

No Cure for Werewolves by Miko Sage
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The fierce dog like creature approached the serene looking cottage. In his mouth was a pouch covered in saliva, filled with a special root only grown in the swamplands. The creature dropped the pouch and gave a howl. He had returned.

Mya walked out of the cottage, in her arms was a wooden bucket with oils and soaps. She approached the massive creature, nearly three times her size, he was hunched over with an open maw, his large frame towered over her, but the witch did not hesitate, “You know the drill,” she said as the Were gazed at her. Even though he looked entirely different, his eyes were always the same, this beautiful amber gold color. He was her Ari.

The Were’s body contorted inhumanly. Bones sounded like they were breaking back into place, the elongated nose pushed back to reveal a young handsome face, entirely without blemish. He shrugged as his body was set back into place, the witch in front of him watched unflinchingly.

He was filthy. Ari’s body was covered in mud, his long, waist length hair caked with grime and leaves. Dirt clearly underneath his fingernails. He grinned playfully, hands by his waist as he laughed loudly at Mya’s expression, “I may have had a little too much fun in the swamp.”

The witch glanced down between her familiar’s legs. The enchanted cage she had put his manhood in had made that part of him remain oddly clean. It was a part of her condition of taking him on — that she would control his orgasms, “In the bath, and you’re not allowed to complain if I’m scrubbing too hard. You know how I feel about mud in the house.”

Ari gave a sly grin, he was not in the mood to test her. In fact, he looked forward to returning to their little life they built together in the forest. She, a witch that the nearby town loved dearly, and he her dutiful Familiar who fetched even the most difficult ingredients to find for her to concoct her special potions.

He entered the large wooden tub with a splash. She had warmed it up for him to the perfect temperature, “You always know what the body needs,” he said with a gentle grin. Mya tied her hair back and gathered the materials for his bath. A bucket filled with soaps and scrubbing tools. Beside her was another tub of water, “This smell is awful,” she said as she dumped a bucket of fresh river water on him. It was chilly.

“Hey! You’re making the water cool!” He said with a slight yelp.

“I will heat it up once you explain to me why you didn’t bother contacting me,” she raised up another bucket. *Splosh* the cold water covered his body, the first layers of dirt pooled into the water. She grabbed a scrubber and began with his back, “You remember our rules — ”

“I know. I know. I must contact you every night fall,” he said with a slight pout.

“You were gone for three days!”

“I lost track of time. You could hardly see the sun in the swamp,” he said, he looked at her, “It won’t happen again.”

She furrowed her brow. *Splosh* another bucket, “I was worried sick about you, that’s all,” she said. She pulled his face in her hands.

He adored the way she looked at him. His tail inadvertently started to wag in the water.

“It was your first long trip. So I understand you were excited, but please don’t make me worry like that again,” she said softly, her voice gentle.

He nodded, “Yes, Master,” he rubbed his head against her forearm.

“In the meantime—,” she pulled away to grab another bucket.

Ari groaned as the raven haired witch dunked another wave of cool water on his body, “How many more buckets of this do I need?” he complained.

“Enough so I don’t have to smell you.”

The witch placed her hand in the water and whispered an incantation to heat it up, “Thank you, Master,” said Ari, much calmer now. He did deserve a little bit of this kind of punishment after not contacting her. Mya poured oils and dried flowers into the bath, making the lukewarm water murky with her tincture of smelling ointments.

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“I’m just glad you are in one piece. You didn’t take care of your hair at all,” she grabbed a brush and started to scrub his shaggy brown hair, “You can’t help but be a complete animal, can you?”

“You like me like that,” he teased back and rested his head against her arms as she scrubbed his hair, the dark mud fell down into the water as she moved from his head down to his strong shoulders.

Mya was the local healer for the community of Granite Town, a sleepy mountainside village. She assisted in all matters of things, from fertility potions to healing ointments, making her a beloved member of the town. She had practiced magic from a young age, and was a gifted alchemist. Her name had grown in renown where people would travel the kingdom to visit her in order to have her heal them. She was always successful.

