

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



Chapter One

Jenny didn't look like a mutant. Not at all like the green skinned super-mutants, nor the hideous ghouls. She didn't have two heads, or three arms, or anything out of the ordinary. In fact, she looked absolutely normal - maybe even a little prettier than the average Wasteland girl. But there was something that set her apart - a hidden mutation triggered by the radiation that her parents and grandparents had been exposed to.

Apart from cellular damage to most life-forms, the radiation that still manifested as polluted waters and eerie radioactive storms also caused a few beneficial changes to DNA in some cases, and actually served to accelerate evolution. Such examples are the increased size and ferocity of many of the insectoid life-forms, or the evolution of the bipedal Mirelurk, or the hardy two headed Brahmin that are so essential to the economy and ecology of the world.

As if to prove Darwin correct, most of the successful changes have enabled the recipient of the altered DNA to be better adapted to survive in the hostile environment of the wasteland, and humans are no exception. It was not unknown for some humans to have developed a resistance to radiation, so are able to drink rain water or swim in irradiated rivers and lakes without any ill effects. A great many developed darker, tougher skin that could cope better with the harsh weather and radiation. Some had developed a stronger and less discriminating digestive system, and are able to gain nourishment from almost anything they can chew and swallow.

And such is the case with Jenny's mutation. Jenny's mutation was somewhat unusual, and though not visible, was an excellent survival trait. However, she often regarded it more of a curse than a gift, because it wasn't an ability she could control, but it had enormous control over her.

Jenny was a Scavver - a Wastelander who survived and made a living from scavenging anything she could find in the wastelands that might prove useful, or could be sold for a few caps. Her parents, and her grandparents had been Scavvers, and as far as she knew so had their parents. As far as she was aware, neither of her parents possessed her mutation - though her mother did seem to have a natural affinity with wild beasts and was often able to pacify them.

To further explain Jenny's mutant power, let us observe a typical day in her life. She is twenty two years old, yet despite living in the wastelands she could easily pass as a seventeen year old city dweller. Her outfit comprises of a leather jacket over a woollen jerkin, padded leather shin pads, and a mix of leather and combat armour shoulder and elbow protection. Today she is wearing loose fitting denim shorts held up by braces. Over the leather jacket she is wearing a harness that clips over her shoulder pads and has several large bags attached to the back, which are currently full of junk.

She would normally wear a smaller version of this bag, but pickings were getting scarce, so she had to venture further away from her camp than she preferred. Soon she would have to risk moving camp further out - maybe a little nearer to the river where pickings were rich. So far today she had found several empty bottles she could maybe get a couple of caps for, a broken security camera, two broken lamps, and a bag full of spent ammunition shells. For weapons, she was carrying a short stock shotgun and a small pipe pistol revolver. She would have preferred to have her sighted 308 rifle or her boosted laser rifle, but she was deplorably low on fusion cells, and the 308 hunting rifle was too heavy and cumbersome, so would reduce her carrying capacity. She needed to travel light so she could carry more junk back home.

So this scavenge was not ideal, having to travel to less familiar territory, lightly armed, and with a larger back-pack. As well as scavving useful junk, she was also scouting for a good location for a new camp. If she finds one, she will fortify it and then bring up her gear tomorrow. Requirements were quite specific - it had to be well hidden and easy to defend, but also have an alternative escape route should things go badly. It needed to be relatively close to a settlement or trade route so she doesn't have to haul her "goods" too far to sell them.

She has been set up in her current camp for too long - there's nothing worth picking left in the immediate area, and the ruined town south is infested with Feral Ghouls. She needs to find a new scavving ground soon or she will end up having to sell vital equipment for a few messily caps.

Jenny needs a steady source of income to buy water and food, as her mutation is not one that enables her to thrive on dirty water and wild mutfruit. Most importantly - it mustn't be too close to someone else's lair. She wasn't too hopeful about this area - There was no signs of Raiders or Feral ghouls here, but she had to go over some very rough terrain to get here, so she wouldn't be able to use her cart to move her belongings. About two years ago she had cobbled together a small two wheeled cart out of scraps, which was handy for pulling a large amount of scrap too heavy to carry to a settlement, or to use to transport all her belongings to a new camp in one go.

Scavvers don't own many belongings - it's wise not to if your lifestyle is basically transitory, but they are loathe to part with certain essentials such as good weaponry, spare armour and clothing, sleeping bags, digging tools, and of course, cooking equipment. Trying to move that to a new location is tricky and often takes many runs. Some scavvers (the upwardly mobile ones) invest in a beast of burden - usually a Brahmin, but that was not an option for Jenny. If she did find a suitable camp site here, she would have to sell her cart and most of her equipment, because she would never get it over the ridge, and the fifteen mile detour around it would be too dangerous.

It would have to be a pretty damn good hideout to justify all the trouble, and that is exactly what she found, quite by chance. She was just about to give up on the area and decide whether to go home now or set up a temporary camp and return home in the morning when she hit the jackpot. She had ventured a bit further north and uphill than she had intended, and so hadn't noticed that the sun was getting lower. As soon as she realised that it was late afternoon, it was already too late to go home - the sun would be setting before she's even out of the ruins, and she would have to negotiate the ridge in the dark - a tricky task and quite dangerous.

She would have to stay here until the morning. Not a big deal - she'd done this before, she just needed a safe place to make a temporary camp.

Though the dilapidated house she was rummaging through was nothing more than two walls and half a flight of stairs going nowhere, it would serve as a good shelter for the night, so she started to arrange debris in the corner to make a concealment. She could crouch down well hidden, and might even be able to catch a few moments of sleep in safety until sunrise. From the house she could see anything moving in the ruins of the town below, but the walls would protect her back - all she need do is conceal herself and keep still for a few hours.

What she did not realise is that the collapsed pieces of plasterboard and remains of a door that she tried to prop up as cover were already being used as a hide by a wild mongrel. As soon as she dislodged the door, she heard a loud growl, and the beast was already leaping out and baring its fangs at her before she was able to draw her pistol.

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## Chapter Two

She fell back in surprise and stumbling on the remains of a wooden window frame, she was flat on her back in seconds. She quickly released the catches on her harness so she could move swiftly, but as she drew her pistol she heard more growls and caught a movement in the periphery of her vision. Another growl behind her as she scrambled to her feet told her she was surrounded by at least three, maybe four dogs.

This was when her natural defences kicked in – she automatically pissed herself and began to sweat. The attitude of the wild mutts changed almost instantly. The Alpha male caught the scent first and growled a warning to the others, who immediately began to whimper and hold back. Jenny knew that even with the initiative back in her court, she still wouldn't be able to kill the alpha before the rest were upon on her, and she'd be lucky to kill two of them before they tore her to pieces. If she had a 45 pistol, or even a 10mm she might stand a chance, or if there were only two of them, but she was vulnerable and outnumbered. She had no choice but to use her mutant talent to its best ability – but even as she took the decision to submit, she spotted a fifth dog sneak around the corner.

The hounds circled her slowly as she holstered her pistol and released the clasps on the braces that held her baggy wet shorts. Her mutant power was saving her life as the mangy curs caught the full strength of her scent, and the younger ones even contemplated fighting the alpha for first go. Jenny's mutated glands produced pheromones that exactly mimicked those of the females of whatever creature triggered her adrenaline. In short – her own fear and sense of danger automatically turned her into a potential mate instead of a meal.

Jenny's hormones developed this ability shortly after she reached puberty, but it was several years before she realised exactly what made her different from anyone else. She left her family when she was eighteen, afraid they might find out, and had been a lone scavenger ever since. By now she was used to her unique talent, and knew what to expect. Slowly she dropped to her hands and knees, and waited with trepidation.

She did not have to wait long – the larger and stockier of the pack (a reddish brown mutt that appeared to be a Labrador / Rottweiler mix) approached confidently – quite obviously the alpha male of the pack. She could see the quivering ruby red tip of its emerging penis already peeking from its' mangy sheath, ready for action. The alpha sniffed briefly at her exposed crotch before quickly mounting her, and she felt his boney rocket poke at her quim.

She gasped as the hot hard member penetrated her vulva and the large mutt began thrusting hard at her exposed rear. Glancing around, she saw that all four of the other dogs were also male, and their little red rockets were also peeking from their flea bitten sheaths, and she realised with dismay she would have to satisfy each and every one of them. .

The alpha gripped her belly hard with his forepaws, and would have scratched her deeply were it not for her leather jerkin and wide belt. It was not the first time she had been taken like this, and her apparel was deliberately chosen to offer protection where it would be needed, but allow quick and easy access to her sex.

Jenny squealed a little as she felt a sharp pain when with a hard thrust of his pelvis, the big dog rammed his knot inside her. Within seconds the hot bulb began to swell, locking the mutt's throbbing member inside her vaginal passage as the other dogs watched enviously. Jenny tried to ignore the foul stench of the mutt's breath and tried hard not to look at the unhealthy scabrous bodies of the horny hounds awaiting their turn, but instead tried to put her mind somewhere else.

The alpha fucking her was a lot healthier and larger than the rest of his pack, and his swollen cock filled her completely. His knot rubbed against her clitoris as his boney dick hammered at her cervix mercilessly. He was hot and throbbing, bringing her to the point of orgasm when he suddenly ejaculated and flooded her womb with his semen. She could feel her belly swell with the hot fluid, but despite the pressure, his knot formed a tight seal stopping the deluge from leaking out. Jenny's thighs shook as her orgasm ripped through her body.

The dominant alpha male stopped thrusting as he emptied his balls into the female, then once satisfied, tried to pull out. The first time Jenny had been tied with a dog, they were unable to separate for at least twenty minutes, and she was stuck with the massive cock inside her as the dog tried to drag her away by his knot – an experience that had been painful to both. But that was several years ago, and she was now more experienced and used to being fucked by cocks of all shapes and sizes. This time though, she was not keen on having such a huge knot pulled out of her, only to be fucked by not just one, but four more dogs in quick succession, so though she could have easily allowed the dog to pull his knot out, she tightened her vaginal muscles to hold him in a bit longer.

The Alpha was happy to demonstrate his superiority by making his pack wait, so cocked his leg over her ass and fucked her butt to butt until his erection began to die down. By the time she was ready to let him go, his knot was smaller and came free without bruising or ripping her pussy. His semen had started to congeal, and slurped out of her gaping cunt like jelly as the next dog mounted her and thrust his already erect cock into her wet hole.

Jenny was thankful that there was nobody around to see her being used by the filthy wild mongrels, and despite feeling shame allowed herself to enjoy the experience. Being fucked by the filthy brutes was better than being eaten by them, and if she ignored the stench and filth, she could pretend these were chosen lovers falling over themselves to satisfy her carnal lusts.

She had been through similar situations enough times to master it. Just a shift in her mindset, and she was a wanton whore yearning to be filled with throbbing cocks and gushing semen. By the time the second dog had finished, she was drifting in waves of pleasure and was feeling disappointed when his knot plopped out of her loose cunt with a wet popping sound.

Seconds later two more dogs were fighting each other for their turn, and it wasn't long before another hot dick was boning her dripping hole. There was some scrabbling, and a confusion of legs before she felt greater weight on her back, and then she could feel two wet pointed dicks poking at her rear. One successfully entered her pussy and began to thrust deep into her, whilst another slimy cock jabbed against the small of her back before finally locating her little brown flower.

Too wrapped up into the orgy to even protest, Jenny flexed her ring to let the doggy cock burrow deep into her back passage. It wasn't a big cock like the alpha's organ, or even as big as the second dog, but she still felt a jab of pain as he lunged and buried his bone deep into her ass all the way to his scabby sheath. His knot began to swell as soon as it had nestled into her rectum, and she could feel the immense pressure of her g-spot being squeezed between two swollen knots. The very thought of being double penetrated was turning her on, and it wasn't long before another orgasm was building up inside her.

Unable to control herself and oblivious to the outside world she screamed in a mixture of pain and ecstasy as both her holes were pummelled by the horny mutts. It was barely a matter of minutes before the young dogs were ejaculating into her gut and uterus, and she almost passed out when the top dog pulled his golf ball sized knot out of her cum flooded back passage. Both dogs dismounted as the fifth and final mutt took his turn at fucking the human bitch. Jenny began to return to her senses

just as the dog was ejaculating, and was starting to feel a little nauseous – partly from realisation of what had just happened and her disgust at the foul beasts, and partly from an aching belly full of congealed doggy cum.

Each thrust of his swollen dick put more pressure against her insides that were already full of squelching cum. Both her uterus and her guts were holding most of what the first four dogs could empty into her, which was quite a lot as they hadn't mated in some time. Jenny was starting to feel sore now, and wished that this dog had also found her asshole before thrusting into her tired and abused pussy. She had already orgasmed twice, and was relieved when she felt the warmth of his seed spread inside her belly.

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Chapter Three

As the satisfied hound pulled his knot out of her with little resistance, she collapsed in an exhausted heap, too tired to move, and aching all over. Against her better judgement, she fell asleep (or passed out) for a while, and when she opened her eyes again she looked around. The sun had set now, and she could see nobody around except the five dogs, now licking the sticky mess from their shrinking cocks. She picked up her pistol and regarded the satiated animals. Five dogs and six bullets. If she aimed at their heads at close range, she could probably kill them all – if she was quick. But what if one shot was not enough?

Her .38 pea shooter of a revolver could possibly do the job if she shot each dog through the eye, but once she had fired two or three times she would lose the element of surprise and getting a clear shot might not be so easy. The shotgun would kill instantly, but only held two cartridges – the other three dogs would be at her throat before she could reload. So should she risk trying to kill them with her pistol? If more than one shot failed to kill instantly, she was done for. On the other hand, there didn't seem to be any bitches in the pack, so unless they felt threatened or hungry, she was in no immediate danger from them.

It wasn't the first time she had been raped by wild mongrels – or worse, and the shame she felt was always there afterwards. Not just shame of having been used by the lowest creatures on the planet, but more than that. Shame of having to admit to herself that she enjoyed it. That's why she usually killed them after – to try to kill the shame.

The Alpha stood up and regarded her steadily for a moment. She tucked her pistol back into her belt, then pulled a piece of jerky out from one of her arm pockets and tossed it over to him. He snatched it in his jaws, then disappeared under the debris under the stairwell. She could just walk away slowly and hope they don't try to track her – or she could follow their leader. To hell with the shame – it's time she was honest with herself and thought of practicality.

She chose to follow, and found a small hole in the debris that led down some stairs – a cellar. She tentatively squeezed through the gap and explored the hidden lair. It smelled musty, and was dark, so she chanced using a torch from one of her pockets that she had wrested from a broken miner's lamp a few days ago. The battery was low, but the faint glow was enough to show her most of the cellar.

