

Garret

Overview	3
Quotes	5
Frost Hound Content	6
Approach	6
First Time	6
Subsequent approaches	10
0700-0900 hours:	10
1900-2100 hours:	14
Interactions	20
Appearance	20
Chat	22
The Daily Grind	22
Family	26
Mother	27
Adventure	30
Friends	31
Scar	32
Challenge	35
Actual Drinking Stuff	36
Garret Loses	37
PC Loses	38
Throw Contest	41
Sex Stuff	47
First Time	47
Subsequent Times	56
Catch Vaginal	57
Catch Anal	61
Titfuck	65
Blowjob	69
Spitroast	76
Be His Bitch	80
Bitch Sex	90
Breed	92
Choke Out	100
Punish	105
Degrade	112
Drunken Romp	118

Preg Stuff	131
Generic Lupine Pregnancy	131
Oh Shit This Dumb Bork Done Got You Pregnant	135
Oh shit I done knocked you up	136

Overview

Garret is Garth's son, and Gwyn's twin brother. Since he was out of the womb first, he's technically Gwyn's older brother, if only by a few minutes, but that doesn't stop him from assuming the mantle and responsibilities thereof. First encountered in [GarretQuest](#), which the PC is automatically directed to as part of the main story, this masochistic, larger-than-life lovable idiot does his best to get into all sorts of stupid trouble, much to Garth's chagrin. Apparently a trait that was great in his wife isn't so good when it comes to his son, but such is life. He isn't *dumb*, as reflected by his cunning stat; but given that his personality short-circuits any intelligent decisions he might make he's effectively an idiot. I think the best way to describe Garret is that he lives life as if it was an action B-movie, full of explosions, chase scenes, and cheesy fights.

Once the PC extricates Garret from the pickle he's landed himself into at Westbank, he hangs around the Frost Hound in the early mornings and evenings in order to "sample the stock", as he puts it. During that time, he's available for interactions, and sex in the evenings.

Original inspiration for Garret came with the idea of "Dane, with 100% more Dane", a huge, affable, good-natured fellow with a tendency to go all gung-ho. He's loud, boisterous, bounces between being a braggart, sullen and happy-go-lucky, without that much of a care in the world; truly what some might call a man's man. As GarretQuest was written, various other influences began to creep in: Left 4 Dead's Francis, for one, and most of all, Lufia 2's Dekar. He also has an unsettling tendency to refer to enemies as food, something which he inherited from his mother; he takes after her far more than Gwyn does. He's not a picky eater and goes for quantity over quality, so long as it's edible.

The one grating thing about Garret is that, for all his bragging and tendency to be larger than life, he really *is* that good. Punching monsters in the face? Yeah, cool. Running headlong into a hail of arrows and coming out at most with a few nicks? Sure. If he got sucked into an evil demon dimension, he'd punch it dead with his amazing exploding fist technique, then come back victorious riding atop the head of a goddamned whale just in the nick of time to save the day. Failure is not unheard of, but it's the exception rather than the norm for him.

This does not please Garth, who feels like he built the Frost Hound so that Garret wouldn't have to do the things he did in his youth. Garret, on his part, believes that Garth is trying to keep him from all the fun after his dad got his in his youth. This does not make for a happy family situation. Gwyn is all right, though, because she's a big adorable lovable puppy slut of a little sister. No matter how big she gets, Garret always sees and treats her like a tiny puppy, which Gwyn makes a show of being irked by, but secretly loves.

After GarretQuest, Garret takes an active interest in the PC, seeing them as a ticket out of his father's shadow and to glory. After all, what's more amazing and noteworthy than saving the damned world, right? Oh, he'll take over the Frost Hound someday... after he's had his fun. Brint is good bedfellow in this respect, having actually gotten out of Khor'Minos from a

desire to see the world, instead of daydreaming about it all day. Doesn't hurt that it's hunk of beef versus chunk of dogmeat over here.

Garret will be open for sex — despite his personality, he's actually something of a bumblefuck, being a virgin until Hethia got her hooks into him. Even after that ordeal, he's not very sexually experienced, something which the PC can choose to help him with, if they swing that way. Threesomes with Brint where the two of them share a girl aren't out of the question, too. After he gets more adept at actually pleasing partners instead of just sharing genetic material, he'll turn out to be not that bad at things, even if he never takes it seriously, just like everything else. Still, if anyone wants a doggy dick...

Quotes

- "Good thing I'm indestructible."
- "Yeah, I'm pretty awesome."
- "Fresh meat!" (Various contexts)
- "I prefer to play with my food."
- "It's rough-and-tumble time!"
- "We are *unstoppable*!"
- "I could eat you right up."
- "Aw, man. The old man's going to kill me for this."
- "You born in a barn or something? Wait, I was, and I know not to do *that*."
- "You're making me hungry." (Various contexts)
- "Aw, shit. I hope I don't need all that blood."
- "Prepare your ass." (Not Dane, really.)
- "Look, if I don't make it... tell Gwyn I'm sorry for stealing her favourite acorn all those years back."
- "Gwyn... we've had porridge three times in as many nights. If you don't want to do the cooking, I will."
- "I mean, I'll eat vegetables, but I don't really feel full until I've had my meat."
- "Quiet, food!"
- (Sing-song voice) "I *smell* you..."
- "You think they'll sing songs about us two hundred years from now?"
- "Fan-fucking-tastic."
- "As much as I loathe him, the only person greater than me's my old man."
- "You're telling me people do *that* for fun?"
- "Guess I'd better save everybody."
- "I want that. I don't know what it is, but I want that."
- "I live off danger and play."
- "So long as you believe in me, miss, no enemy can best me."
- "Okay, lads. They're on our right, they're on our left, they're in front of us, they're behind us. They're not getting away this time."

Frost Hound Content

Approach

First Time

Smiling, you step up to where Garret is sitting and sidle into the seat beside him. Garret pretends not to notice you, mulling over his drink with an air of complete and utter indifference, but the twitching of his perky, triangular wolf ears betrays his thoughts.

[party.has brint fembrint

|You stare intently at him for a moment, your gaze boring into the side of his neck as you will him to pay attention to you.

<i>"Don't mind me,"</i> [party.comp brint fembrint|Brint rumbles|Brienne coos].
<i>"I'm just going to sit over there until you finish your business with Dogmeat here. I've to give the both of you your space, don't I?"</i>

With that, [party.comp brint fembrint|Brint|Brienne] gets up and wanders over to a nearby vacant table, ordering [party.comp brint fembrint|him|her]self a cheap beer while [party.comp fembrint|s]he waits for you to be done with Garret. There's a bit more silence, but eventually Garret sets down his drink and levels his gaze at you with a sigh.

|{//brint:

There's a moment of uncomfortable silence, then Brint grabs his gear and eases himself out of his seat.

<i>"Don't mind me,"</i> the minotaur rumbles. <i>"I'll give the both of you your space. Let me know when you're done, Dogmeat."</i>

<i>"Hey! Wait —"</i>

It's too late, though — Brint is already lumbering over to the next vacant table, patrons fleeing out of the minotaur's path as he claims the seat for his own and plops down, the poor chair creaking dangerously in the process. Garret moves his jaws back and forth, as if chewing on something invisible, then mumbles and turns to you.

//Brienne:

There's a moment of <i>really</i> awkward silence, then Brienne grabs her gear and slides out of her seat.

<i>"Don't mind me,"</i> the cowgirl coos. <i>"I'll give the both of you your space. Let me know when you're done, Dogmeat."</i>

<i>"Hey! Wait —"</i>

It's too late, though — Brienne is already sashaying over to the next vacant table, patrons eyeing the cowgirl as she claims the seat for her own; the poor chair creaks dangerously as she plops onto it with no small amount of jiggling, but manages to hold. Garret moves his jaws back and forth, as if chewing on something invisible, then mumbles and turns to you.

}

]

<i>"Guess I'm stuck with you, [pc.name]."</i>

[pc.isBimbo

|Well, maybe he isn't so much stuck with you, but that you're stuck with him! And maybe it would be better if he were stuck <i>in</i> you...

Garret takes a deep draught of his drink and swallows hard.

Aw, c'mon! He's got to have more confidence in himself — after all, that druidess liked his dashing doggy dick enough to keep him around! He's better than he thinks he is!

Garret's expression is truly inscrutable at this point. <i>"I appreciate the thought, really, but you're not really helping."</i>

Aww...

[Now, does he have to be so negative about it? "Stuck" is such an ill-sounding word.

Garret sets down his mug and rubs his temples. <i>"Well, if you want to be totally honest, I guess I'm still feeling a bit inadequate. Don't worry about it — I just need some time to get over it, walk it off. Probably good for me in the long run, give me a more realistic view of where I stand."</i>

That's a rather optimistic way of putting it.

<i>"Yeah, now if only I could convince myself of that."</i>

Sheesh...

]

Another few moments pass as Garret stares into his mead, and then he sighs. <i>"I'm sorry. It's just been another long day."</i> He lowers his voice. <i>"The old man's been more

ornery than usual, which means **I've** been more ornery than usual. He's clearly starting to feel his age, not that he appreciates the privilege of such. People in his previous line of work don't usually live long enough to feel the pains and aches of advancing years; it's good that he got out when he did."</i>

You nod, but keep silent. Garret mulls over his words some more, then takes another swig of mead.

<i>"I guess I should thank you properly for saving me back there at Westbank. Been meaning to ever since I got back, but there really hasn't been a good time..."</i>

{//if GarretQuest success:

It's all right, no thanks are needed. [pc.isBimbo

]You'd do anything for a firm hunk of dogmeat like him.

<i>"Ha ha."</i> Garret sips at his drink again. <i>"When you say it like that, maybe I just jumped straight out of the frying pan and into the fire."</i>

No way, you're like, <i>so</i> much better than a bossy elf bitch.

Garret considers that, then breaks into a weak, half-hearted grin. <i>"I guess I can't argue with that, can I? Of course, that's setting the bar quite low, but looking at you, yeah, you're much better on the eyes than that witch ever could be. Wonder if you'd **taste** any better, though."</i>

Of course you are! You're far yummier and more tender and juicy than some dried-up gamey old elf!

<i>"Gods above. Just what have I gotten myself into?"</i>

]You were just repaying Garth a favour. He's letting you stay in the Frost Hound for free, after all.

<i>"Hm. You should be glad. My old man doesn't take kindly to most people. That he's doing you a favour speaks pretty highly of you."</i>

You've never really thought of it like that.

<i>"I do, and I've known my old man all my life."</i> Snorting, Garret reaches out and claps you hard on the shoulder. <i>"There's no need to sell yourself short. I may not like him as much as I should, but he knows his stuff. If you're okay in my old man's books, you're okay with me."</i>

]

//else (GarretQuest failure):

No, you don't really deserve anything, not after you messed up the way you did back there. That warg was particularly mean — you can't shake the feeling that you almost got everyone killed back there.

Garret sighs and claps you hard on the shoulder. *"Hey, there's no need to beat yourself up over what-ifs, okay? I've got an old man to remind me day and night that I got captured and used as a doggy dildo by an elf witch; to make things worse, the story's no doubt spread to every last corner of Hawkethorne by now. You, on the other hand, only have yourself to hold your crap to. Once you've learned your lessons, there's no point brooding over it."*

That's a pretty carefree way of looking at things.

"I've been called that before, yes. Bad luck, sure. But toughen up!"

All right. You guess that makes things marginally better.

"That's the spirit!"

}

It's nice to be able to sit down and finally have a leisurely chat across a table, rather than through a set of bars. It feels a little... unreal.

*"Hah, yes. Feels almost like yesterday I was still naked in a cage, being fed out of a doggy dish and being taken out for walkies. I'm really glad **that's** over, though I won't be forgetting it anytime soon."*

Sure, there's no point dwelling on that. So, what does he want to talk about?

Garret answers without hesitation. *"Tell me all about what you've been doing out beyond the walls. Ever since... well, you know what, I haven't had much of a chance to so much as go out into the forest or down to Harvest Valley; my old man has me chopping wood, fixing fences and hiring me out like a rented mule to help fix up other peoples' homes. The snowstorm did quite a bit of lasting damage that still needs to be cleaned up; it could take weeks, months before everything's the way it used to be, especially since there isn't any more lumber coming down from Westbank. I'm sure your life is so much more interesting than mine; so tell me all about it."*

So he wants you to regale him with tales of your adventures? Sure, you can do that.

"Then let's get started, then! Unless there was something you wanted to get to first?"

//Display Garret main menu.

Subsequent approaches

0700-0900 hours:

[party.has brint fembrint

|Garret's at his usual place at the bar, elbows firmly planted on the countertop as he nurses an enormous tankard of mead. Perhaps you might have said something about it being too early in the morning to wind up drunk, but then you remember that Garret's probably been up long before dawn. If Garth doesn't mind his own son drinking at this hour, there's no need for undue concern.

Besides, even at that size, it'd take far more than a single tankard to take down someone like Garret. He eyes you warily as you approach, rubbing his face and flattening his ears against his head for a bit in a bid to make himself look less bleary. He gives up after a moment, takes a long swig from his tankard and gives you a nod.

<i>"Oh. Hello."</i>

Right, hello.

<i>"Nice to see you up so early in the morning, [pc.name]. Don't mind me here, I'm just having a drink to calm my nerves for the morning."</i>

No, nothing wrong with that. Why, you might even order one yourself.

Garret flicks a ear at you and gives you an easygoing shrug. <i>"That's the spirit! No such thing as it being too early for a drink. So, you wanted my company? There's no company like my company, I assure you."</i>

[party.comp brint fembrint

|<i>"Morning, Dogmeat."</i> Brint throws Garret a mock salute. <i>"Feeling like another day of honest hard labour?"</i>

<i>"As much as I was feeling like it yesterday. You're the one who's out there having fun with [pc.name], while I'm stuck here with my old man."</i>

<i>"Hey, it's all fun and games until something goes terribly wrong."</i>

<i>"Which it wouldn't were I with you lot."</i> Garret chuffs a little, then waves off Brint's needling. <i>"All right, all right, I'll stop splashing salt in your wine. What's up?"</i>

|<i>"Well if it isn't my favourite cut of dogmeat,"</i> Brienne says, throwing Garret a warm smile. <i>"Feeling like another day of honest hard labour?"</i>

<i>"Not particularly, but at least you're a sight for sore eyes. That and a stiff morning drink — what small pleasures a dog like me can wring out of life."</i>

<i>"Don't worry, Dogmeat. I'll be sure to tell you all about what [pc.name] and I got up to outside of town when we get back."</i>

Garret just chuffs at Brienne's needling. *<i>"You do that, Beef. You do that. Now, what's up?"</i>*

]

{/brint:

Garret's sitting at one of the tables with Brint, chatting with the minotaur as the latter tucks into a huge bowl of oat-milk porridge. It's a rather one-sided conversation, with Brint offering the occasional nod or grunt in response to Garret's questions. On his part, Garret has a large mug of spiced wine on him — not exactly the kind of drink you'd expect to see in his hands, but perhaps he's trying to impress Brint.

It's not working.

//fembrint:

Garret's sitting at one of the tables with Brienne, chatting with the cowgirl as the latter tucks into a huge bowl of oat-milk porridge. It's a rather one-sided conversation, with Brienne offering the occasional thoughtful nod in response to Garret's questions. On his part, Garret's already drained half his mug of spiced wine — a bit of an odd choice for an early morning drink, but it keeps out the cold.

Brienne having turned into a woman hasn't really changed their friendship any, it seems; they're still getting along swimmingly like they did before.

}

As you draw closer to the duo, you hear more of their conversation:

{/brint:

<i>"[rand]

— And that's when she said, 'that's not what I meant when I said I wanted a hoser!'"</i>

<i>"Mm."</i> Brint continues to stuff his face with porridge.

<i>"So since the both of us were sticky all over, I'd to go and get the both of us cleaned up. I know you don't have as much fur as I do, but I'm sure you can imagine getting all that tacky stuff out before it dries and mats your fur something terrible — what?"</i>

|
— So I said to the jackal, 'you just made a mistake, causing trouble in this town! That's because the strongest man in the world lives here!'"</i>

Brint looks up from his porridge, a completely blaise expression on the minotaur's face. <i>"You're not the strongest man in the world, Dogmeat."</i>

<i>"Yes, I know, but there wasn't any harm in acting a little larger than life there and then, yeah? Also, I am going to be the strongest man in the world one day, mark my words. Anyways, I — hey, I never said I was referring to myself when I said 'strongest man in the world'! How'd you guess?"</i>

Brint sighs and raps the edge of his bowl with his spoon. <i>"Garret, I haven't known you for very long. Still, I've known you for long enough that figuring out what's going on in your head's not that hard. All you have to do is draw a straight line."</i>

<i>"Either way, it was then that I spotted the dagger he'd been trying to hide behind his back, so —"</i>

|
— Ever think of settling down, Dogmeat?"</i>

Garret thinks for all of two seconds before answering Brint's question with a vigorous nod. <i>"Well, duh. The Frost Hound isn't going to take care of itself. But not before I've had as many adventures as my old man's had, of course. What about you? You're going to go back to Khor'Minos someday, right?"</i>

<i>"I suppose. Not before I've had my fill of the world, though."</i>

<i>"You and me both, Beef."</i> Garret raises his tankard in a mock toast. <i>"Going to find a nice girl to settle down with and say 'hey, want to be the one to pour my mead every morning?'"</i>

Brint considers that. <i>"Hm. Not a bad proposal line. Might work."</i>

<i>"See? I — "</i>

<i>"On a cowgirl. Maybe not so much on your own people."</i>

Garret looks far less enthused all of a sudden. <i>"Uh, okay. I was thinking —"</i>

]
//brienne:
[rand

|<i>" — And so he was all 'got milk, you cow?' At that point, I couldn't help myself,"</i> Brienne says with a laugh. <i>"I hefted both my tits and smashed them down on his head. Poor bastard went out like a light."</i>

Garret whistles. <i>"What a way to go. Painful, but what a way to go."</i>

<i>"Everyone watching said he deserved it. Clearly thought I was one of those domesticated cowgirls from Harvest Valley; guess he was wrong."</i>

<i>"Those tits of yours are good for all kinds of things, eh? Not my style, but I can see where they could come in useful. You certainly don't look like you regret getting them. Why, I — "</i>

|<i>"People are giving us looks, Dogmeat."</i>

<i>"Hah. They're just jealous of me because I'm here sitting with you. No need to be bashful, Beef."</i>

Brienne grins at Garret over her porridge. <i>"You know, I don't know if you were complimenting me or yourself there."</i>

<i>"Why not both?"</i>

<i>"Good choice there. Good choice there."</i>

|<i>"You know, Dogmeat..."</i>

Garret looks up at Brienne over his tankard. <i>"Yeah?"</i>

<i>"I was just thinking how it's really nice we're still friends, even after... well, you know."</i>

A shrug. <i>"Would it change anything? I know my little sister is the kind who believes that boys and girls can't just be friends, but there's a reason I call Gwyn a silly puppy. You're still you, after all."</i>

<i>"Well, speaking of that, I — "</i>

]

}

It's then that Garret notices {*//brint: Brint //fembrint: Brienne*} pointing up at you, and clears his throat. *<i>"Oh hey, it's you, [pc.name]! {*//brint: Brint //fembrint: Brienne*} and I were just having an early morning chat."*</i>

Yeah. You were looking for him; does he have a moment?

<i>"Do I have a moment? Of course I do! My old man has me dog-tired most of the day; this is one of the few times of day that I actually have to myself."</i> Garret winks at you. *<i>"You needed something from me?"*</i>

<i>"Don't mind me; let me give you some space,"</i> {*//brint: Brint //fembrint: Brienne*} grunts, picking up {*//brint: his //brienne: her*} bowl and shuffling over to the side. *<i>"I'll have Dogmeat here back when you're done with him, [pc.name]. In the meantime, I actually need to finish my breakfast before the morning's over."*</i>

<i>"Sure, you go ahead and do your thing — I'll be with you when I'm done with [pc.name]."</i> That said, Garret turns to you. *<i>"Now then, did you need anything?"*</i>

]

1900-2100 hours:

[party.has brint fembrint

[Settling down after a day's work, Garret is having a nightcap before retiring for the evening — his favourite, a truly humongous tankard of spiced mead, chilled in packed snow. Garret stares into the thick, dark liquid as though it holds the mysteries of the universe, studiously avoiding his father's gaze as the latter works the bar. You can't help but wonder how Garth feels about his son "sampling inventory", although by the looks of it he no doubt charges his own son for everything he drinks anyway.

You step up to Garret, and he notices you, waving you over to the bar by gesticulating wildly with his tankard. Garth is less than pleased, scowling as you find a seat next to his idiot son and make yourself comfortable, but resigns himself to the fact, perhaps hoping that you'll be a good influence on Garret.

<i>"Hey, [pc.name]!"</i> Garret roars. It's clear that the young lupine is slightly buzzed, even if he isn't quite drunk yet, and he punches you on the shoulder as you take your seat. That's going to smart... *<i>"It's a great evening, isn't it?"*</i>

For a given value of great, sure, it *<i>is*</i> a great evening.

<i>"Wonderful! I'd buy you a drink, but my old man has rules about um, 'sampling inventory', especially when it's others doing it. Never overindulge on your own supply and all that, I think. So, I'm afraid I can't, even though I'm still paying him for it."</i>

That's all right. You just wanted to talk anyway.

<i>"Yeah, great. Talking. Could do with more of that."</i> Garret hiccups, then grins at you as he wipes his mouth with the back of one furry hand. <i>"I'm all for that; talking's a great way to pass the evening. So's drinking. Talking and drinking... now that's something."</i>

[party.comp brint fembrint

|

|

]

{//brint:

Garret is with Brint at one of the many tables, the two of them sharing a drink as they make small talk over the day's events. Well, it's mostly the latter speaking, while the former laps up every word the minotaur has to offer. Both of them nurse equally large mugs of mead, and you can't help but wonder if there's some kind of competition going on here, even if neither of them are consciously aware of it.

//fembrint:

Garret is with Brienne at one of the many tables, the two of them sharing a drink as they make small talk over the day's events. Well, it's mostly the latter speaking, while the former laps up every word the cowgirl has to offer. Both of them nurse equally large mugs of mead, and you can't help but wonder if there's some kind of competition going on here, even if neither of them are consciously aware of it.

Some things just don't change.

}

As you step closer to the table, snatches of the drinking duo's conversation come over to you:

{//brint:

<i>"[rand|

And so I tried to pay him, but when I counted the change I was coming up a couple of hawks short. Now, I'd placed the coins a piece at a time on the counter, so there was no mistaking how much I'd paid him,"</i> Brint rumbles, slamming his mug onto the table's surface. <i>"But when I pointed out the error, he insisted that I was the one who'd counted the change wrongly."</i>

Garret snorts and takes a swig of mead, but says nothing.

<i>"Sure,"</i> Brint continues, <i>"I'm hardly the sharpest wit out there — I guess many people think they can outsmart me, and they probably wouldn't be wrong. But there's a whole new level of insulting in thinking that a minotaur can't even count to five properly. Just because I've got plenty in the way of muscle doesn't mean I'm a complete fool."</i>

A chuckle. <i>"I don't know about that. Might be useful for people to keep on underestimating you. Then when you come out swinging —"</i> Garret slams a fist into the palm of his other hand — <i>"Pow! They'll never see it coming."</i>

Brint just shakes his head. <i>"Khor'Minos is full of roads, bridges, mines, and buildings. The King's palace is a wonder in and of itself, enough for other peoples to tell tales of it. And despite all these wonders of engineering, somehow I, as a minotaur, give the impression that I can't even count up to five."</i>

Garret shakes his head, grins, and claps Brint on the back of his hand. <i>"Now then, Beef, you know full well that I would never make such a mistake. So, anyway, what exactly happened to the merchant after that?"</i>

<i>"Well, I —"</i>

|

<i>"See anything strange out in the forest today?"</i>

Brint shakes his head. <i>"Not any more than the usual."</i>

<i>"The usual, huh. 'The usual'."</i> Garret looks down into his tankard and folds his ears against his head. <i>"Things that would've sent us screaming when this all began, we're now starting to think of as 'the usual'. I don't know which is more astounding — the fact that there are tentacle vines in the old forest, or that we ourselves can think of such things as normal."</i>

<i>"They're not going away. People have to adapt or perish."</i>

<i>"True, but —"</i> Garret opens his mouth as if to say more, but just sighs and takes a long, deep swig from his tankard. Longer and deeper than most, anyway. Silence, and then: <i>"Well, guess it's up to the strongest man in the world to fix things."</i>

<i>"You mean me, of course,"</i> Brint replies without so much as missing a beat.

<i>"You've been helping, yeah. But I —"</i>

<i>"That's number five,"</i> Garret grunts, slamming his tankard down on the table with a somber note of finality to it. <i>"You're not about to give up, are you, Beef?"</i>

<i>"No more than you are, Dogmeat."</i>

<i>"That settles it, then. We'll have to go for a sixth round of drinks. I'll pay this time."</i>

Brint ponders that. <i>"I don't think so. Your father's giving us the stink eye. Money or not, I don't think he's going to serve us anything for the rest of tonight."</i>

<i>"Hmph."</i> Garret mumbles to himself, then raises his tankard high into the air. A few precious drops of mead bead gloriously on the rim, tremble, and fall through the air to land on Garret's doggy tongue. He swallows, smack his lips, and sighs. <i>"Welp. As much as I'd love to continue this, I'm not about to run afoul of my old man. In fact, I —"</i>

//fembrint:

[rand

|<i>"You ever think life would be different if you were a woman, Dogmeat?"</i>

Garret scratches his muzzle and thinks about it for a moment. <i>"I'm not sure. I mean, look at you — you haven't changed that much since you turned into a girl, Beef. Well, not on the inside, anyway."</i>

<i>"On the outside, though..."</i>

<i>"Yeah, that's a different matter. I'm sure you're taking nicely to having eyes on you instead of the other way around."</i>

The two of them laugh at that, and Brienne takes a deep swig from her mug. <i>"Actually, that hasn't changed that much, either. I suppose I'd be expected to join in the women's work if I ever returned home — building bridges, walls, that

kind of thing, but I'm still a ways off from returning for good."

"You holding up all right?" Brienne asks.

"Eh, dog-tired as always." Garret stares into his mug comentplatively. "Old man's got me fixing up the south side of town. People coming to live in the houses that got abandoned a few years back during the troubles."

"Hmm." Brienne sips at her mead. "I'll give you a hand tomorrow, if [pc.name] doesn't pop in and drag me off on an adventure somewhere."

"Much appreciated." The two clink their mugs together in a toast, and settle back to enjoy their drinks. "It's not that I don't appreciate new faces — you're a new face, after all — it's that it's just so much **work**. I — "

"So, Beef... I've been meaning to ask. Why didn't you go and get yourself fixed when the armour went and changed you?"

"How's that?"

"I mean, Mistress Ivris is just down the road. You could've just asked her to cook up a potion or two to put you back to the way you were."

"Good question." Brienne mulls the question over. "I guess I'm just not really troubled by it. I can do all the things I used to, and then some more. What's the worry? It's interesting, and it doesn't bother me any."

"Sheesh." Garret grins, and the both of them clink their mugs in a toast. "I wish I could be as easygoing as you. Why, I — "

]
}

It's then that Garret notices {/brint: Brint //brienne: Brienne}pointing at you, and breaks into a shit-eating grin. Not wasting a moment, he waves you over with his tankard, then pulls up a chair from a nearby table.

"[pc.name!] There you are! I was just thinking of you, and bam! Here you are!"

That's odd, *<i>you</i>* were just thinking of going to see *<i>him</i>*, too.

<i>"Don't mind me,"</i> {*// brint: Brint //brienne: Brienne*} says, pulling {*//brint: his //brienne: her* } chair a little further away from the two of you. *<i>"I needed a bit of space anyway. Dogmeat here can get a little too large at times."</i>*

Garret just beams and claps {*//brint:Brint //brienne: Brienne* }on the shoulder. *<i>"I'll see you in a bit then, friend. Now, then, [pc.name], was there something you needed from me?"</i>*

]

//Display main Garret menu.

Interactions

Garret Main Menu

[Appearance]

Appearance

//Take a good look at Garret.

Garret is as he's always been. You can see why he says he takes after his mother far more than he does Garth — instead of his father and sister's sleek brown-and-white fur patterning, Garret is more a greyish-black and far huskier. Either way, the young lupine is a strapping specimen of manhood {*//if sexed:*

, and what a full manhood it is too. You'd know, having had personal experience of such

}. Broad-shouldered and strong-jawed, Garret looks considerably less tame than his father — for example, those teeth sticking haphazardly out of the sides of his muzzle definitely didn't come from Garth's side of the family, that's for sure. It gives one pause as to what Garth's wife might have looked like, and from there, what he saw in her...

Those sky-blue eyes, though — *<i>those</i>* definitely came from Garth, as does the cut of his muzzle. The family resemblance is there; it's just not as strong as that of Gwyn's. Garret's eyes tend to narrow, his perky, triangular ears tend to swivel this way and that when he's thinking, and when his jaws are idle, they tend to settle into a repetitive chewing motion that — no pun intended — sets one's teeth on edge after a while. He's monstrously tall for a lupine, almost seven feet, and might have been even more imposing if his fluffy fur didn't conspire to conceal his musculature that much. At it stands, though, there's definitely a sense of bulk, if not muscle, to Garret, which isn't surprising considering how much he tends to eat; it must cost Garth quite a bit to feed his idiot son.

Despite the chill of the Frost Marches, all Garret wears for a top is a sleeveless leather vest in browns and greys, trusting in his fur to keep him warm. The aforementioned garment is open in the middle, showing his bare chest and belly, as well as the lighter fluff growing from it. There's also a huge scar running from his upper left breastbone all the way to his right hip; while the scar itself isn't readily visible, the fur growing from it is discolored, resulting in an ugly gash of light grey across Garret's torso. The rest of Garret's fur is generally clean — generally being the key word here — but he always manages to look slightly unkempt and dishevelled no matter the time of day.

As for the rest of him... he wears leggings, held up by a belt, furred boots, and a pair of fingerless padded gloves. What you can see of the leathery pads of his hands, though, is thickly callused — Garret is clearly no stranger to hard, menial work, which is what you might expect of a tavernkeeper's son. [pc.ra lupine

|But his scent... ah, that speaks far more about him than the eye could ever tell you. It's deep and heady, with a hint of spice to it; a bit of sweat and dirt, but that's something that everyone has in varying degrees. You can scent the blood that rushes beneath skin and fur, the blood of a young, virile hunk of dogmeat. [pc.hasVag

|It speaks to something snarling and drooling in the back of your mind, something which was never quite tamed by civilization. [pc.inHeat

|It insists that this particular specimen would be an excellent candidate for fathering a strong litter of puppies, and quietly asks if being a breeding bitch for a bit wouldn't be so bad after all.

]

|

A potential rival, perhaps, but also a potential ally. Either way, a force to be reckoned with and to keep an eye on.

]

}

It's then that Garret finally notices you eyeing him, and makes a show of flexing an arm.

[pc.isBimbo]

OoooOOOOoooh. Kinky.

|

You don't know whether he's just being facetious, or if he's truly that inept. He gets an A for effort, though.

]

<i>"Hey, you should've told me you were checking me out,"</i> he says with a toothy grin, fluffy tail wagging back and forth behind him at a ridiculous speed. <i>"I could've struck a pose or something, given you a better look. Even the strongest man in all of Savarra likes to be admired."</i>

[pc.isBimbo]

You lick your lips at him in the most salacious manner you can muster. Oh, you do want a better look indeed. A much, much closer look... and maybe see if he's really as strong as he claims to be, or just bragging.

<i>"Hey, that's my job there. But if you want a closer look, I wouldn't mind taking you upstairs for that."</i>

Hmm... that's, like, really tempting.

|

He's never going to give up that "strongest man in all of Savarra" schtick, is he?

<i>"My old man always likes to say it's good to have a goal, and I don't see the harm in overselling myself every now and then."</i>

You think of several things you can say in reply to that, then just settle for sighing and shaking your head when you realize that none of them will get through Garret's thick skull.

]

<i>"I am who I am, and that's who I am,"</i> Garret says, jerking a thumb straight at the middle of his scarred chest. <i>"Now, is there anything else?"</i>

Chat

//A little conversation helps the drink go down smoother.

<i>"Sure! My old man used to — well, he still does — have me work the bar, so I'm great at talking! Love it to bits! Get to meet all kinds of people passing through Hawkethorne, and I don't regret a moment of it!"</i>

That's nice, because you intend to do quite a bit of talking.

<i>"For someone supposedly out hunting a demon, you sure have a lot of free time on your hands, eh? But if you want to chat with me... guess it can't be helped! So, what'd you like to talk about? Anything's great, so long as there's a drink to accompany it!"</i>

The Daily Grind

//How's life treating him?

<i>"Eh."</i> Ears twitching, Garret reaches up and tries to get the errant things under control, pawing at them irritably. <i>"Don't mind these, they've been rather antsy lately..."</i>

He have something he'd like to get off his chest?