Tucked away in a little oasis protected by a field of magic that could detect malicious intent, she lived with her familiar, Ari. Most witches had familiars, and most of them were typically in the form of magical creatures of some kind. Elves, goblins, orcs, and in Mya’s case a werewolf.

“We should have enough bogroot to last us the rest of the year,” she scrubbed behind his ears.

Ari was useful. With a heightened sense of smell and hearing he was essential when it came to fetching rare ingredients. The two had formed an unlikely pair — werewolves were the least common of the familiars due to their unpredictable, and sometimes violent behavior — but Mya was able to tame him.

Before he turned, Ari was a simple shepherd. He had grown up miles away, a middle child among a large family. They lived a simple, pastoral life, until one night he was attacked by a wolf who had given him the curse. Like most with his condition, it took time for the transition to set in, and time for Ari to realize something had changed about him. In an effort to protect the ones around him he loved the most, he set off to find Mya.

“Arms up,” said the witch, and the man obeyed. His skin was tanned and littered with scars of previous encounters. The muscles on his arms were sinewy and tight. Mya took her time as she cleaned his body. Part of it was to make sure she could scrub every last inch of grime from him, and the other was to admire. His body was pleasantly hairy around his chest and stomach, enough to see his sculpted body. Ari growled low when she reached a spot he liked between his shoulder blades. Even though he was not in his were form, he carried over some similar characteristics, and every single one of them amused Mya.

The witch cleaned his armpits and moved her attention to his back, using the soft brush to scrub him thoroughly, “You know how to get every spot,” he relaxed against the tub. He clearly enjoyed being pampered like this.

“Sometimes I think you get yourself all dirty because you like it when I give you baths.”

“I won’t lie, you do it best,” he grinned and leaned forward in the tub. Mya looked at his strong back, and leaned forward to kiss his cleaned flesh.

“You’ve been gone for too long. I missed you,” she said as she replaced the brush with a ladle to cover his body in water once more. It was how they met each other again. Ari would share his time in the forest. At most it would only be for a day or two where he could test his abilities.

Thanks to their bond as witch and familiar, he gained greater control over his wolf form. What was once a curse that he could not understand, turned into his source of power. Fetching ingredients became a training mechanism for him, to learn how to trust his body and abilities. There was no cure for someone like him, and it devastated Ari when he learned. But Mya offered him a choice — to train under her, and to learn about himself. It was not the solution he wanted, but it was one he could live with, one where he could control the beast inside of him.

“Okay out of the tub,” Mya said as she took a few steps back. Her dark violet dress was just a little wet from bathing Ari. The man stepped out of the wooden tub, his long legs and large

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frame was a feast for her eyes. Between his legs was a cage that surrounded his cock snugly. It was enchanted by Mya, a bond between them as witch and familiar, “How was your concentration this time?”

Ari shrugged and stood in front of her. He looked down at the woman, his hands at his sides as she inspected him. Mya circled him, her manicured fingers stroked his arm and back.

“It was harder the second night. I started to leak,” he admitted. The cage was helpful. It forced him to focus instead of tapping into his more primal instincts. Ari liked that it was Mya who held the key. That she cared so much about his development to take control of something so sacred.

Mya circled around to the the front of Ari, “Two nights and you’re already leaking. What am I going to do with you?” she said with a warm smile and stood on her tip toes to kiss his cheek, “You are officially all clean. Now, undress me,” she said and turned around. Their little oasis was truly that — an outdoor tub that was able to be heated through Mya’s magic. An enchanted kitchen where she was able to brew her special goods. An apothecary with common potions that she would bring into town once a week. She grew everything in the gardens surrounding the home, but for the rare materials that only grew under certain conditions, she sent Ari out to get them.

