

Werewolf Captured

by Skom

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Tags: femdom, implied pregnancy.

The last thing Elliot remembered was the sound of the chains snapping and the dread certainty that he would kill an innocent tonight. It was a terrible feeling. He never wanted to go through that again, hence why he chained himself every full moon. The shackles he could afford with his limited earnings were sturdy but also old and rusty — and that night, they had reached their limit.

When Elliot opened his eyes, back in human form, he was dazed. The hunter was sure he would find the color of blood on his hands, yet his keen nose could detect no such thing. He tried moving his arms but felt the tug of ropes resisting him. His legs were also tied to the chair. "What...?"

As his vision slowly refocused, he realized he was sat on a chair in a wooden cabin. It was already morning, judging by the sunlight coming in through the window. His clothes and furs, enchanted by a druid, would blend into his body whenever he changed shapes, so at least he wasn't naked.

"Oh, awake at last," came a voice from behind him, feminine and husky. Its owner graciously circled the chair, stepping into view and pausing in front of him.

Elliot opened his mouth to say something, but his brain came to a halt, his gaze devouring every detail of her physique. The buxom woman was older than him by ten years or so, but the subtle marks of time only made her more beautiful. She had creamy pale skin, which made the contrast with her wavy dark hair, loose dark robes and pitch-black lipstick all the more striking. Even her nail polish was black. On her head, a large, pointy hat, decidedly quaint.

She favored him with a smile. "Aww, look at you! I haven't even cast a spell yet, and you're already drooling like a good boy."

The hunter shook his head. "S-spell!? Are you a witch?"

"Oh, you even have a head on your shoulders, what a catch! Yes, dearie, I'm known as the mooncaller witch, though I'm certain you haven't heard of me."

Elliot swallowed hard, avoiding eye contact, lest she put a curse on him. Still, his gaze kept darting to her breasts, and he knew he was blushing something fierce. Suddenly, he felt her nails on his chin, as she turned his face towards hers with a firm grip. Her touch sent sparks through his skin, and her blue eyes, deep like the abyss, easily captured his green ones. He couldn't look away if he wanted to.

"Darling, if I wanted to put a spell on you, I would already have. I'm here to help, trust me when I say that."

His face showed confusion. "Help? Then why am I tied?"

The witch released his chin, and he almost sighed with disappointment. "Just a precaution. You *are* a werewolf, after all. I found you collapsed in the forest and wanted to take a measure of you before deciding if you are worthy of my help."

"Werewolf!? Surely you jest, my lady," the hunter said, feigning surprise with practiced ease, even though he was now breaking in cold sweat.

She raised an eyebrow. "Well, I suppose I should at least give you the benefit of the doubt. How do you propose we get out of this conundrum?"

Taking a breath to steady his pounding heart, Elliot said: "I'm sure your ladyship knows that every werewolf has a part that remains animal even when they're trying to pass for human — a tail, eyes, ears, claws... But, as you can see, I'm human no matter where you look."

She cocked her head. "You seem human enough, I'll grant you that. But I'm sure you wouldn't mind if I made an inspection of your body, would you?" The witch said, straddling his lap and sitting on it.

Elliot swallowed hard once again. "Not at all."

"Good..." she purred. The witch's deft hands easily untied his leather armor and cast it aside like it was insubstantial. The light cotton tunic he wore underneath, she just ripped open. Then, the witch trailed her fingers over his chest and abs with tantalizing slowness, the touch of her dark nails on his skin giving him shivers.

Elliot could swear she was feeling him up, but he dared not believe it. No, he was probably just imagining things because he hadn't felt the touch of a woman in years. This was a pleasure he had long forsworn, since intimate contact could very well reveal his condition. *Please don't get hard please don't get hard...* Thankfully, he had a good deal of self-control, but it wasn't easy with her large, supple-looking breasts oh-so-close to his face. He could even make out the contours of her large nipples through the silky fabric. And she had such a good smell too, almost like... jasmine? The urge to lick her skin was growing stronger by the second.

