

Nash sub path

Overview

Nash's sub path, where the PC gets the shady merchant to drink the dubious liquid. The goal is to make some consensual pet play.

There will be a three part training path where Nash gets to explore his submissive side, similar to how the PC acts in the dominant part. It culminates with the PC lending Nash to a group of minotaur soldiers he screwed once, so now they get to screw him.

Talk and repeat sex scenes will unlock after the training path.

To-Do:

Make sure the PC is referred to as master/mistress.

Step 1: Make him drink it

//Note: This scene plays when you tell Nash to drink the shady bottle himself.

Crossing your arms, you give Nash a harsh stare and nod.

"Drink it," you tell him.

The merchant blinks, his face frozen in a confused smile. "Pardon?" he says while glancing at the dark bottles.

"If it's so safe, why don't you drink it?" you continue, and it comes out as a bit of a threat. You're getting tired of Nash's games. "[pc.isBimbo]Do you think I'm dumb or something? Drink the bottle yourself and see what happens.[What kind of third-rate salesman doesn't know how his own stock works?]"

"You got a point," Nash says and swirls the bottle. The dark liquid inside squelches as a foul odour escapes the cork and stings your nose. "But what if things go wrong and I do something I can't afford. I'm working on tight margins..."

As he fidgets with the bottle, he looks at you, golden eyes gazing at you like he's an innocent puppy. You [pc.dcb|scoff|chuckle|giggle] and reach for his head. This [pc.dcb|scared, little

bitch|handsome hound|cute puppy] needs some encouragement, and you will oblige. You run your fingers through the merchant's silken hair and lean closer.

"[pc.dcb]|I'll make sure you won't do anything stupid. I still want my reward|Don't worry, partner. I'll keep an eye on you|Don't worry, I wouldn't want a cute puppy like you to get hurt]," you whisper.

Nash hums as his tail wags due to your caress and he pulls out the cork with a loud plop.

"Got a silver tongue of your own?" he chuckles. "Fine, this feels weird to say but... I trust you."

The lupine takes a whiff of the bottle. The sting of alcoholic vapors makes him cough. Despite that, he forces the bottle to his lips.

"Cheers," he says and gulps down the pungent liquid.

He retches and gags, but manages to down the entire bottle in one swing. As the last drops enter his mouth, he drops the bottle safely on a pillow. Nash coughs and heaves, beating his chest in an effort to force down the booze.

"By Lumia's fat ass!" he wheezes. "That tasted like shit--"

Suddenly, the lupine goes quiet as his pupils widen in his golden eyes. He topples forward, falling into your embrace and [pc.hasBreasts|burying his snout between your [pc.boobs]]pressing his snout against your [pc.chest]].

"I like your scent..." Nash whispers while losing strength in his legs. He sinks to his knees and presses his nose against your crotch. He sniffs and licks at your sex, hidden by your [pc.lowerGarments].

"Can I..." Nash looks up at you with big, puppy eyes. "Can I have a taste?"

You scratch his ears some more, that is some peculiar alchemy. Just a tiny bottle and this once cocky merchant is on his knees, begging to [pc.hasCock|suck your dick|lick your cunt]. Smiling as you remove your [pc.lowerGarments], you're going to have plenty of fun with this guy.

[Dick]//Tooltip: See how much dick his throat can handle.

[Cunt]//Tooltip: Let him get a good taste of your cunt.

Dick

You grab your [pc.hasMagicock|spectral dick. Its ghostly light illuminates Nash's crimson tongue as his absent gaze and aroused breathing reveals how desperate he is for your arcane

rod[pc.cock]. With pre dripping onto Nash's muzzle, the wolf man's mouth hangs open as his tongue lolls out, showing how desperate the lupine is for your meat].

Batting his nose with your phallus and dragging your tip over his tongue, you're bathed in his warm, humid breath. Despite being overwhelmed by your scent, Nash stays put with hands on his knees.

"Well then," you say. "What do you say when your [pc.mf|master|mistress] offers you a meal?"

Damn, that felt good on your tongue. <i>[pc.mf|Master|Mistress]</i>. You enjoyed that word.

With eyes locked on your dick, Nash licks his lips and lowers his head in a servile manner.

"Please, [pc.mf|sir|ma'am]," he says through his heavy panting. "May I taste... May I serve you?"

"[pc.isBimbo|Of course, cutie!|You may,]" you answer. Nash makes a happy hum and opens wide, allowing you to slide down his gullet.

[pc.cockRange 0 15|The obedient dog stays put as you push your [pc.cock] down his throat, only making muffled whimpers as his lips form into a perfect cock sleeve.|Tears roll down Nash's face as he chokes on your massive dick. Despite his wet coughing, he makes no effort to spit you out. Sitting still like a good boy, he fights his gag reflex with all his might so his [pc.mf|master|mistress] gets a nice cock sleeve.]

You grab his hair and thrust hard enough to [pc.hasMagicock|fling some drops from your cunt|smack your [pc.balls]] on Nash's chin. He takes it like a good lupine; eyes closed and maw wide open for you to do as you please. Although you get a bit annoyed when Nash moves his hand to his crotch, forgetting the fact he's here to serve you. You kick away those unruly paws and give him a harsh stare, and the wolf-man gives you a merchant's smile, still handsome despite the throat swabbing.

Oh well, you can't really be mad at him, especially with that top-grade mouth of his. Every time you thrust into Nash's maw, he responds by dragging his tongue along your tool. A soft, warm blanket that welcomes you whenever you make the trek down his throat.

"Good boy," you moan while letting go of his hair. You stop thrusting and scratch him behind his ears, upon which Nash responds with happy hums. "Why don't you take over? You seem experienced."

The black wolf looks up at you and grins; evidence that there's still a sharp merchant behind his submissive facade. He grabs your dick with one hand and jerks you off while bobbing up and down your meat. Nash's lupine tongue dances along your pride and his skilled fingers give you

a tender massage, it's enough to have your knees shaking. Desperate to not lose your balance, you lean against his desk.

Your pleasure only encourages the eager dick sucker, and he moves his other hand to your [pc.hasBalls|pc.balls]. Cupping your balls and gently rolling them between his fingers, Nash shudders and takes your dick out of his mouth. You're about to tell the mutt to keep working, but you only manage a moan when Nash licks and kisses your sack.[snatch. Gentle fingers trace over your folds until they find your [pc.clit]. Nash takes your cock out of his mouth, and you're about to tell the mutt to keep working, but you only manage a moan as his slick tongue works your bud.]

Nash's room is filled with passionate moans and wet smacks as the silver-tongued merchant works his magic. Traveling between your [pc.hasBalls|sack|clit] and [pc.cock], making sure that every sensitive spot is properly serviced.

A fire is spreading in your nethers, it's time for this diligent servant to get his reward. You scratch Nash behind his ears and tell him to get ready. Nash sits on his knees, hands on his lap and back straight, opening his maw wide and awaiting his meal. You wipe away his silky-white hair and hold up his head while grabbing your dick. You want to see his reaction when he gets a taste of you.

[pc.cumVolSNV]You shoot your modest load straight down his gullet, and Nash hums as he swallows it down. His golden gaze speaks for itself, he's perfectly happy as he smacks his lips and basks in your taste.[You blast his mouth with your potent load as Nash does his best to keep up. Despite the lupine's struggle, his golden eyes shine with joy as he gets to bask in your taste.[Your dick erupts, blasting the wolf-man's face with your [pc.cum] and drenching his black fur in [pc.cumColor] seed. Nash is unphased by the ordeal, holding his maw open and swallowing to the best of his abilities, his tail happily wagging as he chokes down your cum.]

The last of the baby batter lands on Nash's tongue, and the wolf-man is soon back between your legs. You hum and drag your fingers through his hair that's a bit damp from sweat[pc.cumVol 1000| and cum], while the diligent man cleans your dick. When there's nothing left on your tool except shining spit, Nash sits back on his knees and smacks his lips.

"Did I do a good job, [pc.mf|master|mistress]?" he asks with a cocky smirk. It looks like that dubious liquor is no longer clouding Nash's mind. Yet, he seems unconcerned being on his knees and servicing you.

You're about to say something clever, but as you stand up from the desk, you find no strength in your legs and you topple forward. Nash catches you and lays you down on his pillow-bed. Your vision is blurry, but you see his golden eyes illuminating his handsome face despite the cum sticking to his fur. He strokes your cheek with the back of his hand, fur so soft that you have no choice but to close your eyes.

"See you tomorrow, [pc.mf|master|mistress]," he whispers.

[Next]//To merge

Munching

//Note: requires Vagina

You run your fingers over your nethers, rubbing your [pc.clit] as you nudge Nash's nose with your lower lips. His canine snout wiggles and his hot breath tickles your sensitive nub. [pc.hasBalls|Your [pc.balls] rest upon his muzzle, obscuring his vision. But the scent is enough to make the lupine lick his lips.]

"Go on, boy," you murmur. "Get to work."

Your muscles tense as Nash's broad tongue drags across your button. He licks you again, and you moan while grabbing his hair and shoving him deeper into your cunt. Your rough handling doesn't discourage the lupine in the slightest, as his tongue keeps working your soaked pussy. It's so good that you barely notice his hands stroking your butt.

You slap those intruding paws away while pulling him away from your crotch, a string of saliva still connecting him to your labia. Your glare at him, this mutt is here to serve <i>you</i>.

Nash, despite heavy panting, makes a nervous laugh and nods. He puts his arms behind his back and rolls out his tongue. Good, he understands his position.

You snap your fingers and point at your crotch. That's all it takes to have the merchant's flexible tongue back at work. Tracing over your entrance, rubbing your clit, [pc.hasBalls|sucking at your sack|nipping at your thighs], he's good with that tongue. Way too good, and your knees buckle as he hits every sensitive spot.

You sink to your knees, pushing Nash onto his back while having his snout firmly buried between your legs. Straddling his face and swaying your hips, you join the cunt-licking wolf in a carnal waltz.

Clutching the wolf-man's silken hair, you shudder as ecstatic warmth spreads through your body.[pc.hasRealCock| Your [pc.cock] is so hard it's painful as it throbs and leaks pre-cum on Nash's face.] Your cunt is aching and you're unable to hold back as you let out a bestial howl. Every nerve is on fire, burning ever hotter as Nash's relentless tongue assaults your clit. [pc.GirlCum] washes over his muzzle[pc.hasRealCock| while his face gets drenched in your seed|, as the diligent merchant happily hums while lapping it up].

It feels like an eternity, but eventually the bliss fades, leaving your body exhausted and aching. You roll off your servant, landing upon the soft pillows. Through blurry vision you make out

Nash's face hovering above you, he's still handsome despite the mess you made. He smiles at you while caressing your face, paws so soft that you have no choice but to fall asleep.

"See you tomorrow, [pc.mf|master|mistress]," he whispers.

[Next]

Merger

//Note: This should fit for both the blowjob and cunnilingus scene.

When you wake up, you find Nash sleeping on top of your chest. You're still wearing your [pc.upperGarments], and the wolf protects your naked nethers by pressing his body against you. Good boy.

You scratch the snoring lupine behind his ears. He groans and mutters as he slowly opens his eyes. Nash's golden gaze meets yours, and his groggy pouting turns into a smile.

"Good morning, [pc.name]," he murmurs. "Or do you prefer '[pc.mf|Master|Mistress]'?"

You chuckle as you pat his head. "[pc.isDK|You'll learn soon enough|Both sound good]," you answer.

Nash sits up and stretches his arms over his head, and you get to watch as his toned abs flex, framed by his silken vest.

"Looking good," you tell the athletic man while stroking his midriff.

The fit wolf-man smiles and leans back, giving you a better angle to explore his muscles. "Why thank you," he responds. "You're quite [pc.mf|handsome|pretty] yourself."

He lets out a yawn that turns into a grunt.

"Damn it," he complains while massaging his lower jaw. "Gonna feel that one for a while."

"You'll manage," you answer while taking the opportunity to caress his athletic sides. "I assume this wasn't your first time."

"You got me," Nash responds and winks at you. "I call it enhanced negotiations."

You smile and slide your hand down his back, finding one of his athletic cheeks. "Are these included in those negotiations?" you ask and give his buns a squeeze.

"Sometimes," Nash continues and pushes his butt against your palm. "But it could always be improved. Say, if you ever pass by again, I would like to explore my new wares some more."

You finish the groping with a firm spank against his springy butt, producing a loud clap despite those pesky pants shielding his butt.

"Interesting deal," you say. "I'll keep that in mind."

Nash stands up and spots himself in the mirror. The sight of his messy hair and sticky fur makes him frown. "Gods, I stink," the merchant complains. "And I need to get back to my stall. Could you give me some room? I need to get this mess sorted out."

You nod and gather your discarded [pc.lowerGarment]. Before you leave, you spot the remaining bottles standing on his table, reminding you that there are still unexplored desires for this merchant. Next time things may go even further.

[End]

Step 2: Training your merchant.

//Note: Add a button next to his regular menu that says [More Experiments]

You look at Nash, then toward his shack, and back at him again. His tail is already wagging as if he's reading your mind; it is time to test another bottle.

The slick merchant runs his hand through his silken hair and puts on his most handsome smile. "Why don't you go and make yourself comfortable while I close up?"

Of course you will, and you make way towards your wolf's shack. Before you enter, you look over your shoulder at Nash who is sorting his wares. Despite his confident exterior, there's no hiding that the lupine is excited as he happily hums and wags his tail. He notices you looking, and grins as he bends down to pick up a box, raising his tail and arching his back. Those athletic cheeks form two perfect orbs that are draped in fine, white silk, and his vest rolls down to reveal his smooth, black fur on his lower back. Damn, it looks like you both have an idea on what this next part of the experiment will entail.

You enter his room and it looks just the same as last time. You sit down on the pillows and wait for Nash, [pc.hasCock|rubbing your crotch as the thought of the merchant's buns has [pc.hasMagiccock|light forming around your magical piercing|blood flowing to your [pc.cock]].| when something glitters in the corner of your eye. You notice a phallic object laying on the table. It is made of bronze, and attached to some leather straps... It seems this slutty wolf has prepared.]

Moments later, Nash walks in. The wolf man sways with his hips, making his robes flow along his athletic form.

