

You stared into the cracked frosted glass of the office door as you nervously fiddled with the crumpled paper in your pocket. Your hand was poised to knock but you were hesitating. You weren't sure how you wanted to go about this, or even if you wanted to go about it at all.

You needed someone who knew how to deal with these monsters. You were fucked otherwise. But to think that you'd have to go to one of them and hope she'd-

"Door's open! Either get in 'ere or fuck off, before I come out there!" A voice shouted from the other side of the door.

You nearly jumped, your muscles tensed in an instant, as if standing to attention and opening the door in an automatic, almost panicked response.

The room was almost as small as it was dark and dilapidated. Exposed boards in the walls, water dripping from the moldy ceiling, all lit only by the flickering neon signs shining through the blinds.

Your eyes were still adjusting to the darkness as you stared into the room, just barely able to make out a vague shape on the far end of the room.

This werewolf monster. Callie.

"Shut the door, light hurts my eyes." Her voice commanded from the darkness just as her eyes flashed yellow back at you.

You hesitated just a moment. Did you really wanna be caught in the dark with this monster, cutting off your only escape route.

No.

But you needed this nightmare to end.

You closed the door.

Darkness engulfed the room fully just as the sign blinked outside, flashing a deep blue to illuminate Callie's figure in the room with you.

She was sat in her chair; leaned back casually with her large boots propped up on the desk in front of her. And you watched as her eyes sized you up from beneath her hood.

One of her ears flicked atop her head, "Fuckin' A... Standing out there, mouth breathing at my door like some kinda stalker. I oughtta make you suck my toes for tryna creep me out like that."

You felt the cold, damp metal of the doorknob beneath your quivering palm.

You could still leave. You run out and scream for help. Someone out there would help. Right?

The monstergirl sighed deeply, "I should, but I'm not going to. So jus' fuckin' relax. Siddown. Tell me what possessed you to seek out some shady looking monstergirl."

You turned around the look at her as she glowered across the room at you.

"I... think someone's after me. A monster. I thought... you might know how to handle the situation better than a human." You stuttered, still standing by the door.

"I said; sit down." She commanded, motioning to the chair in front of the desk with her boot.

You stared into her eyes for a second as your body tensed. This was a plain power play.

You walked to the chair and sat in front of her, forced to stare into the clear steamy soles of her sweaty boots as she rubbed

her grimy toes inside with an audible and rhythmic squeaking, squelching noise.

You thought you were going to be sick.

She tilted her head as the light outside blinked to purple. "Now hurry up and tell me what you're trying to do by coming here."

She switched her legs, keeping her feet on the desk. Letting you get a good look at her grimy soles as inside her boots as the sweat began to pool at the bottom.

You blinked, your heart was in your throat as you stared back at her. You could practically see all the awful things she could do to you written in her eyes.

Was she just toying with you?

Now that you could really look into her eyes; you wondered how you ever truly thought a monster would help you.

Your hands shook as you reached into your pocket and pulled out the paper you had been holding. "I found this by my bed this morning."

You leaned forward to set it on the desk, bringing your face cringe-inducingly close to her feet as she continued to rub her toes against the clear plastic. You could just barely get a brief whiff of them as she fanned her foot.

You set the paper on the desk, nearly gagging as the hot waft of salty, sour air invaded your nose.

Why did they always have to be disgusting like this? Why did they always have to torture you all this way?

She grabbed the paper, holding in front of her as she read.

"Sounds like someone's really into you. This threat reads more like a fucked up love letter."

You swallowed as you sat back in the chair, as far from her boots as you could get.

"There any difference with monsters?" You stared out the window, avoiding eye contact with her.

"Hmm... Fair enough." She paused as the rain tapped on the window.

"I take it you want me to find this woman and kill her off then?"

You blinked, you hadn't thought about how you wanted this to go like that. If you were ready to order a hit out on someone like this.

"If...- If that's the best way you think you could handle it." You stuttered.

"And who told you about me?" Callie demanded, still inspecting the note.

You thought back, "I guess I just heard it around that you did odd jobs like this. Showed up here a few days ago."

She mumbled under her breath, "...m a bounty hunter, not a fucking bodyguard...- Anyone you know coulda placed this? Anyone have access to your sleeping quarters?"

You shook your head, "I try and keep the place pretty locked down. Didn't look like anything was-... No busted doors, windows, locks. Everything seemed normal."

"Yeah, that's smart. All those locks won't stop a bitch this desperately smitten though, apparently." She mumbled, setting it down on the desk.

