

# READBEAST

## BEASTIALITY STORIES



## Autumn

It wasn't the heavy rainstorm that bothered Taltem, it was his wife's unaccountability; she knew better than to be out in this weather, what had gotten into her? She had always been the type that took longer than she should on errands... but today something was different. Grabbing a small log he chucked it into the steady flame of the fire; he could go out there... No, it was easier to wait; he came to this conclusion while resting in his grandfather's chair, sipping sprits. As he watched the fire burn he grew agitated, she was always doing this; here it was almost five and dinner was not yet ready. Some of his fellow men routinely beat their wife's for lesser offenses. Snatching up his parka he strode towards the yurt's entrance.

The flaps of the Yurt were cast aside in a quick well-practiced jerk. The face of his wife Aneu came into view in the firelight. "I'm back my love!" Taltem couldn't conceal his relief; her enthusiastic greeting had brought a smile and humor where none had existed. Sometimes, he hated her; she would easily disarm him of his well placed anger. It was more like she would snatch it right out of him, leaving him an emotionally empty vessel to be filled at her discretion. He studied her at the entrance as she removed her boots. Her long smooth black hair was tangled and in clumps, her thick tribal robe had been thoroughly soaked by the storm. In her left arm she carried a basket, hopefully with something in it.

"Take off that robe you'll catch a cold that way." Taltem said without thought. Aneu faced him and smiled; "So soon, I've only made it through the door and you already want me bare ass." Taltem couldn't help but chuckle... she had a sense of humor, he wouldn't love her if she didn't. He watched mesmerized, as she slowly removed the thick worn leather belt and allowed the robe to fall from her lovely form. Aneu had always been slightly taller than the average Mandriki'e woman; she stood five feet nine inches with a remarkable bust that would make many a man, want to relive their childhood nursing days.

Her lovely olive skin, long black hair and warm almond shaped eyes gave human warmth, to this otherwise seemly aloof woman. She had been the daughter of a Mandriki'e shaykh that had wanted a boy. Taltem found himself growing aroused during this exercise of observation until one thing caught his eye. Wet trickles of watered blood ran down the length of Aneu's inner thigh. Shit, he realized after seeing the bloody rag she had partially stuffed up her twat, she was on the rag.

Catching his gaze she looked away a little embarrassed; "I'm sorry my love, I'll change it and burn the bloodied cloth. Then, I'll have dinner ready in a few minutes, I went out to find some mushrooms and than it started pouring..."

Taltem waved his hand cutting her off; lying back in a chair he sipped more from his cup. "Burn that thing tomorrow while I'm away, I don't want to smell it while I'm eating."

Aneu gazed through the tiny crack in the ceiling of the yurt watching the stars. She reflexively drew the corners of her woolen shawl hugging it to her shivering frame. It wasn't the first time she had been made to sleep on the floor away from the warmth of her husband. Taltem wouldn't have her; "unclean" womanly menstruation's staining the mats, which would later attract vermin, he claimed. Every time he did this to her, she ended up feeling more isolated than she already was. In being wed to Taltem she had moved away from what little kin she had left; Taltem, as a matter of principle, had gone out of his way to erect his yurt a good distance away from any main roads. He believed his chances were better at bagging game if he were already in the forest.

Her social network had dwindled to almost nothing, save for the occasional mother in law, a drunken friend of Taltem's, or a lone lost woman. In these times Aneu found herself more and more communing with nature. Then, her thoughts drifted, to him... She named him Alnu; after the ancient king of harvest and guile in the Grimgra; her peoples book of origins. She had been in the forest foraging for ingredients near a stream... She remembered how the forest grew still; it was like all of the life of the forest paused, just for a brief moment and then, he was there.

He stood watching silently from atop a large jagged bolder; patiently he watched her activities with great interest. Sniffing the air he eventually emerged behind her; she hadn't even noticed. Lifting the bottom of her robe with his snout he paused looking up at her. He cocked his head yawning; after which he dashed back to the safety of the bolder peeking his head from behind it cautiously, unsure of her purpose. She found herself more surprised that she wasn't the one hiding behind that bolder, he been an impressive sized wolf. In the back of her mind there was this recognition that his presence was not a threat to her.

A warm fuzzy feeling came to Aneu as she recalled him, his caution, and curiosity. There was something appealing about him, innocence perhaps. She felt herself becoming aroused for some reason; reaching under her robe she began massaging and cupping her voluptuous breasts. Her hands ran down the length of her svelte body, reaching her snatch; tugging the sticky cloth from her undercarriage she received the first tang of her arousal.

She worked herself to orgasm. "Was it my scent, that made him interested?" she wondered in silence; had she bewitched a lone wolf with her womanly charm? She felt an orgasm building to a crescendo, "Yes, no! I, I can't be this perverted Ah...ah." A sudden gush erupted between her fingers.

Removing a finger from her twat, she slid the finger between her lips, sampling herself. She gagged, the initial taste was grotesque, afterward she found the taste although different, wasn't that bad. As her eyelids grew heavy, she rationalized that her masturbation was purely a sleep aid she used during rough nights to relieve the tension.

Aneu stood near the clothesline hanging the last animal hide they used for cold nights. She realized that it would be a good idea as winter was just around the corner and it was seldom that animal hides were aired out. A brisk autumn breeze swept past her, stinging her cheeks; her exposed lithe legs underneath her summer robe fared little better. This time of autumn was colder than the one she remembered last year.

Aneu eyed an inconvenient hole in her robe that exposed her skin. She had told that husband of hers earlier in the year to set some money aside so she could purchase new clothes for the winter; hers had been falling apart for the greater part of the year. It turned out that the temptation of having extra money lying around gave him an excuse to gamble it away. Aneu held back her anger and swallowed; swallowing back the anger, she was reminded of him once more. A faint salty aftertaste of his cum still lingered in the back of her throat from earlier in the morning.