It looked like it had been used by another Scavver – there was a half eaten corpse gripping an empty 10mm pistol as well as the shrivelled corpse of a female dog. She kicked the corpse aside to expose an old mattress stained with dry blood. She'd slept on far worse, and wasn't too squeamish. There was also several cupboards, an unlit lantern, and some sort of workbench. There was also a dripping

faucet and the broken remains of an enamel sink, but at the moment no way of knowing whether it was clean water or contaminated – though it was clearly good enough for the pack of mongrels.

Jenny's first thought was that now she had another weapon with more ammo, she could kill those dogs and the lair was hers, but then she thought wiser. As long as they recognised her as their bitch, she didn't need to kill them. In fact, they would protect and guard her. At least for now. All she had to do was make sure they were well fed and let them service her when they felt horny. She could live with that.

Maybe if she cared well enough for them, she could tame them. Trained guard dogs are a highly prized commodity.

The alpha dog was sitting in a corner under the sink chewing on the jerky Jenny had given him. She found a plastic bowl and filled it with water from the faucet, then put it down next to the ferocious looking hound. He lapped at the water and whimpered slightly as she stroked his head. True, he was mangy and scabby – but a better diet and grooming could change that.

She heard scuttling behind her as the other four dogs came down the cellar steps, and she dished out more of the jerky. It was all of her supplies of meat, but she had some vegetables in her backpack.

Jenny took stock of her life. She had been a loner since leaving her family, and she had known ever since she discovered her mutant ability that it was a curse that doomed her to a life of solitude. At least, unless she was willing to throw in her lot with the most depraved Raider gang that would not be shocked or ashamed of her. But from what she had heard of Raiders, she would sooner be a loner than become one of them – assuming they didn't just eat her as soon as they grew bored with her.

Thus lay the odd contradiction in her life. The only sexual release she could get (apart from one night stands with men who just wanted to use her) came from creatures that were a threat to her life. She had grown acquainted with the association with fear, danger, and sex that dangerous situations had become an aphrodisiac to her, and any dangerous animal she had not submitted to yet was a source of anticipation.

Often, she would just shoot dead any dangerous creatures before they could even be aware of her, but more and more often she would find herself thinking "Why waste bullets?" and "What will it feel like to be ravished by this beast?"

of course, in most cases she would kill the creature afterwards anyway, because when all is said and done it is a threat, and one day she might encounter something more hungry or angry than lust can overcome. Also, there is no telling what harm can come from being raped by wasteland monsters – either from overdose of radiation, contracting some deadly infection, or simply torn apart by something too big and dangerous for her.

For instance, she was not sure she could survive being fucked by a Deathclaw, and she once had a very close shave when she was almost crushed to death by an amorous male Brahmin. Another good example was the Yao-guai. That incident had been about a year ago. Jenny had strayed into the hillsides to hunt game and forage for edible crop after exhausting her scavving area. Going deeper into the town would have put her too close to Raiders and Ferals, so as she couldnt afford to buy food, opted to find her own. That had been a risky move, because the wilderness is always more dangerous than close to the roads. True, there are fewer Raiders or rival Scavvers, and Ghouls are rare, but other creatures are more common.

Jenny had just shot down three Bloatflies with a scoped pipe rifle when she drew the attention of a

Yao-Guai. She hadn't noticed it crouching in a large bush until she heard it growl and turned to see it pounding towards her. A .38 pipe rifle will do little more than annoy the giant bear, so she instantly dropped her weapon and let the urine flow from between her legs and hope the pheromones kicked in in-time.

They did, and the beast slowed down to sniff at the strange creature. It looked like a human and wore the strange coverings that humans wore, but it smelled unmistakably like a female Yao-guai. Not only that, but a receptive female. Mentally preparing herself, Jenny dropped her pants and turned her back to the beast. She had never been so close to a live one before, but she had heard they were gentle to their own kind, so closed her eyes and waited for what was to follow with a rapidly beating heart.

As excited as she was, there was no doubting her fear, and that caused her to sweat even more, making the Yao-guai as horny as hell. She grew a little excited as she felt the beast's hot breath on the back of her neck, and her legs were shaking. Then the hot breath chased down her spine to her nether regions, and she almost screamed and had to bite her lip as she felt a rough tongue scrape over her labia. The rough tongue tried to probe her pussy, but the more the adrenaline pumped through her body, the more aroused the beast became, and it was mere moments before she felt the huge paws grab her hips and the Yao-guai's hard penis plunged into her cunt. This time she did scream as the flared organ stretched her pussy wide and thrust deep into her. It had a long penis bone like a dog, only much bigger, and the cockhead was massively flared. The lust engorged organ sank deep inside her, hitting her cervix hard, so hard it almost broke through into her womb. She tried to wriggle off the long cock that was almost splitting her open, but the animal was too far into it's fucking to stop.

Eventually his huge balls let go of their load and his massive ursine member hosed her insides with at least a pint of cum. The Yao-guai then left her semi-conscious until she was able to crawl to her feet and limp back home, bruised and bleeding. In retrospect, she had done the only thing she could. There is no way she could outrun a Yao-guai, and it wouldn't be possible to kill any Yao-guai (let alone a giant specimen such as that one) with a low calibre pipe rifle. Even from a distance, she would have run out of ammo before even slowing it down. If she hadn't let it fuck her, she wouldn't have limped home injured, she would have been dead in moments.

But that wasn't the point. The point was she didn't even think about it. She didn't try to figure out her best option, she just dropped her pants and wondered what sex with a giant Yao-guai would be like. She was letting her mutant talent, gift, curse, whatever define who and what she is. an beast slut.

Could she ever change that?

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## **Chapter Four**

Of course, her pack might not appreciate other wasteland critters fucking her – and she might have problems scavving with the pack in tow. Come to think of it, returning to her old camp with a pack of mongrels (even if they will let her) might be a bit problematic. She wasn't ready to abandon her hunting rifle or her laser weapons (even if fusion cells are hard to get), and though she didn't really need her tent or sleeping bag right now, she didn't want to lose them or her winter garments.

She took a closer look around the cellar, lighting the lantern after finding a can of kerosene. There was a torn and perished rubber tube near the faucet, and on a small table or shelf next to the sink



was some glass flasks and filters. A chem lab? Maybe a water purifier? She wasn't sure - nobody had taught her chemistry when she was a child. There was a home-made battery under the workbench and a few power tools (a motorised wheel and a drill) which could be useful. She very rarely had access to such things, but had used them before. Usually she sold such batteries when she came across them, but now she had a good reason to get this working. This lair was better than anything she had even hoped for.

A good hideaway, a workstation, guard dogs, a possible water supply. All she needed now was a regular source of food and she had the perfect home. She was painfully aware that the fate of the previous tenant was almost certainly a case of his being attacked by her pack - probably because they were hungry. But then, dogs don't have rifles, so their hunting is a little more limited than hers. She was certain she had seen a Radstag not far from here - that would provide a good meal for them all, and if she crept up close enough, she could kill it with one shotgun shell.

It was too dark now to scout the area for game or look for edible fruit and vegetables, but some of the surrounding land had looked suitable for a degree of farming. Tomorrow she would look for food, then she would go back to her old camp for her rifles - once she had ensured the pack would remain loyal to her. Having her own personal guard dog would indeed be useful, and having a whole pack to protect her would be pretty awesome, but trying to ensure they are all well fed might be difficult. Did she really need five dogs? Maybe if one or two of them met with an "accident" the pack would be easier to handle.

She wasn't sure if it might come to that. With her enhancing their hunting skills, and they enhancing her hunting skills, food might not be a real problem. What she didn't relish was being regularly banged by five horny hounds - at this rate she would soon have a pussy as big as a Brahmin's.

Looking closer at the flasks and retorts on the bench, she was pretty sure the rubber tube had once fed water from the faucet into a water purifier of some kind. The large flask with the remnants of the tubing certainly looked like some sort of filter. She could probably fix it with a tube from a blood pack or something similar. There was a collection of jars with labels on that contained things like dried mushrooms, preserved Bloodbug glands, venom sacs, and various seeds and dried plants. There was no doubt that this had once been the lair of a competent chemist. A shame she knew practically nothing of chemistry herself. Maybe she could learn.

There were a few tins in the cupboards - maybe not too far gone to consume. Most tinned food was irradiated, but if these had been down here since before the war they should be clean. More likely though, they had been scavenged by the previous tenant, so maybe not so good. There was a wooden chest under the stairwell with a scoped pipe rifle, a couple of grenades, a bag of caps and some ammo. To be honest, she'd expected a better weapons haul from someone who had clean water and a workbench. Even she had better weapons stashed away than these. Maybe he'd hidden the best stuff somewhere else. Maybe the corpse on the mattress wasn't the original owner - just someone taking refuge for a while. Was the original owner still alive? What if he came back? She smiled to herself. "My boys will soon take care of him if he does."

She considered a more thorough search of the cellar, but weariness was getting to her and she needed to sleep. After all, she had been scavving all day, walked many miles, and just been fucked senseless by five wild dogs.

She sat curled up on the filthy mattress, and soon the alpha dog joined her on the mattress, whilst the rest of the pack curled up in the corners of the cellar. She was beginning to feel cold, and the Alpha's body was warm. It didn't object when she snuggled close to it for warmth and she began to wonder just how wild this dog was. His pelt was almost complete, unlike the sparse patchy fur that

covered the unhealthy scabby skin of the rest of the pack. He was not as thin and emaciated either, and though that may be because as the alpha he gets first pickings, she suspected that maybe once he was an owned dog – probably a junk-yard dog. He had a few scars. but all alpha dogs have deep scars, because you don't get to the top without going through really tough fights.

Also, it seems unlikely that he would so easily lie next to her unless he was already accustomed to human contact. Her power over animals only lasted as long as she was producing the right pheromones, which was why she had never attempted to tame her mates. Not that she hadn't imagined how awesome that would be. Just imagine how cool it would be to wander through the wilderness riding on the back of an enormous Yao-Guai, or strolling through towns with a Deathclaw at her side. Why, even the bravest Raider gangs would run from her. It was one of her greatest dreams

But the moment the mating is over and the beast no longer desires sex from her, she is once again regarded as another human – either a potential threat, or a potential meal. She wondered with just a little trepidation whether she was making a serious mistake now? Taming one mutt was quite feasible – she had considered it before, and knew that there was at least one wasteland wanderer with a reputation for capturing and domesticating wild dogs to sell. Originally, thousands of years ago all dogs were wild until humans domesticated them. One dog she could easily domesticate, she was sure. But a pack of five wild mongrels? That was ambitious.

Of course, she didn't really need to domesticate the whole pack. All she needed to do was ensure that the pack leader accept her, and that he remained the Alpha male. And if she was right that he was once a domestic animal, that would not be hard. As long as she fed him well, and gave him regular sex, he would keep her safe. He was smart, she could tell. There was a look of intelligence in his eyes, and any dog that becomes a pack leader has to be smarter than the rest of the pack. The only hard part would be gaining their respect. She didn't want to just be their bitch and under their control.

She could see they were somewhat wary, staring at her uncertainly. Maybe they wanted to fuck her again, or maybe they wanted to eat her. Maybe they just saw her as a threat. Whatever – whilst she was in the Alpha's favour, she would be safe. Of course, she would have to find a name for him. There was no sign of a collar – though a slightly worn and roughened line on his neck suggested that he probably did wear one once. What might he respond to? Red perhaps (his fur was reddish after all). Maybe Alpha? Alpha Red? Alfred! That was it, she'd call him Alfred.

"How you doing Alfred?" she said to him in a quiet friendly voice. He looked up at her with his big brown eyes. She stroked his warm fur and saw by the dim light from the lantern that his ruby tip was peeking from his sheath, so carefully sliding her hand down to his belly, she began to fondle him. His response was positive – he didn't growl or snap at her, he let her continue as he slowly became more erect. Soon the huge organ was erect in her hand as she gently masturbated him. The hot penis throbbed in her grasp and grew to a size that amazed her. Had it really been as big as this when he fucked her? No wonder she felt so filled by it. It was around eight or nine inches from the ruby red tip to the pale veined knot at the base. The hard bulbous knot was another inch and a half to two inches in diameter. She thought it a beautiful shape too – a conical tip with a nicely flared crown that was not too big, with a narrow neck that bulged enormously at the middle of the shaft, to become narrow again just before the knot.

She realised and admitted to herself that she liked this cock, and she liked being fucked by it. Her mind was set – she would make this dog hers, and she would let him fuck her whenever he wanted. It would be her pleasure to have this glorious cock inside her as much as possible.

Jenny bent down to kiss it, then gently sucked on the warm tip. The dog whimpered as she cupped his knot in her hand and slowly fellated his shaft. Soon she tasted his sweet hot pre-cum flooding her mouth, and took his cock as far into her throat as she could. She couldn't open her mouth wide enough to get his whole cock past her lips, so just used her lips and her hand to masturbate him until he ejaculated his thick hot cum down her throat. That was it – she totally won him over. He licked her face as she fell asleep with her arms around him, and knew she was safe.

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Chapter Five

It was not the first time she had seriously considered using her talent to help domesticate animals. She often wished she had a Brahmin to help her carry the heavy burdens she had to haul home, or to a trader for sale, so she once decided to capture one. Domesticating the strange two headed bovine that populated the wasteland was actually quite common, but it is usually a slow process. They are rather placid ruminants that are descended from pre-war cattle, and are relatively docile. They are usually lured into a farm or community by placing troughs of water where they are likely to wander, and are then herded into an enclosure. After prolonged contact with humans they become used to them after a while, and can be trained to pull carts or carry large loads. The cows are preferred, because they are more docile, and of course – produce milk.

There was the big problem in Jenny's plan. Her talent only works on males. Her mutant power has several limitations. Apart from only working on males, it is useless against Feral Ghouls, as Ghouls don't really have much of a sex drive anyway and have almost no sense of smell. Ferals are so degraded by radiation that their only instinct is to attack and devour.

Likewise, it is of no use against Super-Mutants, as they are usually incapable of reproduction and have no females. It is rumoured that there are a few "throwbacks" that do have a sex drive and are capable of getting erections – but they have absolutely no reaction to pheromones at all. They were artificially created as super-soldiers, and not natural creatures, so her body cannot produce anything that will affect them.

The effect she has on humans is minimal, as humans have evolved to be more social than instinctive, so have very little reaction to pheromones. However, they are likely to be aroused by her looks and general appearance, but in any case initiating sexual arousal in a man is only going to put her in more danger most of the time – particularly amongst Raiders, who are known for sadism and depravity.

Her talent would also be a liability against creatures such as Radroaches and Bloat Fly too, as her pheromones would cause them to swarm over her, and even if they didn't penetrate her they would give her a near lethal dose of radiation. Besides, Radroach males inseminate their females by stabbing their sharp chitinous members through their shells, so she would get multiple stab wounds from dozens of tiny radioactive dagger penises.

