

While I mention this in the upload description for whatever site I upload to, I'll mention it here as well so no one can claim they weren't informed - THIS IS NOT A TRADITIONAL STORY; the 'chapters' here aren't part of the same contiguous plot, but actually contain their own self-contained plots, each with a different set of fetishes - if there's a fetish here you don't like, just skip that chapter.

Drabble 1 - At the Edge of Desperation

Splits off from page 6 of A British Werewolf in Ireland

Warning for: Molestation, Non-con, Edging/Orgasm Denial

"Greymane, Alexander Matthew, Captain, 93739653, 30/10/1980," he states in a neutral tone, though his desire to say much more than that is so strong, he has to actively concentrate to keep from running his mouth and getting gagged again.

"Of course, Name, Rank, Service Number and Date of Birth - you know your articles of war well, but those aren't really going to help you here - as a resistance movement, we're not legally obligated to follow them." the captain replies amid a derisive snort from Alex.

*"**Terrorist** movement, not resistance." the wolfman spits. "Freedom fighters don't go around bombing innocent civvies to make their grievances known!"*

"I say po-tay-to, you say po-tah-to, it doesn't really matter - we can argue semantics till the cows come home and it won't do either of us a bit of good. It was worth a try, but I know you're no basic army dog." the rebel counters, whatever expression may be on his scaly snout obscured by the bandanna tied around his muzzle. "The way you set up that flank attack, the controlled gunshot bursts, the weapon itself...MP5k, that's not standard issue army - that's special forces - Special Air Service, I'd reckon." he pauses briefly and lets out a low chuckle as Alex's eyes widen the barest fraction of an inch, but otherwise shows no outward sign of being stunned by his captor's knowledge. "You're probably expecting an interrogation, probably involving 'enhanced' techniques, and I could...and should, as payback for what you and your partner did to my men," he pauses and appears to be pondering something. "In fact, I am rather curious about something - I know you've been trained against painful methods of interrogation, but there are other ways of gaining information besides pain ..." the reptile trails off as he slowly looks over his confused captive's body.

"What on earth are you eve-OI OI OI, what the hell do you think you're doing?!" the wolf yells, his confusion quickly turned to alarm and anger as the rebel captain suddenly kneels in front of him and grabs his trousers, working at the button as Alex continues yelling and trying to pull away from the handsy reptile.

He just ignores the angry wolf for the moment as he works the button loose and tugs the flap open, but the constant stream of barking and profanity coming from Alex's mouth ends up annoying him so much that he gets to his feet and grabs a spare bandanna from his uniform pocket.

"-your filthy claws off me before I show you just what hap-MMMPH!" Alex's rant is suddenly cut off by the bandanna being jammed in his muzzle and the ropes that were around his muzzle earlier being tied in place again.

"At last, blessed silence - no more caterwauling from you - now let's get back to business." the captain kneels once more and resumes tugging the wolf's trousers open amid muffled, furious grunts while some of the nearby rebels watch with a mix of interest, shock and even arousal in one or two cases, followed by tucking his thumbs in either side of the uniform bottoms and yanking them down, nearly pulling the pants with them, though this is narrowly avoided by the band, bearing the repeating phrase 'Bad Puppy' equally spaced along the circumference, getting caught on Alex's sheath, the fuzzy tube being clearly visible through the skin-tight fabric of his dog bone imprint boxers.

The captain blinks and slowly looks up at the struggling werewolf, eyes sparkling with amusement. "I'm not sure what I expected, but I suppose it fits you." He then reaches between Alex's legs and gives his balls a rough grope through the boxers - much to the wolf's extreme displeasure, which he makes known through an increase in struggling since he can't voice it, though it doesn't stop him from trying.

"I have to confess, though," the raptor captain continues as he slowly drags the middle and index fingers of his dominant hand over Alex's boxer-clad sheath. "I am rather impressed - if the size of this thing is any indication, you're packing just as much firepower in your gun as you were in all those weapons you were carrying." He then grabs the boxer's waistband and slowly tugs them down the bound wolf's legs amid continued struggles and muffled, though impressively loud, protests, his fat sheath and low-hanging, softball-sized ballsack coming into view, much to the appreciation of more than one of the camp's occupants, several wolf-whistles emanating from the gathering crowd.

Alex is much less enthused, muffled grunts coming from behind the cleave gag almost constantly, the general tone and volume conveying his current feelings of extreme displeasure adequately enough - especially once the captain begins fondling, squeezing and massaging his fuzzy tube, the tip of his pinkish-gray cock slowly slipping out from inside the pouch despite his attempts to keep from becoming aroused.

"Attaboy, lad - just relax and enjoy...not like you can do bugger all." the captain adds as he continues fondling the captive wolf's balls and sheath until enough of his cock has slipped free, then switching to that, his scaled hands slowly rubbing and

stroking over the veiny rod, a trickle of clear pre starting to leak from Alex's tip despite his continued efforts to keep his body from responding to the rebel's molestation, along with continued attempts to yank himself free of the ropes binding him to the tree so he can strangle said rebel.