After an early breakfast, he had given her 'his,' version of a meaty breakfast. Few words were spoken as he had decided to stuff his cock into her hungry whorish mouth. She had no objections of course; even though he hadn't washed his dick in what seemed like a week; she swore she could taste the other women he was likely fucking on his musty cock. She was a natural cocksucker and he knew her weakness. With her tongue, she peeled back his foreskin; the rank taste of his smegma caused her to gag. She choked as he repeatedly jabbed his cock down her throat. Removing his cock from her warm mouth, he let her breathe while he commented on the thick strings of saliva clinging to his shaft.

"What, a, whore! You're drooling on my cock like some feral dog given his first bone!!... Ha....." He didn't have time to finish, as Aneu was already back to work on his cock running her tongue up and down its length. She paused changing her technique; she began cupping his balls with one hand as she tugged lightly at the skin with her teeth. She used the other hand to stroke his cock up and down. Making eye contact, she watched his facial expressions change. He was ready to bust a nut; she noticed the faint twitch of his cock, quickly returning it to her mouth just in time.

"Ah!! Fuck, uh...." Aneu looked up at him as he spent his load, she tongued his throbbing cock slowly swallowing, savoring his salty cream as it rolled down her throat. She pressed her lips together as he withdrew; retaining what remained on his cock in her mouth she swished the contents before giving a final swallow. She licked the tip of his cock getting the last drop of cum. This activity had made her aroused and dripping; she was contemplating letting Taltem take her in the ass when suddenly, he pulled away from her and strode towards the door.

"I need to get going." Aneu was struck dumb. He hadn't mentioned anything to her about a trip in the last few days. "What? Wait.... What? You're going again, where?" Taltem wiped the sweat off his brow; yeah, I was talking to uncle yesterday and well.... You know about the west end of the valley? It's.. It's the best place to take advantage of the yearly migration; they pass through a narrow gorge its easy game! Anyway, he's a regular at that big lodge up there and he's rented some time about two weeks worth..." Aneu was reasonably excited by this news. She had been wondering if they would have any good meat this winter; he wasn't that good of a hunter...

"You don't want my help? You know, like to skin, preserve and cure the hides of these animals you kill?" Taltem looked away for a moment lost in contemplation. "Well your help would be greatly appreciated, more so if you stayed here and watched the home. Besides, this outing is strictly for men only." Of course, she realized, this was just another excuse for him to get away from her in an effort to fuck other women. She was powerless to stop him; was there a point in wasting her breath....

"As you wish my love, bring back something good!!" She leaned in to kiss him; he stopped her. "Hey, that's disgusting, I just blew a load in that mouth of yours." She smiled, hiding her embarrassment. "We used to make out all the time, after you went down on me. We've even shared a few passionate kisses, in the past after you came in my mouth..."

Taltem, paused at the yurts entrance looking back. "Hmm, your right, I don't do that anymore." Emerging outside he chuckled, yelling at him she said; "Why don't you wash your ass more often, or get one of your cheap whores to clean that shriveled little cock of yours!! Hemph!!"

It was late in the day, Aneu was boiling some turnips, she cursed her husband's incompetence when it came to hunting; she was going to have another light unsatisfying, meatless meal of turnips and lentils. Earlier during the summer she had attempted to start a small garden, only to have it ruined by marauding wildlife an event in which, her husband did not bother to capitalize.

There was a strong wind today she noticed it came in gusts, knocking over one of her spice pots; bending down to retrieve the pot she noticed how the wind died down to a subtle breeze. When she resumed her former posture, she noticed the Wolf watching her from atop a small hill. The moment they made eye contact, he rose moving swiftly towards her.

Her heart stopped, her limbs froze in panic; was the wolf planning to attack her? She was without the protection of her husband, and truly alone. Tumbling out of her seat, she crawled on the ground. In desperation, she looked for tools that might offer some defense if the wolf got too close. During this time he had closed the distance between them in stealthy trot.

When she looked again he was on her; if she ran he would pounce and likely maul her to death. She had heard of animal attacks before from the others in the village; would her fate become another one of their stories? Suddenly, the wolf assumed an easy posture; he whined as he lightly brushed against her.

Without thought, she found herself stroking his big muscular head with the credulity of a child. Catching herself, she assumed a commanding posture and started scolding the wolf. The wolf paced back and forth until it decided to sit on a nearby patch of grass.

"Why you, you! You scared the hell out of me! You don't belong here go! Go!" The wolf whined, Aneu stomped her foot; finding a nearby broom she used it to nudge the wolf. "Go, you trouble maker!" With that, she watched the wolf pick up a hasty sprint back to the wood line. Aneu sighed in relief realizing that her heart was beating out of her chest; what the hell got into her, confronting a wolf with a broom?

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It was the second day; Aneu paused in the middle of grinding some cornmeal because something had caught her attention. A disturbance in the brush, not too far from her aroused her suspicions. Remembering her uninvited visitor from yesterday, she had prepared; unsheathing a hunting blade concealed underneath her robe, she eyed the brush sharply.

From the brush emerged the limp hanging head of a hare, likely one of the ones that had ruined her garden. In a matter of moments the cunning wolf appeared with the rest of its body between his powerful jaws.

Aneu had shooed the wolf away yesterday, only to find later what led him to her abode; one of her bloodied menstruation cloths she had been wearing the night before. It had stuck to one of the animal hides; at the elevation the clothesline rested; the scent was likely carried downwind for miles. With an air of accomplishment the wolf trotted confidently towards her placing the dead hare near her feet. The wolf then stretched his limbs with a whining yawn he rolled over exposing his belly before her.

Was the damn wolf showing off, or was this some sort of apology for yesterday? She examined the freshly killed hare at her feet; looking at his coat of fur she saw a warm pair of gloves for the winter. Just below his fur, she imagined how his seasoned flesh would taste in a nice dish. She decided to accept this unorthodox apology; she nodded her head in approval towards him, with a smile she said. "Go, get out of here you little devil." The wolf rolled to his feet and with a parting bark he disappeared into the brush.

