

# READBEAST

## BEASTIALITY STORIES



It was supposed to be a rather routine five day expedition, I was going to visit a local Anuunzaki tribe that was about a day and a half away. However, we caught wind from a recently joined Anuunzaki guide that there was a separate tribe that split from the Anuunzaki generations ago that call themselves Muuktakteeli. They resided deeper in the Gaarlaar jungle, and from what the guide told us, they have not had contact with foreigners of any kind. They were only about another days trek, which was just too tempting to pass up. So the next day, myself and and this new guide, Anishtala, set off to find this mysterious group of Muuktakteeli. Anishtala was a beautiful dark skinned girl. Nice hips, pretty face, long flowing hair, and she didn't look a day over 26. She insisted on going with me as she had intermingled with this particular tribe in the past. Fine with me, I was going to ask her anyway, as I'm not too keen on meeting with an unfortunate "accident".

Traveling by foot is easier said than done. The mules are our most assets back at the base camp for obvious reasons, which meant we had to hoof it. Keep in mind that the first two days of trek is nothing but arid desert. One has to plan ahead well in advance before leaving the base camp, it only takes one foolish decision to get lost out here, and then by George, you've had it. On the way to the jungle, Anishtala told me more about the people there. They were a more peaceful tribe than the Anuunzaki. They broke apart mainly because of differences in the ways they thought "spiritual herbs" should be handled, and the ways they thought that war declarations should be propositioned. She told me to keep my guard up though, as being a visiting foreigner is always risky business.

It seemed that as soon as she finished we had already hit the Gaarlaar jungle, and now it was time to head northwest about 10 clicks to find these Muuktakteeli. about 7 kilometers in we encountered a fresh water stream which we used to replenish our depleted supply of drinking water. I was busy burying my face in the stream trying to get the dirt from the desert out of my eyes when I heard the sounds of bushes rustling behind me. I drew my knife, but turned around to find two warriors standing behind me with spears pointing at my head. I had no choice but to relinquish my arms. Anishtala came running toward shouting something at the warriors that I couldn't understand. Instantly, it looked like they were just catching up on old times, sharing a laugh and making what seemed like small talk. Soon though the attention shifted back to me, and the warriors (who I now sense are of the Muuktakteeli) look me up and down, giving me a poke here and a prod there (typical of warrior fashion). They turned back to Anishtala and uttered something I again couldn't decipher. She looked puzzled for a second before giving me a translation.

"They say they want to take you back to the village to meet the elder leader there."

Didn't seem I had much of a choice anyway. We moved through the thick brush for about another 2 clicks before arriving at what I assumed was the Muuktakteeli village. There was obviously much work going on, but as soon as I was escorted in, people started dropping what they were doing to come see me. I could see a look of happiness and joy around, but I couldn't pinpoint it, it felt odd. Quite a crowd had started to form around me by the time the village elder (I assumed) parted the crowd to come and greet me. Like all the others there, he was modestly dressed in a run-of-the-mill tribesmen garb. While he was definitely missing a few teeth when he smiled, it was a warm smile nonetheless.

I bowed before him politely, and he commenced examining me. He took my arm and looked at the skin intently, and he pressed firmly against my rib cage and belly. Once he seemed satisfied, he declared in a loud, authoritative voice, "Shimuji!", to which everyone cheered. Anishtala looked every bit as confused as I was, but before she even had a chance to ask a question I was rushed over to the far side of the village. There to greet me was a large draft horse, I'd estimate 17 hands. Handsome, had a nice blaze across the forehead and snout, muscles built very well, and a stallion.

He was definitely a good looking, but the question was, what the hell was he doing out here?

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All of these new developments were sending my head reeling, I wasn't sure what to make of any of it. Anishtala seemed to sense this and began to talk to the chieftain. As the elder explained himself, Anishtala seemed to be grasping what he was saying, nodding her head as she followed along. My curiosity got the better of me, as I was dying to figure just what the hell was going on. I asked Anishtala to explain, and she answered in her clear, smooth way...

"You see Douglas, the kind chieftain has told me that this horse wandered into the village not too long ago all alone by himself. No one knew what to make of him, some suggested that he should let back to the wild, some thought he should be made to work. Generally, no one knew what to do. This prompted the elder to climb to the top of Fujaku behind you. (she points to a large mountain) There he meditated with the aid of special herbs known throughout the tribe. In his visions, he saw that this powerful stallion is actually a symbol of prosperity and fertility for the Muuktakteeli. He has come to bestow his good graces upon the people here, but alas he cannot because he is missing his lover, a man who has lost his dark skin and is white like pure snow. Unless the two were reunited, the stallion, whose name was revealed as Kunko, would not be able to share his blessings with the Muuktakteeli. The chieftain was astounded, and at the same time overwhelmed, he never thought he would find someone like Kunko was seeking. But now, with your coming, you can help bring together an age of prosperity for the Muuktakteeli, which is why everyone is so excited."

"Anishtala, I mean no disrespect to the village or elders, but could you tell them that it is considered wrong by my people to perform these acts with animals? Could you tell them I do not want to do it?"

Anishtala mumbled a few words to the elder which he replied to in kind. Anishtala translated for me, "He says that if you do not wish to, then that is a shame, but then there is really no point in keeping you alive either which he has allowed by his graces. Please Mr. Douglas, make love to Kunko, you would be doing this village a great service." The elder whispers something more into Anishtala's ear, "The elder has said that he would also like to do this now while everyone in the village is present. They would all like to see Kunko empty his great penis onto you, so everyone would know he was appeased and that the pact was sealed."