"Listen, I ain't some private eye, looking for an intriguing case to solve from the first fuckable cut of human meat that comes through my door. I'm a bounty hunter and a merc. I swing my sword. That's my job description. If you want help then come back 'ere when you got something for me to swing at."

You stared out through the blinds. Was that it? You'd just have to go on with this always hanging over your head?

"I dunno if it's relevant. But I've seen things monsters can do. And nothing makes sense anymore, so maybe it's something..."

"You're officially on the clock now, kiddo. Hurry'up and spill it before I lose my patience and I'll make all of your little stalker's fucked up fantasies look like a nice dinner date."

Callie growled, shifting her feet on the desk for emphasis.

You gulped, you weren't even sure if you wanted to anymore, if coming here at all was worth the risk, or if it would all blow up in your face. But you could only make yourself keep talking.

"I've been having nightmares. I can't sleep anymore. And it's always the same shit every night. The same monster. I think I'm starting to see her when I'm awake too."

Callie reached for a bottle below the desk and quickly snapped the cap off with her claws before putting it to her lips and throwing her head back to guzzle it.

"I... dunno if that has anything to do with anything, but... I just felt like it might." You watched as the beer ran down the sides

of Callie's mouth as she loudly slurped up the remainder of the contents.

You sighed, your chest was tightening. This wasn't working. You were only testing the patience of a monster that likely wanted nothing more than to smother you to death under her grimy soles. "Yeah, umm... I dunno why I brought it up. I'll just go-." You tried to stand.

Callie stretched her leg out over the desk and you felt the back of her boot press down on the top of your head as she pushed you back down into the chair.

"No. Siddown."

You stared down into your lap, your mind racing. This was it. She was going to do something horrible to you.

She kept her foot resting on your head as she slammed the empty beer bottle on the desk.

"It's a witch. Ya little stalker, she's a witch. And she's haunting you. Note she left for you; she wrote it using your own hands while you were trapped in one of her nightmares. It's a possession spell."

You looked up at her, "Wait... Are you saying you'll help?"

Callie's golden eyes narrowed on yours, "Y'know, you're really lucky you found one of the only bitches can even take on a witch. Even more lucky I've got a kink for scared, helpless little humans coming and begging me for help."

Callie removed her foot from your head and stood. The floorboards creaked and groaned under her weight as she moved around the desk toward you.

You'd been stalked by predatory animals before. This was exactly that feeling. The tension as she circled you, staring into your eyes to read your intentions.

She stood in front of you staring down at you. God, she was tall, well over 6 foot.

Callie lightly kicked between your legs, moving them out of the way for her to get closer to you.

You leaned back slightly as it became apparent she was moving her crotch to your face.

"Thing is; a witch is a hard target. Usually either associated with a Monstergirl War Party, or worse; gotten so powerful she went and got herself taken over by a demon and excommunicated. Situation's fucked either way. So I expect to be well compensated for pulling your ass outta the fire. Half now. Half when the job is done."

You stuttered again, you could already smell her musk even with her thick jeans on. "I...- I'll go check and see what I can spare. Whatever it takes, I'll pay."

Callie threw her head back and let out a groan of frustration, "No. I don't want your stupid little green papers. Already saw a pack of humans on the road burning a bunch of it to start a fire. Shit's worthless ever since we all showed up and everything went to shit here."

You looked up at her, your heart pounding in your ears. "Then what do you want?" It was a stupid question. She had already made it abundantly clear what she wanted. You were just continuing to deny it, hoping that in playing stupid you wouldn't have to confront it.

Callie scooted herself up on the desk, sitting in front of you and pulling your chair in between her legs. "Usually, I'd ask for food or shelter, or some shit like that. Maybe some more beer. But things seem to be reasonably well stocked here, and I'm not exactly short on things at the moment. So, you're gonna pay me through a couple little favors."

She propped one of her legs up on your shoulder, her boot resting right next to your face.

"You catch my drift?"

You hesitated, choking on your words as you cringed and said the easiest thing for you to say. "... No, I-."

"Then let me be crystal with you." Callie said impatiently as she lifted her other leg up onto your other shoulder.

You nearly jumped as you felt her kick one of her boots off, hearing the heavy plastic flop on the floor.

The light outside the blinds flickered to a deep red.

Then the smell hit you like a truck. It was thick and heavy and humid enough to choke on. A sickeningly salty, sour smell that burned your eyes.

You couldn't stop yourself from gagging almost instantly.

"If you want my help, and avoid whatever fucked up bullshit ya stalker is going to inevitably end up doing to you, then you're gonna pay me by sitting there and taking everything I do to you." Callie said as she pulled her foot back until it was right in front of your face.