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On the third day, Aneu woke to find a slain male mountain ram that easily weighed over a hundred pounds, lying just outside of her yurt; the body was still warm. Some of the finest winter robes were made of the hides of these elusive rams. It must have taken him all night to drag it here and what she could do with the meat!

On the fifth day, she watched as the wolf dragged a jaw dropping sized elk into her camp. Aneu was becoming overwhelmed and slightly embarrassed by the generosity of her four-legged companion. She smiled gracefully, receiving this newest offering; her cheeks felt flushed. "Please, no more, thank you. You've done more than enough" Was this wolf courting her? If this wolf had been a man, she would have had him between her legs by now, regardless of her marital status. In her clan, there had been, no known word for adultery.

On the seventh day, the wolf had come to the camp and stayed; by this point in time she had grown accustomed to him. His silent yet commanding presence brought a piece of mind with it; a tangible sense of security that she hadn't been aware of before. It didn't take long for her to realize feeding him the scraps left over from processing saved her time and kept him occupied especially, when she gave him the bones.

On the eighth day, while processing the hide of the elk, Aneu accidentally cut her hand. It was a quick careless, poorly calculated cut that resulted in a nasty gash on the palm of her left hand. She had been so busy in the last few days, processing the game in a feverish race against time. She hadn't found much time to sleep; it was catching up to her. Hearing a groan of pain the wolf quickly approached, finding a bleeding wound on one of her hands. Aneu ventured back into the yurt to find some cloth to wrap the wound.

The wolf had followed close behind, licking clean the dripping blood. Finding some cloth she torn it to and bound the wound. Afterward, she sat down to rest. Was she over doing it? She asked herself, she had already processed enough meat to make it through the winter. Why was she working so hard? She didn't have time to ponder this question further as a moist cold snout rubbed against her exposed snatch beneath her robe.

Surprised, she jerked back in her chair attempting to pin the opening of her robe between her tightly closed legs. It didn't work; he forced his bulky head between her legs prying them apart. His head was now well underneath her robe investigating. She could feel the hot breath; it felt like gusts of a hot summer breeze as it parted her free style pubic hair. His cold snout teased her pussy as it prodded ever further, trying to discern the origin of her feminine aroma.

In the excitement she found herself becoming aroused. She cursed, her body had betrayed her, with an animal of the wilds no less. His first lick caused an icy trickle to run through her body, stopping time for an instant. His steaming hot tongue with its rough textured surface stimulated the free flow of her cunnal juices. It was unbearable; her pussy was surrendering before the onslaught of his tongue.

She rose from the chair, in an attempt to get away only to trip, she rested on her back. Like a depraved whore she hiked up her robe, presenting her cunt for his easy access. She parted the lips of her pink pussy displaying her interior. With two drenched fingers she held it open eager to receive the punishing lashes of his tongue.

"Please, eat my pussy! I can't take it anymore!! Ah..." The wolf energetically lapped her pussy, taking the time to nip the tender sides of her pink flesh. One particular spot caught his attention it was a round ball of flesh that rested near the top of her pink organ. He lapped it with renewed effort as her juices flowed onto her thighs and buttocks. Aneu's mind was spinning; she was on the crest of an explosive orgasm. She saw how naughty their shadows looked on the nearby wall in the fading twilight; the way her back arched and how she bucked her hips again and again in succession to the repeated oral lashings of her animal tormentor. She moaned like a cheap whore.

"Oh... Shit!!... Oh fuck!!... I'm cumming!! Ahhh!!"... As her orgasm peaked, she could feel the violent contractions of her cunt. She watched as her fluids gushed past her staining the rug she rested over. Hyperventilating, it felt suffocating, as she was purged of her wanton passions. Her vision grew hazy as her body grew numb, time seem to collapse upon itself. She saw him lapping up her sopping wet pussy and then he was gone and then, she faded.

It was noon when Aneu woke the next day, she hadn't intended to sleep this long. Recalling the events from last night she could hardly believe it had occurred. An accumulation of feelings

assaulted her one at a time. First came rage then guilt. The next to come was vulnerability and lastly embarrassment. The conclusion of all this was a feeling of being cheap, used was a better way to put it. She had been easy game for even the local wildlife, for heaven's sake! "He just dined and dashed!" She said bitterly to herself.

She wondered if he would ever come again. Milling around her home she thought of him and the pleasure he had given her last night; she was glowing like some idiot girl she couldn't conceal the stupid smirk on her face as she recalled how he had brazenly pleased her.

Gradually, she found herself forgiving him; he was after all, still an animal. She wondered if any other woman would have done the same? His appeal and charm had gotten past her womanly defenses; she hadn't even seen it coming. How many other "used" women could say they got something out of it?

He was a handsome wolf too; his coat of fur was unlike anything, she had seen before. It had an iridescent sheen; it shifted colors every time she looked at it in a different angle. She never imagined a wolf would have such an intricate, almost flagrant look. After seeing him up close she realized something odd about him. His facial features were sharp, unique almost like human face.

Aneu rested in a small tub bathing in the luke warm water. The last few days had brought with them life-altering experiences. He had come back on the tenth day taking shelter from the heavy rain. It didn't take long for her robe to come off with his snout firmly buried in her crotch. That was the tenth day; on the eleventh day he had come bearing a gift of his latest exploit. Strolling into her yurt, Aneu watched slack-jawed as he plopped an 18-pound sturgeon at her feet. He left before she could properly thank him.

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On the twelfth day, the unimaginable occurred; she had been processing the sturgeon all day inside her yurt, her clothes thoroughly smelled of fish. It was becoming unbearable salting this fish was more work than she had bargained for. She had taken the time to enjoy some fresh caviar she had collected from the fish. Once she realized what it was she hastily preserved it. She would sell it later for a hefty price; what he had done for her in these few days... was just beyond words. It had been raining all day, a storm front had been on its way, and she could hear the heavy rain pouring down.

