

The Beginning
(G- Chronicles Series #2)
Written By: WereG-Wolf Garrett R.

“Oh, God.” G- moaned out as he awoke to daylight on the cold ground, his body aching all over. “What the fuck happened?”

G- started to sit up but the motion made his head spin and he held his head as he tried to remember what happened. Finally his head stopped spinning and turned into a big headache as he recalls last night, or what he thinks what happened.

He sits there holding his head and remembers one piece of last night. G- recalled seeing what to be a werewolf or wolfman who basically raped him. But as he looked over his little camp here there was no evidence of the man being there and his ass hurt could be from the toy, which was not too far away.

Having one experience up to his imagination, he remembered another thing. During the surprisingly amazing sex he things he had, he remembered having been bit on the neck and howling out in pain from it. So he took his other hand and reached for where he was bite and found nothing. No bite marks. No pain. Nothing.

G- sighs and chalked up his experiences to his imagination. And his headache seemed to have subsided, so he slowly stands and goes around doing his routine. He was here for a few more days anyways; he was on vacation after all.

His ass was gaping and chilling and it needed filled. He looked for his toy, upon finding he pushed it balls deep in one shot, moaning as it does. His feeling of being filled, filled, he moved to get a quick breakfast and go along with his day.

After eating his small breakfast to tide him over until lunch, he caught a scent. But what surprised him the most is that he smelt like something he had smelt, which no should be able to. Cum. G- found himself sniffing the air and looking for the source of the scent.

He found himself going into his tent and he saw the source, boxers with some drops of cum. Walking inside more, he picked up the underwear and looked at them for a moment then put his face into the crotch area and inhaled deeply.

A moment later he exhaled the sweet scent. “Alpha.” He said but then caught what he said and shook his head to put that thought away. “Where did the come from?” G- said aloud to no one as he stared at the undergarment in his hands.

Moments later he tossed the piece of clothing onto his bags, somehow he couldn’t throw the boxers away. Something in the back of his mind won’t let him. So having the boxer on his things he turned and got out of the tent and went to relax in his chair by the fire.

Hours pass and before he knew it, it was time to get around for bed already. G- got ready for bed and straight to bed, having been tired some tons of swimming during that day, having been burnt slightly and his ass tender and plugged still.

Throughout the night, G- tossed and turned as soon as he was out cold. Being in a restless sleep.

Night after night G- tossed and turned in his sleep, but never waking up until morning. Where he was rested but tired still as if something was missing, but that feeling left as soon as he left the tent and got on with his day.

As G- woke up on his last day in the woods, he rubbed the crude from his eyes and got around to pack what was in his tent and getting dressed, leaving the same plug from days ago in

for the hike down. While packing he grabbed the mystery boxers again, but only looked for a second before putting them in his pack.

Having his bags packed up that were in the tent, he sent them outside and unassembled his tent and out it away too. Once his tent was packed in his bag, he looked over the site to see if he forgot anything but it seemed like he has everything and he makes his way down the trail to his vehicle at the base. The plug hitting his sweet spot in his ass every time he walked, but he liked that.

A long, sweet spot hitting, hike later G- found himself at his car and packed it up and made his way home. After a drive on the highway, G- pulls into his driveway and sighs. "Glad to be home." He said then got out and unpacked his car.

Few trips later all his things were unpacked from his car and inside where he then started to unpack and put things where they belonged in the house. Bathroom things in the bathroom. Dirty clothes in the laundry room. Clean clothes put away in his room, along with some toys. As he put away clothes, he pulled the mystery boxers out and for some reason he didn't want to wash them, so he folded them and set them on top of his dresser.

Everything having been unpacked and out away, it was time to relax. First off, a nice hot shower. Sure the lake was fine, but nothing beats a hot shower at home.

Stripping his clothes, he tossed them in the laundry room and walked to the shower and turned it on to get warm. As the water slowly warmed, he grabbed a towel and washcloth from the closet and set them out.

The water warmed to the temperature he like and he stepped inside and made the water go from the tub to the shower head. Once the water was running from the shower head, G- slinked down to sit on the bathtub floor.

Settling into the tub, G- took a hand and put to the plug that is still in his ass from that morning and tugged at it to get pleasure from it. He then took his other hand and slowly stroked his cock that started to grow.

Stroke by stroke he grew harder and his pace quicken, somehow horny. Almost 24/7 lately and it seemed the more he got off, the more he produced. You think the opposite. Though G- found it weird, he didn't complain though a sex partner would be nice.

His balls tightened quickly and he thrust involuntarily and shot ropes after roped of sticky cum onto his chest and gut of a belly. G- looks down his body at the release and smiles at the climax he had, all while panting.

A few moments later he wet the washcloth and cleaned of the cum on himself. Once clean from the cum, he stands and washes his hair and body. As he washed, the plug hit his prostate forcing his cock to be rock hard again.