"There we are." the rebel states as soon as the wolfman's cock reaches its full erectness, a scaled thumb brushing over the weeping tip and smearing the fluid down the turgid rod, drawing a muffled moan from Alex before he can stop himself - and then another as the captain starts stroking his captive in earnest, the section of the camp nearest the bound lycan filled with the sounds of a scaled hand swiftly stroking over slick flesh, not only from the wolf but also from some of the rebels watching the show, many of them with hands down their uniform trousers stroking themselves to the sight of their captain molesting the captured SAS werewolf and some having gone one step farther, their trousers around their ankles as they shamelessly stroke their slimy ridged cocks to the sight.

Alex meanwhile has been thrown for a loop - he certainly was not expecting ANY of this when he woke up this morning...and a small part of him is regretting not having had a morning wank either, because as much as he will NEVER admit it aloud...the rebel captain's stroking is having a hell of an effect on him - and he can't even keep from voicing this, as moans and whimpers continue escaping his muzzle before he can stop them, especially as the pleasure intensifies by the second, little jolts of electricity coursing through his nerves and pressure building up, first in his balls, then through his entire groin, the hand stroking him speeding up more and more as the pressure increases in turn, the wolf seconds from teetering over the edge...when the captain's hand suddenly leaves his cock, the wolf's eyes immediately bursting open (*When had they closed?*) and a strangled cry escaping his gagged muzzle as pre gushes from his twitching cock.

"Now, now...can't be havin' you getting off too quick, there - release is a reward, and rewards have to be earned." the captain states, and despite the bandanna being wrapped around his snout, the poor blue-balled wolf gets the distinct feeling he's smirking beneath it. "I think a bit of edging will get you into a more talkative mood - at least talkative in a way that won't involve you questioning my parentage in a very rude way."

Alex is less than thrilled with this, screaming muffled obscenities and yanking hard against the ropes, once again in a futile attempt to break the carbon nanofiber threads, the little give the ropes grant him making his cock flail about with the movement, flinging strands of pre all about, some of it landing on the captain as he waits calmly for several minutes for the wolf's tantrum to end before he grasps that cock and begins stroking it again, amid renewed struggles, though this time he's attempting to thrust his cock in time with the rebel's strokes in an equally futile attempt to push himself over the edge before the raptor can take his hand away, which he does

a few seconds later as the familiar rush of impending orgasm threatens to wash over the lycan again, but fails due to the sudden, frustrating removal of stimulation, an even louder scream tearing its way from Alex's sweat-dampened muzzle, this one with a hint of desperation to it.

"Does the poor wee pup have a cummyache? That intense, heavy ache of bollocks begging for release, but denied so close to the edge? All that blood rushing to your bits in anticipation of that sweet nirvana, but it never...quite...makes it." the rebel says in a soft, soothing tone as he begins stroking the whimpering wolf again, bringing him to the edge once more - and denying him once more.

This vicious cycle of tease-and-deny continues for another half hour or so, by which time most of the watching rebels have bust a nut at least once, some more than once, all of them rubbing the fact they can do so whenever they want in the poor, tormented werewolf's muzzle, said werewolf now a trembling, crying mess, his entire body and uniform thoroughly soaked in sweat and his balls swollen to nearly twice their normal size while his equally swollen cock, having turned a rather ugly shade of purple by now, is dripping a constant stream of pre almost like a leaking faucet - and still the rebel captain continues to bring him to the edge before pulling his hand away, taking a special delight in hearing the whimpers coming from his captive's bound muzzle, any thought of defiance or rebelliousness long buried under the pain constantly radiating through his lower groin, broken up only by the brief sessions of pleasure he receives at the raptor's whim - his SAS training and his own natural resistance to pain keeping him able-minded enough to avoid spilling any sensitive information, of course, though the captain doesn't actually seem overly interested in getting information from him yet, just torturing him by constantly edging and denying him any sort of sexual release.

"Well, that was a nice warm-up, pup; I'd say that's enough for the day - we can continue tomorrow." the captain says after taking his slimy hand away from the wolf's swollen shaft for the final time that day before leaning in and whispering to the wide-eyed SAS captain. "Consider this payback for the lads you killed back at that staging camp - a mite poor in exchange for a life, but it'll have to do, and I'm nowhere near done with you - get yourself some rest, because you'll need it." he adds before pulling away, ruffling Alex's head and turning to bark at the other rebels, "Alright back to it, all of you lazy gobshites! You've had your fun, but revolutions don't run on a ride!".