"I hope I didn't take too long," Nash says while rolling his shoulders so his loose robe falls to the ground, leaving only those baggy pants to protect his modesty. He sits down next to you and leans back on his arms. It seems that this merchant does more than crunches. His biceps are defined and firm like his abs, and with pronounced pecs and firm ass you can tell this merchant takes care of all his goods.

"Something catching your eye?" Nash asks with a cocky grin.

"[pc.isBimbo|You're so hot, babe!|You look good,]" you respond. "[pc.isBimbo|And your fur looks super soft. Can I hug you?|But I can't tell the quality by just looking.]"

Nash laughs and leans against your shoulder, allowing you to scoop him up in your lap. Black fur, soft as silk, and those muscles are as firm as they look when you squeeze his arms and chest. You can tell that this merchant is built of the finest material.

While running your fingers over his toned midriff, Nash buffs his snout against your neck.

"Now, there was some business to discuss," he says. "Remember what we talked about last time?"

"[pc.isBimbo|Something... uh. enhanced something... You fuck customers!|Enhanced negotiations, I think it was called.]"

"Mm-hmm," the merchant chuckles. "Exactly. I'm glad you remember. Because I could use some assistance. You see, I am quite capable with my mouth, as I showed you," Nash rolls out his tongue and pokes your nose with his tip. "I still could see some improvement in other areas. It's just I never had the... courage."

He reaches for one of the murky bottles standing on the table[pc.hasCock|] and swiping up the strap-on].

"So with this new liquid courage, and you as my business partner, I was hoping I could get some training."

Nash [pc.hasCock|pats your crotch|dangles the leather straps in front of you, the bronze dick glittering in the lantern lights].

"So that's it, huh? Is that what you call training?" you answer and grab his butt, making the slutty wolf moan. "You invited me here just so I could fuck you in the ass."

"That's a bit crude," Nash complains. "But yes, I was hoping... I don't get much action back there and I could use it."

That's one way to put it, but you're not going to question him. There's some prime lupine ass that needs fucking.

"Alright," you say and push him off your lap. You stand up and [pc.hasCock|take off your [pc.lowerGarments]]grab the strap-on]. "Bottoms up, you mangy slut."

Nash, suddenly a bit nervous, unplugs the bottle with a forced chuckle. He downs it in one swoop and falls onto all fours, coughing and retching at the taste of the foul liquid.

[Next]

[pc.hasCock|[pc.hasMagiccock|Nash's cottage is illuminated by your magical phallus as it slowly takes shape around your clit.|Your [pc.cock] is already hard and leaking, eager to get plunged into Nash's depths.]]You fasten the leather straps around your [pc.hips]. Stroking the metallic phallus, it is smooth and... warm? You notice a bowl of steaming water next to the short table, and some lingering drops of water on the bronze cock. Damn, this horny wolf was prepared.]

You get on your knees and grab Nash by his hips, aligning your tool between his silk-covered buttocks and pulling him closer. The aroused wolf barks, followed by a long moan as he feels [pc.hasCock|your [pc.cock]]the bronze] press against his shrouded anus. He bucks his hips and rubs his ass against you, letting you feel the heat behind the white fabric.

You grab the hem of his pants and yank them down around his knees, binding his legs while leaving his ass exposed for you to do as you please. You spank him, soliciting pain-filled moans from the mutt as you make him accept his place. When his back is sufficiently arched and with his tail raised, you deem Nash to be ready and spread his cheeks. Something glints between his black buns. Then you grin at the butt plug poking from his ass.

Nash yowls as you yank out the gem-studded plug, its bulbous tip coated in fragrant oils.

"[pc.isBimbo|Aw, you're so cute!" you squeal. "Did you really do this for lil' ol' me?|My my," you whisper. "You really did plan this from the start?"

"Always," Nash whispers past his moans, as you poke your fingers inside his stretched anus. "N-need to be ready— ahn— for my [pc.mf|master|mistress]."

You reward the slut with another slap on his cheek, before dropping your [pc.hasCock|[pc.cock]]toy] between his buns. Grinding up and down over his entrance, you can tell he's properly lubed and ready to take you. [pc.hasCock|[pc.cockRange 0 15]]How ready is another question, considering the monster he's about to take.]

You poke [pc.hasCock|your tip|your glistening phallus] inside his butthole. His entrance welcomes you with a warm embrace. [pc.hasCock|[pc.cockRane 0 15|Nash moans as you push deeper while his tail wags faster and faster. The fluffy appendage tickles your nose and blocks

your view. You grab the base of his tail and yank, causing Nash to bark and lower his head while he tries his best to keep still. Good, it's time for this mutt to learn how to take a pounding.]Pained groans escape Nash's lips as he pauses his descent, seemingly a bit worried about your size. Well, if he wants to become better at this, then he needs to push his own limits. You grab the base of his tail and pull, forcing your remaining inches inside Nash while he barks and whines over the massive insertion.]]Nash moans as you push deeper while his tail wags faster and faster. The fluffy appendage tickles your nose and blocks your view. You grab the base of his tail and yank, causing Nash to bark and lower his head while he tries his best to keep still. Good, it's time for this mutt to learn how to take a pounding.]

Wheezy moans fill Nash's cottage as you wait for him to get used to [pc.hasCock|your girth|his practice tool]. You rock your hips, gently and gently, until his walls relax. Despite not being his first time getting mounted, you can tell by Nash's groans and folded ears that he's not as experienced here as with his mouth. Well, he asked you to help him train, and you'll oblige.

Without further ado, you tighten your grip on his tail and thrust so hard that the ass smack echoes against the walls. The wolf-man yowls in a mix of surprise and pain, but you give him no time to protest before ramming into him again. Your [pc.hips] clap against his springy buttocks as you rail your trainee, teaching him how real [pc.mf|men|bitches] fuck.

Nash's chute clutches around [pc.hasCock|your tool. A grip so tight that you need to bite your lip as shivers run through your spine, you can't cum yet. Not until this dog has experienced the ass fucking of his lifetime.]the bronze. You grab his hair for extra leverage as you force yourself inside. It takes a lot of pressure just to get past his ring and you slap his taut butt in an effort to loosen him up. By the gods he's tight. This mutt could probably squeeze the cum out of any bull pounding his ass. Still, you're here to teach him and you will give this dog the pounding of his lifetime.]

You slap his ass, telling him to work harder. Nash moans and obeys, bucking back in order to spear himself on [pc.hasCock|your meat|the glittering dildo]. That's more like it, and you grab his hair with your free hand. His well-groomed mane has turned into a bird's nest, turning into even more of a mess as you ruffle and pull at his silken locks. You grab a handful and pull him up so your lips touch his ear.

"Good boy," you whisper. "[pc.isBimbo|You remind me of my first time!|Keep going like this, and you'll be the talk of the town.]"

"T-thank you... [pc.mf|Master|Mistress]..." Nash stutters as he bounces against your lap.

[pc.isBimbo|Aaw, your doggie is so cute when he's obedient. You just want to kiss him.]Damn right, he should be thankful. But still, he's being a bit too noisy.]

You pull him back further and crane his neck until he's facing you. The violent sodomizing has left the lupine's jaw hanging open. His broad tongue dangles out and his eyes have an absent

gaze. It looks like the only thing on this bottom's mind is [pc.hasCock|cock; your cock to be exact|having his tight tunnel stretched and prostate flattened by your bronze rod]. Good, he's become a natural dick-taker and you reward him with a kiss.

Nash comes out of his daze the moment your lips touch and he twines his tongue with yours. Panting and moaning, his hot breath covers your mouth with a taste of sweet winterstem as the kiss turns into a sloppy, needy make-out.

You let go of his hair and tail, wrapping your arms around his athletic torso as Nash reaches back and cradles your neck. He's yours. All yours, and you want to explore every inch of your man's fit body.

You dig into the fuzz on his abs, grope his pecs, tweak his nipples while at the same time jousting with his thrashing tongue. Nash's dick slaps against his lower stomach, the wet smacks foretelling a pending orgasm. This mutt won't need any reach-around... No, no, no. All he needs to do is to lift his tail and take your dick. The rest will sort itself out.

You let go of his tongue. "[pc.hasCock|I'm getting close," you say and grab his dick. "And good boys wait until their [pc.mf|master|mistress] finishes, you hear?"|Good boy," you say and grab his dick. "Just don't cum until I say so, you hear?"]

"Y-yes, [pc.mf|master|mistress]," Nash pants. He closes his eyes, focusing on his breathing while keeping down his orgasm. "I hear you."

His white hair is humid and draped over his black muzzle while one of his eyes peeks out from the mess. A deep, golden gaze that is filled with devotion to you; damn he looks good like that. [pc.hasCock|There's only one thing to do with such a sexy wolf. Mark him. Fill him with your seed. Reward the bottom with his [pc.mf|master's|mistress'] love. You bite his neck, growling into his black fur as you slam into his athletic butt cheeks, [pc.cumVol 0 1000|releasing your messy gift inside his sore ass. Nash moans and growls, clutching the back of your head, cradling you against his neck-fluff.|blasting your heavy load inside him. Nash gasps, cradling the back of your neck while he caresses his expanding belly as the lines of his toned abs fade away.]]You hug him hard against your [pc.chest]. Nibbling at his ear, you whisper in his ear:

"That's a good boy. Cum for [pc.mf|Master|Mistress].]

Nash howls as he's finally allowed to cum and shoots a fat wad of seed into his pillows. His cock slaps against [pc.cumVol 0 1000|his abs|the underside of his [pc.cum]-bloated belly], painting his black fur white. The wolf-man pants and shivers, slowly losing strength until he's limp in your arms. Dislodging your [pc.hasCock|[pc.cock]|shining training tool] from his abused chute, you lower Nash onto the pillows. He murmurs nonsense while rubbing his ass and spreading his cheeks so you get a good view of his [pc.hasCock|[pc.cum]-leaking|gaping] hole.

You rub his back and whisper what a good dick-taker he is before standing up. But you're hindered when Nash tenderly rubs your legs.

"Could you please stay, [pc.name]-- sorry. [pc.mf|Master|Mistress]" he says. "I can go for another round... if that is what you want."

His words catch you off guard, you didn't expect this from the otherwise confident lupine. [pc.dcb|Whatever. You're quite tired anyway and those pillows look very soft. Not to mention that handsome pillow you can fondle all night long. The merchant got a deal.

You lay down as Nash's big spoon, hugging him close and rubbing his chest. "I guess you earned it," you whisper to him.

A happy hum is Nash's answer, and he falls asleep in your embrace.

[He really wants you to be with him tonight; pumping and dumping is out of the question. You lay down behind him and push your [pc.chest] against his back.

"Thank you, m—" Nash whispers.

"[[pc.name](#)] is fine," you interrupt. "You were really good, handsome."

Nash chuckles, wrapping your arms over his chest and becomes your small spoon.

"Glad you enjoyed it," he says, falling asleep in your embrace. [Aaw. The puppy needs a pillow. And your [pc.boobs] are great pillows!

You lay down and drag Nash on top of you, pulling his face [pc.hasBreasts]into your cleavage[onto your chest]. His cummy dick pokes against your thighs, but he's so cuddly you don't want to ruin it].

"Feeling better?" you ask.

"Y-yef," Nash responds, his speech smothered by your bosom.

Great! He got some great pillows, and you got Khor'Minos' handsomest wolfie as your blanket.]

[Next]

Nash is still sleeping when you wake up, his face turned toward yours. His nose tickles the [pc.skinFurScales] on your neck and his warm fur shields you from the cold. The lupine's white hair is draped over his handsome face, tussled from the wild romp you've had. You rub his shoulders, tracing your fingers along his muscular back. You reach the base of his tail and stroke his fuzzy appendage. Nash hums and pushes deeper against your neck, happy like a

pup from your petting. It is amazing how cute Nash can be when he doesn't play the role of a handsome merchant.

You wish to stay longer, but there is a demonic invasion you need to stop. Still, you want to tease him a little bit more and you gently blow on his lupine ears. Nash groans as his ears wiggle while he buffs his pointed muzzle against your chin.

"Had any nice dreams?" you ask the sleeping beauty.

"Mmmh?" Nash hums and opens his golden eyes. "Nice dreams? Of course. I had opened a respectable antiques shop inside the city, together with a friendly [pc.race]. Some kids with [pc.eyeColor] eyes running around and stuff."

"Sounds nice."

"Heh, I was just joking," Nash says. There is a twitch on his perfect smile. He quickly changes the subject.

"Ach. It still stings," he says while rubbing his bottom. "But it was some good exercise. I'll probably be able to handle them."

"Handle who?" you ask.

"It's complicated," he answers with a sigh. He disentangles himself from your arms, sitting up and looking over at the table where a single remaining bottle stands. "I... need to gather my thoughts first. I got an important deal coming up, and I really want you to be there and help me."

You're about to push further but get interrupted by Nash's tail brushing your face.

"There, there. I need to get back to my stall," the merchant says as he[pc.isDK] starts to pull his pants up, but you catch the waistband before he can. With your other hand, you pop that gem-studded butt plug of his right back into his loosened star, causing him to yelp.

"What?" you ask, feigning innocence. "You don't wanna to lose the progress we made, do you?"[pulls up his pants, wincing and groaning as he bends down]. Despite his sore state, he makes sure to give you a good view of his firm buns through the ordeal. "You can find your way out on your own, I presume," Nash says while tying his belt. "See you around, [pc.name]. Or [pc.mf]Master[Mistress], if you prefer."

Nash groans again when he bends down to pick up his silk vest. Putting the silk back in place, he leaves it open as usual, using the white fabric as a frame for his toned abs. With an exaggerated sway, he wiggles those round orbs as he walks out of the cottage. You follow suit, putting on your gear while pondering what that <i>deal</i> was about. Well, there is only one way to find out. And there's one final bottle to try out.

[End]

Step 3: The Deal-Maker

Nash smiles when he sees you, but his golden gaze is a bit unfocused and he runs his claws through his hair; messing up that meticulously groomed mane is something he usually doesn't do. Although his tail wags up a storm, a sign that the merchant is at least happy to see you.

"Something on your mind?" you ask. "Is it about that deal you were talking about?"

"Is it that obvious?" Nash says with a slight crack in his otherwise smooth voice. He points to his cottage. "I need to close my shop. Make yourself at home and I will tell you about it."

His place is the usual set-up of a dimly lit room with a floor covered in fine pillows. Although something is a bit different. You spot a pair of [pc.eyes] staring back at you, and after getting used to the darkness you realize you're looking into a mirror.

