

Test Subject |

Door Number Four Test Subject

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I duck into Richard's clinic for the standard daily physical exam; that machine isn't getting any less intrusive, but at this point I barely notice it.

Then I go to the locker room and open locker number four. Inside is...what, exactly? It looks like what Neanderthals wore after they first discovered how to sew fur together. Very weird.

It's a short dress, if you can call it that. Really, it's just a big fur pelt, which looks and feels like it belonged to some sort of dog once.

There are holes for my head and arms, and when I pull it on I find that it ends about a third of the way down my thighs. Long enough to cover my private parts, but not much more.

I'm still curious about subject number three. What kind of monster was that? Why did Mr. Sire decide I didn't need to work with it? What was I supposed to wear for it?

Well, at least I can answer one of those questions. I open locker number three, to find that the outfit inside is just a bikini. Huh. Nothing special about that.

I shake my head and leave the room, passing doors one and two, then the mysterious number three, before stopping in front of number four. I unlock it and turn the door handle, then remember I'm supposed to press the button first.

I do so. The hallway lights go off, plunging me into pitch darkness.

"Well, I could have guessed as much," I murmur, remembering Mr. Sire's question about being afraid of the dark. I wonder why I have to wear such a stupid outfit, if nobody is going to be able to see it.

I open the door and go inside, closing it behind me. I see nothing, not even my hand in front of my face.

I think quickly, trying to figure out how to navigate. This room is on the same side of the hallway as Mehdi's, so the structure should be the same. Which means that the creature with the chains should be...

I stretch out my arms and walk in what I think is the right direction, but after not even two steps, I hear a deep, threatening growl.

I stop in my tracks, and my blood runs cold.

Mr. Sire asked about fear of wild animals... This can't be a bear or wolf, right? There's nothing supernatural about them.

I change direction and walk to where I think the table should be, in the corner farthest away from the creature.

Stupidly, I bump against the table. I let out a quiet "fuck," and the growl disappears. It's like the creature heard me and is waiting to find out what I'll do next.

"My name is Cat," I say carefully, running my hand down the wall trying to find the file. "I'm not going to hurt you, I promise."

I hear a soft sniffing. After some fumbling my hand finds the file, but this was a stupid idea. I can't see to read it.

Instead, I look for the metallic bowl with the syringe and strap. I find it—without hurting myself—and slide it toward the front of the table, so I can easily find it again.

"How the fuck am I supposed to take your blood in this darkness?" I whisper. As if in response, I hear something like an animalistic chuckle.

"Can I come closer?" I ask. No response, so I take a step forward, but immediately the growl returns—quieter this time. "I left the syringe on the table," I reassure whatever-it-is. "There's nothing I can do to hurt you."

The growl fades away again into more curious sniffing.

I get closer and extend my hand, keeping my eyes open in the hope that they might adjust at some point. At this point, though, I doubt that's going to happen.

"I'm very close now. Can I touch you?" I ask. The sniffing stops. It's dead silent now.

"I take that as a yes," I whisper, and I take one last step forward.

My outstretched hand bumps against something hairy. *Very* hairy.

"You feel very soft," I say—a little louder now, since I haven't been eaten whole yet. As a reaction, I get a *woof* of affirmation, like what I would expect from a dog.

But this can't be a dog, because I keep running my hand higher up what can only be a chest—a chest that's above my head.

“Can I...touch your body?” I timidly ask. As an answer, I feel a tongue stretch out to lick my hand.

I chuckle and pet the furry beast. I think I can hear a big, heavy tail beating the floor, as if the creature is sitting and wagging its tail.

I have to spread my arms almost full-length in both directions to reach both the creature’s front legs. How huge is this thing?

It holds up one paw and lets me examine it by touch. It’s heavy, and big enough to easily cover my whole belly.

“You’re very cooperative.” I chuckle. In response, it starts licking my face, which makes me laugh. “And affectionate,” I add.

I stretch up to find the creature’s shoulders, and then I feel along them to reach the neck from both sides. Carefully, I find the face, making sure not to touch the eyes.

I feel long, pointy ears, then carefully slide to the front of the snout, which is very long. When I reach the mouth, I stop.

“Can I touch your teeth without you biting me?” I ask. The tongue reaches out to lick me again. I take that as a yes.

Slowly, I let my hand slide down, the creature baring its teeth so I can feel them. They are immense; one tooth must be about the length of my hand, and the breath is warm on my face.

I take back my hands and chuckle.

“If I didn’t know better, I’d say you’re a wolf, but you’re way too big for that,” I say. “What are you?” I can hear the creature stand up, rattling its chains, and then I feel warmth close to my face as it breathes on me.

Gently, the snout presses against my head.

“What are you trying to tell me?” I wonder. The snout pokes into my stomach, making me laugh. “Me? What about me?”

It growls, then lets out a low “aroo...”

“Okay...you can howl, but you’re not a wolf. And when I asked what you are, you pointed to me, so...oh, fuck,” I whisper. I can hear it panting. The sound is almost expectant, like it’s waiting for me to put the pieces together.

“This is going to sound crazy,” I start, “but after my last two days...are you a...werewolf?”

The creature makes a happy *yip* that I take as confirmation. I laugh in response.

“Good to know! Although”—I chuckle—“I’m kind of glad that it’s so dark in here. I don’t know if I would have been brave enough to come in if I’d seen you before I got to know you.”

