

# READBEAST

## BEASTIALITY STORIES



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The sedan was finally wholly starved as it gulped back the last fuel fumes. Its motor shuddered before it gave one final jerk of power before dying. With a grimace, Victoria had to reluctantly pull the vehicle over onto the side of the logging road when it rapidly lost its momentum.

At first, there was denial when the wheels slowed. "No, no, no... please don't die on me!"

Then it was quickly followed by anger when the vehicle stopped. "FUCK YOU STUPID FUCKING SACK OF SHIT!"

Once her throat stung from screaming at her car, she had to accept all her yelling was not going to resurrect it suddenly. She wrenched hard on the keys in the ignition with a resigned sigh, killing the power to the lights. At least this way, she did not drain yet another part of her car dry. Sagging back into her car seat, she tilted her head back and cursed sullenly. The profoundly worrying realization settled in on her. She had just run out of gas.

She could only laugh in bewilderment at her situation and loudly exclaimed. "Great, fucking lost, and NOW I am stuck in the mountains, just perfect!"

Anger was the emotion she needed at the moment because it was the only thing she could burn to keep the looming shadow of fearful emotions at bay. The stock she placed in her rage was far too limited, and her anxiety started to build. She could feel a cold knot of dread growing in her chest and this annoying urge to cry tightened in her throat. She dropped her head against the steering wheel with a low groan in self-pity. Only to have her forehead trigger the horn with a loud blaring honk. She screamed back in fearful response and practically jumped out of her seat in wide-eyed alarm. It took her a moment to recover with a few frantic breaths, but at least she had shaken off her melancholy for a moment.

The stupid camping trip she had wanted so badly to get to no longer mattered, and she reached for her cell phone. Her home was the place she yearned for, rather than be here for even one more minute. She clicked a button, and the phone flashed on her face with a bright light. It made her eyes wince at such a glare. Once she adjusted to its harsh brightness, her heart sunk into the pit of her stomach. Her lips pinched tight with frustration, seeing no reception because she had to be out of range of any service.

Exasperated with new knowledge, she threw her hands high up in the air. She was so deep in the mountains that it would take a satellite phone to get any help. There would be no calling for a tow truck, no texting for help, or any outside rescue. Still, she stubbornly tried to send one text out just in case. Hope was cruel because it only tormented her, watching as her texts and calls failed repeatedly. Her throat tightened with an unrelenting urge to cry, and tears built up enough under her eyes to blur her vision.

The plastic frame of her phone creaked when she tried to crush it in her hands. As the grim understanding sunk in, she was entirely on her own. With a whimper of utter defeat, she tossed the useless device aside with a flick of her wrist, and it bounced off the passenger seat and onto the floor. She brushed her wavy, raven black hair from her face with a quivering hand, tucking the loose strands behind her ear.

She tried to temper the torrent of dark emotions by saying softly and soothingly to herself. "Come on, Victoria... this is nothing you can't handle, just don't freak the fuck out."

It took a few long deep breaths, but she finally reigned in her emotions. Glancing at the empty fuel

gauge marker, she curled her full lips into an ugly sneer of disdain. It was sitting well past the empty mark, making her feel so stupid for being in such a needless rush to get out and meet with her friends. She needed a comforting embrace or a hug, and she crossed her arms under her large bust to squeeze herself tightly. She stared at her steering wheel somberly for a moment. She forced those thoughts aside with a gentle shake of her head, not wanting to think anymore about what had gotten her stuck. She needed to consider her options about how she would get out of this mess.

Chewing at her plump bottom lip helped her think, and she slowly started putting together a list of options. The first she quite liked. She could wait and sit in the car. Help would come to her, and she didn't have to do a fucking thing. It scored bonus points for being the nice and lazy option where she did absolutely nothing. Then cold and evil logic reared its ugly head and poked problems in it. The most glaring issue was that she had no idea how long it could take for help to show up. She cursed under her breath when she struggled to recall a single moment when another car had passed her the entire time she had been driving. They were supposed to go camping in a nonregulated site, which meant no patrolling rangers or a steady flow of departing campers.

She groaned in emotional agony at being forced to sit here and wait for such an abysmal chance of even getting rescued. The bleak situation only worsened when the warmth around her slowly sucked from the car. She kept holding herself for comfort while rocking back and forth once the cold started to nip at her arms and legs. The frigid touch was a spur to her mind, and it made her seriously debate the terrible alternative idea she had. How bad could it be to take the longest walk of shame to the closest gas station? Probably pretty fucking awful, she surmised since she can't even recall the last time she saw human civilization. Hate seethed in her veins because it was logically the surest chance she had to salvage the shitty situation in the shortest amount of time.

With a palm pressed firmly to her forehead, she made an annoyed growl, imagining how long of a walk it would be. What option did she have? Waiting in the car and freezing her ass off, fuck that noise, she thought to herself. Her eyes light up when the thought, when at least while she walked, she still had the slight possibility of flagging down a rescuer.

She sighed a personal prayer aloud at the wonderful thought of salvation by hitchhiking. "Please let someone find me. I swear I'll blow him so hard if he is a dude."

The lewd thought made her giggle about rewarding her imagined rescuer in such a way. The brief moment of levity helped make her feel better in such a bleak situation.

