

Chapter Two

Gimme A Ride

Sprawled on the concrete, Zuzka's big, blue eyes were wide with horror as they stared up at the gigantic wolf. He was towering over her, looking down, his face in shadow, and one muscly arm still holding the van door ajar; somewhat blocking her from escape.

"Do you mind telling me what it is that you're doing in my van, little girl?" His voice was calm and even, but all the same, it was still very intimidating. A shiver ran through her, all the way down to her bones, that had nothing to do with the cold.

She lifted herself up on her hands and scrambled backwards, until the back of her head collided with the body of the van in a resounding thud.

The wolf cocked his head to the side, contemplating her as she rubbed the back of her head. The sudden pain had snapped her out of her petrified state. "... I need a place to sleep," she stammered, still more than a bit frightened. Though she had a heavy accent, her English was well-practiced, and quite understandable.

"Motel's down the street," he said simply, jerking his head in the direction he meant.

"I... I have no money," she explained.

The wolf said nothing, but continued to stare down at her; radiating his aura of control and quiet dominion. His shadowed face was still unreadable. Her ample chest was heaving up and down and her breath was misting in the yellow light of a single lamp that hung on the wall of a neighboring building behind the wolf. Though still slightly frightened, a giddy thrill at being caught was creeping into her body, and then she remembered her plan.

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"P... Please," she pleaded in her very best submissive voice, "I will fuck you. L... let me stay, p... please, just tonight, and I will fuck you. I am very good at sex," she added encouragingly.

The wolf's arm relaxed and dropped away from the door, but he still said nothing for several minutes, as the steam from his breath joined her own in the yellowy light. She bit her lower lip, and batted her eyelashes at him using all of her well-honed seductive skills.

He reached down with one massive paw and seized her around her upper arm. He pulled her up with such ease, that her slight, little body positively flew up off the ground and she crashed into the solid wall of his powerful chest.

"Unnff," she squeaked. Her hands, which had unconsciously flown up to brace her, felt his muscles through the t-shirt he wore beneath his open jacket.

Still holding her upper arm with his massive paw, he backed her slightly away from him. She was now able to get a better look at him. Zuzka was slightly taller than most girls she knew; around five foot, eight inches; and even though she was now standing, she was still at least a foot shorter than him. He was older, but still handsome. Gray hairs, lighter than those of his steel-colored fur were creeping in at his temples. He had deep, mossy-green eyes.

"What's your name?" he asked; the edge in his voice much diminished.

"Zuzka," she replied truthfully, looking up at him. So many times before she had given the men she was about to fuck a fake name when asked. Yet, she somehow felt inexplicably compelled to give her proper name this time. A feeling of security and safety in his presence had begun to seep into her mind, while all at the same time, she still felt slightly frightened, intimidated, and awestruck.

"Come with me, Zuzka," he said quietly, still directing her by the arm, and leading her away.

"Where are we going?" she asked as she quickly snatched her purse up off the ground, where it had fallen with her as she had tumbled out of the van.

"It's gonna get too cold for you to stay out here tonight," he replied. "And, if you're going to fuck to me," he added, smiling slyly down at her, "I can at least give you a nicer place to spend the night than a filthy old van."

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She returned his smile, biting her lower-lip and batting her eyelashes demurely at him again.

He led her through a gate in the fence, and over to a large, vintage motorcycle parked in the alley. The art-deco lines seemed to indicate it was from the thirties or forties, and the image of a wolf wearing a Native-American headdress was emblazoned in chrome across the gas tank.

"Here," he said, finally letting go of her. He pulled off his jacket and wrapped it around her shoulders. "You look like you're freezing."

"Thank you," she said softly as she slipped her arms into the sleeves of the enormous jacket, and then wrapped herself closely in it.

He held the bike by the handlebars, knocked the kick-stand back up with one foot, and then stepped over it, bringing his leg down forcefully on the starter. The bike roared to life with a deep, impressive rumble.

"You ever ride on one of these?" his previously quiet voice was now booming as he talked over the loudly purring engine.

"No," she spoke into his ear as she climbed on behind him straddling the rumbling bike.

"Well, it's easy enough; just squeeze your legs tight on the frame, and wrap your arms around me as tight as you can."

