

# THE SECOND CIRCLE

## BOOK II

*By Paradox*

### York, Nebraska, Wild Life RV Park

It was around six in the evening by the time the girls had reached York and all three were more than happy to stop for the night. While Kitty and Ashley had shared in the driving responsibilities, Aiden was clearly feeling cooped up and anxious as evidenced by the way she was constantly moving about the living area trying, and failing, to find something to occupy her time. To anyone who didn't know her, they would have assumed she was just feeling rather stir crazy from being on the road in a confined space for so long, regardless of how open and comfortable it was. To her friends, however, it was a clear indication that she was

more than ready to call a halt to the day's travels and go for a run. In fact, Ashley had just managed to issue a stern warning to her to stay out of sight before the wild girl practically tore off her clothes, shifted into wolf form, and streaked off into the woods that made up the Kirkpatrick Wildlife Management Area. With any luck, the government preserve would contain decent prey that would allow her to alleviate the hunting urges that had been making her jittery all day.

While Aiden was giving her wolf some much needed time out, Ashley decided now was a good a time as any to give her friend another cooking lesson. While the facilities in the R/V were somewhat minimal, they were more than adequate for her to demonstrate the method of preparation and making a grilled halibut with peach and pepper salsa. Despite her normally aloof demeanor, the gorgeous brunette's attention never wavered as her flame-haired friend explained what she was doing step-by-step until two plates had been assembled with perfectly grilled fish topped with a brightly colored chunks of bell pepper and peach mixed with arugula, oregano, and garlic.

By the time the plating had been completed, Kitty's mouth was watering from the scents that had filled the R/V despite the windows being wide open. When they sat down to eat at the little picnic table that accompanied their site, the first bite of the meal was even more delicious than it smelled and she was unable to hold back her moan of culinary bliss. "Okay," she said while pointing a fork at the rest of the meal, "I am definitely getting this one down pat so I can make it again. Where in the world did you learn to make this?"

"Mom's got a lot of recipe books at home," Ashley explained while they ate, "And when I first moved in with her I spent a lot of time learning to cook and trying out different recipes as a way of saying thanks for taking me in. After that, I found I really enjoy cooking so I do it as often as I can."

"Well," Kitty said as she took another bite and paused to savor the flavors exploding on her tongue, "If for some reason things don't work out with you going into medicine, culinary school should definitely be top contender in your secondary choice."

The praise caused a faint blush but Ashley smiled. "Thanks, it kind of has been ever since I discovered I'm pretty good at it."

“But going into medicine is still your top priority, right?”

The question was received with an eager nod. “Oh absolutely. Regardless of my...issues...I still wholeheartedly want to go into that field after high school, and not just because of my ability,” she clarified, “I always wanted to be either a human or an animal doctor, I just couldn’t decide which I wanted more.”

“Hmmm,” Kitty hummed, sitting back and chewing thoughtfully, “That’s kind of a tough call, I suppose. I mean, the benefits of being a human physician are obvious. You’re making a contribution to people and society at large, especially if you end up going into a specialized field. Given your secondary ability of being able to sense just what is wrong with someone, it might not be a bad idea to go into diagnostics. You could be like House!” she said with an excited grin that received an answering one from Ashley.

“I always loved that show,” the redhead gushed, “And not just because it’s realistic medically speaking. House has always been kind of a hero of mine because he’s a genius and doesn’t really care what anyone thinks of him, and he does whatever it takes to figure out what’s wrong with the patient.”

“Plus he was *hawt*,” Kitty said with a waggle of her eyebrows. “Those eyes. Oh my God I could lose myself in them.”

“Well, I didn’t think that back then,” Ashley clarified, “I started watching it when I was still a guy and wasn’t attracted to men. But yeah,” she said with a shy smile that told her friend she shared in the sentiment about the character/actor’s piercing blue eyes, “He was pretty hot back then.”

“And British,” Kitty pointed out, “That accent is just so smooth.”

“Actually, I liked the American accent he did for the show,” her friend said, “It really fit with his character.”

“True enough.”

“Hey wait a second,” Ashley said at a sudden thought, sitting up straight, “When did you ever watch House?”

The brunette gave a careless shrug and speared another bite of fish into her mouth. “No clue, I just remember the show. I must have watched it either as Keith or as Kitty, I just don’t know which.”

Ashley shook her head sadly. Her friend had explained to her and Aiden that she had a great deal of generalized knowledge about the world that allowed to function normally, but she was lacking the memories of how she experienced acquiring this knowledge. While Kitty didn’t seem to mind this, Ashley couldn’t imagine forgetting the people she cared so much about. To lose those memories about her friends and her family was something that made her heart clench in sadness and fear.

“Anyway,” Kitty went on, missing the sympathy her friend had momentarily directed towards her, “There’s probably a great deal of need for a skilled diagnostician.”

“Except I can only do that when I’m actually touching someone,” Ashley pointed out, “And I don’t want to have to be jet-setting around the world constantly to diagnose patients.”

“No, that would be exhausting and probably drive you crazy,” her friend acknowledged, “But your power gives you a unique insight into how illnesses, diseases, infections, and so on actually work. When you combine that with actual medical training I bet you’d be able to diagnose most cases in the blink of an eye without needing to physically touch them.”

“Maybe,” the girl mused quietly, thinking about what her friend had just said and actually seeing a lot of merit in it.

“Just something to think about,” the brunette said with a helpful smile before resuming her meal.

“What about you?” Ashley asked, taking a bite from her own dish, “What do you want to do after school?”

“I’m not really sure,” admitted Kitty, “I don’t have a past to bog me down with expectations, so right now I can probably do just about anything as long as I

have the aptitude for it. I'm probably going to just see what interests me and see if it's a good fit or not."

"That's reasonable," the other girl said, noting that her friend was putting a great deal more thought into this than she might have just a few weeks ago. Actually, Ashley noticed that Kitty was becoming more and more thoughtful and low-key compared to the sex-crazed girl she had been when they first met. Oh she still had plenty of moments where she wasn't at all shy about her sexuality, but they were becoming less frequent and not appearing at inappropriate times like they had before. It was good sign that the use of her power to heal her friend's mental programming would be permanent and that Kitty wouldn't be destined to become a high class prostitute or sex addict after they graduated high school.

Once the girls had finished their dinner, with still no sign of Aiden yet, they brought their dishes into the R/V where Kitty insisted upon cleaning up since Ashley had cooked. Since the vehicle had a dishwasher, the redhead was more than happy to let her friend take care of that while she curled up on the sofa and flipped through the T.V to find something to watch. Eventually, she ended up settling on a medical drama before stretching out to relax.

It wasn't long before Kitty joined her with a grin. "Why am I not surprised," she commented.

"Hey," Ashley defended with a shrug, "I like this kind of show."

Shaking her head with a chuckle, the brunette unabashedly leaned back so she was essentially partially settled in Ashley's lap with her head on her shoulder, allowing the redhead to casually stroke her hair. To the unknowing observer, it might have appeared that the two girls were much closer than just mere friends, but the truth was they shared a bond that was so much deeper than that. Perhaps it was Aiden's animal characteristics rubbing off on them, or perhaps it was the circumstances that had drawn them all together, but it was not at all uncommon these days to find a pair or all three of them snuggling together while relaxing without an ounce of sexual tension.

That was the circumstance the girls found themselves in while they watched T.V together. For a time, they simply lounged quietly and allowed the dialogue and

soundtrack emanating from the flat screen to be the only sound that filled the room. Eventually, however, Kitty's eyes shifted towards something she had been curious about for some time, Ashley's legs. While the brunette undoubtedly considered her friend beautiful, legs and all, a particular aspect of them had had her curious for some time. With a casual stroke her hand, she ran her fingers along the baby soft, silky smooth texture of her friend's skin, which in turn caused its owner to utter a soft giggle at the tickling caress.

"Ashley," Kitty asked quietly so as not to overly disturb their relaxation, "How often do you have to shave to get your legs so damn smooth?"

"Hmmm?" the girl mumbled distractedly before blinking herself more awake. "Huh? Oh, I don't."

Kitty's wandering hand halted in mid caress and she slowly turned about in her friend's lap to look up at her with wide, disbelieving eyes. "Say what?"

Blinking in confusion, Ashley tilted her head slight. "I don't shave."

"Bullshit," Kitty blurted out, sitting up and doing a more thorough examination of her friend's appendages.

"What's bullshit?"

Both girls looked over to see Aiden stepping up into the R/V while finishing pulling down the hem of her T-shirt, looking a great deal more relaxed with cheeks flushed from healthy exertion and eyes that practically shone with contented delight. "Ashley says she's never once shaved her legs," Kitty reported.

Frowning slightly in confusion, Aiden added her own gaze to the visual examination of her red-haired friend's body before stepping over and running a finger up her calf, causing its recipient to giggle. "Bullshit."