The pale moonlight was bright even at such a late hour, allowing her to make out the winding logging road easily. The path was flanked by some of the tallest pine trees she had ever seen, making her wonder how off the right path she was. Under those broad canopies, there was nothing but a deep, inky blackness. She narrowed her blue eyes at the foreboding sight, and she could not help but find herself wondering what could lurk in there while she walked. Her imagination started to play with all the dark possibilities of what could pounce her from the shadows. This made her seriously start to reconsider the idea of walking.

She shuddered while feeling the cold truly biting into her. It made her skin break out in little bumps and stiffened her nipples against the cups of her bra. She rubbed at her thighs through her black cotton leggings, trying to massage some warmth into them. The tight material bunched up under her fingers as she vigorously stroked, squeezing the toned muscle of her legs. The increasing cold was the final straw, forcing her to act. Finally, with a heavy sigh, she braced for the adventure she was about to embark on and shoved open the car door.

The cold and crisp night air of the mountains blasted over her and played in long locks of her hair.

She stepped out of her car while gritting her teeth before entirely climbing onto the logging road and her body involuntarily shuddered to warm itself. Thankfully it was summer, or it could have been much worse out here. She bounced up and down with her arms tightly wrapped under her breasts, trying to warm herself with some vigorous activity. It hurt her chest to make her large bust bounce so heavily, but at least it made them feel warmer.

"Fuck, it's cold! Fuck, fuck, fuck!" She whined while rubbing at her arms, trying to massage some warmth into her body

She refused to stop holding herself and shut the door before leaving the car behind.

The adventure was underway as she made her trek back to civilization and couldn't help but surmise the walk was her penance for her negligence. How badly she wished for the foresight to bring some earbuds so she could have some music to make this trek with. She quickly strides, hoping to ignore the nipping cold once her blood starts pumping. Her tan hiking boots thumped loudly against the hard-packed soil of the road, and she put a fair amount of distance between herself and the car. The moon was bright enough that she felt confident in what she could see with it alone.

Maybe if she had bothered to remember her phone, she might have caught the inky shape of a creature maneuvering ahead of her from the tree line.

Wisps of fog were curling up the sides of the logging road from the forest. She watched when the smoky tendrils reached in towards her, giving the forest an unsettling look to it. Those gray spectral fingers of mist curled toward her feet only scatter away from her steps. Something was wrong. She could sense it as the road fogged over. She looked back at her car and saw how far it already was. Seeing it so far deepened the sensation of impending doom twisting at her guts. The feeling disturbed her, and she was concerned about her walking choice.

Her eyes narrowed, and her brows tightened with deep furrows when she noticed there was nothing but an eerie silence. She had never heard a forest so still before. There was only the faint sound of the shifting trees and creaking bark. It was utterly terrifying noticing all life had been snuffed out in the woods. She wished she felt alone because she was distantly under the impression that something was watching her. She twisted around to gaze into those deep shadows while it felt like icy fingers were crushing at her heart.

The quick stride she once had slowed when she deliberately attempted to silence her steps. Having a wild imagination could be a curse sometimes, and she tried to reason away those troubling thoughts. Her eyes were just playing tricks on her. Sure, she could tell herself that, but the sound of her footsteps still seemed far too damned loud. She was trying to keep an ear open for predators and heard the distinct sound of wood sharply cracking in front of her.

'OH fuck, oh shit! What the fuck was that?' she frantically thought.

If she heard so much as one footstep, she would get the fuck out of there, but she can't be sure because the sound of her heart thumping in her ears is too damned loud. The sound she was assaulted with was a sudden and primal growl of something way too fucking big. The dead silence made the predatory sound much more terrifying when it rumbled through her body. Her expressive eyes gaped with fright at the sound, and she might have even peed a little in fear. She wanted to run right fucking now, but her limbs were rock stiff with terror. It had turned into some horrible dream where she could not find the strength to control her own body.

Right smack in the middle of the foggy road strode out a terrible blot of shadow. She gasped at its hulking silhouette, which looked like a massive bear to her panicked assessment. It was too close for

comfort and so large she doubted the car could save her from it. Her assessment, however, swiftly changed when it, fucking, stood on two legs! Her mind panicked as she tried to process what she was staring at, and then she fixated on its eyes. Nothing was natural about them because they were faintly glowing in their sockets like two dying coals. She could see it had hands. Big hands pointed with claws.

When this monster took its first step toward her instincts, she exploded into action. Adrenaline surged through her veins and boiled her blood like natural nitrous, and she bolted with a raw scream of terror. Things don't start as smoothly as she wishes. Her flight was so hysterical that she pitched forward onto all fours when her feet slipped from under her legs. She grimaced as she clawed at the stiff dirt to get some traction before running into her life's most frantic sprint.

A terrible roar bellowed from behind her. The sound it made was nothing like she had ever heard in all the documentaries about animals she had watched. Those thunderous vibrations ripped through her body so violently it rattled in her chest, and she responded with a scream of absolute horror. She did not dare to look back as its roar only spurred her to flee faster for the safety of her car. She wished to wear a sports bra badly because her breasts were not helping how they swayed so heavily between her pumping arms.

