

Your eyes open slowly, gratingly, and a white ceiling comes gently into focus. You try to sit up, then panic drives the fuzziness from your mind. Your arms are trapped against your chest and you jerk them around futilely, trying to free them. Your panic only increases as you feel a hood over your head and a gag in your mouth. The gag is a large, uncomfortable cylinder, almost touching the back of your throat and depressing your long tongue so that you can hardly grunt, never mind speak. You can't see any more details about it at the moment, although there are plugs in your ears, which are uncomfortably mashed against your head by the hood.

Moving down your body, you see that your breasts are hanging out of the straitjacket, the pale fur of your chest seeming even whiter against the black latex. The cold air has caused your nipples to harden and they stick out from beneath your fur, pointing forwards proudly. There is a crotch strap on the straitjacket and it is pulled tightly between your legs, mashing tightly against your spade, and then running up to your tail. As you move around, the crotch strap rubs against your spade and just brushes against the hood of your clit, sending a thrill of arousal through you. You know that after a while, that might become a problem.

Moving down to your legs, you see that your ankles are bound together with cuffs connected by a short chain. It's obvious that walking in these will be difficult, requiring you to walk with tiny steps. With a lot of effort, you manage to get to your knees and then to your feet, leaning against the wall to support yourself. Looking around, the room is one of those stereotypical insane asylum rooms with padded walls, floor and ceiling. Panic is making your heart flutter in your chest. No door is immediately apparent in the room, but then you see a thin crack of light beside one of the pillowy rolls of fabric on the wall.

Taking a long stride towards the door, the chain between your ankles snaps taught and you fall heavily to the floor. Luckily, the floor is padded so you don't get hurt but you still bang your muzzle on the floor. The gag in your mouth turns your curses to muffled grunts and growls, the profanities unintelligible. Struggling back to your feet, you take tiny steps and make it to the door without falling over again. Worming your snout into the crack, you manage to nudge it open.

The view outside the door isn't that interesting once you poke your head out. Beyond your room, there's is a generic hall with the overhead lights on and blazing. The entire expanse is bright and harshly lit and it takes you a moment for your eyes to adjust. At both ends of the hall that you can see, there is one of those hospital carts that are filled with medicine.

On the opposite wall there is a full length mirror on the wall, something that seems out of place in a hospital. You stare at your reflection, standing in the doorway. Looking back at you is a tall, grey wolf covered with luxurious fur. A straitjacket wraps your arms around your body but leaves your white breasts out in full view. Your reflection is nude from the waist down, your sex barely covered by the thick latex strap. A hood covers your head, two small bumps on the top the only evidence of your ears. Your nose is exposed too, if only barely. Over all, your appearance is extremely unsettling.

You take tiny steps out of your room, now getting used to chain between your ankles. Metal-bound doors line the hall, exactly like the one you just came out of. Obviously there are other rooms like the one you woke up in. You consider trying to find out if there are other prisoners, but with the straitjacket on you, there is no point even trying to open the doors. You make your way to the end of the hall, where it splits into two, left and right. Reaching the end, you notice that you're breathing a bit heavier than normal. There is a slippery wetness between your legs, no doubt caused by the tight strap cutting across your spade. With a shake of your head, you try to ignore your moisture between your legs and continue on.

Looking around, you catch the faintest scent of fresh air to your right and so head that way. It is incredibly frustrating to walk with such tiny steps and that infuriating strap between your legs doesn't help. With every step you take, it rubs against your sex, sending shivers up your spine every now and then. You pass a couple more of those portable medicine cabinets but other than that, the place is empty, except from the doors lining the walls. Ahead is a pair of those double swinging doors and you nudge them open with your shoulder before walking through them.

You stop, shocked at what you see before you. Ahead is the first person you've seen since you woke up. In a little room off the hall directly to your left, you can see a figure through an open door, also wearing a latex straitjacket. Judging from her shape, she is a mare, slightly smaller than you with a hood covering her head and an inflation bulb hanging from where her mouth is. She is strapped down to one of those gynaecological tables, with the legs spread wide. Her ankles are strapped in, ensuring she can't get up. Between her thighs, thrusting slowly, is a fucking machine. As the machine withdraws from the mare's pussy, you can see that a very large and realistic mould of a stallion's cock is attached to the end. It's very obvious that it's vibrating vigorously, trembling and shaking as it's thrust in and out of her sex. There are also wires going from fierce nipple clamps to the cock so that every time it withdraws completely, it gives a harsh tug on the mare's breasts.

