

# **READBEAST**

## **BEASTIALITY STORIES**



Once upon a time there was a young girl named Nomie. Nomie had big blue eyes and long curly dark locks of hair. She lived a little way off from a small village with her mother Audrey. The two of them worked tirelessly from dawn to dusk, working the land and planting vegetables. Every week, Audrey would take Nomie through the forest on the dirt path to the next town over to trade their baked bread for spices.

But one day, Audrey decided to send her daughter out alone.

"You're old enough to go to the market alone," Audrey said to Nomie seriously, "Take this basket and follow the dirt path through the forest until you see the gates of the neighboring town! Don't stop, don't talk to anyone, and especially don't stray off the path!"

"Yes mother!" Nomie said eagerly. Newly sixteen, Nomie was ready for a taste of freedom!

Nomie put on her red cloak and pulled up the hood. She took the basket of bread from her mother and kissed her mother on the cheek, waving goodbye as she set out on her way!

It was a fine morning for a brisk walk, Nomie thought. Her white skirts swished around at her feet as she trotted down the dirt path in her brown little boots. The basket of bread smelled delicious, and Nomie was sure that the people in the market would love them.

As Nomie walked, she noticed some yellow wildflowers a little way off the path.

"Oh I could sell these flowers," she said to herself, "Oh but mother said I wasn't to stray off the path!"

But those wildflowers looked really beautiful. Each was the color of freshly churned butter, a beautiful sparkling yellow amidst lush carpets of green grass.

Surely one or two wouldn't hurt?

Nomie lifted her skirts daintily with one hand to step off the dirt path. She crouched down and picked one of the yellow flowers. It had a faint fragrance that was very pleasing, which prompted Nomie to pick a few more. She laid the flowers over the white cloth that mother used to cover the bread.

"Oh!" she exclaimed in surprise. Further into the forest, there were delicate little bluebells! She traipsed further into the trees without a second thought, her mind wholly on picking those dainty little flowers!

Nomie was so engrossed in picking flowers that she never even noticed that she was straying further and further from the path.

A sudden rustling noise behind her made Nomie lurch to her feet in fright! Mother had warned her many times about the beasts in the forest!

She peered into the dim foliage of the forest, wondering what had caused the sound. But aside from a few birds singing, she heard nothing else.

Ah well, with an arm full of flowers, it was time to keep on her way.

Only ... Nomie looked around. Where had she come from? Was it here? Or there? Or by that big tree

with gnarled branches? She was certain that she had never seen that stump of a tree before!

Nomie took a few steps, paused, turned to her left and took a few more steps then paused again.

To her growing dismay, she was lost! She couldn't see the path from where she stood, and try as she might, she could not recognize the trees.

Nomie sat down and started to cry.

Fat tears ran down her pale cheeks as she sobbed. She was lost and all alone!

A rustle in the woods startled poor young Nomie and she gasped. She peered into the bushes, fearful of what she might find, trying to inch backwards. Was it a wolf? A bear? Perhaps a fox? Hopefully, it was just a harmless bunny!

"Now what might you be doing here?" A smooth deep voice asked.

From behind the trees, a tall broad man emerged, carrying an axe over his shoulder. He wore a red plaid shirt and dark brown breeches with equally dark brown boots. His skin was bronzed by the sun, his gleaming grey eyes starting out from behind dark and heavy brows. His wide nose was tempered by his bushy beard and his curly dark hair was cropped short at the temples but left a little longer on top. He looked like the woodcutters that mother told Nomie about when she was littler.

"How do you do sir," Nomie sniffled, remembering her manners, "I was out walking and got quite lost," she said, "I'm Nomie, by the way."

"Well, I'm Marc," the tall and broad man said. He smiled, showing off pearly white teeth, "I cut the trees in this forest and tame the wolves here," He offered his hand to Nomie.

"Well why don't you tell me where you are going and I'll point you in the right direction?"

"Oh would you? That would be very kind of you!" Nomie exclaimed. In an instant, her tears vanished and she felt cheered. She took the woodcutter's large and calloused hand, letting him help her up.

"I'm from Duckborough, and I was heading to Costsedale when I saw these pretty flowers. I suppose I got caught up and didn't notice how far from the path I had gone!"

Marc let out a soft whistle and shook his head.

"Costsdale? Lassie, you're halfway to Mansford!"

Nomie gasped in shock! Had she really strayed that far? Costsedale and Mansford were in opposite directions!

"Oh no! I'll never make it in time!" Nomie started to sob again. Who knows who had gotten into her bread by now!

"You're going to tire yourself out with all that weeping, lass." Marc helped her brush the leaves from her skirts and then gave her an encouraging smile, "Tell you what, little Nomie. Why don't you join me for a bite to eat in my little hut in the woods. When you've gotten your strength back, I'll take you to Costsedale myself."

That sounded like a tremendously splendid idea!

Nomie nodded eagerly.

"Would you?" she asked, "That is terribly kind of you!"

"Of course, anything for a pretty lass like you!" Marc said, and offered his heavily muscled arm to her.

Nomie gingerly linked her elbow with his. She had never really had much contact with the boys in Duckborough since mother kept her busy. She could feel the strong cords of muscle in Marc's arm and it just highlighted to her how powerful this man was!