The ground shook under her feet from the weight of his bounding strides, followed by the thunderous sound of its massive paws slamming into the hard ground not far from hers. Tears streamed down her cheeks as she sobbed deeply, confronted with such a frightening creature. Those burning eyes still haunted her, seeing them filled with such primal hunger. One of its claws swiped at the foot she had extended behind, and she wailed louder at its touch. It was so close she knew she was doomed, and she sobbed even louder, seeing the only bastion of safety was too far away.

Stars burst in her vision when massive hands slammed hard into her upper back. The brutal impact made her grunt, and its blunt claws raked down the length of her back. Those claws made her back feel like it had burst into flame, and her shirt was savagely shredded under the assault. Its hands snagged on the black strap of her bra, and those hard spurs tangled up in her top, pulling at the back of it. It made the front of her shirt burst open, exposing her endowed bust to the night air when her bra was crudely yanked down to her midsection.

When it shoved her lower back, she sounded like a squeaky toy when her head snapped back. The jarring push seemed to cut off the signal to her legs, and they buckled under her weight. She fell to her knees, and her upper body pitched forward. She desperately attempted to brace herself with her hands, but her shirt and bra straps had been pulled down until they had bunched up in the crooks of her elbows. She could only stick out under her ribcage, which did nothing to prevent her from falling chest-first into the unforgiving dirt. The grunt she made kicked up a cloud of dirt with her head twisted to the side, and her breasts were painfully mashed against the hard-packed dirt.

She had been dazed by the impact with a pained groan and lay on the ground with her face down in the dirt with her ass stuck high up in the air. His paws clutched at her hips, crushing into her curves, and those hard claws dug into her midsection around her naval. She thrashed violently from the unwanted touch, but it was too strong, and she could barely move her waist. The growl it released terrified her so deeply that her bladder emptied on the spot. It was humiliating, pissing herself before she was about to be eaten. She deeply sobbed at how helpless she was when it bent over her, expecting the worst.

Its tongue slapped against her face and licked at her tears before she felt its wet nose bump at her neck. A deep rumble issued from its throat and vibrated into her body when she felt its hard claws curl under the hem of her pants. Her mind spun when it yanked at her yoga pants so brutally that

the seams popped and shredded before the material yielded. The front of her pants flopped between her legs, having been turned into a useless pair of stockings. Something felt so wrong about what it was doing. She was expecting biting, clawing, and blood. Instead, her rump was exposed to the cool air when it started moving its head back there.

'OH FUCK, it's going to start there?' she thought, with fresh tears in her eyes.

Course palms ground over her creamy cheeks, but the touch felt like adoration, something no wild predator did to its prey. It looked evil when she first saw it, but now it was just sadistic toying with her backside like this and making her think it wasn't going to eat her. Hot breath washed over her flesh. Here it came, dying while being eaten out by a werewolf. She tensed and clenched her fists, bracing for the pain that would be coming soon. Then it licked her with its broad tongue, a long and scandalous caress of hot flesh rasping over the smooth skin of her ass cheek.

Wait, that wasn't right, but then it came again, another hard lick, but this time, she felt it swipe right over the crack of her rump. Her flesh tingled where the stiff tongue stroked at her, and her mind reeled when she felt it spreading her ass open with its paws. Then its oral muscle plunged deep into her crack and raked at something only a few men enjoyed licking. This creature seemed to have no reservations and kept lavishing her with those canine kisses.

Her curiosity got the best of her, and she twisted her upper body to look back at what it was doing. Feeling it eating her booty was one thing, but the visual shock of watching such a primeval beast going to town on her backside was something else. Her mouth sagged in stunned awe at the sight of its inhuman figure. The head was distinctly lupine with tall and soft pointed ears sitting high on his broad skull.

Those crimson eyes seemed brighter now as they sat sunken deeply into its skull. It had a long and narrow muzzle with craggy yellowed teeth and canines so long they probably extended past its draping lips. Large was an understatement. It was a mountain of feral muscle and made her feel so small, close to it. Smokey gray fur sheathed the hulking frame of its body. Its neck and chest had the thickest collection of its coarse-looking fur.

The lust burning in its eyes for her was unmistakable now while it panted deeply over her backside, flicking hot ropes of drool against her already soaked cheeks. It must be a male the way those fiery orbs raked over her ass. Seeing the naked desire turned her mind into a conflicted tangle of emotions. Sure, she was elated. He seemed not to want to eat her for now. However, there was a great deal of anxiety about what he wanted to do with her. Could she blame him, though, with her voluptuous ass pointed to him like a bitch in heat? Maybe she accidentally goaded the monster into wanting to mate with his prey bent over the way she was?

He seemed to sense her trepidation and his head lowered past the high curves of her ass. Wham, the strong tongue struck right against her groin and raked at her thick outer petals. Her body tensed from the hard lick at the heat of the muscle scorching into her delicate petals. Again the muscle stroked at her sex, and the harsh pleasure she felt made her gasp. The firm flesh of his nose pressed into the tight ring of her ass, and he huffed against it. She couldn't help but grin when he brazenly took in her scent. He had no shame.