Your heart was racing. This was it. You were gonna be sick. You could already feel the tears streaming down your face as the foul, stinging steam radiating off her toes wafted around your face.

You could only watch in petrified terror as Callie hovered her foot in front of your face. Her sweat dripping off her spreading, scrunching toes and into your lap. Giving you a horrifically clear view of all the filth that had built up in the crevices of her toes and beneath her nails. Even her sweat itself, that ran down the length of her wrinkled sole, was blackened by the sludge.

"Now open wide so I can fuck your tastebuds with my toes while I rub a few out up here. I'll only make you suck off one set of 'em tonight. After that yer' gonna eat me out 'til I piss in ya mouth. I'll save the other foot and my ass for when the job's done." Callie said as she slowly brought her wiggling toes closer and closer to your lips.

You could swear the smell and the heat emanating off her feet was going to melt your face off as it got closer.

You couldn't take this.

You felt like you were going to puke.

Her toenail just barely began to touch your lips.

You broke.

"I can't! I can't! What is with you... monsters?! Why are you all like this?! Why do you always put us through this gross, horrific hell?!" You screamed, cringing away from her sole, nearly gagging on every word.

Callie froze for a second. Her eyes narrowed on your's.

You tensed.

She was going to hurt you for that. There was no way she would let that slide.

Callie pulled her foot back, stretching her leg across the desk.

"I suppose... It's in our nature." She said calmly.

The light flickered to blue again.

You looked up at her. You blinked. She didn't seem mad. She seemed almost understanding.

"What?" You barely whispered, too scared to say anything else.

Callie stared out at the driving rain tapping on the window.

"No other reason. We don't have any reasons. Not any rational ones. You humans fuck and kill to reproduce. Contribute to the future of your species. That makes sense. Monsters don't have that. We just do what feels good even if there's no reason. Even if it inflicts hell on some poor fucker. Some of us resist the urge. Some of us talk a big moral game about not taking advantage of you humans. But at the end of the day, it's all bullshit. We'll always end up caving at some point. We're all just slaves to our nature."

Callie's ear flicked, her face twisted slightly.

"Course' it ain't like bitching about fairy-tale shit like 'right and wrong' ever really means anything. Boil it right down and all that talk is just what we tell ourselves to justify what we were gonna do anyway. At best it's just perspective. From your perspective I probably look like the most depraved, disgusting bitch in the world. And those stupid sluts in the War Parties would talk some shit about me taking my 'rightful place' as a monster by having my evil way with you. But honestly; all I

see when I look in the mirror is a girl jus' trying to find some enjoyment in life. 'Right and wrong' don't mean shit to me. Because the only person's perspective that ever really matters is the one with the most power to **do** things. And right now, I think that person is me."

Callie turned her attention back to you, her eyes as cold and unflinching as ever.

The light flicked purple.

Callie pinned you to the chair with her boot to your chest, holding her foot up on the desk in front of you.

"So congratulations, you got me distracted for a bit there. Not that it matters. I've got you literally at my feet. I could do whatever I want to you and there's nothing you could do to stop me. And that's got me reasonably hot and bothered. And I'd be pissed to have talked with you all this time without getting my clit wet. But even so, I'm gonna give you one more chance.. Cuz, a completely unwilling victim is a fucking assache to deal with.. Agree to my price, and I'll help you. Or don't, and I'll let you go unmolested. But you'll have to find some other way to deal with your problem."

You froze. Tears dripping down your face. You couldn't. You couldn't agree to something like that. Something that awful being done to you.

But you didn't have anywhere else to turn. You'd just be waiting for the witch to make her move and you'd be powerless to stop her.

You hunched, sobbing into your hands.

"Please, I need your help. But I can't... I can't agree to that."

Callie removed her boot from your chest, you heard the floor creak as she stood.

"You really have no other options?"

You looked up at her. You shook your head.

"And you can't make the decision?"

You just continued to shake your head.

"Do you want me to make this really easy for you?"

You hesitated. You didn't know what that meant. You decided you didn't want to know what that meant. Everything was worse when you thought about it.

You nodded weakly.

You just wanted this nightmare to end.

Callie's eyes narrowed beneath the shadow of her hood. Her ear flicked again. You weren't sure if she looked more amused or irritated.

The light went red.

Callie spoke, her voice low and almost menacing.

"Alright. I'm making the decision then. If you defy it I'll just make it worse for you. Because I can. Because I have that power."

"...Okay." You squeaked.

"Right... Let's get to it, then."

Callie's hand reached down to grab your hair.

