

She was sure as shit he wasn't expecting this. Gwen's trip to the bar had started off sour. It was a rainy evening, and she had to break out her wallet for a fucking taxi. She wasn't a doe that was afraid of water, but her favorite watering hole was a ten minute drive by motorcycle, and she wasn't about to soak herself to the bone in this shitty weather.

Monty's Python was a bar that catered to the folks that thought they were too tough for the prissy clubs and bars further downtown or over near the campus. Most of the patrons here were working class types or the college kids that wanted to drink hard liquor with the harder men of the city. It was dirty and surly. Had there been a base in or near the city limits this would have attracted some of the younger servicemen that felt like mingling with the little people while off duty.

Gwen, the tall and athletic doe that she was, had been in the service, too. ARMY to be precise. Not anymore, she got herself discharged after a few years of playing drill sergeant. Now she worked odd jobs and lived out of a cheap one bedroom. Security work at night, if she worked, and labored for a construction company by day 5 to 6 days out of the week.

She was a frequent patron to Monty's Python. Having strode in, wet, but not too bad, she was noticed by several of the other patrons, some regulars and some not. The bartender eyed her and gave a friendly nod. Gwen used to be a bouncer hear before she took on more work from Thompsons and Johnsons, the construction company she worked for now.

"Gwen." The older fox had told her as she made herself a seat at the bar. She greeted him back curtly and gestured a peace sign. It wasn't peace she was ordering though. The elderly gentle produced for her two glasses of whisky. Gwen could hold her liquor and she knew she was going to have more than one, so she also ordered two right off the bat, and the barman had learned her routine.

Now, at the time, as Gwen sipped at her first whisky, she had no idea she'd be teaching a somewhat younger stud how to drain cum from a log. Gwen was about as feminine as most men. She had the raw material of a woman, sure. Her hips and bust were wider than her waist, and she did in fact have tits. There was a distinct lack of horns on her crown, and she was clearly female when seen from the back. She got a lot of compliments for her ass.

It wasn't all bad. Gwen didn't mind she looked female. She tempered it by working out and maintaining a level of fitness most men failed to achieve. Her legs were rock solid like a marathon runner's, her arms with toned like an olympic swimmer's, and her abdominals could grate cheese. She could look herself in the mirror and feel proud of herself.

She wasn't ashamed of her prick, either. That's what kept her feeling more male than female. An old doctor of hers had once told her, when she was younger, that even though she was going to grow up looking like a chick, that her fat nuts (he didn't say it quite like that) we're going to dope her up with enough testosterone that she'd be the baddest bitch (Gwen's words not his) in the room, in any room, and that she simply wasn't going to develop quite like the other girls she knew.

The guy she was going to wind up fucking didn't know he was going to get fucked, too. That made it fun whenever it happened, which was more often than a passerby would think. It wasn't like she hide her junk from the world. No. Sitting there in the bar she was dressed in a pair of slightly damp jeans that hugged her tight, showing off her legs, but also revealing her package. She had her cock neatly packed into a lump in the center of her crotch.

Her muscle shirt was sticking to her, too, and it showed off more of her tits than she expected. She'd gone braless since her tits were only about a C or a small D, and that top she was wearing usually was supportive enough. Oh well, she was showing off a bit of nipple. None of the men in the bar were complaining. The old man was eyeing her a little, but he didn't need to hide it, as she wasn't his employee anymore, and she didn't care. Let the old fucker look at a pair of young tits.

The guy she'd end up taking home was trying to stay out of a game of beer pong. The wolf had already drank a lot, and clearly having no idea who Gwen Barr was, meandered his way over to the bar to order a beer. He made the mistake of saying hi and settling himself into a stool next to her.

Gwen wasn't generally a rude bitch and she didn't mind conversation from strangers. Let the full blooded cunts act catty at their own expense. You don't get your pecker wet if you spend all your time tilting your nose up. This guy was younger than her, as she was in her thirties and he his twenties. The fact he'd not noticed she was packing heat was not lost on her, and he had the attitude and mannerisms of a guy that was clearly straight, but that just made fucking him all the more interesting.

And it was interesting. Hell, anytime you get to pin a wolf stud to the floor by the scruff of his neck is a good time. Something about that tender spot on a canine's neck made them hike their tails up if you grabbed them just right. Even the straight ones were exempt from this. With a little muscle like hers she had his knees apart and tail up as he begged her not to do it. Well, with a tight ass like his, how could she listen to his mouth when his pucker was practically winking at him like a slut batting her lashes at you.

At the bar, he'd chatted her up, drunkenly, and expressed an admiration of her body, and when she told him she was a vet, he got even more interested. Maybe he had a fetish for GI Janes, but either way he was liking what he was seeing, and the young wolf was a stud in his own right. A nice kid, a little goofy looking with his choice of printed tee, probably packing and decent in bed (not that many bitches had discovered this for themselves what with their noses turn up to the heavens), considering his easy confidence. She couldn't sniff out any insecurity from him, and she was generally good at doing that. This was a kid that, regardless of the state of his sex life, had enough pride and sense of self worth that he could approach a lady win or lose. He was also drunk on liquid courage, she couldn't forget that.

