Dante. I knew that she’d put some sort of an enchantment on me—but for what purpose I could not be sure. She seemed to have a plan, a dark and secret one that she would not reveal.

“She triggered your body to go into heat—a very intense one.”

“But is that…normal? For a human?” I knew that animals went into heats and ruts, but I’d never heard of it happening to an ordinary woman, or to anyone for that matter. “Or is it because of a spell?”

“I cannot be certain,” he said gruffly. “It’s certainly not typical. Perhaps in certain cases. But…” he trailed off and then began again. “I had suspected that there was something very different and special about you since I first saw you, caught your scent. The way Nikolai has bonded to you, the urge I feel to claim you…it’s possible that you have some old magic in your bloodline, something that binds you to these dark lands, to me and my kind. Zira sensed it too, saw how protective I am of you. She has taken a dangerous interest.”

Dante’s fingers tightened on my skin as a silvery sheen filled his eyes like liquid mercury. “It’s possible that you would have eventually gone into heat anyway, with the way that your body has been responding to my brothers and I. The bestial nature inside of you was awakened, but these northern lands, they are not like other places. There is still very powerful magic here, and it will only get stronger as we continue on. For whatever reason, Zira used magic to amplify the process and bring on your heat. It was a foolhardy and dangerous thing for her to do.” His voice had lowered to a growling rasp, and I could tell how angry he was, could see it in the glow of his eyes. “She is a sorceress, but a brash one. She could have killed you in the process. If I hadn’t found you in time…” I saw his hand tighten into a fist.

“But you did,” I reminded him gratefully, shifting my sore, sticky body so that I could curl against him tighter, breathe in his scent. I felt the heavy weight of Nikolai’s head on my belly. A deep, pulsing thrill went through me as I realized that I could be with child now.

“You are ours forever, Carina,” he assured me, pressing his lips against my forehead. Forever. A wave of sadness rose in my chest as I thought about my grandmother. She had been counting on me. And now, she might not even still be alive. I would probably never see her again. As if Dante could read my mind, he said, “You needn’t fear. I sent a healer to visit your grandmother. She will live.”

I wanted to cry with relief upon hearing this, and I was moved by this kindness my Alpha had
“Thank you, my lord,” I said gratefully, blinking back tears as the cold knot in my stomach untangled a bit. “But you also must understand,” he continued in a firm tone, “that part of your life is over. You are no longer the girl from the village, you are a true wolf maiden now.”

It was true. I felt it. I had undergone some sort of metamorphosis—and though I didn’t fully understand it, I had an intuitive knowing that I would never find my way back, that I had been irrevocably changed. But as long as my grandmother was safe, I had done my duty, the one that I had set out to do. But apparently now I had a new destiny to contend with, one that sprawled out before me like the great dark road to the North.

We sat in silence for a moment, breathing together quietly and comprehending the gravity of the situation. “Zira told me about you, and your brothers,” I said after a moment.

Dante raised an eyebrow. He seemed almost amused by this, his mouth quirked upwards in a smirk. “Oh, did she now? Whatever that creature thinks she knows, she will never fully understand what we are. Her people are from a race of parasites—she cannot ever fathom what it is like to be part of something so ancient and noble. We were kings and princes, Carina. We were revered like gods. And then we were cursed and exiled, our power diminished and our essence split.” The smirk disappeared and his mouth was a firm, hard line, his eyes far away in recollection. “There was once more of us, but our numbers have dwindled. We are stronger than mortal men, but we are not invincible. We do not suffer age or natural decay, yet we can still be injured or killed. Some have gone mad with longing for a mate. The urge to breed is very strong with us during certain cycles—and these cycles have been increasing over time. The trouble is that there are no females of our own kind, not as we are now. We cannot mate if there is no bond; blood must call to blood, power to power. There are some rare women like yourself, scattered around the world, wolf maidens, those who are…compatible with us.”

