

The Siege of Knotmont

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It was three in the morning, and the forest was alive with the sound of drunken revelry. The owners of the forest, a pack of werewolves, were bawdily crooning to the full moon above them. They had long ago forsaken their human forms, giving themselves over entirely to the pleasures of the flesh. If they for some reason had to change back to human form, they would hardly know what shape they would take. The likelihood of that happening, however, was nil. There was no reason they would ever need to assume the soft pink and brown colors of the humans they once were ever again. They were werewolves, afterall. Nothing could stop them.

They had taken three of the tenderest lambs from the nearest village, and had their fill of flesh and blood. There was but one purpose tonight: they were there to feast, drink and be merry. The charcoal grey wolf, Three-Legs, had brought a bottle of fungal moonshine, 'traded' for a rough fuck of an alchemical hermit, and was stumbling between his packmates. He was singing patches of songs, pausing to take a swig or to pour a glug into the mouths of his mates. The reddish furred wolf, Rat, had also brought spirit; a fine bottle of whiskey, which he had poached from just inside a window at twilight. He had given it to their alpha, Stavros, of course, and was currently between the strong werewolf's thighs, nursing and fawning on the great sienna-pelted stud's massive cock. Rat was the only werewolf that could take all sixteen inches of Stavros' shaft without as much as a gag, as the red-furred wolf liked to remind everyone. Constantly.

He was Stavros' favorite.

The werewolves' merriment was loud enough to raise the death, the shouting and laughter, the orgasmic howls, the pained bleats of the lambs as one limb or another was torn loose to be devoured. Only one sound caught their attention, pulling them from their feast; the warning cry of another wolf, echoing across the night sky. For a few moments the wolves stopped, and looked upwards, listening. The big, marshmallow soft, fluffy white furred Latur crooned out a response, bellowing up from his comfortable position by the campfire. The distant wolf did not cry out again, and soon, the wolves went back to their boisterous merriment.

Unbeknown to the werewolves, the local townsfolk of the village of Knotmont had prepared an ambush. The wolf call was a coded signal, called out from the head of this mercenarial countermeasure. The man, Tomas, had lost most of his stock, as well as his partner, to the deviant pleasures of the werewolves, and his farmhands had fled the area, seeking safety in other regions. The werewolves were too drunk, too indulgent in the pleasures of the flesh to realize that they were being surrounded, or that the smell of dirty, filthy humans had surrounded their primitive campsite. Tomas counted to thirty, after the wolf call, and then proceeded.

The first indication of there being anything amiss was from the sound of something landing in the dimly glowing coals of their campfire. The parceled bundle crackled, drawing ears and eyes to the glow. Plumes of bright smoke and sparks shot up into the air. The werewolves were transfixed; even the black-furred Lusty paused in stroking himself to stare up at the peculiar light show. His eyes widened in realization, and he jumped to his feet, fat cock swinging massively between his thighs.

It was but a moment too late.

"It's a tra-URK!" Lusty shouted, as a gleaming rope, woven through with silver strands, gracefully arched out of the branches above him and hooked under his chin. He grasped at it, as the rope dragged him backwards, the heavy gutted wolf's shoulders slamming against the wooden trunk of a tree. He looked up, just in time to see the wide wooden end of a cudgel come down against his brow. CUNK! The sound echoed hollowly, the wolf's brains scattered of all sense as he slumped dazedly down against the tree.

"ONE DOWN!" A man shouted, wrapping the rope around the tree as other poured out from all over the perimeter of the wooded revelry.

The alpha, Stavros, kicked the diminutive Rat away from him, and jumped to his feet with a ferocious roar. Towering over all of the other wolves, he was the fastest and strongest. Some of the men wavered as they entered the circle of the campfire, confronted with the visage of the primal, brutal beast.

"Humans! Well, ain't that a bitch!" He bellowed, swaying back and forth. Why was he so dizzy? "Such tender morsels, you've come to offer yourselves to us. Delicious, meaty cattle!" Drool streamed from his fangs, as he galloped towards one. Korden the farmer taking one step back, terror clearly written across his face. He haphazardly brought the pitchfork in front of himself, bracing it with a foot and cowering behind it. Stavros hissed as he skidded to a stop, retracting away from the silver-coated tips of the commoner's weapon. "WHAT?!"

Around him, the other werewolves were falling, more silver-threaded nooses and lasso's trapping and subduing his brethren. Fat Latur hadn't even managed to roll off of his back, whimpering and covering his eyes as four men converged, pushing and rolling him heavily onto his belly. His tail was tucked tightly down across his rump, as his arms and legs were tied together behind him. Three-Legs had been lasso'd around his massive cock - the only one bigger than Stavros' own - and he howled as the lasso's knot TIGHTENED painfully behind his own. Still, even with his cock lasso'd, he swung fists, drunkenly staggering back and forth. The townsfolk should have been sent sprawling, but Three-Legs was stumbling and slow. He hadn't had to fend for himself in a long time, and it showed, and after he had over extended into a wide swing, a solid piece of wood slammed into the back of his head with a THUNK, and sent the wolf sprawling with a startled, confused yelp.

The others might fall, but Stavros refused to surrender! He slapped the pitchfork out of the farmer's hand, sending it sizzling through the underbrush. Grasping the farmer around the middle, he swung his arms, tossing the screaming man across the campfire and into the group of others who had descended on Bone-Breaker. The men tumbled away, giving the werewolf a chance to help him fight. Of all of his pack, Bone Breaker had the most terrifying reputation, his cruelty surpassed only by Stavros' own. He-

He was pissing himself.

"COWARD!" Stavros roared, as he crouched and charged forward, barreling into two more filthy humans before they could raise whatever puny weapons they had. The alpha slammed one into a tree, satisfied with the sound of crunching ribs, and then leapt over the campfire, feeling the tickle of heat against his dripping, knotted erection, singing the sweaty tuft between his fully-charged balls. Landing next to Bone-Breaker, he roared at the humans, then turned to face his lieutenant. The wolf was squirming on the ground, back arching, and Stavros saw a peg of some sort, jutting out of the wolf's flabby, clenching rear end. He reached down to grab it, hissing and pulling his hand back as he realized that the peg had a strand of metal hammered around the side of it.

Rat slammed into him, clutching and grasping, sniveling as he attempted to climb up under Stavros' arm. "Protect me alpha! Save me! Help me you fool, HELP!" He pled. Stavros turned to push him away from him, pissed at another werewolf clinging to him instead of fighting for him. He leaned forward, flexing his arms behind him and ROARING at the stupid humans, reminding them of EXACTLY who he was. The campfire roared in response, and Stavros stood up tall, eyes gleaming with violence and lust, as the two men he had knocked down with the farmer stood up. They looked at each other, nodded, and then ran forward, carrying a rope between them. They clotheslined Stavros, just as the muscular wolf turned towards them, the silver laced rope catching him just under his massive pecs. The wind barked out of him, the confused wolf snarling as he was knocked onto his ass. The men circled around him, but Stavros wasn't about to go down, not without a fight.

"I'll FUCK you in HALF!" he growled, twisting, not caring about the silver that sapped his strength. He snapped at one of the men, arching his neck to reach, his teeth sinking deep into the soft flesh in the front of his groin, right into the tender bulge that his simple breeches kept nice and edible, right between his legs. He snarled, his mouth drooling in rage, and threatened to rip his mouthful away from the suddenly trembling, terrified farmer.

He unfortunately only bit one of them, and the other one looped the rope he was carrying right under Stavros' neck, tugging backwards. He felt his jaws go limp, the alpha gargling indecipherably as he was yanked back onto his back. He tasted FLESH in his mouth, and smirked at the human as they limped away, blood streaming between their fingers.

Rat didn't even need to be bound, submitting and prostrating himself before the largest, beardliest of the humans. The mayor, Stavros figured. Begging and simpering and reaching for the portly fellow's belt before being backhanded away, Rat crawled to the next one, and then the next, each time being kicked and pushed and shoved back to the middle. Stavros was infuriated more by that, by the behavior of his underlings, than any meager attempt at resistance that the townsfolk were giving.

Stavros had no such plans of submission and self degradation. He twisted, thrust out his arms and legs in wild flailing, as he was led staggering and stumbling to crabwalk backwards towards the large oak stump at the southern end of the clearing. It was littered with fly-buzzed bones from their previous dinners, empty bottles. A sweep of a leg was enough to brush it mostly clear, so that the massive frame of the captured werewolf leader could be flopped over onto his back.

"I'll MURDER you!" Stavros barked, grabbing at the loose silver collar around his neck. He tried to twist his head out from under it, but he simply could not grasp it hard enough to push it away from him. It weakened and paralyzed him where it touched him. His legs flailed, pedaling in the air, as villagers put on their silver rings and bracelets. It took a kick to the chest, and a rake of claws against tough leather breeches, before an ankle was finally grasped. The town's baker whooped in joy as the werewolf's massive leg, easily as big around as himself, and even longer, twitched and went sagging limp in his grasp.

