

# READBEAST

## BEASTIALITY STORIES



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When you go to bed at night, one expects to wake up in the same place the next morning. Instead, I found myself waking up under the strangest of circumstances. What I remember is that I fell asleep on one of the sunbeds at the pool of my own house. Nothing weird. A hot, sunny day. A beer in my hand after a long and tiring day of work, and no worries to stress about. So imagine my surprise to wake up, still on that same sunbed, but in what I can only describe as a clearing in a forest, at the edge of a small lake. And not just that, but with a large dog-like creature lying right next to me. Dog-like, for the beast eerily looked to be the largest fucking wolf I had ever seen, easily the size of an adult man.

“You are finally awake, eh?”

Oh, and the near-naked young girl standing in aforementioned lake. She appeared to be about sixteen or seventeen years old. She was standing up to her waist in the water, and the only reason I assumed she was near-naked, and not completely, is because I thought I saw her wearing something below the waterline.

Can't be to sure of that, though.

And yes, that does imply that her firm, uncovered, boobs were absolutely my single point of focus. I mean, if a guy needs to wake up in a strange environment, this is the kind of scenery one could only wish for.

“Hey there, honey!” Her soft voice finally woke me from my near-religious admiration. With effect, my eyes shot up to her face. Where I found her staring intently. Not at me, but at the dog-like creature next to me.

“What do you think, Razer? Will this one do?” the girl said.

Now, my name is not Razer, and I don't think anyone would ever confuse me for one, so I assumed she was talking to the dog-like creature. What felt odd to me, is that she was saying it as if she were expecting an answer. I should have been more shocked by the fact, that a low growl from, well, Razer, could be considered as an answer in the positive. As I turned to look at him, he was notably also looking at me. I mean, if dogs could tilt their head sideways, and give a pointed look as if to say, “you know, this weird boy could do”, that would be the way that he ‘looked’ at me.

“I think you've got his approval,” the near-naked girl nodded. “What's your name, honey?”

“What.” I know, not the most of eloquent replies. But in my defence, I was dazed, confused, and entirely out of my element. Not that being in my element would be much of an improvement when it comes to making small talk with women. Let alone naked ones. I should address the elephant in the room in that I'm not one of what one could define as the ‘most social’ kind. In fact, if anything, those around me would describe me as somewhat of an introvert. A man that likes to be on his own. A ‘one-pump chump loser that will never get anywhere’.

Yeah, the reviews have not been too great.

“Watt, it is.” The near-naked girl replied. You know, I should stop calling her ‘the near-naked girl’, it gets awkward at some point. Luckily for me, as if she could read my thoughts (could she? No, that would be to much... ), she answered that though immediately.

“My name is Maia. But you can call me near-naked girl if that is what you want, Watt,” Maia said,

“Although, you would be wrong about that.”

“As in, you are not a girl?” I blurted out.

She smiled. And boy, it sounds like the biggest cliché of all time, but I can definitely tell the exact moment that I fell in love.

It was with Andrea, in middle school, while she was walking down the hallway, on the way to class. She was wearing these cute earrings and had the most amazing blonde braids. It was the first the time I saw her, and I was awestruck. I can describe to you to the littlest details what she was wearing, how she looked, and when she passed by, that she smelled like an autumn breeze in a blossoming spring. I know, my mind does not make sense sometimes.

Of course, that was also the very moment I became the aforementioned ‘loser’, as I was so awestruck a teacher ran into me because I was standing still in the middle of that hallway. And suddenly, with all the attention to me, it was noted at whom I had been looking, and that the bulge in my pants could only be a boner.

But I digress.

Maia’s smile reminded me of that time I fell in love for the first, and technically also last, time, and made me fall in love all over again.

“Not what you are wrong about. I am very much a female, thank-you-very-much,” Maia answered the stupid question. And I know it was a stupid question, because the look on her face told me so. Yeah, I’m awesome like that, I can read basic facial expressions. Sometimes.

“You know, I didn’t mind you staring at me, but thinking I’m not a girl...” she smirked at me.

I raced to find an appropriate response, but all I could do was blabber incoherently. “I’m sorry! I panicked! I’m a bit clueless and confused...! I don’t normally-...”

“Normally wake up being suddenly isekaied into a strange and unknown world, having to talk to a near-naked girl, with a scary beast of a wolf right next to you to hold you in check should you say anything untoward to said near-naked girl?”

Well, she had a way with words and putting it...

“Isekaied? Whaat...?”

As if she could feel my confusion reaching it’s bursting point, it seemed like she put pity on me.

“It’s alright, Watt. You are not the first one this happens to. Although, I do hope you will do better than the previous ... No, let’s not go there. And Razer here, you’ll learn to love him. In fact, he is a very loveable beast, aren’t you Razer?”

If I could have replied, I would have. But once again, I found my tongue stuck in my throat, and my mind forgetting that there is a world around me. Except for vaguely being aware that the wolf called Razer, who was right next to me, seemed to be moving.

As it were, Maia, the near-naked girl that was standing up to her waist in the lake, the lake in the clearing in the forest, the place that was definitely not home, Dorothy, as it was, Maia was no longer up to her waist in the water, as she was slowly moving towards me, into less deep water. And it

became clear why the near-naked girl said that I was wrong about her being a near-naked girl.

That is, unless one could call 'the slimmest of fabrics tied around her lower waist as a belt' to be something that would improve 'naked' to 'near naked'. And can we please stop saying 'near-naked' now?

As transfixed as I was, staring at the loveliest of girls, sun-touched skin without tan lines, with a figure one could only describe as 'the winning lottery ticket', in the back of my mind I could still hear her talk. It took me a moment though to notice that she was in fact talking to me, and also expecting something of an answer.

I can't help it. I did not know it before, but naked girls rising from out of a lake, with long dark hair and fabric belts turn out to be my kryptonite.

It was her giggle that got me out of my sheer, unrelenting, unwavering reverie. Actually, one could say that it was her giggle that made me waver, but again, I digress. Keeping focused is hard.

You know what else is hard?

"... I do hope you did not have to hard of a transposition, Watt?" Maia was still talking. At least, I assume that there had been more of that sentence before it.

"I ... I don't know ... Where am I?" I am so eloquent. Good with words. At least I said something coherent this time.

"Where?" Maia answered, "I could say a whole bunch of names, of places, countries and cities that you have never heard of, but I think that would only confuse you more. Let's just say that this a world of magical means, quite similar to what you would call a 'fantasy world'. In the way of Science Fiction & Fantasy, that is. Not in the way of sexual fantasies.