And with that, the rebels scatter back to their tasks after fixing their trousers and cleaning up as needed, followed by their captain and leaving the sweaty, exhausted werewolf slumped against the tree, his rocket still throbbing furiously from the hours of teasing and leaking constantly to the ground below to join the rest of the pre that had formed a small puddle in the dirt over time while Alex thinks to himself. *'Argh, bloody hell...Theo, please hurry - I don't think I can handle another day of that.'*

Drabble 2 - No Laughing Matter

Splits off from Drabble 1, Page 3

Warning for: Molestation, Non-con, Tickle Torture

"Attaboy, lad - just relax and enjoy...not like you can do bugger all." the captain adds as he continues fondling the captive wolf's balls and sheath until enough of his cock has slipped free, then switching to that, his scaled hands slowly rubbing and stroking over the veiny rod, a trickle of clear pre starting to leak from Alex's tip despite his continued efforts to keep his body from responding to the rebel's molestation, along with continued attempts to yank himself free of the ropes binding him to the tree so he can strangle said rebel.

"There we are." the rebel states as soon as the wolfman's cock reaches its full erectness, a scaled thumb brushing over the weeping tip and smearing the fluid down the turgid rod, drawing a muffled moan from Alex before he can stop himself but then he steps away from his captive and heads off to his quarters, leaving not only Alex confused at this sudden, unexpected action, but his men as well - though the latter group manages to spot him coming back first after a bit and start laughing, first gently, then uproariously when they spot what the captain has clutched between his claws, which is revealed to be a pristine, pure white feather once he returns to Alex's position.

Alex is rather nonplussed as the camp's occupants near him start laughing and wondering why - surely if they were laughing at him, they'd have started a while ago. Though he quickly gets his answer as the captain returns holding a feather, though he remains confused as he tries to puzzle out what that would be for - until he suddenly recalls a past dalliance of his involving a very kinky partner, which causes his eyes to widen amid a series of renewed struggling. "MMMMPH MMRPH HMMMMPH!" the wolf yells around the gag as the rebel moves closer, pulling with all his strength against the ropes, but they hold him fast to the tree as the captain comes up beside Alex's struggling form.

"I take it by your sudden flurry of activity that you have an inkling what this is for, pup? Well, hopefully you'll give the lads and myself a good show and won't break TOO quickly," he says, smirking behind his bandanna as he brings the feather to the lycan's partially retracted cock and slowly drags the edge over the light pink flesh, making the wolf shudder and squirm from the ticklish sensation.

"MMMMMPH!" he yells again in protest as the feather drags over his sensitive cock, jerking away as much as he's able - which isn't much at all given how tightly he's bound to the tree, a loud, if muffled, moan tearing its way from the depth of his throat as the feathertip caresses the underside of his cockhead, which jerks slightly and spurts a jet of pre from the tip with enough force to land on the raptor captain's uniform which he fails to notice, being too preoccupied with tormenting his captive with the feather.

“Good lad, just relax and enjoy the sensation - you’ll be experiencing a lot of it.” the captain states with a sinister chuckle as he drags the feather up one side of the wolfman’s weeping cock, then down the other, before brusquely rubbing the tip over the underside, collecting some pre and spreading it around the shaft.

“HNNNNNGH!” Alex yells, trying and failing to suppress more moans and being more successful in suppressing any laughs, though just barely, his sweat-soaked chest heaving as he tries to pull away from the devilish feather tickling his dripping cock once more, the changing speed and positioning meaning he can’t get used to the sensations, so every brush against his dripping bone is a fresh hell for him.

“Sounds like you’re enjoying the attention, pup - as much as you might be trying to pretend otherwise.” the rebel group watching their captain torture the captive SAS operative laugh along with him, all of them taking a special delight in hearing the wolf’s muffled groans and yelling as the raptor continues his ‘tender’ ministrations for several more minutes, easing off each time he feels the wolf may be getting close to busting a nut as he isn’t ready to allow Alex that pleasure yet.

“MHMHMH! SHTOHOP! MHHHMM!” Alex eventually pleads through the gag after nearly a quarter of an hour of torment, barely legibly through gritted teeth, a small tear leaking from his clenched left eye as the wicked feather continues dancing over his leaking cocktip, his balls swollen with backed up seed ready to burst at the slightest provocation.

“Don’t break yet! We’re just getting started!” the raptor exclaims, delivering a flurry of teasing brushes to the canine’s weeping cockhead before finally deciding to have some mercy on the poor wolf, rapidly brushing the slimy tip of the feather over the wolf’s sensitive underside. “But I think you’ve earned a reward for being such a good dog, so I’ll allow you a release - better make it a good one.” he then adds, still furiously basting the blood-engorged shaft and bringing the lycan to the edge.