Reluctantly I started to undress, I figured the sooner it was over with the better. I was slowly unbuttoning my shirt when some cute tribes-girls came over to help me undo my pants and undergarments. It was embarrassing enough to have sex with a horse with the whole tribe watching, but now I've got these cute girls helping me get ready for it? And Anishtala... I was planning on asking her to be my girlfriend, well there's a fat chance of that happening once I have Kunko's dick in my hand. Well, it was time. I was naked from head to toe, and with Anishtala encouraging me from the sidelines, I got underneath of Kunko.

I was quite nervous at first being beneath such a huge animal, but to my surprise he was a very calm horse. A couple minutes later and I felt okay being there, but I was unsure as to what I should do. The thought of having sex with another male, let alone a stallion, was so alien to me that I didn't even know what to do to arouse him and get him to drop. I glanced over to the crowd and I saw Anishtala making some motions with her hands, it looked like she was telling me to rub up the inside of his legs gently caressing and then gradually move up to his balls. Oh man, I thought I was going to make her my girlfriend. Now she's coaching me on how to make a dick hard... \*sigh\* guess that's how life is sometimes.

Well I took her advice and started massaging his inner thigh. I couldn't believe how masculine his

legs were, on the outside it doesn't look like all that but inside it looked like his veins were about to pop out of his skin! If I looked like that I would be in the iron man competition every year! I traced his veins up and down, softly pressing down on them... the elasticity was amazing. I progressed to his very inner loin, I wanted to make sure he was comfortable with my touch before I moved on to his testicles. I looked back to the crowd, Anishtala had a smirk on her face, one of the girls who helped with my clothes was lightly masturbating. I didn't mind, it put me at ease a little. I turned my attention back to Kunko and focused in on his balls. I moved a little closer and cupped them, he was so big I had to use both my hands. I marveled at his testicles for a minute, I couldn't believe it, even his scrotum had some veins popping out! I envied him in that moment, without even really thinking about it I was fondling his nuts ever so softly.

About that time I felt something limp and heavy come down on my head, and I realized it was his cock. I forgot I put myself in the trajectory of his dropping penis, and I ducked back under it to come face his dick. It was still soft and I looked to Anishtala to see if she had any pointers. She made a gesture like she was picking something up and licking it, sucking on it. The old chieftain smiled in acceptance, I guess I wasn't going to get away with just jerking him off. So I picked up Kunko's flaccid manhood and started to lick around the head. I guess they had been cleaning him, it wasn't that bad. Feeling bold, I decided to try putting his whole glans in my mouth. I gave up after realizing his girth, and settled on the top half of his mushroomhead while circling around and cleaning his pee-hole. It was surprisingly okay, the tang of urine helped to keep the taste of his penis interesting. Around this time I noticed my own penis getting rock hard. It was odd to think that I was getting turned on surrounded by people watching me have sex with a horse, how taboo. I looked down at my erect penis, and at 5 inches it looked like a clitoris next to Kunko's behemoth monster cock

Before I knew it, Kunko started getting hard, and once he started to flare there was no way I was keeping that dick in mouth. I figured it was time to finish the job, so I spit some stringy saliva into the palms of my hands and I got to work stroking that stud. I had even forgot people were even watching me as I took a second to look around. four women had started having sex with the men, their moans of pleasure as the men thrust their cocks into the girls cunts had grown frenzied. Many people were masturbating, and the circle had broken down into a discombobulated shape. I reshaped my focus to Kunko just as he let out a snort and he stamped his hind leg on the ground. He was getting ready to cum. I closed my eyes to get ready, and he surprised me by actually starting thrust forward! He was using my hands as a pussy! He started cumming immediately, his first few streams of jizz felt powerful, one hit my forehead, another hit my cheek. That sent me over the edge as I started to climax with him. God damn his semen was hot, it felt a bit watery too, not all sticky and gooey like mine. After his last couple spurts, he let out a pleased snort, as I watched his penis retract almost immediately back to where it came from. He moved from over me to go get something to eat, leaving me on my knees covered in his sperm.

All the villagers started to cheer! Shimuji! Shimuji! The chieftain came over to me and said something I yet again couldn't understand. Anishtala translated for him, "He said, 'thank you for becoming the bearer of Kunko's seed, now we will have a celebration for our new friend, we will drink to prosperity!'"

Anishtala continued, "I knew you could do it, it wasn't as difficult as you thought it was going to be was it? Now, these two warriors are going to escort you down to the river so you can wash up. We can't have you running around smelling like Kunko's love juice all night can we?"

With that Anishtala joined the other women and men in preparing a feast while I went to the river to wash up. Well, I didn't get the girl, but life has a funny way of working sometimes.

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The festivities went all night long. Warriors recounted their last boar kill, girls swayed exotically in tribal dress, men portrayed their acting skills in interpretive dance. Tales of the Father of the Stars coming down to procreate with the women and Roktiklar the spirit of the woods echoed among the many camp circles making up this great celebration. There were many dishes of prepared boar and goat meat going around, and the drinks were plentiful, possibly explaining myself getting a tad lushed up. I found myself sitting next to Anishtala all night, to which she responded gracefully by acting as my translator for the majority. I spent a good while speaking with a traveling merchant man named Renak who was visiting his people for a short while before going off with his camel across the arid wastelands of the Gohyi desert. He sold decorative ornaments that he made out of the Thuya Burl wood found in the area, and he told me his works were always in demand. He was truly an astonishing man, every new settlement he came across he put a brand on himself, signifying excursions of great worth. He showed me the proof, and to put it bluntly, he was running out of space.