Although now that I think of it, that might also be true compared to where you are from."

I scrambled at the implications. "How do you know where I from?" I asked.

"Because you always come from the same place. The same world," she replied. "This ... this has happened before. But you are my first, and I will try to help you along."

"Help me? How? Why? To do what?"

"To get you settled here, silly! To help you adjust and explain how this place might just be a little bit different from what you are used to!" Maia answered smiling.

She had been walking closer and closer to me and was now standing almost right in front of me, in all her glory, and as she struck a pose she proclaimed: "It is my greatest honor to have been created to your parameters, and to become a part of your journey!" She smiled at me. "I do hope you pick a good ending though..." she added softly.

"I ... You mean ... What do you mean, created to my parameters?"

"Ah, yes. I am getting a bit ahead of myself, I think. Ahead of the explanation. You see, this world was once created by the great Wizard..."

I could not help myself, but as she started talking and describing the rules of the game, I drifted off again. This time not because I was being thoroughly distracted by the nakedness of a lovely girl, or

the constant pressure of a Wolf beast called Razer, but because my mind just couldn't take it anymore and decided to take a nap to try and deal with it. A kind of IT-helpdesk telling you to 'turn it off and on again' thing.

When I woke again, I was still at the same place. The forest and the lake I mean, not home.

The girl however, and the wolf, were gone. At least, not in clear sight.

"Hey there, Watt." I hear behind me.

I had barely gotten my bearings again, same place, same scenery. Minus one hot naked girl, and minus one gigantic beast of a wolf that was surely to be bigger than me. And wiser, considering the grey in his fur.

"Are you going to stay awake this time?" The same voice asked. "I mean, I got only halfway into the guild-approved explanation of why we exist, and why you are part of that when I noticed you had fallen asleep."

"I guess I was a bit tired," I replied, while looking around, trying to find the source of the voice. "Or overwhelmed. It does not happen every day that one finds himself ... well ... here."

"It's alright, Watt," the disembodied voice of Maia continued. Looking around, there was nothing but trees, bushes, a frigging lake, and two out-of-place sunbeds. "Personally, I'm not a fan of the guild drivel either, it is way to boring! And text-y! I prefer the more visual explanations, myself."

"There's a visual explanation? Like an introductory video to 'So you find yourself in a different world'?" I grinned. Not my best joke. If it could even be considered a joke. Urgh.

"No. No video here. All our visual explanations are live and personally performed. You'll see."

"Talking about seeing, where are you?" I asked. The lack of a body for the voice of Maia was starting to annoy me.

"Oh, we hid for a bid, since you got a tiny bit distracted earlier. So, we thought maybe we should ease you into it a little more this time." Maia's voice answered.

"We?"

"Well, me and Razer of course." She giggled. "Considering you got us a package deal, we should be blaming you for this, you know. Also, behind you."

When I turned around to look behind me, Maia had reappeared again. Dressed this time. Or well, barely dressed. She was wearing a small, black bikini. With over the bikini bottoms the fabric previously tied into a belt-kind-of-thing, now into a sarong. I would never have imagined that belt to actually have enough fabric to become a full-fledged skirt, but I guess my imagination was a bit preoccupied at the moment. Because that bikini top was hugging her boobs to an enticingly, exotic extent. Had I found Maia distractingly attractive before, the adding of these 'clothing' only improved that status to be 'erotic as fuck', to put it mildly.

"Yeah, you are going to have to explain that whole bit to me again." I answered, referring to the whole package deal, magical world, and 'created to my parameters' thing. She knew what I was talking about, just making it clear to you, dear reader.

"So, yeah, you remember how I said this is a Fantasy world? Like, both the genre and the sexual kind? That is what is happening here," Maia started as she sat down on the sunbed. "Again, easier to explain visually, but even then, it needs a little bit of exposition, I suppose.

"For all intents and purposes, the world we are now in, has been a figment of your imagination. It's still a real world, with people in it, doing their thing, living their lives. But along with that, there are some 'settings' if you will that are basically set according to what has been pulled out of your head. For some reason, you connect with a world full of magic and might, knights and sorcery. And on top of that, you have quite the sexual imaginations, with a lot of fantasies. In a sense, those fantasies have been 'downloaded' into this world."

"But how-..."

"Magic, baby," she grinned. "There actually is a long and winded explanation on all of that, but you passed out last time I tried telling that. And honestly, perhaps that part is better to be explained by someone that actually understands it."

"Magic world, enhanced by my preference for fantasy and dirty mind, do I get that right?"

"Yes."

"Where do you come in? What's your part in all of this."

Maia smiled and looked me over. A casual lip bite sealed the deal, before she answered, "Me, I am special. Unlike everything else here, I am fully created by you. There was nothing here before me, but you conjured me into existence. Oh, and Razer too, of course."

Well, slap paint on my face and color me purple. What's another impossibility between all the other impossible things already here. Except for what that whole statement implied.

"I ... created you."

"Yes."

"Me, a wrangled, exhausted mid-life crisis nearing pervert ... has created you."

"And also changed yourself a little bit, I think."

"I ... what?" I stammered.

She rolled her eyes. "You have been saying that a lot, Watt."

"My name is not Watt."

"I know. I still like calling you Watt, Watt."

I fell back into the sunbed as I considered all the implications and possibilities of what Maia just told me. The thought occurred to me that I might be dead, and this was the afterlife. Or that I was in a coma and dreaming up all this nonsense. No way would by imagination, or my actual dreams, be this vivid and life-like.

"It's real, Watt. You are not dead. You are not in a coma. You are not dreaming," Maia spoke softly.

"It's a bit much, honestly," I replied weakly, while moving my head just enough so I could see her.

She smiled again, "Yeah, this is where the visual explanation comes in, I think. At least, if you think you are ready for that."

"What do you mean?"

"I have the impression, that where we are now, and who I appear to be, is being tied into a very strong ... fantasy that you've been having. Not exactly 'the same', but similar. I think that, because I feel an inclination to ... let it all play out."

"I..."

"Just, let it all happen, Watt. If this truly yours, you will recognize it. And perhaps even enjoy it," Maia said.