The mare is struggling furiously, and futilely, against the restraints that hold her down. Watching her, you wonder if the slow thrusting and vibrating is enough to let her cum. The dildo between the mare's legs is covered with a thick layer of her juices, which are dripping down onto the table. Already there is a large puddle there and it's still growing larger. You spy flashes of pink as the dildo pushes into her, the mare winking repeatedly.

You are mesmerised by the mare and her predicament. Edging closer, the sweet, thick scent of the mare filling your nose. You are about to go past the doorway when you shake your head and back away. There's nothing that you can do to help the mare with your arms bound like this, so you move on.

Seeing the mare like that, as well as the smell of her sex, have only added to the slickness between your thighs. At some point, you have subconsciously started suckling the gag in your mouth. With strange difficulty, you stop yourself sucking and continue looking around.

Maybe you can find a knife or scissors and get the straitjacket off.

You continue on and find a reception desk in a little alcove, and it has a phone! You shuffle over to it quickly, reaching the phone before realising that there is nothing you can do to use it. You kneel down in front of it, intending to try to use your nose to push the buttons when you leap backwards. The chain around your ankles snaps taught and you flop to one side, staring at the person in front of you.

It is difficult to tell their species because they are covered head to toe in black latex, but the large tail and ears sticking through the hood puts you in mind of a vixen. Whatever she was, her arms were bound in an armbrinder that was attached to the desk above her head, forcing her shoulders forward and down into a painful position. Your hearing is muffled by the plugs in your ears, but you swear that you can hear muffled sobs coming from the vixen.

You take a breath and are struck by the powerful odour of sex. Looking down, you see a puddle beneath the vixen's open crotch zipper. As you watch, she shudders and a cascade of liquid falls from her to join the puddle on the floor. You can't see exactly what but there's something in her pussy making her cum.

The crying vixen trembles and shudders for the second time in thirty seconds and you look at her with pity. You struggle to get up again but manage it although you nudge the vixen in the process. She thrashes around suddenly, screaming loudly enough that you can hear it through the plugs in your ears. However, just like the mare, there is nothing that you can do to help the orgasming girl. The vixen's situation, against your will, has made you hornier. Shame blossoms in your chest as you realise that her predicament has aroused you, but you can't help it. You always had a kinky side that you never indulged in.

You continue down the hallway, passing several other closed door that you don't try to open, not really wanting to see anything else. At the moment, your top priority is getting out of this damn straitjacket. And removing the crotch strap, which was quickly becoming your main concern. By now, the fur on your inner thighs is damp and matted from your juices, cause by a mix of the strap and the kinky situations of your fellow prisoners.

You haven't been this horny since your last heat, and there is heat building in your lower stomach. You are so busy thinking on your arousal that you cross another intersection without realising it. Looking to your left, down the new hall, you freeze. There is another person there, a stallion wearing a white lab coat. His ears swivel around as you stop, obviously hearing your approach. His fur is short and dark brown and underneath the coat, he's wearing a pair of tight fitting shorts and a shirt that's stretched tight over his chest. He rises from his crouch, revealing something on the floor behind him.

There is another person behind the stallion, someone in the same black latex as the other prisoners like yourself. They are viciously hogtied, their shoulders pulled back so that their

wrists meet with their ankles. Their tail is pulled up as well, tied to the same place with a strap. A glint of metal reveals that the girl has a metal hook sunk deep into her tailhole, keeping her hips angled upwards. You can't tell what's in her pussy, but she's writhing animatedly on the ground.

The stallion comes towards you, taking long strides. Much longer than yours. You try to get away from the depraved furry but the chain between your ankles limits your pace once again. In a couple of steps the stallion catches up to you and grabs a strap on the back of your straitjacket, halting any attempt to get away. You growl threateningly through you gag but the stallion just laughs.

