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A fairy tale for Grown-Ups who never grew up.

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Sanctus, Sanctus, Sanctus!

Valde antiquum hunc commercium inter creturas tam dissimiles.

Valde mirabilis heac locutio sine verbis,

sermo sin linguis oratio anticedens omnem rationem.

(Holy, Holy, Holy!

Ancient indeed this communion between creatures so unlike.

Wonderful indeed, this language without tongues,

This speech that will not be captured in a skein of words)

Magnalucius Of Anchina (16th Century.)

Once upon a time, for this is how all good stories should begin, a long, long time ago in a little village far, far away there lived a brother and his sister. Now their real names were Hans and Gretschen but their dear, sweet mother, may all the Gods and Godesses grant her peace, used to call them Hansel and Gretel and that is how I shall call them.

Now my friends; Hansel and Gretel had lost their mother when they were both very young and their poor father had to work very hard in his little bakery to support them. So it should not be a surprise to you that when old Herr Pferdemann the Saddler died and his young widow went courting for a new husband and her fancy turned to a widower like herself, he did welcome her company and her dalliances. Oh but my friends! If a heart did indeed beat in Widow Pferdemann's breast it was a heart of the coldest, blackest ice you could ever fear to find. Once the village priest had placed their rings on each other's fingers she turned into the most dreadful wife and mother you could imagine, a veritable tyrant of the hearth. So, my friends, it grieves me to tell you that she made life a Hell upon earth for her husband and her stepchildren: making the poor baker work for hours and hours to bake more and more bread and cakes so that he could sell them in the neighboring villages for more and more money, making Hansel and Gretel, for all that they were still children, gather firewood endlessly in the nearby forest until, tired and hungry, they came home only to be scolded by their wicked stepmother.

"Is that all you miserable children have collected!" she used to screech like some monstrous bird, "You expect to be fed after only gathering these few paltry twigs! Off to bed with you and no supper!" Despite, or may be because of, their horrid stepmother the two children grew very close to each other. They comforted each other when the beatings and the scoldings were at their worst, shared what little food they got and cuddled tightly in their pitiful little room at night, as much for comfort as warmth.

Now times were not all as dark as the moonless hours of night; their poor father tried his best for all the evil spell he was under: slipping a special treat, a little cake or a delicious sticky bun, into their pockets before their wicked stepmother sent them out into the forest. They learned much in the forest too for all that they lacked schooling from books. Indeed they learned to love the forest and its creatures and learned from its ways, delighting in watching the animals both great and small going about their business.

And so Hansel and Gretel grew from children into adulthood and as is the way of all creatures born on two legs or four, their bodies began to change and certain feelings began to creep over them. Slowly they came at first, slowly and stealthily, but soon they grew bolder and the two children - nay, but not children any longer - began to notice the changes in each others bodies. Now these

were strange times to you and I, times long ago when to speak of such things as the loving a man and a woman can have when they lie together in the lovely dance of love, or indeed the myriad other forms of pleasure to be gained from the delights of the body, were considered as something shameful and so Hansel and Gretel knew nothing of them and the delicious feelings in their bodies and their strange desires for a... a... something... were confusing and worrying to them.

However, the ways of nature are curious and wonderful to behold and She-Who-Is-Mother-To-Us-All works in often unusual ways but ways no less beautiful for all that.

It happened that one day when Hansel and Gretel were out in the woods they heard something from behind a nearby clump of bushes. Quietly they put down the bundles of wood and left their little handcart to go and investigate. Maybe it would be a vixen playing with her litter of cubs in the spring sunshine, or maybe it would be a hind giving birth to her fawn like they had seen happen the week before. But no, it was none of those things; for when they had crept up to the thick bushes and peeped though they could see two wild boar, or rather a wild boar and a sow, both black and hairy, the boar's fearsome looking tusks shining white in the sunlight. They were standing snout to snout, snuffling and grunting at each other in their piggy language. Hansel and Gretel looked at each other and stifled a giggle at the sight; they looked as if they were arguing like two old men in the village inn! But there was something about them, something different. As Hansel and Gretel watched them the two wild pigs became more and more affectionate, rubbing their snouts and heads together, grunting contentedly and making little, happy squeals.

The atmosphere became more and more charged around the glade and something began to stir inside of both Hansel and Gretel as they watched. The boar went behind the sow and brother and sister watched entranced as he sniffed under the sow's curly little tail, his nose snuffling at the peculiar pink crack that nestled there. All of a sudden he leapt onto the sow's back and pushed himself forward; something had come out from between the boar's hind legs, a red thing that twitched and glistened with the same pinky-red colour as the little crack between the legs of the sow. With a mighty grunt the wild boar pushed himself into his sow who grunted back excitedly as he began to thrust quick and hard, pushing his funny red thing into the equally strange thing that the sow had hiding under her tail. Hansel and Gretel's hands found each other and each squeezed the other's hand as excitedly they watched what the sow and the boar did together. It all seemed to be over very quickly and with a final satisfied grunt and several mighty thrusts, he slipped off the sow's back. The pair went back to nuzzling each other's snouts, only this time they stood side by side and rubbed against each other affectionately.

Hansel and Gretel looked at each other, surprised at finding themselves holding hands. Silently they crept away from their hiding place in the bushes and went to sit by their little hand-cart and its pile of wood. Gretel spoke first:

"What were they doing Hansel?" she asked.

"I'm not sure, but it made me feel all funny inside, like I wanted to be doing it too," he replied.

"Me to! Only it was a sort of itch that I wanted to scratch. In my place, like what the sow has."

"You've got one of those funny little cracks!" exclaimed Hansel, "I never new that. Well I've got something like what the boar has!"

"Really!"

"Oh yes. I'll show it to you!"

And so saying Hansel unbuttoned his breeches and showed his sister what he meant.

She giggled in astonishment when she saw it, "Well I never! And all that time we've slept in the same room too! I never knew that's what men had. Does it hang out like that all the time or does it go back inside like horses' do?"

"No, it just stays like that; it gets stiff sometimes when I touch it and it feels ever so nice when that happens but the priest says that to feel it like that is a bad thing and that if I do I'll go blind and be sent to Hell when I die."

"Do you think it would be alright if I touched it Hansel?" Gretel asked in a tiny voice.

"Go on then, just a little."

Hansel sat by his sister and she reached out to take his limp thing in her hand.

"Ooooh! Hansel! It's growing!" she exclaimed as it did just that.

"Oh it feels so nice and hot, what do you call it?"

"Well, I remember that one of the bigger boys showed me his once after church and he called it a.. a.. 'prick' I think. He must have been about sixteen summers old, as old as we are now. Oh Gretel, that feels nice, very nice..."

Hansel's sister looked in awe at her brother's, what had he called it? 'Prick'. Yes, that was it, 'prick'. What a strange word for something that didn't prick at all, she thought. No, it wasn't sharp or hard like a rose thorn; it was soft and smooth and it felt good to touch it and to rub it up and down, especially as her dear, dear brother was enjoying himself so much. She loved her brother so much; he had been so good to her as she grew up, the only tender and kind person she really knew; it made her feel good inside to make him feel happy.

And Hansel did feel good! Oh it felt so nice, nicer than when he touched himself and rubbed it. But the priest had warned him about pleasing himself there: had scolded him in the confession, had told him that he would go mad, die in The Bedlam and go to Hell where fiery demons would torture him for all eternity in a lake of burning sulphur. He'd even shown him that horrible picture of souls in eternal torment.

"Oh Gretel, please, you've got to stop now."

"Don't you like it any more?" Gretel asked dissapointedly.

"Oh Gretel I do, I do," replied a most dejected Hansel, "I just shouldn't do. It's bad to like it; the priest says so."

"Alright then; but I think that it's silly not to do things you like."

"So do I Gretel. But the priest must know best."

"Well, I can show you what I've got."

And so saying she hitched up her ragged skirt. Much to Hansel's surprise there was a crack there, just like the sow had; only Gretel's was a pale colour and surrounded by light, curly hair.

"There, you see!" she said. "Just like I told you." She suddenly spun round and crouched on all fours before him. "See. I'm a wild sow too!" she made a piggy noise, giggling all the while at her fine joke.

But Hansel wasn't giggling, oh no, not he! His senses flared at the sight of his sister's crack before

him. He felt he should do something but he just didn't know what. It was something like he had seen the wild boar do and he wanted it so badly that it hurt but he daren't... he just daren't.

"Can... can I... touch it... please?" he stammered.

"Of course you can," his sister giggled, "What a silly question. I touched yours; it's only fair."

Gingerly he reached out a trembling hand to his sister. "What's it called?" he whispered.

"I don't know but.. ooh it feels nice when you touch it."

Hansel's fingers stroked over the lips of the strange nameless crack, brushing against the smooth skin, feeling the traces of moisture there.

"Is that good?" he asked.

"Oh yes Hansel, that's lovely. Stroke it harder will you. Oh that's really nice, really nice. Ohhhhh!"

Gretel sighed and pushed herself against the lovely fingers that pleased her in that strange place. She felt her insides turn all soft and lovely as though she flowed like water all over the lovely touches. Oh she wanted it to go on but hadn't the priest told her the same thing as her brother? Didn't he insist on looking and touching her there with his nasty, rough fingers when she went to confession to make sure that she hadn't been touching herself? Reluctantly she pulled away.

"Oh it's such a shame that we can't do that," she said.