“MMMMHMPH! HRRRRRNGH! HGGHGHGHG!” Alex yells loudly, finally losing the battle and letting out a burst of gagged laughter as the familiar pressure builds within his balls and groin...but this time, the rebel captain isn’t stopping and the pressure continues to build and build and build until finally, stars explode behind his eyes and he throws his head back in an ear-splitting howl as he writhes and spasms against the tree, every muscle in his body seizing up and spasming in waves as his twitching cock blasts a massive watery load of potent werewolf spunk like a pressure cannon, the first jet flying over 40 feet and splattering an unsuspecting rebel who was in the line of fire, causing him to yell in shock, indignation and disgust as he quickly moves away from the wolf and any further shots, along with several of his nearby comrades as more jets of milky cream burst from the wolf’s jerking cock, the wolf still howling and screaming as the ground in front of him is painted with his secretions, looking almost like a glazed pasty as the seconds pass, his stream finally slowing to a trickle, then tapering off entirely after a

period of about 20 seconds, a strand of cum hanging from his cocktip as the exhausted wolf comes down from his high and slumps forward, the only thing keeping him from collapsing to the ground being the ropes keeping him bound to the tree, Alex greedily gulping down huge lungfuls of air as best he can through the gag while trying to get his racing heart under control.

"I think that'll do it - hope you enjoyed that, pup, as you'll not be seeing another one of those soon...but I'll leave you to recover for a bit while I decide what to do with you next." the captain suddenly speaks up, startling Alex who had nearly forgotten he was there, before ruffling the canine's head like he would a dog, then he walks away after barking at the rest of the rebels to get back to their duties, leaving the lycan alone with his thoughts, stinking of musk and cum, his slimy and very sore erection slowly retracting back inside his sheath now that he's had one of the most intense releases of his life - a very shameful realization for Alex as his ears fold back and his muzzle and cheeks begin to burn with humiliation on realizing it came at the hand of an enemy and a rebel - and if that alone weren't bad enough, nearly an entire enemy camp had not only seen him naked and aroused, but had also seen him bust a massive nut all over the ground. His SAS training had never prepared him for anything like this, and he's now left wondering how he's going to deal with what just happened to him once he gets free and back to the safety of his comrades...if he ever gets free.

'Fuck, Theo...where are you?'

Drabble 3 - No News is Good News

Splits off from Drabble 1, Page 2

Warning for: Molestation, Non-con, Spanking, Ballbusting (Very Minor)

"In fact, I am rather curious about something - I know you've been trained against painful methods of interrogation, but there are other ways of gaining information besides pain ..." the reptile trails off as he slowly looks over his confused captive's body.

"What on earth are you eve-OI OI OI, what the hell do you think you're doing?!" the wolf yells, his confusion quickly turned to alarm and anger as the rebel captain suddenly kneels in front of him and grabs his trousers, working at the button as Alex continues yelling and trying to pull away from the handsy reptile. As the rebel continues working at getting the wolf's trousers undone, the struggling Alex manages to pull a leg free of the ropes and, with a loud yell of 'FEEL UP THIS YOU BASTARD!' and before the captain can do anything, he delivers a sharp kick to the raptor's gut, an explosive wheeze of air escaping him as he nearly doubles over while getting sent tumbling back forcefully enough to lose his balance and fall to the ground, several rebels rushing to aid their downed captain as others yell furiously at the wolf and aim their weapons at him while two others rush up and, minding his loose leg, deliver a retaliatory blow to his

stomach in turn, causing him to release an explosive exhale of his own, followed by a grunt of pain.

Well...that was very...unexpected." the captain wheezes, clambering unsteadily to his feet with the help of some of his men, clutching his abdomen where Alex had kicked him - he'll be feeling that for a while yet. "You're a very...very, VERY bad...dog!" he adds with a glare at the canine, a glare which is returned in kind, the rebels who had socked him in the stomach and having re-gagged the wolf in the meantime are now moving to re-bind his leg. "Nae, leave that - in fact, untie him."

"S-sir? The rebel who had been preparing to tie Alex's loose leg back to the tree freezes and looks at the captain, unsure if he heard what he thought he heard.

"You heard, lad - this mutt needs punishing, and I have something special in mind for it, but I need him the other way around - get him untied and rebound stomach-first against the tree."

"Yes, captain...." the rebel says, still not too sure about this, but he begins unbinding the lycan anyway.

"Oh, if you're thinking of trying to bolt as soon as you're loose...you should know my men have been trained to accurately hit those of your kind, and those bullets are loaded with liquid mercury, which is very toxic to your kind...and anything, really, but especially your kind - so don't go trying anything funny." the captain warns Alex, who was indeed planning to do just that - at least until he heard about the mercury-infused bullets, the wolf stiffening and paling slightly as he glances over the 20 or so rifles and pistols aimed at him, though thankfully this can't be seen under his fur - nevertheless, that's one escape attempt foiled before it can even be put into action, and he wordlessly allows himself to be turned around once the ropes are loose and pressed belly-first into the bark of the tree, the lycan having to turn his head so his cheek is resting against the bark to avoid either having to keep his head tilted back to avoid having his snout rammed into the tree...or having his snout rammed into the tree - regardless, Alex steels himself for what's about to come - given the rebel captain's mention of punishment and his new positioning, he imagines that he's going to be flogged and he knows he can easily resist this...though he doesn't yet know that he is quite wrong.

