

# READBEAST

## BEASTIALITY STORIES



(c) by Tyrynth

Her Rite had gone smoothly so far. As one of only five youths deemed by the shaman to be ready, she had been drugged and abandoned far into the winter wilderness, tasked solely with making it home alive. It was as much proof that they could pull their weight in the village as it was proof to the totems that chose them that they were worthy. As a testament to the tenacity and heartiness of her people, most did, and Alma was going to be one of them.

When she awoke, she had been left with nothing but her winter clothing, a pound of the pemmican she had made per the Shaman's instructions, an empty water skin, and a small knife. Even feeling the after-effects of the drugs, her body moved almost autonomously as she checked her supplies and surroundings. As she stuffed snow into her waterskin, the cold helping her focus, she realized there was no sign of how she had arrived or from which direction. The only footprints were hers as she had stood and taken stock of the situation. Not that it mattered, she knew she was roughly a week south of her village, barring any unexpected disasters. The terrain was rough heading up the valley, but it was rich even in the dead of winter.

World assessed, she tucked the stuffed skin under her clothing to thaw, and with a harsh crow of delight, the young girl began her trial.

The solitude of her travels was a nice break from her usual life. Her people were very tightly knit, but she had an independent streak a mile wide - one of the gifts she had inherited from her mother - and would often strike out alone to explore the wilderness or play with the village animals. Her people were open and accepting of her wandering. After all, they always needed scouts and hunters. The shaman also had an eye on her so that he might take her as his student after the trial.

Her people were accepted in many ways. They had, after all, accepted her mother when she had found her way to them. There had been no jealousy when the foreign woman who had readily accepted their traditions had courted and won the heart of the chief's son. They had welcomed her daughter and, unlike some other groups, had no issues with her being a half-breed. When her mother died when she was just a babe, her people stepped in and raised her like any other of their children because that is who she was to them.

They were also very open about mating. As long as all parties consented, there were very few limits on what was deemed acceptable. Clothing was always optional. Gender and age were largely unimportant. Masturbation was no different than any other bodily function. While uncommon, it wasn't unheard of for the village animals to play a role either. Alma had yet to choose a partner for her first time though she knew it would be soon. She needed to be more experienced. She had seen it happen many times in her short life, and she had tasted several of the men and women in the village. She knew she was ready; she had yet to find the right partner.

A week into her journey and she had made good progress. She had located a good campsite and built a decent shelter against a natural cave. It had a natural chimney effect, drawing the smoke from her small fire up and out, while a careful arrangement of branches and snow kept the chill-out. Inside she had more than enough room for two or three people, and it was warm enough that she could use her clothes as a blanket on her bed of pine boughs. Outside, she even had three rabbits smoking, their skins scraped clean and curing. She had already eaten the first, roasted over her campfire. Full, relaxed, and incredibly alone, her fingers drifted south to work out another need.

She had been frustratingly close to the edge when the crying started. If she'd been home or just with another of the youths being tested, she might have tried to ignore it and finish, but not on her own. Not when they were so close to her camp. She was quickly dressed and cautiously stalked towards

the source, her needs momentarily abandoned.

The pitiful sound rose from a coyote, the animal desperately trying to escape the frozen river it had fallen into. Coyotes could be dangerous, she knew. They also were not one of her village's familiar totems, but she could not leave the animal to its fate even so. She knew the burning cold firsthand, knew how terrifying that seemingly helpless battle could be. She didn't hesitate as she hurried down the shallow ravine and stripped off her clothes.

She had been expecting it. It wasn't the first time she'd been in freezing water before. Even so, the deadly cold drove the breath from her body like a fist to the gut. Still, she pushed on. The coyote luckily wasn't far, but it took precious time to break a path to the beast. Below the treacherously thin shell of ice, the river quickly flowed, trying to drag her below with its numbing, burning chill.

As she neared the beast, it turned to her and seemed to calm slightly. Or it was weakening from the frigid chill. Either way, she soon had one arm under its front chest, helping it stay above water as the two battled together back to shore. The ordeal had barely lasted a few minutes, but she was freezing straight to her bones. Despite spending who knows how much longer in the water, the coyote ended up almost carrying her to her clothes. She vigorously rubbed her hands and feet for a moment but knew survival for them both lay in her shelter, and as soon as she could stand, she led the beast there.