Hansel and Gretel sat side by side for a moment, holding each other tightly in their sorrow for a pleasure that couldn't be. Oh what a tragic scene they made my friends. What a tragic scene indeed. Two lost souls forbidden to comfort each other in that most special of ways.

But fear not my friends, for the forests of that time were wonderful and magical places - indeed such places still exist today for those who are prepared to look with closed eyes and open heart - and who knows what silent watchers were looking over the folorn brother and sister as they sat there beside their little cart.

But I must be on with my tale, for there is yet much to tell. It was a sad procession the pair made as they wended their slow and weary way home, pulling their cart behind them. It was almost dark when they finally got back to their cottage in the village. Tired and hungry they trudged quietly into the kitchen, for their horrible stepmother would scold them even more should they dare to make a noise. But what a sight greeted them as they walked in through the door! There, sat at the table, was none other but Monsignor Ebing, the village priest. And do you know what my friends! Upon his lap sat their wicked stepmother and his hand was right up her skirts! There she sat wriggling as he touched her, quite obviously having a fine time of it and he chuckled his nasty, horrid laugh. All of a sudden they became aware of Hansel and Gretel and shot to their feet with a gasp.

"Get out of here you horrible brats!" screamed their stepmother. "Go to your rooms immediately before I thrash you to within an inch of your lives."

The terrified pair turned on their heels and fled up the rickety stairs to their cold and tiny room as fast as their legs would carry them. As night fell and their room became dark they held each other silently, Hansel cuddling his sobbing sister to him. They were even more confused now, lost in a world where they were told one thing and felt another; where even those who preached one way quite clearly did not practice it. Oh it was all too, too confusing. With their thoughts in turmoil, they slipped into a fitful sleep.

Down the rickety stairs and inside the kitchen the priest paced the floor while Hansel and Gretel's stepmother nervously watched him, wringing her hands.

"They'll have to go," the priest said, his nasal whine buzzing in the air. "If those wretched brats blabber to anyone I'll be ruined. I've bought too many indulgences from the bishop as it is and I can't risk losing this parish." His black eyes darted around the room, never still as though he were looking for a way to escape. If Widow Pferdemann's heart was as black as coal then his was a dark as jet and just as hard. He believed nothing of the words he told his flock as they sat in his church Sunday after Sunday. Ignorant peasants, all of them, or so he thought; fools to believe the lies he told and the tales of damnation he wove; but they believed them and it made him feel good to have that power over them.

But that power was not enough.

No! He wanted real power; he lusted for it and he cared not who he hurt to get it. One day he would be great and powerful, a cardinal perhaps or no... no... The Papacy! He would make the antics of Alexander The Borgia and the Boy-Pope Benedict look like a game of charades! The things he could do with that power: the power to make and destroy kings, to wage war on his enemies, whole convents of women to deflower and destroy if he willed it... And oh how he willed it! Now it was all threatened by a brother and a sister hardly more than children.

"You must get rid of them."

"Rid of them! Oh no! You can't mean that!" she gasped, for even the stony heart of the wicked stepmother quailed at the thought of murder.

"Yes. Destroy them both. I know a way that you can do it easily and no-one need ever know. Take the children deep into the wood and lose them. I have a potion that will drug them for a while. When they awake it will be nightfall and the wild beasts of the forest will surely devour them. Then I can get rid of that wretched husband of yours and I can take you as my mistress. Then we shall go to Rome. Imagine it! Power and riches!"

The wicked priest's words quickly won over Hansel and Gretel's stepmother and she agreed to his evil plan.

"Now," he growled, seizing her roughly so that she winced at the pain, "let us seal our bargain....."

And so it was that Hansel and Gretel were woken early the next morning by their wicked stepmother shaking them roughly.

"Get up! Get up at once you lazy brats!" she shrieked in her terrible voice. "Don't lie there all day, there's work for you to do. You're so useless that I'm going to have to come out and gather wood with you."

Now the poor brother and sister were too shocked to argue and after a meagre breakfast of porridge they set out with their stepmother into the forest. She led them for miles and miles, up hill and down dale, on and on and on into the dark wood until the sun was at his highest and still they hadn't collected a single stick of firewood.

"We'll stop here and have something to eat," their stepmother said, taking a bottle and some cake from the cart and handing them to them.

Hansel and Gretel sat down on the grass at the foot of an old oak and drank deeply for they were both very thirsty indeed. So thirsty that they hardly noticed the strange taste of the water and so soon, just as the evil priest had said, they were both fast asleep under the tree. With a final glance

back at her sleeping stepchildren Widow Pferdemann skipped gaily away back to the village; the dreams of wealth in her head and her greed blinding her to the dreadful crime she had committed.

But my friends, did I not tell you that the forest is a wonderful and magical place? Of course I did! So you must not be surprised at what happens next in my story, strange as it may seem to you.

It was almost night when Hansel and Gretel awoke to find themselves alone in the forest and far from home. It was Gretel who spoke first: "Where are we Hansel?" she asked, her voice quivery with fear.

"I don't know," he replied. "We're lost."

"Oh Hansel! What are we going to do?"

"We'll have to wait until morning and then try to find our way home I suppose."

"But what of the wild beasts: the wolves and the monsters in the forest?"

Hansel was silent for a moment and then he spoke. "You stay here. I'll see if I can find somewhere we can hide for the night; there's still a little light left."

"Please don't leave me Hansel!" Gretel protested, clinging onto her brother's arm. They looked into each other's eyes lovingly, the bond that had been forged between them in the harshness of their childhood would not be broken now in this hour of their greatest need.

"I'll not go far. I'll be back in a minute; I promise." With a squeeze of her hand he set off down the wooded slope.

But then, just as it seemed that things could become no worse something terrible happened. As Hansel looked around for a likely hiding place for the night he spotted a little cave set into a cliff. As he made his way in the swiftly fleeting light towards the cave he lost his footing and tumbled from the cliff. Oh but he was lucky that day, for his fall was not far and he fell into a little clump of bushes. By the time he had crawled from them, a little shaken and bruised but none the worse for his ordeal, it was completely dark and he had no idea where his beloved sister was.

"Gretel!" he called in his frustration, "Gretel! Gretel! Where are you!" Over and over again he called but poor Gretel! She had fallen asleep under the tree and could not hear her brother's calls.

Poor Hansel. How sad he was. He sat down on a rock in the dark forest, the trees taking on strange shapes like twisted old men, their branches seeming to reach out as though to grab him. He was almost on the verge of tears when he heard a rustle in the undergrowth behind him. He leapt to his feet, his eyes vainly hunting the ground before him for some sort of a weapon with which to defend himself from the monster who was about to attack him. Quickly he turned around, expecting to be gobbled up in an instant.

Oh but it was no fearsome monster that stood before Hansel; oh not at all! It looked a little like a deer but it was like no hart Hansel had ever seen. Its coat was the purest white and seemed to shine with its own inner radiance. It was possessed of a long silky mane that fell in curls like a white waterfall over the beautiful creature's strong neck like that of a fine horse. But more than this, miracle of miracles, a single horn sprouted from the pretty creature's forehead, a spiral, fluted horn like no deer of this earth ever possessed. The creature stood as tall as Hansel and its deep, soulful, brown eyes looked straight into his.

Hansel stood transfixed by the creature before him, struck motionless by its beauty; the calmness it

possessed seeping into his frightened mind. More than the diamond brightness of its horn and the shimmering white of its coat and mane, the deep and beautiful eyes of the creature drew him in, enrapturing him with their silent, infinite wisdom.

"Why are you calling? Who do you seek? Why are you afraid?"

The questions were asked in a light voice, a young woman's voice, lilting upwards at the end of each question in querulous inflection. But just as this was no ordinary deer of the forest then this was surely no ordinary woman's voice. Light and silvery it was, like gently falling water on a summer's day; a voice that would never become old and frail, never fade or tarnish; infinite and beautiful and curious; so, so curious, as though there was so much left to be learned.

Hansel was dumfounded to hear the creature before him speak. But it was not with any language she spoke, rather the questions were asked of his mind, of his heart.

"It's my sister," he began, not knowing why he addressed the beautiful and enigmatic creature before him. "She's in the forest somewhere. We were lost and I went to find shelter from the monsters and I fell and...."

"Come now, calm yourself." The white creature interrupted him gently, "Do not be afraid. You are safe but your mind is troubled. There is someone for whom you fear in the forest. I sense it is someone you love; your sweetheart is it? Do not be frightened for her, she will be safe and I think." She - for Hansel thought that the beautiful creature must be a she - paused for a moment and sniffed the air. "Ah yes, yes. I think we will send someone to find her and keep her company. We would go to her now but the way is treacherous for you who cannot see as we of the forest see. Look over by yonder tree. He will keep your sweetheart safe."

At that very moment what should trot out from around the bole of a huge ash tree but the biggest, furriest, brushiest fox that Hansel had ever seen. My but he was a handsome fellow! In the pale moonlight that filtered through the canopy of leaves above them Hansel could see the fox's sleek russet coat and his white chest as though he wore a shirt and waistcoat like the rich merchants who travelled through their village. His pointed face looked up at the pair of them and his black eyes glittered with a friendly, mirthful shine.

"Well met, Lady of the Forest," he barked cheerfully. Again the words were in his head but the voice was snuffly barking one, as though, Hansel imagined, how a fox or a dog would speak if they could learn the languages of humans. "And what service can I render to you this fine evening?" he continued.

"This poor young one has lost his sweetheart in the woods. Would you find her and keep her company for the night, Fine Sir?"