"Ah, to be living a generation ago when actual newspapers were still a thing...what can I use instead?" the captain murmurs to himself as he walks about the camp, glancing around to find something that can be rolled up, while several rebels look confused as to why their captain wants a newspaper before one speaks up. "Sir, I don't know what you want one for, but...we have some newspapers in the supply dump - we use them for tinder and soaking up fluids while working on the jeeps."

“Good - go grab some then, enough to provide some decent bulk.” the raptor replies and the rebel who had spoken up hurries off to collect them.

Meanwhile, Alex, having overheard everything, is just as confused as to why the IRA captain wants newspapers - he supposes he'll find out soon enough, though, as the rebel irregular comes running back with them, handing them off to his captain who takes them and, unseen by Alex, rolls the entire bundle up tightly and forms a fairly girthy tube with it, some of the group starting to chuckle as they cotton on to what he has planned for the SAS mutt.

“That'll do nicely.” the captain says before setting the rolled-up newspaper aside for a moment and walking back over to the wolf, reaching around to his uniform trouser front again and starts fiddling with the button, much to Alex's anger, which he makes plain through vicious growls and trying to pull away from the hands fiddling with his uniform bottoms. “Save your energy, mutt - these trousers are coming down one way or another; it's your choice whether they do so intact, or cut to rags!” he yells at the defiant wolf, which just earns him another snarl and even more obstinate struggling. “Right - rags it is.” the frustrated raptor huffs before digging his claws into the material and yanking hard, a loud tearing sound coming from the now-ruined uniform trousers as the sharp claws rip through them with ease, the raptor then roughly yanking the tattered bottoms down along with the wolf's pants, exposing his rump to the captain and his men - though Alex immediately tries to cover as much of it as possible with his tail, which he tucks firmly between his legs.

Alex meanwhile is even more confused as some of the rebels start laughing, seemingly out of the blue since he isn't at an angle to see what the IRA captain was doing - though his confusion quickly turns to anger as he feels the captain's hands circling around his waist and trying to undo his trousers once more, which he absolutely refuses to stand for and makes it as difficult as possible for the rebel, though this ends up being a vain effort as the trousers are torn up and pulled down his legs, left to pool around his ankles along with his pants as he tries to minimize the exposure of his backside by tucking his tail between his legs - though he is far more concerned about the little secret between his legs than his rear end...but unfortunately for him, his little bit of cover ends up being quickly stripped away amid a loud, pained yelp as the rebel captain firmly grasps his tail and yanks it up, hard enough to not only expose his ass to the rebel mob, but also something totally unexpected - what little chuckling had still been going on suddenly cuts off as everyone, captain included, gapes at the sight of a canine-styled pussy located where his perineum would be on any other male.

“Well...” the captain is momentarily at a loss for words, but he quickly recovers, his snout splitting into a huge grin beneath his bandanna. “Well, well, **well**, laddie - that's certainly an unexpected surprise to be sure, but a welcome one, I think - at least for me and my men. We'll have to get properly acquainted with that bit of anatomy later, but for now, there's still the matter of punishment for that kick...you know what

happens to bad dogs, right? They get smacked with a rolled-up newspaper.” and as Alex’s eyes widen, finally realizing what the newspapers were for, the captain scoops said newspaper up, draws back and swings the weighty tube into the wolfman’s ass with all his strength, a muffled *THWACK* echoing through the camp, almost immediately drowned out by an equally muffled grunt of pain from the wolf.

Before Alex can recover from the first blow, two more land against his ass, his fur helping soften the sound of the impact, but not doing much for the impact itself given how short the wolf keeps it - something he is now regretting as he lets out another grunt and tries to jerk away from the blows with no more luck than anything else he’s tried to get away from.

“Feeling the burn yet, pup? If not, you soon will be - so let this be a lesson to you; bad dogs get smacked.” the captain says gleefully as he delivers several more blows to the lycan’s ass, the newspaper making a series of *THWAP* *THWAP* *THWAP* *THWAP* *THWAP* sounds as it impacts the wolf’s butt, the blows alternating between each furry globe and Alex’s entire rump flexing as loud grunts and snarls escape his muzzle, a light burn indeed starting to form on his rear as the skin beneath the fur starts to pinken from the blows, the wolf feeling very undignified given his current situation - not only is he being smacked like a naughty pup, but said smacking is being delivered by a rolled-up newspaper, adding serious insult to injury for him...an insult he silently vows to repay a hundred-fold once he manages to get free - and then another round of blows land on his ass, interrupting his internal vengeance-planning as a startled bark-yell escapes his muzzle and he wiggles against the tree.

The rebels meanwhile are getting just as much of a thrill watching their captain disciplining the SAS wolf like a little pup as the captain is actually delivering the discipline, several of them even jerking themselves to the sight and sounds of a bratty wolfman getting his ass whapped - or perhaps they’re thinking about what they plan to do with the wolf and the little addition between his legs once their CO is done.