You yelped as she began to drag you to the window, weakly struggling and beating against her arm to release you.

Callie's bare foot squelched with each step, leaving sweaty, grimy footprints in her wake.

She threw you on your ass against the wall beneath the window. Letting you stare up at her through the blur of your tears.

Callie rubbed her arm where you had punched at her. "Feel free to cry, scream, beg, and bitch, hurl whatever insults or curses at me you can think of, whatever. But that kinda smarted, not gonna lie. So that's strike one, kiddo. I'll let it slide cuz you've been practically pissing yaself since you came in here, and like I said; I got a kink for scared, helpless little humans. But I don't do third strikes. Fuck with me again, and your head's going up my ass, and then I'm gonna go find the spiciest shit I can find and wash it down with even more beer. Think I got just enough restraint not to kill you. But you'll probably need some therapy when we're through."

You shrank as far back into the wall as you could, flinching away from her as she moved toward you.

Callie lifted her leg up and wriggled her toes in front of your face.

"If it's any consolation, suffering through this is probably way more preferable than being taken by the witch."

Your throat tightened as her toes approached your mouth. The foul steam stinging your eyes as you whimpered.

You couldn't keep yourself from convulsing and gagging as Callie pressed her hot, sweaty toes on your lips. But you dared not open your mouth to cough on the stench.

"Yer' gonna have to cough on that smell eventually. You can just barely keep it together as is..." Callie said as she attempted to curl her toes into your mouth. To no avail.

You had it clamped shut as tight as you could.

"Alright then. The hard way, it is..."

Callie spread her toes up toward your nose, the heat practically rippling off her foot.

You shut your eyes tight as you felt her toes cover your nose. You inhaled just slightly and immediately your body went into a spasm, coughing and retching to get the putrid, acidic smell out of your lungs.

For just a split second you perceived a flash of a slight smirk on Callie's face. Before her toes left your nose and immediately

you shrieked as loud as you could as Callie's big toe violated your tongue.

You just barely heard her grunt and growl as she fingered herself to your wails.

Her burning sweat began to run down your throat from her toe, feeling like acid as she shoved it further and further in, until her toenail just barely scratched the back of your throat.

The taste was the worst thing you could have experienced. It was a nightmare. You felt your chest tighten as you sobbed, tears flowing down your face.

Callie's cunt squirted into your lap as she came, panting and heaving as her eyes rolled up in her head. Her face was completely drenched in sweat and bright red with blush as her tongue lolled out of her mouth. It might have been funny or sexy were it not at your horrifying expense.

Callie swirled her toe in your mouth one last time before moving it to try and shove her other toes into your defiled mouth as well.

"MmNo! MnNoOO!" You sobbed, trying to move your head.

It wasn't working. You could only move just so much.

You panicked.

You reached up with your arm to try and push her off. To grab her ankle and shove her off.

Callie snatched your hand and you felt your fingers pushed into the hot, wet flesh of her pussy as she grinded against your fingers.

And you could only gag and groan as she just barely managed to fit the rest of her toes in your mouth, renewing the torture as your mouth was flooded with more sweat and toejam.

"C'mon, kiddo... Make me cum and I'll take my toes out of your mouth." Callie said, almost cooing as she wiped her dripping fingers off in your hair.

You felt for her clit and tried your best to satisfy her as quickly as you could to end this hell.

Callie grabbed your tongue with her toes and trapped it between them, flossing out each of them before holding it beneath them.

All you could taste was the sour acidic taste of her sweat as her toejam covered your tongue.

You looked up to see Callie throwing her head back as she grunted, savagely scrubbing her toes against her tongue over and over again as her juices dripped down your arm.

You felt her shake slightly before relaxing.

She pulled her toes out of your mouth, giving you a moment to gag and retch unobstructed as her foot still hovered in front of your face.

You felt like that taste was never going to leave your mouth. You would certainly never forget it. And you'd be spitting up her toejam for days.

Callie heaved for breath, her sizable chest rising and falling.

You let your fingers relax and fall out of her nethers an-.

"Hey! I didn't say 'stop'! Get ya fucking fingers back up there and play with me!" Callie said, the authority in her voice tensing your muscles again as she grabbed your hand and shoved it back inside her.

"But... you said-..." You pleaded.

"I said I'd take my toe outta ya mouth. And I did. Doesn't mean we're through. Now play with my clit til' I get worked up again. And in the meantime..." Callie slowly brought her foot to your face again, bending it up to give you a look at her grimy, wrinkled sole.

"Lick."

You cringed, "Please... No more. Please."

