

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



Being born in a small village located in the NorthWest Territories - doesn't provide a lot of opportunities for a young woman - we did have some ideal role models that the villagers often talked about.

One was a lady who ran with wolves - I was never sure if she was real or just a tale handed down from generation to generation. According to legend some guy tried to pat her bare bottom under the short leather skirt she always wore, with the large Bowie Knife she always carried, his hand was severed, dropping to the floor, , explaining she'd warned him -, now he wouldn't be tempted.

No one my age had ever seen her, but some of the older ones claimed she was running with her wolf up in a valley a few hours from where I grew up.

One opportunity that did open up for me was becoming friends with a female pilot who flew in this area. Being so remote, many people counted on these skilled people to take them places, fly in freight - all other various needs. This training enabled me to get my license, working as her assistant gave me the money to purchase my first plane - a few trips gave me the money to purchase my own plane, one that was close to a small lake, the people I purchased the plane from were kind enough to use their big Cat, leveling a nice runway - this gave me the ability to fly all year long.

On one of my special trips, I needed to fly over an open area, dropping a load attached to a parachute - when I was on my way back home, I noticed what looked like a pack of wolves, acting strange - unlike any pack I'd ever seen. Flying back over them I could have sworn there was a dark haired woman with them - I wasn't close enough to see for sure, but it looked like she could have been my sister - same dark hair, matching set of D-cup tits, tall and thin ... it was obvious she wasn't old enough to be the wolf lady - but there were animals all around her, nothing looked like she was in any danger, maybe just the opposite.

It looked like they were moving up the Elk Ridge valley, flying ahead of them, I spotted a grove of trees forming a circle, very close together - just past it a few feet, was a medium sized cabin - flying as low as I could it looked like additional females were relaxing on the porch.

Heading back home, there were so many questions ... As soon as I landed, I took my 4-wheeler to my grandmother's home - she was an older one that seemed to know far more about this area - sitting on her porch, I told her everything I had seen than asked if she knew what it was that I had seen?

She was looking down, fiddling with some twig she'd picked up when we sat on the porch, "Many many years ago, the Elders discovered a strange pack of wolves, ones who kidnapped certain types of native females. They were like you, thin, dark haired, bronzed skin and large breasts. No one ever got close enough to see what was happening to the women, only occasionally someone would see them running with a wolf. Why they stayed, what was happening - all was lost, but the pack has been operating for years - no one knows how many women have been captured, so please forget about what you saw, and please don't go anywhere near the Elk Ridge area."

Going back to work was easy, but I couldn't get what I had seen out of my mind. The changes I'd made continued to provide me with more requests than I could handle ... purchased two additional planes as well as hiring two pilots - now with three of us flying the profits were pouring in.

Each time I had the chance to fly over the wolf area, sometimes I'd see the animals, occasionally it looked like I'd see a woman - but usually only in a glimpse - needless to say that kept my curiosity peaked.

Several years working the three planes, there were two weeks in the summer that slowed down for us, since I needed to make sure my two pilots were busy and making money, that was an opportune

time for me to see if I could find out what was going on with the women and the wolves.

Changing the landing gear to the pontoon group, allowing me to land in that small lake not far from the cabin - loading a good size backpack, extra shells for my 308 cal. Rifle, - I left early before sunrise, at the lake still plenty of morning sun to walk by - I figured if I kept a steady pace, I'd be there with still plenty of daylight left - The climb was slightly uphill, but not bad at all - I had only been on the trail for less than an hour, when I had the feeling something was following me. - I didn't see anything, but the feeling was there. Another half hour or so, I spotted my first glimpse of a big gray wolf, walking in the forest, just to the edge of my sight - staying in the shadows.

A little ways further now it was easy to see I had at least three or four walking along with me.. If they were going to attack they'd have already done so, but if this changed, even with just the few I was seeing, I'd be no match for them - since they hunt and attack as a pack, everything they do is as a pack - I'd maybe bring down one with luck, maybe two then I'd be dead.

I wanted so much to talk to the lady, but it was a bad idea, stopping to turn around, my jaw dropped open, there were three huge males standing side by side in my retreat path, How long they had been back there was unknown ... they weren't moving, but they weren't aggressive either - it looked like this stupid idea I'd come up with was now becoming dangerous but with wolves to each side and now three closely behind me, all I could do was move forward.

The closer I got to the cabin, the more in the open they were becoming - it looked like I was being followed by four or five males and a few females.