"Easy there," he says in a rumbling voice. "I'll take care of you. You need a doctor." He pulls you over to a small door off the main hall. Once he opens the door, you realise that the space beyond isn't that small. It's filled with all manner of bondage gear and sex toys, some of it normal stuff and some of it things you have never even heard of before. The stallion leads you inside and attached two cables that lead from the ceiling onto your straitjacket. Turning a crank, the cables tighten until you are lifted off the ground. You hang there, looking at the stallion as he rummages around the storeroom.

After a little while, he moves behind you and undoes your crotch strap. You are relieved that the crotch strap has been removed, relief that is extremely short lived. The stallion's finger moves against your tailhole, spreading cold lube around. The finger nudges under your tail, pushing insistently before it slips inside. You groan as the stallion's digit wriggles around inside of you, spreading more of the lube around. Then, his finger withdraws and you huff out in relief, before something larger moves up under your tail. The stallion holds the butt plug there for a moment, then starts to push it forward. You haven't had much experience with anal but you try to relax as the large plug is pushed in. Still, it isn't painless and you whine loudly as the largest part of the plug slides past your sphincter. Then, it's in and you're panting through your nose.

The stallion moves back around in front of you and draws your attention by giving your breasts a firm squeeze. "Like your new friend?" he says, grinning widely. You shake your head and whine again through the gag. "That's too bad." He reaches around and pulls a bulb and tube around so that it's at the edge of your vision. As he moves the bulb, the plug under your tail moves about as well and as you realise what it is, you growl and thrash, only managing to swing slightly. The stallion only grins more widely and squeezes the bulb. The plug in your ass swells and you struggle even harder, but it's no use. The stallions squeezes the bulb again and again, letting you adjust to the size before increasing it again.

The stallion stops increasing the plug when it's uncomfortably large. Even hung like this from the roof, every move make the plug shift around, rubbing against your insides and causing tiny sparks of pleasure. The stallion hooks the inflation bulb to your straitjacket and moves back to the toys on the wall. The butt plug is an unwelcome distraction and you don't see what the stallion takes off the wall until he comes back.

The stallion holds up a dildo so that you can inspect it, giving out a small whimper as you do so. You have had sex before, no wolf in heat hasn't, but you are by no means experienced. The dildo the stallion was holding up was much larger than any of your heat partners and even when you did have sex, you didn't let them knot you. The knot on this is much bigger than any you have ever seen, let alone had in you. You aren't even sure it is possible to fit in you. When you go into heat, your sex gets more elastic to let the knot slip in, but you're not in heat now. The stallion moves the dildo down to your spade and outlines your lips with the tip. You can't help giving a small moan as he nudges your clit with it, before the stallion stands back up.

"Don't worry, you'll get more intimate with this toy later. I can't put it in now, might hurt you, and we don't want that." He slid the toy through a strap on the straitjacket then held you up as he undid the cables on your shoulders. He puts you down on the ground. You stand there helplessly as the stallion leads you out and closes the door to the storeroom. "Now to a nurse," the stallion says, taking a leash, clipping it to a ring on the front of your straitjacket and leading you slowly down the hall. Every step makes the uncomfortably large plug in your rear move around, something that you find, for some reason, extremely arousing.

After a little while and several hallways, you arrive at an office. The stallion pushes open the door and leads you inside. Inside there is a table covered in that paper that they put on examination tables in a regular doctor's office. What is less regular is the straps and cuffs that are attached in key places. To the left, at a desk, there is a female nurse, a rabbit. Unlike most rabbits though, when she looks at you, a predatory expression crosses her face. It is definitely not a nice look on a rabbit.

"Hello, Nurse Beck," the stallion said, taking you over to the bed and beginning to strap you down. "Got another one in need of your services." He steps back when you're immobile. You think that these are hardly necessary. A straitjacket, massive butt plug, gag and hood aren't enough

The nurse comes over and inspects you, commenting on the sheen of your fur and the nice shape of your muzzle. At any other time you would be pleased by the compliment but this is hardly the place or time, and definitely not the situation. The nurse goes to a cupboard and pulls out a needle and bottle of a colourless liquid. "The medicine will technically take effect immediately," she said, talking to both you and the stallion, "but we won't really see any change for five minutes or so and it will take fifteen minutes to completely affect her."