Some of the actors came out to quiet everyone for what seemed like the main event. I looked at Anishtala puzzled, and she greeted my eyes with glee.

"The actors seem to have made a play about the great reunion of yourself and Kunko!" Anishtala exclaimed, "I don't know how they did it so quickly, but it should be a great treat!"

The play started off with Kunko coming to the village (the naked man with long weeds coming from his head represented Kunko), and the elder looking confusing before dancing his way up to the mountain to meditate. The elder comes down the mountain to tell the village his premonition, and at this time a nude man comes in covered in white powder (I had to laugh, I had never heard of "whiteface" before). The elder looks up to the sky and thanks the gods and the man in white powder gets on his knees and mock-caresses "Kunko". Anishtala looked over and nudged me playfully, and I blushed sheepishly in return. At this point, "Kunko" then starts to orgasm (the little splashes of water from "Kunko" represented his semen), to which the actors shouted "Shumuji!" and had a great dance before the play ended. Despite myself being embarrassed and red from the attention, I found myself clapping right along with everyone else. It was a terrific play, and I was astounded with how quickly they put it all together. After the applause, people started coming up to asking questions. A couple more drinks and the night became a blur...

I awoke the next day with a mildly nagging hangover and a lot of grogginess. Anishtala had dragged me out when I became too tipsy and put me in a tent of my own. I crawled out of the tent where I was greeted by happy villagers and way too much sunlight. I walked around a couple of the larger dwellings and I eventually found Anishtala chatting with some of the other women. I went up to her to say good morning when she stopped me short.

"Ooh!" She said, "You smell!" I didn't notice until I looked down and saw some stains on my clothes, I guess I had spilled some drinks last night. I didn't want to make a fool of myself, so I asked if I could go down to a stream and wash my clothes off.

"Sure!" Anishtala responded, "just head that east a little way and you will find it. You will see some of the villagers along the way, so don't worry. Why don't you take Kunko with you? It will be much quicker, and I'm sure he will love the exercise. You might want some other clothes while your normal ones dry, take this." The tribal clothes she handed me resembled a skirt more than anything, but I took it and said my thanks. "So," she continued, "should I go ask the elder?" It had been a while since I rode bareback, but I figured it was like a bicycle anyhow. I nodded my agreement and Anishtala got all giddy. "Great! I'll go tell the chieftain." In the distance I saw them briefly interact before Anishtala gave me a thumbs up for approval. I went over to Kunko's area and noticed him munching on some kind of feed the villagers made for him. I petted him for a little bit before I tried

mounting him. I had to find something to stand on, but once I did I got on him and again I was surprised by how gentle he was. A rare stallion for sure, he just had such a good temper on him. I had to try to take it easy, I had no reins to work with, so I was basically just using my hands on his neck. I took him into a light gallop, and yet again to my astonishment he was completely responsive to my direction. It was like I didn't even have to try. I took him into a clearing before the stream and took him around a bit, just generally having a good time.

When we finally got to the stream, we were met by some of the tribes-people gathering water. I hopped off Kunko, and immediately took notice to my sore butt. I knew that was going to be bruised tomorrow. The water seemed nice enough, and there was a good place for Kunko to step in from the river bank, so I figured this was as good a place as any. I looked around nervously, and started taking off my clothes. I hesitated when I got to my underwear, and Kunko nudged me on my rear, as if he was telling me to go on. I realized how stupid I was being; I already sucked his dick, who cares if I'm naked? I fully stripped off and laid my clothes on bank beside me. I figured we might as well wash first then I'll do the clothes. I ran my hand down Kunko's side over to his hindquarters, his sweaty fur smelled so good. I traced my fingers down the side of his stomach to his undercarriage. There were a few people watching, but if I got him off there I figured it would solidify my status so the people wouldn't think I was a fake... so I told myself. I got down underneath him, this time not feeling frightened. his junk smelled powerful down here from the run, but it was okay in a masculine kind of way. I teased the inside of his loins again and massaged his balls and in no time at all his cock was out. I spit on his member and started to stroke up and down from the base all the up to the tip. He had gotten pretty hard by this point and I felt he was enjoying it immensely when a little old lady handed me a clay pot. She merely smiled as I took the pot, but I could get what she was hinting at. In a lot of tribes, making use of everything that nature provides is a necessity. Not doing so can actually be considered rude, as you are acting in disregard to nature itself.

I scooted out to Kunko's side a little so I could work with him the best I could. I held the pot up next to the end of his throbbing rod and stroked his cockhead. I don't know what got into me, but I started to utter some strange things. "Give me that sperm. I want to see you cum. Come on, gimme some semen, stud." I didn't know what the hell got into me, but it didn't matter once I felt that big boy start to twitch and blast his nut inside my pot. It was hard to catch it once he started humping my hand. His dick was hard to aim, but in the end I got most of his cum in the pot. He gave me a happy snort when he finally stopped spurting, and I gave him a nice pat on his backside. I figured I better drink it while it was still hot out the oven, so I tilted the pot up into my mouth. It wasn't bad, it was kind of bitter, but had a slightly almond taste to it. Overall, I was just satisfied knowing I made this stud happy... after all, I still had to ride him back! I washed out the pot and thanked the old lady for letting me use it, and I got in the river to wash up alongside Kunko. When we were all finished, I took up my washed clothes and put on my new tribal wear to go back to the village. Once there, it looked like they were preparing another celebration. I guess I was causing quite the ruckus around here. I dismounted from Kunko, and gave him a hearty slap on the ass as I prepared for day two of the festivities...