"RELEASE ME! I'LL SWALLOW YOU WHOLE!" He twisted his head, snapping at the men who were now holding down his arms, the wolf grinding on the wood. His mind blossomed with delicious pictures of savagery and lust. "I'LL KNOT FUCK YOU INSIDE OUT!" He panted.

"Stavros is so strong! So powerful! He'll kill everyone here!" Rat whimpered, Stavros' tail wagging behind him in agreement.

"KNEEL FOR YOUR SUPERIOR!" the wolf roared, flailing his arms and legs again. Even with the effects of silver rope, he felt peculiar. Sloppy, lazy, horny. His cock flapped from side to side as he imagined what it would be like to fuck the men around him to death. "I'll POP you with my MASSIVE LOADS!"

The humans ignored him, though. Two of them talked with the beardliest of them, murmuring something. The mayor turned to Stavros.

"That... was my SON you bit... My ONLY son! You cursed, foul beast!" The man's countenance shifted, voice lowering to a growl. "For that, I'll have your head."

"Sorry I only NIPPED him but he didn't have MUCH to grab hold of!" Stavros laughed. "Why don't you step closer, and I'll FINISH your family line!"

"I don't think so." The mayor said, as he picked up the handle of a broken pitchfork. Roughly five feet long, it was bent and curved slightly with the thick grain of the rough hewn wood.

Stavros flexed his powerful frame. The werewolf was a stud, and knew it. His massive cock jutted upwards, in open defiance of the mayor, as he twisted his arms and legs. Kicking despite the silver ropes, the draining power of the silver unable to overcome the sheer force of his will.

"I'll RIP you LIMB FROM LIMB!" He swore, opening his maw wide and lunging as best he could towards the nearby baker. The portly fellow stepped back, and Stavros' jaws snapped shut, before his muscular arms and legs were drawn taut with the silver ropes again.

"You sluts know you want my seed, BURSTING your bellies! Drop the ropes and RIDE! MY! C-"CUNK! The heavy wooden bow came down atop the werewolf's head, slamming his upper jaw down and popping the tip of his tongue out to land on his belly with a wet splat. Stavros stared at it, eyes unfocused, his cock swaying and throbbing regardless of its master's temporary discombobulation.

The bow was raised up, to swing again if necessary, but Stavros' head lolled back with a thunk on top of the oak stump. He grinned lazily up at the men around him, teeth stained red with his blood. The werewolf was delirious, his hips arching up, grinding up into an imaginary lover.

"Gonna.... breed.... eat your.....fuck pop you like.... mmmm...." He said, his cock thickening. Despite rubbing against nothing, despite having no simulation at all, the werewolf was steadily grinding himself up towards orgasm.

"There's NO redeeming this foul beast," one of the men said to the mayor. "End his misery before he hoses us down with his foul stench."

The other men agreed, quiet and urgently, as the mayor took the great ax in his hands. He lifted it up above his head. "WOLF! Look at me!"

Stavros grinned, grunting and hunching up at the air, eyes trying to focus as he lapped at his teeth. The werewolf was too brain-rattled to realize exactly the threat that hovered over his head, but he knew there was something.

"Boys... BOYS...." He said, calling out to the men. The other werewolves whimpered, all of them trapped, locked down, or too senseless to be able to respond. "Attack... Gettem... Feed me the tastiest ones... And you...." He blew a lecherous kiss to the mayor. "Why don't you climb aboard? Sit down on my c-"CHUNK!

The ax had swung down through the air, lodging itself squarely into the throat of the werewolf's leader. It sank down through the bleed, blood spurting out on either side of the blade, and the werewolf's eyes boggled at the slam of force. The eyes stared straight up, and the tongue lolled to the side.

The mayor sighed, closing his eyes and pulling the blade free of the werewolf's throat. "IT is DONE!" He proclaimed, the other wolves howling, barking, growling in contempt.

A wet cough, a mocking laugh from beneath the mayor had him open his eyes again. Something hot jetted across his cheek. The werewolf's body was trembling, but his cock was spurting, thick hot streams of jizz painting the werewolf's body, splashing into his own wound, and as the Mayor watched, the werewolf's eyes opened and turned to fix upon him.

"He's healing!" the men around him shouted. "The blade!" "-it didn't cut-" "-was it not silver?"

The mayor roared, in response to the rising panic and anger of men and wolves around him, and swung the blade around, lifting it behind his back, drawing it up over his head, and then dropping to his knees as he slammed it down into Stavros' neck.

The wolf's head bounced off of the stump, shooting off of his body in a geyser of blood, cleanly severed. A hot cough, and the wet thump of the head landing against a hard root, and Stavros was quiet. The cock, still violently knotted, throbbed and continued to squirt, oozing out the remaining orgasm that the wolf's body had started with, but there was no pleasure to be felt, no part of Stavros felt his seed leave his body, felt the throb of ejaculation pour out through his shaft.

The men looked back and forth to each other, then to the other werewolves. The werewolves who were aware and able to see what had just happened had grown quiet. Latur's tail was tucked between his legs, head lowered in silent terror. Rat's mouth gaped in astonishment, and Moss's massive third leg slapped up against his chest. Lusty was the only one to say anything, pushing up against his bindings.

"Fuck you, humans!" he spat, a wet glob of phlegm shooting into the fire to crackle and hiss. "Only cowards and cretins would tie up a werewolf and execute him so pathetically! Not even with a single stroke!"

"Lusty, SHUT the FUCK *up*!" Harn hissed. "You're going to get ALL of us killed!"

"GOOD! KILL US ALL!" Lusty grinned, which got ALL of the other wolves responding.

"No! Don't kill me, please!" Latur begged.

"I'll be a good wolf, you don't have to kill me!" Moss whimpered.

"I didn't even do anything," Rat whined, hands clasped in front of him, "They-they forced me to watch, but I never-"

"Shut up, Rat!" Lusty growled, "Everyone knows that coming here was your idea!"

"Yeah, it was!" Harn said, "Kill him, let us go!"

"Yeah!" the others said, almost in chorus.

"SILENCIO!" the mayor said. "By the gods I will happily execute EVERY ONE of you tonight, your heads up on pikes at the gate of my town, to tell every lycanthrope that they're DEAD if they fuck with us again!"

Latur was immediately on his back, the rotund werewolf belly bared submissively to the mayor as he tried to cover his eyes in shame. "P-please, I'm sorry, I didn't realize-"

Rat interrupted, going belly up too, pleading LOUDER than Latur, "We didn't know, Stavros was our leader and he TOLD us-"

Harn's belly went up next, the wolf whimpering, cock oozing out its thick precum as he sniffled and whimpered as well. "Yeah, Stavros, he demanded it, we are good werewolves, normally, we can protect your town, you don't have to-"

The sound of the werewolves all out submission-ing each other was music to the mayor's ears, but he looked at his son, wounded and pale on the ground nearby, and his heart hardened.

He reached into the pocket of his robe, and pulled out the only coin that hadn't been stolen or lost to the wolves, and held it up. It glinted a metallic silver in the firelight. On one side, a carved head, the emperor of the land, staring out from the coin. On the other side, a branch laden with apples; the country's most famed export.

"I am a godly man, even to you ungodly beasts. I will not take your lives, mercilessly." The mayor said, looking at the coin. He flipped it up into the air, catching it and slapping it against his wrist. "WE will use this coin. Ordained by the hierophant himself." He looked at Stavros' corpse, cooling on the stump. "I will flip it, and the result will be your fat. If it comes up with the fruit, so shall your 'fruit' be collected. And if it comes up heads..." He lifted his hand, revealing the eyes of the emperor staring up at him from the coin. "... then off comes your own. Look, here, like it did for your leader. He was worthless, a degenerate, and had no value but to be ended. But perhaps there is some value for the rest of you. If your coin comes up fruit, we'll tame you. Domesticate you. Make you the town's guard dogs. No more fucking, no more slaughtering. You will be ours; brute labor for our farms, guards against night attacks, but you can remain here and be protected by me, the mayor. Do you agree to oblige by the results of the coin? If even one of you disagrees, then I'll execute you all, right now."

"Yes, I agree!!" said Latur.

"Yes, I Agree!" exclaimed Rat.

"Yes, absolutely, I agree!" exclaimed Harn.

"I solemnly agree," Moss said.

The wolves all stared at Latur, who spit on the ground.

"I refuse to allow myself to be castrated by the likes of you," He said. "These others, spare them if you want, but I **demand** the death befitting a rampaging werewolf, a stud in his prime, a powerful beast who's lust for life can be quenched only with death, a-

"If you don't want a choice, I'll castrate you and THEN behead you," The mayor interrupted.

"I *AGREE*," Lusty quickly recounted, settling back down on his haunches nervously.

The mayor smiled. "Then, we have but one more thing to decide. The order. Garras," he said, gesturing to the butcher. "Excise the dead one's scrotum." He nodded to the baker. "Sparky, notch their ears. Did you notice? They're each a different color. Bring me the tips of their left ears."