"Guys," Ashley said with a laugh, pulling her legs away from what was quickly turning into a grope-fest, "I'm serious, I haven't shaved once since I manifested. It's part of the really minor GSD I got my mutation. Along with my hair and eye coloring, I don't have any hair follicles anywhere on my body below my eyebrows. No follicles, no shaving," she finished with a shrug.

“Oh you lucky bitch,” Aiden growled good-naturedly.

“Anywhere?” Kitty asked, looking pointedly at Ashley’s crotch in their tight little denim shorts. Squeezing her thighs tightly together and pivoting slightly so her nether area was no longer on display, the girl blushed profusely and shook her head. “I’ll second Aiden then, you lucky bitch,” she said with a smile.

Not really having a come-back to that, Ashley merely shrugged and grinned before winking saucily and drawling, “Don’t be hatin’.”

The two other girls looked at one another for a moment before returning their attention to their friend and simultaneously saying, “Don’t do that.”

Bursting out laughing, Ashley shook her head. “Can’t pull of ghetto huh?”

“Not in the slightest,” Aiden agreed, “And coming from you it gives me the hebbie jeebies.”

“Okay, okay, no more ghetto-speak,” the redhead promised, raising her hand. “Did you have a good run?” she asked, changing the topic.

“Pretty good,” the wolf girl allowed, though there was clearly some disappointment in her voice. “It would have been better if there was a lot more area to work with, not to mention better prey to hunt other than rabbits.”

“Well I’m guessing they didn’t establish the area with mutant werewolf girls in mind,” Kitty quipped as propped her feet up on the coffee table in the living area.

“Well they should have,” Aiden asserted before smiling. A moment later, however, her smile fade. “Hey, we didn’t really talk about this before, but what are the sleeping arrangements going to be?”

The realization that this was indeed a topic that had eluded their planning had Aiden blinking before looking at Ashley, who had ducked her head and whose face was hidden beneath the curtain of her bright crimson hair. “Ashley?” Aiden asked quietly, “Something wrong?”

At first she didn’t reply, and Aiden thought she might have to repeat her question. Just before she did, however, the girl’s soft voice timidly asked, “Would

you mind sleeping with me?” When I didn’t answer right away her head quickly came up and she looked at me with widened eyes while waving her hands frantically. “I don’t mean like that,” she said quickly and sighed with relief when I nodded my understanding. “I just meant, would you mind sharing the bed with me. I still get some bad nightmares pretty often and being so far away from home I think I might feel safer if you were there because I’m not really in a place I consider safe and-”

“Ashley,” Aiden broke in, cutting off her rambling request/plea, “It’s fine, I don’t mind if we sleep in the same bed. At least I don’t have to worry about you getting handsy like a certain someone who shall remain nameless,” she said with a pointed sideways look at Kitty, who responded by sticking her tongue out.

“Thanks Aiden,” Ashley whispered gratefully, giving my hand a squeeze before moving to the set of drawers that contained her nightwear.

“Just knock on the door if you need anything,” Kitty told us as she headed back to the bedroom with a wave. “Goodnight.”

“Thanks Kit,” Aiden told her, “G’night,” and turned to get her own sleepwear...

Only to stop dead in her tracks as she was treated to a vision of loveliness the wolf girl hadn’t been anticipating. During the moments Aiden and Kitty had had their brief exchange, Ashley apparently had already begun the process of getting ready for bed...and she hadn’t gone into the bathroom to do it. Since what she had been wearing was quite minimal to start with, it had taken her no time at all to get it stripped off.

What Aiden was left staring at was the sight of her beautiful crimson-haired friend standing at the bank of dressers innocently sorting through her selections completely naked save for a pair of lacy peach thong panties. While her rather skimpy outfit of the day had certainly highlighted her figure already, the lack of it truly showed just what an ethereal beauty she truly was.

Between the smooth length of her legs, the firm tautness of her belly, her tiny little waist coupled with gently tapered hips, and the generous swell of her firm breasts, there was absolutely no question that her fiery-haired friend was



likely one of the most beautiful girls on the planet. It's been mentioned before that she was the epitome of a Disney princess in both looks and heart, but at that moment Aiden doubted even Walt himself could have created an avatar of Ashley that would do her justice. Had she been her old self before her mutation, there was little doubt the raven-haired girl would have been overwhelming aroused by the sight of her in this state in an instant.

Thankfully, however, she was far from her old self by now and instead of what would likely have been embarrassing arousal, Aiden only experienced a deep sense of appreciation of her beauty and even a little twinge of jealousy. When she noticed her friend staring at her, Ashley's blush came quick and hot as she quickly pulled one of her nighties from the drawer and held it protectively over her bare breasts. "Sorry," she said quickly, "I didn't think you'd mind since you said you don't like girls anymore."

"No it's fine," Aiden assured her with a smile as she moved to grab her own nightshirt from the bank of drawers she'd been assigned, "I was admiring, not leering. I don't think I've ever seen you naked before."

"I'm still wearing my panties," she defended lamely.

"You know what I mean," Aiden teased, lightly tapping her pert little nose with a finger, "I knew you were beautiful but, damn you've got a great body girl."

Her blush deepened further as she hurriedly drew on her nightie, which really only served to highlight her now silk-covered curves rather than conceal them. "Thanks," she mumbled with a shy smile as she went about stowing the collapsible coffee table while Aiden skinned off her jeans, T-shirt, and bra. She was just pulling her night shirt into place when she glanced over to see it was now Ashley's turn to be the one staring.

"Oh come on," Aiden groaned, "I may not have ever seen you naked before but I've been buck naked in front of both of you, recently in fact."

"I wasn't exactly focused on your nudity at the time," Ashley pointed out, referring to when the two of them had both stormed Kitty's house not long ago when they thought she was in danger from that sicko Jeremy. While Ashley had just torn her clothes a little during her flight through the woods, Aiden had gone full

wolf so she could get there faster and be fully prepared for battle. Since clothes weren't exactly an option as a wolf, her return to human form meant that she was naked as the day she was born...if Aiden had actually been born a girl.

“I know you like girls and boys,” she pointed out with a wicked little grin, “Don't tell me you didn't have a little peek before Angela got me that robe to cover up with.”

The quick aversion of her eyes was all the answer that was needed. Chuckling, Aiden walked over and dropped a kiss on her forehead before going about converting the sofa into a queen-sized bed like Kitty had shown them during the trip preparations. A few minutes later and they were snuggled up under the covers and plumping their pillows to get comfortable.

Since she knew she wouldn't do it on her own, and Aiden was pretty sure she wanted it, the wolf girl drew Ashley across the bed until she was settled within the protective circle of her arms with her chin resting lightly atop her friend's head. Those instincts proved correct when Ashley immediately snuggled into her embrace and let out a quiet sigh of contentment. A few moments later, the sound of her breathing coming slow and regular indicated she'd quickly fallen asleep.

Smiling with her own sense of contentment, Aiden dropped one last affectionate kiss to the top of her friend's head before closing her eyes. The last thing that ushered the fiercely protective girl off to sleep was the sensation of her friend's lips curving into a gentle smile against her collarbone.

**Libidine, Iowa**

She was just drawing back the pink, silicone tube and preparing to once again slowly plunge it into the soft, moist depths from whence it came when she froze. “Wait,” she murmured, “This can’t be right.”

“G-goddess?” came the trembling query filled with confusion, fear, and undeniable pleasure.

“Hush kitten,” she admonished distractedly as she strode across the tiled floor, her stiletto heels clicking sharply with each step until she reached what could only be considered her throne. As she lowered herself upon the large, golden display of her power and authority, she stretched out with her otherworldly senses and examined the thread of the carnal soul that had attracted her attention some time ago. Yes, it was the same one, but it had changed. She didn’t know how, but it was now different in quite a significant manner. Had it not been for the highly unusual carnal strength it had formerly contained within its ethereal threading, she might not have even recognized it beyond another mere human possessed of a higher-than-average libido. How was this possible? Worse, how had it been altered prior to her laying claim to it? The possibilities of what she could do with that soul had been the entire reason for her extending her subliminal influences in an effort to catch it within the psychic net.

Now, with her only sensing an echo of that former level, she contemplated as to whether or not she should continue to expend such precious energies when they could be utilized elsewhere. After all, it was quite likely that its source would no longer be possessed of the energies that had caused her to salivate so when she’d first tasted them. Then again, there was always the possibility...

Where once something existed, lay the means for it to be reborn once again. Reaching out with her power, she followed the thread back to its source, covering what the humans considered great distances in but a matter of moments, until she touched upon that soul that had enflamed such desired interest. While she could sense only a tiny amount amid the myriad of nonsense that consisted of a human, that tiny spark of interest was all she needed to see.

Unfortunately, a spark was all it had been reduced to where once a roaring balefire had dwelt. Such loss she felt, an emotion she experienced perhaps once

every few centuries of human time. Still, something kept her attention on that spark when she would have withdrawn. Something instinctive. Something...