Sex with a Radscorpion would probably be lethal, unless she was wearing power armour. In their ritual courtship, the male Radscorpion grasps the females claws in his own, then drags her over where he has deposited his sperm. He wouldn't outright kill Jenny, but tearing her arms out of their sockets or chopping her hands off at the wrist would not be good for her general well-being. However, producing female Radscorpion pheromones would stop him from attacking her and give her ample opportunity to run away, with the creature unlikely to give chase. Apart from the incident with the Yao-Guai she tried to avoid very large animals.

But getting back to her Brahmin plan. Jenny had considered using her ability to seduce and tame a bull Brahmin to use as a beast of burden, and maybe hire out as a stud to farms wanting their Brahmin cows inseminating. The first problem is that she can't turn on her talent at will - it is an autonomous response to fear, so first she had to get close to a Brahmin bull and trigger her own fear responses. She had seen a plain of rough grasses that were used by Brahmin, so stalked the area looking for a male.

She didn't have to wait long, as most wild herds have at least one bull amongst them, and she soon spotted one. He was a big brute too - almost twice the size of the cows, which are somewhat bigger than most pre-war cattle to begin with. As he turned she caught sight of his enormous balls - four testes as big as melons hung between the beast's hind legs. Jenny gulped and wondered just how much cum he would deposit in her and what its effect might be. Was it radioactive? Probably not - the milk of Brahmin cows wasn't. In fact it was said that Brahmin milk could cure radiation sickness. Next she had to get close enough to him without scaring him off. This was not so hard as she expected because bulls are more aggressive, so as soon as he spotted her, he didn't run away but instead started to stomp the ground ready to charge her.

Now the biggest hurdle was over - trying to get scared. She didn't have to try hard - the sight of the huge beast with its four dangerous looking horns charging at her caused her so much fear, she almost turned and ran. But as soon as the bull caught the smell of the yellow stream puddling at her feet, he stopped, confused for a moment. Jenny knew she would not be able to carry the weight of the beast when he tried to mount her, so edged slowly back to the large boulder she had been crouching behind when she was waiting for the heard to arrive. The bull stopped charging and sniffed at the air and snorted. He followed, sniffing for several seconds at the puddle of urine she had left behind. He snorted again, shook both his heads and bellowed. Terrified, but excited, Jenny leaned over the boulder, her bare ass exposed to the air.

Moments later, she felt the ground vibrate as the heavy two headed behemoth thudded towards her, and she could soon smell the heady musk and feel the beasts warm breath fan her buttocks. There was a loud bellow as the bull mounted her, and she felt her body crushed and winded under the enormous weight. Her breath was knocked from her, and she was too stunned to even notice that the beasts' thin hard member had penetrated her vulva. She had barely recovered from the initial shock before she felt another blow as he thrust his member deeper inside her. Though the tip of the bull's penis was tapered and relatively thin, the base was considerably thicker, and Jenny soon felt her pussy being stretched as the huge organ rammed into her. She began to panic as she was unable to draw breath and was being crushed between the rock and the heavy beast that lay across her back.

If she had a breath left in her body, she would undoubtedly have screamed in pain as the huge beast's penis bashed hard against her cervix, and roughly fucked her senseless. The bull thrust again, and Jenny realised that she might possibly be able to slip out from under the bull between thrusts - but to do so she would have to impale herself as deep as possible onto the hard shaft that was withdrawing from her bruised pussy. After the next thrust, she gauged the length of the erect bovine cock to time her own backward thrust. At the precise second that she knew he had pulled back as far as he was going to, she pushed back with her hands firmly on the top of the boulder, and impaled herself down onto his dick all the way to his sheath. The bull Brahmin bellowed loudly, and Jenny suddenly felt his massive cock bulge and pulse before suddenly filling her with a mighty deluge of hot semen. Her belly bulged and almost exploded as the bull ejaculated his full load into her womb.

There was a disgusting squelching sound as in spite of the girth of the cock plugging her vagina, thick creamy cum spurted out, splattering the ground and the bull's heavy balls. Jenny successfully

extricated herself from between the Brahmin and the rock before collapsing to the ground.

When she came round a few moments later, the bull Brahmin had already lost interest in her and was wandering back to the herd. Jenny lay gasping for breath, her chest heaving, her back aching, her legs like jelly, and her still swollen belly hurting badly. By the time she was able to stagger to her feet, the herd had wandered off and were nowhere in sight. As she stood up clutching her aching tummy, at least a pint of thick creamy goo gushed out of her pussy. She was determined never to try that stunt again – at least not without power armour.

Seeing as Brahmin are supposed to be easy to domesticate, and she had failed so badly there, she put that idea out of her head for a long time. A dog though? That is another matter. Dog's can be trained, and they aren't too big for her. Well not quite anyway.

Through the night Jenny dreamed of being fucked by dozens of viscous wild dogs one after another without rest, burying their big knots inside her and filling her with so much cum that her swollen belly was touching the floor and still getting bigger until her fingers and toes could barely touch the floor – and then she awoke to Alfred licking her face.

She still ached a little from the previous days exertions, but nevertheless stumbled to her feet and filled the plastic bowl with water. Alfred drank from it first – the other four dogs waiting for a certain look from him, before gathering around the bowl to drink. Jenny was intrigued by that, as the dogs could just as easily have drunk from the dripping tap. Jenny had no more jerky, so she pulled on her pants, and grabbed the pipe rifle before climbing up the stairs into the daylight. She blinked a few times, getting used to the bright sunlight before setting off to look for food. She heard a scampering behind her, and soon the big Alpha was by her side. She grinned.

“Come on then Alfred – let's go a hunting.” a few moments later there was more scampering, and the other four mongrels were following a discrete distance behind.

Fifteen minutes later she was squatting behind a tree stalking a two headed Radstag. It was only a doe, but it had plenty of meat on it and would feed the dogs for a day or two. Jenny wasn't sure how accurate the scope was, so aimed for one of the thighs. The shot was slightly off, but the doe was crippled, so she compensated with her next shot to one of it's heads. This was spot on, and though that shot wasn't enough to kill it outright, by now the pack were on her and she was dead by the time Jenny got to the body. She called Alfred off, and he barked a command to the pack to fall back.

Jenny slung the carcass over her shoulders and staggered back to the cellar with the dogs close behind. She didn't try to get it into the cellar – it was too big to get through, and anyway she didn't want her new home smelling like an abattoir, so she butchered it with her large hunting knife using a fridge door as a table. She cut out the still warm heart and gave it to Alfred, then threw the offal to the rest of the dogs, and cut up the meat into strips to make into jerky. She was a little apprehensive about using the old fireplace as a smoker as a plume of smoke coming out of the chimney would give away her position to any Raiders in the locale, but it was pretty clear that it had been used this way before, and now she had protection.

There was a stove and a cooking pot in the cellar, so after foraging for a few wild carrots and some edible mushrooms, she added the last of the vegetables in her backpack and with a few chunks of Radstag meat and a bottle of Gwinett stout cooked herself a tasty stew. She could give the bones to the dogs, and maybe boil a couple to make stock. “This will keep the boys happy for a few days.” she said to herself as she stored the jerky in a cooler.

By late afternoon she still hadn't been back to the old camp for her stuff (but it was hidden well

enough), nor had she scavenged anything of worth, but she had gone a step further in winning the loyalty of her pack, and she had ensured the larder was well stocked. Things were looking good.

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## Chapter Six

Jenny spent the remainder of the day clearing out the cellar. She didn't want the decaying remains of the female dog, nor the half eaten remains of the previous tenant fouling the place up, so she dumped them outside a good distance away. She had found a piece of tubing to fix the water filter, so it was soon making clean water again. She had also found a clump of moss in a marsh with some Radstools growing in it. Radstools are a small glowing green fungus with a number of uses. It grows in very moist areas that are soaked with radioactive water, which the fungus absorbs and glows. As a result, the fungus glows bright green, and the more radiation, the more it glows. This is handy for making night lights, and also a good way to test for radiation if you don't have access to a radiation meter (not everyone has a PIP-boy). It is also one of the main ingredients for making Radaway, and can be used to replace used filters in water purifiers.

She let a piece dry out and waited for it to dim, then put it in a cup of the water from the faucet. It began to glow again, very slightly. So the tap water is a little contaminated, as she suspected. She tried another piece in some of the treated water, and there was no glow – her purifier worked!

Though not a chem expert, like all good Scavvers she knew enough to survive, and most Scavvers knew that rainwater is quite drinkable if you filter it through a few layers of carbon (or the digestive system of a Brahvin) and boil it. Better still, filter it and distilling it, then filter it again. Some Scavvers claimed you could avoid radiation sickness by drinking Radstag urine, but you had to be pretty damned thirsty to go that far.

The fact remains that the rivers, seas, and lakes were all so badly contaminated by the nuclear war that even the fresh rains are unsafe for drinking and still contains fallout, and clean water is a valuable commodity. As Jenny placed another full bottle of clean water in the cupboard, she considered whether or not she should trade any spare. It might raise too many eyebrows and arouse too much curiosity. Scavvers don't sell clean water – they only buy it, and at a somewhat higher price than is really fair. Most big towns and communities have access to clean water, but most outsiders – wastelanders, do not. She was curious to see how the dogs would react to clean water though. Though they had adapted to surviving on dirty water, they didn't look too healthy, and cleaner water might change that. She poured half a bottle of the water into the dog's drinking bowl, then made a mental note to look out for empty bottles whilst scavving. She went up top to douse the fire before the sun set, then called Alfred in. Having been well fed for the day, the dogs didn't really need to go out hunting, but they felt full of energy, and wanted to be out of Jenny's way whilst she was cleaning out the cellar.

There were a few embers still glowing in the fireplace, so she lay a few more strips of meat over the grill and leaned a broken door over the fireplace so the glow could not be seen, then retired to the cellar. She kept the stove burning – nobody could see the glow down in the cellar, and not even the smoke would be seen in the darkness of the night. Jenny ladled a few scoops of the hot stew into a mess tin and tucked in hungrily. This was the first hot meal she had eaten since two days ago, and it certainly hit the spot. Winter was drawing in and the nights were getting longer and colder. Less time to hunt and forage, more time to sit shivering, wondering whether life would get better or worse.

Except tonight she wasn't shivering. Tonight she was in a warm place with four brick walls around

her, a warm meal in her belly, and a real hope that life was going to get better. Alfred sniffed at the bowl of clean water, then looked at Jenny quizzically.

“Go ahead Alfie – it’s good water. Only the best for us from now on.”

the dog lapped at the water, aware that it was somehow different from ordinary water. Something missing, something about it that made it better. A strange new feeling began to flow through both Jenny and Alfred, one they couldn’t actually put a name to – a feeling we call optimism.

After finishing her meal, there was little left to fill the time. She had explored every inch of the basement (and not found another stash of weapons or equipment), and had cleaned the place up. Apart from the small stash under the stairwell and the one mattress, there was little to suggest that this was a home base, so she surmised that this was just a temporary outpost and workshop, and that the owner had another bigger base somewhere else. It made sense – a lot of well established Wastelanders had several such outposts scattered about, particularly if their operations covered a wide area.

However, this was heaven for someone who spent most of their life travelling and at best made do with a lean-to under a bridge or sleeping in the remains of an old bus. Of course, it wasn’t absolutely perfect – she would need to make a few improvements. Security for instance. True, she had a pack of dogs to protect the place, but that wouldn’t help if for instance someone threw a hand grenade into the cellar whilst she and the dogs were sleeping. She doused the lantern, so that the only light in the cellar was the faint glow from the stove – that would not be seen from outside. But the light from the lantern might cause a glow around the hatchway that could be seen from a distance at night. The main drawback was there was no alternative exit, no escape. If an enemy was aware she was down there, they would have her trapped. She wondered if it was feasible to dig a tunnel through the back. For that she would need a pick and a shovel – heavy work, and it would take a long time – time that would be better spent on day to day survival.

Maybe she could put up a curtain on the stairwell, or maybe fix the hatch so it can be closed at night. Maybe she could build a shack or hide around the ruins of the house. Maybe she could build kennels outside for the dogs, so if there are any intruders around they will attack them before the intruders reach the hatch, and alert her in time. So many options, but right now her resources were limited – she had no curtains or blankets. That was something she would need to scavenge soon. She remembered that the reason she was scouting this area to begin with was because it looked promising for fresh finds, so maybe she’d come across something when she gets back to scavving again.

With just a faint glow to see by, there wasn’t anything she could do right now other than sleep. Or maybe ..... She grinned as an idea came to her. Why not? She wasn’t tired enough to sleep, and daybreak was hours away.

She could see Alfred’s eyes glowing, staring at her in the almost darkness as she sat on the mattress. “Here boy” she called to him, and he rapidly responded, eagerly plodding himself onto the mattress between her ankles. Jenny slipped out of her leathers then spread her thighs apart to invite the dog to her sex. She gasped as his rough tongue began to taste her pussy, and soon she was getting wet down there. Jenny groaned as Alfred’s probing tongue worked deeper between her labia, lapping her juices and burying his snout between her thighs. She whimpered as he licked her sensitive clitoris, and crooned “Alfie! Alfie! Yes – don’t stop!”

She ran her fingers over his back, felt the raw muscles in his shoulders and neck, and realised she wanted him inside her. She turned over onto her stomach and then raised her bottom in the air as



she drew her knees up close. She almost climaxed as the big tongue flitted between her pussy and asshole, and begged the hound to take her.

Alfred flawlessly mounted her, and she felt the hot wet tip of his penis poke at her wet pussy as he lay his heavy chest over her back. His front paws grasped her lower belly as his love bone penetrated her quim like a knife through butter. She squealed in pleasure as he thrust his growing member deep inside her, slamming it hard against her pubis as soon as he was sure of his mark. She bit her lip as his knot slammed against her vulva. He clutched her tightly to his chest as his powerful thighs thrust hard like a jack-hammer, forcing a yelp from her lips as he rammed his knot inside her. He thrust again, forcing his cock as deep inside her pussy as it would go until he was sure they were well and truly tied.

Jenny felt his cock throbbing inside her, his knot swelling bigger until it was almost unbearable. She couldn't take any more, she needed him out of her, but that was not possible now he had tied. Then she felt the warm rush of his semen filling her womb and spreading a great warmth inside her belly. Her head was swimming as the big dog fucked her relentlessly, and she knew that he was the greatest lover she had ever had.

