

One For lust, One for revenge

Chapter one

It's dark, street lights barely lit the road. Dim, nauseating, uncomfortable light on the road. Walking down the beaten, rocky surfaced concrete, in pain, hard to breathe, scars everywhere, hoping to find away from the ones he hates; that he dreads on. Working so hard in life that it isn't even appreciated. Beaten, suffered, betrayed. This is one for revenge. The ones everyone looks up to is turned down. Suffered from them hoping they soon would change, but with no success. The ones looked up to are the ones who are hated. Parents.

Heading home, he opens the door in discrete, to not alarm the ones for revenge. Every step is hammering even at the lightest step, spinning left and right, making sure to not alarm the demons in the house. Shuffling to the room, managing to lock it in time. It's 2:37 in the morning time. Ok, three hours left, I can do this. As soon as "Dad" leaves, "mom" goes straight to the cellar to work at home. Thinking the plan would work, it was time for shut-eye, being exhausted from hard work and from making sure no sound would be heard from the ones for revenge.

It's eight am, I don't see dad's car and I don't hear mom yelling like she usually does. This means I'm good to go. Still, have to be discrete leaving. The work bag is in the corner. Grabbing the bag swiftly, the halls empty, only thinking about not to give away the position of safekeeping. Taking a step to make sure no noise was heard, suddenly then almost lightly sprinting, making sure to be light on the feet. Freedom once again was in mere inches, till the demon came from the underworld. "No! You won't do it to me again!" Tears welling up and falling down through the soft fur of a hurt wolf, pleading to live. The demon grew bigger, "no matter what, you'll get your punishment! You always get your punishment!" Thundering steps come from the demon, making its way to the begging wolf. Scurrying around until back up on shaking legs, then for a final sprint to happy freedom. Once out of the house, feet felt like pins and needles, legs shaking sporadically hands tingly, heart pumping a thousand miles an hour, having tunnel vision. It was the scariest thing to ever deal with in life.

Chapter two

Twelve pm. Cool, seventy-degree weather in a fast food restaurant, hiding from the demons who haunts in the house. The register, pretty much empty. "Hey, welco-" she stopped in the middle of her sentence to study what happened to the moping wolf before her. "Oh my god, sir are you alright?" "Huh? Oh, ye-yeah, um, I'm f-fine." The trembling wolf before her quickly got the order and sat in a corner table. It's lunch break for employees. The cashier has three trays of food and goes to the same corner table. "Hey. So, uh, how is your day?" The only response given was a look of weakness. Of pain. A look of giving up. "Is there a way I can help you?" A couple seconds after her question, the hurt wolf teared up and lunged over the table lightly and hugged her. "Thank you, f-for caring." The cashier was confused, then realized and returned the hug. They both hugged there for a minute and then sat back down. The wolf was crying with joy and the cashier was smiling. "You're welcome. So, what's your name?" "Oh, my name? I'm Rickie, what's your name?" "I'm Chloe." They both smiled at each other. Chloe blushed and chuckled a bit. "What?" Rickie asked. "You're cute, that's what," Chloe replied. Rickie blushed and tilted his head down. His smile faded. "I don't deserve such compliment from someone as beautiful as you. Look at me, I'm full of scars, cuts, bruises. How can you see that from me?" He tilted his head away from her and lightly started weeping. "Because," she spoke, "I can see the

inside of you. You are strong, cute, sexy even.” He blushed and later chuckled. “You really think I’m sexy?” “Yes, I do.” For a while, they stopped talking. In that void of talking, she began scarfing down the food as if she was starved half to death, except eating three times as much. He was entranced by how much food just disappeared into her expanding stomach. Just watching her eat so much and expand turned him on. She looked over in between his legs and smiled. “I like your big friend there,” she said with a smirk and a finger point. He woke back to consciousness and looked between his legs. Jumping up, he hurriedly fixed himself and sat back down, blushing with his head tilted down again. “Sorry, I didn’t mean to show that. That was an accident,” he said hurriedly. “Oh, you didn’t have to apologize.” She giggled and Rickie blushed. “You know,” he said, “I haven’t felt this way in a long time. Too long even.” He looked up into her deep blue eyes with heart and smiled. “What does that mean?” She asked. “It means that you might be special in my life. I don’t have anyone in my life that cares about me. Not my parents. I don’t even know the rest of my whole family. They kept me entrapped at home, not once letting me see my extended family. But now I have this feeling inside me and...I like that feeling.” He brushed his paw on hers. Chloe felt calm. His fur was so soft and fluffy. Almost like a stuffed animal. “Hey,” she said, “do you want to come to my place? It’ll probably make you feel better than going home.” He paused as if God just spoke with him. “I’d love to!”