There! That sudden burst of rich flame. It lasted perhaps a moment, but she had not spent a millennia observing human souls to have missed something so obvious. So, the fire had not yet been extinguished, it only languished within this human soul waiting for the proper fuel to allow it the opportunity to return to its former glory. That meant her efforts had not been in vain after all. She could still make use of this treasure trove. With the proper application of power, coercion, and the reliability of the simple human sex drive, she could once again facilitate the rebuilding of her house, with this single individual potentially being all she would need to power it for another millennia.

Feeding specially crafted impulses through the thread line into its host, she made certain they took root properly before withdrawing her essence back through the line and into the form she currently held. Opening her eyes physically once more, she smiled with a sense of deep satisfaction. While it would certainly take time to determine whether her efforts would yield successful results or not, she was quite confident that the subtle nudge of her power would be sufficient in rekindling that oh so delicious fire that she had sensed those months ago.

Turning back towards the slight, delicate form of Nikki strapped securely by wrist, ankle, thigh, and waist to the leather-padded sawhorse, she smiled before sauntering back over. Flipping up the little excuse of skirt that was part of her schoolgirl uniform, her hands slowly caressed the quivering flesh of her small, tight ass that had long since been relieved of its panties. A sheen of lubricant could still be seen shining from between those firm little cheeks.

“Now then my pet, where were we?”

**York, Nebraska, Wild Life RV Park**

The first sensation Kitty became aware of was a foreign, yet indistinctly familiar taste. This was immediately followed by a not so subtle pressure on her tongue accompanied by a strain on her jaw. When her eyes fluttered open, the prevailing darkness prevented her from seeing exactly what was happening. All she could make out was a shadowed, featureless form towering above her shifting back and forth, which created a mirrored sensation within her mouth. While her mind was sluggish and struggling to re-engage, it only took her moments to realize exactly what that hard, fleshy, cylindrical-shaped object sliding over her tongue was. As her eyes popped open wide in shock, her hands flew up to fiercely shove at her assailant's chest and knock him away.

At least, that was what she attempted to do before realizing that her wrists were crossed and tightly bound at the small of her back, rendering them useless. As the assault on her mouth continued, she activated her power to bring one of her deadly blades into existence to slice through the ropes binding her. However, when nothing happened and her hands remained helplessly tied, her fear truly began to spike. She had no means of defending herself as this dark stranger continued to pleasure himself with the soft, moist depths of her mouth and tongue. Her attempts to scream for help were brutally silenced when she felt his fleshy shaft suddenly plunge deep into her throat, cutting off both sound and air in one deft stroke. As she struggled desperately to dislodge the blockage to her windpipe, a large, strong hand fisted itself in her hair and proceeded to forcibly jerk her head back and forth, essentially turning her into a living sex toy while she gagged and choked on the meaty flesh.

“Yesssss,” a deep, male voice hissed, “That’s right bitch, take all of it. You know this is what you want.”

As a last ditch effort, Kitty’s lips curled back over her teeth as she went to viciously bite into the intruding member with the singular goal of ripping it from the man’s body. It was quite a surprise, then, when instead of executing such actions, she found herself moaning helplessly as her tongue proceeded to bathe the

thick phallus with its soft caress while her lips tightened around the shaft not to sever, but to heighten its owners sexual pleasure.

“That’s it,” the shadowy man approved, “You know what you’re supposed to do.”

Despite the protests her mind screamed, it was moans of submissive acquiescence that bubbled out of her throat and vibrated along the thick, veiny shaft as she started bobbling her head upon it without any coercion necessary from the stranger’s grip on her hair. Her body began to grow hot with an almost forgotten, but immediately recognizable sexual need that was though long gone. It wasn’t long before her eyes rolled upwards to peer at the dark figure above her with a silent plea that was answered with a knowing, lustful chuckle.

The protests within the recesses of her mind quieted as the persona of the wanton slave girl roared to life out of the ether from which it had been banished. As the hard meat exited her mouth with a soft pop from her lips, she whispered in a husky voice designed solely with the purpose of enticement. “Please Master, fuck me!”

The shadowy man uttered another dark chuckle as the hand still fisted in her chestnut tresses guided her to her feet before leading her from her bedroom. As she was so led, the desperately needy girl idly thought how fortunate it was that she slept naked as there would be no need to waste time in tearing away clothes.

As the door separating her bedroom from the living compartment of the R/V opened, a cacophony of sounds filled her ears that resided in no other place on Earth save for a sexual orgy. Moans, both male and female, rebounded off the walls of the cabin as her master led her forth by her hair until her eyes were finally able to adjust to the cast of the moon that painted the area in a dizzying mixture of light and shadow.

Upon her knees, stripped to her plain black satin panties, her hands bound similarly to Kitty’s, Aiden fiercely attacked the organ of the shadowy form standing before her with her mouth and tongue. Like her own master, his features were indistinct and it seemed almost as though he was made of living darkness. Her moans were more like the animalistic growls of a bitch in heat as she sought to

give as much pleasure as she was capable of. Her eyes gleamed in the moonlight and Kitty realized that they were no longer human. Instead, they possessed the sheen and coloring of the wolf that resided within her soul and there was no question that she was gazing upon her alpha.

A second moan drew the girl's attention to the far end of the cabin where the bed had been retracted into its couch shape. Lying upon that couch, Kitty saw the angelic form of Ashley, stripped completely naked, with her hands bound tightly above her head to a staple in the wall. While one foot was on the floor, the other was raised high and to the side and kept there by a rope tied around her ankle and secured to the curtain rod overhead, leaving the sweet girl lewdly exposed to the world. Her moans were a mixture of pleasure and horror as her own shadowy rapist almost violently plunged into the softness of her sex over and over. She cried, begged, and pleaded for him to stop, but the only sound she was able to produce were heart-breaking whimpers of terror due to the very large ball gag that had been stuffed into her mouth and buckled tightly about her head. As her dark rapist plunged into her softness once again, she shook her head vehemently, sending a small shower of tears twinkling through the moonlight.

Kitty knew she should have been horrified and enraged at the sight of her two dear friends being so ruthlessly assaulted in this way, but all she could feel was a razor sharp sense of desperate need that had her rubbing her thighs together in an effort to create some kind of friction to ease the overwhelming desire raging through her.

A cry of grateful pleasure tore from her lips as she was shoved rudely against the bulkhead of the R/V and felt the wonderful thickness of her master's cock grind against her ass and between her legs. "Yes," she breathed, "God yes!" A quick shaft of sexual heat speared through her when she felt a loop of cord encircle her neck before cinching tight, the length of it hooked around a bar overhead. A moment later, the rope was tightened, closing the loop about her throat and eliminating her ability to breathe. As her lungs worked frantically to draw in air, her mind exploded with pleasure as she felt her master brutally enter the tight softness of her sex, burying himself deep inside of her as though he'd always owned and belonged there.

As lights began to flash in her vision due to her oxygen starved brain, Kitty was overcome in a wash of carnal bliss that wiped everything from her consciousness except for the continuing eruptions of liquid heat from between her legs. She no longer cared that Aiden had been reduced to little more than a sexual pet. It didn't matter that Ashley's brutal rape would like shatter her mind. It didn't even matter than in a few moments she would likely die from asphyxiation.

All that did matter was achieving that one, final, explosive orgasm that propel her into the next life on a wave of sheer ecstasy and as light faded from her eyes she couldn't even cry out as her wish was granted.

\* \* \* \*

“Yes! Yes! Oh god fuck *yes!*”

The sudden erotic screams had both Ashley and I snapping awake and sitting bolt upright in bed in a heartbeat. Probably because I was able to operate on animal instincts, I was out of the bed and racing for the back bedroom while she was still trying to scramble across the mattress. Thankfully, the door to Kitty's bedroom wasn't locked so there was no need to break it in and instead I just flung it open as Ashley appeared at my side.

For a moment, I had trouble grasping just what I was seeing. The light of the rising sun bathed the room and its writhing occupant in a reddish orange cast that seemed not quite real. With the covers having been violently kicked from the bed at some point during the night, Kitty's naked body seemed to capture and hold the light of daybreak and made it seem as though she was on fire. Though her eyes were closed, her head swept back and forth, sending her hair flying in a cascade of rich chestnut. Every inch of her skin gleamed with a sheen of perspiration, though one particular area was especially radiant.



With her legs held widely apart, her heels digging into the mattress, Ashley and I had no trouble seeing her plunging her fingers hard and fast into the glistening dampness of her sex as her hips snapped almost violently in an effort to match the rhythm of the movements of her hand. The moans continually spilling from her parted lips were clearly those of maddened pleasure and the room utterly reeked of sex.

“Fuck meeeeeeee!” she keened in desperation as Ashley and I raced to either side of her bed.

“Kitty!” Ashley cried out as she shook her frantically.

“Kitty wake up!” I yelled.

When her eyes snapped open, every movement of her body ceased as though she’d been frozen in time, even her breathing. When she collapsed to the bed and she gasped harshly to reclaim oxygen, she looked around wildly with eyes that weren’t actually seeing yet.