Garret takes a swig from his tankard. <i>"You know me. If I'm not up, I'm slugging along; I'm not like Gwyn, who can manage to be cheerful and pleasant all day, any day. It's nothing new or worth talking about."</i>

Still, a hawk for his thoughts.

<i>"Hm. [rand

|I guess I've just been dog-tired lately. Actually, I'm dog-tired most of the time, but I've been extra dog-tired of late. Some nights I end up sleeping on the rug instead of on my bed because it's more comfortable, and Gwyn starts fussing at me for dozing off on the floor."</i>

Garth's just trying to keep him out of trouble by using up all his energy; idle hands being demons' helpers and all that. Also, ingratiating himself to his neighbours probably isn't such a bad idea, especially in a small community like Hawkethorne.

<i>"Yeah, I get what my old man's trying to do. Doesn't mean I have to like being farmed out to other people like a rented mule and all."</i>

And if Garth wasn't making sure his day was occupied from dawn to dusk, what <i>would</i> he be doing?

Garret thinks for a moment, then shakes his head. <i>"Things that my old man definitely wouldn't like."</i>

There, he answered his own question.

<i>"He can't keep it up forever, though. At some point or the other he'll actually run out of substantive tasks to send me off on, and the bullshit will become obvious. If nothing else, he'll resort to having me dig holes and filling them in later just because."</i>

Ever considered just talking with him?

<i>"Hah, as if that will ever work. Not from his son, at the very least."</i> Garret takes another long swig from his tankard, then sighs and smacks his lips contentedly. <i>"I guess it's making me appreciate the small pleasures in life."</i>

|<i>"I've been working out extra hard of late."</i>

Oh? Is that so? Doesn't he get enough exercise in his line of work?

<i>"Well, yeah, but I can't stop there. I try to work it into my schedule, sure, but I get the feeling that I'm not going to become the strongest man in all of Savarra by hefting one barrel at a time. Gotta try three or four, maybe even five all in one go."</i>

[party.comp fembrint brint

|<i>"If I didn't know better, I'd think he was trying to impress me,"</i> Brienne pipes up from the next table with a laugh. <i>"Of course, I do know better."</i>

Garret chuffs and makes a rude gesture, which just makes Brienne laugh even louder.

|<i>"He's working hard and seeing much improvement,"</i> Brint pipes up from across the table. <i>"Maybe someday he'll even be as strong as a minotaur."</i>

Garret twists his muzzle and makes a rude noise, which sets Brint to laughing.

<i>"Okay, okay, that's enough from me. I'll be quiet now."</i>

]

Is that why he eats so much?

<i>"Naaah, always been like that. It's one of the reasons I learnt how to cook well the moment my old man trusted me to be around an open flame without burning the place down. Sure, I'll eat most things, but so long as I'm stuffing my face there's no reason not to take pleasure in the act. Vegetables make a good start to a meal, that make a good addition to a meal, and they make a good end to a meal. What they don't make is a meal, no matter how much Gwyn says they do."</i>

So, that's his secret to being the strongest man in the world, is it? Eat lots, train well and intensely, and gets lots of sleep?

<i>"That's right; shortcuts like alchemy don't do anyone any good. You don't learn anything, and in any case I want to fight with strength that I've earned myself and not cheated to get."</i>

Well then, you're behind him a hundred and one percent — although it looks like he's well on the way there already.

<i>"Shucks, thanks."</i> Garret grabs one of your hands and pumps it formidably.

<i>"The encouragement's appreciated."</i>

|<i>"The Frost Hound's been seeing more business lately. The old man's been calling me back more frequently... do this, do that while he tends the bar, especially since Gwyn has her own thing going now."</i>

More people lounging about in town with nothing to do?

Garret shakes his head. <i>"Actually, it's more that we're seeing more people come through town of late. Ever since you showed up the night of the snowstorm, to be exact — well, danger and riches go hand in hand, so there we have it. I'm not against the increased business — the guests don't linger and move on in a day or two — but it makes one a little jealous, if you get where I'm coming from."</i>

Yeah, you do.

<i>"You know me that well, eh?"</i> Garret sets down his tankard heavily on the tables and eyes Garth at the bar. <i>"Guess you would. But unless something earth-shattering happens, my old man's liable to keep me on a short leash. Don't blame him, just don't agree one bit."</i>

So, about the increased business...

<i>"Yeah, that."</i> Scratching a ear, garrett thinks for a moment. <i>"It looks like more people are coming in from down south, if I had to guess. From what used to be the Belharan heartlands. People attracted by tales of danger, loot and such, with little to throw away but their lives. Guess that's what you get when people get too comfortable and bored with just living — they throw themselves headlong into danger. Anything for a little thrill, the rush of being alive."</i>

Just like you did.

<i>"Yep."</i>

|<i>"There's trouble brewing. The winds coming down off the Marches are colder."</i>

Oh? And how does he know?

Garret taps his nose. <i>"I can smell it, of course."</i>

Well, whether he can smell it or not, there's no denying that there's trouble brewing already — so there really isn't much value in his so-called predictive powers.

<i>"Right. And when there's trouble brewing afoot, you need strong arms by your side, whether they be for aid or support."</i>

Strong arms like his?

<i>"Maybe."</i>

Now, whether you'd like to acquiesce or not is irrelevant. Garth would — well, you don't know what Garth would do, but it would most definitely be rather unpleasant if you let Garret go traipsing with you all over the world and getting up to all sorts of wacky hijinks.

<i>"I know, I know. But realistically speaking, [pc.name], you're pretty much my only ticket out of this town at this point. I'm not stupid enough to go out on my own — not any more, in any case — and folks try not to venture beyond the town walls if they can help it. If only there was something I could do to convince my old man to let me go for a few years..."</i>

You give Garret a pat on the shoulder. If anyone's able to figure that one out, it'll be him.

<i>"Yeah, fat lot of good that'll do me..."</i>

|<i>"Feeling sleepy, really."</i>

[dayNight|

Sleepy? In the morning? At this time of day?

|

Oh, come on. It's not that late yet.

] There's no reason he should be dozing off already.

Garret mutters several curses not quite under his breath and drinks deeply of his tankard. <i>"It's not so much a day or night thing, it's more of a 'how much I'm giving a fuck' thing. Without any reason to get my blood up, it flows very sluggishly, and I can't help but move the same way when I can't be worked up to give a damn."</i>

Huh. Garth keeping him penned up in Hawkethorne isn't working out well, is it?

<i>"Well, last night Gwyn told me if she found me lounging about before bed one more time she'd lay me out as a rug, because the way I was there really wasn't much difference between the two. Can't honestly say that she was wrong, either. I've been trying to make the old man see reason, but with the way things are going I might as well just sneak off in the middle of the night."</i>

That would be -

<i>"That would be stupid, yes. Which is why I'm still here. That, and the mead."</i>

He should hang in there for as long as he can. Sooner or later, either things are going to take a turn for the better, in which case there's no reason for him not to go out any more — or they're going to take a drastic turn for the worse, in which case hiding behind a wall of palings isn't going to do anyone much good.

<i>"Huh, when you put it that way..."</i> Garret looks up and scratches his chin.

<i>"You kinda almost make me feel guilty for wanting what I want. Almost. Dunno whether you want to take it as a compliment or not, but there it is."</i>

]

//Return to Garret talk menu

Family

//Garth and Gwyn, are they doing good by him?

<i>"They're doing reasonable..."</i>

Oh?

<i>"Same as they've always been, really. Some things don't change."</i>

But many things can indeed change.

<i>"Well, they're not many things,"</i> Garret grunts, wiping his mouth with the back of his hand. <i>"Gwyn and the old man are family. I guess that counts for something, even if it's not always what I want it to be. You don't really get to pick whose blood you happen to share, so you've just got to take the hand you're dealt and make it work one way or another."</i>

He'd call his relationship with Garth workable?

<i>"Let's just say that if I weren't his son, I'd have little doubt that we'd have killed each other by now. Wait, that's not it — that'd mean he still gave a damn. No, he'd have just let me run out and get myself killed a long time ago. I get why he does what he does. I just don't agree with it."</i>

So things have pretty much reached an impasse, then.

<i>"Kinda sorta. I do enough work to avoid him lecturing me too much, and he avoids giving me so much work that I blow a gasket at him. It works out — for now. It helps that we beat each other stupid on a regular basis, too."</i>

That's one way to bond as father and son, you suppose. And Gwyn?

<i>"She's doing her own thing these days. Going and having popped out some puppies hasn't stopped her from being one herself — to be honest, being a puppy herself just makes her even more suited to rearing them. Of course, I'm probably biased, being her big brother and all, but eh."</i>

By the looks of him, Garret isn't going to be quite forthcoming on any other details regarding his family, and pushing him further is likely going to have the exact opposite effect.

<i>"C'mon,"</i> Garret grunts, as if to affirm your suspicions. <i>"Let's talk about something more interesting than this. You want to know about me and the old man, talk to Gwyn. She loves just going on and on and on about us, okay?"</i>

//Return to Garret talk menu.

Mother

//So... does Garret know what happened to his mother?

Garret raises an eyebrow and sniffs the air. <i>"What's it to you?"</i>

It's a mystery floating about town. Garth won't tell you anything about it, Gwyn thinks that she abandoned them but doesn't know anything else, and everyone else in Hawkethorne has their own opinion about where she disappeared to. Maybe he can shed some light on the matter?

Garret considers you for a few seconds, then reaches up and scratches his head.

<i>"Yeah... about that, truth be told, I don't think I have the whole story about what happened to my mom. I was already up and asking about her the moment I could walk and talk, and it's taken me a lifetime to piece together what I already have. It's like everyone in town who's old enough to have remembered her has had a spell put on them to keep them quiet. Old man Sanders was kind enough to let a few things slip, and I've gleaned some more over the years from the more venerable folk in town, but there're still gaps here and there about her."</i>

Huh. So even he doesn't know.

<i>"Not everything. Seriously, if you weren't such a good friend to me, I'd have told you to bugger off. Asking about someone else's mum is kinda sorta a private thing, you know."</i>

[pc.isDK

|Sometimes the hard questions need to be asked, no matter how painful they are. He should know as much.

Garret just snorts at that and takes a swig from his tankard.

|You're going to beg his pardon for prying, but you're going to pry all the same unless he's going to violently object to such.

Garret looks you up and down. <i>"I... don't know about that. Just keep talking for now, and I'll stop you if you start going too far, okay?"</i>

That sounds fair, yes.

<i>"Good, good."</i>

]

So, down to the meat of the matter, then. He might not have the whole picture, but what <i>does</i> he know, then?

Upon hearing that, Garret shoots a glance at his father working away behind the bar. Satisfied that Garth appears to be suitably distracted, he leans in close to you and lowers his voice conspiratorially.

<i>"She was exiled from Hawkethorne. To be absolutely clear, that means kicked out and told not to come back on pain of death. We're not really big on hangings here, unlike some other places, but exile ranks just below that. The Long Walk, it's called in some of the

ancient lupine languages — traditionally, the guilty is given a strip of jerky and a sharp stick, then thrown out onto the snow and ice, never to come back. Every ten years or so someone comes across the frozen body of a long walker, preserved in ice for centuries. It was really popular back in ancient times — execution without actually needing to get one's hands bloody."

Wow.

"It happened when Gwyn and I were somewhere between four or five years old, from what I've been able to glean from old man Sanders. Up till then, she'd been running the Frost Hound with my old man, trying to get used to serving drinks and making beds after the life the both of them had led up till that point. It wasn't easy, but she was determined to make it work, wanting to die in her bed rather than in a puddle of her own blood. Having children — it tends to change people, although not always for the better.

"And then **something** happened, though. My old man won't talk about it, Sanders says it was a hard choice, and when I ask anyone else they tell me she had to choose the lesser of two evils, and that I shouldn't dig any further. It was a stupid choice she had to make, one of those huge tangled knots, and she tried to unravel it by hand instead of getting a sharp edge and chopping through the whole thing altogether.

"Even if she did choose the lesser of two evils, it was enough that the town reluctantly but unanimously chose to send her on the Long Walk. Sanders tells me that if she'd done the alternative, they'd have no choice but to hang her or else make a mockery of law and lore alike." Garret pauses a moment to catch his breath. "She left the next morning at first light. Took the sharp stick and jerky, and the last anyone ever saw of her was that she was heading south towards Harvest Valley, on the road towards Tychris. My old man, he stayed behind to raise Gwyn and me, and that's that."

And he's seen nor heard nothing of her since?

"No. No one has, and even if they had they wouldn't tell me. Gwyn sure as hell doesn't know — the only reason they're less tight-lipped with me is that I apparently look less like my old man and take after her a lot more." Garret stops to think a moment with his brow furrowed, drinks a little more deeply from his tankard than is strictly necessary. "I don't really have any concrete memories of her save for her face. An old brick. The smell of blood, without any danger in it. Her hands on my head, for some reason. The streets, filled with snow. And... that's about it. I might care more about her fate than Gwyn does, but still not enough to hope that she'll ever come back. Life goes on."

So it does.

"And that's all I know about my mom," Garret grunts. "You're welcome to dig and pry all you want — maybe people will be a little more loose-lipped around you. I don't really care one way or the other any more. So, want to talk about something else?"

He's lying, he's painfully and obviously lying, but to press right now would be bad for the both of you.

Adventure

//So, he wants to go and see the world, huh?

<i>"It's not so much 'wanting to go out and see the world'," Garret grumbles, showing you his teeth. <i>"That sort of stupid shit's for idiot farmboys who think that it's all going to be fun and games. Those idiots wind up dead, too, more often than not."</i>

You settle in and brace yourself for the tirade you know's coming.

<i>"Do you know what it's like living in the shadow of an old man like mine? Everyone treats you like you're a smaller, broken version of him. As if you were..."</i> Garret stops and thinks for a moment, searching for the right word, and rolling over the syllables when he does find it. <i>"Defective, that's the word. That's what they were thinking. No one ever said it out loud, of course, but I could see it behind their eyes, their gazes. 'How good is he compared to Garth?' 'Not good enough.' The only other person who didn't treat me that way was Gwyn. I got sick of it, started to spend as much time as I could out in the woods."</i>

Maybe he's just insecure, but you're not going to tell him that to his face. That'd just make things worse.

<i>"Going back and forth, being known as 'Garth's son'; I think the only local who wasn't family to call me by name was old man Sanders. Anyone else, it's 'Garth's son'. Neighbour looks over the fence while I'm butchering a hog, 'hey, Garth's son, how's your old man?' 'Oh look, it's Garth's pup. You want a pound of flour?' 'You've got a good set of chopping arms there. Almost as good as your father's.' Everywhere, everytime.</i>

<i>"I know they don't mean anything by it, but being constantly measured up against my old man gets tiring after a while. Like I mentioned before, I'm just a defective version of him in peoples' eyes. Not as smart. Not as strong. Without the fine attention to detail. Doesn't pour drinks fast enough. Just a lazy little brat, not as hardworking as his father. And they wonder why I head out to the woods once I've finished the tasks my old man's set me for the day."</i>

Garret takes another swig of alcohol and wipes his mouth with the back of his hand. He looks you up and down a few times, studying your expression, then shrugs.

<i>"That's why I'm saying I'm the strongest man in the world. It's not just something I'm aiming for — you know how they say if you repeat a lie long enough, you start believing it? And then when you start believing it, wearing that mask for long enough, you can work towards being the mask? Going out —"</i> Garret hiccups, his breath smelling heavily of

alcohol — *"Excuse me, going out and being more than just a mercenary like my old man was —"*

So, what exactly is he trying to prove here?

Garret answers without hesitation. *"That I don't have to live in my old man's shadow forever."*

You turn your gaze towards Garth at the bar. The old wolf is busily wiping away at one of his many mugs with a cloth, definitely and most pointedly *not* looking in your direction.

"Oh, of course he doesn't like it. He built the Frost Hound so that I wouldn't have to do what he did for a living and could have a good, easy life as a tavernkeeper." Garret smiles bitterly and points to himself. *"Do I look like the kind of person who settles for that in his youth? Ha ha, of course not. I understand, perhaps even respect my old man's sentiments, but I've already had a lifetime's worth of 'Garth's pup'. Fifty more years of such **really** doesn't appeal to me, for some strange reason."*

He'll have to put in a lot of work to surpass his father, then.

"Don't think I don't know that. Why do you think I'm such a tryhard? Was doing just that when you had to step in and save me from Westbank." He shakes his head and heaves a sigh. *"I hate to admit it when he's right, but I have to admit it all the same. Come on, [pc.name], let's find something cheerier to talk about than this."*

//Return to Garret talk topics.

Friends

//So, does he have any friends?

//Probably a one time thing, gives PC an in to get to Anna's.

"Heh. You want me to introduce you to them?"

Getting to know more of the locals is always good, yes. But you're just saying this because he seems to stick with his folks all the time. Family is important, yes, but so is the rest of Hawkethorne.

"How about I introduce you to some folks from out of town?"

That would work just as well, you suppose. He has someone in mind, you suppose?

"Yeah, I know a lady by the name of Anna, lives out in Harvest Valley. She's got a sister — half-lupine by the name of Morwen; they run a farm like most people who live out there. That's why it's called Harvest Valley, after all. Good people, salt of the earth and all that."

Haven't actually been around to visit them since the blizzard and all this craziness started... and ever since I got back from Westbank, my old man's been keeping me on a really tight leash. Haven't had the chance to go down and check on them."

That gives you an idea. Why don't you go down and make sure they're okay?

Garret eyes you. "You mean it?"

[pc.dcb]Well, of course. Would you ever just run your mouth off to him like that without meanig it?Yeah, you do. It's part of your job, after all.[Well, like, duh. There're plenty of fun things to be had on farms. Why would you not want to go and miss out on everything?]

"Yeah, yeah." Garret scratches the back of his head sheepishly. "I didn't mean to say it like I distrust you or anything, but I've known Anna and Morwen for years now. Wouldn't want you going out to have a look-see, then forgetting all about it until the next time you showed up here. Frankly speaking, I've been in a half-mind for a while now to just sneak out of town and check in on them, even if it meant I'd catch hell from my old man..."

He really cares quite a lot about those two, doesn't he?

Garret huffs. "Anna helped out my old man and me when I was younger. We owe a lot to her, and she us. To say that I give a shit about the lady and her land is a pretty big understatement."

You get as much. Next time you're in Harvest Valley, you'll drop by their farmstead and tell them Garret said hi.

"Thanks. Let me tell you how to get there."

The directions Garret gives you are clear and concise — which shouldn't be a surprise given the circumstances, even if he is a meathead. A few minutes later, you feel confident in following those landmarks to Anna's farmstead down in Harvest Valley.

"And that's that. Thanks again. Anything else you need me for?"

//Unlock Anna's farmstead on Harvest Valley map.

//Display Garret chat menu.

Scar

//So, how'd he get that scar across his chest anyways?

{//if sexed:

<i>"Why?"</i> Garret flashes you one of his trademark winning grins — which, alas, is not very much so. Top marks for effort, though. <i>"Do you like it that much?"</i>

You don't know about that, but now that he's mentioned it, you can't help but imagine yourself leaning into Garret, running your fingers down the stiff white fur that sprouts from its ragged edges, feeling for the broad, powerful chest beneath —

<i>"Hey, if you want to do that kind of thing, go do it where people can't see you. As much fun as it is to have other people drool over me, I'd rather not have it done in public — especially when my old man's watching. He knows a thing or two about how attractive scars can be when they're in the right places."</i>

Oh, you're sure he does. But go on — how did Garret come by this thing at so young an age, anyway?

//else:

<i>"Huh."</i> Now that his attention has been drawn to it, Garret self-consciously fingers the ragged end of his scar through his collar. <i>"Guess there's no hiding this thing, is there?"</i>

It kind of sticks out where his collar meets his shoulder, yes. And even if his shirt covered it completely, there's the fact that you've already seen him in the nude once.

<i>"Yeah..."</i> Garret waves a hand in the air that's neither here nor there. <i>"I'd rather not talk about that. Kinda embarrassing."</i>

You can see why, especially when it's someone like him. If he doesn't want to discuss that, then why not how he got that scar?

}

<i>"Yeah, it's a long story."</i> Garret sets down his mug and scratches his chin. <i>"Handful of years back there now — think I must've been no more than twelve summers when it happened. It was back down at Anna's estate in Harvest Valley — did I ever tell you about her?"</i>

{//if talked about friends:

Yeah, he did.

<i>"Right.

//else:

No, not really.

<i>"Then remind me to tell you about him and his daughter sometime.

} In any case, I was down in the fields that day, messing with the cowgirls. Morwen and I were playing prey while my old man and Anna were discussing what was the best price for a

sackful of hops. Have you ever been in a really tall grassland? The wheat was almost up to my shoulders, so it was kind of like that; even at the edge of the fields, it was pretty hard to see very far — which made it perfect for playing in.</i>

<i>"Don't know when the thing snuck up on me, but when I turned, it was there. Some horrible furry clawed thing, no doubt out of the mountains. How it'd wandered into Harvest Valley and right smack in Anna's fields, I'm not sure, but there it was.</i>

<i>"Morwen might have screamed, I don't know. It all gets a little hazy from there. I know I ran and grabbed the nearest thing at hand — a plowshare left standing by the fence — and headed straight for it."</i>

He did <i>what</i>? He said he was only twelve!

Garret shrugs. <i>"I don't know how to describe it. It felt right, like I was made to do this, you know? I don't think I was thinking, wasn't time for that. Either way, I brought the blade down on its face, and cut it open. That only pissed the thing off, and it took a swipe at me; I parried the blow with the plowshare's handle, but didn't have the strength to stand up against it. The blade buckled in and caught me on the chest just like this."</i>

As if for emphasis, Garret traces a fingertip along the line of his scar.

You see.

<i>"It didn't hurt, not right then; just made me angrier. Morwen definitely screamed then, and Anna and my old man came running. They yelled at me to get away, but I wasn't having any of that. It wasn't as if the blade had sunk that deep, so I pulled it out of me and gave the monster another swipe. Caught it between the eyes that time and brained it. Felt really, really good."</i>

<i>"That's also when I heard my old man compare me to my mom for the first time."</i>

What happened next?

<i>"I..."</i> You can see Garret working to dredge up the memories. <i>"Could have been Anna, could have been my old man, someone came up and took the plowshare out of my hands while the other dragged me back to the homestead. Morwen got me a leather bit to bite down on, and sewed up the gash as best as she could, along with some stinking poultice. I know, the wound could've gotten infected, I could've died. But I didn't. She says it was pretty bad, that she could see my ribs in places, but I'm not quite sure I believe that. It sure didn't feel like it, at any rate."</i>

Aand...

Garret shrugs. *<i>"And that's all. If you go down to Anna's, ask her to show you the cloak she made out of the creature's pelt. We've asked most people what it might be, but even the centaurs have no idea. Pretty warm, though."</i>*

<i>"So, anything else you want to talk about?"</i>

Challenge

//Challenge Garret to a drinking contest.

//Only really available in the evenings.

Mornings

Garret glances at the bar and shakes his head. *<i>"Thanks, but no thanks. As tempting as it might be, my old man would kill me if I went and got myself smashed to bits at this time of day. Don't even think about it — he wouldn't serve either of us anything substantial, so forget it."</i>*

He's drinking right now, isn't he?

<i>"Psh. The old man knows I won't even get buzzed on a single drink, so he lets me have one in the mornings. Look, come back when the sun starts to set and maybe we can talk about it, okay?"</i>

All right. Sundown it is, then.

<i>"Yeah, sure. Anything else you needed?"</i>

//Display Garret menu.

Evenings

Garret grins at your suggestion. *<i>"Hey, why the hell not. It's not as if I've got anything to do for the rest of the day. We've got a lot of honey mead in the cellar anyway — gotta drink some up to make room for new stock."</i>*

So, first one until the other cries uncle?

<i>"Cries uncle, pukes, or passes out. Loser has to pay for all the drinks, okay?"</i>

That sounds like a fair enough bet, yes. Well then — will he get started?

<i>"Fuck yes!"</i> Garret wastes no time in clapping his hands, a loud, thunderous echo that draws the attention — and in Garth's case, ire — of everyone in the common room. The

locals are clearly used to this spectacle, the more rowdy ones immediately crowding around the two of you and forming a half-circle of spectators.

<i>"Garret."</i> Garth comes up to your table, his voice betraying not anger, but weary resignation. <i>"Another one of your competitions?"</i>

<i>"Come on, old man. It's not like you didn't get up to worse in your youth. Besides, there's nothing left for me to do today but to get smashed."</i>

Garth folds his arms. <i>"Which is rather why I'd have you learn from my mistakes instead of having to suffer them yourself."</i>

<i>"Dunno how much of a mistake this is. Not as if I'm asking you to turn on the tap for free. Besides —"</i> he gestures at the crowd with a sweep of his arm — <i>"You want to miss out on all this business?"</i>

Garth looks at the crowd, some of them calling out for drinks of their own while others make bets on the likely victor of your little competition. Slowly, the old wolf shakes his head and sighs. <i>"Fine, fine. At least I know you won't ruin the floor. I just set down new sawdust today."</i>

<i>"That's the spirit, old man!"</i>

Mumbling to himself, Garth retreats back into the crowd, returning with a tray bearing several large tankards, each one foaming at the lip. He slams it on the wooden tabletop, steps back, and folds his arms with a scowl on his face.

<i>"Don't rush yourselves, pups. We've got all night to do this. You need more, just call out — if you're not too drunk to speak in the first place."</i>

Garret looks down at the spread of mead before him. He looks at you. He looks down at the mead again.

<i>"Well then, this is making me thirsty. You want to get started?"</i>

By all means!

[Get Started][Throw Contest]

Actual Drinking Stuff

//Leads in from [Get started].

//How is drinking handled in TiTs, anyways? I think we should follow something similar here. Garret should kinda sorta level up each time he's defeated (to a cap, of course), so that he remains a reasonable challenge even for the most alcohol-tolerant of PCs.

Garret Loses

<i>"Another round!"</i> Garret bellows, not even bothering to look down at the huge pile of empty tankards laid out on the table before the two of you. <i>"We can do this all night, friend!"</i>

The crowd is getting quite excited now; the game's gotten pretty deep now, yet neither player is showing any sign of giving up. Garret flashes you a grin, gives you a thumbs-up, and reaches for the next tankard in line. <i>"Guess that's how things roll when you challenge the strongest man in all of Savarra!"</i>

Mm-hm. Together, the two of you pick up your tankards and drain them, Garret doing so with his usual gusto. Perfectly calm, he slaps the now-empty tankard on the table and wipes his mouth with the back of his hand.

<i>"Feeling like giving up yet? Because I can —"</i>

Garret's smile broadens; he loosens his grip on his tankard. Still staring straight at you, he falls forward face-down straight into the mound of empties — there's no buckling, no swaying, no bending, just from upright to horizontal in one big and beautiful geometrically perfect arc.

Then he begins to snore.

Victory, it would appear, is yours. Behind you, the bookies are already collecting on their bets as to the winner of the drinking competition; you can only hope you didn't disappoint. At length, Garth comes over and begins the laborious process of clearing up the bodies stricken on the battlefield.

<i>"Guess you won,"</i> he says, but there's no joy in his voice. <i>"I'll be putting the cost of tonight's frivolities on my idiot son's bill."</i>

Those were the terms of the challenge, yes. Looking back at Garret, he's sleeping like a baby, head turned to the side, mouth open, and a small trickle of drool oozing out from between his open jaws. The stench of alcohol rises from him, a veritable miasma — or maybe it's coming from <i>you</i>, it's hard to tell. After all, you've drunk just as much as Garret has.

<i>"Need a hand?"</i> Garth's voice. <i>"You don't look too good. I can get Gwyn to take you back to your room, if need be."</i>

No, no, you'll be fine. Besides, shouldn't he see to Garret first?

Garth shrugs and finishes the precarious balancing act of piling up the last of the empties on his tray. *"This isn't the first time this has happened, and he'll serve as a warning to the other patrons not to overindulge. Besides, I think he's happier like this."*

Hmm, he does have a point. Right, you'll be going to sleep this off, then.

"Night. Don't fall down the stairs. I hope this was worth it for you."

You'd have said something, but your tongue doesn't seem to want to cooperate. Neither, it seems, do your legs when it comes to climbing up the stairs to your room. But make it you do, and you barely have time to toss your things aside and slam the door shut before collapsing into bed and blacking out.

//Advance time to dawn of next morning.

//Move to PC's room.

PC Loses

//Lose 50 EP right at the start, so that you don't have to do this again later.

Whoa. That last drink might have been more than you could handle — but you're not going to be admitting that to Garret's face, not when you were the one to challenge him. Garret is still his usual boisterous self, drunk not so much on the copious quantities of mead he's imbibed, but on the mood of the crowd. Gods, even *you* can feel it, the infectious atmosphere that pervades the entirety of the Frost Hound's common room.

The only person completely unmoved by it is Garth, who looks decidedly sour as he comes up with the next round of drinks. You say something to him, you don't quite remember what, and are about to throw down the wondrous joy-juice down your throat when everything goes black.

"Hey, wake up." Garret's voice.

... Wha?

You come to face-down in a puddle of spilt mead, coughing and spluttering as Garret fishes you out of the mess you've made. Staring at him through bleary eyes, you manage to mumble out a few words that're neither here nor there, a little confused about the situation.

"You lost, but the old man's agreed to let you pay up tomorrow when you're sober. And besides, you gave me a decent run for my money." Garret grins. *"I'm not **completely** heartless, after all; come on, let's get you back and have you sleep things off."*

That... that sounds great. Even through your drunken haze, you're vaguely aware of the now-dissipating crowd, Garth's death stare on the back of your neck, and Garret's arm as it hooks itself under yours and starts dragging you away from the table. He's not entirely steady himself, but at least he's in much better shape than you are — enough for him to lug you up the stairs and towards your room, at any rate.

Ugh, you think you might puke.

<i>"That's what you get for challenging the strongest man in all of Savarra. Seriously, though, don't do that — I don't mind cleaning up yet another mess, but my old man might just kill you for it."</i>

Urp. Fine. [silly

 |Somehow, though, the thought of Garth murdering you by stoving your head in with a tankard seems amazingly amusing at this time, and you can't help but giggle all the way down the hallway.

] It seems like an eternity, but eventually the two of you reach the door to your room, and Garret hauls you in over the threshold.

<i>"No need to thank me,"</i> you hear him say, his voice strangely distant — or maybe it's just your fogged-up hearing. <i>"Got to show good graces to the defeated, after all."</i>

You'll — you'll beat him next time...

<i>"Yeah, yeah. Don't mind the free drinks myself. I'm pretty buzzed, to be honest..."</i>

{//if vag + high femininity score + no male preference:

 Buzzed or not, he hauled you up here in one piece, and you've got to thank him for that.

<i>"Yeah, that's called 'putting on a strong front'. Come on, let's get you into bed and tuck you in —"</i>

You're not exactly sure what happens in the next few seconds — probably all that drink — but when consciousness returns with dizziness in tow, you're down on your back, staring up at the ceiling. Garret's in your bed, splayed out lengthwise and face-down in the mattress, and by degrees he pushes himself off and tries to get back on his feet, without much success.

<i>"Gods damn it."</i> He grunts, trying again, then slumps back down in defeat. It would've been hilarious if your mind weren't so fogged — and if he didn't just give you a big doggy slobber on your cheek.

<i>"Hey, you don't taste half bad today,"</i> Garret says, and hiccups. <i>"{//if not sexed before:

I've always wondered how you've tasted, and now that I know... damn it, you're making me want to eat you up here.

//else:

You're making me hungry for a late-night snack here.

}</i>

Pressed against him as you are, you can feel the distinct throbbing of Garret's doggy dick through his tented pants, strong and steady with powerful virility; it's not as if you're any stranger to such, considering you've seen him naked in a cage. Added to the fact that he's drunkenly pawing at your [pc.toparmor], there's little doubt as to what he intends to do.

If you'd rather not have events play out, this would be the time to protest — or alternatively accept, or perhaps even encourage, his clumsy advances. If you don't act now, soon both of you will be too far gone to have any real control over your actions.

What now?

[Accept Him][Push Away]

//else:

All of a sudden, his support vanishes, and you fall straight down into the sweet, waiting embrace of the bed. Odd — you don't remember it being this soft, but that's for the better, right?

<i>"Sleep tight. My old man will settle the bill with you in the morning."</i>

A click of the door, and he's gone. You're reeking, disheveled and look like several kinds of wreckage, but that can be solved in the morning.

In the morning...

}

[Accept Him]

//Aah, you could do with a big fluffy lunk in bed with you.

//Go to [drunken romp](#) under sex scenes.

[Push Away]

//This isn't the time for that, you just want to sleep! Push Garret away.

No! Not now! Summoning up what strength you have left after that ill-fated drinking competition, you plant both palms on Garret's broad chest and attempt to shove him away. It's a feeble, uncoordinated effort and by rights shouldn't have worked at all, but to your surprise Garret draws back and stops fumbling at you. He doesn't look

angry, frustrated, or even upset... *<i>hurt</i>* would more accurately describe the look on his face.

Still, it's only there for a moment, a flicker of weakness before his ego swells to fill in the vacated space.