"Strong... and hairy," she said at length. "Too hairy for a boy barely out of his teens. Did you always have such exquisitely blond body hair? It's so fine and soft, almost like cat fur. But I suppose that's not exactly a wolf trait, now is it?" she smirked. "No, I believe a more thorough investigation is in order."

Her hand moved to open his britches, and Elliot interjected: "My lady, is this truly necessary?"

"Necessary? No, not as such, but you gave me permission to inspect your body, so I'm the one who decides where to look. You don't get to have a say," she smirked.

The woman's cocksure attitude got on his nerves, and Elliot felt his competitive side boiling to the surface. "Oh, I don't?" The hunter flexed his muscles.

Admittedly, Elliot was more on the wiry side, not very bulky, but even in human form he could still muster a fair portion of his wolf strength. And yet, his restraints didn't give an inch.

His breath grew ragged as he nearly exhausted his power, and she watched the futile struggle with a deeply amused expression. "Silly wolf-man. The ropes are magicked, you won't be able to free yourself without my permission."

Suddenly, Elliot remembered he wasn't dealing with an impressionable village girl, but an honest-to-gods witch. He felt cowered, powerless. And yet, the realization that he was completely at her mercy was, in a way, liberating. In all of his twenty summers, he had never encountered someone stronger than him — be it man, woman or beast — but all of his vaunted power was nothing in the face of her guile and finesse. She wielded a completely different kind of power from his, and the hunter found himself in awe of it. Of her.

Still, Elliot had his pride. "Do as you must, witch," he said between gritted teeth, trying to keep his excitement hidden.

"Rest assured that I will, regardless of whether you give me your permission or not," she said, dropping any pretense of equality and asserting once and for all the hierarchy between them. Her tone sent a flush of warmth through his loins.

Un-straddling his lap, the witch undid his britches and yanked them down. The hunter felt self-conscious — he wasn't wearing anything underneath. Elliot was sure she would be repulsed by it, just like his first and only lover had been. *It's over... I suppose I should be thankful I at least got to feel a woman's hands on my skin again*, he thought, closing his eyes as he mentally prepared himself.

Instead, he felt her fingers cupping his balls. "Well, these are hefty. And you have a sheath, just like a dog? How interesting..."

"Wait, aren't you grossed out?"

The witch laughed heartily. "Darling, when you're my age, you've seen your fair share of things. I'll admit I was expecting a tail tucked between your legs, or claws for toenails, but this is... a welcome surprise."

Elliot shook his head in confusion.

"Now, let's see what your big bad boy looks like..." The witch started massaging his sack gently with one hand, while the other hand's fingernails trailed over his chest.

The hunter made a tortured face, trying his damndest to resist. "Please, n-no, it's disgusting! You'll hate it."

She shushed him with a finger to his lips. "That is for me to decide. Now, shut your mouth and show me your 'disgusting' thing."

Elliot still tried to resist, but there was only so much his willpower could do in the face of her expert caress. The witch's nails left a trail of electricity on the skin of his chest, and he could feel his balls practically churning with seed as she fondled them. Before long, the tapered tip of his shaft poked out of its sheath, followed by inch after inch of vermillion flesh and, finally, a thick knot at the base. The unwieldy length of wolf-cock almost reached his chest.

"See, it's just ugly!" he said in protest. Surely she would be disgusted and release him now. Or sell him to the monster hunters. Elliot was ready to defend his life if need be.

The witch merely gave him a smirk and, much to his surprise, started stripping out of her robes, each layer of silky cloth falling down gracefully around her, until her milky skin was bared in all its splendor. His eyes devoured every detail, from the slight sag of her heavy breasts, to the curves of her generous hips and the plump folds of her pussy. If the hunter had been rock-hard before, now he was positively throbbing. His young mind couldn't process the possibility that someone could *actually* desire him, but his dick was all for it.