The shivering coyote was initially reluctant to follow her inside. Still, his resistance was short-lived between the scent of a smoking rabbit and the warmth that radiated from the opening. Once inside, she sealed the entrance behind him and quickly stripped again, rubbing herself down vigorously by the fire, keeping a wary eye on the wild animal as they did their best to warm themselves.

Soon she was dry and... warmer, at least. Her fears of frostbite and hypothermia eased, so she turned to her guest. He took much longer to dry out with his thick winter coat soaked to the skin. Cautiously, she reached out to him and was surprised when he made no effort to stop her from pressing her fingers into his coat. She gradually increased her efforts and was soon energetically scratching and rubbing the water from the coyote's fur and warming him with friction.

After ten minutes of her rough attention as well as the heat of the fire, his pelt — though still a tad damp — had fluffed up considerably. He seemed happier and more at ease, his tongue lolling out of his mouth. She shook his ruff playfully and had to fend off the large dog's tongue as he lapped at her face. Giggling, she pulled away. Both girl and coyote were fully warm again.

While the curious canine investigated his surroundings, she stepped outside to check on her rabbits. They were coming along nicely, but she didn't like how the sky looked. The coyote had followed her out, and she turned to him. "What do you think, storm coming?" For his part, he cocked his head at her before sniffing around her clearing. He lifted his leg against a rock, and she decided to take care of her call of nature before retrieving the rabbits, banking her smoking coals, and calling her companion into the shelter. It wasn't long before they could hear the wind picking up outside, but they weren't bothered. She spread her clothes over her pine bed, and the two curled together, drifting off to sleep.

Between her small fire, the insulating snow, and the two warm bodies inside her shelter had grown quite warm. At some point, she had tossed the clothing she'd used as a blanket aside, exposing herself entirely to the air. She awoke to her new companion licking her body's sweat and giggling as his rough tongue tickled. She started to push the animal away when his long appendage dragged across one of her nipples, eliciting a soft moan. She'd never felt anything like that before. Her fingers had certainly never felt that good! Her push paused, and he kept licking, the rough pad of his

tongue unintentionally teasing her budding breasts. When he had finished cleaning one, she didn't hesitate to offer her other, nipples taut with the arousing stimulation.

The scent of her growing arousal caught his attention. He licked down her chest, his large tongue making broad swipes as it worked over her belly, teasing her until he pressed his wet nose between her legs, making her gasp. She opened her legs for him, welcoming his rough tongue as it spread her lips and dragged across her little nub. She was panting with desire as her body heated up, much to their mutual delight. She looked down her body at the wild animal giving her so much pleasure and had her first orgasm at the sight of his pink tip extending from his thick sheath. Her hips moved of their own accord, and she knew who her first mate would be. Her belly still shaking with the aftershocks and his continued licking, she rolled to her knees by the fire.

She raised her hips, shivering from anticipation, as she offered herself to him. The coyote gave her flower another few licks, his rough tongue dragging her lips apart before bounding onto her back. His powerful forelimbs pulled them together; whether by luck or the grace of Coyote himself, the chiseled tip of his malehood found her on the first thrust.

She gasped in surprise at the sudden penetration and moaned as the first couple of inches of his still-narrow shaft forcefully plunged into her. He wasn't as thick as most of the men in her village she had seen, but she knew he would only get bigger. Her lover wasted no time, his first shallow thrust followed by the fast, powerful hammering that she had seen the dogs demonstrate in her village.

She had expected pain. Her people were open about sex and mating; she had heard from the older girls and women that her first time would hurt. Instead, the girl felt only liquid pleasure as the coyote's hips drove him deeper and deeper into her. She quickly noticed his shaft expanding, growing in length and girth, and moaned as she pushed herself back, welcoming every measure of his powerful thrusts into her body.

Their union's primal, wet sounds echoed in their shelter, and she could feel their combined arousal running down her thighs. She could not control her moans, and reveled in the feel of his soft fur against her back, his heated, panted breaths against her cheek, and the power of his body as he devoted himself entirely to breeding his human mate. His heavy testicles slapped against her sensitive nub, and the girl cried out in joyous ecstasy as she suddenly climaxed. Her tunnel clenched so hard on her invader that he could not pull his swollen, bulging shaft free for a moment. His jerking hips only served to tug the climaxing girl along with them.