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Another day, another celebration. From what Anishtala told me, the night before was a celebration focusing the reunion of the lovers, and that this one was about the tribe's future prosperity brought about by the reunion. There was never a dull moment yet again as the men recalled their fierce battle with crocodiles found by the river, and the women gossiped over which couples looked cuter together. A couple of the girls even came over to ask me some questions, while Anishtala provided translation. "Where is home?", "Is everyone white where you come from?", "Do you have a girlfriend?". I loved answering their questions, they were so cute and frankly, I'd had my fair share of male for a while. One of them sat by me and as we were talking she actually started to lift her



hand up my dress. I was starting to get half a chub when the elder called attention to himself at the center of the party. Her hand slipped out, and my balls turned blue. She gave me a wink though, so I knew what to expect after the party. The elder started to speak of these times as a marker in the history of the tribe, a golden age where great advances could be made in spirituality, diplomacy, and general well-being of the Muuktakteeli tribe.

As the elder continued to speak, I slunk away to get some privacy for a moment. I really didn't know how to break it to them, but I had to leave soon. If I ran away without saying anything, the Muuktakteeli would become furious and I would be marked as expelled and possibly have a bounty on my head. On the other hand if I say something, they probably wouldn't want me to leave for fear of this "pact of prosperity" falling apart. At this time I noticed Anishtala walking up towards me in the darkness.

"Douglas, thank you for being so kind and unselfish for the people of the Muuktakteeli. They appreciate you as much as I do." She reached out to grab my hand, she looked into my eyes. "They would be very honored to have you stay with them."

"That's the thing Anishtala, I can't. You know how much research we have to do back at the base camp, the Muuktakteeli are only a small part of a much larger picture. Surely you must see that."

"I do Douglas, but I'm not sure they will let you go easily."

"Well then I'm just going to have to tell them. If it breaks apart our relationship, then that is unfortunate but necessary, I can't commit much more time here right now. They will have to understand that I will be back at some later date."

"Douglas, I have to tell you something..."

There was a yell back at the celebration followed by a eerie silence. Anishtala and I rushed back to find everyone standing up looking over in our direction in fear. It was then that I saw the biggest wolf I had ever seen in my life, and we just happened to be unlucky enough to run right beside him. He had to weigh 60 kilos easy, and he had a sharp set of fangs that struck fear in me as he snarled at us. He seemed to be fixated on me, so I pushed Anishtala away gently back toward the camp circle, where she hastily made her way. I was surprised nobody was throwing any spears at him or trying to drive him away.

"Anishtala, why is no one trying to drive him back to the woods? I think I'm about to be made into dinner here, I was kind of hoping for a little back up."

"Douglas, that is the great spirit wolf Anario." Anishtala spoke in a trembling voice. "He usually does not appear here, he has not for a long time. Attacking him brings a curse to that person's village for five years, that is why no one is doing so right now. When he makes an appearance, he comes to mate with one of the females, a show of dominance to the tribe so they do not ever forget his face. Whenever Anario comes, we let him choose, that way the burden is less for all of us."

Anario started creeping up to me, his broad shoulders and huge paws beneath him. As he came about to my rear, I realized just how petrified I was of this animal. Hell, I only weighed about 70 kilo, there was no way I could stand up to him, he'd tear me to pieces. He put his snout up the back my garb and started to sniff my anus. After he'd had a couple whiffs, he nipped my thigh. It hurt, but I stood as still I could. Anario bit my thigh again and this time he put a hearty growl into it.

Oh no, is this what I think it is?

He nipped my leg a third time with more force, and I figured I'd better not let him lose his patience. I started to get down on my hands and knees, and once I was down, Anario took my garb and pulled it down around my ankles.

What the hell? Is he actually undressing me? There's no way any wolf is that smart.

With that accomplished, he put his snout right back against my buttock, this time licking my folds and... I think he was actually trying to put his tongue inside my anus. A moan escaped my lips as he breached my anal cavity. I couldn't believe this, didn't Anishtala say Anario had sex with the women? Then why me? I feel like I've been asking this a lot lately. When he felt like he was done, I felt a paw scratching my butt cheek trying to get gain leverage, then I felt all 60 kilo come SLAMMING down on back. Within no time I felt a hard and moist bony prick stabbing my ass cheeks trying to find my entrance. I reached back so I could try to protect my balls in case he missed and hit them, but he growled as soon as I tried putting my hand back there, so I just returned to position and hoped it wouldn't happen. He missed a couple more times before resting his boner on my left butt cheek in front of the whole tribe. I felt his precum dribble off my ass and down my thigh.

Man, what the hell?! Right when I'm about to get the girl? I'm pretty sure she won't be interested anymore now that I'm overpowered by another male with his precum on my butt... and... oh AND I've got an erection now too! This sucks.

I guess he sensed that my inner monologue was over, because he pulled his hips back and then... BULLSEYE! He parted my little flower and proceeded to fuck the ever-loving shit out of me. He was a big boy, probably eight or nine damn inches, and with him hyper fucking me it was too much to bear as a tear started rolling down my cheek. He was scratching my rib cage up pretty good too, this was pretty painful, but my dick would've told you a different story as it was hard bouncing up and down with a string of precum hanging off it. As he kept pounding away viciously, his balls repeatedly kept hitting mine. That was about as emasculating as it gets. Pinned down, mounted by a stronger male, his nuts smacking mine, constantly reminding me that I was his. I was a bitch now, I was an alpha male's bitch. All of a sudden I started feeling a pressure build up at my asshole. I felt Anario trying to push his knot in there. At this point I was desperately aroused, I felt like I was in heat.