A small fire crackled in the yurt keeping it reasonably cozy. A loud whine caught her attention, there was a light scratching at the yurts entrance. The poor wolf had likely got caught in the storm and was looking for shelter. Opening the flaps the wolf knocked her over in his rush to get out from the cold. Like any furred animal he quickly shook his frame spraying water and slush all over. Seeing the slush she chucked another piece of wood into the fire; it was colder outside than she had guessed. She grabbed a fresh salted piece of the fish and fed it to him. Taking a seat near him she stroked his wet fur.

"Shish... It's okay; you're out of the cold now, nice boy."... A warm cozy sensation came over her. How unusual this was, she never imagined that she would be okay having a wild dog in her company. No.. He wasn't wild, at least not to her anymore; she was quite taken with him actually. He had become a companion of sorts in her isolation. For all that he had done for her; she had given him very little.

She realized this as she rested her head on his bulky shoulder, smelling him for the first time up close. A damp musty smell of the wilds, she could smell faint traces of dirt, tree branches and kills just below his primal musk. Most called this a wet dog smell; it didn't bother her. Besides, she



probably smelled like a lot of things to him, dead fish likely above all else. She had to have him; she was going to give herself to him tonight.

This had been inevitable from the beginning she thought. He had won his prize long ago; it was time he claim it. She stood up watching him, as she removed her leather belt. With a clang it hit the floor; slowly, she pulled her robe past her shoulders and head. Casting the robe aside she lewdly postured before him, bending over the table, she boldly displayed herself. Seductively, she traced a finger down her moist pussy. "It's pretty isn't it? This is what you were after the entire time, I should have guessed."

Rising from the table she noticed her hands were slick with a fishy paste; she rubbed them on her exposed voluptuous breasts. Kneeling, she rested beside him stroking his matted fur; hotly breathing soft words in his ears. Her hand smoothly caressed his side as it moved to his belly finally resting on his sheath.

Aneu wondered what the cock of a wolf would be like, how big or how hard; what shape it would have? Would it smell different than a man's, would it taste different as well?

She jerked and pulled lightly at his furry sheath; a budding red tip rewarded her effort. It was slimy to the touch, rubbing her thumb against it; placing it between her thumb and index finger she pulled a little more.

His length increased as thick transparent cock juice formed under her hand. She toyed with the slimy substance; curious, she raised her hand from his cock bending at the wrist smelling the substance. It had a strong tang not unlike urine, yet there was something else, something... masculine.... Smelling again, she found the stench not to her dislike.

Returning her hand to his cock she noticed how veiny and crimson it had become. It was wide now, plump and juicy; he bucked his tool in her hand wildly. He was ready to fuck her now; ready, to make her his bitch and she wished it. Waiting no longer he rose to his feet. Instantly, she assumed the pose of a bitch, bracing herself against a nearby chair as he proceeded to mount her. Scratching her, he firmly planted his paws between her wet thighs. With a few practiced jabs, he located her sex and thrust.

"Oh...oh...heh..heh.. Oh, fuck! Ahh!!" She could feel his cock and the way he slowly crammed his puppy meat inside her, past her tight, unyielding twat. His cock had been pointy at the tip guiding him in with ease; the sure girth of his puppy maker was forcing her to expand. She could hear the sloppy sound of air escaping her twat as more of him filled the tight space. With one powerful thrust he wedged himself inside her; grunting she stiffened as she felt his lodged wolf meat burrowing deeper insider her. She lowered her head in submission as he fucked her.

"Ahh!!" She never imagined he had such a magnificent cock. He tightened his grip around her waist spearing her deeper. "Ooh, yes, fuck me!... heh, heh!! Fuck me with that cock!!" Aneu felt his warm belly resting on top of her; she liked the way his fur lightly, rhythmically brushed against her bare skin with every renewed thrust.

She could feel his cum laden sack slapping against her sopping wet pussy; she wondered how much of his creamy burden it took to fill her human pussy. She matched his brutal pace, arching her back to receive more of him. Her body glistened with sweat she could feel his strange tapered prick exploring the depths where no human cock could go. His pace gradually slowed, she felt an unusual ball of flesh at the back of his cock.

It was of an impressive size as it clumsily, haphazardly slipped inside her stretched cunt. It rubbed



against her most sensitive area, driving her wild with lust. It was at this time, she experienced her first mind-blowing orgasm; her body grew numb as waves of pleasure washed over her in secession.

The wolf emitted a yelp of pain as his cock twitched releasing the first spurts of his scalding puppy juice inside her human womb. She marveled as she felt him pumping her insides with his creamy stuff. Like clockwork, her pussy assisted his efforts in milking him of his seed. Fifteen minutes passed, Aneu was already long gone, having been swept away in the torrent of her second orgasm. She couldn't believe he was still pumping his spunk inside her. She imagined any moment now, his cum would come gushing forth from her mouth.

She could feel his thick seed slowly dribbling down her legs forming a nasty puddle at her knees. Dismounting her, he roughly tugged his diminishing cock free of her gaping twat knocking her on her face. Feeling light headed and numb she quickly faded.

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A chilly draft coming through the partially ajar entrance of the yurt awoke her. To her surprise she found her four-legged lover resting beside her, she could feel the warmth of his fur on her naked skin. From the light that peaked through, she guessed it was almost sunrise. Rising from the floor with two hands she hobbled to the entrance still sore from last nights encounter. Yanking it open, she covered her eyes with the back of one arm.

The first rays of sunlight came pouring through the yurt illuminating the missing story of last night. Inspecting her body she noticed how sore her vagina felt. Squatting, she reached down; spreading her bruised vaginal lips for a closer look, it stung. Her pink little pussy had become reasonably loose she noticed as she fingered her canal.

A thick mixture of her own vaginal secretions and wolf spunk, oozed freely from between her flexed fingers. She watched as small pearl white gobs splattered on the stone floor forming a small puddle, a small testament of his maleness. As the flow ceased, she marveled at what a stud he was; he had left so much inside her. She licked her fingers clean, not wanting to waste anymore of his special gift. The initial taste was a metallic salty, with a slight fishy aftertaste. She found the flavor rewarding, slightly addictive. Resting on the ground, she methodically cleaned his spunk from the stone using her tongue.