It is a fairly large piece, enough to reflect your entire upper body. On the desk next to the mirror is a handful of jars, bottles and brushes. It's a bit hard to tell, but it looks like make-up and perfumes judging from the colored dust and alluring scent. In the middle of those tiny jars stands the last of those shady bottles. On the mirror's frame hangs a leash connected to a sturdy collar made from quality leather.

"Sorry for the wait. Got a last-minute customer to take care off," Nash says as he joins you.

"So what is this deal you're talking about?" you ask. "[pc.isDK]I'm getting sick of all your wriggling.[Is there something troubling you?]"

Nash makes a nervous laugh. "I guess it is time to spill the beans," he says and turns to the mirror.

"You see, security has gotten tighter thanks to these demons." Nash puts his hands on his hips, straightening his back while looking into his mirror. He plucks a strand of gray hair from his fluffy chest, and runs his paw over his lean midriff, smoothing out the black fur. "While the price hike is good for business in general, it is getting expensive to move goods. I am afraid just greasing some palms won't do."

Nash dips a brush into a jar and combs his fur. It leaves streaks of wax and glitter that makes his obsidian fur glisten like polished rocks, further enhancing the lines of his athletic body. "So I figure I need to go the extra mile for my customers... and use these good looks I inherited from my mother."

"[pc.isBimbo]Like, are you gonna have more sex?"[You're gonna whore yourself out?]"

"That's the plan," Nash continues and takes up another jar, containing a batch of silver-colored eye-shadow. "I've heard from a contact that the captain of the eastern gate house likes to have booze-and-dice evenings with his men. He also likes whores, which is where I come in."

Nash applies the eyeshadow, the silver reflects in his golden eyes and you struggle to think of him as a whore, he's way too pretty.

"So you plan to be that entertainment," you fill in. "Why the worry? You said you've done these enhanced negotiations before."

"Indeed," Nash continues and drags deep-purple gloss over his lips. "But it is a bit different giving a smuggler some head or bending over some crates for a guard. I've never been... used... like really used, passed around like a rag by drunk and horny bulls." The merchant laughs. "It's just a lot to take in, so to speak."

"Do you want it?" you ask.

"Of course," he says, smacking his lips to make sure the gloss is properly applied. "I need to make that electrum."

You [pc.isDK|groan|sigh] and step behind him. You wrap your arms around his midriff and ask:

"Do you really want it?"

Nash goes mute, putting away his make-up while caressing your hand. You give him some time to think, content with just resting your head against his shoulder and smelling his perfumed fur.

"I think..." Nash murmurs. "I think it would be really fucking hot. The way you prepared me. Fucked me. Crown it off by getting pimped out by you to some massive, muscular men... Fuck that would be so hot."

He picks up the final bottle and gulps it down, releasing a loud sigh as he empties it. Not a single cough, like the corrupt liquid no longer affects him. Nash must have gotten used to the taste. Wiggling his tail, Nash looks at you and nods, a self-assured grin spreads on his muzzle.

He looks over his shoulder, his eyes glittering of silver and gold. Taking the collar and leash from the mirror, he turns to face you. Pressing his athletic body against your chest, he dangles the leather collar in front of your eyes "How about it, [pc.name]? Want to sell some merchandise?"

[\[Lets go!\]](#)

[\[Ask him out\]](#)

Let's go!

You run your thumb over his lips, amazed that there isn't a hint of smudge from Nash's purple gloss. He really went for the top shelf stuff to impress those bulls. This seems important to him; of course you'll help him out. Taking the leash from his hand, you strap the collar around his neck and fasten the leash to the collar's hook. You give him a kiss, getting a taste of his lip gloss.

Grapes. Nice.

"[pc.isBimbo|Let's go ride those bulls, cutie!|Let's do some business,]" you answer.

"Glad to have you with me," Nash whispers as a genuine smile spreads on his face. He trots to the door and stops. Giving you an alluring look highlighted by his silvery eyeshadow, the sexy wolf puts his hands on his hips, hiking up his robe to give you a clear view of his butt and lower back. Nash cocks his hips so his perfectly round ass strains against his white pants.

"Do you really need me?" you ask and give his buns a squeeze. "You're making quite a pitch yourself."

"Need? I said I want you with me, [pc.name]," Nash answers and brushes his tail against your chin. "Let's get going, [pc.mf|master|mistress]. We got some clients to attend."

[Next]

You get to the eastern gate house without much fuss. Just some curious glances and an occasional catcall from seeing the glammed-up merchant strutting past, skimpily dressed in his open robe and low-hanging pants. The way Nash carries himself and struts his stuff is enough to draw attention away from the leash. It isn't until you're within eyesight of the gatehouse that a drunken, disheveled man finally notices the oddity.

"H-how mush fo' a turn wih yo dohg?" the drunk man blubbers.

"[pc.isBimbo|We're gonna do bizniz, hun," you say and hold your nose. "And you need a shower."|Too expensive for you," you say before Nash can react. "Scram!]"

The man curses and lunges at you, but Nash puts out his leg and trips the piss-drunk assailant. Falling over, the drunk makes meek attempts to get up, but falls unconscious in the mud.

"I see you know how to pick your customers," Nash says, looking over his shoulder with a cocky grin.

"I got standards," you answer and slap the wolf's ass. "I'm not wasting my best ware on trash."

"Oh," Nash says and glances to the side, clearly blushing under that black fur. "Thanks..."

A guard bull paces back and forth in front of the gate house. He puts a hand on his sword when he notices you, but quickly relaxes when he sees there's no threat. Instead, his eyes fall upon your slutty pet, and his hand goes from his hilt to [silly|his other hilt| his crotch]. Adjusting the growing tent, he frowns.

"So Cap' has gotten a taste for pretty boys now?" he complains while eyeing Nash up and down. "Just my luck having to work this shift."

"You're his handler?" he asks. You respond with a nod and the guard points to a door next to the gate. "The captain is with the other guys in the barracks."

You motion to Nash to get behind you before you knock on the door. "[pc.isBimbo|Let me talk to them, sweetie.|I take it from here.]"

A [pc.height|s 75|bulky|towering] minotaur opens the door. He is dressed in a simple, beige tunic and a pair of brown pants. Numerous scars can be seen along his massive arms and on the parts of his chest that are visible from the tunic's low collar.

"What do you want," the soldier-bull grumps.

"[pc.isBimbo|Hiiii," you chime. "My doggie wants to fuck your captain."

Nash grunts and nudges your side, looking a bit annoyed.

"Oh, and he also wants to make a deal or something," you say to appease your grumpy wolf. [My pet here wants to make a deal with your captain," you say and yank Nash's leash, pulling the merchandise into the spotlight. "I even dressed him for this occasion."]

The bull lights up at the sight of Nash, and he grabs the merchant under his jaw. Nash's breath gets faster, and you worry that he might freak out. You caress his back and pet his tail, which seems to calm him down.

"Well, well," the scarred man says. "Nice to see you again. Couldn't get enough from last time."

"[pc.isBimbo|Oh! You've also had sex with him? Great!|You're acquainted? Good,]" you say. "Then I can get to the point. This slut here, Nash, wants to make a more long term partnership. One where you get to use his body and in return you'll look the other way when you see wares move through the gates."

"Hmm. I could get in serious trouble," the bull murmurs. "But having such a tight ass on demand... I have to check with the captain. Come in."

[Next]

The air is thick with musky sweat and sweet winterstem, making you dizzy as the guard leads you to the destination. He opens the door where a large table stands in the center, covered with empty bottles, dice, and coins strewn about.

"Got some friends that want to talk with you, Cap" the guard says.

You look past the wide bull to see who he's talking to. Captain Antonius is a big one, even bigger than the usual soldier. Gray fur covers his wide body and countless scars, many more than his comrade, adorn the captain's arms. He is dressed in a simple tank-top that sits tight over his wide chest. He has a bit of a gut, but you can tell from his massive arms that this bull is at peak physical strength.

"Friends, huh?" the captain grumbles. "Get out of the way, Marcus. Let me see them."

Your guide, apparently named Marcus, steps out of the way.

"Hey, what the fuck!" you suddenly hear. "Close the door!"

That's when you notice another bull sitting on his knees in front of the bottomless captain. A string of saliva connects the kneeling bull's lips with the captain's massive cock. There is some jizz on the bull's chin and chest, a tell-tale sign that this has been one sloppy blowjob.

"Did I say you were done, Matheus?" the captain bellows.

"C'mon, Cap'. You gonna tell the whole fucking city about this?" Matheus complaints.

"Everyone knows you're a lousy gambler," the captain says and grabs the kneeling bull's hair, shoving Matheus face between his legs. "Get back in there, snake-eyes."

Matheus grumbles and goes back to sucking off the captain. The frown seems a bit performatory, as you can tell from Matheus' enthusiastic smacks that the dick-sucking bull isn't too upset over paying his gambling debts. The captain rolls a bundle of winterstem and lights it on a lantern standing on the dice table. Taking a deep breath of the bundle, the captain turns to you, looking a bit unimpressed until he spots the leashed lupine behind you.

"What do we have here?" the captain says, blowing out smoke through his nose.

"My [pc.isDK|bitch|friend] here—" you answer, yanking Nash's leash and pulling the lupine inside the room. "Wants to work out a deal."

"Oh hey, it's you," a fourth bull, with a ring through his snout, muses. He's got his dick out, slowly tugging at it while watching Matheus' performance. His attention turns to Nash. "Looking prettier than usual."

Nash gives the bull a wink. "Thanks," the merchant says and places his hands on his hips. "Thought you needed someone with better taste than that spear polisher."

The room booms with laughter, except for Matheus who frowns with Antonius' dick deep down his throat.

"You know this slut, Reggius?" the captain asks.

"Yeah. Gave me some good ass just to look the other way," the bull named Reggius answers, followed by a grunt as a trickle of cum leaks down his fat rod. "One of the tightest fucks I ever had. Good times."

"Is that so?" the captain muses. "Well, Assboy down here could use some rest. He's getting a bit loose even for me."

Matheus grumbles and tries to get the captain's dick out of his mouth. The massive Antonius grabs Matheus head and rams him down, forcing the suckling bull to take his entire length. Matheus' eyes tear up and he grabs onto the captain's thick thighs. A grunt is the only sign that Antonius has reached orgasm, paired with the river of white cum leaking down the cum-slut's chin. The deluge causes Matheus to cough as some of the cum leaks out his nose.

As the orgasm fades, the captain chuckles and ruffles Matheus' hair before letting go. The dick-sucking bull gasps for air while using his stained undershirt to wipe his face.

"F-fuck you," he says between heavy breaths. "And your loads are getting smaller, old man."

"Hard to build it up when you're down there every evening," the captain responds. "Stop sucking at dice and I promise you'll get bigger rewards."

Matheus' frown turns into a smile, and he laughs. "In your dreams, Cap'. I'm taking that Pasture money away from you next time."

[Next]

"Alright, now there was a sexy whore on offer," the captain says and turns to you and Nash. You give your wolf-man an approving smile and whisper in his ear.

"[pc.isBimbo]I'm so jealous[He seems to like you]," you say, handing Nash the leash and slapping him on the ass. He juts out his ass to meet your palm like the well-trained dog he is. Then Nash winks at you, and sashays over to Antonius. The captain, even while sitting down, is a head taller than your hound. His massive dick twitches and grows harder despite the blowjob from Matheus.

Nash, with leash in hand, hesitates from the imposing size. The grizzled soldier grabs the mutt's back and pulls him onto his lap. Surprisingly gentle, he positions the handsome wolf so he can get a good look. The captain's throbbing dick grinds against the squirming lupine's butt and smears his trousers with saliva and cum.

"So, this partnership," the captain says while poking his fingers under the merchant's robe, lifting it up and stroking the fur on his back. "What's in it? And no fucking fine print. The last bastard that pulled that shit on me is floating down the Ridell."

"It is quite simple," Nash says while throwing off his robe to give the captain more fur to touch. "I want you to be a bit more... discreet. Tell the king's henchmen what they need to hear and such."

"And what do we get in return?" Antonius asks. Judging by the grin on the bull's face, it is clear that the captain knows the answer.

"In return..." Nash whispers in his smooth salesman voice, grabbing the bull's hand and guiding him toward his buttocks. "In return, you get premium spear polishing, free of charge."

"Interesting," Antonius says and takes hold of Nash's chin. His hands are so large his thumb and index finger look like a vise. Despite that, the captain handles the hound like you would handle fragile porcelain as he carefully turns the merchant's face. He runs his thumb over the pup's lips, the purple lip gloss barely smudging on the captain's thumb.

"I've seen this color on one of Feronia's girls," Antonius muses.

"That girl has some great taste, and a deep purse," Nash responds while stroking the captain's bicep. "Jassiran, Used only by the most accomplished of Mallach's harlots. Only smudges under the most arduous sermons."

"Hmm, always like men that come prepared," the captain whispers and pulls Nash into a sloppy kiss. While their tongues entwine, the captain lowers the merchant's pants to expose the upper part of his round buttocks. Squeezing and kneading those black-furred cheeks, the captain's dick stands at full mast and leaking pre.

"Looks like Cap' found a new toy," Marcus muses as he takes a sip from his beer mug.

Reggius chuckles. "The mutt had that effect on me too. He's a sly one, I give him that."

"You think we get a turn?" Matheus asks, flinching and rubbing his sore jaw.

"I've taken him for a ride," you answer. "And believe me, he can go all night."

Antonius lets go of Nash's glistening lips while running his hand over the merchant's athletic front.

"We'll see about that," Antonius responds while pushing his thumb against the wolf-man's nipple.

He kisses Nash on his chest and carries him to a messy table. Antonius swipes the trash away and lays down the precious whore. The bull's hands are all over Nash's body, pinching the lupine's black nipples and groping the tent in his white pants. The mutt barks and moans while he hugs the captain's broad back, feeling the soldier's sculpted muscles as the wolf's tail wags up a storm.

"The mutt is excited," Antonius laughs and nods at his men. "Get over here boys! There's a slut in need of dick." Then the captain points at you. "Are you just going to enjoy the show, or do you want a ride too?"

[Watch]//Tooltip: You want to see how this goes.

[Join]//Tooltip: Getting plowed by hung bulls together with your boy-toy. Could this evening get any better?

