

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



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It was a lovely day in the woods. Sun streamed down through the vibrant yellow leaves, making the forest floor into golden lace. Red turned her face up to look at a woodpecker hammering on an old dead tree.

Almost autumn. In her basket, Red carried bread, cheese, grapes, and some cured beef for her grandmother. A white linen napkin covered the wrapped packages, tucked neatly around it all. The wicker basket hung off the muscular arm of Red, who was in a hurry to get to the cottage before dark.

Red was sixteen. And a very sweet sixteen. Long black curls, dark blue eyes, skin like cream, and a body that was born to wear Frederick's of Hollywood. Not that she was aware of her charms. No, Red was a total innocent. Keeping a girl in a forest cabin all her life, with only occasional forays to her relatives, made her naive, and vulnerable.

Mmm, vulnerable. Grey eyes tracked Red's progress along the forest path. The red silk cape billowed around the lithe figure, the hood tilting back to reveal a soft pile of curls tied at the back of Red's neck. Underneath the curls, there was a pale swatch of skin that was normally covered by Red's hair.

The wolf's mouth watered. She was very hungry.

She started to move. Quietly.

Red looked up again. The sun was starting to set. The cottage was about an hour away. Her legs felt good, warmed up from the walking. The path was well-worn, and Red could practically walk it blind-folded. But at night, the creatures of the woods came out, and she didn't want to be around to entertain them.

She snaked a hand under the napkin, and unwrapped the grapes. She was getting a bit hungry. She'd been walking for a couple hours. The purple skin of the grape popped, and the sweet juice ran over Red's tongue. She smiled, and chewed a bit. Then stopped. Yes, that had been a branch breaking.

Nonchalantly, she turned around, not expecting much. Understandably, she was startled to see a woman leaning against a thick tree by the side of the path.

"Hello", this woman said.

Red's eyes wandered over her. The stranger was wearing a man's suit, in a light grey wool. Underneath was a white oxford, with a perfectly knotted silk satin tie. Her thick dark brown hair was cut short, long on top. Her eyes were a light grey that matched the smoke rising from the slim cigarette in her fingers. Fingers with trimmed, buffed nails. Tan hard hands. Red swallowed.

The wolf smiled. It was a very nice smile, with gleaming white teeth.

"Um... hello. Who are you?" Red asked, tightening her grip in her basket, and taking a tiny step backwards.

"You can call me Diana, darling. And your name?" the wolf asked, raising the cigarette to her lips and inhaling.

With those cool grey eyes studying her, Red paused. Wait, that was a question. Oh... yeah.

"Red." Red nervously brushed a curl out of her eyes, and smiled.

The wolf came forward, and extended her right hand towards Red.

"Charmed, I'm sure." The wolf bowed, and taking Red's hand, raised it to her lips. Red watched, aghast, as the wolf kissed it delicately.

The wolf noted that Red's skin smelled quite delicious.

"So, my dear Red, where are you off to this evening?", she asked, straightening up.

"Um... just a family visit."

"Ah! And what do you have in that cute little basket of yours? It smells wonderful. Beef? Angus beef?"

"No! Well... yes! But it's for my grandmother. I'm sorry." Red smiled apologetically and turned to go. "I have to go. It's getting late."

"Oh, well, let me accompany you! This is a dangerous place at night. Besides, I love to play protector", the wolf entreated. She stood next to Red, and offered her arm with another charming grin.

"Really, my radiant Red, I am quite harmless. You have absolutely nothing to worry about! Come, and introduce me to your grandmother. We can all spend the evening together."

Red was silent, then slid her arm around the wolf's.

"All right, Diana, let's walk together... So tell me about yourself. Do you have family around these parts?" Red asked, turning them towards the cottage.

Underneath those calm grey eyes, another warm smile spread. Why if you only knew, my dear, she thought.

After a congenial walk, Red was relaxing. Diana was really nothing to be afraid of. A wonderfully dry sense of humor. And excellent taste in cologne.