“What?” she gasped, “What happened? Where am I?”

“You’re in bed Kitty,” Ashley told her soothingly, crawling up on the bed to cradle her friend’s head against her breasts and gently stroke her hair while I knelt on the other side. “You were dreaming.”

“No,” she whispered in disbelief after a moment of processing what she’d just been told, “Oh God no!” Her eyes flashed downward towards where her hand was still buried in the softness between her legs and covered in sweat and feminine juices. “Oh God, not again!” she cried in horror.

As she dissolved in body-wracking sobs, Ashley and I moved in closer, pressing ourselves tightly around our friend and letting her cry while silently letting her know without needing words that we were there for her. Eventually her sobs tapered away to softly gasped breaths a few hiccups though she was still shaking like a leaf. While Ashley hurried to the kitchenette to brew cup of tea, I drew the comforter off the floor and bundled it around my friend in a warm, soft cocoon.

“What happened Kitty?” I asked softly when she’d regained enough control of herself that she was only breathing a bit fast at this point.

“It was...a dream,” she said haltingly, “The kind that I used to have, only this time it was so much worse.” She looked up as Ashley returned to the room with a steaming cup of tea in her hands. “I thought...you said you’d healed that part of me,” she said and I could tell she was trying *very* hard not to make her voice sound accusatory.

Settling herself on the bed with us, Ashley held out her hand. “Give me your hand and I’ll check.”

Even as Kitty placed her hand within our friend’s, I already suspected what Ashley would find. From what she described when it came to her healing, if something had anything wrong with them, even if it was more than one thing, it was all healed when she used her powers. It seemed really unlikely that something had been missed last time.

This was confirmed when after a few moments Ashley nodded. “There’s nothing wrong with you that I can detect. You’re perfectly fine.”

“Well maybe you’re wrong,” Kitty snapped, “How do we know your power is infallible?”

“We don’t,” I said as Ashley’s face fell from the biting remark, “But we’ve got no reason to think otherwise. Kit, listen,” I said, turning her face to look at me with a finger under the chin, “Ashley’s powers work on a physical level. She healed the physical damage that those bastards left behind, but there’s nothing she can do about the emotional and psychological kind. That part just comes with time and some really good therapy. It seems pretty normal, to me anyway, that you’d still experience those kinds of impulses for a while until you get your emotions all sorted out.”

The truth of what I was saying must have sunk in because she seemed to collapse in on herself. For a few minutes nothing was said as we let our friend try and bring what were probably some pretty turbulent emotions under control. After have a sip of her tea, she looked up. “You’re right. I’m sorry Ashley,” she said, turning eyes that plead for forgiveness to our crimson-haired friend, “You didn’t

deserve that. You did so much for me already, I had no right to question and snap at you like that.”

“It’s okay,” she said, shifting up on the bed to gather the brunette into her arms and hold her close, “I think I might have done the same thing if I was in your shoes.”

“Ashley Logan, princess of kindness and marquise of sweet snapping at someone is the day the world comes to an end,” I quipped.

I was a bit worried that my jesting might have come a bit soon, but the twin smiles and Kitty’s weak giggle told me a decent joke was just what she needed to hear. “Do you want to talk about it?” Ashley asked quietly.

Instantly, our gorgeous friend shook her head vehemently. “You might feel better if you do,” I suggested gently.

“Not this time,” she whispered, peeking up at us with what I was shocked to see was shame in her eyes.

“But what-”

“It’s okay,” Ashley said, cutting me off and shooting me a look that was clearly telling me to shut up, “You don’t have to, but we’re here if you ever do, okay?”

Nodding, Kitty looked at Ashley gratefully and...was that pain I saw now? What in the hell had she dreamt of that could make our unabashedly sultry and sexy friend feel this way? “Thanks Ashley. Maybe after I get my head on straight I might be able to talk about it.”

“Hell, you might have forgotten about it by then,” I suggested hopefully.

“No,” she said quietly with a determined shake of her head and a growing anger filling her bright blue eyes, “I’ll never forget it as long as I live.”

\* \* \* \*

An hour later, Kitty had perked up a bit after a nice long shower and a lavish breakfast prepared by Ashley that I'm quite proud to say I helped with. Still, there was no mistaking the haunted look in her eyes when she looked at either of us once in a while and I was once again wondering just what the hell had happened in that dream of hers.

We tried to get her mind off of it by discussing the next leg of our trip, which would take us through the rest of Nebraska, clear through Iowa, and into Illinois where we would stop, specifically in Chicago. Ashley was particularly happy about this because it would give her the opportunity to visit with Ashe, providing he wasn't busy that night.

As we traced our route through Iowa on Ashley's laptop, I noticed Kitty get a slightly far away look for a moment before shaking her head as though to clear it. She didn't say anything, but I could tell she wasn't really focused on what Ashley was saying as far as the best place to stop for a rest and when they should switch places driving.

"So you're good with moldy cheese for lunch Kitty?" I asked, drawing a confused look from Ashley.

"Uhh, yeah, sure, sounds good," Kitty mumbled distractedly. "Ow!" she yelled after I whacked her upside the back of her head, "What the fuck?"

"You tell me," I demanded, "You've been a hundred miles away ever since Ashley started our morning trip meeting. What's going on with you, and don't tell me it's because of that damn dream," I warned, pointing my finger at her, "Because we've been there when you've had them before and you've never been this rattled. It's something else, so what is it?"

I think Ashley probably wanted to scold me for being so harsh, but it was pretty clear that she'd noticed our friend's attention had been elsewhere ever since we'd started going over the trip and was just as worried. For her part, Kitty just looked down at her hands folded on the tabletop and sighed.

"I wish I could tell you," she said honestly, "But I just don't know what it is. Every time I tried to listen to what Ashley was saying my mind would just wander off, and it's not because you were boring," she clarified, looking at Ashley, "I just...I don't know, I can't focus for some reason."

"You might still be tired," Ashley suggested gently. "Despite the fact that you were asleep, dreams...or in your case a quasi-dream quasi-nightmare...can sometimes cause a great deal of stress that doesn't allow you to get a restful sleep. How about I drive for the first leg and you can go lay down until it's time to stop for lunch."

"Are you sure you can drive for that long?" Kitty asked with concern, "That's like four hours."

"I'll have Aiden to talk to," she assured the brunette, giving me a smile which I returned, "And if I need to I can pull over and take a little break so I don't fall asleep at the wheel. I'll be okay," she promised, giving Kitty's shoulder a gentle squeeze, "You go get some rest and we'll wake you up when we stop for lunch."

"All right," she sighed before rising from the table and looking at us with a weak smile. "Thanks you guys."

"We're here for you Kit," I assured her, "But do me a favor?"

"Hmmm?"

"Keep your clothes on when you go to bed this time."

It was a bit of a risk making that joke, and already I was getting a look of disapproval from Ashley, but when I saw that quirk at the corner of Kitty's mouth fully form into a smirk it confirmed to me that she needed a little snark to get her a bit more level. "Why?" she asked with an admittedly forced purr, "You worried I might come drag you in with me and have my wicked way with you?"

“Yes!” I said emphatically with wide eyes and a nodding head that had her and Ashley both laughing good-naturedly.

“See you in a bit,” she said and headed back into the bedroom with a little wave.

As soon as the door closed, both Ashley and I discarded the happy smiles we’d plastered on our faces and allowed them to resume the expressions of concern that we were both actually feeling. “This isn’t like her,” I said candidly, “Even when something pretty bad happened she always bounced back from it almost immediately. Do you really think it’s a bad night’s sleep that has her moping and distracted?”

“Maybe,” Ashley allowed as she made her way towards the driver’s seat while I cleaned up our cups of tea and put them in the dishwasher, “But I have a theory.”

“I’m all ears,” I told her, dropping into the passenger seat.

“Well, when I healed the abnormal neural pathways that had been rerouted due to her mental programming, I might have also removed the coping mechanisms in place that allowed her to deal with such extreme sexual imagery. Since she’s still in the recovery stages of how her thought process operates, it makes sense that she would still experience such intense sexual dreams.”

“I hear a ‘but’ coming,” I observed as she guided the R/V out onto the highway.

“But,” she confirmed, “She no longer has the coping mechanisms she once did that allowed her to deal with it, so her emotional reactions would probably be similar to how you or I might have experienced them.”

“And given what she’s told us about some of her dreams in the past,” I continued the line of thinking, “They’re probably pretty goddamn intense and would probably have me looking to bite something while you ran like hell.”

“Exactly,” Ashley agreed. “So the way she’s been acting this morning probably isn’t as abnormal as we think it is. Sure, it’s abnormal for the Kitty we know, but she’s slowly becoming quite a different girl now.”

“So what can we do to help?” I asked with real concern, “I mean, if she’s reacting this strongly to just one, what happens if she has another tomorrow? And the day after that?”