Watch

"I think I'll pass on those dicks," you tell Antonius. "But I'll stay for the show."

Antonius chuckles.

"You hear that, lads?" he bellows to his men. "We got an audience. Let's show this [pc.raceCute] how bulls fuck."

The captain grabs Nash's pants and rips a hole around his bottom, exposing the merchant's dark star to the surrounding bulls. A spit on his fingers and a couple of pumps is all the preparation Antonius gives the merchant before he lays his massive cock against the slut's entrance.

Or rather, the captain <i>tries</i> to push inside.

Pained whines and strained grunts is the only result, as Antonius struggles to get his monstrous cock inside the slender wolf-man. The bull huffs, a bit annoyed, and turns to his men.

"Bitch too tight again," he mutters. "You know what to do."

"Aye, captain," Reggius responds and swaps places with Antonius. "I think I know what this guy needs. The same thing ol' Mat got when he learned the ropes."

You glance at Matheus, who huffs in quiet protest, giving you the impression that Reggius is on the right track. The soldier bull lifts Nash from the table, taking the wolf-man's place and sitting him down on the bull's lap. Reggius' fat mino-dick is already poking out of his sheath, and he pulls up his toga to give his cock some more room.

His cock is fat and glistening with pre-cum, an impressive size albeit smaller than the captain's monster. Reggius holds the squirming slut above his cock and lowers him down on his spear. With some effort, the bull spreads the wolf-man open, sliding the horny guy down his cock. A bump distends the mutt's flat six-pack, a bump that grows in size the further Reggius slides his cock inside.

"Still clenching hard," Reggius mutters. "Marcus. Matheus. Give the guy something tasty to help him relax."

The two others pull off their clothes and take their place next to the couple, laying out their fat dicks across Nash's face. The smell of cum and taste of dick makes your whore's silvery eyelids flutter, and he parts his purple lips to welcome the guard's flared cock. A wet gargle is the only resistance you hear as your well-trained slut takes the bull's entire length. A slight bulge in the lupine's throat is a good sign that the bull has bottomed out.

Nash doesn't gag as he throats the virile bull. It makes you so proud to see what a good dick-sucker your wolf turned out to be as he bobs on the bull's throbbing spears. Swapping back and forth between Marcus and Matheus, the servile slut makes sure they both get equal attention, while swallowing down any pre that leaks from their veiny cocks.

Meanwhile, Reggius starts pumping Nash's hole. The musky taste of mino cum relaxes the whore's anus. Torn scraps that once were pants dangle from the cock-slut's hips, forming a trashy frame around his stretched butthole. Those pants are still intact around the wolf-man's crotch, where a stain can be seen at the tip of his rock-hard bulge; this butt-slut won't need a reach around.

You congratulate yourself for training this mutt into such a skilled whore as he handles three massive bull-dicks like a world-class harlot—deepthroating the two bulls while his slick hole clasps around Reggius' spear. Loud moans come from the trio of bulls, telling you that Nash is working those cocks like his wealth depended on it. A whore that not only does it for money, but a whore that wants to please his customer to the best of his abilities.

Nash gets his reward as Marcus and Matheus roar, one blasting the wolf-man in the face while the other cums deep in his throat. Your hound gurgles and coughs, swallowing down the loads as Reggius follows, groaning and filling the wolf-man's ass with seed. The poor dog writhes and wiggles, but is kept in place thanks to Captain Antonius firm grip on the leash

The trio takes a moment to deposit their seed in and on the wolf-man, leaving Nash a mix of black fur and white cum. The only thing that isn't a mess is his make-up, still intact despite the face-fucking.

Reggius pats Nash's stomach, slightly bloated from the load. "He's ready for you, Cap'," Reggius says and pulls out his dick. He grabs Nash's legs, raising them up and pointing the wolf-man's gaping asshole toward Antonius.

"Let's hope," Antonius chuckles. "Don't want to hurt the poor guy."

The captain prods Nash's entrance, like a battering ram pounding at the gates, making the merchant snap out of his cum-fuelled daze. He whines and wiggles, but Reggius' firm grip makes sure the wolf-man stays in his place

"Don't be like that," Reggius whispers and gives Nash a kiss on his neck. "You can do it. Captain looks scarier than he is."

"Aw, you're making me blush, Reggie," Antonius says before he slides inside Nash. The well-stretched wolf is able to take that monster, and Antonius lets out a loud moan as his hips rub against your sub's athletic butt.

"Nice work lads," Antonius huffs. "Not only does he look like one of Feronia's girls; he feels like one."

The captain takes it slow, sliding in and out of the wolf-man with surprising care. Like he wants Nash to enjoy this too. [pc.isDK|What a waste of time|How sweet], although you guess he takes pride in his craft. The slow fucking works, as the hound's pained whines turn into longing moans as he gets used to Antonius' girth.

Soon, the captain has Nash crying out in ecstasy as his slutty hole gets drilled. Wet smacks rings out in the barracks as Antonius' sack strikes the cock-sleeve's athletic butt like a fat, cum-filled pendulum. Reggius keeps a steady grip on the hound's flailing legs while kissing and nibbling at his neck.

Antonius' cocky smile turns into a serious frown and his breathing becomes erratic. It tells your trainee's ass is living up to the sales pitch, as the captain is approaching his climax.

"Fuck, take it, you mutt," the captain grunts, driving into Nash's asshole as deep as he can. A guttural growl escapes Antonius while the wolf's moans get stuck in his throat. The athletic lupine's flat belly bloats as the guard bull's massive load fills the lupine until he looks nine months pregnant.

Antonius pulls out, allowing a river of bull-cum to pour from the whore's abused asshole. The wolf-man uses the last of his energy to look at the mess, before his eyes roll back and he collapses against Reggius' chest.

"Aw, too much for the pup?" Reggius says with a laugh.

"Don't be that cocky," Antonius says as he wipes his dick with a rag. "You went out mid-fuck during your first time."

"Don't remind me," Reggius responds with an even louder laugh. Then he pokes Nash on his bloated belly "What do we do with this guy?"

"Well," Antonius says. "An ass like that doesn't come around often. He's got himself a deal. And for his [\[pc.mf\]](#)[master|mistress]..." Antonius turns to you. "I guess you want some coin."

"Nah," you respond. "I was just here for the show. But there is one thing you guys could help me with."

[Next]// To merge.

Join

"You know what," you answer and strip off your gear. "I don't want the mutt to have all the fun."

"I like your courage, [\[pc.mf\]](#)[boy|girl]!" Antonius chuckles. "Marcus, bring our guest over here."

The bull heaves you on to his shoulder and carries you to the table. He puts you next to Nash, allowing you to swap excited glances with your boy toy. The bulls approach you, dicks released from their pants, throbbing in anticipation. Big, leaking bull cocks surround you and Nash, and the wolf-man caresses your cheek with his paw.

"Couldn't stay away, [\[pc.name\]](#)?" Nash whispers.

"I need to show you how it's done," you answer and spread your legs, allowing Marcus free access to your hole.

Nash leans closer and you're lost in his eyes, a golden ocean with a silver sky. "I'm glad you're with me," he says and goes in for a kiss. You happily accept his purple lips and make out with the pretty whore. For a while it is almost like the bulls surrounding you don't exist.

You're snapped back to reality when a meaty cock is shoved between yours and Nash's lips.

"Ain't that sweet," Antonius muses. "But I think it is time for you sluts to get to work. Better get me good and slick if you don't want me to break the mutt."

You barely registered the captain's words, as the monster of a cock obscures your vision. Doubting that this will hurt like hell, you decide it's best to do as the captain orders so Nash doesn't break. You give him a lick, and the taste of salt and man makes you shudder. Hypnotized by Antonius' masculinity, you lick and slobber all over his meat, occasionally bumping into Nash who is working the other half of the captain's cock.

While you and Nash worship the captain, you feel another dick push against your asshole. "[pc.hasVag]We here have a strict policy," Marcus says. "Ass only. There's enough orphans in Khor'Minos[Going in dry]," Marcus says. "I'm sure our brave adventurer can handle it.]"

A stinging pain emanates from your dry butthole, causing you to stop your dick-licking and hiss through your clenched jaw. The pain is quickly replaced by that feeling of fulfillment only fat bull dicks can give you. More and more cock gets crammed into your asshole, until Marcus' fuzzy crotch rubs against your [pc.skinFurScales]. The bull doesn't give you a moment of respite, as he pulls back and slams back in. He doesn't care about you or your enjoyment, he doesn't care about your screaming and flailing, all he cares about is using your [pc.ass].

Not that this rough handling bothers you; it hurts so good. Your pained cries turn into blissful moans, although your singing gets interrupted when Matheus grabs your shoulders and forces your back flat on the table. Head dangling over the table's edge, Matheus grabs your [pc.hasHair|hair|face] and keep you steady as he crams his flared cock down your throat. Moans turn into muffled grunts and wet gags as he pumps your face, and you find yourself spitroasted between the two soldiers.

You're completely helpless as the bulls use your body as they please. All you can do is relax your ass and throat. You become a mere hole, an object, for the soldiers to use as a stress relief.

"Thank the gods you came along," Matheus murmurs. "Been ages since I had some good head."

"If you used your pay on whores instead of dice you would get some," you hear Reggius, causing Matheus to respond with an offended huff as he fucks your face even harder.

In the corner of your eye, you see how Nash is still worshipping Captain Antonius' monster of a cock, while Reggius has flung the merchant's legs on his shoulder. Reggius is slamming the wolf-man just as hard as Marcus is slamming you, the ass-clapping resembles the beat of marching drums. Nash's eyes have rolled back in his head, and you doubt there are any thoughts behind that pretty face. Just pure, cock-craving instinct as he licks and laps at Antonius cock while the other soldier uses his ass like a toy.

Your vision gets blurry as tears form in your eyes. Any thought you had about Nash is washed away as you start choking. Wet gargles and coughs escape you as Matheus dick takes your throat to the limit. Despite the discomfort, the bull doesn't relent.

"That's the stuff," Matheus murmurs.

"A good dick-taker, this [pc.mf]lad[chick]," Marcus responds, his voice shaky from the workout.

Matheus slides up and down your throat, see-sawing you together with his comrade. It is like they trained this, as soon one of them pulls back, your other hole gets stuffed with mino-cock. Back and forth, like a disciplined march so exact that your own moans, gags and groans sing together with the soldiers rhythm.

The pain is all but gone in your nether, your hole is thoroughly stretched and slick from Marcus' work-out. The bull slides in and out with ease and you can focus all your attention on the bull stuffing your face.

This is a different story, although your throat is getting used to Matheus' girth, there's nothing that can prepare you for the deluge of salty cum pouring into your stomach, and this is only Matheus' pre-cum. It is so much that you cough some out as you fail to keep up. White seed leaks down your lips and cheeks, while your big face-fucker deposits more into your gullet. Damn, this is life.

You're so cum drunk that you barely notice when Marcus leans forward and growls as he climaxes inside you. What you do notice is the tsunami in your bowels and your [pc.stomach] bloats from the massive load. Matheus follows, grabbing your face with his thumbs locked under your chin and his fingers covering your eyes. Your sight blocked by the Marcus' hands and your ears ringing from the roaring bulls, the only sense that isn't fucked is your taste, as you get the salty taste of cum blasting into your mouth. You try your best to swallow, to no avail. You gurgle and cough as some of the seed leaks out your nose while rivers of cum run down your chin; you've must have gotten a week's worth of protein by now.

Your body falls limp, exhausted and thoroughly drained. Above you, through tear-filled eyes, you see the two soldiers give each other high fives while laughing at the mess they've created.

As they dislodge their dicks, cum pours out of your abused holes. Looking to the side you spot a well-polished shield. Seeing your mirror image in the glistening bronze, you smile at the total mess you are. White cum pouring from your asshole and your face is covered in white spunk. [pc.hasRealCock] You didn't even notice you shot a load yourself. Part of your chest is covered by your own [pc.cum], like icing on the cake.]

[Next]

A loud groan is heard next to you, and you watch how Reggius rams into Nash's ass while the wolf-man is still busy slathering his tongue all over Captain Antonius' rod. The lupine interrupts the tongue-bath and howls in blissful orgasm as his bowels are filled with cum. A spitting image of your own experience.

Reggius pulls out, leaving Nash on the table with his limp legs dangling from the table. The well-bred slut turns to you and gives you a tired smile that changes to fright when the captain takes Reggius' place between his shivering legs. Antonius has the wolf-man in an iron grip and slams his giant cock down on Nash's. The lupine's knotted dick looks like a toothpick next to Antonius log, which makes the frightened pup squirm in a mix of fear and awe.

Despite your sore and exhausted state, you manage to shuffle closer to your scared pup.

"I know you can handle it," you whisper to Nash and go in for a salty kiss, as there's still some cum left from your throat swabbing.

"Aw, ain't that adorable," Antonius chuckles and pushes inside your wolf. "Two sluts loosening each other up. Almost makes me want to put a slave collar on both of you."

Nash's tongue spasms as he tries to scream, but your sloppy make-out has him under control. No irritating noises to disturb your customer. You rub your toy's athletic midriff, feeling the bump of Antonius cock beneath the wolf's taut abs. Damn, the captain is hung and the stretchy mutt takes him like a champ. He's good at this!

Soon, Antonius is pounding the wolf with all his might. Loud, violent claps ring out into the barracks. Despite the battering ram threatening to rip Nash apart, his agile tongue waltz with yours. His silver-colored eyelids flutter as his tail happily wags. The merchant is getting really into it, and you couldn't be more proud.

Antonius growls and you prepare for the flood. Nash puts his hand behind your neck, holding you close as he needs you for comfort. He doesn't need to worry, you will be with him until the end. Even as Antonius' massive load bloats the fit wolf's flat stomach, you do not let him go. Kissing and stroking his growing belly until the captain pulls out with a relieved grunt.

"That's a good hole," Antonius says. "You got yourself a deal."

Nash finally lets go of your mouth and glances at his bloated belly. He chuckles.

"Thanks for the help, [\[pc.mf\]](#)[master|mistress]," he sighs moments before blacking out. You kiss him on the forehead, before collapsing on the stain-covered table, following your pet to dreamland.

[Next]//Note: To merger.