The other dogs were watching from their side of the room, not daring to approach until their alpha gave permission - and he wasn't in any hurry to do that just yet. Jenny could feel the pressure inside her as her belly filled with hot doggy cum, and let out a howl as she orgasmed with Alfred's massive dick slushing inside her. Eventually, he dismounted and pulled out of her with an audible pop,

One of the other dogs tentatively started to trot over to the mattress, a little unsure of the situation, as this time Jenny did not smell like a dog-bitch. Jenny tried to stroke his head, but he withdrew nervously at first, but then allowed her to touch him. She stroked his head a couple of times, then softly ran her hand under his chest to stroke his belly. The mangy mutt whimpered, enjoying this new sensation. Being a wild dog, it had never experienced being touched and caressed by human hands before, but found it strangely pleasing. Her fingers lightly danced around his sheath, teasing the sensitive wet tip that was beginning to peek out. She stroked the tube of skin and teased it back to expose more of his hot shaft. The faintly glowing stove was too far back, so she could not see the dog clearly, but she could feel his warm cock in her hand, and felt it pulse and grow with each throb.

A couple more of the curious mutts drew closer to her, and she could sense them sniffing at her. She crawled forward on her hands and knees, and moved to the grey mutt's side, so she could make out his glistening cock in the dim light. It wasn't nearly as big as Alfred's huge cock, but was similarly shaped with a pointed tip and wide bulge in the middle. Jenny slid her head closer and with his warm knot in her right hand, guided the hot dripping tip to her lips. She could feel another of the dogs licking her still gaping pussy, and a shiver of pleasure ran up her spine. As she took the mutt's penis deep into her mouth and sucked, she felt a weight on her back as the braver of the dogs sniffing at her rear tried to mount her.

At first she barely felt the thin boney cock slide into her wet folds, but he quickly began to grow, and with just a few quick thrusts had his knot inside her. There was another dog by her side, and with a cock deep in her mouth and another rapidly swelling inside her cunt, she reached out with her right hand to caress the dog next to her. It didn't take her long to find his belly, and was soon fingering his sheath. His warm penis was throbbing in her grip and starting to spurt over her wrist even as she could taste hot doggy cum flood her mouth. Seconds later she felt heat spread through her belly as the dog fucking her also ejaculated.

She swallowed as much of the grey dog's cum as she could, then shifted to lick the cock of the brownish mutt that she was masturbating. The unseen hound that fucked her was much smaller than

Alfred, so once he had finished filling Jenny with his seed, pulled out with little resistance. Moments later she felt another weight upon her back as the fourth mongrel mounted her. Though she couldn't see it, his cock was a little shorter, but thicker, and took a few thrusts to fully penetrate her. His knot was already quite large, causing Jenny to grunt in pain as he rammed it into her. She almost gagged on the hot cock in her mouth as the beast on her back rutted hard and filled her with his hard cock. Though not as long as Alfred's, his organ was easily as thick, and if anything his bulging knot was bigger. She could feel his huge hairless balls slap against her pubic mound as he buried his meat deep inside her. Her eyes bulged as she once again felt her belly swell with hot cum, whilst the dog she was sucking off released his full load into her throat, his hot bulbous knot pressing against her lips. She coughed and spluttered, firmly pinned between the two hounds as one gripped her waist and the other gripped her head and she needed both hands on the floor to steady herself.

Jenny was utterly overwhelmed and out of control of the situation, but she had successfully satisfied her pack once again. The dog fucking her was firmly knotted, and unable to pull out of her in spite of the vigorous workout they had given her pussy, and ended up fucking her butt to butt until his knot had decreased enough to extricate from her stretched pussy.

Jenny crawled back to her mattress sore and exhausted, but totally satisfied, fell into a deep sleep almost immediately.

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Chapter Seven

Jenny woke up next morning, feeling fresh and alert, if not a little achy. She had several deep scratches on her belly, waist, and thighs, and made a mental note to keep her jerkin on the next time she decided to get raunchy with the dogs. She was also cold and hungry and ready for a good breakfast so helped herself to another serving of the stew after relighting the stove and warming it up. It was a good stew - one of the best she had ever made, and she had made rather a lot of it. It would probably last a few days, and more likely to spoil before it's all eaten. Though the meat is game, the vegetables don't keep as well, and even Radstag stew will be pretty much inedible after a couple of days.

She wasn't sure if dogs ate stew, but she felt it was no loss to her to share it with her new family, so ladled a little into a spare dish for Alfred. Apparently - though primarily carnivores - wasteland dogs are not too fussy about what they eat, and even cooked meats with vegetables are an acceptable meal.

It was a cold and foggy morning, so Jenny spent a couple of hours making sure she had plenty of firewood, and relit the hearth fire. Even dressed she was still chilly, and decided to retrieve some of her belongings from the old place. There was a lot that she needed - warmer clothes, her blanket, her rifle, and maybe she should bring up some of her ammo and a few caps. There was far too much to move in one go, but she felt confident it was well hidden enough, and had one or two other hidden stashes just in case.

"Never put all your caps in one bag." her Mother had said. It was an old saying. No matter how well you hid your stash, there was always a risk that it could get discovered - or the place you hid it becomes inaccessible. She remembered once she had hidden a damn good sniper rifle and a radiation detector along with 300 caps in a fridge behind a car under a flyover that was taken over by a squad of Gunners whilst she was away for a month. It may well be still hidden there - but she couldn't even get close to it.

Apart from the small stash she had found there, all she had at her new home was what she had carried, which though a little more than usual, was still not enough to set up a really good home base. She had been taught how to knit and sew, and could make herself a new blanket if she had the materials, but she didn't, so that was the end of that.

She needed to travel light so left most of her equipment and provisions at the cellar, setting up a booby trap under the hatch before setting off with the dogs. Alfred walked by her side, with the rest of the pack about ten paces behind and to the side. Anybody encountering the group would see Jenny and Alfred, and maybe spot one of the hounds at the rear.. whether by instinct, or taught by Alfred, the pack were masterful at strategy.

Though travelling back to her old lair didn't take as long as it had taken coming from there (because she knew exactly where she was heading and the best way to get there), it was still past midday when she got there. The fog had been more of an advantage than a disadvantage - there was less danger of encounters so they arrived without a single incident or distraction. She had already decided on the way what she was going to bring - her prized blanket, winter clothing, her .308 rifle, a laser rifle, half her fusion cells, 300 rounds of .308, 500 caps, and her sleeping bag. She put on some of her winter clothes so there would be less to carry, and though it restricted her movement a little, she gambled on not needing to do any sprinting and dodging.

She remembered that amongst her stock were three harnesses designed for dogs that she was planning to sell to Gunther the dog vender when he passed through again, but instead decided to use them herself. Gunther knew a lot about training and handling dogs, and it was pretty common knowledge that one of the "tricks of the trade" of dog handlers is that they will often masturbate their dogs to calm and control them when they get a little too energetic. It was no secret really, as it was one of things he told folk when he sometimes gave dog handling classes to his customers for a few extra caps. Many folk thought that was a little too much information, but he shrugged it off. "Ain't no big deal - no different from milking a brahvin." he would say.

Jenny was one of the few women he had slept with. Most women avoided him - partly because of the dog wanking thing, partly coz he smelled of dogs all the time, and partly because of the company he tended to keep. Gunther sold dogs to literally anyone who would buy them - in fact Raiders were amongst his biggest customers. Jenny felt she was in no position to judge him over the dog masturbation deal so had no qualms there.

She fastened small pouches to the harnesses so three of the dogs could carry her ammo and caps, leaving her to carry the rifles and the big back-pack holding her blanket and those extra clothes she wasn't wearing, and hung the sleeping bag rolled up fastened to the bottom of the pack.

She hadn't taken everything, but she had her most important belongings, so despite the fact it was already late in the afternoon, she set off back her new home. She had to be careful now, because the fog had lifted and she was less stealthy now she was carrying so much stuff.

Two miles out and the sun was already setting. At least she would be less likely to run into Raiders or Gunners at night, but there were other dangers. Wild dogs and Mole rats were known to hunt at night, and the darkness would make no difference to rogue robots. Also - in the dark she would be less likely to spot a Deathclaw until it was too late. But worst of all, Feral ghouls were more active at night, and were deceptively fast. Fortunately, Ghouls tend to lurk in cities and around railways, and are rarely seen in the countryside. As long as she stayed clear of buildings, she should be safe.

But then the unlikely happened. Walking by the side of the road, she almost ran straight into a group of Raiders. They must have been on the way back to their lair after a raid, because they were also

carrying heavy burdens, and she would have walked right into them had Alfred not suddenly stopped and started growling. Jenny instinctively hit the ground and crouched behind a rusted wreck of a car, but the Raiders had heard them.

"What the fuck was that?" questioned a female voice.

Someone shone a torchlight at her – one of them was wearing an old miners helmet. A bullet zinged past her ear and another pinged off the body of the car. Crouching low, she drew her pistol and shot back. There was another crack and a piece of metal flew off the car. One had a shotgun, and an automobile is not the wisest cover – if sparks ignited the coolant, the vehicle might explode, killing her instantly. She tried to scamper back a bit, and looked around for better cover. Just in time she spotted someone trying to sneak up on her from a rocky ridge above her position. She fired and hit him in the face with a lucky shot.

Jenny pulled back just as the car caught alight, and quickly darted across the road, unfortunately well lit by the flames and fully visible, but was able to leap over the barrier and down an incline before anyone could get a bead on her. Though she was now at a disadvantage as they were on the higher ground, and she couldn't see where they were. A head appeared over the rail and someone was firing at her – but he had made a stupid mistake as the car suddenly exploded, ripping him apart with shrapnel.

"What the fuck?" someone yelled and fired several shots from a pistol. There was a growl, and Jenny guessed that at least one of the dogs had now engaged with the Raiders. She took advantage of the distraction and did what they probably least expected – made her way in their direction. She heard barking and then whimpering as a woman's voice yelled "Argh! Get the fuck off me!"

Jenny sneaked up as quietly as she could towards the sound of the struggle, until she came to another barrier. They must have been gathered at an intersection. She carefully crawled up the steep incline keeping close to the barrier until she could see the struggle. Putting away her pistol, she pulled out her rifle with the night vision scope and took aim before blowing apart the skull of the woman who was currently trying to fend off one of the dogs with a bayoneted pipe rifle. She took a quick look around her to take in the scene. One Raider was lying in pieces where the car had exploded, the woman was sitting in a growing pool of blood, the top of her head blasted open like a water melon, and she could see a shotgun lying on the ground a few yards away from a screaming shadowy shape. As she cautiously approached, glancing about for any movement, she could see the owner of the shotgun lying on his back, his legs kicking aimlessly whilst three dogs (one of them Alfred) were tearing him apart. He briefly managed to get to his feet, but Jenny raised her rifle and finished him with a single bullet.

Jenny climbed the rocky rise to check on the man she had shot in the face to find one of the dogs already feasting on his still warm flesh. After a thorough search of the area, she was confident that they had taken care of all of the Raider party. As she watched, a chill ran down her spine as it sunk in that these dogs were still basically wild animals – dangerous man-eating carnivores, but was then comforted to realise they were her man-eating carnivores. It was also clear by the trail of caps that during the encounter the dogs carrying her caps had lost their load, and there was no chance of recovering them all in the darkness.

She stripped the bodies of their clothing and let the dogs eat their fill of the corpses whilst she salvaged what she could from their equipment. The haul included the shotgun, a 10mm pistol, three pipe pistols, two pipe rifles, three grenades, and an assortment of leathers, armour, and boots. There was also a good supply of food and twice as many caps as she had lost. Not a lot of ammo though, and that along with the abundance of caps and a couple of bandaged wounds on the corpses

confirmed that they had been on their way back from a raid. There was way too much for her to carry, so she looked around for a good hiding place, which was no easy task seeing as the only light available was the flickering flames from the exploded car. She didn't go near that for fear of radiation from it's reactor, but there was a suitcase in a wrecked bus nearby, so she put what she could in that and hid it behind a bush at the bottom of the rocky outcrop.

After the dogs had finished eating, she refilled their pouches with ammo and caps, noting that the dogs were all quite bloodied, but one appeared injured. When she cleaned the dogs with fresh water and found one did in fact have a bullet wound, she cleaned the wound as best she could with some antiseptic (a well seasoned Scavver always carries a First Aid kit) and patched together a bandage made from one of the shirts she had liberated from the Raider party.

Tomorrow, she would try to retrieve the loot from its hiding place.

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## **Chapter Eight**

It took another two hours to reach home, even though it was only another four or five miles from the encounter. The injured dog was slow, and with the extra load even Jenny was struggling to keep on her feet. That meant she had to be double careful not to walk into any more danger.

In the safety of the cellar, she unloaded herself and the dogs, then took a closer look at the bullet wound in the injured mutts shoulder. Strange to think that only a day ago she had considered how convenient it would be to lose a couple of the dogs, yet now she was genuinely concerned that one was hurt. She hoped the wound wasn't too severe, as she knew she would never be able to dig the bullet out. The wounded animal growled at first when she tried to inspect the wound, but as it became clear that she was helping, and Alfred stood over them, the dog let her tend to him. As it happened, the wound was actually the larger of two wounds and appeared to be an exit wound - the bullet had gone clean through. He would be in pain for a few days, but barring any infections should recover.

Upon reflection, taking down four Raiders was quite an impressive achievement which Jenny could never have done on her own. It is unlikely the dogs could have done so either, and more than likely would not have tried. Teamwork - it works.

"I'm going to have to find names for you guys aren't I?" she said to the pack. The injured dog was the one that had attacked the woman. He was thin with very little fur left, and had reddened skin, giving him the appearance of a skinned dog, and the one who was usually the most timid, but he was tenacious when roused. "You took a bullet for me, and still fought on - I'm going to call you Soldier."

The dog that had the short but really thick penis also had a large pair of balls like a bull (and maybe had a little bull mastiff in his blood), so she named him Torro. She named the dog with grey fur simply "Grey", and the last one she named "Rocket" because he was frequently licking his "red rocket".

Jenny slept soundly and awoke a little late, aching all over. She would have slept in, but wanted to get back to the crossroad before someone else discovered last night's carnage. She wanted Soldier to stay behind but not having had the time to teach the wild dogs commands such as "Stay" or "Guard" there was nothing she could do but let him tag along.

When they got to the site, the bodies had been moved and almost picked bare by insects and Mole-rats, who had smelled fresh blood and wasted no time. The dogs may have been disappointed by this,

but Jenny wasn't – she hadn't been relishing the idea of stocking the larder with human meat. She found a few of her lost caps, and found a case of loot that the party had dropped and she hadn't spotted. She found where she had hidden the suitcase, and looted the body of the Raider who had been killed in the explosion – though after being blown to pieces and then eaten by Mole-rats, there wasn't much left to loot. She found his gun, a pair of brass knuckles, and a clip of 10mm ammunition, but the rest was just tattered waste.

She loaded everything into a shopping cart she had salvaged from a Kwikimart on the way, and returned to the cellar via the road. It took longer, and wasn't a very safe journey to take, but she would never have been able to wheel the trolley over rocks and muddy fields. With her pack to protect her, she felt safe, and Alfred had understood her when she asked him to scout ahead.