<i>"Guess you aren't sober enough to appreciate my amazing awesomeness,"</i> he says, grinning and giving your [pc.hair] a friendly tousle. Yes, he's definitely slurring his words a lot more now — that, or your hearing is going. *<i>"Actually, I'm kinda proud of you. It takes a lot to say no to the strongest man in all of Savarra."</i>*

You'd have told him to [pc.isDK

|fuck off

|get real

], but Garret has pushed himself off the mattress with a sudden surge of strength and is wobbling out the doorway. Once or twice he stumbles, almost enough to send him sprawling to the floor once more, but he manages to keep it together until he's effectively out of view.

{//if not sexed:

Ugh. Did... did Garret really want you, or was that just the mead talking? Well, now you'll never know. Or you might, if you could get him that buzzed again...

}

}

Throw Contest

//Throw the contest and let Garret win.

//Minus 50 EP right at the start, as usual.

Deciding to throw the contest and let Garret win, you snatch up the nearest tankard and raise it to Garret in a mock salute. May the best drinker win!

<i>"May the best drinker win!"</i> Garret echos with a laugh, and salutes you right back. Tilting his head back — he must either have practiced this lots, or have a natural flair for the dramatic — Garret quaffs down the tankard in no time at all, you finishing yours a little while after.

<i>"For all the other things I've said about my old man, at least he knows where to source good drink."</i> Garret says, smacking his lips and wiping them with the back of his hand.

<i>"Come on then, [pc.name] — we've barely gotten started!"</i>

Excitement quickly grows as the two of you quickly polish off another round of drinks, followed by the third. More money changes hands, the onlookers begin ordering drinks of their own, keeping Garth busy, and all eyes are on the two of you...

... It almost makes you feel sorry for what you're about to do to the people who bet on you, but they knew the risks. Garret's a local legend when it comes to these things, after all.

By the fourth round, you pretend to feel the onset of the drink's buzz on you, swaying slightly and looking a little unfocused whether you actually feel it or not. There's a definite air of disappointment from some of the Frost Hound's patrons, although they're no doubt trying to keep up hope, but you quickly dash them after the fifth round of drinks by pounding on the table and crying uncle.

Garret himself appears a little uncertain, looking down at the various empties laid out on the table, then at you. *<i>"You sure about that, [pc.name]? Once we call this settled, there's going to be no take-backs."*</i>

Yeah... you're sure. Uncle. He beat you fair and square.

Garret sniffs the air — wonder why he's doing that, there's nothing that can be smelled except the all-pervading stench of alcohol about the two of you and he calls Garth over with an outstretched hand. *<i>"Hey, old man. [pc.name] lost the challenge — [pc.heShe]'ll be footing the bill, thank you very much. The rest of you, give me a moment and I'll be right back with you. Got to put the loser to bed, you know."*</i>

Garth glares daggers at his son, but says nothing.

<i>"As for you..."</i> pushing himself out of his seat, Garret saunters over to your side of the table. *<i>"Looks like you could use someone to help you back to bed."*</i>

Um —

A wink. *<i>"Not taking no for an answer."*</i> Garret may not be completely inebriated, but you can tell five rounds of drinks has nevertheless begun to get to him at the very least, despite bravado and constitution alike. *<i>"C'mon, now."*</i>

[pc.dcb|Ugh|Oh|Like], fine. Barely are the words out of your mouth when Garret hooks an arm under yours, pulls you upright, and begins hauling you in the direction of the staircase and away from the hubbub of the common room. Several steps up, after he's sure you're out of both sight and earshot, Garret slows his pace to a crawl.

<i>"All right, [pc.name]. 'Fess up. Why did you throw it?"</i>

Uh, what?

<i>"I've been completely and utterly smashed enough times to know how it looks like, and you aren't it. Come on, you're not fooling a tavernkeeper's son as to how drunk you are, so that only leaves the question — why'd you challenge me to a drinking contest and then throw the win to me?"</i>

{//if bimbo AND sexed before:

Well, um, does he <i>really</i> want to hear it?

Garret raises an eyebrow and stifles a scowl. <i>"Yes."</i>

Then, uh, you really did want to get him drunk, because, like, he's super duper fun in bed when he's had six or seven drinks in him. But then, you didn't want to get him <i>so</i> drunk that he blacked out — then neither he nor his dick would be of much use. You mean, while you could, like, suck him off while he's sleeping, but that isn't really that much fun...

Garret makes a noncommittal growling noise. <i>"Aand... if you'd wanted that, you could've just bought me a whole bunch of drinks..."</i>

Oh, but he wouldn't have packed them away like he just did.

Garret considers that as he walks you the remaining distance to your room; you can easily envision the gears turning in his head as he works that out. Then: <i>"Hey, so you're saying that I'm usually not good in bed?"</i>

Hahaha, nothing like that. No one with a red rocket doggy dick like his could be <i>bad</i>, but he puts on a good show when he's well and truly out of it. Like, he becomes this horrible, rutting, flesh-rending beast, and goes all, like, rawr! Then there's some other things which happen, too.

<i>"I don't remember any of that..."</i>

Of course not, duh, he was completely smashed.

//else:

You just wanted to cheer him up a little. He's been looking a little down lately, and getting plenty of drinks into him would solve that much — yet at the same time, you know full well that Garth would bristle at him getting completely smashed of his own accord. The price of a few rounds of drinks is more than worth it to put a smile on his face.

Garret gives you a hard, incredulous look. <i>"If you were anyone else, I'd think that you were bullshitting me. But given that it's you, there's no other reason you'd challenge me and then intentionally throw the fight, would there?"</i>

No?

<i>"Can't deny that getting five or six rounds in me helped out some."</i> Garret coughs, and you can distinctly smell the drink on his breath. <i>"But it's not going to last. Only feels good for one night, and then I start remembering why I'm here and what I'm doing in the morning and then I feel like a big hairball both inside and out. So long as —"</i>

You know that he'll have to come to some form of resolution with his father, but those things take time. In the meanwhile, it can't hurt to help him get through another day. Right? Right?

<i>"Hmph... I still don't like it."</i>

Like it or not, he's still buzzed, and he should just enjoy it while it lasts.

}

<i>"Either way,"</i> Garret continues as the door to your room draws into view, <i>"I don't want you doing that again. There's not much point in a contest if the other person isn't going to give it their all and fight in earnest. Because you weren't trying, I don't feel great for having beaten you. Just the opposite, in fact."</i>

Well —

<i>"I know you were just trying to help, and I'll drink with you any time, but please don't throw the fight again, okay? That's all I've got to say."</i>

Still dragging you along by your arm, Garret boots open the door to your room and the darkness within. {/if vag + high femininity score + no male preference:

With a loud, animal grunt, he heaves you onto the bed, sending you sprawling atop the firm, fluffy mattress.

<i>"Feels good, innit?"</i> he says, looking down at you with a feral grin. <i>"My old man's had me changing the sheets daily since I was a pup. If they're not comfortable, I don't know what is. Although..."</i>

Hm?

Almost absentmindedly, he begins pulling at his collar. <i>"Don't remember this room being so hot, though. Wasn't this stuffy when I was cleaning it out earlier today."</i>

Oh. Um. That's just the mead, probably. Maybe he can open the window and -

Garret sighs and pulls his shirt open, the laces falling away such that his shirt hangs about his sides like a waistcoat of sorts. <i>"Damn, that's much better. Now, just sleep it off, and I —"</i>

He what?

Garret doesn't answer, instead raising his muzzle and sniffing the air. *//if in heat:*

He pauses, his expression vaguely dreamy, then sniffs the air again, this time closer to you. For a moment, he seems to be struggling with himself, but all the mead you've poured into him makes that last a whole two seconds.

Slowly, ever so deliberately, Garret's eyes move down to you, and in the dim moonlight from your window you make out the unmistakable bulge of a gigantic doggy bone tenting his pants.

<i>"Why didn't I notice it before? So that was what was smelling so delicious, but I couldn't figure it out until now."</i> He smacks his lips. *<i>"You're the thing that was making me hungry, [pc.raMulti lupine catfolk|bitch|pussy|girl]."</i>*

Wait, what — oh. OH. Garret must have scented your heat, and deep in the pit of your stomach, you know that if you don't act now there's going to be no stopping the cascade of events that flows out from here. Half-drunk and now lured by the promise of sex with someone at the peak of her fertility, you can't blame the beast within Garret for doing as it does, especially since it was *<i>you</i>* who precipitated this situation.

What are you going to do? You only have a moment to act here.

//else:

He pauses a moment, shaking his head, then murmurs to himself. *<i>"That's not right. Could've sworn I..."</i>*

He what?

Garret ignores you, swivelling head and ears alike this way and that. At least, his gaze alights on you, and his lips part in a small smile.

<i>"Ah, so you were what smelled so delectable here. Wonder why it took me so long to notice it."</i>

Because he's not just a meathead, he's also half-drunk. And with the way he's coming towards you with grabby hands and a half-hard bulge in his pants, there's no mistaking what Garret intends here.

And that places the ball squarely in your court. Do you want him in your bed or not? You get the feeling that if you don't resist here and now, you won't be able to halt the cascade of events that happens next... or if you'd rather, you can just accept this big furry hunk of man-meat into your bed and take things from there...

}

[Accept Him][Push Away]

//Choices as per choices from loss scene.

//else:

You have barely enough time to make out the shape of your bed before Garret swings his body back, and with one mighty heave sends you sailing through the air and into the fluffy, warm confines of your bed. You have barely enough time to blink before you land face-down in your pillow and splutter.

<i>"And that's that. Oh, and just because you threw the challenge doesn't mean you're not settling the tab for all those drinks. My old man still needs to be paid, after all — but you've already thought of that, right?"</i>

<i>"Nighty-night, [pc.name]. Sweet dreams."</i> With that, Garret slams your door shut, leaving you to stew in the darkness until you finally doze off.

}

Sex Stuff

Basically how this is going to work is quite simple. For all his machismo, Garret is a bumblefuck — his virginity was taken by Hethia, and he hasn't really gotten laid since. At the same time, since he's inherited his mother's personality, he's a natural dom and chafes against overt instruction.

This cumulates in the player's role and sexual relationship with him, if they wish to pursue it, as a guiding sub of sorts — someone in the sub role who guides their partner with a little finesse, pushing him towards certain behaviours while still maintaining plausible deniability and making him think it was his own idea all along. Essentially, the opposite of the lazy sub oh-so-cleverly highlighted in that one Oglaf strip.

Essentially, making him a better dom lover without bruising his ego, which is a massive boner-killer for him. Garret probably isn't going to be everyone's cup of tea, especially since he does tend to get violent during sex — and expects violence in return. Biting, clawing, drawing blood, hair/fur pulling — as opposed to Gwyn, who is more than content to have things done to her, Garret expects reciprocity. He's not one for punishment or humiliation like Gwyn is, but it's more a primal, bloodlust thing.

Eventually, though, the player can choose to become Garret's bitch, which results in a notable shift in their relationship — and most of the more extreme content is gated behind this. Choking, extreme degradation/humiliation, etc, will require the player's explicit approval before they can be visited. Existing pre-bitch sex scenes will be altered.

Given his nature, I don't think a gay option is right for Garret. It's not as if I've never written such characters before, but it's not really fitting for someone like him and so I've got to rule it out. If you want bara, Brint is the guy to go to, alas. Someday I might port a buttslut like Cale over, but this is not Cale. I'd rather do things properly rather than tack on a subpar gay option for the sake of inclusivity or some other crap.

Hope this clears some things up.

Try to have some, if not most scenes acknowledge that the PC is a cat/dog, with special responses.

Also important is that sex is only available during the evenings; Garth isn't going to stand for his son being completely tapped out in the morning.

First Time

//Use if not sexed before.

Garret blinks. *<i>"You want to, uh —"*

Is something the matter?

<i>"Hmph! No, of course not. I guess it can't be helped if you want me, eh?"</i>

Hmm...

{//pc vag + high femininity score + no male preference:

<i>"Oh, backing out now that you asked? My mom always said to make your words count, you know. If you're not going to follow through, then you shouldn't start in the first place."</i>

//continue as normal below.

//if pc no vag:

<i>"Minor problem, though..."</i>

Yes?

<i>"I know I supposedly take after my mom a lot, but I'm not her. As in, I don't swing in the way that you're suggesting. No offence, just my personal preferences... if you're interested in getting it on with hunky guys like me, well, I hear Og'rish down at the smithy works both ways, if you know what I mean."</i>

So he's saying no.

<i>"Yeah. Them's the breaks, sometimes you find someone who just isn't interested in what you're selling."</i> He looks around and rubs the back of his fuzzy head sheepishly. <i>"Guess I'd better break this off before it gets any more awkward."</i>

Yes, that would probably be for the best.

<i>"Well then! Anything else you needed me for?"</i>

//Display main Garret menu.

//end encounter.

}

Oh, nothing like that. [pc.cunningRange 60

|You were just noticing that he looked a little hesitant back there.

<i>"Me? Perish the thought!"</i>

Oh no, he can't hide it from you; there's no doubt that you caught him off guard just now. Sure, his demeanor of easy self-confidence returned as quickly as it slipped, but it was unmistakable. Just what's up with him?

<i>"Oh, that just brought up a few bad memories."</i> Garret waves a hand in the air dismissively. <i>"Nothing to worry about."</i>

You nod. It can't have been him worried, because you know for a fact that he's no virgin, at any rate.

Garret harrumphs, his large black nose wrinkling slightly. <i>"If it weren't for the other folk being held hostage, no way I'd have agreed to be that elf witch's sexpet; least I know how to take one for the team. But that's all in the past now."</i>

Uh-huh. Interesting, though — although you're not going to say it to his face, the way he reacted to that last comment... was he a virgin <i>before</i> what happened at Westbank? It'd explain something of why he's acting as he is now...

[You were just sizing him up. For size.

Garret snorts and thumps his tankard on the table, letting go of the handle. <i>"No need to size me up. Since you asked so nicely, I'd be more than willing to show you just how big I am."</i>

Really?

<i>"Why not?"</i> A lazy shrug, upturned palms. <i>"I'm sure you understand how nice it is to have someone else appreciate you."</i>

Well, when he puts it that way...

] <i>"And there is one more thing,"</i> Garret continues.

Yes?

<i>"Since you're the one asking me, we do things my way."</i>

[pc.cunningRange 60

[Yes... you're pretty sure of it now. Garret's covering for some insecurity or the other; what it is, you don't know, but you have the feeling you'll find out if you get more involved with Garret here. It'd be easier to attribute this to his rather unpleasant experience with the elf druidess, but you have a nagging suspicion that it runs deeper than that.

[He definitely looks like the type to take the lead, yes.

Garret grins. <i>"Glad that you recognize as much."</i>

It's kind of hard to miss. [pc.dcb

|Now, if you're giving him this sort of chance, he'd better perform as well as he claims to be able.

Garret just snorts and thumbs his chest. <i>"Leave it to me! I won't disappoint!"</i>

|You take it that he likes this sort of thing?

<i>"Guy's got to be pretty sure of what he does and doesn't like,"</i> Garret replies, <i>"and since you asked this time, we can figure things out for you next time."</i>

|If he wants to be in charge, that's fine, so long as he's large. Large and in charge... that's, like, a pretty good combination. You can dig that.

<i>"If you like it, then I like it twice as much as you do,"</i> Garret replies, thumbing his chest. <i>"Come on now — I promise not to disappoint."</i>

]

]

Enough said, though. Without another word, Garret reaches around your waist, gets a good grip on you, and hoists you over his shoulder like some kind of war prize. [pc.strengthRange 60

|He grunts and has to adjust his stance a little, but it's not as if he's never had to carry heavy loads before.

|The way he does it makes it seem almost effortless — or maybe you're just light.

] Either way, there's a small smattering of applause from the other patrons in the common room, and even the usual taciturn Garth is moved to sigh wistfully and shake his head at the sight.

[party.has brint fembrint|]

{//brint:

<i>"Go for it, you ugly piece of dogmeat!"</i> Brint roars, raising his drink and toasting Garret. <i>"Too bad you won't have a coach with you to show you just how it's done, so you'll just have to wing it."</i>

<i>"Ah, shut up, Beef. You take yours and I'll take mine."</i>

{//if sexed Brint before:

<i>"You mean you'll take yours after I've had mine? Sloppy seconds is nothing to be proud of, brother."</i> Brint roars with laughter.

<i>"Leastways I'm getting some tonight, unlike you."</i>

<i>[pc.name]'s a good one, I can tell you as much. If anything goes wrong, the problem's with you, not with [pc.himHer]. Now get to it!"</i>

//else

<i>"Yes, yes, you'll have yours. I think [pc.heShe]'s much better suited to you than to me anyways."</i>

Garret just gives Brint a small smile and turns his nose up at the minotaur.

<i>"Tell me how it went when you're done,"</i> Brint continues.

<i>"Now get to it!"</i>

}

//Brienne:

<i>"Well, if our lovely Dogmeat hasn't found himself another lay,"</i> Brienne says with an uncharacteristic giggle. <i>"Be gentle with [pc.name], now."</i>

Garret shows her his teeth. <i>"Ah, shut up you big heifer. I'll be as gentle as needed, and not one bit more or less."</i>

}

]

Garret gets the hint: without further ado, he jogs through the Frost Hound and out the back with you in tow, his feet making heavy clomping noises as the backyard cabin where Garth and his family lives draws into view. Good old Garret kicks open the door and makes his entrance, revealing a rather surprised Gwyn at the dining table.

<i>"Oh, Garret, dinner's almost — oh."</i>

<i>"I'll have the leftovers, lil' sis. I'm kind of busy tonight."</i>

<i>"Your dinner, it'll get cold..."</i> Just like Garth, does Gwyn sound a little wistful while she's looking at you?

<i>"I'll just have the leftovers. You know I've never been a picky eater."</i> Pushing past the dining room, Garret heads to the back of the cabin and swings open a large door with gusto. His room, you only have time to assume, before he marches straight in, throws you on the bed, and begins shrugging out of his clothes.

[pc.ischamp|Um?]He forgot the door.

<i>"Psh."</i> Garret tries to look unconcerned, but there's no denying the trepidation — and relief — that flickers across his features as he boots it closed with a bare foot. <i>"Either way's good with me, but I'm such a nice guy that I don't mind."</i>

With that, he reaches down and pulls you off the bed into a close embrace, his fur tickling you. *<i>"Why don't we get started, [pc.name]?"</i>* he murmurs, nipping your neck playfully. His teeth... they're sharp. Really sharp.

Needing no further encouragement yourself, you start to strip as well, but Garret lazily bats your hands away and begins doing it for you. He fumbles a bit, perhaps unused to your [pc.armor], but gets the job done. More telling is the half-erect wolf-cock bobbing up and down, betraying his budding arousal. [pc.isBimbo]

[That steady motion... you could be mesmerized by it forever. Mmm... that doggy dick isn't even half-filled, and it's already so promising; you can't wait to see, like, how big it'll be when it's full to bursting.

]

<i>"Now, I'd like a bit of prep and foreplay. You'll help."</i>

Oh, you have just the idea. With a grin, you kneel down at Garret's feet, gently pushing his hands away before wrapping your fingers around his manhood. The warm, semi-turgid flesh pulsates gently in your grip as you start to rhythmically stroke up and down, back and forth. You squeeze and release as you go, alternating the pressure in time with your motions, sliding Garret's red rocket through your digits and across your palm before glancing up and seeing how he's enjoying this.

<i>"Yeah... touch my balls too, [pc.raMulti lupine catfolk|bitch|pussy|girl]. Get me nice and hard for you,"</i> he says, stifling a pant.

His wish is your command; you roll and knead the full, fluffy orbs in the palm of your free hand, feeling his virility in your grasp. You can feel his shaft growing harder, a distinctive roundness at its base signaling his knot coming into play; it's still deflated, yet there's little doubt it's already aching to be used. As wetness starts to dampen your fingers, you keep stroking, letting his copious amounts of pre seep over your fingers until they drip with it, and then let him go.

[pc.isBimbo]

Holding your hand up so that Garret's pre-cum glistens on your fingers, you grin at him as you roll it gently back and forth before lifting your palm to your face and starting to lap it clean with your tongue. Eyes half-hooded in desire, you slowly clean your digits off, noisily sucking on them until you've licked up every drop like the slutty slut you are.

Garret lets out a little whuff of breath through his nose, and you think you see his cock throb at the sight. *<i>"Impressive. Even I can admit as much."</i>*

Isn't it?

]

<i>"Hmm, there's a good [pc.raMulti lupine catfolk|bitch|pussy|girl]. Some clever fingers you've there."</i> Taking hold of your shoulders, Garret pulls you to your feet, spins your naked form around such that you're facing the bed, then swiftly pushes you face-first into the mattress. His large hands are pushing you down; while it's not painful, it very definitely is quite forceful, and the tips of his claws poking against your skin only reinforces that fact. Garret pauses to give you a pat [pc.ra lupine catfolk|between the ears|on the head], then grabs you by your [pc.hair] and yanks your head back.

<i>"You've been doing an excellent job so far; about time I repaid the favor. I know some people think it kind of bland, but I'd like to do things the traditional way first time around. Break the ice, get to know each other better, feel each other out. That sort of thing. Being such a great guy means you have to be nice at times, after all."</i>

You've barely had time to process his words when Garret pushes against you, hiking up your [pc.ass] to a much more accessible level. For a moment, you feel a hot rod of red doggy dick against one of your asscheeks, and then the tapered tip of Garret's dick closes the last of the distance and sinks deep into your folds.

[pc.vagnialVirgin

|You yelp aloud as more and more of Garret's wolf cock penetrates your heated nethers; a tiny voice in the back of your mind questions your sanity in making Garret, the brute who thinks pain is a turn-on, the one to claim your maidenhood. Maybe you're just as masochistic as he is, maybe you weren't thinking, or maybe it just slipped your mind.

Who knows? It's too late to back out now. A flash of pain echoes between your legs as Garret deflowers you; the big lunk probably doesn't even know what he's just done. It's all you can do to sink your fingers into the sheets and bite down hard, and eventually the pain, like all other things, passes.

At least it's not a bad achievement for a first try, for what little consolation that is.

|Although you're no blushing virgin by far, Garret is still a reasonable challenge to take in. You can feel your inner walls stretching in their bid to fully accommodate his length and girth, slick flesh grinding against slick flesh as he probes further and further.

]

Once he's knot-deep into you, Garret pauses and holds things there for a moment, making sure you know full well just how <i>filled</i> you are with his cock. His knot nudges and grinds against your cunt lips, sending tingles down your spine, but he doesn't push the issue further — for now.

<i>"Not bad. Not bad at all, [pc.raMulti lupine catfolk|bitch|pussy|girl]. Keep doing this and you'll have a very happy wolf pretty soon,"</i> Garret remarks, licking his lips hungrily.

Is... is his tail wagging?

<i>"Yeah. No shame in knowing you're doing a good job. Now that the foreplay's over with, it's time for some real fun."</i>

You feel him shift inside you again, and your [pc.vag] clamps down as he slides back out, clenching him as best you can to make it as hard as possible to retreat from within you. Garret moves with the simple single-mindedness with which he does everything else; secure in having mounted you, he pounds away from behind, making you feel like [pc.ra lupine] the slutty bitch that you are. Your eyes roll back in your head at his forceful thrusts, and you can't help but yip and bark as Garret ravishes you, your [pc.tails] beating against his chest as [p|they wag|it wags] back and forth frantically.

|
an utter and complete bitch
].

Your excitement building, you don't even think before upping the pace, pushing against him until your hips are audibly slapping against his own as they work in tandem. Lust and pleasure chase each other through your brain, clouding your vision — but you don't need eyes to feel that Garret is similarly lost in his reverie. You can feel his knot, fat and swollen with his arousal, beating against your netherlips with each descent you make, so engorged that it's almost too big to freely slip in and out anymore. [pc.cupRange D
|Squashed between your body and the mattress, your [pc.breasts] tremble and jiggle from the sheer force of the fucking you're receiving. Already fat and rock-hard, your [pc.nips] scrape against the rough fabric of the sheets, making a wonderful situation all the better.

] [pc.hasCock
|At the same time,

The pleasurable tingles race down your shaft's length and crackle up your spine, contrasting most wonderfully with the feelings of your cunt being pounded, stoking your pleasure ever higher each time the headboard creaks and posts tremble.
]

It's all too much to hold on to anymore, not with Garret as brutally efficient as he is. You push your face into the mattress and cry out as you climax, feminine fluids spurting back out to drool down his shaft and over his balls. Garret doesn't let up the pressure one bit, slamming away continuously as you pant in a bid to try and catch your breath. Trying to get anything out of him is useless at this point — anything more than a grunt, at any rate. He's holding you tight by the hips, so tightly that his claws have sunk through your skin and are drawing just the slightest traces of blood, with their accompanying pain...

Strangely enough, it's hard to care.

The second time it comes, your orgasm is even more powerful than the first. Still weak and breathless, you instinctively buck against Garret, desperate to take as much delicious dogmeat into you as possible. Hah, no wonder the elf druidess was so enamored with Garret's cock. One of the few worthy in her mind for a woman of her caliber, no doubt, and far better than most of her own people.

At the same time, Garret's thrusts increase in potency, each slap loosening you just a tiny bit more as he works to force that huge knot of his inside. With a triumphant howl, he finally pops it in and proceeds to dump his considerable load within you. You [pc.isBimbo]squeal in delight[cry out] as you feel his thick knot forcing its way through your netherlips, blindly clamping down to wring every last drop from his balls, grinding his bulbous flesh with the walls of your cunt. Liquid warmth bubbles and seethes inside of you as his seed races through your tunnel, the seal of his knot so tight that his sperm has nowhere to go but inside your womb, your stomach visibly bulging before he shudders and goes slack.

[pc.hasCock

[Convulsions shake you from head to toe and plenty of pre is dripping from your manhood[pc.hasCocks[s]], but you don't blow. Balanced on the precipice but unable to fall over, you teeter exhaustedly until the feeling finally subsides, leaving you quite unsatisfied.

]

Garret's breath whistles through his sharp, snaggletoothed jaws, and his grip on you becomes slightly less painful. His broad chest heaves in and out, and the scar that runs across it seems to catch the moonlight very well...

<i>"Hm. You're pretty good."</i>

He's... he's not bad himself. From beyond the door, the clink of cutlery faintly reaches your ears — Garth and Gwyn must be having dinner now. Gods above, Garret lasted only <i>that</i> long? Sure, you kinda lost track of time there and it did feel like a bit longer, but given Garret is who he is, you'd have expected him to have a little more stamina before finally blowing his load. Yes, it was good, but the candle that burns fiercely doesn't last very long...

[pc.cunningRange 60

[Ah-<i>ha</i>. Maybe that's what he's been so insecure about all this while. Asking him about it to his face isn't going to do any good; even if you got a clock and timed how long he lasted, he'd just deny it to your face.

[Then again, you do suppose that he hasn't really been trained to last. What you did see of him at Westbank didn't help that impression any, either... for some reason, you doubt that the elf druidess was particularly interested in his stamina.

]

Hm. You don't suppose, though, that he might improve with keeping, that you could prod Garret in the right direction... subtly, of course, so that he ends up thinking that it's his own idea in the first place. It'll take some doing, of course, but nothing worth having was ever easy, was it?

<i>"Guess we're stuck like this for a while. Better get comfy, then."</i>

Mm-hm. Grinning like a maniac, you slump forward into Garret's sheets, feeling him give you a pat [pc.ra lupine catfolk|between the ears|on the head] as you settle in for the night. Only now do you realize how absolutely drained you are and how much this little tryst took out of you — before you know it, you've dozed off.

You last thought is that at least Garret's dinner won't be cold...

//advance time to 0800 hours next day.
//end encounter

Subsequent Times

//After first time encounter.

//you'll need to be a herm or female to fuck Garret, as before; how dare a character not be completely and utterly playersexual! Grey out if not available, probably with "Garret doesn't really swing your way as you are now."

//At this point, probably keep a log of how many times the PC has fucked Garret (not sure if Wsan wants to make the PC x Brint x Garret threesome count for this or not). I'll use this as a shorthand to determine Garret's "experience".

<i>"Oh. I see. I know I've said this before, but you sure seem to have a lot of time on your hands for someone in your position."</i>

Time enough to carve out a spot of relaxation, at any rate. No hero can be slinging spells and bashing baddies from dawn to dusk.

<i>"Hmph. I guess if you're insisting so strongly, and since you seemed to like that last time so much, there's no harm in entertaining you for a little bit."</i>

[party.has brint fembrint

||{ //brint:

<i>"Entertainment,"</i> Brint says from across the table. <i>"That's one way of putting it."</i>

<i>"Oh, can it, you side of steak. Here, you can have what's left of my drink if it'll keep you quiet."</i>

Brint just rolls his eyes and smiles, but accepts the tankard when Garret pushes it to his side of the table.

//brienne:

Brienne just whistles at that, leaning on her expansive boobs on the tabletop.

<i>"Entertainment. That's what he said, entertainment."</i>

<i>"Oh be quiet, you heifer. Feel free to take what's left of my drink if it'll mellow you out. You jealous you're not the one being taken by the strongest man in all of Savarra?"</i>

Brienne just rolls her eyes and smiles, accepting the tankard as Garret slides it over to her.

}

]

You don't suppose — oh.

With a few measured paces, Garret's stepped over to you, grabbed you by the waist, and hauled you off onto his shoulder. [pc.strengthRange 70

]You're a bit heavy, but Garret's a strapping northern lad; there's nothing he can't handle.

] Looking on from his post behind the bar, Garth just shakes his head, but offers no chastisement or even comment to his rowdy son.

The trip back out is more or less as you remember it from last time — all from the perspective of Garret's shoulder, of course. Out into the back cabin, though the dining room, and dumped like a sack of potatoes atop his bed.

<i>"Since you were the one to come to me on your own and since I'm such a great guy, I'll let you have your pick of what we're going to be doing tonight."</i> Garret shows you his teeth and jerks a clawed thumb in your direction. <i>"Ask what you will of me, [pc.raMulti lupine catfolk|bitch|pussy|girl]. Within reason, of course."</i>

Ball's in your court here. What kind of hanky-panky do you feel like getting up to?

[Catch Vaginal] [Catch Anal] [Titfuck] [Blowjob] [Threesome]

Catch Vaginal

//You'd like to go down to basics today.

<i>"You want this so much more than I do, don't you?"</i> Garret folds his arms across his barrel chest, eyeing you with the look of a predator about to spring. <i>"Well, my old man has me filling in holes all day long. What's one more before I go to bed?"</i>

[garret.pclsBitch

Oh yes! His slutty bitch needs her hole filled right up! It's only when this bitch has taken alpha cock that she can truly feel whole again, and not broken all the time...

[pc.inHeat]

<i>"Naaah,"</i> Garret drawls, hooking a finger under your chin and raising your gaze to meet his. <i>"You think you can hide it from me? Maybe you don't smell it because it's all over you, bitch, but I could scent your heat from a mile away. You're practically soaked at this point, aren't you?"</i>

Oh yes... but it doesn't mean you can't have both reasons at the same time, right?

|

Garret sighs and rubs his temples in a most exaggerated fashion. <i>"Well, bitch, I don't know what you've been doing out there, but it seems like you've gone and broken yourself again. Now I've got to put you back together with my cum."</i>

Oh yes! Bitch loves using her alpha's cum to hold herself together! It's so sticky and tacky and it binds poor useless bitch to her strong alpha...

]

An incredulous look crosses Garret's face, and then he throws his head back and erupts in a fit of howling laughter. <i>"Come on, bitch. Let's get you to properly looking like a used-up cumrag."</i>

|

You don't know about that. That last hole could be him digging his own grave there.

Garret just chuckles. <i>"You'll have to work pretty hard to put the strongest man in all of Savarra six feet under his bed. But hey, I welcome all challengers — let's see if you've got any bite to back up your bark, [pc.raMulti lupine catfolk|bitch|kitten|girl]!"</i>

]

Before you know it, he's looming over the bed and you, all seven feet of this muscled monstrosity just raring to get into action. Catching you by your [pc.hips], he practically tears off your [pc.armor] in quick succession. For such a big young man — and gods, is he <i>big</i> in every sense of the word — Garret moves frighteningly fast when he sets his mind to it, divesting himself of vest and leggings alike in mere moments. He's clearly working himself up for the moment, his half-hard crimson member already beginning to rise with arousal...

[pc.inHeat]

Or maybe his body instinctively senses your heightened fertility and is merely reacting accordingly.

]

<i>"Don't worry,"</i> Garret half-growls, half-whispers, leaning in close so that his shadow envelopes you, blocking out what little light filters into his small bedroom. <i>"I'll be gentle... to begin with."</i>

[garret.pclsBitch]

You stifle a whorish moan. It's so nice of your alpha to even think of his bitch's needs... you don't deserve it in the least.

|

To begin with, he says.

]

With that, Garret leans forward and grabs you by the thighs, strong fingers effortlessly pulling you up to all fours to meet him as he lowers his doggy dong to meet your moist folds. The tapered tip pokes and tickles at your wet entrance, teasing it with all the delicate finesse of a minotaur in a pottery shop. It's not what's usually expected from this, but hey, he wouldn't be Garret otherwise. After about half a minute of clumsy foreplay, Garret eases himself forward again, sinking perhaps a third of his member's length into you. Grunting, he moves his hips in a steady rotation, inching his way upwards as he grinds his turgid cock against your silken inner walls.