Gazing in the mirror, she saw scratch marks on her abdomen, thighs and ass. How was she going to explain this to her husband? That is, if he cared to ask, or if he even saw her naked. She could tell him she was on the rag; he wouldn't care to confirm her claim. By now, the wolf had taken advantage of the open entrance and had trotted outside to start his day.

Donning the robe she wore the night before, she sighed; the robe still had the fishy smell from last night!! Her smell was worse than some mere fishy odor; that's what her snatch smelled like now. All together she figured her smell, was a combination of sweat, sex, dog and fish!!

After rearranging the yurt, she intended to collect some extra firewood to heat the small wooden tub to bathe. Restoring the yurt to a state of cleanliness took longer then she had anticipated. The weather had gotten bad in the last few days; forcing her to shift her processing inside, small traces of dead animal still lingered in her abode. She burned some incense to cover the smell.

It was well into the afternoon when she had found the time to start a fire under the tub; while collecting the necessary firewood, the wolf found her. She didn't know how, but he had managed to cow her back inside the yurt wherein, he knocked her over using his standing weight. After some minor play and cajoling, the stud had her clothes off and was inside her in a matter of minutes. He

bred her mercilessly, like a bitch in heat; he was more cunning than a man.

“Ohh, aahn... ow!! Fuck me! Give it to me M’ecu!! Rape me!! Yes!”

She accepted it, she was a slut, he knew it; she certainly smelled like one. She even called him M’ecu, her clan’s dialect equivalent for lover. Knotting her, he rested his weight on her keeping her pinned. He growled if she tried moving a muscle. In one instance he snarled, showing her his sharp teeth; causing her juices to pour in anticipation.

“You’re soo.... Deep... Inside, M’ecu, ahh!!! Please, please cum inside me!!! Ahhhh, yes!!... What a stud!!”

Sweating profusely with an inconvenient itch, Aneu attained a new appreciation of discomfort and bliss beneath his body. Shifting under him, he snarled once more, she creamed.... It excited her how this beast mastered her, how easy it had been for him to get her tribal frontier pussy. Her womanly body betrayed her and her entire race, assisting him in his breeding of her. Her pussy thoroughly milked his cock enabling a healthy accumulation of his stock inside her. As he polluted her womb with his virile seed, she fantasized what the union of their blood might look like.

Experiencing a furious orgasm, it sent ripples of pleasure running down her spine causing her to tremble in ecstasy. Facing from her, he stayed that way until his cock had softened enough to tug himself free with a gushing pop. She rested on her knees feeling his hot cum dribble down her thighs in a steamy mess. She watched him trot away.

She felt hot arousal when she wondered how many other human women, this wolf had likely mastered. Working herself with the heel of a hand she imagined how different these other women might have been. Had they’d been beautiful, like her? What the unique scents of their bodies were, and what he liked about the difference? What clan they belonged too? If they, had been a better fuck then she? Recovering from her unbridled lust, she became jealous. Placing a hand over her abdomen, she felt his cum slosh inside her. Was she another simple distraction like these other women?.....

Aneu scrubbed her snatch, watching the last traces of him slowly dissolve in the bath’s saline solution. The scratch marks had nearly faded now. What had made her postpone bathing an extra day? Did she like retaining the bestial broth of her primordial paramour? She had intentionally not cleaned herself that night, wanting instead to sleep, with the guarantee his contribution stayed inside her. A novel ticklish sensation she felt, like her belly was full of tadpoles. She thought it strange, almost romantic when she reflected on how a creamy substance in a wolf’s balls had found its way into her human womb, who would’ve have imagined? When she imagined how much of his healthy cum he had deposited inside her womanhood, the visual made her blush.

She understood the need to practice better grooming habits though. She had been letting herself go in the last week. With a renewed look and smelling of fresh essential oils, she felt less self-conscious. She could present herself to her husband free of reticule. More important, it helped her in trying to forget the wolf. She closed her eyes recalling something...

“Please, give me your wolf cum!!! Ahn!! Yes!!!”

She squeezed her fists in frustration; feeling flushed and embarrassed at her latest flash back, this wasn’t working. Here she was, with a husband due back any day now and all she could do was think of him and how she wanted the wolf to sully her again. In calculation, she pondered the viability of giving the wolf another chance at her, before her husband returned....

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I wanted more time to work on it, but its like beating a dead horse. I figure if I can make a quick easy to read story than I have accomplished more than if I had written a novel. Now please free free to critique me.... I don't bite... Damn you all!! Feel free to tell me you think its shit, just be willing to explain your reasons.

I can't promise any solid date when I will be posting the next chapter, winter. The next chapter will also be a lot of talk; don't worry it will have sex but not as intense. Unfortunately I have another year of college coming up and it will likely take up great deal of my free time.

Okay, I give you the last piece of fall.....

On the yurts eastern edge resided a steep cliff overlooking the misty valley below. Carved into the cliff's face was a worn jagged pathway, which, led to a well-concealed, ancient cliff dwelling. Aneu had stumbled upon it quite by accident almost at the cost of her life. Venturing into the dark, dank, primeval space she surveyed the interior with the aid of a well-lit torch.

After clearing the living area of its ancient contents, she found it to have more that enough room for whatever she needed. That was a year ago, she never imagined that she would be using the space what she was doing now.....

Inside the cliff dwelling, a faint muffled moaning rebounded.... Followed by a throaty, ravenous slurping. The faint ebbing torchlight painted two shadows against the ancient rock, one of a woman and of a wolf. Resting under him naked, she held his hindquarters as she lewdly wrapped her moist lips around his throbbing canine cock. Using her tongue she traced the veiny texture of his prick, appreciating the, exclusive feel and taste of a wolf's cock in her mouth. Popping his cock from her mouth she held in a loose fist pumping her hand up in down his length as small jets of precum shot wildly at her breasts, shoulders and face.