You try to ask what the hell she is talking about but once again the gag distorts your words into unintelligible grunts and mumbling. Beck filled the syringe with the 'medicine' and you eye it warily. You've hated needles since you were a pup and this one was making you more alert than usual. The nurse moves the fur aside on your arm and jabs the needle into a vein there. You can't help giving a small yelp at the sharp pain of the needle entering your arm, then again at the sensation of it leaving. The nurse quickly taped a small cotton ball over the mark and patted your arm. In any other time and place it would have been a comforting gesture, but

here and now it was predatory and possessive. "Right," she said, putting the needle in a bin and putting the bottle back in the cupboard. "Come on," she said to the stallion. "Leave her be while it takes effect. We'll have some fun." The nurse trailed her fingers down the stallion's chest and crotch before leading him outside the room, closing the door behind them.

The room quickly becomes extremely boring. You look around the room but see nothing to interest you as the minutes crawl by. You don't like being unoccupied with something, and the immobilisation doesn't help at all.

It takes a while before you notice something different. A feeling of warmth is slowly blossoming in your belly and a kind of electric energy is running through you. Almost without realising it, you've begun panting through your nose. Your breasts, poking through the straitjacket, have swelled slightly and your nipples have become rock hard. Even the air from the vents has become delightfully torturous, playing over your exposed fur. It takes a while for your fuzzy mind to realise what is happening, then it comes to you in a flash.

Heat. The medicine they gave you, it's put you into heat and not a natural one at that. Naturally, there's a build-up of these feelings, these lusts but the medicine that fucking nurse gave you made you skip that part and go straight to the height of your heat. It's very unpleasant, but thoughts like these fade from your mind as the drug in your veins takes full effect.

You don't normally get this far into your heat, ever. When it starts, you usually go to a canine bar and try to entice someone to sate your need. If you don't feel like that, then you would go to one of the services that cater to heat. Whatever the case, you have never been this deep into it. The minutes drag by and you can feel your spade growing and puffing up. From your previous experience, even though you can't see it, you know that your spade has filled out most of the space between your thighs. It has gone deep red and the hood of your clit has drawn back, exposing it to the cool air that is swirling around you. You don't need prior experience to know how sensitive your spade has gotten. You can feel the fur tickling around the edges, making you squirm as much as you can in the straps. Those same straps that you hated before only add to the torture now, making you unable to thrust or grind against anything. You find yourself wishing for the crotch strap again, anything to grind against. The butt plug is barely moving, depriving you of much needed stimulation.

"It's working quite well," the stallion said. You hadn't even noticed him coming back into the room but the moment he does, you immediately recognise the potent smell of sex that accompany them. The nurse is next to him, fur dishevelled and matted around her thighs. The rabbit walks over to you and gives you a quick look over.

"Yes," she agrees. "I gave her a double dose. It mustn't be nice. Is it?" She directs the last question at you but you aren't paying attention. You're staring back at the stallion, moving your hips around futilely, trying to entice him, anyone, to sate you. The stallion only laughs and

walks over, before running a hand lightly down your furred belly. The touch is isn't anywhere near your pussy but it is so arousing that you can't help but arch into it. He laughs again and pulls the canine dildo from the straitjacket. You had forgotten about that, and you whine and yelp through the gag, motioning with your muzzle first at the dildo then at your crotch. The stallion snickers and gives the dildo to the nurse, who takes it over to the desk and out of your sight.

"How's your heat?" the stallion says, smiling widely. You can only groan and whimper. You can feel the heat rising from your mound. The nurse comes back over with the dildo, now glistening with lube, not that it's needed. Your heat has made sure that you're more than ready to be fucked. The stallion takes the dildo and gently traces your spade with the tip. You hump against it, but the tip recedes with you. He nudges your clit gently and you cry out through the gag, the sensation almost unbearable.