Whatever confidence he had was gone by the time she was forcing the blunt head of her cock into his asshole. He took it pretty well, all things

considered. Didn't keep him of yelping and panting like Gwen was putting his arm in a lock behind his back, which she was actually. The doe had him thorough broken in by the time she grunted the last of her dick inside him. A cold beer makes for shitty lube, but it does the trick if you're using it to soften your cock from the chill so you can make it balls deep before the heat of a straight man's hardens it back up again.

Gwen let the kid rest and adjust after she bottomed out in him. Her cock wasn't anything like his own. For a canine like him, it must have felt like someone was shoving one long continuous knot up his backside considering how much girth she had. When she finally started the real party of fucking him the fur on his cheeks were soaked and salty and he'd given up on trying to stop her from getting her rocks off. She kept her hand on the back of his neck to calm him down and gave him the kindness of nibbling at one of his ears as she started sawing his asshole open with her deer dick.

Getting him out of the bar scene and into a taxi wasn't hard. After she'd expressed interest in him, he was happy like a fool, and all his attention was aimed at her tits and upper body. He never noticed her bulge. Even in the taxi ride back to her place they were kissing in the dark. The kid was a good kisser, she had to give him that, and it made her reconsider if that many girls would have given him the cold shoulder.

He wasn't as good at taking her dick, though. She'd teach him though, one thrust at a time. Once she really got motivated to break him in the wolf was slobbering and panting like a girl underneath her. Gwen could tell he didn't know how to cope with a log like hers putting constant pressure on his prostate. That was the trick she learned to use to breaking a man in. Hammer his gspot like a cruel sadist and never let up. Force him to erection, force him to cum, and force him to stay hard until he pops again. Keep that up until your done, and make damn sure you grit your teeth and hold on until your good and spent.

Being born the way she was forced her hand in that. She had a chick's body with a dick unfit for all but the most virile of men. Too bad she was attracted to men. Women weren't her thing even though more than a few had expressed interest in the novelty of getting fucked by her. Sure, some got lucky and the deer would ream them hollow for a night or two, but Gwen simply didn't want to put up with a pussy being a pussy. She liked men, and furthermore she liked straight men. Gay men liked men, not women with dicks, and straight men were more likely to have the attitude she enjoyed.

This meant she had to learn how to fuck a man into being her cock loving slut or lift her own tail, and she didn't have the stones to let someone under her tail. Fuck that, she wanted control over her own pleasure and she wasn't about to let someone cram their dick up her taint. Yeah, she was just one big hypocrite, wasn't she?

He was turned right to jelly for her once she fucked the first load out of his balls. He'd whined and shivered when he did it, and she just redoubled her efforts to drag his climax out even longer. Gwen had fucked so many holes for the last fifteen to twenty years that she had the

stamina of a god and the patience of a saint. Having damn near blue balled herself she finally gave the wolf his first creampie.

After she filled him, and overfilled him, she was momentarily spent. Gwen gave the kid a break, leaving him limp on her living room floor. After she came back with a glass of water she gave it a hard gulping and left the empty glass on the coffee table before rolling her new bitch over and forcing a kiss on him. It took a few minutes, but he started kissing her back.

"Ready for more?" She asked him, not expecting any kind of answer. Gwen didn't get an answer, but she did get some moans. The wolf grunted and whined as she stuffed his bowels full again and gave him a gentler time with her cock for the second. She already broke him in so she didn't have any need to break him half.

That lasted for several minutes until she got bored. It was clear she'd wrecked his asshole well enough to do whatever she wanted to his pucker. The deer rolled over, pulling him with her, and with some awkward guidance, got him to sit in her lap reverse cowgirl. Gwen finished the night by finishing in his ass a second time after bucking her hips into him for thirty minutes. That time he was yelling and howling like a whore for her.

Stamina and patience and a firm girt of her teeth. The hardest part of all that was keeping the drunk wolf from falling off her. Fortunately for her he'd bent himself forward and all she had to do was keep her hands on his hips and her legs spread. The rest settled itself as her nuts built up to a boil before she finally let them spill over the edge and into his bowels.

Finished, Gwen was experienced enough to know that she'd broken in the wolf good and proper. The next morning she got her confirmation on a job well done when her bitch, having woken up along with her to the sound of her alarm, obediently (if a little timidly) started sucking her dick when she told him to take care of it.

"What's your name, kid?" She asked him. If he'd given his name the night before she didn't remember it. He looked over at her with her cock bulging one of his cheeks before he pulled off and panted.

"Andrew." He told her. The wolf must have told her last night judging by his reaction to her question. Whatever. She grabbed him by the back of the neck and pushed him back down onto her cock.

"You want my number, Andrew?" She asked him. He gagged when she pushed him down too far, but she looked at her with big eyes and hesitated before nodding at her with his muzzle full of venison. "Then hurry and drain my nuts. I've got work in less than an hour."