"W-wait, are you sure?" he stammered as she straddled his lap once again.

In lieu of replying, the witch began grinding her labia and clit against his shaft, smearing it liberally with her lube. His acute nose picked up the fertile, feminine scent wafting up, and it was nearly enough to drive him insane. His muscles tensed against their restraints, and his cock started leaking freely, twitching against the pussy that teased it. Elliot wanted nothing more than to thrust into that hole, yet he knew he had absolutely no chance to turn the tables on this witch.

"Yesss, good boy!" she cooed. "How do you like my pussy rubbing against your disgusting dick? It's good, isn't it?"

He nodded repeatedly, a pleading look on his face.

She gave him a knowing smirk while continuing to rub her wet pussy against his cock, gyrating her hips in a way that teased him from knot to tip. "You could

cum just from this, couldn't you? But you don't want that, oh no. You want to stick it in me, to fill me up with your seed. It's written all over your perverted face."

"N-no, I..."

The witch chuckled. "Don't worry, young guys are all the same: full of energy and so **eager** to spread their seed. I bet you could knock up three girls in one night, if they didn't run screaming 'monster!' the moment they saw this bestial thing between your legs," she teased cruelly.

Elliot turned even redder, if that was possible. Knocking people up was indeed one of his fantasies — was he really that easy to read? The witch continued to grind against his sensitive flesh, smiling down on him in a way that made him very self-conscious. He felt so pitiful before her, so young and inexperienced. And yet, he also felt like the luckiest guy in the world. Never in his wildest dreams did he imagine himself receiving the attentions of a woman so beautiful, so... *powerful*. If she told him she was actually a queen or a goddess, he would believe her.

As each minute blended into the next, Elliot's composure gradually slipped. Pinned between his abs and her snatch, the werewolf's cock throbbed with need, leaking precum profusely. To make matters worse, he was forced to watch powerlessly as her large, luscious breasts wobbled mere inches from his face — so close yet eternally out of reach. The werewolf was capable of snapping chains, but a single magicked rope rendered all of his strength meaningless.

A pathetic whine escaped his throat. "Please, put it in..." The hunter felt ashamed of begging, but his desperation was such that he didn't have a choice. He was getting so close...

She favored him with a smile. "No."

For a pent-up virgin full of hormones and youthful vigor who hadn't masturbated in days, her pussy's silky caress was just too much. Soon enough, he felt his climax arriving, and there was nothing he could do to stop it.

"I-- I'm gonna-- **HNNNG~~**" he groaned as rivers of spunk started bursting out of his throbbing shaft, each rope large enough to fill a shot glass. The witch grabbed him by the hair and intensified her gyrations, rubbing his shaft throughout the entire orgasm, and Elliot's body shuddered helplessly as his torso got smeared with his own seed. Inevitably, several jets hit the underside of her boobs as well.

When all was said and done, he took a deep breath and focused his gaze on her face. The witch had put on a gentle smile, but she looked... mildly disappointed. The implicit disapproval hurt him almost physically, it was like a knife had just stabbed him through the chest.

"I can keep going!" he rushed to say even as his shaft started to retreat back into its sheath. Elliot was fairly confident in his endurance, though he had never had a chance to try it with an actual person. He just needed a minute to recover.

The witch raised an eyebrow. "Reeeally?" she asked skeptically, almost derisively. "I guess I'll have to put you to the test, then, little wolf. But first..." she raised herself just slightly and leaned closer, putting her cum-smeared breasts right in front of his face. "You'll have to do something about this. With your mouth, of course. I'll even let you play with them if you do a good job."

Elliot's nose wrinkled instinctively. The idea of licking a man's spunk, even his own, had never crossed his mind, and he found himself disgusted at the thought.

"What, are you not man enough to clean up your own mess?" she goaded.