The man approached her, he smelled her hair. She always smelled like home to him. His large hands unlaced the back of her dress slowly. The first time he tried he nearly ripped her dress to shreds, he was so excited for her. But it was through Mya’s teaching that he learned patience. Diligence. He learned how to earn pleasure, but always felt it was so sweet when he was denied too. Whenever he went out to hunt, she caged him. It helped him to focus, and it served as a reminder as a devoted disciple.

He slid the dress off her shoulders so she was left in the sheer under gown. She turned to face him, and his eyes moved down his collar to her breasts. Further still to the beautiful patch between her legs. Ari felt blood rush to his cock and it pressed against the cage. It was a pleasant reminder to him of her authority.

“May I serve you?” he asked.

She grinned, “Of course, my sweet,” she purred. He lifted her up easily, his strong hands cupped her curvy bottom as he walked them through the small cottage. She kept his mouth busy with hers as her tongue wrestled with his, smelling his earthy scent.

Ari gently placed her on the bed, and continued his gentle kisses against her cheek and collar bone. She could see the lust in his eyes. The desire for her.

She unlaced the dress and slid the rest of it off her body so she was as naked as her Familiar. Ari kissed her breast until he found her nipple. His eager expression turned content once he was able to suckle her. Mya ran her fingers through his cleaned hair, slightly damp still. “I missed you so much,” she said.

Gently, he kissed down her body. Her stomach, her thighs. He landed snugly between her legs, his large brown eyes looked up at her with his eagerness to taste. Mya nodded her head and his hot tongue licked up the smooth petals of her plush cunt. He loved the way she smelled, he could pick up her scent easily, especially when she was in such a state of arousal. He licked the soft hairs around her sex, and already could taste the sweetness of her essence as it gently streamed out of her. He lived for the taste.

Ari took his time, his large hands moved up her body, he groped her breasts that spilled out of his hands, gently kneading her doughy flesh. His fingers teased and lightly tugged at her nipples, stimulating her in all of her favorite ways. He was just so *good* at providing what she wanted. They both knew it. Mya often teased that his performance in bed was the only reason she kept him around. They both knew, that was only partly true.

“Mmmm...Ari...,” she cooed at him as his tongue moved towards the little seed between her lips. The pink thing poked out between her plush folds, her whole sex supple and puffy with her desire for him. Ari kept his gaze on her, his intense eyes mesmerized by the curve of her

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breasts, the way her soft lips parted as she gently moaned in approval. His tail swished around him as the cage that locked away his cock was pressed to its limit. He swelled with his own desire for her.

Between his crouched legs was a pool that already formed of his goo that dripped down his cock. He was addicted to the feeling. The more he watched Mya, the more that pleasant feeling of denial filled his brain. Like he could hyper focus on the most important person in the world to him. That he had been able to tap into the very core of his soul. His desire to serve. To give himself over to someone.

“Yes! Yesyesyesyes!!” Mya cried as her small hand grabbed his hair to keep him in place, “Don’t stop!” she called for him, he loved it when she was like this. When he knew he had been able to fulfill Mya’s greatest desire, “Ahhhhmm!” she moaned, her legs twitched as she inadvertently squeezed her thighs against his face.

He slowed his tongue, gently bringing her down from her orgasm before lightly pulling away, almost whimpering like a pup that he could no longer directly taste her. Ari looked at her, she breathed in and out. In and out. Her eyes were closed for a moment as a smile crept across her face, “Good pet,” she teased him. Mya sat up, and rested herself against the pillows of the bed, “Come here,” she called him to her.

Ari smiled brightly and crawled up towards her and instantly nestled his larger body against hers. He rested in the crook of her neck, his large, muscled arm wrapped around Mya’s soft body. He loved the feeling of her. The warmth she always radiated. Her hand rubbed his back as they lay in bliss together.

They were quiet for a while before Mya looked down, with her other hand she lightly touched Ari’s caged cock, he squirmed underneath her, “I’ll unlock you in three days,” she grinned, “That’s for not contacting me.”

A shiver went down Ari’s spine at the thought of being denied for longer. He loved this feeling. Of being so on edge, “Very well, master,” he agreed, and cuddled up to her to sleep.



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