Merge

You find yourself in a secluded part of the bathhouse. With Nash resting against your chest, you stroke the wolf-man's messy hair. It's quite amazing how pretty he is, even without the make-up

and fur soaked in water. He hums and presses his nose against your neck before slowly licking your [pc.skinFurScales].

It was quite sweet of the guards to help you carry him all the way here. But then again, it's just common sense to take care of one's investment. Antonius was right: a good fuck doesn't come around often.

"That was quite a..." Nash murmurs as he finally manages to speak. "Quite a... uhm."

"Negotiation?" you fill in.

"That's the word," the tired pup says and leans his face against your shoulder. "And it was a lucrative one. All thanks to you."

"Don't sell yourself short," you interject. "A Mallachite priest would be awestruck by the way you handled those bulls."

"I guess you've got a point." Nash moves closer, pressing his warm body against your wet [pc.chest]. "I really handled those cocks like a world-class whore. Didn't know I had it in me."

"I guess there are some upsides about that corruption stuff," you say.

A tired laugh escapes him. "About that," the wolf says while drawing circles on your chest. "That last one was regular booze."

"Really?" you say.

"Yeah. I figured it is a bad idea to keep drinking that stuff. An ounce of corruption was helpful for getting rid of that pesky inhibition... and being true to myself."

"And what would that truth be?" you ask.

"That sometimes I just want to let go. Spread my legs and let a barracks filled with sweaty men use me as a toy." Nash presses his snout against your cheek. "But I guess you figured that out," he whispers and nibbles your ear.

"I had a hunch," you say, swiping away his messy bangs so you get a good look at his golden eyes. "I'm glad you figured it out," you say and go in for a kiss.

You stay in the pool for a good while. Allowing the warm water to wash away the grime and smell of winterstem. When done, you get out and find yours and Nash's gear neatly stacked on a bench. A reminder that those bulls are soldiers and know to respect one's tools. You both get dressed, and before bidding farewell, Nash gets close to you and places his paws on your [pc.chest].

"Just so you know, [\[pc.name\]](#)" he says. "You're always welcome at my place should you need company."

He pecks you on your lips and walks away, pausing just as he's about to round a corner.

Groping his round butt, he gives you an alluring smile. "And you can use your property however you want, [\[pc.mf\]](#)[master|mistress]," he says before walking away, his tail held high to give you a good view of that juicy ass, exposed by the hole ripped in his pants.

[End]

Date

//Note: You can get here from the quest or from his repeat scene.

Ask him out - from quest

His sweet perfume and his sparkling, black fur. Purple lips, full and soft with golden eyes gazing at you. It is crowned by a pair of fluttering eyelids painted with silver. Nash is so damn pretty, and there is only one thing on your mind.

"Those bulls can wait," you tell him, and take him into your embrace.

"W-wait. What are you thinking?" Nash answers, his breath getting shaky.

"I'm thinking," you say and boop his nose. "That I want to see how this pretty wolf looks under some better light."

"Hold on..." Nash says, his worry turning into a goofy smile. "Are you..."

"I'm asking you on a date. You know a spot?"

[\[Next\]](#)

Ask him out - from private time

You toy with the black fur on his chest, reminiscing when he dolled himself up for those bulls. He looked really pretty like that; perhaps he's got some of that glitter left. Maybe some of that purple lip gloss and silver-colored eyeshadow. Gods you need to bring your man on a date.

A grin spreads on Nash as if he's reading your thoughts. "Something on your mind," he asks.

"Just that I need to take you somewhere nice," you respond. "Do you know a place?"

"I may," he chuckles and stands up. Walking over to his closet, Nash takes out his make-up kit. "Do you mind waiting a moment? I got to get myself proper."

"I got all the time in the world for you," you say and kiss your wolf on the cheek. "I'll wait outside".

[\[Next\]](#) //Note: to merge

Merge from quest and private time

Nash leads you through the well-trodden paths of the outskirts. He carries a rucksack on his back while his tail wags below, occasionally batting the underside of the pack. You walk beside him, chatting about nothing while laughing at his quips.

The merchant takes you along a tiny river that leads to a grotto where soft light shines from its depths. Inside is a mushroom that's big enough to resemble a tree with a hat so wide you could host a dinner party beneath. A steady trickle of spores falls from the mushroom and flutters around the grotto like glowing snowflakes.

"[pc.isDK|How quaint," you huff, a bit bored until you sneak a peek at Nash's perky butt as he bends down to roll out a blanket. You'll endure the boredom.|Beautiful," you say and look at Nash who's rolling out a blanket on the floor. He sits down and looks up at you, the glowing spores mixes with his black fur, making the silvery eyeshadow glitter and highlighting his purple lipstick. Gods, he's pretty.]

You sit down next to your handsome lupine and he brings up a pair of bottles from his pack. Using his fangs, the lupine pulls out the corks and hands you one. It smells of sweet honey with a hint of alcohol.

"Don't worry. It's not those bottles," Nash says and takes a sip.

You take the merchant at his word and give it a taste; it's honey mead. Really good honey mead.

"Really nice," you say and take another sip.

"Thanks," Nash replies. "My mother's favorite. I'm glad I still got to keep most of her old contacts."

"So no more booze with special spice?" you ask with a teasing smirk.

"Haha, no. I'm not feeling it today," Nash says and empties the bottle. He shuffles closer to you and leans on your shoulder. "Besides, you're intoxicating enough as it is."

"[pc.isDK|Thanks, I know," you respond with a smirk|So are you," you respond while stroking his hair.]

After finishing your drink, you lay Nash down on your lap. He's beautiful; silver and golden eyes paired with glistening black fur. There's no need for words, as flowing water and the faint noise from the city sounds like music.

You have no clue how long you stay like that, just stroking Nash's silken hair, sometimes looking at the shimmering mushroom, sometimes looking at your glowing lupine. His robe lays open, inviting you to stroke his smooth fur and sculpted muscles. Your finger travels over his taut abs until you arrive at his waist, where a tent has formed in his white pants.

"Sorry about that," Nash says and looks at you with a smirk.

"I can see you're very sorry," you respond and grope his bulge. "And how do you suggest we solve this issue?"

"Well," Nash whispers and pushes down his pants with his thumb, exposing his pubic mound and the tip of his wet cock. "Isn't that for my [pc.mf|master|mistress] to decide?"

[\[Pitch missionary\]](#) //Note: Requires penis

[\[Ride him\]](#) //Note: Support for vag and ass

Pitch Missionary

You lean in and taste his purple lips. Just a light kiss at first, but their softness and Nash's warm breath lures you in. Soon, you find yourself wrestling with the alluring hound's skilled tongue. Pushing his robe to the side, you grope and squeeze his athletic pecs. You explore his lush hair with your other hand, stroking his silken locks and twirling it around your fingers.

Nash falls on his back and pulls you on top of him. Lips still locked, you grind your crotch against his, your hardening[pc.hasMagicock|, ethereal cock pushing against his bulge| dick pressing against his bulge].

The horny wolf grabs your crotch and sighs.

"You're overdressed, [pc.mf|master|mistress]," he says when you give him the opportunity to breathe.

"Let me fix that," you respond and untangle yourself from his toned arms and throw off your gear. When done, you grab the hem of Nash's silken pants and the eager wolf raises his legs, allowing you to pull them off.

You lay on top of him, pressing your eager [pc.cock] against his. Traveling along his back with your hand, you trace the lines of his taut back muscles. As you bump against the curve of his

buttocks, you take a quick detour to his front, petting his rock-hard six pack before continuing down his hips. You grab yourself a handful of wolf ass and poke your finger between his cheeks to prod at his backdoor.

"[pc.isDK]Is that better, my little slut?[There we go. And Nash...]" you whisper while grinning as the wolf-man moans. "[pc.isDK]Please use my name. It sounds so good with your voice."

[pc.isDK]"Fuck yes, master," Nash shouts. "Gods, make me your bitch!"[Golden eyes gaze at you as Nash searches for words.

"Take me, [pc.name]," he whispers with that silken voice.]

That was all you needed. You grab your throbbing dick and drag it over Nash's knotted prick. The wolf-man raises his legs and lifts his sack out of the way, giving you a clear path to his entrance.

The moment you nudge your tip inside, Nash gasps and wraps his legs around your back. He cradles your face and pushes his forehead against yours. Huffing and groaning with every inch you slide inside his ass. He's tight, very tight. Gripping your dick like a vise, making it hard to move.

You give the lupine a moment to get used to your [pc.cock], taking that moment to slide off his robe from his shoulders. You run your hand over his midriff and [pc.cockRange 0 15]caress his defined six-pack.[stroke your bulge that's created a bump beneath his abs.]

Nash's firm muscles beneath his black fur drives you crazy. You lean down and press your face against his chest, dragging your lips over his black fur until you find his stiff nipple. You nibble on his bud, making your lupine moan and thrash beneath you.

The nibbling and stroking makes Nash relax his butt. Instead of a prohibiting vise, his asshole becomes the perfect mold for your cock. Slow and steady, that's how you take him. Your motions grow wider and wider until you're thoroughly pumping your moaning wolf.

Nash's asshole gets more slick with every thrust, making his warm hole even more welcoming. With your face buried in his fuzzy chest, you nibble and lick at his nipple. Every flick from your tongue is paired with a tender hip thrust.

The way you worship your lover causes Nash's moans to grow louder in pitch as he hugs you tighter to his chest. The lupine's legs grip you hard and he [pc.hasHair]weaves his fingers between the locks of your [pc.hair][cradles your neck]. He wants more of you, more of his lover.

"By the gods, [pc.isDK]Master![pc.name]]! I—" Nash growls through his clenched jaw as his chute shivers around your tool.

"I— You—" he keeps blabbering until you hit a certain spot in his dark tunnel. "I love you," he quietly whines.

Surprised, you pry your teeth from his nipple to look him in the eyes. Nash is stunned with his jaw hanging open. His pupils dilate as his moaning gets stuck in his throat. It looks like the merchant wants to disappear through a hole in the ground. Then a grin spreads on his face.

He grabs your neck and presses you against his purple lips, making-out with you as he pushes you back into his chute with his legs. The passionate kiss and his warm tunnel makes you forget about his little slip, and you continue fucking your handsome wolf.

Nash's tight butt, paired with his expert tongue and soft lips, drains the strength from your limbs. You fall on top of the wolf-man, your [pc.chest] resting on his warm chest and your [pc.stomach] rubbing against his six-pack. Your hips move on pure instinct while a fire builds in your loins.

You're about to burst, and judging from the sticky pre rubbing between your midribs, the lupine isn't far behind. Letting go of his lips, you're about to warn him but the panting hound butts his forehead against yours.

Looking deep into his golden eyes, the silver glittering on his eyelids, you shudder when he whispers:

"In me, [pc.isDK|Master|[\[pc.name\]](#)]." He pauses to suppress a moan. "I want your seed in me. [pc.isDK|Claim my ass|Give me your warmth]."

You finally let go of your orgasm. The moment your first drop of [pc.cum] touches his walls, he hugs you tight and pulls you further in. [pc.cumRange 0 1000|You fill your [pc.isDK|mutt|wolf] with your seed. A warm stream of jizz that coats his tunnel and sends Nash into a howling orgasm.|Nash's moans get stuck in his throat as he gets filled with your fat load. The deluge of jizz is enough to fill his bowels and then some, causing a trickle of [pc.cumColor] drops to leak from his rectum. The flood pushes Nash over the edge and he howls as he orgasms.]

The wolf-man's black dick throbs and shoots streams of sticky cum between your sweaty bodies. You hold him tight, his soft fur and warm body is the perfect pillow to comfort you while riding out the last of your bliss. Soon, you return to your senses and find yourself staring into a sea of gold and silver. You need to kiss him some more.

While making out with your lover, exhaustion creeps through your body. Your [pc.hasMagiccock|magical cock dims|dick goes limp] and falls out of the stretched wolf's tunnel, and you sit up to take in your handiwork.

Nash grins and lays his arms behind his head, eager to show off his body. Black fur glistens from a mixture of sweat, glitter from his make up and the glowing mushroom spores. Firm chest heaving from the love-making with stiff, dark nipples poking out through the fur. [pc.cumVol 0

1000|White cum adorns his toned midriff, flowing like a river between the lines of his abs|Nash's white cum rolls down his rounded belly, the wolf is so stuffed that his toned midriff has rounded out into a baby bump.]

"Gods," Nash murmurs and caresses his stomach. "[pc.isDK|You really did number on me, [pc.mf|master|mistress]]You feel so good, [pc.name]]."

Nash grabs his sack and lifts it up, proudly presenting his buttohole. [pc.cumVol 0 1000|Drops of [pc.cumColor] run from his winking star and over his black tail, creating a puddle of [pc.cum] on the ground.|A river of [pc.cumColor] seed pours from his stuffed buttohole, creating a pool of [pc.cum] beneath his fuzzy cheeks.]

"[pc.isDK|You are my bitch, after all|I'm glad I could be of service]," you say and caress his thighs, a bit enchanted by the view.

"Mmmh," Nash moans. "I don't think I'll be able to walk for a while."

He pats the ground to his side and you lay down next to him. You shudder as a cold gust blows over your [pc.skinFurScales]. Not to worry, as your date rolls on top of you, a blanket to protect you from the elements. A blanket that affectionately licks your cheek and holds you with toned arms. It's perfect for a nap.

[[Next](#)] //Note: to [Merge](#)

Ride

//Note: compatible for both ass and vag.

You roll on top of your man, straddling his hips while keeping your face inches away from his muzzle.

"I have an idea," you whisper, tracing your hand over Nash's athletic body until you reach the bulge in his pants. "[pc.isDK|How about I take my bitch for a ride|Mind if I go for a ride]?"

You push inside Nash's pants and fondle his fuzzy ballsack, causing his knotted dick to grow to its fullest length. Nash sighs as some pre leaks from his tip and you smear his slick seed over his cock. His silver eyelids flutter and moans escapes his purple lips, your [pc.isDK|bitch|wolf] is ready to be mounted.

Tossing off your gear, you put your naked body on full display. [pc.hasBreasts|Nash's golden eyes fixate on your [pc.boobs], and his maw falls open at the sight. [pc.isBimbo|Giggling|Laughing]], you push your shoulders together and shake your bosom.

"[pc.isBimbo]You're such a cutie", you say. "Don't worry, I'll let you play with them soon!" "I may let you touch them. As long as you behave." "[pc.hasRealCock]Your [pc.cock] sways in front of Nash's face as his golden gaze follows the tantalizing dance.