"This way, Miss Nomie!" Marc said, seemingly unaware of Nomie's inner thoughts. He nudged aside a few low branches with his axe, and began to lead them through the trees.

The woodcutter's hut was not far from where Nomie had stopped to cry. She was pretty certain that if she had only kept walking, she would have happened upon it sooner or later.

The tiny house was set behind a copse of trees, the area around it having been cleared for a small well and piles of wood. A cart full of chopped lumber sat to one side and the chimney of the house smoked faintly.

"Here we are!" Marc said with a flourish. He unlocked the door with a large metal key and then led Nomie inside.

The hut was small but cosy. Nomie turned around in a circle, taking in the simple furnishings. There was a bed pushed up against a wall, flanked by two tiny dressers. A large dining table had been placed right smack in the middle of the hut. There were several chests along one side of the wall, and a fireplace on the other. Several cuts of smoked meat hung from hooks on the ceiling. Nomie wandered over to the table and picked up a strange little half carved ornament. It was as long as her arm, so thick that her fingers could not circle its width, and had ridges all along the length of it. On a shelf nearby, Nomie could see similar ornaments of different shapes and sizes.

"Here, why don't you have a drink while I put some food on the fire?" Marc asked. He held out a little wooden mug.

Nomie took it gratefully and lifted it to her lips. With a few gulps, she had swallowed all the water and wiped her mouth with the back of her hand. The water had been sweetened with something and Nomie quite liked it.

Marc cut down some of the smoked meats and threw it into the pot that had been sitting on the fire. He stoked the flames with a metal rod and then added some more wood. The orange embers flared into tongues of fire quickly, licking at the bottom of the iron pot. Whatever had been inside the pot began to give off a thick meaty aroma that served to whet Nomie's appetite.

"Let me set the table," she said, turning to look for plates and perhaps a spoon or two. But her limbs felt a little heavy.

Marc was looking at her now, but it wasn't the kindly smile that he had given her earlier. This one looked vaguely menacing.

"You are a beautiful girl, lassie," he leered at her. His thick fingers came up to the knots on her skirts. Nomie tried to bat them away, but within seconds, the laces on her bodice and the ones that held her skirts together were coming undone. Marc tugged at them roughly, pulling Nomie's clothes

off her body.

“Stooooahp!” Nomie tried to say, but the words would not form properly in her mouth. It was as if her mind was working, but her body refused to obey her! Terror crept up on her. The friendly woodcutter was not so friendly after all!

With barely a grunt, Marc lifted Nomie bodily onto the table and rucked up her petticoats. He hooked his fingers into her drawers and tore them right off her legs with a loud RRRRIIP!

“It would serve you well to stay still, lest I nick you with my blade!” Marc picked up the carving knife on the table and began to scrape away at Nomie’s privates, ridding her of the hair that grew there.

Afraid of being cut, Nomie lay as still as she could, her heaving chest the only sign of her distress.

Marc pushed her legs further apart, lifting her knees over his shoulders to better clean her young cunt of hairs. Soon enough, her untouched slit was as bare as the day she was born!

“There it is,” Marc said with satisfaction, pinching Nomie between her legs.

Pain stabbed through Nomie’s lower body but she was helpless! She couldn’t even scream! All that came from her throat were slurred whimpers and pained grunts.

Marc set about divesting Nomie of her clothes completely, leaving her completely bare on his dining table.

“Logs aren’t the only thing that I split,” Marc said conversationally as he began to undo his breeches. Nomie watched in horror as he pulled out his cockstand, a girthy horrendous thing with veins all up and down the length. It stood proudly erect, emerging from a bush of thick curly hair that also framed two very heavy looking stones.

Marc’s thick fingers began to stroke his cockstand in an obscene manner, pulling the skin back and forth over the bulbous head salaciously. A pearly white bead of liquid gathered at the tip of it, oozing down the sides as he continued to stroke.

The woodcutter approached Nomie’s exposed body and pulled her to the edge of the table, spreading her legs wide apart. Her young nubile body was completely defenseless, unable to protest or escape Marc’s lewd explorations.

His fingers travelled over her milky skin, going up her sides and then flicking her nipples. He squeezed Nomie’s cheeks and slapped her lightly, then kneaded her breasts.

“Do you know what else I split?” he asked.

But of course, Nomie could no longer answer, the heaviness in her body made it impossible to do so.

Marc laughed, knowing that she could not speak just yet. He rubbed the tip of his cock over her bared cunt, sliding it between her sensitive folds.

Nomie quivered with fear at what was about to happen. Mother had warned her about this, but she had never thought it would happen to her!

“I. SPLIT. CUNTS!”

Marc punctuated his words with a powerful thrust, slamming his hips forwards and driving his stiff

manhood into Nomie's unresisting slit!

Nomie wanted to shriek but the only sound that came from her throat was a pathetic "Unngh unngh".

The thick monster that Marc was relentlessly forcing into her tight teen cunt was RIPPING her apart! He delighted in her helpless whimpers, thrusting harder and grinning maliciously at her tears. Unaroused, unprepared, there had been nothing to ease the way for his cock into her body. Nomie had never experienced such agony in her life! Each piston of his hips pushed his cock deeper into her young body. She could feel the veins on his cock scraping at her insides painfully. It was as if someone had reached inside her and tried to pry her apart from between her legs! Tears rolled down her face. Unable to muster control over her limbs, she could only lie there motionless as Marc mercilessly violated her hole.