<i>"Feels good, huh?"</i>

He's right. That thick piece of dogmeat feels wonderful inside your sensitive passage, and he hasn't even gotten to the knot yet. Letting out a sigh, you surrender to this savage brute's whims, burying your face into the mattress.

Garret shows you his teeth. <i>"Tired already? I'm merely done with appetisers here, the main course's yet to come!"</i>

Claws sink into your [pc.skinFurScalesNoun], drawing just the tiniest pinpricks of blood as Garret hammers himself into you. The sheer force of the blow knocks the wind out of your lungs, and you feel his hips pound against yours, leaving a light soreness in its wake.

<i>"You squirm and whimper, but your body's betraying you,"</i> Garret growls into your ear as he pulls you down into a tight embrace. <i>"If you don't want me to be so rough, how come your pussy is clenching around my cock so tightly, refusing to let go?"</i>

There's just so... so <i>much</i> of him...

<i>"Hey, what can I say? I'm larger than life; you'd expect as much of the strongest man in al of Savarra.</i>

<i>"Now then, does my little [pc.raMulti lupine catfolk|bitch|pussy|girl] want a ride?"</i> Before you have any chance to reply, Garret's grabbed you by the waist and pulled you up and out of the doggy position, right onto himself. Impaled on his man-meat as you are, you don't have much of a choice but to go along with his motions; you're practically sitting on his

shaft by now as he takes a seat on the bed, his strong hands under your arms and holding you upright while you hook your feet about his legs for dear life. Up and down he bounces you, up with a sharp jerk that lifts you partially off his cock, then letting your weight drag you down again until you're back on his lap with his knot inside you once more.

Up and down, up and down, from churning balls to pulsing tip — harder and harder, faster and faster; steaming love-juices are running down your thighs and dripping on the floor, and yet Garret shows no sign of letting up yet. Your world begins to narrow, your mind blocking out all sensation save that of Garret's doggy dong in you, and a tightness forms in the pit of your nethers. Each cycle of this bestial breeding begins to blur into one another, the only distinction being the popping of that massively inflated knot in and out of your [pc.vag] as you're bounced on Garret's impaling prick.

Trembling, shaking, you [pc.raMulti lupine catfolk|whine|mewl|whimper] plaintively as your orgasm, your cunt clenching and unclenching, milking his massive member. [pc.hasCock|Seed spurts from your [pc.cockNoun], arcing through the air before splattering all over the floor in a useless mess.] Mere moments pass before Garret, too, effects his release — clawed hands pawing and groping at your [pc.breasts], hot breath and sharp teeth on your neck, this beast that's engulfed you in his embrace presses you down on his massive tool, locking you down as he floods you with his seed. Your body drinks it all up greedily, perhaps almost desperately in a bid to [pc.inHeat|finally quench your heat|have this over with].

At last, though, he's done. Breathing deeply, Garret picks you up off his shaft, an appropriately wet and sinful pop echoing in the room as his knot slides free of you. Strands of sexual fluids join the both of you for a moment, and then he lifts you away and dumps you beside him on the bed.

[garret.pclsBitch

|<i>"Hmm. Passable today, I guess. I'll give you a four out of ten, bitch, and that's being generous."</i>

Such praise from your alpha sets your tail to wagging. He usually never gives that high a score...

A sneer. <i>"Oh, don't get me wrong, I know how much you love being a useless cumrag; I'm not going to take that away from you. But I suppose I could help you become a better useless cumrag."</i>

Bitch would like that...

|<i>"Hey. That wasn't half-bad."</i>

]

Heaving and panting, filled up with Garret's spunk, you lie down a bit to recover while he pats you [pa.raMulti lupine catfolk|between the ears|on the head]. Like it or not, the heavy, repetitive motion is surprisingly relaxing, and you're off to sleep before long...

//set to 0800 hours the next day.

//end encounter.

Catch Anal

//Ask Garret to ravage your back door like the horrible, feral monster he is.

[garret.pclsBitch

|<i>"Well, bitch, since I'm in a good mood today I don't see why I shouldn't humour you a bit. Gonna ram you so hard my dick's going to go all the way through and come out your mouth."</i>

Mmm... you know he's being a blowhard again, but there's something about that mental image and the absolutely titillating <i>pain</i> it would cause that sends your insides aquiver. For your alpha to spear your abjectly base body right through until you're stuck on his prick like a hog on a spit... ooooooooooh.

<i>"You're such a complete slut, begging to be taken in all your holes. Next thing I know, you'll be begging me to fuck your ears, just because you think I can. Am I right?"</i>

M-maybe... bitch is so worthless that her womb isn't even worth using. That's why bitch... bitch needs alpha to use her other holes, so she can be thrown away later like the trashy cumrag she is. Bitches shouldn't have reasons to be clingy...

Garret just snorts. <i>"Let's get this over with. Some days, you manage to scare even me."</i>

|<i>"Huh, so you want it done another way, do you? Change things up a little?"</i>

Oh, of course. Just to keep him on his toes — there's nothing here the strongest man in all of Savarra couldn't handle, yes?

<i>"No, of course not!"</i>

Is he suuuuuure?

<i>"Okay, now you're baiting me."</i>

He's a big, lovable doof. Of course you're baiting him. What else could you be doing? Oh, right, you could be doing him right now.

Garret grins and shakes his head. <i>"Some days... all right, let's get this done."</i>

]

Motioning for you to get your [pc.armor] off and kneel on the mattress, Garret lazily shrugs off his leggings and smallclothes, folding them into a neat square and tossing them onto a chair. With a quick motion, he grabs you by the [pc.hips] and upends you like a cask of spirits, such that your ass is presented to him for his appraisal.

<i>"Hmm. Decent."</i> He half-circles around you to examine you from another angle, gives your [pc.ass] a firm slap, then spreads your buttcheeks apart to inspect what's between.

<i>"Guess I can work with this. Let's get down to it."</i>

His red rocket wang is already halfway out of his sheath, swelling by the second as he strokes himself to fullness. [garret.pclsBitch

|Realising your alpha's intentions, a jolt of perverse anticipation comes over you, sending your tail wagging furiously. You're... you're just so worthless that your alpha isn't even going to spend the few moments to lube himself up in any way... and he knows full well how much of a hopeless masochist you are, how much pleasure you take in having your asshole violated in the most painful and degrading manner possible.

<i>"You know what's coming, bitch,"</i> Garret says in a low growl; you can practically hear the leer in his voice. <i>"Others might protest, but I know how much you like it. Think of it as a treat from me to you."</i>

Bitch isn't worthy...

<i>"Nonsense. I was raised to take good care of all my possessions, and you're no exception. See what you're making me do? Now I have to break you again, or else you'll break yourself in ways that I can't fix, you incorrigible slut."</i>

|W-wait. He's not going to use any lube of any sort? He's not going to get you to suck his cock, or even simply just grind against you for a bit to slick things up with his pre? S-surely he can't mean to —

<i>"Yep?"</i>

S-surely he knows how this works, right?

<i>"Kinda sorta. But to hear the talk around the town, my mom never bothered with it when she pegged my old man. If it's good enough for my mom, it's good enough for me."</i>

Wait! Wait!

<i>"You did ask for this, didn't you? I'm pretty sure you told me to ravage your butt. Well, here I am, about to do just that."</i>

You did, but -

]

You don't know when Garret moved into position, but you damn well <i>feel</i> it when it hits. Even with the tapered tip of Garret's doggy dick leading the charge, you still yelp in shock and pain; his cock isn't small by any stretch of the imagination, and he just jammed it in you with one move! Your anus feels like it's on fire from the force with which he just violated you [garret.pclsBitch

], and it's the most degrading and amazing thing in the world

].

The spots are just beginning to clear from your eyes when Garret bucks forward eagerly, cutting off any thoughts you might have had with an incoherent splutter. Like every part of him, his member is proportionally overgrown to match, and tears spring unbidden to your eyes as he reams you with brutal efficiency. You force yourself to breathe in and out, slowly and steadily, willing your body to adjust to the massive invader worming and pulsing inside of you. Seconds tick away like ages, but finally you feel the pain of Garret's blunt intrusion bleed away somewhat, leaving you able to reciprocate his motions, if barely.

What were you expecting, really? You knew how hard he was on your body when he took you in the [pc.vag] the first time. And now... guess you really <i>were</i> asking for it, weren't you?

Clenching your [pc.asshole], you make a short, experimental thrust backwards, meeting Garret's dick as he ravages you from behind. Though you feel the motion stirring your inner walls, it's not any more painful than what you're already experiencing, and emboldened you try again. Though there's no way you can ever hope to match Garret's furious pace as you are right now, the pain does numb somewhat, enough for you to try and keep up as he does his best to ream and ruin you.

[garret.pclsBitch

No... there's no point in all this. It's just best to leave your mind out of the equation and let your studly, godly alpha and your perverse body lead you where they want; it's not as if you <i>want</i> to resist, even if you <i>could</i>, right? What a complete butt-slut you are, in addition to several other kinds of slut that you could be at this moment...

]

Even though the pain's abated somewhat, the sensation of fullness hasn't. Each forceful pounding that Garret imparts is keenly felt by your insides, your eyes threatening to pop out of their sockets with each thrust. Lewd noises sound in the air as his balls bounce against your asscheeks, and his knot — [garret.pclsBitch

|gods above, he can't keep you waiting for it already —

It's then that you're aware through the constant haze of pleasure-pain the increasingly insistent complaints from your useless bitch-body that your alpha's knot is trying to inflate in your bowels. Perhaps if you'd been able to care more, you might have said something, but bitches shouldn't speak out of turn when their alpha is clearly enjoying himself.

Eyes rolling back in your head, you shudder, then yelp frenziedly in masochistic ecstasy as Garret's knot fully inflates in your bowels. You can't stop your tail from wagging like a good bitch, that feeling of being stretched to your limits, the threat of being torn apart from inside by this monster — it's the most wonderful thing to your sorry, perverted mind.

<i>"Look at you. I'm destroying you, using you up, turning you into even more trash than you are now, and all you can do is demand more. Some days... I'm not even sure who's the monster any more."</i>

P-please, bitch wants more, to have her insides wrecked and ruined...

[oh no, not <i>that</i> — if it inflates in your bowels, it's going to tear you apart!

Thankfully, that doesn't happen. Garret is content to go merely knot-deep in your behind, leaving the tumescent bulge of his knot to grind against your pucker. Not quite there, but always with the threat that he could decide to ram it into your abused insides should the fancy strike him.

]

[pc.hasCock

[Throughout all this, tingles of electricity have been spreading outwards into your body as Garret's doggy dong grinds and smashes against your prostate. With how massive it is inside you, it's hard to <i>not</i> hit the sweet spot, but it's only until — well, you honestly lost track of time long ago — that the pleasure is beginning to outweigh the pain of having him inside of you. Relishing in this small mercy, you do what you can to hold on until it's all over.

]

Like the rest of Garret, when he comes, it's all at once. The only warning you get is his red rocket cock twitching inside of you — one powerful throb, two, and then Garret explodes inside of your back door with a feral snarl. Thick warmth floods into you, with simply no space with which to back up, forcing its way ever forward even as Garret hammers your behind raw. [pc.hasCock

[At the same time, your own [pc.cocks] explode[pl[s] with fury, seed spraying out onto Garret's bed as you effect your own mind-numbing release.

] Garret's claws dig deeply into the sides of your [pc.hips], feeling like they're going to be drawing blood at any moment, and yet they don't.

And then as quickly as he entered, he's out, leaving behind a strange, cool sensation and a thoroughly ravaged ass high in the air.

<i>"Hah... think I outdid myself a bit there."</i> He waits a bit for an answer from you, but you're in no shape to even form words at the moment. <i>"Maybe I oughta slowed down a little, but I'd to do what was asked of me. Couldn't expect anything less from the strongest man in all of Savarra.</i>

<i>"Well, I guess I'll be seeing myself out, then. Leave you to recover for a bit, the whole night if you need it. Take all the time you need."</i> You hear the faint rustle of cloth and leather against fur, then feel the shock of him swatting you on the ass for good measure. <i>"Don't be a stranger, now."</i>

//set to 0800 hours the next day.

//end encounter.

Titfuck

//Suggest to the big lunk that using your tits would be a great idea.

//Naturally, need tits that're worth fucking and can accommodate Garret's prick. I'd argue that DDs should be the minimum. "Large" for this would probably be Cait-sized, maybe an F.

//Otherwise, "You don't have any worthwhile tits that could accommodate Garret's ponderous prick."</i>

[garret.pclsBitch

|<i>"So that's what the bitch wants today, huh?"</i> Garret says. His snaggletoothed maw is set into a grin — or maybe it's a snarl, it can sometimes be hard to tell between the two. But that's what makes him so exciting, right? The idea that he might be here to fuck you or savage you... or ideally, both.

Almost unbidden, a dreamy expression crosses your face as you press your [pc.tits] together through your [pc.armor], trying to make them look bigger and more prominent. Oh, yes! Bitch would be so grateful if her alpha would use her furry tits as a cum dumpster! This worthless slut-bitch just needs to be used up and tossed aside like so much trash...

Garret just shakes his head at the enthusiastic display. <i>"Seems to me like you're fishing for more than just a titfucking, bitch. Well, let's see how much I'm willing to give..."</i>

|<i>"I'm totally up for that, [pc.raMulti lupine catfolk|bitch|pussy|girl],"</i> Garret replies with a friendly grin. <i>"Come on, let's see if we can't make something interesting of this."</i>

You give the big lunk your best dreamy smile of pure adoration, and reach to squish your [pc.breasts] together through your [pc.armor]. Interesting, eh? Come now, he's

the strongest man in all of Savarra — he already *is* interesting, especially when he's going to be toying with *these*.

*"Ha! Ha! Well, flattery's not going to earn you any extra points with **me**, that's for sure. Come now, let's see what we can make of this!"*

]

In a flash, Garret has his fingers hooked about your [pc.armor], and he tears it off with a flourish, pulling it up and away from you. A few more moments, and he has you completely topless on the bed, your [pc.tits] eagerly pushing out of their old confines.

Light glints off his eye in the near-darkness. *"Just ease yourself into the bed, [pc.raMulti lupine catfolk|bitch|pussy|girl]. Ease up, and relax — it'll be over before you know it."*

The tone of Garret's voice suggests that [pc.strengthRange
|since you wanted this, you should probably play along
|disobeying isn't even an option here, especially since you asked for this in the first place

]. You do as you're asked, leaning into the mattress and using his pillow for support, then watch as Garret strips, muscles flowing fluidly under coarse fur as he shrugs off his vest and leggings like they were nothing. He's clearly working himself up to give you a good show, the tapered tip of his doggy bone already in sight, and [garret.pclsBitch
|you can't help but pant and whine in anticipation at the thought of that powerful piece of dogmeat being so close to you again.

*"Hold it in, you worthless slut. You've got to be **a cut above** to be worthy of being my slut, not like any two-hawk cockgobbler dragged in off the street."*

Y-yes. You'll be a good bitch...

[the big lunk makes a little show of sauntering over to the bedside with all the irrational self-confidence of... well, there's truly nothing in the world like Garret when it comes to that.

]

Garret looms over you, letting the moment build, the tension in the air. Everything seems to slow, to dull, as this slightly hunched, snaggletoothed monstrosity lurks by the bedside, seeming to blend into the darkness until he's merely a darker patch of shadow in the night...

Oh my, what big eyes he has...

"The better to see you with, [pc.raMulti lupine catfolk|bitch|pussy|girl]."

And what big hands he has...

"The better grope you with, [pc.raMulti lupine catfolk|bitch|pussy|girl]."

And what a big doggy bone he's got there...

<i>"The better to break you with, [pc.raMulti lupine catfolk|bitch|pussy|girl]!"</i>

You [garret.pclsBitch

|moan

|squeal

] aloud as Garret pounces on you, the intense heat of the savage, powerful physique he got from his mother hitting you all at once. Claws prickle your [pc.skinFurScalesNoun] as his fingertips find your [pc.tits] and dig in, tiny pinpoints of pressure and pain that're just enough so to be tantalising in their own right. His hips strike yours with a fierce intensity, and Garret claws his way up the length of the bed until his face is level with your [pc.tits], chin resting lightly on the [pc.isLactating|milky|mountainous] mounds as he regards you in much the same way a shark would regard a particularly tasty morsel.

<i>"I'm not a man for digging into the main course without an appetiser first, I'm afraid. Or at least, not tonight. Think I'll have to taste test you before moving onto the meat of the meal."</i>

With that, Garret begins to nip and worry at your [pc.tits], letting the sharp points of his teeth worry the delicate [pc.skinFurScalesNoun] of your bosom. He moves between both of your [pc.isLactating|milky|mountainous] melons, alternating doggy nibbles and licks, getting them slick with his spit. At the same time, his thick fingers dance across the pebbly surface of your areolae with surprising alacrity, turning the sweet, sweet buds of your teats even harder and fuller than you could've imagined they could become.

[garret.pclsBitch

|That isn't enough for the likes of you, though. Not ever since you've grown accustomed to the reality of being Garret's bitch. You <i>need</i> your alpha to well and truly maul your [pc.tits], to so thoroughly ravage them until — until —

A shudder runs through your body as your great alpha recognises what a worthless bitch like you needs — to be broken. His great hands crush down upon your [pc.tits], squeezing the everliving fuck out of them until you yelp and whine in pain. [pc.isLactating|Small jets of milk erupt from your nipples, falling down upon you and getting you all nice and lubed up for what's to come.]

Even so, your wonderful alpha's licking and nipping is as tender and careful as it's always been, twinges on the edge of the crushing pain that's filling your world. A worthless bitch like you being the prized possession of someone who doesn't just have strength, but the wherewithal to control it, waiting to be sprung at a moment's notice — it just feels so <i>good</i>.

]

<i>"All right, that's enough."</i> Grabbing hold of the headboard, Garret pulls himself further up such that he's straddling you, those huge balls of his pressed up against the underside of your [pc.tits]. With a low growl, Garret yanks apart both mounds in a single rough motion, opening up the perfect slick valley for the throbbing red rocket of his doggy dick to fit in. Lower and lower it sinks, pulsing and pumping, until the very tapered end of his ponderous prick is tickling your chin.

[pc.ra lupine catfolk]

You can't help yourself but moan huskily, one stop short from panting in wanton need. The scent of virile male fills your mind, heady and musky to the point where your mind is reeling with stupefied wonder. [pc.inHeat|Unbidden, your lower belly clenches tight, desperately aching in a desire for the seed your heat-filled womb is so close to, but won't be receiving tonight.]

|

It's not as if you've never seen Garret's prick before, but measured out like this to the point you're painfully aware its jabbing your chin when he's balls-deep in your cleavage... that says something all in itself.

]

Garret starts at a brisk pace, deciding to forego any more foreplay in favour of getting things moving already. His hands on your [pc.tits], your hands on his, the two of you squeeze hard to produce the tightest, firmest vice of warm, spit-slick flesh his doggy dong will ever grace. Knees and thighs gripping your sides, Garret bucks his hips in a steady rhythm, the fire and fury in his veins heating your closely pressed bodies.

[garret.pclsBitch

|<i>"You know what, bitch? I think you can please me more."</i>

Oh yes. Bitch is here to to serve her alpha... her body is here to be used for his pleasure. Please... he may seize anything he wants... to be taken by him is this worthless bitch's dream come true.

With a nasty, feral grin, Garret reaches forward and yanks you towards him by your [pc.hair], pulling you just upright enough that the tip of his doggy dong enters your muzzle with each thrust. The taste of his pre is oh-so-slowly fed to you, a few drops at a time; you do your best to pleasure your alpha with your miserable tongue, but he's going so fast that you can barely keep up with him.

[Each time the tip of his doggy dong presses against your chin, it leaves a smear of pre behind, thick and hot. Each time he thrusts, he's slowly painting you, one smear at a time. More and more, faster and faster, Garret's grunts becoming more and more impassioned as your chin and neck are coated with a slimy sheen of spunk.

]

And then it comes. Garret's heated balls are churning, brewing, and when he finally blasts off onto your face it comes as a veritable torrent, splattering all over your face

[pc.hasMuzzle|and muzzle]. Throwing his head back, Garret lets out a room-shaking roar as ropes upon ropes of hot sperm blast towards your face, drenching the headboards behind you with thick white. His hands are practically crushing your [pc.tits] at this point, pressing them as hard as they'll go against his gargantuan knot, coaxing out every last drop of seed from his balls to plaster your head and torso.

<i>"Hah... that wasn't bad, I'll say."</i>

You might have replied, but anything you say is just a mess of bubbling noises. Coated in Garret's cum as you are, the high of the ferocious titfucking you just received is beginning to die down a little, and Garret wipes the sweat off his brow before prying himself off you.

<i>"Phew. I think I'll head out for a little bit, give you some time to recover. There's a well out back if you'd like to wash up; don't think anyone's going to see you in this darkness."</i> With that, he pulls on his leggings and shuts the door behind him, leaving you to doze off in the darkness...

//set to 0800 hours the next day.

//end encounter.

Blowjob

//Garret sure likes to taste other people... you want to have a piece of him, too.

Clambering to the edge of Garret's bed, you sit right there and turn your gaze to his doggy dick, wondering what it might just taste like. Garret's into taste-testing other people; surely he'll understand if you ask to have a taste of him, too.

Unbeknownst to you, you've been [pc.ra lupine|panting away, licking your muzzle every now and then|licking your lips] even as you continue to fantasize away; it's only when Garret reaches down and gives [pc.ra lupine catfolk|one of your ears|your [pc.hair]|a gentle yank that you realize what you've been doing.]

[garret.pclsBitch]

<i>"Hmph."</i> Garret lets out a little whuff of breath. <i>"Looks like my bitch is so eager to taste-test me, is she?"</i>

Oh yes! This slutty bitch can't wait to cram the entirety of that huge hunk of dogmeat into her mouth. Just thinking about taking your alpha's cock into your throat has you whining, panting and drooling like a proper slutty bitch should be — what dog wouldn't when faced with such a delicious treat?

<i>"Psh, that was a good attempt at flattery — but there's no denying that you're an eager little thing. For trying so hard to pander to my ego, I give to you the gift of my cock."</i>

You just moan like a needy, desperate whore.

<i>"On your knees, bitch!"</i>

|

<i>"Hey hey hey hey. Not so fast."</i>

But you want it <i>now</i>.

In a flash, there are fingers wrapped about your throat. The pressure they're applying is light, but there's the definite warning that it could be increased considerably very, very quickly if need be. <i>"[pc.raMulti lupine catfolk|bitch|pussy|girl], when I said 'ask what you will of me', I added two more words to the end of that sentence. 'Within reason'. That mean anything to you?"</i>

This looks like an appropriate time to stay silent.

<i>"If you're wanting a taste of dogmeat, I'll be giving it to you soon enough. But here, you don't ever demand anything from me. That's not 'within reason'. Now on your knees, [pc.raMulti lupine catfolk|bitch|pussy|girl]."</i>

]

If that's not a go-ahead, you don't know what is. Clambering off the bed, you kneel in front of Garret just so that your face is level with the bulge in his trousers. [pc.ra lupine|The scent rising off it, even through his pants, is heady and intoxicating in and of itself; it's all you can do to hold yourself back from ripping his pants open and grabbing it there and then.|Even at this early stage, you can visualize in your mind the red rocket doggy dick waiting in that bulge, the feel... and of course, the taste. Ye gods, you want it now — that's why you asked for this, didn't you?]

His face completely blank save for the barest hint of a jerkish smirk, Garret undoes his belt and lets his pants fall to his ankles. With lazy ease, he kicks them away, then folds his arms across his chest and looks down at you expectantly.

[garret.pclsBitch

|Your eyes are slowly drawn towards Garret's cock, the pinnacle of your desire. As his bitch, your purpose here is to serve your alpha in any capacity that he might require, and doing so makes you feel so warm and good inside. Just thinking about it sends up butterflies in the pit of your stomach, and you can't help but feel yourself start to grow moist [pc.hasCock

|while your [pc.cocks] strain[s/s] away, begging to get in on the action

].

Being another's bitch is so satisfying, but being the bitch to the strongest man in all of Savarra is an honor all in itself.

[[pc.isBimbo

[Oooh. No matter how many times you see this one, you have to admit it's a good one. Like, sure, it's not the *best* that you've ever seen or even had, but you aren't going to be telling Garret *that* little piece of information.

Then again, he's liable to get harder if he's ticked off...

Decisions, decisions. So much cock to suck, so little time.

[You asked for a taste, he's letting you have a taste. So long as you don't actually try and eat him... or would that turn him on more? With Garret as always, it's hard to tell where the line between pain and pleasure is.

Either way, it's time to get started.

]]

His shaft has just barely begun to stiffen, the generous maleness still hanging limply between his legs, but you have plans to change that state of affairs. Still slick from the sheath, it feels warm as you take it on your hand, nesting it securely between the joints of your fingers before starting to knead the tip between thumb and forefinger, applying just enough pressure to feel your fingertips sink ever so slightly into his maleness. The reaction is immediate — Garret's pulse beats strong against your hand as his cock begins to unfurl rapidly in your grasp. Quickly gaining in length and girth, it twitches and throbs as you stroke away, a pulsing rod of dogmeat just waiting to use you for its enjoyment.

Now that you've the full length of Garret's cock available to you, instead of just kneading in circles you slide thumb and forefinger up and down the full twelve inches of doggy dick. Up and down, up and down, lingering for just a moment at every ridge, every bump, every vein. Garret himself remains completely unperturbed throughout this whole process, his face completely straight as he gazes down at you impassively — save for that permanent trace of a there-but-not-quite-there smirk. As your fingers part to accommodate the swell of his knot for the umpteenth time, he eases your hand away gently but firmly, guiding it back down to your side.

"That'll do."

Then without warning, Garret hooks his hands about the back of your head and shoves your face forward, impaling you straight on his cock all the way up to his knot. Your eyes bulge and throat instinctively protests at the sudden introduction of twelve inches of canine manhood into your mouth and down your throat, but Garret's hold keeps you from drawing away from him. Sure, you can still breathe through your nose — with some difficulty, of course — but pushed up right against him as you are, all you can smell is *him*.

The shock is enough to bring tears to your eyes, [garret.pclsBitch

]but such is a small price to pay for the delight of having your alpha's cock deep inside of you. You yip and whimper, tears continuing to run down your face and seep in your fur, your voice muffled by the sheer amount of canine cock in your mouth —

— And you've never been happier.

]but it's not as if you can do much about it in your current state. Any protests you might be able to muster are soundly muffled by the sheer volume of canine cock stuffed in your mouth, courtesy of Garret.

] He's kind enough to give you a few moments to settle in and get comfortable, then begins face-fucking you with all his might. The salty taste of raw dogcock fills your mouth, inescapable; the fury of his face-fucking leaves you even more breathless than you already are. The tip of Garret's shaft tickles your throat as he pumps back and forth, drawing the turgid length of his man-meat halfway out of your throat before slamming it back in, his heavy balls slapping against your chin with each thrust.

With things proceeding as they are, there's not much you need to or even can accomplish under these circumstances. It takes all your mental stamina to hold on in the rising tide of Garret and not get swept away by all the bestial energy he's pouring into this. There are a few moments when you try to use your tongue and others when you feel your teeth prick against Garret's cock, but that just encourages him to pick up the pace.

[garret.pclsBitch

]For one last moment, you instinctively hesitate, then throw yourself with wanton abandon into the raging torrent of virile energy that's Garret. This... this is him not holding back, this is what you imagined you'd be getting when you agreed to be his bitch. It's hard to see anything; you're not sure if you've actually closed your eyes, or are simply too addled to register anything your eyes are telling you, or simply because there's nothing to see because the entirety of your world has narrowed down to Garret's cock in your maw.

This is delicious.

Here and now, you're just content to lean against Garret's furry form and let him take charge here, tossed and turned by the waves and storm alike.

<i>"There's a good bitch,"</i> you hear Garret grunt, his voice strangely distant.

<i>"A very good bitch indeed."</i>

Your heart swells with pride at such lavish praise from your alpha, and you feel your tail begin to wag away madly.

<i>"Feels good, doesn't it, bitch? Worshipping your alpha like this?"</i>

Oh yes! Being the property of the strongest man in Savarra is amazing compared to your life before you met him. You get to be as slutty as you want, which is what you

were going to do anyway, and Garret takes very good care of his possessions, after all.

As if guessing at what you're thinking, Garret lets loose a particularly powerful thrust; at the same time, he jams your face forward into his crotch until his balls are firmly nestled against your chin. You whimper and bark at the suddenness of it all, more tears of joy welling up in your eyes, and feel at peace with the world despite the rough sex that's being performed upon you.

<i>"Yep, you're a good bitch all right. Might even be amongst the best. Ever think of being the most obedient bitch in the world?"</i>

Mmm...

[pc.ra catfolk

|<i>"Not bad,"</i> Garret says, grinning down at you as if having his huge doggy dong in your mouth is the most natural thing in the world. It probably is.
<i>"Guess what they say about catfolk tongues is true."</i>

You're not sure what "they" — whoever they might be — have to say about catfolk tongues, but Garret sure seems to be enjoying himself. No harm in giving a little more; while there really isn't much space left to maneuver in your mouth, you nevertheless try to press your tongue tightly against the firm pole of dogmeat sliding in and out of your throat. Given how ferociously Garret's face-fucking you, it's really all you can do under the circumstances.

<i>"Good pussy,"</i> Garret grunts, fondling your ears in a manner that's rather more than affectionate. <i>"There's a pretty pussy, eh Guess the cat's finally learned who's come out on top here."</i>

Meow. Meow?

<i>"Yeah, I still prefer bitches, but keep it up with that tongue of yours and I'll be appreciating the kitty-cats a lot more. Now shut up and suck, pussy."</i>

|<i>"Come on, girl!"</i> Garret urges, not even winded from the forceful thrusts he's ramming into your throat. <i>"You're stronger than this! Keep up with me!"</i>

[pc.strengthRange 70

|Of course you can! Gag reflex or no, you haven't sweated, trained, and powered through all sorts of adversity just to be humbled by an oversized hunk of dogmeat! You're going to take it, and you're going to take it <i>whole</i>.

On his part, Garret seems to sense your rekindled spark of determination and picks up the pace, pounding away furiously like a hound possessed.

[As much as you'd like to, you don't have quite the strength to power through the ferocious pounding that Garret's subjecting you to. It's almost as if he's trying to prove something, the way he's got a death grip on your head. It's all you can do to hold on while he does most of the work here.

] Time and again, Garret's weighty balls slap against your chin, wet noises filling the air as dribbles of spit and pre run down your neck.

]

]

This goes on for... you're not exactly sure how long; it's hard to keep track of time while you're being skullfucked until your brains are mush. But by and large you become dimly aware of Garret's rod stiffening even more in your mouth, twitching ever so slightly...

Psh, he's better than this! While you don't actually bite down, you definitely squeeze on Garret's dogmeat with your mouth, warning him not to blow his load too early. Dribbles of thick, slimy liquid run down the back of your throat as the two of you strain away, but he does manage to draw out blowing his load for a little while longer.

Well, you'll take any success as it comes. Knowing how he is about this, you throw caution to the wind and go all-in for this last stretch, making Garret know perfectly well just

[garret.pclsBitch

|how eager his slutty bitch is to please him

|how good of a cocksucker you are

]. He grunts at your efforts and his legs tremble just a little, but he keeps steady and holds back for as long as he can.

[garret.pclsBitch

|Your tail continues to wag happily, knowing what a good bitch you've been to give up so much of your time to make your alpha that much stronger for the both of you. An investment well-made, indeed.

|Heh, and <i>he's</i> the one thinking he's showing off his prowess to you.

]

Even with your help, Garret can't hold back forever. With a feral snarl, he slams himself into your face one last time, and you feel his sweet, sweet seed pulsing and gushing through his rod for a split second before it blasts against the back of your throat and pours straight into your stomach. [garret.pclsBitch

|Moaning in luxuriant bliss, you submit to your alpha and obediently receive his thick, potent seed in your unworthy hole, nudging and nuzzling him in worshipful supplication.

Yes... you're so happy that he allowed you to be his bitch, that here and now, you have Garret to yourself. It's all you can do to wrap your arms about his legs and hug him tightly even as he proceeds apace with the feral face-fucking he's giving you.

[When it comes, it's as sudden as it is forceful. Garret's seed comes in great gouts, spattering against the back of your throat before falling down your gullet, a thick waterfall of heated canine spunk. You can feel it filling you up like a nice fluffy cream puff, stretching out your insides and making you a receptacle for his seed.

Loads upon loads of thick, virile doggy cream pour into you, testament to Garret's prowess; it's only expected that he's just as virile as his twin sister is fecund. It takes all your will to not cough or splutter under the torrential flow you're faced with, and he's not even half-done before you feel your stomach beginning to bloat with the sheer volume of his load.

]

At the same time, you feel his knot inflating, filling what little space's left in your mouth like a large ball gag, with much the same effect. With your little world being filled inside and out with Garret's presence, it's hard not to swoon a little, but he keeps his fingers clamped securely about the back of your head, preventing you from falling away.