"By all means Lady. But finding her will be easy and comforting her will not. You know how these humans are prone to irrational terrors when they see my brothers and sisters; present company excluded and begging your pardon, Young Master." He added the latter with a polite bow of his head to Hansel and a broad smile of his foxy lips, exposing his bright pointed teeth and long red tongue. Hansel was so astonished that he returned the fox's bow without thinking.

"Then come close, Sir, that I may touch you."

The big fox bounded up to the white creature who dipped her head to his, touching his furry forehead with the very tip of her silvery horn. No sooner that she had done so than the fox gave a yelp of delight and rolled over onto his back, his legs kicking the air as he writhed on the ground

with ecstatic whimpers. After a little time he got to his feet and once more stood facing Hansel and his mysterious guardian.

"Oh thank you, thank you My Lady!" he barked excitedly, "I will most assuredly do what you ask of me. Have no fear, Young Sir, I will find her and guard her, have no fear!" And with a leap in the air and a yelp of joy her was away, dashing once more into the undergrowth from where he came.

"There, you see. All will be well now," the strange creature said as the fox disappeared; "But you are hurt," she added, her voice tinged with concern, "Come with me, You must rest and I shall heal your hurt." Hansel nodded as the pretty creature with the deep, soulful eyes spoke to into his mind once more. He was still too shocked to say anything, astounded at what had happened in the scant minutes that had passed since he fell from the cliff. "Take a hold of my tail and follow where I tread and you shall not fall. The way is short, come now." So saying she turned and flicked her silken tail at him. He grasped a hold of it and followed her as, slowly, she began to walk forward.

The strange creature lead him through the forest along narrow trails through the trees. Fearful as he was Hansel was still curious from his recent discoveries and a little thought hatched in his mind and whispered in his ear. And so it was that he could not resist just a little peek under his guide's tail, well placed as he was to steal such a glance. There, nestled beneath the silky strands was the same lovely little crack it seemed that all women shared, whether they be human or not; only it did not surprise him that like the rest of this beautiful creature hers was beautiful too. He only caught a brief glimpse before, ashamed at the liberty he took with the creature who was helping him, he looked away. But the image was there in his mind to savour: tight and pink it was, the lips of her little crack flushed with a rosy hue, giving way to the bright whiteness of her shining hide. He felt himself becoming stiff at the thought of that sweet crack. His instincts calling to him, murmuring their demands and it was as he fought them that the silvery voice of his guide sounded once more in his mind.

"We are here. Rest yourself."

Hansel looked around. They stood by a silent pool surrounded by willows whose branches dipped to the still water as though their leaves drank of it.

"Lie yourself down here and I will ease your hurt."

Hansel did as he was bidden and lay in the soft grass by the poolside. The strange creature lay beside him, her warm body against his, her white horned head looking down upon him. Hansel at last found words with which to speak to her:

"You're... you're so pretty," he stammered, feeling foolish and knowing such words were inadequate to express how he felt.

"Why, thank you. You are kind," the white creature replied, genuinely flattered by his words, "By what name do your fellows call you?"

"Hans Brotmann... er Hansel... er Lady?"

"Oh there is no need to be so formal. Your kind are too bound in such trivialities."

"By what name should I call you?" he asked.

The curious creature thought for a moment and then looked out onto the water, her voice distant and wistful, as though remembering something far off and lost forever. "I have many names, many

that were given to me and many that I have found and lost, but tonight, for you, I shall take the name of yonder bright star and I shall be Capella." She looked back at Hansel, "And now, you must rest. Let me help you." She bent her head to his breast and touched her horn to his skin. Hansel let out a long sigh as a wave of utter calm and peace broke over him, all pain from his fall vanished in an instant; his limbs became heavy and he slipped into a luxuriant sleep.

"Capella..." he whispered as the troubled thoughts fled his mind, "Such a pretty, pretty name." And then he was asleep.

When he awoke from his lovely, dreamless sleep the moon had risen high into the sky. Full and round, its silvery light reflected brightly from the still surface of the forest pool. He was naked but he could not recall removing his clothes. Then he felt the warm body by his side and he looked up into the calm face of his guide and protector.

"Thank you," he whispered.

"It was my pleasure," Capella replied. "Now tell me Hansel, your sister. Oh do not be afraid," she said as she felt him start, "she is safe with Old Fox. She is your sweetheart as well as your sister, is she not?"

"Well, I love her dearly but I don't know what I feel. It's so wicked to think what I have thought, isn't it?"

"Oh not at all! There is nothing more natural in the world than what you feel. You should not believe the words of the one who tricked you into becoming lost in the forest. Why, what could be more beautiful than two who love each other deeply sharing their pleasures in coupling."

"What do you mean, what's 'coupling'?"

"Why! Lovemaking of course. Oh what do you people call it. I did know once... 'fucking'. Yes, that was it; like you saw the boar and the sow do."

"How did you know that?" asked the startled Hansel.

"How could I converse with you if I could not at least share your thoughts my dear. That thought was as bright in your mind as the Beltane Fires your people lit in times gone past."

"Well, yes, I suppose it is; but do people do it?"

"But of course they do, all creatures do. Sometimes it is to make their offspring but in doing so there is much pleasure to be gained. With your kind and mine there are ways to enjoy such delights all the time. I felt you looking at me and thinking such thoughts Hansel."

Hansel began to stammer an apology but Capella cut him off. "Oh don't be embarrassed. Your kind are too easily shamed by foolish notions that to think such things is wicked. What is far the more wicked is not to think them, for that twists your feelings up inside and makes you cruel and heartless. Come now Hansel, embrace me, for I find you strangely attractive and I feel that you want to touch me as much as I wish you to."

Oh my friends, but she spoke the truth; for Hansel was indeed falling for this gentle, enigmatic creature who had befriended him in the lonely forest. He wrapped his arms around her neck and she laid her head upon his youthful chest as he ran his hands across her silken hide.

"You're so pretty, so lovely," he murmured to her, "I thought only my sister cared for me but you do too. I get so lonely sometimes and the strange feelings inside me just whirl around and around and I get all stiff. I'm frightened because the priest says that it's so wrong and... and..." Hansel's voice

became choked as he fought back the tears.

"I know the hurt you feel," she whispered in return, her voice light in his mind. "I know how hard it is for you; but come now. Is it not time that you learned the truth and freed yourself from the shackles that all unknowing you have placed around yourself? Come. Caress me. Does that not feel good?"

"Oh yes Capella, that does feel nice," he said as he stroked her silky warmth.

"Free yourself Hansel. What do you wish? What is your desire?"

The lustful thoughts welled up inside him, the demons of fear screaming at them, trying to battle them back, tugging at the chains that bound his thoughts; but it was to no avail for the light that shone from the soul of his beautiful companion was too much even for demons hardened by time and fear. The chains they shattered and the shackles they cracked and the demons they fell howling and snarling, for they had lost him forever and his thoughts came pouring out.

"I want... I want to fuck you... I want to love you forever and ever... I want to touch that lovely crack under your tail... I want... I want everything."

Hansel gasped as his words tumbled out, only to be met with the sweetest voice in his head.

"Then who's stopping you, my lover?"

Scarcely believing what was happening he loosed his grip on his beautiful companion's neck and began to caress her lovely body all over, revelling in the softness of her skin, her flowing form. His emotions broke and tears welled in his eyes as his hands roamed over her.

"There now my dear Hansel, does that not feel better?"

Hansel laid his head upon her flank and hugged Capella tightly, his cheek pressed against her warmth.

"Oh Capella, you're so beautiful," he whispered. "Will you let me love you?"

"Of course I will. Now reach out with your hands along my back, that's it. Oh that feels nice when you touch me."

Hansel reached out, caressing the line of his beautiful mistress' back as she had bidden him do; his hands met her tail and he felt it rise a little. He raised his head and turned to her, she was looking directly at him with her soft eyes and Hansel was once more lost in their depths. "Touch it Hansel," she whispered.

Hansel needed no further bidding and as she closed her eyes his hand slipped under her tail to the warm, inviting secret that nestled there. Capella gave a great sigh as he touched it, his fingers brushing the damp lips of her cleft with a butterfly's caress.

"Oh Hansel, that's so good. Again my lover. Again."

And again he caressed her most secret of places and again his strange and wonderful lover sighed under him, her flanks trembling with each breath, her pleasure bursting like a thunderstorm in his mind. Hansel looked down to where his fingers played; the lips of Capella's secret had flushed redder than when he had seen them before and were slightly apart. Gently he roamed across the hills and down into that sweet valley, the little river that ran its course there making his fingers

damp and sticky. He put his head closer, consumed with love for his beautiful mistress. His senses swam as he breathed in her musky scent, the strange and powerful perfume inflaming his desire.

"Harder my love. Do not fear for you will not hurt me." Her words were like a warm velvet blanket around them, sheltering them from all harm. At her bidding he slipped a finger into that sweet scented valley.

Oh how she sighed as he entered her, her lithe body quivering under him. Hansel just pressed himself tighter, loving the sensations he was feeling, the tingle and hardness in his loins, the desire for her and the pleasure in making her happy. Softly but firmly he slipped in and out of her, feeling her warmth as she clasped onto his probing finger, her luxuriant wetness under him, her sighs of delight filling his mind and arousing him yet more and more and more until he could wait no longer. "Capella?" he whispered, "Please can I.. can I.."

"Oh yes Hansel, quickly now, quickly."