Between our chairs, as if he'd always been there, Razer lifted his head and put it on Maia's lap. As if to say he agreed with her. His tongue was dangling from his half-open mouth. I hadn't been fully paying attention to Razer, mainly because the high source of excitement had been coming from elsewhere, so it was only now that I actually looked at the wolf. Funnily enough, he reminded me of the dog my neighbours used to have back when I still lived at home, years ago. That had been a dog, however. A wolfhound, big beast, but still a dog.

Razer was an adult wolf, and even if he looked tame at the moment, I had no doubt that he could be quite dangerous. The memories of a time long passed put me at ease, and when I looked back at Maia, my mind had come to a different state. One that said: 'Fuck it.'

Maia smiled again, "Okay." God that smile.

Her hand had moved to the top of Razer's head, and she was gently stroking his fur. Then she moved the head away from her lap.

"I will be with you in a moment, dear," she said, and looked at me again. "Okay. Sit back. Try to relax. And, well, try to just go with it. Oh, and I think you will want this."

Maia pointed to a cooler I had not noticed before, on the other side of the sunbed.

"Has that been there all the time?" I wondered.

"No. But it is needed now," Maia said.

Well, when in Rome ... I hope they drink there, because that was my plan. I opened the cooler, and to my total lack of surprise, it was filled with cold beers. Cans, no bottles. Because I am weird like that.

When I had returned my focus to Maia, she had stood up. Without a thought, I opened the beer, sipped it, and then fully focused on her.

"Ready."

"Do you mind if I hop into the water real fast, Watt?"

I don't think she actually needed my response, as she was already undoing the sarong that was still draped around her small hips. When she dropped it, I noticed that the bikini set had just been size to small entirely, being very tight around her body. A few strands of hair were showing on the edge of her bottoms. I could see quite a bit of the shape of her pubic area, almost hinting at a camel toe.

I replied rushed, "Sure. Go ahead." All the while starting to feel a little uncomfortable, as my pants were starting to tighten a little.

After just a brief walk into the shallow end of the water, hips moving hypnotically, Maia took a dive into the water of the lake. I pondered on whatever the hell I had landed in. A magical world that is derived from one's own mind ... It sounded to weird to be true, and to good to be happening to me. But even as I considered the strangeness of my surroundings, I made the conscious decision that really, it didn't matter all that much.

If this was real; better to live if fully. If this was not real, then what would it matter anyway? Might as well enjoy the ride for as long as it lasts. And knowing my own mind, if that were truly to have become as real as can be ... Who wouldn't want that? A few giggles from the water made me look up at Maia again. The water must have been cold enough to illicit such a response from her, but there she was, still powering through the water as if she was born there. The beer in my hand had gone empty, unnoticed. A second was quickly found. It was at that moment that I fully encompassed where I was, and started to find myself oddly relaxed, and just be there, enjoying the scenery.

After a while, Maia had found she had had enough of the water. She stood again at the same spot where she had stood before, only this time a little less naked. She had paused and was looking at me with a slightly tilted. As if to say, 'you have seen nothing yet'.

Turned out, the water was cold, because when she returned to the sunbeds, I could see the goosebumps all over her body. When she leaned over to grab a towel on the edge of her sunbed and started drying herself off. This world really needs to stop with adding things there were not there before.

When she assessed herself dry enough, she came towards me and then leaned over ... to open the cooler and grab a cold soda that I will swear had not been there before. As she leaned over, my gaze automatically went towards her bikini top, and the noticeable visible cones that were protruding from the black fabric. Her sun browned skin still showed pearls of water in places, and I could not help but feeling a wave of arousal going through me.

Most likely, the hardness of her nipples were only due to the coldness of the water, but framed within the whole look of her, whilst leaning over me, my attention got the better of me.

"I told you, I don't mind you staring," she whispered softly, after which she stood back up and went to lie down on her own sunbed again. I swear, the only thing that could have been a -mild-improvement, is if her bikini had been see-through. Instead, she casually laid on the sunbed, pretending to be blissfully aware of my occasional glimpses her way, taking in the sun.

It was as if we were the only ones in the world, in our own little space of bliss and quiet. I must have spaced out a little, because next thing I know, Razer had positioned himself next to Maia. His head resting on her thigh, I could not help but feeling a little jealous. The thought came that this was one hell of a tame wolf.

A sudden move of the wolf got my attention back, when I noticed him put his muzzle into the bikini bottoms of Maia. Absently, Maia pushed Razer away, but the wolf did not allow himself to be denied and with muscles tensed moved his muzzle back to where it was, and I swear I heard him sniff this time.

This time, however, Maia did not push him away like she did the first time. In contrary, she opened her legs a little, while barely audible muttering, "Alright Raze, you can get a whiff." I could feel my heart pounding as a question occurred in my mind just how much of my actual thoughts had been



poured into this world, in creating these beings.

Razer cared little for my thoughts, and the wolf continued his chase for more good Maia smells, as he sniffed even louder at the bikini bottoms of the girl. Maia too now appeared to be affected by the wolf's behaviour, as her body tensed a little at the attention. She too was now intently watching for the wolf's next move. She did not have to wait long, as Razer thick, red tongue appeared, licking the fabric of Maia's bikini bottoms.

"Razer, you rascal!" she exclaimed. Yet she did not make any attempt to stop the great beast from continuing his efforts. If nothing else, she seemed to even relax a little bit more, the previous tension in her body disappearing. And as if nothing strange was happening, she continued her aim of catching all of the rays of the sun.

As relaxed as Maia was, the tension in my body only increased. As if Razer knew, he only intensified his efforts, and soon the quiet tranquillity of the clearing was getting less and less quiet, as the wolf became louder and louder in his efforts to lick through the Maia's bottoms. He even turned his head so he could aim his tongue better at the sides of the black fabric.

Fabric that became more and more damp with the wolf's slobbering efforts. I could not help but notice a soft moan coming from the girl that was being expertly teased.

Maia looked down at Razer's efforts now too, and she even put her hand on the wolf's hand. As if to not only give permission to continue, but to also signal her approval. For a brief moment I thought she even moved her lower half towards the beast, and not even a second later, it became clear that she was doing just that. To add to it, she even spread her legs a bit more, giving the wolf easier access.

A brief look from Maia to me caused an additional surge in my pants, surely my dick could not grow any more within its confines. I wondered again how far this would go, and just how much of my mind had been inserted into whatever-the-fuck was happening. It became clearer and clearer to me, that exactly this was what Maia meant with 'a more visual explanation'.

Maia looked to be in her own world now, gently petting the wolf's head, while watching Razer licking her. If I had thought her nipples had been rock hard from the cold water earlier, they looked even bigger, and clearer now in her bikini top, while a red blush began to show on her cheeks.