<i>"There, there. It's almost over."</i>

And as suddenly as it began, it is. The stream of spunk subsides, and Garret lets go of your head, letting you fall backwards off his prick and onto the floor. Still forced into a wide "O" from sheer force of habit, your mouth feels a little numb even as you gasp for breath, sperm and spit alike oozing from your lips onto the floor. [garret.pclsBitch

[Garret takes this moment to crouch down beside you, and with no small ceremony, hold up your chin so he can wipe his cock off on your face. You pant and whine like the bitch that you are, so glad that your alpha thought of you even at the last.

]

<i>"Guess that's that, then,"</i> Garret drawls, stretching his shoulders before doing up his pants again, leaving you to clean up in the darkness. <i>"Don't want my dinner to get too cold. Maybe I'd save some for you, but I guess you already just ate."</i>

With that, he pads out of the room. By and large, you recover from the ordeal of being face-fucked so thoroughly, and make your way out — you're not sure how much time exactly has passed, but the dinner table is empty as you nip out of the cabin and make your way back to the Frost Hound.

//pass 4 hours.

//end encounter.

//Return to the Frost Hound.

Spitroast

//Ask Brint to come in and lend a hand.

//Require that the player have sexed Brint before?

<i>"Huh. I'm not enough for you, huh? Well, guess I'm not against sharing, if that's what you want. Good things are better when shared, and I'm awesome that way."</i>

Hey, he just said that you're a good thing!

Garret snorts. <i>"Well, it depends on whether you want to focus on the 'good', or if you're more concerned with the 'thing'. Me, I'm going to go down and tell Beef he's got it coming."</i>

With that, Garret stalks out of the room, shutting the door behind him. It's not a long wait, though — barely a handful of minutes have passed before you hear the clomping of hooves in tandem with Garret's footsteps; with a slam, the door burst open once more, Garret framed in the doorway and Brint silhouetted behind him.

<i>"All right, [pc.raMulti lupine catfolk|bitch|pussy|girl]! It's meat pounding time!"</i>

Brint just folds his arms and shakes his big head. <i>"That was awful. Never change, Dogmeat."</i>

<i>"Ha! Ha!"</i> With that sharp, barking laugh, Garret reaches for you and flips you over with ease so that you're belly down on his bed. <i>"This should be a barrel of fun."</i>

You know what's coming and scramble to your hands and knees, facing either side of the bed[pc.isPregnant|; your [pc.belly] hangs under you, and given what's about to happen you're going to be a lot more stuffed when the night is over| and wait for the boys to warm up]. Brint might be a bit taller than Garret at waist level, but you're sure you can handle them both without too much trouble; deciding to give both pieces of studly meat a show to get them started, you pant in anticipation like the good [pc.raMulti lupine catfolk|bitch|pussy|girl] you are. This is your dream come true — after all, you <i>asked</i> for it, didn't you?

<i>"Sheesh,"</i> Garret says with a grin. <i>"Can't wait to get started, can you? I guess the both of us are really that appealing, eh Beef? The strongest man in all of Savarra, together with the studliest minotaur — what a team we make!"</i>

Brint rolls his eyes, but he's smiling. <i>"Okay, Dogmeat. You go from behind, and I'll bring up the front. Let's show [pc.name] how it's done, together."</i>

<i>"Fuck yeah, together!"</i>

They take up position and in perfect unison, rip off your [pc.armor]. You stumble a little at the sudden ferocity of it all, but nothing rips or tears, and before long they've got you as naked as the day you were born, all your clothes lying in two piles on either side of Garret's little bedroom. Brint fumbles at his [brint.armor], the growing bulge in his pants already making the removal more difficult than it should be, but eventually the half-hard horsecock flops out before you, mere inches from your face. The strangely alluring musk rising from the steadily stiffening moo-meat is only made all the more potent by the fact that you can feel Garret's hands on your [pc.butt], squashing them together while he grinds his rapidly swelling doggy dick against your asscrack.

<i>"Not so fast, Dogmeat. You don't want to tire out too early. Trust me, try and pace yourself."</i> With that, Brint grabs hold of his [brint.cock] and gives it a few easy strokes, making sure you get a good view of it stiffening and reaching its full length, each throbbing, bulging vein in plain sight. Transfixed, you can't help but stare eagerly at it, practically drooling at the thought of how badly you're going to get face-fucked by this thing.

[pc.ra catfolk]

Ooooh... craning your neck forwards, you can't help but crane your head forward and start lapping at Brint's massive horsecock. It tastes as much as you'd expect — absolutely amazing, and it keeps twitching as you keep working your tongue all over its turgid surface. Eventually, you managed to coax a bead of pre from the tip of Brint's moo-meat, and lick it off with clear relish.

Garret laughs as he continues to squeeze your ass. <i>"Looks like the kitten wants some milk, Beef. Poor thing's probably a bit confused."</i>

<i>"Sure [pc.heShe] does, dogmeat. Got plenty of milk waiting."</i> Brint slaps his weighty balls for emphasis. <i>"Well, come on then. Open up."</i>

|

Seeing how entranced you are, Brint lays his hands on your shoulders and steadies himself, grinding the tip of his shaft against your face, the medial ring painting your countenance with a thin sheen of pre. It's a slow, easy motion compared to the restrained power of Garret's thrusts from behind, and a pit of aching need wells up in your nethers. Suddenly feeling very, very hot inside, you gasp, exhaling a slow, hot breath onto brint's [brint.cock]. The way it strains, trying to get even thicker and longer — it's practically hypnotic, and you lean forward to cup Brint's ponderous testicles in one hand, playing with the massive things and rolling them about in your palm.

<i>"See, Dogmeat? You've got to take things slow sometimes. No need to go balls-out all the time. That being said... open wide, [pc.name]. It's time to see how much of a cock slut you can be."</i>

]

With that said, Brint steadies himself, draws back, and thrusts into your [pc.hasMuzzle|maw|mouth]. At the same time, Garret squeezes your [pc.butt] hard, drilling

straight into your [pc.vag]. Lupine and minotaur alike smash into you in perfect unison, pounding into your holes from both ends. Your body tries to betray you, instinctively seeking to escape, but there's no escape to be had from this impalement. Squashed and speared from fore and aft, it's all you can do to relish the sensation of being filled so thoroughly by all this maleness, and they haven't even gotten started yet. Garret's slowly inflating knot drills eagerly against your netherlips, distracting you from your efforts in pleasuring Brint; there's not much space left for you to maneuver your [pc.tongue], but you do what you can to make this worth his time.

{//if Garret's bitch:

<i>"I expect you to put on a good show, bitch,"</i> Garret growls from behind you, sinking his claws ever so slightly into the sides of your [pc.hips]. <i>"Don't embarrass me now in front of company."</i>

You'd have begged for your alpha's forgiveness, but your mouth is currently too occupied to do much of anything. Garret gives you a stinging slap on one of your asscheeks, then continues railing you from behind.

}

Brint bucks his hips in steady, powerful motions, pulling out halfway before forcefully ramming his huge horsecock into your throat once more. With his hands on your head holding it steady, all you can see is the minotaur's muscular crotch as you submit to his powerful facefucking. You can feel more, though; the frantic slapping of Garret's seed-filled balls on your behind as he pounds away with ferocity and vigour, the jolt of pleasure-pain each time his bulging knot pops in and out of your cunny, the twinges of pain from his claws on your [pc.skinFurScalesNoun]. When one retreats, the other advances; when one advances, the other retreats, each one knowing the others' moves before they're even made.

[pc.hasCock]

You're not to be left out, of course. With you so securely spitroasted between these two hunks, you easily reach down with a hand and start stroking yourself off, [pc.cocks] straining in your grasp. If you're going to do this, might as well go the whole hog!

]

Back and forth, back and forth — you're not entirely sure how long this goes on for. Surrounded by manly musk, Brint filling your vision as he bludgeons you from the front, hearing Garret grunt and growl in furious pleasure as he ravages you from behind — it's hard to keep your thoughts in a straight line. As events drag on, Brint's slow movements accelerate into passionate thrusts, the big bull-man gritting his teeth as his moo-meat twitches and throbs into you; on his part, Garret slows down, his bulging knot having swollen to the point where he can't easily remove it from your [pc.vag].

<i>"Hey, Beef, I think —"</i> Garret's voice is strained, and he's holding onto your [pc.ass] for dear life. Not that the death grip that Brint has on your head is any better, of course.

<i>"All right, Dogmeat. On the count of three!"</i>

<i>"One!"</i>

<i>"Two!"</i>

<i>"THREE!"</i>

With a roar and a howl, the two studs erupt into you at the same time, flooding your insides with a seemingly impossible amount of man-juice. [pc.hasCock]

At the same time, your own [pc.cocks] erupt[s] in a massive burst of cum, staining Garret's bed as it pools around your helpless knees.

] There's simply so <i>much</i> of it, you're overflowing as it backs up and out of you — it runs down your thighs, trickles down your chin, and splatters all over your body. Warm, sticky spunk, lupine and minotaur alike, mixes in an awful, sinful mess within and without you, filling your womb and stomach alike with their man-juices.

<i>"Khaaaaaaak."</i> Brint lets out the breath he'd been holding and lets his shoulders sag with released tension. <i>"I guess you're right, Dogmeat. Some things are better when shared."</i>

<i>"Told — told you so,"</i> Garret chokes out between pants. His hot doggy breath is warm against your [pc.butt], spunk-splattered as it is. Finally tied into you well and proper, Garret leans forward and and tweaks your [pc.nipples] between thumb and forefinger; tingles run through your soaked, sodden, and utterly sinful form, threatening to send you down into the cum-puddle that's pooled under you. <i>"Hope you had fun too, [pc.raMulti lupine catfolk|bitch|pussy|girl]. And thanks for coming, Beef."</i>

Leaning back, Brint removes his slowly softening prick from your mouth with an audible pop, a rush of cool air chilling the insides of your spunk-slick mouth as you fall to the mattress, your [pc.ass] still high in the air. <i>"Glad to help a brother any time, Dogmeat. You ever feel like sharing a catch again, you know where to find me."</i> Brint's gait is a little shaky from the massive load he's just blasted down your throat, but he does up his [brint.armor] after a bit of fumbling and is out the door, leaving you alone with Garret still tied in you.

<i>"Well, [pc.raMulti lupine catfolk|bitch|pussy|girl], guess you're stuck with me. Maybe you should make yourself comfortable for a little while yet..."</i>

You're not sure when you fell asleep, but you must have, for you wake up the next morning in a puddle of congealing cum. Garret is nowhere to be seen, but at least Garth has a well out back... best to wash up and make yourself presentable before heading back to the Frost Hound.

//set to 0800 hours the next day.

//end encounter.

Be His Bitch

//Garret is such a fine specimen of lupine manhood that you want him all to yourself. Beg to be his one and only bitch.

//Lupine with cunt, high femininity, maybe a certain cup size/hip size? What to do if the PC TFs out of the basics? Does the PC just switch back and forth depending on TF status, or will Garret complain?



[Sorry, this line is too good. Gonna steal it.](#) And that face, the face of an adoring bitch-slut.

Doesn't Meet Requirements:

Hey...

<i>"Sup?"</i>

If he were to have someone to pour his mead every morning, what kind of person would he pick? The ideal bitch to wake up beside at the crack of dawn for the rest of his life?

<i>"You asking me? I'm not sure, really... to be honest, I've never given it that much thought. Want me to go with my gut feelings?"</i>

If that's what he wants.

<i>"A nice fluffy girl, definitely, with curves to match. Nothing less for the strongest man in all of Savarra. A smile really helps, I've found. My mom used to smile a lot, I remember; she'd have been a lot scarier otherwise. Sorry, that's all I have off the top of my head; like I said, I haven't really given it much thought. These things happen as they happen, you know? It's not as if my old man really planned on meeting my mom."</i>

Hmm. [pc.cunningRange 70]You have the lingering suspicion that Garret just described his sister, but to be fair, that profile he gave could match a broad swathe of women. Either way, it's not going to happen, so you don't need to think about it.]That being said...

In short, in order to be Garret's bitch, you need to:

*Be a lupine.

*Have a high femininity score.

*Have a vagina.

Not identify as male.

With that in mind, you'll have to try again later. For now, though... there's nothing to say you still can't enjoy your time together.

//Display sex menu.

Meets Requirements:

The words are about to leave your mouth when a sudden surge of self-doubt seizes you. What you're about to ask of Garret is rather serious — you know him, what he's like, and at least something of how his mother, whom he takes after, was like. Begging to be his bitch is almost certainly going to fundamentally change your relationship in ways that are going to cut quite deeply — and at the very least, he's not going to hold back in various aspects of his personality if you ask this of him.

That might just be the understatement of the year.

But the point still stands. Are you willing to devote yourself to being Garret's bitch, knowing what you're about to get yourself into?

[Yes][No]

[No]

//Reconsider, reconsider!

Um, now that you think about it a little deeper, maybe you're not quite sure you're ready for the ferocity and intensity of Garret's unleashed subconscious. Sure, you'll *probably* survive — Garth's still in one piece after all those years with his wife — but Garret's supposedly more intense than his mother is...

...It's not as if the offer will go away if you ask him later, right? Right?

Garret's still looking down at you with an air of amused not-quite-disinterest, arms folded across his chest. *"You look like you had something to say, [pc.name]."*

"Had"? That means he knows you're not talking.

He shrugs. *"I don't care. You don't bother me for my thoughts, I don't bother you; our thoughts are our own, like Mistress Ivris says. Works out just fine. Now, is it my imagination, or were you just begging to be railed earlier?"*

Yes, about that...

//Display sex menu.

[Yes]

//Gods, yes. You want to be Garret's adoring bitch-slut.

Gods, yes. You want to be Garret's adoring bitch-slut. If you don't say it now, all those niggling self-doubts and worries will get ahold of you, and you'll never be able to get out the words. It's now or never. Crawling forward on all fours, you lay yourself at the foot of Garret's bed and beg to be his bitch.

Garret's snaggletoothed jaws move ever so slightly, and he raises an eyebrow. *"Come again?"*

You want to be his bitch. He's the strongest man in all of Savarra, and after all this, all the fucking he's dispensed upon you, you *need* to be his wanton whore-bitch. Just being bitten and clawed when he gets too excited or drunk gets you so wet and horny, but that's simply not enough; you want him to rip at you, to tear at you, to devour you whole like the big bad wolves of old. Those hulking monstrosities that descend from the highest reaches of the Frost Marches who occasionally stopped by to ravish the local bitches in olden times and breed half-monsters — beasts with just enough humanity to be extra cruel, and people with just enough beast in them to be thoroughly merciless.

Garret just listens to all of this, a faint, incredulous grin on his muzzle as he shakes his head back and forth.

Yes, you're a little bitch-slut, and you need an alpha to own you and take you in hand. And every time you try to find someone to do it, only Garret comes to mind. It's about the force of personality... and you can't really think of someone else who'd be willing to bend a poor

puppyslut over and brutalize her asscheeks with his hand until they're all bruised and swollen.

<i>"So, you want to be my bitch, eh? Not just any a plain old bitch, but my bitch?"</i>

Gods, there's nothing more that you want in the world right now. You look up at Garret with big adoring puppy-dog eyes, just begging to be taken in hand and used in all your holes. While you're scarcely worthy to be his bitch, it's better to ask and die rather than not know for the rest of a long and miserable life.

Garret doesn't say anything, but studies you like a prize cow on display — or perhaps a piece of meat on a weighing scale. He makes more chewing motions with those jaws of his, and your eyes are drawn to just how sharp his teeth are.

<i>"Fine. Let's see how serious you are about this."</i>

Your ears perk up just in time for Garret to grab you by the throat with both hands and drag you bodily upright. Those thick, huge fingers of his crush your windpipe with brutal efficiency, making breathing all but impossible. A whimper escapes your throat involuntarily, and all is silent as Garret holds you with as much emotion as a stone wall might have.

You can't breathe. Your lungs burn for air and you try to scream; your mouth opens, but the breath has been robbed from your body. Tears well up in your eyes as your body instinctively struggles, and the world slowly begins to blur and fade —

— Almost as suddenly as he'd grabbed you, Garret releases his hold on your neck, dropping you to the mattress. Writhing and moaning, the feel of Garret's fingers still burning on your neck like a heated brand, you gasp for air with your tongue hanging out from your maw like a bitch in heat. Oh wait, you <i>are</i> a bitch[pc.inHeat|in heat], although you're still working on the "in heat" bit].

<i>"I still remember, even if Gwyn doesn't. My mom used to do this to my old man a lot. Apparently he loved it. Looks like you do too, eh?"</i>

Your mind's still a little foggy, but you're aware that your tail is wagging like mad. You close your eyes a moment to try and gather your senses, but all you can focus on is the heat building up in your chest as your [pc.nipples] grow ever more stiff and erect. That's just one of the few things you love about your future alpha — sure, he's a priggish swine with huge amounts of irrational self-confidence. But he's only a swine out of arrogant domineering love to his bitches.

<i>"The sort of stuff you seem to love so much, bitch."</i>

Oh, yes...

"Guess if you can stand a choking and like it, you just might have what it takes to be the bitch of the strongest man in the world. It's not just about how physically strong you are, after all." Garret starts shrugging out of his clothes, simple, easy movements that make it all look so lazy and effortless. *"If you want to be a bitch, first thing you've got to be is broken. Say hello to the bitch-breaker, little puppyslut."*

It's not that you've never seen Garret's cock before; quite the contrary, in fact. But what you've never seen is how absolutely *bulging* it is; each raised and throbbing vein on the surface of the red doggy dong blatantly betrays how much Garret is turned on by this despite his cool and calm outward demeanor. He wastes no time stripping you of your clothing, leaving you in your bare fur, and you're only too eager to help your alpha get his bitch naked for his use.

"First things first. Bitches need discipline. They need to know what punishments await them, and what doesn't. For instance, you never punch a bitch."

A slap comes down upon your cheek, hard and fast; it's strong enough to catch you off-guard and off-balance, throwing you down to the mattress. The stinging feeling... it hurts so good, and you can't help but moan as the warm tingles spread out from your face.

*"No, punches are thrown between equals, and a bitch is nowhere near equal to her alpha. **This** is how you punish a bitch — with love and care, of course."*

Your breath catches in your throat as those powerful hands of Garret's seize you by the waist. While you're not really sure what you expected to come, what *does* happen is that he pulls you backwards such that your knees are bunched under you and your ass high in the air. Garret's scent of aggression and arousal hangs about him heavily as he stalks about his bed, and... well, it's not quite presenting, but your ass is quite high...

Unlike the slap to your face, the slap to your asscheeks — one in turn — is much, much harder, strong enough to force the air from your lungs. A second after it lands, shivers run through your body, lingering traces of pleasure-pain, and you feel yourself beginning to melt into a hot, wet, and oozing puddle of fuck.

He could kill you — the choking proved that well enough — but he isn't. Just... just this barely controlled beast stalking you with feral, *animal* intent, an alpha cruelly inflicting sexy sex on his helpless defenseless quivering, trembling, bitch, cruelly punished by the savage thrusts of his great big iron hard hands — and soon cock — on his poor bitch's trembling, shaking, moaning, body. A sexy, cruel, brutal *animal* that lives behind Garret's eyes, barely restrained and frantic with dangerous and uncontrollable lust. Thrusting. And thrusting. Cruelly.

Did you mention thrusting already?

<i>"Don't fix what isn't broken. But oddly enough, bitches need — and love — to be broken; if you don't break them on a regular basis, they break themselves and come crawling to you. Either way, they've got to be fixed."</i>

Another pair of solid smacks land soundly on your ass. You bury your face into the mattress and moan aloud again,[pc.cupRange D

| your [pc.breasts] jiggling and wobbling from the reverberating force of your alpha's firm spanking

].

Is this part of the breaking, or is this part of the fixing?

<i>"Hard to say,"</i> Garret replies from behind you. Another pair of huge swats on your ass, strong enough to knock the wind out of you as you gasp. *<i>"One blends into the other. What matters is that slutty bitches like you love it."*</i>

Oh yes! You arch your back and wait for more, but unfortunately Garret seems to be done with the spanking, giving your wagging tail a sharp tug before circling around back to your front with that same stalking gait.

<i>"Next thing, bitches need authority and supervision if they're to be good bitches."</i> He snaps his fingers, the sound ringing in the confines of his bedroom. *<i>"Down, bitch!"</i>*

The solid, unwavering tone of Garret's voice triggers something drooling and slavering in the back of your mind. Your eyes and jaw go slack for a moment, and then you slavishly rush to obey, practically falling over yourself to adoringly follow the commands of your alpha like a good slut-bitch should.

<i>"Bad! You're too fucking slow! Even my sister could do better!"</i>

Bitch is sorry that she couldn't obey alpha's commands. Bitch will work harder to do better next time...

Garret doesn't so much as lay a finger on you, but you cringe and whimper all the same.

<i>"No one said you could open your worthless hole, bitch. Here, let me shut it for you."</i>

Warm wetness erupts across your face as Garret literally slaps you with his enormous, engorged dick, splatters of pre landing on your nose and lips. He swiftly follows this up by grabbing you by the [pc.hair] and yanking your head back and mouth open; before you know it, a goodly portion of that ponderous pecker is stuffed straight in your mouth. The scent of Garret's sex, already heavy in the air, turns overpowering as you're forced to suck on his dick or choke.

<i>"Bitches. Need. Authority. Or this is what you get."</i>

You might have said something at this point, but none of it is getting out around all the doggy dick crammed in your maw which you happen to be lovingly sucking on like the best bitch-treat in the world because it is. There's nothing a good bitch loves to have in her whore mouth than her alpha's bitch breaker. The thick, salty tang of Garret's pre fills your tongue, and you can't help but start fantasizing about how his virile seed is going to taste...

<i>"Now, again. Down, bitch!"</i>

Once more, you slavishly prostrate yourself before your alpha, ears flattened against your head, looking up with pleading puppyslut eyes — all the while sucking on his cock, of course. What's the difference between you and a mosquito? A mosquito will stop sucking when it gets slapped. You, on the other hand...

As if reading your mind, Garret slaps you on the face again — far less brutal than the first one he gave you, but still enough to sting like hell. Like a good, obedient bitch-slut, you submit to your alpha's authority and continue sucking away until he withdraws from you; his cock emerges from your maw with an audible pop, numerous strands of sperm joining your gaping mouth to his cock as he draws away.

<i>"Better this time. But we'll have to work on it."</i> He pauses to wipe his drooling cock on your face, marking you with the powerful scent of sex and seed. *<i>"Now, moving on. Bitches also have to have some bite. No self-respecting alpha is going to want a weak, sloppy bitch. Useless."</i>*

No! You're not useless! You're a perfectly good breedable slut-bitch!

<i>"Then prove it to me!"</i> Like a rancher examining his stock, Garret pinches you on the forearm, gradually moving up to your shoulder. *<i>"[pc.strengthRange 80
|There's little doubt that you're a good, strong bitch —"</i>*

Oh yes, bitch has to be sturdy. How else could bitch take what alpha doles out to her?

Garret's fingers tighten about your arm; you feel his claws sink into your skin, and the welling up of warm blood has you spasming in ecstasy unbidden. *<i>"Don't. Fucking. Interrupt. Me. Bitch."</i>*

You mewl.

<i>"And don't give me those puppy eyes, either — you're stronger than that."</i> He grabs your hand, then, forcing your fingers stiff, rakes your claws down his forearm, leaving thin red lines across flesh as blood wells up on his skin. *<i>"Feels good, doesn't it, bitch?"</i>*

|<i>"You could stand to be a little better, but still, you can take a choking. That's got to count for something, I suppose."</i>

B-bitch is sorry...

<i>"C'mon,"</i> Garret grunts. <i>"Have at me. Show me your teeth and bite."</i>

No... bitch can't...

<i>"Don't tell me you can't, because this is a command directly from your fucking alpha, bitch. Now fucking obey! A bitch without bite is no bitch of mine!"</i>

Something in Garret's tone snaps in the back of your mind, and with a growl, you lunge straight for him, teeth bared and fingers hooked into claws. Garret slaps you away easily, almost nonchalantly and gives you a feral grin.

<i>"That's the spirit there, bitch, and spirit's what's most important. A bitch is a bitch, and not a pup; I shouldn't have to be babying you like you're five or something. Bitches can go away and take care of themselves when they're not needed."</i>

]
Y-yes...

<i>"And finally, while not strictly necessary, bitches need to be bred. It's not like they don't love it already anyways."</i>

Finally! You thought he would never get to it! Your ass still stings from Garret's earlier spanking, and the slutty little fuck-bitch that you are starts whining and drooling at the hopelessly arousing thought of your alpha abusing your furry ass until it's raw and busted, until you can't even sit down or sleep on your back —

— It's not as if you have any say over what happens to your body now, not when everything each and every one of your senses is telling you right now is conspiring to send you over the edge into a helpless rutting frenzy. A moan escapes your lips unbidden as Garret's strong fingers close upon your tender buttcheeks, securing themselves in the fashion of an owner handling his property before yanking them apart. Your tail wags and wags and wags as your bitch-mind starts fantasizing of all the brutal, cruel and naughty things which are going to be inflicted upon you shortly.

The bed creaks ominously as Garret leans his weight on it, and then he slides into you with a wordless grunt. More and more of your alpha slides into you, deeper and deeper along your well-lubricated tunnel, causing a warm surge of pride to well up in your chest. This is as things should be; a bitch's greatest honor is to be an alpha's personal cocksock.

<i>"Don't rush me, now. I'm just getting started."</i>

Maybe it's just your imagination or your eagerness at finally being accepted as Garret's bitch, but you can't help but think that his shaft is heavier and thicker than you remember it ever being. That makes it all the better as it continues drilling into you without succor or mercy, heading deeper and deeper in, each inch of man-meat grinding mercilessly against your swollen, heated netherlips until you feel like you're being broken in half.

Bitch-breaker, indeed. Sure, you came out all right before, but you weren't a good little slut-bitch back then. Now you are.

Further and further, deeper and deeper. It can't have been more than a few moments, can it? — and yet it nevertheless *feels* like an eternity. Garret's fully mounted you now, your alpha's arms wrapped about your midriff, his hands on your [pc.breasts] as he leans his powerful weight atop you. Pushed into the mattress as you are, there's little doubt as to who's in charge here.

It feels so good to be owned, to be possessed by someone else, doesn't it? A small wail resounds in your throat as Garret's man-meat hits the end of your tunnel and begins forcing its way into your puppy pack. Being the bitch that you are, you can only ball your fists and make needy, slutty, *animal* noises as your alpha invades you most thoroughly. You can feel your cervix dilate, forced open by Garret's prodigious manhood; the thought of your alpha being directly in his slut-bitch, ready to mark this hopeless slut-bitch as his own —

— You yelp and writhe under Garret as your cunt clamps down and shudders, fingers of heat shooting out from your nethers and worming their way into your lower belly and thighs before dissipating. Mirroring the rest of your body, your lower belly squirms, although the rock-solid anchor of Garret's prodigious cock keeps it in shape.

Mounted atop you, Garret seems completely indifferent to your sexy plight, instead securing you to himself by crushing you with his elbows and digging his claws into your [pc.breasts], his fingers mercilessly gripping your lady lumps until the burning agony radiating out from them meshes with the fucking he's giving you like broken glass mixes with salt.

Over and over again Garret pounds you, an alpha reinforcing a cheap whore-bitch's place in the hierarchy of the pack, making sure you know your place underneath him. Ears folded flat against your head, eyes half-lidded and unfocused, you lie there on the mattress, too enervated to move. All the better for him to fuck you, then.

Y-you can't take much more of this. It feels like Garret's cock is drilling straight up through your cunt and womb, and hammering straight at your brain. With each pounding pulse of pleasure, your mind gives way a little more, threatening to send you succumbing to become a sticky puddle of bestial fuck. It's not like you've never had him in you before, so why the difference now?

"It's called the bitch-breaker," Garret whispers down at you, his voice dripping sexy, sexy menace. *"It only breaks bitches. Like you."*

B-bitch...

"That's what you are now. A slutty little fuck-bitch."

And he's a mindless sexy beast here to violate you in every way possible. Inside and out, through every hole, and with brutal efficiency.

"Hey, I like the job. As do you."

Mmmmmhhh...

Without warning, Garret tightens his hold on you and hammers himself against your ass one last time, his balls audibly slapping against your buttocks as he surges forward and utterly claims your womb. The sudden violation knocks all the breath out of your lungs as you struggle to not buckle under the sheer animal intensity of his fucking. Garret's knot starts swelling inside you, stretching out your tortured insides ever further, and a surge of electric heat courses through your body as he starts pumping load upon load of baby batter straight into you, breeding you as thoroughly as humanly possible.

You can't help it. The feeling of your alpha's virile seed pulsing through you, marking you as his claimed bitch, gives you a ridiculously intense sensation of perverse self-satisfaction. After all, you asked to be his bitch; he accepted, and summarily now owns you. It feels so good to be owned... and to be stuffed with your alpha's knot.

Bitch is happy to have been of use to her alpha...

Garret snorts and swats you on the ass. *"You're an okay cumrag, I suppose. There's still a way to go, though."*

Of course. Bitch will eagerly improve for her alpha.

He's still not done yet — more and more of Garret's spunk flows into you against all odds, filling you up like a creamy batter ball. You've never felt as quite delightfully full and content as far as you can remember — which admittedly doesn't mean much, as the current functional span of your memory is about three seconds. Addled beyond belief and as humiliatingly reduced as possible, all you can do is to lie there like a fish out of water while Garret grabs you by the throat and yanks you close.

*"That'll do, bitch. That'll do. From today onwards, you're now **my** bitch. Be fucking good and a good fucking, and you'll be the happiest cumrag alive."*

You couldn't ask for any greater honor than to be the bitch of the strongest man in the world.

"There, there."

With Garret's knot stuck in you and a bellyful of cum, it's hard to argue with the incredible sense of contentment that falls over you. It's going to be all right; you now belong to someone. Your alpha is going to look after you, he's got plenty of experience looking after bitches, and all you have to be is a slutty slut — something that you were already going to do anyway.

This large, heated, beastly, animal presence about you... it's strangely comforting despite the way it's completely and utterly brutalized your body. You're going to have some bruises waking up tomorrow... but they're the *good* kind of bruises.

And when you go to sleep, he'll be watching over you. After all, no one gets to beat up a bitch except their alpha.

//sleep, end encounter.

Bitch Sex

//Use this instead of the usual "subsequent times" sex opener if the PC is Garret's bitch. (And of course, meets all the physical requirements to be such).

Garret curls a corner of his mouth at your request, slowly setting his drink down on the table so it doesn't spill. *"Huh. You want it that bad, bitch? As you can see, I'm busy right now."* He points down at his drink.

But... but you want to do it now! You want to do it until morning!

A snort, then unabashed laughter. *"Until morning? Until morning, the bitch says. You won't last until morning, because I'll have you ground down and worn out within the hour."*

Then... then he'll do you, right?

*"Easy, bitch. I'll do you **after** I finish my drink, not before."*

Right. Right. You watch intently as Garret lifts his mug to his muzzle, and takes a long sip. Sip. Siiiiip.

Is he done yet?

Garret growls, the deep bass sound in his throat sending the pit of your stomach aflutter. *"Patience, bitch. If we weren't in my old man's bar, I'd give you a slap, but I'd rather not have to shame you further by punishing you in front of him. Now shut the fuck up and wait."*

Siiiiip. Siiiiip. The wait is excruciating, and made even worse by the way he's treating you like trash — you can just feel yourself getting wetter by the moment as your alpha finishes his drink with deliberate, painful slowness. He knows your need, the need of an adoring, faithful bitch-slut, and is tormenting you with the sheer anticipation of being graced by his bitch-breaker...

Or maybe he's a callous cad. You don't know which turns you on more. [pc.inHeat|Maybe it's you, maybe it's him, but there's something about Garret's scent today that sets you to shivering and squirming in your seat. It's so much more powerful and intense than you remember it usually being, and before you know it you're sweating bullets, your fur growing increasingly damp by the moment.]You'll go insane if he doesn't fuck you soon...

At last, Garret finishes his drink and slams the empty tankard on the table, wiping his mouth with the back of his hand. Without another word, he stalks around the table to you, grabs you by under the arms, and then hoists you right out of your seat in the good old over-the-shoulder carry you've gotten used to by now.

Garth just shakes his head as Garret parades you past the bar on his way out back.
<i>"Don't be too hard on [pc.name], okay?"</i>

Garret snorts. <i>"Old man, there's no such thing as too hard when it comes to these things. Now, bitch, let's go."</i>

Out the back, through the garden, and into the cabin. When you reach Garret's little room, he dumps you unceremoniously at the foot of his bed, then before anything else, whips off his belt. You can't help it — your wide-eyed gaze is drawn to the thick leather belt in his hands, all that hard leather, the sharp iron buckle...

... Mmm...

You barely fidget as Garret loops the belt, then fits it around your neck in a makeshift collar. Now <i>this</i> is what you're talking about — with each click of the buckle as Garret pulls the belt tighter, you feel more and more gloriously content with being put in your place as your alpha's good little bitch-slut. With a final click, the makeshift collar is now snug about your neck — it's not restrictive or choking, although you know Garret could change that in an instant.