"Someone's hungry," you muse. "If you're a good [pc.isDK|toy|boy], you might get a taste." You emphasize your offer by batting his chest with your cock, painting his black fur in a coat of [pc.cumColor]. Nash's golden gaze travels up and down your body and his maw falls open as he takes in your form.

"Like what you see?" you ask and slide your arms over your [pc.chest] and [pc.stomach]. "Be a good boy and I may let you touch.]"

Nash shuts his mouth and nods. Good. Time to get yourself some dick. You lower Nash's pants, allowing his cock to spring free. His bulge is already swollen as beads of cum run down the pitch-black flesh. Ten inches of lupine cock and it's all [pc.vagAss|going inside your cunt|going up your ass]. Your wolf-man better be prepared, because you're going to ride this mutt until you've squeezed every ounce of seed from his juicy balls.

You grab his rod and align it with your [pc.vagAss|pussy, that's gotten slick from groping the handsome merchant. Dragging the tip over your folds and [pc.clit] you shudder as his warm pre mixes with your [pc.girlCum].|asshole. Circling your entrance with Nash's tip, his pre is all the lube you need to take your handsome merchant.]

Your toying turns Nash's moans into needy whining and he jerks his hips, aiming for your entrance. Putting your hand on his chest, you stroke his fur until he settles down. The lupine has learned his place, and it gives you the opportunity to move to the main course.

[Next]

[pc.vagAss|You push his tip between your folds, slowly sliding down his rod as your [pc.pussy] spreads around his girth.|You push his tip inside your butthole, your backdoor opening wide as you slide down Nash's rock-hard cock.]

The pressure on your walls, mixed with the warm seed coating your tunnel, sends shivers through your spine. You close your eyes and focus on relaxing your [pc.vagAss|cunt|butt hole], allowing Nash to stretch you properly. The [pc.skinFurScales] on your butt tickles as you rub against his fuzzy lap. Nash's dick is inside you, all except his turgid knot, and that's already prodding at your [pc.vagOrAss]. That plug will come in handy later. With eyes closed, you sway your hips to better mold yourself around his cock, turning your tunnel into the perfect hole to bury his bone in.

Nash's mouth falls open as you gaze into each other's eyes, your [pc.eyeColor] irises meeting with the wolf's beastly, golden ones. Strained gasps and moans escape his purple lips, as his

chest heaves with every aroused breath. Nash's hands rest on your hips as he waits for you to make your move.

Gazing at his handsome face and athletic body; wiry pecs roiling and a six-pack that would make a world-class athlete jealous. You run your hands up and down his taut muscles, relishing in the fact that he's yours.

Your [pc.hands] grip his shoulders as you rise up, sliding along Nash's dick until only his tip remains in your [pc.vagOrAss]. You sway back and forth, your nerves tensing as his pointed head rubs against your [pc.vagAss][pc.clit][pc.hasRealCock|prostate|backdoor]]. His seed is coating your tunnel, making the return trip easier.

The moment you sit down in his lap again, Nash lets out a longing sigh. His voice is so smooth and flawless that just his breathing is like velvet for your ears. He's so pretty and handsome, paired with his amazing cock, you can't help but let out your own shaky moan.

Slow and steady, you build up speed. Every time you sit down in his lap, turgid knot and fuzzy sack bumping against your butt, you go a bit faster until the glowing spores swirl around you like a whirlwind.

Lust clouds your mind [pc.vagAss|as your pussy hugs tightly around Nash's girth|as your butthole molds around Nash's dick]. You dig your fingers into his chest fuzz, groping his muscles and twisting his nipples. Your wolf's moans turn into pained barks, but he makes no effort to stop you.

He's been such a good [pc.isDK|toy|boy] and he's earned a reward.

[pc.hasBreasts][pc.isBimbo]"Titty time," you squeal and grab his wrists.|You smile at your wolf and take his paws in your hands.] Sliding along your sides, you guide Nash toward his hand-filling reward. His golden eyes stare at your naked body as you place his paws on your [pc.boobs].|[pc.hasRealCock|You give your leaking tool a couple of strokes, creating some [pc.cumColor] puddles on Nash's abs. Then you grab your lover's wrist and guide him to your [pc.cock]. As he feels your girth, the hound gasps and takes a firm grip. His golden eyes lock with yours as he strokes your throbbing tool.|You take his wrists and guide him along your body, allowing your lover to feel every inch of you. Over your [pc.hips], along your [pc.stomach] and [pc.chest]. While Nash explores your body, his golden eyes locks with yours as he toys with your [pc.nipples].]

Your body leaves the man stunned as he forgets to breathe while he [pc.hasBoobs|fondles your tits|[pc.hasRealCock|strokes your dick|strokes your [pc.skinFurScales]]]. He's just too adorable and those purple lips need a kiss. While his paws worship your body, you lean down and place your [pc.lips] on his. A gentle kiss with just a little bit of tongue. When you let go, Nash whispers something. It was almost impossible to hear, but it sounded like...

<i>I love you.</i>

"What was that?" you ask.

Nash's mouth hangs open as you imagine that he's blushing under that black fur. He licks his lips and drags his fingers through his bangs. Then the gaped mouth turns into a wolfish grin. He thrusts with all his strength, ramming your [pc.vagAss|cunt|asshole] like a sledgehammer. It surprises you, and you cry out as your tunnel gets stuffed, forgetting about the lupine's slip as you get drilled with wolf cock.

You grip his chest, squishing his taut muscles and pulling at his fur. Your vision gets blurry and all you see is his sharp fangs, crowned by those golden, bestial eyes. He fucks you so hard that you forget that you're the one in charge and you howl as you climax.

[pc.hasRealCock|You shower the lupine with your spunk and paint his obsidian fur [pc.cumColor]. Nash opens wide and catches some, swallowing your spunk like a good [pc.isDK|bitch|boy]. You crumble forward under the weight of your release. The exhausted lupine hugs you tight against his chest, his claws digging into your back as he growls close to your ear.]

Nash's loads fill your tunnel, making you hum while rubbing your midriff, it's so warm and potent. Although it annoys you that some of it is leaking out, and you won't allow his seed to go to waste. You cup his sack and push his knot inside your [pc.vagAss|pussy|butthole]. The plug is nice and snug, like it was made for your hole.

You stay on top of your lupine, toying with his stiff nipples and ruffling his hair as you bask in his warming seed and alluring body. A long sigh heralds Nash's fading climax, and you feel his knot deflate before falling out of your well-bred hole.

When you try to get off, the exhaustion takes hold and you fall to the side. Landing on the mossy cavern floor, you stare at the glowing spores dancing around you. It's all you can do, as there is no more strength in your limbs.

You shudder as the raw air in the cavern runs over your body. The cold is replaced by warm fur and taut muscles as Nash rolls on top of you. He rests his snout against your neck, his nose tickling your skin. A handsome blanket to protect you from the elements.

[[Next](#)] //Note: To [Merge](#)

Merge

You awake with a yawn, stretching your arms before wrapping Nash into a hug. Stroking his silken fur, you dust off some of the glowing spores that's stuck in his black coat.

Nash's white bangs cover his handsome face, and when you swipe it away he mutters and opens his golden eyes.

"Good morning, [pc.isDK|master|[pc.name]]," he murmurs and presses his nose against your cheek. "Any nice dreams?"

"[pc.dcb|Conquered the world," you respond and rub the mutt between his ears. "But I would call them plans."|Possibly," you respond. "I remember a good-looking merchant offering me some great discounts."|Yeah," you say. "I had sex with a super hot wolf. He looked like you!"]

Nash chuckles and moves closer to you, nudging your [pc.lips] with his purple pillows. The purple gloss is a bit smudged, and streaks of silver run from his painted eyelids and down his face; he's still as pretty as ever. It reminds you of some choice words.

"Do you remember—" you say, but before you can finish Nash gives you a light punch on your shoulder.

"Come now," he says in his silken tone, although you notice a slight tremble. "You don't believe every word that comes from a back alley merchant, do you?"

"[pc.isDK|Of course I don't," you sneer|I guess not," you say].

Nash nods and gets up to collect his clothes. "You got a good head on your shoulders," he says while pulling up his pants. "No wonder it has stayed in place for so long. But I got a stall that needs tending. See you around, [pc.isDK|master|[pc.name]]."

He is so quick to leave that he doesn't even put on his robe, instead he carries it under his arm. You're left alone and naked in the damp cave. That was quite an abrupt ending, but it was enjoyable nonetheless. Also, since he's yours now, you can probably ask Nash out again if you so desire.

[End].

Post quest stuff

Private time

//Note: add this option to his regular talk scene by the shop.

You ask the handsome merchant if he got some time for some private talk. Nash grins and flicks back his hair.

"Always, [pc.name]." He motions to his home. "Why don't you get yourself comfortable while I close up the stall."

You {nash.domSub|do as he says|take him up on the offer} and enter his abode. You're enveloped by incense that smells of honey and jasmine, and it soothes your weary mind. You sink down on the pillows and wait {nash.domSub|for your host|for the host}. Just a moment later, the curtain to the cottage is pulled aside and in walks the black-furred wolf-man.

He sits down next to you and {nash.domSub|motions to you. You give Nash a wide smile and lay down on him, resting your head against his lean pecs while wrapping your arms around his rock-hard midriff.|you motion to him. Nash grins at you and lays down, resting his head in your lap while putting his arms behind his neck. The merchant's fine silken robe falls open, exposing his athletic body and inviting you to pet his toned six-pack.}

"So," Nash says with a content hum "How may I be of service?"

[\[Appearance\]](#)

[\[Talk\]](#)

[\[Sex\]](#)

[\[Date\]](#)//Note: Leads to [\[Ask him out - from private time\]](#)

[\[Deal with the guards\]](#)//Note: this is for initiating the one-off scene with the minotaur guards.

[\[Leave\]](#)

Appearance

Nash, the lupine merchant, is a lean wolf-man standing six feet in height. He's got a sharp, handsome face with a pierced nose at the end of his wolfish snout. He has a pair of golden eyes on his pretty face, with several more piercings jingling in his eyebrows. A set of pointed wolf ears sits on top of his head which are, of course, pierced with rings and golden chains. His lush, white hair flows down the right side of his head with thick bangs that tend to hang alluringly in front of his right eye.

Nash's fur-coat consists of pitch-black fur resembling velvet; smooth and flawless with some white fuzz around his treasure trail. It lacks the fluff of other lupines, being thin enough to make out the lines of his lean muscles.

Speaking off; Nash's body is that of a well-trained runner. His abs and pecs are well-defined and they're always on display due to the merchant's habit of always having his shirt open. His clothes are made out of fine, white silk with strands of purple adorning the immaculate fabric. They consist of a flowing robe and a set of baggy, comfortable pants kept up by a purple strap tied like a belt.

Inside those white pants is a ten-inch wolf cock. Black like his fur with a thick knot to plug a [nash.domSub|thirsty bitch|demanding rider] whenever it's needed. Nash's butt consists of a pair of springy cheeks that easily fit in the palm of a hand, perfect for slapping and grabbing. They

shield his black star, tight and flexible enough to deal with any 'enhanced negotiations' with the citizens of Khor'minos.

All in all: Nash is a handsome wolf-man with an athletic and flexible body, with some exotic fashion choices more at home in the southern realms.

[End]

Talk

{nash.domSub|You reach inside his robe and start stroking his toned midriff|You give his ears a scratch, eliciting a happy hum from the merchant}. "I just wanted to get to know you."

"By all means," Nash responds with his silken voice.

[\[Him\]](#)

[\[Business\]](#)

[\[Compliment Him\]](#)

Him

"How did you end up here?" you ask.

"You mean how did an honest lupine like myself end up in some back alley of ill repute?" he fills in, {nash.domSub|while scratching the underside of your chin|flicking his ears and nuzzling his muzzle against your hand}.

"Yes."

"Well, it wasn't my choice. That blame would fall upon my mother. She moved here when I was a pup. She came from a long line of— eh, merchants, and had some well-established connections to start selling some low supply, high demand and highly frowned-upon merchandise."

"So she was a smuggler?" you interject.

"That's one way to put it, if you want to stand in the way of prosperity. But the demand doesn't change just because the fine bovines in the marble halls dislike them. I won't complain, that means us daring entrepreneurs get a bigger cut of the cake. Also, I'll tell you a secret: one reason these people prohibit wares is just to make them more luxurious. You wouldn't want peasants running around with demonic jewelry, would you? Those things are for the fine folks at the top. One of the many secrets my mother told me."

"Did she teach you a lot of things?"

"That she did," Nash responds, sounding a bit distant. "Probably would have ended up in the slave pen... or destitute if I didn't inherit her wits. And her stock..."

"Where's she now?"

Nash suddenly goes quiet, and you try to change the subject.

"Oh no, I can talk about it," Nash interrupts. "I've mostly gotten over it; there's no profit moping about the past. My mom was seeing one of those aristocrat bulls. Unfortunately, the bull's wife found out. So that one-eyed bitch sent a bonus in one of the payments: a viper."

You struggle to say something, and an awkward silence falls upon the room. Nash {nash.domSub|puts a finger under your chin and looks at you with his golden gaze, before rubbing his muzzle against your neck|cups your face and goads you to lean closer. His golden gaze meets yours, before he rubs his muzzle against your neck}.

"After a while, the guards heard a rumor that this fine cow was stocking up on highly illegal contraband." You can feel his fangs nudge at your [pc.skinFurScales], as the wolf-man grins. "Last time I saw her, that no-eyed bitch was sucking off drunks down in the slums."

[pc.dcb|You can't deny it, that was well-played by Nash|You shudder, getting on Nash's bad side sounds like a bad idea|You didn't really understand it, except that the cow got lucky].

He gives your neck a wet lick before {nash.domSub|sitting up|laying down}. "So that's how I got started. Some inheritance from my mom and being in the right place at the right time."

[\[Back to talk\]](#)

Business

"How's business?" you ask. "It can't be easy with this lockdown."

"Oh, it's better than ever!" Nash responds. "I've been doubling my income thanks to all the extra security."

"Isn't that causing trouble?"

