

# READBEAST

## BEASTIALITY STORIES



My grandma lived in a log cabin north of Edmonton, Alberta Canada. That is where my mom grew up until she attended college, moving down to the lower 48 finally settling in Arizona, where I was born.

Both of them loved that way of life, but my dad was from the city having no desire to live in the wilderness, but when I was a junior in high school, I spent the summer and early winter with my nana, instantly falling in love with her place, with that way of life and of course with her.

Entering college, I was majoring in the Wildlife and Forestry, looking for a BSF degree, then moved back up near her, living and enjoying that life style.

However in my junior year, we were notified the lady had passed away. Mom, dad and myself attended the funeral in Edmonton, driving back to her place so she could be buried on the place she loved so much.

Flying to Canada, I remembered one of the last conversations I had enjoyed with her, asking her if it gets lonely with no men or women here to satisfy those urges we all have? She just smiled, "When you move up here for good, I'll arrange for you to meet my secret lover, then you'll never have any lonely time" I had no idea what she was talking about.

After the funeral, we found out she left the cabin, property, as well as her extensive financial holdings all to me. Needless to say, I was more than excited, even though I was so sad that we'd never spend the time I had been planning with one another.

None of us had any idea how wealthy she was, but mom had said they always had the best equipment, had set up some solar power, they lived as modern as humanly possible.

Finishing up schooling that year, the end of May I was on my way to Edmonton. One of the families friends, an old woodsman friend of moms and grandmas, Pete was the typical wilderness scruffy old man, who everyone loved.

He was waiting for me at the airport, had picked up my 4x4 truck that I ordered, had it hooked up to tow while we headed to the homestead. He had stocked the bed of my vehicle, with supplies, hugging him I was so grateful to have him with me, when I arrived to launch into my new life.

The place was the same as I remembered, unloading the supplies, checking out what had been done and what needed to be completed, before Pete headed back to his place.

Looking over everything, the two of us decided to hire some college kids to come out and work for the summer, building up my wood supply, freezing the meat needed to get me by, planting vegetables in the green house and so on, when they headed back to school, I'd be in great shape for a long winter. I also had a large tank installed, giving me propane to heat the cabin with as well as keeping the barn warm so my vehicles would not freeze, and be ready when I needed them.

One evening Pete and I were on the front porch, enjoying the last few days before he headed back, "Hey got a question for you, have you noticed the large foot prints that were here when we arrived and seem to be here sometimes in the morning? Do you have any idea who they belong to?"

He was working on a beer, running a finger around the top, looking like he was pondering my question, "I'd see them when I'd come to visit Merle. She'd just laugh and tell me I wouldn't believe her if she told me. They are definitely human or human like. The funny thing is I'd see them in the winter, just like we see them now, a bare foot and the toes, however in the winter it looked like they had some sort of fur or hair on them, I assume to keep the cold at bay. I asked her one time if she was friends with Big Foot and she just smiled, but never answered me" Then he took a long pull on

the bottle, "They don't seem to be any danger, but if you ever find out who or what they are, please let me know"

August ended, the staff headed back to school, Pete had gone back to his place, taking a couple of the young people I had hired to help him, my satellite phone had arrived, so if I needed anyone I'd be able to contact them. Mid September I sat out a few traps, especially a couple of beaver traps. I wanted a cap like grandma had, her's was worn out, being made out of beaver it was beyond warm, we had our first heavy snow storm at the first of October and the freeze that came with it.

Checking the traps, a few rabbits were caught, then the first beaver trap, proved to be successful, I had trapped a pair of them, giving me plenty of fur for what I needed. The ice looked like it was frozen over, stepping on it proved to be a lesson I quickly needed to learn, especially if I was going to make it out here. The ice broke away, plunging me into the coldest water I've ever felt. Struggling to get back on dry ground, suddenly a huge beast, came out of the forest, all covered in a white fur, grabbing the collar of my coat, easily lifting me up on dry ground, then pulling both of my trapped beavers as well.

I was soaked from the waist down, I needed a good fire, some way to stay warm, while my clothes dried, then heading back to the homestead. My new friend seemed to know just what to do, while I stripped off the wet clothes, he quickly gathered some dry wood, I started a good size fire, laying the wet clothes on branches for quick drying. My boots had stayed dry, so the feet were still warm, reaching in some supplies on the snow mobile, I had planned on getting the change of clothes I carry just in case, but my new friend had a better idea.

Picking me up, settling down by the fire, placing me in his lap, my nude bottom and legs, immediately loving how soft and warm his body was. The softness of the fur was like nothing I'd ever felt before, instantly warming me, cuddling up close to him, looking into the kindest eyes I have ever seen, "You knew my grandma didn't you?"

Nodding his head, a tear appeared in his eyes. It was easy to see how much he missed her, "I miss her also. Thank you for being here and helping me, it could have been much worse if you hadn't been here. Thank you"

Then for some reason I kissed his cheek or at least that was what I was planning on doing. He turned his head quickly, changing the cheek kiss into a full on real kiss, one that lasted much longer than normal.

