

Almost Human

Crimson Rose

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I had everything going for me. I had a great career as a beat cop with the hopes of one day making Detective. I had a beautiful house out in the country where I could enjoy the peace while lazing the day away sunbathing nude. I had the best boyfriend in the world and a group of friends and family that were there for me no matter what. For twenty-eight years I had what many would consider to be the idyllic life. And then, in a single night, it had all been ripped away. The last thing I saw as I lay there on the cold concrete floor of an abandoned warehouse bleeding out were the icy blue eyes of my murderer.

One would think that's where my story ends, but no, you would be wrong. I died that night, of that you can be assured. But there are dark things lurking in the shadows of the world – ancient, powerful things best left to nightmares and the imagination and I walked right into their home as if I owned the place. That took balls. But what made mine brass, what made them stop and really take notice of the woman barreling down upon them, was the fact I did not back down in the face of overwhelming terror, or the threat of a fate worse than death.

I suppose this is as good a place as any to take several huge steps back and start at the beginning – back when I had the wonderful job, beautiful house, doting boyfriend and supportive family and friends. To get the full scope of the events leading up to my fate worse than death, we will be traveling back in time seven months, four days, sixteen hours, thirty-nine...well, you get the idea.

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Waking alone in bed, I sighed. My boyfriend Elliott was already gone for work which meant no early-morning quickie. Resigning myself to a long day without, I stretched and then reluctantly rolled out of bed and ambled towards the bathroom. Stripping out of my pajamas, I used the toilet, jumped in the shower and then brushed my teeth. Naked, hair wrapped in a towel, I shuffled my way to the kitchen to put on a pot of coffee. As it brewed I pulled the drapes open and looked out the sliding glass doors. Clear skies and sun shining bright promised many hours of uninterrupted tanning and I almost did not wait for my coffee to head out and get started.

Unfortunately, by the time the coffee was done, my belly rumbled and I had to waste another half hour making breakfast and eating. Rinsing the dishes and leaving them in the sink for later, I put on a pair of sunglasses, grabbed my favorite beach towel, went outside and after spending five minutes finding the ideal spot, spread the towel and lay down. The warm rays of the sun beat down on me and I gave a soft moan of approval.

When my front became too hot to bear, I rolled onto my left side, then my belly and finally my right side so that I got an even, all-over tan and nowhere was missed. Once again lying on my back, I let my mind drift away and before I knew it I was out. Slumber taking me to the erotic corner of the land of Nod, I dreamt Elliott was between my legs - his tongue flicking over my clit. And then suddenly I was no longer sleeping, but the licking continued as a long, fat tongue swiped across my naked vulva.

Scrambling back, I sat up and stared into the muzzle of what I at first thought was a huge dog. When I say huge, I'm not talking some puny thing like a Saint Bernard, Great Dane or Mastiff. No, this animal was like some mythical wolf from the role-playing games by brother used to play with his nerdy friends. Its fur was jet black. Its eyes were pale, icy blue. And the fangs it bared were every bit as long as a finger. It took a step forward and I froze – petrified even the slightest movement would set it off and I would lose a limb or my life. The beast raised

its front right paw and used it to push me back. Like a felled tree, I went down and it stepped between my legs. Its eyes locking onto mine, he swiped his tongue over my vulva.

"Be a good little human and I won't hurt you," a guttural, commanding voice sounded in my head causing me to look around. Unfortunately, there was no one in sight and the beast continued licking me for several minutes. I was so beyond grossed out I could not think straight. I wanted to get up and run, but knew it would have been the last thing I ever did so I kept as still as possible while what amounted to a giant wolf licked me. I don't know, under different circumstances it probably would have felt amazing, but fear had a knack for getting in the way of pleasure.

"I'm ready, human, get on all fours," the voice commanded.

"Um, what? Who's there? Please, this isn't funny. Please, please call off your dog," I pleaded.

"Dog? DOG! I am no dog, human. Now roll over like a good bitch before you really piss me off."

"Wait, what? No way. This is a fucking nightmare! That's it, I've fallen asleep and the sun had fried my brain." The animal's right paw came up and razor-sharp claws dug painfully into my left breast causing me to hold my breath and stare down in wide-eyed horror.

"I said on all fours, bitch. Don't make me tell you again."

The paw lowered. Tiny droplets of blood formed on my breast and I rolled onto my hands and knees. The animal mounted and in one swift, hard thrust his enormous cock was so deep it hit my cervix. His paws draped over my sides, he fucked me like a jackhammer - his dick growing bigger and bigger until it felt as if he was ramming a telephone pole in me.

I hated every second of it. Well, the first twenty or thirty seconds anyways. After that, it was as if something clicked inside of me and I went from scared for my life to hornier than a rabbit in mating season. Lowering down to my elbows, I rocked back to meet every thrust. His magnificent cock hitting my cervix and glancing off my g-spot had me damn near howling in orgasm and he showed no signs of slowing down. Minutes passed. Orgasms ripped through my body. And still he plowed in and out of me with unbelievable speed and power.

What felt like hours past, but since the sun was still up and my boyfriend was not home screaming at me for having sex with an animal I knew that much time had not passed. Suddenly I was stretched open wider than ever as he shoved into me hard. This time, however, he did not pull out and I felt his warm semen quickly filling me up.

"Get comfortable, human, you're going to be here a while."

"Why do you keep calling me human? Who...what are you?" I panted.

"What do you think I am, human?"

"I don't fucking know. That's why I asked."

"I'm the big bad wolf and you're my newest bitch. Stuff the towel into your mouth because this is going to hurt and I don't want you alerting anyone with your screams."

"Oh god! Please don't kill me!"

"Kill you? Why on earth would I kill my sexiest bitch? Now do as you're told."

"What are you going to do to me?"

"I'm going to bite your clit off if you don't do as I command."

Grabbing the corner of the towel, I stuffed it into my mouth until nothing more would fit. Agonizing, searing pain erupted in my back as the beast clawed me from shoulder to hip. He then yanked his still massive cock out and covered the wound with semen. I wanted to run away screaming, or at the very least pound my fists into the ground, but I was frozen – unable to do

anything but breath as the pain grew sharper and more intense. Mounting, he shoved his cock into me and left it there another thirty or forty minutes as he filled me with enough semen to impregnate a small army. When he finally hopped off my back, he gave my pussy a lick and then walked around me several times before stopping in front of me. Eyes going up, I stared in confusion as the beast became man. My brain unable to process what it was seeing, the world went black and I hit the ground.