Chapter Three

It’s about seven pm, street lights on, a road full of cars, the sun almost swallowed by the earth as it descends. Chloe’s shift is over and she is stumbling her way through the parking lot to Rickie’s truck. The door seemed pretty heavy when Chloe opened it as hard as she could. Tired as she is, she struggles to get up into the truck. “Hey, can you push my fat ass into your truck, please? I’m trying but I’m too tired to try to climb by myself.” He soon replies and does so. “Eeep!” She yelped. “Are you ok?” He quickly asked? “No, I’m fine! It’s just, your firm hands were so unexpected,” she said as she cooed the words from her mouth. He slowly started rubbing her ample glutes and brushes down in between her legs. This put her in heat. Her legs slowly bent inwards from the intense rubbing in between her legs. He suddenly stopped as she managed to catch her breath. “Wh-why’d you s-stop?” She asked pleurably. “I-it’s just that we’re out in public. W-we can do this at your house instead of a parking lot.” He chuckled and realized his big friend was back. Sneakily, he tried hiding it, but she noticed the awkward movements. “I turn you on, don’t I?” She asked giggling. “Yes, you do. Is that bad?” “Wha-no! It’s part of your nature to feel like that. And to me, it’s a really good thing.” She said smirking. Chuckling, he continued pushing her into his truck. She panted as she sat in the truck. Just her thinking about riding him put her in heat. Enough heat to make her wet. He climbed in on the other side and buckled in. He reached over to hold her hand in between her legs. She felt in love. Chloe couldn’t control it and she knew she was. Looking over, she sees a small grin as he looked at Chloe. This made her feel warm inside. This made her feel like she found her one true love.

As Rickie followed the directions to Chloe’s house, she fell asleep with a slight smile on her muzzle and still had a grip on Rickie’s paw. This made him feel like he now has a purpose in life. He has hope now. The demons at his house won’t slow him down. Because he is with the one who he cares and knows cares about him.

The driveway. It's not blacktop but it was manageable to see. He parked the truck in front of the garage. The garage door, once filled with light, went black. He looked over to the passenger side and saw his sleeping beauty. He kissed her on the forehead, then slowly woke up. "Oh, we're home." That's something I haven't heard in a very long time. "Well, good morning sleepy head," he teased. She giggled as she unbuckled the seat belt to go inside. Rickie got out first to help his tired love. He opened the car door to let her out. "Damn, you make opening the door so easy. I struggle just to even open it!" She took one slow step onto the truck's nerf bar. He held her hand and put his other hand on her hip. Finally out of the truck, they go inside to enjoy the rest of the night alone together. Her eyes, heavy, as if she drank too much. She walks with a heavy step. They make their way to the couch. First Rickie laid all the way across the couch. "Hot damn, you look even hotter laying down." She makes her way over to the couch and slowly lays on top of him. "Am I too heavy?" She asked. "No, you're actually lighter than I thought." She chuckled and kissed him, with him then returning the kiss. Bringing his hands up, he places them on her back and started rubbing her back. Then down to her ample glutes. She started breathing heavier. This turned him on. "I see your big friend there is enjoying the show," she said with a smirk. He slowly started grinding her clit and started breathing a little heavier. Every grind made her moan, which made him harder. He stuck one of his hands in between them and went into her pants to play with her wet clit. Panting and moaning, it put her in deep heat. Every rub; every grind, panting, moaning more. Then, muzzle to muzzle, one tongue went in and the other did the same, dancing in each other's mouth. They both started breathing heavier. Every breath was very heating. Slowly getting up on her knees, in between his legs, Rickie unbuttoned her pants and licks her. His tongue, warm, soft, slick. She started making the most cutest noises he's ever heard. She then un-done his pants and started rubbing him. He jolted, then soothed back down to the cushions of the couch. Pulling her pants farther down, she slowly inserts the big cock into her clit. Starting slow, she cooed as she slowly went down to base. He moaned as he then slipped his hands under her shirt, to grope her soft, ample breasts. Every breath she took made everything escalate higher. Pounding harder, going up and down faster. "Ahhh!" She screams, "I'm cumming!" She screams in pleasure as she catches her breath. "I'm-I'm on the edge r-right now," he stutters. "Do it in me!" She screamed. After she said so, a large amount of cum filled her womb and almost made it noticeable how filled she was. Shaking, she holds his hands as she lays on top of him. Her head right next to his. "Thank you," she said, "for coming into my life." "Thank you for caring for me." As the night passes, they spend the rest of the night cuddling till they fell asleep.