He growled when he tasted her bitter arousal leaking from her hole, and the oral it gave her grew furious. It had become clear why some people enticed their dogs to lick them with peanut butter because a canine tongue was amazing. She groaned, getting eaten out by the wolf, and angled her hips to give him a better target. He nipped at her meaty folds, shocking her with electric jolts of raw pleasure, feeling him tugging gently at her folds. Her hips wriggled in his paws, absolutely adoring

the attention he was giving her as he noisily slurped at her sex.

He seemed to take it as a sign and moved his paws to clutch her by the waist before mounting over her prone body.

“No, wait, don’t stop! COME ON!” she furiously complained when he left her throbbing so hotly with the need for his oral.

The heat of his body smothered her like a blanket, and it felt so good being sheltered from the cold. The rough sensation, of course, fur scraping over her bare ass, made her anxiety rise over the idea of him fucking her. She twisted her upper body back to push at his broad chest, feeling him bearing down on her. She knew she couldn’t stop him. He could claim any hole he pleased and as many times he wanted. The lust burning her when she thought about it made her cheeks burn hotly in humiliation while he mounted her like an animal.

When he leaned in, bringing his chest up against her head, her breaths quickened, allowing her to take in his musky scent. His smell was overpowering at first, but then it started to smell quite pleasant, so good she could feel her mind getting hazy with desire. A thought came over her, what if this creature was making her into such a slut. Sadly, she already knew the answer. Sex had always come in a very close second to eating. He seemed to enjoy the voluptuous curves she possessed when he gave a sharp tug on her wide hips.

He derailed her train of thought, and she could not help but steal a glance between the monster’s legs. It felt like her heart skipped a beat at the sight of the bright red tip of his crimson cock poking out from its thick fuzzy sheath. A thick rope of clear pre-slime dangled from the pointed tip of animal flesh. He moved closer to her ass, making his huge swollen nuts wobble with those small adjustments. Her mind became foggy with bizarre arousal seeing his distinctly canine member poised to violate her.

The intense heat of his furred groin was the first thing she felt before he jabbed his hard meat at her. It was like getting stabbed with a hot poker, and she gasped at the intense sensation of something so rigid digging at her softness. Over and over, he prods at her with his hardness trying to sink into her hole, any hole the way he was battering at her. She tried to pull away from him with a whine when he so crudely attempted to rut with her. So much of his pre-slime was slathered over her back end. She could feel it trickling down her thighs.

Her sex was pulsing with desire, and her passage was getting wetter for his member from the sensation of such a primal thing trying to enter her. The harsh feeling of him trying to find her hole with his greedy stabs forced her to angle her hips a little higher to help him find the right spot. She clutched at the ground while the wolf stubbornly bucked at her. Humiliating arousal only built up in her feeling him trying to mate with her like a dog.

Then his member found her opening.

He lets out a pleasing snarl when his dick skewers her depths. A scream of shock was ripped from her throat, feeling such a scorching hot length of flesh plunge inside her. Her wild cry was brutally jarred from his frenzied humping. Nothing could have prepared her for his frantic pace as he plundered her depths. It was inhuman and made it all the more amazing. The sound of her hole wetly churning amidst his deep panting over the top of her head was utterly profane.

Her entire body jolts under him when his hips savagely connect with the cheeks of her ass. She can only huff breathlessly while the globes of her ass deeply ripple with every rigid connection of fur on flesh. His heavy nuts swung between her legs to smack hard against her clit, making hot white



pleasure burst between her legs.

She clutched at the hard dirt, raking deep furrows from the intense shocks of pleasure that burst from her loins. He bottomed out into her depths until the lips of her pussy kissed at his meaty sheath. His organ reached further than any human dick ever could, touching her in places that made her eyelids flutter. Something was changing between her legs, and the pleasure she felt was getting even more intense. Her mouth gaped in disbelief when she keenly felt his cock surge with thickness.

The way his member pushed at her sensitive insides made her moan like a depraved whore, and she opened her legs to accommodate his increasing size. The sensation of him getting larger inside her each time he plunged into her core was alien to her while it pushed at her clenching walls. With every fresh throb, he stretched her open a little more, increasing the raw intensity of its wild humping.

Desperate moans spilled from her pretty lips when his cock expanded to the point she felt the walls of her pussy straining to hold his girth. She could keenly feel its hard veins clustered at the surface of his member, giving it a wonderfully bumpy texture. Her stomach surged outward with his size, and her cheeks flushed red with humiliation reveling in the sensation of him stretching her so obscenely. The lids of her eyes sagged with pleasure. He was so big regular sex was going to be so disappointing when he was finished with her. Her eager pussy started to drown his stirring shaft, and her tight hole loudly squished and squelched. Thick strands of their combined slurry of slime and honey dangle from the mound of her pussy and soak into her ruined pants.

A tremendous tension was building between her legs, getting so roughly fucked by her animalistic partner. She pushed right back into his lunging hips with a desirous moan, hungering for the orgasm building up in her core. He growled, seeming to sense her rising peak, and fucked her all the harder to the point his hard hips stung at the meat of her ass. Her orgasm was loudly announced with a triumphant cry of pleasure. Her mind burst with tingling fireworks, and those expressive eyes rolled back until they were almost entirely white. Her body lost all control as her mind was overloaded with pleasure.