“Hear that? I’m not the only one enjoying you getting a proper thrashing.” the raptor states, referring to the lewd sounds of the rebels jerking their pre-slickened cocks, before delivering another series of blows to Alex’s tender rump, his flesh now starting to turn bright red and the pain is starting to become an actual problem for the wolfman, as he can no longer just ignore the burn with no effort.

THWAP *THWAP* *THWAP* *THWAP* *THWAP* *THWAP* the newspaper goes as Alex grits his teeth against the building pain - it’s a testament to his natural fortitude, further honed by SAS training, that he’s still able to hold himself back from overly loud displays of that pain - the few ones he did let slip were more from being startled than any weakening resolve on his part...though he wonders to himself how much longer that will last given the force of the blows being unleashed on his rear, and the fact the IRA captain is showing no signs of slowing or tiring, the reptile still able to

swing with just as much force as when he started.

And in fact, the captain still has plenty of energy left, which he demonstrates with a slew of rapid slaps to the wolf's ass, using the edge of the newspaper to deliver a set of sharp stings and making more of a loud *CRACK* as the force is concentrated into a smaller area, a choked grunt escaping between Alex's clenched teeth as he reels from the blows, claws digging gouges into the tree as the wolfman imagines those gouges being dug into the raptor's scales instead.

His internal fantasies of vengeance are rudely interrupted, however, by the feeling of the newspaper smacking between his legs, catching him square in his sensitive cookie and drawing the first truly loud yelp from him - though more out of shock than pain, as he wasn't expecting a blow there - at least that's what he tells himself as the newspaper smacks his pussy again, and again he yelps loud enough to be heard clearly even through the gag.

"Felt that, did you?" the raptor asks rhetorically, grinning widely beneath the bandanna as he delivers several more blows between the wolf's legs, delighting at the loud yelps and subsequent squirming he manages to extract from his captive with each blow, the flesh there already starting to turn as red as the lycan's ass, and far more visible thanks to him lacking any sort of fur there. "You best get used to that feeling - I'm just getting started...I fully intend to make sure you won't be sitting comfortably for days, even with that famed natural regeneration your kind has."

And he makes good on his promise to the wolf, as he continues raining down blow upon blow against Alex's ass, quim and even catching his balls a few times, these instances drawing the loudest howls of all, the wolf growing increasingly desperate to get away from the blows as the minutes pass, but the carbon nanotubing holds strong - no matter how hard he jerks or yanks against them, he's firmly tied in place and unable to escape the punishing blows pummeling his throbbing groin.

After nearly a full hour of wailing on the wolf's ass, intermixed with the occasional pause to taunt and mock the wolf, the rebel captain's arm finally starts to tire, and with one final swing and a loud crack, the newspaper is set aside and he steps back to admire his handiwork - while he can't see anything through the lycan's black fur, he knows the skin under it is bound to be dark red, bordering on black and blue, and absolutely throbbing all over, while the wolf himself is breathing heavily and taking in shuddering breaths, hot tears running down his eyes from the amount of burning agony his rear is in - though, to his credit, he's managed to avoid giving voice to any signs of distress beyond the pained grunts and the occasional yelp.

"Well, I think that'll do for now - I do need to get on with my duties, after all...but I wouldn't relax just yet - my men are quite loyal to me, and that little stunt you pulled likely angered some of them a great deal; I expect they'll want to deliver their own form of justice. The captain states cheerfully as he wanders off, just as another rebel walks

forward with vicious intent, grabbing the discarded newspaper and taking position behind the bug-eyed wolf.

'Oh, fuck!'

Drabble 4 - Gang-banged up On

Splits from Drabble 1, page 3

Warning for: Molestation, Non-con, Blood (minor), Rape, Gangrape

"Attaboy, lad - just relax and enjoy...not like you can do bugger all." the captain adds as he continues fondling the captive wolf's balls and sheath until enough of his cock has slipped free, then switching to that, his scaled hands slowly rubbing and stroking over the veiny rod, a trickle of clear pre starting to leak from Alex's tip despite his continued efforts to keep his body from responding to the rebel's molestation, along with continued attempts to yank himself free of the ropes binding him to the tree so he can strangle said rebel.

"Or, if you don't enjoy the attention I'm so graciously paying to your cock, maybe you'd appreciate it in another place." the captain continues as he releases the wolf's balls and slides his scaled hand up between his legs, clearly intending to head for his ass, but he encounters something along the way that makes him pause, his eyes squinting in confusion as he slowly probes and feels over something that shouldn't be where he expected the lycan's perineum to be, the touch setting Alex off who squirms and jerks even harder to try and keep his secret from being exposed - completely in vain as the raptor kneels down and lifts the wolf's balls to see for himself what his fingers encountered, and he catches sight of exactly what he suspected; there between the lycan's legs is a fleshy, triangular mound - a canine-style vagina.