Marc smiled down at her, the cruel look upon his face made Nomie shiver. Here was a man who delighted in tormenting innocent young women!

"There's nothing better than splitting young holes like yours," Marc groaned in pleasure as his hips finally met the milky bottoms of Nomie's thighs. He leaned forwards, using his weight to press his cock deeper into Nomie's core.

Nomie moaned in agony, eyes rolling to the back of her head as her previously virgin cunt was forced wider than it had ever been before! The thick male shaft insider her was bumping up against something and it made her feel entirely bruised.

"That's it, lass, cry for me," Marc said cruelly. He drew his cock all the way out, leaving Nomie's hole to twitch weakly. He slapped his shaft against her folds a few times.

"Cry because the friendly neighbourhood woodcutter is raping your hole!" Marc slammed his cock in deep!

"NNNGH!" Nomie's scream was stuck in her throat, her body flopped limply as Marc began to pound her cunt in earnest.

SMACK SLAP THWAP! Marc cruelly pistoned his cock into Nomie's abused cunt. The impact of his hips upon her thighs filled the tiny hut with obscene sounds of flesh meeting flesh.

THUD THUD THUD! The powerful force of his thrusts drove the table across the room, causing its wooden legs to thud and scrape across the floor.

NNGHN HNNNGH! Nomie's muffled moans and screams overlaid the filthy words that Marc spewed as he brutalized her.

"After I finish with you, your cunt will be so loose, no other man will want you. You will become a slut, a girl of the night, offering this sloppy slit to any cock that wants a cheap warm hole!"

The cruel violation of Nomie's young body seemed to go on forever. Soon, her wails tapered off into stilted sobs and she stared blankly at the ceiling as Marc used her cunt for his pleasure.

It felt like forever before Marc came inside with a loud grunt. Warmth filled Nomie's cunt and made her cry even harder.

It was too late. His cock had violated her private places and had taken her virginity. He was filling

her with baby batter, using her as he pleased!

Marc savoured her despair for a moment, his bushy beard twitching in amusement as he regarded her sobbing form.

"I'm not quite done with you yet, girlie." Marc stepped away, his still hard cock sliding out of Nomie's abused hole.

His ominous words made Nomie shiver all over in fear. What was next? She heard him puttering about, clinking and clanking here and there before he appeared back between her legs. Try as she might, she couldn't lift her head. Her body still refused to listen to her.

"You have a lovely clitoris, Nomie," Marc said with a leer, "It's nice and fat, perfect for teasing!"

He pinched and twisted Nomie's nub of flesh, making her squeak and shudder again.

"But even better for piercing!"

Before Nomie could even begin to understand what he said, an intense agony lanced through her privates, stemming from that fat little bead of flesh between her legs!

"MMMMMMMMNNNNGH UNG UNGH UNHHG!"

Her scream of agony, made muffled by her inability to speak, filled the cabin, ringing through the silent woods.

Unfortunately for Nomie, there was no one but the birds to hear her.

Overcome with pain, Nomie's eyes rolled up into her head, and she fainted dead away.

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Nomie opened her eyes to flickering orange light over the wooden walls of the cabin. With herculean effort, she managed to turn her head to look around. Whatever Marc had given her to make her limbs all heavy was starting to wear off.

Marc was nowhere to be seen, the hut devoid of his presence. Nomie struggled to push herself up and off the table, but a terrible agony and loud clanking between her legs made her reconsider.

Her gaze traveled down her bare body, horrified at what Marc had done to her.

Thick iron rings sat in her erect nipples, and in the flesh between her legs, distending them obscenely.

With trembling hands, Nomie touched the iron ring in her left nipple. The metal was heavy, weighing down her pert breasts. She tried to pull the ends of it apart, but it was futile. Her shaking fingers drifted down to the one between her legs. It sat just above her quim, stretching the sensitive piece of flesh there, resting upon her pelvis.

There was a long iron chain attached to the ring on her cunt and leading to a metal bracket on the wall. Nomie traced it with her shaking fingers, heart thudding with fear and horror.

Marc had chained her like a common beast, an animal to be tamed!

The door swung open all of a sudden, making Nomie jerk and scream.

Marc grinned at her fright, delighting in her terror.

"Please please don't hurt me anymore," Nomie begged, her voice having returned to her.

"Oh but I'm not done splitting you apart yet," Marc said. He stalked, boots thudding heavily against the floor as he moved to the metal bracket. He unhooked the chain from the wall and then pulled on it.

The weight of it tugged painfully on Nomie's flesh, making her whimper.

"C'mon then. Off the table and on your knees," Marc growled.

Terrified, Nomie scrambled off the table, wincing as the ache between her legs doubled. She knelt quickly, gingerly holding onto the chain to make sure it wouldn't pull on her flesh.

Marc was smiling cruelly at her. He tugged on the chain, forcing Nomie to crawl towards him. Every time she got closer, he would step backwards, making her crawl further. And in this manner, he led her around the hut several times before letting her rest in front of the fireplace.