He stroked a hand over my hair, the touch remarkable in its gentleness. “We know our mates instantly, we can feel it. As we traveled through the country on our journey north, we were growing desperate. Hoping that perhaps we could breed…our lusts reached a fever pitch. And we truly became monstrous, more beast than man. I will admit that. Yet we were doing what was necessary to survive. We'd take young women who dared stray too far into the woods, hoping that by some miracle we would find one who was compatible as a mate. But no.” Dante’s eyes darkened, his voice heavy as stone and rough at the edges. “They were all too fragile. Until you. When I scented you, I knew. But still, your magic is so diluted, it was uncertain if it would work. And there is only one of you. Experiencing release with a wolf maiden will restore some temporary strength to my brothers, but you are mate to me only. If they don’t find compatible mates of their own, then my pack will wither and die.”

“How awful,” I said. Though I didn’t approve of their methods, and shuddered to think what had happened to the “fragile” women, I couldn’t help but feel empathy for the Wolf Lords’ plight. Then I thought about something Dante had mentioned. “Wait…if Zira used magic to put me into heat, then maybe magic can allow your brothers to have a mate.”

“It’s a remote possibility,” he allowed. “But magic of that kind can only amplify what is already there. It worked on you because you have something other than human in your blood, some link to the old powers. In all my years of traveling, you are the first I have met.”

“But there could be more of us,” I said hopefully.

My Alpha nodded. “There certainly could be, but we don’t have the luxury of waiting anymore, we are running out of time. We’ve already been diminished in strength, we are weary of wandering. And so, in desperation, we have returned to our homeland to reclaim the powers that were taken
from us, our rightful heritage as great lords of the earth. Our seed will be plentiful our descendants many.”

With this, he rested a long-fingered hand on my belly, beside Nikolai’s head, the two of them protecting what was theirs. I began to feel heavy, exhausted from all my exertions. I could tell that there was more to the story, could feel it hanging in the air, and I still had so many questions—but my body was giving in, and soon an inky, velvet sleep overtook me.

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When I woke, I was alone in the chamber and it was early afternoon—not that I could really tell, as the day was once again slate-grey, the sky filled with those menacing, ever-present clouds. The temperature had dropped again, sending down flurries of snow. I felt strange. Different, but also psychically stronger. My skin tingled and vibrated, my senses were heightened. The mark that Dante had made on my neck seemed to pulse, throbbing in tune with my blood beneath. I felt… powerful. I could still see the shadows slinking around, out of the corner of my eyes; they hung back, biding their time.

After dressing quickly in one of the unfortunate gowns that our host had left for me, I walked into the great hall, where I saw Dante speaking to Joren, Alaric, and Ronin. They were all wearing very troubled, solemn expressions. I wondered what was wrong, but I didn’t want to intrude. Outside the windows, the snow had begun to fall more urgently, and I was struck with a sudden feeling of claustrophobia, as though the land were closing in. Dante looked up and saw me standing there. He motioned me towards him, and I crossed the hall to join the Wolf Lords. Nikolai, who had been hovering near them, along with Joren and Alaric’s wolves, padded over and drew close to my side, nuzzling his face into my skirt. I reached down and ran my hands through his fur. “What’s wrong?” I asked the men. “You are all looking very grave.”

“Two of our brothers have vanished,” my Alpha said, his mouth in a flat line, his eyes like polished steel. “Ash and Viktor.”

Though I had come to know several of the Wolf Lords intimately, I hadn’t had much personal interaction with Ash and Viktor. They were lower in the ranks, and very quiet, trailing along at the end of the pack, but I did know now that Ash was the one who had grabbed me in the woods that first night when I was brought to their camp. Other than that, I knew very little about them, but I hated to think that any ill had befallen a member of the pack.

“I do not trust this place,” Dante went on. “I fear we may have lingered here too long. We have what we came for, and now we must find our brothers and go, before the weather sets in and we are stranded. You know that Zira can toy with the elements if she desires.”