Sparky the butcher had in fact not noticed until now. He had refrained, really, from trying to tell them apart. They were all barbaric wolves, a pack of filth. But, he realized, they were. He went from wolf to wolf, as Garras set about severing Stavros' massive scrotum from between his still, cooling legs, and trimmed off a three inch corner of their left ears. black, white, tan, red, and gray. While he did that, the butcher used his silver-plated knife to carve the dead alpha's fat nut-sack and its contents clean off, holding it up for the wolves to gawk at.

"Yeah, you like how that looks? Fat wolf balls hanging from a human's hands? Well just in case you were gonna use your magic lycanthrope powers to bring him back, or whatever..." Garras emptied the scrotum out, dumping the massive nuts that had churned and pumped between Stavros' legs for all those years directly into the campfire. They hissed, crackling and popping merrily as the hot embers cooked the lycanthrope flesh the same as it would any other meat. The butcher licked up over his lips, nostrils flaring at the rich scent of charred MEAT made his body growl with lust and hunger.

All five ear-tips were dumped into the damp, musky scrotum that Garras had peeled out from between their fallen leader's legs. The butcher grinned, holding the sack and staring defiantly at the wolves.

"Go ahead and pull one out," the mayor said, and Garras reached down into the scrotum, the fuzzy pouch distending with the butcher's thick fingers. He pulled an ear tip out, but the slickness inside the impromptu 'drawing bag' had caused another ear to be stuck alongside it. "Oh, dangit.." He tried to flick and flap it back into the bag, but the mayor stopped him.

"If you were given two, then clearly, there is a choice to be made, by us." The mayor took the stuck ears, pulling them apart and looking at them. "This one is tan... and this one is gray." He looked over the wolves, then pointed to Bone-Breaker and Moss. "You two. Which of you would like to go first."

Moss stood up, the sinewy gray furred wolf taller than every other wolf. His cock, similarly, was the longest of the group, and he gestured to it, wincing with a grin, trying to keep his ears tucked back. "I go by... Three Legs. On account of this. And... while I find this game exciting, our lives laid to rest purely on the flick of a coin, I really believe that Broke Bone should go first."

"Bone-BREAKER!" the tan wolf snarled, as Harn struggled against his restraints. Realizing the mayor was watching him, he lowered his head. "My name is Harn, Bone Breaker."

"But we call him Broke-bone, on account of his limp fucking dick," Three Legs said. He's a huge bottom. He'll tear your head off in a fight, but get his ass up in the air, and he's a mewling kitten."

"Fuck you, three legs! Yes, it's true... I am... a lascivious wolf. And..." Broke Bone looked around the men of the townfolk, "... it's true that many of you here have enjoyed the fruits of my backside. I hold no shame for that. If I am to go first, then I shall go first. Though I feel there is no need to flip a coin. Kill the others, and leave me intact. No need for chance, no need to rely on some higher deity to judge... all of us... on our behaviors. Right, Garras?"

The butcher just grinned, wider. "I will certainly confirm that Harn's ass is buttery soft and finely gripping. He would certainly make a better house pet than a rug."

Broke Bone whined as the mayor nodded, dropping the gray ear tip back into Stavros' bag. "Bring him."

"Oh god, you're going to do it? Really?" Broke Bone whined, as he was led up to the greasy stump. "Garras, sweetie, you can... help me? Fight for me?" He pleaded with the butcher.

"You're a good fuck, but at the end of the day, you're a dog. I don't care what happens to you." Garras grinned.

"Oh gods, no," Broke Bone whimpered as he felt himself laid onto the stump, the corpse of Stavros pushed over the edge, flopping to the side. He whimpered, his head laying in the cooling puddle of his alpha's blood. "Then... at least... fuck me, Garras? One last time, give me something to feel as I die?" His cock throbbed. It was twisted at an unusual angle; he had dismounted too quickly from fucking a glory hole in the back of a house, and his cockbone had snapped. It had healed improperly, and set poorly, and because of it his cock was angled to the left and unable to get fully hard. He looked down at it, then at Garras. "Please? You have always been the best."

The other men chortled, whispering, but the butcher did not seem to mind being called out this way, as he approached the stump. He helped the men with the ropes to pull Bone Breaker's ankles up, towards his head, resting on his shoulders. The werewolf panted, as this put pressure on his soft puffy belly, but he couldn't help but ooze his precum as the butcher lifted his apron and pulled down his breeches. The burly man's cock was like the rest of him, thick and meaty, and the broad door knob like head pushed against the werewolf's soft rear end.

"Fuuuuck, yessssssss, fuck me you stinky human," Broke Bone panted, eyes closing as he accepted his fate. The butcher did just that, grinding his hips to piston hot lead back and forth against the big tan wolf's backside.

The mayor flipped the coin, thumb catching the metal with a click before it spun through the air. He caught it, slapping it onto his wrist, and then held it up for the butcher to see.

A bough with two apples.

The butcher grinned, putting his fingers up to his lips as he continued fucking the werewolf.

"Alright, Broke Bone. Lift your chin up real high." Garras said, coolly. Harn did so, the tan werewolf's muscles tightening as he realized he was about to lose his head.

"Oh fuck, oh god, jesus... please, fuck me harder, Garras, please, before I did... make me cum..."

"Not worried about that," Garras said, as he drew the blade, still slick with the alpha's sackjuices on it, from his sheath. "Your nuts feel REAL Full. Just gonna handle them. Don't worry, you'll hear the whoosh... they won't kill you until you cum... as a favor for me. But you gotta be a good boy and say THANK YOU GARRAS."

The butcher stroked a palm against Broke Bone's nuts. The two testicles were round, and as large as muskmelons, wider each than the butcher's splayed fingers. In all honesty, the butcher had imagined doing exactly this, each time he had sunk his length into the obstinate fighter of a wolf. He was full of such fury, such anger, and his haymaker had caused the butcher some chips in his teeth. All this time, he had thought that Bone Breaker would be a PERFECT lover, if he just hadn't been such an ornery asshole. He grabbed those fat nuts, hand wrapping around the neck and pulling up even as they tightened down.

"Th... thank you Garras," Broke bone whimpered.

"Couldn't hear ya," Garras said, his hips humping faster as he positioned the blade against the neck of his scrotum, almost touching it. "Say THANK YOU when you CUM, you louse!"

"THANK YOU GARRAS!" Broke Bone said, his dick flexing, and as cum oozed in a steady, limp, drooling heavy flow from the tip. The moment he saw the heavy cream, Garras flicked his blade, and the wolf's fat sack came off, swollen melons caught at the moment of unloading their cream. Hot werewolf sperm gushed out of the inverted pouch, as much seed as blood, spilling out over the werewolf's oozing, twitching log, coating the wolf in his last seed. Garras came, too, holding up his lover's fat beanbags, seeding deep and hot inside the werewolf as he claimed that masculinity on behalf of the town.

"My... balls... you cut off my... you mean I'm living? I'm LIVING?" Broke Bone yipped, panting and exhausted as the butcher laid down over his belly.

"Yes. But I wanted to scare you. I wanted to make sure you know how easy it will be to break you, in the future," Garras said, grinning lazily.

The mayor watched, shaking his head and frowning. The sight of the two copulating was disgusting. It was disgusting, and it made him HARD. He turned to the fire, as the castrated werewolf and the butcher cuddled on the stump. Most of the men, and ALL of the remaining werewolves, were hard, and Three Legs's head was dipped down, licking against his cock as he watched the spectacle. The mayor flung the tan eartip into the fire, watching as it crackled and curled up next to the ashy remains of Stavros' fat nuts.

"Take the gelding to the stables to sleep off his impairment. Use a rope to tie him to the center pillar." The mayor said. Some of the men protested. Bringing a beast INTO their town? In with their prized stallions? But the mayor lifted a hand.

"If the divine decreed that his life be spared, then we MUST consider that he has some value to us. We will bring him into the town, and he will PROVE to us, every day from here forward, that we were right to give him that chance."

He sighed, and picked up the 'sorting bag', handing it to Sparky the baker. "Now you. Pick out the next wolf."

"Yeah of course." Sparky watched as the gelded werewolf was led back to town, the butcher reclaiming his blade and tucking his sagging dick back into his pants. He cleared his throat, pointing to the werewolf's 'goods' left on the stump. "What about that, though? The, uh..."

"It's meat. We'll feed it to the pigs in the morning. Leave it where it lays," the mayor said, staring into the fires.

Sparky bit his lip, gingerly reaching into the cool, slick inside of the werewolf scrotum, before pulling out two ears, one hanging from the other. In the dim light of the fire, it was easy to determine that they were a snowy white and a persimmon orange, both reddened by the blood that soaked into them.

"You two," The mayor said, pointing to both the largest, chubbiest wolf and the shortest, thinnest of them. "Who are you, what are your names?"

"My name is Ardsen, sir," the small one said, his red pelt shivering in fear and submission.

"HE GOES BY RAT!" The black furred wolf called out, sneering from the shadows. "BECAUSE THAT'S WHAT HE IS!"