Fuck it, I don't care how gay this looks, I'm pushing back Anario, get it in there. Come on, your little bitch wants you to breed him.

I had tears running down both cheeks at this point, it hurt so bad, and then it popped it. The pain was subdued a little bit, and he put a paw on my ass cheek to turn himself around. Now I was butt to butt with Anario breeding with him. Ten minutes had passed and by now I felt like he dumped a gallon of semen in me, as far as he was concerned my lower intestine belonged to him. Another couple minutes go by and I feel his knot start to go down. He tried to pull a little too early and I had to move with him. Then, his knot popped out, along with a ton of semen from my buttock. If felt so good I ejaculated hands free and just collapsed with my face in the dirt and my ass still in the air. At least Anario had the good grace to give my destroyed anus a few tender licks before leaving me to go back into the forest. Anishtala was the first to come over to me.

"Are... are you okay?"

"Just... get me... back... to my tent."

With that, Anishtala helped me onto my feet. Once back at the tent, I fell down face first into what felt like coma. I had no dreams that night, my sleep was as black as the void...

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I woke up the next day feeling remarkably refreshed, if not a tad sore. I saw Anishtala rustling about in the tent, to which I figured I must have slept in a bit. I rolled over to my side, and now I was very aware of how sore I was. Anishtala noticed, "It is about time you woke up, I was beginning to worry." Her comment left me bewildered.

"What time is it?"

"It's two o'clock in the afternoon, Mr. Hero." Anishtala leaned in to give me a kiss on the lips. Now I was tremendously perplexed.

"Mr. Hero... what are you talking about? What did I do that was so special?" I asked to Anishtala.

She looked at me puzzlingly, "Why... you warded off Anario. If you had not drawn Anario's attention, I would have become the focus of Anario's ferocity. Instead, you unselfishly took it upon yourself, thank you my little hero." She leaned in again to my lips, this time lingering a little longer, parting my lips with her tongue as we explored each others mouths a bit. I brushed my fingers through her hair, as my left hand started to move lower and lower. I eventually found the inside of her thigh and outer labia when she stopped me suddenly.

"Douglas, I think it's time I paid you back the favor." Her head went down to my nether regions. She started gently teasing my shaft with short, quick strokes of her tongue before taking in my head and working down my penis. I thought I was in heaven, and as she was devouring my dick with her warm, wet mouth, I started playing with her moist vaginal entrance. I finger fucked her and moved around her her labia for a minute, and then slowly started massaging her clit before moving faster and faster. She really started to pick up the pace on my cock, and about a minute later I was moaning and cumming in her mouth. Given that this was the first time in a while that I had sex with a female, I was quicker to the trigger than usual. She was spitting out my jizz as I was cumming... maybe I didn't taste so good?

I stood up feeling like a new man, "Thank you for that Anishtala, I feel much better."

"You're welcome, perhaps we should go wash ourselves now?"

She was right, I had almost completely forgotten about the night before, and boy was I ripe. Together we exited the tent and headed for the local stream, talking about the celebration the night before and some of the performances from the "History of the Earth" acts. Once we were at the stream we started washing up and playing around, splashing each other. I noticed that a little ways down the stream the tribe girls were giving Kunko a wash, so I nodded over at Anishtala, and the two of us went over to greet them. I could tell they were having a bit of trouble washing Kunko's underside, so I motioned the girls to step aside. I let Kunko get a good smell of me so he could remember who I was before I headed down and started washing up his loins and testicles. Almost immediately he dropped, and once I was all done giving him a rinse I put my face up to his nuts and claimed my prize. I licked his scrotum at first, giving him gentle kisses on his babymakers, his cock constantly slapped my face... maybe I was enjoying this a bit too much.

Well I started feeling a bit bold and decided to take one of his nuts in my mouth. Thankfully Kunko was such a gentle giant he didn't mind. I could barely fit it in, but it was amazing... I had the source of this gigantic creature's dominance right here in my mouth, sucking on it! Anishtala moved in a little closer, obviously interested in my lovemaking. Being that close to his center of power made my legs weak. I wanted him. At that moment, every fiber of my being wanted his male essence inside me. I wanted him to deposit his sperm inside my rectum, invading the very deepest parts of me making me his little male bitch. And I couldn't wait. I reached back to his glans and pressed it up to

my asshole to see if maybe it would fit... oh hell no! There was no way I was getting even a fourth of the head in there! I let go of his stiff tool and caressed his sweet midsection, cooing some sweet nothings.

"I'm sorry big boy, but you're just too big right now. I'll make it up to you though, I'll suck the cum straight out of your dick."

Well maybe not suck, but I could at least put my mouth on his pee-hole while I jerked him off. Believe you me, I didn't want my jaw anywhere near that flare when it decided to go off. I shifted my gaze to Anishtala, looking at her with my big bitch eyes as Kunko's masculinity sent me into a frenzy. I was stroking faster and I started moaning as I saw his hips twitch above me. I barely even touched my dick with my left hand and sent myself into orgasm. Kunko wasn't too far behind and with a snort he sent a surprise fling of cum straight down my throat! I was okay at that point, and I swallowed his first couple ropes semen before he overwhelmed me with cum and I ended up gagging and spilling it all over myself. I made sure I kissed his penis goodbye as it crawled back up into him and I stepped out from under Kunko. I stood there, covered in a good portion of Kunko's nut, and felt downright satisfied that I pleased my male as well as I did. All the girls crowded around me, curious as to what Kunko's semen was like and took a little bit off me for a taste test. It seemed like all the girls didn't really seem to mind except Anishtala, she didn't seem to enjoy it at all. I guessed she just wasn't fond of sperm.