<i>"Good bitch."</i>

The praise sends you panting. Alpha is so kind as to lavish such undeserved praise on his bitch.

<i>"It's one of the basics. When dealing with a pet, give praise where it's due. Now, kneel and come up to me."</i>

You do just that, getting up onto your knees and shuffling forward until your muzzle is barely inches away from his still flaccid cock. Even so, it creates quite the bulge in his pants, and [pc.inHeat|the scent of his manhood is so strong, it's practically driving you crazy. You want that bitch-breaker in you right <i>now</i>, messing up your insides something fierce.] you can distinctly catch the scent of his manhood even from here, and without even knowing it, your mouth has started watering.]

<i>"Well, well, well. Whatever will we do with you tonight, bitch? I'm such a great guy, I think I'll let you choose. Or maybe —"</i> he shows you his teeth — <i>"you'd like me to decide? Although if you do want the latter, you don't get to have any takebacks after I get started."</i>

[Breed][Choke Out][Punish][Degradation](Normal sex options here)

Backing Out

//Use this if approaching Garret for sex while his bitch, yet not having fulfilled the physical requirements for such. Plays only once.

//To be clear, the requirements for being his bitch are pretty much identical to what he'd like for sex, only with a full lupine TF included.

Garret eyes you over his mug, and grins a little sheepishly. <i>"Guess you want to back out, huh? Was I too hard on you?"</i>

Um...

<i>"I mean, you've gone and changed yourself away from what we agreed on, didn't you? Don't worry about it, I understand. Some people ask me to cut loose not knowing what I'm capable of, and I end up being too intense for them. It's hard being the strongest man in all of Savarra, after all — sometimes I don't even know my strength, and end up accidentally hurting people.</i>

<i>"I'm fine as things are right now — really, you don't have to look at me like that. But if you want to have another taste of that side of me, if you start missing it... well, all you need to do is get another of Mistress' Ivriiss potions to put you back to being a proper bitch. I'll be up for it whenever you are.</i>

<i>"Now, what did you need me for?"</i>

//display normal sex options

Breed

//Beg Garret to fill you with his puppies.

//Need to be Garret's bitch for this; differs from a simple catching. Special fork if in heat. Roll high for impregnation when using this option. Must be fertile — I.E not already pregnant.

For a few moments, you squirm about on your alpha's bed, trying to get your thoughts in order. Your head feels like someone's opened it up and stuffed it full of cotton wool; marshalling your thoughts is an uphill effort, but eventually you manage to pull yourself together and realize what you want. Garret is still standing there, shifting his weight from one foot to the other while he waits, and as you raise your eyes to his groin you know exactly what your body hungers for.

[pc.inHeat]

A rush of heat courses through your body, spreading outwards from your lower belly as your seed-starved womb signals its current empty state, and its desire to be filled with a strong male's puppies. Here and now, when your body's fecundity has peaked, the overpowering urge shakes your body from head to toe and leaves you whimpering and exhausted, sprawled out on the mattress like a furry rug.

Barely has this first tremor gripped your body when your womb clenches and twists again; this time, warm wetness spreads out between your legs and stains your crotch, the shiv of animal need striking deep into the core of your cunt. You arch your back and ball your fists, riding out the urgent surge of need until it passes, but you're left a slobbering wreck at the end of it all.

|

No matter what you do, some strange, hungry force keeps your eyes trained on the bulge in your alpha's trousers, growing ever so slightly bigger by the moment. Before you know it, a sharp heat erupts in your lower belly, twisting like a blade to your guts. Whether you like it or not — and the bitch that you are very much wants it, yes — your body is making several last-minute preparations to carry a large litter of puppies.

]

...It's no use. You need his cock in you, and *now*. Your station as Garret's breeding bitch is one you eagerly embrace, and your needy womb agrees with you every step of the way, already looking forward to being stuffed with strong alpha seed. Just the smell of his cock and balls from here is causing you to swoon, your [pc.breasts] rising and falling as you daydream of being big and round with Garret's puppies.

Before you know it, you're crawling towards the edge of the bed, inching closer towards your prize. Looking up at Garret pleadingly, you whine and paw at him, begging and grovelling to be thoroughly used like the slutty bitch that you are.

"Looks like someone's all worked up about something," Garret says calmly, barely moving a muscle as he gazes down upon your needy, slobbering form. *"Wonder whatever it could be."*

Sensing that words are needed, [pc.inHeat]

your estrus-frenzied womb bypasses your brain completely and assumes direct control of your mouth, conspiring with your ovaries to... you're not exactly sure, but it's something. By now, you're pretty sure Garret's scent has changed; even if he isn't

aware of it himself, his body is reacting keenly to the presence of a bitch in heat. The stream of pleading, urging, and horny noises that emerges from your mouth is complete and utter gibberish — or at least, it sounds that way even to you — but Garret is able to make some kind of sense out of it. He might not be the functionally smartest, but he can be quite astute when his ego is pandered to.

|

you start babbling incoherently, trying to say something, anything that will get Garret to give you the sweet, sweet relief that you so desperately desire. He'll get the hint, right? Right? Garret might not be the brightest candle in the box, but he can still be quite astute when his ego and appetites are pandered to.

]

And as his bitch, you're the one best suited for that.

<i>"Hmm."</i> With one hand, Garret grabs you by under the arm, forcing you to your knees on the bed; with the other, he leans in and grabs you straight on the pussy, mashing the heel of his palm against your cunt lips. You let out a little bark, tail wagging as your fur squishes against you with a wet noise, then squirm as the full intensity of Garret's touch hits you.
<i>"Ah. Well."</i>

This bitch humbly submits to her alpha her need to be bred, please.

Garret's face remains impassive at that, although you see the bulge in his trousers grow a little at those words.

Bitch wants to be thoroughly and brutally plowed. Bitch knows that seed grows best in a well-turned field... bitch wants alpha's strong seed growing in her. The strongest man in all of Savarra has to have the strongest seed, and bitch wants to be nice and round as she bears fruit. Please...

<i>"Hah."</i> From the look on his face, Garret looks more amused at your outburst at anything. He cocks an eyebrow down at you, still kneeling on the bed, then shrugs.
<i>"Since my bitch asked so nicely and was polite enough... we'll see. Could have my pick of the girls in town right down to Harvest Valley if I put my mind to it, but you're my bitch, and I suppose that counts for something."</i>

That said, Garret practically tears off your [pc.armor] with a flourish — you never knew they could go off so <i>fast</i>, then growls and squeezes your [pc.breasts]. [pc.cupRange D
|You shudder and let out a soft sigh of release as your ample assets are finally released from their constraining confines, sagging slightly as they suddenly have to take their own weight. Garret takes his time running his hands over the surface of each lady lump in turn, exploring their voluminous shape with those very same hands with which he uses to crush, choke, pummel, and kill.

|Once that's off, Garret easily slides his hand in, those big, brutish fingers readily enveloping one of your lady lumps. He gives each a few test squeezes, light but firm,

and you shut your eyes as you shiver all of a sudden. Those very hands which he uses to crush, choke, pummel, and kill are now on you...

]

As if sensing your thoughts, Garret's fingers tighten cruelly about the breast he has in hand, squeezing down hard while the calluses on his fingers sink deeply into firm breastflesh. You yelp like the slutty bitch that you are, relishing in the pain that nevertheless manages to feel so <i>good</i>. What else would one expect when a bitch like you has been fucked upside down by her alpha so many times?

You bite back a slavish cry of adoration as your alpha mauls your [pc.breasts] without holding back, proving his strength — and yours — in the most intimate way possible. Okay, maybe not the <i>most</i>, but it still is pretty damn intimate. [pc.isLactating

|Spurts of milk spray from your mauled mammaries, rock-hard [pc.nips] gleefully giving up the bounty they've been holding back, and you feel Garret pause for a moment to give you a pat between the ears.

<i>"Not even pregnant already, and you're already rich. Now there's a good bitch."</i>

Oh yes, you're a good bitch. You can give milk, lots of milk, and none of the puppies he fucks into you will ever go hungry, you'll make sure of that.

] [pc.inHeat

|Here and now, your [pc.breasts] feel so exceptionally tender, far more sensitive than they usually would be. The fact that your [pc.nipples] are full and rock-hard is the least of things — every crush, every grope on your studly alpha's part makes you squirm and bite back moans and wails.

It's not that you're rubbing your thighs together like this — they're just happening to slip past each other...

And then before you know it, you blow. Unable to hold it back any longer, the hot, roiling need within your puppy-rabid womb twists upwards, shooting up through your torso and into your overstimulated [pc.breasts]. Even as Garret continues to knead and crush away, your entire body shakes, muscles you didn't know you had clenching as you soak your netherlips to sopping.

Having your alpha play with your bitch-tits is nice, but it's simply not enough for you or your baby-craving bitch-body. You need to be pregnant <i>right now</i>.

] [pc.cupRange D

|Daydreams of your already ample assets growing even more come unbidden to mind; your [pc.breasts] becoming, fuller, heavier, riper and firmer as they engorge with milk to feed your alpha's puppies.

|Try as you might, you can't help but start daydreaming of your [pc.breasts] growing riper, heavier, fuller and more shapely as they work to feed the litter that Garret's

going to put into you. The sheer thought — and the idle wonder if they'll stay that way after the pregnancy — sends a perverse thrill running down your spine and into your nethers.

]

At long last, Garret finishes manhandling your mammaries, and you wonder if he's finally going to move on to the deed now. Of course, an alpha sets the pace for his bitch, but your body craves what it craves; that can't really be helped. Slowly, Garret takes a step back, making sure that your eyes are on him, then begins to lazily undress himself, pulling off his shirt and tossing it to hang loosely on the headboard. His cock strains against his trousers, a damp patch of pre straining the apex of his prodigious cock-bulge, and you watch mesmerized as he yanks off his trousers and whips out his dangerous doggy dong.

<i>"Say hello there to the bitch breaker. You loved this so much that you begged to be a bitch, didn't you? Just so you could get broken by it over and over again?"</i>

Oh yes. You want to be broken by that shaft of his. Just the faintest whiff of the scent rising from your alpha's manhood and virile balls has you begging for it, even as the former continues to stiffen and swell before your eyes.

May... may this slutty, unworthy bitch touch her alpha's cock?

Garret shrugs and gives you a dismissive wave. He steps forward, and his sizeable lupine prick slaps your face soundly, leaving a streak of moistness on your cheek. Not that you care — here it is, the first beginnings of your reward for being such a good and faithfully slutty bitch. Your alpha's shaft is right in your hands in the blink of an eye, rock-hard and pulsing; you greedily paw it all over, then work your fingers to the base of his shaft and to each of his balls. Size-wise, they're only perhaps the size of plums, but they feel so heavy, so

<i>dense</i>; [pc.inHeat]

the mere thought of your [pc.vag] sucking up every last drop of alpha sperm on offer here has you practically drooling in anticipation. Caught in the depths of heat with a big alpha wolf to play stud to you — there are few things better in life.

|

just thinking about it gets you panting in excitement.

] Your [pc.breasts] are still tingling from the brutal groping they've received, and somehow, the lingering aching just makes you more wet and aroused.

Please, you can't take it any more. Won't he use his little bitch-whore like the slutty cumrag that she is? Won't he breed her full of puppies and leave her with a belly so big that even just getting around will be a challenge for her?

Garret doesn't say anything; he just sniffs the air.

...Is he going to fuck you now?

[pc.inHeat

"No, not quite yet," comes the reply. *"Let me show you something I learned from a friend. Works quite well on bitches in heat."*

Moving in a blur, Garret spins you about on his bed such that you're face and belly-up — not that a bitch like you would be inclined to resist the most powerful alpha in the world, of course. Kneeling on the mattress between your spread legs, Garret has a small half-smirk on his face as he trails two furry fingers up your inner thigh, skirting the slick, puffy lips of your [pc.vag]. He idles there a moment, fingertips dancing lightly on your nethers, as if deciding what to do or waiting for the perfect moment.

Then instead of the obvious, he passes your mound, moving past it [pc.hasCock]and your [pc.cocks]] to press lightly against your lower belly. One, twice, thrice, and then he finds what he's looking for, a knot of hardness deep within your lower belly. Garret has to push down hard and deep to find it, but there's no mistaking the moment he presses on your empty, aching womb. Your breath catches in your throat, and a fresh glaze of girlcum coats your swollen netherlips as you're reminded of just how achingly *empty* your baby bag is, and how you desperately need to fulfil your destiny as a slutty breeding bitch.

No... you need that cock now...

"Oh yes. Drawing things out is half the fun, after all."

You don't have any energy left to even move; all the will seems to have drained from your limbs. Swept up in a hormone infused fog, you can only watch helplessly as Garret plays you like a fiddle; somewhere down the line, your brain has relinquished control of your body over to your womb and ovaries, which are doing their utter if stupid best to get you pregnant.

"Bitches in heat love this," you hear Garret say. *"Can't get enough of it."*

You moan like a two-coin slut and mindlessly grind against the air. Your alpha just grins that cocksure grin of his and continues drawing little circles on your lower belly. The aching continues to intensify, and the ravenous, rabid need that flows out from the black void that's your puppy pack threatens to swallow you whole; you feel a knuckle nudge one of your ovaries, and you swear you can feel it offer up its bounty for the alpha seed which will no doubt come soon.

More and more perverse daydreams swim in your consciousness: you being so bloated with your Garret's offspring that you can't even move, numerous puppies nursing at your engorged teats while your alpha fucks even more puppies into you. The least of your lewd fantasies.

With such direct stimulation to your puppy-making apparatus, you can't take it any more. You arch your back with a shrill yip, and feel womb and cunt alike clench down hard even as a fan of sticky girl-cum sprays out from your cunt[pc.hasCock]and your

[pc.cocks] unload[s] shortly after]. Even with this minor release, you get no relief from the burning desire to be bred that radiates from your loins, tormenting you throughout this whole ordeal.

]

Garret snorts. <i>"Well, my dear bitch. Looks like you're about ready now."</i>

Yes, yes... slut-bitch is ready to be fucked and bred...

Turning you around so that [pc.inHeat|you're face-down once more,|your legs are facing him,] Garret lunges for your ass with his usual ferocity. His hands linger there for a few seconds, then slide off to the side to take a firm hold of your [pc.hips], pulling your ass up so that it's level with his groin when he stands. [pc.hipRange 13

|With such wide hips, it's easy for him to manhandle you about, and you think he makes a remark pertaining to such.

Does alpha like his bitch this way? Bitch will make a good breeder with these hips, pop out huge strong puppies with no problem at all...

Garret just snorts.

]

Now that you're properly aligned, Garret begins to pound and pump away with all the subtlety and finesse of a large hammer. With how ready your body is, your alpha's prominent girth slides into you without a hitch; every nerve in your nethers screams in agony and delight as that delicious doggy dong grinds down the length of your [pc.vag], instinctively angling itself to penetrate your supple cunt as deeply as possible. On your part, you do your feeble best to wrap your legs about Garret's waist — not that he needs the extra support, of course, considering how strong your alpha's grip is.

[pc.inHeat|

Finally having a virile cock in you just makes your baby rabies flare up again. Deeper and deeper the tapered tip of Garret's canine cock sinks, only to find your cervix yawning wide and waiting for it. A shuddering sigh of relief wracks your body as you feel your heat-filled womb twist in your lower belly, then a satisfying tightness as your cervix clamps down on the sweet, sweet alpha cock inside you.

|

Deeper and deeper Garret's canine cock sinks, until you feel him bottom out in you. That's not enough for either of you, though — Garret pauses a moment to gather his strength, then viciously rams himself into your cunt. Squeezing your eyes shut, you're reduced to a moaning mess as Garret turns into a feral beast, the tapered tip of his doggy dong hammering at your cervix and slowly but surely forcing it to dilate.

You do your best to reciprocate his thrusts, working in tandem to allow your alpha unfettered access to the womb that he rightfully owns. Ears flat against your head,

tail wagging like mad, you can't help but smile stupidly when you feel your cervix finally give way, stretching wide enough to admit your alpha into your puppy pack.

]

Garret doesn't let up one bit, snarling and slaving like a wild animal as he continues to breed his fertile slut-bitch. Your hips slap against his with audible force, you feel his balls swat heavily against your ass — you just know you're going to be walking a little funny for some time after this.

"Gonna breed you good, bitch," Garret snarls, his breath coming deep and hot, washing over your ass and back. *"Gonna make you so heavy you won't even be able to walk. This is going to be a fuck to be **respected**."*

Breeding slut-bitch thanks alpha for sharing his seed. Alpha is truly the strongest wolf in the world.

As if to emphasize the point, Garret sinks his claws into the fertile flesh of your hips and ass, drawing blood. It hurts so good. *"And don't you forget it, bitch. Right here, right now, I'm fucking a huge litter of puppies into you."*

You just pant, your cock-stuffed breeding hole clenching and squeezing for dear life about Garret's tool, trying to extract that precious seed you so crave. Before long, you feel it — a faint twitch in that pulsing rod of man-meat he's impaled you on...

Barely have you braced yourself before your alpha begins mangling your poor ass, which has by now gone numb from the pleasure inflicted upon it. Tongue lolling from your mouth as you struggle to breathe, the stupefied smile on your face just widens as you feel the rising tide of seed well up just behind you, rushing for your boiling womb, just aching to flood your freshly-ploughed fields and have you bearing fruit.

With a deep roar, Garret slams into you one last time, a show of strength; his knot bloating to its full glory and anchoring you in place. There's no escape now; he explodes into you, a pent-up torrent of sperm rushing straight into your womb and bloating you with baby batter. Your belly begins to distend from the sheer volume of Garret's load, swelling into a cantaloup-sized bulge, foreshadowing what will happen to you after your alpha's seed takes hold.

[pc.inHeat]

Now, and only now, does the desperate hunger in your baby bag abate somewhat, mollified by the fact that it's gotten what it wants. Palpable waves of contentment radiate out from your lower belly, filling your being; you feel happier and more content than you can ever remember being in your whole life, like your entire reason for existing has just been soundly vindicated. The sheer feel of thick, virile sperm sloshing about in your baby bag makes you practically giddy with happiness despite the numerous minor scrapes and bruises that're the inevitable result of rough sex with Garret.

Mmm, you feel so *full*. And with you practically swearing you can *feel* Garret's seed take hold in you, new puppies nestling into the thick, fertile lining of your womb... well, you'll be feeling pretty full for some time to come.

]

Finally finishing up, Garret lets go of your hips, although with him still tied to you your ass is still hiked up high. He's still standing, albeit a little shakily, and as you pant and whimper on the mattress before him he reaches down and grabs you by your [pc.hair].

"Feels good, hm?" he growls as he yanks your head back.

Oh yes. Bitch-slut loves being bred. Bitch-slut also loves being roughed. But being bred roughly, that's what bitch-slut loves most of all.

"Heh. Guess I'm going to have to let my dinner get cold. Can't bring bitches to the dinner table, at least not when they're stuck on me." He reaches down again and pats you between the ears. *"Get some rest now...you'll need all your energy when you're fat and bloated with my puppies."*

//Roll high for impregnation and litter size.

//Pass time until 8 am next morning.

Choke Out

//Have Garret choke you out while fucking you retarded.

//Rather violent content. Gated behind being Garret's bitch.

//There is no reason you could ever stumble upon this by accident.

//if pregnant

Garret's grin turns into a scowl, and he slaps you on the face. Not as hard as you'd have liked, but it still stings. *"Don't be fucking dumb, bitch. You know better than to ask me for that now."*

W-what?

He points down to your [pc.belly]. *"I'm not putting my hands around your neck while you're in that state. If you want to become a drooling fool, that's your business, but I'm not turning your kid into a retard as well. Besides, it's harder for me to gauge when to stop when you're pregnant."*

B-But-

Your alpha cuts you off with a swift downstroke of his hand, sending you cringing. *"Don't fucking talk back to me, bitch. That's why you need an alpha to take care of you — without a*

master, bitches like you just go out and do all kinds of self-destructive shit because of your feels. Like asking him to choke you while pregnant. If you're so desperate to be strangled, then do it to yourself."

But it doesn't feel the same when you try and choke yourself. Bitch is sorry...

He grunts. "Pop out that brat, and then we'll speak again. Now, ask for something else, and hurry up about it. Both my cock and I are getting angry, and you really aren't going to like us when we're angry."

//(Display bitch sex scene options)

//else (not pregnant)

The easygoing grin vanishes from Garret's face. "Oh ho. So you're **really** asking for it. Fine, then. Get even closer."

You start shuffling forward once more, but it's clear your alpha wants more. The free end of your collar-cum-leash is still in his hand, and he yanks hard on the belt, cruelly pulling you forward by the neck until you stumble, fall forward, and end up at his feet. You feel his gaze on the back of your neck as you struggle to push yourself upright, gasping.

"Considered leaving you like that, but you won't be getting your clothes off by lying about on the floor. Strip."

You don't need telling twice. With your alpha's permission and help, you're naked within moments, having thrown all your stuff to the four corners of his cabin bedroom. They aren't important. This is.

Garret pauses. He considers you, and the sight of the bulge in his pants stirring only serves to stoke your libido more. At length, he reaches into his bedside drawers, pulls out a small mirror, and hangs it off the headboard of his bed.

"That's right, bitch," he whispers to you as he fondles your ears. "Here's a mirror so that you can see every moment of me choking you out. You can watch yourself crack in perfect detail... I'll even hold your head up and in place so you have the best view of your brain melting more and more with each and every thrust."

Yes, please... this is what you want. He's done this to so many beasts before. Killed them with his bare hands; battered them until their will to fight was gone, then choked the life out of their bodies with that powerful grasp of his. And he's going to do the same to you, only after that, he's going to fuck the life back into your worthless bitch body.

"You know me so well, bitch."

Bitch only wants to please her alpha... only makes sense that bitch would learn as much as she could about him.

Garret doesn't say anything to that. Instead, your alpha starts undressing with lazy ease, the way he does everything else. In contrast to the haphazard way you've thrown your clothes off, he carefully removes his vest, shirt, and then pants, then folds them into neat squares before stacking them on the dresser. Your slutty bitch eyes can't stop roving over his muscles as he goes about it; they ripple and shift under his skin as he disrobes in calm, controlled movements. Once he's done, your alpha takes your makeshift collar in hand, wrapping the loose leash-end around your neck until it's all gone. He looks at you, gives you a smug grin, then reaches down onto his bed and fluffs up his pillow.

<i>"Up."</i>

Your body is faster to react than your mind. Already, you have your hands on the mattress before you know what you're doing, but that still isn't quick enough for Garret. He draws back an arm and brings his hand in a big beautiful arc, smacking your [pc.ass] from below. You yelp, practically leaping off the ground and onto the bed. Your alpha wastes no time, pushing at your still-stinging rump until you're all bunched up on the mattress, knees tucked under your body and ass high in the air, perfectly presented for his inspection.

<i>"There's a good girl,"</i> your alpha says. <i>"Wag that tail some more to show how much you appreciate me."</i>

You can see his reflection in the mirror — a dark, menacing shape in the shadows of the bedroom, hovering by your upraised ass. He's just waiting there, biding his time, smelling the fear, lust and anticipation slathering off you like some kind of perverted potpourri. Your heart skips a beat, your [pc.vag] clenches, and you sink your face into the mattress to muffle an involuntary moan.

And then he's upon you.

You have barely enough time scream before he shuts that off with one hand to the underside of your throat. Even with the collar protecting you somewhat, the power afforded by your alpha's grasp is terrible, enough to crush bones and rip sinew if he weren't so careful. The other hand goes to your head, grabbing you by the doggy ears and yanking your gaze upward and straight into the mirror. Once your head is raised, both hands expertly encircle your throat and start crushing the life out of you.

Ye gods... there are no words to describe this.

<i>"Guess this is what you asked for, isn't it, bitch?"</i>

Harder...

Your alpha is only too happy to comply.

It's so peaceful. So wonderful, even as your body struggles against what it recognizes as impending death. You can already feel the blood squeezing past the arteries in your neck, your lungs burning as you struggle for breath, but what fight there is comes from instinct alone.

It must have only been barely audible, but the sound of your own voice fills your rapidly dwindling world.

Harder...

You have barely enough time to process this when something hard and heavy slams into your [pc.vag] from behind, your alpha's bitch-breaking cock forcing apart your insides and going at it. No slow start, no foreplay, just powerful, brutal ravaging that's sure to leave you messed up at that end as well. Useless in both front and back, that's how much of a lowly bitch you are.

Hee hee... getting choked out by your powerful alpha while being railed by him is just the best. You can feel yourself breaking a little more each time he pounds into you from behind, getting closer and closer to being a perfect bitch-slut... this is absolutely divine, even if it does mean that you'll eventually end up retarded in the long run. Or so you think, anyway. Here and now, though, Garret's powerful hands about your neck, crushing out all but the barest thread of life from your worthless bitch body — it feels so refreshing as everything slowly starts turning white.

Any idiot can strangle the life out of another. It takes true strength and control to bring another to the brink of death, and pull back from it at the last moment. And here and now, you can feel your body not just slowly giving up the ghost, but your soul slowly degrading into something more suitable for a bitch-slut addicted to being fucked while someone's quite literally killing you.

That's what you are, aren't you? A hopeless bitch-slut, completely perverted and hooked onto the most dangerously masochistic of sex.

Garret is saying something, but your mind's shut down to the point where there are no longer words, only a loud droning in the vast emptiness of your skull. Your alpha, his cock inside you, the deliciously deviant thrill you're getting from being used by him like this — you want — you want -

What do you want?

You don't know.

You don't remember.

Your body has stopped trying to fight back, even out of desperation.

His hands are twisting your neck. There'll be bruises tomorrow. Deep, purple-red, angry bruises. The mark of a bitch, whore to her alpha and to him alone.

Nothing...

...And then sensation floods back into you, hot and roaring. You gasp and choke, sagging in Garret's hands. The leather collar — the mark of your alpha's ownership and protection — has shielded you from the brunt of the affections you've demanded of him, but there're still going to be marks tomorrow. His cock is still deep inside you, hammering away with steady rhythm, the spaded tip well on its way into your womb by now. Each time his doggy dong mashes against your cervix, a sharp jolt of pleasure-pain surges through your body, a clear light in the deathly fog that clouds your mind.

He's quite literally fucked you back to life.

Like he promised, Garret has held your head up so you can see yourself in the mirror — and you're a wreck. Flecks of foam dribble from your muzzle and onto the pillow, making you look every part the rabid bitch you are. Your eyes are tired and unfocused, your fur matted with a cold sweat, and the deranged, happy smile on your lips speaks of all the adoration you have as a bitch-slut for your powerful alpha.

"Bitches need to be broken," Garret says nonchalantly, as if he were discussing this with you over a tankard or two in the Frost Hound. He's eased up the pressure somewhat, enough for you to be uncomfortable, but not enough to excite you; still, throughout this whole exchange, he hasn't stopped pounding you from behind. *"They need someone to break them, because if no one does, they try to break themselves. And when they try to break themselves, they don't know when to stop and get into trouble. Always do."*

He's going to break you again, isn't he? Please, you want to be broken again...

*"Break you? No, I'm going to utterly **destroy** you, because that's the only thing that will actually satisfy you. Am I right, slut?"*

Y-you're so lucky to have a true alpha wolf to watch over you...

*"Psh, you're a total pervert like my sister. I swear, turn my back on her for ten minutes, and she's already doing something really stupid. I'm not around to get her out of trouble once — just **once** — and she ends up knocked up with the most massive litter ever. Fucking perverts."*

Yes, that's what you are, a perverted bitch-slut... with pleasure.

And what pleasure you have as Garret's huge hands tighten about your collar once more. He doesn't squeeze this time, but pushes your face into the pillow, smothering the spark of your life. The heel of his hand is powerful against the back of your skull, denying you any ability to

get up despite how much strength you might have; colors explode in your vision as the flame of your life begins to go out. That peak, those few seconds of immeasurably heightened pleasure and awareness, and then you're whining and drooling as he lets up.

Is that thing in the mirror you? You don't recognize it any more. Then again, you don't recognize much of anything at this point.

Over and over again your alpha inflicts this cruel, teasing delight on you, tormenting your worthless bitch-soul with such enjoyment that no other person could ever begin to understand, let alone have. More and more, the only thought that your mind can hold is that of being fucked up by your alpha's huge bitch-breeding tool — the one thing that restores life to your depraved, worthless body, so that he can grind you down all over again. You want him to squeeze your pathetic little throat until you die, then revive you so he can do it all over again.

At this point, the only thing keeping you together is Garret's hot spunk shooting inside you. First his pre, and then your alpha releases a huge load into you; you can feel it splurt and slosh about as he keeps up his hammering. It's so thick, so virile, it practically feels like tar in your womb... hee hee...

Garret cuts off your fit of delirious giggling by tightening his fingers around your neck once more. You don't even resist, yipping happily and wagging your tail like the good broken bitch that you are as he pushes directly down on the arteries on your neck. Unable to hold it in any longer, you try to howl, but all that comes out is a pained gurgle amidst the foam at your muzzle as you finally pass out — and then come back to moments later as you writhe and squirm in the most intense, breath-deprived orgasm you've had in a while.

Oohhhhhh...

Garret's not there, you eventually realize. Sometime, he's stopped pounding at you; he hasn't knotted, even if you can still sense his presence nearby.

He's getting closer... your alpha...

A pat on your head. *"Gods. You sure do like being messed up."*

Oh yes. Exhausted and addled, you can't care any more about the sweat and cum staining the sheets as you splay out on Garret's bed and let the darkness claim you. You'll be his bitch... until the end...

//set to 0800 hours next morning.

Punish

//You've been a very bad bitch and need your alpha to punish you for your naughtiness.

//Again, violent content. Gated behind being Garret's bitch.
//There is no reason you could ever stumble upon this by accident.
//PC must not be pregnant.

//if pregnant

Looking down at you, your alpha scowls, his features darkening. *"You truly are a glutton for punishment and cock, are you?"*

Bitch wants... bitch wants both. Bitch needs both so badly...

"Well, you're not getting it." Garret points down to your [pc.belly]. *"You might be stupid enough to ask for punishment while you're like this, but I'm not stupid enough to dole it out to you. I should punish you for being such a fucking idiot, but I'm not going to right now."*

Aw....

"So yes. I'm going to take responsibility, and not be responsible for beating the crap out of you while you're all fat and swollen. If you want to be punished that badly, find some way to pop out that kid faster."

You flatten your ears against your skull and slink back, feeling terribly unloved. Alpha... alpha doesn't want to be with bitch any more? Bitch doesn't want to be lost bitch with no one to care for her...

Garret just snorts and spits on you. *"If I weren't around to rein you in, you'd run around breaking yourself and doing all sorts of stupid shit. Like this. It'd be more trouble to deal with that kind of shit than to keep an eye on your sorry, worthless body."*

You heave a trembling sigh of relief. Alpha isn't going to abandon you. Alpha isn't going to throw you out of his pack... you can practically feel your pulse slow and your body cool.

"Now, to take your mind off this, we're going to do something else, bitch. Prepare your sorry ass."

//display sex options again.

//if not pregnant

"Oh ho," Garret says in response to your request. Your alpha considers you for a split second, sizing you up like a piece of meat on a butcher's scales, and a nasty, sadistic grin slips onto his muzzle. *"So, bitch, you're a glutton for punishment, are you?"*

And a glutton for his cock, too! You just can't get enough of it!

Garret scowls, then gives you a tight backhand slap. *"Fuck, that joke was so awful, I think my old man could have laughed at it! If you're going to tell stupid jokes, at least don't tell bimbo ones — you're making me look bad! What the fuck do you get up to when my back is turned, anyway? If this is the sort of thing..."*

You reel, clutching your stinging cheek with one hand, the other on your collar. No! Sorry! B-bitch is good when alpha is not around. Bitch doesn't want to shame her alpha. But bitch... bitch wants to be punished anyway.

It's at this moment your tail begins wagging rapidly, betraying your lusts. Now that you've given the game away, the rest of you quickly follows, until you're a panting, drooling mess, an eager bitch just waiting to be used as a masturbation tool. That's right, masturbation... you're such a worthless bitch-slut that it doesn't really count as sex any more...

Garret growls. *"You're too ugly for anyone to love you, you're not clever enough to do tricks like a bitch should, but there's one saving grace: you're the perfect height for sucking dick, and I figure you'll be good at that because you suck at pretty much everything else..."*

Oh... does this mean that bitch will be sucking alpha's dick again today? Unbidden, your bitch-body reflexively licks its lips, and a shudder of anticipation courses through you, landing in the pit of your stomach and weighing it down like a lead ball.

Your alpha snorts. *"Maybe. Maybe not. But you'll need to get closer either way..."*

With that, he grabs hold of your [pc.hair] and yanks you over roughly, causing you to stumble and land face-first against his crotch. Gods... the scent of his man-meat is so intense and overpowering even through his pants; coupled with the pain from his rough handling of you, you can feel yourself getting wetter by the moment.