It was now dusk, and the white walls of the cottage glowed dully in the soft light remaining. The wooden shutters were open. No candlelight streamed out to greet them. It was perfectly silent. No smell of roasting meat or baking bread.

"Grandmother?" Red called out, breaking free from Diana. She opened the door and looked inside.

The cottage was neat and clean, and the wide bed was made, the quilt turned up. The hearth had a few coals glowing in the ashes. Red took a candle off the mantle and lit the wick. With the candle, she turned to the table and saw the note resting on it.

Diana came up next to her, and picked it up. Red's eyes moved over it as Diana read it aloud:

"Dear Red,

There was an emergency in town. I had to go tend to Mrs. Wiggins. She has gone into the labor, and I expect to spend the night there, and perhaps tomorrow also. I am sorry I couldn't get word to you

in time, but I had to leave with Mr. Wiggins this afternoon. I will see you Friday, my dear. Make yourself at home! The towels are hanging out back.

Love, Gram”

“Oh my... Gone to see Mrs. Wiggins...”, Red folded the note’s corner over, and looked up at the wolf.

“Well, she’ll be back in a couple days, not to worry. How about if we eat a little something together before you go to bed?” Diana asked, crouching in front of the coals.

“Hmmm. I don’t see why not. All right... would you like some ale?” Red asked, reaching into the cupboards to get the cups.

“I’d love some ale.” The wolf carefully piled small firewood on the coals, and blew gently on the embers.

Tiny orange flames engulfed the sticks, and wisps of smoke blew up the chimney. Diana arranged a few slender logs on the flames, and in a few minutes, she had a hearty fire burning.

She sat back, watching the popping, sizzling wood. The heat warmed her face. She stood to remove her jacket and drape it around a chair, as Red handed her the ale cup.

“Thank you. It is most appreciated.” Red watched as the wolf took a sip, and licked her lips.

“Wonderful.” The grey eyes were on her again.

Red wasn’t sure what Diana was commenting on, but the look in Diana’s eyes made her jumpy.

Red took a sip of her own, then went past the wolf to light some more candles.

After placing three fat beeswax candles on the table, and sitting down, Red glanced at Diana. Diana was busy turning the logs with the poker, and grumbling to herself.

Red unpacked the basket, putting the extra food away. She took down some plates and broke the bread and cheese into chunks. As she cubed the beef, she studied the figure in front of her.

Strong shoulders like a man’s, and hands like a man’s. Slender waist. Shiny hair that reflected the orange firelight. Strange. Red had never seen anyone like her before.

Diana stood up gracefully, and took another swig of ale.

“Damn good ale.” The wolf took a seat opposite Red, and pulled the plate of food towards her.

“This looks wonderful. Thank you again, Red. I haven’t had food like this in a long time.” No, most of her food had been... well, eaten in a more primitive fashion.

The wolf looked over Red as they ate. Red ate neatly, licking her fingers as she went, unconscious of the effect she was having on her dinner guest.

The candlelight made Red look ethereal. She had taken off her red cloak. Underneath was a simple flannel dress, in navy. The deep blue made her eyes look almost phosphorescent.

Red felt the steady eyes of the wolf on her and finally looked up.

The wolf bit slowly into a hunk of beef, her white canines sinking into it, and held Red’s gaze.

Red watched Diana chew, then watched as the wolf caressed the pile of grapes next to her hand. Diana broke one off, and held it to her lips, neatly splitting it in half and studiously licking the second half.

Red felt too warm suddenly. She realized she was blushing. She looked down to her lap, and rearranged her napkin. Several times.

During this domestic pause, Red's ears couldn't help but pick up the soft wet sound of grapes meeting their demise between the wolf's lips.

"More ale?" Red offered, jumping up, her hand out to grab Diana's cup. At a silent nod, Red took it and turned back to the counter. Uncorking the skin, and lifting it over the cup, she was horrified to feel her dress rising around her hips, and warm hands around her waist turning her around.

"What... Just... Hey!" Red protested, and was silenced by the wolf's wet mouth on her's.

"Shhhh" the wolf whispered, her mouth on Red's neck, her hands doing wonderful things between Red's legs.