Well it was time to wash up... again. The girls waved bye to Anishtala and I as they took Kunko back to the village.

Man, now I'm really going to have a hard time going back to the base camp. I mused to myself, Even if I could talk them into letting me go, could I talk myself into leaving?

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When we got back to the village, I saw the elder standing over by some of the other leaders of the village in what seemed to be just general conversation. I looked over to Anishtala, who seemed to already know what I was going to ask.

"We need to tell the elder that it's time for us to go back. Please inform him that we intend to leave in the morning, as we have our business to attend to back at our research camp."

"I'll try telling him, I'm not sure how he will take it." Anishtala advised me. "Perhaps we should wait for the morning to tell him, he might not be too receptive to the idea now. The village sees you as a bringer of good fortune Douglas, they might not want to see you go so quickly."

"Do you think one night is going to change that? I'm anxious to get back, I'd love to tell everyone back at camp about the Muktakteeli." I'd love to tell them about some other things too... but two different taboos would probably get me run out of town.

"Okay, I will ask." Anishtala walked up to the chieftain and started to pose the question in the native tongue. He seemed to ponder the query thoughtfully. He appeared to reach a decision, and he waved me over. I stood before him in a modest position awaiting, hopefully, an approval from the old man. What I got instead, was somewhat... half and half.

Anishtala translated, "We are unsure what to make of you're coming here Douglas. While you have fulfilled the prophecy of being Kunko's lost lover, you're unexpected union with the Spirit of Malice Anario, has led me to ask you to hold off your return to your camp if only for just a couple days. I want to take Anishtala with me to the mountain, where we will meditate on this new development. I

hope you can understand, this is important for the entire village.”

I bowed before him, that had honestly gone better than expected. I was expecting they would never let me go, so I could wait a couple days. That night was a lot more quiet than before, Anishtala and I still had a couple drinks and danced a little. Anishtala decided to turn in early, while I stayed up a while longer to finish up my drink and contemplate the last few days events. I looked into the center of the fire with unfocused eyes, and I saw a story unfold before my eyes. I saw a tale of two lovers dance around each other, they seemed to long for each other’s embrace. They came close several times but never touched. The one flame appeared to be strong and large, the other flame looked small but bright. They finally found each other’s arms, and just as suddenly the fire burnt out and all that was left was dying embers. I felt cold and empty in that moment, I looked over to the jungle and thought I saw some eyes in the wood. Anario? Why were you watching me from the jungle? Are you lonely too? Oh... maybe I just had too much drink. I went back to my tent and laid down to have vivid dreams of a gorgeous wolf lover, we kissed and snuggled warmly with each other.

I was disappointed when I awoke to find myself alone in my tent. I get dressed to go outside and find that Anishtala must have gone with the elder to the mountain for the vision seeking. I learned a few words since I had been with the Muktakeeli, so getting something to eat and drink was not a problem. I felt like I wasn’t doing enough to pull my load, and I tried to convey this, but the villagers didn’t seem to mind. I expressed my gratitude as best I could, and before I knew it, two days had passed very quickly.

I was eating some lunch with some of the warrior men when Anishtala and the elder arrived back at the village. All the Muktakeeli were excited, and crowded around the two to hear of their visions. The elder quieted the tribe and motioned me to come forth toward them. The elder commanded the attention of the tribe with his large voice. Anishtala interpreted for me.

“About a week ago, our great white visitor, Tuklar, came to us and reunited with his lover Kunko, the spirit of fertility and prosperity. All seemed to be well until Anario, the spirit of malice and fury came to the village again after many years to mate with Tuklar. Thus, we needed a... tie breaker, to figure out whether Tuklar’s visitation was a portent of good, or malevolence. After many hours of no visions, a premonition came to me... Tuklar shall go to see... Shukshil! The spirit of judgement and zen!” The crowd erupted in cheer. I looked over to Anishtala, but she did not seem to notice as the chieftain continued. “As Shukshil explores Tuklar’s body, Shukshil will determine Tuklar’s true meaning to the village. I am sure he will find nothing but great worth though, I have utmost faith in Tuklar’s coming. Shimuji!”

The crowd started to chant, “Shimuji! Shimuji!” The elder started to gesture everyone to quiet down, and once the tribe quieted down he continued. “Tuklar will begin his journey now to see Shukshil,” He turned to me and gave me a warm smile.

Anishtala tapped me on my butt, “This is a most unusual turn of events, Shukshil is held in the greatest of reverence, even among the peoples of other tribes. Only few have ever even made the trek to meet with him, you have truly become a man of many wonders here... Tuklar. Please try to live up to your reputation. I will help you pack for the journey ahead, let us go now.”

It didn’t seem I had a choice. I went with Anishtala to pack my things, and while we were gathering some bladders for my water, I asked her some questions about Shukshil.

“He is a great dragon, a wise spirit who has been around these lands for generations. He has much insight into those who have kind hearts; if you are a good person, then you pass! If not...” She trailed off as she packed up some jerky. “Oh, well! Looks like we’re about finished, let’s now see you off on

your incredible voyage.”