Chapter Four

Rickie, waking up from seeing a car pull into the driveway, wonders who it is. It's two thirty. Still no sun. Listening to the chatter outside, he realized who it was. His demons. Fuck! How did they find me? I put Chloe in jeopardy! What do I do? He whispers in her ear. "Chloe, wake up." "What? It isn't morning, what is it," she muttered in slight aggravation. "It's my parents. They found me somehow, and I put you in risk. I'm sorry." He saw worry in her eyes. "No, please, don't leave. I can't be alone. Not without you." "I would do anything in the world to stay with you!" He told her. They both hugged and stayed there for a while. In the middle of their hug, a thunderous snap came from the kitchen door from the outside. "Oh shit, I'm sorry Chloe. It's my

fault.” She pulled his muzzle to hers and kissed him. “Just promise me to come back really soon? I’ll miss you.” She started weeping. “No matter what, I will always come back to you.” He brushed the side of her face and kissed her. In the middle of it, the demons yelled, “Rick!” The larger demon grabbed Rickie by the scruff and carried him out. Rickie is squirming for his life. While Chloe watched helplessly and cried for him as she watched such pain inflicted on him. “You demons!” She screamed. They looked over their shoulder into her terrified eyes. “Yes, that’s what Rick calls us. DEMONS.” with a flash of light, they were gone. Seconds later, she got a message from

Rickie: I’m sorry. Idk how they found me...

Chloe: RICKIE!!!, WHY DO THEY DO THIS TO YOU?!

Rickie: They think I am a disgrace to them

Chloe: THAT’S SO A LIE!!

Rickie: Ik

Sixty-degree weather, nine am, Rickie is tied up to his bed. Thunderous steps rumble their way to his room. “Just who do you think you are? You think you can live a life with a girl like her?! You don’t stand a chance! Why do you think you have the audacity to think such imagination!” “Because I won’t let you control me anymore. I’ll have my revenge against you. You won’t see it till it’s too late!” A bone snapping slap strikes across his face with scars from spiked brass knuckles. The only thing heard from that point was screams of agonizing pain.

Bright lights, a fish tank, daily newspaper. These were things in a hospital. To help soothe a patient for their check-up. “Hello, wel-oh my goodness, are you alright?” The receptionist was stunned by a wolf full of scars, bruises, cuts. “No, but I came here to take something out. I think I have a tracker on me.” After about an hour later, it was his turn for a check-up. Only one look from the doctor got him the idea of what’s going on. “Sir, do you mind telling me how these fresh cuts and scars formed?” “Yes,” he replied, “my parents are doing this to me. I do nothing wrong but they beat me anyways. And I came here to see if there’s a tracker on me. My parents know exactly where I’m at when I don’t even tell them.” “I can surely do that.” The doctor pulled out a hand-held metal detector, scanning around his body until the detector went off. As soon as it did, the tracker sent off electric shocks all around the body. It can easily be seen through his body. “Dear god,” the doctor exclaims. Only five minutes later, the shocking stopped. “Gah! That was painful!” He flops down on the bed and curls up into a ball. “Why do my parents do this to me,” he muttered. “I don’t know, but we must remove the device before it causes more pain and damage to you. Let me call in some surgeons.” Within about two hours, four surgeons from ambulances hustle into the examination room. “It’ll be over by the time you wake, I promise.” One of the surgeons said. “Thank y-“ he stopped mid-sentence as he passed out. “He’s alright. Just passed out. Let’s start the surgery. The surgery was long, but within seconds, it felt like seconds anyways, he woke up to see Chloe right next to him. He could barely see since he’s

still on painkillers. She jumped up in tears as she saw him smile. "He-hey Chloe." "Well give you two some time, but miss Salena, be careful not to jump on him." She nodded and turned back to the sleepy, tired wolf before her. Rickie welled up with tears to see Chloe again. "How long am I in here till I get to go with my love?" He asked Chloe. She sighed, "you can leave around a month. Don't worry. I'll be here every day with you." She smiled, and he smiled back. Chloe leaned over and kissed her beloved wolf. "just make sure you're still working, ok? I don't want you to lose your job." He chuckled as he held her paw. His paw, as soft as ever. Like a pillow, but only in his paw. "Hey," he spoke, "I know how to make my parents suffer."