"But... I never... Oh please..." Red pushed at the wolf, pulling her hands away. Her wet fingers.

The wolf backed away, with a very tight smile. She pulled her shirt out, and slid the knot of her tie down, and slowly started to unbutton the oxford.

Red stared, unable to move, then she was bolting for the door. She had her hand on the edge as it was ripped out of her grasp and brutally slammed shut.

She whipped around, one of her hands brushing over the wolf's breasts.

"Don't make me chase you. It just makes me irritable." Red noticed Diana had very sharp canines. Her grey eyes blazed at Red.

"Please...don't..." Red whispered. She pressed her back against the door.

"Don't? Don't what?" The wolf advanced, pressing Red's hands back against the rough wood of the door.

Red could feel her body heat and smell the ale on her breath. She trembled.

"...don't... hurt me."

"Hurt you?" the wolf laughed. As she laughed, she took the hem of Red's dress and tore it upwards. The old fabric easily ripped, and Red turned to hide herself.

"Oh, stop it." The wolf slapped her hands as Red cupped them over her breasts.

The wolf tossed the remnants of Red's dress onto the table, then swiftly maneuvered Red over to the table. Bending her at the waist, she pushed her face onto the dress.

"Now hold still. Close your eyes. If I see you move or open your eyes, it'll be the last time you do either."

Red closed her eyes, and felt a tear trickle down to her old flannel. She heard the whisper of fabric then a clunk. She turned her face sideways, and saw light through her lids.

Then there was heat right under her ass. She gasped. The candle flame wavered as she jerked slightly.

A warm hand caressed her thighs, slowly sliding over the skin, sliding between them to open her up. She rapidly conceded, feeling the candle heat spreading.

"Very nice. Oh yes. And a bit wet I see." The wolf held the taper with one hand and with the other, explored Red.

The fingers withdrew and Red heard wet noises, and appreciative murmurs.

"A good year."

The candle heat disappeared and Red felt both of the wolf's hands on her thighs, running up around the curves of her ass then back around the top of her thighs. She was spread a bit wider then there was a pause.

Then Red felt the most intense pleasure she'd ever experienced in her sixteen years.

The wolf's strong tongue slid over her, while her fingers slid alternately inside Red, and then up and down... spreading the divine wetness everywhere.

Red groaned, and gripped the table edges, her body sliding on the remains of her dress.

"Am I hurting you, my dear?" the wolf paused, her fingers still working inside Red.

Red tried to vocalize, but all that came out was a wail.

"I'll take that as a 'no' then."

Red felt her knees weakening. Her hands convulsed around the edge of the table.

Her mouth opened and closed, then opened as fingers slid under her nose. The wolf annointed her upper lip with her own wetness then forced the fingers into Red's mouth.

"How do you like your taste, my dear?" she asked, as she pressed down on Red's tongue.

"Lick them."

Red complied, her tongue gliding around the fingers massaging her tongue. As she did so, the wolf continued to finger her, harder, stroking her to the same beat she was using in Red's mouth.

"Yes, it feels goooooood, doesn't it..." the wolf whispered, bending to Red's ear.

Red could only moan.

"Now be a good girl and come for me, Red... come... come..." she kissed Red's ear, and continued her chant.

Red sucked convulsively on the wet fingers and then bucked down against the fingers stroking her, her body shaking.

The fingers were removed from her mouth, and the wolf slowly slid her hand away from between Red's legs. She turned Red over and lifted one of her eyelids.

"You can open them now." She lifted Red up off the table and walked over to the bed, where she deposited her on the quilt.

Red lay totally limp, watching as the naked Diana climbed on top of her.

The next morning, there was no grandmother returning, or the next day. And Red's mother never heard back from her daughter. A week later, Red's parents made the trip out to the cottage. All they found was the tattered remains of Red's cloak and her navy dress, folded neatly on the bed.

Outside, there were no tracks, and the devastated parents never saw Red or the grandmother again. And the trees remained silent, growing over the cottage, as ivy grew over its windows.