"Sir, please, my companion, he is," the smaller wolf made a motion of drinking. "He can't help it, he's just out of his depths. I, on the other hand, am-"

"And you?" the mayor said, interrupting the reddish wolf to turn to the obese white one. "What is your name? Marshmallow?"

The white wolf's mouth opened in surprise, and he blushed as he looked down at himself. "Latur, sir. I, um, I'm sorry for everything we've done to you and your village. I accept the punishment that is meted to me."

"Yes, see? He is ready to receive his punishment. Choose him. Spare me. In fact, just castrate and then behead him, then no matter what I was going to be chosen for, he'll accept it on my behalf!" Ardsen prattled. "What a splendid-"

"SILENCIO! Get him away from me. If only to watch him squirm as I deal with his associates first." The mayor said.

"Oh, yes, quite wise, thank you sir, make me SQUIRM as you cut off their worthless little heads, yes-" Rat said, as he was led back to his place next to Lusty. The black furred werewolf just stared at him in open contempt. Rat ignored him.

"As for you..."

"Sir, if I may," the baker interrupted. Sparky approached the mayor. He gestured to speak quietly, and the mayor, frowning nodded, cupping an ear.

"Sir. I've seen this chubby one. He is.... a glutton. But I never saw him kill. Never saw him rape. In fact, I have seen him ... tend... with tongue and cuddles, against one of the men who the big dead werewolf had savaged. I know he's a beast, but..." He cleared his throat. "I believe that of all of them, he is the one that we could, perhaps, decide to show mercy to."

"If the coin shows heads, he loses his head," the mayor replied, staring at the wolf. "Did you... say that perhaps he was good with his tongue?"

"Ah, yes, sir." The baker's ears turned red. "His tongue is, um. Magical. I don't know if you've ever fucked a sticky bun before, but-"

"I've NOT, and I certainly hope you haven't either," The mayor said. The baker closed his mouth and looked to the side. "Oh for Chrissake, Sparky."

"Well, the werewolves ATE my assistant, so..."

"Fucking hell. He could have BIT you, Sparky."

"Yeah, but he didn't. Even when he could have."

"Fine, I know what to do." The mayor strode confidently up to the fattened white werewolf. The wolf's pelt was whorly, thigh tufts pointing out in every direction, the creamy soft white making him look like the top of a meringue pie. The mayor stared down into the soft blue eyes that peered up at him, terrified and hopeful.

"Alright, beast. I've a mind to cut your foul head off, regardless. Some of the men are saying it's not worth the hassle, though." He lifted up a foot, resting it on Latur's expansive, soft belly, giving a push. Latur's feet pawed up at the air, flapping uselessly. He was helplessly turned turtle. "So. We'll flip the coin, and see what your fate is, mm?"

Latur looked up, his blue eyes as soft and puppy-like as one can imagine a huge fluffy white furred werewolf's eyes could look, nodding submissively.

"Good. I'm glad we're in agreement." The mayor stroked his foot along Latur's great expanse of a belly, stroking his toes through the deep, thick fur. "So, tell me, fluffy. What's your favorite food?"

Latur glanced around the campfire, to the men snickering and nudging each other. Latur was well known for raiding every larder and barn in the village. His rotund belly reflected his indulgence. "Well, I mean, I enjoy everything-

"No. Wrong answer." The mayor unbuttoned his breeches, and pushed them down to his thighs, tugging out a beefy, veiny cock. Latur was surprised; the mayor was no werewolf, but his dick was nearly as big as one. "Your favorite food is *dick*."

The mayor grinned, tugging at the white cotton shirt that he wore, peeling it off of his chest with both hands. The mayor was surprisingly muscular, a thick gut hanging down under broad pectorals, a rich dark curly forest of hair forming an inverted star pattern pointing right down to his exposed cock. He flung the jacket and shirt to the side, and stepped out of his breeches, standing naked before the simpering werewolf. "Now open up."

Latur opened his mouth to respond, confused, then snarfed in surprised as the mayor grasped his big triangular ears and pulled his snout against the mayor's groin. That thick cock, salted with sweat and throbbing with lust, slid in between Latur's chubby cheeks and along his dexterous tongue, hilding easily inside.

Latur lapped, tongue curling and licking, slurping wetly and fawning against the mayor's beefstick. The werewolf was blushing as he tasted and lapped, curling his long pink tongue against the hot maleness. The mayor's mouth dropped open in shock, and then he gave a look to the baker. The baker was grinning knowingly back at him.

"W-well, let's! Let's see what Fate has in store for you!" The mayor held Latur's head in place with one hand, the other flipping the coin up into the air. He slapped it down, SMACKING The coin directly into the soft puffy tummy, leaning over Latur's head to do so. He paused, closing his eyes for a moment as the wolf licked and lapped, whining hungrily, desperate for grace. The mayor lifted his hand, just a bit, peeking underneath. He nodded. "Fate calls for CASTRATION!" He said, panting and bucking his hips into Latur's maw. "But I Think we might need to take this cock of his, too. Look at it, hard and throbbing, clearly delighting at the thought of his own castration. He clearly won't need it! Not for his future lifestyle!"

Latur could feel hands against his shaft, teasing along it. He heard Rat, muttering something darkly from the other side of the fire, but his attention was brought back to the sensation of something sharp and burning against the root of his cock. It was the butcher's blade, scraping slowly against the flesh of his shaft.

"Better not cum," he heard, whispered in his ear, as the mayor cradled his snout up into his musky pubes. Hands teased along his shaft, stroking and milking against him, making the werewolf huff heavily through his nose. "If you cum before your mayor? We're taking this as a trophy."

"Naw, not as a trophy!" someone else said, "We can make a hambone stew with it!"

The mayor put the coin back into his pocket, leaning forward over Latur and bucking his hips, sawing that shaft back and forth along the white wolf's lips. Latur was careful to keep his sharp fangs covered, but the thickness of the cock in his mouth was grinding those lips against his teeth, to the point he could taste blood. His hips rocked upwards regardless, trying not to cum but quickly beginning to get TOO Excited. It was very very rare that Latur was able to *indulge* like this with a human!

"You think he feels guilty?" One of the men said quietly to another. "I mean, we all know it came up heads... the mayor is sparing him cuz he knows how to swallow dick."

"Yeah. Means one of his buds is gonna lose theirs in his place. Still... no honor among thieves, right?"

"I think he WANTS to be castrated, honestly. Look how hard that big werewolf dick is. Shit, he's aching to get those fat balls off." Latur whined, trying to ignore the men's voices, but being a werewolf gave him exceptionally good hearing. He pawed at the air, big feet clenching, toes splaying as he struggled not to cum. His nuts were getting tighter against his groin, as the blade teased around the swollen, hard, aching flesh of his knot. The tip tracing its way along a vein, downwards.

"Mayor better cum soon. I'm gonna cut his balls off either way here in a second," the butcher said. The mayor's cock throbbed in Latur's mouth, and he wrapped his lips tighter, his tongue sore and raw from stroking and licking. He pressed his nose against the mayor's fat nut-sack,

tight and bulging, huffing hotly as he drank in the human's sharp musk, wanting nothing but to swallow down the mayor's load.

"Don't you bite, puppy. Not even a nibble," The mayor hissed. He pushed in, forcing Latur's jaw to open wider, lower jaw sliding against the mayor's belly as his balls rested just inside the framing of those sharp teeth. "I feel a tooth and your head's mounted above my wall - coin flip or not."

At that point, the butcher began to slice into the loose, soft white fuzz of Latur's nut-sack. The werewolf gagged around the cock lodged deeply down his throat - for all of the steaks and pies and rabbit and pheasant he had gobbled down, he could NOT swallow down this pork loin! The silver cut into the neck of his scrotum, *slowly*, the flesh parting and hissing as if the knife were a thousand degrees.

"Suffer, foolish wolf," the mayor intoned, grinding those few centimeters back and forth as he watched delightedly, watching the foul monster's massive testicles being separated from his body. "Know that this punishment is for your own glURK!"

A shot of seed, gleaming in the light of the full moon, poured up and out of Latur's cock as the blade cut through the first of his two cords. The fountain of thick sweetened werewolf cream shot majestically through the air, over the rotund belly, the marshmallow fluffed chest, and splattering hot and hard directly into the mayor's mouth. The thick brown beard was glazed with it, the thick seed clinging to the curly hairs. The force of it speared the cum straight down his throat, the mayor jerking his head back as the fountaining jet hosed down along his bare chest, slapping against the wolf's own chin and throat. Another spurt, and then another, Latur squirming in humiliation as he came from the castration.

Surprisingly, the mayor came as well. That buttersilk tongue, the shock of the vulgar orgasm hosing out of the soon-to-be-neutered werewolf's cock, and his own shaft throbbed and shot its generous (for a human) hot blast of seed down the werewolf's throat. Another hot blast slotted across his chest, marking him in a slash from shoulder to navel. The mayor leaned into it, sticking out his cum-glazed tongue as Latur spurted the last of his seed into the air.

"YES! Purge your loins, neuter! Bless me with your SEED!"