"Please please mister, please don't hurt me anymore," she begged again, tears starting afresh.

Marc leaned forward, wiping away her tears in a parody of gentleness.

"You can help me not to hurt you," he said softly. He leaned back and opened his breeches again, freeing his monster cock from its confines.

"If you get my cock nice and wet with your mouth, it'll make your next splitting a little easier," the woodcutter said.

Nomie stared at the thick girthy manhood in front of her, terrified at the sheer size of it. Did he mean for him to take it into her mouth? Lick it?

A tug on her chain made her scramble closer.

"If you're a good lassie and drink everything from my cock, I'll consider being gentle with you later," Marc continued, waving his manhood in front of her.

Fearful of what agony she might face if she refused, Nomie nodded quickly, letting her lips part.

Marc grinned down at her, a small sound of satisfaction escaping his throat. With a little jerk of his hips, he slapped her with his cock!

"Ah!" Nomie squeaked as the hot flesh smacked against her soft cheeks.

Marc slapped her on the other side of her face in a similar fashion. He took the base of his cock in his hand, then proceeded to rub the head of it all over Nomie's youthful face, slapping her from time to time.

The heavy musk of sweat and male virility suffused Nomie's nostrils. She sniffled pitifully, unable to do anything but accept Marc's humiliating treatment.

"Young lassies like you need to be taught their place. Such pretty mouths and bottoms should be



kept at home, serving cocks,” Marc said as he continued to debase Nomie by rubbing his crotch all over her face. He lifted his cock and pulled her face closer still until her nose was buried in his sac.

“Get used to the smell, girl, because this is your rightful place,” Marc growled, humping Nomie’s face several times.

Then, he pushed his cockhead up against her nose, smearing the liquid there under her nostrils. The pungent scent made Nomie grimace, which seemed to delight him even more.

When Marc tapped his cock against Nomie’s lips, she opened her mouth obediently. Marc pushed his manhood inside immediately, groaning in satisfaction.

Nomie had never even seen a manhood before today, but now she was getting to know one so intimately. Not only had Marc’s beast of a cock violated her cunt, she had to gaze upon it closely and take it in her mouth! It tasted bitter and salty, with a pungent odour that seemed to scream of maleness, like the sweaty boys in the village.

He was so thick that she barely managed to fit her mouth around it!

“That’s it, get it nice and wet,” Marc growled, thrusting his cock further into her mouth.

Nomie quickly started licking the tip of his cock as best as she could.

“Suck on it,” he instructed.

Nomie’s cheeks hollowed as she obeyed.

“Oh yes!” Marc groaned in delight, jerking on Nomie’s chain roughly.

Nomie moaned in pain, her mouth still full of cock, and she felt him twitch.

Obviously, he was enjoying her torment, taking pleasure in torturing her flesh.

Her tears, snot, and saliva began to run down her face, some of it coating the manhood that was thrusting inside her mouth.

Marc stroked her hair with deceptive kindness, urging her to take more and more of his cock inside.

“That’s it my little whore, suck on my cock! Don’t forget to bathe my stones with your tongue! They haven’t had a good tongue bath in months! Haha!”

His filthy commentary accompanied the slick slurp of her tongue on his privates.

Nomie didn’t know how long she knelt there, but she didn’t dare to stop, urgently sucking and licking as best as she could and trying to swallow all of his manhood. The bitter liquid was unpalatable, but it was much preferable to any kind of agony that this broad man could visit upon her.

“Now, Nomie. I think you should beg for me to split your arse,” Marc said at last, pulling her head away from his crotch.

Nomie looked at him in horror.

Her arse? Could that even be done?

"If you beg me well enough, convince me that you want my cock in your sweet little behind, then perhaps I'll be gentle with you!"

Any promise of gentleness was enough incentive for poor Nomie, who was still feeling the ache of being violated.

"Please ... please split my arse," she whispered, unable to believe that she was saying such words.

"I'm not convinced," Marc warned her.

"Please split my arse with your thick manhood," Nomie said quickly, trying to smile up at him in hopes that he would be entertained.

Marc shook his head.

"Maybe if you turned around and presented your backside to me, parted your arsecheeks..."

Nomie scrambled to obey. She turned around and arched her back, presenting her pert arse to the brutish man.

She reached back with her hands and parted her cheeks, exposing her brownhole completely.

"Please, mister Marc, please split my arsehole with your meaty cock! Please fill my bottom! Please please bugger my rear!" The obscene words spilled from her mouth, accompanied by tears on her face.

Marc chuckled behind her. He jerked on her chain again, making her moan in pain.

"Not very convincing, but we shall fix that later," he said. There was a creak from the wooden chair and Nomie felt his presence behind her.

Marc grabbed her hips and flipped her over, pulling her legs open as he did so. He yanked her bodily towards him and wasted no time in pressing his cock against her arsehole.

Nomie's tears had started afresh, but they only served to incite Marc's sadistic joy!

With a growl, he forced the head of his manhood into her tight pucker.

"ANNNGH!" Agony raced through Nomie's bottom. Unlike a cunt, this hole was not meant to be used in this manner! Nomie could not help but struggle to get away.