I was bid farewell by the entire tribe. “We wish you well Douglas! Please come back to us in one piece!” I had many questions I headed off into the further reaches of the jungle. A dragon? Surely they couldn’t mean something out of medieval mythos. It was probably just some sort of large lizard, that I wouldn’t find. I guessed it was best to just head that way and pretend I saw something when I returned to the village. As I was pondering what my next move would be, I noticed the sky darkening. It was time to make camp, I gathered some wood I found around and with some effort made a fire. Once I was done pitching my shelter, I laid around the flames and gnawed on some of my jerky. My eyes started to drift as I gazed into the blaze.

My eyes found their focus again as looked past the fire and saw a panther leap from the wood. The ferocious look in his eyes and terrifying growl made me tremble. He must have smelled some of the goat meat from the village that I cooked up. I was sure this was it, I couldn’t believe this was the end. He was about ready to pounce when Anario leapt from the jungle in front of the panther, baring his fangs and snarling at his adversary. They exchanged a few blows, Anario reaching in with a few hard bites and the panther swiping with his sharp claws. Anario then went in for a neck bite, injuring the panther. The panther snarled and hissed at Anario before creeping back into the forest to tend to his wounds. Anario slinked over to me before laying down next to me. I inspected his shoulder and saw one of his wounds was moderately deep. I rubbed his belly and kissed his snout. He must have been very tired, he didn’t mind my touch as I caressed his underside. I kissed his snout and then I went to grab some ointment I had in rupsack to rub on his gash. As I massaged him, I kissed his snout while looking into his eyes. He had beautiful green eyes that I hadn’t noticed before, and I kissed his thin little lips a couple times while my touch drifted from his shoulder to his penis. He was the first one to ever protect me... I looked him in his eyes. You did your part, now let me do mine.

My lips parted as I slipped his sheath back past his knot. He wasn’t all the way hard yet, so I took him back as far as I could in my mouth. I felt so warm there in his loins that I forgot he was getting harder and I ended up gagging on his dick. I let up for a second to get some air, but I felt selfish doing so afterwards knowing how hard he fought for me. I went down on him again, going down every bit as deep as the first time. I gagged one time, but held him in my throat as long as I could until the second time basically forced him out of my neck. I had tears coming down my face but it wasn’t like last time, I wanted to try as hard for him as he did for me. I came up again and looked at him; he licked his lips and I bit my bottom lip. I knew where this was going, I got naked and took one my bottles I filled up earlier off to a thicket to douche myself. When I had finished I wiggled my butt seductively in front of him (or so I tried). I grew impatient rather quickly, so I got down on my hands and knees and showed my little butthole to him, presenting my ass for my big stud. My mind wandered to visions of the flame for a moment, before my handsome male stood up and walked over to my rear.

He started sniffing and licking my butt, his hot tongue slipping past my feverish asshole lubing me up for the final event. I moaned liked a little bitch, I so wanted him to stop teasing me! All of a sudden just like the first time I felt his heaviness on my back, his paws scratching my belly and sides. I feigned struggling to get away from him, but he forcefully pulled me back to him, drawing a smile from my bitch like nature. He seemed like he knew what he was doing this go round. He stabbed my butt cheeks a couple times before finding my hole. But instead of just plowing forward, this time he lubed up his bitch properly. He stuck the very tip of cock inside my rosebud and leaked his precum inside me. There was no way a normal animal could have this sort of control. He felt like an intelligent lover, like something I... had lost before. I had a feeling of growing edginess... I ached for his masculinity inside me which he must have sensed because the next thing I felt was his penis entering me. He was thrusting frantically, but with his generous lubing it felt mostly pleasurable this time. His large testicles were banging into mine so hard that they started aching. It felt like he was

purposely trying to make me sterile... was I really letting another male do this to me?

When he decided he had enough of my little mock castration, I felt him press forward powerfully, his knot pressing against my anus, steadily inching its way inside. I pushed back to meet him, I longed to feel joined to him again. At the peak I suddenly wasn't quite sure it would fit anymore... than POP! His knot went right inside, my butt rested against the inside of his loins as we were connected... I felt at peace. I felt his weight start to shift all too soon and he hopped off turning butt to butt with me. I looked around in the passing minutes of our lovemaking. I kind of hoped that panther was watching us... watching my lover's show of dominance as he mated his male bitch.

All the while I felt his sperm enter me as we mated. I couldn't exactly feel him ejaculate, I just felt a vague hotness as his jizz slid down my rectum. I would so have his puppies, can't happen though... god damn it. Well I could at least try, it was damn fun anyway. Thirty minutes passed and we were both exhausted by this point. I felt his knot start to deflate, and he tugged a couple times at my asshole before he exited, a good amount of his semen rushing out immediately like a stream. My head hit the ground in pure fatigue while my ass remained in the air. Anario laid down by the fire, obviously pleased after having such riveting sex with his boy. After collecting my thoughts, I slowly crawled over to him. I snuggled up against Anario as his inside spoon, his cum still leaking from my anus. I finally found a good spot; he licked my ear and I shifted my butt slightly against him as I fell asleep. I had wild dreams of sex and love with Anario, thoughts of ecstasy filled my visions.

I awoke the morning feeling cold and alone... Anario must have left in the middle of the night. I looked around, darting my eyes searching for him, but he was long gone. I felt abandoned for a moment, but I knew I would see him again. I shook off my negativity and packed my things up for the day's hump, for it would be a long one to get to Shukshil.

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By late afternoon I was heading over the last stretch of the rocky foothills of the Rhuuk mountains before entering the icy snowcap of the Rhuuks. I had donned my thick coat to traverse the steep slopes, although the cold had started to overwhelm me. Trudging through the snow was starting to wear on me, and I was running out of daylight. I had to find shelter quick, there was no way I was surviving the night out there. What the hell was I thinking, I should have just high tailed it for camp. But I was just stupid enough to try to...