"Mmmm... With pleasure!" she cooed in his ear, and she did as he instructed her. The rapid, rhythmic pulses of the idling engine vibrated against her loins, clamped tightly on the bike. Her arms snaked up underneath his, and around his wide, sculpted torso. She rested her head on his massive shoulder and nuzzled the side of his face.

"Ready?" he asked.

"Yes!" she cried in his ear excitedly. She gave a sort of half-frightened, half-excited little squeak as he accelerated out of the alley and onto the street, and the vibrations from the engine intensified; rumbling through her slight body.

They came to a stop light about a quarter of a mile down, and the engine relaxed as they came to a stop.

Zuzka squeezed his chest even tighter, and cooed into his ear, "You will get me off, before you even get me home!"

He turned his head, smiling at her mischievously, and revved the engine.

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She giggled and kissed him on the side of his face.

The stop light changed to green, and they were off again. The city whizzed by, and fifteen minutes later, had given way to frost-covered meadows. Ten minutes thereafter, dark, quiet deciduous forests loomed over the sides of the road as they climbed up into the mountains, in whose shadow the city lay. The deciduous trees gave way to pine forests, glazed lightly with snow. A good forty minutes after they had left the shop, he turned off the main road, and down a series of winding side roads.

Finally, he pulled up a long driveway to an impressive house situated back amongst the trees and hidden from the road.

"This house is yours?" she asked with wonder as he killed the engine, and she reluctantly got up off it. Her panties were more than slightly moist from the thrilling ride.

"Home, sweet, home," he smiled, once again speaking quietly now that the roaring engine was off. "Oh, hang on a second," he said pulling her close to him.

Instinctively, she stood up on her toes, threw her arms around his neck, and kissed him deeply. Fireworks went off between their lips, her heart leapt into her throat, and her stomach filled with butterflies. Of all the men she had kissed in her short, troubled life, none had ever felt like this. He wrapped his powerful arms around her slender waist, and lifted her up off the ground easily. Their lips smacked for several minutes as her tongue found its way into his mouth and he caressed it with his own.

Finally, both of them breathing heavily, he set her back down on the ground. She giggled, "You are a very good kisser," she beamed up at him.

"Thank you," he said, a bit taken-aback by her sudden surge of affection. "Um... actually, I was going for this, though," and he reached inside the jacket he had given her, and pulled out a small garage-door opener. He pressed a button on it, and the triple-wide garage door began rising up. "Not that, I didn't enjoy that, though," he added smiling at her.

She blushed, and followed him as he rolled the bike into the garage, next to two others, and two impressive classic cars. "You have a lot of money!" she remarked.

"I do alright," he replied neutrally. "These cars weren't that expensive when I bought them," he explained as the garage door closed. "C'mon inside," he said, taking her by the hand once more. He led her up a short flight of steps, through a door, and into

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the house.

"It is a *very* nice house!" she exclaimed as she stepped through into a spacious, well lit room. It was minimally, but tastefully decorated with very comfortable looking couches and chairs, and a huge television. At the other end of the room was a counter, and across that a large, modern kitchen. A little way down on the wall to her right, a flight of stairs led upwards. On her left, a large bank of glass windows looked out into the forest behind the house.

Her teeth were chattering and her stomach rumbled.

"When was the last time you ate?" he asked her; again relaxing his tough persona, and showing some concern for her.

"Yesterday," Zuzka said with quiet embarrassment, and looked down at her feet as she shuffled them.

He pulled her close again. "Hmmm," he frowned, "You're still freezing!" He looked down into her big, blue eyes, and rubbed her back as they stood swaying on the spot. "Why don't you go take a shower and warm-up, and I'll make you some dinner?"

"Thank you," she blushed and kissed him passionately on the mouth once again. The second kiss was easily as good as the first. It was tender, and he caressed her face with his massive paw with surprising gentleness. She only reluctantly broke away when her stomach rumbled again.

He led her up the stairs, and through a spacious bedroom with a huge bed; large enough to rest his enormous form comfortably. There he showed her an extravagant bathroom with a large shower that had several water jets.