Based on the troubled look Ashley got I guessed she either hadn’t considered that issue or hadn’t come up with a solution for it. “The only thing I can think of is to take a page out of your book.”

Drawing back in surprise, I furrowed my brow in confusion. “My book?”

“You wolf’s book to be more specific,” she clarified, “We’ll all just sleep together in the same bed. It’ll be a pretty tight squeeze, but the one in her bedroom might just be big enough.”

At first, I had no idea how that idea came from my wolf persona...until I did the smart thing and actually thought about it. Then it made sense. Wolves, as well as other animals, often huddled together when they slept not only as a means of sharing body heat, but as means of comforting one another through physical touch. “Do you think it’ll work?”

“I don’t know,” she said with a doubtful sigh, “But it’s the best I can come up with right now. I’ll give Mom a call a bit later and see if she has any advice for me.”

As Ashley guided the R/V out of the park and back towards the highway, I hoped Ms. McKinnon had some good ideas, otherwise it was questionable whether or not we would make it much further on this little ‘fun’ trip.

**Libidine, Iowa**

Sitting atop her gilded throne with long, elegant legs crossed, her goddess watched as she, the current pet project, moaned desperately through the large ball filling her mouth while writhing helplessly upon the tile floor at her feet. The small figure desperately sought to twist and turn in an effort to increase the pressure or friction to her pelvic area by grinding and even humping the slick floor. Unfortunately, due to her goddess's 'gift', any attempts to increase or heighten her pleasure to the level where she would be able to achieve climax were ruthlessly countermanded. Even if her hands weren't tightly bound behind her back and tethered to her likewise restrained ankles, her goddess had ensured that any external stimulation to that particular area would simply result in a non-sensation, and thus aid her in no way.

Still, this had not stopped her from at least attempting to do something to try and nudge her that last desperate inch over the precipice of pleasure that the vibrator humming within her had kept her balanced upon for who knew how long. Regardless of how frantically she pleaded with her goddess, both with her eyes and her desperate whimpers of need, she was still denied that final release that she was sure she would die without.

As the goddess watched her little plaything roll about on the floor, her little schoolgirl skirt long ago rucked up about her hips and displaying her innocent little white lace panties. It also revealed the small pink remote clipped to the waistband along with its thin wire dangling over her hip before disappearing inside on the elastic leg hole. "Are you enjoying yourself my pet?" she purred, lightly stroking the girl's cheek with the narrow point of her stiletto-heeled boot. The answering whimper had her uttering a low husky laugh that sent ripples of pleasure racing through the small, confined body. "I think you're finally ready," she announced happily, "And a good thing too. I have no doubt you will be very popular in short order and while you are quite delicious all on your own, you will feed me so much more effectively once your budding talents are put to use."

As the goddess began to rise, she paused as a slight frown marred her perfectly sculpted features. There it was again, that which she had sought and found just the other day. It was stronger now, which was good. The thread that had been dimmed now began to lazily pulse with growing strength. It appeared that her



seeding had begun to bear fruit just as she'd hoped. Now it was only a matter of cultivating that fruit.

The goddess considered further fertilizing her crop, but hesitated in doing so. In her experience, too much seasoning tended to spoil the meat and right now this particular morsel was tenderized just right. With the addition of her subtle influences that she'd established long ago, she would likely need to only sit and wait as her meal came directly to her. Given the increased strength and diminishing distance of the thread line, it was likely that would occur very soon, which meant she had preparations to make.

Rising to her feet, she stepped over the writhing body and ignored its wanton, pleading gaze and walked across the grand room to where a simple, ornate rotary phone resided on a small table. Lifting the receiver, she waited until the sound of a connection being made clicked over the line less than one ring later.

“Yes my goddess,” intoned the deep, gruff voice from the other end.

“We will soon have guests,” she announced regally, “Make the necessary preparations to greet them.”

“At once goddess,” came the immediate reply.

“Ensure that they are not damaged,” she ordered sternly, “One of them is precious and I would be most displeased if they should be brought before me in unusable condition.”

Through her power, she could feel the shudder of dread through the phone line and smiled wickedly. All were well aware of what transpired the last time she had been displeased with one of her disciples. Indeed, his screams still filled the halls of the dungeon of punishment and great pains would certainly be taken so as not to share his fate.

“As you command goddess,” came the quick and fearful reply.

“Very good,” she said in a cheerful voice that in no way disguised the dark cruelty that lie beneath, “Ta ta.” As she hung up the phone, her gaze raked across the squirming form of her bound pet at the foot of her throne.

As she grinned, the helpless girl didn't know whether to be elated or terrified.

**Iowa, Interstate Eighty, approximately one hour west of De Moines**

The sound of a rather loud yawn had me looking up from the knife making supply website on the laptop and smiling as Kitty half walked, half stumbled out of her room while running her fingers through her slightly wild hair. "Hey there sleepyhead," I said cheerfully, "Have a nice nap?"

"Yeah," she said with a still sleepy smile, "I think it was just what I needed. Thanks again for letting me sleep Ashley," she called out towards the front.

"No problem," came the reply from the driver's seat.

Flopping down onto the couch, Kitty arranged herself so she was presented at her utmost alluring. There could be an argument made that she deliberately caused her skirt to fall to the side and expose her legs nearly to the point of her panties showing, but given what she'd been through that morning I let it go. Still, it was a bit disconcerting to once again see the sex kitten starting to re-emerge when she'd been doing so well with putting that part behind her.

"So whatcha doing?" she asked.

"Just looking through a forge supply site, seeing if there's anything new on the market that I can use."

"Oh you and your knife making," she said and I swear she was this close to actually adding a dismissive pooh-poo sound at the end. What the hell? Even

back when she had still had the influence of her sex slave programming, never had Kitty been even remotely dismissive of my work as a bladesmith. In fact, she'd even expressed interest in it and had told me how impressed she was while watching me work a time or two.

"You all right?" I asked suspiciously, narrowing my eyes and drawing in her scent.

*This bitch is in heat.*

"Of course," she said with a wave of her hand, "Why wouldn't I be?"

"Because you're acting like my blade work is nothing and you've *never* done that before. Not to mention your pheromone levels have spiked."

"Maybe it's just because I actually got a couple hours of rest," she reasoned before her eyes widened and she suddenly leapt off the couch before I could offer a retort. Blinking in surprise, I watched her race towards the front of the R/V and lean over the back of the driver's seat so she could talk to Ashley. "Ooooo," she squealed, "Turn off here."

"What?" Ashley asked in surprised confusion, looking up at her before quickly returning her eyes to the road.

"This exit, take this next exit," Kitty said excitedly.

"Why?" the redhead asked with growing alarm, "What's going on?"

By this point I'd made my way to the front as well and watched us approach and then pass a highway sign proclaiming: Libidine, one mile. "Kitty, what the hell are going on about?" I snapped.

"I read about this place," she explained quickly, almost sounding manic, "It's kind of in the middle of nowhere but it's really modern and chic and exotic. We should stop there for our lunch break."

"I don't know," Ashley said doubtfully, "We already planned out where we were going to stop for lunch because it would be easier to navigate the R/V."

As I opened my mouth to agree, I couldn't help but realize that we'd been playing it pretty safe so far. Just a truck stop and an R/V park. Weren't we supposed to be having, like, an adventure on this road trip? Making a stop off at a place that was different and exotic actually was starting to sound like a pretty good idea. Plus, Kitty said it was in the middle of nowhere so maybe that meant they had some wide open spaces for me to take a little run through.

"Maybe Kitty's right," I told Ashley.

"What?" my friend said in shock.

"Look," I reasoned even as Kitty's head nodded wildly like a bobble head doll, "This is supposed to be a fun trip for us before we start school, right?"

"Yeah," she said hesitantly.

"So let's have a little fun and go off the beaten path. It's not like we can get lost," I assured her, "We've got GPS in this thing."

"And it's only a quick little stop," Kitty added quickly, "Just maybe get a bite to eat, do a bit of sightseeing, take a few goofy pictures, and then we're back on the road."

"Well," Ashley said slowly and Kitty and I grinned at one another when we heard the resolve leave her voice, "I suppose a little side trip would be okay. Let's do it!" she finished excitedly, joining us in our exuberance as she steered the R/V to the off ramp and onto the lone roadway connected to it. "Any idea how far we have to go?" she asked.

"Not far I think," Kitty told her, the radiant smile she wore practically lighting up her face in a way that I didn't think I'd see for a while after this morning.

True to her word, we drove for about twenty miles before the winking of multicolored lights could be seen in the distance. "I think that's it!" Kitty cried, practically bouncing in the passenger seat she'd slipped into a while ago.

"Damn," I muttered, "There must be a lot of those if we're seeing it from this far off."

“Faster,” Kitty urged.

“I’m not exactly an expert with this thing yet,” Ashley argued, though she did increase her speed slightly, “I don’t want to get us into a wreck just so we can get there a little sooner. We’ve got plenty of time, you know.”