Her resistance only delighted him. He grabbed her chain, pulling it behind him as he forced his hips forward.

"AIIIEEE!" Nomie quickly struggled to shift her bottom, lifting it quickly so that the ring wouldn't be torn from her flesh. Each time she wiggled her bottom, she felt Marc's horrendous cock sink deeper into her sore arsehole.

"Look at it! Look at how your arsehole is taking my cock!" Marc growled.

Nomie had no choice but to lift her head and look.

Past her pierced nipples and chained clit, she could see the meaty, girthy thick length of Marc's cock

plunging into the depths of her bottom. The skin around the hole was red, puffy from how hard he was bugging her. It was so thick, so large, Nomie thought that it was entirely possible her arsehole would never close again.

Her despair must have shown on her face because Marc chuckled in cruel delight.

"I'm going to split your arse into two, until your hole remembers the shape of my cock. I'm going to turn it into a second cunt, a slit that serves cock!" He taunted her as he continued to slam his hips forwards. His cock chafed her insides, turning her inside out, filling her with agony.

Worst of all, Nomie believed him. The sheer size of his manhood would ruin any hole. She was definitely ruined now. Her body could never recover from his savage buggery!

Marc pulled her upwards off the floor, manhandling her like a doll. With one arm across her back and the other on her hips, he proceeded to slam her up and down onto his cock.

"UNNGH UNNGH!" Nomie's weight bore her down onto that terrible cock repeatedly. The iron rings in her nipples flopped up and down as her breasts jiggled, tugging on them painfully. But when she tried to cup them to stop them from bouncing, Marc growled in warning and so she left them alone, instead holding onto his shoulders for support. Marc cruelly pulled on her clitoris ring from time to time, delighting in her squeals of pain and agony. Every tug made her clench painfully on his thick manhood, increasing her soreness tenfold.

Up, down, up, down. Nomie's world tunneled down to the large organ currently pummeling her arsehole, and the pain of having her teats and clit tormented by those heavy iron rings. Her tear filled eyes could only see Marc's sadistic glee as he bugged her rear relentlessly. Her ears heard nothing but his degrading words and lewd thoughts.

"This is your rightful place, Nomie. You belong on a cock, bouncing up and down to pleasure a man. Someone should have split your cunt and arse wide open long ago!"

Marc shifted and plunged two of his fingers into Nomie's cunt, stroking this way and that.

To her horror, a tiny spike of pleasure burst inside her, warming her young slit.

"No!" She cried, but Marc relentlessly stroked her insides, curling his fingers to press up against something inside her repeatedly.

The pleasure built rapidly as Marc bugged and fingered her at the same time. Her arsehole was in agony, but her cunt could not stop dripping.

Having been chaste for so long, Nomie was unused to such pleasure and was helpless to stop it when her first orgasm crashed over her!

"HNNGH!" She moaned as her cunt and arse muscles spasmed uncontrollably. Pleasure and pain warred between her front and rear, a lewd juxtaposition inflicted upon her by the cruel man.

The orgasm sapped her of her strength, leaving her limp and unresisting.

Marc, sensing her weariness, finally seemed to take pity on her. He slammed his cock home several more times then came inside her with a loud grunt.

Nomie sagged in his arms, exhausted by her ordeal.

Marc lifted her and brought her outside, putting her over a large tree stump. He looped her clitoris chain around the stump and tied it securely, making it impossible for her to get away, then tied her wrists to either side of the stump.

He whistled loudly, a piercing sound.

From the woods, came several growling beasts with gleaming yellow eyes. Nomie screamed and struggled but to no avail, she was well and truly helpless.

The wolves prowled around her, sniffing at her bared body.

"Why are you doing this?" she begged.

Marc only smiled at her in sadistic satisfaction.

"I have an understanding with the wolves," he said simply, "Besides, watching a young girl like you being mounted by a large beast is simply exquisite!"

The largest wolf, perhaps the oldest or the meanest, let out a soft growl and then leapt up onto Nomie's back. Something thick and menacing poked between her legs, jabbing at her sore holes.

With her clit chained to the tree stump, Nomie didn't dare to move. She could only wait in fear until that thick horrible thing plunged into her exposed cunt!

"Ung ungh ungh," Nomie moaned in pain. The wolf's rapid thrusting jerked Nomie's hips back and forth, swinging the heavy iron ring and chains on her clit, adding to her agony.

She thought her tears had dried up, but still more of them coursed down her face. She looked at Marc in hopeless despair, but only saw his cruel glee at watching her being violated by the wolf!

"What's happening?" she whispered hoarsely in fear when she felt something in her cunt start to swell. The wolf was swelling in her!

"That, my dear lass, is a knot. A wolf's cock will swell inside your hole so you can't get away from him. He'll then pump you full of his batter so you'll bear his pups!" Marc explained. He was obviously delighting in her terror.

"I don't want to bear pups!" Nomie whispered in terror.

"Well, with the three of them here, I don't think you have a choice!" Marc laughed, "After they're done with you, you'll grow nice and round and fat with a litter of wolf puppies and then what will your mother say!" he taunted her.

"Please no please please please! I'll do anything! I'll take your cock please! Mister Marc! Please!" Nomie begged desperately. Being violated and robbed of her innocence was bad enough, but bearing wolf pups? Her mother would disown her!