The butcher yanked the blade, ripping the knife up through the wolf's scrotum. He grinned widely, maniacally as he swung both arms up, turning to the men around him. From one, the sharp, small blade that had claimed two sacks from scurrilous werewolves; from the others, a massive set of pineapples that hung nearly to the butcher's elbow, still twitching, lifting and sagging as they tried to unload their cum. Bubbling cream spilled out from the severed cords from both sides of those cords, down onto the stump between Latur's trembling thighs, and in thick rivulets down the butcher's muscular forearm, dripping from his elbow. He flung the nuts to the side, landing on top of the other set aside the stump.

"Oh, he's a keeper all right," the mayor panted, wiping the seed from his mouth, grinning like a fool. He spit out a massive loogie of werewolf cum and spit onto the ground, using a glazed elbow to get as much of the cooling nut off of his face as he could. "He's gonna be VERY popular." He grinned at the baker, who was smirking.

"I thought you might like that, sir," the baker said. He licked his lips, eyes glancing to the two sacks. "And I, uh, thought that maybe...."

The mayor looked down at the two, then back to the baker, who's cheeks were reddened. "A feast?"

"A feast. Family recipe. You'll love it." the baker said, quietly. Latur listened, ears perking at the sound of a feast. Was he invited?

"Very well. Take this one with you. He can stay in my barn, with the other. I think they can be trusted."

Sparky smiled, nodding. The cum-soaked werewolf struggled as the mayor finally pulled his thick, soft cock out of his mouth, trailing saliva and cream and hanging limp between his legs. He lapped at it, one last lick, grateful and thankful to have been spared. He tried to roll over, to get up onto his feet, his big belly swaying this way and that on the cum-and-blood soaked stump, only able to get to his feet when Garras grabbed a leg and dragged him onto the much more tactile soil around him. Latur stood up, freshly castrated, yipping as the butcher grabbed a handful of his left buttock and gave it a hard squeeze.

He looked over his shoulder, at the smirking butcher, ears folded back as he was led to the village. His last glimpse of the 'revelry' was of Rat, arms crossed and sour looking, glaring at him as he left.

The mayor looked around, finding the now soggy Stavros scrotum discarded by the fire and lifted it up. The men around him had stripped, and most of them had traces of cum on them now. The place stank even more of seed and sex than it had when they got there. The mayor wondered if making the castrated wolves leave was a mistake, after all, there were many men who would enjoy having the company of a docile, neutered werewolf, especially if they were all as good at sucking dick as Latur was.

He jammed his hand into the sack, pulling out two ears. "The black one! And you again!" He said, pointing to Lusty and Rat.

"Kill the scrawny one!"

"The big one! He fucked my daughter!"

"He fucked you first!"

"Yeah he fucked you while I watched, ass hole!" the men shouted at each other.

"This is not for you to decide!" The mayor boomed. He stroked a hand through the cum slathered on his chest, flinging the seed into the fire, which crackled and burst with heat and light.

"He's right!" Rat shouted. "It's for the mayor to decide! Obey your master, filthy peasants!" He turned back to the mayor, nodding obsequiously and gesturing for the mayor to continue. The mayor frowned.

"Fuck that. I'll go." Lusty said. The black werewolf stood up, his shaft throbbing against his belly. "After that performance, though, I think you'll be disappointed. You'll find that I'm not nearly as submissive and servile as my brethren."

"You were the first one to go down, Lusty!" Rat snarked. Lusty turned and growled at him.

"And you were begging everyone else to save you. Remember? Oh, don't think you'll be getting out of this," Lusty warned. "You might think you can suck up to a human, but at the end of the day, you're just enough head to mount on a pike."

He turned back to the mayor, snarling, drool frothing from his bared teeth. "You ambushed us, and I respect your cunning, but you WILL cut my head, or I will do it, either way, you will not take my balls from me, not while I still breath."

"Then we'll do it when you're dead," Garras grinned. "You think you're more than just meat? You raided my smoke house. Cost me a season's worth of sausages. I'm taking that difference out in WOLF MEAT."

Lusty blanched. "That's horrific. We are humans, you know-"

"Were humans. Now you're just big, meaty, growly cattle." The butcher stepped out of the way, as Lusty was dragged onto the slick stump. "And the next town over won't be able to taste the difference."

"Stop the nonsense. The werewolves will be fed to the pigs. What's left of them, anyways." The mayor flipped a coin, catching and slapping it on his forearm with a sticky splat. "Heads." He looked at Lusty, evenly. "You got real lucky." He turned back to the gathered men. "Prepare for blood! HEADS!"

The men whooped, and even Rat smirked smugly, leaning back against the tree he was against.

"Very well. Do it." Lusty said, closing his eyes. And waited. And waited some more.

"Come on, don't just cut his head off!" someone shouted. "It's boring if he doesn't care!"

"The coin came up heads!" The mayor shrugged. "I don't care if it's not a show, his head's coming off!"

"Aww, the last guy had that huge cream pie shot! Come on, everyone's getting their nuts cut off. This is the first GOOD beheading!"

"I don't-" The mayor said, pausing as he heard a throat being cleared.

"Good Mayor?" Rat said, smiling beatifically. "I believe this is where my true value to your village, as an uncastrated male werewolf, can really come into play."

The mayor sighed, "And what can you do?"

"Oh, I can make him SQUIRM. Take these silver bindings from my arms and neck, and I will make him beg, I will make him PLEAD with you to spare his life."

The mayor seemed unconvinced.

"He's gonna run as soon as you free him," Lusty said, not even opening an eye. "He's as sleazy as they get."

"Oh? Is that what you think? Well, Lusty, how am I gonna run away, if I'm knotted deep in your ass? Heh. Look at his cock, Mayor. Watch it twitch. He can't help it. He needs to cum. Gosh, you were interrupted, weren't you, when we got captured?"

Lusty opened his eyes and lifted his head, glaring at Rat. "What the fuck is wrong with you?"

"Just looking out for the interest of my new comrades," Rat snickered. "You were SO close to cumming, weren't you? Mayor? Would you dare to trust me, just this once, to show you how reformed a werewolf can choose to be? Without the need of any blades or axes?"

"Yeah. Okay." The mayor rubbed his chin. "Make him squirm. 'Prove' yourself, Rat."

There were murmurs of discontent from the crowd, as Rat strutted up to the stump. He leaned right over, curling slender fingers around Lusty's foot of dick. Lusty had notoriously never ever really gone completely soft. Ever. So it was easy for the little gremlin werewolf to knead and coax all thirteen inches back up to firm erection.

"Do your worst, fucknut. I'll be smiling down from Lumphalla while you're sucking dick in the church."

"Keep whining, bitch." Rat said, his other hand sliding down to trace claws along Lusty's massive nuts. "We both know you get louder the closer you are to cumming."

The black werewolf bristled, his hips shifting as his cock throbbed in Rat's hand. "If I cum I cum, it's of no meaning." His hips tightened, feet twisting and flexing, hands curling up into fists as he struggled to keep his eyes closed.

The mayor picked up the ax, moving into position and raising it over his head. "Let's get this over with. Nobody has the time to wait for him to cum," he grouched. "I'm spent and want to finish you all off so that I can go to bed."

Lusty began to pant, his hips shifting, trying not to grind himself up into those fingers. "Go on, do it. I'm not even close. It's a waste of your time. Lop off my head, human!" Lusty tried to bare his teeth and snarl, but a moan squeaked out instead.

"He's getting close." Rat chortled, slipping more of his fingers into Lusty's backside, his whole hand save for a thumb pressed up and stroking firmly, pressing intricately into the werewolf's heat.

"Stop it!" Lusty squirmed, whining, his arms flexing at the ropes. He opened his eyes, seeing the ax looming over his head. "Fuck! No, wait, just hold on..."

"Getting tired," the mayor said, his face hidden in shadows as Lusty whined. His hips thrusting up into the air, nuts bouncing as Rat toyed with him. "Here we go."

"No! I'm .. so close! WAIT!" Lusty's hips thrust up, as Rat let go of his cock, grasping around the neck of his scrotum and pulling down. Lusty's eyes crossed as he watched the ax begin to swing down. "Don't behead ME! AWOu-"

The ax swung down as Lusty's hips swung up. The werewolf pursed his lips and howled, eyes wide and eager, as the silver coated ax bit deeply into the soft flesh of his throat. His body rattled, every muscle tense and flexing, a powerful display of the musculature of the black furred wolf. The werewolf's cock spit out its hot first jet of cum, to SPLAT against the side of that ax. The werewolf's head lifted up off of the stump with the power of the ax's swing, rising above it just enough for Lusty to get a splash of his own seed in his eyes. The head bounced off to the ground and rolled to a stop next to Stavros' sack, near the fire.

Rat pulled away entirely, allowing the werewolf's body's last orgasm to shoot blindly off. Its shots were graceful, smooth long silken spurts that arced out ten, twenty feet, one landing into the fire with a crackling flare. With each spurt from the tip of his cock, a massive spurt of blood surged out of the stump of the werewolf's neck, dousing the legs of the mayor, mingling with the cum-soggy mud from Latur's massive orgasm.