"Oh Razer, I've been looking forward to this..." the girl moaned softly, as her breathing increased in tempo. "Why don't I make it a little easier for you," she continued, and her hand moved from Razer's head to her bottoms, and then moved the fabric aside.

Razer did not let this opportunity go to waste, and his tongue immediately started exploring the newly found area he had been given access to. To great appreciation of Maia herself, who was now starting to take an even more active role in the ordeal, pushing herself more and more into the wolf's tongue. Her index and middle finger found her pussy lips, spreading them so that the wolf would have better access to her entrance.

I felt my heart racing, my pants tightening, and my jealousy starting to increase. Just watching this spectacle, this absolute wet dream come true of a stunning girl, fulfilling one of my fantasies made me excited beyond believe. This amazing creature, having sex with an animal ... But truthfully, if nothing else, I wanted to be the one treating Maia to this pleasure.

She was fully enthralled by her own pleasure now. Not even shooting glimpses in my direction, but entirely focusing on what was happening to her down below. The wolf's tongue was finding her

sensitive places, occasionally entering her, while licking her pussy out top to bottoms.

An occasional gasp for air was mixed up Maia's moaning, and the beast's panting efforts, as they were now the loudest part of the soundscape. The young girl was now shivering and shaking more and more, racing towards an inevitable peak. Another shiver went through her body, causing her to uncontrollably move her hips into Razer's mouth. Her hands grasped for something to hold on to, but other than the edges of the sunbed, she could find nothing to latch on to.

Again, and again did Maia move her hips into the wolf's licking tongue, trying to find more delights, trying to find the edge, the final destination. Until finally, with an almost primal scream filling the once tranquil clearing, she found the orgasm she had been longing for. Still shivering and quaking with waves of pleasure running through her, Razer's tongue uninterruptedly continuing, she rode herself to the end of her orgasm.

With a few untamed shocks, out of breath, Maia allowed herself to settle down on the sunbed again. Her hands now finding Razer's head, still licking her, lapping up her overflowing juices.

It was at that moment that Maia decided to look back at me, a small smirk on her face, cheeks carrying a reddened blush. Still breathing heavily, her boobs rising and falling fast in her bikini top. She did not say anything, as she kept petting the wolf's fur, as if to dare me to make the first comment.

I could not have said anything, even if I had wanted to. I was afraid that if I would break the silence, I would break the spell that clearly had been cast on this magnificent coupling. An end to this perverse, but exciting scenario. For a brief second, I wondered if I should act, if this was the moment to take my shot, but that moment went by as fast as it had come. No time for second guessing.

Still petting the wolf's head, Maia's other hand softly started to push him back away from her. Razer at once heeded her directions, as if he were a thoroughly trained dog, and not a wild, beastly wolf. Maia's pussy was red and swollen, and liberally covered with the wolf's saliva, mixed with her own richly flowing juices. Razer sat himself next to the sunbed, intently looking at Maia, to obey her next order as fast as he could.

Maia's gaze was moving towards the lower body of the beast, and mine followed shortly when I saw the change in the look in her face. Now that neither of our focus was on the previous activities, Maia, and myself, now could have a clear look on the equipment that the wolf was carrying. Between his hind legs must have been the longest, and thickest cock I've yet to see on a wolf-like creature. Granted, this would be the very first wolf-dick I saw in real life, but still. The cock was not shaped like a human one. It was fully out of it's sheath, more red than pink, looking hard yet soft. A weird pointy tip, bulging a good length until ending at the large knot at the base.

"I think we need to take care of you now!" Maia pronounced, sitting up straight, as she smiled at Razer's cock. He merely looked at back at her, waiting Maia's commands. Instead, the pretty girl reached over, and carefully wrapped her left hand -still wet from her own juices, around the wolf's cock, and I noticed her finger could barely encircle the cock. Slowly she started to move her hand, stimulating it as she began to jerk it off.

My own cock desperately requested for air, but even now at this circus of perversion I did not yet dear to give it the freedom it so needed. And so, it stayed entrapped within the confines of my shorts - even as restricted it had become. My eyes were as fixated as Maia's, on the slow movement of her hand, keeping my mind focused completely for the moment, although the smirk on Razer's snout may have been my imagination.

Now, I am no expert on bestiality, nor on sex with dogs in particular, but it did occur to me that Razer was extremely well behaved for a beast in the onset of rutting with a mate. Very much so that it could be considered uncharacteristic, or unrealistic. But when in a fantasy world, act like the Romans, no? His overly trained behaviour would not be the most surprising concept of the day.

Maia must have given the wolf a command of some sorts, though, because he did stand, and moved a little forward. His size was significant enough that he could easily stand over the sunbed, with Maia still having hold on the beast's member. A second command, apparently in the shape of her other lightly tapping the wolf's side, Razer moved forwards more, bring his lower side right above Maia's head. All the while with Maia still gently stroking the wolf cock, milking a clear moisture out of the pointy head, spraying all over her body.

As he moved forward, Razer's cock began to line up perfectly with Maia's mouth, if she raised her head a little. When the cock came close enough, she had no hesitation, but immediately stuck out her tongue, and returned the favour that mere minutes ago had been played out. She briefly touched the cock's pointy head, all the while her left hand was still applying a stroking move. More clear moisture was expelled from the red dick, landing on her mouth and cheeks.

"Come here, big boy," she breathed softly, before licking her lips and licking up some of the clear moisture. "Let me help you now."

She opened her mouth wide, and pulled the wolf forward once more, allowing him to push his cock between her light red lips. Her hand now just above the knot, she pushed him further in. As my excitement increased to an unknown before level, I could only acknowledge that she was definitely going to give the beast a blowjob! Acknowledged too by my own hardness, that was now starting to get painfully constricted. I had no choice but to remove the restricting cloth and hope that Maia would not notice. Or would not care. Considering her current state, I found both options likely enough, and opened the button and zipper of my pants, relieving my own cock from its fabric cage.

Meanwhile, in wolfy-does-Maia-land, she was allowing more and more of the wolf's cock into her mouth. It became apparent to me that she was now clearly, sucking on it too; her cheeks were hollow, and becoming redder than they were before. If she had not told me that she had just earlier she had been 'created', I would have surely assumed that this would not have been her first time to be sucking on a dick. And considering how she was firmly the wolf's knot, I might have even assumed that this would not have been the first time that dick to be sucked was one of a dog or wolf like beast.