Marc only smirked at her and sat himself down on a nearby log to watch as the wolf buggered Nomie's cunt thoroughly.

The swelling in her seemed to stretch her cunt out completely, forcing it wide open and perhaps even wider than the violence Marc had visited upon it.

Thoughts of wolf puppies were driven out of Nomie's head when the thickness of it dragged against

the spot that Marc had stroked with his fingers earlier.

A tiny moan escaped her throat.

Her cunt had become sensitive from his earlier ministrations and the thickness of the wolf's cock in her seemed to remind her cunt of its earlier orgasm.

Against her will, her slit began to gush with slick, becoming aroused as the fat knot in it massaged her sensitive spots!

Try as she might to resist, Nomie couldn't stop another wave of pleasure from surging through her body!

"Cumming on a wolf's cock? What a loose and ruined girl you are!" Marc taunted her.

Unlike a man who perhaps would have taken pity on her and paused in their thrusting, a beast had no compunctions continuing to piston its hips back and forth.

Her cunt, unused to such relentless stimulation, seesawed between waves of pleasure and the agony of unceasing friction!

The strange and yet terrible pleasure ebbed and flowed through Nomie's body over and over again. She wept silently, knowing that it was utterly depraved of her to enjoy the brutal bestial bugging, but also knowing that she was completely helpless to stop it.

The first wolf stopped after what seemed like an age, replaced only by his brother.

Like the first, his cock found Nomie's sweet little abused cunt easily, dripping with the leavings of his brother.

Marc, satisfied that the wolves would make full use of Nomie, turned to head back inside the hut.

Nomie lost track of time as the evening wore on and bled into night. Her tears came and went, her body shivering whenever she came and in the brief moments where the wolves dismounted from her bared body.

Most of the times they bugged her cunt, but several times, their thick cocks found their way into her poor abused arse as well, making her wail in agony as her arse was stretched to its limits!

It was only at daybreak did the wolves slink back into the trees and Marc finally emerge from the hut.

He circled around her and stuck two fingers into her cunt, making Nomie shiver again.

"Well and utterly split," he said, darkly satisfied.

Nomie shivered at his words. She certainly felt as if her bottom had become entirely loose, gaping open in the cool morning air. She was utterly ruined now.

"Come now, you must be parched," Marc said to her, nudging his cock up against her lips.

Nomie, powerless to resist, could only open her mouth.

"Drink up!" the woodcutter said.

In the next second, Nomie's mouth was filled with the pungent piss of a virile man! Yesterday, she might have tried to resist, but after a night of repeated violation on the cocks of beasts, her spirit was broken.

Nomie swallowed obediently, drinking down the vile golden liquid that Marc pissed into her mouth.

"That's a good girl," Marc praised her, stroking her sweaty hair as he continued to empty his bladder. A night's worth of his pungent urine eventually found its home in Nomie's stomach.

To her chagrin, it actually did slake some of her thirst. Nomie lay there limp as Marc set about unchaining her from the tree stump. She slumped against him, unsteady on her feet from the ache between her legs.

"Come along now, let's get you cleaned up," Marc said, tugging on the chain.

Nomie, helpless to resist, followed as he pulled her along by the clitoris, leading her naked through the woods.

Perhaps before this, she might have felt shame, but the despair of having been violated all night by wolves had sunk into her being and she only felt a deep numbness. All thought of escape had fled her mind. All she knew was that her body was no longer hers, having been violated by beast and man alike.

Marc led her to a tiny stream where he disrobed, revealing tightly corded muscle under his clothes. In the daylight, Nomie could see just how powerless she was, for he was much stronger, and faster than she could ever hope to be. Even if she had not drunk the water, she would have not been able to escape at all. Her eyes were drawn to his instrument of horror, the thick cock that had split first her cunt, then her arse, and then pissed into her mouth. It had thoroughly degraded her and ripped her innocence from her!

Sensing her gaze, Marc leered at her and jerked on her chain, making her whimper again. He made her kneel in the cool water. With a cruel tenderness, he helped to wash the sweat and grime off her body, his calloused fingers caressing her pierced nipples and clitoris with great care. The nub between her legs was swollen obscenely, the weight of the ring and chain making it terribly sore and incredibly sensitive. Marc lifted the chain, taking the weight off her clit for a moment. Nomie couldn't help but feel grateful and relieved that he wasn't torturing her right now.

"Now, wash me," Marc ordered.

Trembling, Nomie cupped her hands and brought some water up and over to Marc's shoulder, letting it sluice down his muscular chest. The cool water made his nipples pebble, just like hers. He nodded in approval, and Nomie continued, rubbing her tiny hands over his sun-bronzed skin to clean him.

Fearful of what he might do if she failed to carry out her task properly, she gave all her attention to washing and rubbing his body, even as his large manhood began to swell again.

The stiff organ rubbed and bumped up against Nomie as she worked to wash her captor.

"Wash it too," Marc growled, when he sensed that she was trying to avoid that place.

As Nomie bent to gather more water, Marc stopped her.

"With your tongue," he instructed.

Nomie took a deep breath and crouched. The monster looked bigger still in the day. The bulbous tip and its girth all the more evident when it was bright outside. With great trepidation, she opened her mouth and took the tip inside once again.