She stirred under him as he loosed his hold on her. Swiftly she stood only to settle on the ground once more with her hind legs tucked under her body so that her hindquarters were somewhat raised above the ground.

"Come Hansel. Come, cover me," her voice was a bright shaft of moonlight in his mind, a chain more binding than the chains of doubt for this chain was of pure, untrammelled desire. Oh she wanted him, wanted to feel him within her, her lust racing and knowing no bounds. And he desired her, his first true lover. What if she were not of his kind? He felt closer to her than all save one of his own race; he loved her, loved her so much that it hurt, so much that he wanted to give her everything. "Kneel behind me," she said to him, her head turned so that she could see Hansel behind her. "Take me Hansel, for tonight I am yours."

Hansel crouched behind his beautiful mistress, his hands upon her quivering flanks, his cock jutting out before him. Instinct took over then, or perhaps his magical lover guided him, who can tell; but in that instant under the silver moon, by the still and silent pool deep in the forest, he slipped into her.

Oh my friends; it was as though a mighty dam had burst, his hardness impaled her to the very depths of her being, sliding inside in a gentle, fluid movement. Her scream of pleasure exploded in Hansel's mind, gathering him up and shooting him to the very stars with its beautiful intensity.

"Oh yes... Oh yes my love... Oh more.... Oh you are so good... So, so good. Now, slide it in and out... Ohhhhhh... That's it...." She whispered to him between her gasps of delight and Hansel, utterly consumed by love and lust in far bountiful measure, rocked back and forth, gently covering her, falling forward so that her could caress her soft flanks as he did so. Oh it felt so nice, far far nicer than when he touched himself; how could this ever be wrong for it felt so good, oh so good. She quivered under him as gently he slid in and out, in and out, over and over in a beautiful, liquid motion, loving her like he had never loved another. He pushed forward again, as deep as he could, pressing right up to her warmth, his manhood shrouded in the burning heat of her cunt, the velvet walls tightly holding him like a silken hand, rippling upon him, her powerful muscles pulling him deeper into her. "Oh your cock feels so good inside me," she whispered deep in his mind. "Now, touch my horn and thrust as deep as you can for tonight you fuck the Lady of the Forest"

Hansel understood little of what she said, the words strange to him; but he did as he was asked, backing his hips and thrusting once more into her hot, tight cavern. Reaching up he touched the fluted tip of the horn.....

It was as though the world had fallen away from him. The rush of pleasure started in the knot of his stomach, pleasure like he had never felt before, hot and screaming. Again and again he thrust into

the writhing body of his lover, her strong muscles pushed against him. Her lithe body matching him thrust for thrust. The walls of her cavern wrapped themselves around him in a wet and glorious friction. The final screaming rapture came upon them as a tidal wave crashes onto a shoreline, breaking over them both as Capella pulled Hansel into her and they merged into one as a shuddering climax wreaked its savage and delightful charms upon them. Hansel grasped her flanks tightly as she held him deep within her and, with quivering breath, he gave her his virgin's tribute.

The next Hansel knew was that he was on his back in the soft grass. Capella's breath was in his nostrils, rousing him from his faint. In a great rush he encircled his arms around her neck and pulled her to him. Willingly she fell onto her side beside him and they pressed their heads close as Hansel's tears welled up in his eyes.

"Oh my beauty," he sobbed "I love you, that was... was..." he could not find the words for his emotions; never before had he felt such a totality of delight as with his enigmatic lover. "Oh Capella I'm sorry, I shouldn't cry..."

"Cry all you like," she said. Gone was the bright lust in her voice, replaced by a soft, moonlit silver, calm and comforting. "I cried at my first time; it is no shame that you do. I will tell you someday of it, but now you should rest."

"Oh don't leave me Capella, never leave me."

"I could no more leave you than you could jump to the moon in a single leap. We are bound together now, you and I."

Hansel said nothing; he just cuddled up close, warm in the afterglow of love, to his beautiful Lady. He felt good inside, better than ever before. With the head of his beauty cradled in his arms and her warmth against him, slowly, gently, he drifted into sleep.

So, my friends, now I have told you of Hansel's adventures. I'm sure that you'll agree that there is no finer way to spend a night, particularly one in which one takes one's first bold step onto the highways of loving. But what of poor Gretel, all alone in the night, shivering in the dark, wondering where her dear brother had got to. Well my friends, gather close, that's it, nice and close around the fire and I shall tell you.

You remember the fox that Hansel's strange lover had spoken to? Well he was true to his words and he went off in search of Gretel. He was a wise and skilful old fox and his wet black nose soon picked up Hansel's trail and he followed it back along the path that Hansel had taken before his tumble. It was not long before he came in sight of the oak tree where poor Gretel sat, all afraid and alone. The fox stood in the shadows for a moment as if unaware how he should proceed before boldly trotting up the path towards her.

Gretel gave a little scream as she saw the big fox approaching her but was quickly quiet again when he promptly sat down and looked at her with a startled expression. "Well! That's a fine way to greet someone who's come to take you to your sweetheart!" The fox spoke into her mind just as Hansel's mysterious creature had done for, for all that he was a good fox of the world and proud of it, he had been touched by Capella's silvery horn and had been granted the gift of mindspeech by her.

"Hansel. Is he alright?" Gretel asked, overcoming her fear and astonishment.

"Oh he is well but some way from here. He has found someone to take care of him for the night and so I have come to look after you, if you'll let me."

Gretel looked at him, he was indeed a handsome fox and he seemed perfectly friendly, not at all like

the wicked creatures that she had heard that they were. Gretel decided that she would trust the curious talking fox. After all, hadn't she seen them many times in the forest before, especially the little cubs playing outside their earths.

"Of course I'll let you, it would be rude not to," she replied.

"My but you are so polite," he said as he trotted to her side, his red furry brush held high in the air and his ears pricked forwards. "Now then. I think it would be best if I found you somewhere warm for the night. You really can't be wandering hither and thither through the forest in the dark. Come on then My Dear, follow me."

Gretel rose up and followed the fox as he trotted up the hill. They had only gone a little way when they came across a stream which the fox leapt in a single bound.

"Be careful My Dear," he said, turning to speak to her. "I think you should wade across but be careful because the bottom is slippery. Gretel nodded and started to wade across the stream but for all the care that she took in the dark she lost her footing and fell with a splash. The water was only shallow though and in a few moments she was at the other side, a little wet but unhurt.

"Oh you poor thing," the fox said, rubbing against her legs and looking up at her. "Are you hurt."

"I'm alright fox," she replied.

"Just a little further," he said and so just a little further they went. The old fox led her under some bushes and there, behind them, was a snug little cave, its floor strewn with dry leaves and grasses.

"Here we are," he said, now just snuggle down in here and take your wet things off, you'll catch your death.

"Oh I'm not sure if..." Gretel began before the fox interrupted her "Don't be embarrassed, there's only me here, nobody's going to see. You really are funny creatures you humans. First you have to put on all these silly clothes because you can't grow a decent fur coat like ours and then you get all embarrassed if you have to take them off. I really don't understand humans at all."

"I suppose that you're right sir, I don't understand a lot of the time either," Gretel replied and she started to take off her wet clothes.

"I'm sorry Gretel," the fox said, "I didn't mean to snap at you like that. I'm a silly old fox sometimes. Come now, cuddle down here next to me and I'll keep you warm. Why don't you and I be friends." So it was that Gretel lay down in the arm leaves in that snug little cave and the big fox lay down beside her.

"Yes sir, let's be friends." Gretel said, for she rather liked this friendly handsome creature. In the dim and distant past she could remember her mother, her real mother, telling her bedtime stories when she was very small, stories about talking creatures and magical beasts. Her mother was said to have been wise in the ways of the wood and maybe her stories were more than just make-believe.

"Tell me, what is your name," said the fox as he began to wash himself.

"I'm called Gretchen, but everybody calls me Gretel."

"Then I'll call you Gretel too. I'm afraid that my name wouldn't make much sense to you so why don't you just call me Foxy instead."

"Alright then Foxy, but what is your name, I'd like to hear it."

"My, you are an inquisitive young thing. Well alright then, but it will cost you a kiss.

"What!"

"You'll have to give me a kiss."

Gretel looked down in surprise at the fox, his bright eyes shone up at her, full of mirth and happiness. He did look a handsome creature, beautiful in his own way Gretel thought, surely a kiss wouldn't be wrong. He had helped her after all.

"All right then, a kiss for your name."

"Come closer then and I'll whisper it to you."

Gretel lay down and the big fox put his head close to her ear and began to whisper in a snuffly half-bark, half-whimper. Gretel closed her eyes as he spoke, her mind drifting on the hypnotic words in the fox's language; she was transported to warm, dark earths where a vixen lay, suckling her tiny, mewling cubs, to sunny banks in dapple-shaded woods where foxes play-fought and lay basking in the sun, to moonlit forests where a vixen screamed her mating-cry and a dog fox jumped up on her back, their bodies pressed close, his hips pushing forward and hers back to meet his thrusts and then back to the earth once more, where the vixen gave birth to four wet and struggling cubs.

"There now, was that worth a kiss," Foxy said, his soft voice bringing her back to the cave.

"Oh yes Foxy, it was, come here." And she took her hands and raised up his head and planted a gentle kiss upon his forehead. "Now why don't you cuddle up close to me Foxy, you look ever so warm in that lovely red coat of yours and I'm rather cold."

"Of course my lovely young miss Gretel. Of course I'll keep you warm." And Foxy cuddled up close to her and wriggled his warm furry body against her skin and Gretel wrapped her arms around him and held him to her and shivered a little, but it wasn't from the cold.