"Yer' gonna give my sole some attention too. Even if I gotta shove my whole goddamn foot down your throat. So either lick, or this shit's gonna get ugly." Callie said, almost shouting as she grinded her pussy against your hand.

You sobbed one last time before closing your eyes and sticking your tongue out.

"Just gonna stick yer tongue out? No actual licking? Whatever. Close enough."

You felt her foot slam against your tongue, squeezing your head between her foot and the wall as she scrubbed her foot with your tastebuds.

You cringed and gagged on every lint-ridden wrinkle and drop of sweat as she ran your tongue from heel to ball in frantic, savage motions.

She brought her ball over your tongue and wiped it back and forth as you groaned. Producing a sound amusing to the werewolf woman.

"Hehe... You humans are always so cute when yer' all scared and defeated like that." Callie said as she pulled her foot back, stepping on the floor with a squelch.

You heaved on the floor. "Okay... I just wanna go home now. Please just let me go home."

Callie scratched her ear. "In a bit. We're still not through. You still got a pussy to lick and some piss to drink."

Your heart dropped. You began to shake and sob, curling up into a ball against the wall. "Please. Pleasepleaseplease. Stop this. I just wanna go home."

Callie reached down to grab your hair and push your head against the wall, "Listen, I don't wanna make this any worse for you. I

can see I've fucked with you enough tonight. But I gotta do what I said I'd do. What I wanna do. I can't deny my nature. So just do as you're told and this will all go easier." Her tone sounded almost compassionate, but her words, her intentions, seemed anything but.

Still, you couldn't help but merely nod. There was nothing else you could do.

Callie's other hand joined in grabbing your hair and holding your head in place as she stepped forward until she was straddling your face.

You felt her body heat from her crotch on your face and her thighs sandwiching your head as her juices drenched your face.

"Now lick."

You hesitantly licked at her clit, knowing full well she was going to end up unleashing a torrent of more nastiness down your throat any second.

Callie rolled her eyes, "Oh my god. For fuck's sake."

Instantly she began grinding and humping your face as she pulled your hair. Staring down at you while baring her teeth in a primal, sexually grin.

You felt her juices smear across your visage while her pubes poked into your skin, burning from the heat of the friction as she moved up and down.

"More!" Callie growled. "Fucking suck my goddam clit, human!"

You began to groan as you licked and sucked at her clit and folds.

Callie's growls and grunts began louder as you felt her body tense. Her thighs squeezing your head between her powerful muscles until you thought your eyes were going to pop out. She began to yelp and giggle as her squeezing began to cause you to cry out for just a moment before she began to squirt into your mouth. Flooding your mouth with her salty juices.

Then, without missing a beat, her body still shaking from her orgasm, she began to let loose a powerful stream of hot, bitter piss down your throat.

You choked as your body refused to swallow the foul liquid as more still shot into your mouth. It began to spurt out your nose as Callie chuckled, still riding your face.

Inevitably you ended up swallowing, mouthful after mouthful as your body struggled as best it could to get away. You swore her piss burnt like alcohol as it went down.

And it wouldn't stop. Every time you thought it would it didn't. She just kept going as she continued to hump your face.

Her thighs relaxed for just a split second and you immediately turned your head to shriek in mortified disgust at all the things she had done to you.

But she still didn't stop. Now she was just pissing on your face, soaking your features and hair.

You whimpered as she finished by wiping her cunt off across your cheek.

The light outside went blue.

"There. Now we're through. For tonight, at least. I oughta shit on you for turning your head like that but I'll let it slide for

now." Callie said as she stepped off you and pulled her jeans up, struggling slightly with the zipper.

"I'll cook up some kinda plan to help you with your witch problem and meet up with you tomorrow night." Callie continued, wiping her foot on your pants.

"And yer' gonna need a new change of clothes. Probably itching for a shower too, I suppose. Covered in monster piss and sweat isn't the best look for humans... Apparently. And you'll prolly wanna have someone to look after you 'case the witch tries to possess you again."

Callie slipped her boot back on before staring at you across the room for a moment.

"Come over ta' my place for the night."

You cringed at the thought.

Callie flicked her ear. "I got a shower, a spare set of clothes left over from the previous tenants. I'll even suck you off if you want. It'll be a good way for me to keep an eye on you... I don't like it when my clients get possessed and kidnapped before they can pay me in full."

"I just wanna go home." You croaked.

Callie sighed, staring off out the window before reaching into her desk and throwing a wad of napkins on the floor in front of you. "Understandable. Jus' clean yaself up a bit before going home."

She moved toward the door, looking back at you before moving out.

"Have a nice night, human. Get some rest."