"UoOoohghghghghh..." the werewolf's body hurffed out through its stump trying to finish a howl that had started with a head still attached. The chest cage collapsed as the body died. Lusty's body, consumed with orgasm, did not seem to realize that it was without its master. Muscles in his chest spasmed, the abs tightened and relaxed, and hips bucked up violently, if erratically.

The werewolf's tail twitched, once, as the body's proud cock flexed and fired one load after another of slick werewolf cum into the air.

The mayor pulled the axe out of the stump, and Garras grabbed the body by its still hard dick, by the knot, calloused hand snaring that hard lump of flesh and using it to drag the twitching body free of the stump, to lay on top of Stavros.

Rat crossed to the mayor, knelt next to him and nuzzling against his thigh affectionately. "I helped."

The mayor glanced down, disgust across his muzzle. "You did."

"I got him off. Made him put on a show. He wouldn't have begged if it wasn't for me." Rat informed the mayor, licking his lips. "All for you, of course. And you know, my handsome mayor sir, the survivors.... they WILL need an alpha. An ~intact~ werewolf, one who can keep them in line, one who is clever enough to see through their disobedient puppy tactics. Nobody knows the antics of Latur and Broke-Bone better than me, after all. So..."

"So quick to dismiss your compatriot, aren't you?" the mayor says. "He's still intact. He could be the alpha. Or he could be-" The mayor turned away from Rat, his cum-smearred face pressing right into the thick, warm, dry, freshly-grown pelt of a massive, muscular gray werewolf. "Oh fuck"

There was one that they haven't captured?! The mayor took a step back, stumbling for a moment, as the werewolf grinned, massive perfect sharp fangs bared in hungry carnal lust. He was eight feet tall if he was an inch, with a heavy gut, broad shoulders, thick arms that ended with two hands clasped between his powerful thighs, cupping his fat cock and heavy balls.

"It's me, father. Tomas." the werewolf said, in a very slow and deliberate matter. Even still, he bit into his tongue, blood spraying from his mouth as he pronounced 'father', spritzing the mayor's face.

"I-"

"I swear it to be so. I've changed. That one-" The werewolf gestured to Stavros, "Bit me. You believe me, yes?"

The mayor looked to where Tomas had been resting, but there was only blood scraps of clothing there. "I want to, but... you are a ferocious beast. Not my son. Not my Tomas."

"Aren't I?" the werewolf said, his voice tinged with sadness. "Well... perhaps, then, this can help with your memory?" The werewolf raised his hands, letting his fat, thick veined cock flop down and hard between his legs. There was the deep red piercings of werewolf teeth, at the root of his cock, where Stavros bit him. Beyond that, he was wolf, but before that, human.

The mayor gasped. There, between the werewolf's legs, at the end of foot long cock, was a silver prince albert. The family heirloom, handed down from generation to generation. He remembered the night he had had taken it from his own cock, and pierced it into the flesh of his son; now a man. He reached for it with shaky hands, taking the werewolf's human cock in his hand.

"Please be gentle, father. I am... VERY sensitive," Tomas said.

"I've already had one werewolf cum on me tonight, if you squirt in my face I'm neutering you, son or not," The mayor said, as he carefully turned the piercing around, twisting it slowly through the hole in the lycanthrope's shaft until he saw the bearing. He knelt down, holding the cock carefully, his breath streaming out against the straining erection as he examined it. "Yes. That's the family crest. A cockatrice birthing itself. It's you, Tomas. It's you... my son."

The mayor dropped the hot stiff cock, as it slapped up against the werewolf's belly, and embraced his massive furry son. Squeezing him tight, the mayor felt tears soaking into the thick gray pelt.

"Tsk." Rat said, from behind them. "Well, that's just great. So happy for you. Love that for you. But he's a child. He can't be the alpha."

"He can be the alpha!" the mayor shouted, muffled through the werewolf pelt.

"Oh for fuck's sake, this is boring!" Shouted the remaining werewolf. The charcoal-pelted wolf had "~~THREE~~ LEGS" carved into the flesh of his belly, as if the eighteen inch cock that hung down past the wolf's knees was not enough of an indication. "The coin decides! The COIN! If you want to argue over who's the leader, FLIP A COIN! This politics shit is BORING!"

Tomas snarled at the other gray wolf, who snarled back, teeth bared until a conk from behind sent him sprawling. He staggered to his feet, twisting his head to see who hit him, then turning back to Tomas.

"Hey! Welcome to the family, kid! Three rules to being a werewolf! You regenerate! Silver kills ya! And most importantly... DO! WHATEVER! THE! FUCK! YOU! WANT!"

Tomas snarled again, crouching down, pushing the mayor away from him.

"NO, Tomas." The mayor grabbed for his son, impulsively grasping for the only part of him that he could; that big straining erection. Damn it felt just like his own. "No. He's BAITING you."

"And you're bating HIM!" Three leg chortled. "Come on, the coin awaits! What will it be? I want to know, I have to know what my fate will be!"

"He's so scared he's begging for you to choose for him," Rat said to the Mayor. He gestured, obliquely, glancing furiously over to Tomas. "He's an addict."

Three Legs pulled at the ropes that bound him. "THE COIN MUST CHOOSE!" he howled, his tail wagging, his cock thick against his belly. "Rat's a buzzkill. Ignore him, he's just going to run away anyways. Me. ME! I've waited long enough, it's driving me crazy. FLIP THE COIN!"

Rat growled, the small wolf's tail hiking up. "Three legs is the worst of the worst. You know all the missing fingers? Those are from him. He makes bets with people. Bets they can't win and he can't lose. He loves losing, in fact. I bet he WANTS you to cut off his head. Don't even flip the coin. Deny him the thrill. Cut off his head. Three dead, two neutered, two intact. The perfect pack to protect your village."

"Is this true?" the mayor called out, still holding Tomas by the cock, trying not to pay attention to the way the werewolf was hunching his cock slowly in and out along his hand. Three legs just grinned, and looked over to Garras. The butcher glanced to the mayor, cheeks reddening, ears tinging.

"Yeah, it's true. I love the thrill... almost as much as humans. AWO! Garras has cut all kinds of pieces from me." Three Legs giggled, "I bet he sold it to you in his shop!"

"I DID NO SUCH THING!" Garras snarled. "I would never, EVER feed werewolf meat to a human! Believe me, Mayor!"

"We were going to turn him! He is one of us, at heart, even if he doesn't realize it yet!" The werewolf crooned, yipping and yanking at the chains. A THUNK settled him down, rubbing at his head again. He chuckled. "You can have HIM though. Traitorous louse!" The werewolf spit at Rat, and Rat smirked, stepping out of the way.

"Of course you hate me, Three legs," Rat said, sniffing up at the air. "I'm in agreement with the humans. You werewolves went too far. I am aligned with the humans, and I Agree. It's well past the time to rectify this little... situation." Rat looked at the corpses, cum and blood around the ruined werewolf site. "Well past time."

"Werewolf!" Mayor said. "I'm tired of your games. Here is your flip. Watch closely." Three legs strained at his bonds, trying to watch as the mayor took the coin and flipped it up through the air. The silver flickered, gleaming in the light of the fire, and Three legs YIPPED as the mayor caught and slapped it down at his own wrist.

"What was it? Tell me! What was it? What did it come up?" Three Legs begged, his shaft wobbling back and forth as he pranced in place, pawing at the silver collar around his throat. "For fuck's sake TELL ME!"

"No." The mayor said, smiling. He nodded to the men holding Three Legs, as the werewolf began to struggle.

"I'LL GUT YOU! TELL ME WHA-"*DUNK!* The wooden pole bonged hollowly against Three leg's skull, hard enough to knock the fight out of him. "Hurf." He slumped down, staggering loosely as the men who held him dragged him towards the thump. "No...no..."

Tomas turned to the Mayor, grasping his naked father by the shoulders, his nose close to the older man's face. "Father. Allow me to do it. Is it the axe, or the blade?"

The mayor shook his head, putting a finger to his lips as Three Legs' ears perked up.

"Tell him! What is it?" Even concussed, he struggled anew, kicking at the ground. The men holding him released him and he staggered forward, slapping against the stump and sliding along it, face down in the blood and cum. "TELL ME!"

The mayor ignored Three Legs, walking over to the fire for a moment. He smiled as he saw something, and crouched down, picking it up. He turned around, holding Stavros' sack in his hands. He approached Three Legs, who began to shake his head, trying to twist away from him. "No. No no no. NO you can't DO this!"

The Mayor chuckled, as he came closer. "Brain him."

THUNK! The butcher swung the club like a golf club, whacking the tender soft spot in the center of Three Leg's skull, sending it rolling forward to his chest and then flopping bonelessly back.

The mayor leapt down, grabbing the werewolf's massive, drooling jaws and closing them with his hand. "Help me." He asked, and Garras knelt down next to him. No words were needed, as he grabbed the limp, empty scrotum from the Mayor's hands and pulled it down over the dazed werewolf's snout. Pulling it down and over his head, like an executioner's hood, just at around the time Three Legs began to rouse from his stupor. "My belt."