“I know, I know,” Kitty said impatiently as her eyes remained locked on those lights on the horizon as they grew bigger and brighter the closer we got.

Before too long, actually it was a lot faster than I thought it would be, we arrived at the town of Libidine. Well, calling it a town was being pretty generous. Really it was just a small collection of buildings sporting various signs indicating a café or a bank or something or other. There weren’t even any signs of homes here. What truly drew the eye was the huge structure at the end of the single lane that ran through town. It was all shiny steel and bright neon, giving anyone looking at it the impression it was a modern day monolith built in reverence to an ancient deity worshipped long ago. There was no need to guess who that deity was either, since the giant LED jumbo Tron right on the front of the building displayed her in all her HD glory.

Whether the sigh of adoration came from Kitty or I, or both, I didn’t know and really didn’t care. I was too captivated by the image of the raven-haired goddess turning and posing in a long, tight, slinky, strapless red dress with a slit running up to her hip displaying the succulent curves of her body and every inch of her world-class legs. With every shifting of her body it seemed as though she was calling out to me, urging me to come and find her so that I might reap the rewards of knowing her body intimately. I had a brief moment where I reminded myself that I wasn’t into girls anymore but that was quickly washed away when those penetrating red eyes seemed to look at me, and me alone, in such an inviting manner that I was more than happy to go gay for her.

“Guys,” Ashley said in a voice that had a fine tremor of uncertainty, “I don’t know about this. Maybe we should head back to the highway.”

“Keep going,” Kitty and I whispered in simultaneous breathlessness.

Though she clearly didn’t like it, Ashley drove the R/V slowly through the town until reaching the arched drive in front of the building. I’d give it a name

except it didn't have one, at least not one displayed. The only thing that even identified it as being occupied and operational was the continuous feed of that beautiful goddess on the screen turning and posing seductively.

Carefully navigating the drive, Ashley steered the vehicle around the back of the building, showing us it had far more depth than what was visible from the front. In fact, it looked nearly as deep as a football field was long. Once we reached the parking area it became a little clearer the reason for its massive size.

The lot was filled with rows upon rows of vehicles. Everything ranging from compact cars to full-sized semi trucks with trailers and everything in-between occupied the lot space. There must have been at least a hundred vehicles and there looked like there was still lots of room left over. Thankfully, we didn't have to circle around looking for a spot to land because there was an open one right at the front big enough for Ashley to maneuver the R/V into without much difficulty. By the time she'd put it into park Kitty and I were nearly bouncing out of our shoes with excitement and raced out the door the instant the engine died.

I dimly heard Ashley call, "Guys wait!" as Kitty and I raced along the side of what now seemed more like a temple than a building towards the front doors. Since the thing was so damn big it took a lot longer for us to get there and by the time we'd arrived both of us were gasping and out of breath due to our unusually fast sprint. It was actually another five minutes before Ashley caught up with us since she had followed us at a more evenly paced job and didn't leave her sucking air like Kitty and I had been. "Guys, seriously," she said, no longer bothering to hide her worry, "You're starting to freak me out here. What is going on with you two?"

"Nothing," I gasped, "I just don't want to waste a lot of time. We've got a schedule to keep after all." Okay, so it was total bullshit, but I wasn't going to tell her that at the moment I would do absolutely anything to simply lay my eyes upon that woman seducing the landscape through a computer generated image. To be able to bask in her presence was more important to me a week's worth of running through the wilds. I would rather give up forging...okay, I didn't want to see her that much, but pretty damn close.

“Come on,” Kitty said anxiously as she practically skipped up to the front doors, flinging them open even as Ashley tried to make one last protest.

And then all words were lost.

Stretching out before us was a combination of the hottest nightclub on the planet, a scene out of Arabian Nights, and those paintings depicting Roman orgies. Everywhere we looked there was flashing lights, pounding music, opulent décor that clearly was designed for far more than simple relaxing, various structures of designed in ways that I couldn't quite figure out what their purposes were...and people. So many people. Whether they were dancing, drinking, writhing, kissing, dry humping, sucking, or just flat out fucking like crazed rabbits, there were scores of them. Some of them were making use out of the multitude of structures I hadn't been able to identify to secure their partner to shortly before engaging in a multitude of acts that should have had me screaming in horror.

Except I wasn't. Not one bit of this shocked, surprised, or terrified me. In fact, I was so tremendously aroused that my panties were absolutely soaked through. The smell of sex was so rich and heavy in the air it was almost like a physical construct wrapping itself around me as though it were a warm, throbbing blanket of desire. The urge to join in on this mass debauchery was so powerful it was someone had grabbed me by the crotch and was trying to pull me further in.

When I looked over at Kitty, I could see she had it far worse than I did. Her mouth was hanging slack and drool was actually spilling out of the corner of her mouth as though she'd just seen the most delicious confection in the known universe. Her hands were clenching and unclenching with what looked like the urge to just grab something, anything. Her legs were shaking, whether because she was ready to collapse or run I didn't know, but the flashing lights all around us allowed me to see that she was even more intensely aroused than I was, as evidenced by the liquid sexual need that was actually trickling down her inner thighs as she rubbed them together wantonly.

When I turned to give Ashley a lascivious grin and suggest we join in on the party, I stopped at the look on her face. She was looking around with the horror that I should have been feeling, her eyes so wide I was worried they might pop right out of her skull. When she looked over at me, the desperate pleading in her

eyes for us to leave was far louder than anything she could have screamed at that point and I felt a sudden flash of pain in my chest.

*Protect the pack.*

How could I be going so completely bitch in heat when I had literally walked my best friend into her very nightmare? I had been so preoccupied with getting inside of this place, meeting that goddess of a woman on the screen, and giving my body to any one of the revelers to use as they pleased that I had completely forgotten myself. I had made a promise to the fragile girl, to protect her when she couldn't protect herself, and to destroy anyone stupid enough to try. Now here I was, tossing that promise away like a used piece of toilet paper. It disgusted me while also causing a stab of agony in my heart that I would let my friend down so utterly.

Reaching out, I grabbed her hand tightly and yelled in her ear, "Let's get the fuck out of here!"

All at once, the music died and the lights ceased their wild dance. Even the people had frozen in place, some even in mid-copulation, as though they were all part of DVD footage that had just been paused. It was damn eerie and had my wolf growling warningly.

"Welcome, I have been expecting you."

The single, husky, impossibly sexy voice filled the room now that there was a lack of any other sound. Looking passed all of the people, whom I suddenly realized were no longer in every conceivable pose and were instead standing in rapt attention, I saw the embodiment of every wet dream every had by man or woman.

She was statuesque, easily six feet tall in her stilettos, wearing the same skin-tight red dress that she was garbed in on the jumbo Tron image outside. The difference was that in person her sheer aura of her was one hundred times more powerful and drove the three of us two her knees, although only one of us was doing it as a sign of worship. While Ashley clung tightly to me, whimpering in fear, Kitty remained slack-jawed with absolute adoration as this vision of beauty



and desire casually strode towards us in a swaying manner that couldn't be mistaken for anything other than the most sexual of vamping.

“Very interesting,” she purred as she stepped before us, her bright, almost glowing eyes with their red irises boring into us with a mixture of curiosity and delight before focusing on Ashley. “Why are you not affected like your friends little one?”

Even if she wanted to, I could tell there was no way she would be able to respond. All speech had fled my friend in the face of her paralyzing panic completely taking her over. So I chose to speak for her. “What the fuck are you?” I demanded angrily despite the heat that had begun to pulse within my breasts and groin.

“Mmmmm,” she half purred, half moaned, “A feisty one. Lovely. You'll be ever so tasty, though not nearly as fulfilling as your succulent little friend over there,” she said, indicating Kitty with a nod of her head. Risking a quick glance, I saw Kitty was trying to crawl to the woman's feet while simultaneously pleasuring herself furiously beneath her skirt as her face contorted into what I recognized from this morning as intense sexual desire. “You, on the other hand,” she continued as I returned my attention to her and saw her focus was once again on Ashley, “Are quite the conundrum, one that I fully intend to explore.”

Snapping her fingers, two *very* muscular men appeared out of the crowd and moved towards us. Without anyone needing to say a word, I knew that they planned to grab Ashley and take her to God knew where for God knew what reason. “I don't think so,” I snarled and leapt at the closest one.

I managed to get half a foot before heat roared through me like wildfire, causing me to collapse to the ground as my body became consumed by the most intense feeling of sexual desire I'd ever experienced. The arousal I'd felt just a minute ago was barely an echo of the desperate need for sexual fulfilment I now experienced. I needed cock. I needed pussy. I needed something, *anything, NOW*.

Dimly, as I frantically tore open my jeans and shoved my hands into my panties, I heard Ashley screaming my name in panic and terror as she was torn from my side and dragged away. When I was able to force myself through sheer

will to look in her direction, there was no question that she knew they were taking her to live out the darkest of her nightmares. It was enough to give me a glimmer of clarity and I used it to call upon my wolf.