It was obvious he had once been a well trained guard dog, and she wondered what had happened for him to have ended up leading a pack of wild mongrels. She also wondered if she could eventually domesticate the rest of the pack. If anything happened to Alfred, would the pack still be her boys, or would they turn on her? She hoped she would never have to find out.

Jenny decided she would have to make contact with Gunther again to learn from him how to train dogs. Of course, she could easily afford to pay to sit one of his classes, but why pay caps when she could just as easily pay with sexual favours. Also, she wanted more than just the basics, so she'd need to get in with him a little closer. Should she tell him she was trying to train a pack of wild mongrels? Should she tell him how she won them over? She had never told him about her ability, but she felt that he was the one human she knew who might be accepting of it.

On the other hand, he was also quite likely to find a way to exploit her and use her to his own advantage. She hit it off with him, and they had enjoyed each others company a few times, but she would not go so far as to trust him. This was what constantly haunted Jenny – she wanted to be able to trust another person enough to share her secret with them, but daren't take that risk. She knew full well that her desire for someone to accept her clouded her judgement.

If she were to stroll up to Gunther with five dogs in tow, he would definitely question how this came to be – she would have to make up some plausible lie. Either that or somehow get the dogs to stay at home. The only way she could do that right now would be to lock them up for the day. She would have to finish repairing the hatch – or maybe build a gated enclosure around the house. That was possible, and maybe a good idea. There were a few wire fences in the village at the bottom of the hill, so the resources were there. It would take time though.

Since meeting the pack, she had done very little scavving, yet ironically had more to show for it. Maybe twice a month she might come across a body or two after a skirmish, and might be lucky enough to find a few things of worth, but last night she was the victor and claimed the spoils, netting more goodies in one night than she would normally get in a month of scavving.

Of course, it had been very risky – like most Scavvers, she hated Raiders but she had reason to fear them more than anything. She had sworn many years ago that if it came to it, she would save the last bullet for herself rather than let Raiders take her alive.

It wasn't the first time she had killed Raiders, but in the only other two instances she had been confronted by lone Raiders, not a whole group of them. But she was no longer alone herself – she now led a pack of efficient wild dogs that with a little work from her will become fit, healthy attack dogs. Regular meals, no more dirty water, and a comfortable home would soon convert them.

They arrived at the foot of the hill without incident – spotting a few Radstags and roaches on the

way, and a few Bloatflies distant enough away to be no threat. She never tried to take them out unless they spotted her first – she had learned that lesson long ago.

The hard lesson had taken place not long after she had said goodbye to her parents. She had found a suitable place to use as a lair, but whilst reccying the area spotted a Bloatfly buzzing nearby. She certainly didn't want to share her home with it, so taking aim with a low calibre pipe rifle fired one well aimed shot and took it down. Big mistake – she hadn't seen the others at rest. There was an angry buzzing as two large metallic bodies rose up from the long grass and headed towards her. She fired again, but this time only clipped a wing, and she now needed to reload. She began to panic as three more appeared and began to circle her. Her heart beat faster and fear rose inside her, triggering her defences. Her pheromones worked as well if not better than on other animals, and soon six large Bloatflies as big as cats were swarming round her in a mating frenzy. She couldn't get to her pistol, and the rifle was no use against a swarm, so she had no choice but to accept the inevitable.

She dropped to her knees, raised her ass, and buried her face in the dirt as the vile creatures inseminated her. She could feel the beating of wings fan her buttocks as the first one hovered behind her, and then felt a long thin member jab into her pussy. She couldn't see it, which was a blessing, because she would have seen that the sharp pain she was feeling was caused by the nasty looking spines on the long thin member. It was not long in cumming inside her, but was quickly followed by another, and then another, each one thrusting a twelve inch long penis no thicker than Jennys' thumb, but with painful spikes.

More and more of the mutated flies gathered and clustered around her, jostling each other to plant their seed in the strange giant female. It did not register in their simple insect minds that she did not look like a fly – she smelled like a queen on heat, and that was enough. Jenny squealed as ten inches of a hard insect member suddenly plunged deep into her back passage. She braced herself for the sharp pain of the barbs, but they did not come. Instead she felt the organ pulse and throb as it plumbed the depth of her bowel. It seemed to thicken and swell for a second, then subside. Then it swelled up again for a moment, and was thin again.

In spite of her horror and disgust, her body betrayed her, and she felt the rhythmic throbbing to be pleasurable. It was a curious sensation, and sort of felt like taking a dump in reverse. Her belly began to feel full, but still the pulsating organ continued until against her will, Jenny orgasmed. She was feeling quite nauseous – not simply because of her disgust at being abused by the disgusting insects, but also because the slime they exuded was radioactive. She'd need a shit-load of radaway to cure this dose.

Jenny was feeling very sick, and the buzzing around her seemed to be in her head. She hated to think what might happen if she passed out, so bit her hand hard to help concentrate. After a while she realised that none of the Bloatflies were fucking her pussy now, which was a relief because it was feeling very tender and sore; but the big brute fucking her ass was still at it. Her ass was throbbing like it had been stung, and she was starting to feel numb. Unable to take any more of this, she decided to take affirmative action, so grabbed her rifle, looked over her shoulder, and tried to shoot the bastard.

She felt the pulsating member slide out of her anus as the blast hurled the creature away from her, then she rolled over and got ready to start firing at the other flies – but was surprised to see there were only three hovering over her, and the rest were rapidly disappearing into the distance. She didn't even need to shoot the remaining three – they quickly withdrew, leaving behind half a dozen inexplicably dead flies, and the one that had been fucking her ass, which was twice the size of the others. Jenny's head was spinning and unable to control her stomach any more, she promptly threw



up on the spot.

Her pussy was red and swollen, her labia puffed up like balloons, and she had to douche with a mixture of purified water and Radaway to clean out the foul gunk the flies had deposited in her. For two days she was ill, and took every dose of Radaway she had to rid herself of the poisoning. But she felt worse instead of better, and though the swelling around her pussy went down, her belly swelled up more, becoming distended as though she were heavily pregnant. Then on the third day, she felt odd, and her guts seemed to squirm. Then she realised the horrible truth – it wasn't a penis that penetrated her anus – it was an ovipositor!

Her distended belly gurgled and rippled as something – lots of somethings – moved around. She staggered out to the ditch she was using as a latrine and squatted over it, clutching her aching enormous belly. She felt horrified and disgusted as something wriggled in her bowel, and soon began to writhe and wriggle out of her butt. She flexed her ring as wide as she could and felt the large maggot emerge from her anus and drop into the hole. It was a yellowish green thing, as thick as her wrist, and seven or eight inches long. She was sickened, but relieved that it was out of her, but then she could feel something force her asshole open again, and soon a second maggot wriggled out. The gurgling and wriggling inside her belly increased, and it was not long before she plopped out a third, then a fourth maggot, each one just as big as the first. What made it worse was that even though she was totally grossed out by what was happening, the passage of the large wriggling creatures forcing their way through her sphincter was actually feeling unbearably erotic, and she felt her body shake with an orgasm as she birthed maggot after maggot, until at least a dozen of the slimy grubs were crawling about in the ditch.

Jenny punched herself in the stomach in an effort to force out any more of the vile offspring of the Bloatfly, and after a couple of minutes of thumping and straining, another maggot wriggled out, followed by six more. Eventually she shit out the last of the awful grubs, and collapsed to the ground exhausted and sobbing. Until she felt something tickling her ankle, and saw that some of the maggots had crawled out of the ditch and one was crawling up her leg. She kicked it off and using a broken chair leg as a club whacked the others back into the ditch, then staggered back to her den. She returned with a laser pistol and kept blasting at the ditch full of maggots until it was a blazing inferno.

For days she was terrified that there might be some maggots still inside her, growing and leeching off her. She ate dozens of what her mother had called “purge berries” in spite of the radiation poisoning and diarrhoea they caused, but anything to ensure there was nothing living inside her.

It took a couple of months to recover physically, but she never really recovered emotionally – she was terrified of Bloatflies after that, and still had the occasional nightmare.

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Chapter Nine

Jenny didn't get a lot of scavving done over the next few days, but there wasn't much need to anyway, and she wanted to put more time into improving her new home. With each passing day she saw it less as a base camp and more like settling down. Settling down is something Scavvers rarely do, but almost all aspire to and dream about. The truth is, Scavver life does not really lend itself to settling in one place – you have to keep moving to find rich pickings. That's if you survive almost entirely by finding things of worth to make a living. A few Scavvers eventually became Traders, and successful Traders usually settled down in a big settlement eventually. Settled folk usually looked down on Scavvers, but without the work of Scavvers they wouldn't have many of the little luxuries

that they took for granted. Scavvers are not ashamed of what they are – they see themselves as prospectors exploring the remains of a lost world to retrieve artefacts that are from a lost civilisation.

It is an exciting and different world, and most of them never tire of speculating on how their ancestors must have lived. Sometimes as she picked her way through the ruined houses, Jenny would sit down on the decaying armchairs and sofas, and try to imagine herself back in the days when they were plush and new, and the rooms were lit by electric lights and television sets. All gone now. The broken televisions sat dead and lifeless, their shiny glass screens showing nothing but her reflection in the crumbling corpse of what was once someone's home. Now just a lifeless tomb and home to nothing but vermin and ghosts.

Explorers and preservers of history excavating the past, or human maggots eating through what is left of the corpse of civilisation? Depends on your point of view. Jenny had not yet tired of that lifestyle, but still she dreamed of one day being a wealthy and respected merchant in one of the great settlements like the legendary Diamond City. Of course, she knew that would never be – not for her. Her mutation would always make her an outcast. She might be able to hide it for a while, but eventually her own body would betray her. As a born Scavver, she knew that secrets never stay buried forever.

So she'd never live in a crowded city, so she'd never have a husband – so what? She could still have a home in her nice warm cellar, and she would still have lovers. Lovers with warm fur and hot cocks that never failed to satisfy her. She didn't need to be afraid of them – her dogs happily fucked her whenever she wanted them.

Soldier was healing quickly, and let her change his dressing and clean his wound without complaint. At first he was a bit skittish, but Alfreds' presence reassured him, and Jenny would distract him by playing with his cock.

She had found a hairbrush in one of the ruined houses in the village, and used it to groom the dogs every night – something which seemed strange to them at first, but they came to enjoy. Soon their pelts were completely free from ticks and lice, and their fur grew thicker and longer. She also scavenged a meat grinder (not a proper butchers grinder, but a small domestic grinder for making mince), and was soon making mince-meat, sausages, and burgers from their kills, so nothing would be wasted.

Within two weeks the dogs were completely transformed, and looked strong and healthy. Of course, there was a small aftermath to this – as they were not cold, sickly, and hungry anymore, they were more energetic and frisky, so even though they got plenty of exercise when she took them out hunting with her, they were still horny at the end of the day, and needed satisfying every night. Of course, Alfred enjoyed her first, and got to sleep in her bed with her, and she would try to tire the others out a little first with hand jobs, and even sucking them off, because five big dog cocks every night was a little bit too much even for Jenny. Eventually she took to wanking them off during spare moments during the day to make them less horny at night. It's not that she didn't enjoy their attentions, but she was starting to walk a bit funny the next morning.

Jenny was a little surprised at how quickly they had accepted her and then became such loyal companions, but it was soon clear that they were her pack and she was their bitch, and nothing would break that bond. In fact, their loyalty presented her with a small problem. She could hardly march into a town or up to a Trader with her pack – there is no way of knowing how they will react to other people, and caravan guards would probably start shooting at them before she was close enough to explain they were her pack anyway.

It wasn't a pressing issue yet - with her own supply of purified water and a chem lab, she didn't need to buy anything. For the first time in her life she was self sufficient and didn't rely on trading for water, food, and radaway. But she did have a lot of stock to sell, and she would eventually run low on ammunition. Though her pack were beginning to look less like wild mutts, and more like domesticated beasts, five was way too many. She would have to find a way to detain them at home when she wanted to trade. Eventually, she might be able to train them to obey her and tell them to guard the area whilst she is away, but not yet. The only answer was to lock them in the cellar (she had the hatch fully repaired now) or finish building an enclosure around the house.

It had taken many days of work to drag the fencing from the car park in the village up to the ruined house and then erect it around the grounds. She wanted a pretty wide perimeter to give the dogs plenty of room to play in, and ensure that any intruders were a good distance from the hatch before encountering an obstacle. There were still a few gaps that Jenny had laid trip wires and traps across, but that wouldn't keep the dogs in. she would need some more fencing and a gate - and it needed to be high enough that the dogs couldn't just leap over.

Whilst she was carefully seeking out a suitable metal gate, her ever present companions scouted the streets for dangers, and were not long in finding one. Just a few yards away from the gated warehouse that Jenny was considering, Rocket started barking, and within seconds Rocket, Grey, and Torro had a hapless Molerat surrounded. Soldier soon joined in the fray, whilst Alfred looked around to see if there were any more. Where there is one Molerat, there are usually more, but this time it appeared as though this was on its own - or if there were any others, they saw the wisdom in staying hidden.

Jenny knew full well that whilst one Molerat was a minor danger, a whole nest could spell doom for a Scavver. They were a common pest in the Wastelands, and whilst they are rarely a threat to caravans or almost anyone who keeps to the roads, they are a big problem for anyone who explores ruins and rubbish sites. They can be deceptively quick underground, and it is their tunneling abilities that make them such a huge threat. Most dangerous creatures can be spotted from a distance and will give you enough time to fire a few shots at them before they reach you, but not Molerats. The moment they are under attack, they quickly dig a burrow, and can come up at your feet moments later. Or worse - come up behind you.

Commonwealth Mole-rats are large rodents looking a little like hairless coypu, though about twice the size (around sixty centimetres long). Though smaller than the Mole-rats of the Capital Wastelands (that are frequently as large as an adult boar), they are still a deadly foe. Their eyesight is pretty poor, but their sense of smell and hearing is very acute, so if you fail to kill one with your first shot, you are in trouble.

Jenny had the misfortune to run up against a pack of them barely a week before she met her dogs. She was scavving in her old region, less than a mile from her lair when she spotted a fat pink Molerat gnawing on the remains of a less fortunate Raider. Looking quickly around to assess the situation, she soon spotted two dead Mole-rats, a dropped shotgun, and a trail of blood. There had been a fight between a group of Raiders and a pack of Mole-rats, resulting in at least one Raider being killed and the others beating a hasty retreat, leaving their fallen comrade. All she had to do was kill the remaining beast and claim the spoils.

She thought she was on a safe bet - the mutant rodent (about as large as an average sized dog) hadn't spotted her and she was close enough to take it out with one shot. It squealed once - more in surprise than pain, as it flew backwards in a shower of blood, and was still. But as she approached the bodies, she realised her mistake. Just around the corner behind the wall she was walking by, was another dead Raider, being feasted upon by three more Mole-rats.