Joren spoke up next. “Alpha, I have suspected that Lady Zira means to use her dark sorcery to set in motion certain events. And I fear that we are being used as pawns in her game.”

My Alpha’s eyes narrowed. “I have a similar fear,” he admitted. “She has always wanted to restore the old gods to power. She would see the poison of the Draugr lands spill out and encompass the whole of the earth. I believe that she and her dark spirits have made a deal with the Usurper. Her shadows are multiplying, drunk on fear and blood and growing hungrier by the minute. I have learned that she is growing bolder yet with her kidnappings, more...sadistic towards her handmaidens.”
Nodding in agreement, Joren added, “I also have reason to believe that she intends to...create an
abomination, to breed her tainted, vampiric bloodline with ours.”

Dante scoffed upon hearing this. “That’s a myth,” he remarked flatly. “It’s impossible. Such a
creature could never exist.”

“Not in thousands of years, and not under normal circumstances, but we are now in a unique age, a
turning point,” Joren countered. His gray eyes held a heavy wariness. “You can feel it as well as I.
Each millennia, we arrive as such a point, when the spheres of the heavens align in certain patterns
and open a vortex of power, allowing for events that would ordinarily be impossible. It was such a
time that allowed the Usurper to Separate and exile our people. Like us, Zira’s line is dying out.
She can create more of her wraiths and shades, but they won’t be of her own blood and flesh. Her
kind can reproduce, but they’ve been so weakened through inbreeding—now only Jakov and she
are left, and I very much doubt that his seed is even viable. You know that she has always been
obsessed with Wolf-kind, she hates being rejected by us. If she could harness enough power, she
could enact a blasphemous ritual that would allow her to use the seed of our brothers to create a
monster in her womb. I think that is what she really wants.”

“It would be an evil hellspawn,” Dante spat viciously. “One that would wreak havoc and upset the
very balance of nature. Why would the Usurper allow such a thing?”

Joren shrugged. “Perhaps the Usurper doesn’t know. Or, he is aware, and he feels that such a
creature could be of use to him, if it were kept under his control. It’s possible also that this is all
part of his plan, and Zira is merely a puppet.”

“He doesn’t have that much power.” Dante’s voice was soft, but cold and blunt, and seemed to
indicate that the conversation was finished.

It was then that I slipped away. I had a strange sense of exactly where Zira was in the castle, and
that I was being called to her; that disorienting fog wove its way into my mind and coaxed me
forward. Though I was anxious, I allowed it to happen. I felt, perhaps naively, that I could reason
with her, or at least try to glean if she knew anything about the missing wolf lords. My mind was
still humming with all the new information that I had learned, crowded with a thousand new
questions.

I headed down the stone staircase at the end of the long hallway, which was dimly lit by flickering
torches that cast the path before me in an eerie glow. I descended and found myself in an older part
of the castle. The air was musty, but held a strange tanginess, like copper. Catacombs, I realized,
brushing spiderwebs from my hair. My heart began to pound. It was at this point that I paused, as a
unique sensation pooled in the core of me. There came a fluttering, pulsing heat from deep in my
womb, so powerful that I gasped and pressed my hand to my belly. The pulsing ebbed into a heated
flush of arousal, I felt my clit immediately begin to tingle and throb, a gush of dampness flooding
my undergarments. My hips bucked involuntarily. And that was when I knew, for certain, that my
Alphas’ seed had taken root, my whole body was ripening, welcoming it. I felt dizzy with waves of
joy, with longing, and still that ever-present confusion. This was so utterly new. Never did I dream
that I would find myself in this situation, caught up in a fairy tale that I would barely have believed
only a short while before.

The bliss slowly passed, but my skin still tingled with a low heat, and the arousal between my legs
remained. My ear caught the sound of faint voices up ahead, just around a corner, so I drew in a
breath and steadied myself, following the sound. It led me to a nearly hidden door covered in
strange carvings, which was halfway ajar. I slipped inside. Zira had indeed summoned me. As I
entered, she gave me a sharp, knowing smile, beckoning me forward with her fingers. Her near-
black eyes shone, there seemed to be no iris there at all, just two obsidian pools within her pale face. As usual, she was nude other than a burgundy silk robe draped over her shoulders. And she was not alone.