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Oh, fuck it. If that was the price to pay for another chance with such a strong, beautiful woman, he was going to do it. The werewolf almost despaired when he saw just how much there was to clean — did he really cum that much every time?! — but he would rather eat his shirt than prove her right.

Closing his eyes, he brought out his tongue and leaned in, hesitating just a bit before trailing it up her pale skin. The long overdue contact with her supple flesh gave him a shiver of excitement. Elliot wanted nothing more than to wrap

his lips around those huge mounds and give them the worship they deserved. However, as a thick blob of cum gathered on his taste buds, he was reminded of just what he had signed up for.

He had never imagined his first time playing with a woman's chest would turn out to be like this.

The taste itself was a bit salty and tangy, definitely bitter, but not in a way he could compare to anything he'd eaten before. It wasn't unbearable by any measure, but it still grossed him out, and he found himself gripped by an urge to spit. Still, Elliot knew the mistress wouldn't approve of this, so he swallowed his pride and swallowed the cum, grimacing as the sticky thing made its way down his throat.

"Good boy, you're so brave! Much braver than any other man," she cooed. Her words were like a balm to his ego, and he quickly gathered the courage for another lick, and another... With each mouthful of cum, it became easier to do. Soon enough, he found that he didn't mind the taste all that much anymore.

A part of his brain still rebelled against it, making him feel ashamed and emasculated for degrading himself, but that part became less and less relevant next to the feeling of her breasts on his face.

Truly, Elliot had no words for how good it felt to trail his tongue over those pillowy mounds until they were shining with saliva. *His* saliva. Just as they had been smeared with *his* cum. Getting bolder, the hunter spread his lips over one of the areolae, delighting in the firmer flesh as his tongue played with her nipple for several seconds. He even felt a sense of pride, of privilege, in being allowed to do that.

Every now and then, the witch gave him words of praise or encouragement. With each compliment, Elliot felt a little bit of his stupid pride going away, a little bit of his stubborn personality being replaced with that of a 'good boy', as if that was his real identity. By the act of eating his own seed and worshiping her breasts, the wild wolf was being changed into a loyal mastiff, whose main purpose in life was to earn his mistress' affections.

Elliot was discovering a new side of himself, and his dick was rock-hard with approval.

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"I think you're ready now," the witch said. She wrapped an arm around his shoulders for stability and the fingers of her other hand around his shaft, lining it with her snatch. Then, she began lowering herself with agonizing slowness. The fact that she had let him play with her bosom was already too good to be true, and now she was allowing him inside her. How lucky could a man be?

Elliot let out a gasp as his sensitive tip found itself gripped by the witch's warm tunnel, inch after inch of him sinking into those tight yet slippery depths. It was as if his cock was sliding against the finest of silks, hugged and caressed on all sides. Despite being a wolf, he found himself purring like a cat at the luxurious sensation. His dick has never felt so good before; he wanted this moment to last forever.

After a few seconds, he felt her labia pressing against his knot. *Wait, did she really take that much?* he thought, concerned for her safety, but the look of blissful contentment on her face told him she was doing just fine. However, much to his dismay, she stopped moving.

Suddenly, the werewolf wanted to thrust — something primal in mind *demanding* that he thrust — but his bindings would allow only the barest of movements. The scent of her snatch was driving him crazy, triggering instincts worthy of a mindless beast. He could feel the ropes chafing his skin as his muscles tensed involuntarily, trying to free themselves so that he could plunge his cock in and out of that heavenly hole. He wanted to bite her shoulder and drive his knot into her pussy, locking them together until her womb was filled to the brim with his virile spunk.

The fantasy didn't last long. "You want me to move?" the witch asked coyly, reminding him that he was completely at her mercy.

He nodded in desperation.

"Beg."

"What?!"

"I said beg," she clarified with the look of a patient mother trying to teach a particularly slow child. "When you want something from your superiors, you ask politely and earnestly."