"Now don't go telling your sweetheart you've been kissing foxes will you; he might get jealous and chase me away."

"Oh he's not my sweetheart Foxy dear, he's my brother."

"Is he now, but you love him don't you?"

"Oh yes, very much."

"Do you have a sweetheart back home, some little dog fox to keep you company?" he asked, his voice teasing her slightly.

"Oh Foxy really!" she blushed at his words, remembering the lovely images his fox-name had conjured up in her mind.

"Come now Gretel, don't be ashamed, you can tell old Foxy now."

"Well no, there isn't anyone."

"You haven't lain with anyone, not even your brother?"

"Goodness no. I couldn't do that. The priest would surely find out and I'd be sent to Hell."

"Where's Hell?" asked Foxy, sounding confused, "Is it a long way away."

"I don't know; it's where bad people go when they die."

"Nonsense Gretel! People can't die, not really. You'll just go to the Great Mother Earth for a while and then you'll come back all young and new again."

"Really?" It was Gretel's turn to be surprised now.

"Oh yes, all the forest creatures know that, even the Horned Ones pass on to new bodies eventually and they live for such a long time. Oh you don't remember about before, that's so that you can concentrate on now; but sometimes, just sometimes, you can get little glimpses of earlier times. I know what you saw when I told you my name my dear Gretel. I felt the remembrance of times before this."

"Oh Foxy, is it really true. It's alright to feel good then. I won't be punished for making myself happy?"

"Of course no-one will punish you, so long as you are true to your heart and you harm no-one by your desires. Oh I know that I have to kill now and then but only so that I can feed myself and my little ones, but let us not talk of that now for there will be times later to speak of such things. But remember; it's never wrong to give pleasure or to take it, is it My Dear Gretel. You never really believed that nasty priest did you, not in your heart, for that really belonged to the Great Mother."

Gretel sobbed a little, "Oh yes Foxy, I never really wanted to believe him but I was frightened by what he said."

"Hush now my dear, there's no need to cry, that wasn't so bad, finding out that you have been misled was it. I fear your brother may have more of a battle than you have had, but he has a good teacher and I think you will be surprised when you see him in the morning."

"Thank you Foxy," said Gretel, comforted by his words. "You've been very kind to me, very kind and nice. What can I do for you, there must be something."

"Well, I rather think that I can do something for you first my poor cold Gretel.. I couldn't do this before but now you are wiser I think you might like it."

"Whatever do you mean by.... Oh Foxy!"

And well might she have been startled for she felt something brushing against the inside of her thigh, something warm and furry.

"There now, this will keep you nice and warm. Do you like that?"

"Oooh Foxy, it feels ever so nice. Do it some more."

"There, I told you that you would be safe with old Foxy didn't I." and he slowly moved his big furry tail up and down Gretel's thigh. Oh my friends but she did feel good, not at all like when the wicked priest touched her here, better even than when her brother Hansel had touched her yesterday. Slowly he worked his tail further up her thigh, gently stroking her with it while she held him to her. Carefully, gently, he brushed the lips of her cleft with it, making her shiver in delight.

"Ooohhhh Foxy, Foxy.. That's so good. So nice." she moaned in a soft, breathy whisper.

"I can make it feel even better," he said, "Just let me free and I'll show you," he said.

Reluctantly she let go of him but he did not move from her side. Instead he pressed his warm furry

body closer to her but twisted his head so that he could reach her breasts. With a quick flick of his tongue he lapped at first one, then the other.

Gretel groaned as the twin sparks of pleasure travelled all over her body, again his rough red tongue lapped at them in a glorious wet friction, playing over them as he moved his pointed furry head this way and that. Gretel grasped at him, stroking his soft body with firm hands, his whimper was in her mind, like that of a little child and it made her love him all the more; for he wanted her, needed her and she wanted so much to comfort him.

Again and again he licked and teased her firm breasts, again and again kissing them with his strange wet tongue. "Oh Foxy, dear dear Foxy, more..." she moaned, "Do it to me more... Don't stop. Don't... ever... stop." His strokes became more energetic as she urged him on, her hand grasping his body close to her, his head now pushing against her chest as he swayed back and forth, giving her the pleasure she desired. Gretel felt something building up inside her, a raging, burning feeling that felt ever so good, so urgent. It began to spread all over her, throughout her body, bright and demanding. Her breathing grew deeper, tiny words came through her ragged gasps, half words, pleas, moans and sighs as the tension built higher and higher. Still he licked at her but he had moved further from her breasts now, down the trim lines of her stomach, over the dimple of her navel: lapping, lapping, lapping at her smooth skin. Pulling himself from her grasp and jumping up so that his forelegs rested upon her stomach he gave her his eager attentions, his pace never faltering. It was as though of anything else was being slowly stripped from Gretel's mind, fading away into oblivion, the universe shrinking to the size of the little snug cave and the bed of leaves and the red fox who devoured her young body with his tongue. She willed him to go on further, further down to that little crack between her legs that yearned to feel his rough and probing tongue and as if he heard her silent pleas he did. Slowly and steadily his hot tongue roamed lower down her body, across the sensitive skin above her yearning crack, teasing her and building the lovely tension that was whirling and turning within her.

"Now my Lovely, do you want it now." The voice of her sweet tormentor was a bright burst of fire in her mind.

"Oh yes... yes..." she managed to gasp, blindly reaching out for him, desperate to feel his warmth against her body.

Suddenly she felt his weight shift onto his forelegs and then hind legs landed lightly just below her breasts. Gretel gasped in amazement for her vulpine lover now stood on top of her. Quickly he settled down to lie atop her, wriggling his hanches down between the valley of her breasts. She wrapped her arms around his middle, pulling him down onto her, savouring his warm furry weight upon her, feeling his heart beating quickly.

"Now Foxy, take me my love, do it now."

With a little snarl he bent his head down and nuzzled the lips of her cleft. Gretel lay her head back onto the floor and sighed a long, long sigh of fulfilment. Oh it felt like nothing else had ever done, so good, so right and so, so beautiful. Still he nuzzled at her his hot tongue darting forth, flicking her soft lips with its rough wetness. Gretel raised her hips from the ground, bending her knees and bracing her weight on her feet, offering herself up to him.

Oh how he took her offering! His rough tongue lapped and roamed at her sweet lips, darting inside and out, sparing not an inch of her from his delightful touch. His tongue flicked from side to side, quickly at first and then with long, slow strokes deep inside her and then up and across her thighs, circling and lingering over her skin. She let the sensations of love and lust wash over her, unable to

do anything but hold the beautiful creature tightly to her, loving every sensation from the tickly brush of his tail that draped itself like a warm scarf across her neck to the tip of his tongue as it brought every nerve within her singing into life. For an instant the moment froze in Gretel's mind, she felt every single hair of his body against hers, every blade of grass and every leaf under her and then, in a glorious explosion, the tension inside her released and with a cry the wave of pure pleasure broke over her, wrapping itself inside and around her like a shimmering blanket of delight.

She lay for a moment on their warm bed, gasping and holding Foxy tightly to her, her legs crumbling and her hips subsiding to the floor. "Oh Foxy... dear Foxy," she whispered at last, her arms falling from around him. "That was... was..."

"Hush dear, say nothing. I was glad that I was your first. You'll never forget me will you?" He hopped down from her and went to lie beside her. Gretel rolled over and looped her arm around him so that they lay head to head.

"Is it always like that Foxy my love?"

"When you love the one who is doing those nice things to you then it is often like that and sometimes better."

"Oh Foxy, can we do it again?"

"Oh do let me rest awhile my dear. I'm not as young as you are. Ah if I had my youth again; once I covered a vixen twenty times in a single night!"

"Why! You wicked thing!" giggled Gretel and she gave him a hug.

"And besides," Foxy continued, "You nearly squeezed all the breath out of me last time, you are a passionate girl you know!"

"I'm sorry Foxy, I didn't mean to hurt you."

"Oh no harm done, it was nice to be held like that, so different from how I normally do things."

"I'd like to do that with you Foxy, if you're willing."

"Later my dear, maybe later.. First rest a little my sweet tasting lady." He licked her face with his warm tongue and Gretel smelt his musky breath tinged with a hint of herself. "Rest, for your day has been long and we will have all the time in the world soon."

"Thank you dear Foxy," Gretel whispered, closing her eyes and sinking deep into their bed for she was indeed feeling very sleepy but also very relaxed and content. "Thank you for... for.. everything."

"Hush now My Love. Sleep is what you need now, let me sing to you once more."

The red fox cuddled up close to his love and began to sing in his soft snuffling voice, the tongue of his people. Gretel closed her eyes and immediately began to drift away. In her mind she saw the world through a fox's eyes; she lay under a shady bush close to a stream of bright water that bubbled and murmured as it ran its course. The sun was warm on her furry back and she had not a care in the world. Her lovely dog-fox was beside her and they traded slow and languid yawns in the still air. Both had hunted together and mated the night before and they were full and rested. Nothing remained but to sleep the day away.

And so she slept.

