

# **Wolves Den**

**By: Alexis Alexandra**

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**Author's Note:** All sexually active characters depicted in this work of erotic fiction are at least 18 years of age or older.



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## Part 1

### Wild Dreams

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There's nothing better than an erotic dream to make passing out a favorable option – not that I had much choice in the matter. Half a dozen margaritas will do that to a woman. Top that off with a furious session with Mr. Blue – my favorite silicone cock, and I had myself the makings for one hell of a dream.

My daydreaming of Mr. Tall, Dark, and Handsome while I hammered my pussy into submission with Mr. Blue carried over into my dreams – and what a fantastically realistic dream it was. I could feel his tongue pressing into the folds of my slit and I pushed back in an effort to take more of the glorious muscle in me.

"Agh! Don't stop now!" I sighed as the tongue gave one last lick and then stopped. "I was so close to orgasm I needed more. I thought Mr. TDH was finished with me, but I was wrong. Boy was I ever wrong. He gripped my hips tight and poked at me with his cock – teasing my holes with it until I couldn't stand it anymore. Just as I reached back to guide him in I woke with a start.

"What...what in the hell?" I said, my eyes blurry and head still foggy from being half-drunk and woken from the perfect dream. There was a weight on my back, sharp nails dogging in deep as if by someone desperately trying to hold on. A cock – a big fat one at that, was plowing into me a hundred miles an hour. My dream, it seemed, was all too real.

I looked back over my shoulder to see whom was assaulting me and I knew this must be all part of the same crazy dream. I lowered my head into my folded arms and took several slow, deep breaths before turning around to once again see Bullseye – my two year old Siberian husky still steadily pounding his cock in and out of my dripping wet cunt as if I were his canine bitch.

It all came flooding back to me then. I came home three sheets to the wind and horny as hell. I stripped naked and bent over the couch to give myself a good fucking with my favorite dildo and I must have passed out. And now here I was getting plowed by my dog.

"NO Bullseye! BAD DOG! Get off of me you...fucking animal!" I grunted and half moaned. "Bullseye, stop!" But there was no getting through to an animal in mid-coitus. "DAMMIT BULLSEYE, I'm not a fucking dog!" I pushed back and lifted up in an attempt to get him to dismount and the worst happened. His knot pushed into me and I yelped as I felt my pussy stretch to accept it. I tried to pull away before it started to swell but I might as well been trying to run through mud.

I knew all about the knot, of course. What vet worth a damn didn't know the complete anatomy of all the animals she worked on? I worked in an animal hospital and rescue shelter and had seen dogs mating on more than one occasion. But even before that, my older brother used to breed boxers and I'd seen it plenty. The knot – that large bulge in a dog's cock was a marvel of evolution. It went into his bitch – canine or otherwise apparently, and swelled up to keep his watery semen from dripping out before impregnation had been achieved.

My mind reeled in shame and disgust at my first act of bestial love, but my body thought otherwise. The knot – that glorious fucking knot, rubbed and pressed against my g-spot until I was out of my mind in orgasmic bliss. My body shook as tiny little tremors hit me like jolts of electricity. I wanted desperately to make him stop, but with the knot swollen in me that would

cause us both some unneeded discomfort and all the humiliation in the world wasn't enough to make me willingly hurt my dog.

And so I remained bent over the couch as he fucked his cock into me. The hard, fast thrusts giving way to shorter ones as he neared the plateau. His claws thankfully moved from the middle of my back to my hips giving me some reprieve from the digging and scratching as his first blast of cum hit against my cervix.

"That's it Bullseye, fill me with your doggy cum!" I moaned. He hadn't done anything wrong so I couldn't be mad at him. I'm the one that was naked and *in position*. All he saw was a bitch in heat and took advantage of the situation. "Mmmm, that's it baby, you're such a good boy fucking me like that," I cooed as his copious amount of semen started leaking out around his cock. "Was I a good bitch for you Bullseye?" I said pushing back on his cock now – the overwhelming feeling of pleasure finally reaching my brain. I couldn't deny that it felt amazing and I wanted him to know just how great he was making me feel. I wanted to freak out and go all ape-shit on him, I really did, but my mind and body told the truth. As humiliating an act it was, I thoroughly enjoyed it.

It took him about ten minutes before his knot deflated enough to easily withdraw from me. He pulled the plug so to speak and the flood of out mixed juiced gushed out of me as a river through a broken dam. I knelt there on the couch speechless. Bullseye gave my pussy a few licks as if to clean me up and then went off to lick himself clean.

I threw a towel on the wet spot in the carpet and then went upstairs to take a long, hot shower. Afterwards, I went to bed, making sure the bedroom door was closed tight. As good as his cock felt in me, I needed to sleep off my drunken state and dreaded the hangover I was going to have in the morning.