As soon as he could move freely again, the beast redoubled his efforts, pounding even harder and faster into her, pressing closer against her upturned hips, and she suddenly felt a new sensation as an even larger bulge at the base of his shaft began pounding into her fluttering lips. She had seen dogs mate before, she knew the bulge would pin them together, and she wanted it. She wanted him to mate her, to breed her, and she pushed back harder, whimpering in pleasure as the thick bulge popped into her and rapidly backed out several times. Suddenly the wildly hammering animal slammed into her with everything he had, forcing his thickening knot into her one last time and holding it as deep as he could get it as it continued to expand, trapping them together.

Her third orgasm of the night rocked her, and she would have collapsed had her hind quarters not been held up by the bulging, throbbing spear trapped inside her. Panting with exertion, she rested her face on her arms as her lover's penis twitched within her and filled her with liquid warmth. After a brief respite, she pushed herself back up, only for the coyote to slowly sit down, his knot giving her little choice but to sit more or less on his lap before he laid down. She snuggled back into the animal's chest, rubbing her tummy as his hot seed pumped into her with every twitch of his

throbbing shaft. Thoughts of puppies filled her head, and she giggled tiredly. She reached behind herself and scratched his shoulders in thanks before the pair settled for a nap, still joined.

\*\*\*\*

She'd awakened from her nap with a surprised gasp as his depleting knot slipped from her with a wet pop and a flood of their combined fluids. She moaned involuntarily as the coyote stirred behind her and reached down curiously to inspect herself. She shivered as her slender fingers pressed against her still-sensitive lips and easily into herself. Between the thorough stretching from his sizable knot and the slickness from both of their orgasms, she found that she could almost fit her entire hand. Even more surprising, she was barely sore from the ordeal.

Withdrawing her fingers with another quiet moan, she sat up and glanced at her lover only to receive another surprise. As his talented tongue cleaned his equipment, she finally had a chance to see him in all his glory and was shocked at what she had taken. Even diminished as he was, his shaft still put all but the largest men in her village to shame, his shrinking knot nearly the size of a small apple. She knew she should be in pain or bleeding from such a member and such vigorous breeding, especially for her first. Yet aside from some soreness, she only felt an incredible satisfaction and accomplishment.

She sighed happily and laid back, basking in the warm air of her shelter and the afterglow of her first breeding. She was now certain that the great Coyote spirit himself had a hand to play with her current situation. The trickster totem wasn't worshipped in her village, but he was a known friend of her Raven totem. She knew she'd have to offer proper thanks to the spirits after her Rite. Her happy thoughts and satisfied smile were interrupted with a surprised squeak as the beautiful animal finished cleaning himself and turned to clean her as well, his broad tongue expertly seeking every drop of their coupling from her thighs and belly before returning to her still-leaking source.

She moaned again as he worked, wondering if he might be up for another round...

The howling storm outside kept the pair trapped within the safety and warmth of her shelter, though they hardly noticed the passage of time. They would eat, sleep, explore each other's bodies, and mate as their moods took them. Had the storm's end not coincided with her dwindling food supplies, the pair may have continued to enjoy each other, but hunger eventually convinced them to leave the comfort of their love nest and rejoin the world outside.

Once freed from their very comfortable prison, she had expected her beautiful mate to return to his life in the wild. Instead, she was almost giddy when the large animal helped her clean up their camp. He helped her gather fallen wood for her fire. He disappeared while she was down at the river to attempt to catch a fish or two but was waiting for her back at the entrance to her... to their shelter with two fat winter rabbits. She knew then and there that she was his chosen mate, just as much as he was hers.

With fresh fish and stewed rabbit, they even had the perfect celebratory dinner, she felt. Just what they would need to refuel for their celebratory night...

It took the pair almost two weeks to make the journey back to her village. She could have covered the distance more quickly, especially with her mate's assistance, but she found herself dragging her feet near the end to enjoy the last few days she'd have alone with her coyote. When the pair finally returned to the village and presented themselves to the Shaman, it was no surprise to her that she was not the first to complete the Rite. Her mate, on the other hand, was met with surprise and awe. To be chosen by such a powerful companion during her Rite was a sign from the spirits.

*The End*