It seemed to hardly take any effort to allow the wolf's cock access, as it was now easily halfway into Maia's mouth. She must have finally given the wolf the command he had been waiting for, as for the first time the wolf's own movement started to become more present, making a thrusting motion. Maia seemed to be in favour of this motion, as she herself now started to answer the wolf's thrusts, moving her own mouth up and down the large cock.

A vague sound did seem to come from the girl, and she made a swallowing movement. Clearly more of the earlier fluids were forced into the girl's throat, and likely with a little more force than it previously had.

The thickness of the wolf's cock seemed to me to be too big for Maia, yet she seemed to have little trouble. If nothing else, it looked she even increased the tempo in which she was now moving up and down the cock. Her other hand had now joined the first, and she had started to jack the dick off as well. Razer also appeared to increase his speed, creating rougher and rougher insertions into the girl, almost treating it like a pussy instead of a mouth. I realized that there would only be one way

how this would end, and I can assure you, at that moment nothing else mattered to me more than to see the wolf inevitable cum into the girl's mouth.

Now, a dog's end game is a little bit different than that of a human. Where a human cums and runs, as in, when a human male cums (regardless of whether after a few seconds, or with some longer staying power), his dick goes soft, and all fun ends. When a dog cums, and my guess would be that the same would be true for a wolf, it doesn't end the party. In fact, there really isn't a 'final explosion', but more a 'continues overload of sperm being pushed out in continues spurts'. With the right kind of stimulation, this can take up quite a length of time.

The thing that 'ends' the dogs rutting, is whether or not manages to 'lock' himself into his bitch. The way that this happens, is by means of the knot being pushed into whatever hole the doggy dick went into. The knot usually is of such a hulking size, that if it does go in, it doesn't get out. This is called the 'knotting', and nature's answer to ensure that the dog's sperm does its job of impregnating his bitch, is that the knot can take up to half an hour to decrease in size to 'get out of the hole' naturally. All the while with the possibility that more sperm is being ejaculated into the bitch.

Now, one can imagine that because a mouth is not a pussy, getting locked to a dog with a blowjob might not be the most preferred option available. I mean, I guess that there must be dog lovers that get their jill of exactly such a thing, but even in the uncommon area of progressive dog lovers, that particular group must be even more uncommon. Maia did not seem to belong that uncommon group, or if she were, not at this time. Her left hand was still holding the knot at the base of Razer's cock, so that even with his now furious hammering into Maia's mouth, the knot would not be able to enter, and get stuck as a consequence.

Now, to clarify a little of the above statement, there is a 'peak' moment when it comes to a dog cumming, and to it deciding that he is 'done' after. And usually, with full disregard for his bitch, the dog will try to dismount. When he is knotted, he will try to pull it out, but if that does not succeed, he and his bitch usually end up in an ass-to-ass position. Of course, nothing like that would be happening in this situation, except for the moment when a peak would be reached. But let's make one thing clear: Razer is not a dog. Actually, I think he might not be a real wolf either.

Razer was getting himself threateningly close that end state. His thrusts became even more ferocious and chaotic, obviously trying his utmost to unload as much of his potent seed into the willing hole he had found for himself. Which seemed to be the goal that Maia had in mind in the first place, her face now redder than ever before, with beads of sweat appearing on her forehead from the workout Razer was giving her. At that, saliva and wolf juices were finding the few places where they could leave her mouth, leaving Maia's lips and chin full of slobber mixed with expelled wolf cum.

Razer cared little for Maia's efforts and continued his thrusting with a seemingly everlasting vigour. All Maia could do was to embrace the cock with her hands, trying to lessen the impact of the forceful movements in and out of her mouth by the wolf's massive member. Although, considering the slurping and sucking sounds coming from out of the girl's throat, one could doubt that she truly wanted to lessen any impact, and instead was fully committed to the beastly heaving.

For a while now, nothing else happened but the continuous pounding of the beast, into the willing mouth of the young girl. As guttural sounds ceaseless filled the air, suddenly the beast tensed. His muscles locked into a freeze, forcing as much of his cock into the mouth of Maia as she could fit, and perhaps even more. A beastly howl from Razer supplanted all sound as the beast released his seed into the girl. To Watt's surprise, Maia's head moved forward, willing, coercing as much as she could of the beast into her, even using both hands to ensure she would get all that the beast would give.

There is nothing like a good throat cumdump.

An overflow of sperm was forced out of any possible creases and gaps between Maia's tightening lips around Razer's cock, which was engulfed right up until his knot into her mouth and throat. Thick fluid squirted out, even as without hesitation Maia's swallowing movements attempted to drink as much of it as she could inside of her. An unbelievable sight, only made all the more unreal by the sheer lack of any reservation of the girl. As if there would be nothing more normal than to take a massive, thick cock of a wolf into one's mouth, and drink all of its contents down with gusto.

More howling came from the wolf, and fierce and sudden movements of his lower body attempted to release everything he had into the girl. With his aggressive moves, Maia almost lost control of the knot, desperately trying to hold it back and disallowing it a painful entry. More of the wolf's cum was forced out, as the desperate shifting of the cock in and out of Maia's mouth allowed for more room to escape. Amazingly, Maia did not seem panicked at all. Just pure unrestricted commitment, even while choking down on what could only be large amounts of wolf, both semen and cock.

It did not escape me to notice how very experienced Maia looked to be. I could not help but wonder how on earth someone like her would have come to exist. But perhaps that was the answer in itself, and the trick was that there had been no earthly event.

Even as I was thinking that Maia had regained her control on the situation. With both hands still on the wolf's cock, she moved her head backwards, until with a gasp the wolf dick slipped out of her mouth. Still making irregular jerking movements, she allowed the releasing jets of cum to shoot all over her face, covering her entirely. With open mouth, she tried to catch and then swallow as much as she could. But she could not prevent many spurts to land on her cheeks, in her hair, on her forehead, and even in her eyes.

It did not lessen the look of absolute joy on her face.

At last, it ended, with one last half-howl that sounded more like a squeal from Razer, one last pump from the bulging member. I think I imagined the grin on the beast's face, but certainly its mouth was half open, a red tongue hanging out, breathing loudly.

Maia licked the last remains that she could find from the beast cock, which must have teased him tremendously, but even in that state, he remained as calm as he had been before. He did not move, even while panting, and was clearly still obeying some kind of training he'd had.