"Yes. Which is why the price of rare goods, especially luxuries, are becoming incredibly expensive. But if you use your head then it's easy to get stock past the toll. Grease the right palm or {nash.domSub|take some desk worker for a ride|let some guards bend you over}, and you can get anything into those marble halls. Also, there's this other thing that you've probably gotten acquainted with."

"Demons?"

"Spot on, [pc.name]. These fiends leave a lot of interesting artifacts in their wake. Artifacts that can get some top coins if you know the right buyer."

You refrain from prodding further, being a hero and all that, it's probably a bad idea to know too much about {nash.domSub|your master|your lover}'s demonic dealings.

[Back to talk]

Compliment Him

You look {nash.domSub|up|down} at the wolf-man. With his well-kept fur glistening in the candlelight, the sparkling earrings adorning his pointy ears, and of course, his flawless, white hair that always seem to cover his right eye.

"Can I just say..." you whisper.

"Hmm," he responds while {nash.domSub|stroking your [pc.hasHair|hair|head]}|you stroke his hair}.

"You're really handsome."

Nash chuckles. "Why thank you, [pc.name]. Nice to hear my investment pays off."

"All this talk about money. Do you really see yourself as an investment?" you respond while rolling your eyes.

"Of course. These jewels aren't exactly cheap," he says while shaking his wrist and making all those bracelets jingle. "And I got one of Khor'minos best barbers on my payroll."

"I see," you answer with a wry grin and throw a glance at his athletic body. "And are these abs of yours just for show."

"Mostly, yes. I'm not exactly the adventuring kind, and I prefer to use brains over brawn. Again, my body is an investment, if you consider that time is money. I spend a lot of time running, crunching and swimming down at the bathhouse."

You just laugh and shake your head. "Just admit that you enjoy looking good. There's nothing wrong with a little vanity."

"But it is an investment," Nash protests. "My mother taught me that good looks and a nice body can get you far. I don't have a big bosom to jiggle, so I need something else for eye candy. Let me show you."

The flustered wolf untangles himself from you and walks over to the desk while giving you a wink over his shoulder. Getting behind the desk, Nash closes his robe and messes up his hair so it looks like a rat's nest. Then he droops with his shoulders and leans down with his elbows on the desk.

"Hey. Wanna buy this thing," the unkempt merchant says in a drowsy tone while rapping the desk with his claw. "I don't have all day."

Nash then stands up, fixes his hair so it looks as slick as before. Then he opens up his robe and lets it hang along his side, revealing and framing his well-trained body. He leans back on the desk, which causes his abs to flex and every inch of his athletic chest is put on full display.

"So, friend," the hot merchant says with his silken voice while giving you a friendly smile. "Want to go somewhere private and talk about payment?"

{nash.domSub|Nash hooks a thumb inside his pants and pulls them down; his white pubic fuzz flicks out from its binding while a part of his black cock can be seen|Nash turns around and juts out his ass. He gently sways his tail while wiggling his hips, causing his pants to slide down and reveal the upper part of his black buns}. "I promise you, I can get you a really good price."

You bite your lip as warmth starts building in your nethers. Nash laughs and sits back down with you.

"So, my not-so-shrewd friend. Which one of those merchants would you give your ear to?"

"[pc.dcb|The slut, I guess,|Fine, I get it,|The hot one!]" you answer.

"Exactly," Nash says and {nash.domSub|hugs you against his chest|lays down in your lap}. "But your words are a nice bonus," he whispers and licks your face.

[Back to talk]

Sex

//Note: this is exclusive for sub Nash

You gaze at Nash's body, abs flexing with his slow breathing and black fur glistening in the candle light. His manhood can be spotted, half-erect as his baggy clothes form around his knotted dick.

This handsome wolf is all yours, and you decide to take him for a spin.

"I thought about something," you say and trace your finger over his firm midriff.

A wolfish grin spreads on Nash's muzzle. "And what would that be, [pc.mf|master|mistress]?" he answers with a chuckle as you grope his chest

"That you..." you whisper and give his nipple a pinch. "...Are a bit overdressed for a pet."

"Let me fix that," Nash says and stands up with his back turned toward you. With a seductive sway of his athletic hips, the alluring beast-man puts his thumbs inside his pants and pushes them down, revealing the lupine's taut butt.

Nash turns around, letting his ten-inch prick swing free. His black, knotted dick is fully erect and cum drips from his tip. Every part of Nash's body is ready to serve, but you want to play some more.

You stand up and growl at him. "Sit."

Nash follows your order, sitting down on his haunches while gazing up at you. His mouth hangs open with his large tongue dangling out; he's waiting for your next order. You point to the wall where his collar and leash is hanging.

"Fetch," you say.

Your obedient pet crawls to the wall on all fours, his perky butt swinging with his tail raised high, proudly presenting his pitch-black butthole. The lupine's fuzzy sack swings beneath his knotted dick in tandem with his hips, leaving a thin trail of pre along the floor.

Nash returns with the collar and leash in his jaw, letting the tools dangle from his mouth and waiting for you to take them. Chuckling, you undress before grabbing the leash and fastening the leather collar around your pet's neck and hooking the leash to the collar's loop. You give the leash a tug, causing the submissive hound to topple forward and landing with his nose against your [pc.stomach]. He whines, but stays in place, face plastered against your [pc.skinFurScales].

Now, what to do with your wolf.

[\[Face Down, Ass Up\]](#)

[\[Catch Missionary\]](#)

[\[Public Demo\]](#)

Face Down, Ass Up

//Note: Requires cock

You look into his golden eyes and [pc.dcb|scowl|grin|giggle]. Drawing a circle with your finger, you command your pet to turn around. The wolf does as told, and knowing what his [pc.mf|master|mistress] is after, the lupine bends down and raises his tail.

"[pc.dcb|Not good enough," you hiss. "I want a bitch."|Good boy," you say. "But I think you can do a bit better."|Aw, cutie I know you're trying really hard," you say while wiggling your [pc.hips]. "But if you want cock, you need to show that you want cock."]

Nash nods and lowers his front to the ground, resting his head on a pillow while arching his lower back. That's better.

With his butt presented you get a clear view of his pitch-black butthole. The dark star dilates with every breath from your wolf and looks in need of a good stuffing. You walk over to Nash's desk and rummage through his stuff, finding a bottle of scented honey inside. [pc.cockRange 0 15|There's no doubt this experienced cock slut could take you without it; the sweet lube is purely for your own pleasure.|It would be an incredible waste if you broke your toy after all the effort you put in. It is best to make him slick and smooth before you shove your monster inside his passage.]

"Stay put," you tell your pet as you pour the sweet liquid over his butthole. As the golden drops hit the skin around his tunnel, Nash sighs and follows with a startled bark as you shove your fingers inside his butt. Two should be enough, you don't want to stretch him *too* much.

His butthole seals shut around your fingers, squeezing your digits as you coat his walls with honey. When you're done, you hunch behind your submissive wolf and stroke your [pc.hasMagiccock|glowing phallus|hardening phallus] while aligning it with his glistening entrance.

Then you penetrate him without warning. [pc.cockRange 0 15|Nash gasps as you fill your pet with his [pc.mf|master|mistress]'s dick. His warm and pliant hole forms into the perfect mold. It's like his ass was made for your cock.|Nash snarls and growls as he takes his [pc.mf|master|mistress]'s dick. The wolf's chute stretches wide to let you deeper inside, his rigid walls closing around your tool and forming a perfect mold. Gods, it's like his ass was created just to take your cock.]

His bottoming skills become more apparent when you're fully sheathed inside his warm tunnel. Nash's ass has a good grip, firm yet gentle. Giving confidence while not hurting you. A grip befitting an honest merchant that sends warmth through your body and has you moaning. It's so good that you forget you're the one in charge. It isn't until you hear a needy growl that you snap out of the daze.

Right, you were supposed to rail this slut. You bend over Nash's sweaty back and grab his hair, pushing his face into the pillows while clutching the base of his tail. Holding him in a firm grip,

face down and ass up, you start pounding the mutt. No slow fucking like you're some sort of lovers. This bitch needs a raw fucking, as hard as you can give him.

Drilling into the merchant with all your might, your [pc.hips] strike Nash's ass with a mighty force. The ass-clapping has the poor mutt burying his face deeper into the pillow and stuffing the fabric into his mouth. The wolf howls in a combination of growls, barks and moans that get muffled by the fluffy pillow. Sharp fangs have torn the fabric and white feathers fall out from the holes and scatter over the floor.

Despite his discomfort, this diligent bitch makes sure his [pc.mf|master|mistress] is satisfied. He meets your thrusts by clenching his anus just enough to make his backdoor into the perfect sleeve for your [pc.cock]. Every journey into his tunnel fills you with warmth and a fluttering feeling in your stomach.

It isn't just his amazing ass that has your heart beating. The way his disheveled, white hair droops over his snarling face. His athletic back and firm biceps flex every time he shoves his ass against your groin. Top that off with his voice, smooth as honey even when he's growling. He's just so handsome despite being a moaning mess. It's time to mark him as yours. You pull his hair until his ear is next to your mouth.

"Since you've been such an obedient [pc.dcb|mutt|boy|puppy]," you whisper through your heavy breathing. "You can choose where I will..."

"My ass," Nash screams. "Dear gods, [pc.mf|master|mistress]! Breed my bitch ass!"

Damn, this slut is needy. Well, you won't let your sub down, and you let loose the pressure that's been building in your nethers.

[pc.cumVol 0 500 1000]You fill him with the [pc.cum] he craves, thick seed pouring into the bitch's stretched tunnel.[You fill him to the brim with the [pc.cum] he craves, thick seed pouring from his abused asshole as he fails to contain your load.]Nash growls and claws at the ground. The floodgates have opened and it's too late for him to back out. You pull on his tail to make sure you're buried to your base in the wolf's ass as you cum. Nash's flat midriff swells from the released tsunami. Even though seed pours from his stretched anus, his six pack disappears as his stomach becomes pudgy. You give his new beer-gut a light squeeze, which causes some additional baby batter to drip from his abused star.]

Nash growls as his nutsack vibrates and his cock throbs just before he shoots a load of spunk across his pillows. Finishing with a weak moan, Nash loses strength and falls prone while your cock slips out from his slick hole.

You stand up, wobbling a bit as your legs are buzzing from the ordeal. Going around the room to gather your gear, you shoot a glance at Nash who's sleeping soundly among the pillows. Good.

You're a busy [pc.manWoman] with places to be and a world to save. He better be ready next time the Hero of the Marches needs a warm hole to fuck.

[End]

Catch Missionary

//Note: Variations for vagina or ass.

Nash's black cock points toward you with white pre running down his tool and swollen knot. The seed makes his dick glimmer in the dim light and it looks very tasty paired with your handsome wolf.

Yanking his leash, you force Nash to stand up and you drag him towards his desk. You swipe the papers and coins off the top, causing the mutt to whine as all his work is thrown to the ground. Well, that is your bitch's problem. You're his [pc.mf|master|mistress], and you want to get fucked.

Turning around to face him, you sit down on the desk and spread your legs, [pc.hasBalls|lifting up your [pc.balls] and point at your [pc.vagAss|sodden pussy|winking
butthole].|[pc.vagAss|parting your pussy lips and pointing at your wet entrance|grabbing your
but cheeks and stretching them wide].]

Nash gazes hungrily at your dark [pc.vagOrAss], his ears folded as he nervously shuffles back and forth before you grab his attention with a sharp whistle.

"Don't tell me you only [silly|hump legs|take it up the ass]," you say. "Your [pc.mf|master|mistress] wants [pc.hisHer] [pc.vagAss|cunt|ass] fucked."

You underline your command by pulling his leash, forcing your wolf-toy between your legs and rubbing his throbbing rod against your [pc.hasRealCock|[pc.cock]]|[pc.clit]].

"Get to work," you command.

Nash nods as you grab his dick and align it with your needy hole. Circling your entrance with his tip, you prep your [pc.vagAss|sodden cunt|hungry asshole] with some additional lube. You dig your heels into his furry butt and clench, silencing a moan as your [pc.vagOrAss] gets stuffed with wolf cock.

That is all the help he'll get. This mutt is here to serve! You coil the leash around your hand, getting a tight grip on Nash's collar. With a firm tug, you pull him down and butt your forehead against his as you growl—a wordless command telling him to start fucking.

Your toy whimpers and obeys, carefully moving his hips back and forth. As his rod slides in and out of you, the horny dog leaves a trail of seed along your tunnel. Enough to make your

[pc.vagAss|inner walls|bowels] feel incredibly warm and slick. You want to moan, but it's too early, the bitch needs to earn it.

You dig your fingers into the fur on his chest and twist. A pained snarl escapes Nash and his white fangs glint in the dim light. The pain does something to him. Something primal. He growls and those sharp teeth make you worry for a moment. Then, without warning, ripple after ripple of pleasure wash over your body as Nash fucks you like a wild animal.

The chest-play unlocked a beast inside this normally civilized wolf-man. He slams his body against your [pc.chest] and ruts you with all his might, the way he ruts causes your tongue to slip and you let out a loud moan.

"That's it, mutt," you hiss while gritting your teeth. "Fuck me! Fuck your [pc.mf|master|mistress] like the animal you are!"

You pull his leash and force him toward your lips. You shove your tongue inside his maw, tracing along his fangs and entwining it with Nash's own tongue. The wolf-man's growls rumble into your mouth while his claws dig into the desk's wooden surface. Shit, there are plenty of sharp points on this lupine. Good thing you tamed him before you did something like this.

It's not only his pointy ends that're impressive, his athletic midriff rubbing against your [pc.stomach] is packed with muscles. While keeping a tight grip on the leash, you explore the beast's body with your free hand. Not an ounce of fat on this hound. Just dense, taut muscles that are doing their best to stretch your [pc.vagAss|sodden cunt|sore asshole].

[pc.hasRealCock|Your dick is trapped between your bodies, smearing [pc.cumColor] pre over your stomach and Nash's six pack.|Your [pc.clit] rubs against Nash's smooth fur and your [pc.girlCum] stains his black coat.] His fuzzy sack smacks your cheeks, churning as Nash prepares to unload.

"Get that shit in there," you hiss and grab Nash's swollen knot. "Plug my [pc.vagAss|cunt|asshole]!"

The rutting wolf-man responds with a bark and slams into you with all his might, sealing your entrance shut. The flood of warm seed finally breaks you and you lay back while pulling Nash on top of you. Screaming and thrashing your legs, you let go of your orgasm. [pc.hasRealCock|Your [pc.cock] throbs before covering you and your pet in a stream of [pc.cum].]