Three females moved in front of me, the males moved close behind me and to either side ... it felt like they were boxing me in - suddenly the females stopped, causing me to stop, before I could get away or do something - the ones in front raised their tails, spraying me with some sort of sweet smelling spray - it had a pleasant - strange scent. Being so surprised by what the group were doing as well as this strange spray, I inhaled a fair amount before I tried to turn my head - that plus the fact it was entering my body by being absorbed in my bare skin, my face, neck, arms ... all were covered with it ... My arms dropped to my side, felt like my head was spinning - dropping me to my knees ... unable to defend myself from what was happening -

One of the females backed up just inches from my mouth, continuing to spray me, all I could do was swallow the misty liquid filling my mouth. Once that was done, they all relaxed, all were facing me, apparently waiting for something to happen.

My eyes lost focus, it felt like I had taken some sort of a hallucinogenic drug, nothing was making any sense ... The backpack felt heavy, so I discarded it ... it was becoming warm, opening my blouse - not worried about my companions seeing what was taking place, trying to shake off what had happened to me. The shorts were super warm, so I stood and took those off, along with my panties - the open blouse was the next to go ... now completely nude, I was beginning to feel better -

With only my boots on, they began nudging me to stand and move on, not worrying about my things, I think they were all picked up by more members of my escort group, we only had to walk a short distance until I saw the strange grouping of trees. Entering more than surprised, the entire inside flooring was covered in a thick soft moss of some sort - Taking off my boots, the softness felt so good, I moved further inside, several females moved to me, some licking my nipples, some my neck and ears, one between my legs, licking the pussy and clit - all of this spiked my arousal - the legs gave out, dropping me to my knees.

I've never enjoyed an active sexual life, so what they were doing to me was way beyond anything I

could have ever imagined would happen. Still on my knees, the long needed climax was building - without any notice - my body shook, a blast of liquid exploded between my legs - all the animals working on me, moved between my legs, enjoying what I'd given.

This had every cell and muscle in my body exhausted, never felt so exhausted, no longer able to remain kneeling, dropping to the soft surface on my back. They didn't stop but continued to excite me,

Plunging me into a sexually erotic dream-like state - my hips bouncing off the surface, legs spread as wide apart as possible - eventually drifting off in that dream world it looked like they had taken me to.

Vaguely remembering multiple explosions - the day ended by me curling up in a ball, sleep taking over.

This area had some sort of a steady weather temperature, allowing me to sleep restfully. Waking to the females spraying that mysterious substance all over my nude body, now I had forgotten how I got here, eventually forgetting everything except them seducing me to multiple orgasms.

That was until one morning I woke, no spray on me, there were several other women who had walked in, we could speak to each other, but none of had any memory on how we ended up here - several benches had been raised, all still covered with the thick plush moss - I rested on the one closest to me ... as soon as I did, a big male licked between my legs, mounting me in one motion - I've never had anything in me this size - but it wasn't painful - when he bottomed out, a rapid dog-like fucking started ...

This whole pack was so different from any that I'd ever heard about, so it shouldn't have surprised me when he continued to fuck and fuck and fuck - well into a good hour, the large knot pushed in, the warmth of his seed triggered what had to be the most mind bowling, body shaking explosion I've ever had ... but he was so large and the knot not allowing any of our combined juices to leak out - instead when he pulled out, several females were there to swallow every drop .. plus clean off his shaft - my pussy was cleaned at the same time ... not allowing me to waste anytime, a second one mounted and entered me

This routine went on until early evening - when the last one pulled out of me and I was cleaned, the other ladies helped inside the cabin - that was the first time I'd been in here - they all chipped in to prepare an evening meal for everyone, one of them told me when I got used to my daily routine, they'd have me help, but today, just rest. We laughed and talked, all were like me, where they had come from or when they arrived was all lost - they lived to serve their masters - that evening sleep over took me so quickly I would have been shocked before I arrived here.

Morning we were all back in the grove of trees, I've never needed to be fucked like I did that morning - pushing back to him, needing him to use me faster, as soon as the warm sperm filled me, a low mornful whimper took place ... I loved how good the cream was feeling inside me.

After a couple of days, I was able to walk back in our home without assistance, also helping prepare the food - but I was surprised when the following morning one of the females brought me my blouse, shorts and boots ... the ladies told me the pack makes sure we keep in good shape .. with two males leading me back towards my plane - one running with me, one just shadowing me running along the edge of the woods ... They led me back to where my plane had been tied up, releasing the ties, it floated out into the lake, easily being taken away with the currents - now when I was reported missing - the floating plane would not give anyone the idea of where I docked at.

Turning back to the camp, we easily ran the distance - this felt so good, when we arrived back home ... It was mid afternoon, giving me the opportunity to strip back down nude, heading to the special room, anxious to have a chance to provide complete servitude to my new owners.

A month later, I was in a pleasant routine - three days enjoying the servitude, running for miles one day then back to being totally submissive to my new owners. . They make sure to run us in different directions so anyone seeing us, thinks we are the lady running with her wolf.