"I'll throw your clothes in the wash, too; while you're in the shower. I'll set out a robe for you, also."

He turned to leave the bathroom, but she caught him, by the hand, "Wait, I need to give you my clothes," she said playfully. Zuzka let her purse down, then slipped his large jacket off her shoulders. He stood transfixed, as she gave him her demure, lip-biting look once more, and unbuttoned her skirt, sliding it slowly off her slender hips. She let it fall from her hips, down past her shapely legs, where it landed around her ankles. She then stepped daintily out of the garment. All the while, she never broke eye contact with him, and her tail swished mischievously behind her. She ran her hands up her flat tummy to the T-shirt hanging off her large breasts; stopping to trace a finger around

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her pierced belly button. She pulled up on her shirt, and her ample breasts spilled out, bouncing slightly, as the silver crucifix she wore fell between them. Her breasts and nipples were still pert from the cold. The shirt came up, and over her head, and she shook her mane of long, curly, chocolate-brown hair as she let the garment fall to the ground. Her hands traced across her tummy again, and her fingers found the clasps that held her fish-net stockings to her garter-belt. She peeled the stockings off her sculpted legs one by one; standing one-footed, with all the grace and agility that only a cat possesses. Next, came her black, lace panties. She slowly pulled them down her shapely thighs, by the string straps that ran across her hips, revealing a well-groomed crown of brown pubic fur above a gorgeous set of thick outer-labia, covered by the same soft, snow-white fur as her stomach, breasts, inner-arms, throat, and muzzle.

She let her panties drop to the floor, like her skirt, and once again stepped daintily from them. Finally, she untied her garter-belt, and then bent at the waist to pick the pile of clothes up, her large tits swinging forward and then bouncing down again as she straightened up and handed her clothes to the wolf. "Here you are," she offered in the same, soft, demure tone.

He took the clothes from her, absentmindedly, but stood still, staring at her perfectly-sculpted, nude body.

"Would you like to join me in the shower?" she asked hopefully, but at the same time her stomach growled once more.

This seemed to snap him out of the strip-tease-induced trance. He reached up with his free hand and gently caressed her cheek, she closed her eyes purred appreciatively. "Patience, kitten," he smiled coyly. "There'll be plenty of time for that, let's get you taken care of first."

"Please!" she asked urgently, as he turned to leave, catching him by the wrist. "Let me suck your cock! It is all I have been thinking about the whole ride here!" She looked imploringly at him with her hypnotic eyes, and reached out her other hand to gently cup his crotch. Beneath his jeans, she could feel a bulge that she knew would in no way disappoint her.

Even the most saintly of furs could not resist such an offer. "Well... If it means *that* much to you," he smiled and stepped towards her. He took her shoulders gently in his large paws, and drew her close once more. His hands moved up over her shoulders, up

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her throat, and came to cradle her chin gently, but firmly in both hands. He drew her mouth up to his and kissed her fiercely.

Zuzka moaned and purred at the same time in appreciation as her tail flicked wildly with excitement. Her hands caressed his crotch, and fumbled first with his belt, and then with the button and zipper to his jeans, as he kissed her; massaging her tongue with his. She forced his jeans down past his well-toned buttocks, which she caressed playfully. Finally, she tucked her fingers into the lip of his underwear and pulled them down as well.

His cock sprung out eagerly, and she took it gently in her soft hands, as they continued to kiss. As she had initially suspected, it did not fail to impress her. With one hand, Zuzka gently stroked the length of his shaft; it was as thick as three of her fingers, and at least a good foot in length. With the other, she cupped his proportionally sized, fur-covered balls, and gently massaged them.

After a minute or so more of passionate kissing and her deftly caressing his cock, he was fully erect, and as stiff as an iron rod. She pulled away from his kiss, with a fierce, hungry look burning in her sky-blue eyes. She never broke eye contact with him as she dropped to her knees, and slowly licked the length of his shaft with her wet tongue. She continued to massage his scrotum with one of her soft hands while she gripped the base of his shaft with the other, and slowly swirled her tongue around the head of his cock. She smiled and moaned hungrily; tongue still out and mouth open; at the taste of his pre-come, seeping readily from the head of his dick.