You wrap your arms and legs around Nash, cradling his athletic back and using his warm fur to protect against the cold. He's so soft and warm, sexy and handsome, a better wolf-man will be hard to find. As the last of his seed trickles into your tunnel, Nash's growling turns to exhausted huffs. He nudges your face and scrapes your [pc.skinFurScales] with his sharp fangs; he's grinning?

"Was my service satisfactory, [pc.mf|master|mistress]?" he asks, swaying his hips and causing you to groan as your plugged chute aches.

"Yes, just a bit surprised..." you say past your moans. "Didn't know you could be such an animal."

"It takes a special someone to turn me into one," Nash continues. "It wouldn't be good for my business if I lost control easily."

"Quit the bragging," you say and slap him on his chest. "I'm still in charge here."

"Of course. How could I forget?" Nash says and settles in on top of you. "How about your servant keeps [pc.mf|master|mistress] warm while [pc.heShe] recovers."

You scratch the wolf-man behind his ears, that sounds like a good deal. Laying on the desk with your wolf on top, you lose track of the time. Eventually his knot deflates and falls out of your sore [pc.vagOrAssNoun], leaving your hole empty with fat drops of cum leaking out.

After spending some time basking in the afterglow, you tell Nash that you have to get back to your journey. Demons to slay, kingdoms to rescue, a world to save, and other nonsense. Nash nods and gets up, leaving you naked and exposed to the air. The shack isn't very cold, but the loss of your lupine blanket has you shiver. Nash returns with a towel and wipes away the sweat and grime caused by the romp. When he gets closer to your creamed [pc.vagAss|cunt|ass], he asks:

"Should I?"

"No," you respond. "Why would I ask you to stuff me and then wipe it away? Bring me my gear."

"Of course," Nash responds. "I'm here to serve, after all."

You chuckle and grab your gear from him, getting dressed while glancing at the wolf. He can't stop staring at your [pc.mf|[pc.hasRealCock|[pc.cock]]] that's swinging free as you put on your [pc.lowerGarments][pc.hips] swaying about as you pull up your [pc.lowerGarments]][pc.chest] as you put on your [pc.upperGarments]].

He's so cute when he stares at you like that, and you give him a quick peck on his nose. As you leave, you notice that Nash is still in his birthday suit. You ask if he isn't coming, but he yawns and lays down on his pillows.

"A bit tired, [pc.name]," Nash responds and stretches out his swimmer's body. "Going to take a break. Go on your way now. Give your loyal pet some rest so I can serve you again."

You respond with a smile and leave the cottage, content knowing there's a handsome boy-toy waiting for you when you're done kicking evil in the ass.

Public Demo

/Note: Requires penis

You look at the merchant, sitting in the dark room. His smooth fur, his lean body, his pretty face, and that big, servile mouth of his. All this beauty and no one but you to appreciate it, and you know that his silver tongue is good for more things than hustling contraband. Maybe it's time for Nash to work on his customer service.

You take his leash and lead him towards the door. A timid whine escapes Nash when he realizes you're going outside.

"Stop that," you snap. "It's time to give something back to your fine customers."

You walk the merchant outside and toward his stall. The hatch is closed and the door is locked, but there's no need to open it. You got the goods behind you, crawling on all fours while his tail timidly sways in a mix of fright and excitement.

Pointing at the ground in front of the stall, you order your pet to sit. Nash does as he's told and gets on his knees, but folds his arms over his chest.

"Don't tell me you've gotten shy," you say. "You're flaunting those abs every chance you get. Arms behind your back, sell me that body, pet."

Nash nods and folds his arms beneath his tail, stretching out and putting his athletic body on full display. A whistle can be heard from the road where a couple of farmers are moving their wares. Good, your pet has gotten some attention. You wait a bit for a small crowd to gather, a mix of burly bulls and curious travelers. They all look like they could use a break from the harsh realities of the siege, and you'll bet that Nash's tongue would be a great way to relieve some stress.

"Alright, good people," you say and scratch Nash between his ears. "I can see that you may wonder what this pretty thing is doing on his knees and panting like a whore."

You move to drop your [pc.lowerGarments] and release your [pc.cock].

"Well, it is quite obvious. Just look at the slut," you continue and move closer to Nash, batting his nose with your [pc.magiccock|glowing|meaty] tool. "He's here to suck cock."

You grab Nash's neck and shove your dick against his lips. On pure instinct, Nash opens wide and swallows your entire rod. His throat is so used to your cock that there isn't a hint of

discomfort. The taste of you makes him lose any inhibition he had as he closes his eyes and starts bobbing up and down your dick.

"[pc.cockRange 0 15]Nice whore you got there," one bull says. "Haven't seen such an eager cocksucker since a Jassiran caravan camped at my farm." [Damn," a bull says. "That bitch took you without gagging. Not even my wife can do that."]

"As I told you," you say and force down a moan as Nash twists his tongue around your glans, making your knees weak. "A prime cock slut, and after I'm done, he's ready to lend his service for anyone with some coin."

To demonstrate, you push as far as you can. Despite a barely noticeable whine from Nash, you hilt yourself inside his mouth. Staying inside to let the crowd know how well he swallows cock, you push his shoulder and angle Nash's front to the crowd; those abs need to be appreciated.

Ever the salesman, Nash glances at the crowd with your dick lodged deep down his throat and runs his hand over his athletic body, flexing his middle while tracing his claw among the lines of his abs. Good, he's getting into it, now you can get on with the real pitch.

You clutch his muzzle with both your hands, forming his lips around your tool. Pulling back with a wet <i>schlop</i>, you drag your cock over his broad tongue until the mutt is suckling at your tip. With [pc.cum] already dripping on his tongue, Nash barely gets a taste before you ram your [pc.cock] back in.

You fuck his face like a [pc.manWoman] possessed. Nash stays on his knees, tweaking his nipples and presenting his naked body to the crowd. His mouth and throat is incredible and it takes you over the edge as you blow your load down his throat.

Nash swallows like a good boy and when you pull out he smacks his lips and licks his snout. A final vestige of your climax drips from your tip on to his snout, marking his black fur. Well, he better be hungry. Judging by the crowd that are rubbing their groin and looking for their coin purses, there will be a lot of loads to swallow.

You find an empty bowl inside his stall and put it on the ground, then you turn to the crowd.

"All right, you saw what a first-class dick-sucker we got here," you proclaim. "For a handful of coins you get to blow one in this bitch's mouth."

A bull steps up, chuckling as he unties his belt and lets his pants drop to the ground. "You got yourself a deal, [pc.mf[sir|ma'am]]." He smacks his big, speckled bull cock on top of Nash's nose. The bull rubs his tool over the lupine's face, covering his meat in your left-over spunk while the merchant keeps his hands behind his back, panting heavily as his eyes are locked on the bull's massive, flared tip.

"Damn, that's a sexy bitch," the bull murmurs and glances at Nash's toned body. He throws a handful of coins into the bowl, before asking: "And what do you take for his ass?"

"Not for sale," you answer.

"Shame," the bull mutters. "Alright pup, open up."

[Next]

You're so proud of the way your pet handles cock after cock. Big or small. Knotted or flared. Man, bull, or lupine. It doesn't matter what shape or size they are, Nash swallows them like a professional. Any inhibition he had is long gone, judging by how he took the last of the... five bulls? Six bulls? And then there were those catfolk who came by... Honestly, you've lost count. Plenty of dicks have been sucked by your whore, that's the simple answer.

Nash's skilled lips drag along the final bull's veiny meat while fondling his heavy sack. Nash kept his other arm on his back and his body turned towards the crowd. Allowing everyone to see, paying customer or not, what a sexy whore he is. Black fur covered in white spunk, cum trickling down his jaw and his silken hair matted from all the face-shots he's taken.

You're standing further back, chatting with two caravan guards that have been stuck in the outskirts since the siege started; two bulky humans. One with a bushy beard and scars befitting a veteran and one younger looking guard that you guess is a rookie.

"-- And so I took that crazy manticore broad behind the bushes and showed her my own pleasure stinger," the veteran says. The three of you roar with laughter, that joke was so shit it was kinda good.

"Be careful you don't show that stinger to the demons," you tell the veteran. "They won't give it back if you let them take it."

"I trust you, [pc.title]," the guard says, stroking his beard as his attention goes back to Nash, who's swallowing down another load of mino cum. "Alright, we're in a hurry. The caravan mistress will have our asses if we're late. Think he can take two?"

"Of course he can," you answer and give the cum-covered Nash a sly grin. He responds with a grin of his own, he knows what's about to happen. "My asset is a professional after all."

"Good," the guard says and throws some coins in the overflowing bowl. "You coming, mate? That's for the beer I owed you."

"What?" the rookie guard says. "I'm not into fellas."

"Those girls in the Pastures cost way more than a beer. Not to mention the bribes to get there. This is as cheap as it gets," the older guard says and releases his dick. He grabs Nash's hair and holds him still as he taps the lupine's nose with his dick. "Besides, if I know these tail-raisers right, they really know how to suck a dick."

"Fine," the younger guard says, dropping his pants and walking to Nash's other side. The horny merchant grabs the other dick that's shoved in his face.

"Alright, pup," the veteran grumbles. "Start sucking."

Nash plunges down the veteran's veiny cock, burying his nose in the guard's pubes. He doesn't forget the rookie and uses his free hand to jerk off the rookie's smooth spear. Wet slurps and heavy groans come from the trio. The veteran releases his grip on Nash's neck and rests his palms against his lower back. He looks at his comrade and gives him a horny smile before looking back down at Nash.

"I know you've been interested in that body," the veteran says. "Go on. Feel him up. I paid for it after all."

The rookie looks a bit timid, but you give him a nod, encouraging the younger man to get out of his comfort zone. The rookie nods and runs his hand over Nash's shoulder, groping the lupine's pecs.

"It feels nice..." he whispers, leaning down to rub Nash's midriff. Ruffling the fur covering the wolf-man's six-pack, the young guard shudders as some pre leaks from his pretty cock. "Fuck... Maybe guys aren't that bad. Not that I am gay or anything..."

"Stop whining," the veteran says. "A hot fuck is a hot fuck." He then looks down at Nash. "Go on, pup. Give this wimp some head."

The good merchant does as he's told, releasing the veteran's dick and turning to the rookie. Nash's golden eyes gaze at the young guard and he gives his best merchant's smile. Amazing how the lupine is still so handsome despite his face being covered in cum stains.

The sales pitch works, as the rookie traces his fingers through Nash's messy hair and allows the wolf-man to slide his dick into his hungry maw. Nash bobs up and down, his tongue dancing across the rookie's rod. The guard closes his eyes, tilting his head toward the sky and moaning like he just sat down in a hot bath.

It is important for merchants to give a good first impression, you guess, as Nash makes sure the rookie guard remembers what it's like getting sucked off by a wolf-man. The rookie keeps moaning and groaning, joined in by rough grunts from the scarred veteran. Despite not having the comfort of Nash's warm mouth, the wolf-man is a great multi-tasker as he keeps jerking off the veteran while blowing the rookie.

After sucking off the rookie for a hot minute, Nash goes back to blowing the veteran. Then back to the rookie again. Alternating back and forth, he makes sure the duo gets equal amounts of attention without bothering with his own pleasure.

"Gods," the rookie wheezes between moans. "Didn't know these... guys were so good at this."

"See," the veteran answers. "Tail-raisers make for some amazing dick suckers. They know exactly how to polish a spear."

"I hear ya'-- I'm gonna--" the rookie stutters, and Nash is quick to throat the rookie's cock to the base and gulp down another serving of cum. Nash barely has time to swallow as the veteran wheezes and shoots a fat load right on Nash's face, covering one of his golden eyes. Before another blast takes out his other eye, Nash takes the veteran to the base and gulps down the seed like a good slut.

Nash licks him clean before returning to the rookie, giving the young guard an equally thorough cleaning. Both the guards' spears are slick and shining when Nash finishes, giving their slits a final taste before letting them go. As they pull up their pants and leave, the young guard tosses a tiny bag of coins into the bowl.

"Thanks," the blushing guard mumbles. "You were really good."

He then hurries after his comrade, who just chuckles and shakes his head. "You're into men now, are you?" the veteran says and punches the blushing youngster on the shoulder. "All it took was some head and you're changing teams?"

"It is not like that," the rookie mutters. "I'm just into him."

As they leave, you walk up to the cum-soaked wolf-man, who's panting and licking his lips for some leftovers. He looks up at you and gives you a sharp grin.

[Next]

"Fuuuck me, [pc.mf|master|mistress]," Nash groans as he cracks his sore jaw. Standing up on shaking legs, he leans against his stall and sighs. Still naked, with his half-flaccid dick dangling between his legs, he isn't bothered with all the roving eyes from passing strangers. He even gives one man a two-finger salute as the man stops to look at the handsome merchant.

"Shops closed, buddy," you tell the man and pick up the money bowl. "Better luck next time."

The peeping man shies away, leaving you alone with your business partner. You look at the bowl, this skilled dick-sucker made a pretty penny, and there is that bag the young guard left. Nash opens it up, in it is a bunch of coins and a piece of paper.

The wolf-man picks up the paper and reads it, chuckling to himself. "Seems I got myself a new regular on top of the profit." Nash puts the paper back and stretches his arms above his head while glancing at you.

"Who gets the coin," he asks in a low voice, like he's ashamed to ask.

You reach for him, scratching the lupine's jaw and thumbing his lips. "I've already got my pay," you say while exploring his soft and slightly sticky lips. "Take it, I'm an adventurer, not a pimp."

"We can say that," Nash snaps back with a cheeky grin.

[pc.dcb|You fight the urge to grab his leash and put him back in his place, but you have better things to do.|Damn, he's still got some wit despite the hour-long throat swabbing he received|He's such a gentleman!]

Well, now that the pay is settled, it is time for you to return to your own business. You give Nash a wave and leave him by the stall, the wolf is still naked, his fur sticky with cum.

"Got to run," you tell him. "Make sure to clean yourself, I don't want to play with filthy toys."

Nash just laughs. "Will do, [pc.mf|master|mistress]," he responds as he stays by the stall, counting the coins and winking at the occasional passer-by, already attracting customers for the next session.

[End]