When I had settled down on his lap, the new smell, the softness of his fur, the sheer strength he had, all had slowly started to raise my arousal. The fact I was sitting nude in his lap added to this spike, so the kiss was not something I objected to, pulling back, looking at him, this time I moved forward, giving him a real passionate kiss, my tongue exploring his soft lips, then entering his mouth. It was like ours but so much more wild and bigger. At the same time, his hand that had been resting on my bare legs, moved up under my coat, squeezing one braless breast, making me whimper in the kiss.

His soft hand, knew exactly how to play with my boobs, exciting them, making me strip off the coat and pull over the I had on, now offering my whole nude body to him, to play with, stimulate me, excite me in a way no one had ever done before.

My one hand gripped the back of his head, forcing more of his kiss to me, that was when I felt the hard shaft begin to grow under my bottom. But this was totally different from anything I'd ever felt or even seen. It pressed against my legs, causing me to open them wide, allowing full access to me. I thought I would need to change positions in order to get it in me, but it began to move on it's own

back and forth over the sensitive and extremely moist vaginal lips.

As soon as the folds were opened, it slipped inside me, without him moving, this thing grew, enlarged, becoming bigger and bigger, beginning to pump in and out, hitting the magical 'G' spot inside me, stimulating the walls the lips as well as the deepest parts of me.

His hands were working on my breasts, his lips and tongue erotically spiking areas I never had considered places to arouse me.

My body was humping his cock, the upper body writhing from one side to the next, eyes rolled up in my head, completely lost on where I was at or what had happened to me, only that I was experiencing the most incredible sex I had ever dreamed of enjoying. His hands seemed to be all over me, that wonderful cock was twisting, turning, pumping and pulsating making me hanging on, but unable to scream, the need to cum, to enjoy the pleasure of release was way beyond where I could have ever imagined my body being at, but just when I thought the pleasure he was giving to me, was the most anyone had ever enjoyed, I felt something rubbing against my anal area.

Eyes shot wide open, this creature had two cocks, one was already in my pussy, doing things to me I could never have dreamed of and now a second one was running back and forth between my cheeks, just like the cock turning this way and that, the slick liquid being spread all around the back door, was relaxing the sphincter muscle, making it easier for the new shaft to easily enter me.

Like earlier, this new one pushed, pumped, expanded and probed, every inch of my insides. I'd never had anything in there, beyond just washing. However as soon as this new appendage pushed up inside me, expanding, rubbing, teasing, making me moan, writhe, groan, sensing I had no idea how long he could keep me like this. I was in an erotic haze like cloud, one that didn't seem to start or end, now every thing he was doing to me, everywhere he was touching me, was exciting me, spiking me higher and higher, but to new places I'd never been.

I have no idea how long he kept me like this, eventually I plunged over the edge, just when he filled me in both my pussy and girly hole. The excessive warmth of his seed, took my breath away, too much for me to take ... as soon as I had started to calm down, the effects of so much of his seed, sent me into a deep sleep.

He dressed me, gathered my animals, placed me on the sled, wrapped in the heavy furs I had packed, then drove the machine back to my place. Taking me to my bedroom, undressing me, laying me in the bed, wrapping me up, taking care of the animals I had trapped, stretching the skins, so they'd be ready when I needed them, putting away the machine ... then checking on me, finally curling up by the fire place, the same place he had spent so many nights with my grandmother.

So much of his seed pushed in my body at once, took a few days for me to adapt, when I woke, it was mid day. I'd been out for almost three days. He was standing at the foot of the bed, "How are you feeling? You've been resting for a few days?"

Staring at him, shocked he could speak, remembering what had happened, every thing that had happened. "You can talk, I think I can remember you saving me, and so much more" ... then I got somewhat embarrassed, "But some of what I remember isn't possible. Is it?"

Smiling, placing his hand on my bare leg, "Your grandmother taught me to speak, I in turn provided her pleasure like I did to you on the trail. Are you OK with what happened?"

My eyes were wide again, a new but enjoyable itch began to throb between my legs, eyes becoming half glazed, "I need something to eat and drink, but then ... maybe you could let me make sure it was

not just a dream”

Picking me up easily, carrying me down stairs, a nice meal ready for me, when he sat me down, “I don’t even know your name, but you seem to know all about me”

“Your grandmother talked about her Nikki all the time, she loved you. My name is very difficult to pronounce so she just called me her Big Foot Fucker” Then tilting his head, “You can call me the same, but I have so many more things I can do to you with my body”

Giggling, while I ate what he had fixed, then smiling, jumping into his arms, “I can’t wait for the much needed pleasure I am sure you can give to me”

Then we kissed, the first kiss of an erotic relationship that was about to begin ... in a low husky voice .....”Mmmm yes my Big Foot Fucker, I like that”

*The End*