The belt from the mayor's pants was yanked free, and while the Mayor held the hood over Three Legs' head, it was quickly strapped around the scrotum, and cinched closed, fastening it as tightly as it could be to the wolf's throat.

"You want to know so badly!" The Mayor said, standing again. "You want to know what fate decided for you? Well, everyone here knows what your fate is... Everyone except YOU, foul beast!"

Three legs HOWLED, kicking his legs, the men holding him down struggling hard to keep from being dragged or kicked at. Three Legs seemed infuriated, but the werewolf was fucking up into the air. He thrust madly, wildly, lost in the darkness of that hood, having no idea what was about to befall him.

The butcher rested a foot on the the werewolf's belly, standing up and putting his weight on the wolf's belly. He reached down, grabbing the wolf's massive cock. It really was the biggest of the bunch, bigger than broke bone's, bigger than Stavros'. Huge. It was hot to the touch, the flabby meat large, gnarled and scarred, so abused and tortured with years of 'regeneration games'. He pressed a finger against the tip, and it slipped down inside. Garras finger fucked the wolf's cock, giving him SOMETHING to thrust humiliatingly up against, and over, as he kept that boot along his belly.

"Tell me! What did the coin say? Please! Please, I need to know! You can't let him just choose one! You have to tell him what the choice is."

Tomas looked at the axe and the knife, both of them sitting on the stump. He reached for the axe, looking to the Mayor, who nodded. The handle of it was leather bound, the werewolf growling, fur bristling at the silver that bound the blade. It made it hard to wield, as if the blade was stuck in some thick mud that he had to drag it through.

Fortunately, Tomas was strong. He lifted the axe high above his head. Three Legs, deliriously panicked, moaning into his alpha's sack, pumped his cock against Garras's finger, his eggs tightening. Garras smirked, and reached down, gripping that sack and pulling it up, taut.

"Yes! YES!" Cream spurted up around Garras' finger, the werewolf ejaculating as he finally realized what was about to happen. "You grabbed my nuts! You- you're going to CASTRATE me! I KN-"

THUNK

Rat winced, watching as the last member of his pack was summarily dealt with. The still bound head of Three Legs rolled, quietly off of the edge of the stump, the scrotum rolling with it. The axe had cleaved down just on the far side of the belt, and Stavros sack slid down the edge of the stump, looking... satisfied that it was filled with the large, egg-shaped object inside. Just like old times. Three Legs' body continued to tremble, and as the men let go of the bindings that kept him spreadeagled, the werewolf's hands reached down, as if to grasp at that cock that was twitching and oozing around the butcher's fingers. Garras pulled his finger out with a wet POP, licking at it and smirking down at Three Legs as the gambler folded, body succumbing to its fate.

"A fitting end to a disgusting beast." Rat said. "But that's all well and done. Good job, Mayor. Tomas. Allow me to welcome you to our humble village." He smiled up to the men. Garras, Tomas, and the Mayor looked at each other, then down to Rat. They were not smiling. "I mean. You did a great job. I helped, of course. And I look forward to helping you additionally, Mayor. And - or Tomas. And... or... whoever you are." Rat chuckled indulgently. "You'll find I'm more than capable."

Tomas swung an arm around, clapping Rat on the back. "Yes. Of course." His hand slipped up, sliding up to the scruff of his neck. Rat had just enough time to realize what was happening before fingers clenched down and he found himself lifted easily up into the air.

"How... how fucking DARE you?!" Rat yelled, reaching up to grab at Tomas' hands. He tried to twist his head, teeth bared like an opossum's as he bit at the air, snapping indignantly. "How fucking DARE you?! Do you know who I am?! do you have any IDEA?! UNHAND ME!"

"Not yet," the mayor said, chuckling as he flipped the coin in his hands. "We have one more coin to flip."

"That coin better be for fucking TOMAS, I've done NOTHING WRONG!" His arms swung, legs kicking into the air, the small werewolf thrashing as violently as he could, but Tomas had a very strong grip, claws sinking into the loose pelt that hung from his fingers. He paused, just long enough to watch the silver coin land on the chest of the dead werewolf.

Two fat apples hanging on a branch.

"No. NO. Please, I've been GOOD, I'm the BEST! How can you be so fucking BLIND!"

But Rat could do nothing, NOTHING as Tomas' other hand reached around from behind. He kicked, but his feet could not grapple, as the massive gray werewolf's hand wrapped around the entirety of his package.

Rat was hung. Dick? not so much. Ten, maybe eleven inches. Great for a human; stubby for a werewolf. But his balls? They were the size of his head. Each. The great rounded globes swayed in their sack as the werewolf's hands wrapped around them. He shrieked, something unintelligible, watching helplessly as the hand closed down. His cock jutted out from the other side of the paw, nestled between two great ovals. Tomas squeezed down, and then Tomas twisted his hand.

The sound of celery being snapped, of a cabbage being forced out of the ground, the grisly sound of ten pounds of werewolf genitals being pulled loose like a twist-off bottle cap, silenced Rat into stunned submission, unbelievably. No. NO.

"I can't believe you've done this," he mumbled to himself. He stared at the massive handful of meat that Tomas raised up to his eyes.

"Rat. My dear fellow," the Mayor said, stepping up to the gelded werewolf. A feeble kick batted away. "I'm so fucking sick of your bullshit. You really, REALLY thought that you could turn on your friends, your packmates, and that you could be part of the village? Suffering nothing for your own crimes against it? Heh. Ha! I love that for you." He nodded to Tomas, and Tomas pushed Rat's head against his own fat nut-sack.

"I think it's time you swallowed a bit of your own pride, Rat. You want to be part of MY village? You better fucking show some respect to me. To us. To your nEiGhBoRs."

"I- MMF!" Rat opened his mouth, because of course he did, and his left testicle was crammed in. He reached up, trying to stop it, but he couldn't. It was big, far too big for him to swallow, and the werewolf felt his lips splitting at the sheer bulk of something as big as his head being pushed into his head. "MMGGGH!"

"Chow down, sweet Rat." The mayor said, as he picked the silver coin from Three Legs' chest. There was a pink circular patch of human skin where it had rested, with the faint impression of the emperor's head burned into the skin. He gave the coin to Garras. "Do you know how to make... an Angel Shot?"

Garras grinned, only barely able to tear his eyes away from the carnage in front of him. "Of course I do." He took the coin, and went to the bench, taking the bottle of whiskey that Rat had stolen from his own shop earlier that day. He began the process of shaving the coin into a shot glass.

Rat had to bite down. His jaws threatened to split open, if he didn't. His beautiful, prized testicles were going to choke him to death. Rat seethed as he bit down, fighting back against his own endowments, pulverizing the flesh between his fangs. His testicle erupted, hot sperm and tissue erupting down his throat in a solid slug of pure masculinity. He chewed, snarling, seed and tissue drooling from his lips as he savagely mauled his own flesh.

He was fucking delicious. The most delicious of anyone, absolutely. He could not help but devour himself, now that he had a taste. Seed drooled from the wound at his loins, as the werewolf feasted upon himself.

'Fools.' he thought, as Tomas kept pushing, the second nut pushing the remnants of the first into his throat. 'These Idiots. They didn't even use silver. I'll regenerate in a few days. I'll be back. I'll destroy them one by one.'

He lunged forward, stretching his mouth, his cheeks split as he forced himself over his last nut. Tomas helpfully brought his hands together, his wide palm forcing the other end into the rabid werewolf's maw. Rat was mindlessly consuming, more and more of his own testicles dissolving, crushed into paste to fill a belly that was not used to even half as much of this volume inside it. It gurgled as it was forced to stretch around the sheer volume of delicious meat that was jammed down into it.

Rat didn't care. He chewed, pulped, and destroyed his own flesh, pure vindication and anger fueling him until he was lapping at Tomas' palm. He pulled back, in smug agreement, only to have something flop down on top of his own snout.

His cock.

He had, admittedly, not seen it so close up before. It was his cock. The knot bulbs at the base were flared. He hadn't even realized he had been so close to cumming. He looked down, at the cum running down his thighs, and saw his belly, grotesquely swollen with the sheer amount of meat that he had consumed. *Meat*.

He looked back up at the *meat* in Tomas hand. Feral, he snapped at it.

When Garras returned back to Tomas and Rat, Tomas had let the smaller werewolf go. Rat sat on the ground, next to the stump, his back to it. He glared up at Garras, as the butcher held out a glass.

"Sir? Would you like a night cap, perhaps? It's a fine whiskey. I believe you had some of it earlier."

"I'll kill you." Rat seethed. "You idiot. You absolute buffoon. You have no idea what you could have had."

"Sure, sure. Hey, crap, you just reminded me." Garras put the drink down, next to Rat, and then reached past him. He grabbed the silver blade, lifting it up and showing it to Rat.

Rat's eyes widened.