Chapter Five

September. Red, orange leaves everywhere. Fifty-degree weather, cool enough to wear light jackets and jeans. Saturday, Rickie and Chloe relaxing, cuddling together. Rickie's fully healed and he's happy with Chloe. Chloe, happier than ever. She finally has someone special in her life. But then a sudden interruption from Chloe's belly. "Oh, man I'm hungry," she said, patting her belly. "Well we haven't had lunch yet, so let's have some," he said with a little grin. "Here," he said, "I'll order some stuff from a catering restaurant." Pulling up his phone, he dials a cater and asks his order. In the middle of the ordering, there's a problem on their side, so he had to wait, growing impatient. Chloe chuckled as if she's watching a comedy. Listening to her stomach again, she turns around and goes to her fridge. Opening the fridge was full of fatty foods. But it wasn't enough for both of them, so she pulled out a tray and put as much food from her fridge onto the tray. Licking her lips, she dived in. First, it was morning bacon, then some two-inch thick sausages. She garbled down the half of lasagna and some roast beef. Soon, she started slowing down, as she got full. Her belly spills over her legs farther than it did before. Not only did the food make her full, but also put her in heat.

Rick looks around to figure out where Chloe went. "Chloe, where'd you go?" He wandered around until shortly, dropping his phone with his jaw dropped. "Chloe, you did this without me?" He asked, being disappointed that he never got to watch her shove all the food down. "Well," She starts, "I kinda wanted to surprise you. But you seem upset. I'm sorry fo-" she was soon stopped by him, "Chloe, it's ok, I'm not upset. I just wanted to see you do it. I mean you really overdid it, didn't you?" He said with a light laugh. She smiled, but only faded soon after. Rickie noticed she didn't seem happy, so he kneeled down, and kissed her. "Does that help?" He asks while rubbing the bloated husky's belly. "Y-yeah, that really does," she cooed. Rickie grabbed hold of her paw and continued rubbing her sore belly, as he tries to massage it. "Here, I'll help you to your room," as he pulled her up with little to no problem. He puts both of his hands on her hips and rubbed in towards her swollen belly. As they slowly make their way over to her bedroom, he slowly makes his way up toward his bloated, tired husky's soft breasts. He first started off rubbing and playing with them, then slowly transitioned to groping them. Breathing heavier as she tries to waddle to her room and make sure she can stand from the groping coming from the wolf behind her. They made it past her doorway, and into her room. Waddling to the bed, she grabs on to the sheets and pulls herself up, putting her on all fours, and put in a nice view for her wolf. She first laid on one hip, then rolled over onto her back, with a big breath of relief. As her eyes closed, he went down below her and started lightly playing with her. Her

breath got heavier and heavier, moaning in full pleasure. He licked his lips as he was staring at her clit, dove down and began intensively licking her. Her moans, getting louder. Her breaths, getting heavier, squirming in pleasure. Right before he got really intense, the doorbell rang. "Ugh, I'll be right back, love," he said with disappointment. "Don't be gone for too long, I need you laying next to me!" She said with a little whimpering tone. He hustles down towards the door with sixty dollars and opens the door. "Here you go sir, your order," says the delivery boy brightly. "Thanks, here's the money, keep the change as a tip." His eyes lit up. "Thank you, sir!" He joyfully exclaimed. "No problem." As he brought in the food, he saw her posing and teasing him, which made him want more of her. "Dinner?" He asked. "Yes please," she replied. The rest of the night, he fed his one and only love as he will love no one else.

He gasps for air as he looks around at the surrounding area. It felt like I was still at home, but I wasn't. I was safe. In her house. I imagined the pain I felt in my dream. My chest pounded. My limbs ached. My hands felt numb. I look outside and it's still dark. When I looked at her, her face was softer. Her chest gotten bigger. So did her belly and her hips. Her hips widened. She was only 200 something pounds. Now it looks like she weighs three hundred. This was the best moment of my life, and that I hope no one could ruin it.