I got a better look at the vast chamber. It was incredibly old, ancient. The walls were stone, but an unusual type, different from many other parts of the castle. It was a deep green-black color which held an iridescent sheen when the light of the wall torches and various candles played over it. I was struck with the sudden notion that these stones possessed intelligence, that they, like the sentient shadows of Dull Pine, were listening and watching.

“My sweet Cara,” Zira purred, moving closer to me.

My gaze drifted to the far right corner of the room, where a sleepy-looking, gaunt young woman lay on a rectangle of stone. Her skin was white as chalk, and a strange, inky black fluid dripped from her bloodless lips. Though most of her body was incredibly thin, her belly bulged out as if she were pregnant. A moaning sound drew my attention, and my eyes widened as they moved to rest on yet another woman.

I blinked, unsure at first what I was seeing: she seemed to be almost part of the wall, held aloft against the stones, suspended by long, dark tentacles that reached out from the shimmering material. Some wrapped around her waist and arms, holding her bound. Her body twisted, writhing and bucking. One of the dark appendages was stroking her full breasts, and a particularly thick one was between her legs. It had pushed inside and was penetrating her; there was a smaller but visible bulge in her abdomen as well. It reminded me of the scene I had stumbled across before my heat—and then an icy chill swept over me as I realized that these were the same young women. The handmaiden who was being held captive by the tentacles was the same that I had witnessed being taken by the shadows; I’d seen them later on, with the horse, rabid with lust. They looked so different, worse than before—so pale and thin, no ruddy life in their cheeks at all. They seemed desperate, starved, like drained husks. Was this what Zira was doing to them? Why?

She sensed my confusion, my revulsion, and this pleased her. It seemed that she crossed the room to me in an instant, an unnatural swiftness to her movements as if she’d been carried on a brisk wind.

“What…what is happening to them?” I managed to ask.

Zira grinned. “They have been chosen to bring forth a new kind of creature.”

I looked on in horror at the bulge of the woman’s belly, then down at the appendage that was persistently pumping into her, at the other whimpering handmaiden on the bed. What on earth were they being filled with? “I don’t understand,” I said wearily.

“Yes, you do,” she replied with a scoff. “Breeding, creating something new: it is of the utmost importance. We are making the land stronger.”

_More cursed, you mean_, I thought to myself.

“But surely…they are women, human women, and _that_…” I glanced at the tentacles and swallowed hard. “I’ve never seen anything like it before. How could the two be compatible? That isn’t how nature works.”

Maddeningly, Zira laughed again, showing a flash of her sharp teeth. “You have only seen a limited portion of nature, of what is possible, my dear, so who are you to judge? And you’re incorrect: they are not human. Not any more. I have freed them from that particular limitation.”
The women didn’t look free. They looked ghastly.

“You’re using magic,” I said. Zira’s bony shoulders moved in a dismissive shrugging motion. “I am merely using the resources that are available to me.”

She reached out and roughly pulled down the fabric of my gown, baring my breasts; she smiled a heated smile as my nipples hardened against the air, then placed her hand on my lower belly. I was dizzy with how familiar this all was, only now, in little more than a day, so much had changed. The shadows now had form and flesh—and the urge to breed, apparently. I worried for the young handmaidens; whatever offspring they were being filled with seemed to be an abomination. And I I was a part of her plan. But in what way? What did she want from me?

“So, the Alpha has bred you,” Zira said in soft, jubilant tones, confirming what I already knew, that I was carrying Dante’s child. “It is a marvel, how resilient a body can be, how it will welcome metamorphosis, no matter how dramatic, if given the proper encouragement. You will soon be delighted, Cara. From what I have heard, the pregnancy of a wolf maiden is a luscious and powerful thing. Before too long,” she added, trailing her fingers down and over my mound, “you will be in a constant state of arousal as your body prepares, ripened to the point of madness. But, I can tell you will enjoy it, you already have such appetites.”