"Holy fuck!" he sighed. He reached down and caressed her face with one hand, as he leaned back against the bathroom counter and braced himself with the other. He then ran his fingers through the loose, tangled curls of her brown hair to the base of her skull where he gently took a fistful of hair and directed her head down onto his rod.

"Mmmmmm," Zuzka moaned as she wrapped her lips around his dick and began sucking and caressing him with her tongue, inside her mouth.

His breathing grew heavier and heavier as she sucked and sucked away on him; never turning those big, beautiful, mesmerizing, sky-blue eyes away from his mossy-green ones. He would force her gradually, but gently, further and further down the length of his cock, and then slowly draw her all the way off him to have her suck his balls. Then she would begin the whole process over again by slowly licking the length of his shaft, swirling

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her tongue about his head, then gradually take him as far down her throat as she could manage.

Zuzka was thoroughly enjoying herself. This was the first time she had ever enjoyed sucking a cock. She had always been very skilled at it, but it had always been a chore; a job. This time, it was her decision; for her enjoyment as much as his. She was in control. Her hungry, little pussy began seeping its own juices; crying out for attention. But Zuzka was a resourceful, and dedicated kitten, so instead of taking one of her hands away from the pleasuring of her man to see to her own needs, she instead directed her long, prehensile tail up through her legs to gently rub between her pussy lips and tickle her clit.

She began purring deeply as she sucked him and tail-frigged herself more and more fervently. The rumbling of her purrs only served to increase his pleasure at the amazing job she was making of his cock. They went on in this fashion for perhaps a good half-hour.

“Oh, God!” he cried breathlessly, and his hand left her head to grip the counter along with his other hand. “Darlin', I'm about to come!” he finally warned her.

Zuzka gave a sort of breathless giggle/moan as she popped his cock out of her mouth and lolled his head on the tip of her tongue. She gripped the base of his shaft even more tightly as she stroked it. She gave another long lick of his shaft, a swirl of the tongue around his head, and then she added a little Eskimo-kiss to the tip of his cock with the tip of her nose.

He tilted his head back and gave a satisfied moaned that grew into a full-on wolf's howl as a thick rope of hot come erupted from him. It landed across the bridge of her muzzle, and glazed her right eyelid as she instinctively shut it. She aimed the next convulsion from his cock into her mouth and was rewarded as a thick glob landed on her tongue.

The taste of come was one thing Zuzka had never really minded about being a prostitute. She was a connoisseur among come-guzzlers, but even so, this wolf's come was an exquisite pleasure to her. The next eruption caught her partially across the left cheek, but most of it landed in her mouth again. She continued to work his shaft and his balls with her hand as he bucked his hips at her face and more thick ropes of delicious come coated Zuzka's face and found their way into her ravenous mouth. She even

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managed to give herself a slight, but none-the-less satisfying mini-gasm with her tail, as his eruptions finally ceased.

“Uunnnnnnnnnnnnn,” the wolf moaned as his head dropped back down to look at her.

Zuzka was looking back up at him through one eye, with a very happy grin as she wiped away his come from her face and into her mouth, where she licked it satisfyingly from her fingers. He reached back down to stroke her hair, brushing some of his come from her curly locks, which she eagerly licked from his fingers when he offered them to her. He caressed her cheek, and she nuzzled against his hand, purring loudly.

“Kitten, you weren't kidding when you said you were good!”

She giggled and got to her feet. He reached up, and gripping her gently around the back of the neck with one of his massive paws, he pulled her in for a deep, tongue-filled kiss. His other hand wrapped around her and took a handful of her, juicy, round, little ass. Her hands ran up underneath his shirt, feeling his well-sculpted muscles.

They broke their lips apart finally, after several minutes, but still held each other closely. She beamed up at him while he stared adoringly down at her.

He reached up and caressed her face, “Well, kitten, I should go get dinner ready. That gave me an appetite, too.”

“Okay,” she gave him a peck on the lips. “I am a dirty girl,” she flashed him a mischievous grin as she moved backwards, to the shower. “I will get clean now.”

He smiled at her as she turned on the water. He hiked up his jeans, picked up her dirty clothes, and left her to enjoy the sumptuously warm and inviting water.