After teasing you for what seems like years and you're almost in tears from your need, the stallion nestles the tip of the dildo up against your entrance. He holds it there for a moment before thrusting it into you in one smooth movement, hilding the dildo until the knot mashes against your swollen lips. You give a long moan and fall limp, basking in the slight relief from your heat. The stallion holds the dildo still for a couple of seconds before thrusting it in and out slowly. You start moaning almost continuously as the pleasure begins to peak almost at once. This far in your heat, you'd orgasm as soon as the sex began. Already you can feel yourself getting closer and closer.

Then the stallion suddenly tried to thrust the dildo all the way into you and the huge knot jammed against your spade, stretching it until the skin is taut around it. You cannot help but yelp loudly and repeatedly as the stallion hammers the knot into your spade. Your heat turns any pain into pleasure, and you are hanging on the very edge of a massive orgasm, the biggest you've ever had. But you can't get over the edge. You need to be knotted, to feel it stretch you out and lock into place

The stallion is working the dildo deeper and deeper, until the widest part of the knot is stretching your spade out, the skin stretched thin. The stallion draws it back one more time and then drives it forwards powerfully. Your spade deforms under the knot before moving around it. You moan as the knot enters you, approaching the widest part of the dildo. Then the knot enters you with a slight pop, stretching your walls out around it.

The sensation of being tied is exactly what you need to orgasm, the feeling of your sex clutching the knot what you needed to push yourself over. You arch your hips into the dildo, your muscles clenching and rolling along the fake cock, milking it for non-existent cum. The pleasure overpowers you and you yelp and howl through the gag. The orgasm keeps going until, finally, you collapse back onto the table, panting heavily through your nose.

You always yelp when you orgasm, something past mates have always found very cute.

Orgasms in heat are usually much more intense but you haven't felt an orgasm like that before, not ever. The stallion laughs and raps his knuckles on the base of the toy, causing aftershocks to shoot through you.

The nurse begins undoing some of the straps that tie you to the table. The fog of heat is lifting from your mind now, and a thought occurs to you. Being knotted is a biological trigger for making heat recede for a bit, but it doesn't stop it. The toy can't make you pregnant, nor do you have any of those hormone tablets that take the edge off the heat. It is going to come back, and soon. Eventually, even being knotted by a dildo won't make a difference.

The nurse helps you stand up, the knot on the toy keeping it inside you as you do so. As it moves around, your knees grow a little wobbly as little waves of pleasure radiate from your sex and travel up your spine. The stallion grabs a strap on your straitjacket to keep you upright, and says farewell to the rabbit. He takes you out of the office and down the hall, taking you who knows where. Walking with the dildo makes it rub rather nicely inside you. Every couple of steps the knot brushes against a particularly sensitive spot in your sex, making your knees buckle. Whenever this happens, the stallion snickers and pulls you back up. The butt plug doesn't help either. It and the knot are rubbing together through the thin flesh that separates them, a strange, but nice, sensation. Both of them together make you feel stuffed.

You aren't walking very fast with the combination of the butt plug, dildo and ankle cuffs, so it takes a while to reach wherever you're going. As you walk, you can feel your heat beginning to return. Your spade, which never really shrunk, is beginning to radiate warmth again and the hormones are beginning to taint your thoughts. Before long you're giving your hips a shake on each step, making the dildo shift around inside you. By this time, the stallion is half carrying, half dragging you down the hall.

Eventually, the stallion drags you over to a door, one in a long line down the hallway. He unlocks the door and pushes it open. It was a bare white room, empty except for a bed, again covered in restraints. The stallion takes you over to the bed and ties you down again. Your shiver as the stallion touches you, craving any touch that might possibly make you cum again. These restraints are slightly different. The stallion undies your ankle cuffs then puts different cuffs on your legs, making sure they stay spread wide. Then he undoes the straitjacket. He leaves it on you, but cuffs your wrists to the bed as well.

After you are immobile, he goes over to a wall and presses part of the wall. It depresses slightly and slides to the side, revealing a neatly recessed storage space. He takes out a machine with a long pole on the end and set it down at the end of your bed, between your legs. He detaches the stick from the machine and somehow connects it to the dildo inside you. He puts the stick back onto the machine and you suddenly recognise from when you saw it before, with the mare. It's one of those fucking machines.