Garras' grin had so many damned fangs in it. "Yeah. That's what I like to see." He reached underneath Rat, grasping the twisted stump of flesh that had been left when Tomas tore the werewolf's cock and balls free of his body. He was able to hold it between two fingers. He pulled it out, and shaved it loose with the silver blade. The flesh sizzled as it healed from the wound, scabbing over in an ugly knot that guaranteed that Rat's balls would never grow back again.

He stood up, wiping the knife off on his thigh and then resheathing it. "Enjoy your drink, Rat. Compliments of the idiot."

The men left, then. The werewolves who had been accepted into the village had already been led back home, and the dead werewolves had nothing else to say. There was soon nobody in the clearing except Rat, his belly full of his own genitals, and the shot. He glared at Garras as the butcher left, then looked at the shot of whiskey. He could smell the silver in it. He knew what drinking it would mean. He stood up, picking up the shot glass. He would go to the town. Drink it, and then puke on the Mayor while he slept. Choke him to death with his regurgitated cock and balls. A fitting end for an insolent bug.

He began to stalk after them, and was stopped as the large gray wolf stepped out from the darkness of the woods.

"Oh, fuckin'... goddammit. YOU. You weren't supposed to be bit. Stavros ruined EVERYTHING."

"Drink it." Tomas said, quietly. "I'll give you the audience you need. Dance for me, Rat. Show me exactly what you're capable of."

Rat seethed, his belly painfully full with the full bulk of his seed. This upstart, this whelp, smugly, condescendingly telling him what to do.

Rat took the shot. Swallowed it, the coin liquified in whiskey, tasting the hint of wolfsbane in it as well, as it hit his tongue and washed down his throat.

He staggered backwards, as the silver immediately began to react to the potent magicks imbedded in his stomach. The testicles of a werewolf are inherently magical, and it was reacting with the wolfsbane and the silver, even in a pureed form.

"You know what?" he said, clutching at his stomach as it bulged out, swelling up beneath his fingers. "My name isn't... URRP! ... Rat...."

He staggered backwards, feeling tissue rending inside him as the flesh yielded, losing it's magical regenerative power with just the hint of the silver. This was the end. He was going to go, he knew it. His belly swole up in front of him, pushing his hands away from him. His skin stretched, going tight against his shoulders, his pelt peeling away from his pectorals into a wide rounded balloon. Muscles began to snap, abdominals hissing as the foaming dissolution weakened and forced them apart. The burning scar from the silver knife fizzed and steamed as the pressure tried to force it's way out.

"It's KING ARDOoooooosh!!" The air from his lungs were forced out from his lips, as the organs were crushed upwards, the werewolf's eyes growing comically wide, unable to breath, to speak. He looked down, hips thrusting, grinding a cock that didn't exist into a lover that would never be waiting for him. His head flung back, as everything that could be dissolved between his stomach and his skin finished dissolving, leaving a great stretched mass of reddish fur. Dark shapes could be seen pushing against it, organs and foam. The wolf flung himself onto his back, the massive bubble of tautly stretched skin wobbling, boinging up to crush against his face, then swaying back, lifting the small werewolf helplessly as it rolled up and over. Rat's head swung back up over the top of his own belly, and Tomas made eye contact with the heavy-lidded, tongue-lolling wolf. His whole body dissolving into foam from the inside out, and the wolf grinned at him, maniacally, feeling something that Tomas could only imagine. Something rapturous. As the great split formed inside Rat, his belly splitting open, pressurized liquified werewolf pissing out through the torn seams, the wolf's mouth filled with the foam, and at that point, there was a moment as he was exploding, but not yet exploded. The wide, burbling, swollen bubble of foaming werewolf innards erupted from inside, the wolf becoming flaps of torn shreds of pelt, a depressurized volcano of werewolf slime erupting from where Rat had been.

Tomas was smart enough to duck behind the trunk of a tree, as the werewolf exploded, his chest and stomach rupturing massively outwards in a hissing, foaming, expanding avalanche of bloody, musky, cummy slime. It splattered across the clearing, putting out the fire in a concussive blast, coating everything in a fizzing slime. The biggest blast of them all had come from the smallest werewolf.

Tomas sighed, and turned around, back to the village. There was so much work to do.

The next morning, Latur and Harn woke up. They had cuddled against each other in the night, ears perked as they heard people walking outside, hearing laughter, hearing chatter. They had heard distant thunder, once, but no rain had ever come. Neither had any of their packmates. The neutered werewolves were disheveled as they stood at the door to the barn, unsure if they should try to leave, or wait for them.

Were they really all that was left? Three legs, Rat? Lusty? they had all lost their heads?

The barn door swung open, and the Mayor grinned to them from the outside.

"Welcome to the village, currs," the Mayor said. He gestured for them to come out. The day was bright, not a cloud in the sky. The villagers were out, talking, walking.

"They're not afraid of us," Latur whispered to Harn. The other werewolf nodded, head dipped down as he peered out at them. The white wolf glanced to Harn, then reached over, taking his hand. "Don't worry. I won't let them hurt you."

Harn looked at Latur incredulously. "Um. Yeah. Sure. Thanks." Regardless, he squeezed back against the white wolf's hand.

The Mayor was walking ahead of them, nodding to the ladies and tot he gentlemen. He paused to introduce some of them to the wolves. "This is Curr and Whelp. For now. We'll give them better names, later. They're free for you to use for anything you need done around the village. Mucking stalls, towing fields. There's some work horses they are going to replace until we get more in from the next town over. You won't mind doing all that heavy work, will ya boys?"

The Mayor slapped Latur's great, jiggly belly, the white werewolf whining and shaking his head. "of course not, whatever you want from us, of course! We are happy to oblige."

Harn's upper lip trembled, but he glanced to the Mayor and nodded. "Of course. Whatever you need from us. We are eager to ... restore your village back to it's former... glory."

"That's the spirit. I mean, if you decide you're tired, WELL..." The Mayor gestured to the center of the town square. There were three freshly planted flagpoles there, one on each side of the main thoroughfare and one in the center. At the top of each flagpole, tongues lolling, eyes pointing up to the skies, were the heads of Three Legs, Lusty, and in the middle, Stavros.

Latur and Harn squeezed each other's hands tighter.

"I understand!" Latur said. He lowered his eyes, folding back, as submissive as possible. "What about... Argos? Rat?"

"Rat... won't be joining the village. He wasn't worth the effort of cleaning up. There is no more rat. Understood?"

The two wolves nodded. "Understood!"

The mayor regarded them solemnly for a moment, squinting. "Good. Now. What is that DELICIOUS smell?!" He asked. He turned towards the bakery at the corner of the intersection. "That smells like meat pies!" He led the two wolves over, greeting Sparky as the baker came out with a tray full of small pastries. "Sparky, I haven't smelled such fine baked goods in MONTHS."

Both of the wolves tucked their tails. They could smell what the pastries were made of.

"Yes, it's good to finally have fresh meat again. And it's even better to know that I'm not going to lose any more sheep or pigs." Sparky said. "I'm the only one who gets to cut my pigs up. Well, me and the butcher. Right, boys?"

Harn and Latur nodded, as the Mayor took a pastry and popped it between his lips, the fresh baked crust and greasy filling still steaming. He chuckled and waved at his lips, groaning in pleasure at the succulent meats and delicious broth that aroused his senses.

"Come on, we don't have all day." The mayor was positively beaming as he led the embarrassed neutered wolves nude through the center of the village. They could hear more of the villagers whispering, giggling, hearing small jokes as they watched the wolf's dicks flop around with nothing underneath.

The butcher's shop wasn't even open yet, and this made the Mayor frown. "Now where the hell are.... oh."

Coming up the street were Garras and Tomas. Tomas was still in his werewolf form, the massive werewolf strolling casually, confidently up the cobbled walkway. And he was holding the butcher's hand. Garras looked ... really, really torn up. Claw marks on his cheeks and arms, limping badly, but he was grinning from ear to ear.

"There you are." The mayor said. He cleared his throat, gesturing to the two shocked werewolves, who were staring up at Tomas in terror.

Tomas saw them, his doofy grin disappearing. Stroking a paw quickly up the back of the butcher's head, he loped on all fours the rest of the way, skidding to a stop between Latur and

Harn and the Mayor. Teeth back in a growl, he thrust his snout between the neutered wolves' legs, snuffling pushing them with his head.

The mayor rested a paw on the back of Tomas' head. "Son. These... These are your pack."

Tomas snorted, glaring at them. "They're from the other pack."

"They've been gelded with silver. They've agreed to do whatever we want to make things right. And if they fuck up, we kill them."

Latur whimpered, staring at the ground and trying not to urinate in fear. "Yes. We're yours. Your omegas."

Tomas's eyes narrowed... "I'll have to mark them as mine." He stood up, his cock thickening, the silver piercing gleaming in the sunlight. "If they can survive my cock... then I guess they can stay." He ruffled up the two werewolves' heads, between their ears. "But that can wait until tonight, after you've toiled for twelve hours. For now? We have sooo much work to do. Come on, lardies, we're getting sweaty with REAL work."

And that is the magical story about how the village of Knotmont survived a group of werewolves and became the thriving metropolis we know as New Knot City, today!

THE END