She uncontrollably convulsed in his restraining paws, and it was his turn to let out a mighty groan when her insides contracted powerfully around his cock. Her body erratically clenched at him, milking at the organ churning away as she came. Her intense peak only seemed to goad him to fuck her even more furiously, and she more keenly felt his cock was still growing inside her.

Her cries reach louder pitches and become all the more desperate when he overfills her sensitive depths with hard meat. The sensation of intense discomfort and incredible pleasure rattles her brain, finding both frightening and deeply arousing. He was reshaping her passage to take his dick and her lower midsection distended from his immensity. She can't help but wonder how something so huge can feel so damned good as her thick petals have already turned a bright shade of pink from being stretched so bad to hold him.

Something hard and even thicker than his girth shoved between her gaping folds, and she jolted at the intense sensation. She yelped keenly, feeling his swollen glands pushing into her already tightly stuffed opening. It kept slipping in and out of her with his frenzied humping, and she could feel them only getting larger. She whined pathetically when her entrance burst with pins and needles of pain, having her hole tenderized but those growths.

The aching sensation demanded she tries to escape from it, and she started to crawl away from him. He yanked her back into place with a vicious snarl and abused her with his savage desires. Her tortured mind came to the recollection; that canines have knots they used to lock with their mates.



She whimpered from the knowledge. He was going to keep growing until he was stuck inside her.

All she could do was grit her teeth and try to ride out how badly it hurt to have something so large plugging up her entrance. Her eyes fluttered while he ruthlessly pounded away at her fuck hole with his growing tie. The forest was filled with her frantic cries, and even her pussy loudly protested when he shoved it into a wet squelch to have him yank it out with a painful slurp. He snarled at her and only got more violent in his inhuman mating. Her cunt throbs from his fattening knot, absolutely wrecking her entrance as it feels like she has to give birth over and over to it. It was hurting her so much to take it. She could have sworn she was going to die.

Stars burst in vision when after what seemed like an eternity of having him bruising her cunt. His last painful insertion was the one she dreaded most, he was very much stuck inside her, but she seemed to know it before he did. She let forth a terrible squeal of agony when he tried to yank it out and pulled her along with his entrenched dick. Her eyes rolled back when he started viciously sawing his tie in her hole, stubbornly pulling it free from her passage.

Her mind turned to nothing more than white static from the insanity-inducing pressure on the most sensitive of places in her pussy. He was bashing the still growing knot as deeply she could take it before bulging out her sore pussy lips, trying to remove it. She convulsed around those thick tumors of flesh. Her legs twitched involuntarily while the most shameful groan was forced from her throat.

The mound of her pussy was bloating with his swelling organ, and more white stars flickered in her vision while she hyperventilated, feeling him fully locking inside her. Her toes curled in her boots, and there was such unrelenting pressure as the tie felt like it was filling all the space in her lower body. If she had not pissed herself before, she knew she would have done it then. An orgasm ripped through her body, resonating deeply from her core. Her vision narrowed into a dark tunnel, nearly blacking out from such an intense release. She could only release a pleased gurgle being so utterly ruined by his cock while her pussy gulped against his fuzzy sheath.

He shoved more urgently into her constricting passage with a deep groan stirring his member around. She could feel him trying to work his cock as deeply as he could in her depths, and his cries came faster. Those large paws smothered the globes of her ass, and he crushed her soft meat with a greedy grope. His panting grew heavier, and the thick globs of his hot slobber splattered onto the wounds marking her back. There was no mistaking what the wolf was about to do next, and she wanted him to get it over with. She reached with a quaking hand between her legs to clutch those massive nuts and feel them twitching in her fingertips as she massaged them.

She huffed deeply with a strong pulse of his cock, which was getting harder as he got closer to his orgasm. It surprised her how deeply she thrilled at the idea that something so far from human was about to fill her with its feral load. His primal face was leering down at hers when she looked up at him and wore an unmistakable grin on his muzzle. Seeing the human emotion displayed on his canine features made her wonder. A wild and depraved thought entered her mind, and she bit her bottom lip, wondering if maybe he could get her pregnant. Her perverse fantasy initially shocked her, but the aversion quickly faded into excitement.

His canine meat begins to pulse more aggressively, growing harder and fatter while he lets out a deep rumbling groan as his peak rises. She felt fear and excitement from what he was about to do inside her. He clenched his teeth together, and his face looked like it was contorting in pain, and with a hard shove, she felt white-hot fire surge into her loins. It was a brutally powerful surge of cum, and she felt it boiling into a place she had never been touched before. She clutched her midsection as it scorched her on the inside and buried her face into the ground. Her feet punched the ground with frantic kicking while she kept pumping liquid fire into her womb.

"Stop! It's hot! It's too fucking hot! Oh god! you're burning me inside!" Her pleading was frantic as fresh tears rolled down her cheeks.

The pleas went ignored, and she could see he was lost in his pleasure when his head tilted and his tongue spilled from his gaping maw. She cried out hysterically as he thrust into her with every powerful release. It felt like he was punching her in the guts when those searing jets surged inside her. She whined in alarm when she felt the heat spreading in her core and radiating into her fingertips.