Bending her face under his cock, she smelled its pungent aroma; it was making her head spin. Resting the tip of his cock on her chin, she quickly crammed it inside her hungry mouth with a smacking noise. Sucking his cock she felt him squirm, pulling from her grasp. With a painful yelp he drew back his lips in snarl relinquishing his creamy burden. It seemed in a heartbeat her mouth was bursting with spunk, coughing she sucked it down. Cum was escaping from the sides of her mouth spilling on her chin, breasts and taut belly. Stealing a gasping breath, she deeply swallowed. Ingesting his cum, relishing it for the first time in such quantity.

She realized it was thicker than any she'd had before; its texture was creamy like the colostrum of a lactating goat. It had a rich potent, gamey, flavor too it that was followed by a slightly bitter aftertaste. It was unlike anything she had ever had before... delicious!! She could feel the preparatory twitch of his plump cock as it shot thick volleys of his puppy cream down her gullet, which she swallowed in delight.

She trembled in ecstasy as she felt it warm her empty tummy. Plucking his cock from her mouth she tenderly cleaned it with diligence. Gently kissing the tip catching the last drop of cum. closing her eyes, she held it under her tongue, savoring its flavor before swallowing. Smiling, she giggled, in celebration of her new feat in depravity.

Kneeling before an ancient stone washbasin, she cleaned herself with its icy water. The water brought both shock and relief against her clammy hot skin. The ancient basin ingeniously took advantage, of a naturally occurring spring that originated somewhere in the cavern. Through a carved hole in the ceiling, rays of moonlight illuminated the basin. Donning her robe she rested back

in a cozy animal hide, collecting herself. Polishing off the last of the skin of mead she had brought; her apprehensive mood lightened.

Her husband was slumbering back in the yurt. She had slipped an herbal remedy in his drink, as she grew alarmed with his prying questions and on the spot demands. More so, she had been antsy, to see the wolf once again. In her clan, the illusion of male authority had been a display for outsiders, nothing more. Women had controlled the clan with a subtle invisible hand.

Taltem had displeased her with a lack of an adequate catch. In retribution for his failure she drugged him into an early slumber. She remembered feeling hot, flushed and anxious as she ventured out into the moonlit night looking for the wolf. To her surprise he rested on a hill overlooking the yurt; he sat up noticing her approach. Sitting next to him, she hurriedly gulped down the mead.

The mead gave her liquid courage where none could be had; she was sneaking around on her husband as he slept she would be giving herself to a wolf somewhere. He licked her neck and lips sending a tingling sensation down her crotch. In her surprise she spilled some of the mead on herself.

Exposing her generous breasts, the mead quickly grew sticky; the wolf quickly took advantage of her situation helping her clean with his tongue. He seemed to emphasize the tight space between her breasts sliding them apart with a few hard licks. Her tits jiggled and sway slightly as he roughly lapped their circumference, tasting her womanly sweat. "Ahn, you bad mutt...."

She didn't finish the rest; he probed her open mouth with his rough tongue. Filling her mouth with a ticklish warm sensation, feeling fussy and slightly feverish she found herself unable or unwilling to pull from him. The spell was broken as she dropped the skin of mead; quickly retrieving it the moment had passed.

The outlandish taste of his drool made her want to gag; it had a taste of decaying flesh. She quickly took a swig of the skin, washing it down. She didn't like being exposed in the moonlight she was hopelessly addicted to him; she cursed her weakness....

Earlier that day she had another tryst with the wolf. They had worked past their normal introductory play; she had been on her hands and knees drawing up her skirt while he impatiently stabbed at her with his slimy cock. He suddenly backed away, with a low growl.

They had been on the other side of a well-used trail not far from the yurt, somewhat concealed behind a thorny berry shrub. She had been harvesting wild berries when the wolf snuck up on her taking a playful nip at her ass.

She could faintly make out the movement of a single man moving along the trail... A matter of feet away from them, the man, was her husband. Completely oblivious to his surroundings, it was no wonder he didn't catch anything, especially his wife in the make with a wolf.

Her M'ecu postured, in a crouch readying to pounce. She held him lightly, shaking her head, relating to him that the man on the trail was off limits. She watched as the wolf stealthily passed through the bush emerging on the trail before her husband. His sure size and presence intimidated her husband, giggling, she watched him flee back the way he came with a desperate cry.

She was waiting for her M'ecu when he returned triumphant, eager to please her champion. Unceremoniously he mounted her, quietly breeding her in the wilds.

Giggle... "M'ecu, shred me to pieces, ugh, ha!!!... Yes, heh, heh..."

As he bred her, she closed her eyes smiling in rapture; listening to the nasty squelching sounds of her twat. Human or not, as the alphamale his rights to pounding her pussy were without question. She imagined, the wolf must have been very upset by her husband's untimely interruption... She hoped in earnest that in retribution, he would deposit a lot inside her...

She hadn't been disappointed; an hour later she found herself stopping in a clearing near the Yurt he had left quite a mess. The day had been humid, as it dried; her robe clung tightly to her thighs and crotch forcing her to peel it free. Some of his cum had also comingled with her pubic hair leaving it slimy. She rubbed her pubic mound delighted.

Hooking two fingers into her snatch, she confirmed how much of him was still inside; it wasn't much. Extracting a gob, she gently rubbed it into her pubic mound; the matted layers of hair soaked his specimen up like a sponge. Having taken the long way, she noticed she had left a trail of semen...

By the time she had led him down to the cliff face, it was already past midnight; she let him take his time fucking her. Pleasantly, she found sex with a wolf wasn't the same as a man. He fucked her in sessions lasting anywhere from 5 to 10 minutes at a time. He had already ejaculated inside her so many times! She rubbed her belly feeling a slight bulge; he was a stud. With a half hour rest between sessions, he could probably go at her all night.... Such stamina.