Many hours passed that night, long silent hours when all that could be heard in their snug little hiding place was the slow sound of their breath. In the small hours of the moment Gretel was awaked by Foxy wriggling beside her. A few shafts of pale moonlight seeped through the trees and bushes that concealed the entrance to their cave and in their light Gretel could see him. He whimpered in his sleep as though he were dreaming, struggling against her, first pulling away from her arm that encircled him and then pushing himself back to her side. It was as he pushed against her that Gretel felt something unusual, something hard against her. What it was she soon found out when Foxy rolled away from her side. There between his legs was... well... Gretel thought that it looked like one of those things her brother had let her touch and that the wild boar they had seen had put inside the sow. But of course, hadn't Foxy told her about covering and mating, this must be his... she remembered that it was called a prick but it didn't seem the right word for it somehow. But there it was, whatever it was called. It looked strange but somehow, for a reason she couldn't quite understand, very inviting. Gingerly she reached down to touch it, not wanting to wake him up for it seemed as though he was having a lovely dream. Gently she touched the red pointed tip with her finger. It wasn't very big, about the same length and width as her middle finger, not as big as her brother's, but then he was different from people wasn't he. It lay there against his fur, slick and shiny in the moonlight and slowly, carefully, Gretel ran her fingers down it's hard length. Oh it felt good, so slippery and wet. Deep inside her the little itch began again, making it's demands on her like before. Her other hand fell to the lips of her crevice and she began to stroke herself there, opening her valley with her fingers as Foxy had done earlier with his tongue. Slowly she began to move her hands up and down one upon herself and the other upon her lovely Foxy, moving in unison, gathering him in her hand, feeling it quiver and pulse so beatifully in her palm.

"Gretel..." the snuffly whisper of her red-furred companion sounded in her mind once again, "What are you doing?"

"I'm not hurting you am I? I just want to make you feel happy like you did to me."

"Oh Gretel, you are a kind young thing to do this for me so. Why don't you take a good hold of my cock and give it a nice squeeze."

Gretel did as she was asked and the lovely muffled howl of pleasure of her strange lover echoed around the tiny cave. She knew that she had pleased him and so she did it again, entranced by his sounds of pleasure. "What did you call it, Foxy my love," she asked.

"It's called a cock, didn't you know that my love. My my, what do they teach you in these schools that you people send your young folk to. It can't be anything worth knowing if they don't even tell you that." "Well whatever it is Foxy, it feels nice to touch, all warm and slippery." She gave it another squeeze, feeling it pulse hotly in her hand. She reached up with her other hand, forsaking her own pleasure for the moment to concentrate upon pleasing him. Slowly she stroked his fine, pointed head, her fingers tracing the soft lines of his lips, the tufts of his alert, pointed ears. Gently, as though he carried one of his own cubs in his mouth, he took her fingers between his teeth, holding them lightly with the diamond hard tips, his hot breath setting her fingers ablaze. Gretel sighed with delight as his breath enveloped her hand.

"You see, dear Gretel," he said as he released her hand, "All parts of the body can give delight in many different ways."

"Then tell me," Gretel whispered, "does this delight you?"

Swiftly she lowered her head to where his rigid cock lay and with a swift movement took it deep into

her mouth. There was nothing silent in the howl of animal ferocity that he gave as her soft lips enveloped him and it was all she could do to hold him down as he wriggled and writhed under her.

"Ohhhh Gretel you dear, sweet thing." Foxy gasped as his howl subsided. "You do learn quickly. Ohhhh that feels so, so good."

She held his pulsing cock in her mouth, her head still for a moment, wrapping her tongue around it, savoring its strange, salty taste. She had known, somehow she had known that he would like this.

Slowly she began to move her head, sucking at his cock, her hands roaming though his luxuriant fur as he twisted in delight under her. Again and again she brought him to the peak of desire, lapping and sucking at his quivering cock and then letting him gently down again before once more building upon the pleasure she had wrought upon him. Her delight came through pleasing him, her fulfilment through his, her only desire to give everything, all her love, all her lust to her strange and beautiful lover.

In time she raised her head and they lay down side by side, both gasping for breath. Neither spoke but the cuddled up tightly in the dark womb of the cave.

"Thank you Gretel," Foxy whispered in time, "I knew I was not wrong when I saw you. You are indeed a child of the forest. You have made an old fox very happy My Love."

"I was glad to do it dear Foxy. But will you do something with me? Forgive my boldness in asking but I want you inside me Foxy. I want you, no, I need you inside me." Her hands once more roamed over his soft russet fur, down to where his hot cock lay, still rigid, erect and full of promise.

"Oh Gretel, but do you really wish me to be the first to place my cock into you? To fuck with you? It's a great treasure that you're asking me to take."

"But I want you there," Gretel pleaded, "Inside me, deep inside me." then she added in a small voice, "Is that what it's called?"

Foxy licked at her hand, making her shiver. "Oh yes my love, that's what it's called. Maybe it would be best if I were to be first. I'm not as big as one of your own kind and so it wouldn't hurt you as the first time sometimes hurts." He turned his head to lap at her breasts and the familiar thrilling tingle sparkled once more through Gretel's body.

"Oh yes you wicked creature," Gretel whispered, delighted that he had accented to her request. Come, have your way with me." She bent forward and whipered into his black tipped furry ears. Take me my lovely Foxy, take me."

Once more his tongue roamed over her taught skin as she lay back, her eyes closed, her thighs spread open in welcome invitation to her lover. Swiftly he reached the lips of his beloved, hopping over her leg to stand before her. His tongue lightly played over the lips of her cunt, lapping at the sweet juices that tricked from within. Oh but she was ready for him, she wanted him so much. Who cared if he were a fox and she a woman for tonight in their cave it was just he and she.

Suddenly his forelegs were atop her and he pushed himself forwards. Gretel felt the hot tip of his cock at the entrance to her yearning cunt like a tongue a living flame.

"Oh now Foxy, put it in," she gasped, "Cover me you beauty. Please Foxy... Please.... Please...."

With a mighty thrust he slid into her, his burning cock slipping effortlessly into her soaking cunt,

parting the walls as it entered in a glorious movement. Gretel moaned her desire, reaching out and taking a hold of her beautiful lover's fur. Steadily he began to thrust into her with little pushes of his hips, his cock jabbing forward into her cunt, every stab of his hot red prick driving her higher and higher. Her hand roamed down his fur to his thrusting hindquarters, holding him there, pulling him deeper into her wet and willing cunt. She heard his whimper and she looked down upon him. He lay with his head between her breasts and his forelegs up across her shoulders, pulling himself into her; his eyes shone with happiness and gratitude.

"Oh thank you Foxy," she gasped as his little jabbing thrusts drove her wild, "Oh don't ever stop... It feels so good..." She pulled his hindquarters down to her, feeling the burning heat of thrusting cock in her cunt, the soft walls of her cleft wrapping themselves around him. "Harder my dear, push harder..." her hips had begun to move to meet his thrusts as she bucked and writhed underneath the whimpering body of her furry lover. "Take me Foxy, don't stop, please don't ever stop," she gasped through ragged breaths. His thrusts grew harder and faster, the glorious friction of his hot thin cock in her cunt was driving Gretel out of her mind with delight. All words had been lost now, just moans and sighs accompanied his thrusts until, with a twinned howl from both fox and human throats, they reached the pinnacle of desire. She held him close while his cock jerked inside her like a thing possessed, scattering his seed deep within her, the juices of his lust embalming both his cock and her cunt in warm beautiful conclusion to their lust.

They lay like that for a moment while they gained their breath once more. Gretel's hand reached up to stroke the head of her lover as he lay panting upon her chest, his red tongue lolling from his mouth.

"Oh thank you Foxy," she whispered, "you were wonderful, It was so good, just like I knew it would be."

"It should be I that is thanking you. You are as no vixen I have ever covered. So furious, so delightful."

He got down from her then, Gretel's body felt the loss as he slipped out of her, she felt as though something precious had been taken from her by his departure but she knew that she would get it back soon and that the loss was not forever. They lay down side by side in the soft leaves and grasses of their bed and she stroked him and loved him and he rubbed his head against her face and loved her in return. He gently lapped away the tears she cried and comforted her when she began to sob gently. Telling her that everything was well and that it was no shame to cry for the beauty that they had experienced together. As the moon set and in the pre-dawn darkness he dried her tears and slowly, gently, they curled around each other and slipped into a deep and calming sleep.

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Well, my friends, there you have it. The first night of Hansel and Gretel in the forest. A strange and wonderful tale, is it not? Gather yet closer for there is more to tell. But first a flagon of ale for your storyteller. Ah, thank you my friends, that is much better. My throat was becoming most parched with all this talking. Now then, I shall tell you the rest of my tale.

Hansel woke just as the sun was peeping above the trees. A fine mist hung over the little lake, hiding its surface, cloaking the willows that rose like wraiths from the calm greyness. Feeling a nuzzling at his cheek he looked up into the deep oceans of Capella's eyes.

"Good morning My Love," she whispered into his mind. "Come, it is time you rose. You have far to travel today and we must reunite you with your sister. For all the love she found last night she is

missing you greatly. Come; rise and I will lead you to her."

Hansel sat up and reached out to stroke her white-maned neck. His mind still full of the delights of the night before, the sweet pleasures that she had shown him.

"Yes, I miss her Capella, but I think I'd miss you more."

Capella tossed her noble head high and snorted. The gesture shocked Hansel; it looked just like the movement a horse makes when surprised, the first animal gesture that he had seen her make.

"Oh Hansel! You really mean that don't you. But do you not see that I cannot be at your side all the time? This is my forest and these are my creatures that The Lady bids me to heal and protect. Did I not heal your wounds last night?"

Hansel felt his spirits fall; she was going to leave him.