What is that? Is that a... it looked like a cave of sorts, but it was heavily decorated like a dwelling of some sort. I figured if that's the case then there must have been someone inside. I hoped they were friendly, whoever they were. Upon entering the cave there was a faint glow illuminating the walls. There were many ornaments, seemingly of Oriental origin. Many golden plates and beautiful china were strewn around the cave. I picked up one plate, it had a fascinating dragon design on it. I saw a shadow creeping up on me, I turned around quickly in surprise to find a huge... dragon. Really? Was I dreaming, or gone snow blind? This creature was huge, had to be at least 30 feet long and it had... wings. Must have been a dragon, I've never heard of anything like this before. So I really found Shukshil, and now he was going to eat me. He reached out his paw towards me, touching my hand.

Who are you my child? Don't be frightened.

I looked around. Who spoke to me, did I hear that? Imagine it?

It's okay, I'm speaking to your mind. As long as we are touching, we can speak to each other's mind. If you try, you can do it too. Visualize what you are attempting to say, I will be able to read it.

I thought for a second before attempting to reach out. ...Are you Shukshil?

I am. We haven't been properly introduced child, who are you? You are not of my tribe's, are you a traveling visitor?

It was hard trying to gather my thoughts to convey to him, but I made the effort to anyway. My name is Douglas, I come from a place called England. I came on an expedition to the area to examine the tribe's here. I have recently come across the Muktakeeli; after spending a few days there, they have sent me to come see you, Great One.

Please Douglas, call me Shukshil. I see, so Gaz has sent you to me. He has become wise in his years as elder. So having sex with Kunko the spirit of prosperity, and Anario the spirit of malice has confused the village and made them question whether your coming will bring good or evil. I looked at him puzzled that he knew so much. Don't be alarmed, I peered into your mind a little deeper to reveal this information.

I was starting to get really cold by now, I shivering quite noticeably. Shukshil took notice of my obvious discomfort.

You seem to be a bit chilly. We can't light a fire in here, the smoke would choke us. Come rest by my belly, I'll keep you warm for the night. That furry coat you have on won't feel too good on my skin though, get naked and come join me.

He went to lie down while I stripped off for him. I walked over and snuggled in with Shukshil. I tried laying on the ground for a moment, but it was a tad too rough. I moved lower and squeezed myself between his thighs, this was perfect. It was comfy and warm, I used the lower portion of his belly as a pillow. I wasn't quite tired yet, so I started exploring my new quarters a bit. He had this big slit, I tried rubbing him above this slit... I was wondering whether he was indeed a boy or maybe a girl.

I was thinking the same thing when you took your clothes off.

I hit the jokester playfully. It's cold outside! I looked up at him. I was starting to get used to this telepathic communication... thing. Well what about you huh? What do you have in here?

I reached down his pubis and rubbed the inside of the top of his genital slit. It was hot and slick, after massaging for a second I took my hand back to taste his secretion. It was sweet like precum, and I was licking every bit off my fingers. I probed a bit further, past a couple folds before arriving at the tip of his penis. I started caressing the head as I kissed his pubic area. I started breathing heavily, my growing erection poking at the inside of his thigh. I attempted to message him amidst my growing lust.

Please, get hard for me. I want to satisfy you, don't worry about my small size, I'll find a way to make you cum.

Shukshil started to grow quite quickly under me, before long his dick was extending up my butt and along my back. He was up to my neck! I was struggling to think of some way I could gratify his manhood, when I turned around to face his penis. He had a lot of precum escaping, so I thought it would make a great lubricant. I rubbed myself down and then I locked my arms and legs around his cock, moving my body up and down. I was completely surrounded by him, his thighs creating a pocket for me as we made love. Our sweat and secretions mixed together, his masculine smell overpowering. I was moaning in pure lust when I felt his hips start jerking. His stomach contracted, and I felt his semen travel through his urethra as he ejaculated on me. I felt like my brain shut off as his first spasm covered my face and hair in his powerful smelling dragon cum. His next few ropes covered the rest of my body in his male essence, and he let out a powerful snort, letting me know that I did my job well. As I laid there exhausted covered in sperm, Shukshil spoke to me.

You can enjoy yourself as well, sex is a two way street... so they say.

I looked up at him from my home in between his thighs. I almost felt like I shouldn't, but I could feel that he did indeed want this, so I nodded a 'thank you' to him. His penis had contracted back into his slit again, so I rubbed it gently, letting him know where I was going to begin. There was more than enough lubrication there already, so I took my own penis and stuck it inside. It was so hot, his insides were closing around my penis as I slid in and out of him. I couldn't last more than a minute, my eyes rolled back into my skull and my entire body was convulsing as I came into this great dragon. When I was done, I collapsed onto Shukshil, I kissed his belly in thanks as I was too tired to even think. We were both a mess at this point, but we decided to curl up and go to sleep.

In my dream that night, Shukshil appeared and he told me of how Anario was once a gentle creature until he saw his mother and father murdered by humans. He was taken captive and made to do embarrassing tricks at the whims of humans until one day he could no longer take it. He broke free, and swore revenge on humans for so treating him this way. His malice had gone unchecked for many centuries, but there was bound to be one who came along to break his fiery chains of anger. That someone was me. Anario's rage was dissipating in the presence, and it was my duty to sooth him of temper lest he collapse back into his hatred of all humankind.

"And now you know."

The dream shifted into others, I thought of my home and of playing in the rolling hills as a child...