"Oh my god ... so much cum," Maia uttered. "And still so hard, don't you think Watt!"

It was the first time she addressed me ever since she had gone into the pool. All the time, her focus had clearly been on either relaxing, or on the wolf beast. I was flabbergasted and could not find the words to reply to her with, so I decided to just stay silent instead and only nodded my agreement. Maia smiled knowingly at me; she definitely has been doing this on purpose. A quick glance from her towards my own dick, still bulging within my underwear, giving her another smirk, seals that thought.

She gives Razer a tap on his flank. Clearly this is another command that he understand, as it causes him to take a few steps back, entirely clearing the sunbed. I had expected Maia to fall back, tired by getting her throat fucked thoroughly, but instead she stands up next to the bed.

And then proceeds to reach for bikini top and in one move takes it off, exposing her beautiful breasts. Even though her bottoms had been pushed aside, all this time she had still been wearing that black bikini. Well, no longer, as her undressing continued when she also stepped out of those

very bottoms. For the second time this day, she was now standing completely naked in front of me.

But unlike the first time, I was in no way going to pass out. And unlike the first time, her face was drenched with wolf cum, now dripping down onto her shoulders, and onto her breasts. And with her own juices and more cum still trickling from out of her pussy, onto her thighs and legs. If I have ever seen a more depraved sight, I do not know when. It was also sexy as fuck.

When I looked at her again, the knowing smile, and the tilted head let me know she had been following where I had been looking. To reward my appreciation of her current state, she gave a quick twirl, allowing me to see all of her for a brief moment. The showing did not last long, as immediately after turning back again, she dropped to her hands and knees next to the sunbed, positioning herself 'ass up, head down'. She was angled in such a way, that it again allowed me to see her pussy and butt, showing me the small bush of dark hair. She did not let any time go to waste, as she softly hit her butt with her hand. It was another command to Razer, causing him to move towards her excitedly.

To say I was perplexed at that moment would have been an understatement. Then again, the entire ordeal had been nothing but a lurid fantasy making me forget the ability to speak anything meaningful. Like complete sentences. Or even words. The only words that came to me, and in my mind only, was that Razer was mounting Maia.

Razer mounted Maia.

Fuck me.

Actually, no. It's the wolf about the fuck her.

The wolf's enormous size did mean that when I say 'mounted', this was more a 'completely covered the girl's body, his front paws easily standing next to her shoulders'. It mattered little to the beast, as when his lower body reached Maia's butt, he at once started to make thrusting movements. As a result, his still hard, massive cock was now thrusting in between Maia's thighs, trying to find the entrance of her pussy. Which apparently had been the exact command Maia had given by slapping her own butt cheek, as she spread her legs to try to give Razer the access he was searching for.

In her current position leaning on her elbows and arms, when Maia lowered her head, she could see backwards to the thrusting taking place. She could clearly see the red wolf cock swinging wildly, trying to find her entrance, and failing at it. I could hear her muttering, calling out for the wolf to enter her. At least, that was the intent I got from her repeated phrasing of 'fuck me, fuck me, oh dear god, fuck me'. As much as Razer tried to do just that, his chaotic hammering movements did not manage to find the right place they both wanted his cock to be. As I leaned forward to get a better look, Maia suddenly closed her legs a little, trapping the wolf cock between her thighs. A begging cry from Maia informed me that this had at least resulted in Razer finding the right target, but the cock had only managed to rub against the girl's pussy.

With more sense than I would have assigned to any beast, let alone one in the active practice of mating, Razer slowed down his hammering, almost coming to a frozen pose. Apparently, finding the right target area, along with Maia's thighs now tightening around his cock made him make his movements with more purpose. More aim. But aim alone only made him rub along Maia's pussy lips. Occasionally, the cockhead lined up with her entrance, and while the wolf tried to force himself inside, the attempts resulted in slipping away, rubbing Maia's pussy again and again. After several of these misses, Maia finally found enough of her senses to realize that the wolf would not be able to get inside her on his own.

Temporarily supporting herself on one arm, the other arm reached backwards. Until her hand found the massive wolf dick and was wrapped around it. She held it in place for a moment, and then guided the cockhead to its right position. The guidance was clearly what both of them needed, as it stabilized the penetration attempt. With a single push forward, loud cries from several sources, the cock now entered it's intended goal.

The single thrust allowed the cock entry for half of its length. Maia threw her head backwards, eyes closed, mouth open, a guttural cry escaping from her lips. Her body shivered, shook and quaked, as her pussy lips were now wrapped tight around the bulging wolf cock. Razer paused only for a short moment, before attempting to push even more of himself into the girl's body, but only managed to squeeze in bare millimetres more. A few more attempts merely pushing ended with the same result.

Then, instead of trying to push more, Razer moved his lower body back a little, as if to take a little bit of a run before pushing forward again. When he forced himself forward, his cock now did drive further, stretching Maia's pussy. Encouraged by his success, the wolf repeated the action, moving back and thrusting his cock forward with forceful strokes. Finding the right rhythm, it did not take long for his cock to finally be fully engulfed within the confines of Maia's hole. Heavy panting came from both wolf and human, and for a wild second nothing happened.

That second did not take long though, even if it might have felt like an eternity to me. With a start, Razer renewed his efforts, and started his rhythm of moving forcibly in and out of Maia again. He did this with such force, that on the instroke, it lifted Maia a bit. Stopped by her holding onto the sunbed, the pair did not move forwards, but stayed in place.

"OHGODOHGODOHGOD! RAZER!" cried Maia loudly.

Razer was pumping his cock ferociously into Maia's love hole now, inciting wet smashing, squealing, and moist slapping sounds. Every time his lower body would hit Maia's but, more moaning, or crying would come from the naked girl underneath him. Every outstroke, while never fully leaving the hole it was in, was followed by trickles of female juices, and more wolf cum. The beast was now truly and utterly in control of mating with his bitch.

"FUCKME-FUCKME-FUCKME..." Maia sounded, as if she had only one thought that she was allowed to utter at one time. She tried to push back to the thrusting rhythm of the wolf but failed completely and utterly. There would have been no way for her to follow the bestial tempo the beast was providing her with. In no other way to describe it, she was to be the wolf's toy. Nothing more than a plaything to be used by the beast. I think it mattered little to Maia, as she appeared to have forgotten the world around her.