Please... bitch needs punishing... you yip and whine, wrapping your arms about your alpha's legs like some kind of needy bitch. Oh wait, you *are* a needy bitch. You rub your front against him a few times, up and down, up and down, feeling your [pc.breasts] rubbing against him, feeling your [pc.nips] stiffen and swell, trying to get as much of that intoxicating masculine scent on you as possible. After he's done with you, used you, punished you... the thought of being marked so heavily with your alpha's scent makes your [pc.vag] clench with barely suppressed need.

"So, you want to be punished?"

Yes...

"Then beg for it like a bitch should!"

Please... bitch needs the strong, guiding hand of her alpha to set her straight...

<i>"I said, beg for it like a bitch should!</i>

Bitch needs... she needs to be spanked. To be used. To be utterly ravaged and destroyed with alpha's dick as punishment for... for...

<i>"Can't even come up with a pretext, huh, you dumb slut? Well, I suppose you just gave me a reason to punish you. For being so fucking stupid!"</i>

Hee hee... instead of fucking you retarded, your alpha's going to fuck you smart...

Another powerful backhand, this time to the other side of your face. Tears of joy spring to your eyes, just before you lose it and come for what no doubt will be the first of many times tonight.

<i>"So, what should I do with you tonight? Should I throw you onto my bed and rape your throat until you puke on my cock?"</i>

You moan.

<i>"Or perhaps I should smack you around some first, maybe do a little choking? How about I just have you grovel on the floor in front of me while I make you eat dirt and fuck you from behind? Decisions, decisions..."</i>

Bitch... bitch thinks all of alpha's punishments sound pretty good... ohhh... if alpha doesn't fuck bitch soon, bitch doesn't know what bitch is going to do...

<i>"You wanted punishment, huh? I think we should turn it up a notch."</i>

Without warning, Garret grabs you by the throat with one hand, [pc.heightRange 84
|lifting you up and off the floor. You might be taller than him, but he holds you above his head anyway so that your feet are dangling in the air.
|lifting you up off the floor so that you're on level with his eyes.
] Your alpha's muscles gleam and bulge in the dim moonlight; his grip is tight about your neck — it has to be for him to be lifting you like this — but at least your collar softens the brunt of his fingers somewhat.

<i>"Let's go."</i>

While your instincts scream at you to fight back, to kick, claw and bite at this beast who's strong enough to lift you in the air like this with one hand, your mind is cold. Numb. Hazy. Nothing seems to be getting through. That is, until Garret slams your back into the wall — pain, now that's something you love. Or have come to love. At this point, what difference does it make?

<i>"You're so desperate to be punished, aren't you, bitch? So desperate to be used? Well, I guess I'll have to give you what you want, or else —"</i>

His fingers tighten about your neck. He's not exactly choking you — you can still breathe — but it's definitely very, very uncomfortable to do so. With the other hand, your alpha begins to tear the worthless bitch-clothes off your equally trashy bitch-body, tearing and ripping as more and more bare [pc.skin] is exposed. You do your best to help him, hopefully not doing too much damage to your clothes, but he seems to move so quickly and you so slowly... or maybe it's all a matter of perception.

<i>"Look at you, bitch. We've barely gotten started, and you're already dripping wet. Guess a little slut-bitch like you really needs some punishment before she's satiated. Am I right, huh?"</i>

Pinned against the wall as you are, you can only nod.

<i>"And so eager to admit it, too."</i> The glint in Garret's eye is cold and appraising, and a gleeful thrill runs unbidden through your flesh as you imagine just how he intends to use his sorry, bad bitch. Preferably like a piece of trash, to be carelessly discarded later. <i>"Well, I suppose that's why you wanted to be my bitch eh?"</i>

Oh yes...

<i>"Let's get started, then. No time like the present, is there?"</i>

Without further ado, Garret grabs hold of your shoulders, the tough leathery feel of his palms gripping your collarbone with barely restrained cruelty, and flips you around before slamming you straight back into the wall. You definitely feel the sharp knock to your head as your chin scuffs the wooden boards, and [pc.cupRange A D

|while you have something in the way of lady lumps, they're scarcely enough to blunt the impact of being thrown against the wall, let alone adequately cushion it. The worthless bitch that you are feels every single last jolt against your ribs as the wind rushes out of your lungs, followed by a dizzying spiel of pure, unadulterated bliss.

This joy... oh, no <i>normal</i> people would ever dare think of it, but being your alpha's bitch means that you're anything but normal — and so you can relish in this perverse happiness without constraint.

|while your [pc.breasts] cushion the impact somewhat, that only means that <i>they</i> start hurting instead of the rest of your chest, a sharp burst of pain that radiates outwards, causing your breath to catch in your throat before fading into a dull, angry ache.

Every time your alpha inflicts well-deserved pain on you, a deep, perverse joy rises unbidden in the darkest, most shameful corners of your heart.

|come to a stop, flat against the wall, your ribs giving loud pangs of protest.

"Maybe you should get some padding up there, bitch," Garret remarks dryly.
"Or maybe I'll nip down to Ivriiss'...could be a fun way to punish a recalcitrant bitch."

By the Seven, yes. That would be amazing. Bitch's alpha helping a poor bitch get better so bitch can be a better slut for alpha... bitch should be grateful.

"Later, though. For now..."

You hear a deep growl from behind you, and then feel claws rake across your back. It *hurts*, of course, but that's the *point* of being punished.

Isn't it?

Without warning, your alpha grabs you by the back of your neck and lifts you upwards, your body grinding painfully against the wooden wall — leaving a wet trail in its wake. Being exposed to a powerful lupine force like that... it's more than enough to cause your body to shut down for just a moment as a yip escapes your mouth and your eyes roll back into your head from the sheer *enormity* of it all.

*"You wanted to be punished, right, bitch? **Then take your punishment like the good slut you are!**"*

As the first blow lands on your [pc.ass], you belatedly realise that it's at a perfect height for it to be spanked soundly without your alpha having to stoop down. That's how smart he is...
[pc.buttRange 13

[the next smack sends both of your rear mounds jiggling frantically, perfectly shaped to bear the maximum amount of sultry sting without risking any actual injury. Your alpha seems to instinctively recognise this, and so the next smack is even more forceful than the first.

[there might not be that much padding to soften the blow, but that only makes it all the better. You deserve all of this, after all.

]

"Bad dog! Bad!"

It's not just the meaning of the words — he could have been speaking gibberish and still produced the same gnawing feeling of overwhelming shame that erupts. It begins in the pit of your stomach, a dead, leaden sensation, and grows to fill every fiber of your being as your body attempts to cringe while being pressed up against the wall like you are.

Bitch is sorry... bitch is unworthy...

"And don't you fucking forget it."

Another smack, this time eliciting a yip and setting your tail to wagging.

<i>"Look at you. Even when I'm punishing you, your useless slut body knows what it really wants, doesn't it? Guess since you're already this messed up, it can't hurt to mess a useless bitch like you some more, right?"</i>

Bitch -

<i>"Who the fuck gave you permission to speak?!"</i>

The stern, commanding undertones in your alpha's voice... they're practically to die for. Perhaps literally so. You don't even need to think about it at this point — your body is begging to obey Garret, no matter how inane or arbitrary the command. Just being able to do what he wants of you, to <i>obey</i> in some small hope of salvaging a shred of favour... but at the same time being punished as you are being right now is so perversely <i>good</i>.

<i>"Hm. This isn't fun any more,"</i> your alpha declares, just as it was getting good. He lifts his hands away from your tingling, smarting [pc.ass], taking a moment to admire his handiwork and let the tension mount. <i>"Let's try something else that'll truly teach you a lesson."</i>

A shiver runs all the way up your spine, and you can't stop your tail from wagging frantically in anticipation. Up against the wall, you can't see your alpha, but you can <i>hear</i> him drawing ever closer, so ever closer until his body heat is making your fur prickle, until his scent envelopes you. A tight, burning knot forms in the pit of your stomach, clenching away until it's almost literally punched apart.

[pc.loosenessRange 3

|A salacious moan escapes your muzzle as Garret punches you in the cunt, your netherlips spreading apart to greedily devour your alpha's balled fist as it mashes into your pussy. A more normal cunny might have trouble accommodating something this thick, but you're more than able to take in Garret's forearm into yourself, feminine honey spraying from the forceful entrance and splattering all over your thighs.

|A howl escapes your muzzle as Garret punches you in the cunt, forcing your netherlips apart with a balled fist from under you. Your body pleads and begs for mercy as girl-juices run down your thighs, trying to lubricate the passage of your alpha's forearm into your cunny; jolts of pain tinge the slobbering pleasure you're experiencing at your alpha violating your too-tight pussy in this brutal manner.

] Already, you feel your knees grow weak and begin to tremble, your hands clawing at the wall, trying to keep you standing.

Garret doesn't care. Your alpha is fisting you, using you like a perverted hand puppet as he jackhammers in and out of your cunt like the brute he is.

<i>"Stay standing!"</i>

Y-you're trying as hard as you can! Cursing your weak flesh, every iota of your being scrambles to do as your alpha says, but the mind-blowing pleasure-pain he's inflicting upon you, this perverse punishment, is sapping the will from you, reducing you into a hopeless steaming pile of addled fuck. Bit by bit, you succumb to your alpha's degrading punishment, impaling yourself deeper and deeper onto his forearm like a needy whore.

<i>"I said —"</i>

Your body refuses to obey you any longer, knees buckling, muscles giving way, your snatch protesting as you fully impale yourself on Garret's forearm. His fist, his fingers, they're still moving about inside you, but there's nothing you can do but let him guide you where he wants.

Oooooohhhh...

Sighing, Garret extricates his arm from inside you with a wet slurp, letting you collapse onto the floorboards in a heaving, panting mess, then flicks your own needy juices all over your face before wiping his hands off on what little dry fur you have.

<i>"Sheesh,"</i> he mutters as he grabs you by the scruff of your neck and hauls you up onto his bed. <i>"You really are a glutton for punishment."</i>

That you are...

<i>"Truly a hopeless case. Guess it's up to me to keep on breaking you so you don't try and do it to yourself. Goodnight, bitch. I'll see you later."</i> He steps out and closes the door behind him, leaving you in darkness.

//set to 0800 hours next morning.

Degrade

//Have Garret put you in your place. You need a good reminder that you're but a mere bitch-slut who exists to serve your alpha.

You tell Garret that you've been having rather troubling and perhaps even rebellious thoughts lately, and that you need him to put you in your place, to remind you what you really are.

<i>"Of course. You're a bitch. That puts you just below pet, but not quite as low as a toy."</i>

Oh. You were hoping for-

<i>"Shut the fuck up."</i>

Aaah... a comforting wave of warm relief sweeps over you at the words.

"So, you've been having ideas that the best place for a bitch like you might not be at my feet, huh? Guess I've got to see to that."

As you look on in rapt fascination, Garret cracks his knuckles, starting with his left hand, then moving to his right. The calm, measured movements are more attention-drawing than anything he might be saying at the moment, dreams of those knuckles connecting with your body sneaking into your mind, followed by claws into flesh...

"Hmm."

For a moment, all is silent in the bedroom save for the sound of your alpha's breathing.

"You know what I think, bitch? I think that you aren't really having naughty ideas, aren't you? It's just that you get off so hard on me putting you in your place that you're cooking up a shit-ass excuse for me to do just that. Thinking that if you get me all pissed at you, I'll be more vigorous."

*"Well, you know what? I **am** pissed. Not because you're supposedly rebellious — psh to that — but because you're a lying, scheming slut. Could've just asked me nicely to remind you of your place, but no... guess bitches will always be bitches, won't they?"*

You can't help it. Throughout this whole exchange, the sheer amount of *force* in your alpha's voice has you cringing in terror and shivering in delight at the same time. The two, happily, are not mutually exclusive.

"A good alpha always disciplines his bitches when they need it. Sometimes even when they don't. Now..."

"Bad dog!"

The authority, the gravity in the barked order hits square in that doggy heart of yours. Seemingly from nowhere, an overwhelming sense of shame fills your entire being, hammering home just how utterly worthless you are. It's not that you even have something to feel ashamed or regretful of at the moment, but it happens anyway — your body moves of its own accord, sending you from kneeling to practically grovelling on the floor in front of your alpha, head on the ground.

"Bad. Dog!"

Prostrate and whimpering, you dare not even look up at your alpha — you're simply not worthy — but start begging him to do something, anything, to take away the crushing enormity of the shame weighing down upon you.

A sigh. *"Like always... bitches like to be broken, but they don't know when to stop and get themselves into trouble. Well, bitch, you sure are in a lot of trouble now."*

The shuffling of feet, and then you feel the heel of Garret's foot grinding into the back of your head, the exact bit where your skull joins your neck. Your alpha leans his weight against your head — not too much, but just enough to press your face against the well-swept floorboards and ensure that you know trying to get up would be a very bad idea indeed.

Not that you have any inclination to try, of course. Already, you can feel the disgrace draining away, being replaced by an equally overpowering sense of irrational happiness. Garret presses your face against the floor a few times, making sure that your undeserving self is as low as it'll go, and then you feel his hand cup your chin.

"Get up."

Like a trained animal, you do so. Having your alpha's hand on your chin is simply so *exciting*.

"Get up and strip."

You do so, without much ceremony. Bitches like you aren't deserving of clothes anyway; it's only by grace of your alpha that you're allowed permission for such.

Garret looks on impassionately, watching you throw off your things until you're naked. He then raises a finger. *"Stop."*

Scarcely have you ceased moving than he reaches out between your legs, [pc.hasCock|brushing your [pc.cocks] out of the way and]sliding two fingers along the bare, wet lips of your cunt. *"Turns you on good, doesn't it? Being made to feel like the worthless bitch that you are? So much that you dare lie to your alpha just to get more of it?"*

You have no answer for that, just moans and whimpers as he rapidly saws his fingers back and forth against your netherlips. Faster and faster, faster and faster, until your heart is pounding and your knees feel weak. Yes... more proof that you're just a slut made for sex... you're going from wet to utterly soaked, and you can just *feel* the petals of your womanly flower swelling with heat...

"See, bitch? See what you've been reduced to? You should be glad that I'm even bothering to get you off like this."

It's too much for you to bear. As you orgasm, spraying girl-cum all over your thighs, your knees give way. The floor rushes up, and you're back down at your alpha's feet in a more proper position for your... well, position. The aftershocks linger for a little while, followed by another blissgasm that leaves you on the floor, feeling weak all over.

Above you, the dark shape of your alpha looms. Seeing him take you in like this, so thoroughly abased as to be brought down by just a little teasing and a few words... the collar on your neck weighs heavily on you, and your heart swells with happiness.

A bitch. That's what you are.

Garret steps forward.

"You've been a very patient bitch, but I'm afraid there're still several nasty things I have to do to you before this is over."

Eyes rolling in the back of your skull, you moan.

You can't help it. He's not even touching you sexually, but each time your alpha forces you to submit to him, a trembling wave of arousal and lust pulses through your body, leaving you shivering and exhausted. That, though, pales in contrast to the deep, resounding joy that blossoms in your heart, the knowledge you're just a worthless bitch, a perfect slut for your alpha's use.

"Just look at you," your alpha says, hooking a finger under your chin and raising your gaze up to meet his. For a fraction of a second, a toothy grin flashes on Garret's muzzle as his eyes lock onto yours. *"Such devotion. Such adoration. Such love."*

You just stare up stupidly at him, eyes unfocused and panting like the bitch like you are. At this point, your tongue is just lolling out the side of your muzzle, and you can feel a single drop of warm drool run down the side of your chin.

B-bitch...

His fingers, still slick with your cunt slime, slide into your maw. You can feel your breath being turned by the new obstruction, and excitement surges in your breast, but he grabs hold of the tip of your tongue between thumb and forefinger. You can still taste the tang of pussy juice on those strong fingers, the taste of your own excitement and arousal...

Slowly, your alpha draws your tongue out of your mouth, then begins kneading the fleshy tip between thumb and forefinger. Back and forth, back and forth, his grip gentle yet absolutely unyielding. Forced to look up at him as he grasps your tongue, a stupid giggle forms in your throat as your alpha tugs lightly.

"Look at you," he whispers. *"So easily amused, eh?"*

You groan as Garret lets go of your tongue and feels further up into your mouth. His fingertips tap at the roof of your mouth, then towards the back of your tongue... bullets of sweat form on your skin, matting down your fur, and tears well up in your eyes, stinging them. Falling back on instinct, your mouth starts moving of its own accord, sucking and

licking at your alpha's fingers. Playing along, he rolls his fingers back and forth against the surface of your tongue, only making your need flare up all the more.

<i>"See what I mean? The first thing that you do when something enters your mouth is to try and give it a blowjob. Nothing but sex on your mind, so you're good for only that. A toy. Just imagine that this is my cock you're sucking on, then. Feel this at the back of your throat? I'm going to blow my load straight here, and —"</i>

Garret's words spark a desperate need in you, and you clamp your mouth tightly about his fingers, sucking desperately. The taste of your own pussy juice fills your mouth as you lick his fingers clean, thrusting your head back and forth in a blur of tightly-wound anguish and agony.

B-Bitch...

<i>"That's right. Suck them clean. Suck it all up."</i> Garret's voice fills your world, and you feel his heavy hand land on your head, smoothing down your ears. <i>"Can't even hold it in, you perverted sow. What're you going to do now? Get someone to be your master for the rest of your life and keep you out of trouble?"</i>

Yes...

<i>"Guess you're in luck, because I'm the only man in all of Savarra who can deal with a bitch like you all the time,"</i> Garret grunts. A quick snap of his fingers and he pulls free, leaving your mouth feeling hollow and an intense feeling of being unfulfilled in the pit of your stomach. You whine and beg, pawing at Garret's knees as you see the strands of spit fall away, glinting in the darkness.

{//if lupine pregnancy:

<i>"Well, I suppose there's one thing that you're good for,"</i> Garret growls. He reaches down to your pregnant belly, and pushes his hand against the firm swell of the pups growing within you. <i>"Breeding. Goes very well with being a slutty bitch, don't you think?"</i>

Oh yes! Bitch is so happy to be pregnant! Bitch... bitch will be the best incubator for alpha's seed...

A snort. <i>"That might be the only part of you that's of any use, really. I could do away with the rest of you, and it really wouldn't make a difference."</i>

Bitch only wants to please alpha as best as possible...

{//if heavily pregnant:

<i>"You may be pregnant already, but that doesn't matter, not to the strongest man in the world. I'm going to fuck you even fuller of pups, so full that your slutty whore womb is dragging on the floor. You'll be so heavy that you can't

even move — and that just means that when you drop, I can easily find and fill you up again.</i>

//else:

<i>"You feel this in your womb, bitch? It's going to grow, and grow, and grow. Gonna pump your belly up, let you feel my litters swelling inside of you. And all this while, I'm going to be filling you regularly, stuffing you so full of cum and pups that you'll be stuck on the floor, unable to move. Not that anyone will miss you — you're only good for breeding, after all."</i>

}

<i>"That's right, baby bag. I'll feed you — it's the duty of a master to feed a pet, after all. You're just going to lie on the ground, day after day, with the sole job of turning yummy treats like my cum into more and more puppies."</i>

}

Honestly, the gross, pathetic noises you're making and the way you struggle a little even against yourself... it just makes you want Garret to demean you further, turning you into... well, you don't quite know how much lower one can sink below bitch-slut. That doesn't stop you from desiring it with every fiber of your being.

<i>"Okay, I'm done."</i> Garret pauses to wipe off his fingers on your face and back.

<i>"Time for bed, bitch."</i>

He's — he's got you so worked up like this, and you're going to have to sleep? The raging fires of your need lick away at the inside of your chest; desperate to be put out with a good brutalization from your alpha -

<i>"Are you defying me, bitch? This is what you get for lying to me. Now go to bed and don't get up till morning."</i>

The fire in your chest burns brighter, and you squeeze your eyes shut before shaking all over. Please, if he doesn't fuck you right now, you'll go insane...

<i>"Should've thought of that before you lied to me, bitch; if I punish you, that's just what you want, isn't it? You're thinking of trying to get a rise out of me, piss me off to the point where I hit you? I have better self-control than that of a no-good bitch, so now go to bed. And don't even think of getting yourself off, because I'll smell it."</i>

B-but... you move your mouth uselessly for a moment or two, then sag and clamber into Garret's bed. He retrieves his belt from about your neck, then opens the bedside drawers and takes out a pillow.

<i>"Take it as a fucking lesson not to lie to me. Even the lowliest of bitches knows that lying to the alpha is a no-no. If you can't get any shut-eye, then take that time to reflect on how much of a bad dog you've been."</i>

Your alpha lies down on the bed, and is asleep within moments. You, on the other hand, have considerably more trouble drifting off. It's a long while before your body finally admits that there's not going to be any tonight, and your dreams are fitful...

//set to 0800 hours next morning.

Drunken Romp

//Lose to Garret in a drinking challenge, then opt not to push him away when he comes onto you.

//First time/not first time variants. Make note of possible virginity loss? Definitely make forks for catfolk/lupine PCs.

//Make note to reference this in the first time scene if it happens before.

Know what? It's a cold night out there in Hawkethorne, the chill's getting in through the cracks in the walls, and there's a big lunk right here in bed with you, a veritable hunk of hot dogmeat who's positively all toasty from all the mead he's imbibed in the last couple of hours. That he reeks of alcohol isn't a problem — your nose is dead to the smell already anyway. Reaching up with your arms, you wrap your hands around Garret's back and pull him close atop you, giving him a [pc.ra lupine|large doggy slobber of your own|sloppy kiss] right on his muzzle. {*//if sexed:*

His eyes glinting in the darkness of your room, a predatory bent slowly creeps over Garret's features; somehow, his snaggletoothed jawline seems even moreso than it usually does in the wan moonlight.

<i>"There's a good [pc.ra lupine|bitch|[pc.ra catfolk|pussy|girl]]," </i> he whispers, digging his claws into your shoulders as he grips them tight. It hurts — more than a little, perhaps, he's nowhere near gentle — but the electric thrill that races down your spine is more than worth it.

//else (not sexed before):

Garret looks a little surprised at your enthusiasm, perhaps expecting you to protest or pull back, but quickly recovers and takes a deep breath, hunching his shoulders and arching his back as if readying himself to pounce. There's a tension in the air, a split second of absolute silence, and then Garret launches himself at you, the heat of his weight pressing you into the mattress.

}

Grunting and growling, awash with drunken vigor, Garret tears at your [pc.toparmor], almost literally ripping it off you and hurling it away into the darkness. There's something else in his scent now, something mixed in with the alcohol, ravenous and angry all at the same time;

[pc.ra lupine

|your lupine instincts have little trouble discerning what it is, and [pc.inHeat

[your womb clenches and twists in your lower belly, begging to be filled with such a virile male's seed when you're well in the depths of your heat and at your most fertile.

[it calls to something equally hungry and primal within you, reaching through your drunken haze to stir it to action.

]

|

a strange desire, a passion, not completely unknown yet still definitely alien.

] Garret's doggy dick is practically straining at his pants now, and he pauses for a moment to rip it open and let the red rocket out with a sigh of relief.

<i>"Fuck. That was getting unbearable."</i>

{//if sexed before:

This isn't the first time you've been on the receiving end of Garret's manhood, but it's always a sight to behold; truly one of his more impressive attributes amongst the others that he likes to tout so often.

//else:

It's not as if you've never seen Garret's manhood before, but there's definitely a very marked difference from when he was being held captive, and with him in the wild as it were.

} It's nowhere as impressive as a minotaur's — and a minotaur dick would look odd on him, anyway — but size isn't all that matters. It's the way Garret's manhood always seems to be in motion — it bobs, it throbs, and even the thick veins outlined on its surface press outward against his skin, as if threatening to burst their earthly confines.

<i>"Ye gods,"</i> Garret pants. <i>"That was far better out than in!"</i>

[pc.isBimbo

[Looking at it, you find your hands wandering unsteadily towards Garret's manhood, making grabby motions at the lovely hunk of dog-man-meat hanging just out of your grasp. It's like, um, fate or something, the way you <i>need</i> to touch it; you do your best to focus your clouded vision on the prize at hand even as you're drawn towards it inexorably by some strange mechanism.

This, of course, isn't lost on Garret, who lets out a drunken guffaw and shows you his teeth. <i>"Whoa whoa whoa whoa whoa there. I know I'm so awesome that a pretty [pc.ra lupine|bitch][pc.ra catfolk|pussy|girl]] like you can't help but try to get your hands on me, but I like to take things nice and slow. Until I don't."</i>

But but but — like, you need to at least <i>touch</i> that big red cock right <i>now</i>, all ten? Or is it twelve? inches of it — look, if you ask nicely, will he let you stroke him off as he undresses you?

Garret looks a little uncertain at that, trying to disguise his silence as him thinking it over. Maybe he needs a little encouragement.

You giggle, and that catches his attention well enough. Well, what if you, like, beg for it? Would that be enough for him to let you stroke him off?

<i>"You know what? Sure. Beg for it, [pc.ra lupine|bitch|[pc.ra catfolk|pussy|girl]]. Beg for the honor of holding the cock of the strongest man in all of Savarra!"</i>

Oh great and mighty beast of primal fucking, you do humbly beg for the great honor of being able to touch his cock right now instead of waiting.

<i>"Two out of ten."</i> Garret hiccups, and steadies himself. <i>"Say it once more, this time with feeling."</i>

Um, like, you totally need his doggy dick right now and can't wait for it. You <i>must</i> have it, like, immediately!

<i>"That'll do, [pc.raMulti lupine catfolk|bitch|pussy|girl]. That'll do."</i>

With a grunt and thrust of his hips, Garret shuffles further up atop you and sends his manhood straight into your grasp, a dollop of pre flying off the tip from the sheer force and splattering onto your face. Who cares about that — you take as much of that throbbing shaft as you can into your hands, reveling in the sheer slick sensation of its surface, the tumescent, heat-filled mass that's now <i>here</i>. [pc.ra lupine
|Its scent, fresh from the sheath, is a thousand times more overpowering than all the mead you've just imbibed, and you can't help but start panting like the bitch that you are and give Garret's red rocket cock a doggy lick.

Mmm... tasty.

]

Well, you got what you asked for, no sense in wasting any more time. You ply your clever fingers up and down the length of Garret's shaft, teasing the tapered tip, testing every raised ridge and vein, running across the gentle bulge of his incipient knot. While it's already as stiff as it can possibly be — or so it seems to you — Garret's doggy dick readily reacts to your touch, pulsing and throbbing with unbelievable intensity even as you begin to stroke him off in earnest.

|

With Garret's canine manhood out on full display, your gaze can't help but be drawn to it — it's practically right in your face, after all. It's strangely hypnotic, in a way — even when you avert your eyes, it keeps on sneaking back into the corner of your vision, waiting, beckoning [pc.ra lupine|

like a particularly tasty doggy treat. Mmm, with the way it smells, a particularly primal need in the back of your mind flares up, suggesting not so subtly that you should cram into in your mouth — or at least, as much of it as will reasonably fit

].

Garret grins down at you; the fact that you're drawn to his maleness isn't lost on him. He eases up and turns back to the task of undressing you, but stop again when you wriggle under him.

<i>"Hey, what's the idea?"</i>

Daaaw. You summon your best childish, pouty face and nose at his pulsing dick. He's just going to take that out and tease you with it?

Garret looks thoughtful at that — or more likely, he just crosses his eyes.

<i>"Hrrmmm..."</i>

He should make you beg for it, so that you can taste it. Or touch it. Or anything but leave it waving in your face while he disrobes you, because it's fucking driving you nuts, what with this glorious hunk of virile man-meat so close to you and yet so far.

<i>"Or maybe I should just wave it in your face some more and make you squirm."</i>

That's okay, too. Anticipation is great.

<i>"You trying to use rev-rev —"</i> His words slur a little more. <i>"Make me do the opposite? Screw this — open wide, [pc.ra lupine|bitch|[pc.ra catfolk|pussy|girl]]; the strongest man in the world is going to teach you the benefits of a steady diet of meat."</i>

Before you know it, Garret's planted a furry palm on your forehead and pushed back, such that your jaws yawn wide. You don't even want to resist, and gleefully take the tapered tip of his doggy dick into your mouth. It's but the tip — he still needs some space to maneuver, after all, but this tastes so much better than mead! Settling into a more comfortable position atop you, Garret starts up a steady rhythm, dutifully skullfucking away as he continues undressing you. It's tough considering the position you're in, but he makes it work — with a little help on your part, of course. You do what you can, teasing and testing tip with tongue, and can't help but feel satisfied when you manage to coax out a sighing grunt from stoic and sour Garret.

]

With such wonderful encouragement, a top dog like Garret doesn't waste any further time getting to the good bits. One by one, your garments are ripped off your person in quick succession and hurled against the headboard, followed by Garret's own. No finesse and even less mindfulness, with barely enough restraint to avoid actually tearing anything. He still holds you against the mattress with one strong arm, pressing you in the middle of your collarbone — [pc.strengthRange 80

perhaps if this were for real, you'd have a decent chance of throwing him off, but that would ruin the mood, wouldn't it?

Like it or not, you're well and truly pinned. Even if you wanted to, it's rather unlikely you'll be able to throw him off — but do you even want to?

]

Silhouetted against the moonlight pouring in through the window, Garret looms over you, an outline of silver encompassing a mass of dark fur. With a grunt, he removes his shaft out of your [pc.isBimbo|grasp|mouth], pulling his hips back and crouching on all fours as he surveys you, panting heavily. Damp with sweat, his fur clings to his well-muscled form; there's enough mass to show a clearly defined shape, but he isn't actually <i>bulky</i> like a stereotypical meathead would be. Slowly, Garret stretches himself from head to toe like a bestial fiend, clearly an enthusiastic if clumsy attempt at showing himself off. The silvered outline of his form twitches and shimmers as his body flows and muscles flex, and then he levels glimmering eyes at you once more.

<i>"Can't hold back anymore, I'm so hungry."</i> Garret's voice gives you the impression that he's not all quite there — or at least, not the sober Garret that you know by day. <i>"Sorry, not sorry — I'm going to eat you."</i>

[pc.raMulti lupine catfolk

|If he's going to eat you, then you're going to bite him to death.

<i>"Good."</i> Garret grins with feral glee. <i>"Bitches who can bite are the best. If there's no blood on me before the night is out... I'm not going to consider this a success. So bite me, bitch! Bite me!"</i>

Well, he's practically commanding you to do it now. Baring your own fangs, you crane your head forwards and snap at Garret's wrists with your teeth, your muzzle coming within inches or two of his fur, just out of reach. {/if [pc.breastsize] > medium:

Completely unperturbed by your aggressive display, Garret eases off pinning you down, and instead plants both cupped hands on your [pc.breasts], squeezing down hard on the pliant mounds and eliciting a gasp of pleasure-pain from you.

<i>"Feels good, doesn't it?"</i> Slowly, Garret begins to knead your breastflesh, your [pc.nipples] sandwiched between his fingers. He's pushing down so hard, it's more than a little uncomfortable, and yet at the same time electric tingles arc out from your chest and race down your spine. If it weren't squashed under you at the moment, your tail would be wagging — you can feel it trying to do just that, at any rate.

}

<i>"Bite me, bitch!"</i> Garret barks again.

The command sparks a surge of strength within you, and you lunge forward, managing to throw Garret slightly off-balance and nipping him on the forearm with one of your fangs. The scent of fresh blood fills the room, mixing in with sweat and sex and alcohol; the result is raw, angry, heated and above all, primal.

Garret doesn't even seem to notice the wound at all. *"No need to be shy. We're not taste-testing here, after all."* He pauses to gasp, filling his lungs with scent; you can *feel* the heat rising off his body. *"Pain. That's weakness leaving your body. Bite me again, bitch, because I will!"*

[For a split second, your body is caught between two instincts — the first being to cringe away from the imposing silhouette poised over you, the second being to hiss, spit and claw your defiance.

If he's going to eat you, you're going to claw him to shreds!

"Good." Garret grins with feral glee. *"Always wanted to see what a pretty kitty's capable of... won't use a pussy's pussy if she can't put up a fight. So bite me, pussy! Bite me!"*

Well, ask and you shall receive. Hissing, ears folded back against your head, you lunge forward, fingers hooked into claws. Garret's weight and strength push you down into the mattress even as you struggle against him, and though you manage to score a few glancing blows, all they do is remind you how solid and deliciously powerful Garret's chest is.

[pc.cupRange D

*"Oh, you're going to do **that**, huh? You don't mind if I return the favor, I take it?"*

Before you can reply — if you even could — Garret's eased up and off your collar. The relief is short-lived, as he makes grabby hands with both paws and plants them squarely on your [pc.breasts]. You can't help but shudder and moan as he begins to make slow, rolling motions with his hands, kneading the tender breastflesh as he digs his fingers deep into your dugs.

"Pussies like milk, don't they?" Garret leans forward, close enough for you to smell his doggy mead breath and see the slaver glisten on his fangs. *"Is that why you've got such fat cat tats, kitty? Is that?"*

You try to form a coherent answer, but only a mewl escapes your lips.

]

"Bite me, pussy!" Garret barks again.