Chapter Six

The surface felt rough. It didn't feel like the bed Chloe and I was laying on. My limbs drag up to push myself up but slammed back down by some sudden turn. I shot up and realized, "*I'm not at her house.*" where am I? My head and heart races as the vehicle shifts from turn to turn. My shaky legs straighten up as my eyes look straight out of the window. We're in the middle of nowhere. Then, the e-brake strained as it locked up the brakes and the back doors swung open. It was them; my parents. I throw myself to the back of the storage unit, but it was worthless. They had my leg on a chain. The chain was pulled out of the truck, along with me, and struck the ground hard. The landing knocked the wind out of me. I get up as fast as I could and race the opposite direction from them, but the chain resisted. "Come now, boy! We're gonna teach you a lesson on leaving the house!" he screamed, yanking me harder and harder away from the truck. My ankle started hurting. It took around an hour until they finally stopped dragging me. "Have a nice nap, boy!" he screamed as I suddenly black out.

I wake up again, cuts and scars. I look around and see a buzzard pecking at me. In my first reaction, I screamed, frightening off the bird. My whole body aches. Looking down at my ankle again, I trail the chain to a tree, noticing it's wrapped around a pretty thick tree. In a panic, I search around me to use something. Anything! I find a decent size rock and snatch it from the ground. Using the chain, I pull myself up, aching terribly, and strike the rock on the chain. At first, nothing. The chain kept digging deeper and deeper into the sand. I glance around me for a wide, flat surface, but nothing. Breathing in deeply, I sigh, as I whip my leg around and place the chain on my leg. Once again, I start hitting the chain, but every time I miss, I dig deeper into my skin, screaming in pain as I keep striking the chain. Then, a slit of hope sparked in my body as the rock cracked the chain slightly. I force the pain through screams and get up. My body limped over to the tree as I held the chain and rock in my hand. Wrapping the chain, I hold it up to the tree and strike harder and harder into the chain. Snap, goes the chain as the final strike dug

deep into the tree. My body exhilarates as I see that I'm finally free! I run out into the desert to find the trail of my body being dragged and their footprints. After several hours of searching, I saw my trail. My legs started having a mind of its own and start running, eventually going down to all fours as I run like how a bestial wolf. I started running faster than I knew I could, eventually reaching out to a road. I shot to the left, just how the trail entered the void of the desert and sprinted down the road until I hit an intersection. At first, I felt lost. I didn't know where I was. I take a slow minute and smell the air for any similar scent of them, then I caught it and dashed down the road in a flash. Then, the worst thing could happen to me. Being hungry. Surprisingly, they didn't clean my wallet of money and found a small restaurant at the edge of the intersection. I return to standing on two and proceeded to the restaurant.

It was 11:00 pm and my stomach is growling for food. I enter the doors where I am greeted by a waiter. Although the waiter did find me a lone table, which was nice, she did ask what has happened to me. Even if I told her the truth, she wouldn't believe me, so I just told her to not worry about it so much and asked for a menu. I was in and out of the restaurant. The condition of my body drew some attention from the other customers, though not super concerned, they acknowledged me if I needed anything or if anything was wrong, but I just said that I had a bit of a dispute between me and a bestial animal. I called the number for a taxi. It soon arrived, but also had someone in it, but for a short period of time. As I got into the cab, the rider discretely looked over at my muscly, scarred body and saw some seductive glances from him. "Does Someone own your body? Because you are hot as hell." Now I started feeling uncomfortable. Swallowing hard and fidgeting with my hands, my face burning up in a cherry red color. "Oh, no need to be embarrassed, I could help calm you down." his breath smelled terrible, like a yeast smell. He's drunk. Wonderful. "Listen, sir, I'm taken. And you might just need to stay away from me. Please." my voice was really shaky. The cab slowed to a halt. The guy opened the door and before he got out, he swung around kissed me right in the lips. My hands balled up into a fist and struck him right in the chest as I pushed him out of the cab. "Stay the hell away from me!" I shouted as I slammed the car door and growled at the window. Right as the cab rolled away, the guy threw up on the sidewalk and slowly got up to enter his house. My whole body shivered as I regain my composure. "You good back there?" the cab driver spoke through the window. "N-No, just drive to my destination..."