"Well...well, well, **well**. That was certainly unexpected." the rebel states after a moment of silence as he processes what he found, locking eyes with the bulging amber orbs of the now-exposed werewolf. "I was planning to just spend a few hours playing with your cock, but I think in light of this revelation, I'll be spending that time differently now...my men have been rather pent-up lately, and could do with some relief." He then adds, watching as the wolf's eyes bulge even more as the implication sinks in and he starts screaming muffled obscenities and threats at the top of his lungs, snarls and growls intermixed with the incomprehensible words as he resumes jerking against the bindings, the implied threat granting him a second wind of endurance as he desperately tries to get away.

"Okay, lads, get up here and grab him - and he'll be fighting like hell to get away once those ropes get loose, so hold on *tightly*...if you think you're holding firmly enough...hold on twice as firmly, because if he gets away, you'll be taking his place." the raptor adds after a moment, waiting for several of his men to move up and grab Alex's

limbs, gripping him as tightly as they all can before moving behind to undo the ropes - and as predicted, as soon as the ropes are loosened enough, Alex immediately yanks as hard as he can and tries to pull away, yelling furiously through the gag - so hard in fact, that he manages to drag everyone holding on to him for several feet before more come up and grab him around the legs, the whole group then lifting the flailing and cursing werewolf and carrying him over to a nearby picnic table before forcing him belly-down over it and tying his legs to the table's legs, the wolf furiously trying to lash out with each leg as it's securely fastened to the table, but failing to pull it free of all the rebels holding them in place.

The captain hisses appreciatively as he slowly runs his clawed fingers along Alex's rear and over his fleshy cookie, eliciting a loud snarl and sudden jerk from the bound wolf and a chuckle from the raptor, who then grabs a spare bit of rope and knots one end around the wolf's tail and tying a loop into the other end before bringing it up and slipping it around his muzzle, the tail being pulled up and out of the way and giving everyone standing behind a clear, unobstructed view of his bits.

"Very nice..." the raptor murmurs as he rubs his tented uniform trousers, taking in his captive's exposed ass. "I'll enjoy breaking you in." he adds as he opens his belt buckle and removes the belt holding his uniform bottom up, following up by unzipping said uniform and tugging his cock out, giving the rough spined surface a few cursory strokes before he pushes his trousers and pants down to his ankles and steps out of them, after which he picks them up and sets them aside before walking up to the bound wolf and slapping his rod against the wolf's ass, causing another jerk and muffled growl from him and a dark grin from the rebel as he contemplates what action to take next.

"Hmmm, what hole should I try first? I'd ask you for your opinion, but...I don't care to hear it...in fact - yes, I think I know which to try first. You British have been fucking us in the arse for over a hundred years now - I think it only fair I return the favour." the captain responds as he presses the head of his dripping cock against Alex's arsehole, the wolf screaming through the gag and struggling as hard as he can against the ropes, but to no avail as the raptor suddenly jerks his hips forward, plunging his cock into the lycan's unlubed, unprepared hole, a loud scream of pain tearing itself from the wolf's throat as his arse struggles to stretch for the intruder forcing its way through his anal ring, the rough penetration causing a few tears as the knobbly cock pushes deeper, blood coating the raptor's length and making it slightly easier for him to push more inside the screaming and howling wolf, but not by much.

Alex meanwhile is in serious pain as he struggles to adjust to the reptilian cock forcing its way into his bowels, his arsehole sending waves of burning pain through his lower half from being forced to take something that should never be taken without copious lube and plenty of preparation, and his reflexive clenching only makes things worse for him as he jerks wildly against the bindings, hot tears stinging his eyes as he tries to pull away from the thing causing him so much pain, but he can do nothing but

lay there helplessly and take it while screaming desperately in his mind to anyone who may be listening to help him.

“Hnnngh, damn lad, you’re tighter than a miser’s purse - but I expect you’ll loosen up in a bit.” the raptor exclaims as he slowly pushes his way deeper into the wolf’s arse, having to frequently pause due to the damned mutt constantly tightening up on him - not that he particularly minds, as the pressure does feel quite nice on his cock, but the whole point of this was a bit of stress relief as well as a means to properly punish the British lapdog, so onward he presses, eventually bottoming out in the struggling and screaming captive before dragging his cock back out just to the tip - and then immediately ramming it back in, the forceful push causing Alex’s arse to tear even more as the camp echoes with even louder screams from the tormented wolf intermixed with laughter, jeering and catcalls from the rebels as they urge their commander on.

After several more rough thrusts, Alex finally loosens up enough for the captain to settle into a steady pace, his claws digging into the wolf’s backside for support as he pounds that still rather tight hole, which he is thankful for as it grips his cock like a glove, soft hisses of pleasure escaping his snout and mixing with the sounds of his breeding and his men still cheering him on, though several of them have dropped their pants and are currently stroking their own lengths to the sight of the wolf being thoroughly buggered.

Alex meanwhile is still struggling as best he can, though this is just an automatic reaction at this point since his mind has been driven into a brief state of shock due to the violation being visited upon his body - despite knowing this sort of thing is a very real possibility even for military soldiers, actually having it happen to him is nearly unbelievable to the wolf commando despite the clear evidence of it happening.