"Hansel," she said, her voice a deep sea of clam, blue waters, "I will be with you always in your heart and our paths will cross often. In two night's time the moon will be full. Now I take you to the cottage of the Wise Woman who lives in the heart of the forest and she will look after you until you have decided what your destiny shall be. On that night of the full moon follow the path of the setting sun until you reach the Heart of Oak. There we shall lie again, you and I."

Hansel rose to his feet so that he and Capella stood face to face. He knew that she was a special creature of the forest and that he could not expect her to be with him all the time; he loved her and he felt the truth in her words.

"Until that time Capella, I shall wait and dream of nothing but you." They kissed, a soft touch of lips against lips, then they walked from the poolside into the wakening forest.

At that selfsame moment, Hansel's sister felt something warm and wet lapping at her face, something rough yet gentle at the same time. "Foxy," she murmured, still half asleep, "Is that you?"

"Were you expecting anyone else, my tasty little vixen?"

Gretel smiled and reached up to her face, feeling the pointed snout of the lovely fox with whom she had spent the night. His whiskers brushed against the back of her hand.

"No my dear Foxy, no-one else at all."

"Time to go then. We have a road to travel, you and I. That is, unless you want to go back to your stepmother?"

"Never! My place is here now." Gretel retorted, sitting up and rubbing the sleep out of her eyes.

"A wise choice. A wise choice indeed," Foxy replied. "Now, come on and let's be on our way. There's a little vixen of my own kind that I must attend to tonight."

"But what about this little vixen?" Gretel asked with a giggle. "Ah Gretel my dear. A pretty thing like you will find no end of company here in the forest," he replied.

They embraced each other in their own fashion then; he with his paws upon her shoulders and she with her hands upon the smooth fur of his flanks as he lapped at her face with his warm, wet tongue.

Unbenownst to each other, Gretel and Hansel both made their way through the forest toward the same spot, moving deeper and deeper into the heart of the woods, deeper into the mysterious, magic

kingdom that was now their home. The shady boughs of the great trees towered over them both, a calm, all pervading peace and unity seeped through the leaves like the dappled sunshine that lit this secret world with an eldritch half-light. Both parties paused from time to time to sit upon some grassy bank and rest for a few moments, or to stop by a tinkling stream to cool their feet and slake their thirst and, my friends, great was the tenderness that they shared in those precious moments. As they walked and rested their guides told them much of the forest: of the habits and love-play of it's creatures and, for all that Hansel and Gretel had many questions, they never tired of answering them

As the day slipped on, the Sun sliding across the sky and His shadows creeping from west to east Gretel noticed a shimmer of white through the trees. Before Gretel could ask Foxy about it he spoke.

"There, that is where your brother is. It is time we said farewell for the moment my dear. But remember this: in two nights the moon will be full. On that night, and on all nights when the moon is full, wherever you may be, follow the path of the setting sun and you shall find me waiting for you."

Gretel sank to her knees beside her bright eyed and bushy tailed lover and friend. "Thank you Foxy," she whispered. "I shall come and find you then. Until that time may the hunting be good and your whelps be many." She startled a little at the words she found herself saying; they just sprang into her mind and she said them without a thought.

"You learn quickly, Daughter of the Forest," Foxy replied. "Until that time, run well and may the wind be ever at your back." With that he turned and vanished into the undergrowth.

All of a sudden Gretel heard someone calling her name and, through the bracken that grew thick and tall between the trees came Hansel, panting with exertion.

They embraced each other warmly as they met, arms wrapping around each other as they pressed close, as though they had been apart for years and not just a single night. Tears there were too, but there was no shame in that, was there? They cared for and loved each other and, for all that the beautiful night they had both spent, they were glad to be united once more.

Hansel began to tell his sister of the old lady of whom Capella had spoken and, heartened by the prospect of warm food and welcome, they set off down the path, each regaling the other with their story of how they had spent the night before.

As they left, silent watchers looked upon them from the forest's depths: a furry red fox with a handsome white breast and a strange, wild and beautiful white creature, no bigger than a hind of the woods but more magical by far.

"They look well together, do they not Mistress?" The fox asked.

"Indeed they do. Indeed they do," the white creature replied as the fox rubbed up against her forelegs. "I think that these two will be happy here. The spirit of the forest moves within them and they shall become part of us. I know it."

"We should tell the Wise One that she will have guests?" the fox said. The white creature nodded, her silver horn tracing a shining arc in the air before her.

Hansel and Gretel walked arm in arm down the path, each squeezing the other's hand from time to time as they reached the most exciting parts of their respective tales. On and on they walked through the dapple-shaded wood, both Hansel and Gretel feeling that things had changed in a wonderful, miraculous way; they began to see the colours of the forest, the rich browns of the earth and the verdant green of the trees, far more clearly than before as though a veil of tears had been lifted. On and on they walked and gradually, as they talked and talked, they realised that their love

had grown ever deeper, that the fears and trepidations of their old life had been left behind them, shed like a serpent's skin. Although they did not speak of it they knew that the pleasures they had shared with their companions the night before could be shared in no less a measure between them.

All of a sudden, as the path turned a corner, there in front of them was the strangest little house that you ever did see. It was a little cottage all made out of wood and with ivy growing all over it, surrounded by a white fenced garden of herbs, flowers and vegetables. But the wood the house was made of! All carved it was, carved into the shapes of... well... would you have believed it! Every time Hansel and Gretel looked at the house the carvings changed! One moment the carvings were of delicious things to eat: lovely sticky buns and gooey cakes; the next moment, well, there were all the beasts of the forest parading all around the house, all on two legs and dancing like courtiers before the king if you please! Hansel and Gretel just looked at each other and burst into laughter. This must be the place they were looking for. Indeed, there at the door a silver haired lady stood and as Hansel and Gretel drew nearer she beckoned them to come through the gate.

"Come, come in Hansel and Gretel," she called to them, "There is food on the table and a fire in the hearth."

They could see that for all her age, her silver hair and her wrinkles, a wise fire still shone in her eyes and although she was small she walked without a stoop or a limp. She ushered them inside with a kindly grin and, clucking and fussing over them like a mother hen, directed them to sit at a big oak table which occupied the centre of the room.

And what a strange room it was too. Dark panelled in ancient oak it was with strange bundles of herbs hanging to dry from the old beams, many strange plants grew in pots in the corners and a bright, cheery fire burnt in the hearth, over which a black iron cauldron bubbled and simmered with the most delicious smell.

"Oh you poor things," the old woman said as she served them with huge ladelfuls of soup from the cauldron, "Abandoned in the forest like that. Why, I just don't understand people nowadays, to think that they would do such a thing; and all those silly things that they told you. Well it is a good job you met Foxy and Capella, very fortunate indeed."

On and on she chatted for she seemed to know their story better than they did. Hansel asked her about Capella, for he still did not know what sort of creature she was, but the old lady just smiled and told him that Capella would be the best one to tell her story.

"Now then, I've got a lovely apple pie baked for you. That is if Puss hasn't eaten it!"

"Oh thank you," Gretel said, then she paused. "What is your name?" she asked. "You seem to know much about us and we know nothing of you."

"Just call me Grandmother," the old lady said with a smile as she cut the pie, the rich scent of baked apples and cinnamon filling the room. "As for what I am, well I shall tell you. Once upon a time, when I was but a young woman as you are Gretel, my father took me and my cousins on our first hunting trip into the forest. Oh we must have looked a sight on our fine horses, all our silver trappings gleaming and chinking, the hunting-dogs all about us, the gamekeepers and whippers-in walking beside. Well, we had not been long into the forest when a storm blew up from nowhere. I and my older cousin, the Duc De Besancon's son no less, a lad of some eighteen summers and a handsome one to boot, we were separated from the party. On and on into the forest we went until darkness fell and, hopelessly lost as we were, we could go no further. My brave protector went in search of shelter but he did not return that night. But I gained another brave protector that night as



I sheltered beside the lake that lies beyond yonder hill and in the morning he guided me here where I met my cousin and we were taken in by a kindly old lady."

Hansel and Gretel were silent, the only sounds came from the rustling trees outside and the hiss of the kettle that sat above the fire.

"Then, we are to stay here, forever, in the forest, like you and your cousin? We don't have to go back to the village? Not ever?" Gretel's voice rose, earnestly wishing but hardly daring to hope.

"Not if you don't wish to. But you must stay of your free will, I cannot force you. If you stay I will teach you all I know, the lore of the herbs and plants, the art of healing and the magic of sight beyond the veil."

The silence grew even deeper, seeping from the walls as though the very cottage awaited the answer.

"I wish to learn, Mother of the Forest, I will be your apprentice and I will take your mantle." Gretel hardly knew what she was saying but something inside her told her that she said the right things.

"That is good, my daughter," the old lady said in reply. Gone was the soft and frail voice, replaced by a bright clarity that betrayed no age. "I knew that you would be the one. And you Hansel. Tomorrow you shall meet The Hunter. Tomorrow the choice will be yours for he too needs an apprentice.

Hansel nodded, the forest was his home now and he had no wish to return home. He hoped that whomever The Hunter was he would see fit to take him as his apprentice.

Suddenly the charged atmosphere of the room disappeared and the old, familiar sounds and scents re-established themselves.

"Now then, hazel tea everyone!" the old lady said, rising from her chair to pour water from the singing kettle into an old, brown china pot. The Sun had started to slip from the sky and darkness was settling over the forest. The Wise Woman, after they had finished their tea, showed them to a little room at the back of the cottage. It was all but filled with a lovely big bed, covered with crisp, white cotton sheets and a warm, inviting-looking goose-down quilt.