She had sucked on it twice before, once to prepare it for her rear, another to drink his pungent urine to slake her thirst. This third time, she at least knew what to do.

Nomie stuck out her tongue, swiping it up the sides of Marc's cock. She pressed the tip of her tongue into the slit at the head, wiggling it around until Marc let out a groan of satisfaction. She mouthed at it all around, sucked on the head as hard as she could, then dove underneath to worship his stones.

The salty sour and bitter taste of his sweaty skin brought her back to last night where he had humiliated her thoroughly by rubbing his organ all over his face. Only now, Nomie was degrading herself and willingly pressing her cheeks against his thighs so that she could better lap at his heavy balls.

"That's a good lass, such a good slut!" Marc praised her with filthy words as she worked.

What a sight she must make! Nomie thought, half numb from the despair. There she was, a slip of a girl and crouching completely naked in a stream as she slobbered all over a woodcutter's privates, her cunt and nipples pierced by obscene iron rings, her clit chained and leashed. And the broad, powerful man who did this all to her, tugging her clit leash from time to time to assert his dominance over her as he relished in her degradation.

Tears began to slide down her face again. There was no way she could go back to the village, was there? Her mother would disown her. The village people would stare and whisper. Nomie didn't know if it was possible to have wolf pups but she didn't want to find out.

Her desperation and despair only spurred Marc on.

He pulled her up and led her out of the stream to a patch of soft grass where he sat down.

Marc didn't have to say anything. A slight tug on Nomie's chain was enough to tell her what he wanted.

Sniffing, she straddled his hips and used one dainty hand to guide his cock to her sore cunt. With a pained moan, she sank down onto his horrible girth, grimacing as it rubbed against her raw insides. A night spent as a bestial fucktoy had chafed her cunt and arse completely red, but there was no mercy for her holes.

Slowly, cautiously, Nomie began to ride Marc, sniffing as she did so. She moved her hips up and down, letting her weight bear her down onto the thick flesh that violated her yesterday.

Marc was grinning, full of cruel satisfaction as he watched his victim impale herself on his monster cock. Nomie held onto his shoulders for balance just like she did last night. A passerby might have mistaken them for lovers in a passionate embrace if it wasn't for her tearstained face!

"Ungh ungh ungh," Nomie grunted, struggling to push herself downwards. It took forever, but she finally managed to seat herself on his lap by bouncing a little harder. His cock was pressed up against the spot inside her that made her feel a little pleasure, but she was so sore, she didn't even

know if she could anymore. Perhaps the wolves had rubbed it so hard that it had come off.

Marc only let her rest for a moment before speaking up.

"Now the other hole."

Nomie wanted to protest, but a tug on her chain made her reconsider quickly. She lifted herself off his cock painstakingly, and then guided it to her rearhole.

Her arsehole had also been subjected to brutal buggery and several knottings by the wolves. The night long savagery had gaped it open, made it unable to close all day. Nomie didn't know if it ever would again.

She pressed her gaping hole against his cockhead and forced herself to sit down.

The round mushroom head of Marc's cock slid inside with an obscene pop, and Nomie moaned in pain.

"Go on then," Marc said, jiggling her chain again.

Motivated by fear, Nomie hurriedly began to bounce herself again.

Marc enjoyed playing cruel games it seemed. As soon as she managed to seat herself in his lap, taking the entirety of his manhood into her hole, he said, "The other one."

Nomie switched holes repeatedly, alternating between fucking her cunt and arse onto Marc's thick cock. Any lapse in concentration or rhythm meant that the cruel and sadistic woodcutter would twist her rings, making her yelp in pain.

"I can't, please no more," Nomie whispered at last, her legs too tired to move any longer. She hadn't had a bite to eat since yestermorning, and her only drink had been his awful urine.

Marc seemed to finally take pity on her.

He rolled them over so that he was on top, pulled her legs over his shoulders, and began to piston his cock in and out of her holes.

His hips pumped powerfully, driving his manhood deep into Nomie's sore cunt as he stared into her eyes.

Nomie couldn't see a lick of kindness in those grey eyes. There was only cold ruthlessness.

"Who's splitting your cunt?" he growled.

"You are," Nomie whispered.

Marc drew all the way out and then plunged his dick into her backside with a single powerful stroke, making her squeal in agony.

"Who's splitting your arse?" he demanded

"You are!" Nomie squeaked as he brutally fucked her arse! "You split my holes! You wrecked my body!" Nomie wept.



Satisfied with her answers, Marc climaxed in her bottom, filling her arsehole with his seed. Then, as if loathe to let it seep out, he picked her up with only one arm and cradled her to his chest, keeping his cock stuffed inside her. With the other hand, he grabbed his clothes and swung them over his shoulder. Without another word, he began to walk back to his hut. Nomie could feel his cock twitching inside of her arse as his hips moved. She hooked her legs around his waist so that she wouldn't fall, though he was strong enough to hold her there with only one arm.

As soon as they reached the hut, Marc walked over to the shelves where Nomie had seen the strange ornaments. He selected one that now Nomie knew to be in the shape of a wolf's cock. Marc laid Nomie down on the table, pulled out his cock, and swiftly stoppered up her arsehole by shoving the carving into it roughly.