As for the rest of the rebels watching the show, one of them decides he wants to do more than just watch. “You know, since the captain’s busy with the mutt’s rear end, I think I’ll have a go at that muzzle of his.”

“And how do you intend to keep him from biting your tackle off, Walsh?” One of his companions interjects, glancing at the aforementioned Walsh who had been staring straight at Alex with a vicious grin on his scaled muzzle as he announced his plan, causing a snarl to escape the werewolf’s muzzle as a warning that he would indeed do exactly that if the reptile tried using his muzzle as a fleshlight.

“Well, there’s got to be something around here we can use to keep him from biting but still let me use that warm hole of his,” Walsh responds and takes a quick glance around the camp, before catching sight of a large vehicle coil spring just laying out of the way, having been taken from one of the IRA’s jeeps due to having snapped, and he heads over to grab it.

“That’ll do, with a bit of modification,” Walsh follows up on his prior statement before pressing the coils into the shape of a ring and carrying it off to another part of camp to fuse the metal together with a blowtorch, coming back with the makeshift ring gag to which he had added some rubber straps to use to secure the ring while he was doing the welding.

While Walsh is off forging a makeshift ring-gag, the rebel’s captain is quite content to continue abusing Alex’s ass, wet plaps and shlorps mingling with hisses and moans of pleasure from him, along with muffled growls and profanity from the wolf whose mind has finally rebooted, and he is absolutely NOT happy with his situation at all, still jerking and struggling despite the futility of prior attempts, but then he isn’t one to just lie down and take a bad situation.

As Walsh returns with the gag and approaches Alex, the werewolf growls even louder in warning - which is promptly ignored as the reptile walks up and swats the wolf on the nose. “Open up, mutt,” he orders - naturally, Alex completely ignores him and keeps his jaw clamped tight while glaring defiantly, leading Walsh to grin wryly and motion to the other rebels, two of which step up and carefully dig their claws into Alex’s muzzle, being mindful of his fangs, and begin prying his jaws apart, which naturally leads to struggling and furious head-shaking from the wolf - at least until the rebel captain reaches across his body and grabs his head, holding it firmly in place to allow Walsh to force the ring gag into Alex’s maw, then slip the rubber strap around his head to keep it in place, after which the reptile removes the cleave gag from the wolfman’s maw, allowing unrestricted access to his throat.

“That’s better.” Walsh sighs happily, admiring his handiwork as he strokes himself back to full hardness before rubbing the tip against Alex’s nose for a few seconds, forcing the wolf to inhale the raptor’s potent scent and smearing a bit of pre across his nose to boot amid a grunt of anger and disgust, followed by sliding his entire length through the ring gag into the wolf’s maw, a satisfied hiss escaping the rebel’s snout as his length rubs against Alex’s tongue, as much as the lycan would strongly prefer it didn’t since he doesn’t want that horrid musky thing anywhere near his maw.

While Walsh is busy enjoying Alex’s front as evidenced by the loud moans coming from his snout, the captain has begun to speed up his thrusts, a steady stream of *plap**plap**plap* sounds coming from the meeting of his crotch with the wolf’s as he roughly drives his cock into that delightfully tight ass, loud grunts coming from the IRA rebel as he digs his claws into Alex’s flanks for a better grip so he can thoroughly wreck the mutt’s arsehole.

And being trapped between a pair of raptors and being used for their pleasure at the expense of his own, there’s precious little Alex can do save for continuing his useless struggling against the pair and the bindings, hoping the latter will break - a hope that will never come as the pair start speeding up in earnest, the pair of meaty cocks

slamming into his ass and jaws hard enough to bruise before, with a loud cacophony of hissing and screeching, the pair reach their climaxes nearly simultaneously, the wolf gagging as a torrent of thick, slimy seed pulses out over his tongue and down his throat, with him being forced to swallow or risk choking on the deluge - but even dealing with this isn't nearly enough to distract him from the feeling of warmth filling his ass, his muzzle burning hot with humiliation and rage as the captain's cum fills his bowels, the lycan's mind filled with all manner of things he intends to do to them once he gets free - none of them pleasant.

After several minutes, the spent and exhausted duo extract their softening cocks from the battered and abused wolfman, streams of cum, saliva and other fluids leaking from both ends as the captain slaps Alex hard on the ass, making the wolf jump in surprise, followed by releasing a very loud growl through the ring gag and several incomprehensible words that are very likely to be profanity, which just makes the raptor laugh as he states, "Thanks for that, mutt - I haven't had a good shag in a while, and my men need some relief - he's all yours, lads!" he then adds as he steps away, and all Alex can do is moan in horror as another pair of rebels from the group who had been slowly and steadily stroking themselves to the earlier sights and sounds steps up to his front and rear, the cock at the latter brushing teasingly at his snatch as the wolf mentally prepares for another round of hell.

The End