They were not particularly large – not much bigger than a house cat or a Jack-Russell terrier. But their sharp teeth and strong jaws could still inflict savage wounds and take a lump out of her legs in seconds – and there were three of them. As soon as she saw them raise their heads and turn towards her, Jenny froze. It would be pointless to try to run – the ground was uneven and full of so much debris that the creatures could out-distance her with ease. Fortunately, she didn't need to run, as her natural defences reacted to her fear, and she immediately felt a warm trickle run down her thighs.

The Mole-rats caught her scent, and instantly recognised her as a sow on heat. Jenny pondered on waiting until they were upon her, and then shooting them with her pistol, or slowly backing into the ruined building and climbing the stairs. Mole-rats aren't as comfortable with heights and obviously can't burrow up a flight of stairs. But as she backed into the ruin, she saw that the stairwell was completely blocked just five steps up by heavy debris from the fallen roof, so rather than gaining a great strategic position, she would be backed into a corner. She realised she would have to take her punishment, so released the catch on her belt, dropping her pants as she assumed the position whilst checking her pistol. It had six rounds – plenty enough to kill three small Mole-rats at point blank range. Crouched on hands and knees with her ass in the air she bided her time.

The male Mole-rats scampered over to her, and the first leaped onto her back to attempt to mate. Fortunately for Jenny, female Mole-rats rarely leave their nest, and are basically Queens. Jenny giggled as the horny creature clung to her leather armour with its sharp claws as it tried to penetrate her pussy with its hard thin penis. Being a relatively small animal, his member was only four or five inches long, and no thicker than Jenny's thumb so the pointy little glans slid into her pussy with ease. Once it was confident of its position, the Mole-rat began to thrust wildly, and it wasn't long before it was emptying its huge balls into her.

She felt a little frustrated as he slid out of her, as his rapid fucking with that thin cock had really got her turned on. Fortunately there were still two more to satisfy, and as soon as the first one dismounted, the second was on her back and hammering away with his hard wet dick. Again Jenny was frustrated, because he miss-aimed and thrust his hot little cock deep into her anus. She started a little, but again he was not a large creature and she found anal sex with the Mole-rat to be quite a pleasing experience – if only he could have more staying power. She felt his huge swollen testes slam against her pussy as he buried his dick deep into her asshole and jack-hammered away. Just as he was cumming and filling her bowels with the product of those big heavy balls, she noticed that the Mole-rat scurrying towards her looked a little bigger than he seemed earlier.

By the look of his bright pink erection, he was ready for another go at her, and she had no objection – at least at first. Then she saw the fat wrinkled body of a really large Mole-rat that she definitely hadn't seen earlier. This one was at least three feet long, and had a penis as long as a human penis. There was no doubt about it – she was in the middle of a large pack of them, not just three. Being easily alarmed, she fought hard to keep from panicking, but her fear could not be tamed, which only made matters worse as her scent grew stronger.

Soon she was underneath a pile of thrusting, rutting sex crazed Mole-rats all jockeying for position, and with such wild abandon that soon a dozen pink wrinkled bodies were clustered around her, and the one fucking her was itself being fucked. As they all tried to squeeze into the vast clusterfuck, she could feel hot wet penises pressing against her legs, her buttocks, her thighs, her waist, and unsurprisingly it wasn't long before she was being fucked in her pussy and her ass at the same time.

She kept telling herself that this was an awful ordeal, and that she only submitted to it in order to survive, but she couldn't lie to herself any longer. She was loving every minute of it. Not just the incredible sensation of feeling both holes being fast fucked by those slender, knobbly hot organs that

poked in and out of her gaping cunt and anus so rapidly that she felt like she was trapped in some sort of relentless sex machine, but the whole thought that she was at the centre of this orgy, that she alone was driving the creatures wild with desire made her feel like a goddess.

As soon as the creature fucking her ass was done ejaculating into her guts, he was pushed out of the way as another Mole-rat sank his twitching organ balls deep into her wet hole with a splodge, forcing the growing pool of rat cum deeper inside her belly. Mole-rats, like most rodents have enormous testes and produce a lot of cum, so it wasn't long before her belly was swelling with the liberal donations of sticky fluid. She didn't know how they managed it, but she was pretty certain that somehow two Mole-rats managed to thrust their long thin dicks into her pussy at the same time, and the pile of naked rats were thrusting at her from every angle, so wet cocks were sliding over her back, under her armpits, at her face even, and covering her with cum until she was just a big ball of slime.

By the time they had all satiated themselves and began to stagger away, she was semi-conscious and shaking and dripping cum from every orifice. She couldn't stand, let alone walk, and crawled slowly back home to recover and reflect on what had happened.

That was when she finally accepted that whether it be a curse or a gift, her mutant power was part of who she is, and she could no longer deny it. Looking deep inside herself, and savouring every memory of the Mole-rat orgy she realised she wouldn't have it any other way.

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## Chapter Ten

Jenny watched the dogs confront the Mole-rat. It hissed at them and hunched up, ready to leap out and attack. Jenny was suspicious of this, and wondered why it didn't try to burrow away - it could easily escape the dogs, but not so easily win a fight with them. She kept low whilst looking around for a sign of others in the vicinity, but could see none. Maybe it was just over-confident. Maybe it was desperate to defend its territory. Who knows? She kept her pistol cocked and in her hand just in case, but let the dogs take care of this beastie.

It was over quickly - the Mole-rat lunged at Grey, but he dodged the strike whilst the other dogs pounced onto the unfortunate creature, and Torro sank his huge fangs into its soft underbelly, ripping out its guts, whilst Rocket went for its throat. Even after it was clearly dead, they playfully tossed the carcass around like a ball before ripping it to pieces and devouring whichever portion they had grabbed. If there were any more around, they were lying low, because Jenny didn't see any.

She found the gate she wanted, and proceeded to drag it up the hill to her enclosure, where it took her the rest of the day to fit to her fence. Even though she wore a pair of leather gloves, her hands were still aching from handling the cold metal, as the frost never gave way all day. It looked as though winter was setting in, and she was grateful for the warmth of the stove - as were her dogs.

It had been a cold day and looked like being a colder evening, so the hot broth cooking on the stove was well received. Jenny was not particularly tired (the sun was setting quite early in the evening now), and remembering about the time she had been fucked by a pack of Mole-rats had got her feeling horny. Compared to the cold outside, the cellar was toasty warm, so Jenny slipped out of her clothes and crawled on her hands and knees towards Rocket as he started to lick himself again.

"Save your tongue for something else Rocky boy - let me do that." she said as she took his sheath in her hand and leaned in to suck on his red hot tip. Rocket whimpered slightly as he felt her tongue glide over his sensitive quivering member. She tasted a few drops of pre-cum as it began to dribble

from the tip of his warm glans, and she started to feel wet herself in anticipation of his excited bone inside her. She turned her back to him, hoping he would get the message – he did. Within moments he was mounting her and thrusting his thin member between her thighs.

“Oh yes! Good boy Rocky!” she cried as his bone slid between the folds of her pussy lips and deep into her vagina. The rest of the pack pricked up their ears and started to take interest in the proceedings, and gathered around the pair. Jenny raised her hips and brought her knees up to her chest as Rocket buried his shaft inside her pussy and started to thrust in and out rapidly. She reached out with one hand to grab Grey’s thick shaft and began to masturbate him.

Rocket’s cock jabbed in and out, growing bigger with each thrust until she could feel his knot slamming against her pussy.

Suddenly her eyes widened as she felt Rocket’s knot pop inside her and start to grow. She gasped as the warm cock swelled inside her, filling her love passage as it throbbed and grew. She began to pant heavily as he stopped thrusting and started to flood her womb with hot semen. Jenny shuddered as she felt the wave of warmth in her belly, and pressure built up in her vulva.

“Oh jeeze – Rockeeeeeeeeeeee!” she wailed as she climaxed around his throbbing dick. He continued to spurt his puppy juice inside her as he clutched her waist in his paws., then after what seemed like an hour but was really only a couple of minutes, he pulled his knot out of her with a wet splosh. Jenny sighed with relief, but not for long. Torro was quick to mount her, and slid his already hard cock into her dilated cunt before it even closed again. His cock was not long, but it was very thick and was soon stretching her pussy so wide she was gasping for breath. After several mad thrusts to loosen her up, he was able to squeeze his knot into her, and she was tied again. He continued to thrust some more, then stopped. She could feel his thick organ throb inside her, then felt another warm rush as he ejaculated. He held onto her tightly, his cock throbbing until he was empty, then cocked his leg over her ass and tried to pull out. At first, they were too well tied, but the pressure in her womb and his great strength as he pulled her backwards with him finally paid off, and with a painful pop, his knot came out, leaving her well pounded cunt gaping wide.

Almost as soon as Torro had pulled out and her cunt was still gaping open, Grey mounted her and in one move sank his hot bone straight into her wet cunt. Grey was a big dog – probably had some Great Dane in his bloodline, and his meaty cock was easily the biggest (even bigger than Alfred’s), so even though Jenny’s cunt was still gaping, it was still a tight fit and his first lunge took her breath away. Burying his hard cock as deep inside her as he could, he slammed his knot into her with all his strength. She screamed in pain as the tennis ball sized bulb popped inside her, stretching the walls of her pussy so wide they almost ripped.

“Ughn!” she grunted with each thrust until eventually he stopped thrusting, and to her disbelief his huge cock swelled even bigger, including his hard hot knot. Once again Jenny felt a hot wave spread through her belly as he hosed her womb with hot doggy cum. The pressure was unbearable – every muscle in the lower half of her body was straining to push the intruder out of her, but he clung tightly to her and continued spurting hot cum into her already swollen belly. She almost passed out, and was relieved when he finally stopped, but his knot was so huge he could not pull it out of her.

It wasn’t as if she wasn’t used to it – Grey fucked her almost every other night, and successfully tied at least twice a week. It seemed like an eternity before his knot began to deflate, and he was able to pull his cock out of her punished pussy.

Next it was Soldier’s turn, and she was actually relieved when he missed her aching cunt and instead poked his thin hard member into her asshole. Soldier was the smallest of the dogs, and

though he also had the smallest cock, he had the greater staying power. Jenny was exhausted, but though her pussy was totally fucked out, she could still take some cock, and so shifted her position slightly so Soldier could sink his mast with ease. His slippery hot member plummeted deep into her anus, stretching it wide as he positioned himself. Soon his balls were slamming against her wet pussy as he jackhammered away at her back door. She flexed her ring for him, and winced briefly as his knot beat three, four, five times at her sphincter before finally popping inside her back passage. With his knot now firmly embedded in her rectum, he fucked wildly and rapidly, his boney dick poking her gut until she was cumming.

Though he was the smallest of the pack, his cock was still big enough to fill her, and his knot large enough to tie in her ass. Even though he was tied, he still thrust rapidly and with abandon, filling her bowel with hot puppy juice. Jenny felt her stomach fill with the hot sticky cum, and still he kept right on fucking her ass until her moans gave way to a full on howl.

Alfred waited patiently, knowing that whilst the pack are enjoying her now, he would have her last and for the whole of the night.

Eventually Soldier was finished and dismounted her, pulling his dick out of her ass slowly and carefully, Jenny hunched over shaking as the dogs licked at her pussy and asshole making her wetter rather than cleaning her. It wasn't every night she serviced them all like that, but she was feeling in the mood.

It may have been cold out, but Jenny was drenched in sweat. She wiped her body down with a damp cloth before putting on a light shirt and sitting by the stove with another bowl of hot soup. She gave the dogs a bowl of the soup before letting them out to do their business, and shivered in the cold air as she opened the hatch. It was a real cold night. It was also a dark moonless night, so she couldn't see her handiwork, but felt safely assured that her home was now a little more secure. The remains of the house and its yard were completely enclosed, with the new gate being the only way in or out. She had gathered a couple of dozen old empty cans and strung them out to make warning chimes, so if anyone did breach her defences the dogs would hear them straight away.

It was Soldier's turn to take night guard duty. He was now fully recovered from his injury, and perfectly able to do his task, but after over two weeks of staying indoors at night, he wasn't too happy about having to stay out, and whined to be let into the cellar at first.

"Oh come on Soldier - you saw Grey do guard duty last night." Jenny chastened. "There will be a nice blow job for you in the morning." she promised. His ears pricked up at the words "blow job". He knew what that meant. It wasn't too bad for him - Jenny had erected a good kennel in the yard, and the fireplace was still warm. Jenny had built a flu and metal guard that could be moved over the fireplace, so the last glowing embers could not be seen, and the fire-guard would stay warm for at least half the night. She felt a little bad about making him stay out all the same. She had excused him from guard duty after his injury and guessed she had spoiled him a little. But he'd go soft and never toughen up if she went easy on him now, so she had to be firm.

By the time she fastened down the hatch, Alfred was stretched out on the bed, and the other three dogs were curled up in a corner together where she had made a rudimentary dog basket from dry reeds and some old rags.

She ground up some Razorgrain and mixed it with a dried Mutfruit, then left it to soak in Brahmin milk overnight so she could make a warm porridge for tomorrows breakfast. Nothing like a sweet warm breakfast to start the day. Finally she put another log in the stove to keep it burning through the night, and made a mental note to stock up on logs for the winter, then cuddled up to Alfred



under her blanket.

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Chapter Eleven

“The War will be over by Christmas.” everyone said. It wasn’t. Nor the Christmas after that. As a matter of history, the Resource War did not end until over twenty years later in 2077, but long before that the US government made a massive U turn. About halfway into the 20th Century, the United States government was so in love with the Corporate State ideal that self dependency was seen as a serious threat, and there was an active campaign through legislation and media control to restrict home gardening to pretty flowers and smart lawns to ensure that food production was totally in the hands of the Food Industry.

But by 2072 the war had taken it’s toll and food shortages were becoming a serious issue. It was then that the Government tried to turn back a hundred years of “progress” and urged citizens to dig up their rose bushes and instead plant root vegetables for the table.

It was thanks to this move that the Wastelands had any food at all after the bombs dropped in 2077. Even now, over two hundred years later, Jenny could sometimes find a small patch in the back yard of the skeletal remains of what was once someone’s home, where a couple of carrots still sprouted, or maybe even a Mutfruit bush or some small gourds. Usually, they aren’t too bad once cooked.

Her experience with her pack of dogs had taught her that if you nurture something and take good care of it – it will thrive and grow. She was pretty sure the same would apply to plants, but being brought up a Scavver, she had no experience or knowledge of farming. It was one of those things that other people did. But now was different. She had a yard big enough to grow a few crops, and though her knowledge of plants was pretty much limited to what is poisonous, what is edible, and how do you cook it?, she felt it was time to start farming.