"Right," the stallion says, standing back. "I have other patients to attend to. I'll be back



in a couple of hours, twelve tops.” He turned the machine on and walked out.

The machine gently retracts, popping the knot out of you which draws a long moan from your gagged mouth. Slowly, it takes the dildo completely out of you, the tip just nestled in your spade, before thrusting it back in, tortuously slowly. You lay there limply, panting, wallowing in the feelings of the cock thrusting in and out. The machine changes its pattern and rhythm, starting off slow before beginning to speed up, making you get closer to your peak. When you’re close, the machine seems to know and begins thrusting more deeply, the knot hammering against your spade. As you feel the pressure well in your hips, the fucking machine forces the knot back into you, a much easier fit now. The sensation pushes you over the edge of another huge orgasm, your juices soaking the bed.

The machine lets you rest for a little, your heat temporarily receding again, before it restarts the process. By the fifth time, your heat has stopped dying down when you orgasm. By the eighth time, you aren’t orgasming any more. You need a real cock to make your heat go away, to make you orgasm. This is your torture. The machine keeps you on the edge, unable to go over and orgasm. It fans the flames of your heat, not letting it go out. You scream your frustration out through the gag and it echoes off the walls back at you.

It takes hours for the machine to stop. At some point you started crying with frustration and your face is wet, the fur tinged with salt. The sheet between your legs is even wetter, the product of the relentless edging and the first few orgasms you had. Your mind has gotten a little clearer, perhaps building a slight resistance to the fogging effects of your heat. When the machine finally stops thrusting, you groan in relief. Somehow, sometime in the night, the straps holding you down have come loose.

You manage to get one hand free from the cuff. It is still in the straitjacket sleeve but you get the other cuff off as well, with a lot of effort. As soon as your wrists are free you undo your ankles and scoot back along the bed. The sensation of the dildo sliding out of you is enough to make you moan and push your pussy back against it, your muscles rippling and spasming around the sudden emptiness. Fighting to regain control of yourself, you slide off the bed. Your legs don’t hold your weight and you fall to the floor, the muscles in your pussy still trembling. Your heat is still in full swing, even if you can think reasonably clearly.

You manage to stand on shaky legs. Every couple of seconds your pussy trembles and clenches around the space inside it, desperate for something to fill it. You make your way over to the door, marvelling at how fast you can move without ankle cuffs. The closed-ended sleeves of the straitjacket remove all of your fine motor control but you can still open the door. A thought strikes you and you try to remove the hood but you feel some kind of buckle or lock through the thick latex covering your hands. It isn’t possible for you to undo that, not with no hands. You reach back to the butt plug that is still uncomfortably inflated. There is no way that you can take it out while it’s inflated, but maybe you can trigger the air release. You pull the cord for the plug between your legs, shivering as the plug shifts inside you. You examine it then

let it drop between your legs again. There's no way you can turn that little metal ring.

You lean on the door handle and it opens. Obviously, the stallion didn't think that you would be able to escape the cuffs. You peek out into the hallway and, seeing that it's empty, scamper out. The lights are the exact same as they were hours ago, completely screwing with your body clock. Your heat is still your greatest concern at this point and the walk is still stimulating you, the fur rubbing along the edges of your spade, your thighs moving the sensitive flesh around. Before long, you lean against a wall and jam your arms between your legs, rubbing furiously. Unfortunately, your heat isn't allowing you to make yourself cum, although the feeling of latex against your mound is infuriatingly arousing.

You force your arms back up and stumble over to the nearest door. Pushing down on the handle, you find that this one isn't locked either and you push it open. Once you see who is inside, you cry out in relief. On the bed in the room there is a canine of some description. He is wearing a latex suit that covers him from head to toe. The crotch zip of his suit is open, exposing his cock to the air. It is erect and almost as large as the dildo that you had in you before, except this cock's knot isn't inflated yet. Underneath the canine's tail, there is the end of a butt plug protruding from his tailhole. It's different from yours. This one is metal and is visible vibrating. Every couple of seconds the canine gives a muffled yelp and his hips twitch, making you think that there is an electrical component to his torture.