"A peaceful night, Hansel and Gretel," she said as she handed them the key to the room, "May the Lady watch over you." And, with that, she had left them.

Hansel and Gretel looked lovingly at one another. The wise old woman knew just as well as they did what they were both thinking. Swiftly they threw off their clothes and jumped into the warm bed together. The room was illuminated by the soft, flickering glow of two candles beside the bed, the only sound their own breathing and the slow and steady tick, tick, tick, of the ancient grandfather clock in the next room. They fell into each other's arms at once, quietly cuddling up tightly to one another like they had done back in that other life that lay far across the forest and a thousand million years away. Then they had held each other because of their fear but now it was for a different reason.

"Hansel," Gretel whispered, "Let's....."

Hansel nodded; she didn't need to say more, he knew. Slowly he bent his head to the rose pink nipples crowning the creamy-white breasts of his beautiful sister. Before this night he had been blind to her beauty, blinded by the lies and wickedness of the world outside, but now, now he could see her for the treasure she really was. He brushed his lips across first one breast, then the other,

his tongue teasing the pointed tips. Gretel gasped and held his head to her before, by degrees, her hands slipped downwards, down his black hair to his broad shoulders, down the curve of his spine to the rise and fall of his buttocks. She heard him sigh a little as her hands reached there and one of her little hands circled round the curve of his hips and through the little forest of hairs to where his cock lay gorged and swollen with blood. Gretel wrapped her hot little hand round it and began to stroke up and down upon his stiff shaft. "Lie on your back," she whispered to him. "I want to do to you what I did to Foxy."

Hansel did as he was told and Gretel loosed her hold on his cock. She threw the quilt aside and, sitting up, she looked down upon him as he lay there, panting and expectant. Slowly she ran her hand across his chest and stomach, teasing him, the waiting and anticipation making the pleasure to come even greater. She straddled his chest, facing his jutting cock, proud and swollen in the dim light of the candle. Bending forward she took it in her hands, raising it up to her lips; her tongue flicked over the tumescent head of his mighty prick, lapping at the crystal drop that glistened in its single eye.

"Ohhh Gretel," sighed her brother, "Ohhh that's so good."

"That's only the beginning My Love," she said back, lust deepening her voice to an animal growl. With a swift movement she took his cock in her mouth, her soft lips encircling his shaft. With her free hand she reached down and took a hold of his balls in their sac, stroking them as her head moved up and down on his big cock, sucking and lapping at her lovely brother's prick.

Hansel jerked under her as she sucked him. Oh the feeling was wonderful, like nothing else in the world. Above him he could see the pouting lips of his sister's cunt, the red lips puffy and swollen, a gleam of moisture shining in the sweet chink between the lips. Reaching up he grabbed her bottom and pulled her down onto him, his fingers sinking into the valley between her cheeks. The wind, animal scent of her sex was in his nostrils, raw and sharp, exciting him like the scent of the hind roused the stag into a rutting frenzy. His teeth nibbled the sweet lips of his sister's cunt, making her writhe in ecstasy. She sucked harder on his cock in return and Hansel felt his seed start to boil in the bottom of his spine, eager to spurt out in hot gushes into his sister's willing mouth.

But no, not yet, he held back and applied himself to the luscious cunt before him, tongueing the length of her crack, lapping up her sweet juices. There were no words between them now, just low throaty moans and wet slurping sounds, good, hard sex sounds as they pleased each other with their mouths. Hansel found the hard bud of his sister's clitoris and began to lick at it, eagerly tasting her beautiful juices, pushing his tongue deep into the recesses of her tight cunt. Gretel pressed herself down onto her brother's probing tongue and he pushed himself deeper into his sister's sweet mouth where her own tongue and lips caressed his hard shaft with a demonic intensity.

The lusty pleasure was becoming too much for them both. Soon it was too much, much too much; Hansel could hold back no longer; his seed shot from his cock in hot, lustful spurts. Gretel was ready for him, holding his cock inside her mouth, a finger tickling the tight hole between his cheeks. With a shudder she reached her own climax, a glorious feeling of pleasure, sharp and hard, tearing through her leaving a dreamy langour in its wake that spread over them both as Hansel's cock spurted its last drops and he sighed at a pleasure so great it was almost painful.

After a time, as the two lovers gathered back their breath, Gretel climbed down from her brother and they lay side by side, touching and holding each other in the aftermath of their passion.

"Oh Gretel," Hansel said at last, "That was wonderful; did you and Foxy do that last night in your cave?"

"Well, only one at a time," Gretel replied. "He was a bit smaller than you and his cock was red and smooth, but it was really nice and I'd like to do it again when I see him. I liked it when you came, you taste nice." She cuddled up to him and he wrapped his arm around her, full of pride for his sister; so beautifully had she bloomed into womanhood. She looked up lovingly into his smiling face, she as proud for him as he was of her, her brother grown to a man.

"Did you do to Capella what you did to me?" she asked.

"No, no I didn't," Hansel replied, "I'd like to try though, she felt so nice inside I bet she tastes nice too."

"Hansel," Gretel said coyly, "Would you like to try what you and Capella did with me?"

"Oh Gretel, can I?" he replied, scarcely believing his fortune. Gretel curled up closer to her brother, her hand wriggled down between their bodies and stroked the limp flower of his cock which twitched and began to harden like the trunk of a mighty tree under her caresses.

"Yes," she whispered in his ear, her voice low and sultry, a voice that tripped and seduced with promises of forbidden desires and secret pleasures. "I want you to take me like you took her, like you told me when we were in the woods."

With a last seductive stroke of her fingertips against his once more proud staff she rolled over onto her stomach and crouched on her hands and knees.

"Come Hansel, my beloved brother," she whispered, her head turned to look at him with a commanding eye, "Come and fuck me."

Hansel needed no urging, oh no urging at all my friends. Quick as a trice he was behind her, his hands upon the sweet, rounded cheeks of her behind, parting them, his fingers stroking that tight, sensitive spot between the tight, puckered knot and the sweet chink of her cunt. Oh how he loved her, his own dear sister; how he wanted so much to please her, just like he wanted to please his beloved pearly-white mistress of the forests. His fingers slipped into that honeyed crack and began to slide up and down it's length, stirring the juices within, one finger circling the rosy bud of her clitoris, so hard and sensitive to his explorations.

"Is that nice," he whispered, "do you like it when I stroke your cunt like that? Do you want my cock up there? Do you?"

"Ohh Hansel, don't tease, I want you Hansel. It's so good." she whimpered in response, her hips backing, wanting his fingers inside her, wanting something to answer the hunger within her. Hansel moved behind her and put the tip of his cock to the swollen lips of her cunt, brushing them lightly.

"Do you want this inside you?" he asked, holding back so that when the inevitable thrust happened the pleasure would be so much the more sweeter; oh my friends, Capella had taught him well.

"Oh yes... yes... Fuck me Hansel, Fuck me with your big cock..."

With a sudden lunge Hansel thrust forward. His sister's cunt was wet with anticipation, open and ready for him. With a single fluid movement he slid inside her, deeper and deeper, parting the walls of her tight cleft until he could go no further. For Gretel there was a tiny moment of pain which was swept away in a wave of glorious pleasure; she writhed in a beautiful, bounteous climax as he gained possession of her. Gasping with pleasure and almost weeping with delight Hansel began to fuck his lovely sister. His cock slid easily in and out of her tight young cunt which grasped his proud staff like

a thousand silken hands. Gretel backed to meet his thrusts with sharp jabs of her hips. Little animal sounds came from her throat, half words and snuffles, in her mind it was her brother who fucked her, but her brother with a fox's head, the sharp, bright snout and shining eyes of her dear Foxy. To Hansel too, his dear sister had begun to merge with the shining white form of his strange forest-wise lover. He fell forward onto her back, covering her like a stallion covers his mare. His hands reached around her chest and caressed the soft curves of her breast which swung as again and again he thrust his cock into her beautiful cunt, his prick impaling her to her very depths as they cavorted together in a glorious rut.

Gradually their breaths became shorter, his thrusts faster, he grasped her hips and began to push with all his might, pulling her onto his cock, faster and faster until, with a scream, he shot his seed deep within her, thrusting again and again, until, limp with exhaustion, they collapsed side by side onto the bed, holding each other, whispering their affection in the rosy afterglow of their passion.

Many times did they rut that night and many more nights beside. Their two forest companions were true to their word and on the night of the full moon they would always come to meet them. Hansel did indeed become apprentice to the Hunter and, having learned the true respect of the creatures of the forest: how to bring a swift, silent and merciful end to the old and the sick as was the Hunter's task and how the love of the forest creatures could be won and kept, took on his mantle. Gretel too learned quickly and, one day, the cottage became hers. On that day the kind wise-woman who had taken them in set off over the hill towards the sunset with her childhood love whose bow Hansel carried; by their side a spotted red deer hind and a beautiful white swan walked.

Back in the village the dread plague visited that year. For all his evil the plague spared not the wicked priest nor his mistress but old baker Brotmann it passed by and, for all that he was still saddened by the loss of his children, he did find comfort in the blacksmith's comely widow. So, my friends, though my tale has been strange and long it has a happy ending. Yet it has a moral too; so the next time you see a red fox cross your path, or a flash of white between the forest's trees, or even should you come across a little cottage in the middle of a quiet wood; remember my tale and wonder if maybe, just maybe, it was all true.....

The End.