“But…it will be…normal, right?” I hated how small and unsure my voice sounded. I hated her seeing me vulnerable. Because my grandmother was a midwife, I had accompanied her on many visits to expectant mothers. I knew the stages of pregnancy and different physical symptoms and changes, and this sounded highly unusual. Given the strange circumstances under which I had conceived, I was understandably now a little worried, given everything that I was now seeing.

Laughing again, she slid her fingers through my fold, rubbing my clit as she spoke. “I can hardly say,” she replied, though I could tell she was lying. “I have only heard old tales. There has not been a pregnant wolf maiden in centuries, to my knowledge—it so rarely takes. Your pups will be unique, that is certain.”

“Pups?”

“Why, yes.” She blinked her onyx eyes at me. “Dante may now wear the body of a man, but don’t forget his true nature. Now, tell me: during your heat, you were knotted by both your Alpha and his wolf, correct?”

I nodded.

“And you consider yourself as mated to the two of them?”

“I…yes, I do.”

“Well, there you have it,” Zira said. “Dante’s seed is Nikolai’s seed, joined in your womb. Who is to say what you will give birth to? But, it will be,” she pushed two slim, cold fingers deep inside me, “miraculous.”

On the wall, the young woman thrashed and moaned again, whether in pain or pleasure, I honestly couldn't tell; it was simply a long, keening sound.

“Where are Ash and Viktor?” I gasped, trying to wriggle away, even though the stimulation from her fingers did feel good to my aroused body. I needed to keep my wits about me, I had to learn what Zira had done with them. I knew that Joren was right, she was using dark fertility magic to create things that should not exist, and the Wolf Lords needed to be warned.
“Oh, I’m sure they’re just fine,” she murmured dismissively as she continued to stroke me, pumping her fingers in and out of my cunt, which was shamefully soaked. "Probably went for a walk outside. Wolves don’t like being cooped up.”

I knew that she was lying again, and I was starting to get angry. I didn’t like the fact that Zira thought she had the right to touch me, to intimidate me. That she had used magic to force a transformation in me. I was frightened and confused, and I wanted to be far, far away from Dull Pine and this whole wretched part of the world. I wasn’t hers to fondle, I belonged to Dante and Nikolai.

“Get off me,” I said, the words coming out in a rough growl as I pushed her away as hard as I could, catching her momentarily off guard so that she lost her balance and fell backward to the floor. As quickly as she had fallen, she was bolt upright again, scowling at me, her black eyes narrowed and burning.

“That wasn’t very polite, Cara. And especially after how kind I’ve been to you.”

Now it was my turn to laugh, a bitter sound that scraped against my throat. “You’re not kind. You’re manipulative and greedy, your heart is stone. There may once have been some good in you, but it was swallowed by the shadows long ago. You shouldn’t toy with the boundaries of nature like this, twisting it to suit your own dark needs. You’re a thing, a creature.”

She stared icily at me. “Perhaps.” She drew out the word with a hissing sound. “But so are you, don't ever forget that, little wolf.”

With shaking hands, I quickly pulled my dress back up and covered myself. As I turned to flee, she said, “I would be very careful if I were you. The Vermillion Mage is going to be quite interested in what is growing in your womb.” A mean look flickered across her face, enhanced by the candlelight.

Over on the wall, the girl still writhed.

Chapter End Notes

So very sorry that it has taken me almost a year to update this story, time has gone so fast. But I have not forgotten this story! Lots of mysteries ahead: who or what are the Usuper and the Vermillion Mage? What will happen now that Cara is pregnant? And just what the hell are those tentacles about? Stay tuned!

Let me know what you think of this new chapter; I love all of you very much and hope that you are staying safe and healthy!

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!