Unfortunately, that moment was far from enough and I simply didn't have the strength to bring about my shift before the sight of Ashley was lost to me amidst the bright lights exploding before my eyes as I brought myself higher and higher upon waves of liquid pleasure.

I heard my name screamed one last time before my entire world shattered into a white light of erotic bliss.

### **The Throne Room**

Nikki had long since lost track of how many men she had pleased over the course of the last hour. All she knew was that chained to her goddess's throne by her collar, her wrists bound behind her, the young girl had no choice to but to allow whomever approached her to make use of her young, innocently talented mouth. By the time the last had finished, wiping himself on her lips, she felt and looked utterly filthy and used...and happy since her goddess would undoubtedly be pleased. She had done as instructed and ensured every man who wished it found pleasure in the use of her one available orifice and for that she would surely be rewarded. Perhaps she would even be allowed a small, elusive climax that her goddess had been so frugal in providing her, at least she hoped and prayed that was the case.

When the doors to the room open, her bright blue eyes flashed toward it even as she let out a silent cry of joy that her goddess had returned to her. That

happiness rapidly died away when she saw not only her everything, but someone else with her. It was another girl, perhaps a few years older than she, crawling on her hands and knees at her goddess's heel like an obedient puppy bearing a look of absolute rapture on her face. Where had this interloper come from and how dare she intrude upon her time with the goddess!

"Goddess," Nikki breathed with delight, hoping to shift the attention off the crawling slut.

"Ah, hello my pet," she said affectionately, ruffling the girl's matted and soiled hair, "Have you been behaving?"

"Yes goddess," she said immediately, "I have done exactly as you have asked. No man departed unsatisfied."

"Mmmmm," the goddess murmured, licking her lips as though having just tasted a sweet pastry, "So that's why it was so potent. Excellent job my sweet. With any luck, you might not have to work quite so hard soon."

The very idea of not doing her absolute most for her goddess caused a fissure of horror to spike through Nikki's heart and she shook her head vehemently. "Oh no goddess, I will always try my hardest and more to please you."

"Not what I meant pet," she said with a chuckle and patted her head before sitting upon her throne and looking down at the girl who currently knelt at the foot of the dais. "This divine creature should provide me with more than enough sustenance that I won't need to feed from you quite so much. Which means what I do to you will be for my pleasure alone. Won't that be nice?"

"Oh yes goddess," Nikki breathed in both relief and happiness.

"I must admit to curiosity though," she went on, redirecting her attention from her little schoolgirl pet to the sensual creature currently writhing seductively upon her knees in an effort to garner her attention, "How did you come to possess so much delicious lust?"

"I was programmed that way, my goddess," Kitty replied with a happy smile.

“Programmed?” the goddess asked with a brow lifted in curiosity.

“Yes my goddess, my mind was programmed by scientists to be the perfect sex slave and significantly increased the pleasure centers of my brain.”

“Fascinating,” the goddess said with piqued interest, “How many of you are there in the world?”

“I’m the only one, my goddess,” she said with no small amount of pride, “It was my work that created the process and it died with my body’s death.”

“Your body’s death?” the goddess said in confusion before shaking her head and waving her own question away. “Never mind, it matters not. What does matter is the wonderful potential contained within that lovely body of yours. Would you kindly show it to me?”

The words had barely left those ruby lips before Kitty was leaping to her feet and tearing her dress, bra, and thoroughly soaked panties from her body, flinging them away and leaving her standing proudly naked and on display before her goddess. A single crook of a finger had her practically dancing up the steps of the dais until she stood before the statuesque beauty with one knee slightly bent, her hip enticingly swiveled forward so its curve could be admired without disturbing the view between her legs, and her wrists delicately crossed at the small of her back so her full breasts might be thrust out in presentation.

“Very nice,” the goddess said in thoughtful appreciation as she trailed a finger over the swell of one breast, causing the girl to shiver in delight and need. “I must agree you are indeed the perfect slave candidate. Tell me, why were more of you not created?”

“Those that made me were killed,” Kitty said with a small, knowing smile.

“Unfortunate,” was the disappointed response, “With a harem of you it would take no time at all to bring me the power I need. Oh well, no matter, you will be more than sufficient in getting me what I need. Lie down my sweet slut,” she commanded, to which Kitty immediately placed herself supine at her goddess’s feet, her hips rolling slightly with unspoken desire. Reaching over, the goddess unlocked the chain binding Nikki to the throne by her collar and smiled. “Now, my

pet, clearly your mouth is talented when it comes to pleasing men. Why don't we see how you do with women.”

Needing no further urging, Nikki, wrists still tightly bound, shuffled forward upon her knees until she was positioned within the embrace of Kitty's widely spread thighs. With a welcoming smile, the older girl helped Nikki ease down until she was lying upon her belly with her lips caressing the delicate flesh of Kitty's sex.

As her pet began the process of bringing her new acquisition to the heights of pleasure, the goddess leaned back in her chair to watch with eyes that gleamed with delight.

As Kitty's first cries of pleasure filled the room, the goddess began to feed.

### **The White Room**

Ashley looked about frantically as she was dragged through the halls by the two he-men dressed identically in black military-style pants, combat boots, and black tank tops. Initially she had struggled against their grip but their obviously superior strength made her actions little more than a butterfly beating its wings on an elephant. She couldn't try and stop her momentum either since the manner in which she was being carried had lifted her to the point that her toes only barely touched the floor. Wherever they were taking her, she had no choice but to allow it.

Of course, that didn't mean she couldn't continue to try and figure a way out. While initially she had been completely paralyzed with terror and panic, the

sight of her friends being held completely in that woman's thrall as she'd been carried away had brought forth a burst of anger she hadn't known she even possessed. It's sudden an unexpected arrival allowed her to nudge back her guttural fear and try to think past it instead of flailing about like a terrified animal.

*Think like Ashe*, she told herself, *What would Ashe do?* Well first, he would evaluate the situation. They were currently being held captive in what had to be some kind of base or temple for that tall woman. Whatever she was, clearly she possessed some kind of ability that had to do with sex or sexual desire. That was the only plausible reason why Kitty suddenly started masturbating as though her life had depended on it and why Aiden had collapsed in a heap of orgasmic bliss. It also stood to reason that this same power had broken the minds of everyone else in the building to the point that they were her willing slaves. So why hadn't she been effected like her friends had? She didn't possess any kind of telepathy or mental powers, the MCO had tested for that. All she had was her healing, and surely that hadn't been the reason for why the woman's power hadn't worked on her.

Getting no where with that line of questioning, Ashley moved on to how she could get out of the situation. Clearly physical force was out of the question, not only because there was no way she could possibly think of muscling her way passed these guys, but because she had no means of fighting. The last time she had punched a guy because he'd betrayed her trust, it had taken everything she had not to simply collapse in tears because of that simple act. There was no way possible she would be able to try and fight her way out. That only left one recourse.

"Sir," she said, looking up at the man holding her right arm, "Please, where are you taking me?" When he didn't even acknowledge that she'd spoken she jerked her arm to get his attention. When his hot, lustful gaze slowly turned to meet hers, Ashley didn't bother trying to stop the tears that poured down her face. "Please," she whispered, "What are you going to do to me?"

At first, he only continued to look at her hungrily as though she were a tasty steak cooked to perfection. However, his expression slowly changed, becoming softer, gentler even, until the lust had been reduced to just a glimmer contained within a gaze of compassion. "The White Room," he told her in a deep, rumbling voice, "You wait for goddess."

“Quiet,” the other one snapped angrily, “She’s not to...be...spoken-” The other man’s voice faded as Ashley shifted her tearful, pleading gaze to him. “We’re not supposed to talk to you,” he finished lamely.

“Why? What did I do?”

“You didn’t get horny,” the man on the right explained, actually starting to sound a bit sad, and Ashley could tell by his speech pattern that something wasn’t quite right with him mentally beyond whatever influence this woman had on everyone. “She wants to know how you did it.”

“I don’t even know how it happened,” Ashley exclaimed desperately.

“The goddess has means of finding out things,” the man on the left told her simply.

Torture. It was plain to see that she would use torture on Ashley in an effort to uncover just what she was doing to resist her influence. Since she obviously wasn’t effected by her powers of inducing pleasure and lust, that left only one other method at her disposal.

“Please,” Ashley begged, “I don’t want to be tortured. If I knew how I was doing it I would have said so already.”