The command sparks a surge of strength within you, and you lunge forward, raking your fingers deep into Garret's fur. This time you manage to strike home — your fingers find purchase as your nails dig in, and small spots of blood well up on Garret's breast, staining his fur with speckles of red where the huge scar on his chest begins. The scent of fresh blood fills the room, mixing in with sweat and sex and alcohol; the result is raw, angry, heated and above all, primal.

On his part, Garret doesn't seem to notice the injury — or actually he *does*, and it has the exact opposite effect that one might expect. *"There's a good kitty! A pretty, ferocious pussy right here! No need to be shy and just have a taste — go all in!"*

Is this still good-natured Garret, or is this something else?

He pauses to gasp, filling his lungs with scent; you can *feel* the heat rising off his body. *"Pain. That's weakness leaving your body. Bite me again, pussy, because I will!"*

[Oh no! He's going to eat you! The big bad wolf is going to gobble you right up!

Garret growls, tightening his hold on you; the light pressure of his claws testing your collarbone flare up with pinpricks of pain. *"That's right, girl. You just got into the wrong bed, and now the big bad wolf is right on top of you."*

Ooh, you're so terrified! Maybe, just maybe, though, you got into the *right* bed instead of the wrong one like he says...

Garret looks a little confused at that; probably wasn't expecting you to react that way. Well, seems like it's up to you to help that bumblefuck on his way.

Hey, come to think of it, what big hands Garret has. There's this saying about guys with big hands...

"All the better to choke you with, girl."

And what big teeth he has, especially when they glint in the moonlight like that...

He opens his jaws slightly so they're on full display in all their snaggletoothed glory. *"All the better to eat you with, girl."*

And... and what a big cock he has...

"All the better to fuck you with!"

Garret's done with waiting. Grinning like the drunken maniac he is, he bears down on you and parts your pussy lips with his doggy dick; you feel them part for a split second before he's well and truly into you, stuffing you with as much of his heated ramrod as you're willing to take. [pc.hasCock]

Shoved aside uncaringly, your half-solid [pc.cocks] flop[s] about uselessly, perhaps trying to hide from this beast who might very well bite it off in his impending mating frenzy.

]

[pc.vaginalVirgin]

Ah! No! He's being too rough! You haven't — haven't -

You feel a brief tearing pain somewhere in your nethers as this lupine beast atop you claims your maidenhood. Reacting of its own accord, your body instinctively lashes out, fingers catching him on the shoulders and drawing blood as they seek something, anything to grab onto as you ride out the pain.

Who are you kidding? This is Garret. Blood and pain only turn him on even more.

Through your mead and pain-fogged mind, you vaguely realize that Garret's as much of a virgin as you are; the only experience he has must be that of his time at Westbank, and that's hardly ever taught him style or finesse. Or maybe this is a style of its own, a feral, brutish style, the mating of beasts.

At least he's not fucking you doggy-style.

Yet.

Garret continues to violently abuse your virgin cunt, pounding away furiously even as he steadies himself atop you; his doggy dick pumps in and out, in and out, hot and slick between your legs. {*//if [pc.vag] smaller than some size:*

The sheer *<i>size</i>* of Garret's virile manhood is almost too much for your body to contain, unused to such abuse as it is — although there is much pleasure, there's also much pain, and it feels... it feels like he's literally tearing you apart with his dick. You're sure that no matter how this ends, you're going to be walking funny for a while — if you can even walk, that is.

//else:

Thankfully, even untrained as it is, your cunt is able to withstand Garret's brutal pounding, fitting his manhood like a glove does a hand. That's not to say that the whole thing is painless, far from it — with such bestial abuse that this monster in lupine skin and fur is inflicting upon your body, your recently-deflowered tunnel cries out for respite from the slick, agonizing, heavenly warmth that fills it...

It really isn't that bad... right? When it comes right down to it, the two really aren't that different, are they?

}
Either way, you're going to be walking funny tomorrow...
}

|
You moan as Garret's thick doggy dick well and truly fills your insides. {*//if [pc.vag]*
smaller than some size:

He's huge, bigger than most lupines, and your [pc.vag] struggles and stretches as much as it can as he forcefully hammers himself into you inch by inch. You're no blushing virgin, but it's all you can do to squeeze your eyes shut and grit your teeth even as you try to not imagine Garret tearing you apart like a wedge biting deep into wood.

<i>"Remember,"</i> Garret growls, and in the sliver of your vision is framed the massive scar across his chest. *<i>"Pain is weakness leaving your body. This will prepare you for next time."</i>*

//else:

Now that's a good one — you haven't felt so *<i>filled</i>* in a while. Garret himself sighs and grunts as he manages to bottom out in you, although it is a snug fit either way. Even the bulge of his knot, uninflated as it is, presses against your slick walls, making its presence known in no uncertain terms as he sinks balls deep into you.

<i>"Didn't hurt, did it?"</i> Garret asks in a slurred, sing-song voice, leering down at you.

Just a little, perhaps.

<i>"Enough to let you know you're alive and add that thrill. Not enough to be a bother. Just right, in fact."</i>

}

With that, Garret begins to abuse your cunt. Abuse is the only way to describe it — with how he's absolutely ravaging your insides, sending wave after wave of exhilarating, desperate pleasure crashing into your body, pleasure lanced with streaks of pain that only serve to amplify the former, the only word that can do his actions justice is abuse.

You scream and pant and moan, scratching and biting and hammering away at Garret, not quite consciously controlling your actions but nevertheless reacting naturally to what's being inflicted upon you. No matter how much you hurt the monster atop you, though, the pain only seems to encourage him, his pounding thrusts growing more and more frenzied in response.

|
]

Lick. Lick lick. What's he doing now? That question's answered when you feel Garret's teeth at your neck, his tongue testing your skin even as you feel his jaws flex at your jugular. He's leaning forward once more, bent and hunched over so he can get at your neck — and even then, he hasn't stopped fucking you. At least he's not pinning you with his hands any more, instead relying on his body weight to do the job.

Wow. Maybe this is your kind of thing, maybe it isn't, but it certainly is Garret's. Garret growls, a bass rumble emanating from the depths of his chest, and continues to mouth your neck. The soft prickle of his fangs against your throat, needle-sharp points testing the skin so close to your pulse. Heated breath on your skin, moist with slaver and tinted with the stench of mead.

He could tear your throat out right now, you're keenly aware of that fact. This monster, this *animal* that Garret's turned into thanks to the mead could end your life in the blink of an eye, and yet he won't.

...Does he ever bite his tongue? That must hurt.

"Don't worry," he rumbles, his voice muffled but still managing to send shivers racing across your skin. *"I know to save some for later."*

Well, you -

"Quiet, food!"

His jaws tighten ever so slightly about your neck, and your breath catches in your throat. Seconds later, though, he lets up the warning nip, and continues mouthing your neck until — until, well, you suppose he's satisfied.

"I like to play with my food, you know," he continues, finally letting up and breaking away from you. *"Old man never stopped giving me grief for it. Are you having fun?"*

You don't quite remember what you say, but Garret seems to find the answer absolutely hilarious. He roars with laughter, the sound reverberating around the room, and gives you a solid punch on the shoulder that's definitely going to be leaving a bruise the next morning.

"Gods above. Glad you're enjoying yourself. Always wondered if I'd be too rough, if I—"

Garret's words cut off abruptly, and a shudder runs through his form. He growls, thrusts again — you feel his doggy dick twitch inside you, and groans luxuriantly as he blows his load straight into your heated depths.

[pc.inHeat]

[pc.raMulti lupine catfolk]

No matter what your conscious mind might think of this, it doesn't matter. Your doggy instincts are firmly in the driver's seat, squealing and giggling like you are as you feel Garret's hot seed gush into you; it's so slick and slippery and feels so *good* inside you, and there's even a little that's managed to leak out so you can feel it between your thighs, too -

Fuck, that feels *good*.

Somewhere in the back of your mind, a tiny voice screams through the drunken haze, pointing out that getting nuts busted in you while you're like this can only lead to a single predictable outcome. But hey... if you didn't want any puppies, you really shouldn't have invited Garret into your bed while in heat.

|

You squeal and mewl at the sensation of ropes upon ropes of Garret's spunk gushing into your pussy's pussy, filling up what little space there is that isn't already occupied by his ginormous doggy dick. Whatever your conscious mind may think, the feel of Garret's seed filling your womb sends your instincts into overdrive, waves of palpable contentment radiating out from your lower belly as one of your most primal needs is sated. It's so slick and slippery just like you are, and there's even a little that's managed to leak out so you can feel it coat your thighs -

Oooooohhh.

As you stare up at Garret's face, a stupefied expression on your own, a little voice in the back of your mind points out that with Garret blowing such a huge virile load straight into you like that, you're almost certainly going to find your belly swelling with a litter of puppies. The voice, though, is soon drowned out by your hindbrain mewling and panting, feeling very, very satisfied with itself.

And let's face it... if you didn't want to be pregnant with puppies, why in the names of all seven Living Gods would you invite Garret into your bed with you in heat?

]

]

Even after his release, Garret doesn't let up in the slightest, clearly determined to go on for as long as he's able to. However, his movements gradually slow and come to a stop as his knot continues to inflate, rapidly engorging and tying the two of you together, the bulge on his doggy dick stretching your walls even more than before, no matter how impossible it seems. All his spunk is firmly bottled up inside you — you can feel it sloshing about as he tries to thrust in vain — and you can't take it anymore.

With a muffled scream, you claw at Garret's shoulders, desperate to gain purchase on something, <i>anything</i> as the blissgasm shakes your body, the cumulation of several feral urges reaching its peak. Spots of color swim in your vision and you black out for a moment, then come around to find Garret holding you down so you don't hurt yourself. The aftershocks race down your spine and through the rest of your body, leaving you gasping for air, and your [pc.vag] is clenched about Garret's massive manhood as much as it's ever been in your life.

[pc.hasCock]

That isn't all, of course. Sometime during your little episode, your [pc.cocks] [p|have|has] blown as well — abandoned, perhaps, but no less sympathetic to the ferocious abuse your [pc.cunt] has just gone through. Your seed lies splattered all over Garret's chest and belly, slowly dripping back down onto you, and he just shakes his head and gives you a grin.

<i>"Good show you've got down there,"</i> he grunts. <i>"Not as good as mine, but a pretty good one nevertheless."</i>

Pfft...

]

Bit by bit, though, the rush fades, euphoria draining from you by degrees and leaving you to catch your breath. Sprawled out on the sticky, stained sheets with Garret still looming over you, all the mead in your stomach conspires with your state of utter exhaustion to usher you straight out of the waking world, tied to Garret or not. On his part, Garret seems perfectly fine with this, perhaps even taking this as a minor victory.

[pc.ra lupine]

[garret.pclsBitch

|<i>"There's a good bitch,"</i> Garret rumbles, stroking your ears as you drift off to sleep. <i>"Feels secure with my dick in you, doesn't it?"</i>

You mumble something that's neither here nor there, but it's not like he was expecting an answer anyway.

<i>"That'll do, bitch, that'll do. I'd ask you to be the one to pour me my mead in the morning, but that isn't going to be happening, I know. Not until all this is over. Besides, if you were to do that... I think we'd both end up here again, and we'd get nothing done at all..."</i>

Silence.

<i>"You know, if you keep on doing this, being such a good bitch, I'm not entirely sure what I'd do without you..."</i>

More silence.

<i>...Ugh, making me say that...you're really unfair."</i>

|As you drift off to sleep, Garret stroking your ears, you think you hear him speak...

<i>"You know, I'd love for you to be my bitch, [pc.name]. I really would, especially after —"</i> a sigh, which turns into a hiccup — <i>"this. But I know where one thing ends and another starts.</i>

<i>"Pretty deep for a shitfaced slob like me, huh? Or it just the mead talking? Dunno, really...hmpf. A bitch worth having is hard to find, though, and the strongest man in the world can only demand the best, after all."</i>

Gods above, his ego is huge, isn't it?

Garret leans in and whispers into your ear. <i>"Or maybe, just maybe, it's all a big game to screw with you. Who knows? Sleep tight now; it's not as if I'm going anywhere else tonight."</i>

]

|

<i>"There, that wasn't so bad, was it?"</i> Garret growls and tries to give you a pat on the head, only it turns out to be more a smack than a pat. Still, it's the thought that counts, and it's nothing worse than what's already been inflicted — and you've managed to inflict — this night.

You try to say something, but the only thing that emerges from your mouth is "wsflg" or something similar. Garret chuckles, stretches, and yawns — all still with his swollen doggy dick stuck in you.

<i>"That was pretty good, to be honest. In fact, I feel pretty good. Much better than most. Go on and sleep — it's not as if I'm going anywhere..."</i>

]

When you come to the next morning, you're alone with the light streaming in through the window, but there's a distinctly Garret-shaped depression in the mattress by your side. If not for that, last night might very well have been a drunken dream...

... Well, that and the absolute mess the sheets now are.

//set time to 8 am, next day.

//end encounter.

Preg Stuff

Generic Lupine Pregnancy

//This is used for all generic doggo pregs.

Summary

- Lasts 6 months default, 1 month when sped up. Same as octopuppymom.
- Size range should be same as human, for sanity purposes.
- 2 to 4 borks born. I'm not sure how you guys calculate this, but here is the range.
- Titties plump up by 1 up to D base size. Get milky.
- Hips and ass generally plump up by 1 to maybe a 12 out of 20.
- Small fertility boost of 0.2 up to maybe 2.

5%:

You feel a little dizzy, strangely sick to your stomach. It's not a completely debilitating sensation, but prominent enough to stick in your mind as you go about your business. If you concentrate on your lower stomach, you barely manage to perceive a dense warmth, as if you swallowed a heated pebble. It's mildly worrying.

[pc.ra lupine fox

|

What's far more cause for concern, though, is the fact that your scent's undeniably changed — no matter how much you sniff at yourself, there's no denying that there's a certain something or the other to your personal medley of smells that wasn't there before. [pc.ora lupine

|Not that you don't know what it is — it's a familiar one to any lupine raised in the clans and packs: a litter of pups has found its way into your womb, snuggling in just nicely. Like it or not, you're going to have to deal with the consequences...

|It's somewhat comforting, yet there's a sense of foreboding that sets your teeth on edge. Not unpleasant, and yet the kind of thought that keeps one awake at night...

]

]

25%:

//Get milky if not already. Grow tits if valid.

With the hard little bump you're sporting on your lower belly, one would be hard-pressed to deny the truth: you're pregnant. While you're not blatantly expecting at the moment, the sense of heated weight inside of your puppy pack has only increased exponentially as the days have passed. Things are only going to get more so as you get closer to dropping your

litter... [pc.strengthRange 40]it'll be doable, but the thought of lugging all this weight around gives one pause.[are you going to be dragging yourself around towards the end?]

Your belly isn't the only thing to have changed. Your lady lumps ache from base to tip, although it's a good kind of ache, if such a thing exists. It's vaguely sensual and filled with a certain yearning to it, tinged with just a spot of desire.[pc.cupRange D]

| This has only grown as hormonal surges have forced your tender tits to swell over time, now at least full cup size larger than they were before. You'll have to let out your clothing before too long now.

][pc.isMilky

| At the same time, your [pc.tits] have filled right back up with [pc.milk], even though you're still so far off from dropping the litter. Whatever you think of it, your body sure is rather overeager to get started on the whole nursing thing already.

| At the same time, your [pc.tits] have begun to bulge with [pc.milk], preparing to feed the puppies growing inside you despite you being so far off from dropping your litter. Whatever you feel about is, your body sure is eager to get started on things already...

]

50%

//Grow hips and ass if valid.

You're barely halfway through this whole pregnancy thing, but it's already feeling far better than it has any right to be. Your belly protrudes from your midriff, tapering as it rises towards your breastbone; while it's still not as big compared to what it feels like it's eventually going to be, there's no way to hide it now.[pc.ra lupine fox

| Even if you could conceal the growing bump of your swollen womb, the sweet-musky scent rising from your person is a dead giveaway to anyone in the know. There's no hiding that, not even with all the perfumes of Jassira.

] Every now and then, small flutters and twinges of movement come from within your womb, the first stirrings of the pups that've taken root within you. It feels kinda nice — if only you just didn't have to feel so <i>heavy</i>.

[pc.hipRange 14

||Not that your midriff is the only thing that's been getting heavier. Your waist, your thighs, there's an increased sense of not so much weight but density about them, as if you were putting on bone and muscle about those parts instead of simple flesh and fat. Maybe this is why lupines aren't as great natural swimmers as other races, but the end result sure makes you look more and more like a breeding bitch by the day. The changes are individually small and incremental, but undeniable with the increased wiggle and sway in your step.

]

[pc.buttRange 14

||Furthermore, as your pregnancy's progressed, you can't help but be certain that your ass has swelled up a little more, pregnancy hormones commanding your body to put away more reserves in your posterior. A little more jiggly, a little more squishy, a little more grope-able and fertile looking for the puppy mommy that you're going to be before long.

]

Best of all, though, is the warm sense of fulfilled contentment that radiates outwards from your increasingly stuffed puppy pack and into the rest of your body. Your skin feels so sensitive, so receptive that even a simple massage would probably get you wet at this point. You have to admit, whatever you personally think of this, there's a tiny animal part of your hindbrain that's begging and drooling to find a nice thick cock to fuck you over and over again so you'll never have to go without this wondrous feeling.

75%:

//Fertility boost if valid.

Oh boy. The growth of the pups in your belly has really picked up its pace recently, palpably stretching out your womb as internal pressure mounts. The weight of the litter has caused your tummy to drop, hanging low not too unlike a big fat teardrop and leaving you feeling like you've swallowed a bag of rocks.

But it's a bag of <i>good</i> rocks, leaving you feeling supremely satisfied with yourself as the pups within squirm and kick. It feels so good to be carrying a litter, you just want to do it again and again; your belly swelling until your navel pops out, the warm weight within you, your [pc.breasts] getting milkier and milkier as the day of birthing nears. Some mornings, you swear that your belly is just that bit bigger than when you went to sleep... and the pressure weighing against the inside of your hips just that bit more insistent.

[pc.fertilityRange 2

||Your body is changing, and not all of said changes are so readily visible. Palpable, though, that's another matter. As your pregnancy approaches its zenith, you keenly feel your ovaries plumping, a seductively arousing warmth to either side of your bulging womb. These pups in your belly are sending signals to the rest of your baby-making setup, telling it to give them brothers and sisters to follow. Slowly but steadily, your ovaries are growing in size, your womb becoming increasingly receptive to impregnation... [pc.ora lupine

|in your time, you've heard of lupine mothers who just kept on having bigger and bigger litters with each successive one they pushed out from between their legs, losing themselves to the pleasure of having pup upon pup. You didn't understand it before, but now perhaps you're grasping the beginnings of what drove them to such lengths...

|this is obscene, and you're loving every moment of it, whatever your conscious mind says.

]

]

95%:

//Grow hips and ass if valid.

//-30 resolve

When you're this obscenely stuffed with puppies, it's hard to even get around. You haven't seen your feet in a good while now, and bending over to pick up anything on the ground is a chore. More often than not, you find yourself cradling the weight of your big, heavy belly as you waddle around, the sheer gravity of your gravid state demanding attention.

And not just one kind of attention: that of the sensual kind as well. It makes no sense, but in these last stages of your pregnancy you find yourself hornier and hornier, the slightest touch to your massive, overstuffed womb or breasts sending shivers across your skin and down your spine. This has no right to feel so good, but combined with the insistent pressure pushing out on your big, round dome of a midriff, you swear you could get off solely by someone stroking your big pregnant belly.

[pc.hipRange 14

||As the pushing on your hips has become more insistent, they've widened even further to better allow the passage of pups when the time comes. Gods, it's really great how your body does all these things to make your life easier even when you don't even need to think about it at all. It's great.

]

[pc.buttRange 14

||At the same time, your butt is plumping ever further, giving you a more fecund appearance and advertising your ability to bear puppies to any hot-blooded cock that happens to swing your way. Ever more expansive, ever more seductive, ever more fertile.

]

You just can't get enough of this... and with the best saved for last, it'll be all over too soon, far too soon.

Pop:

//Rush everyone back to Frost Hound.

Out of the blue, a sudden crushing sensation grips your midriff, pushing down against the constant outward pressure that you've been experiencing of late. You gasp, the breath rushing out of you as powerful womb muscles contract; moments later, fluid comes gushing out of your [pc.vag], soiling your [pc.armor] on its way out.

Oh fuck, it's go time.

[atFH

[Thankfully, you just happened to be in the best place for this. With help so close at hand, it doesn't take you long to waddle through the common room and out back to the nursery.

[Without hesitation, you [party.solo]turn right around[order an about-face] and start waddling back to the safety of the Frost Hound as fast as your feet will take you, using every shortcut you know of, magical or otherwise. Thankfully, you manage to make it in time, but not before the insistent downward weight on your pelvis has increased twofold or more.

]

The moment you arrive, Gwyn takes one look at you and smiles brightly. Then again, she's absolutely no stranger to what's happening right now. <i>"Oh, you poor dear. Let's get you settled in, shall we?"</i>

The next few hours end up being a mess of grunting, pushing and whimpering. [party.has cait|Your faithful priestess kitty|Cait turns up before long, summoned by all the commotion, and] remains at your side throughout the entire process, assisting Gwyn who on her part is an excellent midwife. Bit by bit, you feel the immensely dense weight within you slip downwards, first between your hips, then out your neithers. [pc.hipRating 14

[Your [pc.hips] make the birth far easier than it otherwise would have been, one small side benefit of your curvaceous bottom.

[It's a draining, exhausting process, but with not one but two capable midwives present you're never in any real danger.

]

In the end, you give birth to {number} puppies, covered in a light sprinkling of downy fur and very, very hungry. Gwyn gives you the customary pat on the head as you settle down to nurse your new litter, beaming at a job well done.

<i>"That'll do, [pc.name]. That'll do. Don't worry about these puppers — I'll take good care of them while you're out saving the world. In the meantime, why don't you get some rest for the day? You sure look like you could use it."</i>

<i>"Yeah,"</i> Cait adds. <i>"Don't worry about it. I'll be right beside [pc.himHer]."</i>

Like it or not, that's sounding more and more like a good idea. You lie back on your pillow, feeling the warm, heavy little bodies crawl atop you, and before you know it, you've drifted off...

//sleep until tomorrow.

Oh Shit This Dumb Bork Done Got You Pregnant

//These events CAN be missed and have to be viewed in order. I guess they can happen over multiple pregnancies and I'll write them to accommodate such, but it's still best to view

them over the course of a single one. I can't teleport the player in front of Garret to force them to view these things, so I'll just have to work around it.

//Each event only happens once.

Oh shit I done knocked you up

//Oh shit Garret done got you pregnant.

//Trigger when the PC's gotten themselves pregnant by Garret and are showing, roughly 25% or more.

//Trigger when the the PC approaches Garret.

//Make a dumbass joke about how everyone thinks he's the one who knocked up his sister.

As you approach Garret, you discover that he's all alone, [party.has brint

|sitting in a small circle of space all by himself. The tavern's patrons have clearly sensed his mood and avoided the other tables, turning Garret himself into the eye of the storm that's the usual bustle of the Frost Hound

|a surprising sight considering he's always with his bovine friend whenever the latter has some time off

]. He looks particularly morose today — back bent, chin and jaws on the table ears forward and flat against his head. {//morning:

It's far too early in the day for him to be drinking, and yet several empty tankards lie in a half-circle on the table, the distinctive smell of cheap pale ale rising into the air. If Garth made an exception for his son to get smashed this early in the day, it's got to be quite the story.

//night:

Even given that the day's winding down, he's drunk far too much to be simply ignored — more than a half-dozen empty tankards lie strewn haphazardly on the tabletop, a lovely display of what the Frost Hound has on tap. As much as Garret is used to getting smashed, he's going to have a terrible time the next morning if he keeps this up.

}

One eye opens and rolls up towards you as your shadow falls over him. <i>[garret.pclsBitch |Oh, my bitch. My beautiful, beautiful bitch. Just who I wanted to see."</i>

This worthless slut-bitch came to see her alpha... is alpha all right?

He hiccups and slumps even further onto the table. A moment passes as he rights himself, then slamming his palms on the tabletop, Garret hefts himself upright, muscles bunching up as he toters a little unsteadily.

<i>"Right. We're going to talk."</i>

Before [party.combatNames] can complain, your alpha's stepped up and grabbed you by the waist, hoisting you off your feet without any apparent effort. You squeal, but

don't resist as he throws you over his shoulder like a sack of potatoes and starts tottering off towards the stairs leading to the Frost Hound's second floor.

[party.hasCompanions

|<i>"Don't worry,"</i> he shouts back over his shoulder at [party.compNames].
I just need to have a quick talk with [pc.name] here — I'll return her in one piece when I'm done with her. Mostly, anyway."</i>

]

His footsteps are heavy, his grip is strong; your alpha's body smells of drink and sex and musk and more he clomps up the stairs, down the dimly lit hallway and into one of the empty guest rooms. Mumbling to himself, your alpha dumps you on the bed without ceremony and takes a seat on the edge of the mattress himself, his fluffy grey tail swishing behind him.

|Huh, it's you. I was just thinking that we needed to talk, and here you are, as if the gods themselves sent you to me. Whoo. Guess there's no chance of me putting it off. No, I shouldn't put it off. I'm not going to be a coward and put it off."</i>

Put what off, you might ask? Given that it's leading him to drink himself under the table, whatever it is has got to be serious.

<i>"Hah. Serious. Oh, right. Look, [pc.name], we have to talk a moment. In private."</i> Garret takes care to stress that last part, and it's clear he's not taking no for an answer. <i>"Let's head upstairs for a bit."</i>

Wouldn't it be better to discuss matters out back?

<i>"No. Old place has thin walls, my silly puppy of a sister might hear us and I want to spare her that much. Plenty of empty guest rooms to be had upstairs."</i>

If he says so, then. You [party.hasCompanions]give [party.compNames] a quick nod of dismissal and]follow after Garret as he tromps through the common room and heads on upstairs, his feet heavy on the wood as he leads you down the hallway and into one of the unoccupied guest rooms. Sighing, Garret plants his butt on the edge of the bed, and invites you to do the same.

]

<i>"You're pregnant, I can tell."</i>

[pc.bellyRange 2

|What gave it away? The big bump sticking out of your middle? There's no hiding that thing one way or another

|Huh. Sure, you'd been showing, but it's nothing that couldn't have been hidden under your [pc.armor].

]

Garret snorts. <i>"[pc.ra lupine

|You should know — nah, you can't. My silly little puppy of a sister can never tell when she's been knocked up herself. Of course you wouldn't notice, but everyone else with a decent nose would. It's as clear as day that you've gone and gotten yourself knocked up; you reek of it and I'm not overstating the point.

|Of course you wouldn't know, you can't smell it. I can, though, and it's clear as day that you've gone and gotten yourself knocked up.

] The smell of a fertile female and that of a pregnant one are pretty damn different when you've got a nose like mine, and smelling one after the other, it's not hard to figure out what happened.

<i>"The pups in that belly of yours are mine, aren't they?"</i>

Carefully, you raise a hand to your [pc.belly]. [garret.pclsBitch

|You hadn't thought of it before, but now that your alpha has brought it up... the thought of his seed having taken root in you after that thorough ploughing you'd received from him, his pups stuffing your womb and making you big and round is just too much for you to take. If you fantasised about this long enough in front of him, you might just cum on the spot.

|Sure, it makes sense given the timing, but isn't it a little too early to be claiming such a thing? You don't know for sure that they're his, could be —

]

Another snort. <i>"I can smell it, you know. The strongest man in all of Savarra isn't going to be wrong on something as important as this."</i>

[garret.pclsBitch

|Oh, no! This worthless bitch didn't mean to talk back to —

Your alpha grunts and smacks you on the back of the head, enough for you to see a few stars, but so much as to actually hurt you. That controlled power with the promise of more behind it just makes your mind drift back to how you ended up like this in the first place.

Like it or not, your heart's starting to race...

|Well, if he's so determined to take responsibility, you're not going to stop him. Quite the opposite, in fact. Maybe it'll help him get his act together. Truth be told, he's taking this a lot better than one might have expected of someone in his station. The general expectation when it comes to these things is that you'd have confronted him, instead of the other way around.

<i>"After seeing what happened to my silly little puppy of a sister, it wasn't hard to soak up the lesson to be had there."</i>

...That's a good point.

]

Garret mumbles something that's neither here nor there, pulling out a small packet of powder from his pocket and hurling it out the window, a rueful grin on his wolfish lips. *"Fat lot of good this did me. Being the strongest man in all of Savarra comes with its own problems, let me tell you that; with a cock and balls like these, even the strongest shit that Mistress Ivris sells didn't prevent you walking away with pups in your belly.*

<i>"Oh well. There's already enough talk about town about how I'm really the one who knocked my silly puppy of a sister up, even though the old man and I hounded the bastard out through the gates with our own hands. Better you than her, even if it means the old man is going to kill me..."</i>

Speaking of which... is he going to tell Garth about this?

[garret.pclsBitch

|Your alpha's face sours at that and he shows his teeth, but eventually calms down, the scowl turning into a skulk.

|Garret looks pensive at that, locking his fingers and twiddling his thumbs.

] *<i>"Look. The old man hounds me enough that I... I don't know, really. On one hand, I know that it's kinda cowardly to keep sidestepping the issue like this. On the other, it's probably best not to rock the boat too much. Not until... not until all this is over, at any rate. My little sister runs the nursery now, so it's not like the pups will want for anything, and I'll be close by all the time... ah fuck, gods damn it."</i>*

You sigh and lean against [garret.pclsBitch|your alpha's|Garret's] muscular frame, rubbing affectionately against his thick grey fur. It's fine, you'll trust him to know best on the matter of handling his own family.

<i>"... Yeah, thanks. You just keep yourself safe, okay? Thinking of you stumbling all over the wilds with a big belly full of pups is..."</i> He hesitates again. *<i>"I ought to be out there with you like the old man did for my mom when she was pregnant with Gwyn and me. It didn't stop her from finishing up her last campaign before retiring with the old man, but at least he was there at her side..."</i>*

<i>"But the old man would kill me if I tried anything like that, and besides, you've got plenty of company already."</i>

If you're going to be having his pups, then it's better that he stays here to watch over them. And besides, if he were the kind of dog who would abandon his family for someone else, what's to say he wouldn't abandon *<i>you</i>* if someone else happened to come along later?

<i>"Sheesh. You sure are making up plenty of excuses for me today... not that I don't appreciate it."</i> Garret pokes the small bump on your tummy, and pushes his muzzle against the back of your neck; you feel the rush of indrawn breath and your pulse hard against the dampness of his nose. *<i>"You've got a nice smell hanging about you right now.*

It's hard to forget the scent of a pregnant [garret.pclsBitch|bitch|female], especially if the pups are yours. Closest thing I'm familiar with is Gwyn, but everyone's unique in their own way."

[pc.ra lupine

|While you can't scent yourself, there's nothing stopping you from taking a whiff of [garret.pclsBitch

|your powerful alpha, turning your head a little to the side to stick your nose into his arm fur. His strong, heady scent that's oh-so-titillating is still there, sharp and tinged with what can only be described as ochre bass; it makes your insides tingle and your nethers clench with a sudden burst of need. You know better than to presume to — oh no, he already knows for sure.

|Garret, turning your head to the side so you can stick your nose into the fur of his arm. His familiar scent is ever-present, strong and heady with a twinge of animal seduction; once more, you're reminded of how you got into this situation in the first place.

] But there's something else there as well, something that wasn't there before. It's something only a person with a sensitive enough nose could scent, and this indescribable feeling that's welling up inside of you is enough to turn your innards into warm mush.

|You sigh and snuggle up against Garret. Maybe it's you, maybe it's him — or more likely, the both of you — but being in his presence like this makes you feel really calm. An indescribable feeling wells up inside of you, gradually turning your innards to warm mush, and before you know it you're trailing fingers along one firm thigh.

]

[garret.pclsBitch

|Garret snorts and shoves you away, hard enough that you bounce off the mattress. <i>"Now's not the time for that, bitch."</i>

Bitch is sorry... bitch just wanted to —

He cuts you off with a wave of his hand. <i>"Yeah, I know you just wanted to make me feel better, but I need to keep my wits about me. Gotta figure out how to put you back together again and all. You want to cheer me up, maybe another time."</i>

|Snorting half-playfully, half-chidingly, Garret plants a hand on your shoulder and pushes you away. <i>"Thanks, but no thanks."</i>

Heh, what's the matter? He's already fucked a litter of pups into you; he can't wade in any deeper than he already is, right?

He raps his knuckles lightly on the back of your head. <i>"It's not about that. I just need to keep this mood about me for a little while, keep the right frame of mind for considering what's going to come. It's nice of you to want to cheer me up, but this isn't the time for it right now."</i>

]

All right...

<i>"Well, I'm done. Phew."</i> Whuffing a huge gust of steamy breath, [garret.pclsBitch|your alpha|Garret] stands and heads for the door, big, confident paces eating up the distance before he disappears out the hallway. You're left alone for a moment, perhaps conflicted, perhaps a little tense; there's nothing left for you here now, though, and you head back down to the common room to [party.hasCompanions|rejoin [party.compNames]]be on your way].

//end encounter.

//pass 3 hours.