It suddenly made so much sense why his eyes glowed. She was getting cream pied by a fucking hellhound. There was so much of it draining into her she could feel her baby maker filling up with his infernal release. The pressure was building, and her mouth gaped when she felt the low point of her stomach getting firm against her hands. Fat beads of sweat rolled off her body, making her tanned flesh glisten while her womb started to feel her overinflated cavern pushing against her palms.

She almost laughed joyfully when his breeding organ finally stopped throbbing inside her. The intense heat slowly faded into an uncomfortable warmth, but an incredible pleasure followed. She sighed out, and her body went slack under him, but her breathing was heavy, and her eyelids drooped with exhaustion from her ordeal. He was also panting heavily, and his oppressive breath washed over his face. She looked at him with a sneer of disdain and shook her head. He cocked a single furry eye ridge, and one of his mouth curled in a mock grin before huffed right in her face. Her mouth parted in shock. He knew exactly what he did. What an asshole!

"Y-you fucking piece of shit!" she barked at him when her temper flared out of control.

He rolled his eyes at her before letting out a satisfied groan and then collapsed onto his side. All the fire in her veins turned to ice when she felt his knot tugging at her. She let out a pained yelp and was forcefully dragged along for the ride by her pussy. While he seemed to be still basking in his release, panting so heavily that his fat tongue was dangling out the corner of his maw. Humiliation burned her cheeks while she sat on his lap, and the primal chuckle he made rubbed dirt into wounding her pride. She refused to even look at him and could not wait for the moment she was free from his cock.

Worrying thoughts raced through her mind as she could not help but ponder what more such a primeval-looking thing might have in mind for her. What could she even do if he wanted to play with her more? She was stuck on his cock. Then her heart dropped into her stomach when a thought crossed her mind, what if he was hungry now? She looked back at the beast; his head was draped over his bicep with its eyes lids hanging heavily. Would she still be on the menu after fucking her?

She was not about to just sit here and find out. Even though she still felt the pressure at her entrance, she gave a light testing tug with her hips. The discomfort flared, but it seemed bearable, so she tried to pull herself off his horrible tumor. Her swollen pussy lips bulged around the huge tie as she pulled against it, and the wolf groaned in his near slumber. She watched when he curled his long clawed toes at the sensation, but he seemed pretty content in letting her try to escape. With a whimper, she gave into the pain and failed her first attempt leaving her gasping for air.

Once the ache in her petals faded, she tried again, and once more, the pain flared between her legs. The sensation of his knot spreading her open hurt so terribly that her vision narrowed into a dark tunnel, and she felt like she was about to pass out. Still, she gritted her teeth and strained until her body quaked to pull free from him.

Her determination is rewarded with a loud fleshly POP.

Her eyes gaped wide at the intense jolt of pleasure she felt then she lurched forward with a surprised yelp. His immense cock unsheathed from her with a disgusting slurp while she crashed face first into the dirt. The suction of removing his fat dick made it feel like her womb would be sucked from her body.

She could only lay there clutching her throbbing sex in both hands from the unwanted pleasure. Another orgasm washed over her body, making her shudder and twitch. She lay there in the dirt, groaning like a wounded animal as the cold air washed over her heated body. Gouts of his thick cum spurt from her pussy and between her fingers. She grimaced, feeling his thick mess oozing down her thighs. Her body felt empty, and her gaping hole winked its pink walls with powerful contractions. Her opening belched, and her cheeks flushed in embarrassment, hearing him snort at the sound of her pussy queefing so loudly.

She was still suffering from her peak when she tried to stand on her quivering legs. Her staggered made her feel utterly useless when her legs felt like they were nothing more than jelly. She glanced back at him but then had to do it again when she caught a glimpse of its member. She whined at the sight of the titanic log of bright red flesh with those two bloated lumps flanking its base. Even though it was lying partially deflated against his furry thigh, she felt nauseous. Something so huge had been inside her. Her sex ached just looking at it, and she knew that her pussy was indeed ruined by him.

The need to put some distance from him increased because even if he just wanted to fuck her again, she probably wouldn't survive round two. She grimaced in disgust at how cold and slimy her ruined pants felt, and her thighs were slippery when they rubbed together with the aftermath of their sex. She could only manage a slow jog because her groin hurt severely from the wild pounding it had taken. Curiosity got the best of her, and she peered over her shoulder to see him lying there. He casually watched her run away with his head resting in one of his paws. What the fuck was he looking so smug about?

The sight of him was easily the most disturbing thing she witnessed the entire night. Reasons spun through her mind for his. Sure the car was hardly protection from him. The realization knocked the wind out of her. She could never get away from him. Her uneven stride slowed, and her arms sagged limply at her sides. What was the point in even running at all? All she wanted was some alone time in her car, and she pulled open the unlocked rear door and sat in the back. She closed the door behind her, but there was no point in locking it because he could probably rip the thing off its hinges.

She sat there staring at the floor with her chest heaving. The sight of her ruined pants and the way they reeked of his animal cum made her nose wrinkle. She wanted nothing more than to get out of them and fumbled with her boots to yank them from her feet. With her footwear off, she grimaced as she was forced to peel her sodden pants from her skin. She pulled her arms out of the long sleeves of her shirt and then used the ruined top as a rag to wipe at her slimy-looking pussy. It was fucking everywhere. Her inner thighs, ass, and even the crease of her belly had some slippery fluid on them. She had turned her shirt into a sodden rag, but she could still feel areas where the viscous stuff stubbornly clung.