Sadly, she had things to do and could not have him fuck her any longer; it was almost dawn. As a reward for his indulgence she sucked him off. If she couldn't offer her pussy, then her mouth could pick up the slack. Besides, she didn't have to clean her mouth like she did her snatch.

She complemented herself on the clever thinking that had brought them down to this cliff dwelling. It was a secret that she had intended to share with her husband one day; she had never found the opportunity. She rationalized that it had been a safe move for her; a wise Alnukai woman never reveals everything she knows. Her grandmother had taught her this.

Aneu at one point in time was being groomed to replace her aging grandmother as the clans head priestess. Unfortunately, a blood feud had wiped out her chances of succeeding her grandmother. She remembered spending her early teenaged years living as a nomad. When Taltum had come across her she lied to him, making him believe she was of Mandriki'e extraction. She had been misleading him ever since. The Mandriki'e were well known nomads and not well thought of in many circles; however, revealing what she really was would have incited something much more than ridicule.

Her people had carved their names in a dark bloodletting history of human sacrifice and debauchery. Her people had worshipped an ancient evil known as the Alnucotti. Her peoples rein had come to an end when the indigenous clans had rallied together in numbers to substantial to fend off. Historians would later claim that it had been the agenda of the Alnukai to enslave all men in perpetual ignorance so they would never rise above the subsistence of common animals. It was true; many of the secrets of medicine, stonemasonry and ancient technology had been lost with the sacking of the capitol.

What remained of her culture had long been watered down, mostly forgotten. Occasionally a "witch" a woman, who possessed some knowledge of the ancients, would surface causing a stir. Most of these women were of descent of the royal bloodline, and privy to such knowledge. Aneu, was among these few; before being driven from her village her grandmother informed her.

As a parting gift, she had passed to Aneu a tome of Alnukai secrets. Which sat in a leather bound satchel hidden in this very cavern. This dwelling promised not only safety from the prying eyes of

outsider's but also security for her darkest secrets.

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Taltum rapped at the table impatiently with pleading eyes. His mother Yuca looked back at him unmoved; poking a chubby finger at him, she said.

"No! I will not endorse you for consul with your foreign wife. We've had this conversation before, I tell you the same thing. Your grandfather would be rolling in his grave if he knew you brought a foreigner into our family. There were plenty of Utwa women that would have gladly married you, with your fine family name. You had to go outside and bring back trash!!" Taltem rose from his seat, his patience at its end.

"You know what mother? Fuck, you, and your high council. Our village is dying because of old fucks like you, with one foot in the grave already, are burying us!! You've lost touch with my generation, because of your intolerance. No new ideas or blood, flow into this village, because you reject them at the gate. Much like you're son who has his "foreign" wife believe he actually wants to live on the frontier because he's an avid hunter!!

It's too shameful to your political station to have a daughter in law that's non-Utwa so you sweep it under the rug hoping that no one will notice." Taltem stormed off. His mother rose from her seat with an urgent plea.. "Wait!! Damn you!!

Briskly he walked through the village past its iron gates sighing in relief. The emotional outburst and plea was only half of what he really believed. If there was one thing that he had inherited from his mother it was a knack for politics.

In recent years he had listened to the silent grumbling of his generation as they voiced their frustrations over the ultra conservative high council. They wanted change, positive and progressive reform. Many of them looked to him as an outlet for that change. He had gone out of his way to find and court a foreign woman to show them, that the son of Yuca, was above his mothers influence.

It backfired on him, at least partially, he still held mass appeal among the younger generation but he didn't live in the village and couldn't actively engage in the political process; his mother had seen to that. As for his wife Aneu he had generally lost interest in her; she was beautiful but... So different... He found himself more at comfort in the arms of Huna, his Utwa mistress then his wife. She had a different feel and smell to him than his mistress.

He found Aneu had unusual tastes that could not be common to a normal person. In the end, he really didn't care what she actively practiced, or devoted herself to; she was a good cook though... Besides, Huna was the only child to Imtal, one of the wealthiest merchants in the village. Huna told him she would marry him if her father approved.

To his surprise, Imtal wasn't offended by his request or that he already had a foreign wife. Imtal saw Taltem as a possible asset to extend his influence into clan politics. With a younger more liberal consul, he could import more exotic merchandise. He would give his blessing if Taltem gained a position on the high council. He spent the last week at the lodge recruiting wealthy men into his circle with Imtal's aid.

Yuca dismounted her horse near the end of the road; leading the horse by its reins, she navigated the narrow trail leading to Taltem's homestead. A small pang of guilt she felt when she thought of how hard she had made his life. After their scuffle she had taken time to actually consider his words... They had some truth to them, however if he wanted to be consul he needed to have a clean

background; he couldn't have one, as long as she was with him.

She jingled the bag of coin on her belt, a year of wage; it was a hefty price to pay to make someone go away forever. If Aneu couldn't be bought then Yuca was sure she could be threatened...

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Aneu hastily spread her legs for her impatient guest, he always came for her just before sunset; lying back on a wooden crate she blew a kiss to him. Winking, she squeezed her breasts smiling.

"M'ecu, I want you inside me, fuck me like my husband." Reaching out to him, she gently pulled him over. Slowly stroking his muscular frame, reaching down she grabbed hold of his plump moist cock.

"Today's my anniversary, I want to give you something special...giggle. I'm going to give you something I don't offer my husband." Guiding him to her unusually meaty pussy, she kissed his paw; signaling her surrender. "Gasp... Ah...Yes!! She clung to the wolf's powerful neck as she splayed her legs for him further.

Her grandmother had passed on an ancient remedy, which dramatically enhanced a woman's loins. The remedy increased the inflammation of the labia, significantly engorging it beyond its average state during sex. The vaginal secretions also thickened, causing it to adhere to the male sex, slowing its rate of penetration. After seconds of penetration, a slight burning sensation followed, adding a new paradigm to the sex, rendering both pleasure and pain. With each thrust the vagina would slowly become tighter eventually squeezing the male sex to explosive orgasm.