The sight of a male, and a canine like yourself no less, has driven all restraint from your mind. You immediately clamber onto the bed, straddling the canine, before you rub your spade along the canine's tip until it finds your opening. Feeling that it's in place, you drop your hips down until your spade is flush to his crotch, more than ready to accept it. You stay like that for a couple of seconds, revelling in the feeling of a living cock inside you. It's satisfying in a way that nothing else has been. Your heat is finally getting what it wants.

The canine beneath you is gently rocking his hips up at you, stopped from making greater movements by the straps holding him to the bed. After a couple of seconds you can't help yourself from starting to rock up and down. The feeling of the hot flesh sliding along your walls makes you throw your head back and moan through the gag. Your juices are dripping down and matting the fur of the canine beneath you, as well as the fur on your own thighs. Suddenly, a light shock sparks through you, making you spasm around the canine. The butt plug. It is shocking the canine and now, with your arousal covering the both of you, you are getting shocked as well. You decide that you don't mind the shocks and would rather get mated and sate your heat.

After being fucked by the machine for so long, and your heat, it doesn't take long for you to orgasm. You yelp as your sex ripples and clutches at the shaft inside you. You slow down for a moment but you need more than one orgasm to be satisfied after what you've been through. You can feel the knot on the cock beneath you but it's still not completely inflated. Canines only get full knots when they're about to orgasm, so you can probably take him for

another round.

Another shock runs through you, making you clench again. You begin to bounce your hips up and down again, going a bit more slowly now. Every couple of seconds another shock runs through you, causing your muscles to spasm around the canine inside you. You're getting a little tired of the shocks, but your lust has risen again and your need is far more urgent at the moment.

You speed up slowly, slamming your hips up and down on the cock inside you. Instinct is taking over your thoughts and you don't really register the growing knot that is grinding against your spade. The male beneath you is moaning himself, still trying to make his hips meet yours but held down by the straps on the bed.

You're slamming your hips down harder and harder, instinct in full control of your actions. Your body needs to be knotted and you are ensuring that that happens. You raise yourself up so that the tip of his cock is nestled at your entrance, then let yourself fall back down. The knot mashes against your spade, deforming the heated flesh, before slipping inside and tying you to the bound male.

The sensation is all you need to go over the edge into your second orgasm in recent minutes. You yelp into the gag as pleasure overtakes you, falling forward onto the male's chest, your walls squeezing and clutching at his cock. You feel the cock beneath you stiffen and begin to pulse, painting your insides with hot seed. As he cums, another shock travels up from the butt plug underneath the canine's tail. The electric shock combined with the sensation of being filled with seed makes you cum for the third time.

You lay on top of the male, exhausted from your orgasms. The warmth in your lower belly promises a sated heat, something that you can already feel happening. The hormones are leaving your mind now, leaving you with another worry. You hope that this false heat hasn't made you fertile. The last thing you want is a belly full of pups.

Another shock runs through your sex and you yelp out in discomfort. Now that your need and heat have been sated, the shocks are more painful and uncomfortable than they were before. The male is still spurting inside you and you shift around, knowing that his knot won't go down for the better part of an hour.

The liquid warmth feels nice in your belly, a feeling that is rapidly being eroded by the electricity that sparks through you every couple of seconds. There is nothing else to help take your mind of the shocks, shocks that are making you clench your muscles unpleasantly. They seem to grow in intensity, making you grunt, then cry out through the gag. You wonder how the hell the guy beneath you can even stand them, for however long he's been stuck here.

You were right in your predictions; it takes almost an hour for the male's knot to deflate

enough for you to get off him. A very painful hour too. You always hated pain and have a low tolerance for it, and the shocks are definitely over that threshold. You pull yourself up of his cock, relieved to stop the electricity from running through you. As you stand up, a little of the canine's cum leaks out of your pussy, the knot no longer there to keep it in. You look down and see it soaking into the matted mess that is the fur on your thighs. You put it out of your mind; there is nothing you can do about it now. Your legs are a little unsteady as you walk over to the door and you are about to open it when it flies open. In the doorway, stands a large fox with dark orange fur.

"Well, well, well," he said, grinning widely. "What are you doing here?"