I could not blame her for that. My own mind itself had little else in it other than the spectacle in front of me. A young, gorgeous, girl being the willing and enthusiastic participant in an interspecies sexual encounter, getting fucked wildly by a monstrously large beast of a wolf only interesting in mating his bitch. What else would there have been to focus on?

It did not take long for Maia to find herself in the throes of the ultimate end as a result of her pussy being thoroughly abused by the wolf cock. I don't know where her sense of awareness came from, but to my mind, she turned to look at me, intense and intently, while shivering and shaking an orgasm swept through her body. It overwhelmed her, and her arms that she had been leaning on again gave out from underneath her, causing her head and shoulders to fall onto the sunbed. But even in this state, she kept her ass up, and still tried pushing backwards.

It mattered little to the beast. Although one could imagine that Maia's orgasm would have the

muscles within her pussy to spasm uncontrollable, and consequently affecting the grasp on the wolf's cock inside of it. But Razer unwavering persisted in his efforts, barely even slowing down to adjust his position to allow for the new state of Maia. If nothing else, the wolf was exerting himself even more, as Maia's orgasm was running its course through her nubile body.

Razer kept on with his relentless fucking of his human bitch, endlessly forcing himself in and out of her lithe, cum-covered body. Caring little for anything other than to find his own release and dump all his seed into her willing cunt. His efforts continued during the convulsions of Maia's body at her orgasm. Even as the orgasm ran out, lessened in strength until it finally ended, the wolf kept up his pace.

Sweat had now mixed with her already cum-covered face, as a heavily panting Maia was still in a daze after her orgasm had concluded. A sudden, new shock brought Maia out of her post-orgasmic state, however. Her head flung upwards, looked in my direction as she cried out: "He's trying to push the knot in!"

A quick glance from Maia's face to her lower body confirmed her statement. In his thrusting fury, the wolf's knot had become more and more pressed in between Maia's pussy lips. Every further attempt it tried to open her more and more. Although the process was slow, almost non-existent, it had been enough for Maia to notice and call it out.

"I ... I don't think he can yet, though," she stated. "He's just to big for me."

That was true. In no way could I believe that the huge, red, veiny knot at the end of the already oversized cock, of an even more oversized wolf could ever fit into what I can only assume to be a normal-sized human pussy. I mean, in all the wondrous strangeness of the day I wouldn't be all that surprised it could either, but even with that I still doubted that the wolf would be able to push it inside her, knot her, and truly make her his bitch.

Maia had crawled back on her elbows again, so she too could look at the beast's dick that was fucking her. "Aww, fuck, that looks sooo goood..." she purred softly.

Then it happened. The wolf nearly froze again, as he had earlier, when he unloaded into Maia's mouth. He made only small thrusting movements, trying to stay as deep as he could inside her, even if he couldn't quite get his knot inside of her as well. Razer must have been cumming, spurting jets of cum in her again, for the second time this day. But this time inside another willing hole. Maia confirmed my suspicions but a moment later.

"Yes, Razer! Cum inside me! Give me all that beastly cum!" she cried out. "I can feel it, I can feel it inside of me, Razer!"

A loud whine from Razer himself joined the cries of Maia, as he kept spurting his cum into the girl's pussy, trying to impregnate his bitch. Without me having noticed before, one of my hands had found my own cock, inside of my pants, and had started jerking off to this perverse sight.

Short quakes and lessened movements indicated that the wolf was on his final run of cumming, with Maia pushing back into him as much as she could, trying to get as much of him inside of her. When Razer finally slows, he lowers his head, and presses his muzzle into Maia's neck, giving her a small lick of appreciation. Maia moans more, and then the wolf steps back. When his cock leaves her pussy, tail-end jets of cum spray everywhere. Leaving cum globs of wolf cum on the outside of her pussy, dripping out of her pussy hair, on her legs, her ass, and lower back.

Maia's pussy stands gaping open, as if it hasn't realized yet that the wolf's cock has left her, and



large amounts of milky white sperm gushes out, pouring down her legs, onto the grass. Her pussy hair glistens from the cum. Briefly the exertion slows down to a trickle, before a larger amount pours out. How much cum did this wolf manage to dump inside her? The look on Maia's face indicates to me that she must have pushed some of it out on purpose, to tease me.

She sits up and turns towards me. Her face and hair are plastered in cum that has been starting to dry a little. Her pussy, and basically anything below her waist is still dripping with more recent cum and her own juices. She is still breathing faster, her boobs bouncing a little as she is still recovering from her ordeal with the wolf. The huge smile on her face tells me that she enjoyed the fuck out of it, and her next line takes away any and all worries I might have still had about her intent, as looks at the tent that can be called 'my underwear'.

"I can see you that Razer fucking me senseless got you all excited, didn't it Watt?"

For once, I manage to find my voice. And not only that, I find the right words that my voice can utter, "You are a wet dream cum true, Maia."

She grins, "Oh, I came already ... but not to worry, it get's even better."

She leans over, and on hand and knees quickly covers the small distance that was still between us. I mean, there was no need to get on her hand and knees for that distance, so she fully intended the move. When she comes right in front of me, she sits up kneeling, and promptly her hands move towards my pants. Without as much of a second thought, she grabs both my shorts and my underwear and starts pulling them down. A little scotch from me later and my shorts are lying somewhere on the grass, soon to be forgotten.

As one of her hands now grabs hold of my way-to-erect penis, while the other rests right next to it on my thigh, she remarked, "Hmm, what will we do with this one..."

Now, I might not be as big as Razer, but I think I'm doing well by human standards. If pressed, I'd say I am above average in length, and even a bit more in girth. It is not porn star dick, but I've never had an aspiration to be one of those. And frankly, if you ask me, a porn size would most likely be painful to the average, non-porn girl. At least, without any considerate preparation.

Her left hand is gently staring to move up and down the length of my erect dick, while her right hand begins to gently, gently, fondly my balls. I'm pretty sure that this girl knows what she is doing. Unfortunately for me, even with someone that knows what she is doing, it's not going to take me very long to explode. Considering the previous thing, that's not all that strange. For me, the fantasy that has just come to life, and seems to now have moved into even more personal events, is more than it should take to get me 'to the edge, if not further'.

Maybe it's the completely dissolute look that she is giving me, but her gently movements seem to be just the thing that gets me over that edge.

"Fuuu..." is all I can utter.

"We really got you going, didn't we," she whispers, while her movements increase in speed a little. There's enough pre-cum for her to use as lube.

"I can't..."