It had to do because she needed to attend to more pressing matters. She went into full examination mode and used the backs of her front car seats like stirrups so she could spread eagle. The sight of her slit made her whimper with dismay. Her outer folds looked terrible. Sure, they used to be pretty thick looking, but it was cute, and it looked like she had two hamburger buns between her legs. The lips she was looking at now looked like they had a pair of fat and red slugs replacing them. She

sucked in a breath when she touched them. They were so sore and throbbed aching under her fingers.

She winced as she parted them, and there was a small moment of relief seeing an absence of blood. Her joy was short-lived when she saw how wide her entrance gaped, taking his cock. That was it. Her everyday sex life was over. It would be soda bottles and fists to feel anything after him.

Rage seethed in her veins, and she looked to see the cocky fucker practically swaggering towards the car. His eyes were gazing right between her legs, and then she noticed she was pretty much flashing him her wrecked junk the way she was spread out. Her lip curled into a snarl, and she gave him the middle finger in defiance.

"FUCK YOU!" she screamed until her lungs were empty and red in the face.

She tore off her useless bra and reclined into the back of the seat with arms crossed over her chest. There was nothing she could do as she watched him place his paws on the car's hood. The vehicle tilted forward under its weight, and then, he just watched her.

She couldn't bear being under his scrutiny and snapped at him. "Well? What the fuck are you waiting for?"

Her answer came from an internal groan, and her heart sank into her stomach at a strange warmth heating in her core. She had foolishly dismissed it as nothing more than the aftermath of his infernal cum. The heat was building in intensity now, and then she knew why he didn't care if she ran. He knew he had knocked her up. She looked back at him, her eyes wide with dread, and she watched as a slow grin curled at his lips.

She tried to deny what was happening. "No, no... please no, I-I can't...." But there was pressure growing in her womb.

Strange flutters at the low point of her stomach draw her attention, and her heart raced at the sight of it noticeably growing. She held the sides of the rising bump in her hands and her throat tightened with fear watching it proliferate. Her mind recalled old horror movies with aliens that would rip through their mother's stomach. Was she about to experience the same fate, death, by birthing her inhuman offspring?

Her breaths became more frantic, and her light-colored skin around her midsection turned increasing shades of pink, being forced to expand so quickly. Her head tilted back over the low edge of the back seat, and she groaned, feeling a strange pleasure when she distinctly felt tiny flutters of life in her uterus. The larger they grew, the better it felt to have them moving inside her, and with a bewildered chuckle, she realized that she might have unwittingly stumbled into a new fetish.

She swelled up into a late-term pregnancy in only a few dozen minutes. Her strained flesh turned a deep shade of red, trying to accommodate her inhuman children. She could only watch in wide-eyed awe when her stomach managed to dominate the size of her bust. She could see that her tits were taught with milk making them look like two perfect globes. Her body disturbingly gurgled and groaned from her guts being forcibly displaced by her stretching cavern. Tiny limbs pushed and stroked at her from the inside, and she watched in utter fascination as her stomach bulged and shifted. She could feel that there were far too many limbs shoving at her insides for there just to be one of them.

A deluge of milky fluid erupted from her loins, making her gasp when her womb emptied, and her walls hugged his pups tightly. Thankfully she already had her feet resting against her makeshift

stirrups because it was time to have some babies. The contractions came fast and were brutal in their intensity. Her breaths hastened into frenzied gasps, and her body glistened with sweat. When her belly was cramped, she pushed as hard as she could, and she repeated this process over and over.

Her head tilted back, and her mouth gaped in a silent scream feeling something so large pushing past her cervix. She suddenly found her voice and released a pained cry as more powerful contractions helped force the large child into her birthing canal. Her vision narrowed into a dark tunnel from the sensation of having a baby squirming inside her. She frantically pushed while reaching back to grab the car seat beside her head. There was a massive knot throughout her passage trying to expel this child. No matter how hard she pushed or how badly her stomach cramped up, it felt like she was making no progress.

She was so scared that it was stuck inside her when she saw its snout push out from between her slit. The most exhilarating wave of relief washed over her. She knew she could do this. With her spirits lifted, she watched as more of its animal head emerged from her until it dangled limply from her loins. The worst was yet to come when she felt its shoulders wedge against her entrance. She clenched her jaw, took a deep breath, and then pushed with all her might. Her reddened lips yawned even wider, and she felt this mind-numbing ache in her womanhood as the pup's broad shoulders squeezed past. Just when she thought her pussy would split in half, the most intense wave of relief came.

A wild cry of exultation erupted from her throat, feeling the baby slip out of her in one loud slurp before it spilled onto the wet floor. She peered between her legs, her breaths labored and her eyes heavy from the exertion. There was a new monster she had made as it wriggled on the floor. Its fur was matted against the body, and it glistened with the slime of her womb. She saw its small sheath of flesh, marking it as a boy. It rooted around with its bulging eyes sealed shut, searching for her. He was going to have to wait it out. She knew he had brothers coming.