Her major problem was knowledge – or rather the lack of it, and normally the only way Scavvers learn about horticulture is by pretending to be a settler and spending a year or so working in a nascent settlement. That happens – new settlements crop up (if you’ll pardon the pun) quite regularly, and need as much help as they can get at first. After a while, the farmhands either settle down as permanent residents, or decide that farming isn’t for them and move on (usually back to the city). Sometimes those settlers are Scavvers looking for a better life.

Jenny didn’t have time for all that, and anyway – her dogs would not be welcome. So the other option was to find or buy that rarest of commodities – a text book. As a Scavver, she knew that old world books often contained valuable and useful information. That’s why her mother taught her to read – so she would know the true value of any books she might find. In fact she used to have a library once – well, five books and a small pile of magazines and comics, but in the Wastelands that is a library.

Some enterprising souls had produced and published Wasteland Survival guides, and Jenny did own one of these, but there wasn’t really any practical advice on farming in it. In fact, it wasn’t a lot of use for anything – there wasn’t really much in there that she hadn’t already learned as a child, and some “facts” were totally untrue. She could write a better guide herself, and had often thought about doing so, but she couldn’t do it herself. She had never in all her years of scavving found a workable printing press. She had found lots of typewriters, and had tried using one, but just typing one page took forever, and getting hold of good ribbons wasn’t easy. Just typing one booklet would take a long long time, and she hadn’t a clue of how to stitch the pages together.

She decided it was time to venture into the nearest town and look for a school, library, or bookshop.

In the past, this had not been the goldmine of knowledge she expected – they had mostly been raided in the early days just after the apocalypse, and many books were used for making fires to keep warm after there was no power. There was rioting and chaos back then too – even more so than now, and in anger against the whole system of civilisation that had let them down, survivors took to torching Town Halls, schools, libraries, museums, science labs, and even churches.

But some repositories survived, and even now – two hundred years later – intact books could still be found. The old world had an awful lot of books, and there just wasn't enough fire in the world to destroy them all. Also, useful books on subjects such as agricultural texts, hydroponics, medicine, mechanical engineering, etc were taken into the Vaults. The knowledge was out there – she just had to find it.

She took the whole pack with her, because although she now had a tight enclosure and wanted to train the dogs into taking turns guarding the place, she wanted full protection if she was exploring new territory that may be dangerous. Obviously, she would have done it alone in the days before she had dogs, but she would have been very apprehensive and put more effort into looking out for dangers than actually scavenging. With Alfred by her side, Torro scouting ahead, Soldier protecting the rear, and Rocket and Grey covering the left and right flank she was safe.

They came to the town about two miles south of the village. At first there were just a few streets of ruined houses, but gradually the main road led to a number of empty shells of what were once shops. She had scavenged in towns before, so she had an idea of what to expect – homes on the outskirts, department stores on the main road, and civic buildings in the centre. Often there would be a mall or shopping arcade – these were bad, as they were usually used as bases by Raiders and Super-Mutants. Often she would be forewarned by gunfire as they fought over the territory. She avoided such places as far too dangerous, and the only spoils were ammunition and drugs that the last tenants left behind. True, they were a veritable goldmine once, but by now they had been well and truly stripped of anything of value. Certainly there would be no books left, as these were often used to keep the braziers burning.

Small corner book stores were more likely to bear fruit, as they had little or no strategic value, but all too often the building would be so badly damaged that the contents were destroyed by the rains. Larger businesses were a more likely bet, as important people often had a small library in their office.

It took many hours to reach the town centre. Even though it was only a few blocks, one does not simply walk into a town centre – particularly with a pack of hounds. They will want to take time to get to know every square inch of the territory, sniffing for the scent of other dogs, or the spoor of other animals. They will mark territory as their own as they lay claim to each area, and get a clear lay of the land so they know their way back, and know exactly which wrecked car, or which staircase to use for cover or vantage points should there be trouble.

Jenny was surprised and rather worried that they hadn't encountered anyone yet. Though the population of the Commonwealth was now just a tiny fraction of what it was before the bombs dropped, there were still a lot of people alive, and they usually tended to inhabit old towns. Why was this one seemingly deserted?

She soon had her answer. Alfred suddenly stopped in his tracks, sniffed the air, and whined. Jenny looked around and could see that Torro and Grey also had their necks craned high and were sniffing the air. Though she couldn't see them, she assumed the other two were doing the same. Then she heard the thunder-like rhythmic booming thuds and felt the ground shake as something heavy walked the streets ahead. She froze, knowing what it was even before she saw the huge horned head

appear. She slowly edged backwards, recalling a broken doorway to the hardware store behind her. One of the dogs – probably Torro – growled and the Deathclaw turned its head in their direction.

“Fall back! Take cover!” she yelled to the dogs as she bolted for the doorway. She could hear the thundering footsteps and feel the pavement shake as the giant reptile headed towards her.

“Torro! Alfie! Soldier! To me!” she yelled, knowing they were close enough to her to reach the safety of the hardware shop. She kicked the loose door aside and ran into the shop, hoping that there were no trip wires or booby traps. There was no time to check – wasting even a second would be fatal. As soon as she was in she ran towards the counter, almost tripping over Soldier who had quickly overtaken her in getting inside. She dived behind the counter in a vain attempt to hide, just in time to hear a loud crash. She peeked over the top to see the stunned Deathclaw pick itself up. It had tried to barge into the shop, but was far too big and the brick doorway was too strong for the creature. Alfred, Torro and Soldier were behind the counter with her – Torro had only just made it in time as he initially stood his ground growling until Jenny had called to him.

She didn't know where the other two were – she hoped they had the sense to stay hidden and not try to attack. Not that a dog would be stupid enough to attack a Deathclaw, but it was not unknown. If cornered and desperate, a pack will sometimes try to take on a Deathclaw, and can inflict a lot of damage, but when all is said and done it only takes one swipe of a Deathclaws' talon to instantly kill a dog.

The armour plated monster tried to get into the shop again, but couldn't. Jenny was safe for now, but trapped in the shop. Maybe the monster would eventually go away once it realised it couldn't get to her, but then she noticed two things. One – her legs were wet, and two – clearly defined against the yellow scaled belly of the Deathclaw sprouted a bright pink appendage.

“Damn!”

If it was just hungry it would eventually give up and find easier to reach meat, but if it smelled a mate, it would not give up so easily.

It couldn't get in, so that was one consolation. Jenny just hoped that Rocket and Grey didn't try to help her.

The beast was exposing its belly to her, so maybe she could pump enough shots into the creature to kill it. She had two weapons with her – a hand laser and her sniper rifle. She checked her ammo. Twenty rounds of .308 – certainly enough to kill even a Deathclaw, but it would take five or six belly shots and though she could do that from a safe distance, there is no guarantee that he would just hang around with his belly to the doorway whilst she reloaded and took aim.

That's the trouble with sniper rifles – if you didn't kill something in two shots, you were unlikely to get another chance. The laser pistol was better for that – those fusion cells would be good for a lot of shots fired in quick succession. The only trouble is, they don't do a lot of damage – at least not against something as well armoured as a Deathclaw. Also, the range isn't as good, so she would have to get uncomfortably close to the doorway. She wasn't too happy about draining her fusion cells either – she was running low, and they are expensive babies, and there was no telling if there were more Deathclaws in the town.

She glanced around the store, and spotted something hopeful – a dead Gunner in the corner. He was minus an arm, so Jenny assumed he'd run into the Deathclaw and narrowly escaped, only to bleed to death from his horrific injuries. She searched the body and found a dozen caps, two clips of .22 ammunition, and a plasma grenade. He probably dropped his weapons outside, but she suddenly had

a daring idea.

Sticking the grenade between her boobs, she dropped her pants and fearfully edged towards the door. The Deathclaw roared so loudly she felt the air vibrate, and she pissed herself again. All the better – the giant horned reptile smelled her and became even hornier. She ordered Alfred to keep back and guard the stairs – not that she expected any danger from upstairs, but it's best to play safe and it will keep the dogs from trying to intervene and spoil her plan.

The Deathclaw lowered its huge head to sniff at her. It was like staring into the face of the Devil himself – two evil yellow eyes that seemed to glow with malevolence, jaws that could bite her in two with one snap, and two massive horns curled under each cheek. The beast looked like one of the fierce dragons from the GrognaK comics she read as a child. She spread her thighs apart, exposing her sex to him. She felt the hot breath waft over her thighs and pussy as he sniffed her, then he stood up again roaring as he tried to thrust his groin at her.

Bravely, she took the huge reddish pink penis in both hands and rubbed it between her thighs. She was terrified, yet at the same time exhilarated by the thought of this most powerful and feared creature being to some extent in her control. She turned her back, still holding the huge throbbing member, and edged backwards a little as she rubbed the hot pulsing organ against her wet pussy. She felt the warm rubbery glans press against her cunt as her heart beat so loudly it thundered in her ears. Was this a mistake? Could she really do this? Then she screamed, more in shock than pain, as the Deathclaw thrust its groin at her violently, and the massive organ plunged into her quim, stretching her pussy lips wide as ten inches of reptilian flesh rammed deep into her womanhood.

The beast's cock was so thick she couldn't get her hand around its circumference, but now that four inch girth was stretching her pussy so wide she was afraid it would split her open. The monster swivelled its hips to withdraw a few inches, then thrust again, pushing in deeper, stretching her vulva wider. The thrust was so strong, it almost pushed her back into the store, and she had to grip the fallen lintel hard to stay upright. She had to keep control – even if it couldn't get its claws on her, the Deathclaw could still literally fuck her to death if she let it thrust all fifteen inches of hard cock inside her. But if she let him pull back, he might be able to reach his arm in and grab her.

She had visions of the great monster grabbing her by the waist and impaling her onto his erect member completely, slamming her frail body up and down on his massive cock until her insides were literally pulped to a jelly. With her legs spread wide, she bent over, grabbing the hot throbbing penis in her hand to keep it inside her, but not too deep. She was also aware that she was dangerously turned on by this, and risked losing control of herself and the Deathclaw. She was close to having an orgasm herself when she felt a tell-tale pulsing in the swollen cock that told her he was about to ejaculate.

NOW!

She took the giant cock as deep inside her as she dared, reached between her boobs, then felt between the monster's legs behind his cock. Deathclaws don't have external testes, so it was not hard for her to reach under and finger the beast's cloaca. She rammed her fist as deep into the reptilian anus as she could, then let go and propelled herself forward with all her strength. She had timed it perfectly, because that last trick was all the Deathclaw needed to make him cum with such force that Jenny felt like her stomach had been punched from the inside.

There was a sickening crack as she hit her head against a wall, and she was seeing stars. Then, just a few seconds later there was another loud bang, followed by some wet splats, and then the Earth shook as what was left of the Deathclaw fell to the ground.

Chapter Twelve

Jenny must have passed out for a while, because the next thing she knew was she was being awoken by a dog roughly licking her face. It had worked! Just at the right moment, Jenny had pulled the pin from the plasma grenade and rammed it right up the rutting Deathclaws' asshole. Exploding close to the monster might have badly injured it (and her too), but exploding inside its gut was instant death for the creature.

Jenny staggered to her feet, feeling quite dizzy. She wasn't sure if that was due to the bump on the head, the rigorous fucking she had just had, or the incredible high of the double whammy of having sex with a Deathclaw, and killing one for the first time in her life.

Sure, she'd seen dead Deathclaws before - usually killed by a dozen well armed and experienced guards or hunters. She had killed hers single handed. Okay - maybe her method was a little unorthodox, but it worked.

She ventured out slowly, looking out for any more monsters before calling Rocket and Grey from their hiding places. They were a little apprehensive at first, but after sniffing at it they were soon wolfing down slightly scorched Deathclaw meat. Jenny grabbed its' dick as a memento, then considered what else might be useful. It was too big and heavy to drag back home, but she knew that people would pay good caps for a Deathclaw hand, and she was definitely going to yank those teeth if she couldn't carry the head home.

It seemed a shame that most of the meat would go to waste, but she did skin the beast and keep the hide. She then tried to cut off the head, which was not as easy as she thought (and she thought it would be hard in any case). She had a pretty decent hunting knife, but the scaly neck was almost impossible to cut through without a really good saw. She thought of trying to burn through with her laser pistol, but it's an over-powered weapon, not a precision instrument and too much radiation can cause a chain reaction that could just turn the whole body into a pile of ashes.

Eventually, she found an old axe in the ruins of the hardware store and managed to hack the head off. She hadn't decided yet whether she was going to mount the head on a wall, or stick it outside as a warning to anyone considering trespassing on her territory. She had given up on a subtle hidden lair when she built the fence. That is just advertising her presence, so she was considering putting a few heads on spikes to make anyone getting too curious think it was Raider territory.

By this time, it was getting a bit too late to make the trip home - particularly with a heavy burden. Feral Ghouls tended to roam around towns and cities after nightfall, and this was unfamiliar ground. The store provided decent shelter, and she had food. To be safer, she tried to drag the remains of the Deathclaw a few yards away to the other side of the street, but it was too heavy to move. She didn't want to leave it in the doorway - for one thing it would attract vermin, and she was planning on staying the night in the store.

Of course, it was very likely that the Deathclaw had killed all the ghouls in the area, but some may have had enough wits to hide from it, and there are other dangers too. Apart from Mirelurks, Mole-rats, Yao-Guai, and giant bugs, there could have been more than one Deathclaw. She had no idea how long it had ruled this domain - for all she knew a horde of Raiders could be on their way back with reinforcements and enough fire-power to take down a dozen Deathclaws. It would be foolhardy to risk travelling in the dark with a load.

She considered looking for another building to hide in until morning, but again - that means

exploring in darkness, and more risky than staying where she was. At least anything trying to get into the store would have to climb over the remains of the Deathclaw first. Many Outlanders had developed very good night vision, but Jenny wasn't one of them. Her night vision wasn't much better than that of the average settler, putting her at a disadvantage. Besides – she was tired from her ordeal, and her belly was aching. She clutched at it as it gurgled, and she realised that she still had a womb full of congealing Deathclaw cum. She squatted in a corner and tried to squirt out the giant reptiles deposit, but only a few splodges came out. She didn't think for one moment that there was any danger of getting pregnant – as far as she knew she couldn't get pregnant by another species and she was certain that Deathclaws carried no human DNA. But all the same, she didn't want the monsters jizz inside her, so using the plastic handle of a large screwdriver, she began to masturbate until her vagina was dilated and gaping wide enough for the juices to start flowing.

At first, Rocket (who was exploring nearby) became curious, and came closer with the intention of helping to relieve Jenny, but then recoiled as he smelled the strong musk of the Deathclaw cum that was now dripping from her excited cunt. The plastic handle was cold though, as was the chilled air that was creeping into the darkening store. What she needed was a proper fucking with a big hot dick. And a little warmth in the place.