As they entered the aptly named White Room, which contained nothing save for various sets of chains bolted to walls that seemed to actually be glass with some source of brilliantly white illumination behind them, the men began dragging her over to one set of chains. Still begging and pleading with the men to let her go, her tenuous thread of calm snapped at the same moment the shackles closed about her wrists. “Oh God,” she screamed through her tears, jerking on the chains binding her to the wall, “Please don’t leave me here. Please don’t let her hurt me, I’m begging you. *Please!*”

As the man who had been on her left turned and left the room, closing the door behind him, the other remained standing where he was. For quite some time he continued to stare at the beautiful crimson-haired girl as she slumped in the chains that held her and sobbed out her fear and heartbreak. He had known many women in his time, some of them good, some of them not in the slightest. Yet in all

his years, he had never encountered one that seemed to truly personify kindness and innocence the way this girl did. It made for an intoxicating concoction that his erotically-twisted mind saw as a delectable treat few would ever have the opportunity to possess. Before him was the opportunity to taste true purity and to do with it as he pleased and satisfy the seemingly unquenchable lust that had taken hold of his soul. Goddess or no, he knew what he wanted, what he needed, and he intended to take it.

As he reached out and caressed the softness of her cheek, her screams of terror filled his ears and he knew exactly what he was going to do.

### **The Red Room**

By the time I'd regained my senses after that mind exploding orgasm, I was already being dragged...somewhere. My brain still felt like mush and I simply couldn't focus on anything beyond the still pulsing heat of need that throbbed in low places in my body. The only thing that I did know was that I had been stripped naked before the dragging began and that was because I could feel the subtle currents of air on every part of my exposed body.

I wasn't actually bothered to much by my nudity in and of itself. Since every time I shifted I was naked, I'd begun to develop a kind of reduced self-consciousness when it came to that kind of a thing. I didn't have plans to go streaking anytime in the future, but someone seeing me naked didn't bother me quite as much as it did before.

What did bother me, when the fog began to clear from my eyes, was the room I was being brought into. It was just an empty room with deep red walls that



seemed to actually pulsate with light. A few sniffs later and I realized that was because the walls, floor, and ceiling were all made of some kind of hardened glass, which meant there were lights behind it to give it that ‘alive’ kind of feeling like you were within a human heart or a womb or something when they dimmed and brightened like they were doing. Cute trick, the clubs would probably love it.

I then realized that in my head I was being sarcastic again instead of feeling completely consumed by the overwhelming need to orgasm as much as possible. I was me again. Yay! That meant I didn’t have to simply accept the fact that I was being pulled towards a set of shackles bolted into the wall ahead of me. Nor did I have to accept what was probably the inevitable groping, molestation, and rape by the group of leering men that had hungry looks in their eyes and were practically salivating at the idea of getting their hands on me.

“So hot,” I heard one mutter anxiously.

“She must taste great,” another theorized.

“Get her on the wall so we can start. I want to feel this bitch squirm on my cock.”

Aaaand that was enough for me. Thankfully, my ability to heal had cleared the post-orgasmic fatigue I’d been experiencing and I could feel my strength was back and rearing to go. Without giving any kind of warning of what I was about to do, because that would be stupid, I suddenly yanked my arms as hard as I could. Since these sex-crazed morons thought I was still out of it, they hadn’t been holding me nearly as tightly as they could have and I was easily able to pull free. Not that it would have made any difference if they had since not only did I easily match them in strength, but there was one rather significant overriding factor that they didn’t have a chance of competing with.

I was pissed.

The two naked men who had been dragging me blinked in surprise as I pulled free of them. That lasted for all of two seconds before I decked first one, then the other, putting all of my strength behind each hit. The end result was both of them flying back and crashing to the floor moaning in pain and leaving me standing completely free. The rest of the men in the room, all five of them and all

equally naked and clearly ready for some serious sex as evidenced by some rather impressive erections. They started towards me with a singular intention and there was no way that I was letting that happen. This time, I didn't even hesitate in calling my *wolf*.

*Once more, the hunter had returned, and the time had long passed that these foolish two-legged be shown what it truly meant to be a predator. Shouts and yells of surprise and panic filled my ears as I leapt, diving directly into them and tearing into their flesh with tooth and fang. The glorious sound of agony filled the room as I darted from one to another, ripping flesh and spilling crimson faster than any could hope to keep up with. In mere moments, only I remained standing amidst the carcasses of my enemy even as my gaze sought more.*

*With the immediate threat eliminated, I raised my blood-soaked muzzle and scented the air, searching for my packmates. Immediately I tasted she of the blood-fur and tender heart. There was fear permeating her scent and it evoked a growl of anger from my breast. I would end he who caused her to stink like prey.*

*Few dared to stand in my way as I raced through the two-legged structure, following her scent. Those that did swiftly learned why it was foolish to try and stop a wolf from reaching her pack. I was faster than my two-leg self, and shortly I was before the portal that would take me to my packmate. That portal, though, required two-legged appendages to function, and it was with regret that I shifted back into human form.*

Grabbing the handle, I nearly tore the thing off flinging the door open and sending it swinging into the interior wall almost hard enough to crack it. Instantly I was assaulted with very bright, white light that seemed to encompass the entire room and blinded me for a second. Not wanting to be caught off guard by whomever was already in there, I ducked to the side and took note of how many different scents were in the room, which happened to be only two. By the time my vision had cleared I had positioned myself in a low crouch and was already starting the process of calling my wolf again when I froze and blinked in shock.

There, at the far end of the room, Ashley knelt on the floor crying softly while cradling a man's head in her lap and stroking his hair soothingly. He too was crying, though he was bawling like a baby and clinging to Ashley's legs like she was his mother. It was so surreal I could only stare in silence for several moments before I remembered that we were kind of in a life or death-type situation and cleared my throat.

Both heads immediately snapped up to look at me and I received two very different reactions. While Ashley gasped with surprise and joy, the man leapt to his feet and clenched his fists in a posture that said he was clearly preparing to attack. While normally I wasn't one to just go after someone at the drop of a hat, things had changed in the last however many minutes it had been and I didn't even hesitate to prepare myself to kill this man who would harm my friends.

"Aiden wait!" Ashley cried, leaping to her feet and interposing herself between the man and me, "He didn't hurt me!"

"She's not horny," the man said in confusion and in oddly simplistic sounding voice.

"She's my friend," Ashley told the man, touching his cheek gently so he would look into her eyes. "She's a good person."

"Like you?" he asked with a childlike grin.

She answered him with a gentle smile of her own and nodded, "Like me."

"She's naked," he observed.

"Ashley," I broke in, striding towards her, "What the fuck is going on?"

“This is Milton,” she explained, taking his hand, “I’m not entirely sure but I think he has Downs Syndrome. He’s very sweet.”

“Sweet?” I cried, causing Milton to glance at me warily, “Ashley this guy and his buddy were dragging you in here to do who the fuck knows what!”

“But he didn’t,” she asserted, “He helped me.”

Shifting my gaze to Milton, I fixed him with a hard stare that, surprisingly, he returned. He even shifted slightly so he was standing slightly in front of Ashley. Was he...? The way he had positioned himself left little doubt that he was trying to protect her. Five minutes ago he and his buddy seemed ready and more than willing to rape her and now he was protecting her? What the fuck happened here? Fuck it, I could sort that out later. “That’s my friend,” I told him steadily, “My *best* friend, and don’t think I’ll hesitate for a second to rip your throat out if you try to hurt her, you get me?”

Even though Ashley had said she thought he had Downs Syndrome, the look in his eyes left no question that not only had he heard me, he understood every word. Slowly, he nodded before saying in his rumbling voice, “Ashley’s my friend, she’s nice to me, I won’t let no one hurt her.”

I still wasn’t entirely convinced, but the subtle nod from my friend made it pretty clear that she trusted him. Honestly, unless I planned to kill him right then and there, we really didn’t have time to screw around with this anymore. Kitty was still somewhere in this place at the mercy of that...thing that was the cause of all this. Unless we wanted to lose her forever we had to move, *now*.

“All right,” I said, backing up to the door and looking out to see just how bad things were and if anyone was coming for us yet. Much to my surprise, there was no cries of alarm and no pounding feet racing to come for us. In fact, it almost seemed like it was business as usual...if that business happened to be a twenty-four hour sexfest. “I’d better stay in human form so we can talk,” I told Ashley, “But I think I can still track Kitty’s scent. If things go sideways though,” I told her, looking back as she and Milton started towards the door, “I’ll have to shift into wolf form. Milton, anyone tries to get Ashley you stop them however you can, understand?” He nodded readily with a look of grim determination in his eyes.

Damn, there was some serious devotion going on there. “Okay,” I said, taking a deep breath to steel my nerves and focus my senses. Scenting the air, I was easily able to pick out the unique, potent fragerance that was Kitty’s and Kitty’s alone. It helped that her pheromone levels had gone into orbit and stood out like a beacon in the middle of all of the wild sex happening in this place. “Here we go.”

Slipping out of the room, we raced down the hallway, our bare feet not even making a sound amongst the pounding bass of the sound system coupled with the multitude of erotic moans and screams that filled the air. I only hoped that we would be able to get to our friend before something was done to her that she’d never be able to recover from. That was something I just couldn’t live with.

Even if I had to tear this entire building apart piece by piece, I would save her and make that sex-crazed demon cunt pay for even *thinking* it was a good idea to fuck with my friends.