She placed her quivering palms against her eyes with a deep groan of satisfaction from giving birth. Her hand massaged her aching sex and stroked her fingers inside her tenderized hole. Her midsection was still compressing with deep aches, but they were much fainter. 'How many more puppies did she have inside me?' she wondered. Now that she knew she could naturally have them, she eagerly awaited the next to bring into the world.

Her rest was over, and those contractions cranked back up to ten, puppy time. She moaned at the sensation of another thick head slipping into her loosened cavity. With the comforting knowledge that she could squeeze out the little monsters, she was much more relaxed the second time. When it wriggled so powerfully inside her passage, her eyes rolled back with the deepest groan of pure pleasure. She felt a little guilty because she was barely helping her pup along while she basked in selfish pleasure.

When its snout poked past her lips, she held them open to watch its canine head spreading her open. Even when its shoulders hurt her womanhood, she hardly cared anymore because it was such a small moment of the intense experience she enjoyed so deeply. With one last pained grunt, a tremendous surge of relief was again when a lewd slurp came from between her legs. The first puppy was joined on the ground with a newly minted brother.

Exhaustion made her eyes heavy, but she still pushed at her deflated stomach, wondering if she had any more. The disappointment she felt, feeling nothing but her own body under her fingers, struck her. She started to get extremely worried when she wanted to have the wolf pumping that hellish load in her again. She looked through the window where she had last seen him, but he was nowhere

in sight, maybe he had fainted?

She couldn't help but chuckle weakly at that thought, stretched her tired body out, and rested her shoulders against the car door as she mulled the troubling idea over. Could she even be sure that the desire she felt was hers, or was it some insidious reprogramming he had exposed her to? She pressed her palms against her forehead with a groan as her head ached even thinking about it.

Strange yapping sounds from below grabbed her attention, and she leaned to the side to look over the seat. On the ground sat two large pups with the same burning red eyes as their father. They looked at her expectantly with their large eyes, and she gazed back into them. Her head throbs right in the center of her mind with conflicting urges. Birthing them was terrific, but caring for them?

Her maternal instinct ultimately won out, and she reached down to pluck them up with a warm smile of pride.

"Come here, you little fuckers. You're probably hungry from growing so damned fast," she scolded them as they practically leaped onto her arms.

She hefted them up with effort, discovering that they were pretty heavy. She parked each one at one of her swollen breasts and watched as their eyes lit up at such a bounty. Needle teeth made her wince when they latched on her dark brown nipples. Then came the unexpected rush of hard pleasure when they chewed at her fat rubbery buds of flesh. Her udders were so uncomfortably full of milk she was more than happy to let her pups drain them. They placed their little paws on the sides of her huge peaks while nursed with greedy tugging. Her thick cream gushed out the sides of her muzzles when they took too much.

She was surprised when the car door was pulled out from behind her. Her upper body dropped to the back seat while her babies straddled her tits. While the world turned upside down with her head left hanging outside the car. At first, she only saw a pair of massive lupine feet, which was all the confirmation she needed to know who so rudely interrupted her.

Looking at him from an awkward angle gave her a weird perspective, but the way he looked at her was hard to read. It hardly mattered now. She had his babies, so any worry or fear of him doing something violent to her had faded. Exhaustion made her eyelids so hard to keep open, but she had the strength to at least flip him the middle finger with that bit of strength she had left.

He lowered himself and cradled her head in his huge paws before gently lacing his fingers in her raven hair. She shivered with pleasure feeling his claws gently stroke over her scalp, and his muzzle came close to hers. With a trembling hand, she reached up and clutched one of his velvety soft ears to stroke it under her thumb. He rumbled deeply and lavished his rough tongue against her face and neck. Hating him right now would take too much energy. She needed to sleep after such a wild night. Her arm went limp from her ear, and her eyelids finally won the battle when her consciousness faded.

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*A few days later.*

A missing persons report had been filed for Victoria, but no one knew where she was last seen or where she was even heading. None of her bank or credit cards had been used since her disappearance, which made the investigators think it could have been a kidnapping. That estimation turned to abduction when no demands for ransom had been made.

Only after her friends had returned from their camping trip did they get a real lead on her possible whereabouts. The discovery of her car in the woods only leads to even more questions rather than providing answers. The floor in the back of the vehicle was still slick with afterbirth contained two placentae, but her friends were shocked when they asked if she had been pregnant. They did a thorough search of the woods by foot and flew helicopters over the site in search of her, but it was as if she had vanished into thin air with two newborn kids no less.

Her torn-up clothing was sodden with a copious amount of semen, impossible for a single person alone. What the lab techs gleaned from the samples had the investigators reeling, it was all animal DNA, or at least it was their best estimation. They seized her laptop from her home and ripped through her social media and internet history. The phone they found in the car provided nothing but casual banter and the odd racy picture.

Nothing matched up, and the evidence spat in the face of anything they had encountered. She seemed like an ordinary girl by all accounts, vulgar, but that hardly mattered to them. They had to bring up some rather embarrassing and uncomfortable string of questions with all parties they felt needed to be brought in. Her father, in particular, slung a relatively large volume of expletives when they asked if she might have had a previous sexual history with animals.

Forty-eight hours passed far too quickly, but the trail has gone cold for easily one of the most bizarre cases of the investigator's careers for now.

*The End*