Making a fire was another risk, but an icy mist was setting in, and she was feeling bitterly cold. Another good reason to set camp where she stood. There was plenty of debris and old wood to make a small fire that would keep her warm and roast a bit of Deathclaw steak. Right now she could really do with a bowl of that nice hot stew, but she didn't have any cooking pots with her, nor any vegetables apart from a tato. A year ago, she would never travel this far from a base camp without the means to cook up a proper meal, but then that was before she moved to this area, and she was almost always no more than an hours walk from a camp. She needed to set up a few refuge camps again.

She didn't want the dogs getting into any trouble, so she called them to her, and they happily responded. Gathering around a warm fire was always better than skulking outside in the cold, and by now they all associated a camp fire with warmth and safety. They were not wild dogs anymore.

Jenny had cleared an area in the middle of the ground floor and built the fire on a heap of plaster. She didn't want to accidentally set fire to the store, and though the upper floors were potentially safer from attack, a fire on the upper floor would attract more attention and could get out of control. Also, the roof was destroyed, so the upper floors were more exposed to the elements.

She hugged Alfred as he sat next to her. His fur was cold and damp – probably due to the cold winter fog outside. She threw another chair leg onto the fire, and draped a blanket over her own shoulders and Alfred. She had the foresight to bring a blanket with her, because she knew there was a chance she might be out overnight, and it is Winter now. Besides, blankets have many uses, and there was no guarantee of finding one whilst scavving. It is rare to find an old world blanket – most rotted and fell to pieces long ago, and those that were good have mostly been found by now. The only good blankets around now are either scavenged from Vaults, or hand made. Most Outlanders (even Raiders) are proficient with a needle and thread, and some farms and communities even have looms and weave their own fabrics.

She noticed that Grey was licking Torro, and soon they were all licking each other's pelt. Of course! The blood of the Deathclaw would be rather salty, and though well fed, the dogs were probably quite thirsty and the mist had formed a dew on their fur. Jenny was aware she was feeling a little thirsty herself, so took a swig from the bottle of water she was carrying, and then filled a plastic bowl for the dogs to drink from. Lucky they had taken refuge in a hardware store – there was everything they needed in here.

Such a shame the store was fairly large and had so many holes in the ceiling and windows. If it were a smaller space, it would be possible to heat the room up a little more. The small fire was barely enough to keep them warm whilst huddled close to it, so they weren't really any warmer than if they had been camping outside. Jenny felt sure the building would have a basement, but even if it is still accessible, finding the way in would be a challenge. She had a torch with her, but again didn't want to draw attention to herself any more than she needed to, and .. well there were many excuses, but the truth was she was cold and tired, and just wanted to stay by the fire with her dogs (who judging from the gentle wisps of steam rising from them were getting warm now).

She hugged Alfred tighter, feeling the warmth of his body. She wasn't adequately dressed for this weather - she was more dressed for action, which as it turned out was a good thing, but now she was feeling the chill breeze bite into her. The heat of the fire warmed her face, but her hands and feet were still frozen. She ran her hands through Alfred's fur as she cuddled him, and felt warmed. As her hand glided up and down his warm tummy and down to his shaggy sheath, the tip of his penis began to emerge. Now that is what she wanted inside her.

She slid her fingers around his sheath and squeezed - she could feel his warm bone pulse and grow. Looking down, she could see the red meaty member emerge and gazed at it lovingly.

"Okay - do me Alfie." she said as she got down onto her hands and knees in preparation. Alfred didn't need any more coaxing - he immediately mounted her back and began thrusting his groin at her exposed rear. As soon as she felt the hot tip strike her cheek, she moved her hips so that his next thrust would hit the target. She gasped with pleasure as the warm torpedo parted her cunny lips and sank inside her. Once he was in, he stepped a little closer and thrust deeper and harder.

Jenny moaned as the big hound buried his bone deep into her sticky hole, and swayed her hips back towards him to meet his thrusts. She was already feeling warmer with his shaggy fur covering her back and buttocks, but now his hot cock was warming her inside too.

She turned her head sideways and could see their flickering shadows on the wall, cast by the firelight, painting an animated cartoon on the fading painted plaster of a big dog fucking a human woman. She could see the silhouette of her tits sway back and forth with each thrust as the dog and woman seemed to merge as one undulating mass of sexual congress.

Alfred's hammering became faster and stronger until with one painful slam he rammed his knot inside her quim, making her gasp loudly. For a few moments he continued to buck his hips, but his thrusts were shorter as he could not pull the knot out of her even if he wanted to, and could only sink his swelling organ a little deeper inside her yielding cunt.

Eventually he stopped thrusting, but she could feel the knot swelling bigger as his huge cock throbbed inside her filled well of pleasure. Jenny shook with spasms of pleasure as the spreading warmth of the dog's semen filled her belly with fire, and despite trying to be careful, she lost control and screamed in delight.

Her arms gave way, and she slumped down exhausted as Alfred clutched her waist and lower belly in his powerful paws, his penis throbbing with every fresh spurt of hot doggy cum that swelled her belly, mixing with what was left of the Deathclaws congealing cum.

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## Chapter Thirteen

Jenny woke up under a pile of dogs, awoken by a loud feral screech. They had been asleep, not



trying to fuck her, and it was obvious by the chill in her breath that they had all huddled together for warmth. It was still dark, but she was pretty sure it was early morning, and she regretted being so self indulgent with Alfred, because the fire had burnt out whilst she slept. She hadn't intended sleeping as such - just half sleeps whilst she tended the fire. There was no follow up to the screech, and in all probability it was most likely half a mile away. Sound travels far on cold nights. She might even have passed it off as a dream, had it not awoken the dogs too.

Warily, she took stock of her surroundings and decided to rebuild the fire. There was a faint glow from the embers, and she could probably get it blazing again quite easily - there was plenty of kindling around, but first she would need to dress up - too much bare skin exposed to the frosty air was not good. Living outdoors much of the time, Scavvers tend to be used to extremes in temperature, but they are not immune to colds and flu, and many Scavvers have succumbed to pneumonia in the cold Wasteland winters.

Fortunately, Jenny had come prepared, and though she knew it would take up valuable space in her pack, she had brought a thick woollen jersey with her and a pair of loose linen chaps. Most of her leg coverings were chaps of some form, because that meant she could expose her sex whenever she needed without having to struggle out of pants.

She was able to extricate herself from the pile of dozing dogs without disturbing them too much as they went back to sleep, and was soon dressed in warmer clothing and getting the fire blazing again. The air was cold and damp, with an icy mist outside. She huddled in front of the flickering flames, drawing on their warmth to fight off the growing numbness. She hoped the fog would lift by the time she was ready to make back home, as it was a mixed blessing and curse. On the one hand it would give her ample cover from being spotted by Raiders, but on the other hand she wouldn't spot any dangers until they were right on top of her. Most animals don't rely on vision alone, and hunt mainly by smell. They would be aware of her long before she is aware of them. Of course, they would also smell the dogs, which might be a deterrent.

By dawn, she had planned her rout back and figured out how to get the Deathclaws head back with her. There was an old pram in the street, and once she had ripped off the canopy should just about hold the huge scaly head. The world as far as she could see it was still bathed in white darkness that was eerily silent. Before leaving the warmth of the shop she doused the fire and picked up the limp penis that she had lopped off the reptilian monster and considered what she would do with it. Maybe pickle it in a jar if she could find one big enough? Or maybe cure it, dry it out, and hang it on her wall as a trophy. It was hard to believe she had taken that thing inside her - even in it's flaccid severed state it was still huge. She tucked it into her belt so it hung down by her left thigh, then set off with the pram.

The icy fog grew thicker, so visibility was no better than it had been at night, but having already encountered a Deathclaw she didn't want to stay in town any longer than necessary, and she was keen to get her trophies home before they started to rot. She was about two miles from the edge of the town (in it's centre), and then it was another thirteen miles to home. Some of it across country, some of it uphill.

She knew she was taking a risk travelling a great distance over largely unfamiliar territory in poor visibility, but she got lucky and arrived back home before nightfall and without incidence. Of course, the journey had been slow, because she had to try to wheel the pram without it toppling, which was easy enough on flat pavements before the war, but not so easy on cracked and broken roads, and even harder over grassy fields. She was also on the lookout for sudden dangers and trying to be quiet.

It wasn't until she got home that she realised why nothing had come close to attacking her. A

combination of the dried cum staining her legs, the musky smell from the severed penis hanging from her belt, and the smell of the head itself must have convinced any creatures near enough to smell her that she and her entourage were a horny male Deathclaw. She would have to do something about the smell. Apart from the danger of possibly attracting a female Deathclaw on heat, she didn't want it stinking the place out.

Jenny was not very experienced at preparing and treating trophies - it wasn't something she did other than curing and tanning skins. She had heard that some hunters bury carcasses in hot sand to mummify them, but there was not much sand nearby, and the weather much too cold. She had once explored the remains of a museum that had a room that once housed various specimens in formaldehyde. Most of the cases and jars had been smashed or knocked over of course, but four or five had survived. Jenny didn't have any glassware big enough for that, and didn't know where to get formaldehyde (the museum was many miles away, and might not have anything still intact anyway), but maybe she could find a compromise?

There was a refilling station in town at the bottom of the hill with several large barrels of liquid coolant, so next morning she wheeled the head down the hill and found a bathtub with a plug. She put the head in the tub, then filled it with coolant and covered the top with a couple of sheets of plywood panelling. She figured if it didn't just dissolve the flesh, the coolant would act as a preservative, so left it to soak for a few days.

To be truthful she wasn't sure what she wanted to do with the penis. It was the largest cock she had ever had inside her and was determined to keep it as a reminder of her greatest sexual achievement (who else could boast of having sex with a Deathclaw?) but quite what to do with the trophy she hadn't really thought too much about.

It was nearly seventeen inches long at full stretch, and tapered. The base was as thick as her upper arm, but the upper neck just below the glans was only a couple of inches. The glans was about as big as an egg, but somewhat elongated. She felt sure it was bigger when it fucked her, but of course it was fully engorged with blood then.

She had toyed with the idea of making it into a dildo. She knew all about dildos because she often found one whilst scavving and occasionally used to use one. Before she had her dogs for company, nights were long and boring, and she sometimes felt horny. Also, she would often use a dildo after sex to help release whatever outland creature's cum was inside her. Also, she would sometimes loosen herself up before going out if she hadn't had sex in a long time, just so it would be easier should she find herself about to be fucked by something big.

Of course, now she was getting regularly fucked by five well equipped dogs, she never needed a dildo, except maybe to unclog her pipes. She had to confess to herself that being fucked by a Deathclaw was something she fantasized about now and again, and it would be nice to indulge in it again, but safely. There were too many problems with that plan though. Unless properly treated it would soon rot. If she tried to mummify it or smoke dry it, it would shrink and be a thin wizened version of it's former glory. It was limp and floppy, so she would need to stuff it with something to get it to something like it's erect condition. A penis is not just a skin that can be stuffed like an empty sock - it's a complex organ with tiny capillaries, so the glans would still be small and shrivelled. She abandoned that idea.

As a simple trophy she could smoke dry it or mummify it, but it would be unimpressive. Or she could find a large enough carboy or flask to contain it and pickle it in alcohol. It would still be limp of course, and it would waste an awful lot of vodka. A thought popped into her head. Would there be a market for Deathclaw penis infused vodka? Maybe she could sell that as an aphrodisiac or cure for

impotence. She had seen several strange market stalls that sold peculiar things like that.

Or she could just cure it, tan it, and use it as a belt or something. Actually, it was not nearly long enough to stretch out as a belt (unless she bisected it and sewed the ends to each other). Or she could just sew it to the back of her pants so it hung down like a tail, just as decoration.

After much deliberation she decided to pickle it in alcohol. Of course, the first two obstacles were that she didn't have a big enough glass jar for it, and only had one bottle of vodka. This was not a big issue as she could probably find enough vodka down in the village, or if needs be buy some from the nearest trader, or even distil her own (though that might take too long). Finding a large enough glass receptacle would be harder, but she could use a large saucepan for now.

She picked out a saucepan that was the right size for a snug fit and emptied all her vodka into it. As she thought, it barely came halfway, so another task ahead was to obtain more vodka or gin, so after she had finished taking care of the head, she scouted out the local bar.

Unsurprisingly, there wasn't a lot of booze to be found - it had been raided long ago, but she did find one or two discarded bottles with a few dregs in. Most raiders and scavvers alike are not interested in burdening themselves with a bottle that isn't at least three quarters full, so she was able to decant enough to almost fill one bottle. Of course, that wouldn't be enough, so she scouted out a few domestic homes. Even in the pre-war times, most people kept a cabinet of drinks in their home. Again, they were mostly at least half empty, but by the end of the day she had enough for her needs and headed back up the hill. Now there was enough gin and vodka to completely fill the saucepan and preserve the reptilian cock.

Again, she had not encountered a single critter during her days work, which may have been because she and her dogs had done a pretty good job of clearing the village over the past few weeks, but may also be because she was still reeking of Deathclaw musk. She wondered if that was a good thing or not. It certainly had its advantages, but how strong was the smell? Would humans notice it if she were to walk into a populated settlement?

Mostly, scavvers don't wash or bathe much. Most of the time it isn't possible or at all practical, and as scavvers aren't generally social by nature, personal hygiene is not high on the agenda. But of course, settlers, farmers, and in particular - city dwellers do notice, and look down on scavvers as smelly and dirty. Easy for them - they have access to uncontaminated water. Of course, Jenny now has access to clean water too, though there isn't really room for a bath in her cellar. Mind you - Jenny had been thinking of extending her comfortable but small home. The ruined house above her still had two walls, one with a fireplace and chimney, and half of a third wall was still standing. Maybe it was time to repair or rebuild the house and put a roof on. The fence gave adequate protection from any wild animals, and would even be a deterrent to human attackers, so there was no real need to be skulking underground. Of course, there was nothing left of the upstairs floor, but that wasn't a major problem. The hard part would be rebuilding the walls. She would need ladders, scaffolding, and tools. She realised she didn't have things like a saw, a chisel, or a plane. There was a saw in the cellar, but it was too old and rusted to be of any use, so she had thrown it out.

Jenny cursed herself when she recalled that the hardware store where she had tried to hide from the Deathclaw had several saws and at least one good ladder. She wasn't sure she wanted to revisit that place - she had been very lucky to escape with her life. Hauling back that Deathclaw's head when she should have been collecting things that are actually useful was stupid. Still - if she succeeds in preserving it, it will be useful. Who would be foolish enough to try to raid a place that has a Deathclaw's head in it?

That's an interesting point - where in it will she put it? She could mount it on the gate maybe. If the

house had a front wall she could mount it on that, but the front and east wall were the ones that were fallen. Being three quarters way up a hill, the front of the house must have taken full blast from the bomb. Rebuilding it would be a huge undertaking, and not something to take on just now.