Nomie yelped in pain, kicking out of instinct, but Marc caught her ankles and spread her legs.

He looked between them with great satisfaction. An iron ring in a girl's clitoris, a hand carved stopper to prevent his seed from seeping out of the arsehole he split last evening. It all served to mark her as irrevocably changed.

Nomie was utterly exhausted.

"Get dressed," Marc said. Then he turned away and tossed her skirts at her.

"I said I would take you to Costsedale and I'm a man of my word," he said.

Flummoxed, but not daring to look a gift horse in the mouth, Nomie hurriedly pulled on her clothes, wincing as the wooden stopper in her rear chafed her hole, and the weight of the chains tugged on her clitoris.

As she dressed, Marc put a bowl of stew on the table.

Nomie dug in hungrily, so thankful for the food that she dared not question him one bit.

Marc puttered around the hut for a bit then set down a familiar basket near the door.

It was the bread that her mother sent her to sell! Nomie gasped. Marc had found it!

Nomie peered into the basket. It would be a little stale by now, and one of the loaves looked like it had been nibbled by some woodland creature, but she could still get some spices for the lot.

"Come along now, time's a wasting," Marc said brusquely.

He reached under Nomie's skirt, found that accursed chain, and pulled her along by her sensitive nub.

"Nngh," she whimpered, but did her best to follow.

The chain was not very long, so it lifted the front of her skirts and made it clear to any passerby that she had no drawers underneath it. Still, Nomie had hope that Marc would actually let her go and that this wasn't some cruel game.

She eagerly followed him as he trekked through the woods. The idea of freedom and the end of her ordeal lifting her spirits so much that it overcame the ache between her legs.

It was perhaps two hours later that Marc stopped and pointed.

"Through those trees is the path. 30 steps more and you'll see the gates of Costsdale," he said.

Nomie nodded eagerly. She could hear the squeal of a pig in the distance and the chatter of farmfolk.

"But before you go," Marc said, undoing his breeches once more.

Nomie was so thankful that she was being freed, that she didn't hesitate to throw herself at his feet, eagerly lapping and sucking on his cock.

Marc groaned, long and guttural in his throat, and then began to bugger her mouth, using her face for his own pleasure. He delighted in pressing his bulbous tip to the back of Nomie's throat, pushing it as deep as it could go. Nomie gagged repeatedly, but she was so relieved that he was letting her go, that she didn't even care!

"GURK GURK GURK!" her throat went as he fucked it. Only a third of his cock fit in her tiny mouth, but Marc didn't seem to mind. He unloaded his seed into her mouth, filling it with bitter spend. Nomie's throat worked quickly to swallow all she had been given.

Marc pulled back a little.

"Keep your mouth open," he instructed.

Nomie obeyed, opening her mouth wide and sticking out her tongue.

Once more, the woodcutter began to piss, emptying his bladder into her waiting mouth.

This time, Nomie didn't quite care. She swallowed eagerly, smiling up at the man who had brutalized her. And when he finished filling her mouth with his vile golden liquid, she wasted no time in licking his cock clean of any stray droplets and reverently tucking him back into his breeches.

"You're a wonderful slut, Nomie. We'll meet again," Marc said. He pulled her to her feet and with one last tug on her heavy clitoris chain, he undid the iron links and freed her.

Nomie could have wept with relief.

"Thank you," she whispered, utterly grateful for her freedom.

Marc gave her a knowing smirk, then turned to walk back into the woods.

With stumbling steps, Nomie walked through the trees and came upon the path that Marc told her she could find.

Her relief didn't last.

A few men pushed their carts down the dirt path, the wheels trundling past. Nomie froze as one of them leered at her and wolf whistled.

She felt utterly exposed even though she was dressed in her clothes. The iron rings weighed heavy on her nipples, the one on her clit swinging with every step. The obscene ornament that Marc had shoved into her rear was still there, keeping his morning spend inside her bottom like she was some depraved cum receptacle. Her cunt and arsehole felt stretched out, utterly destroyed, completely sore from being brutalized all night long by beasts, and then by Marc. She could taste Marc's pungent urine on her tongue still, his bitter spend lingering at the back of her mouth.

Worse still, throughout her ordeal, she had enjoyed parts of it, cumming hard as the wolves had their way with her and filling her womb with their seed. What if they really had put pups in here? Nomie had flung herself at Marc, eager to take his cock into her mouth not even moments prior! She couldn't deny it. She had become a fallen woman, a tramp, a slut, just like Marc said she was.

Nomie was a changed girl.

The basket fell from her hands and she turned away from the path, walking back into the trees.

She sniffled, wiping at her tears as she walked.

"Back so soon?"

There, in the shade of a tall tree, Marc stood. There was a cruel and dark look on his face.

Nomie, having no other recourse, stumbled towards him, pulling up her skirts as she did so. She fell on all fours, turning quickly to present her arse to him, she parted her cheeks with her dainty hands, exposing her sore holes to him.

"Please, mister woodcutter, please split my holes," she whispered.

There was a rustle of clothing as Marc knelt behind her.

"With great pleasure, little lass," Marc said, and thrust into her waiting cunt.

*The End*