"P-please?" he asked meekly, looking away with embarrassment.

She laughed with condescending derision. "You call that begging? Come on, look me in the eye when you say it."

He grit his teeth and did as instructed. "P-please, my lady, I need it!" Elliot could only imagine how desperate and pathetic his face must look right now. His eyes brimmed with tears at the self-imposed humiliation, but he needed it so bad!

Between his pride and his dick, the hunter has chosen his dick. The witch smiled with approval. "See, that wasn't so hard, now was it? You will do this every time you want something from me, understood?"

He nodded. "Y-yes, my lady."

"Good boy," she said, and once again Elliot felt that surge of euphoria at being praised. Maybe he truly was a dog, rather than a wolf.

Without further ado, the witch raised her generous hips and slammed them down, causing the hunter to draw a sharp breath as his cock found itself assaulted by a pleasure the likes of which he had never felt before. She wasted no time, repeating those motions until the room was filled with the noises of her sopping box sliding against his shaft and her cushiony ass slapping against his lap.

Suddenly, he realized that the sacrifice had been worth it. Elliot was losing his virginity in a completely one-sided way, and he was loving every second of it. His whorish groans quickly rose to join her moans, making a symphony of ecstasy that could probably reach a long distance outside the cabin.

"P-please, slow down, m-my lady!" he stammered. "I won't last like this!"

Of course, the witch paid him no heed, for her face was a visage of ecstasy the likes of which young Elliot had only contemplated in his raunchiest dreams.

Right now, she cared not a whit for his petty concerns. She wanted her pleasure, and she was going to wrench it from his dick whether he liked it or not.

The hunter did his best, gritting his teeth as he tried to distract himself with anything unerotic in sight, though his gaze could hardly stray long from the spectacle of her bouncing breasts.

Slowly but surely, he felt the climax closing in on him. Just as his cock was about to burst, the witch's eyes began to glow purple. She released a wail of ecstasy, and her body started quivering. She leaned her weight on Elliot, grabbed him by the back of his head and shoved it between her love-pillows even as her hips slammed down one more time, sliding his bestial cock all the way in. When her folds pressed against his knot, she pushed down even harder, forcing the thick bundle of flesh into her pussy as well.

This triggered physiological responses he didn't even know he had. The werewolf's knot began to swell inside his mistress, until he was completely and utterly locked into her, then his cock erupted like a volcano, pulsating strongly with each copious rope he shot in her womb. Elliot's muscles tensed and trembled, his vision blanked, and his groans deteriorated into incoherent moaning as he came in a woman for the first time ever.

He had never shot that hard before.

However, the mistress' orgasm lasted even longer than his, and the werewolf's member grew oversensitive. Even if he wanted to pull out, he couldn't, because his knot was keeping him inside — not to mention the fact that he was completely at her mercy. Naturally, pleasure and pain blended together; all he could do was grit his teeth and whimper as her walls continued to contract and shudder around him, milking his rod for every last drop.

The sensation was so intense that his brain decided to shut down for a moment. When he came back to his senses, several minutes later, his knot was still swollen, and his cock still erect inside her.

The witch smiled down on him. "I should tie you to a bed next time."

"You should," he agreed. Briefly, Elliot recalled some folk tales saying that if a witch got your seed, you wouldn't be able to resist any spell she cast on you. Not that he wanted to.

She caressed his face affectinately. "By the way, dear, you don't need to fear the full moon anymore. All you have to do is come here and let me take care of all that excess energy."

"But... how will I find you?"

"Don't worry, you just will." She planted a light kiss on his forehead, and suddenly Elliot found himself overcome with drowsiness. He couldn't keep his eyes open if his life depended on it.

The next time he woke up, he was lying next to a riverbank, with all of his clothes intact. He wondered if it had all been just a dream, but the incredible satisfaction he was feeling paired with the slight ache in his empty balls told a different story...

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