G- looked down at his member. "You won't quit will you?" G- asked his boner.

His boner just pulsed in response.

G- lets go a heavy sigh. "Fine, one more time then we're done."

The member still only pulsed.

Putting a hand to his member once again, G- started to jerk his hand over it as fast as he could to get off quickly. Being full blown horny again, G- doubled over himself as he jerked himself, wanting the cum to blow out, here and now.

Surprisingly, G- got his wish and he suddenly arched backward and howled out as he painted the shower wall before him in cum. Spurt after spurt shot out of his cock and onto the wall, more cum shot out than just less than five minutes ago.

Leaning against the opposite shower wall, G- panted and looked at the cum at the other wall, slightly shocked that most of the wall was painted. He was more shocked at having more cum than he had in his whole life, and being horny almost all the time.

While he regained himself against the shower wall, G- thought that he needed to avoid anything that could make him horny so he can get some rest. So he reached behind him and tugged at the plug and pulled it out with a pop, leaving him empty.

Setting the plug on the shower shelf, he turned the water off and stepped out of the shower and started to dry himself.

Having been dried off, he steps out of the bathroom and walks by the laundry room and throws the towel into the basket and went to his room to grab a couple clothing pieces. Walking up to his dresser he pulled out a pair of boxer briefs, before that he thought of the jockstraps that were in the same drawer but that stirred his cock and he decided against it.

After pulling the underwear on he opened his shorts drawer and pulled out a pair of jean shorts and pulled those on, finishing his attire. He can be shirtless, but he likes to have something below his waist.

Finishing dressing he walked out of his room and a thought of getting the last few days mail popped into his head and he made his way to the door. At the door, he opens it and closes it behind him and makes the short walk to the mailbox and grabs the small pile of mail inside.

He looked through the mail as he walked back to the house, most of it bills and junk mail. But one piece of mail stood out, a small package with his name on it and no return address or postage-stamp. Meaning the package was dropped in his box by someone and not delivered via mail.

G- was hesitant to open the package, but he finally grabbed some scissors and tore the tape sealing the package. Once the tape was off he opened the flap that made the box and emptied the package of its contents. As he emptied the package, a smartphone and a piece of paper came out.

Curious, G- picked the phone up. It seemed to be a brand new smartphone. Picking up the piece of paper, he turned it over and read it. "Turn Me On. Text The Only Number."

G- was confused at the instructions, why would he text an unknown person? But in the back of his head a voice told him he should and he followed that voice and turned the phone and went into the contacts. In the contacts he found a sole number, but the number itself was not seeable to him but the number was listed as a mobile number and the contact named "Alpha". When he read the name on the contact, Alpha, he couldn't help me shiver in excitement for some reason.

Once the feeling passed, he started a new message. "Hello???" G- typed into the phone and sent it then set the phone down and walked away to go to the living room.

Halfway to the living the phone rings to say it as a new message, the ring made G- jump from not expecting the sound or a reply so quick. When his heart was beating right again, he walked back to grab the phone then made his way to the living room again, looking at the message. "Hello... pup."

G- shivered again as he read "pup" but replied. "Who is this? What do you want?"

As he sat down on the couch, the phone chimed and a message appeared. "You already know who I am, pup. As for what I want, I want you."

"Me? What do you want with me?" G- replied, his heart beating.

"I want all of you, boy. Your mind. Your body. Your soul. I want to own you." the text replied.

“You can’t own anyone, that’s illegal.” G- sent, heart beating even faster.

“Haha. I know, my boy. But I won’t be taking you forcefully; you will be crawling to be owned by me.”

“No. No I won’t. I will never be like that.” G- replied, his heart beating out of his chest but his cock starts to stir at the thought of being owned.

“Now, now. We’ll see about that. But I’m a patient man, what if I made a deal with you?”

“What kind of deal?” G- sent after a moment hesitation.

“A deal you can’t refuse. A deal that shows who is right.”

“Fine. What is this deal you have?” G- replied, heart beating and cock still stirring at the thought.

“Simple, pup. If you really don’t want to be owned, don’t text me for 24 hours and I will leave you be and this never happened. But if you fail to do that and text me, you become my little slave.”

G- looked and read the text over and over again a few times and it was a deal he couldn’t refuse. But before he could reply another text came in.

“And if you haven’t figured it out yet, I mean sex slave when I say slave. Reply back with your decision on this deal...”

He actually thought he meant sex slave, why else would you want to own someone in this day and age? And after some thought, he made his decision. “I agree to the terms. 24 hours. No texting you. Otherwise I’m your sex slave.”

“Yes. That is right, pup. Starting now, you don’t text me or your body is mine.”

G- understood what was in stake and throw the phone aside so he wouldn’t send a text to the mystery man and be a slave. Now to get through the next twenty-four hours...