As if she can already read me like an open book the way that long-term lovers do, Maia notices how close I am. The sparkle in her eyes tells me that this is exactly what she wants though. For me, to

cum, for her. That's it. That's all she wants. Actually, that's all I want, and I might be projecting my own thoughts on what I see.

Her next line clears out any confusion. "Cum for me, honey," she says looking me straight into the eyes.

Who am I to deny a lady?

The first jet of cum launches high and far, flying over her head, and landing partially in her hair. At my second spurt, she moves her face closer, her mouth opens wide, but the jet of cum lands mostly on her face; her cheek, some of it in her dark hair, and only a little touches her upper lip.

At the third shot, her mouth is fully over my cock head, but still a small distance above, so she can show me that the third shot does find the target she intends for it and shoots up straight into her open mouth. Her left hand still jerking me off, the fourth and fifth sixth shot barely seem to lessen in strength, yet still are following the previous one and must be flying straight into her throat. At the subsequent shots, she now does close her mouth around my dick, and I can see her muscles making swallowing movements, trying to process every last bit of cum that follows.

As the last drops of cum is drained out of me, I fall back onto the sunbed, panting heavily. I must have stopped breathing for a bit there, considering the amount of air I now try to inhale as I try to come back to my senses. It feels mere seconds later when movement from Maia makes me lean up a little again to see what she is doing.

While she is still stroking me, her mouth had left my dick and she is now standing up, and scoots forward a little.

"You really seemed to need that, Watt," she tells me. Before she squats down on my lap, straddling me. The tip of my cock, that has had hardly any time to deflate, is now pushing against the entrance of her pussy.

"Let's see if you take a little longer the second round," she went on as she positioned my cock and herself so that she only had to sit down for it to enter her. Enter into the same place that just minutes ago had been filled by the massive member of what I can only describe to be an 'intelligent' wolf. That same wolf's cum still dripping out of her pussy, streaming down her thighs and legs. That same wolf's cum that had now largely dried on her face, where just now my own cum had mixed with it.

That same pussy that was now being lowered onto my still hard, sure-I-can-cum-a-second-time, -it's-a-fantasy-world, throbbing cock. As she guides me into the depths of her pussy, a moan escapes from her lips. Or from mine, it is hard to tell. I can feel the wetness of her own juices mixed with more wolf cum granting easy access, allowing her to effortlessly be able to take me fully into her. It does not take long before she is now fully straddling me, and her hands are now free to roam. Promptly, my own hands are guided to rest on her ass and lower back, after which her own soon find themselves around my neck and on the back of my head.

Now, if you would question if you could ever kiss a girl who had just swallowed your own cum, or even one that a little before that swallowed even more wolf cum, I have no such doubts. When Maia leaned in for the kiss, I had no doubts in my mind and returned her prompt. While our tongues battled for pleasure, my hands wandered around her butt, and her own pulled me more into her, she started her dance of the 'straddling fuck'.

For all of you degenerate perverts that would wonder if a pussy could still be tight for a human dick,

after it had been properly abused by the dick of a wolf, I honestly can not tell you if that would always be the case. All I know, is that Maia's pussy was wrapped tightly around my cock, and as she was turning up her efforts in riding me -instead of being ridden by a beast-, I could only think that this must be what heaven must be like.

You know, the heaven that has room for perverts like me and Maia. And Razer.

I am not a complete starfish when it comes to fucking, and as Maia was doing all the fucking motions, my fingers were massaging her butt cheeks, with a very naughty one even finding itself pressing on and teasing her tiny butthole. The moan that drew from her granted me all the permission I needed to push my index finger even a little bit further. Pushing it in up to the second joint caused Maia to briefly pause, before doubling her own efforts.

It was all I could do to hang on for dear life at this point, as Maia was turning out to be a fully fledged amazon rider of some sorts. After just having cum, my own cock was still a bit sensitive, and Maia's fucking turned out to be all that a guy could ever wish for, and I was just here along for the ride.

For obvious reasons, we were in a world of our own. So, it should be no surprise that we were oblivious to the fact that we were not longer alone in the immediate area. Surely, Razer was there, but he was taking a rest a little distance from us. One would have expected though that a hunting beast such as himself would have been aware of any threat around.

If he was, he didn't care about it. Trained to fuck, but not trained to protect, it seems.

As it was, just a hop and a scotch away, there were other people. I know this, because they were not quiet about it. In fact, they were so not-quiet about it, one could have noted their presence much earlier then we did.

We noticed it when we heard a loud, booming, low voice call out. "Careful now, the entry to the lake can be quite treacherous."

I don't know what you would do when almost caught fucking a young girl, who was still covered in wolf cum, or what you would do when you are that girl covered in wolf cum, but myself, you might have guessed it, I froze. That is, both of Maia and myself managed to find some air between our mouths, and looked towards where the voice had come from.

But while my instinct was basically to choke, or run for the hills, Maia's reaction was quite different.

I know that, because even while trying to figure out whose voice that was, she continued riding. Not only that, but she turned to me, and grunted, "Cum in me, Watt, before they are here!"

"Fuck me."

I might have said that out loud.

She might know just the words to say to give me that push over the edge. Earlier she succeeded gloriously, and this time was not much different. Without a doubt, this little minx was getting the best, or the worst depending on one's perspective, out of me. And those words were just the right ones to get it.

It almost took me by surprise when I the first jet of cum was released, and it was all I could do to hold Maia, hugging her tight against me. Her head in my neck, I could feel her mouth pressed

against me, as I once more released stream after stream inside her. But unlike the first time, where most of it was caught by her mouth, all of it was spraying the insides of her pussy, adding to the cum dumped into her earlier.

And not a moment too soon. Even as I was still unloading my second load into the willing, clamping pussy of a young girl I had met only a short amount of time before, a large male figure had come out of the forest edge, stepping into the clearing where we were having our tryst. The man was not alone, although I noticed that only after the fact. Alongside him stepped a young girl and a young boy, both around fifteen years old, that looked like they could have been his kids.

“Well, well, well ... Now isn't that a sight to see? How are you, Maia, daughter mine?”

Cut lines

“They are quite a handful.” “Exactly sized like your hands.”

“What are you then?” he asked. “I don't know, actually,” she answered.

“About that package deal, I'm not really sure how you managed to gain Razer as well, but you must have had some really strong feelings about it. I might be created by you, so I am bit biased, but I know I like it. And considering this, so do you.”

“What happened to the others? The ones that came before?” I questioned Maia. “They found their 'happily ever after'.”

*The End*