I turn around to return to the table, taking two careful steps. “But after all, you’re such a good boy, I bet you can—”

Before I can finish my sentence, I hear a metallic *click* and the rattle of chains falling to the ground.

I can’t even turn around before a heavy weight crashes into me from behind, pushing me down so my face hits the floor. It’s gentle enough that I’m not hurt, but I grunt from surprise.

“What are you...,” I start in confusion, but when I feel the wolf’s snout pushing up the back of my little Stone Age dress, I start to freak out. This can’t be possible.

I’ve been fucked by a dream goat-devil and then by a ghostly blue man with invisible hands, but there has to be a limit.

I try to crawl forward, but the werewolf just puts a paw on my back to keep me in place. I gasp and let it hold me down.

Curiously, it starts smelling my ass, and I let it, but when I feel the teeth pulling on my panties, I try to wiggle myself free.

It’s no use. Every time I try to move, that paw presses against me harder, holding me down, almost pushing the air out of my lungs.

Helplessly, I lie there as a damn werewolf breaks *yet another* of the pairs of panties I’ve worn since I arrived here. By now, I’m sure Richard and Mr. Sire must have designed them with some intentional breaking point.

“Just...,” I gasp. The beast raises its paw a little to give me some air. “Be gentle, will you?”

When I say this, the creature whimpers a bit. It takes its paw off my back, and I’m able to get on all fours. Just as I’m about to crawl away, though, the werewolf gently licks over my pussy and ass.

I wail quietly, but not because it’s unpleasant.

I wail because I get fucking horny.

This. Is. Not. Possible.

How the fuck is this happening to me?!

This creature is like a fucking rabid, huge, human-dog behind me, but I still get turned on when it licks my ass?! Or should I say, he? I assume he's a male, though in the dark it's hard to get confirmation.

I shudder when I feel him settle his full weight onto my back, his front legs next to my arms. He's positioning himself.

Scared and excited at the same time, I spread my legs a little farther, hoping to ease the entry.

I expect him to just penetrate like no tomorrow, but instead, he gently rubs his penis between my ass cheeks for a moment.

Hell, I'd be lying if I said that I wasn't horny as fuck right now. I feel the walls of my pussy contract, firing up with excitement and the need to be filled.

And then, the beast gently bites down on the flesh of my neck, while slowly sinking his dick into my pussy. I hear the squelching noise, turning me on even more.

Every time I think he's buried to the hilt inside of me, he keeps going—and going. Finally, I feel his soft fur on my ass. I gasp and arch my back a bit, steepening the angle while spreading my knees even more.

The werewolf lets go of my neck. I guess he's realized that I'm enjoying this, and don't need to be held in place.

"Don't...be gentle anymore." I sigh. As if he's been waiting for it, he starts thrusting relentlessly.

I struggle to stay on all fours as I'm rammed from behind, every thrust pushing me forward a little.

I moan. I am definitely enjoying this, but I realize that the grunting and growling of the beast is even louder. It turns me on more to hear how into this he is.

But then, as quickly as it started, it finishes. The werewolf comes and I feel him fill me, heat emanating from the semen inside of me.

When he's done, he gently licks my neck and pulls out, before puffing out a breath and returning to his corner.

I'm left feeling empty; that was hot for sure, but my body is still crying out for my own orgasm, and I'm not sure this beast is thoughtful enough to want to give it to me.

I straighten my spine and start trying to convince my legs to stand up, but when I raise my head, I can see a small red light in the corner, obvious in the otherwise pitch-black room. This...is the same spot where Mehdi pointed out a camera yesterday.

I stand up, wobble to where I think the door is, fumble for the handle, and go outside. Then I push the button beside the door again, and the light returns to the hallway.

I have to shield my eyes against the sudden dazzle after being all-but blind for so long. When my eyes have adjusted a little, I pull down the dress and go to the locker room to change back into my clothes.

But the more I think about this...the angrier I get.

This beast could have killed me. Just one tiny bite, and my head would have parted company with my shoulders. Why were the chains malfunctioning?

With both Sylvan and Mehdi, they remained securely chained to the wall the whole time. If their chains had malfunctioned for whatever reason, they would have only used the advantage to please me even more.

But no, it had to be the monstrous beast with giant teeth.

In a rage, I stomp off to Mr. Sire's office.

When I enter, he's sitting with his legs crossed, his hands folded in his lap, apparently waiting for me.

"You have not taken the blood," he says, and I scoff.

"And you know that how exactly?" I hiss, my hands on my hips.

"Because you did not bring a syringe," he answers, his typical smile on his lips.

"Stop fucking lying to me!" I yell. At that, he loses his smile, standing up like maybe he's trying to use his sheer size to intimidate me.

Too bad for him. I'm too angry to be intimidated right now. "I know you've been watching. And I know you know what the test subjects have been doing to me."

My breath comes fast. Now that I've said it out loud, I am a little afraid of what he could do to me. After all, Mehdi said that the other workers disappeared.

Maybe this is why. Maybe they learned something they shouldn't, talked back to the boss when they should've stayed silent.

But I just can't keep doing this, getting fucked by monsters, secretly enjoying it while I lie to my boss about just taking blood. I have no clue what is happening here, and I think at this point I deserve to know.

I hold my breath. Mr. Sire opens his mouth.

Next Chapter

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