Like any remedy there could be side effects, prohibiting its casual use. Aneu had decided some time ago that her husband had not been worth the discomfort. Her M'ecu on the other hand, was needy and deserved something special. She had been under pressure, to out due her former competitors, and keep him coming back to her. As a woman she jealously wanted to have the wolf's affections for herself.

Small tears of pain formed on Aneu's face as she felt the gut wrenching pull of his cock as he pummeled her pussy to a sloppy pulp. It felt like she was being turned inside out by his tapered cock and she loved it! Her hips bucked under his onslaught as he painfully whined. The burning sensation was likely too much for him; her pussy had become more acidic than what it normally was.

"Ahh,tut,tut,tut.... Such pain... I'll take responsibility, fuck me M'ecu, and fill my pussy!!"

Holding his broad face in her hands, she looked into his eyes. For a brief moment, she lost sense of herself. Leaning her neck she brushed her dark hair aside exposing her skin. With one violent thrust he wedged his knot inside her explosively releasing his scalding wrath directly inside her cervix.

"Oh, right there! Yes, yes!! Degrade me! Coat my womb in your seed!!" At the height of her ecstasy he sank his fangs into her flesh. With a gasp of terror and agony, Aneu fell limp.

Yuca shrank back in fright witnessing the unbelievable sight. Was she watching some unholy ritual? She heard the sharp gasps as Anue struggled for her last breaths. The defilement of a woman's body, by a beast; the woman's adulterated flesh made as an offering to the dark ones? Such rituals.... The Alnukai? A word of taboo crept into Yuca's conscious, the Alnucotti.

When Yuca had first come near the yurt she had heard Aneu speaking to someone, "M'ecu,.... Fuck me like my husband." If she could only get close enough to see whom, the other man was.... By means of a well placed incision, in the yurt's lining, she saw, in the firelight... Not a man, but a wolf,



sliding his massive frame between Aneu's bare thighs.

She watched in astonishment, as Aneu seductively splayed her legs like a whore welcoming a loyal customer. She parted the folds of her snatch, accommodating his strange tapered cock; she teased the cock coating its tip in her tacky cunnal juices. She blinked in disbelief as she saw the sure girth of his meaty shaft and how easily it slipped between the folds of her daughter in laws twat.

He began fucking her; clinging to his neck she groaned deeply, breathing soft, hot inaudible words in his ears. In a skillful rhythmic pace, he continued to spear her yielding flesh. It was uncanny, the way her pussy expanded to engulf his bestial member.

Nay, the sight was down right obscene, the way her pussy wrapped around his prick in a shroud of moist flesh that never seemed to fully let go. He was too skilled, too familiar with her body. The wolf must have fashioned her pussy to his measure some time ago; were they lovers?" A thousand questions seemed to come to Yuca in an instant.

"How long or how regularly had Aneu been spreading her legs for this agent of the dark ones?"

She had always suspected her daughter in law veiled her vile affections, behind a mask of humility. It was a known fact that some of the Alnukai had survived the sacking centuries ago. They had craftily concealed their existence by blending in with nomadic clans. It was rumored that many of these clans had tainted bloodlines that could be traced back to the Alnukai merchant class.

Yuca continued to watch a few more seconds in angst as the brute continued to run Aneu through with his tapered shaft. Her body jerked and twitched under his onslaught like a lifeless doll. The fishy stench of their dark union assailed her nostrils; she noticed thick globs of cum mixed with blood escaping from her well-fucked, contracting hole.

He was cumming inside her, with no end in sight, how was it possible? Blood could be seen running down her breasts dripping at the waist; undoubtedly from the fiendish wound that had claimed her life.

Removing her eyes from the scene, Yuca looked into the tree line, imagining what other dark creatures lurked there. A sudden pop and gush she heard and the distinct hiss of trapped air. Returning her eyes to the yurt, she watched as the wolfs seed surged freely from Aneu's gaping hole. It splashed thick messy gobs onto the stone floor. And than a most frightful thing occurred, she heard a distinct groan of a woman.

She was alive!!! A dreadful premonition came to Yuca as she watched the woman move. The woman before her was not Aneu, the fiend must have snatched her life away some time ago. Preserving her body with foul necromantic arts he now enslaved her flesh as an instrument of pleasure. She watched as Aneu lowered herself from the crate, leaning her bare shoulders against it. The look in her eyes was dull, without emotion. It was almost as if she, were under the influence of some evil eternal hypnotic spell.

Resting his front paws on the top of the crate the wolf eased his fleshy member past her lacquered lips. Aneu instantly reacted, taking hold of his hind legs; she slowly bobbed her head up and down his shaft servicing him. His member slid easily down her throat aided by a blend of her saliva, cunnal juices, and cum. With a guttural moan and a stifling choking noise Aneu shuttered. She could see the whites of her eyes as they rolled back in her head.

Yuca could not believe her eyes. Aneu's throat hideously expanded in accommodation of the wolf's sure girth. He forcibly lodged his cock ever further down her throat, not ceasing until his knot firmly

rested in her mouth. In a high-pitched whine he climaxed showering her insides. Yuca watched the grotesque rhythmic flex and fold of Aneu's stomach as it ingested its bestial nourishment.

Aneu cupped her hands trying to catch the excess semen escaping from her puffed cheeks. The sight became more horrific as the wolf led her by her mouth eventually knocking her over on her side. As she fell the wolf's cock simultaneously tugged itself free with a gushy pop.

Aneu explosively regurgitated, producing a putrid yellow white cocktail that had been the contents of her stomach. Yuca drew back covering her nose with a loose sleeve, appalled, almost heaving herself. In her weakened state, Aneu quickly fainted. As a final insult the wolf raised one leg urinating on her. It was at this time the Wolf had noticed her presence. Bounding over to the peephole he met her gaze with a glare that froze the very marrow of her bones.

In a beastly snarl he lunged at her from within the yurt. The sturdy canvas of the yurt kept him at bay giving her time to escape. Mounting her horse, she galloped away in the greatest haste.